**Across the Sea**

by LASStoryWriterAlex

Summary

Lyanna goes into early labor and survives, afterward escaping to Dragonstone to hide with the last of the Targaryens. Upon Lyanna's arrival, Queen Rhaella summons the one man she knows she can trust to protect her newest and only surviving grandchild, the man who killed her husband, Jaime Lannister. When the queen dies after giving birth to her only daughter Daenerys, Jaime and Lyanna take the children to Essos to hide from the wrath of Robert Baratheon.

*There will be quite a few early chapters dedicated to young Jon and Dany and their adventures in Essos but it won't take a terribly long time to get to teen Jon/Dany (about the age we meet them in Season 1 of GoT).*

*This will be from the POVs of Lyanna, Jaime, Jon, and Dany.*

**Lyanna is one of the heroines of this story so if you are not a fan of hers, you will not enjoy this fic. Also I'll remind everyone to read the tags. I don't have the Jaime/Lyanna relationship tag on here for funzies. It's part of the story.*
Her handmaid and midwife Wylla had told her it wouldn’t be for a few more weeks but as another painful squeeze around her midsection took her breath away, Lyanna knew her little prince or princess was coming today. She knew what had brought on her early labor. Her grief at hearing of Rhaegar’s tragic passing and the fate of his former wife and children. Though she knew she and Rhaegar needed to pay for their sins that started this wretched war, this price seemed much too great.

It had apparently taken weeks for the news of the events at the Trident and King’s Landing to reach them in Dorne. By now only the Gods knew who else might be dead. Rhaegar’s mother? Rhaegar’s little brother? But if there was one thing Lyanna was glad of upon hearing of all the carnage, it was that she had not been wed to Robert Baratheon. What kind of man could pardon those who had brutally murdered innocent children? Who had raped and killed the sweet understanding Princess Elia?

Lyanna had only met her the one time, in the underbelly of the Red Keep before she and Rhaegar rode off to Dorne. She remembered the relieved smile Elia wore when Rhaegar told her she could leave the city and take the children to Sunspear and to her family. She had never liked being a princess of the Seven Kingdoms and every day she feared for her children’s lives with the Mad King on the throne.

It was as much Elia’s plot as it was Rhaegar and Lyanna’s. Elia had been the one to encourage Rhaegar he needed to end the Mad King’s reign. Rhaegar would have too, if not for that bastard Robert Baratheon. He had wanted to see Rhaenys and Aegon before they left the capital but Elia had told him it would be too dangerous. Rhaenys wouldn’t understand and she wouldn’t know to keep the encounter a secret. So with a kiss to each of their cheeks, Elia bid them farewell, promising to meet them once she reached Dorne with the children and that her family would do everything in its power to help rid the country of Rhaegar’s father.

But alas, none of that had happened.

Their plans were so lofty, their ideals high. They thought of themselves as benevolent. They would end the Mad King’s reign and then together, Lyanna and Rhaegar would fulfil the prophecy of the prince that was promised and defeat the Great Other. How wrong they had all been. How foolish. Now they were all dead and Lyanna the only one left. Her and the babe she would soon meet who was currently kicking her in the ribs.

“Breathe my lady,” Wylla urged her as her stomach tightened again. Lyanna stood bent over next to the bed, face pressed to the mattress as Wylla rubbed her hips and the baby shifted painfully once more.

When the contraction passed she rested her hand over her stomach. “Now, now, love,” she
breathed, “You can kick all you want once you’re out. But please not now.” Wylla gave her a small, knowing half smile and Lyanna laughed a little, out of breath.

“Going to be fierce like his mother?” a voice commented from near the door. Lyanna looked up and Arthur was standing there, his expression between worried and amused. She was about to shoot back a jest when she suddenly noticed Arthur’s sword Dawn was covered in blood. Her eyes switched from the sword to his face, horrified. “A scout my lady. About ten miles south of here. They’re getting close. Once this child is born we have to move.”

“Where will we go?” she demanded, her words coming out in a hiss as her belly tightened again.

“The only place we can go. The only place we will still have supporters. Dragonstone.”


“Scout said both were alive and well. No one’s been able to get to them with the Targaryen fleet there, the Baratheon’s have no ships. We’ll be safe there,” Arthur assured her, leaning his bloody sword against the bed, point down. Lyanna winced but didn’t have the strength to protest.

“Can you get word to Dragonstone?” Lyanna asked him.

“I’ll find a way,” he swore. Arthur left then, set on his mission as Lyanna labored on. She had earned her fair share of cuts and scrapes and broken bones as a child, never listening to her father and doing as she pleased on a horse. But none of those injuries in her youth could prepare her for childbirth. Each time her belly tightened in an attempt to push the child down and out of her body, Lyanna cried out, tears springing to her eyes as the pain grew. After just a few hours she could no longer stand and support herself, instead collapsing onto the bed, lying on her side, knees tucked up as it was the only position she could tolerate being in.

The laboring went on for a day and a half and as Wylla finally told her it was finally time to push, Lyanna had all but given up, part of her believing the baby would never come. But even still, she just didn’t have the strength left. Half conscious, Lyanna could feel Wylla and her other handmaids bending her and bearing down on her, using their own strength to try to push and pull the baby out. Lyanna screamed. Surely she had been sent to one of the seven hells or the Others had taken her or something. She felt as if her body was being ripped in two. Every time she tried to catch her breath, pull more air into her lungs, her body would just pulse again, causing her to expel the precious air she had gathered. If she didn’t die from the pain, she would die from not being able to breathe. And when Wylla finally pulled the child from her womb and its little cries of protest filled the air, Lyanna only got one look at the child, a boy, before slipping down into a too-warm darkness.

*Her son.* Lyanna felt as if she were drifting in an unknown world that seemed to run parallel to her own. A few times she thought she had returned to her world, catching small snippets of conversations, getting tiny glimpses of faces peering down at her worriedly. But just when she believed she could remain in her world, she would be snatched away again, floating somewhere between life and death.

But she couldn’t go. She couldn’t leave her baby, her son. If she died, he would have no one. No one to protect him. No one to make sure what happened to Aegon and Rhaenys happened to him as well. She had to fight it. That pull down into the murky depths. She had to live. For him.
Something was gently pulling at her breast, Lyanna knew that. For one wild moment, she forgot herself and the events of the last few months and she thought it Rhaegar attempting to wake her up to seduce her for a morning romp in the sheets. But the pulling on her breast was much lighter, gentler than he always was, and when Lyanna was finally able to blurily open her eyes, the soreness of her whole body reminded her of the truth. When her vision became more focused she looked down at the babe in arms, sling tied around her body, holding him to her. Her son.

Lyanna immediately tightened her grip on him, tears spilling down her cheeks. He was here. He was alive. She was alive. The baby wiggled himself stubbornly at her sudden embrace and she loosened her hold on him. His big brown eyes were fixed on her face as he suckled and he made little grunting noises while he ate, reminding her very much of a newborn puppy. Though Lyanna felt a stab of sadness that the boy did not look like his father, instead having her coloring, she couldn’t help but think he was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

“My precious boy,” she cooed at him, smoothing a hand over his fine little wispy curls. He was perfect. Even the way he stared at her, it was as if he knew her. Not just as his mother - her body was feeding him, he knew who she was. But it was like he knew more than that. Like perhaps the knowledge and wisdom of the whole world were held behind those thoughtful eyes.

“What’s his name, my lady?” Wylla asked, coming up to hand her a merciful cup of water.

“Aegon,” Lyanna replied automatically, “for his late brother.” Rhaegar had told her how he believed the prince who was promised should be called Aegon. He had first thought it was his son with Elia and if he and Lyanna had a girl she would be Visenya, thereby completing the three-headed dragon, for the dragon must have three heads. But Aegon and Rhaenys were dead, just like their father. The realm needed another Aegon, another prince who was promised to lead the world from darkness. Robert Baratheon might be on the throne now but he wouldn’t stay there Lyanna silently promised herself and her son. The Aegon in her arms would one day win back the throne that was stolen from his father and avenge his brother and sister and their mother and all those who had lost their lives in this war.

Wylla nodded solemnly and reached out a hand to caress the child. “Aegon is a good name.”

Not long after, Arthur came in to see her and the boy. He told her she had been hovering for near two days, her breathing growing shallow and weak, then strengthening, only to weaken again. They apparently feared she wouldn’t make it. Lyanna didn’t have the courage to tell them she had feared as much as well. She was alive and her son was in her arms, tiny due to his early arrival but healthy. That was all that mattered.

The loyal knight told her he had gotten word to Dragonstone and received a message back saying they were welcome there and word of Aegon’s birth would be kept secret from everyone except the queen. A week later when Lyanna was all but herself again, strength near fully restored, Arthur made arrangements for them to be brought to the ancestral seat of the crown.

“How will we get there undetected?” Lyanna had asked him worriedly before departing the Tower of Joy. Arthur smiled knowingly.

“Why, a smuggler will do it, of course.”

In the end, Lyanna had requested Arthur remain in Dorne. He had of course argued against this, not wanting to let her and her young son travel without protection. But she had been insistent. Now that Robert was king, he would be able to throw more men and gold into the search for her. Arthur had
to remain behind to tell them of her death, a fever, he would claim, if they found him. He’d present
Robert with her ashes and be done with it. No one would ever come looking for her if they thought
her dead.

Her baggage was light leaving the little tower she had occupied for the better half of a year. Only a
single sack containing a change of clothes, nappies for Aegon, and of course, her two most prized
possessions aside from her son: the wilted crown of winter roses Rhaegar had given her at the
tourney of Harrenhal and Rhaegar’s harp. Things to remember him by and one day pass on to their
son.

Davos of Flea Bottom was the most notorious smuggler in the Seven Kingdoms and perhaps the
world. Even Lyanna had heard of him. She had been apprehensive at first to trust the man but his
kind face and Flea Bottom accent eventually eased her anxieties. On the little ship to Dragonstone
he laughed and told her tales of his smuggling adventures, his wife Marya, and of their two sons,
Dale and Allard. Davos hadn’t been told who she was or why he was to take them to Dragonstone
but if he had wondered, he didn’t ask. He didn’t make an honest living after all, what would he
have cared what their secret was? Still, Lyanna had put red coloring in her hair back in Dorne so he
wouldn’t be able to describe her to anyone who knew her and give away her secret.

It took them nearly a week to get from the north of Dorne to Dragonstone. When Davos landed his
little skiff on the beach there in the dead of night, the queen’s guards had greeted them
apprehensively. They had been told the newest arrival was a childhood acquaintance of the late
princess Elia who was seeking asylum on the island from the Baratheon men. Lyanna guessed the
guards must have been confused by this, wondering if Lyanna was truly of no threat to the royal
family or not, but if they thought she may have been they still wouldn’t be able to question the
queen’s decision to let her stay there. Upon seeing the weapons at the guard’s sides and their less
than welcoming demeanors, Davos insisted on escorting Lyanna and the baby up to the castle,
saying to protect his reputation as the best smuggler in the world, he had to ensure the proper and
safe delivery of his charges, but Lyanna thought otherwise. A smuggler he may have been but
Davos of Flea Bottom was also a good man.

Queen Rhaella was perched on the throne in the audience chamber looking less regal and more
harried. There were great purple bags under her eyes, her hair was dull and stringy as if she hadn’t
bothered brushing it since departing the capital, her skin pale, almost as pale and translucent
looking as her hair. Upon laying eyes on her, Lyanna immediately felt then well with tears. This
was the first time she was meeting her now former mother-in-law. Before she could allow herself
the same raw show of emotions, the queen ordered everyone out of the throne room, guards,
servants and all. When they were completely alone, the queen finally allowed herself to relax.

“Oh my dear,” Rhaella choked, scrambling off the throne to Lyanna and wrapping her in a hug
much tighter than it looked the queen was capable. Both women sobbed together, holding on to
each other so fiercely, it caused the little prince to squirm with discomfort.

“Oh this…?” Rhaella trailed off, finally breaking apart from Lyanna to look down at her newest, her
only surviving grandchild. Lyanna nodded and passed her son carefully to his grandmother, her
heart breaking a little at the expression on the queen’s face.

“He doesn’t look like him, I’m afraid,” she said sadly, noting the prince’s coloring. Rhaella
considered him a moment, bouncing him a little to quiet him.

“Oh I don’t know. He may have your hair and eyes but that look, such a serious stare. He’ll be a
scholar. Maybe even a composer, singing and playing the sweetest of melodies, just like his
father.” The baby calmed in his grandmother’s embrace, looking up into her face almost as if he recognized her. A tiny hand shot out from his blanket and reached up toward her. The queen leaned down, allowing him to touch her cheek, closing her eyes as a few more tears slipped down.

“What’s his name?” she asked brusquely, straightening and looking to Lyanna again.

Lyanna hesitated but only for a moment. She was confident in the name. It was strong, a Targaryen name, a name for a king. “Aegon. For his late brother,” she said quietly and Rhaella’s eyes spilled more tears. Rhaegar had told Lyanna of how the queen loved her grandchildren. How fond of them she was, though Aerys disliked them, once commenting that Rhaenys smelled Dornish.

“A name for a king,” Rhaella echoed Lyanna’s thoughts. “Had I known...After we got word of Aerys’s death...I crowned Viserys the new king.”

“Robert Baratheon is the new king,” Lyanna got out bitterly. “Right before we left Dorne, we got word the siege of Storm’s End had been lifted by my brother. Only Dragonstone is left your grace. And they’ll come for us next. There’s no one to rally around us now. And I can’t let Robert know about him,” she gestured to her son. “He’ll kill him if he finds out.”

The queen sighed, passing the baby back to Lyanna. She motioned for Lyanna to follow her, leading her to her private solar and then instructed her servants to find suitable accommodations for Davos for the night. “I’ve been thinking,” Rhaella began again, exhausted. “Baratheon. He’ll want my son dead. He’ll want me dead. And you, if he finds out you survived and escaped.” The queen sat across from Lyanna in front of the fire, leaning into her fist looking defeated. “We’ll have to leave Westeros,” she concluded. Lyanna had been afraid of that. Leaving the Seven Kingdoms, leaving her home, her family, though she had known when she left Arthur in Dorne she would be dead to her brothers from that moment forward.

“Where will we go? Who will protect us?” Lyanna asked. She knew likely Essos. But the continent was so big, so vast, she had no idea where the queen thought to take them.

“Well, there are several places in Essos we would be relatively safe. A loyal confidant of mine has already been working on the matter. As far as who will protect us...” she trailed off for a moment, deep in thought. “Ser Willem Darry is here with us. He’s about the only man on this island I trust with my life implicitly. The rest I feel their loyalties could be shaky. A better offer comes along and I fear they would give us up in a heartbeat.”

“Just Ser Willem then?” Lyanna questioned. “He’s getting on in his years, isn’t he?” Rhaella nodded. The knight’s integrity and goodness were well known throughout the Seven Kingdoms, but Lyanna feared he may not have the strength to single-handedly protect the rightful heirs to the Iron Throne. “Who then?” Lyanna pressed. “One of the Kingsguard in the capital? If they haven’t already been sent to The Wall or executed, they’d have been pardoned by Robert. They’d have already chosen sides.”

“There’s one man in King’s Landing,” Rhaella began, “who I know I could trust despite his pardon by the usurper,” she finished slowly, thoughtfully. Lyanna raised an eyebrow in curiosity and the queen nodded her head, as if talking herself into her decision. “He was loyal to me, loyal to Rhaegar. He’ll want to protect his son,” she nodded to Aegon. A sadness crept into her eyes then though, making Lyanna worry. “Viserys wouldn’t understand though,” she went on quietly. “I always tried to protect him from Aerys at his worst. That was my mistake. By only allowing him to see the best of his father, he was poisoned against everyone who justly hated him.”

Lyanna remembered Rhaegar saying something similar. How Viserys had resented Rhaenys and Aegon because they were ahead of him in the line of succession, and because his father despised them for not being what he called true Targaryens. Rhaegar had hoped once he forced Aerys to
abdicate, he could take Viserys under his council and turn the lad into a true prince, a noble and worthy knight. Now that would never be.

“Then again, that may be best, if we all aren’t together. If we separate.” Lyanna’s heart pounded unnaturally quick and painful. What was the queen talking about? She had come here to Dragonstone because she knew amongst the Targaryens she and her son were safest. Now the queen wanted to send her away alone? “I’ll have to send Viserys away with Ser Willem before we summon him. Then once he arrives we can leave the island together. I will leave you to rejoin with my son. And he can be your protector. Yes, it’s the only way.” Send her son away? What was the queen talking about?

“Your Grace, who is this kingsguard member you wish to appoint as our protector?” Lyanna asked incredulously. What man would the queen place such trust in to let him know of her and Aegon’s existence?

“The man who killed my husband. Ser Jaime Lannister.”

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to comment. I love reading all your fabulous feedback! It gives me life ;)

Oh and yes and I realize by the time Lyanna meets Davos in my fic, Davos would have already met Stannis and probably been knighted. But I’m not too worried about the timeline. It’s an AU. Then again, Davos could have just wanted one more smuggle to sow his oats so to speak before committing to a life to onion-knightness.
Jaime Lannister arrives on Dragonstone. The queen gives birth to the last Targaryen.

Jaime read over the note several times before the words finally began to sink in. Rhaegar’s son? But Jaime had seen his body. What remained of it anyway. The babe’s little head bashed in beyond recognition. He was dead. It couldn’t have been a trick. He saw the blood. It was no doll. It was a real child, he was sure of it. And now the boy was buried in the great sept, alongside his sister and mother and father and grandfather. Unless…

It was possible. Jaime wouldn’t put it past those in the castle who he knew were secretly still loyal to House Targaryen. If they had switched babies, switched children. Gregor Clegane wouldn’t have known the difference, wild dog that he was. No one would have known. No one would have been able to tell the difference.

Jaime’s stomach gave a horrible lurch. He didn’t know what was worse. Rhaegar’s son being killed in the manner he was. Or some other innocent child being killed in such a manner in the prince’s place. He remembered the feeling when he had seen the children’s bodies. The white rage that welled up inside him. He hadn’t been there to protect the children...or Elia. He was too busy shoving his sword through Aerys’s back. Rhaegar had made him stay behind in King’s Landing to protect his family and Jaime had failed. But if the boy was alive…

They would have to leave Westeros. He would never be able to come home again. He would not only be a Kingslayer but a deserter. He would never see his family again. Tyrion or his father...or Cersei. Robert would try to hunt him down. Maybe. But he would be doing the right thing. He would be keeping his word to Rhaegar, at least in part. Would this redeem him for all his past sins? Would this allow him to forgive himself?

Jaime looked up at the Iron Throne, remembering Baratheon sitting upon it as he pardoned him and those from the Lannister forces who had sacked the city and killed innocent people. Amory Lorch. Gregor Clegane. Did Jaime wish to be counted in with men like that? Did he see himself their equals? Was he just as horrible? And as he asked himself those questions, Jaime Lannister made his decision.

He hoped the note he left with his Kingsguard cloak would be enough to through off Robert and convince him he wasn’t leaving the capital for any other reason than his own cowardice. How, though he had been pardoned, he couldn’t stand to be forever known as the kingslayer and he would live his days in self-imposed exile in Essos. Robert hated him anyway. Jaime didn’t see any reason for the king to question his motives for abandoning his post.

With the unlikely help of Lord Varys, Ser Jaime made his way to Dragonstone.

It had taken a week for the messenger to travel from Dragonstone to King's Landing and reach
Jaime undetected. A raven would have done it in mere hours but a raven couldn’t be trusted with such information. After receiving the letter it had taken Jaime yet another two weeks to make all the necessary preparations for sneaking out of the city and onto Dragonstone. He couldn’t afford to send his reply before leaving. He only hoped he would be well received upon arrival.

When Lyanna and Rhaella were informed of Ser Jaime’s landing, Viserys and Ser Willem had already departed to a location only Willem and Rhaella knew of. In the time since sending word to Jaime too, Rhaella had made an important and plan-altering discovery. She was pregnant.

After Willem and Viserys had left, Rhaella became bedridden, this pregnancy already promising to be her worst and most debilitating yet. Because of her delicate condition, she would be unable to leave Dragonstone until the babe was born, if it even lived that long, unlike so many of her other children.

The queen had encouraged Lyanna to leave with Jaime as soon as he arrived but Lyanna refused. She wouldn’t leave the queen alone and defenseless, especially when she was in such poor health. They would wait until she gave birth and then they would all leave for Essos together.

Jaime was escorted into the queen’s private chambers, his eyes immediately falling to the young woman sitting at her bedside, a black haired babe in her arms. Her hair was different, but he knew instantly who she was and the sight nearly knocked the wind out of him.

“She was supposed to be dead.”

“Lady Stark?” Jaime choked, remembering her from the tourney of Harrenhal. She was alive. Arthur had lied when Ned Stark found him guarding her supposed ashes in Dorne. And the child in her arms...Rhaegar’s child. Their child. So that was it then. That was the mystery revealed. Elia Martell’s son had indeed been killed in the sack of King’s Landing. But he wasn’t Rhaegar’s only son. Wasn’t Rhaegar’s last remaining child.

“Ser Jaime,” Lyanna greeted quietly, stiffly.

“Ser Jaime, come,” the queen beckoned him to her other side, holding out a hand for him to kiss as he knelt before her.

“Your Grace,” Jaime breathed looking down her frail body. It looked as if she didn’t have much time left in this world but Jaime also knew the queen to be a fighter. She had survived Aerys’s attacks for years, miscarriage after miscarriage, even birthing Rhaegar outside Summerhall during the disaster that took place there. She was fierce. She had to get better. She was the reason he was here.

Over the next few hours Lyanna and Rhaella explained to Jaime everything. About how Lyanna was going by the name Anne in the castle so none of the servants - should they turn against the queen - would be able to tell Robert about her survival or her son. About Viserys departing with Ser Willem and the queen’s pregnancy. How when the pregnancy was over - whichever way it ended - they would all depart for Essos. Lys most likely. From there Rhaella would leave Jaime and Lyanna to be with her son. And Jaime would be tasked with protecting Lyanna and her son, the true heir to the throne. For how long their exile would last, no one could say. Perhaps forever.

“So Ser Jaime, knowing you may never see your family again and may never return to the Seven Kingdoms, are you willing to dedicate your life to this task?” Rhaella asked him. Without hesitation Jaime nodded. He had already accepted all of this when he left the capital. There was absolutely no turning back now.
The next few months were some of the strangest of Jaime Lannister’s life. He had never spent much time around an infant. Even with Rhaegar’s other children he usually just stood by as their mother or nurses tended to their needs. But with Jon - Lyanna’s affectionate nickname for the little lad - Jaime was now equal parts protector and caretaker. It had taken the Stark lady time to get used to Jaime, not quite as trusting of him as the queen was. She still resented him for not being there to protect Jon’s siblings and their mother. But as time wore on and the lad grew, she and Jaime had reached a certain silent understanding; they had to. Jaime was to be her and Jon’s companion for...possibly life. If they didn’t get along it would have made their time together much more difficult.

And, to his surprise, Jaime grew abnormally fond of the young Targaryen, the boy’s furtive brow and inquisitive eyes reminding him strongly of his father in a way that both delighted and saddened him. Rhaegar would have made an excellent king had Baratheon not killed him. But even with the newfound and unexpected joy of caring for the lad, they were not without daily difficulties. Though the queen always perked up in her grandson’s presence, her health was not improving. Her belly continued to grow, the midwife saying the child within her seemed healthy enough. But as the child grew, the queen shrank, her skin starting to cling to her bones in a way that made Jaime’s stomach flutter with guilt every time he looked at her. He knew in his heart she wouldn’t survive the birth of her last child, if she even made it to the end of her pregnancy. He told Lyanna as much one evening when they were both seated outside in the garden, trying to coax a very cautious Jon to pull himself up and stand for the first time.

“Oh come on lad, you can do it,” Jaime encouraged as Jon gave him a very skeptical look, making Jaime think the boy understood absolutely everything he and Lyanna said, though he could not yet respond to them verbally. “If you tell me you don’t want to wait,” Jaime began again, lowering his voice, “I will arrange for us to leave tomorrow. She’s not going to live much longer.”

“We can’t leave her, Jaime,” Lyanna said for about the hundredth time. “Seeing Jon gives her strength. We can’t take that away from her. We leave her and we are condemning her and the child. It will only be a few weeks longer. We just need to have faith. If she doesn’t make it through the birth then...then we’ll take the child with us. If we leave before it’s born and the queen dies after, there will be no one to care for it. We can’t let that happen. The servants would sell the child to Robert Baratheon and what happened to Rhaenys and Aegon would happen to her child as well. No,” Lyanna said again, more assured of her decision this time. “We must stay until the child is born.”

Jaime sighed, knowing she was right but wishing they could leave. He knew Robert had tasked Stannis with building ships in order to take on the Targaryen fleet and finally secure Dragonstone. If something were to happen, if somehow their ships were lost or Robert secured merchant ships from Essos to take the island, they wouldn’t be able to escape. A few more weeks, Jaime reminded himself. Just a few more weeks.

“Give grandmother’s belly a kiss Jon,” Lyanna encouraged as the boy crawled all over the queen’s bed and all over the queen, making Rhaella smile a rare smile. The boy leaned down and placed a slimy, open-mouthed kiss to her gown, his face breaking into a sly smile as he did it. Lyanna knew her son delighted in the fact that he could understand simple sentences and that when he did what she said, it made her happy. She and the queen clapped after he kissed her and he laughed and clapped too, sitting back with his plump little legs folded in front of him.

“Aegon,” the queen called and he looked up at her. “You know who this is?” she asked pointing to her belly. He furrowed his brow as if knowing she was asking him a question. “I’ve got your aunt
or uncle in there,” she informed him and he smiled, seeming to understand exactly what she told him. “That’s rather queer, isn’t it?” Rhaella turned to Lyanna, her expression bemused. “He’ll be older than his aunt or uncle.”

Lyanna laughed and rubbed Jon’s back as he continued to coo and pat his grandmother’s belly. “I suppose that would make them more like cousins then,” Lyanna suggested. She turned to Jon again. “If grandmother has a girl, perhaps you can marry her Jon,” she whispered to him conspiratorially and Jon leaned his face against Rhaella’s belly, pressing his ear to her. Jon often did this, like he knew there another living being inside and he was listening for word from the other.

“Only if they truly wish to,” Rhaella said turning to Lyanna, her voice suddenly becoming very serious. Lyanna looked up, confused. “You know what it’s like to have someone you did not choose forced upon you, as did my son, as did I. Promise me my dear,” she said taking Lyanna’s hand in hers. “Promise me if I do not make it through this, you will let them both chose their own matches. That you’ll let them be with someone they truly love, regardless of their family name or birth.” Lyanna felt her eyes sting suddenly and before she knew what was happening, she was nodding.

“Of course I will,” she promised.

Lyanna clutched Jon to her breast in horror as she and Jaime stood in the war room and watched the storm outside as it slammed the Targaryen ships up against the rocks of the island as if they were children’s toys. This was exactly what Jaime had feared. With the ships destroyed, as soon as the storm lifted, Robert’s forces would be on them. They had no time left.

Luckily it was the queen’s time and she was currently upstairs laboring to bring the last Targaryen into the world. Jaime prayed the child would be healthy. Or at least stillborn so they could simply leave when the storm lifted. He knew it was a horrible, selfish thought. But they could not take a sickly child with them to Essos. It wouldn’t survive the passage across the Narrow Sea anyway.

The storm and the queen’s labor went on for hours, and each time thunder sounded or the queen screamed, little Jon would whimper in fear and clutch his mother tighter. There was no sleeping for any of them that night, though Lyanna had tried to put the boy down in his crib. Jon would have none of it. He wouldn’t even eat when she offered him her breast, hoping nursing him would calm him. Finally giving up on attempting to put him to bed, Lyanna and Jaime took turns rocking him by the fire, telling him stories of his father to make him stop crying. Jon always liked hearing them speak, even if they were simply dictating to him what they were doing at the time. He still shook in their arms as they held him but he was relatively quiet.

Near daybreak the storm finally let up and a handmaid of the queen informed Lyanna and Jaime that the she had given birth to a healthy baby girl. They both breathed a sigh of relief. It would make their passage to Lys just a little bit easier. Upon entering the queen’s chambers Lyanna immediately noted the strong smell of blood in the room and the queen’s pallor coloring. She wouldn’t be traveling to Lys with them.

“Your Grace,” Jaime whispered, taking a seat by her side and Rhaella immediately gripped his hand hard in hers.

“Her name is Daenerys. Daenerys Stormborn,” the queen got out, her voice frail. “You have to protect her. Promise me Jaime,” she demanded weakly. “Promise me.”
“I promise my queen. I swear it. I will lay my life down for hers if need be. She will be safe.” The queen smiled and closed her eyes, her breathing dangerously shallow.

“Your grace,” Lyanna whispered. “Your grace, where is Viserys? You can’t travel in your condition. You must tell us where he is so we may reunite him with his sister. Where is he?” Jaime looked between Lyanna and Rhaella but Rhaella did not speak or stir. “Your grace,” Lyanna said again, a little louder this time. “Rhaella, please ,” Lyanna insisted. But it was no use. The queen would not wake. And after a few tear-filled minutes, she exhaled for the last time, all life leaving her.

“We have to leave,” Jaime insisted. “We have to go now, Anne ,” he told her, tears spilling down his cheeks as they spilled down hers.

“What about Viserys?” Lyanna demanded. She looked to the nearest handmaiden. “Did she tell anyone? None of you?” The handmaiden shook her head, trying to stifle her tears as well. Of course Rhaella would have told no one. It was to keep him safe from those who might have sold the information to Baratheon. How would they ever find the boy?

