A Dream of Dawn
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Summary

A tale of ice and fire. This story gravitates around Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Snow, set right after the summit at the Dragon Pit in S7E7, this tale explores love, hate, war, conflict and an abundance of smut and fluff; encased with deep erotic content. I will try to keep close to cannon but I’m taking a different route that involves huge character deaths, unusual relationships that will spice things up and much needed contentment; which is rare in cannon. I will be exploring loads of our beloved character perspectives and will create new characters to fit and elevate the story. I’ve included an introduction on Aegon’s Conquest-focusing on the conquest of the North- I wrote this to find my writing style because this is my first project on this word scale. Thank you for reading, take it easy on me but I appreciate any criticism for future references.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
The Conquest of the North I

A Dream of Dawn

This is an introduction to my writing, it’s on Aegon’s conquest with Torrhen Stark’s P.O.V... if you're here for Jonerys, skip too Chapter Two where the main story begins ;)

Introduction

House Targaryen originally began in the ancient Freehold of Old Valyria in the East. When Dragon lords ruled over all, their sheer power and magic made them best of almost everything: craftsmanship, skill of the battle fields, beauty. However, the Gods must have felt threatened of how the Silver Kings and Queens were ascending to the ranks of Gods, so they saw fit to jest with their power. Igniting the Volcanic Mountains and obliterating the Dragons and their masters. After the doom of Valyria, the only surviving Family was the mighty Targaryen’s and their Bannermen (Houses Celtigar and Velaryon) and due to the foresight of Daenys Targaryen or otherwise known as Daenys the Dreamer. They sailed west decades before and took residence on islands of the Blackwater, turning a colossal volcanic island into the Herculean seat of Dragonstone. Forged by dragon fire and built into a fortress no one could match. And that was that. However, until Valaena and Aerion Targaryen birthed three children and three dragon eggs into the world, the world then knew the true meaning a ‘Fire and Blood’. First came, Visenya a loving doted princess, who grew into a fierce warrior and quite a vision, wielding a Valyrian steel long sword named ‘Dark Sister’ and roamed the skies on her trusted mount Vhagar. Fiery and stubborn she was. Then came, Aegon the Dragon, who was bold and noble which was what a king should be. But, he had desires that would put all other kings to shame. Also, gifted Valyrian steel - ‘Blackfyre’, a weapon to destroy or tool to build; a fine companion for a future lord. Or king. And he was the rider of the most formidable creature the world had ever known, Balerion the Dread. A beast so direful, its shadow alone could burn cities. Then the beauty of Rhaenys Targaryen came, who either wanted to ride her dragon ‘Meraxes’ or ride her brother Aegon. She was a goddess amongst all of men, for her charm and absolutely alluring nature. People would give all they had to lay with Rhaenys for the night, but when Rhaenys gained the reputation of being the most wanted women in all kingdoms at the age of ten and six. Did her older brother look upon her, and eagle-eyed her full lips, petite but confident form, her perfect plump tits and the mesmerising pure violet eyes; that spoke volumes. And Rhaenys knew he wanted her, and she wanted him. She saw how the foolish noble girls swooned over her big brother. He was gentle and kind to all his kin and smallfolk but vicious when training and beating men twice his age and experience. She noticed when his sweet sweat would fall of his square jaw; she noticed how the crease in his breeches would sway when he was battling some stupid man who thought they could best her brother. Rhaenys own small clothes would be wet and soaked when thinking about him. Only him and when Aegon was expected to be betrothed to Senya, she knew she would have to take matters into her own hands. She innocently led her big brother to her chambers, opened her silk robe and fucked him into oblivion. Only then, with her brother’s seed dripping from her folds, was she sated.

So, when the time came for marriage, Aegon did what a true Targaryen king should. He took both his sister’s as wives and made them his queens. Marrying one for duty and one for love; and we know which act was for whom. Then, on their wedding night when bolts of light filled the skies and the dragons challenged them with fire over the shores of Dragonstone. Did Aegon turn his eyes
from the smouldering ashes of the east and set his knew coarse of being the only King the West
continent would answer to. His eyes were staring up at the canopy in the Lords chamber bed,
which was humid and the bedding was moist with his little sister Rhaenys curled in his arms. Her
bare erect nipples stuck to his chest, as her sore slick mound rubbed his thigh. Her rosy face settled
in the crook of his neck; with a satisfied smile on her swollen lips. It had been a long night.
Breathing deeply and exerting hot breathes over Visenya’s mouth as she caressed Aegon’s silver
stubble. He told his sisters his plan. They were perplexed where this motivation came from, but as
he spoke fine words of how they would be worshipped and dominate kingdoms, he parted their
tight folds and aroused them into bliss. Then, he knew they complied when Rhaenys swiftly
unstuck her heavy sweated breasts from her brother’s body and sheathed his cock in her hot tight
pussy and senya seated her burning loins on her brother’s face; which was covered in Rhaenys
making… Finally when they chanted they were fucking a King, did he lose control again and
Senya felt her brother’s warm cum shoot and trickle into her womb, while a cum drunk Rhaenys
laid seductively in her brothers enveloped arms, whispering how good her brother felt inside her.
The room was consumed with the smell of sweat, salt and sex. But Aegon smelled a conquest like
no other brewing for the Dragon riders of Dragonstone.

Aegon’s fort. That’s we’re it started. That’s we’re the Game of thrones started. That’s we’re the
wheel started to spin, gaining momentum. The conquest begun: on the waters of Gulltown, the
burning of Harrenhal, the Last storm of the Storm lords, the submission of Crackclaw point, the
Field of Fire where the King of the Rock and the King of the Reach were made into sport; by the
simple unchallenged breath of Dragons. As Aegon, Rhaenys and Visenya walked through the field
of fire in soot and blood, having just taken the crowns of the rock and reach. Each had a different
thought on their minds as the flames pared their clothes: Visenya wanted nothing more than to
mount Vhagar and feel the freeing wind in her platinum hair and be free of the stench of charred
bones, Aegon thought heavily on how to approach the King of the North, the wolf who was feared
but beloved from the ancient seat of Winterfell. And Rhaenys only thought about her brother
holding her in his arms in their camp tonight. As they both caressed her swollen womb.

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The deafening howl of gale swept along and over the grey vast moors of Winterfell’s grounds.
While everlasting white winds, shuddered and battled the frozen northern labourers as they pushed
and pressed abused wagons of dry firewood and kindling, journeying them through Wintertown
and lining traffic into both east gate and hunters’ gate. The bitter bruised horizon, tinged with
purple and red from the dying sun, pumped lungs of cold air beneath and into the colossal crypts of
Winterfell causing the gargantuan sub-levels of the ancient keep to pulse; echoing and thundering
the message.

The King of the North felt these deathly hallows, he felt this poisonous call of winter as he held
council with his household and Bannermen. Heated shouting and protests filled the great keep,
over what was to be done with the accumulating shadow of the filthy Dragon-spawn; approaching
the neck of Westeros. Torrhen sighed and closed his eyes for a moment, blocking out the endless
brash dispute between the well-insulated Lord Hornwood and the poisonous mouth of Kennet
Bolton; over who should lead the vanguard if war was decided. It was at these times he didn’t
want the responsibility of being King, he wanted to be a lad again and race through the Wolfswood
with his little brother Brandon snow. He wanted to laugh and be that naïve but wild little boy again,
sneaking through Wintertown and playing with old-man’s farm dogs or trekking to Longlake to
cast a long line with the fishwives, a simple life. Reluctantly, he opened his lined grey eyes
immediately resting his gaze on his father’s wolf pelt containing the Greatsword Ice, resting on the
head table in front of him.

Duty, protection, survival, honour. That’s what Ice stood for, meaning as King, his duty was to
honour that and be responsible for all outcomes or consequences… He knew what he had to do. He felt the warm stare of his Queen next to him and the irked flickered glances of his Northmen opposite him, as they impatiently waited for their too-quiet King. The silent feeling arose the very moment his crannogmen swore by their ancient oath, that their scouts witnessed the field of fire and confirmed the incredulous winged beasts that were supposedly impenetrable on the field; leaving the their Northern King icy and mute.

“If you think I would see a southern mermaid lead the Northern force…” Lord Umber started as he curled his hairy fist and hammered the bench as he glared indignantly at Wex Manderly. “Listen Umber…”-as Wex struggled off his seat pointing his fat fingers at his fellow Lord- “insult my house again. And ife personally remove your fucking southern parts” He fired back while Umber just leered at him. “O I bet you can’t wait to get down there you…” Torrhen grasped the table edge and rose, silencing the room and the silly bickering which he got used to as just plain harmless Northern politics.

“That’s enough,” his husky voice muzzling the room as he walked to the centre. The only sound was the crackle of the flames from the hearth and the sweep of their king’s northern furs. “I called you all here, to discuss. And find a good solution to this Dragon conqueror. Aye, we could draw steel and fight… We could ride south and show this fucker a real fight…” Lots of the Northern Lords hummed and nodded at this idea. ”But, northern valour and justice won’t help us in this war. The odds are against us. We will die.” Queen Evelyn watched her Husband as he tried to talk sense into these northern fools. She felt sorrow for him, since they knelt in front of the Weirwood, all they wanted was to be together and raise their child into a good world. Her husband just reached his four and twenty nameday and she hoped he’d see another, she would pray to the old gods of the forest every second if need be. “This war isn’t about winning,” near to everyone’s face grew perplexed frowns on their brow as he spoke his words, but he continued. ”This war is about survival. This war will impact our children’s children. Every generation to come, everything we have built.” His grey sad eyes found Evelyn’s who gave a subtle nod –as if to say keep going my love- “…and winter is coming,” a howl from the Ironfoot wolf pack sounded from the distant snow plains. “So what would you have us do? Your Grace…” Bolton sneered as he stood to match his king’s height in the middle of the room, meeting Torrhen calm alpha face. ”You would have use bend the knee and forever be chained to the wrath of these, lizards” I hoped our King of Winter wouldn’t be a traitor and bend ov…”

“HOW DARE YOU!” Evelyn exclaimed, standing from her seat, her petite confident figure blocking the light from the hearth. “That’s your King you’re talking to! He’s more of a man then you will ever be Lord Bolton. He faced and endured the trial of the Kings of Winter beyond the wall, for over three years, SEVERE AND SPARTAN!” She spat out as the two men faced one another not breaking each other’s glare, as the other northern lords looked at the scene before them with nothing but shock. “He was only a young boy when he faced worse conditions then any man here! Conditions that would freeze your little pecker off, Bolton!” There was a wave of sniggering and snorting through the crowd as his wife shot down Bolton’s attempt to undermine him but as she tried to continue, he shot her a -on the surface- cold gaze to hold her tongue. He saw Bolton’s devious pupils flicker to Evie and then to Ice, remembering the fate of his ancestors, the red kings, so he bowed his rutted head muttering apologise as his older brother pulled him down, “sit down you blithering idiot. I apologise my King.” Turning to Queen Evelyn and bowing as Torrhen continued. He inhaled an icy breath, numbing his lungs for the moment of truth, “the north remembers a time of a threat who embraced the winds of winter, who felt no pain, who couldn’t be reasoned with. And our ancestors fought them because there was no other way… But, in this war there is another way.” He could see the suspicious eyes forming around him as he got to his point. ”I was born in the North, the North is all I know and love.” –his hoarse voice repeatedly stressed. “I will fight for it no matter the odds.” He could see each gruff head avoiding his eyes because they
respected his honesty and honour, shown repeatedly in the past and they knew his judgement was always in their favour. “So…my decision…” Each person looked upon him then, the atmosphere grew heavy of pondering their future, he could feel the intense loving gaze on his back from the dark haired beauty of his Evie; knowing she of all people would support him. “In three days, every man able to hold a shield to his breast and wield a blade will mobilise, we will march south in full force, we will meet them head on…” He felt the clouds sag with the burden of weight but as a King he wanted to see peace, to see winter end, to… “However, if Aegon has the support of the entire continent he has defeated nevertheless ‘real’ fire breathing dragons.” He emphasised, his voice rising becoming even more dominant and his gaze sweep the hall. “I will, bend the knee,” angry outbursts filled and echoed the room he just spoke “your survival is far more important than my pride.”

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Visenya Targaryen walked through the moonlit camp her ears ringing with the drunken sounds of their armies as they celebrated their recent victories across this continent, their continent. Gripping ‘dark sister’ at her hip and she moved stray silver wisps behind her ear. Receiving numerous bowed heads and greetings, as she headed towards her quarters. She noticed the drunken lads indiscreetly watching her curvy backside partly revealed by her tight black leather war breeches and some ogled at her perfectly laid out facial features. Even though, it was comforting to be reminded of her fiery beauty; as mother called it. She knew most of them were hoping to glimpse the ‘other queen’ before they went to bed. If it was Rhaenys walking by these lads they would have had their cocks in their hands before they knew it. Feeling the wet crunch of grass as rain started to fall; she waved away the guards of her royal tent, centred in the middle of the plain they settled on. Why were the guards an extra 20 feet from the tent? Did she need to remind them of simple sentry positions? Her nose flared but her rash thoughts were subsided when she heard the rough slapping of flesh and the delicate moans of her sister, as their brother fucked her brains out. “Fuck, Aegon. Don’t, fucking, stop. Please… Yes… Just like that!” Visenya rolled her eyes, “can’t they control themselves for once,” she breathed as she swung around and moved towards the clearing behind the tent. Watching Meraxes and Balerion light up the skies, knowing they were feeding of the emotions of their riders. She slumped down on the damp earth, thinking about how they kept fondling each other when they were in the garrison earlier that day, why all the extra attention towards each other? Spotting the huge black outline of Vhagar gliding towards her, she rose and cooed her scaly snout, smirking at the thought of sweltering the tent down, leaving the two of them naked as their nameday for the whole of camp to see. After, hearing her sister scream in pure pleasure for more than an hour, she’d had enough. Whilst Rhaenys was mostly likely soaked between her legs, Visenya was soaked head to toe in hail.

Barging in the clammy tent, her fiery purple gaze instantly falling on Rhaenys smooth pale back, covered in glistening sweat, on her knees at the end of the bed. Gloriously sucking her brother’s giant cock as he lay on his back sighing, “Rhae. You’re…fucking perfect.” He stammered out as he held his sister’s silver tresses from her gorgeous face as he orgasmed between her fleshy lips. Watching her soft sticky, beautiful hands work his balls as he squirted ribbons inside her hot throat. Never once did they’re violet eyes leave one other’s, both rounded and drowned. Rhaenys hummed against her brother’s bulging cock as she continued to lap up and dine on the family cum. Many would be disgusted and disturbed by their actions. Brother and sister? But that was the Valyrian way, the only way; her big brother was the only one to truly satisfy her carnal needs. And his sweet cum was so hot to her, arousing her at the mere thought and it was refreshing to her, quenching her dragon thirst. And now it had taken root, deep in her womb and now she was ripe with life, her own little baby, her brothers’ child, the Kings child. When she placed Aegon’s calloused hand under her silk shift, allowing her small smooth bump to warm up his touch. She found herself
nodding repeatedly while tears rolled out her glowing lids as his face caught on. “I’m, with child Aegon.” He brought his rough hardened fingers and laced them with her honeyed smooth ones, their noses inched apart.

“I love you Rhae…” The pledged truth rolling off his tongue without thought as their lips clashed together like never before. Not ever wanting to be parted and he looked at her as if he’d been searching for her his entire life. Becoming one. “I love you even more big brother,” she thought as his burning sack slapped her pussy as she screamed with immense pleasure, as he took her from behind -mating like real Dragons. And now, as she pooled his hot seed in the dip of her tongue and allowed her silky fingers to work her sensitive clit, nestled in her smart silver mound as her brothers earlier making oozed out her pussy; she was sated. “Can’t you two! Just stop acting like fools! For once!” Visenya angrily spluttered out, making both her siblings jump from the sudden intrusion of their heavy lovemaking. “Fucking hell Senya,” – he started as he slumped back onto the damp bedding as his eyes stopped looking for Blackfyre- “can’t you, not do that, and for once, stop that glare, we’re celebrating!” He loudly finished, as his panting started to steady glancing at Rhaenys, who was still on her knees with her dark lashes closed, lost in the taste of her fingers and clearly unaffected by their sister’s appearance. “Well, your grace,” -her sarcasm making Aegon drop his boyish grin- “Meraxes and Balerion are restless, you BOTH need to see to them. Now…” She impatiently added, as she moved to the overly appreciated flagon of arbour wine in the corner, the glowing candles angrily flickering as she marched by them. Aegon just sighed at his fierce wife dropping his head but Rhaenys lips slowly pursed, badly hiding a naughty thought. Their celebrating hadn’t finished! Slowly opening her lids and gliding to her feet while sweeping her shiny tresses behind her button ears. She stepped towards her sister, watching the mighty Senya Targaryen stiffen her eyes and posture trying not to gawp; as all do. Her glowing body stifling Senya actions of pouring wine, Rhaenys purposely teased her swollen tits as they bounced, swaying her profound dripping thighs as she approached her prey… Visenya saw Rhaenys advancing, naked and god-like using her seductive power on both of them. Both of us? She was glowing. More than usual, “o gods…” Visenya blinked- “You’re, pregna…”

But her shocked conclusion was cut off when she felt Rhaenys soft wet palms entwine behind the nape of her neck, pulling her in. The heavy tent was filled with the clang of metal as Senya dropped the goblet, as her body went numb and warm. Her perfect lips fusing with her own like fire calling the dragon inside her, it was gentle and sweet like Aegon’s kisses but far more tender and dreamy, she couldn’t help breathing deeply as the moment broke, tasting the warm cum off Rhae’s hot tongue, as both their eyes found each other’s; while strings of their brothers cum stretched between their mouths. Visenya found herself comfortably trapped as Rhaenys seductively licked her lips. “Hear me dear sister, this marriage is between the three of us,” –Rhaenys rounding her eyes more while inching closer again, trying to emphasise the importance of her actions- “so we should treat it as such.” She finished sweetly as she leaned up on her wet, ravished toes kissing her sister passionately as their brother worked his length behind them, watching his two queens torture him. Visenya’s clit heated with pleasure as she explored her sisters’ mouth their tongues fighting over dominance; as the thunder roared above the clouds and the breezes bellowed their song. It felt right, intoxicating and just, like lightning and thunder, fire and blood. Flesh and blood.

Without thought her fingers found the perfect deep crease of Rhaenys smooth curvy arse, her nails pulling her closer; deepening the kiss. Gasping the suddenly hot air, she saw Rhaenys hooded eyes as she caught her own breath and felt her brothers hard cock on her spine as she worked her laces, fumbling with desire. Senya felt her brother and sister pressing wet pecks around her neck as her leathers pooled swiftly around her feet, relaxing against the warm wet press of Rhaenys plump tits and Aegon’s hold as his dominant hands snaked around her waist, fondling her arse like fresh dough. Rhae wanted to reach the heavens tonight as one of her young experienced hands crept down to Senya’s pussy, causing a delicate whimper as her middle finger entered her, exploring,
making Senya’s whole form grow flaccid. Rhaenys another hand stretched—as her eyes met her brothers giving him an innocent smile as she bit her bottom lip—curling her other hand around his big veiny cock making him groan he tried and willed himself, not to finish there and then, his lust filled eyes watching his sisters fingers wrap around his cock. “I want to watch, my brother and sister fuck each other, I want… So bad…” Rhae breathed dominantly and she lead them both to the used bed with both of them at her mercy as she pulled his cock and guided her pussy, receiving moans and heavy breathing. Aegon felt Senya jump on him as they both were released, both ravishing each other’s faces, her burning body lacing around his waist as they both slumped on the bed, groaning in pleasure. Senya felt her breast grow heavy in anticipation as her brother teased her folds, spanking the wet fleshy head of his cock on her entrance; enticing her even more. “Fuck me Egg, inside me now! Plea…” She felt her brother manhood burying deep inside her, ploughing her fast and hard. He groaned and whined as he latched on her small tits, causing her to arch her back and gripping him tighter, “Fuck”, “YES” and unclear sound echoed he tent, as Rhaenys leisurely picked up Senya’s spilled chalice and smiled at her work.

Rhaenys swollen lips were pursued as she tasted her brothers warm cum leaking down her parched throat as she filled and sipped cool water—rather seductively which she couldn’t help—as she caressed her small bump, tying her robe back on her, shuddering as the material enveloped her sensitive breasts. She casually walked across the tent, her pillow arse filling the rocking chair, as she intimately watched Egg and Senya fuck each other’s brains out. Seeing and hearing the warm slap of flesh and limbs of their coupling, wetted her sex. She felt sorry for her big sister when she found out she was with child before her. Which shouldn’t have been a shock due to the abnormal amount of time her and her brother fuck a day? She knew she was jealous of Aegon’s intense affection over another woman. Rhae knew she not only stole her future husband, but she now stole the idea of bearing the Kings child; causing Senya to grow bitter and fierce over the years. But now, watching her sister come undone by her… Their Husband! She internally corrected herself, made her so incredibly aroused. She was always horny around Aegon? You horny bitch… Dragon whore! She smirked to herself but she couldn’t help it. Maybe it was her being pregnant that caused it?

So, as she watched Senya wrestle Aegon on his back, her now sweaty hands spreading over his rock hard sculpted abdomen, slowly catching her balance as his cock sheathed itself into her, making a sloppy red noise. Rhae pulls down her silk robe, arching her spine as she cupped her large tits in her hands as they spilled out her silver garment, her legs spreading on their own accord. Moaning and pinching her fleshy erect nibbles already lubricated from her brother’ saliva, using one hand she spit dirty saliva over her palm and smothered it over her soaked pussy. The natural lubricate causing her pink folds to squelch as she worked it watching her brother and sister fuck. Rolling her head so her hair fell on its sides; as she sighed like the alluring goddess she was. Her eyes opened as she heard the familiar sound of Aegon reaching his peak, watching Senya roll her hips underneath him, heightening her orgasm. She watched as her sister held her brother – keeping him inside her a little longer- as her nails left faint red marks in his built back; next too Rhaenys earlier deep bruised ones. Rhae knew what Senya hoped for. But she didn’t mind. Partly because Aegon’s eyes had already found her own, as they grinned, engrossed in each other- as he watched his true love work her perfect figure; causing the blood to rush back into his sore cock; having nothing to do with his other sister clenched and convulsing around him. Rhae heard Senya hiss and whimper as Aegon pried his rawness out of her, leaving her sprawled on the bed; weak and well fucked.

“You’re going to be the death of me woman,” he gently muttered as his gloriously naked form approached her own. “Why’s that, my king?” Rhae couldn’t hold back her smile as she asked in her innocent tone, still torturing him as she touched herself. Even though he had just spent himself, a mere glance at his little sister made him want to just fuck her hard for the rest of his life. She
teasingly fluttered her lashes as her edible fingers drew circles on her sweet pink nub, he watched her full lips wrap around her seeped fingers as she tasted her own divine juices. He stood mesmerised, ignoring the faint stirring of the other worn out dragon queen behind him. As he watched The Dragon Queen. Aegon noticed her pearls of succulent sweat, trundle down her neck, as they curved between her flawless cleavage and her small seductive breaths caused shivers to run down his spine. She smiled knowing the affect she was having on him. Despite there being a four year age difference between them, they were made for each other. “A King shouldn’t kneel,” Rhae boldly stated in her Queenly voice, her pursed lips giving away her jest, as he settled between her burning thighs. Rhae felt his strong hands pulling her arse to the edge of the chair, as his coarse breath ventilated her silver pubes. She shuddered with anticipation as he kissed the edges of her entrance, hearing him sniffing her alluring scent she was effervescing. “But, shouldn’t a King kneel to a Goddess…” Her smile was subdued into a delicate long winded moan; as he started expertly lapping her bundle of nerves in her pink, sore creases. “Fuck. Keep… Just, like… Don’t fucking stop brother! Go on” -she breathed out- “eat your sisters’ pussy…”

Rhaenys felt so turned on, her vision going blurred as she tantalizingly cupped her tits, massaging them as her big brother ate her pussy as she convulsed and squealed. Her millionth orgasm hit her instantly, like wildfire, when she glimpsed both her siblings tasting her pussy. Senya couldn’t help it. Her nostrils flared at the scent of Rhaenys juices wafting their tent. She found her eager mouth between her Rhaenys loins, before she knew it, fighting with Aegon’s eager tongue; as they all moaned. Both Dragons slurping up Rhaenys oozing, seeping nectar and fighting to suck on the perfect, crinkled, rosy, succulent clit; of Rhaenys Targaryen.

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Orys Baratheon felt the warm glaze of the Sun fade momentarily as Meraxes flew overhead. The ordnance gust blowing the array of Targaryen Banners wild as he approached his Kings Royal Tent, amused at the silent sisters flinching nervously. He smoothed out his dark sideburns, as he also adjusted his armoured collar, “I seek an audience with King Aegon.” He watched the guards nod as they called for their Kings approval, tiredly sniffing the grass-land air as he got the go ahead. When he ducked his head and walked through into tent, allowing the brisk morning air to slide in. His face immediately grew red, as he was consumed with the pure smell of sex and sweat, he nervously saw his King half-brother approaching, shutting the drapes to his bed quarters- Orys swore he was gifted with a glimpse of the Dragon Queens, naked and asleep on the bed. ‘They look well fucked,’ he smugly thought, his smallclothes growing tighter at the thought of Rhaenys naked only few metres away from him. “Morning Orys…” Orys jumped out his thoughts as Aegon knowingly smiled at him. “Your Grace,” he bowed, watching Aegon as he stretched and yawned gesturing him to take a seat; he sighed bracing himself on how to give Aegon the news, then begun…

Rhaenys felt the warm lips of her brother kiss her awake as his strong hand gently held her womb. “Wake up my Queen.” His handsome face came into her hazy vision, his tired purple irises warming her own as she saw Senya –who looked well fucked for once- donning on her Red and Black war armour behind him. “Morning…” She croaked, hearing the heavy movement of troops surrounding her as she smiled into her brother’s lips. Rhae’s’ eyes lazily wandered down her sore warm figure, touching her brothers dried cum on her swollen belly, which she lovingly caressed- ‘good morning honey’ smiling to herself as she thought of her babe. Nestling herself on Senya side of the bed, grinning into her sister’s scent as she leant away from her slightly damp side; remembering last night. Rhæ swiftly caught Senya’s gaze, and winked, “Morning my Queen,” sitting up, her firm breasts swaying underneath her as the sheets crumpled. Senya blushed, breaking their gaze –embarrassed- as she also remembered what she did last night, giving a hasty “morning”
as she self-consciously fidgeted with her silver hair. While she stretched her collar which was doing a bad job in concealing Rhae’s love-bites on her neck, leaving her with an annoyed frown in the looking mirror; as she gave up turning to Aegon as he broke the comfortable silence. “You need to get ready now,”-he quickly stated, as he called the maids in, who started drawing a bath filling it with scolding water per Rhaenys usual liking- “Our scouts in the North saw the Northern Armies marching south, entering the Riverlands before dusk yesterday. Torrhen Stark rallied his Bannermen, 40,000 strong, cavalry, war goats and if they are to be believed- packs of wolves,” he finished in disbelief. “They will be here before noon and we will meet them head on, and finish these barbarians with Fire and Blood; once and for all.” Rhaenys raised her eyebrows as she heard Balerion let out an unearthly roar, matching her brothers feelings on the matter, “well lets finish our conquest,” her pursued lips aligning into a grin that matched Aegon’s and Visenya’s.

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“We should field the dragons, take out the north men’s cavalry, and then have our men attack on their flanks…” Visenya watched the Riverlord’s dark beady eyes sweep over the faded map as he confidently voiced his, so called tactics. “Have you even fought in an actually fight, let alone a Warr, Tully.”- Orys said smugly as he stood fiercely in his yellow Baratheon colours, scrutinising young Edmyn who’s face slightly paled- “because these damned lands are fucking drowning in swamp. If you and your slippery head hadn’t noticed! Meaning…” he sarcastically mocked, pointing at the Trident location- “a manoeuvre on the verges will be helpless.” Senya watched the scene over the brim of her goblet of wine, amused but tired from the constant remarks from Orys over the War council- mostly directed at their newly appointed greasy River boy, who kept stuttering but as Aegon said was easy to control, with a name and would someday grow into a good Bannerman. Senya watched her King Brother, as he sat patiently listening to his advisors, despite already knowing what he was to do, his hand running through his silver locks as he explained strategy about troop movement during dragon fire. Senya watched Orys who kept inconsiderately and offensively clapping Edmyn hard on the back with a knowing casual face. Senya knew her half-brother was a hard headed brute of a fighter, making up for not being a true dragon through his leathered fists and rash reputation. But, he was a talented commander and she respected him. Senya smirked at the thought of Orys getting his way on how to approach Torrhen Stark. She truly believed he wouldn’t send: legions of men, horses or even Dragons; all in the name of his ego. Fuck it… He’ll go himself and face the Northmen with that daft smile of his.

Senya was growing fed up with this meeting, after giving all the needed input Aegon asked for, she settled in his seat, waiting for the damned horns to blow to signal the enemy. She looked down at herself, toying with ‘Dark sister’s’ dragonglass hilt as she thought about her bothersome little sister. Senya couldn’t help rolling her eyes at Rhae, when she saw her simply carefree expression. She just sat their sipping water as she teased their uncomfortable childhood Maester in the corner; about the usual pettiness of finding him a nice girl. Senya tried to be discreet when she looked at her sister getting ready this morning. Not because of her radiant beauty, which Aegon smirked at her, stupidly thinking it was that when he caught her eyes looking at Rhaenys. No, Senya looked and thought about the babe she was carrying, the very babe who would most likely be the heir to their throne; resultant from their Conquest, she was fighting and ‘winning’ for. Senya couldn’t hide the pout and brood she was radiating that morning, despite actually feeling well fucked for once! Shuffling uncomfortably though her thoughts, she thought about the day when she found Egg taking Rhaenys roughly in her chambers on Dragonstone. She would never forget the alarm she felt when she heard her innocent little sister’s wails as she approached Rhae’s rooms to wish her a happy nameday. Senya thought Aegon mindlessly forced himself on their sweet little sister, but when Senya peaked though the crack of the granite door, she saw Rhaenys unashamed form as she straddled their brother and rode him. Senya remembered Rhaenys silk robe half on, pulled to her elbows. She remembered Rhaenys fucking him as Egg sucked on her perfect delicious firm tits.
She remembered Rhae’s perfect young tight pussy clamped and luscious around their brother older big full cock. She remembered how brother emptied his balls into his sister’s perfect succulent pussy. She remembered all the times they would fondle each other under the table at supper, hiding from mother, when they would sneak off like fucking rabbits. Senya remembered when Rhaenys took her husband, and now their child. But, Senya also couldn’t stop the hot pooling spreading below her mound, she felt so turned on since last night over this marriage she initially thought she was stuck in. But now she knew Aegon and Rhaenys were terrible, but perfect for her because they were also dragons that could fulfil her own carnal needs; and fantasy’s. She simply couldn’t deny it…

The gathering was intense and a dull affair, waiting for the King in the Norths attempt for salvaging his title was quite exhausting in Rhaenys eyes. Or was it just her Aegon’s fault for her exhaustion? Most likely. She was amused by the honest rich truth for her weariness and spontaneous unusual fatigue. Thus, relaxing her tense calves by resting her feet on her brothers’ solid defined lap under the table as their tired violet pupils met briefly with a subtle endearing glance. She couldn’t suppress her smile, as she moved her elbows onto the arm-rests and entwined her soft ravished fingers over her snug scarlet, scaly dress. Gently caressing her small warm swell without thought, as she tried to play off her distracted thoughts from Orys brutal humour towards… The river boy, Tully or whatever his name was… At that moment Rhae felt his small, eager blue eyes, which were failing on concentrating on the logistics and strategy Aegon was assembling, frequently wavering on her relaxed figure, occasionally settling on her open collarbone and her rosy full lips. Rhae smirked knowing the sexual radiation she emitted in leather dresses, especially her scarlet dresses which enhanced her platinum hair and displayed her perfect curves. Therefore, she stopped teasing old Maester Brooks, deciding to have some real fun while she waited for the Northern brutes.

Turing her seductive gaze on the slightly younger Riverlord, she waited until his slippery eyes fixed on her own unflinching pair. She felt sudden victory as his tense face splashed red, his whole form growing turgid from being caught as she hit him with lightening. Was it fear of being caught watching the Dragon Kings gorgeous wife? Or the fact that Rhaenys could punch her own carnage gares; that mirrored Meraxes’ acid glare. Rhae happy with her victory reached over to take her cup. Her dress loosely exposing a hint more of her suave defined collarbone as she felt Senya’s own knowing glare; silently telling her to stop and take this damn meeting seriously. Rhae couldn’t care less, but she still felt pity for her older sister so she settled on only making the Tully boy uncomfortable just once, probably even leaving him with blue-balls. Since she was convinced he was fantasizing about sleeping with Rhaenys Targaryen. ‘Sorry cutie,’ Rhae thought as his glances subsided onto his fidgeting sweaty hands. She couldn’t help smirking as she sensed his jealously towards her brother. What could she say? ‘My brother and I are the most beautiful people this world has seen, it would be a crime if we didn’t fuck each ot…’

That’s when she felt it… Her senses dialled brutally to eleven as she felt the blistering cold air-currents fire her unearthly snout, as she flew… She felt her untamed muscle flexing and coiling under her amber obsidian scales, as she flew… Rhae felt the welcoming pieced pain of her back slitting apart her flesh as her auburn gargantuan leathers sprouted out and sliced air, as she flew… She felt the slither of her colossal tail ready to disassemble the world, as she tasted the fear between her spiced jaws with toxic greed, as she flew… The crows purged, scattering into a surge of feral anxiety as they felt her presence looming, approaching- these heavens were her territory. Her fresh intellects shrieking and screaming, when she long-sighted a wave of grey and white moving south towards her family, blurred lines of viscous speed padding in-front, as she flew…

Hauling her-self out, she felt her feet touch and quiver the damp ground, she swiftly opened her violet lashes; and voiced Meraxes’ warning. “The wolf is here…” Her Dragon Queen authority instantly swelled the ears of her councilors and other Dragons, as distant horns erupted seconds
“The deed can be done brother, trust me- I could infiltrate their camp and finis…” Torrhen heard Bran’s keen tone and forced smile; he heard his daring brother and his ridiculous plan. He heard it over and over and over, but he couldn’t, wouldn’t budge. It wasn’t right. There was no honour in it. Assaulting an unarmed, unaware person in their bed wasn’t the Stark way, even if it did saved thousands of lives. He would not sentence a man to kill another, in cold-blood. If it had to be done, he himself would look upon Aegon the Dragon, to his face, and execute the man himself; and carry that burden himself. But his Bannermen refused to let the King in the North be risked on ‘Dragon-spawn’; therefore, no one else would do it. “Bran, listen,” he raised his eyes from the fire and locked eyes with his agitated brother, who stood leaning on the charted wooden table with his hands cemented on the timber. “You might not have the Stark name but you have our blood, and stabbing a man in the back- carry’s no honour- it’s the coward’s way. Yes, I know it could end this damn conquest,” sighing as he shook and waved away Bran’s grimaced mid-opened mouth ready to dispute. “But no Northman will carry that burden under my order.” He grabbed his horn of ale-indicating the end of the ceaseless argument- as he unclasped his heavy furred cloak and hung it by the fire, stretching out his collar under his steel collar plate from his brown jerkin as he sat back down, his rough fingers ruffling the flecks of dampness out his cloak; due to the change from frozen to humid climate.

The moonlit landscape shone over their camp as it tided the bitter night and enhanced the misty mucked grasslands, cleansing them before the inevitable tide came. Torrhen had just dismissed the war council for their last meeting because of their endless argument- I let go of my pride, why can’t they fucking let go of theirs? But that was the weight of being King, making the choices others cannot, for the people, not just for the greater good but for the simple, small things in life. “And how were you planning on getting past their Dragons by the way,” –he snorted over the brim of his horn- “You saw that big orange fucker earlier, screeching- at a damn cloud. How do you think it will react too little old you, when you’re crawling into their camp?” Bran knew his brother was right and it pissed him off, but he knew he was doing it to protect him, so he decided to play along with Torrhen’s light-hearted humour. “Well, ile probably just stroll right past after all that green-stuff old-man cooks, I really wouldn’t taste good at the moment.” Bran couldn’t hold back his smile and as he watched his brother cough out a laugh and sprung a rare smile from his usual brooding nature. “Aye, suppose you’ve got a point,” he chuckled as he flattened out his raven curls and nudged his legs aside so Bran could take the other chair by the fire. Bran missed this talk-“did you taste that brace of conies he brewed up for supper? It was like chewing into one of Mad-Lewy’s ironwood logs…” a thick accent of Northern laughter filled the breezing tent, as the two highborn lords became just lads again; trying to scrape good, out of the trenches of shit they were barred in. “Aye, it was a bit tough…”

“Tough! Tough? It asked me for a fight twice!” The guards on sentry duty outside grinned stupidly against the ghostly gusts battling there bearded faces; as they heard the growl of laughter from the shared banter of the Stark brothers. As the minutes wore on and the two became quiet again, watching the dance of flames, Torrhen’s face slowly froze into the tight lock once again; remembering his promise…

“Promise Torrhen, please don’t do anything stupid and come back to us…promise me” He felt her soft palms enveloped his neck as he nodded, she buried her face into the crook of his heavy furred
neck; planting a long wet kiss on his pulse-point. Evie’s silky jet-black hair curtained their kiss as she moved her hands to his cheeks and planted another kiss on his full lips; tender and sweet. The busy courtyard was bustling with movement and works; giving the royal couple a moment of privacy from the prying eyes. Evie felt the press of her husbands’ warmth as they embraced holding their wailing 3-year old between them. Her was breathing slow and fast, “because if you don’t Stark, ile come south myself and drag you back.”

Torrhen couldn’t help smiling into her kiss as they said farewell for the hundredth time, she looked beautiful when her nose flared and her Queenly voice jested him; but he couldn’t tell her that because he’d probably receive a whack on the head. So, he hummed into her lips while letting their foreheads gently lean together intimately. “Don’t worry about me love, me and the lads will be back to making this place havoc before you know it.” He tinkled his war-torn eyes from his wife as he looked down at his lively child, seeing the pooled eyes of his daughter who knew her father was leaving… “Bye baby,” he emphasised the gentle b sounds in his farewell, as his eyes and touch tried to give as much love to his little bundle of happiness as she squirmed her arms and legs, crying and fighting to lean out of her mother’s firm hold for once, to get to her father. To convince and urge him to stay. The time had come as everyone started to look, Torrhen watched as Evie passed their daughter to her maid, he watched as Evie’s eyes pooled to the brim, as drops of pearls leaked down her face as he kissed her on her brow, motioning the time for the long road ahead. Her face didn’t crease or break down though, strong to last second. Evelyn Stark instantly resumed her role as Queen, as she heaved his Greatsword Ice into his calloused hands (triggering his earlier thoughts when he remembered his teachings, the words of his father, re-swearing his oath of duty in front of his father’s crypt), their fingers touching and yearning for that brief exchange, as they felt the entire castle watch their King and Queen say farewell.

“Remember your promise Stark.”

“Yes, my lady.”

His response was formal and expected, as he turned away from his- his everything, both looking strong in-front of their people. He looked upon his forefather’s great keep and felt the song of winter ball around the colossal drums of Winterfell’s grey towers. He tasted the bitter cold scent of pinewood and earth which filled his lungs. He felt the scared gazes of his household as they knelt and gave warm words. He heard his little baby crying against her mother’s shoulder. This was all that mattered, he promised himself…

The sound of ravens usually woke him up, but that day, his queen did. Evie’s tangled hair draped around his face –tickling his ears and shoulders- as she woke him up with wet pecks all over his face. Her broiling naked form straddled his hips, her own pillow arse settling into his lap. He remembered smiling though his hazy vision meeting her warm-brown immersed eyes. Both, grey and hazel smitten and drowned. It was their last morning together. They made love the night before, displayed by their damp den of bedding. But this desire was carnal; the need for something animalistic was explosive. Shifting her glowing figure over him. Evie aligned her wet centre onto her husband’s hard length, taking a slow torturing pace- creating friction; receiving a growl from her wolf. He felt the weight of her soaked folds enveloping his veined length, the way the moist pink pleats hugged his fleshy tip as she teased him. On and on, moan after moan. The whole castle was coming to life around them but they were oblivious to it all… The two desperate lovers stayed like that forever, basking each other’s sexes and senses, until they both were delirious with bliss and yearning for more. She rubbed and rubbed her sore bundled cliterous over his strained purpling head, as soft pre-juices seeped out both of them. The room was filled with delicate whimpers and moans, and the squelch of cum, as she cupped her plump tits and pinched her small hard fleshy nipples; spurring her wolf on. She knew what turned him on. Slapping his dominate hands away from roaming up her front, she gripped his dense wrists as she pinned them above his
head, aching her spine for her wolf to ravish and taste her heavy sweated breasts. Despite packing far more muscle and strength than her, her husband was content on being like this, so once her nectar had baptized enough of this throbbing cock. Evie slipped and pushed the King in the North inside her, ignoring the stinging change as her open hot breath swam into his jaws; she clenched her husband tight as she adjusted to the searing feeling; gripping his broad, defined shoulders, eyes deep and everything was thrown into that concentrated gaze. As they become one being. His thrust filling her and repeatedly hitting the spot of bliss, her walls convulsing around his cock, contracting, harder and harder, rough and raw, and as his appetite increased, he took her like a wolf- making her toes curl and flesh red as there lovemaking sang though the coming blizzard.

“Please don’t ever leave me in this world Torrhen. You made your choice, now chose to come back.” He heard the whisper of his Queen break the silence, as he lifted his exhausted content head from the moist bedding. His breath becoming even harder to catch, as saw Evie swathed in a navy silk sheet which clung to her soaking figure. The beauty of his she-wolf radiating as he saw her raven tresses fall and hide her ravished tits. Her confident petite figure tempting him as her bare-feet walked towards the pale sunlight, streaming in the rooked coved window. Her flushed face enchanted with thought as she looked out upon the infinite Godswood. Her eyes never leaving the scenery as her weary distressed gaze rested on the haven of willow trees on the far south settlement of woods. “Promise me Torrhen.”

He woke with a start, blinking and sniffing in the cold presence. The hearth was starting to smoulder, the white glow starting to die out. He caught Brans gruff snores filling his ears as he observed his brother state, drooling on his lap. It must be late. Torrhen could hear the lads outside, merry, drinking and scrapping. He leaned back into a more comfortable position as he thought about Evelyn and his baby. What were they doing right now? Were they sleeping? He knew since he was away, his daughter would have used her endearing warm dark eyes, that you could just plummet into. He knew she would have persuaded her mother to allow her to sleep in their bed. What he would do to be in that den of heaven right now. Bran often teased him how the predatory King in the North was lulled into being more soft because of his girls and the lads would give harmless banter and when motivated by the Queens amusement about it, they would address Evie as my captains, captain. He didn’t care though, his girls were everything to him, and he was wrapped around their little fingers when it came to being a husband and father. But a King was another matter entirely. Letting out a husky yawn, he trudged over to the water flasks and took a long swing, damping the taste of ale from his dry throat. As he tried to quench his thirst he looked around the palely lit tent, his now alert gaze resting on the angry candles as they flickered against the tempting breeze. The flames becoming hazy and blurred as his thoughts addled on what he should do. Aegon had all the cards. He had the numbers, he had the resources, and he had the advantage over these swamped lands with his new Riverlord, and even if their plan worked and they had the Targaryen force running at them at full tilt. Aegon had the new advantage over the damn skies with his… “What can I do?” The Northern King felt helpless as he let out an exhausted breath as he slumped onto the edge of the table, his defeated lifeless outburst causing his dozing brother to shudder and mutter incoherent words in his deep slumber. Torrhen couldn’t help smiling as he remembered Brans habit of talking in his sleep. Their numerous childhood memories flooding back into his already heavy burdened mind. Was it worth it? Were these memories; was his promise, worth it? Or was it, his own selfish desire of just, coming home? He had fought in three wars since the age of ten and five, and every single one he had bled with his men to defend Winterfell, to defend the North. Even when the odds were against them, he had fought the enemy and thrown them back from wherever they came from. But this… This was different in so many ways, if he lost just like the big headed southern Kings, he lost everything. Everything… He needed to know, it was a risk to scout the enemy camp but he needed to know. Though, he
wouldn’t go alone…

“Relax boys; -just going for piss.” Torrhens northern accent waved down Boremund, Ethen and Jack as they quickly stuttered up from the fire, when they saw their King opening the flap of his quarters. “But our grace, w…” Jack stopped when he saw Torrhens cold alpha gaze, eyebrows raised- “wait here.” Torrhen started a brisk stroll along the dirt, his furred cloak rustling against the moonlit ground, “and Jack, I haven’t seen you eat owt all day, go get summit to eat from the galley!” The boys watched the King in the Norths stern look and raised brows as he turned back, and headed towards the southern perimeter. Boremund didn’t waste any time, pushing Jack by the shoulder. “Go on then,” his anxious furrowed look was clearly displayed on his bearded face, “go get summit to eat, and make sure he sees you eating it.” Jack slowly nodded towards his mate’s hoarse outburst. So he slowly made his way through the alignment of tents, hearing a group of lads scrapping in the dirt on the next row. The Stark banners were everywhere, staring at him, as they hung loosely against the breeze. Jack respected and admired the King so much, as he felt him stare through the eyes of the Direwolf banner, but he shouldn’t dismiss his sentries, especially at a time of war…

He learned how to do it beyond the Wall. The ancient wolfs blood was broiling, flowing through his veins at a voracious pace and for the first time in the south, he embraced it… The darkness hid him from sight, as the power forced him on one knee. He couldn’t help letting out a husky grunt which become a long-winded howl as his claws pieced the dampened ground. The moonlit shadow of a man who came for a piss became the arctic beast. The King in the North felt his fangs erupt in his jaws like icicles, his colossal hind limbs heaved on the terrain, the speed dense and light. He felt his vision broaden and become elasticated, his eyes swelling down into the more sombre black; his pupils dilating with malign hunger. His overheated carcass fell on all-fours as his muzzle burrowed out into the predator he was. For the first time out of the North, Torrhen felt he could breathe again. And before his men could sight him, before the wind could quell him, he lunged into the wilderness.

He was galloping and loping, his paws covering the land as they distributed his mammoth weight with ease. He senses were driving him delirious. He could hear the small flutter and ruffle of food as they slept in the trees of the forest. As he got to higher terrain his now carnal gaze saw the distant fires over the vast plains, hundreds of leagues away, but he could hear the crackle from their embers and the feel of the smoke flexed the hairs on his back. His keen smell lulled him to the chilled carcass waiting for him over the bank. The flesh felt like a disease calling him, his jaws snapping shut at the thought while the fresh blood wafted the air; a fresh kill always tempted him. Torrhen tried his best to suppress his carnal need to feast on warm flesh when he took his wolf-form. So, he focused on the noise on his flanks. They heard him, they were coming; winter was coming. Pumping the chilled air though his hot muzzle he filled his chest as he raised his dire head and raised himself on his hinds, letting out a mighty yowl which filled the moonlit horizon with the Direwolf’s cry. The splash of cold water enveloped his paws for a mere moment as he lunged over the midnight stream, sensing the rapid currents slope and threaten the saturated brush. He felt the crisp leaves scrape and tangle with his flush grey coat as he rampaged through the besotted, condensed woods. Diving and hurdling through the weathered shrubs and trees. Minutes passed as he journeyed deeper and deeper south. Further and further. Quicker and quicker, and then, he saw the blurred flashes of his pack. The Ironfoot wolves, the wolf pack of Fist, the Ice River wolves, Skagos wolves and the Gray wolves; all of whom he united beyond the Wall when he challenged and killed their Direwolf alpha. Now they were his pack, his to protect and feed, and all fifty eight followed him to Winterfell, took residence in the Wolfswood and now they were ranging south with him to face the Dragons. Torrhen could feel their movement, fluid and ravenous; ready to tear apart their prey in plain seconds. He remembered the first time he showed Evie his secret gift of the Kings of Winter. That night in Winterfell was long and dark. They were newlywed and his glands
picked up the taste of unease straightaway, and when he heard the upheaval surrounding the broken tower, his senses confirmed it and he readied himself. Evie begged him to stay, his fury momentarily sated by her soothing voice but the moment the Lords chamber door swung open to reveal ironborn disguised in Stark colours. He unleashed his wolfs-blood and let it pulse through him as he renovated. He felt his instincts dialling to eleven as he ravaged the throat off one of the petty squids and used his brute force to dissemble the other imposter; the room filling up with brutal and inhuman sounds of trashing and crashing. He remembered how Evie’s young terrified face turned into anger and then laughter as he changed back and confessed his secret. He remembered her hitting him playfully before taking him their bed to finish their heavy lovemaking that went deep into the night before she finished him by into a tame beaten beast; their mating becoming more animalistic by the day. Torrhen blurred out of his thoughts. Focus! The moonlit horizon glistened off his arctic furs as he trekked further and further. The humid air was filled with the soft thunder of the packs solid paws; their fluid movement dominating through the hardening terrain. They had a purpose, a purpose to aid their alpha to find the answers —the truth to the question. Was bowing, and living to fight another day, necessary? The Skagos wolves took the lead, for their scouting ability was unparalleled and as the moonlight reflected off the distant gush’s and streams bound for the Red Folk River. Torrhen abruptly slowed into a careful trot, as he reached the closing of the camouflaging narrow woodlands. It was true. He felt his wolves snap their jaws with a soft growl because of their dis-want to continue. Torrhen charcoal pupils contracted as he tried to remained composed over his disbelief. The ground was blacked and scorched. The embers still floating from the Dragonfire that littered the closure; like a brisk harbour, bound for the inferno. The deep-rooted oaks and ancient redwoods lay waste and plagued the on-coming lands, uprooted and sported. The wolves were now silent and just peered over the distance, that was wordlessly screaming with smouldering ash. Every one of his wolf’s eyes were filled with remorse, the destructive light embellishing the moons beam, filling their reflection with betrayal, bitterness and desolation. Torrhen’s furred muzzle and vertical ears felt the intense heat ruffle his face as he moved his paws to adjust to the charred ground. How were his army, his people supposed to fend off monsters that could, with-ease, desolate life that had stood for thousands of years? Torrhen was shuddered out his thoughts when his companion coyly shouldered his alpha to point out the very monster. Coiled and thrashing in the distant centre of the ruins; was a jet black beast, the beast was so large and dire; it could tower over the keep of Winterfell thrice. The only time Torrhen felt this type of shock was when he first looked upon the Wall when he was a boy. His keen eyes saw the immense power flexing and activating under the creatures’ obsidian scales. Torrhen saw the wild horns budding out the it’s colossal skull as it stretched its goliath wings; an unearthly roar thundering the plains which with no effort, pushed his wolves back into the remaining forest.

As he made his way back, his form changed back to man, the speed of his pace throwing him into a diving scrape on the dampening dirt and grasses between the petrified trees. He threw up, his stomachs contents spilling onto the earth as he heaved onto the flush teared ground. His wolves loyally surrounding him as they stopped, their watch doubling every second as they impatiently guarded their King. Torrhen knew what he had to do as he stood on his feet and smoothed his raven curls from his muddy, pale expression, wiping his mouth as he frantically hugged his clock around his front. At dawn -the Northern Maesters will ride south under a banner of white…

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Aegon gripped Blackfyre’s hilt, his hold calm and strong. He was standing in the exact middle of the Trident awaiting the distant entourage of the Starks, the blurred colour of ‘dull’ approaching their positon. Aegon was surprised at the Northern King when he received the messenger maesters; he was surprised when their stoic, unnerved faces gave the word that Torrhen Stark wanted to sue
for peace. The other false Kings followed their comical pride; all they wanted was fortune and glory. But Aegon gave them Fire and Blood. So he was intrigued when the wolf, with his reputation of being the saviour of crushing invaders, flew a banner of white over the Dragons lines. So now Aegon stood there awaiting the North, he was scaled in his Targaryen armour with Blackfyre sheathed on his side; loyal and thirsty. “Remember,” he turned to face his sisters, who had their solid stoic faces on, ready for anything. “Stark wants to settle this with peace, so keep Vhagar and Meraxes in the skies; I’ll deal with Balerion.” He watched as both his Dragon Queens gave short nods as their eyes remained trained and focused on coming foe. His violet gaze swept up to observe the Dragons in the sky, as they banked above them below the clouds, shrieking and screaming. “And Orys,” – he looked at his leaned half-brother who stood watching the oncoming Northmen with a challenging glare, “don’t start anything brother.” His pointed finger and raised brows quelling the Baratheon’s stimulating look. Aegon resumed his unnerved conqueror gaze, as his Red and Black Banners stood dominantly behind him, along with his: Queens, commanders and various conquered Lords. Torrhen finally laid eyes on the Conqueror as he disembarked from his black stallion, his concentrated grey gaze never leaving the Targaryen. As he walked up to the clearing made up for them: he levelled up the renowned Dragon, he was built and broad like himself but the famous purple eyes and silver locks; showed the Blood of Valyria as opposed to the blood of the Firstmen. He carried a Longsword confidently at his side while his crimson cape bellowed against the tidal air. Torrhen saw the Dragon-queens at his sides trying to catch his gaze, trying to intimidate him. No, he wouldn’t give them the time of day; he was still a King so he blurred them all out apart from the one who was actually going to take that away. He felt Bran at his side, level-headed and sound but he knew his brother to well, and his Lords, “easy brother.” His gaze never leaving Aegon’s as they approached the clearing on foot.

“You stand in the presence of Aegon, of House Targaryen, the Lord of Dragonstone and the Conqueror of Westeros.” Aegon watched the grey eyes of the wolf flicker to his audience speaker momentarily as he was presented to him. Then, Aegon waited for the Stark men to present their King but it was his own husky voice that voiced. “I’m Torrhen Stark, of Winterfell. And this is my brother Brandon Snow, and my Bannermen: Glover, Mormont, Hornfoot, Bolton…” But Aegon cut him off before he could finish, his chin slightly raised as he watched the wolf. “Tell me, King in the North, why did you want to sue for peace? Why didn’t you want to prove your so-called Northern valour?” Aegon knew what he was doing; he was trying to provoke the wolf and it was working on the other northern lords who shifted uncomfortably with acid glares. But Aegon was really trying to dissemble the Northern King into finding his true motives and desires. And he knew, due to the renowned honour Starks apparently hold, the best way to achieve that was to be direct. And Torrhen knew what Aegon was doing; he had to prove himself to this Dragonlord, in order to hold and warden the North. “Your grace, the truth is my people’s survival is more important than my pride.” Aegon hide his shock well as he heard the very words that he was going to use against him but the words come out of Torrhen Stark’s own mouth. It was at that moment Aegon knew, this King in the North was more of a King than any of the other stupid Kings he conquered. Harren the Black, was ignorant and naïve against the power of Dragons. The King of the Rock believed his force could overwhelm the Targaryen force, due to his heavy reliance on gold and wealth to win victory. He proved them all wrong. So now, Aegon smirked against the tense atmosphere as he watched the waiting Stark as he simply answered. “Well said, now bend the knee.”

Torrhen felt everyone watching him now, he felt the blazing gaze of the conqueror piecing him. He felt the Dragon-Queen on his left, watching him as her paled knuckles gripped her blade. He felt the other Silver Queen eyes trying to catch his gaze, knowing from her reputation; she was probably trying to allure him into bending. He felt his Bannermen watching his built furred back, as they internally protested against his next actions; holding their breath because of the smell of shit the south will from now on be… He felt the resilient artic senses his pack was communicating
through their snowed sentry positions. He felt the clouds starting the sag with their burden as they were controlled by the beating wings of the beasts above. He felt it all…

“I need your word, no harm, will come to the North or its people.” He watched the Conqueror sigh impatiently against the slow winds, the Targaryen banners growing wild as the Dragons roared tirelessly.

“Not only will I give you my word Stark, but a promise, that if another false King beyond my Wall threatens the North, the Dragons of the Throne will protect all innocence; which is more than fair” Aegon watched the small soften of Torrhen's hard face as he nodded. But, the time for pleasantries was over; he was the Blood of the Dragon after all.

“Now, I’ve already told you what must be done, and throughout my Conquest, I’ve found out what happens to things that don’t bend.” Torrhen heard the now acid warning in this command. “I won’t give you his chance again Stark, so I will tell you one more time… Bend the knee and I will name you Warden of the North.” Torrhen mind battled: his people, his duty, his pride, his wars, and the desolation of that creature, winter, and his promise…

Aegon watched as the King in the North motioned to his bastard brother to bring forth a wolf-pelt which in-cased something heavy. He watched as Torrhen looked him in his eyes as he reached for the ancient dense crown and without hesitation threw it at his Kings feet. He watched as the northern lords became red-faced, almost embarrassed, while they watched their King. He watched and heard the ring of the mighty Stark blade echo the air. The broad legendary Greatsword Ice heaved into the Northman’s calloused grip as he walked forward, the Targaryen guard edging forward in sync as he advanced.

Visenya heard the brutal thud of the ancient blades tip hit the compact ground as the Northman kneeled. It was pure Valyrian steel, and for the first time in Westeros, Visenya felt nervous. Why? Was it because the conquest was nearly over? Or the fact that, tainting this good-man’s honour was cruel and unjust, just so they can claim a frozen wasteland simply because they could? Senya knew then, Torrhen Stark didn’t deserve this, he was the first King they conquered that deserved to retain his title. But, as her pupils flickered to her brother, she quickly remembered who she was. She was the Blood of the Dragon.

Rhaenys sensed the lustful stares of the Northern Company throughout the summit. She felt their keen eyes on her scarlet scaled dress, her alluring Targaryen features besotting each of the Northern faces one by one; especially the bastard. All accept the honourable King in the North. She didn’t notice his adverted eyes not once fixating on her radiating beauty. He must be in love with another? For being able to avoid the heat of Rhaenys Targaryen, who was she? When it came to actual war, Rhae easily slid into the destructive Dragon-queen with ease; leaving her juvenile nature under her pillow. But when she noticed the handsome features of the broody Northerner, and his husky voice she was interested, very interested. She never thought she could have that flutter in her stomach for a non-Valyrian. But he wasn’t that dirty barbarian she expected: he had dark eyes that you could just fall into, his voice as raw and appealing, he clearly had a good heart since he was kneeling for his people’s lives- the honour, and he was built and defined like her brother… Her brother. Rhaenys quickly remembered who she was, her thoughts quelling at the blissful memories of her brother inside her. She was the Blood of the Dragon.

Aegon watched Torrhen Stark as he knelt with his ancestral sword in front of him. His kingly Northern furs folded at the hem as they reached the ground, he watched as this good-man bowed his head, the atmosphere hitting dead silence; as he said his oath of fealty. The southern masters quickly transcribing his words on documents and scrolls, but Aegon stood calm and solemn, ‘I hope I deserve it.’
“Your Grace, Lord Stark must sign the scribe to fulfil his oath of fealty; making it valid to the realm.” Aegon nodded to his councillor’s words as he watched them finish the writings as Torrhen stood. “Lord Stark,” Aegon added. Torrhen felt the bitter atmosphere behind him as he acknowledged what he just did, for the good of his people. He watched as the southern Maester took the crown of the Kings of Winter from the ground placing it in a chest like a trophy.

“Of course, your Grace.” Torrhen slowly turned his gaze at the scroll expectantly, glad that negotiations were going better than anticipated. But before the document could be exchanged, Torrhen watched the mammoth Commander Baratheon snatch the scroll from the Maester and toss it on the ground by Torrhens feet. The atmosphere grew tense as everyone weary faces quickly bruised, the cool breeze swelling their paling ears.

“Pick it up, Stark.”

Torrhen watched the mongrel in yellow robes leer at him, tainting him for bending; trying to provoke him. Torrhen felt Bran’s anger and his Bannermen’s acidity towards the Stag for mocking their King. They felt betrayed that their King gave away his birth right- his crown. But they still respected him, and would still die for his honour, always; as he would for theirs. Torrhen watched Aegon’s anger flexing, towards him? His commander? But the Dragons dire screams above reflected it. The tension in the air couldn’t be pieced by any Valyrian blade. He thought of Winterfell, he thought of his promise… So, he opened his paw and made to bend…

The sudden movement was critical; his men matched forward, raising weapons to protect their Kings dignity. The Targaryen guards retaliated, readying spears as the sound of swords being unsheathed assaulted the air; awaiting their Kings orders. He heard Bran hoarse voice, pleading “Torrhen don’t do it!” He watched Aegon’s purple reserved curious gaze as he watched his Wardens next move…

“Oi,” he raised his hand motioning Bran to shut his mouth, and quelling his Bannermen with his cold alpha gaze. With everyone watching, he felt the parchment between his calloused fingertips as he straightened his spine. He felt every one’s eyes watch him; he felt Aegon’s suspicious eyes as he waited for Torrhens next actions. He felt the Dragon-Queen Rhaenys watch him in disbelief as he internally told his dignity and pride to fuck off. He felt the indignant glare of Orys Baratheon as he smirked at getting the powerful renowned northern ruler to bend to his will. Torrhen felt the Dragons most of all, the swooping dives were coming dangerously low causing the gale of winds to elevate. He knew this would have been Aegon’s solution if he initially didn’t bend the knee. He didn’t care for his own life, but he cared for his men, his brother. That’s why he had fifty eight rapacious direwolves surrounding them at all fronts, camouflaged and concealed in the Grassland. He knew that the Dragons would incinerate them within a second but if he couldn’t defend his men. He would be damn well sure to avenge them, and he knew his wolf pack would tear apart the Dragonslord’s if need be; to the last wolf. Torrhen opened the scroll, meeting the Conqueror’s fierce gaze. Grey and Violet contemplating.

He remembered his promise. He remembered when he felt the call of the winds of winter… I am a wolf, quietly I will endure, silently I will suffer, and patiently I will wait. For I am a warrior and I will survive. But to survive, the North cannot be obliterated by war or the ice will obliterate them all.

I, Torrhen of the House Stark, First of my Name.
Hereby pledge fealty to King Aegon Targaryen of Dragonstone. From this day, I surrender my lands and title, in good faith and oath that no harm will come to the people these lands home. In return, the Starks of Winterfell will loyally serve and aid House Targaryen in perpetuity; as Bannermen and Wardens of the North.

Signed

Torrhen Stark, Warden of the North.
I would rather fail with Honour, then succeed with fraud

Chapter Summary

Set right after S7E7.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter two: I would rather fail with honour, than succeed with fraud.

The trifling of water gently echoed the ground as the subtle taste of brine could be tasted from the demanding docks of the Blackwater. The grand old city not only choked on violence, corruption, deceit but now was surrounded by foreign armies waiting for the order. The ungainly beast of a capital was for once mute and whispering, since a silence slither enclosed the heavy air in the colossal clearing as the leaders of Westeros treated in the lion’s den. The day was still new but the brisk cold breezes only swelled the stench of Kingslanding, the birds chirped and sounded on the cautious streets as they not only avoided the ravenous folk of flea bottom, but they now avoided the clouds. That territory, was now and once again was owned by the winged, dire shadows that encircled the Red-Keep; screeching and shrieking their impenetrable supremacy over all.

Jon felt his ears fill with the cry of their beautiful hallows as he raised his jaw to observe this wonder, his husky gaze blinded by the sun momentarily as he found the soar of obsidian and emerald in the distance while his raven curls nuzzled his neck under his northern furs. He saw them banking their goliath leathers east, presumably because of the comfort of Dragonstone in the distance that only their profound gaze could see. He found he missed it too, he only spent under three moons there and at the start he couldn’t stand the gargantuan fortress and its dense cliffs. But as the days flew by, he found he started to rely of the obsidian keep, he found comfort and felt safe. He found only the haven of his father’s Godswood offering such comfort after the mutiny but now, the old Valyrian stronghold served a similar comfort. Or was it something else? Of course it was… His rash conclusion was immediately found as his head, without thought, turned and his vision slowly hazed onto the one thing he ever wanted in his life. He saw her...

Her heavenly platinum tresses of hair sang in the breeze and his nose filled with her alluring scent that hissed from her perfect flawless figure. He watched as her cool unflinching violet irises observed the rutted straight spine of Cersei Lannister walk away with her soiled shadow of Queensguard, and in that moment he just wanted to just look at this fierce beauty, for the rest of his life. But, his dream was quickly phased when he saw her now softened gaze, flicker towards him making him nervous.

Dany felt the warm grey irises of her northern fool drown her. When she first met Jon Snow, she found his plummeting grey eyes expressing only sadness and battered ice. But now he was becoming easier to read, to understand, his melancholy impenetrable gaze effervesced warmth and understanding only she could truly see. It was happening again. No! Stop it you fool! Nevertheless, for a mere moment, she felt the dominating Dragon-Queen freeze away as grey and violet drowned each other, finding comfort in the worst of times and places.

“Your Grace, “-Dany hid her distracted gaze well, as Tyrion pulled her out of her thoughts-“We should leave the capital as soon as possible and make haste for Dragonstone…Your grace?”
Daenerys looked at her hand’s troubled creases on his forehead as she cut him off. “What did you tell her?” her voice coming out rougher than intended as she flicked her eyes up to check her surroundings were still clear.

“My Queen now is not the time,” she watched as he shuffled his feet nervously as he glanced at Jon for help, why would he look at him? But her interest in why that vile woman of a Queen accepted a truce just because of a man she despises talked to her was peaked but soon subsided again by her oldest friend.

“Khalessi, Lord Tyrion is right, you need to fly while it’s still safe. They will have scorpions, stationed around the whole city my Queen,” she then lifted her gaze and watched Jorah’s grimaced concern, “and inside these walls we’re heavily outnumbered.” Daenerys felt her friends and councillors faces agreeing with Jorah’s words as they also looked around wearily onto the lions soldiers sentried at the opening of the clearing… Jon watched as Daenerys gave one last glance at Tyrion before she gave a curt nod and walked into the clearing, her perfect fingers entwined on her front, as she gestured for Missandai to follow. He didn’t hear their conversation as the rest of the entourage made to leave, but he stole a glance their way; seeing Missandai smile at the Queens words before she walked back and joined Ser Jorah and Tyrion.

Jon walked down the steps towards the pit’s opening as he watched her petite but confident form look up into the horizon as she was met with a stammering roar, the glare of the sun flickered as the air tided and became fluid with currents of movement. The thunderous erupted talons challenged the earth as a wave of shock echoed the ground, sending up a smoke of auburn dirt around his feet. Jon carefully watched as Drogon’s colossal form swoop down, his weight crushing the sarsens of sand stone underneath him as the birds purged to safety, his encrusted neck meeting the warm gaze of his mother. He watched as her delicate fingers hugged and caressed her Dragons fluid scales’ feeling the fierce warmth that matched her own, and the white wolf was drawn to it. All of it and before he could think and before he could speak. His boots involuntarily changed their coarse like an instinct-awakening deep within his bones- as he started moving towards her, he ignored the shocked stutter of his sister’s protector Lady Brienn, “Your Gra…My…My Lord?” and he ignored his name desperately being hissed out by Davos and Tyrion who stood rooted to their spot; loyalty and fear battling. But he was oblivious to it all, as his feet slowly headed further and further over the lines of the scorched ground. He felt intoxicated as he approached; he felt the stunned eyes of his company, he felt the nervous shudder of the Lannister guard in the distance, he felt the whole world on fire, as he walked and walked into the effervesce of heat radiating from Drogon’s body, he felt the majestic coil of untamed muscle flexing from under sentinel of scales that called to him, he felt the echo of growl that hissed deep in the pit of his abdominal, he felt it all… Jon slowed his pace when he recognised only a small distance left between the dragons and him as he waited permission. His fingers tensed in his gripped gloves and he tried to control his howl of breathing under his black jerkin as he watched Drogon lift his massive neck to observe the being approaching his mother; sweeping his gaze to his direction. Drogon focused his flamed gaze towards the Northman, arbitrating and deciding his intention on his brooding face- no one usually dared to come near him? Jon stood his ground, his eyes broadening with anticipation while his dark pupils dilated with focus as he waited until eventually, the Dragon started spitting out a small screech as he accepted his presence; clearly unbothered as he adjusted his mammoth weight to keep both his mother and new-friend in sight.

Daenerys noticed her child’s behaviour as his shifted his brute talons in the dirt as she stroked his unappreciated snout, she was trying to give her child comfort in all the danger and tension he felt pulse through her own body. He knew her best and now she had to be a mother but she was also reminding the usurper’s soldiers to visualise what will happen if her people were harmed. Tyrion told her how the Lannister’s conspired and violated guest treaty once before with the young wolf,
and butchered Robb Stark at the red wedding. And she wouldn’t let that happen to her people; she wouldn’t let it happen to her wolf. Her wolf?

_Don’t be ridiculous Dany, he’s not yours… But he did bend the knee and he did just fight for your honour. So yes, her wolf, and she would be damn sure to protect him. Dany’s thoughts lingered on the memory of seeing all those cold deep gashes on his chest. She remembered how hard it was to breathe in the bitter air when his frozen form was bundled onto the furred bed. She remembered the way his chiselled abdomen meshed with the litter of punctured scarlet slits on his heaving body. It should have killed him? Her veteran memory flashed back to the wound her horse-lord husband was revered with, the gash that festered and not only killed her Khal, but killed…her, baby boy. And despite taking seven jarring daggers for his people that were far deeper and were far more severe than Drogo’s._

Jon Snow got back up and kept moving forward, kept fighting, kept believing. She knew how to survive such a burden mentally: she herself had grown up in exile; she didn’t ever have a loving mother or father to guide her. She remembered when she was that little abused girl who didn’t have a roof over her head or warm food to fill her hurting belly as they ran from assassins. She had been sold off like a brood-mare, she had been chained and betrayed countlessly, she had been raped countlessly, she had been defiled countlessly, she had lost her husband, lost two innocent children and she had been cursed… was cursed…

However, she was lost when it came to living with such a physical attack, an attack that would have left any man a corpse after just one stab-wound. But, he took seven and one of the cowardly shards of cold steel pieced directly into his good heart. Dany felt like mourning for him. She could of lost her honourable fool before she even met him, wait- stop thinking he’s yours, because he’s not, he can’t be…Her eyes flickered back into focus as her honeyed finger tips felt her Dragons fluid movement coiling and flexing as if ready to attack, but curiously she then felt Drogon’s instant, untamed anxiety drift away with the cold wind that shimmered her silver tresses onto her shoulders. The murky air was suddenly changed with the smell of pinewood and fresh snow, and a scent she couldn’t match… Her nose flared slightly as she consumed the breath of fresh air that filled her lungs, tasting the alluring aroma in the back of her parched throat. Unexpectedly her gaze mirrored Drogon’s imposing movement as he budged his weight. What’s wrong my love? But her thoughts were abruptly faltered when she heard the trail of his northern husky coat on the sweeping red sand under her feet. _That smell… it was him._ The smell of snow and pinewood, embroiled with the mysterious other scent she couldn’t decipher, that she would from now on, associate with the King in the North.

Dany saw him out the corner of her rounded eyes as he slowly shuffled his feet towards Drogon, while his calloused fingers plucked off his winter gloves. She kept her face focused on her scarlet child as she heard Rhaegal’s pondering shriek spilling over the Red-Keep as he called signals of movement to his alpha-brother. She restrained looking at the broody face next to her when her stomach started to flutter, mirroring the way she felt in that cabin a fortnight ago. Her mind racing as she recollected that she was the Dragon-Queen and this couldn’t -shouldn’t happen. _Stop! Please! I can’t do this, not anymore, you’re a Queen. Not a silly girl who doesn’t know how…_ But her swift crimson tide of thoughts was waned when she felt her mighty Dragon starting to coo and happily fuss from all the attention he was getting. Dany couldn’t stop her lips from pursing and then smiling as her child growled contently when the Northman’s gentle rough hands matched her own strokes on the other side of Drogon’s snout.

_“They really are amazing,” she gave-in to her desire as she heard his husky voice compliment her child, her chin slowly rising from his broad layered shoulders to his face. While he looked at his own hand feeling the radiating warmth on his icy earnest palm, Dany allowed her violet gaze to linger on the faint scar that crossed his eye and his pretty hair. Dany found herself unusually_
unsurprised by Jon’s boldness of touching her Dragons, the same Dragons that wouldn’t let an ant ten feet near them. When she first saw Jon touching Drogon on the windy cliffs of Dragonstone, she was perplexed and baffled at her child’s behaviour. But, she understood, if Drogon was going to let anyone approach him, it would be the honourable Jon Snow. He was good through and through, and he would never harm them or their mother. Dany trusted her Dragons instincts more than anything and that’s when she knew- Jon Snow didn’t have any secret intentions and would never harm her.

“Thank you,” was all she could splutter out as she felt that flutter again, when she was gifted with his rare smile that sprung when he felt Drogon ruffle under his touch, leaning into his palm causing Jon to take a sudden step back from the enormous weight.

She couldn’t help letting out a small laugh as she watched the two interact, receiving a nervous chuckle from the Northman while her dragon cooed into his touch. Their eye’s met suddenly as she saw Jon clearly delighted at making her laugh; slowly their gaze grew heavy and red. Dany felt the small space of heavy air close dangerously as their caresses on Drogon’s smooth skin became close; yearning and longing to envelope each other. Once again. They both noticed the inched distance between themselves and both the Mother of Dragons and the White Wolf became shy and nervous from it. Stop feeling like a giddy maid, you fool! You’re the bloody Dragon-Queen, why am I feeling like this? Dany felt as her skin continue to tingle from the intimate bubble they made, she felt her breast heavy, she felt the clash of fur against her harden erect nipples under her layers and the burning sensation between her loins. The weary shocked stares on their backs were completely unheeded , as she heard the gentle hoarse breathing of Jon and Drogon’s next to her and she truly felt safe and content in his presence; Drogon’s? Or was it… A comfortable silence settled between the three as their company patiently waited for them. Dany heard the gruff inhale of breath Jon took as he withdrew his calloused fingers from Drogon, receiving a low growl as Drogon blinked towards him. Dany still felt his intense vision linger on her own small honeyed hand that was a stark contrast to Drogon’s armoured scales, he couldn’t keep his eyes off her, and nor could she; even if it was just a hand.

“Apologises your grace, “ Jon withdrew his hand as he came back to reality, he shifted his feet backwards as he heard the green Dragons roar above that woke him out the moment. “I shouldn’t keep you in this wretched place no longer than you have to be.” Jon saw the sporadic fine threads of hair that escaped her intricate braids in the sunlight as she moved to look at him. The grey and violet, unknowing to them, communicating the forbidden message of – I don’t want you to go. Jon tried to ignore his unjust feeling of finding out what her rosy lips tasted of, as she gave a small nod as her lips rose into a brief warm smile. His spine shivered as he felt her shoulder inches away from him as she walked behind him toward the lowered wing of her Dragon. That’s when the hair on his wrist flexed as the corner of his eye caught the crowd of shocked faces behind him. He realised what he just did, in front of everyone, no one probably ever went anywhere near them, let alone touch them! But, it felt right. He was probably just missing his arctic friend? The one person that was always there for him, Ghost, you really are a northern fool if you’re resorting to a fucking Dragon? He turned towards the company, avoiding their profound looks at him as he felt the brutal wave of air gushing behind him. “Jon…” He nearly lost his balance as his brow rose, the soft sound of her voice lulling him from his usual brood, was she still behind him? He quickly turned, his husky gaze adjusting to the shadowed area Drogon was radiating, blocking off the cold beam of the sun, his eyes immediately finding the tender violet irises directly behind him.

“Lord Snow, I want you to understand that while I’m away in the air, you will be responsible for the safety of my people on the ground.” Dany wanted to speak to him again, but when she called his name she was lost for words, but she resorted to speaking the obvious. She saw his ability with a sword, she knew he was an unparalleled fighter and she knew she could count on his honour to bring her company back safely to Dragonstone, while she and her Dragons were unable to. And he
knows how to lead; he’s the King in the North after all…. was. The truth was she still saw him as an equal. Maybe it was because for so long she carried the burden of looking after, everyone. So she found it comforting that another carried the same weight as her. It felt like she wasn’t alone anymore. She watched him give a nod as Drogon grew restless behind her.

“I’ll do my best,” he saw her lips align into a small smile as she looked at the rest of the awed faces behind him, he was watching again. Stop it! He withdrew his gaze settling on her silver dragon broach momentarily as their eyes met again. “Fly safe, your grace.”

“Your grace,” Jon heard the gruff flea bottom accent next to him, as he walked out of the Dragon-pit; the thunderous gushes of air dyeing down as the enormous outline off the Dragon’s faded into the blaze of sun. Davos was initially shocked how his Northern-King approached the Queens beast without any hesitation. It wasn’t just mad, it was fucking stupid. Why the fuck, would you want to touch such a creature, he kind of understood why Daenerys Targaryen would do it, but not the bastard of Winterfell. Tormund was right; Jon Snow had a set of fucking balls, which could rival Giants. “Your grace, I’ve seen you treat with, direwolves, I’ve seen you treat with giants and thenns and mammoths… But fucking Dragons? Come on lad, I can’t save you from…”

Jon actually thought something was wrong when he heard Davos’s urgent tone, but he nearly rolled his eyes as his friend came out with his usual sarcastic tone that he got enough from Tyrion. He was on full alert, he knew how Cersei once lured his lord father into a trap on southern soil, and his father was one of the best minds he knew- honourable, dutiful and sharp. He wasn’t going to let that happen. He made a promise; he would get everyone out of here safely. He made sure everyone was centred within the dothraki guard as they left the colossal pit; he heard the croak of crows sound the humid air as they kept to the stone path, which had exotic trees flanking the sides. He tried to keep his hand from gripping longclaw every time a Lannister guard shifted in their lined up sentry positions. He knew Sansa had ordered Brienn to look after her brother because despite submitting the Northern Crown, the towering figure of Brienn of Tarth watched his back; and curiously the Hound as well. He watched as Brienn’s squire joined their company as the sell-sword nodded his lined face at Tyrion before heading in the other direction—where was he going? So when Davos tried to bring up a light conversation, he didn’t have the time for it. So he turned a cold alpha gaze towards his trusted friend- silently telling him to keep caution until they were on water- but his senses still felt his company pondering on him for answers; especially the spider and Tyrion.

“Davos, I know it was abit stupid but,” Jon felt the snigger of the old sailor as they both inched closer, whispering, knowing everyone would be listening. “But, summit told me they wouldn’t do much, it’s like being with Ghost, anyway they didn’t eat me before…”

“Wait, you’ve done that before? Why didn’t you tell me?” But their short uttered conversation was cut off when Jon felt the voice of Daenerys’s most trusted advisor spoke over his shoulder as she came to match his walking pace. “Lord Snow, may I have a word.” Davos waited for Jon’s short nod until he dismissed himself behind them, allowing the two to talk and lead the company out.

“Of course my Lady.” Jon watched as Missandai gave a small amused smile as she glanced at her feet. “I’m afraid I’m not a Lady, just Missandai please.” Jon knew how she felt, she felt out of place, having gone from being forced into slavery at a young age into being a councillor for the Queen who also happened to be a Dragoness. She still felt a little out of place, and he could relate to that and he knew how other people felt nervous with new surrounding’s- Samwell Tarly.

“Then please call me Jon, Missandai- what can I do for you.” Missandai glanced up at the Northman; his usual broody iced face gave warmth and understanding. She wanted to ask about the Dragon incident, and what on earth possessed him to go near Daenerys’s children. She
remembered the Dragon’s wrath when they liberated the siege of Meeren; she remembered how Drogon roasted innocent infants who were nowhere near him. She also remembered how Tyrion once got near enough to release Rhaegal and Viserion from their chains. But, the Dragons were smart and only let him near them to get rid of their cold steel binds, and they weren’t Drogon, who was far more vicious and untamed and Tyrion was drunk- Jon Snow defied all these things. But, she knew Drogon’s behaviour could only be answered by Daenerys herself, and she was far more interested on her Queen’s intake of this.

“I wanted to ask,” she watched as his grey eyes glanced at her over his broad furred shoulders, still concentrating on getting them all out safely, “why did you tell, the Queen’s enemy the truth and nearly jeopardized our whole mission.” She tried to keep her voice calm and stoic but when he let a husky low breath, she was afraid he got the wrong impression- she respected him for it, everyone did.

Jon couldn’t help letting out a dishevelled breath, he felt like an idiot but he didn’t regret it. He couldn’t deceive people, he just couldn’t, and it bothered him because as he learned beyond the wall with Mance Rayder and the free-folk, being honest makes you vulnerable and naïve. But, every time he was faced with such a task, he remembered his lord father and how honest and fair he was- even if it left him with nothing. Ned Stark did whatever was right and just, and being honest was the only way to truly do that. Without warning his thoughts flew onto Dany’s smile just moments ago, in that secluded cove, it calmed him from his losses, and his insecurities. “You think I’m a fool, don’t you?” He couldn’t help letting out an amused laugh- he was a northern fool. But, Missandai’s warm grin contradicted his thoughts as they both chuckled against the cold breeze that whisked the deserted street.

“Far from it, it’s just, it was a big risk, that’s all.” Missandai saw his small nod when he agreed with her. Missandai was interested in him; every man she met, always lied or deceived at some point or another- Tyrion breaking that record for the Queen’s benefit or just in a harmless playful way. But, Jon Snow was different; he was built like a warrior and ruled the largest of the seven kingdoms. But, he didn’t hold the typical arrogance and egotism of leading; unlike Daario Naharis back in Meeren. He wasn’t a coward and idiot like Hizdar, who paid fools behind masks for power. He had the strength of a Dothraki Khal but didn’t plunder and rape, he was only respectful and honourable to the Queen. He was reserved and quiet, and was actually the same age as the Queen according the Onion Knight. Missandai really believed despite him not holding the Stark name, he lived up to the legends of the Kings of Winter: Torrhen Stark, Jon Stark, Bran the shipwright, Dorren Stark; all the famous Kings she and the Queen read about on their voyage across the narrow sea. But when he spoke his next words, Missandai knew why the Queen couldn’t keep her, usually unmoved eyes of this comely man.

“The truth is Missandai. I would rather fail with honour, then succeed with fraud.”

Jorah watched as Missandai and Ned Starks bastard walked in front of him. He should have been focusing on lines of enemy soldiers, which had the golden crimson lion struck on their breast plates. But he couldn’t keep his scowl off the back on his fellow Northman. Jon Snow, his honour, accent and the husky presence he emitted reminded him of all the things he couldn’t have- home and… and Daenerys. He saw how she looked at the reserved wolf, the same look she once gave Drogo in that damn tent years ago. But, this gaze was different, it was stronger? He let out a miserable sigh as he looked down at the worn stones of the path when he heard the small laugh of the two in front. He wanted to hate Jon and Winterfell and Ned, but he couldn’t… They were all… just simply, good. Jon Snow didn’t hold the arrogance of that doylem sell-sword – Daario or didn’t hold the brutal nature of a dothraki screamer. Jon had a good heart, just like Ned, and if anyone would be worthy of his Queen it would be Ned Stark’s son. He saved them all beyond the wall, he was the best fighter Jorah had ever seen, he didn’t hesitate to sacrifice himself to bide time for them to leave on Drogon, his own father entrusted Longclaw to him- training him for Lord-
Commander, he made allies with fucking wilding and north men and now he just touched the Queen’s Dragon; the same beast that wouldn’t let him touch it when it was a baby. “You do like a good glower Mormont.” Jorah tried to suppress his agitated face when Tyrion knowingly looked up at him. Jorah shot him a grimaced expression making Tyrion drop his next comment and changing the conversation “Don’t worry, we’re near the…”

His words were cut off when he saw Jorah’s alarmed pupils dilating, the old bear’s hand gripping his sword when they turned the corner, and were stopped in their tracks by a sentinel of Lannister soldier’s fronted by seven figures in black, with white cloaks.

Jon instinctively reached his paw in front of Missandai’s stomach, causing her to stop mid-conversation as he stepped in front of her protectively as his jaws tensed. He watched the strange smile of Cersei Lannister piece his gaze as she beckoned him to come closer. Jon heard Missandai speak one of her many tongues to the advancing dothraki guard behind them, “Nakho! Khaleesi sindarine aresh she ase, sekke kisha dothrakh ma mae.” Whatever she said, Jon felt the screamers behind him quell their spears and arakh’s, as they looked at him expectantly. They were waiting for his move. Giving them a reassuring nod, his eyes then glanced at Brienn and then the Hound. Be ready. Gripping Longclaw, he turned his alpha, arctic gaze towards the lions…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading...
Next chapter will be a long one:
- Arya adjusts to her old life, venturing with Ghost
- The Lion and the Wolf 2.0
- The spicy life of Arianne Martell is explored.

Translation: "Stop! The Queen put Snow in command. We ride with him."
The Last Words of Baelor

Chapter Summary

This chapter has the Winterfell fluff and smut. :) And I explored the Lion and the Wolf 2.0...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The last words of Baelor

She could feel the worn cold litter of cobbles under her feet as she ran… Her small, thirsty feet struggled on the uneven and jagged terrain, causing her heart to pulse and scream and bane. Her vision was blurred, the busy markets only served as a maze of futility as she plunged past the old couple carrying bunches of grapes and scrambled through the crowd of hagglers. The desperate desire to not look back was plosive and senseless, the heavy weight of her spine caused to her to heave even more, when she glanced down at her blood stained hands when she lifted them from her punctured gut. They were coming… she shouldn’t- no she couldn’t stop. Her ears picked up the scent of the agitated mob behind her as another upheaval occurred between them; the turmoil caused her strained legs to keep moving. As the sweated blood spilled from her wound and her heart growled from her chest and her brow grew clouded and addled. She thought of home and the haven of life rooted next to it, the ancient stressed face gave her hope. She tried to remember the warm touch of her mother and the laugh of her little brother. She thought of her father, her father… the way he was taken from her, the way those lying monsters killed, a good man. And the anger, the remorse, the grief, fuelled her and spurred her on.

She was a Stark of Winterfell, she knew the words… And as she retold the memory, as her paws gained momentum, as she thought about the falling snow protecting her father’s words- the ancient wolfs-blood in her veins started to rise. She had a name, her name was Arya Stark. But, a foreign weight breached her walls as every man, women and child in the city suddenly turned towards the lone wolf. The tanned faces under the Bravossi sun peeled away, as their true identity peened under their illusion. She couldn’t see a way out… No, this can’t be the end, no! Focus! What do we say to the God of Death?

But her thoughts were taken, as she was drowned and sunk into a crimson tide of steel…

Arya woke up breathing heavily, the cold air numbed her sturdy lungs; her grey sombre eyes adjusted to the white light which was streaming into her room. It wasn’t real. I escaped, remember…Her addled mind grew relieved as she felt her cats-paw dagger sheathed by her thigh, her paced breathing begun to steady when she saw the mist from her warm breath in front of her- she was safe, in her own room, in her own home, in Winterfell. Don’t worry, I killed the poxy bitch, remember! She sat up and pushed the blankets forward.

Beads of sweat lingered in the creases of her palms while she contemplated her surroundings. The embers from the small hearth in the corner were old and had died out sometime in the night; Arya could hear the faint works and sounds of the castle coming to life under the gap of her door. She couldn’t help letting out a content smile as another small memory floated back to her- how her
wretched septa would keep coming back relentlessly to try and wake her from her slumber, when she would moan and press her pillow over her ears. She remembered how Mordane would usually have to go to Mother on a morning for the same dozy excuse of- *I don’t want to get up!* Now Arya sat in the same wooden bed, in the same position as she blinked away the memory of how her father once had to get involved, she remembered trying to get that stupid dress on, smoothing her wild black tresses and trying to look awake as her father knocked. She couldn’t help letting out a grin- *I actually miss that fucking Septa.* Her ray of thoughts were swiftly subsided when the creak of her door sounded letting out a tired scrape, her firm grip on her dagger relaxed the moment she saw the familiar muzzle of white peep thought the crack. The door quickly widened under the weight of his dense paw as his lonely red gaze found her own tired irises.

“Ghost,” she couldn’t keep the amused tone from her voice as she breathed out his name, all that time training to be a Facelessman and she couldn’t hear a bloody Direwolf moving in the hallway, “I now see why Jon named you Ghost. You’re so quiet. You scared me.” She let out a long yawn as the mighty wolf trotted over to her bedside causing the floorboards to moan, “morning, you great lump.” Her lips rose when her brother’s white wolf leaned into her scratches that she placed behind his ears. When she first saw Ghost, she couldn’t keep the boyish grin off her face. He had grown so much, she remembered when he was that little ball of white fur in Jon’s arms; the runt of the litter. Now, he had the contract his abdomen just to get through her door, his arctic coat ruffling against the wooden beams- he could easily fit a horse between his jaws now. Her thoughts immediately went to her own Direwolf, she missed her. But, she looked healthy though. She looked happy, with her own pack. Arya was proud, Nymeria’s place wasn’t in Winterfell anymore it was in the wild, and she was her own alpha with her own pack, Nymeria had her own responsibility, *her responsibility was not being an lethal assassin but a Stark of Winterfell; with a bit of assassin stuff.* Arya’s memory then spurred onto her big brother while *his* Direwolf cooed into her strokes as he rested his heavy snowy head on the blanket; over her legs. Sansa told her she received word that Jon was heading to Kingslanding; to prove to Cersei the Army of the Dead was real. When she first heard of the return of White-walkers and dead men, she wanted to laugh in Brans face, but the serious expression Sansa gave made her stomach drop. She just got home and now the end of the world was coming to kill them all. Father did warn us- winter was coming. But, when she heard Jon was treating with the Lannister’s, she couldn’t believe it. But, when she thought on it, Jon was doing the same thing Father would have done- *whatever was right.* And they needed every soldier to fight in this war. Arya was still scared though, Father had died in the south, Robb had died in the south, Mother had died in the south, and she couldn’t take it if Jon was tricked to… If Cersei tried anything, she would bring winter to House Lannister and litter the south with Lannister blood; once and for all. Arya was hazed out of her stream of thoughts as Ghost tried to get his hind limbs onto the bed, yearning for more affection but only making the bed shudder under the imposing weight.

“Oi, get off, you’ll break it. Here…” She swivelled her legs off the bed, stretching her arms as she shook her head at Ghosts actions. Watching him curl and turn into the den of bedding, showing his belly as he looked at her, waiting for her next move. “You’re a nuisance you know,” the humour in her voice only encouraged the wolf as he loped out his tongue and drooled on her bedding as he let out deep pants of husky breath.

“But, you’re *our* nuisance…” she said affectionately, while she put her leathers on and placed her woollen coat over her head. She could see him behind her as she walked up to the looking mirror- toying in her bed and picking at the threads of the mess of sheets.

“My hair’s getting long again Ghost,” his vertical ears moved to her voice letting out a small howl in response as she tied her hair back into a messy bun. Arya snifed in the cold surroundings, as she looked tiredly at herself. Her hair was passing her shoulders now- even though she once hated having long hair since it got in her face, she liked it now- her cheeks were starting to get more colour and become more fuller as she started having proper meals again. The regular late-night
baths she had from the castle’s hot spring water meant she didn’t have that usual smell of leather and sweat; but now she smelled soap and salts which Sansa gave her. Her hands smoothed out the creases of her jerkin, passing over and along her breasts as she straightened her collar. She noticed her hips and chest starting to get widen and swell over the last few months; since she returned across the narrow sea. She was coming into womanhood, her hips were getting wider to match her strong thighs and her breasts were becoming more defined— they weren’t ample like Sansa’s—but they were there. Arya couldn’t help frowning at her reflection, even though she was becoming a young woman and moon-blood was now ‘a monthly issue’ according to Sansa. She wouldn’t become a Lady. Never. She ended her internal argument with herself when she strapped ‘Needle’ around her waist, concealing it under her northern coat that Sansa had sewed for her the other day.

Ghost let out a billowy yawn from his huge jaws as he stretched his forepaws, before he hopped of the bed, hearing the floorboards creak with agony while a small chuckle came from his human-sister. He kept his steel claws sheathed in the sockets of his paws to avoid ripping the material and avoid receiving a whack on the forehead from his human-sister’s. His appetite was sated as he just came in from a mid-night hunt, his red throat plastered with the feast of deer; the feel of warm flesh made him blink his eyes in content. Without warning, he smelled it again…The arctic wolf trotted over to his master’s sister as she was crouched on a chair putting her boots on. The wolf came to her fingers at the laces of her boots; he dipped his snowy head and leaned his muzzle into her warm finger-tips. An old scent he knew too well wafted from her, one he hadn’t felt in years, one he missed…

“You still smell her, don’t you?” Arya smiled sadly as the colossal wolf hummed in happiness as he breathed in Nymeria’s scent from her touch. When she first saw Ghost a fortnight ago, he bound up to her like an excited child and sniffed the scent of his sister— one of the original six from their pack. Arya felt sorry for Ghost, her own sadness of not having Nymeria with her was subsided when the White Wolf howled with joy at just smelling his sister. It broke her heart when she would visit the crypts every other day, and she would see Ghost pawing and whining at the feet of little Rickon’s grave. Rickon was not only buried next to father, but he was buried with the remains of ‘Shaggydog’ as well. And Ghost felt it, and it broke her heart when she would see the fierce Direwolf mourn over the loss of his black furred brother. And when Bran returned without ‘Summer’ she started to feel the impact the world had on her family once again. But, she learned long ago how to get back up after life beat her down, and Ghost was a fine example how to do that. Sansa told her when Jon told her that Ghost had survived by himself beyond the wall for over a year and when she told her about the mutiny at Castle Black, she knew then— Ghost truly lived up to the reputation of the Direwolves of Old. So, as she looked into his reflective scarlet irises, they both sat there for a few minutes and silently communicated the remorse.

“Hey, why don’t me and you, head into Wintertown today, and enjoy the sunlight while it lasts.” The soft growl and the nip on her sweater was all she needed. Arya checked her sword was secure before she opened the heavy door, letting Ghost take the lead. Arya felt safe and warm within these halls. Every now and then, she would get another small memory or detail when she walked down the old corridors. She and Sansa would often trade memories every night when they would sit with each by the fire in Mother and Father’s room; after a busy day of managing the safe haven of the entire North. Sansa’s latest memory was when Arya planted horse dung in her mattress; Arya couldn’t hold back the laugh when Sansa told her she found the old mattress in storage with the very same slit in the back; where the manure was stuffed. As she walked along the halls towards the kitchens, she smelt the familiar northern brew wafting the corridors, she saw the army of maids and servants cleaning up after the daily crowds of northerners they housed and hosted from the winter storms. She watched as the sentried Stark guards shuffled nervously as the Kings’ unbothered wolf moved by them, she received nods and bows and the muttered greetings against the cold and warm air, of “my Lady” and some “Princess Aryas.’” She hated being called that, but
as Sansa kept reminding her, now that Jon was King, and the Northern Crown was restored- it was expected; so she stubbornly complied to just make things easier for her sister. Even though, the slippery maggot of Petyr Baelish was gone, Arya knew Sansa still had a lot on her plate so she compromised with the Lady of Winterfell. Ever since Sansa came up the plan to execute littlefinger, their relationship had fully healed and for the first time they, really got along. They both knew their parents would be proud. All they needed was Jon to come back and Bran to remember who he was, and the pack would be together again.

After a few stops along the way, mostly getting Ghost to stop being curious and to stop sniffing people leaving them shaking with fear while Arya pulled him away by the ear; they made it to the busy kitchens. The massive, deep kitchens were filled the sight of steam and alert cooks, brewing the daily rations. The lines of thick stone stoves were hissing and bubbling furiously as they tried to keep up with the snowed lines of raspy northerners, waiting to break their fasts. As soon as she walked in, the head cook Bracken, ushered her over and gave her the buttered toast and bacon rashes she quickly requested.

“There you are. My Lady…” Arya saw the mischievous warm shortle the old bearded man gave her, as he handed over the food. Ever since, Arya shouted at one of his cooks for calling her ’princess’ leaving the boy on the verge of tears, Bracken always teased her about it when Sansa told her off about the incident.

“Shut up Bracken,” she couldn’t hold back the amused tone in her croaky, tired voice as the cook gave her a toothy grin.

“Anything for the King’s wolf?” Arya saw the nervous look he gave Ghost- who had resorted to crashing over a heavy used laden pot from the hands of a timid servant and started licking the meaty contents as he waited for Arya to get what she came for. “No, he’s fine.”

“You sure?” Bracken’s eyebrows winced as the Direwolf snapped his jaws to stop a maid cleaning up the slobber of broth that now spilled the stone floor.

“Yeah,” –Arya said as she pretended to change her mind- “you’ll do for his supper.” Arya gave a quick wink at his not so amused expression as she bit into the warm, crisp toast while she beckoned Ghost follow. The warm toast that was saturated with butter warmed her cold, rumbling belly while she walked towards the great hall; with Ghost nipping at her arms for some bacon. Some of the bacon fat got stuck in the back of her teeth, and the saltiness made her thirsty; so she shared the last burnt rashes with the energetic wolf who quickly swallowed it all in one, licking his dire razor teeth as he took the lead. Arya knew it was best for the Lady of Winterfell to know their whereabouts before she sent out a search party; usually Arya spent her day training people with a blade, mostly the girls who never held a weapon before. When she heard Jon ordered the boys and girls to drill daily with: spears, pikes, bow and arrow. She felt a rush of love towards her brother: not only did he point out the obvious of having the whole population defending themselves but he didn’t hesitate to defy the typical roles of women during warfare. He was a good king and well suited. But, today with no Brienn to train with and the fact that there were loads of skilled fighters to train the young; she took a day to herself.