“We have to go,” Jaime said again. “Robert or Stannis will be here within hours. They’ll know the storm will have destroyed the fleet. They’ll know they can take the island with relative ease. We have to go.” Before heading out of the castle Jaime instructed one of the queen’s handmaids to burn her body and the bloody linens from her bed so all trace of her pregnancy would be gone. He knew it was a pointless command as anyone of them could easily just tell the Baratheon men of their escape with a child. But he had to try. He felt lucky at least no one knew Lyanna’s true identity or the identity of her son. Their secret at least would be safe.

And so with that, Jaime Lannister, Lyanna Stark and the last two Targaryens boarded the tiny sailboat they had prepared for just this purpose. It wouldn’t get them to Essos but it would take them to the waiting merchant ship Jaime had arranged to hang ‘round between the island and the eastern coast. Hopefully the storm wouldn’t have taken out that ship as well. Jaime didn’t see why it would. There were no rocks for it to be smashed up against on the open sea.

The ride to the merchant ship was somber and long but the passage to Lys was short and merciful. All aboard were paid handsomely for their discretion. Even still, just to be sure they weren’t betrayed, Lyanna and Jaime disguised themselves once in the city and then bought passage to another ship, one that would this time take them to Pentos. If word got out that escapees from Dragonstone had gone to Lys, those trying to find them wouldn’t be able to as they’d be looking in completely the wrong place.

Upon arriving in Pentos a week after their departure from Dragonstone, Jaime and Lyanna were met by a comrade of Lord Varys. They would be well cared for with Illyrio Mopatis. They would be kept secret. They would be safe. For a time, at least.
Chapter Summary

As their time in Pentos wears on, Lyanna grows restless and enlists the help of their host, Illyrio, to come up with a plan for taking back the Seven Kingdoms.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The only man Lyanna Stark had ever been in love with had been her beautiful late husband, Rhaegar. She remembered the day they met at the tourney of Harrenhal, just after she won the joust against a knight from House Frey and had demanded of him and her other two defeated opponents that they chastise their squires for their treatment of Howland Reed two days prior.

Aerys had sent Rhaegar to find the mysterious Knight of the Laughing Tree, believing him to be an enemy. But upon discovering the him was actually Lyanna Stark, the prince laughed heartily and immediately suggested he be her next opponent, saying he didn’t think he had ever been more impressed by a woman in his entire life. Lyanna was so surprised by the offer and at Rhaegar’s good nature that she quickly mumbled something about not wanting to continue deceiving everyone. Rhaegar reluctantly agreed, stating his father was not at all happy with her actions and that it would be safest. However, in honor of her clear superiority on a horse and her fierceness, the prince offered to crown her his queen of love and beauty should he win the tourney. This, Lyanna accepted shyly and before the next match had secretly tucked her favor up under his collar for luck.

The next year was torture for them both. As her sixteenth name day loomed closer - after which she was to be wed to Robert Baratheon - the two became more and more desperate. There simply wasn’t enough time to think of all the things that could go wrong. She wanted Rhaegar. She loved him. He loved her. The letters between them that year did nothing but fan the flames of the passions that had sparked at the tourney. And so when she was on her way to Riverrun for the wedding of her brother Brandon, they decided it was the only place they could enact their plan. Fearing Lyanna’s family or Robert Baratheon might try to stop them if they found out about the pair’s affections, she and Rhaegar had no choice but to run off together, not telling anyone but Elia of their intentions to marry until after it was already done.

But once they reached Dorne - Arthur’s suggestion as the Dornish had no particular love for the northerners or Stormlanders - and their marriage consummated, they learned all the trouble their love had caused. Her brother...her father...it was too horrible. How had she been so foolish? She had never thought her family would think so little of the crown prince. Then again, the rumor that Rhaegar had kidnapped her instead of her running away with him was probably spread by Robert fucking Baratheon. She hated him even more for that. Everything they had planned, all their careful preparations, all ruined. The very lords Rhaegar had wanted to court to his side in order to overthrow his father were now in open rebellion against the crown, and, more importantly, against Rhaegar as well.

Lyanna had wanted to leave Dorne. She had wanted them both to return to King’s Landing, declare their marriage before the realm and end the rebellion and Aerys’s reign. But her beautiful prince wanted to keep her safe. As she had become pregnant quickly after their wedding, he wanted to do
everything in his power to make sure Robert Baratheon never got his hands on her. With Robert rebelling against the crown so easily, Rhaegar was sure he would harm Lyanna and their unborn child just as easily if he found out her affections never were with him but with the prince.

Since Rhaegar’s death, Lyanna’s heart had been heavy in a way it never had been before. Not after her mother’s death, her father or brother. He was the only man she would ever feel that way about, she was sure of it. But the way Jaime Lannister looked now, currently trying to get an eighteen month old Jon to properly hold a toy sword, her belly fluttered in a way it hadn’t since she last saw her late husband.

Jaime was so young, she tried to reason. Then of course she had to scoff at herself thinking that. He was of an age with her. And he had been through all the same events she had, the Rebellion, Rhaella’s death, escaping to Essos. And he was so good with the children. His patience and love for them endless. And he was fairly handsome, she had to admit. Not nearly as handsome as Rhaegar. But there was something about his smile, especially as it now stretched from ear to ear as Jon swatted him with his wooden sword, that caused her breath to hitch.

“He’ll be a proper knight this one,” Jaime commented, scooping a giggling and breathless Jon into his arms. Lyanna smiled and knocked herself from her former wayward thoughts. As if to further assist with this, they heard a small cry from inside, Daenerys waking up from her nap, wanting to be fed. “Shall I go get her for you?” Jaime offered nodding back to the children’s room.

“Yes please,” Lyanna said quietly with some disappointment that Jaime only ever looked at her in a chaste, friendly way. Then again with a year and a half of nursing two children, Lyanna herself felt more like a damn milk cow than a desirous vixen ready for ravishing. Besides, it was too dangerous for either her or Jaime to be romantically involved either with each other or anyone else at the moment. She had her son and Dany to care for and protect after all. There was no time to be lusting after Jaime Lannister.

Jon was looking up at his mother with a rather dejected expression on his face. His little forehead formed a deep V between his brows and his pillowy little lips were upturned at the sight of his mother feeding baby Daenerys at her breast. Lyanna had recently weaned him, much to his displeasure, and little Jon felt betrayed that his mother would still feed the baby but not him. And what was worse, his mother didn’t even notice him giving her such dirty looks as she had her eyes closed while she slowly rocked and hummed and Daenerys sucked happily.

“Momma,” Jon cried finally, fat tears slipping down his rosy cheeks. Lyanna’s eyes shot open and quickly found her son at her hip, trying to suck her in with those big brown puppy eyes of his. She wasn’t sure whether she wanted to laugh or cry looking at the boy; he was such a sweet, gentle soul and the thought of doing anything that would upset him broke her heart. As if to steal the last of her resolve, he raised his arms to be picked up and she rolled her eyes at herself, patting her lap for him to climb up next to her.

“Come here my love,” she said quietly and he crawled into her lap and nuzzled into her side. She wrapped an arm around him and Jon continued to sniffle but also slyly reached for her breast. “No sweetling,” Lyanna told him softly, reluctantly pulling his hand away. At this he cried harder, making Dany shift to look at him to see what was wrong.

“But Dany does,” Jon whimpered into Lyanna’s chest, his little face buried into her. Hearing her name, Dany pushed away from Lyanna and grabbed onto Jon’s arm but still he refused to look up.

“That’s because Dany is littler than you my dear,” Lyanna tried to explain. Then getting an idea,
she went on. “And Dany doesn’t get to do things you get to do since you’re older.” At this, Jon finally sat up, his face wet but his expression curious. “You get to play swords with uncle Jaime. You don’t have to take as many naps. You get to eat lemon cakes. Dany definitely can’t have lemon cakes yet. She doesn’t have all her teeth like you do.” Lyanna tried to put as much emphasis in her voice as she could so as to both distract Jon and make him think he was getting the better deal. Her son narrowed his eyes at her as if he were on to her trick. But before he could say anything, Dany reached out and wiggled herself into his lap, wrapping her arms around him, cooing. Though he may have been angry with her, Dany was still one of Jon’s favorite people and really, his best friend. The two could play for hours together and would cry if they were forced to separate. Jon reluctantly hugged Dany back and let her give him a wet kiss on the cheek.

“How about I tell you and Dany a story?” Lyanna asked, adjusting her gown again and both children perked up.

“Scary story,” Jon insisted and Lyanna looked up to the ceiling, knowing she had walked herself into that one. Jon always wanted to hear the story of the White Walkers beyond The Wall and their glowing blue eyes and ice spiders big as hounds…

The only woman Jaime Lannister had ever been in love with was his sister Cersei. They shared a womb together. Word had it that when he was born, Jaime came out holding onto Cersei’s foot as if he didn’t want to be separated from her for even a moment. From as far back as Jaime could remember, he and Cersei had always shared a bed together, at least, until they were caught by one of the servants doing what their mother said was not for brothers and sisters, and his bedchamber was moved to the other side of the castle.

Cersei in fact, had been the reason Jaime was named to the Kingsguard at such a young age, why he wanted to be named to the Kingsguard, knowing he would have to renounce his claim as Tywin’s heir. But it was a small price to pay if it meant his place was in King’s Landing where Cersei currently resided with their father who was Hand of the King. He didn’t want a wife, especially not Lisa Tully whom Cersei had claimed their father was considering as a bride for him. And he certainly didn’t want Casterly Rock. Jaime was not a leader like his father. He didn’t have the patience or penchant for politics and scheming. All Jaime really wanted was to be a knight and to be near Cersei.

But of course, even with all his sister’s careful plotting, things hadn’t turned out that way at all. After Jaime swore his Kingsguard vows at the Tourney of Harrenhal, Aerys had sent him back to King’s Landing to protect young Viserys and Queen Rhælla, denying Jaime the chance to participate in the tourney. Jaime may have been able to cope with the slight from the king but Tywin Lannister could not, especially not after losing Jaime as his heir. He resigned as Aerys’s Hand shortly after and returned with Cersei to Casterly Rock while Jaime was stuck at the capital, sworn to protect a man who delighted in burning people alive.

It was a hard next couple of years following his being named to the Kingsguard. Having to stand by and watch as Aerys grew from paranoid to truly mad, burning alive anyone who questioned him or outright opposed him. Having to listen as Aerys would brutalize his wife after one of those executions for the burning of men would always arouse the king like nothing else.

And then the final straw came, his father’s sacking of King’s Landing. When the Mad King ordered Jaime to bring him his father’s head and ordered his Hand, Wisdom Rossart, to set alight the caches of wildfire hidden throughout the city, Jaime could stay inactive no longer. He slew both the Hand and the King and in the days following, the remaining pyromancers who had been
loyal to the king and knew of his plot to destroy the city with wildfire.

With Jaime’s pardoning by Robert and Robert’s subsequent coronation, Jaime thought he would never be anything to anyone aside from *The Kingslayer*. But now here in Essos with Lyanna and the children, it was like he was being given a chance to start his life over. And the way Lyanna currently looked as he walked into her solar and she sat telling Jon and Dany about the White Walkers beyond The Wall, using her hands and changing her facial expressions and her voice to make the story more exciting, it stirred something in him that he hadn’t felt since his last night with Cersei.

When Jaime was younger, he had never had anyone else aside from his sister. Had never looked at another woman the way he looked at her. He remembered the Tourney of Harrenhal and while he thought at the time that Lady Stark was more deserving of the title of *Queen of Love and Beauty* than Princess Elia when he had been told the story of Rhaegar’s victory, he never before considered her in that way.

Watching Lyanna with the children, Jaime would try to think of her as much older than him as she was a mother but that was silly. They were nearly the same age. And he was a caretaker too, Daenerys developing a strong fondness for him in particular so it was almost as if he were her father. But whenever Lyanna looked at him, he couldn’t help but wonder if she still blamed him for the deaths of Jon’s half siblings and Princess Elia. He knew their deaths were his fault, having not been there to protect them. Still, he resented that there would always be a kind of sadness in Lyanna’s eyes that he just couldn’t bear to see.

“You exhausted yet?” Jaime asked as Lyanna finished the story and Jon and Dany clapped.

“It’s not bedtime,” Jon argued immediately and Jaime couldn’t help but think that while the young prince got his moodiness and melancholy from his father, he certainly got his stubbornness from Lyanna. “More stories,” the boy demanded before Jaime could make up some excuse as to why the children needed to go to bed early.

By the time Jon and Daenerys had fallen asleep in her lap, Lyanna looked like she was likely to doze off as well. “You know we do have help for this kind of thing,” Jaime reminded her for about the thousandth time since they arrived in Pentos. But Lyanna simply shook her head as they carried the children to their room.

“They’re not help. They’re slaves,” she shot back in a whisper as they passed one of the serving girls Lyanna knew Illyrio had purchased in Lys.

“Technically slavery is illegal in Pentos,” Jaime pointed out.

“Oh, what, and those who work here are just free to quit and leave whenever they please? The only way to get an Unsullied soldier into one’s service is to purchase them from Astapor,” she went on speaking of the guards Illyrio kept around the manse. All Jaime could do was smile in return and shake his head. She was so headstrong and always seemed to have a retort no matter what Jaime said. If anything it made him admire her even more. Her fierceness reminded him strongly of Cersei, something that both saddened and excited him.

Even still though, he was her protector. Whatever feelings Jaime may have had for the woman, he must put them aside. What kind of man would try to press his affections with a vulnerable single mother whom he was supposed to be keeping safe? *No*, Jaime thought to himself again. While he may have been fond of Lyanna and felt that certain stirring in his loins whenever she was in close proximity or smiled, he had to forget about it. He had more important things to worry about.
As the years wore on in Pentos, Lyanna grew restless. For their own safety, Illyrio wouldn’t allow them to leave his manse, frequently reminding his guests that at the moment, Robert Baratheon didn’t know of Lyanna’s survival, her son’s existence or Dany’s whereabouts, three facts he was sure they wanted to keep that way. But it wasn’t enough to fulfil her, simply looking after the children, so Lyanna soon tasked their host with the search for young Viserys, saying he needed to be with his family and telling Jaime they could explain together the truth of what had happened the night the Mad King was killed.

Still though, Lyanna dreamed of home. Of the North. She wondered what her brothers were up to now, if they had families of their own. If they still mourned and missed her. She missed them every day. And she also lamented the fact that her son didn’t know the rest of his family, didn’t get to grow up in the country he was born, Daenerys too. All because of Robert fucking Baratheon. While they were stuck in some manse in Essos living in exile, Robert sat her son’s rightful throne, apparently slowly running the country into the dirt, according to reports from Illyrio.

And so, along with tasking him to hunt for the eldest Targaryen boy, Lyanna had also asked Illyrio to assist with coming up with a plan to take back the Seven Kingdoms. She would find an army for her son, she would find him allies and supporters. And she would ensure he eventually sat the throne that had been stolen from his father. She swore it would be so, if it was the last thing she ever did.

“No luck with Myr, my lady,” Illyrio reported to Lyanna of his most recent attempt to locate the young prince Viserys.

“It’s been six years, Lya,” Jaime argued with her. “The boy is likely dead.”

“He’s Dany’s brother and he’s Jon’s uncle,” Lyanna reminded them both, crossing her arms over her chest. “His place is with his family. We have to find him. If he has died, I still need to know.”

“I suppose it’s just as well,” he went on. “The two children would make a handsome couple one day anyway. If they so choose. I will continue to send word to my comrades throughout Essos in regards to information on the young Targaryen prince.” He gave a little bow and left the room.

A little while later, after Illyrio had delivered the news of his failed attempt to locate Viserys, Lyanna sought out their host to ask of their other endeavour. One she was currently keeping from Jaime for she knew he wouldn’t approve.

“Then is something I’ve been cooking up,” Illyrio told her in hushed tones, beckoning her further into his private chamber and to close the door behind her. “But it all depends on how much you are willing to throw yourself into this. No one will give us an army out of the goodness of their hearts or future promises. They’ll want payment up front.”
“What kind of payment?” Lyanna asked, thinking she already knew where this conversation was headed.

“A Dothraki friend of mine, Khal Bharbo, has a son about your age. Once he finds a wife for Drogo, he plans to let his son lead his khalasar. While it’s not Dothraki practice to wed a widowed woman, you are not Dothraki.” Lyanna took in Illyrio’s words for a long moment. Years ago she had run off with Rhaegar to avoid the marriage set up for her by her father. She wed someone she loved rather than someone who was forced upon her. But things were different now. Rhaegar was gone. They had no other means of obtaining an army. And of course she still felt responsible for all of the atrocities that had occurred to her family and Rhaegar’s. Perhaps this was the way she could make up for it all. Marry this Dothraki prince in exchange for his khalasar.

“Do you think it wise?” Lyanna asked, trying to find some way out of the arrangement already and feeling guilty for it. “Because Jon is not of age yet, do you think it wise?”

“It may take many years to obtain enough ships to transport such an army and their horses across the Narrow Sea. And of course, time to convince your husband to do so. The Dothraki have never crossed before. They would not do so easily, my dear.” Lyanna nodded, thinking of Jaime then. In all their years of living together and raising the children together, neither of them had ever expressed feelings for the other. Once or twice Lyanna had suspected Jaime felt the same but as soon as those moments happened they would pass, making her question herself. She was unmarried. She had no ties to anyone except her son. As long as he would remain safe, she could see no other alternative.

Still, Illyrio made it her choice, neither having told Jaime of the idea. And in the following days and then weeks, Lyanna sat on the decision. She didn’t want to marry again, especially to someone she had never met. She would have to learn to speak Dothraki and learn all their customs so as not to insult her new husband’s people. It would not be an easy life. They would have to leave Pentos and the comfort of Illyrio’s manse.

However, the fates may have already made up their minds without Lyanna’s consent. For just two moons after Illyrio told her of the Dothraki prince, he got a letter from one of Lord Varys’s little birds that would change everything.

“What is it?” Lyanna asked, staring between Illyrio and Jaime and the note held in her exiled knight’s hands.

“It’s Robert,” Jaime began slowly. “Or, well, the whole realm really. Apparently Balon Greyjoy has declared himself King of the Iron Islands and has risen up against the crown to demand independence. His fleet has been attacking the Sunset coast, raiding and pillaging and laying claim to the lands they invade. The whole country is in chaos.”

Chaos, Lyanna thought. If the realm was in chaos, there was no better time like the present to enact a regime change. The Greyjoys were now Robert’s enemies. They had ships… She could see it all in her mind’s eye. The Dothraki would get them the army. An alliance with the Greyjoys would get them the means of transporting that army. And then they could finally go home…

Chapter End Notes
Thanks everyone for the feedback on the first two chapters! You guys are seriously amazing! I'm loving this story so much and can't wait to share more with you :D

Oh and FAQ - Arthur is at The Wall and has taken the black, obviously refusing a pardon from Robert and being unable to travel in secret to Dragonstone. He will catch up with our gang at some point.
~And also, yes, this means Cersei and Jaime will not have children together. But Jaime was never Cersei's only lover anyway.

1/3/18: Everyone's comments are driving me pleasantly crazy because I want to answer all the questions but it would give too much away! I will say this. The chapter where the dragons hatch was what started this whole story. I have it planned out very clearly and it will be very close to show/book cannon with a few changes. Some people will have very strong reactions to that chapter but I will say everything's been planned since the beginning.
The Dothraki

Chapter Summary

Lyanna and Jaime battle their feelings for each other at an inappropriate time. Jon and Dany make an important decision. Lyanna and co meet with the Dothraki.

Chapter Notes

This is kind of incredibly fluffy but again, what's been planned all along.

And yes, still working on GSGW. This next chapter beyond the wall has been giving me trouble so I'm trying something new with it to make it easier to write. I hope it works. If not, at least I'll have finished it so I can move on with the story. Kinda wrote myself into a slight corner but also actually just finished the final final chapter which, yes is a while from now but it was fun to do and I'm glad I have the ending down. Getting there will be interesting though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“This has got to be the stupidest fucking idea I’ve ever heard of,” Jaime fumed, pacing back and forth in Lyanna’s sleeping chamber. “A Dothraki prince? Balon fucking Greyjoy? Are you out of your damn mind?” he demanded, growing more irritated that his words seemed to have little effect on Lyanna as she stood across from him, arms folded over her chest, staring at him defiantly.

“I’m trying to get us home Jaime!”

“We can’t go home Lyanna. We knew that when we left!”

“We can go home if we have an army,” she argued. “With the realm in chaos it would be easy to defeat Robert. The Dothraki are fierce warriors.”

“They won’t fight for you,” Jaime shot back. “They won’t fight for Jon. If they did cross the Narrow Sea it would be for the child this Drogo would put in you, not for the son you already have. Seven hells, they may even want to kill Jon so the child you’d bear would face no one to oppose him.”

“Illyrio has assured me that won’t happen,” Lyanna argued, though her heart did flutter a little at the thought of anyone wanting to harm her son. “I’m the payment for the army. This Drogo gets a bride, a bride who’s already proven she could give him a son. And Jon gets an army.”

“So you’ll be his broodmare, is that it? Kept around to be ridden whenever he likes and birth him sons?” Jaime was seething. The thought of any man putting his hands on Lyanna made him want to hit something…or someone. But perhaps this is what he got for waiting so long. For never telling her how he felt about her. He had been inactive and this was the price he would pay.

“Even if the Dothraki somehow went along with this hairbrained plan,” Jaime continued, trying to
steady his voice, “Balon Greyjoy would never offer to help us. They’re Iron Islanders. They don’t make alliances. They pay the iron price. Do you know what that means?” Lyanna huffed in frustration but didn’t answer. “It means they shed blood for what they want. It would be an insult to even suggest you’d grant them independence in exchange for helping overthrowing Robert. They’d see this little rebellion squashed and all their people killed before they made a deal like that.”

Lyanna closed her eyes not wanting to see Jaime’s face. Part of what he said did make sense. She hated that. But she was also desperate to get home. And she could see no other way to do so. The Greyjoy alliance was only a recent addition to the plan, that could change. But a Dothraki army… They could find the ships some other way. Khal Bharbo had at least forty thousand men in his khalasar. It would be an invaluable alliance.

“Lyanna, you can’t go through with this,” Jaime urged, more than a touch of sadness in his voice and as he spoke he came closer and placed his hands on her hips, holding onto her like she was the one thing keeping him on the ground. Oh. She should have moved his hands away. Damnit, all this time! And she had never said anything. He had never said anything. This was the worst possible time. They couldn’t do this now. Not after all these years. It was stupid. It was beyond foolish. But the way Jaime’s hands fit over her hips felt so natural, so comforting, so right…

They both breathed heavily, finally realizing the truth. All the little glances and small smiles. All the lonely nights in separate rooms, softly caressing their own bodies while thinking about the other, but never daring to say it out loud.

“Jaime,” Lyanna whispered.

“Please,” he begged her, leaning in. Oh, his lips were so soft against hers. It had been so long. So long. He pulled her closer and she ran her fingers through his soft golden locks. This shouldn’t be happening. This shouldn’t feel so good. She shouldn’t want him this much. Shouldn’t need him like this—

“Momma,” a small voice called and Lyanna was suddenly three feet away from Jaime, breathing hard, her heart hammering from arousal and panic. She turned to the door and two little faces were peering in, both wearing very mischievous grins. “Were you kissing?” Daenerys asked and she and Jon broke into a fit of giggles.

“You’re supposed to be in bed,” Jaime told them sternly but the harshness in his voice did nothing to dampen the children’s delight at having caught the two in such a private moment.

“Does this mean I’ll get a little brother or sister?” Jon asked hopefully.

“WHAT?” Lyanna and Jaime said in unison causing the two children to giggle again. “What do you know about making babies?” Lyanna demanded.

“That’s how you do it, right Aunty Lya?” Daenerys pressed. “By kissing?”

“They have to be naked though,” Jon added and Lyanna could feel her face inflame, her clothing suddenly much too tight. Damn them!

“It’s bedtime!” Jaime exclaimed scooping Daenerys up in his arms as Lyanna did the same with Jon.

“But Jon had a bad dream,” Dany argued.

“Yeah, I dreamt I was being chased by a giant dragon,” Jon told them.
“Can we sleep in your bed Aunty Lya?”

“Please mummy?” Jon begged.

“You have to sleep in your own bed Jon,” Jaime said as they entered the children’s room.

“But I’ll have another nightmare. Can’t you at least stay in our bed?” the boy asked as Jaime and Lyanna tucked him and Daenerys into bed.

“Please?” Dany added, her big lilac eyes wide and pitiful - a trick she had learned from Jon. Lyanna looked to Jaime and sighed, knowing the children’s interruption had been a merciful one. She couldn’t lie with Jaime. She had a plan and she had to see it through. No matter what her feelings for him were, she had to get them all back home.

“Only until you go to sleep,” Lyanna compromised to which Jon and Dany exchanged triumphant smiles. She wrapped her arm around her son and Jaime slid into the bed behind Daenerys who snuggled into his side. It didn’t take long for the two to fall into a peaceful slumber but still, Lyanna didn’t move. If she went back to her own chambers tonight she knew Jaime would follow her and she wasn’t sure she had the strength to turn him away.

“Lya,” Jaime began in a whisper but she shook her head before he could continue.

“Illyrio already set everything in motion, Jaime. The Khal and his son will be here by the end of the week. We can’t.”

Jaime Lannister had never known what it felt like to be heartbroken before. But in this moment, hearing Lyanna say she planned to wed another and therefore could never be his, he thought he finally understood.

Ever since they had caught Aunty Lya and Uncle Jaime kissing, Dany hadn’t been able to stop thinking about it. The morning after, at breakfast, Aunty Lya explained that kissing was not in fact, how babies were made and that the process was actually much more complicated. But as to how people actually made babies, Lya had said she wasn’t ready to explain, much to Dany and Jon’s disappointment. Still, Dany couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to be kissed. She asked Jon one afternoon while they were out in the courtyard reading.

“I don’t know,” Jon replied looking embarrassed. “Why? Do you want to kiss me?” His cheeks turned red as he asked the question and looked up at her from behind his book. “I mean, isn’t kissing for grown ups?” he added hastily.

“I suppose,” Dany mused, not satisfied with Jon’s answer.

“Plus it looks...disgusting,” Jon concluded grimacing to reinforce his point.

“Yes, it does look disgusting,” Dany lied. She actually thought it looked quite the opposite of disgusting but didn’t want Jon to think her odd for thinking that. A few times when she had been alone, she had kissed the back of her hand, pretending it was Jon and that had felt nice. Not that she would ever confess that to him though. “But when you marry, you would have to kiss your wife, wouldn’t you?” she asked him, unable to drop the topic.

“I never thought about it,” Jon told her and Dany thought by the way he didn’t meet her gaze that Jon had thought about it. Perhaps he had even thought about kissing her.
“Well, you would have to kiss your wife,” she told him very matter-of-factly. “Do you think we’ll be married Jon?” she added, though she already assumed they would be. She certainly didn’t want him to marry anyone else.

“Well, one day. Don’t know who my wife would be though,” he said without interest turning a book page, this time sounding completely honest and oblivious which immediately infuriated Dany.

“You’d marry me, of course!” Dany spat and Jon’s eyes widened, realizing how royally he had messed up by not assuming he would be married to Dany, as she had.

“Oh, yeah, that’s what I…I mean… You want to marry me, Dany?” At the hopefulness in his voice, Dany’s anger dissipated.

“Of course we’ll be married to each other silly. You’ll be king, and I’ll be queen. And we’ll get to make up all the rules we want.”

“Oh like what?” Jon asked, setting down his book, now thoroughly intrigued by the conversation. Dany scooted closer to him conspiratorially.

“Well, for starters, we can go to bed whenever we want!” Jon wiggled with excitement at that. Going to bed whenever they wanted would be fun. He and Dany settled into the grass lying side by side, trying to come up with more rules they could make once they were king and queen.

“We could get a dog!” Jon exclaimed and Dany nodded her head enthusiastically. They both had wanted a dog for as long as they could remember but neither Lyanna nor Jaime had ever approved of the idea.

“We could eat lemon cakes for supper!” Dany threw in, making Jon giggle.

“We could…” The conversation went on like that for ages but to Jon and Dany it didn’t seem so long or boring at all. Dany considered Jon to be her closest friend, her only friend really. And she delighted in their time together, whatever they were doing. Whether it was reading in the courtyard, swimming, climbing trees. It didn’t matter to her really. As long as she could be near him.

“So Dany,” Jon said after they had settled into a comfortable silence in which Jon played with Dany’s long, pale braid. “You really do want to marry me? Truly?”

“Who else would I marry?” Dany asked honestly and Jon pursed his lips turning on his side to face her. “You’re my best friend Jon. I could never marry anyone else.” This made Jon break out into a face splitting grin. It seemed he had been worried about this but her words soothed him. As he smiled and stared at her, Dany couldn’t help but feel a particular pull toward him and in a moment of possible madness, she leaned in and kissed him full on the lips. She leaned back and at the horrified look on Jon’s face immediately said, “You’re right, kissing is disgusting and for grown ups. Just wanted to make sure!” She felt her face grow hot with embarrassment and turned away from him, reaching for her book to try and hide and distract herself. But when she heard his soft voice, she turned sheepishly to look at him.

“Perhaps when we’re a little bit older,” Jon began, “kissing won’t be so bad.” Dany pursed her lips to hide her smile and simply nodded, going back to her book.

“Mummy, Uncle Jaime,” Jon called as the two adults both sat in silence, Lyanna knitting and Jaime polishing his sword, later that evening. Dany held his hand and was positively squirming with
excitement. “Dany and I have an announcement.”

Lyanna looked to Jaime with raised eyebrows and both their lips twitched to hide smiles. Clearly Jon was trying to sound very grown up for his six years, something he and Dany did quite often. But still, every time they did, it was all Lyanna could do to keep from giggling at how precious they were.