As she made her way around the last corner to the entrance to the hall, she heard Sansa’s authority voice coming from the room while she pinched her cold button nose to warm the reddened tip up. She placed her hand into Ghosts arctic withers, caressing her shivered hand against his radiating warmth as they walked into the great hall; the great hearth behind the high table acted as a blanket of heat for them all. Arya immediately caught Sansa’s bright blue eyes, which glanced up from the papers on the table- giving her a small smile. Robert Glover and his daughter Elenea Glover were once again pestering Sansa for the date of the King’s return, while she was trying to organize the
vital months’ worth of rations with Maester Wolkan. Arya sat down on one of the benches at the far end of the hall, waiting for the meeting to finish. She didn’t feel her feet warming as Ghost curled up over them because her grey gaze was concentrated on the stoic face Sansa held as she was addressing the Glovers. Arya knew her sister well, under that passive face she gave in-front of company, Arya saw the distressed and annoyed feeling she had towards the two northerner’s in-front of her. Sansa had told her of what Robert Glover wanted a few nights ago, Sansa figured out from the subtle hints that Robert wanted to seal the alliance between House Glover and House Stark with matrimony. He wanted to wed Elenea to the White Wolf, and make her the Queen of the North. Arya scoffed at the idea when Sansa suggested it, but she now saw it, it was true, when she looked at Elenea. Arya saw her hazel-green eyes, eagerly absorb the news from Sansa’s lips that Jon would return before the next moon. Elenea Glover was a few years older than Jon, being three and twenty, nevertheless she wanted him. Arya saw it in how she held herself in court: her ginger tresses of hair hugged her heart shaped face beautifully while her womanly figure was evident under her expensive northern furs and according to Sansa; she would always look at Jon like a piece of meat (which they both laughed about because Jon was too naïve and honourable to see it) and craftily she was the first one to agree with anything he suggested. The suck up! Arya couldn’t help smirking when Sansa clearly had enough and raised her voice a little, to show she didn’t have any more on the date of Jon’s return; ending the conversion.

Arya resumed scratching Ghost’s head, pretending to be occupied as the Glovers made their way past her. She watched as Elenea whispered something to her father, and when he nodded his balding head she moved towards them; leaving the grisly old northerner to wait by the hall’s doors. Arya watched as the red haired beauty gave her a broad smile as she approached the two wolves sitting on the heavy bench.

“The Kings beast is quite something,” the smooth, velvety voice caused Arya to stiffen her spine as Elenea glided down onto her knees gracefully as she slowly extended her arm. Arya watched the curve of her ample, full breasts crease in her grey dress, Arya saw the wide curve of her hips and the small soft, pale hand outstretched in-front of her; and her full lips pursed when she caught Arya’s tired frown.

If I can get the King’s beast to like me and if I can get his dopey little sister to like me, maybe then, he will like me even more. Maybe then, the King in the North will start courting me, maybe then- he will finally fuck me…

“May I touch him?”

Arya half wanted to let Ghost rip her lovely fingers off for calling him a ‘beast’ but as she caught Sansa’s electric blue eyes behind the scene, she knew she would have to play nice. House Glover held a large portion of the Northern force; they needed to stay in their good books. But, as her fingers came closer and closer to Ghost’s arctic coat, the Direwolf started to growl in protest. Shifting his mammoth weight from Arya’s feet, as he leaned away from the imposing touch while he quickly snapped his jaws towards the intruding hand, causing Elenea to fall back in terror and shuffle up into her Father’s arms.

Arya grabbed onto Ghost’s hairy back, her touch making him turn his head momentarily quelling him from lunging, so he resorted to a menacing growl as he bared his iced fangs. “I’m sorry, my Lady, but Ghost isn’t a pet to play with. He’s a Direwolf. And if he doesn’t want to be touched, he won’t be…” Arya saw Elenea huff and slowly nod as she started to walk out with her father- as if nothing went wrong. But, Ghost didn’t stop his snarl as he slowly moved forward, ignoring Arya’s firm grip. Sansa saw the scene before her, she knew Elenea was crafty like her entire family but she had a good-heart and was just a bit naïve; a bit like Margerary, the northern version. So she didn’t want her to lose a hand, and she especially didn’t want to lose a quarter of Jon’s army in the
Sansa stood up from her chair, blocking out the light from the hearth, “Ghost! Come, here.”

Arya watched as Lady Stark called the vicious wolf, she watched as Ghost’s furred ears picked up the message as he instantly dropped his dirty snarl as he trotted over to Sansa, licking her fingers as she lovingly caressed his jaw; calming him. “That will be all, Lord Glover, my Lady.” Arya watched as Sansa dismissed the agitated northerners as she got up and walked over to Sansa who was scratching Ghost’s fur, whispering a solemn “good boy.” Maester Wolkan gathered up the correspondence of the north and asked leave, to tend to the rookery. Once the Stark sentries shut the door behind him, Sansa’s ice gaze dropped into warmth and a deep breath of exhaustion as it was only family in her company.

“That was close.” Arya watched as Sansa spoke-she seemed tired and Sansa noticed Aryas’ frown on her.

“What is it Arya?”

“It’s nothing… You just look tired that’s all, you should take a break.” Sansa couldn’t help letting out a huff as she smiled at her sister’s concern for her and the expression Ghost was giving, while he closed his eyes happily from the attention his other human-sister was giving him. “I can’t, I’m receiving House Forrester soon, and our scouts spotted their banners passing Castle Cerywn in the early hours this morning. They’ll be here soon.” She added as she looked up into the grey.

“You still think the Glover’s want an alliance by marriage?” Arya smirked as she looked at Ghost, who was growing restless and started to move about the room. Sansa exaggerated a groan as she rose from her knees –“I’m pretty sure, and Maester Wolkan agrees with us, watch when Jon gets back, they’ll make it public knowledge. Anyway what are you doing today?”

Arya felt like her mother was looking at her when Sansa moved towards the pin of her cloak, trying to fix the mess of it she made this morning. “Ghost and I are going into Wintertown now; enjoy the sun- you know…” Arya swore she saw the flash of Catelyn Stark’s concern on Sansa’s brow as she challenged her to try and stop them. Sansa let out a breath of compromise as she finished fixing and mainly fussing over Arya’s pin on her woollen cloak.

“Ok, fine, but…Ghost… Look after Arya.” Sansa saw Arya’s dumb look as she rolled her eyes.

“And Arya look after Ghost.” Arya couldn’t stop the laugh rolling out her mouth as Sansa smiled with her. “And be back before nightfall.” She added sternly.

“Yes Mother.” Arya jested at Sansa concern as she beckoned Ghost to follow her towards the doors of the keep. But, she saw Sansa try and hide something in her face, at the harmless joke. *I only called her mother? What’s up with her today, she seems off?* But Arya decided against questioning, as her and Ghost made their way out into the busy courtyard. The snows were falling heavily as the splutter of the sun’s beams fought their way through the dense and tear full clouds. The various Stark banners drifted in the cold breezes as the colossal drums of Winterfell’s grey towers, tided away and protected them from the real, deadly white winds above them. The bucket of hot brew was being spooned out to the frozen Stark guards that guarded Hunter’s gate; the distant wolfs-wood looked like an endless frozen cavern from the battlements where the guards shivered against the screaming wind. Arya tightened her cloak as she wished Ghost could share his husky coat with her…

“Remember you two, I’m Arya Stark, so don’t stop me when I come back in his time.” Cayn and Lewy didn’t catch her amused tone as they shuffled their feet nervously and apologised once again
over the incident, their anxiety radiating from the little Lady rather than the Kings Albino Direwolf that menacingly shouldered its way through the gate in-front of Arya. She watched as Ghost slowed his paws as his keen eyes looked over the horizon; becoming still as the breezes made his snow-white furs dance. Arya crossed her arms and watched as he raised his dense head against the snow and his raised himself momentarily on his hind limbs while he pumped air in his cavernous lungs; letting out a meaningful, long yowl. She knew what it meant, who it was for…

Arya slowly padded her way over to him, resting her numb hand on his back, while she also looked out towards the horizon through her scrunched up frozen face.

“I miss him too. I miss him too…”

~o~

Gripping Longclaw, Jon turned his alpha, arctic gaze towards the lions…

Tyrion held the fierce, deterring gaze of his sister as her dirty bottle green eyes struck his movement, her smug check-bones made his nose flare with anger as his ears swelled when blood rushed to his head, aching, what was she doing? They came to an accord! He heard the command Missandai gave to the Dothraki bloodriders as they tried to march forward in retaliation with their raised black arakh’s and rattan spears. Tyrion couldn’t hide the disbelief on his face as he watched the Mountain sheath his Greatsword back in his scabbard as the dothraki guard stopped and waited on, what looked like, Missandai’s command. He wearily looked around and quickly made a shrewd calculation; Cersei had stopped them at the junction after the Street of Sisters, they were directly in the centre of the city- in other words, if Cersei ordered their execution they were trapped! Wait, was Cersei that naïve? Daenerys had fucking fire desolating Dragons! Surely Cersei wasn’t daft enough to take such a risk… She wasn’t….Was she?

“What is this Cersei? We are allies, are we not?” Tyrion balled his little fists as he shouted across the clearing, his sister’s lips moved upwards as she used her, ever so graceful walk, to move towards them with her army of guard.

“Keep you foul tongue behind your teeth, you little monster,” the black figure of Cersei Lannister moved towards them, looking only and directly into the grey arctic eyes of Jon Snow. “I didn’t wait here to talk to you… I waited here, to speak to my new ally- the King in the North.”

Jon couldn’t help taking a deep swallow as he loosened his calloused grip from Longclaw’s trusted hilt; he kept his protective form in front of Missandai while Brienn and the Hound also came to his side. Jon quickly resumed the alpha cold gaze he learned from his Lord Father and his Lord Commander, when the Queen in-front of him gave a false smile, which he didn’t return. The natural instincts of defence he had were quickly used as his senses absorbed his surroundings: his eyes flickered to the four exit’s from the cramped clearing all of which were covered by Lannister guard, he felt the hoarse breathing of the Onion Knight behind him making the same observation, he could smell the salt from the tide of the Blackwater still a fair distant away and most of all he
couldn’t hear the burning sound of Dragon’s harassing the skies anymore. *They were trapped!* But if Cersei wanted to sabotage them, she would have done it already? Surely she didn’t want to just talk? They just had a ruddy meeting for that! But his next thought hit him instantly, a thought he knew Tyrion found way before him. *Now that Daenerys had left, Cersei wanted to speak to him alone- to convince him to turn of Dany... Daenerys!* Jon internally hit himself for prioritizing what he should call his Queen over the actual problem in hand, which was what Cersei would do when he said *no* to turning on Daenerys. But he made a promise to *her*, a promise to get them all out here safely, and he refused to break that promise. Refusing Cersei’s manipulation would most likely destroy that promise, but he would refuse all the same. So, Jon quickly concluded that playing nice until that question was asked would be the best scenario right now. Jon slowly gave a nod, as he blinked away the annoying nature of the ‘*game*’ which Sansa warned him about before he left Winterfell; he wasn’t made for this southern politics he was just a man, a soldier.

“Your grace, please… it’s a trap.”

“Jon don’t be stupid, she’ll kill ya...”

He turned his cold alpha gaze towards Brienn and Davos’s whispered protests quelling them, as they tried to keep their Kin... *Lord* from taking the same path every Stark in the south took. He watched as Davos gave the same wise penetrating gaze, the same one he saw when he re-woke on that cold black night, but he raised his brow at both of them, “Its ok.... Just be ready to leave, ile make it quick...Brienn until I return, you and Missandai have command over the security of our company.” He received a determined nod from strong woman Tormund desired and then, when he gave a look of dismissal to everyone, the entire company looked nervous and cautious but Tyrion looked at him angrily; knowing Jon had made up his mind. Jon watched as Tyrion’s face purpled, ignoring Missandai’s worried look as she gave a curt gesture to Qavo to put his spear back down, Jon took a subtle breath of cold air and started to move towards the middle of the clearing in between the two entourages while Tyrion shouldered his way through their company to match his walking pace; the weary emotion evident on his face.

“You know what she’s doing right?” Tyrion quietly asked as they both made their way into the middle; staring at the waiting fake smile of the blonde haired Queen.

“Aye, she’ll try and make me turn of Dan... Daenerys.” He, not so smoothly, corrected Dany’s full name hoping Tyrion won’t notice the informality. *Stop calling her Dany, it’s not proper! And she doesn’t like it...* Whether Tyrion noticed or not, Jon didn’t know, he just keep his grey irises focused on the dilemma in front of them as they slowly walked towards the middle.

“Yes, she purposely waited for Daenerys to leave, to double cross her no doubt, but...I’m not concerned about that, knowing your damned honour and everything... just... please be careful... Winterfell needs their bastard.” Jon didn’t hear the light hearted humour Tyrion tried to give at the end of his warning as he broke off from the direction, and made to move back. Jon only thought about the first thing he said, about double crossing Daenerys and as he glanced at Cersei’s waiting smug face; he stopped. After all the things Cersei did to his family, all the things House Lannister did to the North- it ate his insides to allow her to have that little victory of tricking Daenerys into having no true voice; in *all* negotiations.

His boots abruptly stopped as the flow of his northern cloak wisped dust around him, turning around, he ignored Tyrion’s questioning look and blurred out the weary faces of their company, asset from the olive skinned distressed face of Missandai of Narth. Quickly catching her brown eyes, he beckoned her too come forward. He felt Missandai come to his side as he looked at the now agitated face of Cersei Lannister behind him as he motioned Missandai to follow him. If Cersei wouldn’t let Daenerys have a true voice, he knew Missandai spoke for the Queen- she was...
her best friend and most trusted advisor; also it allowed Jon to keep his promise of protecting Dany’s best comrade and it showed the world he wouldn’t go behind Daenerys’s back. “Lord Snow? What are we…?” Missandai was vulgarly cut off as they reached the start of the Lannister guard, as the eyes of the lioness penetrated Missandai’s delicate brown pair, sneering at her.

“What are you doing you filthy slave?” Cersei spat as she glared at Missandai— “I asked an audience with only the King in the North. Not a…” Jon quickly stepped forward, his alpha gaze keeping its frozen lock.

“I know our alliance isn’t the most welcomed, but take care how you speak with the Queens representative.” Missandai quickly understood why she was there as she straightened her spine even more, and threw Cersei a cool, unruffled look that Daenerys had once taught her during the courts and liberation of Astapor. Missandai watched as the usurper listened to the husky power of Jon’s voice as she looked at her indignantly.

“Due to the absence of the Queen, and the fact that my words will always be in favour of the North, Missandai will therefore be the voice of House Targaryen, when you see her, you see Queen Daenerys. Is that a problem?” he finished in a husky growl. Jon raised his jaw a little when he observed the dying snarl of Cersei Lannister as she gave a curt nod and raised her eyebrows almost as if she was bored with Missandai already, while she turned and started walking towards the path behind her. Jon glanced at Missandai’s attentive look, giving her a reassuring nod. Taking a coarse breath, they followed the trail of the venom in front of them, as he heard the trudged weight of the Mountain behind them. He quickly threw Davos an informative look— of keep calm and wait here—as he saw the rest of Cersei’s guard and two of her Queensguard surround and guard them. Jon could hear the shuffle of armoured legs walking around them as Cersei led the way down the path. Where are we going? His thoughts were momentarily distracted when he saw Missandai’s passive expression as she gulped and looked around the on-coming street. He knew that look, the same look Sam gave when he was nervous…

“Are you ok?” he gently whispered, watching as Missandai caught on that he was referring about the ‘slave’ remark.

“Yes, I’ve had worse.” Missandai’s eyes caught the subtle change from stoic to gentle he did for her, and gave a quick smile in response. In reality, the usurper’s words did affect her, her history would always come back to haunt her. But, her distress was overcome by her interest of how Jon Snow handled the situation; the honour he showed was unparalleled as he yet again showed his duty to the Queen by making sure Daenerys had representation. And since everyone knew Cersei wouldn’t accept Lord Tyrion to be involved in the on-coming conversation, she was privileged that Jon chose her. She thought if he did do such an act, Ser Jorah would be the obvious choice. But as Missandai’s knowledge grew on the Northern Kin… Lord, she knew he had a very defined sense of right and wrong and therefore she believed Jon Snow still didn’t fully trust Jorah because of his crimes in the North he once committed, even though he wanted to forgive him; she dreaded to think how Jon would react to Jorah when he found out how Jorah had informed and betrayed the Queen once before. But, her ray of connected thoughts was replaced by the pondering warmth from the advice he gave her. Advice she would never forget.

“I know how it feels; being a bastard in Westeros is just as bad,” he said calmly as he checked no one could hear their conversation, “but a good man once told me to hold your head high, and wear your past like armour, so it can never be used to hurt you…”

Theon shuffled his feet tensely as he rubbed his arms against his ribs, trying to relieve the growing saturation of sweat under his arm-pits. He couldn’t keep the dumb expression off his face as he looked at the supposedly clever dwarf, who just stood there and just let Jon go off with the enemy.
He wanted to shout at Jon, tell him not to go. But he lost that privilege of being in a Starks favour the moment he set sail with those damn ironborn; betraying his real brother… Robb. Theon couldn’t take it anymore, the agreement he had with Daenerys to ask for Yara back; went straight out the door, straight away, when his stupid, fucking, dirty, conniving, pompous Uncle humiliated him and made him look pathetic and stupid. He tried not to let Euron’s words haunt him again, he just tried to focus on getting Yara home but the moment he saw the pity and sorrow Jon glanced at him from the other side, he felt embarrassed. And the silent feeling took over as he swore he saw the old, grey gaze of Ned Stark penetrate him momentarily through Jon’s irises. And that’s why he was internally exclaiming against Jon talking with Cersei alone, without a real guard to protect him; Theon saw so much of Ned Stark in everything Jon did: his voice, his eyes, his northern garbs and the fact that Jon’s sense of Honour could rival Ned’s was scary. He’s even more like Ned Stark than Robb was, he couldn’t help letting out a miserable smirk of what Lady Stark would have thought of that. Knowing Jon would have ignored him if he tried to stop him from going, Theon resorted looking at the dothraki screamer towering next to him; he doesn’t look bothered that were surrounded by fucking Lannister’s. The atmosphere grew heavy and silent as the wait started for Jon and Missandai to return.

Theon kept himself to himself, he was alone in this. He could hear the squawk and flutter of black ravens above them as his thoughts settled on what just happened with the Dragon just minutes before. As he watched Jon walk up to the fire breathing beast, his jaw dropped to the ground as the vicious creature accepted Jon like he was just a Valyrian- like the Silver Queen. Then when Jon started touching the beast, he didn’t see an ounce of fear on his face, he just saw pure fascination. Jon must have grown some set of real fucking balls while he served as a black-brother because Theon remembered smugly when Jon couldn’t even look a girl in the eye- now he was looking a dragon in the eye. His thoughts quickly grew back to only respect for his brot…Jon, the last time Theon saw such a thing was when Robb used to stroke his huge grey wolf. But what Jon did, was on a completely, different fucking scale. The cold breeze made him blink his eyes with water as he caught the big lady Brienn giving him an intent look; he quickly nodded back as his thoughts went to Sansa. How was she? No, I can’t think of her, because if I think of her, I think of him… Theon gave an incoherent grumble as he resorted at looking at the lined face of Ser Davos Seaworth and the stubs of his fingers, quelling his thoughts from maste… Ramsey and his real na… no! I’m Theon Greyjoy…

Davos watched as Jon gave him a last reassuring nod as he walked away with Missandai, Davos couldn’t keep his eyes from dilating while he sighed disjointedly he’s was surrounding by fucking Lannister’s. the lad is going to get himself killed, I should of done something- Lady Sansa is really going to kill me now! He smirked at his thoughts but his miserable face quickly returned. He knew Jon could defend himself from anything- better than anyone, his raid beyond the wall proved that without a doubt. But, Davos knew Jon, if a fight broke out –which was most likely in this hell-hole of a city- Jon’s honour would be this downfall, he would die trying to protect the innocent Missandai of Narth. Davos’s old sombre eyes lingered on his branded palms which were scarred from when he tried to hold a line of rigging or when he used to labour on the stormland ports. As he looked down at the weathered ground with his hands in sight, his vast network of thoughts led him to the deduction of how he had lost so much in the last few years. First, he lost his son… Matthos. He didn’t deserve the wildfire, it shouldn’t have been him; it should have been me. Matthos could have been anything, he was good, a good, hard working lad. Then, he lost little Shireen Baratheon, a good girl, maybe the best of them all…

And now, his new hope was walking away. Jon Snow. Jon was good and kind, a good leader and despite his young age. Davos was still awed at the way he talked like a wise old man- tired of everything. He felt himself smile at the thought- I’m supposed to be the sulky old fella. Davos ignored the agitated dothraki screamers as they quietly argued with Ser Jorah, he thought how the
fermented head, of Cersei Lannister was at this point probably trying to contaminate and infect that good heart. Davos knew Jon wouldn’t be ruffled, he had fought with direwolves against a fucking army of wights, he had touched a fucking Dragon, he beat Thenns and nearly killed the Bolton bastard half to death with his bare hands—Ye, Jon wouldn’t be ruffled. But, a crimson tide of thoughts shot him, he remembered how he saw a different side of Jon that day on the battlefield outside Winterfell, Davos remembered Jon’s anger at the Bolton bastard. And the Lannister’s have done way worse to Jon than the Bolton’s! His weary gaze found Tyrion’s, the same look on his face was mirrored between the two advisors.

They silently dropped their eyes as they both prayed Jon wouldn’t lose his cool with Cersei after he refused her and she would undoubtedly try and provoke him in some way or another— in order to have a valid reason to violate guest treaty; not that she needed one. Davos’s busy thoughts quickly realised what would happen if Jon was attacked. He smiled once again when he thought how the Dragon-Queen would react, Davos had seen his fair share of romance and because he knew of Daenerys fiery temper, he just knew Daenerys would fly back to Kingslanding and roast Cersei’s bones into forgotten dust. Davos gripped his gloved hands against the cold breeze as he paced the ground; he knew from the way Daenerys looked at Jon that she wanted him. He knew that because it was the same childish look Jon gave when he stupidly and quite naively thought Daenerys wasn’t looking. Davos accepted and saw the irony in it and the beauty of it; which he knew Tyrion was trying to ignore. Both Jon and Daenerys had endured a hard upbringing, both had been neglected, both had fought for a better life and both were simply two young people trying to find a better life for the good in this world. Davos was baffled at how everyone hadn’t seen it yet; it was so natural for this pair of young leader’s to fall for each other. When he first heard of Daenerys Targaryen, he knew she was the same age as Jon, he knew she had her fair share of conflict at a young age and he knew from the Essosian rumours she was supposedly the most beautiful women to walk the earth. He didn’t mention this to Jon partly because these points matched Jon’s persona as well and he wanted to see how things played out. So when he saw the truth in how Daenerys was all these things and was just as fierce and compassionate when it came to protecting the underdog; he just decided to let fate take its cause… and judging from the interaction in the Dragon-Pit; it was working.

Davos smiled at the thought, they were good for each other, when they look at each other I suppose they feel a little less alone. His mind blew to his own wife. The last time he saw Marya was nearly five years ago, when he promised her he would come back from Stannis’s siege on the Blackwater, after this was all over, he would ask leave to return to her for good; he knew Jon wouldn’t hesitate to give him that happiness— Jon was a good lad, he should be back by now? How long should this so-called conversation take? The old sailor’s attention was swiftly subsided as Tyrion caught his gaze.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this…” Davos just nodded as Tyrion looked up at him with a quiet voice, “You lived in these parts Davos, what are our chances of getting out?” Davos knew his outburst wasn’t really a question, more of a mockery of the shit storm that would most likely occur. He slowly let out a breath before giving his input.

“I didn’t spend much time in this part of town; my parts were just off Gin alley, so I reckon… if Jon doesn’t return soon. I reckon were fooked.” He humouredly finished in his flea-bottom accent as Tyrion let out a short laugh— Tyrion saw what the Onion knight did by reversing the earlier conversation; so he decided to play along.

“Any idea’s as how we might change that state of affairs? You’re an old smuggler Davos; for god’s sake you must know something.”

Davos laughed along with Tyrion’s grin as the two men tried to lighten their situation; even though
he didn’t have even one idea to get them out of there if need be, but he found the talks with Lord Tyrion fun and daring. Ignoring the sarcastic faces of their company around them, he carried on. “Aye, I do know one way,” –Davos tried to keep a straight face as Tyrion’s expression turned serious, genuinely interested– “Do you see that alley to our left?” Davos watched as Tyrion nodded intently, his eyes now concentrating once more. “Well if you go down that alley, there’s a small platform on your right, if you stand on that…” Davos grinned stupidly, as he watched Tyrion look down the dark, unknown alley. “You lean your hands on your knees.” Tyrion looked back at Davos’s, now serious expression, nodding as he absorbed this useful escape route.

Davos decided enough was enough as his face gave him away and he finished his joke quickly– “Then, you bend over and kiss your ass goodbye before the goldcloaks gut ya.” Davos couldn’t hold back his laugh as his stomach coughed and chuckled while he watched Tyrion shake his head in disbelief. “That was a good one, you old git.” Tyrion added as he rolled his eyes and grinned from his own gullibility; quickly resuming their passive faces as the Lannister soldiers gave them netted looks.

Jon knew by the sheer size of the city, the colossal trade markets and ports and the old, grand features various structures possessed, this city would have once been a sight to behold. But as they were escorted through the deserted street with nothing but the trench of armoured boots filling his ears, he saw the shit hole this city really was. He could taste the sewage and rank gutters that paraded the sides of the street, his arctic senses could feel the poverty that hid behind the ledges of the maze of windows on either side of him; afraid that their Queen would see them and cause only pain and suffering. Jon watched as Cersei led them deeper and deeper into the dying red city, further and further from the lavish towering shadow of the Red-Keep. Jon simply couldn’t understand how a Queen could let her people live in such harsh conditions, especially when winter was coming for the south. Tyrion told him how Cersei only funded the castle and the armourers on the street of steel, leaving flea-bottom and cobbler’s square in total chaos as usual. Jon didn’t understand why all these southern Kings wanted such a dire city, the very thought of the Iron Throne made Jon’s spine shiver with the need the fly home to the North. Every step he took, made his thirst for the feel of the cold clean air from the winter moors to fill his lungs, every step he took made him want to feel the northern winds hit him while he did his duty on the wall, every step he took made him want to see the blizzard of ironwood tree’s in the distance below, he wanted to trek with Ghost to the ice rivers beyond the wall and feel the freeing gale and most all he wanted to see her smile again… and her wild…

…silver hair that was kissed by snow and real fire as he melted into her warm purple eyes. He wanted to feel her beautiful lips on his as he held her perfect warm body and protected her good heart from the coming storm… Jon quickly snapped out his shine of thoughts about the goddess he couldn’t have as Missandai nudged his shoulder deliberately, nodding her head towards an enormous pile of white chaotic rubble of titanic destruction at the end of the escalating street.

His husky gaze saw the charred white boulders that littered the on-coming road and he saw the eerie and strange open space that would have once belonged to an enormous building; as waves of birds now took residence in the debris. This was where Cersei decimated the great sept of the south’s new gods, he remembered when Sansa read the message that the sept of Baelor had been blown up by green-fire, killing countless numbers of innocent lords and ladies. He remembered when Sansa scoffed at the extremities that Cersei went to, House Tyrell ended here, Jon felt Missandai give a small shiver as they walked into the clearing where hundreds had burned alive. His northern cloak ruffed against the cold breeze as he stretched his fingers; readying himself as his gaze momentarily lingered on beastly man they called the Mountain. Beric Dondarrion had told him how his father had ordered him to kill the Mountain for pillaging and reeving the Riverlands.
Jon heard the stories how this nightmare of a man had butchered innocent children. Children who had no debt to the sins of their father; the father who had kidnapped and raped his aunt Lyanna, Maester Luwin had once told him how the Mountain brutalised Princess Elia and raped and killed her before her screaming children. Jon couldn’t help giving a subtle shake of his head as they headed further and further into the scorched ruins, these were the people Cersei Lannister surrounded herself with. Jon could feel Clegane’s heavy breath as he towered behind him; and his very presence – awoke something in his bones, something he hadn’t felt since watching Ramsey with that bow– the feeling made him want to tear the Mountain apart; if a fight broke out he would kill that monster first. He knew he didn’t have the matched strength and height but he knew how to disassemble such a man. He remembered how he killed the magnar of the Thenns, who had the same build. Jon’s arctic senses knew the exact position and strength he needed to throw into Longclaw while he lunged and aimed for Mountains shoulder blade directly to the side of the mongrel’s heart; where the muscle wasn’t as strong with only flimsy steel armour protecting him, which Longclaw’s Valyrian tip could easily decimate. Jon glanced over his shoulder at the other Queen’s guard in heavy black armour. Jon hated his next thoughts but he knew if he was pressed- he could use their heavy armour against them and strike them down if need be. He checked Missandai was alright with another reassuring glance before they all started to enter the colossal ruins.

Jon knew instantly why Cersei wanted to take him here to have their talk, she wants to intimidate me, with fucking evidence, to show what happens to people that cross into Lannister territory. As they came onto, what Jon presumed was once a platform outside the once intricate old building which was now simple ruins- they all slowed their pace. Jon watched as Cersei turned around intentionally, her eyes momentarily scrawling the ground as her shadow of guard came behind her leaving him and Missandai in a certain spot. The air once again grew red and thick as everyone’s tense faces fell in contrast to Cersei’s strange smile as the atmosphere grew silent as a grave.

“Your most likely wondering why I brought you here of all places, Lord Snow…” Jon watched with his cold alpha gaze as Cersei worked her lips. He hated the way southern politics’ worked, he was of the North, our way is the old way, so he quickly responded with what he deemed was right; the truth.

“My lady before you start, know that I swore an oath to Queen Daenerys and once again, I respectfully refuse any offer that would betr…” Jon was quickly cut off by Cersei’s crude laugh at his honourable intentions.

“I respect that Jon Snow, but I don’t need to convince you of my offer, to ‘betray’ your Queen,” – Cersei used his own words against him, as she couldn’t stop her snigger as she worked her web. “The truth is Lord Snow you’re going to beg me with pure want, to betray the Dragon Queen…” Jon resumed his cold gaze, but he wanted to walk away- she’s wasting my time, but he politely listened to the lunatic in-front of him as he made sure Missandai was ok; as he glanced at her unruffled attentive expression towards Cersei.

“Your mistaken my Lady, no power in this world could make…” Jon held back his anger well as he was cut off yet again by her words that only embellished the eerie and unnatural air.

“Believe me Jon Snow, I know the honour your family holds, you really compete with Ned Stark in that area, but,” Cersei felt her lips tighten with excitement to lay waste to such honour, “you will still beg me with pure need to betray the silver haired bitch.” She repeatedly finished as she finally saw the bastard and the slave tighten their faces with anger. Cersei knew the impact her next words would have as she added with a sweet voice. “You should also know. You’re standing where he died…”
As he watched her lips mould into the words, he couldn’t breathe as the air was smacked from his gut. He unknowingly kept his composure on the outside but his cold empty gaze hazed and blurred. His feet yearned to move and his ear’s swelled with the echo of the words.

*His father had breathed his last breath in the very spot he was standing.*

“I know you wouldn’t swear me your sword Jon Snow, but I’m far more interested in why only two dragons were present today… I want to know what happened to the third Dragon! The usurper’s Dragon that didn’t come back North…” Cersei ignored the open mouth of the stupid slave girl; her eyes were trained on the empty holed irises of the renowned bastard who stood there blankly as she tortured him.

“Give me the truth your precious Queen is clearly hiding, and in return I will tell you the last words of Eddard Stark. And believe me. They were fare more interesting then when his head actually dropped on the dirt.”

Missandai let out a shudder of breath when she watched the wicked villain of a Queen taint and fester Jon’s cold alpha gaze into only shock and rage. Missandai herself had heard of the honourable Ned Stark from all the way across the poisoned sea, even when she was a young girl she heard the tales of the wolves of Westeros. He was a hero to many. Missandai could only imagine the respect and duty one of his son’s would hold for him. But, as she watched Cersei spit her venom, she knew the paramount value of Ned Stark’s last words would be to anyone, let alone for a son. Missandai glanced at Jon as she tried to keep their composure for both of them, as his whole form tensed. Missandai had only seen that lost look in his grey eyes once before, the eyes Daenerys once gave her in private. It was late at night and they were alone in her quarters in Meeren, she remembered when Daenerys told her about her stillborn child she lost in the Dothraki Sea; Missandai remembered she didn’t know what to say. Missandai never had a child nor a father, but she knew that Jon insides were crying as much as when Daenerys was, on that long night that marked her child’s fifth nameday. So, as she felt the air sink into a screaming void: she wished Daenerys was here to comfort Jon and she wished Grey-worm was here to comfort herself. But she couldn’t help asking herself. *Would Jon betray Daenerys trust with the story of Viserion’s death in-exchange for the last words of his lord father or would he keep his honour towards Daenerys?* Missandai would usually judge and despise anyone who would betray her Queen, but for the first time ever- it didn’t imply.

*I will support him no matter what decision he makes...*
tried to keep his breathes steady, his nose flared as he tried to keep the carnage acid snarl that rivalled Ghost’s at bay, his grey arctic gaze found the lioness again- how dare she use my father’s last place of breathe against me, doesn’t this women have an bit of compassion or even a bit of decorum left. He then remembered who she was… the women who helped cripple my brother, conspired to kill Robb and his pregnant wife, massacred hundreds- shown in this damn ruin, the women who then abused my sister all her adult life and butchered my father with his own father’s Greatsword… Jon felt his blood boil with hatred and anger, and in the first time in his life he voluntarily wanted to unsheathe Longclaw. But as he watched Cersei’s eyes flare with greed at how her manipulation was taking place, he let out a steady breathe as he tried to keep his anger at bay… I wish I had Ghost’s fangs right now, so I could sink them into her head… He then thought of what his father would say to him. The swiftest path to destruction is through vengeance. At the very thought, his thoughts drifted to Dany… he imagined holding her small, perfect honeyed hand while he gently looked up into her teared eyes; the goddess he was beginning to… She looked so beautiful then… As he kept his thoughts trained on Daenerys and how he wanted to see that smile again, his urge to run Longclaw through Cersei and her Queensguard started to slowly quell, as his tense calloused fingers started to ease. His grey eyes started to dilate down from malign hunger, into the calm alpha gaze which was now, due to the precious purple memory, full of untainted ice once again.

“Make it quick Lord Snow I don’t have all day…” Cersei menacingly watched as the Bastard slowly came out his shaken expression, she watched as his fingers twitched towards his sword as she put him in the position every Stark man would fail in. She couldn’t believe how easy it was to manipulate such a fool; he’s just like his fool of a father… “Give me the truth about the missing beast, and I will give you Lord Stark’s last words.” She watched as his head rose with his husky voice when she casually added- “I promise…”

“Promise…” Missandai held her head high as she heard Jon’s husky voice come back into the present. “Promise?” Jon let out a humoured breath as he spoke; his face now collected with his piercing arctic gaze, as he raised his jaw slightly and looked Cersei dead in the eye. The ruined clearing becoming less chilled as the flutter and squawk of ravens also broke the silence as they flew overhead.

“How can you stand there and give out promises?” Jon watched as her green eyes glared back into his own as his raised his voice a little. “How can you stand there, in a building where you destroyed innocent lives, showing no remorse, as you give out a promise?” Jon felt a distant howl of the cold winter winds that walked through the colossal crypts of his forefathers. It cleared his mind and gave him strength as he spoke his answer. “After everything you’ve done to my family, after everything you’ve done to the North. I still made an alliance with you; I did it for the good of my people, everyone’s people. So some day we might see peace. So I will fight beside you. But hear me when I say, I will never, fight for you…” Jon felt tired of all it, everything, as he slowly added “You think you can corrupt me into breaking my own oath?” Jon recomposed himself as he let out a hoarse breath, remembering his situation- his promise to get everyone out of there safely. He quickly quelled his anger as he thought of her again; he then gave a subtle glance at Missandai before he gave his answer.

“I respectfully refuse your offer.”

He wanted to know his father’s last words, but he knew how it felt to betrayed and executed. He knew what his father would have thought because it was probably the same thing he thought of when Ser Allister stabbed him- he thought of home… But, Father was far stronger than me, he would have been thinking about who would look after Sansa and Arya at the time… I will father, now and always. Even though I still want to know your words, I will not break faith with Daenerys. His own memories of his father were far more important than Cersei’s memory of him.
Cersei was surprised at the dog’s ability to keep his damned honour, she honestly expected less from a bastard—*he’s as stubborn as the fool Stark*. But as she watched his husky gaze she still wanted to know what happened to the silver bitch’s beast. She wanted to know if the rumours were true, she wanted to know how to kill the other two Dragons, so House Lannister could prevail. She wanted to know how to kill and take away the Dragon-whores power so the prophecy couldn’t be fulfilled. She avoided touching her stomach protectively as she thought of her babe. She wouldn’t make the same mistake she did in-front of her little deformed brother and she wouldn’t underestimate the words of that witch, all them years ago. Her emerald irises challenged the grey as she voiced her plan B at crippling his honour. Keep her winning smile; she nodded her head hearing her Queensguard draw their swords. She watched as the bastard’s eyes flew into focus as he grabbed the slave’s wrist with one hand as he drew his bastard sword in the other; she was surprised at his reflexes but it didn’t matter as she gave the words; she secretly hoped to order.

“I could slaughter you at the same spot that your lord father begged for his life, like a dirty coward…” Cersei spat out as she watched the renowned White Wolf grip his weapon as he stood protectively in-front of the foreign bitch. “But I know you Starks are awful at dying,” she said smugly, “so I will inform you. At this moment of time, your foreign friends and my demented brother are standing on a beacon of wildfire; which will be lit on my order.” Cersei saw to glint of worry cross the Wolf’s eye as he looked at Missandai. “So I will repeat my Question only once more, what happened to the other dragon?”

The moment he heard the ripple of Clegane’s sword breach the air, Jon instinctively grabbed hold of Missandai wrist, pulling her behind him as he drew Longclaw. He had Missandai come with him and they would have to step over his dead body to hurt her. The moment Cersei revealed the wildfire under the ground of his friends, his blood boiled with anger again. They were going to die if he didn’t betray Dany’s trust and break his oath. But, there it was again, his inability to break his oath or even lie; that’s why he couldn’t even mention Viserion’s absence. He felt the disturbed inhuman eyes of the Mountain glare at him, he could smell the lingered smoke from the dead boulders around him, he watched as Cersei’s eyes grew once again in anticipation; as she knew she had finally got him. He watched as her gleeful smirk as she sniggered- “I wager you regret joining with the Dragon-Queen now? Such a sad mistake.”

Jon’s grey stark eyes fixated on Cersei’s as he raised his jaw and spoke in his arctic husk. Cersei held back the shock well as the bastard triggered an old memory when he calmly responded.

“I’ve made many mistakes in my life. But that wasn’t one of them.”

As Jon spoke his words he was actually trying to delay the inevitable of giving Cersei what she wanted. His senses dilated as he tried to find a way out. He thought of Daenerys and how she would react if he broke her trust, and told the Lannister’s about her dead dragon. *He couldn’t, Dany was still grieving about her child, he wouldn’t…* Despite his calloused hand gripping Longclaw readying himself, despite him feeling the shaking wrist of Missandai as he stood his ground in-front of her- his pawed feet marking its territory around Dany’s best friend, despite the charred air which muffled his hearing and the crazy look Cersei was giving him. Jon’s insides were thinking of Daenerys Targaryen and his promise to her as he stroked her obsidian Dragon. His thoughts lingered on the activating coil of untamed muscle flexing under Drogon’s radiating scales; Jon remembered how the deep growl it caused in the pit of his abdominals as he looked into the
dragons flamed soul. Without warming his ears filled with a roaring screech as he felt a colossal
soar of green sweep the horizon, green? Jon watched as Cersei jumped out her thoughts as she
hastily looked up, Jon watched as the air grew heavy while they waited if the shriek was just their
imagination.

When Missandai heard the wonderful sound of a single Dragon in the skyline, she seized her
opportunity. She swiftly tugged at her wrist, feeling the instant calloused but gentle grip of Jon
Snow loosen as he looked at her questionably. Giving him a small smile she stepped out in-front of
him, catching the indignant gaze of Cersei Lannister once again.

“You can go ahead and use your wildfire, but as soon as you violate our treaty… The real Queen
will rain Fire and Blood, and roast you alive.” Missandai smartly finished quickly as she pursed her
lips and grabbed hold of Jon’s hand, gesturing that they should leave now; while the threat of the
Dragon was still in the skies. Jon quickly caught on as another roar stammered above as he
sheathed Longclaw back and turned his cold arctic gaze on Cersei Lannister one last time.

“I suggest you wear warmer clothes when you journey to Winterfell my Lady. The North is less
forgiving…” Cersei watched as the pair moved out the ruined clearing, with the shrill cry of
Dragon in her ears. Qyburn found her in her chambers less than an hour later; informing her that a
ship flying Targaryen sails had left the Blackwater harbour…

~o~

The sun had fallen as it’s last clouded beams bounced off Blackwater Bay onto the red towers of
the Red-keep. The candle lit streets were once again busy with turmoil and trade as the white winds
started to cry with heavy snow. For over twenty years the capital hadn’t suffered a speck of
snowfall but the moment the call of a dead-man sounded the keep and a Northman thought his
ancient words; winter came… Cersei sipped her spiced tea while her eyes focused with livid
thoughts over the brim as she thought about the words the bastard spoke. The last time she heard
such a response was when the fool Ned Stark walked her streets and confronted her about her
children. The bastard will never know his father’s last mumble. The bastard will die like his father!
Cersei watched the full moon glower in the sky through the balcony drapes as she sat next to the
grand fireplace in her chambers. Her flared nose and agitated mind wouldn’t quell as Qyburn told
her his birds had seen her brother leave the capital through Old Gate; dressed in black. She wanted
to scream with anger as she dismissed her Lord Hand, leaving only her trusted Lord Commander
Clegane in the moonlit shadows on the other side of her chambers. She cracked her neck as she
thought about Jamie… The stupid fool, he was always the stupidest Lannister! Thinking he has a
duty just because he swore an oath to the Dragon-whore! His real duty is by my side, with our
child as we slay our enemy’s! For the legacy of our House! Cersei caressed her stomach gently
with a wanton smile while she thought about stringing up the whore and burning her alive. Cersei
was triggered out her thoughts as the maid knocked with word that Euron Greyjoy was waiting an
audience. She let out a content breath, as she nodded her head to give leave. As her chamber door
opened she heard the grubby pirate speak his words.

“You summoned me back, my lovely Queen…” Cersei watched as he strolled into the room while
his ironborn garbs flowed behind him as he held his stupid smirk, giving her smirk as he added
with his burred his voice- “did you miss me?”

“You dispatched the iron fleet to Essos?” Cersei watched as he sat down opposite her and slowly
looked up with his dark, misty gaze. She could see his missing front teeth and his broad shoulders
as he gave a yearning nod.

“Aye, by the next two moons, my ships would have ferried the entire Golden Company,” he said

with his drawling voice, “And all, their fucking elephants!” he finished with a grim laugh. Cersei couldn’t keep the leering smile of lips; I will crush the northern brute and his silver whore! “But I must ask, why did I receive a message that my Queen summons me back while my men go east?” Cersei watched as a glint of his teeth bared as he leaned forward on his chair. The indignant fool! He thinks I want to lay with him… She quickly quelled his impudent behaviour as she also leaned forward and spoke her order.

“Your mission will be to go north…” She watched as his face frowned. “You will go north… and capture the Dragon-Queen and bury a blade in her skull.” She watched as his eyes rounded intently as she continued. “But I would prefer if you bring her to me so this Lannister can pay a debt. Either way, you will do this discreetly and give no appearance it was by Lannister decree. Doing this will win us the war. It will dispel her northern alliance, it will render her dothraki scum useless and it will lead the Dragons to their destruction and when the dust settles after the Long Night. Whoever wins will be dead…” Cersei’s thoughts were still lingering on the witch’s words. I will not be cast down by a younger, more beautiful Queen! After I’m finished with her, she will look like pig feed as she hangs from my red towers! Cersei watched as the man structured his thoughts and then after a warm ten seconds; he slowly leaned back forward with his answer.

“It will be done my Queen. I will sail the ‘Silence’ up the stony shores, I will kill every foreign eunuch that gets in my way and I will bring the Dragon-Queen back to you.” Cersei leaned back with clear satisfaction on her face. “However, I want what was promised, I want my glorious wedding and my lawful beautiful wife. I want my big cock inside you.” He finished with a slow drawly but gleeful gaze.

Cersei hid the dissatisfaction expertly because she knew had to manipulate such men, as she did with her drunken husband all her life. She was his Queen and she could remove his tongue for such words. But she thought of the witch’s words, I need this pirate to carry out this mission… She thought of Jamie and how he betrayed her for the dragon-whore. She remembered the words she spoke to that little wretch Sansa Stark. A woman’s greatest weapon is between her legs. “I will not marry you until your return, but a Queen should reward her future King…” Cersei saw the broad smile escalating on his lips as he leaned forward.

The next day, when the bells rang to wake the dark waters of Blackwater Bay, an Iron-Born man left the Red-Keep and went away. His sails headed north, journeying into the gales of the white winds of winter… on a mission to remove the dragon’s daughter, forever…

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, it was kind of heavy for Jon...
I hope you liked my take on Winterfell, now that Littlefinger is gone : )

Next chapter will be:
-heavy on Dany P.O.V
-A feast on Dragonstone takes place before the 'boat'. ; )
-and the introduction of Arianne I promised has been moved to the next chapter because this one was quite long : )
Fevered ribbons of golden sunlight breached the shadowed outline of the gaped opening of the luxurious crescent balcony. As the distant bells sounded, the besotting glows gently exposed the blanket of fine flecks of dust which bit by bit, wafted through fragrantly as they scattered lazily with the currents of parched, yellowed air. If you carefully narrowed your gaze the Brownian motion of the feathered particles could be seen bumping, as the apathy collided within the warm shades where a soft rustle of mellow skin against silk could be heard with a content stir which hummed the voluminous room. Another delicate spur rose from her fleshy lips as the glazed beam of the sun continually penetrated through the bayed doors of the balcony, allowing the yellow streaks to radiate her naked, olive flesh. Slowly, the room became quiet and satisfied once more…

The itched soils and sands snaked through the vineyards and blossomed foliage, below and around the sloping limestone foundations of the enchanted palace as the glower of the now matured sun immersed the new day with kind fevers, which would only fester your skin into a luscious browning; leaving it preening and glowing. The concentrated morning gave a pleasant afterglow to the former palace of Magister Yrazdan as the polished air scented through the balcony and bathed the sweltered atmosphere of the intoxicating room. The yellow afterglows settled on the intricate walled tapestries and the burrow of damp, midnight blue bedding adjacent to them; where a content Dornishwoman lay sprawled within the chaos of spoilt pillows and crinkled sheets, in a satisfied sleep…

As the gentle warm breeze wove through the sandstone frames of the open bayed window, it latched onto the scent of lavender and blossom from the vases of petals that hung the walls, bringing the fresh taste into her parted lips. Arianne fluttered her lashes at the sun’s glare as she shifted her sleeping form onto her back while her heavy, jewelled necklace slithered between her stunning tits; she looked up at the apathy of the glowing dust tide above her.

The bed felt warm and cosy from the radiation of the beams, she felt the tips of her toes yearning the find a fresh patch of warmth as she jiggled her hips to move further down the bed. As the tiredness slowly itched its way off, her adjusting brown eyes dilated as she stretched her tired loins with a content sigh. As she looked back up at the ceiling, a streak of laziness swelled her senses which tempted her to fall back into the nest of heaven, so she did…
she snaked her glowing thighs under her peachy arse and snuggled the side of her gorgeous face back into the creamy pillows. Feeling the cooler silk covers clash against her raw tanned skin- she closed her eyes and she tried to fall back into her dreams…

She felt utterly relaxed as she gazed at the momentum of air. Slowly she gained a little self-control and slowly hosted her-self onto her elbows, looking sideways at looming beaconed outline of the round sun from the open balcony. Her black tangled tresses swept down her back as she peered around, her auburn pupils and perfect brows sighed as she spotted the sun-clock on her dresser displaying the near mark of mid-day. Her body finally felt contented enough to actually rise from her burrowed bed as she entwined her fingers and stretched her arms before her; feeling the cold golden ringlets in her hair touch her back momentarily as she swivelled her legs off the mattress letting her legs dangle off the edge. *That sexy lysene bitch wore me out. Again!*

Arianne smirked to herself as she looked over her glowing shoulder, her jet black tresses waving slightly in her motion as her hazy vision saw through one eye that her door was slightly ajar. Realising her lover must had left earlier, she pushed herself up while gripping the bronze railing of the four poster bed, slowly making her way over to the hurdled bundle of her silk robe on the floor. As she felt the copper coloured silk ruffle between her honeyed fingertips while her spine straightened, she caught herself in the looking glass by the dresser. Blinking away the tiredness, her rosy lips pursed as she looked at her morning figure.

*I really do look well fucked…* Her heavy gaze lingered on her wild hair that was littered with ringlets of gold and she smiled again when she tided the negligee over her breasts, slightly shuddering as the material came into contact with her fleshy, sensitive nipples. *She’s right… they are like ripe melons…* The thin garment hid her away and then her mind settled on her dry throat and rumbling stomach. Caressing her belly, she made her way to the bottle of warm wine which drenched her throat as she sucked every drop from the chalice and selected a juiced apple from the bowl; while she moved out onto the crescent balcony.

The brisk crack of the apple’s red structure could be heard as her wet lips ravaged it to the core, she was starving, she happily licked the remaining stalk before tossing it over the ledge; watching it fall to the distant bustle of crowds below before she lifted her gaze with a short yawn. The hem of her copper negligee rippled and fluttered in the breeze, Arianne folded her wrists on the ledge, leaning over slightly as she watched the peaceful city below. Her eyes followed the colossal curvature of the River Noyne, watching it shimmer and wave under the sunbeams; she watched as the clear blue torrents, which were tinged with lines of purple and red, flowed into the winding horizon. When Arianne focused her hooded eyes she made out the faint outline of a fisherman’s barge turning back towards the ports, the breeze cooled and ruffled her rich brunette hairline while she saw the ancient enormity of a river threaten the saturated savannah on its sides; the tranquillity and the silent melody of the city caused her to sigh in pleasure.

*I should have been born here, not in that poxy Westerosian hellhole.*

Her thoughts breathed onto why she had come to the free cities, when she left Dorne, she
remembered when her father had shouted and ordered her to remain in Dorne to await her nameless forced betrothal. She remembered the arguments they had about her being shipped off for a secret alliance that her father wouldn’t even tell her about; a betrothal her uncle Oberyn had arranged when she was only a girl.

*I am not a bargaining chip*, she thought bitterly as her oozing form leaned on the ledge, contemplating her past. Arianne remembered when her and Daemon sneaked out the Dornish borders and made for the Free Cities. She went straight to her mother and took residence in the free city of Norvos. But when Daemon ran off and joined the Golden Company, after her mother chucked him out as per her request when Daemon got too cocky and arrogant. Arianne had lived a comfortable life with her beautiful mother, but under a year ago her mother had passed away leaving Arianne Nymeros Martell to fend off the greedy and corrupt Council of Magisters and the dim witted Bearded Priests. She smirked when she remembered how she challenged and out manoeuvred the great Magister Yrazdan from his: high palace, tunnels of gold and his fleet of trading vessels. *Tyene would be proud... we were right; the art of seduction is the most effective weapon...* Arianne let out a grinning sigh when she remembered how she used her alluring Dornish Beauty to lure the old goat into signing his worth and plantations over to her, before leaving him on the streets without pot to piss in; after his vulture claws had tried to take her mother’s house and jewels. Now Arianne was the wealthiest Princess in the East, with owning half of Norvos and her trading ships funding her lavish lifestyle with unreserved ease.

Her ears picked up the sound of her door creaking open and she smiled when she heard her lover’s delicate voice, “Princess, I brought some chilled wine for this insufferable heat.” Arianne smirked as she looked over her shoulder at Nymella, her alluring eyes meeting the petite lysene girl. Nymella was once noble women for a high family, who came for a trading negotiation but when Arianne set her eyes on her, the innocent lysene found the true meaning of life when she tasted the sweet nectar of Arianne’s legendary Dornish pussy. Now Nymella who was once a respectable noble women, only wore a white Essosian dress with her breasts taut and bare, her decent tits bouncing as she walked, the silky material only covering her waist down with flimsy straps running up and around her neck, her silver haired cunt visible though the thin negligee.

“I feel stressed my beautiful whore, and wine won’t cure it.” Arianne finished seductively as she looked back towards the glowing Norvoshi hills in the distance. Arianne heard felt the small patter of feet slowly grow louder behind her.

Knowing she was in for a long afternoon aswel, her spine shivered when she felt the lysene women kneel behind her, breathing heavily over her exposed peachy arse before pressing sweet kiss’s over the succulent olive cheeks. Arianne felt her soft palms shifting her copper negligee, before resting and spreading her arse cheeks to kiss the heaven situated between.

Arianne hummed and whimpered, leaning over the ledge even more to allow more room as Nymella sweetly kissed her tender clit, that rested between her bundle of raw moist folds. Arianne felt her own firm breasts slouch and press on the warm stone ledge as she bit her bottom lip with a pleased hum.
Her shut her eyes tightly, blocking out the sparkling river as she felt the teasing warm tongue penetrate into her seeping pussy, taking no time to expertly start worming and exploring the succulent paradise.

*I taught her well,* she thought smugly.

Arianne’s fingers grasped the stone ledge quelling every thought as her mind went blank, giving out an elated pant as she felt the wanton rhythm of penetration as the minutes wore on, Nymella smiled into Arianne’s pussy as she kissed and licked and sucked on Arianne Martell’s oozing glistening clit. Sloppy red noises erupting between her burning loins.

“Fuck, yes… yes, yes… eat my pussy, like a, good fucking whore,” Arianne breathed and moaned as she pushed her arse into her Nymella’s face.

Minutes went by, as the lysene girl held the shaking thighs of Princess Arianne as she tasted her divine juices, while her nose burrowed next to her arse hole, her tongue pushing into the fleshy wet folds, her alluring scent filling her nasal passages as she sucked Arianne’s pussy with glory, like a sucking from a dessert puddle.

Before she could breathe, Arianne felt a finger entering her deep tight pussy, and then another, then another, making her sigh with pleasure as her toes curled and she drastically ripped off the front of her negligée due to the immense heat, freeing her hot figure in-front of the distant moving specks far below. Arianne felt the trickle of heavy sweat glisten and trundle between her tits, weaving with the gold chained necklace that drooped and swayed between her flawless bare breasts.

The snake ringlets on her arms hurt with pleasure as all her flesh tensed from the immense pleasure, awakening between her burning loins, as her pussy was beautifully ravaged by her lysene lover.

“Fuck….” Arianne was overwhelmed as she screamed and breathed with pleasure, “Fuck… yesss, ah, ah… ah, fuck… just… like that,” looking up into the glowing skies as she came and squirted all over the pretty face of her lover. Her pussy clenching fiercely as she convulsed clear nectar from and around her crinkled, succulent rosy clit.

She didn’t waste any time as her pupils dilated with maligned hunger, spinning around, she cupped her Nymella’s flushed face, fusing her fleshy lips onto the pale pink ones. Tasting her own pussy juice which preened on her lover’s lips. She tasted unbelievable and Arianne licked and sucked
onto her bottom lip; savouring the taste of dirty saliva and her own cum; while they both fluttered their lashes open, lost in the moment as they smiled naughtily into their snogging.

The fevered ribbons warmed their flesh as the sun-clock hazily oved on, Arianne watched desperately with rich saliva hanging from her chin as Nymella pressed kisses, and sucked and licked her defined collarbone before groping her huge breasts and sucking on her fleshy erect nipples.

Arianne eventually pushed her lysene lover on the damp bedding before jumping on top of her and melting their lips together. Jet black hair clashed with pale blonde. The wet saliva on Arianne’s nipples stuck their tits together, as their slick bodies rubbed and caressed each other while their tongues battled as they meshed with lust and desire. When the room was filled with moans and mewls as their flesh grinded, Arianne snaked down Nymella’s body, kissing her neck, the under-curve of her breasts, her abdomen and then her seeped thighs. Then the room was filled with high pitched cries of bliss as Nymella got to experience the expert goddess lapping her pussy with pure skill and unparalleled bliss as the two lovers danced with lust.

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The muffled sound of a distant sandstorm flurried and churned in the glowing distance, Arianne was settled in her scented, polished living quarter’s as Nymella combed out her raven tresses. Her lips were still rose and slightly bruised; they were tiredly relaxing in each other's presence having eaten each other out for most of the afternoon.

Ari’s sated thirst for pleasure relaxed after she took a relaxing bath with her lover, washing away the sweat and saliva as they now relaxed on the pillowed seating, while Nymella restored the complex gold ringlets and clips in Ari’s perfect glossy hair. She adjusted her intricate and clean black shiny gown, as her olive skin preened and glowed underneath, the dark silk accentuating her brown eyes and lashes, and her perfect breasts that still shaped through the heavy wear, puckered and poking with beauty.

“Whatever you wear, you and your tits always look heavenly Arianne!” Nymella joked as she looked down with a pretty frown at her own small breasts, cupping them with jealousy.

“Don’t jest Mella,” Arianne smiled kindly as she popped a grape between her lips. “You’re beautiful. You would do well in Dorne.” Ari winked back as the two curled up on the lounger, waiting for the sandstorm the pass.

“Did you hear about the Dragon-Queen sailing to your homeland, with her Dragons?” Arianne nodded with an unbothered hum, barely listening as she fidgeted with her gold ruby bracelet. “They say she leads a Dothraki Khalassar of one hundred thousand and that her Dragons shadows alone, can burn cities, they say she’s going to conquer the west continent with fire and blood.” Arianne barely listened because her thoughts lingered on the Targaryen Queen that liberated slaver’s bay. Arianne totally despised the practice of slavery, so when she first heard of the Breaker of Chains;
she was intrigued. Soon rumours and gossip filled the streets of Norvos that the former Khalessi was the most beautiful women to walk the earth. She was allegedly a goddess with her godly Valyrian features that besotted every living thing.

Arianne wanted to meet this Queen but due to the constant disputes and fear of losing her lands and fortunes to the poxy Bearded Priests, she never got the time to travel to Meeren.

Nymella was cut off from her soft conversation when Ari’s Norvoshi guard entered the room, “Princess Arianne, there is a young man at the southern gate, he is begging an audience with you…”

Arianne sighed with an annoyed brow, knowing that it was likely a damn priest wanting to talk about some useless trading regime to just look at her body. But her tedious thoughts were cut when her heavy voiced guard said, “he says his name is Martell, he says he’s your brother.”

Arianne was left speechless as she nodded with consent. Before she knew it, an olive skinned man walked into her audience chamber. His hair was splintered with curls and full of dots of sand; his brown eyes had dark rings lined around them as he lowered his ragged dirty hood.

Trystane?!! She watched as he let out a relieved smile as he looked his sister up and down, before he ran into her arms.

***

Trystane felt better after he bathed before he ravaged down the cold platter of cuts of meat and honeyed turnips with pears. Arianne watched her thin little brother raze the food as she watched with concern, she pulled her robe tightly around her when she saw him look up uncomfortably at her exposed collarbone before avoiding her gaze. Arianne listened as she held his hand and told her how Oberyn was killed, then how the sand snakes murdered their father when he refused to go to war. He told her how they captured him and imprisoned him. Arianne was shocked when he told her the chaos Dorne was in after Ellaria was killed by Cersei Lannister, she was shocked when she found out how her little brother barely escaped the clutches of his captives in their own home, with the help of House Dayne; one of the last loyal house’s. She needed a moment as she absorbed the news and looked out at the red horizon.

Trystane watched as his big sister contemplated her thoughts. He hadn’t seen her since he was a young boy, but as he watched his big sister in her heavy black patterned robe, that went beautifully with her olive skin. His breeches tightened, he hadn’t been with a woman since Myrcella was killed. And when he watched his sister think, he observed her glossy black robe that accentuated her hips and peaked out her gorgeous breasts, he practically drooled.

She’s my sister, stop acting like a fool. “Arianne, what are we going to do?”

Knowingly, Arianne saw the horny look in her brother’s eyes; bless him, he looks like he needs something to eat and a woman to straighten his balls. “I’ll tell you what we were going to do… your going to get sleep, wake up early tomorrow and then…
We’re going home, we're going to make powerful alliances and we’re going to kill every Lannister that lives.” She finished with a tender but formidable determination.

“Dorne will remain unbowed, unbent and unbroken. I will do what father couldn’t do. What our traitor cousins couldn’t do. I’m going to make you, the King of the Seven Kingdoms, with a marriage alliance to the Dragon-Queen. We will strike down the poxy bitch Cersei Lannister once and for all…”

*And I will live up to my birth right. The Princess of Dorne*
Caverns of Dragonstone

Chapter Notes

Double Upload!! Check out the chapter before if you haven't already :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Caverns of Dragonstone

Daenerys breathed heavily, dowsing her lungs with icy brash wind as she mounted higher and higher, the immense pulsing beat of Drogon’s leathered wings, pounding with brute, raw power. They climbed and climbed. The crying airstreams left her platinum tresses rippling and fluttering and they waved constantly when they quickly ascended into the sombre clouded horizon. She clutched onto her child’s budded horns and guided him east over the quiet torrents of the blackwater, she wanted to go home… Once the misted clouds bathed and hid her face from sight, her gaze became unfocused and her mind swam into her thoughts, after a slow five minutes she let out a quiet sob.

Initially she thought it was the usual fast winds and bitter gusts that caused her eyes to water. But, as Drogon roared the fogged atmosphere from their path filling the pillowed air with an ear-splitting shriek, she knew her teared lashes were from what happened… She quickly engulfed more humid air into her numb lungs which hugged the fresh but salty intakes. Dany glanced down at her small pale hands that grasped the armoured scales, she saw the splutter of pearls fall onto the warm obsidian scales, quickly wiping them away, hoping Drogon wouldn’t notice her guilty blue feelings. I can’t like him like that… She sniffed her nose as the tears fell, Drogon clearly started to embody her emotions as he let out a sombre screech- silently telling his mother to be strong- Dany smiled, they always shared their thoughts, she shushed her child while giving him a meaningful stroke. Slowly, as the minutes moved on, her purple gaze became glossy again as yet again; her thoughts lingered on her northern fool…

Stop! He is, not, yours. I can’t be with him… The north will someday need heirs, and I can’t give him that life. Ile be holding him down… I can’t give him a future. I can’t give him what he deserves… I can’t be with him, and people are depending on me… But will it matter? We will most all likely die when that Monster comes for us all… Wait? Does he even want me?

Even if he does, ile be depriving him of children. Ile be depriving him of life’s miracle… This world is in dire need of some little Jon Snow’s. Dany smiled at the thought of a little girl with raven curls with a blue ribbon dancing in her hair, as she played in the falling snow… Dany didn’t notice the dramatic dived glide Drogon did, she didn’t notice the air becoming clear and vibrant as they left the haven of clouds, she didn’t notice as he started to fly parallel to the dark grave tides, she didn’t notice his colossal talons breach and ripple to calm ocean surface as their titanic reflection sung quietly.

Dany lingered on the beautiful vision of another child joining the image as he sat next to his big sister with a known broody face; while they read a story about Daeron the Young Dragon and then argued whether they were living in the eye of a giant called Mucumber… The Mother of Dragons let out a content sigh as she closed her eyes and dreamed about the things she could never have. She watched though the little window as the little Jon Snow’s played with their little arms and legs
and adorable smiles. But as she craved more, the air was smacked from her gut when she saw the children laugh with joy with her violet eyes. Dany dived out her fantasy as she tried to calm her breathing with a shuddered sob.

*I can’t give him that… You need to forget him…. He’s your ally, nothing more… You’re barren Daenerys Targaryen! But, you’re the Mother of Dragons, so that will have to be enough… Forget him now. He is your ally, nothing more…*

Dany opened her irises as a wisp of salt water grazed her face, she finally noticed the loss of altitude Drogon had taken as they flew just above sea-level, following the motion of the tinged horizon towards the small dark speck; which she swiftly concluded was Dragonstone. *They would be their soon, and her people would be back a few hours after; including her… the white wolf.* When she overheard Jon’s north-men calling him that on Dragonstone’s beaches, before they left for Eastwatch, she wondered why some of them called him that. She knew Robb Stark was given the reputation of being ‘the Young Wolf’ because of him winning every battle he faced, at such a young age, Tyrion also told her that Ned Stark was even named ‘the Quiet Wolf’ for his reserved nature compared to his siblings.

*But why was Jon named ‘the White Wolf’?* Dany’s thoughts yet again pondered on the mysterious Jon Snow, who took a knife in the heart for his people, the man who made impossible things happen; like her. She let out an exasperated huff when the annoyed fact that Jon Snow was the man she never knew she wanted, needed… After Drogo and her time in the Dothraki Sea, she had lost the ability to truly trust anyone, when she walked out of the flames; she had walked out with three Dragons but had left her ability to truly love another human with Drogo’s corpse.

As the outline of Dragonstone became more defined in the distance, she remembered when Daario knelt before her and confessed his love for her. She remembered how she couldn’t say it back to him because there was simply nothing to say. She didn’t feel anything for him. And it scared her. She knew Daario had been counting on his seed to swell in her womb so she would take him in matrimony; and even though she wouldn’t marry him because of him being a liability- she gave him plenty of chances to get her pregnant. But, the constant nightmare of the witch’s words and her miscarried child, made her sure that she would never carry another child, let alone his. She felt jealous, even-though she was the Dragon-Queen, the conqueror, she couldn’t have what she truly wanted; someone of her own, a baby she could cherish and give a good life too; a life she never had growing up.

The irony of a queen being jealous would have once made her laugh, but now she was in that position, it made her feel hopeless, it made her life feel futile due to the fact she could never pass on what she had learnt and built. She was jealous of all those normal women who had fertile soil in their womb and not the dried sand that she had; the dried sand that she was cursed with when she made the mistake of trusting someone. But then she came home, *she came to Dragonstone and she met him…*

The northern fool who either argued that an army of dead-men were coming or just simply brooded. But as she got to know her northern fool, as they argued and challenged each other, she started to see something only she could see in his grey alpha gaze. It was her reflection. A reflection that matched her own loneliness, it was an understanding. An understanding how they both just simply wanted a place to belong, and for the first time in her life, when she looked at this man, she saw her home… And for the first time since being that naïve lost girl at the edge of the world, she trusted someone.

Not just because of his unparalleled honour, not just for his courage to touch Dragons, not because of his good heart and definitely not just because of his comely appearance; she trusted him because
he bore the same scars that she had inside. He had also made mistakes in trusting someone before, and he suffered the consequences just like her. But he also got back up and still was trying to help people; he was doing what she was doing. He was trying to break the wheel, just like her. He didn’t take the easy road of fleeing out of danger; he got back up and took the hard road because as she knew too well, being the Breaker of Chains, it was worth it.

_I suppose that’s why I can’t bloody stop thinking about his stupid eyes and pretty hair. And his... _she let out a humoured breath at her attempt to insult him as she relented to telling herself the truth-

When I see him, I just feel a little less alone... That’s all...I’m allowed to have that, right?

Dany closed her eyes as she took a slow breath. _If I look back, I’m lost._ When she opened her eyes, the colossal Targaryen fortress came into view as she carefully placed a stray curl of her silver hair behind her button ears; the tears slowly melted away. But when the dense cliffs of her ancestors finally came into focus, she noticed the lack of noise behind her; she couldn’t feel the soar of green shadowing his alpha. _Rhaegal?_

Dany quickly looked over her shoulder, using her hands to keep her silver tresses out her violet gaze as she searched the skies for the fastest of her Dragons. Ever since the raid beyond the wall, she wanted... needed to know the whereabouts of her two remaining children at all times. Drogon was connected to her thoughts but with Rhaegal, she needed visual sight to make sure he was ok. When she failed to even hear her emerald child, she grew anxious and she quickly resorted to placing her hand on Drogon’s sentinel of scales as she fell into his flamed soul. _Drogon my love, where’s Rhaegal. Where is he? _The unbothered outbursts of a screech made her angrily but lightly slap him of his encrusted back, like a mother would do to a disobedient child, causing Drogon to roar in protest as he blinked his eyes with rings of guilt as his mother yelled at him.

“Drogon! We need to go back now! And find him...please.”

She tried to keep her plead and implore from her voice as she scolded her obsidian child and scolded herself for not keeping an eye on her other fire-breathing, colossal Dragon who might need their help. But when she noticed him not banking his wings even slightly, she opened her mouth to yell again but was quickly cut off when the emerald streak she was wishing for shadowed above her with a stammering screech. _Rhaegal my love, where were you? Are you ok? _Dany quickly calmed down when she saw him flying normally, slowly; they descended down onto the scorched cliffs on the north side of the stronghold.

As soon as they landed, Dany made her way off Drogon towards a restless Rhaegal who had coiled his colossal, fluid tail so his mother could easily get to him. Dany felt her red cape blowing with the windy moorlands and the litter of charred bones around her feet when she walked to him. She felt the radiating warmth Rhaegal glowered with when he leaned into her small honeyed hands; Dany’s pursed lips grew into a smile at his contented shriek. “Don’t scare me like that again you silly Dragon.” Dany watched as he blinked in agreement as his dominating titanic brother shouldered his way next to them, giving a shaking roar at the lack of attention he was receiving. Dany quickly noticed Drogon’s looming shadow over them as she spun around and pointed at Drogon; instantly quelling his protests as he lay his head submissively at her feet while she shouted at him for not even trying to find his brother. She watched as the two started to grow quiet, as the seconds went by, they both looked up into the sombre, grey horizon. She knew the reason behind their glossy eyes that were filled with only longing and remorse. Dany knew they didn’t know how to handle the feeling of loss; they were Dragons for god’s sake! But, their empty flamed gazes made her want to take them and fly east- away from everything...

But, she couldn’t, she made a promise, a promise to beat the Night King and his foot soldiers, she
made a promise to him... and she refused to leave him. So, as she looked at her children, she said what she could.

“I know I miss him too…” Dany felt Drogon and Rhaegal swoop their enormous heated faces as they watched their mother look out to the skyline; hearing her soothing Valyrian tongue. She thought of the soaring creamed gold in the sky and she thought about her sweet child, she told them they would avenge him with fire and blood, and when she heard their scales clicking with movement, their goliath wings stretched as they pulsed the air and tied it with gale as they both took flight. After the commotion had died down and her hooded eyelids opened from the sweeping currents, her violet irises spotted a distant vessel into the distance. She knew it carried her banners because she felt something in her heart calling to her. It felt like connecting to Drogon but much stronger... Dismissing the urge to just wait for him...them, she concluded they were just over a few hours before docking, so she smoothed out the creases on her fleeced corset dress and resumed her Dragon-Queen persona and made her way to the waiting Dothraki guard.

Her bloodriders initially came to escort her back to her chambers which they would normally do when she came back from flight, but when Dany felt the soft call of the wind against her lashes she knew the ship would most likely arrive after dusk. So when she saw the layered skyline slowly blocking out the pale sunlight, she decided to make the most of the daylight and venture into the Dothraki camp; which she hadn’t done since the raid beyond the wall. She kept her honeyed fingers entwined in-front of her as they walked into the camp which was situated on the east lateral of the obsidian towers. Dany kept the conversation light, Jhaki and Nago pestered her about the summit and then annoyingly about the cold weather which woke them up at night and she joked with them about how they should sleep together then to stay warm; receiving a light-hearted argument how they weren’t craven and bent like Westerosian soldiers.

Dany liked the conversation and forward nature of her horselord screamers as they laughed about how her other bloodrider Aruki, was probably throwing up on that ship right now, she missed this freeing view of life because it took her mind off the pressures of ruling. The leathered tents rippled and grew wild when Dany felt the sun’s glare flicker momentarily as Rhaegal’s colossal shadow flew over-head, she smiled at her Dragons screech, I’m ok my love, go and get your supper now. Dany pretended to smile at Jhaki’s joke as she thought about her silly green dragon; he was now just as protective over her as Drogon was; especially after the wall. But her shuddered, chilled thoughts were cut off because as soon as she entered the world of auburn and tanned tents that covered the eastern plains, her people offered her a horse to ride and spiced tea to keep out the cold. She refused the horse, as she wanted to walk amongst her people but gracefully accepted the steaming beverage, after she thanked the family that offered it, her and her two bloodriders walked deeper and deeper into the camp; keeping the conversation with light hearted humour. But when Nago suggests the Khaleesi should take a man into her bed to warm her at night, she Swiftly threw him her Dragon-Queen gaze; making his face twist into a dumb expression. She knew it was a harmless joke but it made her think of him again, who she promised herself she wouldn’t think of like that anymore. So she couldn’t help her dimples from appearing as she laughed and told him that his Khaleesi was far more selective when deciding who would even be in her chambers, let alone lay with her, compared to a dry-humping Khal; she felt his nervous chuckle as she laughed with them and casually moved on from the jest. She felt the damp muddied grass engrave her footprints as they made their way into the centre of the chaotic enormity of the Dothraki encampment, she spotted the former Khaleesi’s that she asked to come with her from Vais Dohrak and she watched as they warmly greeted her under a large coloured pavilion, as they adjusted themselves on the deep oaken logs, so she could sit with them around the crackling firewood in the centre.

Quite quickly, the hour went by while the sombre rays of the sun slowly faded from the shores of
Dragonstone. For the second time that day, Dany felt content and safe as she talked with the former Khaleesi’s about the latest gossip around the city of tents and how they liked the taste of the large rubber fishes they caught on the shores. She smiled at the progress they were making on living on Dragonstone. She knew they preferred the traditional way of Dothraki life of camps and horseback compared to being confined in a stone castle, so she knew they were happy living on Dragonstone’s plains. Some of them asked her when the main Khalassar would return, some of them with her presence were able to tease the bloodriders as they absorbed the jokes with annoyed faces but most of them asked why she hadn’t taken a strong warrior into her bed yet. Dany hid her flushed expression well as she smiled and waved them down telling them they were going to war and there was no time for such occasions as she received knowing looks, do they all expect a khal?

But, most of her time was consumed when they all fussed and touched her silver braids, telling her she needed more plaits after her victory on the Blackwater Rush; so when they all surrounded her and started their work of giving her more braids Dany gave a smile and hid a sigh of relief from the change of conversation. Soon the army of specialist braiders arrived, ushering her into her tent to give her worthy braids and stripping her clothes for Dothraki leathers and rags, Dany gladly allowed it as it boosted moral which they all would soon need but she saw in their eyes- they all admired her for her dragon strength, her alluring features and her unparalleled ability to conqueror kingdoms; little do they know what I really want... Stop it! You can’t have him, remember… She felt olive hands rub oils into her skin as another pair worked her hair and another set placed bronze bells on her braids.

So as the turmoil of having the honour of dressing the Khaleesi surrounded her, Dany watched through the busy crowd as a little toddler crawled through the flap of the tent, she saw tears in his eyes as he found his mother and started tugging at his mother’s leather garb as she worked on Dany’s braid. Dany’s purple gaze dilated in her seat as she heard the mother apologize to her, she quickly told her not to be sorry and to tend to her child, so when the maid bent down to pick up her screaming child telling him to shush and calm down; Dany’s maternal instincts avalanched. He’s so cute… his little chubby cheeks are adorable… aw, please don’t cry honey… Dany watched as the little toddler looked and slowly caught her craving gaze though his tear filled eyes as he cooed to the gentle rocking and laid his head on his mother’s shoulder. But when the women asked if she would hold her child while she finished the braid, Dany blurred out the hectic tent and the nimble fingers adjusting her clothes and hair, she only focused on the mother’s words as she passed the baby into Dany’s arms, relenting to her baby’s outstretched fingers towards the Khaleesi as he sat in the peculiar women’s lap while he started playing with her silver tresses. Dany felt still as the little squiring weight on her lap drooled onto her hands as he played with her. She had never held a baby before, not even Rhaego. So when the little baby finally stopped crying and started to coo into her tickle, she felt a flutter rumble her stomach as she played with his chubby fingers; she couldn’t keep her rose lips from smiling as the baby let out a happy gurgle.

But then, the moment broke. It broke when she watched the mother smile at her giving words of encouragement that the Khaleesi would be a good mother. As soon as she moulded the words from her lips, Dany’s memories triggered like bolted lighting and she quickly but gently passed the babe back as she rose from her seat and pretended to check her hair in the looking glass, and once she gave a false smile, she nearly ran out of the tent gasping in the croaked air. She ignored her bloodriders as they moved after her fast paced walk out of the camp. Dany wanted to go home…

Without hesitation, her calling eyes opened as Drogon’s colossal form thundered the earth, tiding the air once again as the horselords watched their Khaleesi climb on her mount and take flight…

Dany gave a sad smile of thanks to her obsidian child as he lowered his wing on her Valyrian arched balcony, when her feet touched the polished floor, his rapturous talons latched off the Dragon porch of the Lord’s chambers; leaving for the grassland cliffs to quell the thirst for roasted
flesh to slither down his canyon gullet.

The shadow of her rescuer left her balcony in search of what she presumed was his supper. She made her way to her heavily guarded door; informing her unsullied sentries to make sure she wasn’t disturbed and only inform her when the ship had docked. Once she had closed and latched her obsidian door, she then caught her breath. *I shouldn’t have held the…. I can never have that…*

Her room had been cleaned and prepared; the smell of jasmine salts filled her nose when she slowly started undoing her intricate braids. When she removed the complex pins and clips, her silky hair cascaded behind her back as she arched her tresses behind her button ears. Walking past her living quarters and into her bedchamber she settled on the edge of the bed, blocking out the voluminous room as she contemplated her day. She thought about how Tyrion had persuaded Cersei to accept the truce; which made her curious. She thought about the faces of her company when Jon had just touched Drogon; which made her amused. She thought about how she told Missandai to look after everybody before she called Drogon; which made her think when they would arrive. She thought about the Wight that nearly clawed at Cersei; which made her think of… She then thought about how she held that lovely babe with big brown eyes; which made her think about… She quickly scolded herself, *if I look back, I’m lost*, and so she rose from the splendid feathered bed and had a maid prepare a steaming hot bath…

A forgotten melody hummed from her rosy lips while she busied herself with the ties of her Dothraki leather dress. Her honeyed fingers undid the buttons letting her silk blouse underneath come into view. She let out a sigh of protest- the leathered dress was still wound with ties at the waist and she realised her couldn’t reach the complicated ties that enveloped her back without help. Not wanting to call a maid and have her alone time disturbed again, she resorted to swivelling the tight dress down her tender skin.

The snug-fit slid over her plump tits before it fell easier over her smooth tummy. But then she had to grasp at the hem again to slide it over her wide hips; feeling the raw leather struggle and slither over, revealing her pillowed arse. After letting her flimsy silk blouse fall off her shoulders aswel, her tender skin became free as it fell around her full calves and puddled around her small feet; before she stepped into the voluminous marble bath.

Slowly, as the minutes went by. Daenerys sighed with bliss and pleasure as the scolding water immersed and cooled her body…

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Dany looked up into the looking glass of her dresser, finding the warm brown gaze of her friend who was braiding her silver hair back into her dothraki crown. The evening moon shone through her windows and the wax candles on her walls merely embellished the pale light. Her hair was still a little damp as she sat in-front of her grand dresser while Missandai styled her hair for the late supper. Her mood had lifted after her long productive bath, the scented burning water relaxed her bones as she washed away the stench of Kingslanding. After her company returned under an hour ago she felt she could truly relax, she knew she could count on him to return them safely and when Missandai arrived at her chambers to inform her of their arrival- despite feeling a little embarrassed of her flushed face, resultant from what she did in that bath- she let out a content smile when she saw Missandai. But, she knew her friend too well and when she saw her distressed eyes she knew
something wasn’t right. So as her friend told her what Cersei Lannister did, her Valyrian blood boiled with acidity.

“…yes your grace and that’s when we heard Rhaegal and then usurper was too scared to act.” Dany looked up at her friends sombre reflection in the glass as she did her hair. The gaze of withheld anger could be seen on Dany’s gorgeous face as her friend finished the story.

*How dare that… that…. Bitch! Abuse Missandai with those remarks, how dare that, monster, taunt and threaten Jon like that...How dare she wait for me to go and try and undermine me. She’s lucky I wasn’t there, because I most definitely would have let Drogon tear her, and her guards, to pieces! Her moment of rage and irritation was quelled when she felt the silence; she looked over her shoulder to see her best friend looking down with a stare of failure in her brown eyes. Dany knew that look because it was the same look she used to hold when Viserys would shout at her and even though she would never shout at Missandai; she knew her friend saw the anger flash on her violet eyes. So, Dany quickly stood from the seat and took her friends hands intimately, catching her upset gaze.*

“Missandai, none of this was your fault. Cersei Lannister did this” -Dany gave a tender smile when she saw Missandai look up with a small reflective smile- “Anyway… Everyone got out safely. Everyone still has their health…and you not only showed profound loyalty, you also got to tell that bitch to fuck off…’’ She finished humorously with a soft voice, chuckling when she heard Missandai’s small laugh, Daenerys didn’t know where her unqueenly language came from, *maybe my new northern company is influencing me,* she quickly remembered the way Jon made her laugh in the Dragon pit cove, causing her stomach to flutter once again under her black silk robe. Her thoughts momentarily spurred onto the white wolf, *that man is full of surprises… Not only did he make sure I had representation, he refused Cersei’s offer for his father’s last words… He refused to break my trust… He didn’t have to do that… I would have understood…*

Missandai felt a wave of pure admiration for her Queen. The way she understood and gave pure compassion, cemented the fact that she was nothing like her rumoured mad father. Missandai also couldn’t keep the smile of her face when her Queen used her profaning words making them sound only alluring and impactful. But her rays of thoughts were subsided.

“Missandai what exactly did Cersei say to him? Lord Snow I mean…”

“She mocked his honour… she jessed with the last words of his lord father for information about Viserion’s absence… But he still refused to comply and he only defended your honour…The usurper taunted him on his decision on pledging fealty to you but he only told her- he had made many mistakes in his life but that wasn’t one of them.” Dany nodded attentively, swallowing her fiery feelings as her friend continued.

“…and then what did he do?” She sheepishly asked looking away from Missandai’s, knowing warm gaze, hoping she didn’t look the part of a blushing girl that she felt she was.

“Well when he refused, the usurper threatened us; so he grabbed hold of my wrist, stood in-front of me and then drew his own blade.”

Dany hid her hot red expression as she gulped down some chilled water before she turned around to settle on a seat by the roaring hearth; glancing up momentarily as Missandai joined her on the opposite seat. She thought how this northern fool not only was perfect for her but how he, easily and most likely unknowingly, breached thought the colossal entrenchment of armour she placed around her heart; the walls that everyone but him, failed to open after her heartbreak in the Red Waste. Missandai shrewdly caught on to her Queen’s glossy look as she added softly.
“I believe he shares the same feelings as you…your grace.”

Dany tried to collect herself quickly as she masked on the remnants of her Dragon-Queen persona as she failed to hide her flushed cheeks and hot lips. “Don’t be ridiculous Missandai, were allies, nothing more…”

“Your grace, if it’s not too bold. He is the same age as you. He talks and leads just like you… Serving injustice with justice… he obviously shares a relationship with your Dragons and he’s the most honourable man I’ve ever met.”

Missandai couldn’t believe she was advertising a man to her Queen. She truly never thought any man could deserve Daenerys until she met the Northern Kin…Lord; and she saw the looks they gave each other. And Missandai had never seen her Queen besotted with a man before, Daario was merely a distraction and Daenerys even told me she felt nothing significant for him, but Jon Snow was different. But as she saw Daenerys lilac eyes dilate with her words, she quickly added- “…and he’s certainty not hard to look at, your grace…”

“That’s enough Missandai!” Daenerys couldn’t take it and she quickly cut the painful list, I can’t have him! We have a war to survive and the Northerners hate Targaryen’s… and, I can’t give him children… Dany fully recollected her Dragon-Queen persona, but she had to stand up slowly because of the forbidden moist nectar that seeped between her pink folds clinging to her silk robe momentarily.

“Thank you for helping me with my hair Missandai, please inform Lord Tyrion I want a word before to feast begins,” she finished with a snap.

As the hearths crackle broke her panicked moment, Daenerys let out an indulgent sigh as she turned back to her passive friend who walked past her towards the door in dismissal.

“Missandai wait… I’m sorry, it’s just…” Dany left it at that when Missandai give a warm nod of understanding. “And I’m sorry that you had to endure those remarks from that villain, I promise I will do everything in my power to make sure that won’t happen again,” she finished meaningfully.

“It’s ok your gra… Daenerys,” –Missandai smiled when Daenerys softly frowned at the formalities- “Lord Snow actually gave me some advice to handle such occasions.” Missandai saw Daenerys’s give a questioning look as she crossed her arms tenderly, lifting her plump breasts slightly that were shaped under her silky black robe.

“He told me to wear my past like armour, so it can never be used to hurt me.”

Dany let out a deliberate sigh as the door shut behind her friend. She carelessly flopped onto the edge of her huge feathered bed with only one thought on her mind… I’m, in, trouble.

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“Wow…”

Daenerys gave a small smile but ignored the breathless complement when Tyrion walked into her chambers; who was dressed in his expensive dinner doublet. She gave a warm thanks to her handmaidens and turned back to Tyrion’s knowing face before beckoning him to walk with her to the feast. “Tyrion, I don’t want to keep our people waiting any longer, walk with me.”
The dwarf of Casterlyrock gave a slow nod as his eyes narrowed from his thinking. He was blow away when he walked into her room, he expected her to be wearing her usual red and black colours. But when he walked though, he was stopped in tracks when he looked up. She wore a mesmerising pale purple almost turquoise dress, which was lined with intricate patterns on her arms and front, with black lacing on her wrists; the gliding dress hugged her honeyed shoulders and displayed her alluring collarbone. Darker shades of violet fabric draped and flowed behind her, trailing on the floor as the scaly garb accentuated her gorgeous and flawless curves. Her platinum braids and hanging tresses clashed next her cheeks beautifully, the violet elegant dress highlighting her spellbinding lilac irises that spoke pure volumes.

She really does live up to the goddess Targaryen Dragon-Queens. Tyrion knew if his past loves and tragedies hadn’t infected him, he would most likely be lusting over the goddess walking beside him as her alluring aroma filled his nostrils. He knew exactly what she was doing and who this was intended for. The Northern fool will most likely drown when he sees her, not forgetting every man who lays their eyes on her, Tyrion felt his stomach jump with humour as his thoughts lingered on Mormont- if he hadn’t seen her in all those Meerenesse dressers; he would probably collapse right now. As they entered the encrusted voluminous corridors towards the great hall on the lower levels; he waited for her to break the uncomfortable silent as the unsullied sentries trailed behind them.

Daenerys tried not to roll her eyes, she knew Tyrion was probably suspecting why she wore such a dress but now was not the time for that- it was the time for her question to be answered. But she decided to humour him before questioning him; as she slowly commented.

“So… Tyrion… you look nice.”

“Thank you, so do I.” he quickly replied with a knowing sarcastic smile.

Daenerys actually did roll her eyes as her smile rose to match Tyrion’s as he continued but with a now thoughtful and serious tone. “Your grace, since no one would dare to voice it to you, it’s my duty to do so. You must remember that we’re heading into a kingdom that despises Targaryen’s, a kingdom, which after the fate of the late Lyanna Stark will most likely reject you as their ruler. So you must keep your relationship with your warden formal and…” Dany quickly cut off her Hand as they slowed their pace before the last corridor towards the great hall.

“Tyrion you don’t need to remind me how to appeal and treat with a new city…”

“A new continent, a very large and a very cold continent,” he added with a stressed tone.

Daenerys turned on her Dragon-Queen gaze as she continued, “…ok, continent, but you know I didn’t ask you to escort me from my chambers for information I already know.” Daenerys stopped their walk altogether as the wax candle chandelier above her embellished her now fiery gaze. “You know what I want to know Tyrion,” she finished softly.

Tyrion sighed as he slowly looked up into her tender eyes which had remnants of her profound Dragon-Queen’s gaze. “The reason my sister accepted the truce…was because, I found out she’s pregnant and Cersei would do anything for her children, including treating with an enemy. So that’s how I bargained our truce.”

Daenerys known understood why Tyrion was initially reluctant to tell her, he thinks because the Lannister’s killed my baby niece and nephew, I would automatically want revenge in the same way. Daenerys reached for Tyrion’s small hand by his side as she gave him a tender and reassuring squeeze.
“Hear me Tyrion, I understand the difficult situation you’re in,” Dany watched as Tyrion raised his brow humorously even-though he deeply appreciated her intimate gesture. “She’s carrying your future niece or nephew, and even-though she threatened you and my people with wildfire and even-though she sits on the Iron-Throne. I do not judge a child by their parent’s sins and I do not, kill innocent children.” Dany appreciated their intimate moment as she emphasised the matter and added-“because if I did, I would be a hypocrite for both reasons.”

He gave a tired smile as he gave a soft squeeze back before they resumed their walk; letting the distant feasting sound of their soldiers begin to fill their ears. Tyrion decided to remove the sombre mood as he breathed out the highlight of his day. “May I ask how on earth Jon Snow was able to approach your Dragon, let alone touch him? My knees nearly gave away when the northern fool nearly destroyed our alliance by nearly getting himself killed once again,” he finished comically as his Queen let out a humoured breath from his reaction to the incident. Seconds went by as she slowly answered.

“Perhaps we should leave that for another day” -Dany didn’t know how to answer her friend’s questions as her thoughts were really concentrating on the fact that only her, and now Jon Snow had touched her Dragons; which made it enthralling for her in a way she promised to ignore. So she gradually replied- “We will discuss it after the war council tomorrow morning, let’s just get tonight out the way and hope this feast does boost moral as you suggested this morning.”

“O and by the way, speaking of Jon Snow, he would most likely be late”-Daenerys hid her delved probing gaze well when they entered the roaring hall as Tyrion finished- “Him and his Northmen are making the most of their Dragonglass mining, so I expect he’ll arrive later.” Tyrion knowingly glanced up at her stoic expression; knowing there was more to it…

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His face was pale as his hands plunged and fell into the refreshing salted shallows, dowsing his sweat in the oceans soft ripple. Jon let out a husky breath and looked up into the dark horizon; his grey gaze meeting the moons glare. The moment his feet touched the shores of Dragonstone, he didn’t waste any time, he knew every piece of Dragonglass would count and as he re-joined his north-men; they laboured until they couldn’t lift a bone. His heaving abdomen calmed under his black jerkin the moment they clambered out the sullen obsidian cavern, they had scrapped all the glass they could literally reach. Jon watched as the Dothraki and his Northmen barrelled the obsidian out; pushing the abused wagons along the saturated beached sands towards the deep water ports on the southern lateral of the fortress. He washed away the slick layer of sweat beaded around his neck and washed the dirt off his hands as he tied his hair back up. Turning around he watched as his men staggered out the opening.

“I’m fucking knackered.”

“Shut up Tom, all you did was moan!” Ryman playfully pushed Tom shoulder making his legs stagger in-front of them as he cussed.
“That was so funny when ya nearly chiselled off Bowen’s finger.”

“I need summit in mi belly!” Theo exclaimed as he wiped his sweated palms on his northern brown jerkin and scratched his matted beard.

“Never mind that, I need good pint of ale, not that southern piss they call wine!”

Jon smiled when he let out a deliberate cough waking them from their exhaustion.

He watched as they slowly staggered over to him, not hearing their chorus of mumbles as they caught his alpha gaze.

“Shit, if were in trouble I’m going to kick your fat arse Bowen.” - “Do you want me to sit on you again Theo, you little dickhead.”

When they eventually made it to hearing distance of their King, they quelled their moaning and straightened their spines, Ryman coughed out a laugh as he looked at his King’s knowing arctic gaze, as he sheepishly stated- “That’s pretty much all of it Jon… this with the other last two shipments, all of it should keep the Winterfell smiths and furnaces proper busy…” Jon gave a slow nod and his dark eyes burrowed into a warm smile, beckoning them to follow as he turned around.

“Come on boys. It’s been a long day so let’s get summit to eat. Davos said there some sort of feast on, so I’ll make sure you get your ale Parker.” Jon said with a knowing smile over his shoulder with his husky voice. The lads laughed and shook their head at their king’s arctic sense ability of hearing as they trudged behind him up the escalating cold beach. The moment Jon started labouring the black glass, his body once again fell into the familiar but easy routine of hard labour: of shovelling heavy snow from the Wall’s trenches over castleblack in the screaming gales or when he used to range beyond the wall with Grenn, Pyp and Bryan to tunnel out the latrine pits climbing though the avalanching blizzards. When they got up to the candle lit steps towards the strongholds entrance with posted Dothraki guards, he saw Davos walking towards him, he let out a hoarse breath and turned back towards his men with a tired look.

“Now get in there and have a good time lads”-he couldn’t hold back his grin as the night was filled with cheers and tired but enthusiastic grins when he finished his little speech- “because tomorrow, we’re off home!” Jon’s normal broody face returned as they all clambered towards the roaring hall giving him nods and pats on the shoulder. He gave a warm greeting to his advisor while they made their way towards his quarters so he could get washed for the feast. “…and Davos make sure this shipment is on the boats before noon tomorrow. I expect after the war council tomorrow we’ll be setting sail for White Harbour, any news on the other freights?”

“Aye your grace, House Manderly sent word the second freight has docked and the lad Gendry
should be nearing Winterfell with the first freight…erm… Jon…You know you didn’t have to labour, it’s not expected.” Jon let out a sigh as they walked through the encrusted lit hallways towards his chambers.

“I know Davos but I wanted to and why not. Anyway, I grew up with soldiers all my life and mining glass is far easier than always toiling on a seven-hundred foot Wall every day.” Davos let out his flea-bottom chuckle at his failure of getting Jon accustomed to the life of a powerful Kin… Lord.

“Alright you honourable git”-Davos sarcastically moaned as he smiled at Jon’s brooding face as he looked back with a small smile- “Anyway, you should really get ready, the feast has started and it would be good for you to make an appearance for our new Queen, who might I say, looks absolutely amazing tonight.” He finished humorously, narrowing his gaze as he knowingly looked at Jon’s stoic expression. Jon kept his brood collected when he felt another long tease coming from Davos who most likely knew his feelings. So he decided to play to his strengths of simply brooding as he pushed for an innocent conversation.

“I promised Lady Brienn I would meet her there, so I’ll have a quick wash and be there…” But he was cut off by an unsullied guard that informed them, with his broken common tongue that a raven arrived that to both of their curiosity, bore the seal of the Onion Knight. Davos held a surprised look as he took the scroll in his wrinkled hands but Jon didn’t want to intrude and was already late, so he clapped Davos on the shoulder and told him he’ll see him at the feast.

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His raven curls were still a little damp as it nuzzled his neck under his northern cloak. He nodded to the unsullied sentries posted by the double doors that led into Dragonstone’s great hall before he made his way into the roaring banquet. The gigantic room was filled with musky yellow candlelight as the array of chandeliers danced with what he presumed was some sort of Essosian music. The scaly stone walls were lit with flaming torches, the ceiling was too high to make out and the hall was lined with four magnificent polished tables with benches on either side; all of which led up to the head table on a raised stone platform at the front.

The taste of spiced and sweet Essosian dishes and platters littered the tables as the benches groaned from the drunken weight of mostly the dothraki men and women rather than the sober unsullied soldiers. Jon had left Longclaw in his quarters in good faith but unusually the unsullied soldiers didn’t even check if he was armed, as he looked down the echoing hall that was lined with heavy benches. The room was filled with merrymaking as his eyes unknowingly searched for the only person that could stop his natural brood: he watched the chanting horselords as they chugged gallons of their fermented mare’s milk and swished it down with wine, he watched the various southern lords that had already pledged fealty to Daenerys sit uncomfortably as they scrambled the exquisite food, he saw Brienn and her squire sit by his northern party who were playing some sort of card game with the unsullied soldiers as a couple of them drowsed off; due to the hard mining and now the booze. As he made his way towards them he saw Tyrion raise his glass to him with a nod before he resumed his deep conversation with the spymaster Varys, he saw Missandai smiling as she talked with an unsullied soldier; who oddly now kept glancing at him and then he saw her…

His grey arctic gaze double looked when he saw Dany sitting with some of the dothraki with an almost bore expression as she gave only smiles and hums for responses in her conversation. Even
though Jon was a fair distance from her, he was besotted with the image of her as he trudged down onto his bench by Brienn; who gave a formal but warm greeting. He knew the high table had a seat reserved for him but his mind was too full to even consider it. That dress and her perfect body possessed his mind; his mind blizzard and addled as it filled with what it would be like to release that dress off her- the thought only causing his breeches to tighten. The alluring memory of her lavender and jasmine scent breathed over his husky intakes as he thought of kissing her succulent lips. He wanted to feel her small honeyed hand within his again as he held her and worshipped her neck, ears, lips. He wanted to protect her good heart from everything bad and listen to her soothing voice as she voiced her brilliant mind. So as he played with the seasoned venison and buttered mashed potato that filled his plate; he only thought of her.

I’m a bastard. She’s a Queen. I can’t have these feelings; she’s your ally nothing more. She doesn’t even want anything more. She let go of my hand remember, she thinks me as northern fool. Jon glanced up through the chaotic feasting resting his gaze on the goddess he couldn’t have.

I don’t deserve her, ile be holding her back and I refuse to do that. She’ll make a good Queen... The Queen the north deserves. I will fight for Winterfell, for Sansa, for Arya, for Bran, and for her... Jon let out an indulgent sigh, I’m tired of fighting, it’s all I’ve fucking done. I’ll make sure they survive this, and then ile get to have what I want, ile go down with honour and meet father. But, I don’t want that anymore... I want her...

Jon let out a subtle shake of his head at the damn irony. I’ve never asked for anything in my entire mistake of a life, but now, I’ve found something I want, and I can’t have it. Duty is more important than... Is it? Father picked duty and everyone suffered for it. Robb picked love and everyone also suffered from it... I picked duty over love once and she still died. I don’t want to do that again, I simply can’t do that...

I wish the Red women wasn’t there on that night, it would have made things easier...for me.