“Yes, what is it son?” Jaime asked, furrowing his brow as if this were the most important piece of news he was going to hear all day. Jon looked to Dany who nodded vigorously.

“Dany and I are getting married.” Lyanna had to suck in her lips deep between her teeth to keep the smile at bay but Jon, ever observant, noticed. “Why are you laughing?” His face fell angrily as did Dany’s which was exactly the kind of reaction Lyanna had hoped to avoid.

“I’m not laughing!” she insisted, though her words were tinged with laughter.

“You are!” Dany shot back stomping her little foot in irritation.

“I…you…It’s just…you’re very young,” Jaime concluded lamely with a shrug.

“So!” Daenerys argued.

“Well, marriage is for…adults,” Lyanna reasoned, making Dany drop Jon’s hand to cross her arms over her chest with a huff.

“Clearly, we know that,” Jon got out with an eye roll, his hands moving to his hips.

“We mean when we’re older we’ll get married to each other,” Dany explained as if this were the most obvious thing in the world. Jaime pursed his lips, this time not to hide a smile but because he was thinking how best to approach this conversation.

“We know we’d have to kiss and all that other stuff—” Lyanna’s face and neck erupted in flames at the mention of other stuff. Were all children their age obsessed with kissing and how babies were made? “But we don’t have to worry about that until we’re grown ups.”

“Are you…are you in love with each other?” was all Jaime could think to say.

“Dany’s my best friend,” Jon told him, his expression incredulous.

“And Jon’s my best friend. Shouldn’t that be how it goes? You should marry your best friend?” At her words Lyanna suddenly felt her eyes well with tears. She shot a glance at Jaime before looking back to the children. How had such a silly conversation turned suddenly so serious?

“Of… of course you should marry your best friend,” she told them, working to keep her voice from cracking. If she didn’t stop herself now she would surely break down. She couldn’t. Not now. Lyanna got up from her chair suddenly and dropped down in front of both children with her arms outstretched. “I suppose congratulations are in order then,” she said in her most perky and delighted voice. This seemed to appease them and Jon and Dany hugged her fiercely before joining hands again and sprinting out of the room.

The Dothraki were due to arrive on the morrow.

_I am Lyanna Stark of Winterfell. I am a fierce she-wolf. I will not be afraid_, Lyanna thought.
repeatedly to herself as they travelled across town to the manse where Khal Bharbo was hosting them. But Lyanna was afraid. Afraid her intended would not approve of her. Afraid her intended would approve of her. Afraid for her son and Dany. Afraid for leaving the safety of Illyrio’s manse for the first time in years. Afraid of nearly everything because right now everything was unknown. But then Lyanna remembered something her father had said to her brothers when they were all very young. Ned had asked if a man could still be considered brave if he was afraid and their father had answered that that was the only time a man could be brave. I might be afraid, but I am also brave. I am a she-wolf. Wolves devour horses.

“Momma, I can’t breathe,” Jon grunted in her lap and Lyanna immediately opened her eyes and released him. Illyrio said it was only a short ride across town but as her dread welled up inside her, it seemed to go on and on and on. Jon jumped up at being released and moved to sit by Dany. When he gently slipped his little hand into hers and the two laced their fingers together, Lyanna nearly broke into tears. But this was all for them, she reasoned silently to herself. So they could all go home and Jon could sit his father’s rightful throne with sweet Dany at his side. Jaime refused to look at her the whole carriage ride across town.

She had bathed twice that morning, so nervous. The servants had put her hair into delicate braids and placed little beads in her hair that would sparkle in the proper light. They had put just the smallest hint of rouge on her lips but otherwise left her face alone, saying her lovely dark features needed no enhancement. Illyrio had given her a silk dress of sea green saying it would compliment her hair and eyes nicely. She had wanted to ask Jaime if he thought she was beautiful but the words stuck in her throat, knowing the question and his answer would hurt them both.

“Aunty Lya, where are we going? We’ve never left Illyrio’s before,” Daenerys asked, her little blonde brow furrowed.

“We’re going to a party,” Lyanna smiled trying to make her face match the enthusiasm of her voice.

“A party?” Jon asked curious. “A party like with people?”

“A party like with people,” Lyanna repeated in answer, her face beginning to hurt from all the smiling.

“Who’s going to be at this party?” Dany asked, swinging her little feet back and forth as they didn’t quite touch the floor of the carriage.

“Um, well, some people who may want to make friends with us. And may help us get back home.”

“Home to Westeros?” Jon exclaimed.

“Where we’re from?” Dany demanded. Lyanna nodded and was about to say more when the carriage came to a steady halt and her stomach gave a horrible lurch of anticipation. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Jaime’s jaw clench and the muscles in his neck pull tight. An Unsullied soldier helped them out of the carriage and Illyrio led the way inside. Though they all had their hoods pulled up to cover their hair and faces, Lyanna’s heart pounded fiercely. What if someone from Westeros saw them? What if someone recognized Jaime or her, or even sweet Dany’s features, and knew? Agreeing to this meeting was one thing, almost an abstract idea. But in practice now it felt like they were walking out naked. Jaime gripped the hilt of his sword harder and took Daenerys’s hand with his left. Lyanna grabbed onto Jon and together they entered the hall.

Khal Bharbo was not told much about the group. He was told Lyanna - Anne - was a noble woman
from Westeros, born from a prominent family. Her son was of noble birth as well, though his father
dead. And that Jaime was her hired sword, Daenerys his daughter. He was told the man who
currently sat the Iron Throne was their enemy and that they would see him killed and his armies
defeated so they could return home and claim the throne for themselves. None of that mattered
much to a Dothraki though. The customs of Westeros were mostly lost on them. All they heard was
noble woman, enemy, and fight.

“I thought you said it was just the Dothraki who would be here?” Jaime hissed, looking around at
those in attendance. The majority of those present were Dothraki but there were also Braavosi, and
Pentoshi, men who looked to be sellswords, and men who looked like they would give up their
identities to Robert for a sackful of gold. “Lya, we need to leave now. This isn’t safe. If someone
sees us, recognizes us…”

“Jaime this is the only way,” she began but Jaime cut her off.

“This is not the only way. You haven’t given me enough time. I’ll find us a way home, just please-
-” But Jaime was unable to finish the rest of his sentence as Illyrio had returned to their sides with
two of the biggest and most fearsome men Lyanna had ever seen right behind him.

“May I introduce Khal Bharbo,” the older Dothraki nodded. “And his son, Drogo.” Drogo’s eyes
never left Lyanna’s as Illyrio translated to the men who each of them were. The Khal took an
immediate interest in Jon, squatting down to stare into his eyes, holding up an arm and wrapping
his long fingers around Jon’s bicep, taking his chin between thumb and finger and turning his face
back and forth. To his credit, Jon didn’t flinch. He merely scowled at the Khal in irritation. The
Khal stood and said something to Illyrio and pointed to the wooden sword at Jon’s hip that he had
worn to look regal and princely. When Illyrio gave a small smile and chuckled, Drogo finally broke
his intense eye contact with Lyanna and looked down at Jon.

“What did he say?” Lyanna asked, incredibly embarrassed at how much her voice shook.

“The Khal says he wants your son to hit him with his sword as hard as he can,” Illyrio explained.
At this, Jon’s dark eyebrows rose in utter confusion and he stared at the Khal as if he were worried
about his mental state. “He wants to see how strong you are,” Illyrio added. At his words the Khal
patted his outer thigh in invitation to Jon. Jon looked to his mother, the same confused look on his
face so Lyanna nodded, encouraging him to do as he was asked. Jon slowly withdrew his wooden
sword from his belt and gripped the handle exactly how his Uncle Jaime had taught him and took
his fighting stance. He gave the Khal a nod, checking one last time that he was really being asked
to actually hit an adult and the Khal gave a nod back, granting permission. Jon, breathing heavy,
cocked his arms back for leverage and with a grunted exhale brought the sword down with all his
strength against the Khal’s leg, the contact making a very loud smack noise. Immediately the skin
began to smart and redden, as did Jon’s cheeks but after a very tense moment the Khal broke into
uproarious laughter.

Jon and Dany exchanged happily confused glances and then laughed as well, Lyanna laughed in
relief and Jaime remained stoic and irritated. Drogo merely smiled and when his father said
something to him in Dothraki, he nodded in reply. Was that it? The Khal scooped Jon up under one
arm and carried him off to his high table, Dany following, giggling behind them. Drogo nodded
again to Lyanna and went to sit at the high table as well.

“It’s done,” Illyrio said simply.

“Done?” Jaime questioned, his voice and eyes giving away everything he felt in the moment.
Irritated, sad, angry, maybe somewhat relieved they hadn’t been killed.
Done. The Khal said your sons with Drogo would be even stronger than Jon but that Jon was quite fierce for his age.” Lyanna let out a nervous giggle, trying hard not to think about having to go to bed with Drogo. If he was *that* tall and muscular, she could only imagine... *oh gods, no.* Her body gave a little involuntary shudder as Illyrio ushered her and Jaime to sit at the table directly below the Khal and Drogo. It was done. Lyanna would become a Khaleesi.

The Khal had taken a particular interest in Jon even if Drogo seemed aloof and distant throughout the entire affair. At one point in the night Jon came scampering over to Lyanna, his face shining with pride, holding very carefully in his hands a finely made dagger covered in a beautiful leather sheath. “Bharbo gave it to me, he says the hilt is dragonbone, can I keep it mummy?” Jon asked in a rush.

“How do you know all that?” Lyanna asked, puzzled. Jon certainly didn’t know any Dothraki.

“Well, he said *for you* and then he pointed to the hilt and said *dragonbone.* So I just assumed...” His eyes shot up and his smile widened, *little scamp.* Her sarcasm was starting to wear off on him and Lyanna made a note to speak more carefully when dealing with him and Dany in the future. “So can I keep it?” Jon asked eagerly, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“If it was a gift from the Khal, of course you can,” Lyanna said, slightly exasperated. Though, for just a moment, it was like her own father was back and doting on Jon the way a grandfather should dote on his grandchild. Bharbo would technically be Jon’s step-grandfather. It was actually rather sweet that he had accepted the boy so quickly. Perhaps this wouldn’t be as terrible as she was making it out to be in her mind. Still, the way Drogo continued to stare at her as if she were prey and they way he never made any effort to speak much with her through a translator or even acknowledge the children they way his father was, made her feel uneasy. His gaze was so intense. She wondered what he saw when he looked at her. Was Jaime right? Was she really going to be just another mount for him to ride and birth him children when it suited him?

As the night wore on and Lyanna had slipped into a tipsy numbness, Jaime grew more and more restless. He couldn’t let this happen. He couldn’t let it be like this. They could find an army elsewhere. Perhaps his father would help. The gods knew how much money the Lannisters had available to them. And then perhaps if they knew she was alive, the Starks and the northmen would rally to their sides, even if Lyanna had technically betrayed them by running away with Rhaegar and getting her father killed. *Fuck,* Jaime thought. It was all so complicated. He didn’t know where to begin. But as Drogo continued to eye him sternly and whisper to the man seated beside him whom Jaime thought might have been a guard of sorts, Jaime became more and more sure he couldn’t allow this. He would get them back to Westeros. He swore it silently to himself by the old gods and the new. He would get them home, he would see Jon become Aegon VI and sit the Iron Throne. He would find them a way, but this wasn’t it.

As if reading his thoughts while he glared, Drogo said something to his companion and the companion called down to Jaime, speaking the Common Tongue. “He wants to know what your purpose here still is,” the man sneered. “It won’t be your place to protect her anymore once they are wed.” Instinctively Lyanna put a hand on Jaime’s wrist to prevent him from doing anything... for all the good that did.

“I’m sworn to her for life,” Jaime shot back. “There is no way I would ever leave her side.” Drogo’s companion translated for him and Drogo bared his teeth in what Jaime wasn’t sure was a smile or a snarl. Still, he bared his teeth in return.
“He says perhaps he should fight you for her. As she has no father or brother to give her in the match, he should win her by defeating you.” Jaime stood up so fast, he wasn’t even aware he was on his feet until Drogo got to his own.

“Jaime, don’t,” Lyanna pleaded, but it was too late. The gauntlet had been thrown. Lyanna looked to Illyrio and the Khal. Illyrio looked simply mortified that those who were here as his guests would behave in such a manner and the Khal was looking between Jaime and his son, scratching his chin thoughtfully. The Khal set down Jon in his seat as he vacated it to stand to the side of the table, a better vantage point to view the fight that was surely to ensue. “Please Jaime,” Lyanna begged. “We’re going to go home, don’t do this.” But Jaime and Drogo were already headed to the middle of the hall, Drogo pulling out his arakh and flexing his very large chest muscles menacingly.

“Jaime Lannister you put your sword down!” Lyanna commanded but Jaime couldn’t hear her. All the blood was rushing past his ears, drowning out all other sound. His limbs lighted up with the familiar tingle of a pending fight. This Drogo might have been huge, probably twice Jaime’s size but Jaime also knew where all the vulnerable points were in a man like that. It’s how he had been knighted so young. This was what he was good at. But before he made his move toward Drogo to defend Lyanna’s honor, he had to turn to her and tell her the truth, just in case.

“I love you,” he mouthed. Then Drogo lunged.

If the Dothraki prince thought he was fast, Jaime was faster. Still, both were nearly a blur to Lyanna, steel kissing steel. This could not be happening. This wasn’t the way things were supposed to go. Then again, her whole life could be summed up with that statement. If things had ever really gone her way, Rhaegar would be alive right now and would be sitting the Iron Throne and she would be at his side, watching Jon and Dany gambol through the Red Keep in King’s Landing. She didn’t even realize she was screaming until another louder voice broke through her ears and thoughts, even over the current two man battle.

“TARGARYEN SCUM!”

Everything happened so fast and in slow motion all at once. Dany screamed. Jon called Dany’s name. A man dressed all in black had his arm around Dany’s throat, knife in hand. The man screamed and released her, arms reaching for the dragonbone dagger sticking out of his back. Jon and Dany ducked under the table, Jon pulling Dany back toward Lyanna. Drogo lunged at the man who had attacked Dany, grasping his head and snapping it sideways, breaking the neck. Another, bloody, knife was at Drogo’s throat and Drogo being so distracted by the first man, didn’t have time to move. Jaime’s sword plunged down at the man’s neck and into his spine and back and torso, killing him instantly.

Jaime retracted his sword from the body quickly and he and Drogo stood back to back looking around wildly for another attacker as did Lyanna, her arms enveloping the children. Only when the air had settled and it was determined no one else was trying to make a move toward the children or the two men, did Drogo and the rest of the room realize, Bharbo was on the ground dead.

Illyrio and several other witnesses said about twenty minutes later that it was the second attacker who had snuck up behind Bharbo, slit his throat and then tried to get to Drogo before Jaime had finished him. Jon and Dany wouldn’t stop crying and shaking, Jon continuing to look at the blood on his hands from the first cutthroat who had tried to hurt Dany.
As no one else made moves for them, it had apparently been just the two attackers. Both were discovered to be wearing Baratheon pins, one of them with a scroll in his breast pocket detailing Daenerys’s age and approximate description. How Robert had found her was anyone’s guess. How he had found out about the meeting with the Dothraki was also up for interpretation. But one thing was for sure, they were no longer safe in Pentos.

Two days later, after grieving his father and burning his body on a pyre, his mount burning beneath the body so that Bharbo could reach the Night Lands, Drogo thanked Jaime for saving his life. As their fight came to the end it had instead of either Drogo or Jaime killing each other, Drogo still technically was able to keep the single braid he wore in his hair. And, as Drogo reasoned he hadn’t properly won Lyanna, he could not take her as his wife. But, being the new Khal of his father’s Khalasar - some had deserted but many stayed at his side - Drogo offered the Westerosis one favor in return for Jaime’s bravery. As they could no longer stay in Pentos, Lyanna could think of only one favor from Drogo if he wouldn’t give her control of his army. Protection.

A week after the fateful feast, Khal Drogo’s khalasar was on the move, a khalasar never staying in one place for very long. And with the Dothraki, four Westerosi, two of whom had recently dipped their pale locks in ink so as to avoid detection from Robert’s hired knives. It would be yet another new start, Lyanna thought. She only hoped under Drogo’s protection they would be safe.

Chapter End Notes

So no, Lyanna didn't marry Drogo, I was never going to have that happen. And I had always planned for them to end up living with the Dothraki and J&D growing up in the khalasar. Lyanna eventually forgives Jaime for costing them the alliance/army of the khalasar. No Drogo will not eventually end up with Dany. She's betrothed to Jon now, so they've decided. Kids are so cute!

*Comments always loved and cherished* :D
Embrace

Chapter Summary

Jon witnesses something he's never seen before. Dany and Jon have their first fight. Jaime and Lyanna embrace a Dothraki tradition.

Chapter Notes

GSGW update tomorrow!! (Probably late night Pacific time).

“Momma,” Jon began slowly as Lyanna straightened the flap to the tent. “What’re they doing?” he asked, his voice a mixture of wonder and what sounded like fear.

“What’re…o-oh,” Lyanna stuttered following Jon’s gaze. Luckily her son had the good sense not to point and had merely nodded in the passionate couple’s direction. “Jon it’s not polite to—to stare,” she told him, voice trailing off, unable to rip her eyes away. She had never seen anything like it. She had never done anything like it. Never mind that they were outside, just out in the open, the sun hadn’t even set yet to give them a teensy bit of privacy. But they way they were...there was only one word for it...fucking. Jaime had been right. The Dothraki did indeed fuck like dogs. The woman was on her hands and knees undulating her hips in a way Lyanna was sure must have been a practiced movement because she didn’t think at all her body would be able to move like that. And the man behind her...he kneeled on one knee, the other leg bent and foot firmly on the ground, Lyanna imagined for leverage. One hand gripped the woman’s hip and the other tugged at her long braid, yanking the woman’s head back with each thrust, though the woman didn’t seem to mind. Both were grunting fairly audibly and they just didn’t seem to care at all. People walked by them paying them absolutely no mind, going about their business, carrying buckets of water, setting up camp. And these two people were fucking. Lyanna didn’t quite know what to think.

“Lyanna have you seen my skinning knife...” Jaime called, walking around the tent to where she and Jon stood, still unable to look away from the spectacle. “Lyan—o-oh,” Jaime got out, stopping just behind them. “Jon you shouldn’t be seeing this,” Jaime said quickly, grabbing him and covering his eyes with his hands. Lyanna knocked herself out of the trance with a slight head shake and ushered Jon inside the tent, Jaime right behind.

“But momma, what were they doing?” Jon asked again, his eyes wide in awe and confusion. Lyanna looked to Jaime who’s expression mirrored Jon’s. Seven Hells, Lyanna thought. He’s only six! “Um, wait here a minute love. Jaime and I need to talk about something really quickly.”

“But momma—”

“In a minute Jon!”

Lyanna and Jaime shuffled out of the tent and walked around to the side so they wouldn’t get distracted by the couple who was still having their way with each other. After a moment of Lyanna
staring at Jaime as if he would have the answer as to how to handle this situation, he broke out in an irritating smile and as Lyanna’s brow furrowed in anger, he laughed.

“Jaime it’s not funny!” Lyanna spat making Jaime double over, tears spilling out of his eyes. “Jaime we can’t…we have to… he’s only six!”

When he was able to settle himself, Jaime said, “Lya, we knew when we left Pentos with the khalasar that this is what would happen. It’s their culture.”

“I know that!” Lyanna snapped. “But what the fuck are we supposed to tell him?” Jaime pursed his lips, never having remembered Lyanna swear in such a manner. That and the way she had shifted her weight more to one foot, hip sticking out and arms crossed defensively over her chest made her seem even more adorable. “Well?” she urged.

“I… I think we just have to tell him the truth, Lya,” he said with a smirk. If they lied, the boy would go about not knowing what was what and, while the pending conversation wasn’t one Jaime wanted to have with him, Jon would have to know one day anyway. He and Cersei had been right about his age when they first began experimenting under their covers. Jaime shuddered involuntarily at the memory. He didn’t like thinking about Cersei anymore.

Lyanna rubbed her forehead which was now damp with sweat and her heart thudded nervously. “Where’s Dany?” she asked as a way to postpone the inevitable.

“I believe some of the women stole her away to teach her… I don’t know. Sewing? Basket weaving? Whatever women do in khalasars.” Thank the gods Dany hadn’t seen what Jon saw, Lyanna thought. Then again, she was sure Jon would just tell her everything anyway when she did make her way back to the tent. Seven Hells.

“Alright. Let’s go tell him.” Jaime started to round the tent but Lyanna stopped him again. “And we use correct terms to describe everything. None of this lady’s special place and love dagger and all that nonsense my mother confused me with.”

“Love dagger?” Jaime grinned.

“That’s what she said to me!” Lyanna exclaimed with a chuckle. “I had no idea what the woman was talking about. Took me having to ask Old Nan to get the right of it.” Jaime barked with laughter as they both entered the tent to finally tell Jon just how babies were made.

“You’re having a go at me,” Dany said pushing Jon in the shoulder, her lips half quirked in a smile. When Dany had returned to the tent not long after his mother and Uncle Jaime had finished their explanation, Jon had asked if he and Dany could go on a walk through the camp. His mother had rolled her eyes and huffed but she let them go anyway. Uncle Jaime simply laughed and Jon wasn’t sure why.

“I swear it Dany,” Jon said as they both sat cross legged, hidden amongst the tall grass. “I saw it. It’s what they were doing.”

“Okay maybe that’s what they were doing, but are you sure that’s what Aunty Lya said would make a baby?” Dany asked, skeptical.

“How else would the baby get in their?” Jon asked. “I knew it had to do with being naked,” he added, somewhat smugly. Though he had had no idea they needed to be naked to do… that.
“It sounds scary,” Dany suddenly furrowed her brow in panic. “It sounds like it would hurt a lot.”

“Mum said it didn’t,” Jon rushed, not wanting to scare her. Though he couldn’t help but agree, no matter what his mother and Uncle Jaime said. It did sound like it would hurt. He had caught the hilt of his sword between his legs once and had cried for ages. It had hurt worse than the time he broke his wrist climbing trees with Dany. “Mum and Uncle Jaime said it was actually quite nice.”

“Quite nice? But… but it seems so messy,” Dany scrunched her face in disgust.

“Well, mum said it could be a little messy, sometimes.” They both squirmed uncomfortably. “Uncle Jaime said when we’re older we would actually… want to… to do that.”

“I don’t think I’d ever want to do that,” Dany insisted. “I mean how would it… oh. Oh no. No, Jon I’m never doing that.”

“I don’t think I’d ever want to do that either,” Jon agreed, smiling in relief. When Dany had kissed him not long ago, it had seemed terrible at first. Then thinking about it afterward, Jon realized it wasn’t that bad. Maybe it was even pleasant. But this. This seemed horrible.

They laughed for a bit and Jon lay back in the grass, glad he and Dany had similar thoughts on the matter. He still couldn’t believe he had actually seen it though. According to his mother and Uncle Jaime, in the Seven Kingdoms it was very different. People only ever did it at night, in the dark, under the covers, in a locked room so no one else would see. As Dany lay next to him, he slid his hand in hers entwining their fingers. They were so similar, he and Dany. He was so glad she wanted to be his wife.

*His wife.*

*His queen.*

Jon’s heart started to pound in panic. He was to be king. Kings needed heirs. Heirs were their children. To get children they’d have to—

“Dany!” Jon exclaimed sitting up, breathing hard.

“What is it Jon?” she asked, her face full of concern.

“Dany… we’re going to be married,” Jon reminded her.

“I know,” Dany laughed, unsure why this would make him worry. They had already discussed it. “I’ll be your wife and you’ll be my husband. You’ll be king and I’ll be queen and—”

“Dany, who rules after the king and queen grow old and die?” Jon insisted.

“Why, their children of…of…oh!” Dany squeaked, putting the pieces together. “Oh no Jon!” Jon nodded vigorously, glad she saw the dilemma. “Jon we can’t! I can’t! I don’t want to!”

“I don’t want to either Dany. So what do we do?” he asked. She was always the smarter one. If anyone could come up with an answer it would be Dany. It was one of the things Jon loved about her.

“Maybe we shouldn’t get married. Maybe I shouldn’t be your queen.” Jon’s mouth popped open. *Traitor!*

“Dany!” Jon exclaimed in shock. “Dany, then I’d have to…with…” With someone *else*. If he had
to do that in order to have children, Jon certainly didn’t want to be with anyone but her. It would be much too embarrassing. “Dany…” Jon’s voice cracked and his eyes filled with tears. She didn’t want to marry him anymore?

One thing was for certain, he didn’t want her to see him cry. He got up and sniffed and started to walk away from her.

“Jon!” she called and he knew she would follow him so he began running through the tall grass to try to get away from her. “Jon!” She was running after him! The tears were now rolling continuously down his cheeks and his chest heaved with sobs and from the effort of running. She was supposed to be his best friend! She was supposed to always be there for him and now she just wanted to leave him by himself? Leave him to marry some girl he didn’t know and to be king all alone without her? How could she?

“JON!” Something big and warm and heavy hit him hard in the back and tackled him to the ground, making him skin his hands in the dirt.

“Go away Dany!” he shouted through his tears, bringing his knees to his chest as he sobbed, his palms held out in front of him, face up, smarting from his wounds.

“Oh no, you’re hurt,” Dany said quietly, kneeling next to him. Jon turned his head away from her, sniffling, trying desperately to stop crying as it was so embarrassing but his chest wouldn’t stop heaving. He couldn’t believe Dany would betray him like that.

Something near him made a ripping sound and he felt the flutter of cloth over his right hand. He jerked it away from her and scooted around so he didn’t have to see her but she moved with him.

“Please let me,” she said softly. “It’ll bleed more if I don’t.” He tucked his head into his chest as she began tying a rip from her dress over one hand, then the other. Jon’s sobs had stopped but he still couldn’t properly catch his breath and his face was all wet. “Jon, I’m sorry,” Dany began after a few minutes of silence. “I don’t know what I was thinking. I do want to marry you. I do want to be your wife. I just… I just got scared is all.”

Jon sniffed and looked up, his brow still furrowed in hurt and anger. “I got scared too!” he grumbled, wrapping his bandaged hands around his knees. “But I didn’t say I didn’t want to marry you.”

“I know, I was stupid Jon. I don’t know why I said it. I’ll never say it again,” Dany swore, resting a hand on his shoulder.

Jon sniffed again lifting his head and letting his knees fall to the sides. “You promise?”

“I promise.” He noticed Dany too had tears in her eyes.

“So you’ll still marry me? You want to marry me? Even if we have to… have sex?” he whispered the last bit as it was just too terrible to say. Dany giggled and sniffed too.

“Even then.” Slowly, she crawled into his lap and wrapped her arms and legs around him, nuzzling in his curls. “I love you Jon,” Dany whispered and Jon closed his eyes and hugged her tight with relief.

“I love you too Dany.”
“You think they’re asleep?” Jaime whispered, inclining his head to Jon and Dany’s bed. Lyanna lifted her head off the pillow and turned to look. Jon had his mouth hanging open and Dany had all her limbs spread out in different directions, some draped over Jon’s unmoving form. It was safe to say they were out.

“Lya, I…I never apologized for what I did in Pentos. With Drogo. I just…I got flashbacks of when I was in the kingsguard…how Aerys would…and hearing Rhaella’s cries and knowing there was nothing I could do to help her. I didn’t want that for you. I just couldn’t stand by and…and now I’ve cost us the army you worked so hard to get. I’m sorry,” Jaime finished quietly. He was remorseful for disappointing her and letting her down. But Jaime certainly wasn’t sorry she didn’t have to marry Drogo.

Lyanna sighed. She knew he had only her best interests at heart. Well, perhaps his actions had been a bit selfish also. She thought about what he had whispered before he and Drogo began fighting. “Did you mean it?” She asked him. “Before you and Drogo…did you mean it?”

Jaime nodded. At one time in his life he didn’t think he could love anyone other than Cersei. But now his sister was just a distant, slightly unpleasant memory. In the years since he left Westeros Jaime had come to realize just how manipulative she was. Her getting him named to the kingsguard. She had done it so he would never be with anyone else even though she knew she would probably still marry one day whereas Jaime would never be able to once he said his vows. But he had been young, vulnerable, easily taken advantage of. And Cersei certainly had taken advantage of him. Had he stayed in Westeros, he wasn’t sure how far she would have dug her claws in him. *Hear me roar indeed.*

Lyanna smoothed a hand over Jaime’s face and he closed his eyes at her touch. This wasn’t an ideal life. Not what Jaime had envisioned when he was younger. But it wasn’t at all an unhappy one. In fact, this was probably the happiest Jaime Lannister had ever been.

He slid a hand up her side and pulled her into him, lips meeting softly but familiarly. The children were asleep. They had covers over them. What should it have mattered? He slid a knee between her thighs and flipped her on her back, deepening the kiss and grinding himself into her. It had been so long.

But Lyanna broke away with a worried look toward Jon and Dany. “What if they wake up?” She asked. Jaime smiled. It wasn’t as if it wouldn’t be anything Jon hadn’t seen before.

“They won’t wake Lya,” he tried to reassure her but she pulled away from him.

“I have an idea,” she whispered conspiratorially and slid out of bed. Checking on the children one last time, Lyanna grabbed a blanket and Jaime’s hand and led them outside.

“Really?” Jaime asked her with raised eyebrows, his lips pulled in half a smile. Lyanna simply giggled and led him to a patch of tall grass a ways from the nearest tent. She settled the blanket on the ground and sat down upon it, Jaime following.

“The Dothraki believe anything of importance should be done under an open sky,” Lyanna explained as if she were an expert and as if making love under the stars was something of a normal occurrence for them. But Jaime didn’t mind. All these years he had watched over her and Jon and Dany. Had taken care of them. Had grown to love them all. Now she was his.