But his brood was obliterated because in that moment, she caught and reflected his lost arctic gaze. Through all the cluttered commotion, laughter, mayhem and turmoil. Grey and Violet drowned each other. Their breathing becoming red and rhymed as the craving stream blurred out everything and in that blinked moment, they dowsed each other with hidden love and desire.

As the hours blurred on, the moon reached its highest as mid-night approached. Jon wanted to stay sharp and sober unlike his north men as he kept to water since wasn’t used to all the exotic foods, he laughed with his north men, he even got a sudden encounter with the unsullied soldier Greyworm who kept looking at him. Jon gave a warm smile and shook the man’s hand when he thanked him for looking after Missandai of Narth while he couldn’t. But most of his time he talked with Brienn about the progress of Winterfell. He craved on the news about Arya and Bran and Sansa’s wellbeing. He found out Arya was sparring with the best of Winterfell’s soldiers and bested many. He found out that according to his sister’s, Bran had visions and was different to the little boy that used to climb Winterfell’s grey towers; he quickly concluded that Bran was a warg but didn’t elaborate since he wanted to see his little brother for his own eyes before he voiced his suggestion. And Brienn told him about Sansa and her ability to run the North in his name, which made him proud; they truly are Ned Stark’s and Lady Catelyn’s children, strong to the last breathe...

He then wondered where Ser Davos had got to as he scurried the hall with his arctic gaze, avoiding the high table knowing he would only go red and stupid again. Where did he get go? But he was quickly ushered out his thoughts as Ryman and Tom clapped his back lightly, laughing as they nodding to their left, the sight making him also laugh, as he watched his quartermaster Bowen arm-wrestling a Dothraki screamer as they light-heartedly shouted insults at each other in their own language.
The soft saturated sand marked his footsteps with wet noises as his moonlit shadow crept behind him. The feast had ended a few hours ago and he still hadn’t found the old sailor. Jon decided to check the cave before he called it a night, he wasn’t exactly worried about his friend since he had disappeared in his old home quite a few times for what he called ‘nostalgic walks’. But he needed his friend sharp for tomorrow’s council and, he still wanted to check if he was alright, Jon saw Davos like a father he never had.

His grey gaze gave a husky squint as he entered the pitch black Dragonglass cavern. His arctic senses heard the distant flutter of bats as he walked further in, he felt the pickaxes and chisels that littered the floor around his feet. But Jon stopped in his tracks when his dark eyes reflected a distant glow of a lantern around the corner and her alluring scent that filled his nose as he walked forward making his fingertips tingle. Once he rounded the narrow corner, his eyes dilated with warmth when he saw Daenerys sitting with her knees curled in her arms as she looked up at the ancient runes of the Children of the Forest. Her glossy violet gaze lost in thought as her stunning dress floated around her; the exquisite hem laying in the soot and dirt- not caring if it got ruined. Jon’s felt his heart break abit when he saw a small tear trickling down her cheek as she gave a cute sniffle and gazed in thought, even when she crying she looks beautiful… But as he watched, her button ears picked up his husky breathing… Her fiery gaze switched on and she swiftly spun around with an alarmed and startled look, her breathing calming when she saw only the grey gaze of her northern fool drown her as a distant roar reacted and thundered from the northern plains.

“Jon! You startled me… Don’t do that…” she quickly wiped her tears away with her honeyed hands, glancing up again and giving a soft smile at his apologetic expression, while he came to sit next to her on the uneven floor.

“I apologise your grace, but I didn’t expect to see you here…” He gave an understanding smile when she tried to hide her tears as she moved a little for him to sit next to her. They became comfortable as they both gazed up at the ancient candle lit illustrations; their shoulders adjacent and inched apart. Slowly he broke the warm silence.

“What brought you down her?”

“I…I couldn’t sleep.” Dany scolded herself for talking like an innocent maid but as she lingered a glance at his raven curls and defined jaw while he looked at the drawings, she remembered the courtesies of a normal conversation. “What about you?”

“I… since I couldn’t sleep either, I was looking for Davos.” Jon kept his gaze on the illuminated runes as his abdominals fluttered from her tender voice. Slowly the clearing behind quiet and red, the awkward feeling lingering as the two renowned leaders shifted comfortably with nervousness from each other’s warm presence. As Dany thought about the situation, she let out a small grin at their inability to talk as she broke the contented cave.

“I heard what happened after I left, Kingslanding I mean” she turned her head looking into his deep eyes, “Missandai told me what Cersei said to you… I wanted to say thank you… I appreciate your loyalty, but, know that I would have understood if yo…”

“Dan… Daenerys.” Her lips gave a soft smile at her shortened name when he cut her off. It once held terrible memories for her but when Jon said it with his husky voice, it thrilled her with desire
but she wouldn’t tell him that, yet. His slip up was followed by a sheepish look in apology as he continued. She watched as his full lips let out his gentle husky voice as his eyes spoke volumes. “Daenerys, it wouldn’t have been right for me to share Viserion’s story, I don’t know what it feels like to lose a child but I know how it feels to lose family. So please don’t thank me, I only did what was right…” he finished with a firm but tender look.

She gave an understanding nod of appreciation nonetheless, knowing he had suffered enough to know… as she smiled and playfully nudged him as she said, “I hear my unsullied commander thanked you though. For looking after Missandai.” She added endearingly as he nodded attentively with a soft “aye.” Dany remembered what Missandai had said and she looked back into his grey eyes as she tenderly spoke.

“Well, I hear your unsullied commander thanked you though. For looking after Missandai.” -Dany watched as he gave a small nod before she added- “wise words, Jon Snow, your fathers words?”

“No.” he breathed humorously with his northern accent, looking into her questioning violet eyes; as grey and violet locked

“Tyrion.” He answered; he couldn’t stop his grin when she laughed with a glowing smile. I wish I could listen to her for the rest of my life... slowly they looked away, looking back up at the drawing’s; not taking it in as they thought of each other’s faces. Jon looked back at her, “your unsullied commander, Grey-worm is it… he seems like a good man,” Dany smiled in appreciation as he added; “I didn’t know him and Missandai were… a thing?” Dany smiled at the cute husky look he gave as she elaborated for him.

“Neither did I until I arrived at Dragonstone, to be honest, I’m grateful that they found each other. This wretched world is in dire need for love.” Jon watched as the words fell from her succulent lips. Stop it, she’s a Queen and I’m… just a bastard. But when they lonely eyes locked, the seconds felt long and immersed, their gaze melting and freezing together, the air grew silent and red. As the seconds drove on, their eyes flickered to each other’s lips, craving and longing and yearning to fuse; to become one. Merely inches apart. Dany looked at his dowsing grey gaze as she looked at his full lips.

Please Jon. Just. Kiss me. I’m too scared to do it...

I want you so bad Dany, but I can’t dishonour you… you deserve more… Jon closed his eyes

…and looked away, I’m no good for you… They both saw hesitation in each other’s eye and didn’t know what to think. Dany blinked her lilac eyes away reflectively as they both concentrated on the drawings around them, recovering with subtle breathes from the moment. She felt flushed and red, as she looked down at her Targaryen dress; toying with her mother’s ring as she waited for the moment to pass. I hope he doesn’t leave now...

But her thoughts were cut off as he spoke...

“Daenerys I want to apologise for what happened on that boat… I should have let go of your hand… It wasn’t appropriate…” Daenerys watched as his uttered speech fell and tumbled out his mouth as he looked down in her direction. My northern fool… You don’t think I want you back! You really are an impossible thing Jon Snow. Dany gave a soft smile as she caught his gaze and quelled his husky groaned speech, by taking his dense calloused hand in her own, moving his warmth onto her lap and giving it an affectionate squeeze. I know we can’t do this, but I won’t have you thinking I don’t want you back Jon Snow.

…it wasn’t right of me and I was…” Dany quickly cut him off as she took his hand with a squeeze of fondness; locking her lilac eyes with his grey gaze.
“Listen Jon Snow, the only reason I let go was because it was just a little unexpected…but believe me, it wasn’t unwelcomed.” Jon felt his insides glow and radiate as it churned when he saw her tender smile as her honeyed hand entwined his, he let out a breath that didn’t know he was holding as their eyes locked speaking volumes. She slowly adjusted her form so she faced him with crossed legs as he did the same. Sweeping her silver tresses behind her button ears and carelessly smoothing out the bottom of her dress, “why don’t I help you find you’re missing Knight?” Jon watched curiously as she smiled before closing her eyes with a focused expression. After a few seconds, his arctic senses caught on what she was doing and he let out a grin as she reopened her mesmerising lashes. Dany felt her gargantuan wings nestling back into her back as she felt the colossal untamed power die down; while her earthly senses came back to her own, finding the drowning grey eyes of Jon Snow warm her. Both smitten and immersed.

“You used Drogon, didn’t you?”

Dany nodded and breathed the salty air, happy she didn’t have to explain her ability, especially to his distracting dark eyes. “Ser Davos seems alright, he’s by the eastern banks. Lying in the grassland and he just seems to be gazing at the stars.” Jon smiled, knowing the hampered breathes she felt as she warged out. It’s probably the same feeling when I come out of Ghost. What am I on about? It’s a dragon, it probably a hundred times the feeling! Jon nodded in appreciation before they glanced down between them. Slowly the air became heavy and red again, both realising their continuous cycle of awkward moments, they both looked up at each other for a moment before chuckling at their inability to act normal and not be nervous when they were on their own.

As the hours went by and the moon shone its beacon wider and brighter the Mother of Dragons and the White Wolf talked and talked. She asked about his sisters and brothers and he told her about the adventures him and Robb used to have in the Wolfswood. When he asked her about her brother she told him briefly about Viserys, and they both laughed when Jon apologised when he said- he didn’t like the sound of him.

Dany nearly snorted with laughter when she confirmed he would have hated him.

But mostly, as the hours flew by, they talked about what they would do if they weren’t in-charge of thousands of lives and if the end of the world wasn’t upon them. They both agreed just a small, quiet place that they could call home would be good.

As the hours flew by, grey and violet were startled and shocked when their comfortable proximity and surrounding were breached by warm ribbons of dawn that flickered though the narrow cave. They both held a shocked gaze before smiling, then bursting out with laughter, agreeing they should head back and ready themselves for the long day. As Grey and Violet momentarily communicated the forbidden message of I don’t want you to go while they stood up; they felt the warmth disappearing as they quickly and curiously looked down at the source.

Both realizing they had been holding each other’s hands, the entire time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being patient, i’ve been quite busy lately.
Tell me what you think of the Arianne chapter and this chapter. :) 
I promise this story will start flying once we finish the season seven timeline chapters.
i just wanted to explore the scenes and interactions we didn't see in canon, for instance
what they did after the Dragonpit.

As always, thank you for reading, and the next chapter is called 'The Fishermans Tale." :)
Sansa cupped her soft palms on the sides of her horn, taking comfort from the warmth while the familiar brew bubbled memories for her. It was an old recipe that was passed down from generation to generation for the Starks of Winterfell. It was a mixture of salted butter, cream milk and blue flower extract, which was slowly boiled with the herbs that grew in Winterfell’s glasshouses- which were anchored down in the Keeps natural springs. The old brew warmed the deep pits of her bones, keeping the harsh winter from taking over.

She brushed her fingers though her red hair, caressing the top of her head as she contemplated her tiresome day. Moving the correspondence into a stacked pile in the middle of the table, she lifted her thighs to the back of her chair removing the slack of her spine. The room was quiet as she entwined her fingers and glanced from her brother who was simply gazing with white blank eyes, moving her own gaze to the half stained window, lingering on the white winds that caned in the moon light. The ancient castle softly whistled and creaked through the strong grey stone.

The two wolves lounged quietly, listening to the hearth’s crackle and the winds soft scream. She initially brought his supper as she finished her meetings and fortification plans early for the day. But as soon as he ate his warm stew with quick thanks, he slipped and flew off into his intense thoughts and his blue eyes went white and empty once again. Sansa couldn’t stop thinking how quickly life had changed. She let out a thoughtful sigh and her mind spurred as she looked at Bran who was almost sleeping in his chair by the crackling hearth.

_Bran. Please talk to me_… Sansa tenderly watched her passive brother and got up from her pillowed chair and moved over to him; caressing his raven locks. _You need to remain in the present for once… it will do you some good… remember… You’re not just the three eyed raven, but you’re also Brandon Stark of Winterfell… I wish I could help you… you always look so pale, laden by this oncoming war, and something else…_

Sansa gave up and sniffed in the warm and chilled air as she moved by window, looking out at the great snow plains of the North, her thoughts continued.

_Everybody’s changed. Or have they?_

_Arya is still the same annoying brat that I love and can’t get enough of now._ Sansa dawdled on her sister’s whereabouts; she had asked Arya to scout out any spies in their home because they both
knew Cersei mostly likely had informants in every northern keep in Winterfell’s protection. Knowing her sister was quite safe with her skinny blade and her face changing ability that still freaked her out, her thoughts continued. *Jon is the same... the same broody git who is far too honourable for his own good. I hope he comes back soon. I miss him. He makes this ruling thing look easy and I can’t wait for him to see Arya and Bran again; and Ghost is getting restless without him. It would be amusing to see who would win in a sparring session. Jon or Arya... Jon?* 

Sansa fell out her thoughts and concluded that it was her who had actually changed. *I’m no longer that stupid naïve girl who always wished to go south. I’m a Stark and the North is my home.*

*I’m not a child...anymore...* 

As she quietly sat back down in the rocking chair at the other end of the room, she clutched at her northern coat as she remembered the secret no one but her knew. The one she couldn’t bear, to reconcile, the one that made her feel like shit. The one that will haunt her for the rest of her life… *Ramsey’s child... the child he raped into me...* 

*... Nevertheless... my child* 

The babe that she carried for less than a moon before she drank moontea and bled it out…she glanced up, her neck weighted down, as she made sure Bran will still in his vision before she hung her head while tears swelled in her eyes. It was always a bad time to think about it and let her emotions out: she couldn’t at Castleblack, she couldn’t on the road to Winterfell, and she couldn’t in Jon’s or Brienn’s everyday presence. She was the Lady of Winterfell at a time of war and she needed to be strong. She tried to forget about it, but when Arya harmlessly joked about her acting like her mother, the days went by when she once again thought about that practically innocent child… 

The tears tailed down the brim of her red cheeks and her tender blue eyes peeled with pearls. *I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t have raised a person that would have been like him...I’m scared. I had to... every time I would have looked at it, I would see him. The babe would have been born out of pain and suffering, a burden and a crime. I couldn’t tell it that it was born out of rape and besmirch. I couldn’t love it...* 

*What am I talking about!? It was an innocent child! I would have raised it right, with love and care and honour... I would’ve made sure he or she was nothing like that monster.* 

*I should have told Jon, he would have understood, he would have helped me, helped me raise it right, like mother and father raised us. He would have made sure...But the way he beat Ramsey, The way my always reserved brother turned into a fired wolf as he ripped Ramsey apart. Would he have helped me raise that monsters child?*
What am I talking about? It’s Jon! He’s too Stark, he would have supported me... but its better he didn’t know... we just lost Rickon and we have a War to fight, the burden would have been too much!

Sansa shook her head at her own stupidity and how horrific her life was with that monster. As the great keep whistled with snowy thunder, she caressed her once lively stomach. *I did what I thought was right... it’s in the past now* – she thought firmly as she sniffed in the warm dribbled snot- *I have to let go.*

**Look at Jon, he was betrayed and brutally murdered and he’s still moving on.**

**Look at Arya, who was abandoned as a child in the south, she’s moving on.**

**Bran who had lost his legs, he’s still moving on; and me...**

**I was raped and defiled... But I have to learn to move on...**

The minutes wore on with tire while her glazed eyes yearned for her Mother and her Father. The harsh reality of life making her scoff at her once nativity. Sansa was lashed out her thoughts when she heard a scared tremor echo from Bran’s sinuses. She jumped to her feet when his eyes came back to him, his forehead laced with beads of sweat as he let out a whimpered groan from shock. His chest heaving and racing when Sansa cooed him and embraced him protectively; her own emotions instantly and forcefully pushed aside.

“It’s ok, it’s ok.” She softly murmured, feeling his breathing slowing as he breathed rambling words. “You need sleep Bran. You’re exhausting yourself. You need to rest...” Sansa blocked out his slurred grumble, worrying only for his limp body and fevered forehead. His droned but breathless slur going virtually unnoticed...

“-Hardhome- ...he’s at-... Hardhome-... all of them-... Drag-...he’s using the anchor chains-... the destroyed flee-... Stannis’s- ...Jon’s-... the vessels anchor lines-... he’s going to use-... Vis-...”

Sansa blankly hummed back in response, only concentrating on moving his heavy limbs onto his bed. Using her honeyed hand to check his temperature before he fell into an exhausted slumber as his voice faded. Gently placing the furs over and up to his neck, she gave him an affectionate touch on the brow before turning to the door, leaving him to sleep.

“Have Maester Wulkan check on my brother before he retires for the night.” The Stark sentry nodded before marching off to carry out the order after she quietly shut the door behind her. Resuming her hard ice persona of Winterfell’s Lady, she made her way through the chilled halls towards her own chambers.

The hot heavy breath that moistened her palm startled her, she looked down at her side, her lips pursing with a smile when Ghost licked her palm, following her. His billowy breath panting with controlled power as she caressed his ear while they silently walked. She knew Jon had tasked Ghost with looking after her before he went. She shook her at her brother who reminded her so much of her father, *no one can protect me*, but she appreciated the gesture as she enjoyed the arctic warmth that radiated on the Direwolf’s withers. Ghost would always see her to bed before his
weekly hunt; she suspected he did the same for Arya and Bran now aswel, “You’re so quiet Ghost. Jon named you right.” She whispered affectionately, hearing the candlelit floor groan under the imposed weight trudging next to her. The castle was quiet as she whispered a little conversation to her arctic protector, knowing he understood her words when he gave soft howls in response.

Passing an old maid who was sweeping the floor, acknowledging her presence with a nod of her own, she rounded the corridor’s corner before stopping in her tracks; feeling Ghost’s white coat brush her hip momentarily as he also stopped in union. Her blue gaze softly narrowed, hiding her surprised expression to see none other than Elenea Glover waiting outside her chamber door. She watched the Lady of Deepwood Motte for second before moving forward, catching Elenea’s attention.

“Lady Stark,” Sansa watched Elenea smile towards her, giving a polite curtsey, “I hoped I could speak to you before you retired for the evening.” Sansa couldn’t keep the subtle irritation from her voice as she replied; her fingers entwined at her front.

“Apologises Elenea, but the day is long and these are my chambers and this is the private wing reserved for the Starks.” She kept her ice persona as she met the hazel-green eyes that also looked back with strength as she added. “If anything but the Wall has fallen, it can wait until morning.” She finished smartly but not coldly, observing the northern beauty before her, knowing it was likely the usual subject about Jon and his return back to Winterfell.

Elenea wet her lips before swallowing her pride. *Wait until I’m the Lady of Winterfell, then you’ll regret that tone.* Giving a false nod of understanding, she quickly spoke with her specialised tenderness, “I understand Lady Sansa. **But, I just, marvelled at the idea of aiding you in Court this week, I know the first shipment of weaponry from The King in the North will arrive at some point in the week. And I aspect it would have been transported by the Targaryen Queen’s soldiers. Let me aid you in receiving them; let me help you, in showing the strength of the North.**”

Elenea finished her crafted outburst slowly, carefully watching the King’s sister absorb her thoughts. Elenea knew Sansa had already sussed House Glover’s plan the install her as Queen in the North. Elenea was thrilled when her father told her in confidence before they embarked from Deepwood Motte. She always wished to be Queen and every time she thought about the King who she would wed. Her breasts would heavy and her small nipples would harden with her ample tits, excited trepidation rushing to her abdomen. The back of her neck would flush and her red haired pussy would glisten with juices at the thought of his raven curls, built broad form and his renowned Stark eyes.

If he wasn’t a King, Elenea wouldn’t usually concern herself with any Northern Lord, *let alone a bastard-* she would usually think in disgust. But, the way the people spoke about the former Lord Commander of the Nights Watch and how the White Wolf, fought White Walkers and battled Giants and Thenns beyond the wall. Elenea would fall with lust at the thought of him taking her from behind on all fours, the once forbidden idea of a bastard tainting her pure, highborn honour, made her squirm with forbidden desire. But now he was a King, she wasn’t just allowed but she
wanted to seduce him out of his likely celibate balls.

She dreamed about the mysterious King pushing his cock inside of her tight cunt.

She would pleasure herself at night, thinking of King Jon on top of her. Their skin melded. The thoughts of his deep and immersed and endless thrusts inside her pussy, made her toes curl with pleasure. His strong hands holding her wrists down above her, while he fucked her on her white bridal sheets and kissed her lips and tits and neck.

She would shudder with pleasure at the thought of the White Wolf spilling his seed inside her raw, tight pussy as she convulsed around him. Her red pleats clamped and sucking his penetration, milking his cum, every drop… every single drop… I will birth him a real northern son.

She would fall in pure lust at the thought, imagining The King in the North taking her from behind with no mercy, spreading her curvy backside and grasping her wide soft hips, their dirty sweat amalgamated and his calloused fingers desperately fistng her ginger tresses pulling her head back as he fucked her at a ravenous pace, their future bed filled with her spoiled screams of pleasure, his priceless sack of balls slapping her fleshy wet sex between her soaked burning loins,

like a bitch…like a wolf… But mostly, she would fall in love with the thought of all the power she would gain, and have, as Queen in the North. Elenea heard a distant soft growl and her hazel-green gaze expertly blinked out the moment.

Sansa kept her face stoic and expertly collected, she knew what Elenea truly wanted. She wanted every Northerner to see her with the capable skills of ruling. She wanted the Northern Lords to see her potential while she sat at the head table with her, the table reserved for the Starks. Sansa knew she would eventually bring up the conversation of matrimony within those close interaction’s they would have if she allowed Elenea this opportunity in court. She knew Elenea was cunning but from what she observed in daily gathering, she gave good council and had a shrewd mind for organising war provisions- despite her obvious second nature for scheming, Sansa knew deep down Elenea had a good heart.

However Sansa didn’t want someone who had two faces for her honourable brother, she wanted someone like himself, who was kind and just but also someone who could help him survive the great game. But, she couldn’t hide from the fact, that when the Northern Lords found out that Jon had pledged fealty to the Dragon-Queen, she knew the northern alliances would be fragile and that couldn’t be afforded against such a dire threat from the oncoming war against the Army of the Dead. Sansa swiftly concluded many nights ago, that this marriage alliance would be beneficial for House Stark: it would secure a everlasting bond between another renowned House, meaning this way would soften the blow from Jon’s statement of bending the knee too Daenerys Targaryen. Also, Deepwood Motte would send more aid and even though the Ironborn had pillaged and burned the vast fields of oat and barley that surrounded the wooden castle in the recent years, those future harvests would be crucial in the Norths growth and trade after this war.
So, as Sansa resumed her ice gaze towards a waiting Elenea, she knew that when Jon returned, she herself would have to back House Glover’s inevitable proposal due to the political and financial benefits from a largely armed house. She briefly wondered how Jon would react, having never actually seen him with a girl, due to being that broody illegitimate boy, from being a black brother, to being a King who had an unbeatable war forthcoming. Time slowed and hazed for a brief second, she remembered what Jon had told her about their father, ‘everything before the word ‘but’ is horseshit.’ She hid the smirk well after her their father’s words confirmed her thoughts about Elenea Glover. Quickly masking out her split second array of thoughts, she gave a compulsory smile back.

“That would be kind Elenea. We need to make a good impression for our new Dragon alliance.” Elenea showed her pearly teeth with a smile, thinking she had subtly passed her real agenda over the Lady of Winterfell’s head.

“That you may Lady, we can’t let the Mad-Kings daughter think we’re weak and…” She was abruptly cut off when she heard a thudded crash of paws behind the two, both quickly spinning around at the commotion. Sansa pursed her lips and quickly caught on to the obscure situation but Elenea only backed away with a mixture of frozen weariness and anxiety. Ghost. The snowy mammoth had quickly got bored of the conversation with the intruding women who stopped his human-sister. Ghost didn’t like the women, but knowing he would just receive a whack on the head from Sansa for snarling at the women again, he resorted to doubling back. His keen eyes and voluminous polar smell quickly picked up a familiar scent… a smell from the old maid who was still sweeping the same spot. He instantly knew who it was, bounding up to her and playfully bouncing his paws around her apparently stumbling form.

Sansa let out a subtle humoured breath, quickly bidding Elenea- too her annoyance- an abrupt goodnight, watching the red haired girl walk away before walking up too Ghost and the weirdly, only annoyed, wrinkly maid. Sansa smiled warmly when her assumption was confirmed hearing to aggravated soft whispers of the maid, as she tried to whack Ghost with her wooden broom; as the wolf only nipped and picked at the frays of her worn woollen uniform.

“Oi, get off you smelly git.”

“I’m trying to… stop… someone will notice…”

“Someone did notice.” Sansa laughed, catching to maid’s attention, gusto filling her lungs at her sister’s weird wide eyes. Slowly realising her cover was momentarily blown she dipped her head with a scowl at the playful elastic, scarlet eyes of the arctic wolf, before looking up at the Lady of Winterfell; she huffed in exasperation. Resuming the remnants of her disguise, she whispered “Please follow me Lady Stark.” Arya said with an old croaky voice, while looking around for any
spying eyes before giving an irritated gesture towards her sister, hearing her chuckle behind her as she led them into Sansa’s chambers.

As soon as the heavy ironwood door sank into the frames beams, she peeled her face off, glaring with humour at her Sansa’s laughter.

“Arya, I thought (laughter), I thought, you were some sort of assassin” Sansa chuckled as her sister tried to kick Ghost, would had easily skimmed away from Arya’s flippant strikes before curling up, settling by the roaring hearth. “If it’s too much for you…” she added sarcastically.

“I am… and it’s not too much for me.” She shook her head with playful anger, knowing Sansa’s remark was only light hearted. “It’s just harder when you’re trying to recon with a Direwolf on toe, a Direwolf that has an unbelievable sense of smell” she snorted out, looking at Ghost’s affectionate whine with a reflective gaze.

“I think so too”Sansa said, looking down at her feet. “This thing is like a mini direwolf… I think you’re going to have to get used to the smell, you used to be a lot more used to it when you brought Ghost home.” Sansa smiled at her sister, who nodded in agreement. “Alright, let’s get going.” Sansa said, and Arya followed her, Ghost at her heels.

“Arya, I’ve been thinking…” Sansa said, her voice soft and gentle. “I think it might be best if you stay here, with me. You know, just in case anything happens.” Sansa said, her eyes grave and serious.

“I know, Sansa. I understand.” Arya said, her voice steady and resolute. “But I can’t just sit here and do nothing. I have to do something.”

“No, you don’t.” Sansa said, her voice firm. “You need to rest. You’ve been running yourself ragged lately.”

“I know, but I can’t just sit here and do nothing.” Arya said, her voice firm. “I have to do something.”

“Okay, but please be careful. We don’t even know if Cersei has any spies, you’re recon is only a precaution, remember.”

“I know.” Arya said, her voice firm. “I understand.”

She moved back to the door, gesturing Ghost to follow before looking back at her sister and noticing her slightly red eyes from the fire’s whispering glow. “We’re going to see Bran before calling it an night.” Arya said, and Sansa nodded back, before adding, “What’s wrong Sansa, you’re eyes are abit red and you’ve been acting weird lately?”

The Lady of Winterfell tried to keep her ice gaze steady.

Should I tell her? Should I tell her what Ramsey put into to me…? No! Not yet... But, I want… I need to tell someone, and Arya is my sister. She will understand... But another time, it will keep her up all night...

Sansa gave a not convincing voice as she firmly spoke, “Every thing’s ok Arya, I’m just tired… That’s all.” Sansa appreciated Arya concern and smiled when her sister left with a soft goodnight, “Ok, get some sleep, you look beautifully awful” -both of them smiling at her jess- “come of Ghost, let’s check on our other awful looking sibling.” Sansa’s distracted smile fell instantly when
she heard to soft thud of the door close after the two left. Her room confined to silence with only the fire’s crackle and the winds soft scream.

She wanted to tell her, but every time it came up, she was lost for words.

*If I keep looking back, I’m going to fall. I just need to relax...*

Sansa moved to the edge of her feather bed, sinking down and shuffling her grey fur coat off her shoulders after she unclasped the silver pin. The hearths warmth radiated her shoulders and her soft fingers.

She licked her lips as she brushed her ginger tresses on its sides. The hearth making her red hair glow as she brushed her hair out of her intricate bun, and letting it drape on the front of her shoulders, her silky hair unravelling down her front.

Her northern attire hugged her body comfortably put as she unbuttoned her front, her honeyed fingers working the layers of cotton and leather. The fleeced underfur peeled off her tender skin, puddling around her ankles as she stepped out of them.

Ignoring the looking glass of her dresser adjacent to her, she stepped over to her dresser, her movement causing her round breasts to bounce slightly in the orange candle light before pulling her folded sleep wear out the drawer. The icy draft that crawled under the door and howled beneath the insulated floorboards caused her naked back to shiver slightly before she quickly pulled her cotton shift over her head letting it move and curve over her ample breasts and letting the hem slide down her backside, dropping to just short of her knees.

Sansa lightly stepped towards her furred bedding, opening the sheets and noticing her maids ‘Bree’ and ‘Adara’ had left a hot pan under the heavy sheets at the end of the bed to keep her warm. Sliding under the layered blanket, she hummed contently when the weight of the furs hugged her body, keeping the cold winter at bay. She stretched out, curling her fingers and toes, her tired form aching and yearning for her usual routine for bed.

*I need to relax.* Even since, her brother had left, the stress of ruling the safe haven of the Northern continent made her exhausted and unsated. *I need to relax.*

Caressing her hips with her soft palms, she shuffled deeper in the bed, letting the covers consume her and hide her from view. Slowly, her small hands crept up her front. Teasing her way across her smooth abdomen before gently cupping her ample and plentiful breasts, squeezing slightly and enjoyed the drooped weight that filled her fingers with flesh.

Sansa let out a hot breath out her o shaped lips and she gently squeezed and flicked her puckered taut nipples. The sensation causing her thighs the squeeze and rub together at the tingling feeling, her inner loins overlapping as the sound of stickiness sounded momentarily, she could feel herself clenching her moist entrance as she massaged her tits and softly scraped her fleshy pale nipples, her calves tensing at the immersing sensation.

Still cupping one hand on her left breast, she rubbed her palm all the way down her stomach, past her belly button and until it reached her soft mound of curls, which surrounded her entrance. She learnt how to do this out of instinct, using her womanly features to relax herself every night, after her body had healed after they settled back into their cleansed home. It wasn’t what a lady should
do, but she didn’t care. Her mother wouldn’t approve but she was a woman now, and women need to enjoy themselves.

So as she rubbed sloppy circles over her wet pussy, causing her tender skin to fold like warm dough, she let out hot breaths as she bit her rosy bottom lip, keeping her pleasure a secret from the Stark sentries that were posted throughout Winterfell’s corridors. She saw how every Northman would look at her lips and watch her arse jiggle under her layers of clothes as she walked away. She knew that every Northman in her keep would check her out and even though, she would never let any man touch her like Ramsey did, ever again, the constant stares made her feel desired again.

Slowly, as the minutes wore on, her burning loins ached for more. Using her middle honeyed finger, she teased her pink nub between her tight folds, until her small finger slipped and slowly pushed into her pussy. The intruding feeling causing a small gasp as her smoothed it back out. The moon shone brightly as Sansa Stark slowly pushed her finger in and out, and in and out, causing her spine to arch and her ample breasts to poke through the bed sheets, filling the Lords chambers with a delicate moan.

Her legs pushed further apart as she curled her finger inside her bundle of nerves, the feel of sweat leaking between her breasts causing her to look down at the sin she was committing. Her finger explored and explored, causing her to moan and moan as she squeezed and twisted her nipple, the pain and pleasure erupting between her tender thighs and her finger completely disappearing into her red pussy, as she felt herself pushing another finger into herself. The tight, clenching feeling overwhelming her senses and slowly her penetration picked up pace as she started to see stars.

The pleasure squeezed and contracted between her loins causing her legs to clamp together as she came over her fingers. The overwhelming feeling causing her honeyed palm to cup her pussy from the sensation from her peak, the stinky cum on her fingers wiped with the hem of her ruffled cotton shift that was scrunched under the fold of her ample tits. The weight of the furs comforted her and her eyes felt heavy and sated. As the white winds whistled, she settled on the comfortable wet patch underneath her bottom and fell into a chilled sleep.

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“That’s a big book mi Lord”- Tarah watched the little Lord as he blinked and adjusted from candlelight to sunlight while she drew the drapes. Her curiosity filled as he gave a soft hum in response- “Pardon mi Lord but why do you read so much?”

Tyrion looked from the leather bound book of Targaryen Histories, to his dangling legs that hung from his feathered bed. His memory lingered on the naïve broody boy that once asked him the very same question. He smiled at the memory and looked up at his maid with her wiry hair and goofy mouth. He scratched his tired face while he looked up at her, “I suppose, my dear Tarah, it’s because I have to do something to distract me from your beautiful smile.” Tyrion chuckled as she gave him a sarcastic grin and she shook her head at their prolonged banter that came up every morning. Tyrion gave a soft smile back, crunched on his black bacon and gave one last sup on his creamed milk, before bidding Tarah a farewell and leaving his chambers. His legs dandled as he strolled through the scaled corridors towards the renowned chamber of the painted table. The day was early and the sombre horizon breezed with chilled air over the shores of Dragonstone.

Tyrion headed towards the war council meeting they we’re holding before they embarked on their journey North. Due to their late arrival back at Dragonstone the day before, he suggested they hold
a feast to boost moral before holding the real strategy meeting for the morrow. He knew having
Jon Snow on their meeting’s now would have its benefits, due to the lack of a real seasoned
commander they didn’t have before he pledged fealty to the Queen.

Tyrion would initially have suggested a marriage alliance between the King in the North and the
Mother of Dragons to secure the northern most kingdom. He liked Jon Snow and his honour, and
his reserved temperament would be good council for Daenerys fiery temperament. Also, an alliance
with Westeros’s oldest House would be in favour for gaining support of other Houses, and Starks
have a reputation for short lives. So he knew Daenerys who had not only, unparalleled ruling of
compassion and justice but she knew how to play the great game with her brilliant mind and
instincts which would protect the northern fool.

However, despite all the benefits, due to the recent events and the discovery of the White Walkers
and Jon’s already illegitimate claim; the disadvantages of that kind of alliance outweighed the
advantages. He knew the if the Northern Lords thoughts Daenerys had seduced their King into
bending, they would take his Kingship as quick as they gave it to him and Daenerys would lose her
alliance; at the cost of losing a Dragon and gaining a pretty face. Tyrion shook his head at the
thought and promised himself he would keep them two love-struck fools away from each other as
much as possible.

However, he let out an exhausted breath when thinking about the dress Daenerys wore on purpose
and the way she flew off for the honourable fool. She’s fallen in love with him most likely. And he
didn’t have to even guess about Jon Snow, he could easily just ask him and get his answer knowing
his inability to lie. Tyrion’s frustrated thoughts were eased and hardened with he heard a lax voice
call behind him.

“My Lord Tyrion, what a pleasant surprise.”

“Nothings a surprise for you Eunuch,” Tyrion smiled at their usual greeting where one or the other
would insult each other. He replied with a simple “what level of arsehole are you being today”,
before they both chuckled and turned back around, walking together. Tyrion knew the spider did
everything for a reason, so he waited for Varys to say the true reason for joining him on his walk to
the meeting.

Varys rolled his eyes at Tyrion’s knowing smile before making it disappear after he said, “I heard
our Queen went on a walk last night.” Tyrion looked up questionably then angrily when Varys
added, “And it so appears our northern friend, Jon Snow, was also missing until the early hours of
the morning.” Tyrion kept collected, thinking as he walked, they didn’t sleep together did they?
They surely weren’t that foolish?

“And no, they didn’t…” Tyrion let out a breath of relief and he finally knew where Varys was
heading as he gave a concerned tone, “You need to keep the Queen form doing anything stupid.
Jeopardizing this alliance could lead to the Northern Lords rejecting their Liege Lord and splitting
the kingdoms at a time of war, we…”

“I know, I Know, have faith my old friend, everything will be fine, Queen Daenerys is no fool.”
Tyrion cut of Vary’s rant, he knew the spider had few friends on this island apart from him, where
the people were completely loyal to Daenerys and he knew Vary’s didn’t approve of Daenerys
ways most of the time. After he abruptly convinced Varys of Daenerys’s duty, he tried to convince
himself. He knew Daenerys was an excellent Queen with compassion and justice but also the right
kind of terrible. However, as they entered the war chambers and saw them all gathered as he
listened, his barge of thoughts led to the advice of an old Maester, the Maester he couldn’t
remember the name of, the Maester he met all them years ago. He only remembered his wise words.

*Love is the death of duty.*

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Jon narrowed his eyes into his husky brood as the breeze ruffled his northern coat. He had just spoken to Theon and now he truly wanted to go home. He wanted to make sure Sansa and Arya were safe, he wanted to make sure Bran was safe. But most of all, he wanted to take Dany to Winterfell, his childhood home.

He just wished it was under different circumstances. *I wish I didn’t have to ask her to come north. I wish she could stay on Dragonstone and stay safe and happy, the further away from the winter, the better….the further away from me… the better, I don’t deserve her. I’m just a bastard…*

But sub-consciously, Jon was happy that she was travelling with him to White Harbour. She agreed with him that it would send a better message and she had Ser Jorah accompany the Dothraki Khalassar because of his amalgamated knowledge of Dothraki life and Northman life. And she ordered Varys –to his clear discomfort- to accompany him, enabling the spider to relay news and messages from the mainland for their arrival back on land. Whereas, the rest of her company: Tyrion, Missandai, Greyworm, and her northern company; Brienn, Davos and Jon would travel with her by water- *together.*

Jon felt the gulls flock the skies and the salty crash of the tide as he made his way from the obsidian deep-water docks on the southern lateral of the fortress. He had just checked on the lads and he wanted to speak to Davos, but as soon as he dismissed him before Theon’s conversation, the old sailor had simply disappeared once again. *Where does he keep going? What’s up with him?* The afternoon was busy with commotion on Dragonstone: the Khalassar were readying their legions of stallions for the quick voyage to Rooks Rest which was the closest port on the mainland. There they would journey onto the Kings road as planned and would ride to Winterfell within the fortnight. His Northmen we’re loading the last Dragonglass shipment onto their own War-Galley borrowed from Merman’s port which had Stark banners flying on its mast. The old folk and young children, along with the islands maintainers were giving farewells too their loved ones and the sombre horizon was filled with peaceful screeches and shrieks from the colossal sours of obsidian and emerald.

Jon slowly made his way up the flat stone steps by himself, wearing his leather Stark armour under his Northern furs, Longclaw loyally strapped back at his side. The rocky ledges at his sides, curved with fluidity around the quieter side of the castle, where the shoreline was sparse and more pebbles than sand. His thoughts trailed and were trenched on the night before, in that cave as his grey tired eyes went glossy. His feet taking him on their own accord.
He thought about her hand entwined in his. The small delicate honey fingers entwined with his arctic calloused ones. He knew he shouldn’t think about his Queen this way, and it wasn’t just her absolutely alluring goddess looks. It was her good heart that made him fall for her violet soul. At first he was besotted with her beauty but it didn’t move him, he had seen too much horror and shit to overcome beauty. But when he saw her fiery temper to fight for her people, when he saw her flying Dragons and using her brilliant instincts to fight away all the shit she went through; his alpha ice melted like a summer spell.

But mostly, he loved when he saw the real Daenerys. Dany. The girl who underneath that entire brilliant Dragon-Queen exterior, was just trying to find a home, was just trying to make this world a better place. She didn’t owe the world shit, but she still helped it anyway. When he saw her glowing smile and her tender heart, he drowned into her violet eyes and saw a reflection. A reflection that made his cold broody gaze disintegrates into warmth. He wanted her, all of her… because she was the spark, that lit the once died fire, showing him how to love again.

Being a bastard, having being abused all his childhood life, having lost his only parent, having to hold his dying lover in his arms, being betrayed in a mutiny, having to watch his little brother be murdered; it had reduced his arctic heart to bits. But when he saw her, she was the spark that lit the fire that brought back his capability to love. And now, Daenerys was everything to this northern fool…

Jon blinked his grey eyes as they focused onto his dream? Or reality?

Standing at the same ledge, all them moons ago, was the very same goddess. She was watching the sea peacefully, facing away from him while the two colossal Dragons banked the skyline above her, colliding brute raw power with hallowed cries. Inhaling a husky breath, he slowly walked next to her. He sensed her lilac gaze flicker to him momentarily with a small smile before they both settled for a comfortable silence.

Jon quickly noticed her hand resting on the scaly ledge in-front of her, his eyes resting on it, yearning to repeat that intimate bubble that voided from that small touch that would help settle and sate the overwhelming need to protect her and hold her and kiss her… everywhere.

Daenerys felt Jon’s eyes absorb the air around her as her breathing quickened. They were alone again. I’m the Mother of Dragons, not a silly maid. So, ignoring her fluttering stomach, she pursed her lips and turned towards her northern fool, their intimate gloved gaze instantly connecting without their permission. Letting out a humoured breath and wishing their entire journey wouldn’t start off with awkward, blushing feelings. She broke the silence, “I noticed Ser Davos was a little quiet at the council?”

Jon nodded, seeing her rosy lips and rushing away to look at the curvature of the foreboding ocean current as he replied with his husky voice, “Aye, somethings bothering him, for as long as I’ve known Davos, he’s never been this quiet.” Daenerys nodded, loving his husky voice, as she unknowingly moved a little closer to him, while looking out at the blue horizon. “It seems he’s
now competing with your broody nature.” She added with humoured softness, smiling at his hoarse short laugh; that was rare for her northern fool.

Dany couldn’t keep the smile off her face when he quietly said, “Well I can’t have that.” Jon also couldn’t keep the delight of his face when he heard saw her amazing smile. Soon, the air became awkward but peaceful once again. Jon turned back to her when he heard her beautiful voice, unable to keep the back of his neck from feeling red when he smelt the remnants of her sweet breath near his shoulder.

“Anyway, please take care of him. He’s a good man.” Jon smiled again, when she voiced his own thoughts with her honeyed voice. He couldn’t understand how one person could easily break his broody feelings or unwind his alpha arctic gaze with a mere smile. *I’ve fallen too much to go back…* So as he nodded, he slowly looked down at her hand resting on the ledge again. The honey skin clashing beautifully with the hard obsidian stone under her palm and as he observed, something awoke deep within his bones and then he couldn’t stop his own hand from settling next to hers. Shuffling over her own and slowly increasing his tender hold over with her fingers. Like a wolfs paw creeping though the wind storm, next to his mate, while they both hunted the uneven terrain.

Dany looked down at his sweet gesture, that caused her stomach to flutter, and the muscles in her thighs to squeeze slightly. She couldn’t help blushing, trying to keep the smile off her face from the happiness this man gave her. The happiness she promised she would ignore because of her inability to return it in the long term. However, as Grey and Violet clung to this intimate moment, Daenerys let go off his hand…

Jon truly felt hurt as she quickly withdrew her hand from his touch, *Stop being an idiot Jon! She’s a Queen and you’re a northern fool who is dreaming for…* But his avalanche of pain was saved when he saw and felt her only removing the glove from his hand. The seconds tormenting him as she plucked his leather winter glove off his right hand before entwining her own bare hand with his, her honeyed fingers and his calloused fingers lacing as they settled with a firm but tender hold. Skin to Skin.

Daenerys smiled contently as she finished her work and caressed his hand as they both looked out towards the horizon. She thought about how these hands decimated White Walkers and protected thousands, and she thought about the tenderness he projected though them aswel and the emotion entralled her to think about what they could do to her in other places. *Maybe on my hips, and in my hair, and… many, many other things…* Dany subtly wetted her lips at the thought but then remembered her promise to herself, *I can’t give him a future, you have to let go…* But her inability to break such a connection once again hurt her even more, so she turned towards him while keeping her gaze locked on their entwined hands. She felt his grey gaze doing the same as he moved in union.
“About… this,” she said eventually as she emphasised ‘this’ with a content but defeated tone, “It would be undutiful of me to have such distractions at time of war.” Jon’s breath caught and he felt his throat move as he swallowed hard, staring at their hands as she spoke. Reality sinking in and he remembered how every northerner placed their trust in him. He quickly interrupted, making it less painful for both of them.

“Aye, I’m sorry, it’s not right of me to assume…” he added with a defeated voice as she quickly added, “it takes, two, people to have…this,” she said lightly with a smile at his action of him trying to take full responsibility for both of their foolishness, but she turned back to her serious tone. “and we can’t have a divided front, because winter is coming.” They both nodded with agreement, both smiling at her using his family’s words, not noticing their hands not parting even slightly, only tightening with subconscious need. The minutes wore on and the girl and the boy, only tightening their grip, their actions defying their agreed conclusion with a comfortable silence as they both tried to concentrate on Drogon and Rhaegal who were lightly fighting in the air for, what could be assumed as, a ruptured horse carcass. Waiting for the other to be the dutiful one and let go first but, the minute’s only leisurely hazed on.

Both realising they had their first real conversation at this very spot. Arguing and challenging each other with the thrashing waves and Dragon screeches in their ears.

Now, less than three moons later, they were looking out at the calm ocean, challenging themselves of not telling the world to fuck off and ignore all the expectations. And just, worshipping each other senseless and tearing their clothes off, tearing off all the boundaries, and simply becoming one, on this very clearing, making love for eternity.

The moment broke. The moment broke with the hoarse voice of Jorah Mormont which made them jump. Jon gave her his discrete endearing smile, before turning on his arctic brood and letting go off her hand, quickly bidding her a farewell for the time-being and nodding to Jorah, who rudely eyed him suspiciously. She knew Ser Jorah still had inappropriate feelings for her and she tried to ignore them, since of her outlook on him being a father figure. Like Jeor Mormont had been to Jon. We both had Mormont’s guiding us. She realised happily, watching the broad back and raven curls of Jon Snow walk to the water ports, before she turned back with her now profound Dragon-Queen exterior as Ser Jorah only grimaced at her and eventually broke the ocean silence.

“I came to say farewell Khaleesi,” Dany watched his old smile that made her feel like that girl again, the look she used to rely on, the look she still relied on.

“Journey safe Jorah…” she said with a smile, stopping his open mouth, knowing he wanted to lecture her about being intimate with Jon or some other ridiculous reason stemmed from jealousy. It made her slightly angry, but she knew he was partly being protective and she how it felt to fall for the wrong person, so she compromised as she looked at her old friend with a platonic but tender expression and she decided on only a subtle hint of telling him to mind his tongue as she added. “Ride hard but with care, Jorah the Andal…because, winter is coming.” She said softly, using the Stark words to show him the true route of her heart which she internally knew she would have to
eventually ignore.

Jorah picked up the message Daenerys was trying to cross as she pieced him with her violet gaze and raised her brow on her gorgeous face, with a tender smile. He felt hurt, *I will never have her*. Even though he was angry at Jon Snow, he didn’t feel the acidity he felt when he found out Daenerys was once sleeping with that arsehole Daario. He didn’t understand Daenerys decision for letting that sack of shit into her bed, but he understood *this*. He understood why she couldn’t keep her eyes off Jon Snow. He was the shadow of Ned Stark, an honourable shadow that everyone, including him admired and missed. But his feelings, were still deeply engraved, as he thought.

*Jon is a good man, but no one is good enough for Daenerys Targaryen!* 

So as he turned with a defeated farewell, he walked away towards the colossal Khalassar, which lined the horizon until his weary eyes couldn’t see the end. He thought about how he would still try to win Daenerys’s heart if the Gods were kind. He thought about how Jon wasn’t like Daario, and he was too honourable and northern to bed Daenerys unless on white bridal sheets but most of all. He felt his hoarse throat swallow hard and his hands anchored at his sides when he realised- he was actually journeying to Winterfell. The North. The gargantuan grey towers, the colossal haven that was rooted deep in the heart of the beating North, and the white winds of the ancient keep that housed the legendary Kings of Winter.

The home of Lord Rickard Stark. The home of his once friend, Eddard Stark. The man who he betrayed. The man who exiled him and now. Even though he was coming to help save Winterfell, even though Daenerys had given him redemption and Ned’s own son had shook his hand with forgiveness, he felt the gusts of wind howl at him as he mounted his horse and rode North; in shame.

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The winds breathed lungs of cold air onto the coved Targaryen sails, guiding the vessel through the star reflected ocean floor out of the Blackwater, voyaging off the coast towards the skirts of the narrow sea. Each hallowed gust that pulled the timbered vessel, caused the unsullied sentry guards on deck too breathe in a colder and colder breaths, as they started their journey towards the north’s biggest port of White Harbour.

The spacious captain’s cabin was being used as the royal meeting room and also a place for everyone to socialise on this long, supposedly tedious journey to war. Daenerys had boarded the ship just before dusk, under a cover of darkness suggested by Grey-worm who was stationed as the head guard for her royal ship. Daenerys had personally asked for her unsullied commander for many reasons: he was good council, she wondered if this journey would be a good time to practice self-protection if she was on ground during battle, but mostly she made sure Grey-worm was on her ship because it allowed her dear friend Missandai to spend time with her lover; before they reached inevitable war. She wanted her two friends to be happy, it made her feel good, knowing at least someone could gorge their romantic feelings.

The candles that lit the room flickered under the gentle rocking of the sea, the room had a large
polished table- oval shaped- with maroon, dyed leather captain chairs around it and smaller areas of seating around them with a small hearth in the corner. Daenerys sat at one end, trying to avoid the figure of Jon Snow at the other side, as she sat with Missandai and quietly but casually talked about the old inhabitants and foods from the Dragonstone villages. They both missed the light Essosian dishes with the warm climate, when they would come back from a long day of court in Meeren, they would lounge together and gossip about their daily interactions, with light wine and laughter.

The two kept the conversation light, Missandai flickering through a book in-front of her about ‘Northern Histories and Languages’ which was one of the many books, her and Tyrion raided from Dragonstone’s archives. Skim reading it while she quietly talked with Daenerys. Daenerys was glad her friend was partially distracted with her book because it allowed herself to think about the northern fool she couldn’t have. She tried to stop looking at Jon, who was going over inventories with Davos on the other side of the table, they had already once butted eyes on their short time on board- grey and violet looking away quickly, embarrassed at their inability to not give dreamy looks at each other.

Daenerys was quite bored as she hummed responses to Missandai’s conversation in the right places. She looked to her left, watching Lady Brienn going through a fighting technique list with her timid squire as he mumbled incorrect answers receiving a frustrated scrutiny from his teacher. Dany looked to her right, glancing at a drunken a Tyrion who was playing a card game with the ship’s captain and a sober Grey-worm as two of them slurped down wine and threw light hearted insults at each other. Dany couldn’t help smirking from her stern Dragon-Queen gaze at Tyrion, as he caught her fiery eyes and gave an instant sorry expression; gulping down a drunken burp.

As the pair resorted to whispering their rude conversation; the burly man and the dwarf realising they had the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms in their presence and they looked down cautiously with respect with paling expressions- Grey-worm nodding to her, silently telling her he would make sure it wouldn’t happen again. Dany turned away amused, but instantly gave a tender gaze towards Jon’s conversation to Davos, her interest finally intrigued, when Jon finally got to talk to his friend about his unusual behaviour.

“And I had Ryman make sure they all stored the glass properly, and Clegane said he would stay on that ship aswel.” Jon politely nodded towards Davos’s mumble over the inventory, noticing the man wouldn’t even look him in his eyes as they talked on the other side of the room.

Jon genuinely felt concern now as he looked at Davos’s tired eyes and hunched back in his chair, what’s bothering him? Was it that letter? What was it? He had found Davos in his assigned cabin earlier, red puffy eyes as he quickly tried to hide tears from his eyes. And when he asked in concern, he only shrugged it off with the excuse of sea sickness. Knowing Davos was lying because of him being a profound smuggler and fisherman but he knew there was more too it and he decided to let it go, leaving his intruding alpha gaze from his pupils. But, know he saw Davos act weird again, he decided enough was enough.

Jon quickly shuffled his seat closer to Davos cutting off his careless grumble to the conversation.

“Davos.” Jon watched as the old man as he caught his attention, stopping his formal speaking as
the old man looked at the closed distance before looking up, Jon kept his face understanding as he softly spoke, “What’s wrong?” he husky voice emphasised with slight frustration, “You’ve been acting weird… and don’t deny it.” He added to cut off Davos’s open mouth of presumably humoured retaliation. Jon held his grey concerned gaze as he leaned forward a little, keeping the conversation as private as possible, his northern furs nuzzling his neck and raven curls.

“…You haven’t been eating properly, yes I do notice,” –he quickly confirmed at Davos’s shaking head at revetment- “you’ve been disappearing lately… is it because of that raven.” He added tenderly, trying to understand the situation. He watched as Davos looked down, defeated, his lined eyes slowly filling with tears that he refutably sniffed back, causing Jon to instantly stop his interrogation- making him feel guilty at being abit too hard.

Daenerys felt pure admiration for Jon’s good natured persistence at finding at what was bothering the old smuggler. But when she saw Davos holding back tears that brimmed in his eyes, she decided her northern fool needed help. Quickly standing up, letting her fleeced corset dress straighten as the chair squeaked slightly, she made her way onto the other side of the table from Jon, sitting down next to Davos, who sat at the head of the table, giving him a tender smile as she sat down on his left and Jon on his right.

Davos watched through his tear dripping eyes, his vision slightly hazy, as The King in the North and The Dragon Queen sat at either side of him, with tender and understanding looks. He tried to smile as the Queen slowly took his own hand with her small soft one as she spoke,

“…hush my friend, it okay… You can tell us anything.”

“Aye,” Jon confirmed, as he tried not to just kiss Dany’s succulent lips when she came to his aid, “you know you have nowt to be afraid of Davos.”

Davos would have laughed if anyone had told him; a Northern King and a Targaryen Queen would one day help him through his darkest times and make his insecurities perish with true compassion. Davos blinked away the tears, noticing the whole room looking at him with understanding as he focused on Jon and Daenerys- united in helping little old him.

*They truly make a perfect couple. I wish they could have a long and happy life, if they were allowed to…*

Davos sniffed in his sinuses, looking up at the ceiling to regain his composure before looking back at the two world leaders in front of him before nodding with a forced smile of appreciation. He slowly started with his broken flea-bottom accent.

“Erm, I…” He gave a sad smile at his disjointed breath before letting it fall out, his chest hurting and constricted as he accepted the reality. “That raven, it was from my daughter… My wife… Marya…she, erm, she, she passed on… she died…”
-Dany knew the horrible feeling as she gave a tender gaze and warmly squeezed his hand with understanding, receiving a sad smile as he bit his lip to hold his mournful cries as he tried to continue and tell the worst part- “My daughter said it was some sort of, raid of bandits that tried to raid the old farm… Marya, she… she tried to…” Davos squeezed his eyes shut as he let out a shuddered sob of sorrow, and pain.

Dany had to quickly move her legs slightly as Jon abruptly stood up, his kingly northern coat signifying his alpha presence as he embraced his friend holding him protectively; letting the old man slobberer on his shoulder as Davos held onto him tightly, like a life line, as his croaked cries hindered the silent sorrow of the room. Dany watched them embrace with understanding silence, she wanted Jon to hold her like that, and as she looked up at the two, the room slowly quietened apart from Tyrion pouring a strong glass of rum for them all, as they all drank to Marya Seaworth.

The hours drifted by as more candles were lit to accommodate the shrinking darkness of the night. The old fisherman was telling his tale for the hundredth time about finding the love of his life though his drunken drowsy breath. He sat at the head of the table, as he talked and talked, getting it off his chest. Receiving drunken nods with Tyrion of “Hear Hear” and reckless singing of old folk songs alternating between Davos and Tyrion. Davos felt better after Jon and his new Queen comforted him, the liquor numbing his pain as Tyrion, who was red faced and speaking riddles of love advice, gulped down jugs of wine. Missandai and Grey-worm were near sleep in their chairs, and Brienn and Pod slightly dozed in their seats as they leaned down in their chairs -nobody leaving out of respect for Davos.

Waiting for him to fall asleep first out of respect. And waiting for Tyrion to fall asleep so he could just shut up.

As Tyrion and Davos sang an old song about a dying dog- Jon and Daenerys were wide awake, sitting across from each other, enjoyed the stress free and merry making environment; both knowing that soon these moments would be sparse when they were in the North. They both couldn’t help laughing at the funny stories Davos would tell about his wife. How he once was chased by his gorgeous wife for accidently forgetting her nameday, Jon and Dany laughing when Tyrion slumped on the table and dripped confirming Davos was lucky because all that he was ever chased for was for accidently shitting on a whores belly.

The night drew on and even though the old fisherman appeared drunk. He still vaguely noticed to constant looks Jon’s grey eyes gave Daenerys, swamping each other with glances of desire. He watched with interest as Tyrion spoke, he watched as Grey and Violet constantly dowsed each other with longing and craving and yearning but both remembering duty and looking away.
They are damn perfect for each other. I know they have duties but come on. They might be a King and a Queen. But. They are also a boy, and a girl, who are clearly in love. All they need is a little nudge...

So when Tyrion eventually hit his head on the wooden table in a snoring slumber from a defeated battle with his indigo and red friends named rum and wine, Davos slowly began his tale. The Fisherman’s Tale.

He told them about the first time he saw Marya, the only sound was the crackle for the fire. As he talked and talked. He hazily watched Jon and Daenerys hum and smile at the highlights, both of them trying their best not to look at each other. The gaze of Violet and Grey fighting the magnetic force that was burning and flying to try and just connect.

“…and then I saw her. She was beautiful. We talked and talked, all day, until the stars came up. I just came back from labouring on the stormland docks that morning, and I must have stunk of fish and brine, but she still agreed to meet me the next day. Me! a fake fishmonger! I remember walking back, I could either go on my daily smuggle for the iron and bronze weaponry or I could meet this amazing, brilliant hightborn girl.

A girl I knew I couldn’t have, a girl who was way too perfect. But, I knew if I didn’t, I would have regretted it for the rest of my life... We weren’t allowed to be together because of our different families and classes but I didn’t care and she didn’t care. And so I met her... I married her within the fortnight and for the rest of my life… I knew it was worth it, this thing we had, been all worth it…”

Jon tried to keep his face from tensing and freezing at the fiery heat radiating from the alluring goddess across from him. The thin, flat table erupting between them was becoming the only forte of duty. His arctic gaze fell into a brood as he listened to Davos’s tale. Under the table his paws gripped and his violet brain tried to remember why they couldn’t be together. He heard her hot breathing and his breeches grew tight when his eyes rested on the split of her collar, momentarily seeing the centre of her honeyed collarbone as her oozing body breathed volumes under her grey dress. His lips were parted slightly as he had enough and slowly lifted his jaw to look up at her finally, seeing her rosy, succulent lips and her cascade of silver tresses arched behind her button ears, accentuating her alluring and spellbinding lilac eyes.

Daenerys felt Jon’s grey eyes breathe her in, the dark stark orbs speaking volumes and casting spells on her, leaving the air around her hot and sweaty. As she tried to ignore it, for his sake, she shifted in her chair, hiding her shock from feeling pure nectar lubing her toned thighs, sopping wetness oozing from between her burning loins. She wanted him…so badly.

So as the fire crackled and the wind hummed over the titanic ocean, she had enough and slowly looked up with her hooded lashes, as Davos’s word’s drowsed into an voided echo. She raised her chin and connected Violet and Grey. The look of desire and destined need, becoming a erupting stream of eternal gaze. Both of their lips parted as they dowsed each other with desire, the desire of
trust and longing and loyalty and lust, the desire of being loved…

Their lips becoming dry and they both swallowed hard while they froze and fired each other, their opened eyes looked at each others soul as the boat rocked its lullaby, their connected gaze drowned and lost. But free

And when Davos said his next words, she couldn’t deny her feelings, any longer… *I want him…*

“….that’s when I knew what Marya truly was too me…she was… the star to my wandering bark."*

*I want her…it was then, after never asking for anything in his entire life, Jon decided he couldn’t deny his feelings, any longer…*

When the ship flying Targaryen sails settled into their beds, the ocean began to sing its destined song. The hallowed candle light purred in Dany’s cabin while her soft voice hummed a forgotten melody, trying to distract her glowing nerves as she untied her braids and let her platinum tresses cascade over her shoulders. Her lilac gaze waiting, sitting on the edge of her spacious feathered bed. Her perfect petite form sinking on the edge of the bed, her honeyed fingers entwined on her lap and her breasts heavy from trepidation. But her heart and lips were wetting with want…with need.

It was then, her spell-bounded lilac eyes looked up when she heard three knocks sound her door…

Ice and Fire.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for being patient. As you can guess, the next chapter is all smut and fluff, because its all about our favourite couples first night together :)

1. please tell me what you think of Elenea Glover.
2. I included Sansa’s story about her abortion for a reason for the future of the story- I didn't include it without a purpose because that would just be sick.
3. From now on Ile be sticking to around 5000 word chapters solely because I want to have quicker updates but believe me when I say, I will be putting the same amount of effort into every one of them :) lol, I will still probably write more than 5k anyway :) 

The next chapter is called, 'The Star To My Wandering Bark.'
The Star to My Wandering Bark

Chapter Summary

Union of Ice and Fire.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Star to My Wandering Bark

The ocean floor mirrored the titanic pathway of ash stars that were laid around the silent vessel. The waves tenderly waded beneath the liner, letting it glide with a soundless ripple and the moonlit air breathed life and freedom, directing them north, to war.

Daenerys slowly stood up with her wet lips slightly parted; swallowing a hot breath she forgot she was holding before straightening her fleeced corset dress in the looking glass. She knew this was it, she knew this was the moment she dreamed of, she knew, that when the sun awoke for a new dawn…. He would be hers, and she would be his.

Giving a reassuring look at her reflected self, she quickly arched her silver tresses behind her button ears and moved to the waiting hardwood door and slowly, pulled on the latch. The moment the fresh candle light breached into her doorway, her violet eyes met the dark eyes of Jon Snow. He stood there broad shouldered with his raven curls slightly loose behind his head, his dark misty eyes speaking vibrant volumes as he raised his jaw and looked up at her. Daenerys didn’t miss the positioning of his legs which quickly motioned back to face her, confirming that if she didn’t open the door in time- he would have reconsidered and chose duty.

The subtle motion of the waves comforted their heavy feet and their eyes reflected the same desire and without breaking their current of purpose and fate, Dany felt her honeyed fingers pushing the door open with clear incitement.

She watched his arctic grey pupils widen slightly and without a second thought, he stepped into her room, concentrating on her, only her, and the lilac soul that spell-bounded him. She saw his calloused fingers gently guide the door back into its wooden frame, letting it slide and thud comfortably as the latch dropped back down. His musky and fresh pinewood smell pawed her senses, causing her spine and knees to shiver slightly as her nose softly breathed and inhaled the winter fresh smell that she already treasured. She could feel the incredibly small distance between them and even though he was half a head taller than her, grey and violet never broke eye contact, only dowsing each other with clear want… with need.
Jon felt the gentle wade of water beneath their feet and the closed distance made his ears red with a voided buzz sound, echoing the trepidation of his actions. He had faced armies, giants, wight walkers but when he stepped over her threshold he was speechless for words, he was just a man who couldn’t deny his feelings any longer. His calloused fingertips felt weighted at his sides and his husky senses where dulled and tamed when her sweet jasmine perfume filled his nose. His heart was thumping with soul as he saw her hooded lashes look up at him, matching his own gaze. Her violet irises spoke pure volumes as he felt his fingers shut the door behind him. He couldn’t keep his arctic flame gaze from flickering to her rosy succulent lips as he felt her sweet breaths shallow his face. Their closed distance allowing them to see their own reflection in each other’s eyes. While his gaze was immersed in hers and her alluring scent trenched his feet and his breeches growing tight with rushing blood, the King in the North was lost for words at the goddess in front of him.

I want her… so bad… she’s… she’s Dany. The fierce beautiful goddess, that’s too good for this shit world… When I look at her, I see the rest of my life in front of me… She’s the reason I came back that night… She saved me, she’s saving me right now, I don’t want her… I need her.

Jon realised he hadn’t even said one word yet, swallowing hard and letting out a calming breath before he looked back into her gorgeous eyes and quickly spoke the first thing from his mind with his husky voice. “Dany,” he blinked heavily at his constant mistake, as he tried to start again, his legs subconsciously moved closer while his grey gaze fell to her hot breath that oozed out her hot succulent lips. She smiled slightly when he made the mistake that she dearly loved, his husky voice making her knees weak with desire as her breath grew hotter and she couldn’t take it anymore when her gaze matched his, falling on his full lips.

I just want to feel his lips on mine… forget the entire world. Just him and me… and the butterflies in my stomach.

“Dan… Daenerys, I…”

But before he could finish his spontaneous words, she cut him off with a glowed soft smile as she slowly placed her small honeyed palms onto his chest. His grey eyes dilated and when she raised herself on her tip-toes, Dany braced herself as her drowned violet gaze inched forward to Jon’s mouth, their flushed lips grazing slightly. They felt each other’s hot breath shallow each other’s chin, enjoying the intimacy, and when they were practically breathing against each other’s mouths, they both finally knew this need was mutual. Slowly their eyes closed with desire and redness. The world stopped its gravitational pull and the waters pulsed with fatal trepidation. Very slowly, Daenerys pushed herself higher on her toes and her small palms leaned in more against his broad chest, and then, she gave one last look before fusing her lips with his…

The kiss was sweet and telling, both melting against one another with a slight tremble, their lips
sticking momentarily when they moved apart to breathe and their foreheads staying against each other, touching intimately as they both gathered their breathless state. Opening their eyes once again, grey and violet smiled into each other’s kiss and without hesitation they both froze their lips together once again, the soft wet noises whispered as they marked each other’s lips with tender kisses, letting the minutes drift by… Jon’s hands came up to tenderly support Dany’s elbows as she leaned her honeyed palms more onto his Stark jerkin, resting them over his chest. The girl and the boy, peppered sweet kisses onto each other’s lips and savoured the tastes as they alternated between kissing and resting foreheads together to catch their breath; both the Mother of Dragons and the White Wolf finally content, and daring each other with more passionate kisses. Both savouring in the connected thought,

_Your touch. Your lips. Are perfect, they were made for me, for us, this thing was always waiting, for us._

The sudden rock of the ship pushed Daenerys’s petite confident figure flush against Jon’s chest. The very earth encouraging the two for more.

Jon felt his primal instincts return momentarily as he steadied her, giving a warm smile when he heard her cute nervous laugh against his chest. He could smell the sweet coconut fragrant from her silky hair and he felt her warm skin touch his nose as he breathed her in, loving everything, and he wanted more… Using his mouth he fell back into her succulent lips, gazing at her wanton desire, using their kiss to slowly lift her chin up, he opened his eyes and savored the tender violet gaze looking back, at him.

Daenerys felt Jon’s calloused gentle fingertips leave her hips after steadying her, hovering over them to wait for actual permission. Dany bit her bottom lip as she tried to not give him the satisfaction of making her smile again, _my dear northern fool, you’re too honourable for your own good, my hips don’t lie… I want you and their yours…_ Dany nodded her head with permission, her pursed lips glowing as she felt his strong hands return and settle on her hips, his touch savoring her as he leaned down to kiss her again; refusing to waste their time together. The seconds steamed by and she slowly snaked her honeyed palms up his front, enveloping his neck and caressing his pretty raven curls as she fiercely kissed him back with only passion and love.

Slowly, she felt his warm hands move up, his grey gaze leaving her knees weak and her pussy soaking as he cupped and cradled her face, tenderly caressing her cheeks with his thumbs as if admiring a sacred piece of art. She felt his nose tenderly brush her own and before she knew it, he fused his lips on hers, tenderly biting her bottom lip as they moved apart for breathe. The concentrated lust spurred her on as she tightened her hold around his neck, the feeling of his warm hands cupping her face with pure respect and the tenderness made her feel on top of the world as her butterflies went into overload. And when she found her opening, she pushed her honeyed tongue against his parted lips. He returned the action eagerly, the silent room filling with wet sloppy noises as their spit and saliva meshed together and the two lovers duelled their tongues, melting into each other’s embraces.
As the seconds voided on, Daenerys felt a sudden bead of nectar trundle down her honey, smooth thigh. The realisation hitting her when her burning loins squirmed with desire and she felt her juices dampen her lacy small clothes underneath her fitted dress. The peaks of her plump tits were erect under and against the furred fleece of her dress and she had to squeeze her thighs together to keep down a hot moan as Jon kissed her passionately, one hand cupping her neck while the other spread over her back and touching the tips of her hair, holding her flush against him. Dany’s fierce kisses didn’t stop when she felt her sopping pussy leaking down her thighs, she merely spread her honeyed palms over his bearded jaw and pushed herself further against his broad form; realising a large outline of his cock was resting against her lower belly between the layers of clothes. Dany realised she needed more.

_I want all these clothes off Jon… I want to feel my breasts against your chiselled abdomen, I want to protect you and kiss your scars. But I really want you… inside me… I want you. I want your heart, I want to be in your arms and, I want your cum. Only you._

_I need you inside me. I want you to fill me. I want you to fuck me…_

Jon felt the stinging pleasured pain of his purpling cock in his breech’s, the fluids of pre-cum touching and sticking at his waist slightly as her oozing body was flushed and pushed and buffed against him, their kiss only intensifying. While strings of their amalgamated spit laced between the corners of their parted lips as they rested their sweaty foreheads against one another, skin to skin, breathing hotly onto the roofs of each other’s mouths- their eyes completely drowned in Grey, in Violet, all on the floor of the star painted ocean surface.

_I want you Dany. I want to see you, hold you, and protect you. I want us, to be one…_

Jon was hazed out his doved thoughts when he heard her honeyed breathless pant, “I want… these clothes, off…” She murmured hotly against his mouth as she added, breathing softly against his lips, with a cute glowing smile, “you’re now… my prisoner, my northern fool.”

Jon grinned stupidly before quickly returning to his husky passion as he caressed his hands from her silver silky hair, slowly down to her shoulder and softly tracing her arms tenderly before taking hold of her honeyed fingers, feeling her entwine their hands together while she tip-toed up again to kiss him sweetly on the mouth. Daenerys wanted to see him. She wanted the lay on his chest and listen to his heart beat while he made love to her… Her desperate fingers quickly worked the straps of his heavy stark breast plate, her arms at an awkward angle, while Jon nuzzled her neck causing her to giggle and whimper with pleasure, and when he started to leave tender kisses on her throat and eventually leaving wet kisses on the sweet-spot on her smooth neck.

Dany purred with pleasure, grasping his soft curls and biting her bottom lip as she squeezed her lashes shut and felt her wet pussy leaking beads of nectar down her burning loins. She had to push him off slightly, kissing him quickly in apology and smiling at his adorable expression, before
resuming her frustrating task of unclipping the leather straps on his broad shoulders, Jon felt her hot breath echoing inside his mouth and he cherished the feel of her soft fleshy cheeks as he kissed her neck and licked and chewed the lope of her ear; smelling the alluring scent sizzling off her body and hearing her alluring sighs and the pang of his steel plate clanging the floor.

The moment he felt the hard work of his armour fall away, he helped her desperate hands in lifting off his leather jerkin, discarding it by the door as they moved hurriedly to the huge feathered bed. Daenerys cherished the feeling of his hands holding her waist and slightly scratching into her hips as she unbuttoned his linen tunic, letting it open as she pressed her honeyed palm over his bare chest and fused her lips with his, kissing him passionately and licking his bottom lip, making him smile.

However, his husky and endearing smile faltered when she slowly pushed his linen shirt over his shoulders, exposing his bare torso and abdominals. The candles flickered dangerously as they stood flushed together in the middle of the amber lit cabin. Daenerys took a step back, to fully see him as she slowly dropped his shirt on the floor. Her hooded violet gaze dilated again, seeing the scarlet slits littered across his chiselled abdominals, the ravenous marks of punctures were spartan across his v shaped abdomen and the quick pulse of his heart, accentuated the inhuman crescent scar over his heart beneath his defined upper body. Daenerys tried not to lick her lips with want as her eyes absorbed his lean and muscular body, her cunt simply burning.

But, when she slowly traced her honeyed finger along the red ridge of his crescent scar with sorrow and anger and wonder, whoever did this to you, I will, burn them alive! Daenerys quickly noticed the shiver and nervous look in his dark Stark eyes as he laced his hands with hers to stop her touching the scars that he was ashamed of…

He’s ashamed of them, my dear Jon, wear your past like armour and it can never be used to hurt you, right? And if anything, they make you look more like a wolf. My wolf. They make you even more handsome…

Her eyes turned into tender and remorse as she tried to swallow down the need to ask why and how, fulling knowing he wasn’t ready to tell the tale. But her fiery soul had to ask, as she barely covered his scar with her small palm and looked back into his eyes tenderly, and whispered against his lips, “how?”

Jon looked at the glossy look in her violet eyes as she looked up at him, she wants to know… and I want to tell her. His husky voice softly whispered, “It wasn’t long ago… A mutiny…” But as soon as he tried to begin the story of his deep gashes that he had to live with, his heart clenched with pain and suffering as he remembered all his brothers lure him out, he remembered the person who delivered the crucial blow, he remembered the terrifying piercing sound of his flesh and how the last thought in his mind soothed him as he tried to not to be afraid of the cold and darkness, the only time a man can be brave, is when he’s afraid. As he remembered his father’s words, the pain churned in his stomach but… all of it was simply gone, when he felt her honeyed hands envelope his neck as she pressed a sweet kiss onto his mumbling lips.
“You don’t have to tell me, another time...” He let out an uneven breath while he softly held her wide hips, and nodded into her neck as she hugged him, cherishing the goddess he was falling in love with. He grazed her cheeks with tender, cupping her face as he wiped away the small wet tears brimmed in her eyes, kissing them away with pure love and care. Daenerys let out an amused breath at his sweet gesture, but her cunt was literally on fire as she ran her fingers across his chest. Kissing the ugly scar, marking it from now on with her lips, before looking up at the man she loved before whispering against his mouth, “Jon… please… make love to me…”

Jon felt the world was on fire, and no one could save him but her, as she led him to the haven of dark feather bedding firmly holding his hand, their eyes forever connected with hallowed desire, he was bare chested with only his cotton breeches on. He was surprised when she playfully pushed him onto the edge of the bed, giggling with her cute smile before swiftly settling on his defined lap, straddling him and kissing him with a raw passion which he returned without hesitation, while he cupped her cheeks and she clutched at his raven curls which went wild after she undid the tie. Daenerys felt safe and loved and desired as she settled and nestled her peachy full bottom on his lap, her hands flung around his neck and his own hands holding her flush against him, while their lips fought and fused.

He felt her straddle him as she gripped at his hair and kissed him fiercely. Her sweet, spicy taste making him delirious with hunger as they both tasted each other. Her pillowed arse, gently rolling and making his cock rock hard as it poked under his breeches and spooned the damp ridge of her peachy arse, making them both moan and pant. He felt the soft material of her outfit as her plump soft tits were pressed onto his bare chest as he held her with every ounce of firm tenderness.

But the sensation in his tight balls yearned for more, peeling away and leaning back from her radiating body, he caught her hooded lashes which were also drunk from their kiss, sighing with his husky voice “Dany, I need you…”

Daenerys quickly understood, helping him with the laces of her grey corset, hemmed at the side of her dress. Their hungry lips kissing and tasting and snogging as the split of her collar began to loosen and open. The room filling with breathless pants and wet sounds from their sticking lips and probing tongues. Her defined collarbone began to appear, honeyed and alluring causing his eyes to widen and his pupils to dilate with amorous hunger, quickly spreading his hands under her full thighs, he picked her up with ease and spun around, plopping her on the bed lightly underneath him, as her platinum tresses fanned underneath her gorgeous face. Her eyes were filled momentarily with surprise from his spurred boldness, giggling before kissing him with raw passion as he leaned down to kiss her, both of them resuming the task of unlacing her dress; calloused and honeyed fingers nibbling and touching as they unbuttoned her grey dress.

The moment all the laces was ripped off her loose dress, Jon watched with broad desire, his cock throbbing and his throat stiff and caught. Daenerys didn’t break eye contact as she leaned up from lying down and hurriedly shouldered off her corset dress, leaving her in a thin silky shift. Her firm
plump breasts, poking and taut though the thin garb and she quickly tossed it over her head with a sighing hot breath. The moment he saw her pale pink nipples spill out the silky garb, his lips became dry as he drank in the stunning goddess before him, he watched her violet gaze erupt him, her cute expression driving him crazy as he hovered over her. Her silver tresses draped on the sides of her puckered tits as she cupped them, feeling the heavy weight of her flesh while sighing as she grazed the pink erect tips with an alluring sigh, triggering a husky growl in the pit of his abdomen. Daenerys knew what she was doing as she watched her tame wolf drink her in, slowly she decided to tease his drowned face as she slid her honeyed fingers beneath her soaked lacy panties and slithered a finger along her burning and swelled clitoris, feeling her seeping juices trail off her perfect, succulent, crinkled, tight clitoris as she lifted them out and wrapped it around his neck, marking and baptising his skin with her nectar before pulling him down to kiss her as his sculpted broad abdominals clung and stuck to her heavy sweated breasts. The contact of warm flesh on flesh, spurring them on.

Jon kissed her, wishing he could live off her hot breath forever, he felt her saturated small clothes graze and wet his inner thigh as he lay on top off her, using his hands on either side of her body to distribute his weight as her perfect firm breasts pressed and meshed with his chest. He wanted to taste her perfect plump tits and the pink erect buds, he wanted to taste her honeyed fingers which were glistening with her sweet juices and he wanted to devour her wet pussy and make her cum… However, as violet and grey connected with flushed, red expressions they just… knew what was needed… they just wanted… to be one…one being.

Daenerys raised herself on her elbows, her lilac eyes filled with tears of pleasure as she kissed him while desperately pushing his cotton breeches down his legs, freeing his throbbing bulge. The moment his erect cock sprang and swayed out of his breeches, Dany felt her mouth and eyes drooling with desire. His large manhood made her brows arch with longing as she drank in the pretty raven curls around his cock, and before she knew it, his gentle calloused fingers came to the band of her own panties. Daenerys looked back into his adorable grey eyes, nodding with permission before he pulled off her white panties, the dampness clinging to her silver pubes momentarily before he trailed it down her toned legs and flung the silky wet fabric over his shoulder.

Their concentrated current of love reconnected as their eyes froze and burned each other. Daenerys gasped with pleasure, her hot breath spilling over his handsome face when his thick veiny cock dropped onto the pink silver thatch of pubes above her glistening entrance. Jon slowly lowered himself, their kiss intensifying and sloppy. She felt his length slide over and up to her belly-button, leaving a trail of fluid and painfully resting on her honeyed tummy as he kissed her neck and the skin behind her ears and cherishing her scent, causing her to whimper and mewl. She wanted him inside her, and when she looked into his glossy grey eyes, she knew he was teasing her… Two can play at this game.

Without hesitation, she reached her honeyed fingers between their sweaty bodies and wrapped her fingers, tightly, around his throbbing big cock. Dany smiled into their kiss, knowing the effect of her touch when he let out a husky groan into their kiss. Her hands controlling him, like holding a wolf’s tail. The silky touches of her fingers making his cock threaten to cum instantly. Jon bit his
lower lip as she guided him by his cock towards the top of the bed, stroking him and causing him to whimper in pleasure as her small moist palm cupped his tight balls as she smiled at the effect, and without a second thought, she tossed her toned thigh over him and settled back on the top, his head landing on the pillows. His wild raven curls nuzzled behind him as he used both of his hands to gently hold her neck under her ears. Kissing her with such raw passion as he tried to concentrate on her succulent lips and not her hands which were torturing him with long slow strokes on his cock as she hovered over him.

The candles flickered and danced to the destined song, the room filled with husky groans and delicate moans and breathless sighs. The awoken climax was brewing in violet and grey’s mind, and when they both took a moment to look into each other’s grey and violet soul, they both knew they couldn’t wait any longer. Their flushed desperate faces, dowsed each other with love and…

Without a second thought, Jon spun them around and entered her.

Grey and Violet drowned and free, as the tip of his cock magnetically found her seeping entrance. Daenerys felt blitzing pleasure like never before, when the head of his cock slid snugly into her soaked pussy, the fleshy hot penetration slowly slipping into her body, connecting, becoming one, as her tight pussy hugged the feeling and her soaked pink folds clamped and snugly clinched around his manhood, like it was made to fit.

Ice and fire becoming one being, joining into water... life. The most natural and destined connected climax in eternity…

“Dany…” he stammered out as he looked down into the goddess he was one with. Her hooded eyes heavy with pleasure, as she panted and sighed as he slowly let her adjust to the feeling. He felt her honeyed legs wrap around his back and her hands tightly clutching his back as she looked deep into his eyes, panting hotly as she softly nodded for him to go on, “make love to me Jon… make me yours…” she finished in her tender seductive voice.

He felt her unbelievable tight pussy clamped and vacuumed around his cock, sucking him as he slowly started rolling his hips and thrusting into his silver goddess. He felt her soft palms graze his back and her nails scrape into his shoulder blades as he moved inside her, sliding in and out and leaving only the tip in before smouldering back in and reaching the bundle of nerves that caused her hips to squirm with pleasure as she mewled and whimpered into his neck.

Daenerys was on fire, the feeling of the honourable Jon Snow on top of her and inside her made her see star’s, she kissed him fiercely, their sore lips sticking and plucking as she felt his cock repeatedly thrust and penetrate inside her. He was claiming her, and as she clenched around him…
she claimed him.

She moaned with pure pleasure and bliss as he moved inside her, the room filling with the slow slap of flesh, their body’s glistening with sweat as they made love. He groaned and kissed her neck and licked and sucked at her sweet spot, causing her to bite her lower lip to stop the whole ship from hearing her scream with pure pleasure. Her plump tits swayed and bounced up and down as there flesh softly slapped under the deep thrusts as they kissed. But when they both had fully adjusted and caught up to the scorching pleasure, they need more, so when she looked back into his eyes, they gaze spoke volumes as she panted out,

“Jon! I need more… please… mak… fuck me… fuck me Jon… Fuck…” Her seductive honeyed voice spurring the wolf inside him when she used the profaning words, making them sound only alluring with her goddess persona, quickly, the room was filled with thrashing and slapping as he drove into her harder and with shorter pumps. Her hot succulent lips moved into an o shaped as he fucked her with pure love and devotion, causing her to tightly hold him by the shoulders, leaving deep bruises as he kissed her to keep her moans of blitzing pleasure from bay, not letting the ships entire crew hear the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, the profound Dragon-Queen squirming and convulsing with complete bliss.

“fuck, ah, ah, ah , ah, yes… don’t…don’t stop…”

The seconds drove on and Daenerys felt her walls tighten and convulse, her burning loins wrapped and pulled tightly around his built back as she looked into her grey gaze, her toes curled from the friction of his thrusts that perfectly hit the bundle of nerves inside her seeping pussy and within seconds, she was drowned and lost… as she came. The juices of her climax ushering and squirting, avalanching around his penetration, lubricating his cock and making his thrusts fizz with sticky squelching sounds as he panted husky breathes into her hot mouth while he watched her cum. Her violet gaze seeing stars.

Jon watched Dany cum with a pitched scream which he covered with a passionate kiss, leaving her breathless with her silky hair full of glimmering sweat. Her flushed face, the feeling of her hard pink tits flush against him and the sweat sticking their bodies together, he felt his balls tighten and when he found her violet irises inched below him, he looked at her soul and his balls tightened. Squirting ribbons upon ribbons of his seed inside her, deep inside her blazing womb, her pink folds and pleats milked his cum, snowing and plastering her insides white...

Slowly the two came undone and limp from their climax, finally sated after three torturous moons of company, the hot sweaty bedding making their skin clammy but comfortable as their breathing started to calm. The moment her eyes re-connected to his, she gazed up at grey and gave a breathless smile at his endearing flushed face. “Are you ok…” he breathed softly with his husky voice.
Of course his first actual words would be about my wellbeing, my dear northern fool, Daenerys smiled and nodded before nuzzling her nose under his jaw and peppering kisses on his neck, happily taking in the mysterious winter smell she dearly cherished. Her cheeks were rosy and her silver tresses cascaded around her small smooth shoulders. “Yes.” She answered with her pursed rosy lips as she cuddled and melted into him, relishing the feeling of his semi-hard cock still oozing inside her red pleats. Her fluid filled tummy savoured the reality dawning on her; that the man she loved was with her, the impossible man with his pretty hair that was too good for this world, the man whose arms were, from now on, her home…

“How are you…” she tenderly responded between her pecks of kisses. Jon felt for the first time in his life- completely happy, so when he heard her seductive care breathe in his ear, he actually laughed as he kissed her shoulder, then neck, then lips and then sweetly leaving a peck on her cute nose, before breathing back, “Dany, you’re my everything…”

No one has ever asked how I was...

Daenerys felt herself blush with bliss and sigh with happiness before she fiercely kissed him on the mouth, the feeling of her sticky folds squelching around his soft long cock, as their short pubic hairs tangled slightly, jet black meshed with silver.

The room became silent and their position became slowly uncomfortable, Jon quickly caught on when he felt her slackening her clawed honey fingers off his back and weaving them under his triceps. Helping and guiding him slowly out of her. Jon panted his husky breath over her wet lips, gazing deeply into her eyes as her clenching hot walls milked his seed as he slid out of her; hearing her delicate whimper from the stinging sensation when they broke apart. Jon quickly scooped up her hot body into his arms, holding her glistening back against his own sweaty abdominals before enveloping his arms protectively around her and kissing the back of her neck. He was trying to ignore the consequences of his actions when he had to leave, the feeling of being with and holding the goddess in his arms, easily keeping his insecurities at bay.

Daenerys hummed contently, her smile never faltering as if she had been wearing an hanger in her mouth all day, she felt his full lips against the nape of her neck and his tender hold keep her warm, while his warm hard length settled against the honeyed curve of her lower back. This is how I want my days to always start and always end… But as she tried to keep her stomach from trembling with guilt of holding him back in life… her tummy rumbled with hunger.

“Is my Queen hungry?” Jon let out a humoured breath when he felt her hide under the sheets with blushing embarrassment as her tummy rumbled.

Daenerys peered out the sheets, seeing his endearing dark eyes as he laughed at her unqueenly noises erupting from her centre. She smiled before playfully slapping his hairy dense wrist that came to move the bedding. “Jon… please, stop teasing” she playfully whimpered as he gave a
husky chuckle at her nervousness, the White Wolf and the Mother of Dragons both cherishing in the feeling of being able to be just a man and a woman who made love.

Jon gave one last grin before sitting up and taking her honeyed hand in both of his hands before softly kissing her palm, “wait here, ile get you something.”

Daenerys raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips at his loving gesture, watching him in fascination as he swivelled his legs off the clammy bedding and walked over to the table by the window. Daenerys felt the damp sheets crumple around her waist as her plump tits spilled out the bedding as she sat up to watch him. Momentarily cupping her breasts, feeling the fleshy weight and her puckered pink stained nipples-noticing her wolf hadn’t kissed and tasted them yet, unlike the rest of her... She licked her bruised rose lips when she saw his immaculate form, his chiselled abdominals’, his round buttocks, the sway of his perfect cock and pretty raven hairs around it, his defined muscled back, his gentle calloused hands, his pretty curls and his good heart and dark eyes that were all hers. Only mine! She thought fiercely, knowing he wasn’t a virgin after he gave her intense pleasure and utter bliss she had never felt before, there must have been another woman before me, but knowing he was far too honourable to make a fool out of a lover, she concluded this lover had died or simply left him...

_I think it’s the latter; no one in their right mind would voluntarily leave this honour… my, honourable fool…_

Jon looked down at the appetisers and refreshments on her wooden table, he decided on light foods. Taking the colourful bowl of fruits and the seeded bread and deciding on just one glass of red wine. Taking a sip from the glass goblet, he wetted his parched throat before turning around and instantly, his dark eyes settled on the small honeyed goddess, nestled in the mess of damp bedding, her silver tresses accentuating her rosy cheeks and her tender violet gaze softly smiling at him with clear endearment and love.

He grew a little nervous of his totally nude form, but smiled at her wide eyes absorbing him. He carefully settled the refreshments on the side of them, before crossing his legs directly opposite her, their crossed-legs touching as he tried not to drool over her perfect plump tits that mesmerised him. “Enjoying the view,” she softly teased as his eyes flickered back to her lilac amused eyes.

Daenerys smiled at his flushed grin of being caught as he sat opposite from her, their knees touching, “aye” he softly replied with an endearing embarrassment as she chuckled at his honesty.

She loved the gesture of only taking one glass as he handed her the shared goblet of wine. She loved the intimacy of sharing with him, savouring their shared wine as she peered seductively over the glass brim and smiling at his drowned eyes as she sipped and hummed with content and appreciation as she wetted her dry throat. Dany smiled when he carefully took an orange before
peeling it for her and handing over the juicy fruit, she leaned forward and kissed him sweetly before taking the peeled orange and eating it. While she chewed on the juices, she smiled when he got to work and started cutting small cloves of the bread and buttering it before putting it on her side of the plate as she ate her orange.

“What about you,” she said with a smile as he shuffled the food onto her side of the china plate, he simply gave a soft shake of his head, only making sure she was happy with the bread he offered to her.

“I’m fine.” He laughed at her raised eyebrows as she tenderly looked up at him, while he added, “seriously Dany, I’m fine… I’ll just stick to this red stuff.” Daenerys pursed her lips as he took the arbour wine from her hand, swirling it before taking a cautious sip, she knew he wasn’t used to fine foods and expensive wines, knowing he preferred his northern ale and simple food. But she wouldn’t take no for an answer and she took her clove of buttered bread, taking a small bit into it before moving it to his mouth, amused at his surprised expression.

“Please eat with me Jon,” she bit down a giggle as he rolled his eyes endearingly, grinning as she fed him with her honeyed fingertips, as she added playfully, “your Queen commands it…”

The two lovers basked in the content comfortable silence as they fed each other with wet kisses and cheeky tickles. The boat drifted into the night, the red and black sails filling under the calm breezes. Daenerys felt content and sated as she fed Jon bits of bread from her fingers as they refilled their shared goblet of wine and grinned stupidly at each other, between kissing and eating and kissing and eating.

But she wanted to know more about his past, knowing the subject of his scars wasn’t a topic she wanted to clear up tonight, she resorted to the intriguing thought of his past lovers. Had he ever loved another? So as Grey and Violet dowsed each other with love, she leaned back slightly and swallowed a curious breath in her throat before asking. “Jon…your clearly not an chaste Nightswatch man,” she gave a soft smile at his surprised look as he slowly figured out what she was asking as she tenderly finished. “Who was she..?”

Jon looked at the beautiful goddess in-front of him, her petite glowing body touching his knees with her own crossed legs as she cradled the goblet of wine, her glimmering silver hair accentuating her hot breaths as he gave a sad smile at her tender question. He slowly started, “I met her beyond the Wall…” - a questioning look was on her face before he quickly added, “I was initially spying on the Wilding armies. And then, while I was following orders undercover I… I, fell in love.” He finished with his husky voice, the old pain mended and merely a memory as he looked at her understanding violet irises.

Daenerys truly felt sorry for him knowing from his tone that she had died, and when he told her
that her name was, Ygritte, she gave an internal silent thanks to Ygritte for giving Jon a rare chapter of happiness in his hard life. Dany took a sip from the wine, letting him recover while thinking about a younger Jon in a black cloak with his raven curls before she was streamed out her thoughts when his throaty voice asked her.

“When we first met, you said that… you said you were sold and…” Daenerys gave a soft look at his endearing sheepish look, from his own curiosity. So she slowly nodded, with a reassuring smile before elaborating for him.

“Yes, I was sold to my late husband, Drogo.” Dany felt Jon tense slightly, as she went on, “and like you, I was young and following orders from my brother Viserys. But, even though I was raped…” Daenerys decided against using more vulgar imagery as she felt her dear Jon tense again with an arctic cold gaze as he took her hand tenderly. “…even though I was abused, I also fell in love.” She watched his face grow stiff as he thought and when he parted his lips to speak, she knowingly cut him off. “…it was out of necessity rather than trueness, because…” But when she came to the subject of her stillborn baby, her words failed her as her gaze went glossy, the comfort of his warm presence making her smile away the sad pain.

Jon realised he reached a touchy subject for another day, like his own story about the mutiny, so instead, he took her hand and gave an understanding look as he caught her attention again as he softly spoke, “I know what you mean… about the necessity thing. I did love Ygritte, but I know it was doomed from the start, because if I didn’t love her back, I would have been killed… so it was also necessary…” Daenerys smiled, her eyes speaking volumes as she kissed him sweetly on the mouth before her thoughts caught up on her as she added thoughtfully.

“Isn’t it weird, that we both fell in love with people, whom the rest of the worlds see as savages?” Jon looked down between them and smiled at the irony, matching her own expression as he nodded to her words. “…and we both looked past that and fell in love, making us into who we are.”

Jon looked back up into her drowned violet eyes; he hated this Drogo person for hurting a little girl like that. He felt the wolf’s blood in him broiling with fire as he imagined himself cutting down a huge dothraki man who raped and abused his wonderful goddess Dany, he thought of using his father’s Greatsword Ice to disassemble such a creature. But, he gave out a subtle breath when he remembered Daenerys had eventually grown feelings for this man, just like he had grown feelings for Ygritte after she tried to kill him constantly and tormented him constantly. He reluctantly understood her feelings, so for both of their benefit, he raised their glass goblet.

“To Ygritte, and Drogo.” He took a small sip and passed it to her as she smiled warmly at the gesture and also drank.

“Ygritte and, Drogo” she repeated with her honeyed voice as they paid homage to their past lovers.
“What was the first thing you thought, when, you saw me..?” Daenerys couldn’t stop the question rolling of her tongue breaking the comfortable silence as they took turns sipping on the wine. Jon gave a small smile when he saw her cute and curious face, he let out a thoughtful sigh, hoping his brooded artic mind could think of just something romantic in his husky brain, for once.

“I… I thought, you were…”-he smiled sheepishly before answering her soft attentive expression- “I thought you were the most strongest and gorgeous girl I had ever seen.” Daenerys blushed deeply but turned her face into playful anger when he added, “…but fucking stubborn.”

Dany couldn’t hold back her giggle as she leaned forward and kissed him sweetly on the mouth, looking into his bottomless dark eyes, before playfully swatting him on the forearm, laughing at his endearing but exaggerated expression. “That’s not very romantic, my northern fool…” she finished seductively as she leaned forward and kissed the place where she hit his forearm, while he leaned forward in his own crossed-legs to kiss her forehead.

“Sorry, I’m not a poet…” Daenerys laughed and nodded her head playfully serious, agreeing with his conclusion, before he nervously asked in his husky voice, “what about me..?”

Dany fidgeted with the covers around her, wrapping the bedding around her waist more, only leaving her upper body and her plump pink tits out, before looking up nervously and softly breathing, “well… I thought you wear also quite stubborn, but you intrigued me. Your humbleness, honour and… your pretty hair.” – Dany pursed her lips at his playful huff before she carried on- “I expected a rash argument with a hairy barbarian from the North. Instead, I got the honourable Jon Snow, who had the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen…..

…and it was when you respectfully declined me for duty, something no one had ever done. It was then, my heart kind of whispered to me, ‘That’s the one.'”

Jon slowly took her honeyed palms in his own, giving a tender kiss on her soft skin before saying, “Dany, I know there’s a million reasons for us not to be doing… this. But, there’s one reason why I want this, and that one reason is all I’ve got. It’s everything to me and I wish… I wish” -he huskily stressed- “I wish I could someday deserve you, because everything I do, is from now on, for you…”

Daenerys felt small peals brimming, as she cradled his bearded jaw and kissed him full on the mouth before resting her forehead against his, and hotly breathing solemnly, over his lips. “Jon, my dear northern fool… I’m yours and it is I who doesn’t deserve you…” they both bathed in a passionate kiss and smiled into it before she playfully added, “…and after those words, it seems you are a poet.”
The room was filled with the sound of wet lips clashing with hunger and happy sighs but Jon could literally smell the sex aroma in the room, oozing out her seeping silver pussy that was already dampening the sheets once again, with no mercy. His arctic senses pawed at the alluring scent, and he wanted nothing more than to taste her so he pulled out the wet kiss, and gazed into her pure violet eyes. “Dany, I want to kiss you… and not just on the lips.”

Daenerys had to literally clench her burning lions painfully to keep back the stimulating look her gave her, she practically threw herself on him, pressing their sweaty skin together and biting and kissing the lope of his ear before breathing into it, with her alluring honey breath. “Fuck me Jon.”

Daenerys though he wanted to just kiss her heavy breasts and devour her nipples, but she squeaked with desire as he softly guided her on onto her back, looking down at her, her tits spreading and silver tresses fanning out underneath her before he pulled all the sheets off the bed. Her face was flushed and glistened with sweet perspiration, her glimmering hair weighted down with saturated sweat. He slowly hovered over her and she looked deeply back at him, her violet eyes breathless, he kissed her collarbone with wet kisses, then lingering a sweat peck on her lips before shadowing over her plump tits, her pink buds were taut and erect as he grazed them slightly with his pouty lips before literally devouring them, cupping one while sucking and licking on the over fleshy nipple. Feeling the weight of her firm breasts as her wolf savoured on the sweet tastes. Daenerys was literally moaning with pure pleasure as he switched to the other.

He’s worshipping my body, he’s worshipping me...

Her eyes were filled with tears of bliss, as he looked up at her, his dark eyes speaking volumes. Jon felt her slick mound rubbing against his thigh, his cock was throbbing at the touch and smell fizzing from her alluring hot smooth body. His husky senses were delirious. Very slowly, he kissed down her body, kissing her lips, then neck, then collarbone, then the side of her plump breast, then the smooth nape off her honeyed tummy, then her hips, then his hands pulled and rolled her hips slightly, allowing his head to centre comfortably between her glowing loins that were burning with glistening juices.