She pulled him over her, settling on the blanket and wrapping her arms about his neck. But she didn’t kiss him. Not yet. For a moment they just stared, each in awe of the other and all the things that had led them to each other.
“I’m so glad you’re here with us,” Lyanna told him, her voice barely a whisper, tears slipping down the sides of her face. “I don’t know what I would do if you weren’t here. I’d be lost without you Jaime.”

Jaime’s own eyes stung and his throat tightened as he ran his fingers through her hair looking down at her. “Well,” he began, “I can tell you for a certainty, that that simply isn’t true.” She smiled. “You’re the smartest, fiercest person I know. You would have been fine,” he told her honestly. Her lip trembled and more tears slid down her face. “But I’m glad I’m here too.”

She pulled him into her, lips colliding passionately with tongues dancing and gentle nips of teeth. How had he waited this long? How could he have gone six years never having told her? Never having felt her? Never having shown her? Her warm hands slipped into the back of his breeches gripping him and bringing him flush with her. He rucked up her slip and slid a hand between her thighs, under her small clothes, delicately running his fingers along her sensitive flesh. Gods, she was so warm and wet.

Lyanna gasped and her lips broke away from his as he continued to slide his fingers back and forth between her folds. “Jaime,” she groaned, head tilted back as he pushed two fingers inside her. Fuck. The way she molded around him, the heat of her and the little whimpers of pleasure she let out each time his fingers glided in and out of her. It was enough to make him light headed.

“Jaime, I need you,” she pleaded, her Northern lilting light and ethereal, making his cock harden even further. She needn’t tell him twice. He sat back between her legs and pulled her sleeping gown over her head and her small clothes down her legs. She smiled and bit her lip as she tugged his off tunic and pushed his breeches down.

As he settled back over her, warm skin against warm skin, he gave an involuntary shudder, he was so impatient to be inside her, to make her his. She seemed to be just as eager, a trembling hand reaching between them to grasp his length and rub the head between her folds, coating him with her slickness. His lips met hers again, more demanding this time, taking all he could from her, barely allowing either of them to breathe. Though he was here with her, now pushing inside of her, guiding her legs around his hips as he ground into her, she was still a craving he couldn’t quite satisfy. He thrust into her over and over, their mouths positively attacking the other, but still, it wasn’t enough. He didn’t just want to be with her, be in her. He wanted to become apart of her.

With a quick jerk, Jaime flipped them over and Lyanna shuffled back against his bent knees, balancing herself with her hands on his chest. She tossed her hair back behind her shoulders and settled into a graceful but agonizing pace. He sat up and she wrapped her legs around him and tangled her fingers in his hair and he began thrusting up into her, needing this so much, needing her. He buried his face in her neck as he felt himself inch closer. It was so good. The way her body hugged his perfectly, the way he filled her. Her thighs gripped him tighter. Her movements grew more impatient. He knew she was close… All her muscles stiffened and Lyanna arched her back, eyes closed and mouth beautifully hanging agape as she climaxed and his name fell from her lips. His eyes clenched shut and he let go too, coming inside her in long, agonizing spurts, cock twitching with the effort to give her everything he had, her walls still fluttering from her own release to guide him. His breaths came in stuttered heaves as he tried to encourage his heart to slow back to a normal pace. Finally when the world seemed to slow back down, Jaime opened his eyes and looked at her, fingers twiddling in her long dark hair.

She tucked a lock of his hair behind his ear and rubbed her thumb over his cheek. “I love you Jaime Lannister,” she hummed.

“I love you Lyanna Stark.”
FAQ: Do you just sit around on your ass all day writing fan fiction?
~Well, kind of. I'm a full-time nanny for the best family in the world and I have a lot of downtime. I take classes and workshops here and there to entertain myself, go on trips, etc. But yeah, still gotta find a way to pass the time. Hence my addiction to fanfic writing. I write my own original stories too but obvs don't post them here.

Thank you guys for all the awesome feedback! I love that we all get to interact with each other on this site and share love for our common interests. It's simply the best.
*Hugs*
A New Life

Chapter Summary

Jon and Dany speculate a secret. Lyanna and Jaime make plans. Jon gets exactly what he wanted for his name day.
i.e. fluff, fluff, EXTRA FLUFF. :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daenerys watched with her brow creased in concern as her Aunty Lyanna pulled her horse to the side of the procession, dismounted and proceeded to vomit into the grass. Uncle Jaime pulled his horse next to hers and hurriedly dismounted as well, pulling Lyanna’s hair back so she wouldn’t get it messy. Dany looked back to Jon, seated behind her and he wore a worried expression as well. But when Jaime handed Lyanna a rag to wipe her mouth on after she was finished, Dany noticed there was a giant smile on his face. And Lyanna too, when she turned around was smiling as she said something to him that Dany couldn’t here.

“Aunty Lya,” Dany began as she and Jon guided their horse over to them. “What’s wrong with you? Are you sick?”

“Mummy, do you need some water?” Jon asked, reaching for the leather pouch tied to the saddle.

“Oh no dearest, I’ve got some of my own. You two ride along, we’ll catch up shortly.” Uncle Jaime whispered something to Aunty Lya again and she giggled and nodded. He then wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her in and kissed her temple. Dany’s lips twitched to hide an embarrassed but pleased smile. The two had been growing more and more affectionate with one another and it warmed her heart. She loved seeing them happy. Though why Lyanna vomiting made them happy, Dany had no idea.

“Mummy, you’re really okay?” Jon demanded, his voice tinged with worry. “You don’t have the flux, do you? You’re not going to die?” Jon tightened his grip around Dany worriedly but Uncle Jaime simply let out a bark of laughter and Aunty Lya shook her head.

“Jon I’m fine!” Lyanna chuckled, eyes wide. “Now both of you, go ride along. We’ll be with you in a bit. And if you’re good,” Lyanna added, turning back to Jaime again who nodded. Jon and Dany perked up. What would they get if they were good? “If you’re good, Jaime and I have something we’d like to tell you tonight.”

“What are you going to tell us?” Dany demanded immediately, now insatiably curious. But Lyanna shook her head.

“Later, only if you’re good. Now go on.” She waved toward the rest of the khalasar making its way through the Dothraki Sea and Jon and Dany reluctantly rejoined the group. Khal Drogo had recently taken a new wife and they were headed back to Vaes Dothrak so he could present her to the Dosh Khaleen. Jon and Dany had kept hearing about Vaes Dothrak since their time with the khalasar but they had never been there. The other children had told Dany many stories about it, how each dwelling looked completely different from the next, about the Horse Gate at the very
entrance to the city with its giant bronze horse statues that had to be passed through to get inside, the Womb of the World lake that was a little west of the city and was said to have no bottom at all but just went down down down to the end of the world. And of course, Dany was dying to see the Western and Eastern markets. The other children told her anything a person could imagine was sold at the markets from the usual silks and spices to the uncommon elephants and zorses. One of the children had sworn that she had once even seen a trader with an actual real dragon egg. What Dany wouldn’t have given for a dragon egg. Like Jon, she often had dreams about dragons, sometimes chasing her, sometimes breathing fire, and sometimes she was riding the dragon. Aunty Lya and Uncle Jaime said it was a Targaryen trait to dream of dragons and each time Dany woke up having dreamt of them, she felt a sense of pride for her and Jon’s heritage. Unlike Aunty Lya and Uncle Jaime who’s house sigil animals were still alive, dragons no longer existed. But if Dany had a dragon egg, she supposed it would be just as good.

A little ways up the road, Dany overheard some of the women speaking in hushed tones nearby. She could only pick out a few of the words as the adults spoke Dothraki much quicker than the children and Dany was still learning but even the words she could understand, she wasn’t sure what they meant. Something about the lion riding the wolf? Or the wolf riding the lion? That sounded like silly nonsense though. Dany definitely needed more practice with her Dothraki. The women laughed together and said something else about a cub or a pup but the rest was too fast for Dany to catch. She knew there were wild animals like wolves and lions in the Dothraki Sea but had only ever seen their pelts when some of the men from the khalasar went hunting. A lion cub would be adorable though. Dany hoped she would get to see one. Maybe at the markets!

“What do you think they’re going to tell us?” Jon asked her quietly of the news his mother and Uncle Jaime had for them.

“What do you want for your name day by the way Jon?” Dany guessed. “What do you want for your name day by the way Jon?” She craned her neck back to look at him but Jon just shrugged. “I dunno. Certainly know we won’t get a puppy.” Dany nodded. They had both asked for a dog each year on their name day for as long as they could remember but it had never happened. Still, it didn’t stop them from asking. “Perhaps Uncle Jaime will have me a real sword made instead of my wooden one.”

“That would be nice,” Dany said though by Jon’s unenthusiastic tone she didn’t think Jon would enjoy that as much as possibly something else. “What do you really want for your name day?” she asked earnestly.

Jon sighed, his attitude suddenly melancholy. “Well…it’s not really a present. But…and don’t tell mummy or Uncle Jaime I said this!” Jon demanded before continuing on. Dany nodded with a smirk. “But…it would be nice if…to have a…little brother or sister,” he finally confessed. Dany’s mouth popped open with a gasp and her eyes grew wide. While she had thought the same thing many times, now that she knew how babies were made… “And I know it would mean they’d have to…” Jon went on, though he wasn’t able to say the actual word. “But if mum said grown ups like it I guess it doesn’t matter,” he rushed, not wanting to think about it any longer than he had to.

“Wouldn’t they have to be married though?” Dany asked curious. Jon’s eyes grew wide and his jaw dropped at her words. Married! “Oh Jon maybe they’re going to tell us they’re getting married!” Dany exclaimed and Jon nodded vigorously.

“Dany that’s it!” He hugged her tightly with excitement and Dany laughed. They were so smart. Uncle Jaime and Aunty Lya could try to keep secrets from them all they wanted but Dany and Jon would always eventually figure it out. “Then after they’re married, perhaps they’ll...perhaps you’ll
get a little brother or sister.”

“It would be your brother or sister too Dany,” Jon frowned. Dany raised an eyebrow in confusion. “Because we’ll be married,” he explained but Dany almost spit as she burst with laughter, remembering something they had always known but almost never thought about because it was such a queer situation.

“Jon… Aunty Lya is my sister,” she reminded him. Rhaegar, though much much older than her, had been her brother. And he married Aunty Lya and was Jon’s father. So really, Dany was Jon’s aunt, even if she was a little bit younger than him.

Jon’s face split into a wide grin. “Wait. So…my brother or sister would be…”

“My niece or nephew. Well, not by blood because they wouldn’t be Rhaegar’s child. But… Anyway, and my brother or sister when we marry.”

Jon began giggling, not entirely sure why it was so funny but it was. “Oh well. I suppose odder things have happened,” he mused as they continued to ride along. “So Dany, what are you going to get me for my name day?” Jon asked slyly. She turned back to look at him, eyes narrowed. “Wouldn’t you like to know.” Jon rolled his eyes. But whatever it was, he was sure he would like it. As long as it was from Dany, he didn’t really mind.

Camp was set, their tent was built, their bed was made, Jon lit a fire, Dany gathered fresh water, and they were both scrubbed clean, sitting on the edge of their bed eagerly waiting for Jaime and Lyanna to tell them the news. Dany positively shivered with excitement. She had never seen a Westerosi style wedding before. They had attended Khal Drogo’s when he took his new wife but that had been terribly violent. She knew Westerosi weddings were more calm, more spiritual, whatever gods were involved. She didn’t know if Uncle Jaime and Aunt Lyanna would want to marry under the old gods or the new…perhaps both. But either way, she couldn’t wait.

“What are you two still doing up? It’s bedtime,” Jaime told them and Dany was just about to protest, angry that he had forgotten when they had been so good and done all their duties for the day, when his lips quirked sideways, trying and failing to hide a smile. Dany scrunched up her face teasingly and Jaime made the same face back and she launched herself at him, giggling when he caught her and spun her around in his arms.

“You were going to tell us something,” Dany insisted and Jaime laughed, taking a seat by the brazier, Dany nestled in his lap.

“Were we?” Aunty Lya asked, pretending to be oblivious as she sat next to Jon and wrapped an arm around him.

“Yes, you were,” Dany urged. But Jon couldn’t keep it in anymore and didn’t want to wait while his mother and Uncle Jaime continued to play and stall.

“We know you’re getting married!” he exclaimed and Dany laughed nodding her head, so proud they had figured out the secret before being told. Lyanna and Jaime exchanged wide-eyed stares, completely caught off guard.

“What makes you say that?” Jaime questioned slowly, once the initial shock wore off.

Dany furrowed her brow, irritated they wouldn’t confirm it yet. “Because you’re best friends. I
asked you Aunty Lya if that’s how it worked. And you said yes. So…so that’s what you wanted to tell us, i-isn’t it?” Dany faltered.

“Are you…are you not getting married?” Jon asked, sadness creeping into his voice.

“Well…” Lyanna began but Uncle Jaime held up a hand to cease all talking. Gently setting Dany down on the chair, he made his way over to Jon and Lyanna, taking both Jon’s hands in his own.

“I can’t marry your mother,” he said looking directly into Jon’s eyes. Dany watched as Jon’s face fell and she wanted to cry…or hit Jaime, she wasn’t sure which at the moment. “Because,” Jaime went on, “In the Seven Kingdoms, a man has to ask a woman’s father for her hand.”

“But grandfather died in the war,” Jon said slowly. “Dany’s…my other grandfather, he…he killed him.”

“Yes,” Jaime admitted. “So when the father is gone, a man has to seek permission from another male relative in his lady’s life.” At his words, Dany gasped, finally catching on. Aunty Lya just looked at the two, stunned, unable to say anything.

“Aegon Targaryen,” Jaime began again, “It would do me great honor if you allowed me to take your mother as my wife.” Lyanna discreetly wiped a few tears from her cheeks. Jon’s mouth hung open but he was unable to say anything. He hadn’t been expecting to be asked for his blessing. Of course he wanted them to be married though.

Without a word, Jon merely threw his arms around Jaime’s neck and Jaime hugged him back fiercely. Dany flung herself from her seat and joined in the hug giggling. After a few moments, Jaime finally looked up to Lyanna, taking her hand in his. “Well?” he asked her smiling.

“I guess we’re getting married,” Lyanna breathed with a chuckle, dabbing at her eyes again. Jon and Dany cheered and hugged each other, giggling.

“So that’s what you wanted to talk to us about? Asking me if you could marry mum?” Jon asked.

“Not necessarily,” Jaime paused, looking up to Lyanna again. She smirked and rolled her eyes.

“We actually had something else we wanted to tell you,” she explained them and Jon and Dany immediately sat down, hands gripping each others in anticipation. “Jon, Dany,” she started slowly. “How would you feel about…having a little brother or sister?” Dany inhaled sharply, her eyes snapping to Jon who’s mouth had popped open yet again.

“Aunty Lya are you…?” As Dany trailed off, Aunty Lyanna ran a hand over her belly and nodded. “You got your wish,” Dany told Jon in disbelief.

“Wish?” Jaime asked.

“When Dany asked me what I wanted for my name day, I told her…I said, a brother or sister.”

“And you got it!” Dany exclaimed excitedly. Jon gave his head a little shake, trying to take it all in. His mother and Uncle Jaime getting married. Getting a new baby brother or sister. It was everything he had ever wanted. That and to marry Dany but they would do that when they grew up. For now, Jon couldn’t think of anything he wanted or needed aside from everything he had, right here in this very tent.
Vaes Dothrak was unlike anything Lyanna had ever seen. Nothing looked like anything else, buildings and people a beautiful hodgepodge of colors, shapes and sizes. And in a fortnight's time, it would be the place Lyanna would marry for the second time. Before Jon brought it up, she and Jaime hadn’t even consider getting married. They were living in exile, amongst the Dothraki, thousands of miles from friends, families…expectations. It wasn’t necessary that they marry; if they never went home, no one would ever care. But when the children had asked…all those feelings Lyanna had put away the last several months since leaving Pentos, began coming back. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant but she began dreaming of Westeros again. Seeing her brothers again. Meeting Tyrion, whom Jaime said he loved and missed most out of everyone back home. And of course, on the off chance they were able to find an army, find ships, find support and fight their way back to King’s Landing so Jon could take back his family’s throne, Jaime was still Tywin’s heir. And any children he would have would be his heir. Her father would have been absolutely disgusted. A Lannister. But something about her child being a golden lion made Lyanna giggle whenever she thought of it. If they ever did end up back in Westeros, she would be the Lady of Casterly Rock. A Stark the Lady of Casterly Rock. She mentioned it to Jaime one evening and they had both laughed and laughed until they were kissing and touching and then somehow making love…

That was one of the benefits of staying in Vaes Dothrak. Separate rooms. No need to sneak outside anymore when she and Jaime wanted private time. “Maybe we could just stay here so we won’t have to worry about traveling all the time, raising and tearing down the tent, riding day after day…” Jaime mused as they lay under a single sheet, limbs still entangled.

“No one lives here permanently aside from the Dosh Khaleen. And I don’t think they’d take kindly to the idea of us staying when the khalasar moves on. Besides…” Lyanna trailed off, her voice suddenly more serious. “The Western market. We never know who is going to be there. Who will recognize us.”

“No one will recognize us while we’re here Lya,” Jaime tried reassuring her, though he had been nervous about that too, especially with Dany’s eagerness to see the markets. They both might have dyed their light locks dark after leaving Pentos but there was no way to disguise her beautiful amethyst eyes. And while she and Jon were smart enough not to mention being from Westeros or their Targaryen heritage, it was still a risk. It would always be a risk when the khalasar approached the big cities.

“Why don’t we think about something a bit less grim?” he prompted, fingers dancing over her belly, tickling her.

Lyanna giggled. “I suppose you’re right. We’ll only be here a few weeks anyway. Though this has been nice,” she gestured to their empty room, devoid of small children and their prying, curious eyes. “Perhaps when we leave we can start putting the children in a separate tent. Use the baby as an excuse it would be too crowded.”

“Are you sure that’s the best idea?” Jaime asked. “Leaving them unsupervised? They are betrothed after all.” Lyanna’s jaw dropped, never even considering…Jon and Dany wouldn’t. They were so little!

“You don’t honestly think they would…” Jaime raised an eyebrow. “But they’re too young, they wouldn’t be able to…” Lyanna trailed off, shocked.

“Wouldn’t stop them from doing other things,” he reminded her, expression dark.

“How…can’t believe I’m asking this but… How old were you and…Cersei?” Though she knew of Jaime’s former relationship with his sister and didn’t judge him for it - her late husband’s parents
and grandparents had been brother and sister - she still didn’t like thinking about it. She had seen Cersei a few times in person and had been less than impressed by her entitled air and unfriendly attitude. She didn’t at all appear to be the type of woman to make her Jaime happy.

“You don’t want to know,” Jaime shook his head.

“Do you miss her?” Lyanna asked carefully, avoiding his gaze. “I won’t be mad if you say you do,” she added honestly and Jaime sighed. It was complicated now what he felt for Cersei. She was not his lover anymore and he was glad of that. Yet she was the person he had been closest to growing up. She often used to say they were the same person just in two different bodies.

“I feel…I don’t… I think , I miss her in the way I miss Tyrion. And my father. No matter what else we were to each other, she’s my family.” Lyanna nodded, not saying a word. “But if I didn’t have you and we somehow went back to Westeros, I wouldn’t want Cersei in…that way. Not anymore.”

“Why not?” Lyanna asked, genuinely curious and not as if she were fishing for a compliment or reassurance.

“Cersei…liked everything her way. She wanted it all. She wanted me when we were younger. Then she wanted Rhaegar,” Lyanna rolled her eyes at this. “And when she wanted Rhaegar she still wanted me. Just…I’ve come to realize how selfish she was. How she wanted me to sacrifice everything for her and yet I know she would never do the same for me.” Lyanna nodded silently again and pulled him closer. They had both been young, caught up in things much too complicated for them at the time.

But perhaps that was the way everything was supposed to work out. Had Cersei not talked Jaime into joining the Kingsguard he wouldn’t have been able to heroically save the people of King’s Landing from Aerys and his wildfire. And had Lyanna not run off with Rhaegar, she wouldn’t have her beautiful son. And of course, they wouldn’t have found each other.

“So,” she began again, changing topic. “Jon and Dany are expecting a Westerosi style wedding. But there are no septons in Vaes Dothrak and no godswoods with heart trees or weirwoods. Any ideas?” But ask she asked, a wide grin had spread across Jaime’s face. “What are you smiling at?”

“I’ve already got everything planned out,” he told her slyly.

“You do?” she asked doubtful.

“I do. I spoke to the Khal about it. He thought it an odd request but said it would be fine. We’re marrying under the old gods.”

“Without being in a godswood?”

“It’ll be a special place,” he explained evasively. “But we’ll still say the words. And I doubt the children will mind.”

“And I take it you’re not telling me about this supposed special place?”

“No,” Jaime said simply, planting a kiss on her bare chest. Lyanna shook her head but shifted to catch Jaime’s next kiss on her lips. The rest of the evening was spent in gentle caresses, tangled limbs and tongues, and finding sweet sweet release.

The sun had turned their skin a warm brown and time had grown Jon’s locks so much he needed
Dany to put it in a small braid so it stayed out of his face. Her hair was still dark from the ink his mother had dipped it in so no one would recognize them but Jon didn’t think they would run that risk. As he looked between himself, Dany and the rest of the children from the khalasar, he couldn’t see much of a difference. Still, as he and Dany clutched hands and walked through the Western market, Dany wore a gauzy veil over her face to hide her eyes.

“There’s a wine seller!” Dany said in Dothraki, pointing to one not too far away. That was another rule set by his mother. Not to speak the Common Tongue at all while amongst strangers. Jon nodded and they made their way over, scratching wine off the list his mother had given him.

“You two look a little too young to be patrons of my shop,” the trader chided them.

“Our mother gave us a list,” Dany said snatching it out of Jon hands to show the man, Lyanna having written everything carefully in Dothraki also in case it was seen.

“Arbor Gold? Your mother wants the good stuff,” he commented, pulling out a small cask and handing it to Jon, taking the coins Jon handed him in exchange.

“She’s getting married!” Dany couldn’t help but say excitedly.

“Married?” The man asked. Jon and Dany nodded, wide grins on their faces. “Well then, have a bottle of Dornish red, on me. Why do you wear that over your face?” the man added, handing the bottle to Dany.

“So no boys get any ideas in their heads about her,” Jon said defensively, taking her hand. Dany giggled and the man just looked on puzzled as they made their way through the rest of the market. By the time the two had gotten everything on his mother’s list, Jon’s arms were sore from carrying so much. But it had been a fun adventure. Even if they couldn’t speak it, hearing other people aside from each other and their parents speak the Common Tongue was pleasant. And everything smelled and tasted so good. If they hadn’t been carrying so much, Jon would never have wanted to leave.

“Should we get them a present?” Dany asked as they left. “Since they’re getting married tomorrow night?”

“What do you want to get them?” Jon asked looking back. Dany smiled knowingly.

“A lion and a wolf?” the trader asked again and Jon and Dany nodded. “Why a lion and a wolf?” Dany was about to open her mouth to explain, probably forgetting herself and that they had to keep secret and not let anyone know where they were from so Jon interrupted.

“It’s our parents favorite animals,” he said quickly as the trader's fingers glided over all the pins and jewelry he had available. Once he found what they had asked for, he handed over the two pins and Jon and Dany left the market smiling deviously to themselves at their presents.

“Well, how do I look?” Lyanna asked Jon and Dany, straightening her dress. She hadn’t wanted to wear the dress Illyrio had given her for the feast where she met Drogo, thinking it would be in poor taste - plus she no longer fit into it - so she had been forced to make her own. Lyanna never had been one for sewing and stitching and all those other womanly hobbies, preferring horse riding and working a bow when her brothers and father weren’t looking. But she had been successful enough. And with Dany’s help the dress came out much prettier than she expected. Midnight blue and an
empire waist - to comfortably fit over her growing belly - with silver fastenings and trimmings. Dany had said the color would look pretty with her hair and eyes. Lyanna trusted her knowing it didn’t really matter. Jaime would find her beautiful regardless and Jon and Dany were easily impressed.

“You look like...my mum,” Jon admitted. “Just more beautiful than usual.” Lyanna’s throat tightened at his words so she just nodded in response.

“I agree, you look like you, just more beautiful,” Dany seconded with a smile. “But you’re missing something.” Lyanna looked around her back, thinking she had missed a tie for the dress but Dany just giggled. She held out her little hand to Jon and he reached into his pocket and pulled out the lion pin they had bought at the market the day before. “We already gave Uncle Jaime his. He’s got a wolf.” She motioned for Lyanna to bend down and Dany carefully pinned it to the top corner of her breast, the silver glinting prettily against the blue. The final touch was a gray and white cloak draped about her shoulders to serve as her maiden’s cloak though it didn’t bear a direwolf sigil as Lyanna was terrible at stitching and Dany wasn’t yet that talented with thread and needle. Still, it complimented the dark blue gown she wore, she knew because of the approving smiles on her children’s faces. “Now let’s go!” Dany exclaimed.

“You lead the way,” Lyanna told them, not having any idea where they were going, Jaime insisting on keeping it a surprise. Outside they mounted their horses along with a few others from the khalasar they had grown close with over the last few months and began riding up the godsway.

“Why do we need to ride?” Lyanna asked.

“It’s not very far,” Jon reassured. “We’ll be there soon.” Lyanna took in a deep breath, not knowing why she was so nervous. She supposed it was because this wedding, there were actually people there. When she and Rhaegar wedded in secret it had only been them and the septon. This time it seemed, it would mean more.

She watched as Jon rested his chin on Dany’s shoulder as they rode, his arms wrapped tightly around her and she couldn’t help but wonder if some strange strong force outside of them was at work there. It was as if they were two halves of something once whole, brought together again. She had never loved anyone like that growing up. There were plenty of boys she considered friends and had played with in the courtyard of Winterfell but those relationships were nothing like the connection she could see between Jon and Dany. It made her heart ache in a way that was oddly soothing at the same time.

The two lead them to the great lake the Dothraki called the Womb of the World and Lyanna smiled seeing Jaime standing beside it, trousers rolled up to his knees and boots forgotten next to his horse. There were torches along the shore of the lake, glinting softly in the moonlight. Many more from the khalasar were waiting, Khal Drogo included who stood next to his own wife, a curious expression on his face.

Lyanna and the children dismounted and Lyanna kicked off her shoes as Jon took her right hand and Dany her left. “Momma are you nervous?” Jon whispered, rubbing her knuckles with his thumb and tears pricked her eyes at his words.

“Just a bit. But I’m more excited than nervous,” she whispered back and Jon nodded and smiled as they escorted her toward the lake. “Are we getting in?” she asked Jaime quietly once they reached him.

“Of course we are,” he chuckled. Lyanna pursed her lips to hide her smile and nodded. “Who comes before the Old Gods … and … horse gods …?” he gave a small shrug not entirely remembering how the Dothraki worshipped, “this night to be wed?” he finished and Lyanna stifled
a laugh.

“Lady Lyanna of House Stark,” Jon said confidently. Lyanna really had to work hard not to giggle
at how adorably formal her son stood and spoke. “A woman grown, trueborn and noble. She comes
to beg the blessing of the Gods. Who comes to claim her?” Jon let out a sigh of relief, glad he had
remembered all the proper words. Jaime too looked as if he were holding back laughter.

“Ser Jaime of House Lannister and heir to Casterly Rock of Westeros. Who gives her?” Jaime
asked, looking to Jon again.

Jon took a deep breath. “Aegon, son of Rhaegar, of Houses Stark and Targaryen, sixth of my name.
Rightful King of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and the First Men. Rightful Lord of the Seven
Kingdoms of Westeros and Protector of the Realm who is...her son.” Lyanna had looked between
Jon and Jaime as her son spoke and noticed Jaime was mouthing the words so Jon could follow
along and wouldn’t forget any of his titles. She released his hand and rubbed his back, Jon relaxing
at her touch. He was so precious in that moment.

Jaime looked to Dany and raised an eyebrow, prompting her. “Oh! And Daenerys Stormborn of
House Targaryen, Princess of Dragonstone who was her sister-in-law…and will one day be her
daughter-in-law,” Dany smirked turning to Jon who grinned back. Dany let go of her hand as well
and Jaime took both hers in his, leading them to step into the lake. Lyanna felt soft mud squish
between her toes and thought this more perfect than any wedding she could have ever had in
Winterfell, or even the whole of the Seven Kingdoms. “Lady Lyanna,” Dany continued once she
and Jaime were knee-deep, “do you take this man?”

Jaime raised an eyebrow questioningly making her laugh. “I take this man.”

“And Ser Jaime,” Jon prompted, “do you take this woman?” Lyanna saw out of the corner of her
eye, Jon and Dany clasp hands. Two halves of a whole indeed, she thought.

“I take this woman,” Jaime said confidently, kneeling into the water afterward.

“What are you doing?” Lyanna hissed as he pulled her down.

“We have to pray and ask the gods for their blessing!” Jaime reminded her. “And they’re supposed
to be your gods,” he scoffed, smirking as she knelt in front of him, soaking her dress and her cloak.
Lyanna rolled her eyes but closed them when Jaime did. Asking the gods for their blessing. Lyanna
wasn’t sure if she believed in the Old Gods anymore…or any gods really. But she knew she loved
Jaime and she wanted them to have a happy life together and a healthy child, maybe several healthy
children. So she prayed for that, to whomever might have been listening. The Old Gods, the New
Gods, the Lord of Light, the Great Stallion, the Drowned God, any of them, all of them. She didn’t
care. She just wanted her family safe. And, if it wasn’t too much to ask the gods, she did want them
to one day be able to go home. She wanted to meet the infamous Tyron Lannister who would now
be her brother-in-law. She wanted to see her own brothers again and have Jon meet his uncles. But
most of all, she wanted Jon and Dany to take their rightful place as king and queen. They were so
gentle and loving with each other and with her and Jaime and those they met. They were smart and
strong, silly as children should be but also wise beyond their years. She wanted that for them. She
knew the only way for her war torn home country to finally heal and move on from the tragedy she
played a part in, would be if they sat their ancient house’s throne. All this she asked the gods. She
could only hope they heard her.