Dany moaned out a whimpered breath, her hot pants driving him on when she felt his own hot breath whisper through her soaked pubes. The ventilated warmth causing her the squirm with anticipation. No one has ever done this for me. Jon looked up at her tenderly, meeting her own curious lilac eyes as she raised herself on her elbows to look down at him. He softly palmed her full inner thighs to open her legs more, as he breathed hotly on her seeping entrance. He saw her smart silver mound, but when he saw her perfect pink folds and her rosy, succulent clit peeping out of it, he practically drooled over the crinkled flesh that glistened with her honeyed nectar. She’s a perfect goddess.

He didn’t waste any time before he tenderly stroked long licks on the sides of her glimmering tight pussy. He felt her shudder and sob out a delicate whimper before he pushed his tongue inside her
Jon felt her honey fingers weave into his raven curls, gripping limply as she held him inside her as she cried into a pillow with pure bliss. Jon was delirious as alternated between flickering his tongue inside her tight succulent pussy and kissing the tender pink folds that oozed with pussy juice. He happily moaned as he burrowed his nose next to her sweet arsehole as he sucked on her crinkled cliterous, tasting the heavenly juices oozing from her silver and pink pleats.

He felt her glowing thighs wrap over his shoulder blades as she squirmed and purred and mewled above him, scrunching his raven curls as she bit her lip and curled her toes with painful pleasure, hot pants falling from her o shaped rosy lips. “Jon… o… Jon, fuucck… Please… yes, yes ,yes, yes, yes…. I’m going to cum, fuck, Jon… I’m going to… cum….”

Jon smiled into her burning pussy as he cut off her breathless pants when he slowly entered his middle calloused finger into her. He felt her savory walls tightly clench and convulse around his finger as he curled his finger inside her and caressed the blissful bundle of nerves that caused another gush of wet juices to leak and seep out of her and over his mouth and fingers.

Daenerys was seeing stars as she squeezed her eyes shut, panting heavily as her second orgasm hit her with thunder. She felt another finger enter her sopping entrance as her northern fool sucked and kissed and licked her succulent, rosy, crinkled cliterous that was avalanching with her cum.

She tried to open her eyes, looking down she saw him lapping up her cum as she burst apart from her third orgasm, when he took his fingers out of her and used his hands to open her pink folds. Leaving wet licks and kisses as he spread her wet silver pussy, trailing his warm spitted tongue around her rosy nub as he finished her with a tender sweet kiss…

Daenerys felt limp and completely sated, as he raised himself slowly and hovered over her, fusing their lips together as she tasted herself. She smiled into their crashing lips, tasting her pussy juice on his pouty lips and tongue before looked into his dark eyes, grey and violet drowning with lust and pure love. Dany was in heaven when she saw her nectar glimmering in his beard and on his lips, slightly dripping of his cute nose. He’s mine now, he’s been baptised in my nectar… in my cum. While Jon nuzzled and kissed her smooth red neck, biting and licking as he left red marks on her throat as she purred in content, she felt his hard, elastic cock swaying and leaning proudly on her wet thighs.

He hasn’t finished yet; I need to make sure my wolf is satisfied. Daenerys blinked as she thought about returning the favour. But she had never gone down and sucked a man before, and she wanted this night to be perfect, so she decided on doing something that she was the best at.

You have a talented tongue Jon Snow, but have you ever been ridden by a Dragon…
“Jon…” she looked into his warm eyes with a breathless smile as she quickly pushed him onto his back and straddled him before he could dispute. “I’m going to fuck you, forever…” Jon watched in erotic lust as she clambered on top of him, he groaned and tensed when he felt her tender pillowed arse fill his lap, and he whimpered like a delirious wolf when her small honeyed fingers wrapped around his bulging length, rubbing the tip which caused him to moan before swiftly guiding his big cock into her tight wet pussy, as she lowered herself slowly and pushed his cock into her seeping entrance.

“Fucking hell Dany… O… shit… your amazing…”

Dany whimpered from the blissful sting as they joined, his entire length perfectly filling her as she sat on his lap, the picture of only his wet balls peeking and cupping out of her pink pleats, as she fully consumed and snugly clenched him. Violet looked down into dark eyes as she placed her honeyed palms onto her chiselled abdominals, feeling the sweaty herculean scars under her hot touch as she rolled her hips and rode him. Her sweaty fingers were spread out over his dense defined chest as she felt the head of his manhood repeatedly bring pure pleasure as she slid her walls over and around his cock, up and down, up and down…

“Yesss, my love…fill me… fuucck, me, yesss.”

Jon looked up into her violet eyes, glowing in the dark as he groaned from her wet pleats milking and sucking him as his goddess rode him. He snaked his fingers to her peachy full arse and firmly gripped, opening the pillow cheeks to allow her to go down deeper, causing them both to whimper… He sat up slightly as she rode him rapidly, his balls threatening to burst and he cradled her plumps tits and sucked on her pink rose buds, feeling the weight of her firm creamy breasts as he tasted them, she moaned and whimpered as she weaved her fingers into her sweaty raven curls; holding his lips against her tits…

The room was filled with slow and fast slapping of flesh, as her pussy slapped down onto his groan, consuming his entire cock and making his balls jiggle and tighten. She rode him like a mad woman, rolling her hips while she felt her wolf ravish and tenderly suck on her erect pink nipples which bounced and swayed perfectly as she fiercely rode him.

Quickly, Jon felt his balls tighten as he kissed and snogged her hot succulent lips with raw passion, she felt his cock twitch inside her and he came with full glory. She relished the feeling of Jon Snow cumming relentlessly inside her womb. She felt ribbons and ribbons of his warm seed plaster her walls as she slowly rolled her hips while she also came fiercely from her peak, her pussy convulsing with exhaustion as her clear juices squirted out and around his cock, her cum and his cum mixing, amalgamated, while it dripped off their exhausted glowing sore thighs and onto the damp bed…
Jon instantly cuddled into her and held her as she collapsed on his chest. Their glistening sweat, sticking them together. For the first time in their lives they felt complete, and for some reason, both of them felt like their coupling felt so damn right... The boat soft rocked them into a lullaby as their eyes lids became heavy... Daenerys felt herself drifting off, but her thoughts were rapidly hazing,

_I need him to know, I want to tell him... that I love him..._ Dany lifted her head slightly as she tried to start with her soft honeyed voice, “Jon, I...” But her words were caught when she remembered that she was a Queen and had a duty to thousands. Jon instantly smiled knowingly, as he cut her off with a raw passionate kiss, fusing their lips together as they wetly stuck together slightly before he moved back to speak, knowing she was thinking the same thing he was thinking. _I love her... but we can’t say it, it would be too hard, after reality reaches us..._ So he softly finished with his endearing husky voice that she loved.

“I know Dany... Me to...” They both sadly smiled before cuddling closer, entwining their limbs and falling into a sated slumber...

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“Dany...” Jon moaned into their passionate kiss as he held her hips, scrunching the black silky robe at its sides as she bit and kissed his bottom lip. Her violet hooded eyes re-opened from their drunken kiss when he spoke. “...Dany, you really have no intension of letting me leave, do you?” They smiled into another kiss before he huskily added, “I should go, they’ll be getting up soon and...”

“Jon...” she smiled breathlessly, “don’t worry, Missandai is most likely occupied with... many things,” she quickly avoided breaking faith with Missandai’s details before quickly carrying on as she looked at his endearing grey eyes. “...and half the ship will have a hang-over from yesterday...” Jon watched the goddess in-front of him as she tried to use her profound Dragon-Queen gaze to make him stay abit longer, which failed when she bit down a laugh when he tickled her waist and nuzzled into her honeyed neck, leaving wet, tender kisses on her hickeys.

The somber gusts of dawn had streamed into their windows two hours ago. Dany smiled out her slumber when she felt Jon kissing her neck and tenderly cuddling her. It didn’t take long for the two lovers to start a raw passionate gaze as they attacked each other’s mouths. Daenerys had quickly pushed the bedding off and took hold of his morning stiffness that was oozing pre-cum. She playfully straddled him, but quickly the feelings became raw and passionate as she rode him into bliss. The hour rolled on as they spooned each other and slowly chased that destined climax once again. Both of them were glistening with sweat as they both came together and collapsed onto
one another. Slowly they began to hear the ships deck above them coming to life, forcefully yanking them out of their void of love. They both agreed it was best if they kept their lovemaking hidden due to the politics of this war alliance…

Now, Jon was getting dressed as Dany helped him while she wore her black silky robe - as per his request, because he knew he would never leave if her alluring hot body was insight, which made her blush and laugh at his honesty.

“Daenerys please…” he tried to stop another kiss, but he simply couldn’t stop himself tasting her hot succulent lips. Dany merely smiled as she tasted her own lips and stopped nuzzling his neck, as she sadly smiled at his husky voice.

“ok, ok… you can go…” Dany smiled tenderly as she fixed his ruffled collar and helped him with the straps of his leather brown jerkin. They both enjoyed the comfortable silence as they finally finished with his attire, “I still don’t see why though…” she said sarcastically.

Jon’s grey gaze watched her tilt her head cutely and cross her arms, slightly lifting up her firm plump breasts under her silky black robe. He had never seen anything so sexy and adorable in his entire life. And the fussy attention she gave him while she helped him get ready, made him for the first the time in his long young life, actually loved… He felt like they had known each other and been this intimate for their entire life… This just feels so right…

“You know why,” he started seriously as he tenderly held her hips and moved her petite hot form flush against him, “I don’t want people to think I dishonoured you.” He quickly saw her profound fiery eyes flare as she opened her mouth to start the same little argument they had, about him not in the slightest dishonouring her. But he quickly cut her off with a tender kiss, feeling her relax as he breathed, “I know what you’re going to say, and I know what we have is the most right thing in this damn world… but Dany, you’re a Queen, and I’m your Warden, at a time of war… it wouldn’t be proper.” He felt her relax as she looked up with an understanding smile as she added, “I know but it doesn’t mean I have to like it…” Grey and Violet dowsed each other with love before tightly hugging each other.

“I really do need to go Dany, it’s only a matter of time before Tyrion or Davos come stumbling into my own cabin to talk about some important damn politics, I don’t know about.” Daenerys hummed with understanding with a soft smile at his outburst as he nuzzled and breathed into her neck. She knew how overwhelming ruling was, and even though he was good at it, Daenerys knew he hated it.

“Ok fine,” she said hotly as they broke apart, looking sadly into his own sad eyes at the loss of contact, “I’ll miss you… and wear your curls down, I like it all wild…” He smiled at her soft pursed lips as he looked at her endearingly as she finished. “…and don’t you dare leave without kissing me one more time.” Jon knew she had loosened her robe a little when they embraced, the
black robe displaying more of her alluring collarbone and a small view of her perfect boobs that were firm and taut, peaking out slightly; he knew she did it on purpose to make him stay a little longer. *Two can play at this game*… He quickly scooped her up and kissed her neck, while breathing heavily as she giggled and sighed.

“You know I’ll do anything for you…” he tried to make up some words to make her laugh from the sad situation of leaving as he softly improvised with a slight melody, “I would do, anything… for you… that… includes… picking up, your poo.” Jon was delighted when her heard her cute giggle against his neck as she laughed out, “now that, my northern fool, is really poetic…”

Jon smiled, carefully pulling her in to: kiss her neck, ear, forehead. But he purposely didn’t kiss her lips as he moved back and walked towards the door with a husky grin. He heard her alluring honeyed voice behind him, playfully whispering with anger. “… Come back here Jon Snow, and kiss me on the lips!”

Jon gave a cheeky grin over his shoulder before opening the door and made to leave. Daenerys grinned stupidly at their little game of teasing each other, she watched him defy her and playfully walk out, but she had a spontaneous idea. Quickly undoing her silk robe, she let the hemmed sides drape around her shoulders revealing her plump pink breasts and the wet thatch of silver pubes above her pussy. Swiftly moving to her doorway, she leaned against the wooden beam and angrily whispered to him to come back.

Jon found himself frozen in the middle of the hallway, as he turned around to see his alluring goddess tease him. *Her whole body is on full display! What if someone was to walk past!* He dreaded to think if Tyrion or Davos or any of the dothraki on deck saw her! “Dany…” he desperately whispered, what are you doing? Anyone could…”

Daenerys smiled at his endearing husky concern as he looked around nervously. She cupped her pink nipples and teased him with a sigh as she bit her lower lip before, whispering back and cutting him off.

“Well, I told you not to leave before kissing me Jon Snow, now if you go, I’ll be forced to follow you…” she giggled playfully as he stood there in disbelief with his hands weighted at his sides. She watched him sigh angrily before his eyes turned into a dark shade and he quickly strode up to her and before she knew it, he gently picked her up and carefully flung her over his broad shoulder, making her giggle and squeal as he carried her back in the room and promptly shut the door.

When he put her down, before she could say anything, he cupped and cradled her cheeks tenderly and fused his lips with hers, in a passionate raw wet kiss. She felt breathless as he stroked her silver tresses behind her ears before softly breathing over her rosy succulent lips, “Is that okay my Queen?”
Dany nodded breathlessly, smiling before giving a flustered response of, “That’ll do…”

Comfortable, they both dowsed each other with love, his gentle calloused touch leaving as he reluctantly walked out, shutting the door behind him. She couldn’t keep the smile off her face as she licked her lips, savoring his sweet, salty taste. The rays of white light filled her room, Daenerys thought of the consequences of her actions as her blissful thoughts turned weighted. She knew her Hand wouldn’t approve of the situation, she knew this alliance was already fragile and she knew she couldn’t give him children, whereas another woman could give him that happiness…

But when she thought about it, she felt sadness at the truth of her feelings. So she stood there, in the middle of the salted ocean, wearing her silky black robe and crossing her arms with a sad sigh, as his warm seed dripped off her slick pussy. Her thoughts burning…

*I don’t want anyone else to have his heart, kiss his lips or be in his arms, because that’s only my place…*

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it ;) tell me what you think...

-lol, i completely went over my 5k target, I literally can't stop writing for these two.

-Anyways, next chapter is called:
'One must let go of the Past to hold onto the Future'

and its Jamie's first chapter involving a flashback with beloved characters like: Ned, baby Jon, Robert, Rhaenys, Aegon, and partically Elia Martell :) and when you read it, you'll find out why i included this one, of many flashbacks. After that chapter, its back to our lovebirds... :)

“…don’t fuckin say it! No… do not, say them fucking words!” Jamie tried not to roll his eyes at the yelling sell-sword in front of him. Jamie had stood there for nearly ten minutes listening to Bronn tell him he was crazy. He felt his hands weighted at his sides as he stood in a puddle of hail, his drenched forehead sticking his damp yellow hair to his creased forehead. With his sleeve, he slowly wiped the rain from his eyes as the downpour flailed between the colossal redwood trees and finally, when there was an opening, he quickly cut Bronn off…

“Listen, I don’t care what you say. A Lannister will always pay his debts.” Jamie ignored Bronn’s irritated look and shaking head as he continued, “listen, I will get you your damn castle and dainty bride and… all the things your lordship wants! But… I need your help… I can’t rally the Lannister garrison at Riverrun on my own. I can’t journey the Kingsroad on my own, my sister will root me out and put my head on a spike. We need to go North! Ned Stark’s son is right, the Dragon-Queen is right, Tyrion is right! If the North falls, the dead will march south, and slaughter us all!”

Jamie took a tired breath as he slowed his rant, looking though the cold hail, watching Bronn loosen his face as he also stood in the squelching earth, both of them hidden in a small hollowed clearing at the edge of the Kingswood forest. Jamie stepped forward to stress his argument as he finished “… there will be no damn castle or woman to come back to if we don’t survive this war…”

Bronn gripped his sword and straightened his spine as the rain made him shiver; he waited for his friend to finish his rant before butting in, “now you listen, Jamie fucking Lannister. There’s more to the world than Westeros. You’re rich..! And I’m doin alright aswel… Let’s go south, fetch ourselves a couple of Dornish beauties and sail east… We can leave this shit hole behind, your crazy sister won’t suck your dick ever again and the Dragon-Queen will probably roast you alive, especially you, that’s if they survive being fooked by dead-men!” Bronn clapped him on the shoulder, with a hoping expression but he just grew annoyed again when he saw Jamie not share his own enthusiasm.

Jamie turned away with a sarcastic smirk of complete annoyance as he quietly said, “all my life I took the easy road. I ran away, and I broke so many oaths, I can’t even remember all of them…” Jamie turned back with a determined look, meeting the curious eyes of the dishevelled sell-sword, “…I won’t do that again, I will honour my oath, I will ride to Winterfell, and fight for the living.” Bronn let out a disgruntled breath, giving up as he looked up with a huff, before he tried to
convince him one last time.

“You know, the moment you turn up at Winterfell’s gates, with less than a third of the remaining Lannister army, they’ll throw your sorry arse into a cell, or if I was them, I’d just kill ya sorry arse!” Jamie merely shrugged as he went to ready his horse, looking over his shoulder as he replied.

“You’re probably right. But, with or without you then, I’m still going…” but he was cut off when Bronn had enough and shouted at him, “Why! Why the fuck would you want to! You’re a fucking double-crossing Lannister; you shouldn’t have a problem with staying put! Why would you want to go and dance with the wolves and, Dragons and dead-men? It, is, fucking, suicide!”

Jamie looked across the puddled distance between them, figuring a lie would be best, as he slowly answered, “Because, if I don’t, the legacy of my House means horseshit! And I’m doing this, because Lannister soldiers could tip the odds and keep the living, living, so jumped up cravens like you, can live on, and go on to tell the tale.”

Bronn didn’t give a shit about legacies, but he knew his friend was right, so he let out a huff before trenching over to the green eyed Lannister before clapping him on the shoulder.

“Fine… I’ll come with you, so jumped up ponce’s like you, can go back to… fucking his sister.” They both shared a serious expression, before Jamie forcefully let out laughed shake of his head breaking the pouring silence as they shook hands with grins. Jamie gestured towards the horses, before Bronn shook his head, “no, we should wait until darkness, I saw a load of goldcloaks patrolling just off the Blackwater rush, presumably looking for the now other traitorous brother of Queen Cersei.”

Jamie took a weary glance up the slopes of the branched, wet hollow as he murmured, “all the way out here? I thought the Kingswood would be good cover to meet…”

“It is,” Bronn confirmed following Jamie’s weary gaze as he added, “but we should wait them out, get some kip if you want, “ he said casually as he laid out a thick linen from his pack, sweeping it next to the brush while the red leaves crunched under his feet.

Jamie silently agreed as he tied the horses by a tree for them to graze, before he went to lie down on the opposite side of the travelling linen, hearing Bronn’s murmuring as he started a small fire from scraps of dry twigs and leaves found under dishevelled roots… “…we should be alright to set off in a couple of hours…we should cross into Turmbleton, avoid the roads, you know… but the Goldroad should be alright, follow that and then in a few days, we’ll cross into Hornvale, me and some lads have used that route and it’s usually only old crones and pikers that lodge those lands. And then, we can cross that before following the Red-Folk River… we can make it to Riverrun, without any dothraki screamer or goldcloaks crossing our path…we should be there under a fortnight…”
Jamie merely nodded and hummed in the right places, Bronn’s voice and the surrounding hazed out, he let out a tired breath and he plumped his head on the hard ground while his only thoughts, were on the actual reason he wanted to go North and honour his oath…

~19 years ago~

Jamie was walking towards Maegor’s Holdfast, the trench of his grey armour billowing the corridor and his pure white cloak gliding in the breeze that wafted thought the Red-keeps luscious hand stained windows. The mighty red and black Targaryen hanging’s draped the glowing hallway as he made his way to the Royal chambers. He nodded his square jaw at the patrol of guards that trooped past before he came to his princes chamber door. He was just in the training yard with Jon Connington before he received word that the Princess Elia had requested his presence.

The keep had an airy discomfort when Prince Rhaegar disappeared less than a year ago; Jamie was disgruntled when his favourite sparring partner left. He remembered when Rhaegar had found him on sentry duty in the middle of the night. He remembered when the crown prince pulled him into a disused store room, before making him swear to look after Elia and the children; he remembered the confusion but pride he felt because his friend had entrusted upon him to protect his family. He remembered the words of a promise falling out his mouth before he knew it and as he looked at his honourable prince, the warm violet gaze made him feel thankful he could call Rhaegar one of his closest friends. Rhaegar gave him a warm hug before thanking him and, before anyone knew it, he disappeared into the night...

Jamie sniffed in a sunlit breath and hazed out his thoughts, giving a prompt knock on the patterned red door. The moment the chamber doors opened, he looked down to see a little pair of violet eyes look up at him with mischief and admiration.

“Jamie, Jamie, Jamie!” He looked down to see the adorable little princess Rhaenys tightly grab the hem of his leathers at the sides of his armour, as she cupped his clothes in her small fingers before jumping up and down in excitement. He grinned down at the little bundle of sunshine as her raven locks bounced on her shoulders, with an orange ribbon tied with her little lavender locks, while her little bare feet pattered the floor. He smiled before the kneeling down to match her height, her cute scarlet dress bringing out her violet pupils as her dimples came out from the tickle on the tummy he gave her.

“Princess, or should I say…” He exaggerated a concentrated sigh as they played their usual game of greetings. “…Princess Rhaenys Targaryen, the Mighty Dragon-Queen!” He watched her giggle and her rosy cheeks lit up as she jumped on him and tightly hugged her knight around the neck, who she saw as a big brother. Since Aegon could only crawl and only dribbled at her
conversations. Rhaenys was very protective of her little Egg, but she wanted to play with the other children because Egg was too much of a baby to find interesting. She loved it when she could play with the other girls and boys, but after her papa left, Grandfather wouldn’t let her any wear near the other children. So after her lessons, she spent most of her afternoons with mummy who was always busy with little Egg.

Jamie leaned back from her clinging butter cupped hands as he tried to be serious, “Princess, where’s your mother?” But his question was answered when he heard the smooth honeyed voice of the Elia Targaryen around the corner, “Rhae honey, who is it.”

Jamie gently picked up Rhaenys who didn’t hear her mother and only picked at his armour as he carried her around the corner and into the joint living area, while Rhaenys merely gave him the usual adorable button eyes before asking him the usual jabbering about borrowing his sword to practise, as he shook his head playfully and she buried her brow, crossed her little arms and argued she was nearly 4!

The moment he rounded the corner, Rhaenys gave up and slid out his gentle hold and doodled off to eat a lemon cake from the food stand, the yellow cream quickly smeared around her little mouth. He turned his head from the princess to her mother. Elia’s warm brown eyes instantly making him feel nervous as she smiled at him. Jamie nodded his head respectfully; she was sitting on the sunlit lounger that faced the open balcony as she sat on the edge of the cushioned sofa. She was lightly patting a little baby on the back, gently burping him as he dribbled and playfully waved his arms in Rhaenys direction, who was now lying on her belly, with her legs crossed behind her as she drew coloured doodles over a litter of parchment; her face now full of concentration as she mouthed out the words she was writing.

“Ser Jamie, please…” Jamie nodded his head at Elia’s gesture for him to sit down on the lounger with her, he smiled at little Aegon as he let out a tiny burp as his mother cooed and gently rocked him in her lap as he gurgled and looked around the room in her arms. Jamie quickly noticed the loose amber straps on Elias honeyed shoulders, realising she had just finished breast feeding her babe. He shifted uncomfortably as he noticed her petite alluring figure, her thick black tresses and fluttered lashes. He noticed her perk breasts and her full thighs that creased her dress, he knew Dornish women were the most beautiful women in the world, besides from Valyrian’s and of course his sister back at Casterlyrock. He gave a respectful nod before taking a seat opposite her, “thank you, your Grace”, the sunlight streaming from the balcony between them.

Elia smiled as she shifted Aegon deeper in the crease of her lap, letting her little baby coo into her breast as she rocked him asleep. She looked back up and noticed the young knight uncomfortable, as he kept his voice polite, “princess, may I ask why you asked for my company…” Elia cut him off, giving a warm smile as her bold Dornish mind begun.

“Do I make you uncomfortable?” Elia knew felt his eyes subtly flicker to her olive skinned collar, knowing his hard gulp was from the teased sight of her defined collarbone, he shifted in his seat before giving out his usual charming charisma.
“You’re to be the future Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, and I’m just a man in-front of a beautiful princess, so forgive me when I say, I am a little nervous.” Elia smiled at his carefully thought out answer, she gave a breezy laugh as she looked back up into his bottle green eyes.

“Well, don’t worry Ser Jamie… I don’t bite.” Jamie smiled, his face red as he smelt her alluring scent that tightened his breeches and she must have felt his flushed feelings because her honeyed voice added, “how old are you now Jamie.” He looked up to see her tender brown gaze as she took a sip from the Dornish red on the table.

“Nine and ten, your Grace.” Elia nodded at his response before casually adding, “Well… I’m only one and twenty, so don’t think I’m a wise old crone, I’m just a young woman myself… but you’re a man,” she quickly added, smiling at his understanding nodded grin.

Rhaenys quickly jumped up to show her mother her drawing of Daeron the Young Dragon, he watched as Elia nodded and gave a sweet kiss on her child’s brow, making Rhaenys smile and giggle as she skipped off the play with her kitten. Jamie momentarily lingered a glance at Elia’s fleshy sweet lips and her perfect Dornish body, which was oozing under her scarlet dress that was the adult version of her daughter’s. Jamie didn’t understand why the crown prince had left Elia, she was sweet and understanding and gorgeous, he didn’t understand why he used to hear them arguing in their chambers every night when he was on sentry duty. He knew their marriage was for alliances, but they were a good couple. However, after Aegon’s birth and the Harrenhal tourney a couple of years ago, the two had grown apart. Jamie was shuddered out his thoughts as Elia brought him back.

“Jamie, you must be wondering why I asked for you…” He nodded as the conversation turned serious, as she leaned forward slightly and spoke, “you know how King Aery’s has confined me and the children. You know how my personal ravens to Dorne are searched and controlled; I’m in the blue from this whole damn rebellion my husband started.” Jamie saw the desperate look in her eyes as she finished her quiet rant, “please Jamie, tell me my children will be safe, tell me my husband will come back from this war…”

Jamie swallowed hard, ravens had reached the White Sword Tower, and since he was the only Kingsguard in the capital he knew all the battle movements and posts. And he knew that the Baratheon would win his rebellion if Aery’s didn’t recover from his fire filled mind. But he knew legions of Lannister reinforcements were near the capital, headed by his own father. So, as he looked into the radiating, tender eyes of Elia Martell, he gave a reassuring look before speaking.

“I promise princess, whatever happens, I will protect the King, I will protect Aegon and Rhaenys, and I will, protect you…”

~8 hours later~
Ned smelt the stench of the capital lance him as he climbed down his horse, his cold arctic gaze seeing the blood massacre that stained the red city. The old city was gutted and reeved into havoc, a silent hallow now lingered on the streets that were now left littered with corpses and crows. Quickly turning around, he beckoned to Howland and Ser Rodrick, watching as they shouldered over to him. All three of them gathered under the ‘Gate of the Gods’ that led into the city, where the bunkers on top were now fortified with Lannister soldiers.

“Rodrick, tell Roberts… Tell these Lannister men who we are and find out what happened to Aery’s” Rodrick gave a solemn nod before heading into the speared gate, to carry out the order. Once he was gone, Ned quickly pulled Howland in, mindful of his chest wound as he whispered, “Howland, I need to make sure this damn rebellion is over, when we walk in, you hold onto Jon and keep him and Wyalla quiet, but keep them close.” Howland nodded, looking back at the little boy squirming in his wet-nurses hold, before saying.

“Ned, don’t worry, I’ll keep… Jon, safe and unnoticed… But, are you sure no one will…” Ned knowingly cut off his trusted friend as he whispered back.

“No, they have no reason to. He’s to be my bastard son. And the gods were kind enough to have him take after Lyanna’s looks… my looks, he looks like a Stark….” Ned looked over Howland’s shoulder, giving a sad smile at the squirming bundle, as he softly added simply, “…and he is a Stark.”

Rodrick soon returned with news that the Mad King was dead, and Lord Tywin was now sacking the north and east laterals of the city. Ned gave a grave nod, turning his cold alpha gaze towards his company of fifty northerners in the distance, he signalled for them to follow; he wanted to make sure Aery’s was actually gone before he went home.

As he walked through the streets, he heard Jon whimper and then cry as they neared closer and closer to the keep. Ned held his cold alpha gaze well, but his insides were churning with pain when he heard his nephew’s cries. He wanted his… boy to be happy, every minute of his precious life deserved to be happy. Ned knew it wasn’t expected, but he abruptly turned around and beckoned for Wyalla to hand over the squirming baby boy. He was just four months old, and he already saw so much of Lyanna in him. The moment he felt the feathered bundle of linen in his hands, he kept on walking while looking down at the reflective grey eyes that instantly stopped wailing. Jon happily gurgled to be in his father’s hands as he reached out his little fingers and touched and scratched at Ned’s stubble chin. Ned smiled down, gently rocking Lya’s boy, as he gently whispered down, so no one could hear.

“It’s ok son, it ok. We’ll go home soon. We’ll go home. I promise.”

The moment the grand throne room doors creaked open from its battered hinges, he quickly passed Jon back to Wyalla, motioning them and Howland to follow the Stark guards to the guest chambers they were offered. Ned watched them walk away safely before turning back to the Throne Room doors. He felt his longsword strapped to his side, he held his cold arctic gaze and slowly stepped...
into the hall which had bundles of red and black discarded over the floor and the airy air only embellished the curious figure sitting on the Iron-Throne in the distance.

Ned could smell the death waft his nostrils, he could hear the distant cavalry and screams, but his husky gaze muzzled it all out, when he saw a bony corpse with blood trickling out his back. Ned felt his eyes broaden, and his pupils dilate with shock. He saw the Mad King Aery’s sprawled and tumbled over the steps of the ugly iron seat, his jaw almost socketed from the fall and his skeleton paused mid dance-macabre with his wiry silver hair flopped over his gutted skin. When he got near enough, Ned’s grey eyes followed the trail of poisoned blood to the feet of the thrones occupier; a Kingsguard of House Targaryen. Ned clenched his fists, even-though he was glad Aery’s was dead; no one deserved to be stabbed in the back. From the best of men like the Sword in the Morning to even mad men like Aery’s- there was no honour.

He quickly met the gaze of the smirking Lannister fool, his young face veiny and tense, with a weird smile that clashed with his green irises that were dilated with malignated hunger. Ned saw his white cloak, tainted with specks of blood and grime, as it ruffled under his slack position. Ned’s disgusted arctic gaze fell back to the longsword that was standing in the old man’s back, as he heard the lad, that was the same age as him, blurt his croaked voice.

“Stark... or its Lord Stark now, isn’t it...” Ned ignored the amused sneer as he looked up at the polished armour leaning forward. “Well, the old king has fallen.” Ned kept his face clad with northern ice as he looked up at the pointing face of Jamie Lannister, who quickly added with a patronising tone. “...o, and don’t worry, I’m just keeping this seat warm...”

Ned quickly cut him off with his husky voice, “You stabbed him in the back, your own king.” Ned still kept his face wolfed as he shook his head in disgust, as Jamie ignored the disgusted look and simply let out delusional laugh as he mocked with his golden locks.

“Well, you northerners, really are quick thinkers...” he sarcastically mocked as he rose slightly, his face then turned serious as his dirty white cape smoothed out, as he gave a small hand gesture to the Iron-Throne. “It seems you won your rebellion,” Jamie let out a casual huff before stepping aside and trying to regain the remnants of his sanity as he nodded to the throne casually. “Walk up the steps Stark, take what is, rightfully... yours.”

Ned looked at Jamie with his cold alpha gaze, he remembered the great grey domes of Winterfell’s towers and he thought of little Benjen waiting for him, he thought of Lyanna's bones in his encampment outside the walls-waiting to go home to rest, he thought of the little innocent boy who he loved and would always protect, he thought of his own babe waiting at Riverrun with Cat, he shuddered at the fact that his father and brother had breathed their last words in this damned room. And he knew, winter was coming, and here was this Kingslayer, asking him to take the Souths power and betray Robert.
Ned raised his jaw, his arctic gaze causing the Lannister to heavily gulp as he walked past him. Ned blured out the Iron-Throne, he went straight to the fleshed skeleton of Aery’s, without thinking what this man did, he slowly gripped the golden sword plunged in his back with his calloused fingers, before sliding it out and tossing it away. Ned took a husky breath before looking up, his cold alpha gaze piercing the Lannister directly in his eyes, before raising his brow and calming saying,

“unlike you Kingslayer, I would rather fail with honour, than succeed with fraud and treachery.”

Ignoring the opened mouth in front of him, he then walked down the steps with only one thought mind, ‘winter will come for you Jamie Lannister.’

The moment Ned walked out into the courtyard, he saw the mighty Tywin Lannister gracefully climb down his white stallion and walk to a giant of a man, Ned watched as the pair laughed at a bundle of red stained cloth that was clad over a soft mound. He felt Jamie Lannister come behind him, and the two watched as the Mountain lifted the blood stained sheet. Ned felt his face go pale, his grey eyes mourned with shock and anger.

On the floor, lay sprawled with hallowed air, was a little child with raven curls, the honeyed face was almost crushed with festered blood cracking out the child’s skull. Her neck was socketed and twisted at an unnatural angle, as her little legs and arms lay lifeless from the unforgiving wound that had gutted her little tummy, an orange ribbon strangled in her ragged raven locks, leaving her bundle of limbs petrified with death. Next to her, lay a sprawled body of Elia Martell. Her left breast bruised and flopped out, the red dress torn and tangled by her broken feet, as her naked flesh preened with blood and ejaculation as her once glowing soul, was left tainted and raped. Her delicate purpled cheekbone hung off her jaw, the fisted brand that delivered the final blow, engraved on her gored glossy eyes. Ned felt sick, when he saw parts of a baby’s torn limb’s littered between his mother and sister...

Ned regained his composure, as he felt his nose twitch with anger. ‘This was a man’s family. These children were innocent. Elia was a good woman. They didn’t deserve this... they’re Jon’s brother and sister…’

Ned slowly lifted his chin side-ways, observing the pale drained face of Jamie Lannister, who simply had gone limp and weighted. Ned saw the veins bursting in his neck, he saw the way the Kingslayers eyes brimmed with tears as his breath become silent and ragged. And Ned didn’t care, he deserved it...

Without a second thought, Ned blurred out everything and went to get ‘his’ baby boy, he wanted to hug Jon and hold him close and protect him with every breath he could muster. He went straight to his... son, and take him into the safe confines of the Stark encampment outside the red-city and wait for Robert to arrive; he wanted to get his lie over done with, he would go home with Lya’s boy, safe and sound, but he also wanted to bring justice to those poor children.
Not for Rhaegar... for Elia.... And, for Jon...

~4 hours later~

“I want him executed Robert!” Ned couldn’t contain the unfamiliar wolfs blood broiling in his veins, while he shushed and cooed little baby Jon in his shoulder with his gentle calloused hands.

It had been nearly four hours from when Ned saw the treachery and crime that happened to Elia and the Targaryen Children. They were in the Stark encampment, with Stark and Baratheon sentries drinking and merrymaking around the tent. The night had covered the horizon, as Ned finally got to speak with Robert. In the Tent with them, was Roberts brothers and Howland and Ser Rodrick and Great Jon Umber and Wyalla, Ned and the Wet-nurse had to talk turns in calming a crying Jon. Ever since, they had set foot in the crownlands, Jon had turned from his always quiet, gurgled nature into a tear filled baby, who would only quell in Ned’s hold.

At the start, it was Ned who had to calm Robert down. Ned embraced his friend before giving the news that Lyanna had died. Ned watched the full bearded, built man turn drastic as he roared in his yellow robes and hammed tables and dishes; damning Rhaegar Targaryen to forever hell; which to Ned’s displeasure caused his baby boy to cry in the corner. But, when Robert had finally calmed and they got onto the subject of Gregor Clegane’s treachery, it was Robert who had to try and calm the Quiet Wolf.

“Robert, I swear, if Clegane ever sets foot in the North, I myself will serve justice to those children! You can’t let that man get away with that! You can’t fight for justice, if you don’t serve justice in your own ranks!” Ned watched Robert sigh and hold his hands up, gesturing Ned to calm down, as he leaned back and sipped on his ale before gradually replying.

“Ned... I know...But Clegane is Lannister’s Bannerman. And we need that conniving dick for his gold.” Robert hastily continued when he saw Ned sieve with disbelief, “Ned, listen, look around, we’re pretty much in bits, and Tywin’s gold fixes those damn bits.”

“Aye, I know... but this still isn’t right.” Robert scoffed his ale, as he answered back with his beady eyes and black beard dripping with ale.

“Ned, you northern fool! Everything about this damned day isn’t right, but we have to move on and taking that tub of shits head, don’t help my reign bring peace- the peace that me and you and everyone in this damn tent is fighting for.” Ned nodded with understanding, shifting a peeping Jon
in his hold as Robert turned to Stannis, thinking, before looking gravely back at Ned, before he sighed and spoke.

“Listen Eddard Stark, me and you both know that honour is everything, but... the world is a shit place...and honour doesn’t always bring peace...” Robert leaned back in his chair slightly and he sighed before gruffly stating his decision. “I know you and your bastard are going back to Winterfell, so when Jon Arryn comes back from the western fronts, I will make him my Hand and it was he, who suggested a marriage alliance with Tywin’s daughter.” Robert saw Ned’s wondering look as he quickly added, “And I’ve decided, I’m sending Stannis to Dragonstone, to take the damn fortress. And to finish off the Targaryen line...” he slowly finished, tiredly huffing at Ned’s disgusted face.

Ned stood up, his cold alpha gaze piecing everyone; he passed a wailing Jon back to Wyalla in the corner, before walking directly to Robert, who had also stood up.

“Robert, don’t disgrace yourself. Rhaella is a good women and she’s pregnant. A pregnant women and a little boy...” Robert cut him off, the room silent apart from baby Jon’s whimpering.

“Exactly! Those dragonspawn threaten the whole meaning of... our, Rebellion! The inbred fools can’t be tamed!” Ned felt everyone tense as he shook his head, and challenged the new King as he roared back.

“Then raise them honourably. Give them to me and ile take them to Winterfell and ile raise them right and ile make sure no conflict comes to these damn kingdoms again!” Robert merely shook his head.

“It’s decided Ned, and you can’t go back to Cat with a bastard, and mad fools. There to be put down.” He finished firmly, using his beady eyes before taking a swing of his ale and turning away; signalling the conversation was over. Jon’s cries becoming louder. Ned knew Robert would not change his mind, so he resumed his husky gaze as he heard Stannis talk behind him.

“Speak to my son like that again Stannis, and ile personally, break your legs.” Ned watched the challenging eyes of Stannis Baratheon, before he felt Robert roar with laughter before pointing at his brother. “ahahaha... You heard him Stannis, get out.” Ned watched Stannis give a curt nod before walking out with Robert calling after him, “ready your fleet brother, you sail for Dragonstone at first light!”
The minutes went by as the tent filtered out, Robert shook Ned’s hand wishing him a safe journey to Winterfell before departing as well. The moment Ned saw his yellow robes wisp out his tent, he turned to Howland and Rodrick and Great Jon, beckoning them close as he said what was right. He kept his voice quiet as he spoke,

“Boys, I need you all to do something for me, and you can’t tell anyone, in the name of Winterfell”

He watched them all nod eagerly, as he continued, “Before the sun rises, I need every rudder chain, of every ship in the Blackwater docks, disabled from action.” He watched them all nod, Howland understanding eagerly whereas Rodrick and Great Jon nodding wearily as he continued, “we need to delay Stannis’s siege, and allow Rhaella an extra day of escaping that island. She’s innocent…” He watched them all nod, determined.

Ned looked up, feeling the cool breezes and gusts. His Stark blood allowed him to know as he finished gravely, “winter is coming, a great storm will hit tonight… but it won’t be enough. They need this time…”

Ned watched them all file out, the moment they did, he bid Wyalla a few hours rest before telling her they would ride to Winterfell at dawn. All alone, Ned held his now sleeping baby boy. He nuzzled his nose in the warm blankets that blossomed around Lya’s baby. He whispered words of love and reassurance, as he talked to Jon who was soundly snoring and nuzzling himself into Ned’s neck. The hours past and the silence streamed in the thundering skies.

Jamie was trenching across the bitter gravy mud that squelched his steps as he head hung with guilt and remorse. He walked thought the Stark encampment, looking for the Lord himself. After he talked with Robert, he had been pardoned along with Barristan Selmy, who also looked before ignoring his green eyes with disgust. Jamie felt his hands weighted at his sides as he trench through the puddles and hail, the roaring thunder shivering his bones as he walked towards the Direwolf’s tent. He wanted to explain, he wanted to wipe the disgust of Ned Starks face when he told him how he saved them all from being blown up by Wildfire. But, when he found the tent, he peered thought the gap. He saw the man sleeping with his bastard boy. But, Jamie practically fell and trampled off, when he saw the wolf open his arctic grey glare and pierce him with ice. Jamie knew Ned Stark would never understand, so as he marched back with his gored mucked cloak, under the billowing lightening, he knew he would never prove his honour to the wolf and would always be deemed as an oathbreaker, a dishonourable traitor… a Kingslayer…

~Present day~

Jamie jumped out his thoughts at the mere idea of those grey eyes. The same eyes he avoided at the summit in the Dragon-pit. He could faintly hear Bronn settling by the fire rabbiting on about something or another, Jamie didn’t care…
“…your sister is fucking mental….why the fuck would you want to fight an army of dead fellas and! Three! Fucking, fire, fucking, breathing, beasts…! And fancy her trying to deal with an Essosi sell-sword company… I’ve heard all about them fucking Golden gits across the sea… All of them are fucking mental… herding olephants! And what hav ya… That’s the second time I’ve heard of a damn Essosi sell-sword company, heading to our fine lands…. Some lads I know, mentioned that they just came back from some sort of sand filled shit hole…Quwth or Qarth I think… saying some second sons or summit, ported from their docks… I don’t know… this world is going to shit…-“

Jamie hazed out Bronn’s muttered rant by the fire, he was only looking into the crackling twigs as the hail assaulted the branched brush covering them. He thought of the day he became the… Kingslayer…

After he saw Queen Daenerys purple eyes… he was reminded of his broken promise to Rhaegar…

After he saw Daenerys purple eyes, he remembered innocent Rhaenys Targaryen… who was slaughtered… the little girl, which he failed…

After he saw Jon Snow’s grey arctic eyes… he remembered the ice look Ned Stark pierced him with…

_I will go North. I will honour, this, oath…because this is my chance, to do the right thing. I have to let go of the past, and hold onto the future…_

Chapter End Notes

A shorter chapter today, introducing Jamie and explaining his mindset for going North, to finally honor an oath. :)
Hope you enjoyed the little flashback, to good old, young Ned and baby Jon Snow, a young Jamie, our typical Robert and the lovely Elia and her children. Sorry if the imagery was a bit vulgar, but i had to get the message across that Jamie really regrets not being there for Rhaegar's promise of looking after Elia and the children.

Lol, Ned you not only protected Jon, but you kinda saved Dany aswel :) Hope you enjoyed it, and please comment and tell me what you think... :)

Next chapter is all smut and fluff, with Dany and Jon on the boat and trying to hide their love from everyone else :) Next chapter is called:

'Doves that Voyage the Waves'. <3
Waves weaved with forever depth as the morning light filled the main deck. The dense mast slowly grew busy and before the sun had fully risen, it centred in the middle of a crowd of rigging, sweated sailor’s and the cleansing breeze of brine and freshness.

The white shine of the rising sun almost sang with the clear sky, even though the deck was bustling with tired eyes, at the other end of the ship stood an arctic wolf.

Jon stood alone at the bow of the colossal ship. The billowing red and black sails were expanded behind him as his husky gaze looked out at the freed curvature of the gleaming horizon. His northern cloak nuzzled his neck and shoulders, and the stark furs ruffled with the ocean breeze. His thoughts, for the first time since being a watchman on the wall, were content and relaxed. His loose raven curls weaved and hummed with the breeze, he muffled out the sounds on deck and his only thoughts were on her…

*Dany, the impossible girl with her brilliant mind and good heart, the goddess that’s so damn selfless and gorgeous, caring, so strong, and so beautifully stubborn. That girl means everything to me and, I wish I told her… that I want to be with her, forever… that, I love her…*

Jon quickly straightened his boyish daydream when he noticed a toothy, grinning Davos in the corner of his eye. He quickly settled for his husky brood as the old smuggler came to his side, looking over the edge with his arms behind him, his expression almost bursting with knowing wit. Jon nearly rolled his eyes after he glanced sideways to see his friend smiling knowingly.

Jon decided to go for the impossible and try and avoid the inevitable banter followed by a likely telling off. “You look better Davos, had a good kip?” He tried to keep a casual tone before Davos literally chuckled before nudging him.

“Better than others… your Grace.” He laughed out with his flea-bottom accent while Jon only held his broody nature knowing it was pointless to hide the fact that he didn’t get barely any sleep. He felt Davos waiting for him to elaborate on his flushed expression as he replied with an unsteady voice.

“What?” He huskily answered, trying to counter innocently.

“O don’t give mi what, ya dipstick, you’ve practically got a hop in your walk.” Davos felt abit sorry for tormenting Jon, knowing he literally didn’t know how to lie, but after having Jon comfort him about Marya. He thought he’d return the favour and finally just push the Northern King and the Mother of Dragons together so they could finally be happy. Davos couldn’t keep the smile off his ruby cheeks as Jon groaned, opening and closing his mouth repeatedly; lost for words.

Eventually, he gave up his addled thoughts and laughed out a shake of his head, his arctic gaze returned as he looked out at the ocean before hoarsely responding. “I… I suppose you knew
summit would happen the moment we both left the damn table.”

“O believe me lad” – he gruffly countered with a laugh- “the way you two were dancing around each other for the past few moons, I’m surprised it didn’t happen the moment we set foot on Dragonstone, let alone…”

“…alright, alright…” Jon quickly cut him off, uncomfortably that he was already failing at keeping him and Daenerys a secret. Even though the main deck was now sparse with only a few unsullied and dothraki sentries he still kept his voice a whisper, “Listen, we agreed that the war is priority and there’s no time for… for… that… so just, drop it…” Davos loudly snorted when he added a desperate “please” as he completely failed at being discrete.

The space became quiet as the waters trifled on the below them, until Jon sheepishly asked, “who else knows..?”

Davos couldn’t keep the grin off his face, his lined brow making Jon’s grey eyes look dumbly back with irritation. Davos raised his hands in good faith before controlling his humour, “erm… huh, don’t worry lad, only me… and maybe Tyrion.” Jon felt a little calmer but groaned when he heard Tyrion’s name. Davos felt the concern as he added, “he came to me in the middle of the night, clearly pissed, and told me that he saw the Queen let you in her cabin.” Jon swallowed the salty air as he looked back at Davos, “Don’t worry Jon, well you should in fact because you can’t lie for shit,” he watched as Jon let out a tired huff as he finished, “so I suggest, when he asks, why you went to see the Queen… just say, erm, say… you thought her room was the bog or summit.” Davos couldn’t stop his coughing laugh while Jon looked dumbly back.

“You know, you’re supposed to be my advisor not my jester… I suppose you agree with Tyrion’s inevitable storm of telling me to not go near the Daenerys again.” Davos let out a thoughtful sigh, taking a few seconds to think, before he clapped Jon on the shoulder.

“Listen lad, as your advisor… yeah, it was a mistake and fucking stupid of you two to risk this alliance and Lady Sansa and the entire North is going to be, nothing short of pissed, especially when she hears you not only pledged fealty but because of your damn honour, you risked the ability to secure a marriage alliance with another Northern House… and I can’t imagine the shit I’ll be in, I’m supposed to stop you doin stuff like that…” Jon looked back at him confused but smiled weakly as his friend finished.

“…but, as a friend, I say, go for it lad… she’s a catch, an amazing girl. And the North need’s Daenerys Targaryen, and they also need Jon Snow…” Jon saw him nod, before taking his leave. He thought heavily on Davos words before being steered out when Davos turned back behind him and spoke softly, “You love her… don’t you” He let out a hot sigh; his arctic gaze burning as he nervously looked into Davos’s knowing eyes.

Before he could answer, Davos interfered, “Don’t answer Jon, it’s all over your ruddy face…” They both smiled weakly before Davos added, “anyway, there’s a war council now, so I suggest you get them doves out ya eyes and follow me.” Jon slowly nodded, breathing in his purple thoughts; he resumed his cold alpha gaze and followed Davos to the captains quarter room.
Daenerys ignored the wave’s gentle sway, her breath smelling of his musky taste and her breast heavy with trepidation at Missandai’s arrival. Jon had just left a few minutes ago, and despite her desperate need to simply bask in the afterglow that her body was radiating under her ruffled silk robe, she quickly remembered their agreement to keep their new relationship a secret.