“Lya,” Jaime whispered, prompting her to open her eyes. He gave her a quick nod in question and
she stood with him, the bottom of her dress clinging to her legs but she didn’t mind. They stepped
out of the lake and Jaime removed her cloak, handing it to Dany. From Jon he took a red and gold
one and draped it back around her shoulders.

“Now kiss,” Dany urged, and she and Jon giggled mischievously. Still, Jaime pulled her in and kissed her fiercely, making all her insides squirm with want despite standing in front of a small crowd of people and her children. When they broke apart those in attendance clapped and cheered, Jon and Dany clasping hands and jumping up and down and dancing, their faces lit by their sweet smiles. Afterward they rode back to the city where there was a small feast waiting for them. And when the children had passed out from excitement and exhaustion from the celebration, Jaime took her back to their bed and made her his several times that night.

The next few months were some of the most stressful of Jaime’s life. He vaguely remembered when his mother was pregnant with Tyrion and how she had died giving birth to him. And of course Rhaella’s pregnancy with Dany and subsequent death was still fresh in his mind as well. That’s why all the moving and working and riding Lyanna did made him more nervous and agitated with each passing day. Though he already considered himself a father to Jon and Dany having raised them from the time they were born, this child, his child with Lyanna, would actually be his. Lannister blood would flow in its veins.

He thought of his father much more frequently than he ever had in their seven years in exile. What would Lord Tywin Lannister say of his eldest son galavanting around Essos in a Dothraki khalasar with Lyanna Stark and the two heirs to the Iron Throne? No doubt Tywin would try to find some way to work it to his own advantage. But with Robert on the throne, even if his father did help them and bring them back to Casterly Rock under his protection, it would no doubt be the start of yet another war. And Jaime didn’t want that for his young family. Maybe one day, when Jon and Dany were grown and perhaps when Robert had sufficiently run the country into the dirt and the people were clambering for a change, perhaps then they could go back. But that moment wasn’t now.

Right now all Jaime wanted was for Lyanna to give birth to a healthy child and to be healthy herself afterward. She had told him what she went through birthing Jon and how she couldn’t even remember the moment they pulled him from her because she had been so close to not making it through. But it was difficult most days to reconcile that story with the woman he saw before him every day. Teaching Dany the proper stance for working a bow. Riding when the khalasar was on the move, never once complaining about comfort though he thought it looked terribly uncomfortable with that growing belly of hers. She was a tough woman, his wife. He couldn’t imagine Cersei traveling with them and a smile as wide as Lyanna’s on her face. Cersei would have hated this.

But Jaime didn’t. And the children, though just as new to the Dothraki life as he and Lyanna were, had adapted easily, picking up the language quickly, even beginning to learn High Valyrian from one of the slaves who taught several of the children in the khalasar about numbers and histories and the peoples of Essos. Dany’s fingers had become nimble and she was now just as skilled making her own clothes from leftover skins from their hunts as she was shooting a bow. And Jon. When Jaime looked at him he might have seen Lyanna but he sparred with a young Rhaegar. And with Jon also learning the Dothraki fighting style and how to use an arakh, Jaime thought he might end up being one of the fiercest fighters of his time. Aegon VI Targaryen, King of the Seven Kingdoms and greatest swordsman who ever lived...trained by Ser Jaime Lannister, his father-in-law.
“Jaime,” his wife’s voice called to him sweetly, bringing him out of a pleasant dream. “Darling wake up,” she whispered, gently shaking his shoulder. Jaime turned over and tried to reach for her but she was sitting up.

“Is it morning already?” he asked thickly, still recovering from layers of sleep over his eyes.

“No, you’ve only been out for a few hours.”

“Can you not sleep?” he asked her, blinking a few times and running a hand over his face. “Or do you need me to get you something?”

“Yes, actually. If you could retrieve the midwife, that would be fantastic.” Jaime’s eyes widened and he sat bolt upright, staring at her. But she just laughed. “Don’t panic. I’m fine.”

“But it’s time?” he asked looking down at her belly then back.

“It’s time.”

Jaime had stayed with the children in their tent for as long as he could bear it…which is to say, not very long. He only sat with them long enough to calm them both down - reassure them both Lyanna and the baby would be fine, to Dany that Jon most definitely wouldn’t want to marry the baby if it were a girl, to Jon that it didn’t mean he or Lyanna would love him any less - and then was back at his wife’s side though the midwife certainly didn’t approve. He offered Lyanna his hand but he ended up being the one gripping her too hard.

“Honestly, this isn’t as bad as I remember,” she told him, patting his hand. Jaime nodded, eyes wide as he silently watched his child come into the world.

“Is mummy alright?” Jon asked immediately when Jaime reentered their tent. He and Dany had been pacing up and back for the last several hours, unable to sleep though Jaime had told them to go back to bed.

“She’s great. And your little sister is doing well also.” Dany’s eyes lit up at the word sister, apparently already forgetting her fear that Jon would want to marry the baby over her. And Jon looked just as excited as well. “Would you like to meet her?” They both nodded and slowly followed Jaime back to the tent and found Lyanna lying in bed, the baby in her arms.

“Jon, come here,” she beckoned and Jon clambered up the bed to sit beside his mother. “Would you like to hold her?” she asked him and Jon looked up to Dany who beamed at him and he nodded.

“Her name is Alyssane. Do you like it?” Again Jon nodded, completely captivated by his new sister.

“She’s so little,” he got out quietly, unable to take his eyes off his her. She was the most perfect baby he had ever seen. Tiny upturned nose. Thick bottom lip but her top was thin like a little duck. Soft dark hair, like Jon’s. And she had the biggest green eyes he had ever seen. He loved everything about her.

“You were even littler,” his mother told him, running a hand through his hair as he held his new sister. Jon nodded but wasn’t really paying attention to her. He was captivated by the little life in
his arms. Her tiny hands. The way she smelled. All the details of her itty bitty ears. How could a human even be so small? And how was it possible Jon had only known her for a few minutes and already he loved her so much? He knew as he held her that he would be the best big brother in the world. No matter what, Jon knew he would do anything he had to to keep her safe…and happy.

“Dany,” Jon whispered, still staring down at Alysanne. “Dany come here.” Dany sniffled and she wiped a few tears away as she crawled up on the bed in front of him. “Meet our new sister Dan,” Jon whispered. He shifted little Alysanne’s weight to one arm and he reached out to take Dany’s hand with his free one. “If all babies are like her then we should have a dozen of them.”

Chapter End Notes

Full disclosure/fun fact, I was actually not going to include a Jaime/Lyanna child in my original imaginings of this story. But in GoT, the Jaime Myrcella scene is probably one of my favorites and you guys had asked about it and I just couldn’t resist. Also fun fact, yes, I had planned updating this Sunday with GSGW but Sunday was of course the Golden Globes plus I had work...because my employer was AT the Golden Globes! Sadly they came back with no Kit/Emilia stories which I was incredibly disappointed about. If I ever do get a fun GoT related story though, especially with this being awards season, I will def share with you guys.
Word from Westeros

Chapter Summary

Jaime and Lyanna receive a visitor from home.

Chapter Notes

First off, thank you to everyone who has left comments on this piece and has been hounding me for updates. They give me life. A few of the comments from last chapter however, left me really troubled. I know it is not the majority of readers but I would like to just remind everyone that the tags of this fic are there for a reason. I had always planned for Jaime and Lyanna to be together so if anyone was not fond of that idea, they shouldn't have read it. Lyanna is one of my favorite parts of writing this fic and I really just won't tolerate such talk about her. It reminds me strongly of all the anti-Daenerys hate I've seen and it's horrible. I'd like to gently remind everyone that fanfic writers do this for our own enjoyment and that it is free entertainment for those who follow our stories. If you are not a fan of a pairing, you are not obligated to read or comment.

Okay, rant done!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N So I completely got caught up last chapter with the Lyanna/Jaime wedding and baby Alysanne and realized I didn’t ever show Jon’s name day. We’ll do a quick flashback of his name day to see what Dany got him and then jump ahead one year from Alysanne’s birth. Jon and Alysanne’s name days are roughly six months apart. I know people have been confused about how old everyone is so here’s a quick breakdown:

- Three months before the beginning of this chapter - Dany turns 6 (we don’t see Dany’s name day, it was just a little after they left Pentos).
- Jaime and Lyanna marry a few weeks before Jon’s name day.
- Jon on his name day at the beginning of this chapter - 7
- Six months later - Alysanne born.
- Three months later - Dany 7.
- Three months later - Jon 8.
- Six months later - Alysanne 1. (so after the flashback, everyone’s ages will be - Dany 7, Jon 8, Alysanne 1, Jaime and Lyanna - 24)
“Daenerys Targaryen, what did we say about no pets?” Jaime growled as Dany looked up at him slyly. Jon however was paying little attention to the conversation and instead was trying to keep hold of his name day gift.

“You said we couldn’t have a puppy. But Vhagar isn’t a dog. Obviously.”

“His name’s Vhagar?” Jon asked delighted, knowing the name Vhagar was in honor of their ancestor Visenya Targaryen’s dragon.

“Do you like it?” Dany asked, ignoring Jaime as he scowled at her. “I thought it was the perfect name. Seeing as he’s a bearded dragon after all.” Bearded Dragon. Jon had never heard of such a creature but he instantly loved it. All the real dragons were extinct now. But he supposed a bearded dragon was the next best thing.

“Daenerys, I’m talking to you,” Jaime insisted and Dany reluctantly turned to face him. Jon noticed his mother sucked her lips between her teeth as she often did when she was trying very hard to keep from laughing or smiling. It appeared this argument was solely between Dany and Jaime.

But Jaime had not a chance in the world against the look Daenerys gave him. Her wide lilac eyes shone and her brow furrowed with emotion, an edge away from tears if she so wanted them to fall. “I just wanted to get Jon something nice for his name day,” she said in a small, dejected voice, and Lyanna let out a noise that was somewhere between a snort and a cry. Jaime shot her a look and she could no longer keep her smile hidden. Just then Vhagar escaped Jon’s hand and charged towards the corner of the tent, Jaime jumping up with a very unknightly like squeal to get away from the lizard, and Vhagar scarfed down a cricket that had annoyingly been chirping for last two hours. After he was done he slowly made his way back to Jon and looked up at him expectantly.

“Oh,” Jaime got out, clearing his throat and trying to appear calm and brave again. “I guess he’s not completely useless.” Lyanna raised her eyebrows at him, her lips pursed with an amused half smile. “I’m going to go do something manly now,” he mumbled, grabbing his hunting knife and sword belt on the way out of the tent.

“So I can keep him mummy?” Jon asked, looking hopefully to his mother. She nodded and Jon and Dany wiggled in place on the floor - their version of a celebration dance.

“Where in the world did you get him Dany?” Lyanna asked, looking down at the white and orange dragon.

“One of the ladies in the Khalasar actually breeds them. To keep the bugs and mice out of the tents.”

“Well, Vhagar certainly’s good at that,” Jon commented giving the dragon a little head rub. “He’s the best name day gift ever.” He leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on the temple, thinking nothing of it. But Lyanna noticed Dany’s cheeks redden and a much too pleased smile creep across her face. Only another nine or so years and the two would likely want to wed. It made her heart ache and jump with excitement at the same time. Where would they be then, she wondered. Would they finally be able to go home?
Later that night, after the four of them had thoroughly celebrated Jon’s seventh name day, Jon and Dany lay in their new tent, separate from Jaime and Lyanna. At first the two had delighted in the idea, thinking the distance would mean they’d get to secretly stay up late and play games and make up stories and do all the fun things they couldn’t do with their parents around. But to their great disappointment, the separate tent merely meant they then had to sleep in separate beds as well. Her Aunty Lya had told them it was because they were growing so much and they would have more room in their own beds. It would be more comfortable that way. But to Dany, it simply felt strange. In the nights since they had gone to their separate beds, she had felt lost and restless, unable to sleep properly without the comfort of Jon by her side. Each night she would toss and turn and each morning she would wake with her eyelids still droopy, yawning throughout the day, always feeling off.

“It doesn’t feel right, does it?” Dany finally whispered, looking over at Jon in his bed that seemed miles away from her own. Jon shook his head in response. They had always slept in the same bed and Dany had assumed they would all their lives, as they would be married in a few years anyway.

“Scoot over Dany,” Jon told her, lifting Vhagar off his pillow, placing him gently in the center of his bed, and grabbing his blanket and pillow. Dany grinned with excitement and moved over so Jon could squeeze in behind her. Instinctively, she turned her back to him and snuggled up against his front and Jon wrapped his arms around her. It felt like ages since they had fallen asleep next to each other even though in reality it was only a couple of weeks.

“I missed you,” Dany yawned, Jon’s warm weight behind her already coaxing her eyelids closed.

“I missed you too.” He gave her another kiss on the temple - a habit Dany couldn’t exactly remember when he had started it but delighted in it nonetheless - and tucked his nose into her inky dyed hair, both of them falling asleep in minutes.

It was daybreak, a few weeks before Alysanne’s first name day, when Jaime and Lyanna were awoken by the clash of steel on steel and voices shouting both in Dothraki and, unexpectedly, the Common Tongue of the Seven Kingdoms. Both shot up and stared at each other, terrified. They hadn’t heard the Common Tongue since leaving Vaes Dothrak well over a year ago. The small villages the khals had come across during their wanderings were usually Lhazareen and spoke their own language. If someone speaking the Common Tongue had happened upon them, Jaime was willing to guess it was no accident.

“Stay here,” he commanded his wife, quickly slipping out of bed and yanking on his leather trousers and boots, not bothering with a tunic before reaching for his sword and rushing out of the tent. But Lyanna was never a woman to simply stay when trouble was afoot. Jaime may have been a master at sword but she was equally talented with a bow and she would stand beside him and defend her family the way a true she-wolf would. Clothes dangling from her form haphazardly, teeth bared, and arrow notched, Lyanna took her place beside Jaime and waited, watching as Khal Drogo dragged a man by the neck of his jerkin up to the pair of them.

“He say he know you,” Drogo grunted in his broken words, dropping the man to the ground. There was blood coming out of the man’s mouth and he had a large cut across his cheek. As Jaime took in the burning tree emblazoned on his leather jerkin, his long copper colored hair, and the fact that other than his face he seemed relatively unharmed for going up against the Dothraki Khal, he racked his brain thinking of a story, something, anything to tell his friend so as to protect his family. He knew Addam Marbrand wouldn’t harm them but if he was here, if he had found them, it meant they weren’t as well hidden as he had wanted to believe.
Lyanna shot Jaime another apprehensive look, not knowing what to do. Several of the Dothraki looked on as well, wondering what the commotion was all about. For a moment the three Westerosi stared at one another. Jaime with his long ink-dyed locks. Lyanna with slackened bow still in hand, unmistakable Stark features almost mocking them. And Addam, his eyes narrowed, taking them both in. “You idiot,” he whispered to Jaime with a shake of his head. Just then Daenerys and Jon stumbled out of their tent, sleepy-eyed and confused.

“What’s going on mummy? We heard shouting.” Jon yawned, rubbing his eyes with one hand, clutching to Dany with the other. Addam’s eyes grew to the size of saucers staring at the two children. Though Dany’s hair was the color of Lyanna’s because of the dye, her violet eyes were a dead giveaway. And the boy...there was no denying who the boy’s father was. He looked just like him.

“You fucking idiot,” Addam breathed a bit louder and Jaime’s fists clenched at his sides. There was no hiding the truth now.

Addam Marbrand hadn’t seen his childhood friend Jaime Lannister in years, the latter having gone into self-imposed exile right after the coronation of Robert Baratheon. It was rumoured that he stopped at Dragonstone after fleeing the capital and that the Targaryen queen had given birth to her last child, Jaime taking the babe with him to Essos, the pair accompanied by two others, a former handmaiden of Elia Martell’s it was said, and her own child.

In the early days following Jaime’s departure, the stories were numerous, each making less sense than then last. Addam didn’t know how Jaime was involved in it all, but he wanted to, as did Tywin Lannister. On his liege lord’s orders, Adam became a member of the household guard at the Red Keep, going about his duties with his head down and his ears open. Cersei hated him there but he paid her no mind. He knew his presence likely reminded her of her brother but he couldn’t tell her that that was why he was there. If Jaime had gotten himself involved with the last of the Targaryens, he wouldn’t be safe from Robert’s wrath. This was a mission Addam had to take on solo.

And so for those early years, Addam only listened. At first the stories were little more than fantasy. Some claimed Queen Rhaella was still alive and gathering up armies in Old Valyria. Others swore Rhaegar Targaryen was at The Wall with his old friend Arthur Dayne and was plotting his revenge against the Lannisters for killing his wife and children. Some stories were even more fantastical, involving dragons and ice creatures from the Lands of Always Winter and shape shifters and men with no faces. Addam always ignored those particular stories.

But then when he started to hear whispers of the child, the boy going by the name of Aegon, Addam knew he had to act. If what people were silently speculating was true, if somehow Rhaegar’s son had been hidden away and another, peasant child left to die in his place, and if Jaime were protecting that child, then it meant it was only a matter of time before Robert Baratheon would give the order, calling for both their heads the moment he finished up crushing the Greyjoy Rebellion and got confirmation of the rumors.

And so Addam set out for Essos, telling Baratheon he was headed back to the Westerlands to serve in Tywin’s household guard instead but secretly taking a merchant ship to Pentos. Pentos was where the rumors originated. He would start there and comb through the entirety of the Eastern continent if he had to. Jaime was his friend. He would not let him die, nor the child he was allegedly protecting.
The following months were hard. Jaime had been in Pentos, according to those whose loose lips he only half trusted and whose pockets he filled. But when enough street urchins had given Addam roughly the same story, he was forced to believe it. Vaes Dothrak would be seven hells to get to but with a hefty amount of Lannister gold and determination spurring him on, the journey was not half as bad as he had dreaded it to be.

The mismatched city with it’s even more mismatched khalasars and merchants proved to be much more informative than Pentos. A few coins in the right grubby hands and a picture began to paint itself in Addam’s mind. However, it was not one he had originally imagined. So strange, in fact, it sounded like one of the wild rumors from years before. A wolf? But the wolves were either up north hiding in their snows or they were dead. What wolf was there left that could possibly be out here, so very far from its pack?

But that question was answered for him when he happened upon Khal Drogo’s khalasar just north of Meereen not a year later. Jaime may have had his hair dyed but those green Lannister eyes gave him away. And the woman next to him, unsure if she should relax her bow or not, Addam would have recognized her anywhere. The Tourney at Harrenhal. The Crown Prince had named her the Queen of Love and Beauty rather than his own wife, Elia Martell. Jaime you idiot.

But the shit show wasn’t finished yet. As the three of them stared at one another, each unsure of what to do or what to say, two children emerged from a nearby tent. The girl with ink-dyed hair just like Jaime’s but her eyes a very clear deep lilac. And the boy. He may have called Lyanna Stark his mother but Addam knew those broody features. He had been looking for a young boy of similar age with those same features this whole time; he had not, however, at all expected to find this. It had all been a lie. The Rebellion, her death. All to protect this one little boy. Jaime you fucking idiot.

“Varys?” Addam asked confused and Jaime stiffened, worried he’d said too much. But Lyanna put a comforting hand on his forearm and gave a sigh. It didn’t really matter now.

“He knows about us all. Aegon, Lyanna, Daenerys. He helped us escape Dragonstone and set us up in Pentos with an old friend of his,” Jaime explained.

“Yes, I knew you had been in Pentos,” Addam mused. “Why in the world did you leave?” Lyanna sighed heavily again, knowing it was partially her fault they had been forced to take refuge with the khalasar instead of remaining in the relative safety of Illyrio’s manse. But even still, their time on the Dothraki Sea had been some of the most wonderful of her life, and though they were no closer to getting back home to Westeros, she much preferred the excitement of camp rather than the monotony of Pentos.

Without going into detail as to why, Jaime explained how they had been found out, the two assassins sent to kill Daenerys, the Baratheon sigil upon their breasts. “Baratheon?” Addam questioned, looking genuinely confused. “He’s been focused on the Greyjoy Rebellion, or he was when I left. I can’t imagine he would waste the manpower on finding and killing a little girl.” He gave Daenerys a small smile which she returned gratefully. But Addam’s words troubled Jaime. Ever since they had left Pentos he had wondered how in the world Baratheon had found Dany. And if he hadn’t been the one to send the assassins, who had?

After Jaime had told Addam everything and Addam had shared as much as well, Jaime asked the one question he had been dreading but knew needed to be planned for if Addam answered in the affirmative. “Are you going to tell my father what you found here?” Lyanna hugged Jon close at Jaime’s words and Dany’s little brow furrowed with worry. Though they didn’t yet know of all the
complicated politics of why they couldn’t go back home to Westeros, the children knew enough to realize it was imperative they stay hidden for the time being.

“He’ll want to hear from me soon. Last I sent him a message it was back in Vaes Dothrak. He’ll be anxious to see if the leads I followed from there panned out,” Addam admitted. “If I tell him I found nothing, he likely won’t believe me and may send others to find you.” Jaime closed his eyes. Though Tywin Lannister had two sons, it was clear to everyone who he wanted to be heir to Casterly Rock. It was the reason he had been so angered by Aerys naming Jaime to the Kingsguard all those years ago.

“Addam we can’t go back,” Jaime tried to reason. Not yet anyway. Not until Jon and Daenerys were older, more prepared for the struggles that would face them back in Westeros. Not without an army…

“I know that. Not now at least. With Robert taking the upper hand in the Greyjoy Rebellion, more of the high lords are starting to see him as less of a usurper and more like their true king.” Lyanna rolled her eyes and got up to take a fussy Alysanne from her crib for feeding. “She’s beautiful, by the way,” Addam commented, nodding to the baby. Lyanna couldn’t help the small smile that stretched across her face. They had made many mistakes in their years since leaving Westeros. But Alysanne wasn’t one of them. All four of their lives had been brightened by her rosy-cheeked presence.

“We have to fight him, don’t we Ser Addam?” Jon piped in, his bearded dragon Vhagar perched precariously on his shoulder. Addam looked surprised at the question and turned wide eyed to Jaime, at a loss for what to say. “That King, Robert,” Jon went on. “He killed my father, Dany’s brother. And he pardoned the men who killed my brother and sister. A man like that doesn’t deserve to call himself king.”

Jaime looked upon Jon with his usual fatherly pride. Jon had grown up knowing he was the true heir to the Iron Throne, the only surviving son of Crown Prince Rhaegar. But that knowledge hadn’t spoiled him. In Pentos he was polite to every servant Illyrio kept at the manse and among the khalasar Jon held his own and did his daily duties without complaint. Even as young as he was, Jaime knew Jon would one day make a great king, just as Rhaegar would have.

Addam nodded in answer to Jon’s question, knowing there was no other truth to tell the young Targaryen. “Would my new grandfather help us? Ser Jaime’s father?” Jon asked. Now that was the biggest question of them all. Tywin obviously wanted his son back at his side and back in Westeros. But would he extend the protection of Casterly Rock to Jaime’s new and blended family of little dragons and wolves? He hadn’t joined in the Rebellion until he was sure Robert was going to win. Would he really go to war again, without the certainty of victory?

“Perhaps, your grace,” Addam answered, the formal title making Jon’s cheeks turn pink. He pursed his lips and distracted himself by giving Vhagar a little head rub. “But now certainly isn’t the time,” Addam added, turning to Jaime and Lyanna again.

“What do you mean?” Lyanna asked, sitting back down next to Jaime, a happily nursing Alysanne at her breast. “Why would there ever be a right time?” Surely there was no right time for war against the crown of Westeros and if they did have an army, taking the capital while Robert was off dealing with the Greyjoys would have been the closest thing to ideal.

“There have been...whispers,” he got out slowly, not quite wanting to meet Jaime’s gaze as he spoke. “With the queen’s newest child also being female, there is talk that perhaps she is unable to give Robert a son and heir.”
“What?” Jaime demanded, eyes narrowing.

“Cersei recently gave birth to a third princess. I heard word when I was in Vaes Dothrak but the talk of Cersei possibly being unable to birth a son had begun before I left the Red Keep. Joanna, Myrcella, and now Tyshara. If she doesn’t give Robert a son in the next few years, I’ve heard he has been considering setting her aside and taking up a new wife.”

“That’s silly,” Dany cut in, folding her arms across her chest. “Why can’t a girl rule? Why does it have to be a boy?” Addam looked upon her, impressed at her little outburst. He was certain it wasn’t the Dothraki way for a woman to lead or rule so he knew the Princess Daenerys must have had these beliefs instilled in her by the Stark she-wolf. Cersei would hate them both.

“I never thought I’d say this but I actually quite pity Cersei,” Lyanna admitted, looking to Jaime, knowing the news would have a profound effect on him. “She was forced to marry that vile man, she’s given him three healthy children and now he may just cast her aside for someone else?”

“Well, there’s another layer to this as well,” Addam went on and Lyanna saw Jaime’s jaw clench. “Obviously Robert isn’t the type to...remain in one woman’s bed,” he said carefully, glancing at Jon and Dany whose cheeks turned a deep red and both immediately took Vhagar outside the tent to play. “The three girls...they all have Cersei’s coloring. But all of the king’s known bastards have the Baratheon black hair and blue eyes.”

“So you’re saying you think Cersei has been sharing her bed with someone other than Robert?” Lyanna asked, slightly impressed. If she had been forced to marry that reckless, stinking oaf, she may have found comfort in another man’s arms as well. Addam nodded in answer to her question.

“Not as if they can prove it for a certainty. But the whispers have been getting louder. Your father is not happy about it.”

“No, he wouldn’t be,” Jaime got out through tight lips. He didn’t like thinking of Cersei in such a vulnerable position. “Who are they considering to replace my sister with if she doesn’t bear Robert a son?”

“Many names have been thrown around,” Addam explained. “Mostly girls Robert wouldn’t be able to marry yet anyway, due to their ages. But an alliance with House Tyrell would be almost just as beneficial as the alliance with Lannister.”

“Surely you can’t mean Mace’s daughter?” Lyanna asked flabbergasted. “She’s of an age with Aegon!”

“She won’t be a girl forever and you know what it’s like as a high born lady. Born and bred to be traded for goods, favors, protection. It’s all up in the air right now. But once the Greyjoy Rebellion has been crushed and it looks more and more like Cersei can’t have a son, Robert’s son, they’ll bring Margaery to court to start grooming her to be queen. Jon Arryn is the main man behind it all. He knows Robert detests Cersei. I think he’s hoping by bringing Margaery in, Robert will make the decision all on his own. She’s a very beautiful little girl from what I’ve heard. Long brown hair...” Lyanna’s eyes stung with tears and her stomach roiled at the thought. She knew what Addam was getting at, what must have been behind Jon Arryn’s thoughts. If they got someone to look vaguely like Lyanna, perhaps Robert would be a better husband, a happier king. It made her sick.

The three of them talked all afternoon and well into the evening about the Seven Kingdoms and all
of what was happening there. Her brother Ned had a new son who would be about Alysanne’s age. The news made Lyanna’s heart ache. What she wouldn’t have given for the two cousins to meet. To grow up together at Winterfell, to play in the courtyard as she and Ned and Benjen and Brandon had all those years ago. While she craved news of home and hung on Addam’s every word, it also saddened her immensely.

If Robert did eventually put aside Cersei in the coming years, annul their marriage so that he could take Lady Margaery or another as his new wife, the Westerlands would be appalled. House Lannister had apparently shouldered much of the crown’s debts and expenses since Robert’s coronation. It was not a slight Tywin would take lying down.

Vaguely Lyanna wondered how long they’d give Lady Margaery before turning her into Robert’s legal bedsllave. The girl could have her flowering as young as thirteen, twelve, maybe even eleven. She prayed for the girl’s sake it wouldn’t be for many many years to come. Forced to be a man’s wife like that, it made her skin crawl. It was one of the reasons she had been so ready to run away with Rhaegar in the first place. She couldn’t imagine having to let a man she didn’t love into her bed. Yet it happened to women everyday, all over the world. She turned over in her own bed then and looked at Dany’s sleeping figure - Addam having been given the children’s tent for the night with Jon and Daenerys sleeping in her and Jaime’s. Dany was such a sweet, gentle soul with a good heart. Her mother’s words came back to Lyanna then, the promise to let her child and grandchild marry whomever they so chose.

Perhaps when the two took back their family’s throne, they could change things. Make the world a place where little girls weren’t sold to old, cruel men on the whims of their fathers. A world where the firstborn, regardless of gender, would be the heir, like they did in Dorne. If Robert did eventually set Cersei aside, it may be enough to persuade Tywin to go to war with him. And if Jon and Daenerys came back to Westeros, it may be enough to persuade some of the Houses that were still Targaryen Loyalists to come to their aid. And if they promised the Martells Gregor Clegane’s head they may be able to count the southernmost kingdom an ally as well. Maybe...maybe...

That night Lyanna dreamt of a great fire, the flames licking at her arms, legs, belly. She was engulfed by them and they blackened her skin, charred her bones. But oddly, it made her feel at peace. The fire was cleansing. The fire would wash away all the sins of the world, burn the old ways to the ground, and then they could begin anew.

Chapter End Notes

So the Margaery thing was actually mentioned in AGOT but of course, Robert died before it could happen! No, Addam is not Cersei’s lover. Her lover's identity won't even come into play because it's just not important. We'll definitely continue to see more of Addam and yes, there will start to be more small time jumps like this in the future chapters. I'll make a note of everyone's ages when that happens. And also, I know Jon and Dany weren't very prominent in this chapter. I'm hoping I'm portraying their growing romance with care and age appropriateness. Obviously they'll get more affectionate with each other as the years pass. But as always, feedback is much appreciated! (When it's not bashing the characters that is).
Adolescent Musings

Chapter Summary

Lyanna reflects on the current events of Westeros. Daenerys deals with new feelings.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter was very information heavy so this chapter is very fluff heavy. 
Ages in this chapter: Jon - 12, Dany - 11, Alysanne - 4 1/2, Jaime/Lyanna - 27/28ish.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Over the next three and a half years, Addam stayed close to the Lannister/Stark/Targaryen family, departing briefly when they were near a city that could get a messenger back to Westeros so he could send word to Tywin of new “leads” he was exploring regarding Jaime’s whereabouts. But, of course, it wasn’t a sustainable plan.

Since Robert had crushed Balon Greyjoy’s little rebellion, he was taken much more seriously as the new king of the Seven Kingdoms. The port cities in particular were incredibly grateful to him for getting Greyjoy to bend the knee. And now that there were no real wars left to fight, it seemed as if Lyanna’s and Jaime’s hopes for finding allies in Westeros were slim.

The only shred of possibility oddly rested on...Cersei. Apparently she had become pregnant again in recent years only to lose the child during the early months of her pregnancy. Lyanna had found herself sympathizing with the woman who had once held her husband’s heart for recently she too had had a pregnancy end in blood.

Jaime had held her as she cried and Dany had patted her arm, both saying nothing but their presence meaning the world to her. Jon had looked after Alysanne that day, taking her for a walk to explore the camp, digging in the mud near the river, looking for frogs or laughing as Vhagar scrambled about eating crickets and other insects. Alysanne was particularly sensitive to her mother’s moods and Lyanna didn’t want her daughter to see her in such a state so she was grateful to Jon for his brotherly patience.

But though Lyanna felt Cersei’s motherly pain of losing a child, and of course for having to be married to Robert Baratheon, she felt even more for little Margaery Tyrell. Since Cersei’s miscarriage, Margaery had been brought to court with her father, grandmother, and brother Loras. The excuse for their presence being that Mace would be assisting Stannis Baratheon with the duties of Master of Ships - something neither Stannis nor Tywin Lannister were very pleased with. Everyone aside from Robert knew the truth, though he was unwittingly falling into the trap all the same. From the moment the Tyrells had been presented in court before him, Robert had been charmed by the young Tyrell girl, though she was still just a child and nearly twenty years his junior.

The whole ordeal disgusted Lyanna. How Mace Tyrell could just whore out his daughter like that, especially to a man like Robert, was beyond her. Dany was but a year younger than Margaery and Lyanna couldn’t stand the idea of a man of any age, even Jon, to look at her with the thoughts she knew must have been rolling around Robert’s head.

But what Lyanna didn’t know was that, though Margaery Tyrell was most certainly a beautiful rose, she as much more cunning than most men would ever admit a woman to be and Robert would be mindful to watch for the thorns.

Margaery bowed before the king, feeling his eyes roam all over her figure. She had expected that. Boys and some men did it all the time. She knew the beauty she possessed and had spent the last year or so honing her skill of using that beauty to her own personal gain. Grandmother had explained exactly why they were moving to King’s Landing and how Margaery wasn’t to tell a soul. Her job was to enchant the king, make him fall in love with her so he might set aside the Lannister woman and take Margaery as his queen instead.
All of this, Margaery knew she was capable of. She may have been only two and ten but she was masterful in her manipulations. With the king already looking at her this way, it would be only a matter of time before she was his wife. However, this king, Robert, drunken and growing fatter by the day, was not to Margaery’s liking. Queen she wanted to be, yes, but her likely soon to be betrothed was not who she wanted as her king. This must change, Margaery thought to herself. The only question was, how?

If Cersei was only able to either keep giving Robert girls or keep losing her children as she had of late, Lyanna knew it would only be a few years before she was cast aside and Lady Tyrell became queen. And, with the slight to Cersei likely to anger Tywin, the realm would be cracked again. It wasn’t something Lord Lannister would take lying down. Robert was not Aerys. He didn’t have nearly as much power as he thought he did. And, if there was even the smallest rift in realm in years to come, Lyanna knew that could be their opening.

As expected however, their information source and now dear friend was eventually summoned back to Casterly Rock. Tywin reasoned Addam had spent too many years and too much Lannister gold searching for Jaime to no avail. His place was back in Westeros for the time being and so, near Jon’s twelfth name day, he bid them all farewell, swearing to return when he could, promising to do all in his power once home to figure out a way to bring them all safely back to Westeros.

Jon and Daenerys in particular were incredibly sad to see Ser Addam go. For them, he was a new window into this world they had never had a chance to experience first hand and, while Lyanna and Jaime were great at providing details of the past, Ser Addam was able to tell them goings-on of the present and the current climate of Westeros. Jon got to hear about his cousins in the North, a boy named Robb about his age, two girls, Sansa and Arya, and a younger boy Bran. His mother always grew very emotional when Ser Addam would pass along information of her brother’s family but Jon didn’t mind. He pictured playing with this Robb and sparing with him. Maybe when he was king, he would make his cousin a knight, like Ser Addam and Ser Jaime. Robb would like that, Jon thought. What boy didn’t want to be a knight?

Daenerys pictured playing with Sansa and Arya, as she did with little Alysanne, and wondered if perhaps Sansa and Arya liked doing all the things Dany did, needlework and archery and riding horses. She hoped to meet them one day soon. Perhaps they could even attend her and Jon’s wedding when the time came. But when Ser Addam left, dreams of meeting their family in Westeros faded, just a bit. Though as they both aged, Dany’s thoughts became filled with other things any way so it was difficult to picture Westeros at all. Especially when Jon was around...

Daenerys thought about kissing Jon much more than she would ever have admitted. Sleeping next to him at night was even becoming difficult though they had slept together in the same bed since they were babies. According to Aunty Lya Jon had even liked to fall asleep in her mother’s lap when she was pregnant with Daenerys as if he knew she was in there. They had always been close. But now that closeness made her feel things she couldn’t quite explain. It was when Jon would lean in and kiss her temple, his lips soft and his touch painfully gentle. Or when he went to hug her and would give her an extra squeeze before letting her go, the heat if his skin permeating hers as if he could melt her. Or it was when he had just finished sparring with Uncle Jaime or the other Dothraki boys and he was all sweaty, his body giving off a smell that used to repulse her but lately now made her heart flutter just a bit quicker.

It was thoughts like these and images of the day that would haunt her at night and make her toss and turn in confusing frustration, Jon looking as irritatingly peaceful as ever, his mouth open and drool spilling onto his pillow. He was so handsome when he slept. His skin smooth, his hair soft
yet wild, curls clinging to his forehead when it was particularly warm out. Sometimes Dany would ever so lightly run her fingers along his face or his arms, terrified he would wake at her touch but also encouraged by the thrill of getting caught.

In those moments...and others...Dany always had the urge to lean in and kiss him. She would have too if not for the embarrassing memory of the first time she had done so and Jon had looked horrified when she pulled away. Sometimes when she was alone, laying out in the tall grass while Jon sparred or was out hunting with the other boys, she would practice kissing on the back of her hand, not sure if it helped or made her more frustrated but she couldn’t bring herself to stop the habit anyway.

And it only worsened as she and Jon grew. Dany becoming soft and supple in the places men liked for women to be yet firm and strong where she needed to be. And Jon, his arms lean but muscular from all the sword and arakh swinging. His abdomen taught and becoming more defined with each passing day. Once or twice when he was bare chested, Dany had caught herself staring at him, her eyes slipping lazily over his figure unconsciously. *He really is beautiful*, she thought to herself on these occasions.

“Goodnight Dany,” he bid her now, kissing her temple and nuzzling in her hair as he always did, so very clearly unaffected by the closeness of her. And why would he? This was how they fell asleep every night. And up until about a year ago, Dany had been unaffected too. But now the way he wiggled against her to get comfortable, the way his warm breath tickled the skin of her neck, the way she could feel the outline of his manhood through her nightdress and his breeches...

STOP! Dany told herself, completely disturbed by her wayward thoughts. She didn’t even like the idea of... sex. It was icky. Messy. Gross. Disgusting. Absolutely horrible. She just wanted to kiss him was all. Wanted his lips on hers. Wanted to lay beneath him as she ran her fingers through his soft dark curls. Wanted his breath on her neck like it was now only his lips would touch there too, feathery light, tickling her, maybe his tongue would even dart out to taste her skin...

Jon grunted and flopped onto his back as he always did once he had fallen completely asleep. Dany let out a shaky breath wishing her heart wasn’t slamming itself against her rib cage and suddenly irrationally worried Jon would somehow be able to hear her inner thoughts. It was silly and impossible, Dany knew, but oh if he could she would be so embarrassed!

Irritated at herself, Dany went to roll over but realized there was a wetness between her thighs. She let out a little gasp, her cheeks flaming, and stole a quick glance at Jon. Of all the inconvenient times...Aunty Lya had said her woman’s blood could come at any time but Dany had hoped it wouldn’t be for another couple of years. She rolled her eyes and discreetly slipped a hand beneath her small clothes to survey the damage. *Ugh,* it was so wet and disgusting. What would she do? There were no extra linens in their tent and she didn’t want Jon to wake in the morning to find she had stained the sheets. *Oh gods! No no no no no!*

Mortified, Dany retracted her hand thinking she would just get up to grab one of her older tunics and stuff it into her small clothes when she realized there was nothing there at all. She held her hand up to the light of the brazier but no blood coated her fingers. Just a colorless, slipperiness that for a moment, left Dany utterly confused.

Then she realized it. *Oh gods!* She wasn’t quite sure what was worse. Woman’s blood or this. Daenerys felt like her body was betraying her somehow. Why did this have to happen? Why did thinking about and being near Jon make her feel so flustered? She suddenly wished they were small children again, back in Pentos, back when they didn’t know the truth about all those adult things and they could just laugh and play and wrestle and fall asleep next to each other without her
Dany let out a sigh, completely at a loss as to what to do or what to think. She knew one day she and Jon would share their bed together and they wouldn’t be wearing anything. They wouldn’t be sleeping right now. They’d be doing... other things. Creating the heir to the Iron Throne. It was a thought that still scared her, just a little bit. She had seen other people of the khalar in the middle of such activities and it had seemed so... beastly. It was as if the two people engaged in the act had turned to animals in the moment, moving roughly against each other, letting out noises that made her cheeks flame just thinking about it. That was what Aunty Lya had called fucking. She had whispered the word to Dany once when they had passed by such a spectacle and told her men of Westeros were much gentler. That in the west they didn’t fuck. They made love. That made it sound nicer. Sweet even. When she and Jon married, that’s what she wanted. They would make love. They wouldn’t fuck like the Dothraki.

Turning to her side again, Dany watched Jon’s chest slowly rise and fall glad she didn’t have to worry about such matters now. Instead she huffed knowing how silly she was being and craned her neck to plant a light kiss on Jon’s shoulder. “I love you,” she whispered, nuzzling into his side and resting her arm across his chest. In response, Jon murmured something she couldn’t quite understand and reached for her arm, fingers curling lazily over her wrist, the warmth of his skin finally soothing her to sleep.

Dany looked over at him now, so peaceful lying in the grass, face entirely relaxed, remembering what thoughts had roamed through her head the night before. His lips were parted just a little as he breathed slowly in and out. She knew he wasn’t asleep but almost looked it. Supper wasn’t for a few more hours and they had done all their chores for the evening so the two had gone for a walk and settled in the soft grass to talk about their day, the funny things each of them had seen and experienced. Vhagar scuttled around nearby, filling up on crickets and flies, occasionally waddling back to Jon and nudging his hand for a pet before rushing off again at the sound of prey.

Their conversation had lulled into a natural and pleasant silence, at least, pleasant for Jon. To Dany, with no words to fill the space between them, her mind began to wander into places she wasn’t entirely comfortable with. She sat up on her side, chin resting on her palm, gazing at Jon, wondering what thoughts were flitting through his mind. Judging by the way he just lay there, it didn’t seem like he thought about much. Inevitably, as she stared at him, Dany’s eyes wandered down to the apex of Jon’s thighs, to the soft bulge in his trousers. Yes, she had seen Jon naked before, on many occasions in fact, bath times, swimming in the little rivers and streams, but now she couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to touch him naked, feeling his smooth skin under her fingertips…

No! Dany told herself for the hundredth time. She didn’t want sex. She really didn’t. Her traitorous body may have had such cravings and was calling to her to satisfy them but she wasn’t ready for any of that yet. Though, Dany was ready to feel closer to Jon. She was. She had wanted to kiss him, well, since they were little but hadn’t done so again because of how embarrassing it had been the last time. They weren’t children anymore however. Dany was nearly a woman flowered and grown. Jon had been given tasks in the khalar more befitting of a man. They weren’t to marry for yet another five or so years but as Dany stared at him now, his plump inviting lips, his strong arms she loved wrapped around her, she made her decision. If Jon rejected her now, so be it. But she had to know. Had to try again.

Holding her hair in one hand very carefully, so it wouldn’t brush against him as Dany leaned down, she took in a steadying breath and brought her face to Jon’s, her eyes closed. It was a soft, chaste
brush of lips that, while brief, made muscles she wasn’t even aware of, clench in her belly in an unfamiliar but strangely pleasant fashion. She pulled away breathing hard as if she had just finished a very strenuous activity and Jon’s eyes sprang open to meet hers, somewhere between confusion and something she couldn’t yet place.

She sat back on her heels and Jon sat up too, neither of them daring to speak as they stared at each other apprehensively. Jon’s eyes flickered down to her mouth, his tongue darting out to glide over his bottom lip. He took a deep breath and scooted closer to her, and Dany almost wanted to get up and run away from embarrassment. But she wanted to be near him more. Slowly, Jon reached out and caressed the side of her face, making Dany’s heart hammer out the rhythm of her panic. Jon’s thumb rubbed her cheek lovingly, then lower to her bottom lip, his eyes never leaving that part of her face, as if entranced.

Without saying a word Jon leaned in, closing his eyes and delicately, hesitantly, he touched his lips to Dany’s. His kisses were soft and slow and sweet, Jon pulling back after each smack of their lips as if not sure he should continue but doing so anyway. It made Dany’s whole body tingle and her head light. She hummed and slid her hands around his neck, gripping his long curls, Jon’s fingers skimming her arms as if afraid to touch her anywhere else but also refusing to let go. How had they waited so long to do this? Dany thought. Kissing was wonderful. So wonderful she had to pull away after a while to catch her breath but kept her forehead pressed to Jon’s because she didn’t want to be so far away from him.

“This is nice,” he whispered and all Dany could do was nod in agreement and smile. “I’ve actually wanted to kiss you again for a while. But I wasn’t sure if...if you’d want me to.” Dany giggled, again thinking back to when they were little and how awkward things had been.

“I want you to. I want you to keep kissing me, Jon.” She closed her eyes again as their lips met, lying back in the grass, enjoying the warm breeze, the gentle chirp of insects all around, and Jon’s reassuring weight beside her as they gently touched and kissed.

That night as Dany climbed into bed and Jon slipped in next to her, they both turned to their sides facing each other, neither speaking but millions of questions between them. She stared into his eyes, waiting for him to say something but Jon appeared to be doing the same thing as if she had the answer to all the questions he hadn’t yet asked her.

Just then, however, they heard a rustling somewhere on the ground near the head of their bed and Jon leaned over scooping a very self-satisfied looking Vhagar up and placing the bearded dragon on his pillow. “You’re supposed to be in your own bed,” Jon chided him but Vhagar didn’t seem to care. He gave Jon a small lick on the nose and then claimed Jon’s pillow as his own, lying right in the middle of it, scaly limbs spread in every which direction.

Dany smirked. “Here,” she scooted over and offered him half her pillow. Jon hesitated but only for a moment, before resting his head on it, face an inch from hers. He lightly caressed the side of her face, fingers slipping down her cheeks and Dany closed her eyes at his touch.

“It’s not strange, is it?” Jon asked her quietly finally being the first to speak about what had happened between them that afternoon.

“Well, a little,” Dany said honestly. They had spent hours hidden amongst the ghost grass, lips learning each other, fingers lightly tickling exposed skin, the sun warming them like an invisible blanket until they simply lay in each other’s arms dozing until supper time.
“Do you... I mean, would you be more comfortable if I slept in my bed?” Jon questioned, his brow furrowed with apprehension. Dany had wondered about that as well, especially remembering the night before, how she had tossed and turned thinking about kissing Jon. But tonight was different somehow. They had kissed and it was just as nice as she had hoped it would be. And now lying next to Jon, she felt relaxed and at peace.

“Stay,” Dany said simply and the smile Jon gave her lit up his whole face. “I’ll sleep better with you here.” She reached for his hand and laced their fingers together, her cheeks turning the slightest bit pink when he brought them to his lips. He then wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to his chest, kissing her forehead and nuzzling in her hair as he always did. Dany inhaled deeply, her head tingling as she took in his scent, eyelids fluttering closed. There was no place in the whole world Dany felt safer than in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

K I'm praying I'm handling the adolescent/sex stuff appropriately. I only have myself as a reference so not a huge sample size and that was quite a while ago! Obviously, the two will get more... hem... intimate as time goes on. But i'm trying to do it tastefully and age appropriately but also realistically. Let me know what you guys think!

Ohh also, since I've seen multiple comments on this and my other fic, if you guys don't want to have to check A03 and Tumblr for updates everyday you can always subscribe to the fic to get an email each time I post a chapter. :D
Royal Trysts

Chapter Summary

The alternative title to this chapter is: Jon and Daenerys are horny teenagers. That's pretty much it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

AGES: Jon/Margaery/Robb - 14, Dany - 13, Alysanne - 6 ½, Jaime/Lyanna - 29/30ish

A/N: This chapter opens with a glimpse of what’s happening back in Westeros. We’ll get more news of everyone as time goes on.

It was the first time Margaery was to leave Red Keep since coming to court and she couldn’t have been more excited. She would finally have a few months away from King Robert’s lust-filled gazes, Stannis Baratheon’s disapproving glares, and freedom from the general stench of the city. Her father hadn’t wanted her to be sent away but her grandmother insisted on it. Queen Cersei had yet to give King Robert a son and heir and so her time as queen was coming to an end. Though Tywin Lannister would surely take the annulment as a personal affront, he likely didn’t have the men to march on the capital to save his daughter’s honor. Even still, grandmother wanted Margaery as far away from the Red Keep and King’s Landing and the Lannisters as possible while the matter was dealt with and the dust settled.

So Margaery and Lady Olenna would be spending the next few months as guests in Winterfell, a destination so out of the way and so desolate that no one would dare bother them there. And, Eddard Stark was a great friend of the king’s. He would do everything in his power to ensure their privacy and safety. With a small host of their household guards from Highgarden, Olenna and Margaery sailed from King’s Landing to White Harbor and then by horse and wheelhouse to the northern capital.

The journey to Winterfell was less than exciting though Margaery did enjoy her time out to sea. Once she arrived however, things started to look up almost immediately. The seven Starks and their household guard stood outside the castle gates to welcome the Tyrells and Margaery’s eyes landed almost immediately on the young man standing next to Lord Stark, a boy of an age with her with curly auburn hair, blue eyes and all together arresting good looks. When they all got acquainted and her grandmother suggested Robb escort Margaery to her chambers and show her about the castle, Margaery’s belly gave a little flutter. Likewise the young Lord Stark blushed just the slightest, but he nodded and offered her his arm to do as he was bid.

Olenna looked on, watching how Margaery rubbed Robb’s arm as they walked back toward the keep, how the Stark boy’s face was flushed but his smile genuine and eager. They were both falling
It was their usual nightly routine. Jon and Daenerys would attempt to settle into their sleeping positions, Jon’s arm around her protectively, he would lean in to kiss her on the cheek goodnight, Dany would turn, catch his lips with hers, and they would stay awake for another hour or so, touching, kissing, memorizing, enjoying.

Whenever they kissed now though, Jon would always hold himself back, his body hovering over hers self consciously. He didn’t want her to feel how embarrassingly hard his cock became or how the tip would leak a tensy bit of fluid when he became really excited, dampening his breeches. They were only thirteen. And while he did think about sex what seemed like an unhealthy amount of the time, he certainly didn’t want Dany to know that. He was a king after all. Or he would be, one day when the were able to return home to Westeros. Kings shouldn’t have such lewd thoughts. Dany would be his queen. He wanted her to know that he had nothing but love and respect for her and would never want to betray her honor, despite what his cock might have craved.

But tonight, Daenerys made it incredibly difficult for him to remain in control. They were kissing as usual, Jon’s body several inches above hers when she pulled back from his lips. “Come closer,” Dany whispered, her hands sliding down his back to pull him into her. But Jon resisted, his cheeks aflush and ashamed of his traitorous cock.

“This is fine,” he told her, voice a bit higher than normal, not wanting to admit why he held himself so far away. But Dany was having none of it.

“It’s alright Jon,” she cooed, rubbing his back and hips, again trying to pull him closer to her. “Put your weight on me,” she urged, her voice dangerously seductive.

“No Dany, it’s...I can’t—”

“I won’t mind it. I want to feel you against me,” she confessed, trying to arch her hips up into his but his body was too far away. *Feel you against me.* Oh, Jon wanted to feel her against him too but, *no!* He couldn’t. Dany lifted a hand to his face and lightly caressed his cheek, brushing a thumb over his lips then moving back to tuck a loose curl behind his ear. “Please? You have nothing to be embarrassed about. I want you close to me.”

Oh gods…

This time when she pulled him closer with hands and even her feet, Jon didn’t resist, instead slowly and carefully settling himself between her spread thighs, trembling slightly, and his breathing uneven. When Dany felt him press against her, her eyes fluttered closed, savoring it. The expression on her face, a look of utter serenity and peace. And Jon supposed he felt it too, her legs locked over his, ankles to ankles, blankets covering them, arms wrapped around each other. The way her body cradled his...he felt so warm and safe, it was almost intoxicating.

In the new position the two resumed their kisses, tongues gently meeting, licking each others lips, finding an easy rhythm with each other that was unique and precious to them both. Jon’s cock throbbed almost painfully between them but he ignored it, lips moving of their own accord to taste the delicate skin of Dany’s neck. The sparks and sensations lighting up and down his body were only made worse when Dany’s hips began to sway against his. He almost wanted to tell her to stop but then *his* hips started to grind into hers seemingly of their own accord. Her body was so warm. Her skin was so soft. It almost wasn’t fair but what specifically about it wasn’t fair, Jon wasn’t sure. His head swam dizzyingly and his thoughts drifted dangerously...to Dany outside, laying
amongst the ghost grass, the sun warming her skin, her hair splayed all around her face, her body bare underneath his, and Jon nestled between her thighs thrusting into her…

“Jon,” Dany groaned, her lips against his ear. *Oh gods, oh gods, no, no, no!* Jon pulled away from her and spun around, sitting on the edge of the bed, his back to her so he couldn’t see her all flushed and panting and gorgeously open to him. But when her hands snaked around his torso he sprang to his feet, detaching her from him. “What’s wrong?” she asked innocently, her voice bordering on hurt. *Oh, how he wanted to turn back around and tell her that nothing at all was wrong and push her back into the bed and — STOP!*

“I need to…” he trailed off and hurriedly rushed outside the tent. He half walked half ran until he was almost to the outskirts of camp, found a large tree to hide behind, leaned back against it, and began unlacing his breeches, breathing heavily. But just as he was about to slide a hand down into his small clothes to relieve himself, Jon stopped. He had just left her all alone in their tent, likely just as frustrated and craving release as he was. What kind of man was he that he would just go out into a field to pleasure himself when his betrothed was back in their tent, probably upset he had left her in such a hurry without any explanation as to why? Jon closed his eyes and took in a deep, steadying breath, laced his breeches back up, and once his cock finally tamed itself, he headed back to bed.

As expected, Daenerys was asleep, or pretending to sleep, curled up as far away from Jon’s side of the bed as possible. *Dany?* Jon whispered but she didn’t answer. He sighed, irritated with himself that he had upset her. In the morning he would tell her the truth but for now, it was late. He leaned in and gave her a quick kiss on the shoulder which she didn’t respond to, and then turned over and let his eyelids flutter closed…

“Jon,” someone whispered softly behind his back but he couldn’t answer her. His eyelids were too heavy and his pillow was so comfortable. He was drifting somewhere between waking and sleeping, his breathing was slow and even, his thoughts were scattered, disconnected, nonsensical. “Jon?” she whispered again and again he couldn’t be bothered to answer, lips and tongue too thick with sleep to ask her what she wanted. She didn’t sound like she needed anything particularly important. If she did, she would have shaken him awake. So Jon just lay there, half wondering if he was dreaming her talking to him or if she actually was. That was probably why she had eventually done it. His lack of answer made her think he was asleep.

He faded in and out consciousness for how long, Jon wasn’t sure, when movement behind him half caught his attention. The first thing he noticed that was off was her breathing. Small, shallow breaths as if she was trying to keep as quiet and as still as possible. But his eyelids were so heavy and sleep was calling to him so sweetly...then he noticed the other sound. The sound that inflamed his cheeks, made his heart slam against his rib cage, and hardened his cock all over again. The skin against wet skin sound of what he knew was Dany touching herself. That had to be what she was doing.

His back was to her so she couldn’t see his eyes grow wide and his fist clench as he tried to get a grip on himself while she was indulging. Her feet slowly slid up and down the sheets as she continued her ministrations and aside from making him ridiculously aroused, it also made him irrationally angry with her. He had purposefully denied himself doing the exact same thing an hour or two before because he felt bad and there she was, just behind him on their bed, pleasuring herself. And the worst part was, he couldn’t let her know he was awake so he couldn’t move, but ooh he needed to. *Gods.* His cock throbbed painfully, craving attention, craving her. Though by the sound of it, she didn’t need him as much and seemed to be getting on just fine by herself.
But even as he was angry at her for doing exactly what he wanted to do, at the same time, it fascinated him, especially with the sounds she was making. He was so tempted to turn over and look to see exactly what she was doing to herself to cause those sounds. And he wanted her to make them for him. He wanted to be the one to please her like that. She could just lie back and he would do all the work for her. That’s what good husbands were supposed to do with their ladies after all.

However he was not her husband yet, so the only thing he could do was lie there, trying to picture the least sexual things possible to calm himself as his beautiful betrothed keened ever so softly behind him, teasing herself, working herself over, bringing herself closer and closer to release. He wasn’t sure which way was worse, with his eyes open or clenched shut. And while he prayed she would finish soon and go to sleep he also wasn’t sure he was ready to hear that. What would she sound like in climax? How would her face look as she found relief? What would her body do, how would it move? Gods!

Just when Jon thought he might try to stir and startle her into stopping, he heard a sharp intake of breath, felt her feet slide up the bed, her body jerked, and she let out a muffled cry, the bed shaking with her orgasm. Oh gods, gods gods!

Biting the inside of his cheek hard enough to draw blood, Jon repeated the ridiculous mantra in his head don’t come don’t come don’t come! He felt his cock pitifully dribble out a little fluid, his ears ringing, though he could still hear Daenerys behind him breathing heavily, letting out the occasional sigh. Damn her! Part of him wanted to get up right then, letting her know he had heard everything and then march out of the tent to finish what he had set out to do an hour or so before. But then Daenerys sidled up to him and wrapped her body around his, her heart pounding against his back, completely disarming him. She hummed and nuzzled her face into his neck, planting several open mouthed kisses there making Jon’s eyes roll back. How could she make him melt with such simple touches? She held onto him like he was the only thing in the world, like he had been the one to bring her to climax instead of her hand. Jon sighed quietly as he felt her relax into him, knowing it was impossible to stay irritated at her when he knew she must have been picturing him the entire time she pleasured herself. Partly it made him feel just a little smug that she wanted him that much. But more it made him feel needed...and loved.

Jon’s fourteenth name day was a lively and all day affair. Instead of the usual Westerosi tourney, as there was such thing amongst the Dothraki, he and several of the other boys had a sparring competition instead, with many of the men and women of the khalasar watching on impressed. Jon was challenged by what felt like every boy of the khalasar between thirteen and sixteen years of age.

And he had beat them all, much to the surprise of Khal Drogo who had watched the entire event with a furrowed brow and his arms crossed in front of him. When Jon knocked down his final opponent, he looked up to Drogo who simply nodded and marched off back to his side of camp.

But like Westerosi tourneys, his mother had picked him a bouquet of dusk roses and shaped them into a crown. They weren’t the winter roses his father had laid in her lap at the tourney the two had met at, but they were nearly as beautiful. And when Jon placed the crown on Daenerys’s head, the smile that lit up her face was worth all the cuts and scrapes he had received throughout the day. “Happy name day, Your Grace,” Dany whispered as he leaned in to kiss her cheek.

“And what did you get me this year for my name day, Daenerys?” Jon asked, taking her hand and walking back toward their end of camp where they were to all have dinner together and his mother and Uncle Jaime would give him their present.
“You’ll have to wait until later,” Daenerys told him cryptically, the corner of her mouth curved in a wicked smile. Jon stared at her from the corner of his eye, wondering what in the world she could possibly have planned. One thing was for certain though, it most definitely wouldn’t be a puppy.

“So, what’s this secret special name day gift you’ve got for me?” Jon asked Daenerys as he kicked off his boots. She gave him a shy smile and sat down on their bed, fully clothed.

“Come here,” she beckoned, holding her arms out for him. Jon’s stomach gave a little flutter as he went to her and stood between her spread knees. “Closer,” she whispered, curling her index finger at him.

“Dany…” Jon trailed off as he leaned down to take her lips with his. Surely she couldn’t mean… As much as he wanted her, wanted to strip them both naked out underneath the stars, kiss her lips raw, and burrow into her until sunrise, they still weren’t married and wouldn’t be for another three or so years. But she felt so good, her body curling around his, back arching into the bed and pulling him on top of her.

And the way she kissed him now, something was just different. Everything felt more feverish, more urgent. Her hands slid up his tunic, fingers caressing the hard plains of his abdominal muscles and chest. Gods… Jon couldn’t remember ever wanting anything more in his entire life. “Dany we…we’re not married,” he mumbled against her even as he pulled off her leather breeches leaving her only in her roughspun dress and small clothes.

“Then don’t take my honor Aegon Targaryen,” she half giggled, yanking off his tunic and tossing it aside, then fingers slipping under the band of his trousers to grip his behind and pull him closer to her still. Was she playing with him?

“What’re…what do you…what can I…” Jon trailed off, lips sliding from hers to cover her neck in kisses, one hand cradling her head, the other pushing up the hem of her dress. He didn’t know what she was offering but he would take whatever it was gladly and eagerly.

“I want you to see me,” she whispered, voice thick with desire, and with that, Dany lowered the straps of her dress and peeled the material down past her breasts, making Jon’s breath hitch. It had been ages since he had seen Dany naked, the two of them silently choosing to change with their backs to each other in recent years. And gods had Jon missed quite a bit in those last few years. He was always aware of her breasts when they were pressed up against him as they kissed, but feeling her pebbled nipples through a shirt and seeing them were two completely different experiences. “Touch me,” Dany urged and took his right hand in hers and brought it up to her breast, squeezing slightly.

Seven hells. Her breasts were so soft and plump and the perfect size for his hand. He stared at the one in his hand, mesmerized, the color, the shape, the way it rose and fell with Dany’s heavy breathing, flicking her nipple back and forth with his thumb. He wasn’t sure what was more distracting in the moment: the painful throb of his cock or her breast in his hand. “Jon,” Dany whispered and his eyes roamed up to meet hers. “Kiss me.”

Dany’s legs locked around his hips as they kissed again and somehow his pants got pulled down and lost in the shuffle, leaving him only in his smallclothes and Jon knew they wouldn’t be able to keep this up for long. She was too beautiful and she felt too good. Rocking his hips into hers was everything and he knew she loved it too. Her breathy pants as his lips traveled down her neck, kissing and sucking and biting. He didn’t even care if he would leave marks on her that she would need to cleverly hide in a scarf the next morning. She was his and he was hers. But it was too
much. He was too heated, to close… he tried to pull away, “Dany, I’m, I can’t…”

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” she pleaded. “Not yet, don’t stop, please…” Ohh, when she sounded like that, how could he deny her? He was going to make a mess of himself any moment. It would be terribly embarrassing but with Dany encouraging him, and with Dany seemingly so close as well… was this cheating? Jon thought wildly. With his hand, in private, by himself, that was one thing. But with Dany, making her feel the same, wrapping his mouth around her nipple and reveling in the way her back arched and she gasped… Almost, almost…

“AEGON AND DAENERYS TARGARYEN WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?”

Jon practically leapt off Dany, landing hard on the ground, and Vhagar went scuttling out of the tent to get away from all the commotion. Daenerys hiked up her dress to cover her breasts but it did nothing to hide the love bites Jon had left all over her shoulders and neck. Though they hadn’t been doing what Aunt Lyanna probably assumed they had been doing, they had been damn near close and they must have looked incredibly guilty.

“M-mother we weren’t—”

“Outside now Aegon!” Lyanna screeched as Jon fumbled helplessly looking for his trousers. Of course, they were on the other side of the bed and with his mother tapping her foot furiously, he had no choice but to tie a blanket around his waist so he didn’t have to march outside in only his smallclothes. Which, of course, made him look even more guilty.

“Aunty Lya we weren’t—”

“Get dressed Daenerys!” Lyanna barked as she grabbed Jon roughly by the arm and led him outside and back to her and Jaime’s tent. Daenerys sat on the bed with tears pooling in her eyes, not quite sure why her throat was suddenly so tight. She and Jon hadn’t been…well, they were doing lots of things. Lots of things she certainly would never have wanted Lyanna to walk in on. But she was still a maid. They hadn’t had sex. Though she had certainly nearly wanted to. Jon had felt so good rubbing himself between her legs, she had been so close…

Dany wiped her eyes furiously, embarrassed and maybe a little ashamed, and slipped her arms back under the straps of her dress. Alysanne walked in a few moments later cradling Vhagar on one shoulder, patting his backside like a baby. The dragon didn’t seem to mind.

“Alys, what’re you doing in here?” Dany asked, trying to sound nonchalant though her voice was thick, swinging her feet to the side of the bed and smoothing out her dress.

“I came to see what mummy was making a big fuss about. Why is she yelling at Jon?” Alys asked, sitting on the floor of the tent cross legged and setting Vhagar down in her lap.

“It’s nothing Aly, just…it’s nothing.” Dany was not about to explain to a six year old what she and Jon had been doing moments before Aunty Lya came bursting into the tent.

“Were you fucking?” Alys asked, her eyes carefully avoiding Dany’s.

“ALYS!” Dany exclaimed, utterly mortified.

“Is that not a nice word?” she asked, finally looking up to meet Dany’s irritated glare, smirk plastered on her face.

“It’s not a nice word. Where did you hear that word?” Dany shook her head and sat down next to her, picking up one of Vhagar’s toys and tossing it. The dragon scurried across the floor of the tent,
snatched up his toy in his mouth and brought it back to Alys, making her clap. “Alys, where did you hear that word?” Dany pressed.

Alys giggled. “Mummy says it under her breath all the time.” Dany pursed her lips together, trying but failing to hide her smile. “So was that what you and Jon were doing? Were you having sex?” Daenerys rolled her eyes.

“No, we weren’t having sex,” Dany got out exasperated.

“Were you kissing?” Alys continued, throwing the toy for Vhagar again. Again, Dany rolled her eyes and sighed.

“Yes Alys, we were kissing,” Dany answered, leaning back against the bed, suddenly incredibly tired. She wondered if Aunty Lya would come for her after she was done telling off Jon or if she would send in Uncle Jaime instead. However as the minutes dragged on, no one came for her so Daenerys was lulled into what seemed to be a false sense of security.

They weren’t having sex though! Dany prayed Lya was just giving Jon a stern talking to and that would be the end of the matter. If she and Jon had to separate and sleep in separate tents as some sort of punishment ...oh, Dany squirmed at the thought, not liking the idea of being away from him for even a night.

“Dany what’s it like to kiss someone?” Alys asked forgetting her game with Vhagar and instead crawling into Dany’s lap. “Is it nice?”

Dany chuckled. “Yes Alys, it’s very nice.”

“Dany, why would mummy even be mad if you and Jon were having sex?”

“Alys we weren’t—”

“I know but if you were. Why would she be mad? People in the khalasar have sex all the time. And you two were even in your tent so it’s not as if anyone could see you anyway.” While Daenerys secretly agreed wholeheartedly with Alysanne, she knew Aunt Lya would be furious if she actually told her that.

“Because, we’re from Westeros Alys. And in Westeros people don’t...well they don’t just have sex out in the open like people here do.”

“Why not?” Alys asked, utterly confused.

“Things are different there. And Jon will be king one day and I his queen. And there are certain expectations of kings and queens.”

“Like what?” Alys asked from her seemingly endless list of questions.

“Like, well, that you wait to have sex until you’re married.”

“Why?”

“Because... well, so that if they conceive a child, it will be trueborn and not a bastard.”

“That’s stupid,” Alys yawned and curled further into Dany. Dany smiled and rested her cheek on the top of Alys’s head. Yes, Dany thought. Stupid indeed. Even still, Dany wondered if, when they did get back to Westeros, how Alys would get on. She had never known anything of life outside
the *khalasar*. She even spoke the Common Tongue with a bit of an accent. But then again, Dany decided that when she was queen, she and Jon could just change all the rules. There would be no more bastards, no shame in love. Women wouldn’t be forced to marry men they didn’t wish to marry, as Aunty Lya had said almost happened to her before she ran away with Dany’s brother. Women could rule and hold and inherit lands, much like they could in Dorne only all over Westeros. No one in the Seven Kingdoms would ever be made to feel ashamed of their birth or heritage. *Yes,* that was how things would be when she and Jon finally took back their family’s thorne. Maybe they could even have The Wall torn down and welcome the wildlings into the rest of the country so there were no more idiotic barriers separating peoples. Dany yawned. *Yes.* Once they returned home…

Jaime’s eyes grew wide as he watched his wife march a half-naked Jon into their tent. *Shit.* Without even having to ask what was going on, Jaime could already guess and of course, a part of him felt bad for Jon. Cersei hadn’t even had her woman’s blood before they started to become intimate. By his own standards Jaime thought Jon and Dany’s affections actually seemed rather late in developing. And of course, he had warned Lya this might happen as they got older. The two were inseparable as it was. Their sharing a sleeping space together would have only made that worse.

“I *cannot* believe you Aegon. I just…what in the fuck were you thinking? You and Daenerys are only thirteen!”

“I’m fourteen mother,” Jon growled. “As today was my name day and all.”

“Don’t you dare get smart with me,” Lya shook a finger at him in warning, then looked to Jaime for support. *Shit!*

“What exactly happened?” Jaime asked slowly, trying to buy time for himself. If Lya expected him to serve up some kind of punishment to Jon, this likely wasn’t going to go the way she wanted.

“I was walking over to the children’s tent to give Jon his new sword back as he had left it in here when I heard them…*fucking!*”

“Mother we weren’t—”

“I know what I saw!”

“I *know* what I saw!”

“Mother I’m still, look!” Not at all worried about exposing himself as his erection had died the moment he heard his mother screeching back in his and Dany’s tent, Jon pulled the blanket that was covering him open to show her he was still in his small clothes. “We didn’t and we haven’t, I swear it. We weren’t going to either.”

“Then what were you doing?” Lyanna demanded, arms folding over her chest and foot tapping the ground irritatedly. Jaime raised an eyebrow.

He certainly didn’t want to know what Jon and Daenerys were doing and knew she couldn’t really want to either.

“I…we…” Jon shuffled his feet awkwardly, eyes darting to the flap of the tent as if wishing he could dart out of it. “I’d…rather not explain it to you,” Jon blurted, his eyes wide with disbelief that his mother would even ask him such a question. Especially as she had *seen* what they were doing. “And what do you care about it?” Jon demanded, taking on an irritated edge to his voice. “What does it matter to you what Dany and I do? We’re to be married in a few years anyway.”

“Oh, so you’re ready for a child then?” Lyanna spat out and Jon physically winced at the thought.
No, he was in fact, not ready for a child. But he was so angry in the moment that he couldn’t answer her. “Of course you’re not ready for a child,” Lyanna answered her own question for him. “You’re just a boy who—”

“I am a king!” Jon accidentally shouted, his anger boiling over. He usually never lost his wits like this, it was always Daenerys who had a hot temper. Uncle Jaime called it waking the dragon at which Dany would always roll her eyes, her anger dissipating at his words. But now the dragon had made himself known in Jon, it’s claws scratching on the inside of his chest, stirring, threatening to break free.

“You’re a king?” Lyanna questioned sarcastically, throwing Jon off a bit.

“I…yes, of course I’m a king!” Jon stumbled. “I am Aegon Targaryen, rightful King of the Seven Kingdoms. Rightful—”

“‘Rightful,’” Lyanna echoed. “That’s right. Rightful because you have a claim to the Iron Throne but you don’t sit it, do you Jon?” Jon creased his brow and looked back and forth between Jaime and his mother, now utterly confused.

“When we return to Westeros—” Jon began but his mother cut him off again.

“We’re not going back to Westeros!” Lyanna shouted. “Look around you Jon. Do you see allies? Do you see armies? Do you see supporters? Gold? We have nothing. Nothing but our lives and our names. And each other. And that’s likely all we will ever have.” Lyanna stopped then, her eyes brimming with tears that threatened to spill over. Jaime stood and wrapped her in his arms, unable to think of what else to do in the moment. Jon was at a loss as well.

“You want to be a king, Jon?” Lyanna finally asked, her voice thick, and Jon didn’t dare answer in the affirmative or negative. “A good king has the support of his people. And for their support, he has to earn it. You want to be a king? Start acting like one.”

It was a dismissal. Jon merely nodded, gathered up the blanket around his hips and started out the tent. “And Alys is sleeping in your tent tonight,” his mother called after him. Jon couldn’t exactly argue with that.

When Jon had left and Lyanna had calmed down, Jaime couldn’t help but wonder if she had had other things on her mind when she ordered Alys to sleep in Jon and Daenerys’s tent. “So, we’re alone,” he began but Lyanna sighed heavily.

“Jaime I’ve been thinking…” she trailed off and he knew where her thoughts were headed.

“Lyanna that’s not at all what I meant,” Jaime began, not wanting go there tonight. He knew things had been difficult for her. And though it didn’t matter to him if they had more children, it had been a sticking point for her. She sighed again, unconvinced. “I just meant…I haven’t even got to hold you in so long. I miss you. I miss this. If it happens, it happens. But that’s not why I want you right now,” he murmured, pulling her hair off her neck so he could kiss it.

“What if we can’t have more children? What if I keep, what if we keep losing them?” she whispered, as if unable to trust her voice to speak any louder without breaking.

“We have our hands full as it is,” Jaime pointed out, guiding her to sit on the edge of their bed. “Honestly love, it doesn’t matter to me. I don’t need an heir if we’re not going back to Westeros,” he pointed out but at the fresh tears brimming in his wife’s eyes, he quickly pressed on. “And if we
do get to go back someday, Alys can inherit the Rock. Things would change under Jon and Daenerys’s rule. Who says an heir has to be male anyway?”

“But you would never have a son.”

“And thank the gods,” Jaime laughed. “Jon is trouble enough as it is.” This made his wife smile reluctantly. “What were they doing by the way?” Jaime asked, eyebrow raised. Lyanna shook her head and quickly relayed all the gory details of what she had seen and heard. Jaime smirked. “What’s say you and I get into bed and do something along those lines?” he asked her.

“Okay,” Lyanna whispered, humming as Jaime kissed her and lowered her back onto the bed…

When Jon returned to his and Dany’s tent, Alys was already asleep in Dany’s lap. Wordlessly Jon picked her up and laid her down on his never used bed, snatching Vhagar off the ground to let him cuddle next to her.

“Is that our punishment?” Daenerys whispered, nodding to Alys as she climbed into bed. Jon nodded, tugging his tunic and breeches on. “What did your mother say?” Dany asked.

Jon sighed, unable to put to words all what had been said. His mother’s words about them not returning to Westeros still reverberating in his mind. “She said…she told me I needed to start acting like a king,” he explained, sliding into bed behind Dany and wrapping his arm around her. “I don’t even know what that means,” Jon confessed. He had always grown up believing he would one day be a king. But as to what that meant in practice, he had no idea. And now he really did feel like the little boy his mother had accused him of being.

“I think I do,” Dany told him confidently. She gave him a quick peck on the lips and smiled. He had no idea where her thoughts were at, but as he nuzzled into Dany’s hair, Jon knew that he trusted her.

A/N: Just a quick note, the reason why Lyanna is so upset with Jon is that she's very protective of Dany. Dany is like a daughter to her and to walk in and see some teenage boy having his way with her (even if it's her own son) was a bit upsetting. Also, when she tells Jon to act like a king, it wasn't in reference to his fooling around with Dany. It was in reference to his angrily shouting at her "I am a king!" And contrary to some opinions, I think Lyanna has taught Jon how to be and act like a king, hence in the beginning of the chapter when he's thinking about sex but doesn't want Dany to know and only wants her to see that he loves and respects her. Lyanna has taught her boy well despite the fact that they live with Dothraki and love is much more free and sex less of a concern. As for her possibly being a hypocrite...? I don't think she is. Jon and Dany are very young still even despite the time and setting. They are not ready for their own children (though Alys has been good practice) so she's well within her motherly rights to remind Jon of that and of the consequences of having sex. She was a bit older than they were when she ran off with Rhaegar and of course he was older still and already had children of his own so it was less of an issue for them. As for Dany and Jaime going to bed afterward, in case it wasn't clear, Lyanna has had some fertility issues and they haven't been intimate in a while because she's been so upset about not giving Jaime a son. But as Jaime is just grateful to have her love and his family, he clearly doesn't care about any of that. Lyanna's "act like a king" speech will definitely come back to play very soon and will be a catalyst of sorts for things to come so it was necessary. As for Jon, he knows his mother means well and he will be taking her words to heart. As for everyone back in Westeros...well now, there are a few people who know they exist, don't they...?
So yes, in case it wasn't clear, Robert is going to be annulling his marriage to Cersei and while that all goes down, Marg and Olenna are up North, just in case Tywin tries anything stupid. But, of course, Olenna has some plans in the works...

This chapter came out much smuttier than I initially thought it would be and I kind of felt bad at first but then I was like, it's GOT. In the books Dany was 13 when she wed Drogo so this really isn't that odd. And back when I used to teach high school freshman I KNOW my students got up to some shenanigans. So I feel like it rings true for a scenario where two cute teens who are pledged to each other share a bed every night!

I don't know when the next update will be. GSGW will be first however as I'm trying to stick with going back and forth between updates. But GSGW is getting really close to it's end so then all my time will be dedicated to this. :D Hope you guys are continuing to enjoy! You know comments, simple or complex are always appreciated!
The Women

Chapter Summary

Jon and Dany continue to explore their affections. Lyanna and Dany talk. Margaery confides in Olenna. Olenna seeks out an interesting ally.

Ages in this chapter are same as last chapter as this chapter mostly takes place only days after last chapter ended:

AGES: Jon/Margaery/Robb - 14, Dany - 13, Alysanne - 6 ½, Jaime/Lyanna - 29/30ish

I hope the long chapter makes up for my 3½ week absence!

Warning to my male readers: this is filled with girly feels. I regret nothing!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daenerys

Daenerys shot occasional side-eye glances at Lyanna as they skinned the rabbits the boys had caught for super. The two hadn’t spoken much in the days following Jon’s name day, neither making an effort to do so other than, pass the knife. Daenerys and Jon hadn’t stopped their affections either, though now that Alys was to be sleeping in their tent permanently, they had to continue them in stolen moments outside, under the sun or stars. And of course, whenever either of them heard the slightest rustle of movement, they would spring apart in panic.

Even though her body wanted nothing more than to take Jon inside her until she screamed, Dany still felt incredibly guilty over the matter. She knew exactly why Aunty Lya had been so harsh with Jon, Dany having had a similar reaction when Rocco, Khal Drogo’s son, had flashed Alys his genitals once. The boy always tagged after Alys, pulling her hair, trying to lift up her skirts, and other such naughty behavior. Whenever Dany saw it, she always wanted to smack the little boy but she was never fast enough. Alys took no such disrespect. Dany had lost count how many times her sister had kicked Rocco in the stones and sent the boy to the ground crying. But he always got back up and continued after her, subdued but eager as ever. A part of Dany even wondered if Rocco somehow liked when Alys kicked him and if Alys liked doing it.

That night, dinner was a subdued affair. Jon and Jaime would be riding for Qohor so as to check for word from Addam Marbrand. Whenever they knew the general direction Khal Drogo planned to march the khalaras next, Jaime always got word to Addam and received word. It was long stretches between letters but it was worth it for word from Westeros and, specifically, Casterly Rock. The last Jaime had heard from Addam, the Tyrells had departed for Winterfell and Jaime knew it meant trouble. Olenna Tyrell would never send her granddaughter so far away unless she meant to protect her from events in the capital. And the only thing that would put young Margaery in danger would be if Robert was going through with his annulment of his marriage with Cersei. Cersei’s children would become bastards in name, sent back to the Rock in disgrace, and of course, Tywin Lannister would be plotting some scheme as to how to extract his revenge. A king had spurned his daughter once before, when Aerys refused the match between his son and Cersei. What
Robert was doing was far worse.

After Alys had fallen asleep and Jon and Daenerys were certain Aunty Lya and Uncle Jaime wouldn’t emerge from their tent again, the two snuck off hand in hand, to the outskirts of camp. Dany hated that Jon would be gone for so long. She had never been without him before as Jaime always went on these trips by himself. But now that Jon was nearing manhood, he had decided he needed to know more of the politics of Westeros, understand it all, so that one day, he might be able to lead.

“I won’t be gone forever Dany,” Jon reassured her, arms wrapped around her as they spooned amongst the ghost grass. “It’s only a few weeks and we’ll be back again. You’ve nothing to worry about.”

“And you’ve no real reason to go,” Dany argued stubbornly. “I know you want to start taking on more responsibilities and get involved in all this but it’s like your mother said. We have no allies and no army. We won’t be taking back Westeros any time soon.”

“We have no allies, Dany, because no one knows we’re alive. Save Addam and Arthur Dayne. We’re not children anymore my love. We can’t keep hiding no matter what my mother thinks. It’s time to start reaching out to those who supported our family during the Rebellion. You do want to be queen someday don’t you?”

“I don’t want to be queen at the expense of you,” Dany pressed, turning in his arms to face him. “And I don’t think politicking and making allies across the Narrow Sea is what your mother meant when she said she wanted you to start acting like a king.”

“What do you think she meant?” Jon asked puzzled.

“Jon, what are kings and queens for if not to protect people?” Dany asked, again thinking about her conversation with Alys and bastards, about how the rules in Westeros were wrong and only benefited men and the highborn. They could change all that. But they needed to be alive in order to do it.

“What people are we meant to be protecting?” Jon asked her incredulously. “We have no people Dany. Our people are in Westeros.”

“Our people are right here,” Dany pointed out, sitting up. “You can learn to be a good king right here. There are thousands of people around us who can’t fend for themselves and who need someone to stand up for them and help them.”

“Daenerys, I’m not the Khal,” Jon argued stubbornly, sitting up. “How am I supposed to help people? If we offend our hosts, we could very well be cast out of the khalasar, or worse. And then we’d really be in a bind.”

“Just…just think about it. Please?” Dany insisted, though she offered him no further advice. “I don’t want to argue when you ride out in the morning. Let’s just…just hold me,” she asked him quietly. Jon sighed and lay back down, pulling her into him. “Sometimes it feels unfair how much I want you,” she whispered, taking one of the hands he had wrapped around her waist and pulled it up to her lips.

“I know,” Jon whispered back. But he wouldn’t soon forget his confrontation with his mother. And though Jon knew there were measures they could take so they could have sex without risking getting Dany pregnant, he realized he didn’t want to do that. He flipped her then onto her back and leaned up on an elbow to look down at her. “The first time I make love to you…” he whispered,
leaning in to touch her lips softly with his, “I want it to be as your husband.” He kissed her again and when he pulled back, she was blushing. “I want our first time to be when...” - another tender kiss - “...when we are ready to make the heir to our family’s throne...” Another kiss, deeper this time and Dany sighed. “But, that doesn’t mean I’m not going to learn every which way I can pleasure you aside from that before then,” he murmured, and snaked a hand down her belly as he kissed her. His fingers danced around the band of her breeches, tickling the exposed skin there. “Show me,” he whispered, slowly tugging at the ties. “Show me how.”

Daenerys’s belly clenched in a not entirely pleasant way but she ignored the small cramp thinking she had just had too much stew at supper and shrugged off her tunic while Jon pulled her breeches down. “Show me,” he whispered again, grabbing her hand with his and guiding them both to her core. His lips trailed down her neck as her fingers dipped between her lower lips to gather the moisture there. Jon let out a small gasp feeling her wet for the first time.

“Like this,” Dany whispered, taking his hand and slowly circling her nub with his fingers. Jon looked down at their hands moving together against her wet flesh in fascination. He confessed to her not long ago that he had heard her touching herself once when she thought he was asleep. She had been embarrassed by that, wondering what he must have thought of her. But in this moment, as his fingers took the lead and explored her much the same way she had explored herself the first time she had tried this, she no longer cared. His fingers slipped over her outer lips, then her inner ones, dabbling between her folds to wet them, finding her nub again and giving it quick, light caresses like she had showed him, making her groan. “You,” Dany grunted out, hands reaching for his own laces, wanting to pull down his trousers and free the hard length she knew was hiding underneath them.

Jon’s hand momentarily left her, leaving her wet and swollen and wanting as he fumbled with his ties but finally, together, they got them undone and pulled down his trousers nearly to his knees, his cock springing free, hard and ready, the tip dewy with anticipation. “How?” Dany bit out and Jon immediately took her hand, rubbed it over her mound to moisten it with her own arousal, then curled her fingers around his length, squeezing them much more firmly than she would have dared had he not been guiding her. Like she had done with him, he silently showed her the rhythm and pressure he wanted and when he figured she could carry on by herself, he settled his fingers back over her, his mouth finding hers again. She felt him coat his fingers in her wetness before roughly thrusting one into her and Dany couldn’t help but break their kiss and cry out, her head slamming into the blanket beneath them and back arching to absorb the pleasure. Her fingers tightened over his manhood and Jon hissed but didn’t pull away or ask her to stop so she guessed he must have enjoyed it.

“Jon,” she murmured, at this point not even caring if they woke up the whole khalar. “Harder, harder please,” she begged him and he thrust his finger into her with more force, hitting that spot inside her exactly the way she wanted and she tightened her fingers around him, stroking his cock faster. She had no idea what she was doing, what would please him, what would make him seize up and spill gloriously all over her hand. But she followed her instincts, trying to keep a clear head as his fingers worked her over, coaxing her ever closer to climax.

“Oh gods Dany,” he moaned and Dany wondered how such simple touches and caresses could feel so sinfully good. Jon began using his thumb to caress the slick, stiff little nub at the apex of her plump folds as his fingers thrust into her and his hips thrust his cock into her tight fist. Almost, almost, she thought, and when she could take no more, Dany let go of his cock, both her arms flying back to grip the grass above her head as she reached her release and screamed, the walls around Jon's finger spasming erratically, Dany’s whole body convulsing and trembling. And when the tiny contractions died away he withdrew his hand and used her slickness to finish himself, shooting his seed into the grass as Daenerys watched behind hooded eyes, her breathing unsteady.
Jon groaned, his forehead pressed to hers, hips rocking slightly with after tremors.

When both had caught their breath, Dany lay half on top of Jon, her cheek rested above his heart, the realization of what had just transpired between them slowly sinking in. Yes, Dany had pleasured herself before. But she had never done so - knowingly - with Jon watching or helping. And she had never seen him please himself before either. It was something new and exciting and something Dany wanted to talk with Jon about to no end and continue doing every night thereafter but, no! He was leaving on the morrow with Jaime.

Unbidden, tears sprung to Dany’s eyes as she clutched Jon’s tunic, wanting to scream at him, Don’t go, don’t go, don’t go! I need you here. Don’t go! But the only thing she could muster the strength to say was, “I love you.”

The next morning, it was all Dany could do to keep from crying as Jon and Jaime readied their horses. Alys of course rattled off a list of things she wanted her papa to buy for her once he and Jon were in the city to which Jaime enthusiastically agreed that he would. Lyanna gave them both her usual lecture about using false names when they spoke to each other in public, speak High Valyrian as much as possible or put on an accept when they had to speak the Common Tongue, allow themselves plenty of time to find shelter before nightfall each day, and never ever, take their sword belts off for anything.

Jon appeared to only half-listen, excited to be going on this trip with Jaime alone and eager for them to be on their way. Jaime placated Lyanna with a concerned furrow of his eyebrows, arms holding onto her own, nodding along to every word she said. Dany wished she could smack some sense into Jon and wanted to tell him to listen to his mother’s words but she also didn’t want to draw too much attention to herself. She was still largely avoiding speaking to Lyanna, for the most part out of embarrassment and fear.

But when it was time for official goodbyes Dany couldn’t stay hidden forever. She stood back a moment and watched as Lyanna embraced Jon, stepping on tiptoes to kiss his cheek as he was a bit taller than her now, and as Jaime scooped Alys into his arms for a hug.

“You behave for your mother, you hear me Alys?” Jaime warned, though Alys just smiled. Jaime had never been the stern parent and she knew that.

“I’ll try, papa,” Alys said and Jaime tickled her mercilessly until she kicked and squirmed so much Jaime was forced to put her down. Jon picked her up next as Jaime and Lyanna said their goodbyes.

“Father’s right, you need to behave yourself Alys,” Jon chastised her but she merely stuck her tongue out at him.

“So do you!” Alys accused, wiggling out of his arms and Jon swatted her on the behind in retaliation. Dany approached slowly and Jon snuck a quick glance at his mother and Jaime before taking Dany’s hands in his in a chaste but sweet caress.

“I’ll miss you,” he whispered as if he were going off to war. Dany thought he might as well be as they had never been separated like this, not since her own birth! Dany sniffed but didn’t let any tears fall. Jon leaned in and whispered in her ear. “I’ll be thinking about last night the entire time I’m gone,” he told her and Dany’s body involuntarily shuddered. “And thinking about what I’ll want to do with you once I return.” He pulled back a bit and Dany noticed his eyes dark with lust. Damn him. Why was he so frustratingly handsome? All Dany could do was gape at him as he leaned in and kissed her cheek. “I love you,” he told her, forehead pressed to her own.
“I love you too,” she whispered back and forced herself to pull away before she broke down in front of him.

Uncle Jaime approached her last and wrapped her up in his arms in a warm, firm hug. “Watch over Lya while we’re gone,” Jaime whispered and Dany nodded her head, having almost as difficult a time letting him go as she had Jon. “And make sure you’re sister doesn’t get into too much trouble,” he advised and Dany smiled, pursing her lips.

“It’s hard to stop someone’s natural tendencies Uncle Jaime,” Dany reminded him and he barked with laughter, setting her back down on the ground and giving her a rough kiss to the forehead.

“Yes well, do try at least,” he told her, taking the reins of his horse from Jon and mounting up. “We’ll be back before you even realize we’re gone,” Jaime called as he and Jon led their horses around and trotted out of camp.

Dany sighed. “You’re gone,” she whispered already feeling frustrated and lonely.

Lyanna

Daenerys was doing the washing as she usually did in the middle of the day, still carefully avoiding Lyanna’s gaze. But this silly standoff or silent treatment or whatever it was had gone on long enough. Lyanna knew she and Daenerys needed to talk, and with Alys off playing with the other children of the khalasar, they would be guaranteed privacy which Lyanna hoped would encourage Dany to speak to her freely.

As Dany hung up the last of the clothes for drying, Lyanna beckoned her over to help her start a fire. Dany eyed her apprehensively, moving gingerly around Lyanna as if she might spontaneously breathe fire. And while she thought she had been justified in her reaction to seeing Jon and Daenerys nearly having sex when Dany was only thirteen years old, Lyanna also missed how close she was with Dany when the girl was younger. How they would play together, teaching her how to hold and shoot a bow, holding her as she cried if she fell and scraped her hands or knees, kissing her wounds to make her feel better. It was such a strange experience for Lyanna, watching the baby she had held since she came into the world, fed at her own breast like her two natural children, suddenly realizing Dany wasn’t a little girl anymore, but nearly a woman grown. It made her feel sad and scared and small and inadequate and ill-prepared and irrelevant all at once. What was she to do to fix this?

“Daenerys dear,” Lyanna began and she noticed Dany’s body stiffen suddenly, like a hare hearing an approaching predator. “I was hoping we could talk about…about what I walked in on the other night…on Jon’s name day.” Dany’s body visibly shuddered and the girl let out a shaky, high-pitched sigh.

“What specifically did you want to talk about?” Daenerys asked in a small voice avoiding her gaze. Lyanna frowned. She didn’t want Dany to fear her or fear confiding in her.

“Dany I…” Lyanna began, not quite sure what to say to make the girl feel better. “I miss you,” she decided on and at this, Daenerys’s eyes finally rose to meet hers.

“I’m right here,” Dany responded, her eyes filling with tears, lower lip trembling. Lyanna gave her a sad smile.

“I know that. But things have been different between us for quite a time, haven’t they?” Lyanna sat
down by the fire and held her arm out for Daenerys to sit next to her which Dany did immediately, wrapping her arms tightly around her.

“I miss you too!” Dany gulped and Lyanna wrapped her in her arms and planted several kisses to the top of Dany’s head. “I’m so sorry Aunty Lya,” Dany said thickly, nuzzling into her neck. “I’ve felt so strange lately. Just ... everything.” Lyanna nodded and stroked Dany’s hair. When she was younger, Daenerys used to confide in her all the time. But since she and Jon had gotten older and closer, Lyanna noticed Dany seemed to only ever want to spend time with him. Yes, Lyanna still had Alyssanne to trail around and sing to and tell stories to, but she had missed Dany’s company immensely and her absence made Lyanna feel quite lonely.

“You can tell me anything, my dear,” Lyanna reassured her. “I mean it. I won’t be mad. Likely I won’t be surprised either,” she added and Daenerys hummed with laughter. “If you want to tell me though, of course,” Lyanna continued, praying Dany would tell her what was troubling her. She missed their special bond so much.

“It’s...so many things,” Dany began, her fingers playing with the hem of Lyanna’s shirt absentmindedly. It reminded Lyanna of when she used to rock Dany to sleep when she was a toddler and Dany would do the same. Play with her hair, her clothing, a necklace, as if Dany found it soothing to have something to hold onto that was Lyanna’s. “Well, lately everything...I feel like I can’t go a day without tearing up at the silliest things. Whether I’m embarrassed or angry or happy or even just mildly irritated, I can’t help but cry. It makes me feel like such an idiot. And then there’s...Jon...and I constantly think about him in...in ways that ladies shouldn’t think about boys,” she hedged, and Lyanna pursed her lips to hide a smile, working hard to keep her face from revealing any of her inner thoughts. “It’s like, like I can’t help it. I mean I’ve always known about... things. But I never wanted them. And now it’s as if my body acts before my mind has time to tell it no. And on top of all of this, I feel as if I’ve come down with some odd sickness because my head has hurt for the last week and my belly and my back and I’m so tired I feel like I could fall asleep where I stand sometimes and it’s just... so much!” Daenerys finished in a wail and began to sob, clutching Lyanna tightly round the waist. Lyanna tightened her hold on Dany smiling, and planted another kiss on top of her head.

“Well,” Lyanna began, rubbing gently on Dany’s back as the girl cried. “It’s a good thing I know exactly what’s wrong with you my dear.”

“Wrong with me?” Daenerys repeated, confused and frightened. Lyanna laughed and Dany’s frown deepened, much the same way Rhaegar would do when he was in a broody way. It made her smile widen even more.

“I can tell you right now you’re going to be fine,” she hurriedly reassured, so Dany wouldn’t panic. “Well, for the next few weeks until this ailment comes along again, I’m afraid.” Lyanna widened her eyes meaningfully and after a few moments Dany gasped with realization. She pulled away from Lyanna and looked down into her lap though there was nothing there. “Likely it’ll be a few more days yet love,” she informed her and stood, offering her hands to pull Dany up to her feet as well. “But I have something that might ease your discomfort.”

As Lyanna beckoned Dany follow her back into her tent, Daenerys puzzled. “Aunty Lya...I thought...well, I thought when it was a woman’s time, she...I thought she wasn’t supposed to... want a man...in that way,” Dany finished, her face aflame with embarrassment.

Lyanna let out a hoot of laughter as she pulled out two cups and a skin of wine. “For some women, that’s true yes. For others, it only makes them want their man more. Everyone’s different my dear. Like snowflakes,” Lyanna explained.
“Snowflakes?” Daenerys questioned, confusion clear on her face. Lyanna’s throat caught as she handed Dany her first full cup of wine but nodded.

“You’ll see them someday,” Lyanna reassured, more herself though than anything. What she wouldn’t have given in that moment to see fresh snow again. Maybe even her left hand. But Lyanna pushed the thought away and took a gulp of wine. “Go on,” she nodded to Daenerys’s still-full cup. “It won’t help the belly aches but it will make you forget you can feel them,” she said and Dany giggled, taking a sip. “In fact,” Lyanna looked around the tent, a sudden idea coming to mind. “Where’s Alys gone? It’s nearly supper time anyway.”

“I think she might be off somewhere wrestling with Rocco,” Dany told her, a disapproving tone to her voice and Lyanna couldn’t help but smile. *She understands then,* she thought.

“Upon reflection, I believe she’s the one I *really* need to worry about, isn’t she?” Lyanna asked and Dany giggled again. “Well, she’ll come along shortly. *We’re* going to make a treat.”

“A treat?” Dany asked curiously and Lyanna nodded. She knew Dany missed the days from Illyrio’s manse when she could enjoy lemon cakes and custards and strawberry pudding. But out on the Dothraki Sea, it was difficult to come by such sweets as they required an oven or an ice house…things that the *khalasar* just didn’t have. But they could, however, make other things Lyanna hoped Dany would enjoy just as much.

Lyanna and the girls each topped their frybread with different things. Dany opting for thin pear slices and honey. Alysanne choosing plain sugar. And Lyanna topped hers with strawberries and sweet cream. As Alys tore off tiny pieces of hers and fed them to Vhagar, she asked, “Where did you learn to make this, mummy?”

“One of the Khaleesi’s handmaidens showed me. I know it’s not lemon cakes—” she began, looking to Dany.

“This is much better than lemon cakes,” Dany said hurriedly, licking honey off her fingers.

“How’s your belly feeling?” Lyanna asked, concerned, watching Dany gobble down her sweet as if her life depended on it. Lyanna certainly knew the feeling.

“Mmm,” Dany considered a moment, swallowing. “Like you said, still achy but the wine helped me forget for a little while.” She paused a moment, then added, “I noticed a little blood when I went to make water earlier,” she admitted. Lyanna nodded knowingly.

“You can have one more cup of wine if you’d like, but straight to bed after, understand?” Dany nodded in agreement and enthusiastically poured herself a second cup.

“Can I have a cup of wine?” Alys asked.

“No.”

“Why does Dany’s belly ache?” she continued with her questioning. Lyanna looked to Dany who just shrugged.

“Well, Alys, Dany became a woman today,” Lyanna explained carefully and Alys made a face.

“Ew. I hope my woman’s blood comes soon so I never have to worry about it again.” Dany looked to Lyanna and raised an eyebrow, Lyanna staring back, equally puzzled.
“Alys, women get their blood every month. It’s not just once in their life,” Dany told the girl, taking a careful sip of wine.

“What?” Alys asked, astonished and utterly confused. “How is that even possible? Wouldn’t you die? With blood coming out of you all the time?” Lyanna and Dany burst into a fit of giggles and Alysanne folded her arms over her chest defensively.

“Alys! It’s not that much blood. And when a person bleeds, they heel back up soon after and their blood replenishes itself. With women’s blood and with small cuts and scrapes…”

“Oh, I don’t want to do that,” Alys whined, and flopped back on the ground, kicking at the dirt. “That sounds terrible. Why couldn’t I have been born a boy?” Dany hid her laughter and Lyanna rolled her eyes as she set down her own wine cup to scoop Alys up in her arms. Lyanna was fairly certain she must have muttered something of the like when she was much younger, watching her brothers get to practice with swords and lances when she was forbidden. She only hoped Alys wouldn’t always resent being born a girl.

“Sounds to me like someone’s tired,” Lyanna said. “Would you like to sleep in momma and papa’s bed tonight?” she asked, knowing it would placate Alys and it would mean Lyanna wouldn’t have to sleep in her and Jaime’s big bed alone while he and Jon were away. Alys nodded excitedly and hugged her mother tightly around the neck. Lyanna tucked Alys in, giving her a kiss on the forehead before exiting the tent once more to sit beside Dany in front of the fire.

“So, now that you’re a woman flowered and grown,” Lyanna began and she didn’t catch the way Dany rolled her eyes at her words. “You realize what this means?”

“Jon and I spoke and we both want to wait until we are wed to...to know each other, in that way,” Dany explained in the most adult and diplomatic voice she could muster. But Lyanna just waved a hand in the air and sighed.

“Daenerys, your brother and I were married before I had even turned sixteen. And if we would have had opportunity to marry sooner, we would have. If…” Lyanna huffed, trying to find the right way to phrase this. She took Dany’s hand in hers. “You are my daughter, just as much as Alys is. And while it disgusts me to think of my son, thinking of you in those ways because I don’t like the thought of any boy thinking of you in those ways…” She paused, giving herself a moment to gather her wits. “I would prefer if you and Jon waited until you were married to...be together. So...if you don’t believe you can wait, because apparently young people find it difficult to wait for such things…” She took in a deep breath, steadying her nerves and her thoughts. “Then, I’d prefer you just marry now. There’s really no point in waiting anyway since you’ve known since you were six that this was what you wanted.”

Daenerys stared at her a long moment, unsure of what to say. “Aunty Lya...” she began but Lyanna interrupted.

“This is obviously something you should talk with Jon about. Jaime’s off telling him the same thing, I presume. We don’t care what you decide, either way. But...those are just my thoughts. Do with them what you will,” Lyanna finished, standing up suddenly feeling bone tired herself. But before she could move, Daenerys stood with her and wrapped her arms around Lyanna’s middle, hugging her close and Lyanna could feel the wetness of Dany’s tears slip onto her chest.

“You are my mother,” Dany told her quietly. “You always have been.”

That night Dany joined Alysanne in Lyanna and Jaime’s bed as well and Lyanna got to snuggle with both her daughters for the first time in a long while. She knew it may be some time before she
saw the rest of her family again, if ever, and that truth stung painfully in her chest. But having Daenerys and Alysanne close to her was the balm she needed to keep trying every day to bring them all safely back home.

Margaery

Margaery lie breathless next to Robb, having spent the last two hours with her lips glued to his. Robb had snuck into her room just a little after midnight and the two wasted no time in acquainting their tongues with one another. She knew it was a foolish thing to do as she was meant to be the king’s betrothed. But she was a thousand miles from King’s Landing and her fat and awful husband-to-be, and Robb was here and he was kind and handsome and her age.

Each night after that first were the same. The sneaking around. The passionate kisses. The sweet tender words before and after. Margaery told herself in the beginning that it was just a flirtation, nothing more. That once she left Winterfell, she would forget all about Robb Stark and his curly dark auburn hair and she would become Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. But as time wore on and as their kisses and words became more and more desperate and as the King became more and more a fading memory, Margaery wondered, what good would it do to be Queen anyway?

Lady of Winterfell was just as nice sounding a title. And the North was beautiful once she got over the cold. Of course there were no masquerades here the night of the harvest moon, no tourneys, except way over in White Harbor, no excitement at all really. But there was something calming about the North’s lack of pageantry. Something pure. And when Robb took her to the glass gardens and gave her a single winter rose, blue as frost, Margaery knew half her heart was his already.

“Don’t worry, I’m leaving my breeches on,” he reassured her, hanging his tunic on a low branch of the nearest tree. They were barefoot before one of the hot springs in the godswood and Margaery couldn’t remember whose idea it had been to come here but she knew she didn’t want to leave. Feeling daring, she tugged her slip up and over her head so she was left only in her smallclothes, and waded into the simmering pool, giggling at Robb’s utterly stunned expression.

“You’re trouble, d’ya know that?” he told her, pulling her close for a kiss, but keeping his hands respectfully on her back instead of exploring her bare chest. They kissed occasionally and floated around, savouring the warmth and each other’s company. “Will you write me, when you go back to King’s Landing?” Robb asked her, his arms wrapped around her waist as she lay back against him.

“I’m not going back to King’s Landing,” Margaery said lazily, wanting to bask in the delusion a while longer.

“We both know that’s just not true, love,” Robb said sadly, tightening his grip on her and Margaery sighed. “King Robert is my father’s best friend. What do you think would happen if the king’s best friend’s son ran away with his betrothed?”

“I imagine he’d be used to it by now, seeing as how Rhaegar Targaryen ran away with his first match,” Margaery snorted, wondering what it must have been like to be Lyanna Stark, named the Crown Prince’s Queen of Love and Beauty at the Tourney at Harrenhal, whisked away from her awful betrothal to that swine and drunkard, Robert Baratheon.

“Rhaegar kidnapped my aunt, it’s different,” Robb huffed, making Margaery turn in his arms to stare him down.

“What?” she asked incredulous.
“What do you mean ‘what’? Rhaegar kidnapped Lyanna and raped her.” Margaery put her hands on her hips though the gesture was lost on Robb as the water went up to her shoulders.

“Tell me something, my love,” Margaery began, trying to think of a way to paint the picture for him so that he could understand. “If your father agreed to marry you off to…Old Nan—” Robb made a face and Margaery hurried on. “I know, I know, it’s silly. But hear me out. If he did, if your father were forcing you to marry her or someone else you didn’t want, someone you didn’t find attractive, someone you did not love. And then along comes some fierce, lovely princess and maiden. Someone beautiful. Young. Kind. Wrote a beautiful love song for you that she sang in the sweetest of voices…would you stick around Winterfell to fulfil your betrothal that you had no influence over? Or would you run away with the beautiful princess maid?”

“I…” Robb didn’t know what to say to that. “Robert loved my aunt,” was all he could offer up as way to argue.

“And yet he had already fathered a bastard on some highborn lady by the time of his betrothal and your grandfather agreed to marry his daughter to him anyway. Robert’s never been an honorable man,” she reminded him.

“I…Rhaegar was already married though,” Robb pointed out.

“King Robert set Lady Cersei aside quite easily in favor of me,” Margaery mentioned. “Perhaps Rhaegar and Lyanna planned for the same. Or maybe the prince was going to take two wives, like in the days of Aegon the Conqueror. Obviously, we’ll never know, they’re both dead. But that’s the point. We don’t know that Rhaegar kidnapped your aunt. Everyone loved the Crown Prince and people in The Reach still talk of how just and honorable he was. Now does that sound like a man who would run off, kidnap a young woman, and rape her? Or do you think maybe that’s the story Robert told himself and the rest of the realm because he didn’t want to admit your aunt never loved him?”

“I don’t know and I don’t want to talk about this right now Margaery,” Robb huffed stubbornly. He was named for the King after all. Margaery couldn’t blame him for taking all of this rather hard. But surely he had to know the truth? Had to see it as she and most in the south saw it? Most who were still rather sore about the rebellion and held some small hope for the downfall of the Baratheons and a rise of the Targaryens once again.

At the Red Keep Margaery had heard many rumors. The little boy Viserys was still missing…well, Margaery figured he’d be a man now if he was alive. And the queen had given birth to a child right before Stannis Baratheon had taken Dragonstone Island. Whether the two Targaryens were together or whether they were even still alive, Margaery did not know because no one knew really. But she wished they were. She wished they would come back to Westeros, riding on dragons from Old Valyria, burn the Red Keep to a crisp with King Robert inside, and then she could remain here with Robb and not have to worry about marrying a man she didn’t love and be forced to bear his children.

“Lord Stark if you would be so kind as to give me a moment alone with my granddaughter.” Robb and Margaery spun around in the hot spring, gasping, horrified at being caught in such an intimate situation by none other than Lady Olenna.

“My lady, it’s not what it…we were just—”

“Now, if you please,” Lady Olenna interrupted. “Unless you’d like me to tell your lord father about what I’ve seen here.” Robb’s eyes widened but he didn’t move. Damn him. Margaery knew from the moment she met Robb that his honor meant nothing when it came to those he loved. He would
have sullied his own name a thousand times before letting the same happen to her.

“I need to speak with my grandmother Robb,” Margaery insisted. “Please, just go.”

“Margaery—”

“Please,” she said again. When Olenna continued to stare him down, Robb was left with no other choice but to climb as gracefully as he could out of the spring, Olenna handing him his tunic, boots, cloak, and towel that had been left on the nearby tree. Robb gave Margaery one last guilty glance before trudging off dripping wet toward the keep. Margaery looked at her grandmother, wondering what kind of chastisement she was going to receive for this. She knew her grandmother would likely *not* tell Lord Stark or even her father about the compromising position she had caught Margaery and Robb in. But she would think of some way to punish both her and the young Stark heir for their indecent behavior.

“Come, get out of that muck pit before anyone else comes along,” she beckoned, holding up the remaining towel for her granddaughter to dry off in. Margaery reluctantly climbed out feeling much more naked than previous times when Olenna had seen her without her clothes on. Now it was as if her body was more than her body, having felt Robb’s kisses and gentle caresses all over. As if her skin revealed every secret Margaery had ever kept from her grandmother and they were all right here for Olenna to see.

Once she was dressed and hair towel dried, Olenna took her back to her chambers. The Queen of Thorns busied herself with pouring wine and Margaery took a seat by the fire, wishing she could jump into it, feeling small but also incredibly annoyed at her situation.

Olenna handed her the wine glass, taking a generous sip of her own before saying, “Your father is set on you marrying Robert Baratheon.” Margaery rolled her eyes, fighting back tears. She already knew this. She had even been somewhat excited by the prospect when the match was secretly made when she was younger, thinking of how wonderful it may be to be queen one day. But now, the title just felt empty, hollow, and she wanted no part of it.

“I don’t want to marry him, grandmother,” she told her quietly, her heart slamming at having finally uttered the truth aloud to someone other than Robb.

“I know you don’t dear. But a betrothal is a sacred vow.”

“It couldn’t be if the king was still married at the time it was made,” Margaery argued, setting her wine glass down more roughly than she intended. “He’s only just annulled his marriage to Cersei. I’m not going back to King’s Landing. I love Robb and my place is here,” she told her grandmother shakily but sternly.

“Are you carrying his child?” her grandmother asked delicately. Margaery looked up shocked, however Olenna just looked on as if this were an appropriate question and Margaery’s answer would not faze her either way.

“No,” she answered defensively. “We haven’t...I’m still...No. I’m not with child.” Olenna sighed and nodded, got up out of her seat and settled on the hearth next to Margaery, her knees popping as she did so. She reached up and trailed her fingers through her granddaughter’s damp hair and down her back, a somewhat sad expression on her face.

“You will wed Robert Baratheon, my dear. I know you don’t want to. But you must. It’s already been arranged.” Margaery’s eyes filled with tears again and, for the second time that evening, she thought of Lyanna Stark. Had the wolf-maid cried as Margaery was now when she was first told
she would have to wed Robert? No, she thought to herself in answer. Lyanna was said to be fierce, willful, and strong, much like Robb’s younger sister Arya who even resembled Lyanna too according to those who had known her. No, the wolf-maid would have been angry at hearing of the betrothal. She would have come up with a plan. She would have fought back. And she did. Lyanna didn’t marry Robert, she ran off with the handsome Prince Rhaegar…

“The only way your betrothal to Robert could be broken,” Olenna began, her voice careful and even, “is if you were somehow deemed… unfit …to marry the king.”

“Unfit?” Margaery repeated slowly and Olenna nodded. “That’s the only way I’m afraid. But as you are a wellbred, highborn lady, polite, and innocent, and pure … I’m afraid there’s just no way out of this marriage.” Margaery’s tears stopped and she turned to face her grandmother, realization dawning on her. “Now, it's late. I want you to go on up to bed. Do not go anywhere else in this castle, you understand me? Go straight to bed. We’ll talk in the morning.”

Margaery left her grandmother’s solar then, somewhat in a daze, her thoughts scattered, brain fuzzy, and body numb. But she did not, in fact, go to her own bed that night.

_Olenna, six months previously…_

“You are certain, Lady Olenna?” Doran demanded, shifting uncomfortably in his wheeled chair. He could not believe what she was telling him. This was a secret…a secret so great it could tear the Seven Kingdoms in two. But then again, what would Dorne care of the rest of them? The Seven Kingdoms had spat upon all of Dorne the day Tywin Lannister marched on the capital and his dogs brutally murdered Elia and the two children. The Seven Kingdoms could rot in each of the Seven Hells for all Doran and the rest of Dorne cared.

“For being called the sun, by your people and admirers, you’re not very bright, are you?” Olenna smirked, taking a sip from her wine cup. “Open your eyes and ears you fool. Lannister’s son deserted his place in the Kingsguard to go with them to Essos. He’s protecting them.”

“Jaime Lannister is a disgrace. Kingslayer. Of what importance is he now?”

Lady Olenna rolled her eyes and touched a few fingers to her temple, rubbing the spot tenderly. She knew coming to the Martells was a risk, their hatred for the Lannisters and Targaryens well known. But she had hoped they could put that all aside to see what the real potential of this information meant. “Jaime Lannister is, for all intents and purposes, still heir to Casterly Rock. But his allegiances lie with the Stark girl, her son, and the Targaryen girl. He has no allegiance to his family anymore.”

“He’s a Lannister,” Doran spat.

“A Lannister who killed the man who had kept your sister prisoner in King’s Landing when Robert started the rebellion,” Olenna shot back, delighted when she saw Doran’s expression change from anger to shocked realization. She had him right where she needed him. Right where Varys needed him. “Yes he’s a Lannister but according to Varys’s little bird’s in Essos, he’s married the Stark girl. They’re in love.”

“What do I care if the woman who stole my sister’s husband now has a new husband of her own? The comings and goings of the Stark slut—”

“It amazes me that as progressive as Dorne boasts to be,” Olenna began, “even you can still find
ways to shame women you do not like.” Doran narrowed his eyes at her but remained silent. “Your sister knew about the Stark girl. She knew the entire time,” Olenna informed him, waiting a moment to savor the astonishment on Doran’s face before she continued. “Elia didn’t want to be queen. She didn’t want to live and raise her children in that shit city they insist on calling a capital. It was all a part of their plan.” Doran considered a moment, eyes narrowed on Olenna, his breaths slow and shallow.

“Alright. Tell me more of this elaborate failed plan, Lady Olenna,” he insisted. And so Olenna did. Varys was the puppet master, as ever. It all started with the Defiance of Duskendale, after which King Aerys was never the same. Varys knew the king could no longer sit the throne but to have Rhaegar overthrow his father would start rumors that the son was the mad one, not the father. So the spider set to work, whispering in the king’s ear of traitors and spies, spinning his web and telling his tales so the king’s madness would become more widely known. The crazier Aerys would become, the more accepting the people would be of Rhaegar forcing his father to abdicate, though the Crown Prince knew nothing of this plot of course.

Rhaegar didn’t notice Varys’s whispers and how they contributed to his father’s madness, only the result. Only after meeting Lady Lyanna at the Tourney at Harrenhal, where Aerys had commanded Rhaegar to kill the mysterious Knight of the Laughing Tree should he find him, did Rhaegar begin to think the kingdom might be much better off without his father at the head of it. However, it was only after Princess Elia came to Varys after the Tourney, that the full plan was set in motion. Elia knew her husband loved another and that he longed for third child. He wanted things she could not give him and realizing this, the Princess asked the spider what could be done. Varys knew the prince was much too honorable to leave his wife willingly, even if he was in love with Lyanna Stark, so the spider encouraged Princess Elia to ask him for the annulment herself, which she did.

The plan was, once Elia and the children were back, safe in Dorne, then Rhaegar would return to the capital to overthrow his father, Lyanna as his new wife at his side. But, of course, none of that would ever come to be. All four of them, Rhaegar, Lyanna, Elia, and even Varys, had miscalculated Aerys’ madness, and also Robert Baratheon’s wrath. Thus, Elia, the children, and Rhaegar all died, Lyanna presumably too. And the reign of Robert Baratheon began.

“Targaryen didn’t have anything to do with your sister and the children’s murders. Stark didn’t have anything to do with their murders. But you know who did?” Olenna finished, asking Doran the obvious question.

“Lannister and Baratheon,” he answered with a hint of a smile on his handsome face.

“Precisely.”

“Lady Olenna,” Doran began again, his tone inquisitive, “I don’t quite understand. Lannister will want revenge against Baratheon for this. But he knows he doesn’t have the army to take on the rest of the nation. What makes you so certain Lord Tywin will attack?”

“Because Baratheon won’t have the rest of the nation at his disposal,” Olenna explained. Doran scoffed.

“The Reach will not engage, obviously, this is your plot—”

“Lord Varys’s plot, but yes, the Reach will remain well out of the fighting.”

“As you like,” Doran waved off the correction, “but do you really expect me to believe that the North, the Riverlands and the Vale will also stay out of the fighting? Stark is King Robert’s best friend. He went to war for the man twice in the last fifteen years. What makes you so sure he won’t
do so again?” Olenna took in a deep breath. In truth, she wasn’t sure on this front. This was the one part of Varys’s plan that could make everything fall apart. It would be a complete leap of faith and it rested on the romantic feelings of two young nobles who had yet to even meet.

“Varys has his own plot to make Northern loyalties stray from the crown,” she told him carefully, hoping he wouldn’t notice her evasiveness. “Aside from that, Lord Eddard’s wife is a Tully. The loyalty of the Riverlands is closely tied with the loyalty of the North. Catelyn Stark’s sister is married to Jon Arryn. The loyalty of the Vale is dependent on Arryn’s own loyalty.”

“Jon Arryn is Robert Baratheon’s Hand,” Doran needlessly reminded her.

“Arryn is an old man,” Olenna went on. “Whose wife has eyes for another. It won’t be difficult to persuade her to slip something in his evening cup of wine to ensure his demise and her son’s safety. Lysa will then retreat to the Vale and, knowing the extent of her troubled mind, it’s highly likely she would remain there with her armies and disregard any demand for troops from the king in order to fight Tywin Lannister.”

“Your granddaughter was set to become queen, Lady Olenna,” Doran began curiously. “Why not just stay loyal to the Baratheons and let the marriage happen?” Olenna narrowed her eyes at his words.

“My idiot son…made that betrothal without my knowledge or input,” she told him bitterly. “I love my granddaughter more than anyone else in this world. Tell me Prince Doran, would you marry your beautiful Arianne to a man like Robert Baratheon?” Doran spat on the ground.

“Never.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Olenna agreed.

“So your granddaughter, she will marry the Stark-Targaryen boy then?” Doran asked. It was a fair question. Olenna had briefly considered it in the early days with Varys over this plan. But in the end, even if the boy could be persuaded to not marry his aunt, Olenna still wanted Margaery to be able to make her own choice, even if Olenna had a hand in nudging her in a particular direction.

“Marrying a Targaryen went out of fashion ages ago,” she told him lightly. “Besides, he’s apparently in love with his young aunt. Let the Targaryens marry each other and let the Lannisters and Baratheons kill each other. The rest of us will do as we please,” she finished, thinking back to her own betrothal and what she had done to get out of it. Her dearest oaf of a husband Luthor…yet she would have done it all again.

“Why come to me, Lady Olenna?” Doran asked finally. “My brother crippled your eldest grandson. There’s never been much love between Dorne and the Reach or Dorne and the rest of the realm. What need would you have of us?”

“Soon, the two houses who were responsible for the rape and murder of your sister and her children, will be at war with one another. I thought you’d want to join the fray yourself to ensure the end of both of them. And also, to make sure you understand what the end of Baratheon would mean and that you would not lift a finger to oppose the rise of the Targaryens after Baratheon and Lannister are dead.”

Doran considered her words for a moment. “As long as Tywin Lannister, Robert Baratheon, Gregor Clegane, and Amory Lorch all die in the coming months, I do not care the name of the child who will come along and sit the Iron Throne after.”
So things are starting to get interesting I hope! Also I hope the Lyanna/Dany feels make up for last chapter. Varys continues to be puppet master as ever and we'll continue to see the strings he's pulling in the coming chapters. Also still not regretting the teenager hanky-panky, they're gonna be married soon anyway. :D Oh and yes, this chapter is called The Women so next chapter will be dedicated to The Men. Comments always appreciated. Tell me what you guys thought of this one!

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