Her petite bare feet pattered the wooden floor as she tried her best to untangle the warm array of bedding and hide the dampness of their nectar that puddled the centre of the bed where they slept together. Daenerys smiled at the thought of them sleeping nude together for the rest of their days, but she swiftly resumed her assault course of trying to hide the evidence of their lovemaking. The room was filled with the aroma of sex and her scurrying feet. Her black robe flowed around her glowing thighs as she found his cotton tunic scrunched at the end of the bed and her corset hurled by the door and her silk panties hanging from the arm-rest of a chair. She tided everything, shoving it in various trunks before she quickly grabbed her panties and opened them with her honeyed fingers before slipping it on, the damp fabric meshing and sticking to Jon’s warm seed that oozed and filled her pink pussy. As she tried to find a place to stash his cotton tunic, she caught her reflection in the looking glass of her dresser.

She stopped for a hurried moment, actually seeing herself, her silver braids were loose and wisps of silver threaded around her face, accentuating her purple irises. Dany let out a humoured breath, her skin was practically glowing and her flustered expression made her look like a little girl. *I’m not a silly maid. I’m the Dragon-Queen!* 

However, the Dragon-Queen, jumped out her skin when she heard a soft knock sound her door. Gulping hard as her violet pupils dilated when Missandai’s soft voice spoke, “Your Grace, I’ve come to assist you to get ready for the day, and I brought some fruits to break your fast.”

Daenerys swallowed hard, frozen, her honeyed nimble fingers tightening on Jon’s scrunched tunic. She tried to keep her voice steady as she replied, “one moment Missandai…” She looked around frantically, the morning light streaming into her port windows. Failing to find a suitable hiding spot, she quickly shouldered off her black robe before running her arms into Jon’s cotton shirt and throwing it over her head. The soft baggy material flowed over her plump breasts and came down to her peachy bottom. Rolling her eyes at how silly she looked, but relishing in the scent of the oversized clothing, she put back on her silk robe, covering the tunic before hiding it away as she tied her robe together. Checking herself in the looking mirror one last time, 

*O no! My hair looks awful! She’s going to know straight away. Huh, I don’t even know why I’m bothering to hide this from Missandai. She’s my best friend…*

Ignoring her messy hair, she slowed her breathing and took a deep breath before she pulled on the latch of the heavy door.

The moment Missandai saw Daenerys loose braids, swollen lips and glowing figure, she knew what happened. She pursed her lips as she slowly walked in before shutting the door behind her, keeping her smile at bay when Daenerys gave a quick smile of greeting before hurriedly looking away and playing with her fingers as she tried to act casual.
Dany felt a little vulnerable, she arched a silver curl behind her ear and settled in her dresser chair, pretending to give a long yawn as Missandai put a tray of fruit and crackers on the sideboard. Her thighs felt exhausted and when she wetted her lips, savouring the remnants of his taste, she noticed her rosy lips were a little swollen. Missandai has definitely noticed. And sure enough, when she looked over her shoulder she saw Missandai grinning sweetly to herself as she smoothed out the pillows and cleared the damp sheets. Daenerys let out a little sigh, smiling and blushing at Missandai deliberate expression; she turned back to her dresser and spoke over her shoulder.

“Erm… huh,” she gave up attempt to be discrete, her cheeks blushing and glowing, “O, don’t pretend you don’t know Missandai.” Dany shook her head at Missandai’s failed ability to hide a giggle as she turned towards Daenerys after clearing the bedding. Her lips pursed as she looked warmly back.

“Your gra… Daenerys,” she smiled at her Queen’s expression of ignoring the formalities, “…Daenerys, you’re practically glowing so it’s hard to ignore.”

Dany blushed, looking down as she responded warmly, “you’re too sweet Missandai, but please, we’re trying to keep it a secret.” Missandai smiled tenderly before failing at giggling again. Missandai knew her Queen was clearly in love with Jon, and by the state of her hair, the heavy smell of sex in the room, her radiating skin, love-marks on her honeyed neck and dreamy expressions she had, she also knew, that it wouldn’t be a secret for long.

Their too much in love...

“I understand your grace, I suggest I help you bathe then and we fix your hair…” Daenerys nodded sheepishly before feeling a little embarrassed when Missandai added, “…and maybe wear something with a high collar, to cover… you know…” Daenerys didn’t know Jon had left sweet red bruises on her neck and she quickly rubbed it with her honeyed palm as she blushed deeply. Dany smiled as Missandai gave her some space when she went out the room to get hot water jugs for her copper bath.

Daenerys stood up and walked to the port widow to look at the horizon, swaying a little, enjoyed the silence as she touched her neck, knowing she had left marks on his neck as well and most likely deep bruises on his built back, she quickly fell into a daydream of how he felt inside her, how he tasted all of her, how he fucked her, how he held her and made love to her…

After a few minutes, Missandai quietly came back in, rolling the wheeled tank of bathing water, which slopped and slurped on the copper brim sides. After she closed the door and let the frame gently thud into latch, she turned to see Daenerys gazing out the port window while humming to herself. She’s daydreaming away. She looks so happy, so in love… She deserves so much happiness…

Missandai watched adoringly as her friend swayed her hips lightly at the ships sway, and she had to cup her hand over her mouth to stifle a giggle when she saw Daenerys shoulder off her silk black robe, leaving her in a baggy cotton shirt that was clearly Jon Snow’s. Her silver tresses cascaded around her glowing face. Missandai felt goose bumps on her skin when she saw how happy her
friend looked, daydreaming out the window. She looks so cute. Her alluring body was radiating with cuteness as she stood in a parchment coloured shirt that was baggy around her arms and draped to her knees. Her perfect plump tits shaped though the fabric as the long shirt failed to stop accentuating her petite confident form.

“Your Grace,” Daenerys jumped slightly, biting her lower lip in embarrassment at being caught in Jon’s soft long sleeved tunic, Missandai giggled at her blushing expression as she continued. “Your grace, your bath water is ready.” Daenerys nodded slowly, pulling the flowing tunic over her head and holding Missandai’s hand as she carefully stepped into the scolding water. She hummed contently when the sizzling water immersed and moulded around her body, oozing her underneath until only her honeyed shoulders dipped out. The cleansing steam sizzled off the surface, with her friends help, she cleaned the thick saliva off her taut puckered pink buds. She shivered slightly at the wet contact on her sensitive nipples before her breasts dropped down with a small ripple after being cleaned. The clammy layer of comfortable sweat was peeled off her body leaving her even more glowing, the jasmine soap channelled through her hair; causing her platinum tresses to shine again. Missandai paused and waited permission before she cleaned Dany’s inner-thighs running her sponge through Dany’s silver sticky pubes and letting the sponge clean her pink pleats. By the time Missandai had cleaned her all her smooth skin with the wet soapy sponge, the sun had fully raised.

Missandai slowly added drops of eucalyptus oil to soothe her friend’s tired limps before settling behind Daenerys and combing out her messy hair. She hummed contently as her scalp was freed and flowing once again, and Missandai couldn’t help asking after seeing her love-marks on her tender, glowing body.

“Your grace… I hope he was good to you…” Dany smiled at the precious memories of her northern fool as Missandai spoke. “…you seem very relaxed, I mean.”

Dany bit her lower lip, remembering the pure bliss she felt before responding, “I am,” she pursed her lips, her dimples showing as she flickered her eyes up to Missandai and added, “we did, many things…”

The two girls giggled, then silence came, and as they looked at each other again, they couldn’t stop giggling again.

Daenerys settled her thoughts on Jon and wondered what he was doing right now, what would people think if they saw his love-marks? “Missandai,” her honeyed voice turned serious as she turned around rippling the bath water, “what do you think of him…”

The girl from Narth smiled at her friend’s cute, curious and now attentive expression, “Your grace, he’s… very broody and almost always sad but, when he looks at you, he can’t keep his eyes off you…” Dany blushed as Missandai thoughtfully carried on. “He isn’t like any man I’ve ever met, he’s as strong as a dothraki Khal, but very kind and very caring, honourable to a fault.” She added with instant gratification as she finished tenderly, “he reminds me off you, your grace and even though, he’s not a true Stark man. He lives up to the likes of Torrhen Stark, who personally, I believe as the best King before Aegon’s conquest.” Dany slowly nodded in agreeance and appreciation.

“If it is not too bold your grace, you two can’t keep your eyes off one another… love truly is a powerful thing.”
Dany tensed her shoulders at that word before she forced a smile and beckoned for Missandai to finish combing before quickly rising out the bath, scented water slurping the edges as she covered herself in a clean white robe. Daenerys swallowed hard, as Missandai gave her space and walked to the trunks of clothing. Her thoughts continued on Jon, *He knew what I wanted to say to him last night, he said, ‘me too…”* 

*My northern fool, I love you too…* Dany pulled in her tummy a little, tensing, at her guilt at holding him back in life… *I know I shouldn’t be with you… But I can’t, not, be with you… not now, not after last night… you’re everything to me…* Dany hazed out her grey thoughts, focusing back on her friend who had laid out her attire for the day: dark blue trousers, matching boots, her silver dragon chain, dove soft silver gloves, and her snowy Dragon-Queen dress that she wore beyond the Wall. Daenerys smiled but knew which tunic she would wear underneath… 

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The captain’s quarters had been cleaned from the night prior, a gentle breeze wafted from the slanted back windows on the rear end of the ship. Etched white marking that read, *The Breaker of Chains*, were engraved at the top on the slanted wall windows as the waves pushed them further and further North. The first discussion was to be about food rations and how the armies of the Northmen and Wildings, the Vale, the Unsullied and the Dothraki Khalassar would be fed and supplied from the coming winter. It started off civil and slow, almost bored as the waves endlessly went up and down and up and down.

However, it turned into a long and tiresome rant when the different views of Tyrion and Brienn clashed. Brienn with Jon’s permission spoke for Lady Sansa and the already sparse rations of the North which didn’t sit well with Tyrion. Who looked over the edge of the table, trying to keep his voice neutral while he voiced how despite, Daenerys bringing most of the food supplies from her expanse colonies in Essos, the North should still share a direct proportion of their own food, to show good faith in this alliance until the eastern supplies were shipped over. However, Brienn was too stubborn and even with Missandai’s neutral suggestions; the big women wouldn’t budge from Lady Sansa’s instructions of not backing down in showing Jon’s and the North’s strength. Podrick sat in the middle of them, clearly confused on whether he should side with his new teacher or old.

Tyrion had to admit to himself, this argument really stemmed from his own anger at the actual world leaders who should be heading the agenda’s. However, they simply fell quiet and distant from the start of the conversation. Tyrion rolled his eyes and grunted heavily, knowing they were-lusting, or ever worse, loving over each other. He noticed Grey and Violet giving flickered dowses of desire to each other from across the room and he knew what they did last night, even if Davos didn’t seem to care, he most certainly did.

Tyrion swept his grubbily hands through his yellow locks for the second time to ease his headache after he saw Daenerys simply daydreaming in the background.

Despite her looking regal as ever in the head chair with her snowy Dragon-Queen dress which accentuated her violet eyes while her honeyed fingers laid entwined in her lap. Her violet gaze was glossy and almost drifting as she alternated between wetting her lips and subtly glancing at Jon.
Snow, who stood at the back of the room. His husky form and wild raven curls made him truly look like a Stark of Winterfell, but his eyes were also glossy and distant as he distantly listened to the argument. His grey eyes also fighting to look back at Daenerys, Tyrion concluded that Daenerys was far better at being discrete than Jon Snow was.

“My Lady, you can’t expect House Targaryen to supply the Knights of the Vale as well as the entire Northern continent, Queen Daenerys is coming to save the North but our own contingency aid is paramount!” Tyrion raised his brow persuasively as he pointed down at the proposed food ration lists from Sansa Stark, looking sternly back at Brienn’s flustered face.

“I understand that my Lord, and as the King…” she gestured to Jon who didn’t notice, “…as the Warden of the North has made clear, the North is pledged to the same Queen and now, the North and the Vale, are her people aswel!” Brienn shot back strategically as Tyrion grew angry and cut off Missandai’s open mouth. The argument escalating and becoming a two person feud.

“Well, my Lady, you’re no Northerner, so…” Brienn cut him off.

“I am Lady Sansa’s loyal protector and voice in this…” Tyrion cut her off as he laughed at her statement.

“I’ve known Sansa! Far longer than you, my Lady, and I know, after Lord Snow’s pledge, she would agree with me in saying this food and supply proposal is now irrelevant!” Tyrion seethed out, his anger really stemming from Daenerys still daydreaming. She is supposed to be the Queen. She should be holding this meeting, with my aid.

“You’ve known Sansa,” Brienn laughed out, looking around with a humoured baffle as she turned back to Tyrion and shot back, “The only thing you know about Sansa, is how to abuse her and expire to kill her loved ones!”

“That was a sham marriage!” Tyrion roared back, hammering his little fist on the table, finally regaining the attention of Daenerys and Jon. “…I never hurt Sansa, I didn’t know about Robb Stark’s betrayal and again, I did not abuse that poor girl!” Brienn looked blankly back at Tyrion’s tidy rant, a little baffled at the immediate change of conversation as she resorted to narrowing her beady eyes at the little sieving dwarf.

Daenerys quickly switched on her profound Dragon-Queen gaze as she calmly spoke with firmness, “lower your tone Tyrion or take a walk.” She said simply as Grey-worm straightened his posture even more as he stood behind Daenerys, emphasising her authority.

Tyrion slowly tore his anger away from Brienn, glancing at his Queen’s fiery gaze that instantly melted the situation back to being civil; making everyone feel nervous at her profound ability of being a Dragon-Queen. He felt so angry at her foolishness of what she had done, first she ignored me when killing the Tarly’s, then she ignored me when she went beyond the Wall- losing a Dragon in the process, then she ignored the fact to inform me of the King in the North’s fealty and then she ignored the inevitable situation of making it appear she seduced him into bending- she’s going to lose the North before she has a chance to save it! She keeps ignoring me! What is the point of me being here…? He took a deep breath, he wanted to turn around and point out that she was the one who needed to take a walk, but he subtly sighed at the facts of his thoughts. She is still an excellent Queen, with unbelievable intelligence and instincts and she understood my situation concerning my future nephew or niece… but, she has to get her act together… Vary’s was right, I need to speak with her and without Jon Snow around to distract her...
Jon felt a moment of pride and longing when Daenerys easily diffused the situation, he couldn’t help grinning momentarily while he admired her profound glare that even sent shivers down his spine. But, he quickly turned back towards the window when he felt Davos smirk at him intensely when Daenerys’s sooth voice rippled the waves.

“I apologise for Tyrion’s behaviour Lady Brienn, but you must remember that this is an alliance and compromises must be made,” said Daenerys. She didn’t exactly know what the argument was about, after being busy distracting herself with Jon’s pretty hair and drowning dark grey eyes, that she noticed held shallow rings of light. But nevertheless, she decided to help her Hand as she held Brienn’s gaze, watching the big woman slowly nod in understanding.

Brienn then decided she needed reinforcements, turning her pale face sideways, she rested her gaze on the quiet arctic wolf standing behind the table, who looked like he was in deep thought. “Kir… Lord Jon, your sister gave me these proposals in confidence, she told me… winter was coming.”

Jon broadened his gaze, understanding Sansa’s warning of these vital proposals that needed to be agreed beforehand. He then noticed everyone looking at him expectantly, except from Daenerys who focused on sipping her water while she discretely relied and focused on her senses, resorting to hearing to avoid looking at him. She knew it was silly of her, but she didn’t want to argue with him because a fortnight ago, that was all she did.

Jon contemplated his thoughts before raising his jaw and walking over to the table to read the biased proposals, he found they were heavily in the North’s favour rather than Daenerys favour. He turned back to Tyrion who simply had given up on his annoyance and now just looked agitated and bored.

“Lord Tyrion,” he started with his husky voice, “To be honest, you know better than me when it comes to legislations and negotiations. You were raised in court and you learnt you’re trade well.” Tyrion looked a little perplexed where Jon was going, but nodded in appreciation, and Daenerys couldn’t resist to watch as Jon continued, “But, I was raised with soldiers, and I know how it feels to fight, while living on only scraps and blooded air. Believe me, I’ve tasted better.” Daenerys hid her blush well, tensing her honeyed fingers in her entwined grip when she guessed what… or who he was talking about.

Tyrion understood Jon’s statement and wanted to agree, partly because this compromise with food supplies would soften the blow with the revelation of Jon and Daenerys sleeping with each other, **if Jon wasn’t so honourable, I would think he planned this out perfectly.** But Tyrion was baffled when Jon then turned to Brienn with the same cold alpha gaze.

“Lady Brienn, your right, winter is coming and the North needs this.” Jon watched Brienn thankfully nod when her leader came to her aid, however as his grey stark eyes continued she literally gulped at his profound ice but warm gaze. “However, Queen Daenerys’s has pledged her armies, her dragon’s and herself in helping… all of us”- he stressed with a raised brow- “and the least we can do is show the same honour and feed those armies, horses and good people that are coming to save us. My sister has good intentions, as always, but she’s wrong… our armies will share together, stand together and we fight together… and then, we will live, or we will die.
But either way, we’ll do that together.” He stressed simply, looking at Brienn, with his melancholy arctic gaze.

Jon watched her nod as everyone looked at him and heard his husky calm growl as he gestured towards Daenerys and Tyrion and Missandai before he slowly spoke to Brienn with reassuring warmth. “They didn’t need to come North, they didn’t need to halt hostilities in the South, they didn’t need to cross the narrow sea, but they did it, because they trust their Queen… and we need to do the same.” His tone was meshed with melancholy and determination, everyone was silent as Jon finished his calm speech, the only sound being the trifle of waves hitting the ship’s hull, he watched Brienn nod again with understanding. He tried not to look at Daenerys petite confident form opposite him, feeling her violet eyes alone made his ears go red, he sighed before taking the parchment in his calloused fingertips. After he read it, he spoke to them all.

“Until your eastern food shipments arrive at White harbour,” he gestured towards Daenerys, “the North will supply and aid any shortages your armies have. When I was Lord Commander of the Nightswatch, I had the northern front of the Gift planted with quarries of spuds and wheat, to make hardtack. That, combined with the eight thousand bushels of grain Sansa has collected, and the fish, salted meat and olive oil from the Northern harbours should be enough to feed our entire alliance for around… six months?” Jon said after a moment, before looking to Davos and Missandai who sat scribbling with inky quill’s and stacks of parchment, hurriedly working it out.

“Correct?”

“Yes,” they both answered in union, confirming his numbers, “It should be enough,” Missandai confirmed to Daenerys’s also questioning eyes.

Daenerys crossed her legs under the table in an attempt to keep her oozing wetness from distracting her as she watched Jon finish his kingly speech. He really is good at this… It’s clear why the North chose him, his honour and duty and authority; he was born to do this. He looks so kingly… I know he doesn’t like ruling but he is good at it nonetheless. My… yes, my wolf, looks handsome with his pretty hair all wild and curly… I want him… I want to show him what’s underneath my dress. Her breath was hot and heavy after she tore her dowsing gaze from Jon, to Missandai who confirmed the viability of his compromised suggestion before giving a nod of agreeance. Once everyone else agreed, she quickly adjourned the meeting. She watched everyone walking out, lining out the doorway but she felt Jon’s eyes linger on her. Before she could look up, Grey-worm asked him to spar on the deck so he could get used to Westeros swordsmanship, she heard Jon’s polite husky voice agree before he disappeared with Grey-worm. She had a shrew thought that Missandai had hinted to her lover that, the Queen and the King in the North were an item. Daenerys knew if that was the case, her unsullied commander would want to test Jon’s worthiness in the battlefield. Swallowing hard, she made to get up but then she heard Tyrion’s sombre voice.

“Going to watch,” Daenerys heard the sarcasm in his tone; she hid her irritation of being delayed from going to watch like everyone else. Turning on her profound Dragon-queen gaze, she decided now wasn’t the time for the inevitable conversation.

“What is it Tyrion.” She breathed casually, while walking to the side cabinet for the water jug.
“What is it!” He sarcastically mocked as he leaned forward in his chair, watching her casually sip her water as her fiery eyes looked over the brim. “Your Grace, if you haven’t noticed, throughout that whole damn meeting, you were in your own world. You were doing that daydreaming thing again.” Tyrion watched her sigh with denial as she moved towards the door.

“Listen Tyrion, I value your advice,” Tyrion held his hard expression when she spoke calmly, “…but you would do well to remember your place my friend, and remember, I did back your proposal but Lord Snow’s was better, it continues a civil alliance and stops any distractions…” She made to walk out again but was cut off and stopped by his barked roar.

“I’m not talking about the damn meeting! I’m talking, about the Bastard of Winterfell. Jon fucking Snow! He, is, the, damn distraction! The distraction you can’t afford!” Daenerys blinked as she faced away from him, how does he know?

Swallowing discretely, she turned on her profound Dragon-Queen glare and turned to look at his sieving form.

“You are clearly still drunk Tyrion.” She said hotly, rolling her eyes when he replied with his sarcastic tone,

“yes, perhaps I am.” He said innocently before he finished with an annoyed outburst, “because this is the world’s worst hang-over!” Tyrion saw her gaze turn dangerous as he gulped and slowly walked to her with a calmer tone. “I know what you two are up to… You can deny it all you want, but all I have to do is ask the northern fool and watch his own terrible attempt!”

Tyrion sighed before raising his brow persuasively, “Daenerys, you can’t do this with him, the North hates Targaryen’s and they’ll think you seduced him and he’s only a bastard, a bastard whose right can easily be taken away! Your endangering his lordship and your own position as their ally at a cost of a pretty face and a dead Drag… and, even if they accept you as their Queen. You can’t give the North an heir. You can’t give him an heir!”

He regretted his dismissive tone instantly, knowing his rash attempt to keep them apart was for shit. He saw her anger and hurt brewing making his thoughts avalanche- I’m sorry I didn’t mean any of that, you two are perfect for each other but as your advisor, I can’t tell you that, so he looked down with a sigh, scolding himself for getting angry.

“I’m sorry, I meant no disrespect Daenerys, but no one else would dare say it to you,” he said soothingly, watching her relax her face slightly at his changed tone before tensing again, “but come on, you know better than anyone, the North is going to think you seduced him and made him bend…”

Daenerys heard enough, she raised her hand to stop him speaking and walked out the room. “You would do well to sleep off that hang-over Tyrion,” she coolly threw over her shoulder.

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Her walk was a salty and hazy blur … She ignored the unsullied sentries and the laughing hurdle of bloodriders on the way, the moment she reached the main deck, she dowsed her lungs with the cold salty air, her violet gaze searching for her northern fool in the crowd of practicing swords and spears on the main deck. Her eyes were frantically searching for him, as her insecurities from Tyrion, spurred and addled her mind.
Tyrion’s right… I… don’t deserve him… But…

I love him… She thought simply, her pulse quickening, her desperate eyes dilated and searching and searching for a speck of northern fur.

I want him to hug me and tell me, he loves me. I want him to say he’s glad to be here with me. Tell me everything will be alright, and that I make him happy, and glad to be alive…

Chapter End Notes

Just following the aftermath of their first night together, and next one should be emotional. :)  
Next chapter should be out very soon, it's called

'Tell me something good...'
Tell me... something Good

Chapter 10
Tell me... something Good

His tired eyes scrunched against the winter gale. Samwell Tarly was too exhausted to intake his surroundings as he clutched onto black cloak, tightening his grip on it; making it stretch and twinge even more around his front. He felt Gilly’s shoulder brush against his own, as they shivered and sat together under a worn pavilion in the great Winterfell courtyard, waiting with the other newcomers and bristly common people, all sitting in lines, each waiting for their turn to go in and speak with the Lady of Winterfell, Sansa Stark.

The soft whistle of snow pined and bellowed around the colossal great dooms of Winterfell’s grey tower’s. The courtyard was filled with ever-growing crowds of frozen people, coming to the haven of the North for food and shelter, and most of all, protection. Sam’s beady eyes flickered over Gilly who rested against his neck, observing in the distance a fierce grey Direwolf Sigel, which draped and mellowed peacefully against the castle walls. He heard the shrill cry of the armouries, hammering and shaping steel and leather in the distance, he smelt the northern labours walk by, their calls and grunts echoed next to the bellowing furnaces and he felt the flakes of hail surround and wither the sombre morning light.

Sam truly believed Winterfell was the best fortification against the Wight-Walkers. He knew the Wall was built for such a threat, but the legends said that Brandon the Builder fought off the Walkers from Winterfell itself. Not the Wall. The Wall was built after, when the Children of the Forest, the Starks of Winterfell, the Free-folk and the Giants of Old, stood together and built a Wall of Stone, Ironwood, bonded with ancient magic and pure Ice.

He remembered when he and Jon would trek and do night duty on top of the Wall. He remembered
how they used to trade stories about their homes. He would tell Jon about the endless fruit and barley fields that surrounded HornHill and the cast of the summer glow, and Jon would tell him about the ancient springs and crypts under his father’s grey Keep, Sam would grow restless with curiosity about the mysteries and stories about the most ancient keep, which once was the strongest castle known in Westeros.

He remembered yesterday night, when he and Gilly made it over the last league stone on the Kingsroad, he squirmed with excitement when he saw the outline of the gargantuan equator of towers, entrenched and pulsing, he was excited not just too potentially see Jon, but he was aching to explore the legendary records of the Kings of Winter and rummage the treasures within Winterfell’s library.

However, despite them making good timing and arriving just before nightfall. Sam was shook after he visited Brandon Stark. His desires to scour old Maester Luwin’s records and wait for Jon to return with the dragons, were gone. He remembered how his brain felt weighted and addled as he absorbed the explosive revelation of Jon being the heir to the Iron-Throne. He was literally open jawed when he absorbed the fact that Jon wasn’t a bastard, and when he remembered the secret wedding annulment of Rhaegar Targaryen, he was hovering out his seat with disbelief, the hearth only cooling him down. Jon’s mother was Lyanna Stark of Winterfell, and Jon was a legitimate Stark after all, but Targaryen by name, Aegon Targaryen, the lost Crown-Prince, Maester Aemon’s descendant and Daenerys Targaryen’s nephew, the true heir to the Iron-Throne.

Why did the honourable Ned Stark lie to the world then, why did he lie to Jon all his life? After hearing a distant howl, he got his answer… If Ned Stark was anything like his children…he did it to protect Jon, to protect him from Robert Baratheon, Tywin Lannister, the Dornish and all the other people that lost loved ones in Robert’s Rebellion…and Sam knew most of all, he did it to honour and cherish his sister’s only child...

Sam shouldered uncomfortably out his thoughts, remembering how he spent the night convincing Bran not to tell Jon until the right moment, he knew it would break Jon, not just because of his supposed father lying to him for his entire life, but because knowing his honour, he knew he would take it hard upon himself when he realised, he was the product of war, the secret that thousands upon thousands died for...

So, for now, they both agreed to keep it a secret and he knew it was best to know Daenerys Targaryen’s true intentions before revealing the revelation, despite Bran’s persistent argument that Daenerys wouldn’t be a threat to Jon. Sam was a little confused and unsure, knowing how the Game of Thrones worked in the past and how jealousy was a distinct factor to royal blood, hence the War of the Five Kings, but eventually, when the sun started to rise, they both agreed it was best for it to remain a secret until Jon’s return to Winterfell...

“Sam… Sam…” He slurred out his thoughts when he heard Gilly’s raspy voice echo his senses, he came back to the busy crowd when he felt Gilly’s small hand squeeze his own.

“Huh,” he blinked dozily as he turned towards her concerned eyes, “What’s wrong Gilly?”

He watched as she tugged and looked over her shoulder wearily before looking back, “How much longer do southerners take to speak to, Sam, I can’t leave little Sam for much longer with that boy.”
Sam smiled reassuringly before gently guiding her in for a hug, as he spoke over her head.

“These aren’t southerner’s Gilly, there Northerners, and Little Sam’s fine, Bran has maids to look after him aswel. We, need to speak to Lady Sansa, Jon’s sister, she’s in-charge while he’s at Dragonstone, and we need her permission to say in the castle or we have to stay in Wintertown, which isn’t exactly safe for you and little Sam.” Gilly eventually nodded and started speaking against the crook of his neck, using his black-cloak for warmth as she told him about little Sam’s knew fondness for mushroom soup. But, as Sam listened patiently, he was instantly distracted as patrol of guards trenched past with a Red Glove emblazed on their crested furred armour.

Sam practically drooled a little against the cold breeze when he saw a gorgeous red haired Lady, centred within the cube of guards as she started talking to an old, proud Vale lord in the distance. He couldn’t keep his eyes of her heart-shaped face as she laughed and talked with the polite old Yohn Royce, he noticed her hazel-green eyes and womanly figure that oozed under her expensive thick brown furs, momentarily forgetting about the woman next to him, a few seconds passed before Gilly looked at him expectantly after she asked him a question.

“…and he was asking for you last night again, an… Sam? Are you even listening to me, Sam…?” Gilly followed his distracted gaze, instantly growing red and agitated as she looked back with boiled wildness when she realised what he was looking at. Watching him only hum to her question as he looked at a high-born Lady, Gilly made an instant decision, stomping her little foot out of the snow before discretely kicking him hard in the shins, making him scrunch up his face with pain as he yelped silently.

“Gilly!” He instantly dropped his annoyed tone when he realised what he was doing, looking down ashamed as she deliberately ignored his outburst. “…ow Gilly, what was that for…” he added timidly, while sheepishly focusing all his patience and emotions on her with a desperate look of apology. He tried to give his best puppy face, as he watched her silently sulk with fused anger.

“You know what it is!” she snapped back with crossed arms before she looked away again. “You want her, don’t you..? You can’t keep your stupid eyes off her…”

He felt appalled with himself, I don’t want that woman, I just so happened to glance that way… I love you Gilly… He quickly adjusted his seat before huffing and standing up, swallowing down his nerves, he gently took her hands and guided her reluctant figure to stand with him, before plucking up all his courage. “Gilly… don’t be silly, I love you remember,” he emphasised with a tender voice, as they looked into each other’s eyes, creating a distant buddle as their hands interlinked tighter before they leaned into each other intimately. Sam let out a sigh of relief as she smiled and blinked her big bold eyes. She leaned in to rest her head on his soft belly, before whispering so only he could hear.

“I am yours, and you are mine Sam, right?” She said sternly before looking desperately back into his eyes, yearning for him to say it back as her pale fingers pined his black furs. Sam knew he shouldn’t say it back; I’m still a brother of the Night’s Watch and I swore a vow too, but…I…I. I wish I had a Starks honour. He smiled back before touching his nose onto hers, creating the intimate bubble as their numb noses gently grazed each other’s, “Yes, Gilly, you…”

Suddenly, Sam was cut off when a hulked grisly Northerner, out of nowhere, clapped him hard on the gut, roaring with laughter. “Boys, come over here! Look at this LUMP OF MEAT!” Sam felt himself go ear-top red as a bunch of Glover and Stark guards shouldered their way around him,
smirking at their friends joke as he carried on with his rusted boom. The courtyard becoming still to watch the commotion as everyone’s eyes pierced Samwell Tarly. He felt his belly churning with anxiety as he looked down at the snowed floor, trying to ignore them as Gilly stood fiercely next to him. His ear’s ringing with their laughter, humiliating him.

“…Aye, he’s a fat fella..!”

“…Is that why everyone’s on fucking rations cos this… mucumber… has eaten everything..!”

“…fucking hell. Who let him in the Night’s-Watch; does he eat the wildings or summit..?”

“…That’s one hell of a sword!” Sam’s alarm bells stared to ring, while he was leaning and tugging away from their patronising pushes, his father’s Greatsword Heartsbane, flapped in view under his cloak. He quickly hid it away again when he heard the first Northman spot it. The tone grew serious as the laughter died down; the grisly Northman trenched forward with his raised jaw and built forearms, shouting “Oi!”

Sam grew still, frozen, when he came face to face with him. The crowds around in the courtyard becoming dead silent as the white winds stopped whistling. “… Listen poppet,” he barked sarcastically, “why does, a fat, dirty, watchman,” he spat menacingly as he finished “…have a fucking chopper like that. Steel it did ya?”

Sam didn’t know what to say, he felt the cold sweat in his palm as he held and clasped Gilly’s hand, the hairs on his back stood to attention as the entire Winterfell courtyard stopped its mechanism of work to watch the lads have a go, at just another fat bloke. He swallowed hard as he let out a breath which he didn’t know he was holding. Trying to keep eye-contact as his knees wobbled a little. “…I …I…” But he was cut off from his mumble when the man moved closer, shadowing his brow.

“What. What.” He spat in his face with condescending malice, “can’t you speak poppet, you mumbling fuck!” Sam then heard one of the man’s friend’s behind him, “…give him a break Mern, he’s clearly, got a lot on his plate! He roared sarcastically, as the crowd’s laughter purged his ears.

Mern slowly breathed onto Sam’s face with a menacingly and threatening tone, the crowd chuckled around him, “Listen, a big lass like you don’t need a big sword like that, gimme it, or I’ll cut you in-front of your little wilding …” Sam could smell the acid stench from his mouth consuming the air and he felt the flexing coldness emanating from the soldier called Mern. He knew he was a severely outnumbered and he felt his yellow cowardly gut erupt, but he then felt the grey winter towers embolden the skies, he felt his clumped fists curl when Mern called Gilly, a little wilding, he felt anger swell his belly and he then remembered advice his best friend once gave him, ‘the only time a man can be brave, is when he’s afraid.’
The entire courtyard grew quiet, watching Mern laugh in Sam’s face as he made to move towards Heartsbane’s hilt.

But Sam was already throwing.

His spammed fingers knotted together, as he swung his shoulder with all his effort before crunching a slapping clout between Mern’s eyes.

Mern tumbled back, his breathing barking as he failed to dodge the uncoordinated blow, filling everyone’s ears with a cringing crunch, as his nose socketed out and broke. Blood seeping over Mern’s cupped hands as Sam tried not to cry from the pain that it brought to his hand aswel, he squeezed his own hand discretely, waiting and slowly tumbling back, hoping he wouldn’t get killed once Mern recovered.

He gulped down any fear left, his adrenaline pulsing though his heart at a direwolves pace, quickly stepping in-front of Gilly protectively, I’ve killed a walker, I’ve killed a Thenn, I’ve… But Sam gave up on his attempt to encourage himself, knowing he fell lucky all them times and now wasn’t one of those times. He tried to calm his breathing, holding his determined but terrified face, watching the north men and especially Mern glare then shout at him,” YOU SORRY HEAP OF MAGGOT SHIT! Now, I’m going to,” –he said with disturbed carnal spit- “drag your donkey arse out these walls, then I’ll gut ya, come ere…”

The blurred vision, the wobble in his knee caps, his ragged breath. All spurred the Glover man to show a bloody smile before he unsheathed his longsword, a rusty ripple sounding as he pointed it at his intention. Sam refused to move from in-front of Gilly, as Mern approached with his sword. I need to do something… he desperately thought as Mern stepped closer and closer, he decided then, I will fight, he fumbled with his father’s sword with determination, I can’t rely on Edd and Grenn or Lord commander Mormont, or Maester Aemon or everyone else to save me anymore, I can’t rely on Jon to always protect me…

However, Sam was blown away when Gilly shrieked behind him, tugging on his sleeve. His eyes stretched when he heard a dense thunder of paws move the snow. He let out a heavy breath, as scarlet eyes appeared in front of him. The crowd dead silent and Mern rooted to his feet with fear, his hands weighted at his sides. Out from the blanket of falling snow, the King in the North Albino Direwolf shouldered up to them, pushing his head under Sam’s cubby hands and purposely making Sam caresses his muzzle. At eye level, Sam looked towards the arctic beast, their eyes connecting with now only one thought, I missed you friend.

Ghost swiftly spun around, his white furs thundering in the whistling wind. He released his steel claws out his sockets, and bared his mammoth jaw, growling with thirst before letting at a dirty snarling snap; marking his territory and instantly causing the terrified men to drop their weapons with a bow, before scurrying into the bleak morning breeze.
“…I owe you again Ghost,” He said simply, walking up to the now lolling wolf, who started nudging him playfully as the courtyard began to get back to work. Sam scratched his ear, asking him curiously, “How did you know? Where did you come…”?

“I was going to ask you the same question!” Sam spun around clumsily as he was cut off. In-front of him stood a girl, wearing a woollen dress, leather riding breeches, and a thin sword at her hip and distinct grey eyes that he knew like the back of his hand. But before he could say anything, he watched as Ghost trotted over to her, gave her hand a lick before looking at her excitedly as she stroked his withers.

“So…” she said expectantly with raised eye-brows “…a Direwolf doesn’t let anyone touch him, you have to part of his pack, and judging by your black cloak. You know my brother?” Sam nodded, surprised, 

Yes,” he slowly replied, unsure of her blank expression, “I’ve known Jon for years…”

“King Jon,” she fiercely corrected. The moment she used her assassin persona to intimidate the black-brother, Ghost softly howled at her with a need for her to understand that he was a friend. Arya understood the message, regretting her harshness. “I’m sorry, you were saying…?”

“Erm, yeah, erm, I’m Samwell Tarly, a brother of the Nightswatch and training Maester at Castleblack.” Arya had heard of Samwell Tarly from Sansa, this was the man who told Jon about the dragon-glass caverns in Dragonstone.

“Aye, I’ve heard of you, you’re the person who told my brother to go to Dragonstone.” Sam nodded sheepishly as she finished, “my sister said he should be home soon. Less than a fortnight, I think.” He politely responded with a smile, remembering his and Bran’s promise of not telling yet, so he changed the subject.

“I knew you were Arya Stark the moment I saw you, “ he watched her curious but warm smile as she encouraged him to elaborate while she stroked Ghost’s wisps, “your eyes,” he said with an obvious tone as he finished, “their just like Jon’s, Stark eyes.”

Arya felt warm against the bitter breeze, I like this Samwell-what’s his name… He thinks of Jon as a Stark aswel.

She laughed warmly at his blank expression as she thought, making him smile in relief when he knew he hadn’t said anything wrong. Arya moved her loose hair out her eyes, shaking Gilly’s hand as Sam introduced her.

“Don’t worry about those men,” she told them reassuringly, no one hurt’s the pack, “I’ll sort it out, and anyway, what you are two waiting out here for, it’s bloody freezing.” She finished with a chuckle, happy to have another someone who knew Jon personally.

“I know, it feels like doing duty on top of the Wall, winter is truly here, anyway, we’re waiting for an audience with your sister, Lady Sansa, it’s the proper way to get permission to stay in the keep isn’t it?” Arya chuckled again at Sam’s mumbled response, honest to a fault, he couldn’t hurt a fly, no wonder Ghost likes him.

“I see, well, she’s kinda busy, it’ll be a while…” Arya felt bad when she saw him politely swallow a groan as he looked around wearily. She decided to change the subject, “Anyway Sam, you’re packing a mean punch there,” Arya watched him shake his head humbly before she finished, “I know Mern, he’s a right dipstick but a good fighter. What possessed you to throw the first punch?” She asked curiously, knowing he wasn’t one for violence.
Sam genuinely made her smile at his honest expressions, as he let out a tired breath. “Well, the truth is, I don’t want to be a coward anymore, and your brother once told me, *the only time a man can be brave, is when he’s afraid*. And believe me, I’m the best at being afraid.” He finished with an exaggerated humbleness.

Arya felt her lungs fill with warmth and pride, hearing Jon pass on their father’s words, *the pack survives*, giving an encouraging smile as she remembered when her father told Robb that. *This, Sam, is a good man.* She then quickly made up her mind.

“Come with me Sam, you too Gilly, let’s go see my sister.” She said with an enthusiastic change of mind, leaving them confused.

“But I thought you said…” Arya quickly cut them off as she beckoned them to follow, “…well, you’ll have two Stark’s to help you though” she said as she gestured to herself and Ghost, making Sam smile with appreciation as they walked into the castle doors.

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Skipping the lines of people, the Stark sentries nodded to Arya before letting them all though with Ghost leading the way. Sam felt a little baffled at how impulsive but good natured all of Ned Stark’s children were, they walked down the silent grey corridor and he noticed Arya walking with a cats-paw dagger at her side making him think. *Where have I seen that dagger?*

Arya beckoned them to stay behind her, when they reached the Great hall of Winterfell, where Sansa was holding court for the smallfolk in the morning, before receiving several representatives of the Crannogmen after noon. She casually pushed the door’s open, instantly connecting eyes with Sansa on the other side of the room, who sat with Maester Wolkin and her Maid- Adara, in-front of the blazing hearth.

“Arya, I’ve got another load of people due any minute,” Sansa slowly stated after seeing her sister’s enthusiastic expression before she returned to her quill. Arya rolled her eyes at Sansa’s dismissive tone, knowing she was busy and couldn’t tell her that normally because of being in-front of others. So she politely responded, “don’t worry, my Lady, it won’t take a minute. May I introduce, Samwell Tarly, a Nightswatch-man.” Arya added with a waving gesture towards Sam which completely went unnoticed by Sansa who was still writing.

“Arya!” Arya bluntly said, finally getting her attention. Sansa gave up her writing with a small huff before glaring at her sister with a tired expression, *you can’t keep disturbing me, this is the fifth time today, I want to talk with you too but the North won’t run itself Arya!* She took a breath before turning to Sam with a small smile. “Welcome to Winterfell Samwell,” He nodded in appreciation as Sansa went on with a formal tone, “any man of the Nightswatch is welcome at Winterfell, but, I don’t remember you at Castleblack?” she finished when she actually had a good look at him.

He quickly responded, “Thank you my Lady, erm, I, Jo… King Jon, sent me away after Hardhome,
he wanted me to train as the new Maester at the Citadel and…”

“Did you complete your training?” Sansa quickly inquired.

“Well, well no, I erm, I left…” He was again cut off by her harsh ice.

“You failed and defied your King’s orders, caused trouble in the Courtyard I hear and now your here to ask for House Stark’s hospitality?” Sam kept opening and shutting his mouth.

Sansa instantly knew she had taken her anger out on the blubbering Nightswatch-man. But she was so stressed and annoyed at Arya’s constant distractions, she didn’t care as she finished “…not to mention, the fact, that your deserting the Watch, your sacred vow, by coming here.” Arya felt her eyes elasticated as she butted in fiercely with disbelief, knowing her sister was only doing this because she had disturbed her for the fifth time that day.

“Let him speak Sansa, he’s Jon’s friend!”

Sansa raised her eyebrows, and leaned back. “Ok,” she said with an irritated boredom towards Arya, before she gestured for a mumbling Sam to speak. He gulped down, “I, I, sorry if I offended you in anyway my Lady but his Grace is a friend, my best friend in fact. And if it’s not to bold, I gathered that Jon forsaken his vows to save his family and the North, so he broke his vow by leaving the watch; so it’s a bit rich to say…”

It was Arya who cut him off then, turning towards Sam with confusion, “Sam, Jon didn’t break any vow.” She said firmly as she finished, “he was released after the…” she trailed off knowing it wasn’t her place to say- leaving Sam utterly confused.

“After what?”

There was dead silence in the room, except the fire’s crackle and Ghost’s small whine, Sansa took another tired breath before she finished Arya’s sentence. “…he was released by death when he was murdered in a mutiny… he was lured outside by traitors and butchered, simply for making peace… Ser Davos told me a Red-Witch brought him back though”

Sam gawped and blinked stupidly in confusion before Arya added, “you didn’t know? Why didn’t Jon tell you?” Sam stuttered a little, as he spoke.

“He just, said, he was attacked, but all was fine…”

“Course he did, that’s Jon” Sansa snorted, “well he wasn’t lying, he was attacked.” She confirmed as she watched him blink back tears, murmuring incoherent mumbles.

“-I, I left him--“-I shouldn’t have gone-“

Sansa dropped her Ice persona, genuinely feeling guilt for breaking the news so bluntly, giving a tired huff towards Arya again, they both nodded in silent agreement before she said, “he’s ok Sam, he should be arriving soon and with your advice on the Dragon-glass, the living may be ok aswel.
Now the hospitality of Winterfell is yours, Adara will now show you and your family to your
quarters.” Sansa watched Sam give a thankful nod after he wiped the tears away. After the doors
shut, leaving only the Starks, Sansa quickly asked, “Did you say his name was Tarly?”

“Yes.” Sansa groaned with tiredness at the answer, looking back up when Arya asked. “…why...?”

“...because, his father and brother were burned alive.”

“What!”

“Yeah, I know…” Sansa said dramatically as Arya clumped down next to her.

“How?” Arya felt shocked and confused, feeling sorrow for her new friend.

“Sentenced in the name of war, by Daenerys Targaryen…Mad, isn’t it?” Sansa said with a firm
conclusion, “that’s why I’m so stressed, Jon bent the knee to a tyrant and…”

Arya cut her off, “Jon’s not stupid Sansa, he would have good reason to pledge fealty and it was in
a battle wasn’t it? So the Tarly’s and Lannister’s knew they were fighting a war, a war were you
can, win or lose, so this Dragon-Queen passed the sentence, didn’t she? Remember… the man who
passes the sentence should swing the sword...”

“Yes Arya, exactly, with a sword! Not a desolating beast!” Sansa said with a sarcastic laugh,
“You’ve got to admit, it’s a bit much isn’t it!”

Arya silently agreed, despite wanting to side with this famous Breaker of Chains that she heard of
in Bravos, she loved having these funny or serious or deep talks with Sansa because it proved their
relationship had mended, so she countered harmlessly as she pointed to Ghost.

“...o, and fighting with direwolves isn’t a bit much!” She laughed humorously as Sansa thought
before smiling in defeat, “or what about you, when you used Hounds to rip Ramsey’s dick off!”
Arya said with a laugh.

Arya instantly regretted it when Sansa looked away with hidden pain.

The room became quiet while the two siblings sat next to each other in silence, the awkward air
burning. Arya felt terrible, I shouldn’t have said that, Sansa clearly hasn’t recovered from what
that dickhead did to her, the hearth’s crackle went on as she shouldered her sister gently, “… hey, I
didn’t… I didn’t mean to say that, I know that arsehole deserved it…”

Sansa was glad she dismissed Wolkan and Adara earlier because her eyes started to water, winter
pearls streaking her now sniffling nose. She felt Ghost sit by her chair, and she felt Arya’s hand cup
her own ones tightly.

The intimate gesture madeSansa break down,

the Lady of Winterfell showing her true colours as she looked at her sister’s baffled but
understanding face. I’m so glad I have Arya back, we were both cast away from love and friendship
as children, I’m so glad I have her now… I need to tell her, she will understand, I need her
“…hey, listen, I’m sorry, that piece of shit is gone and forgotten…and I shouldn’t have…”

Sansa distantly heard her understanding voice and smiled at Arya’s fierce compassion before she cut her off with a warm squeeze of her hand. “…Arya, I, I, need to tell you something….” She sobbed out, trying to stop her face from scrunching up in pain as she blinked back her tear ducts.

“What is it…?” Arya softly responded, shocked.

Sansa gulped down her shortness of sticky breath, wiping the tears away before she took a moment to breathe, holding her sister’s hands like a life line. After seeing her understanding grey eyes, she collected herself for a few concentrated minutes before failing, falling into a tumble of words…

“… Ramsey isn’t the only one I killed… I, I… carried his… child, my child…the child he raped into me…”

She gassed out with a breathless tone, her neck feeling weighted from the blistering tears. “…and… and… he… I couldn’t… I was so scared and… No one knew… I couldn’t tell Jon, because… I didn’t know how he would react… I couldn’t raise it… So I took moontea… I couldn’t!.. I’m a monster, I’m sick, stupid, evil… but I couldn’t… I, I bled it… out… and, and… I couldn’t…”

Sansa tried to collect whatever breath she could muster before she looked up with between crying with blurred vision, watching Arya’s pale and mute expression, she’s judging me, she doesn’t understand. But, she’s right, I am a monster and…

Arya felt her fingertips go numb, her tummy churned and churned, at… Sansa’s story. She saw her sister break down and her blue eyes filled with a crimson tide of remorse and pain.

Her thoughts becoming stronger and stronger, Sansa… I love you and, and it will get better… Arya didn’t know what to say as the awkward silence of sobbing arose, so before her sister could jump to any conclusions from the heavy silence.

Arya cut her off with a fierce hug, their hold becoming a forever bond. Arya felt Sansa breathe and relax slightly in relief in their embrace, holding onto each other tightly before Arya softly whispered against the white wind.

“You’re the strongest person in the world Sansa… and you’ll, no…”

We’ll, get through this… together.”
“You’re being hard-footed again, stop! Pivot on your left and that will distribute your weight when you parry!”

“I’m… I’m trying to, my lady, it’s just…” Podrick stammered out before he got smacked on the head again, Brienn taking advantage of his exhausted arms and deciding to ring his head like a bell. His legs fell and tangled, leaving him on his hands and knees.

Pod blinked, shook, and heaved with a stitch on his side while Brienn huffed and implored again, “POD! Come on! We’ve done this before.”

Brienn tiredly breathed out the salty air, getting frustrated more from the laughing jabs of dothraki screamers behind them. She had just finished the council meeting and after seeing Podrick wheezing on the deck, she let out another tired breath, knowing she had taken her frustration out on him. Even-though, she agreed with King… Lord Jon’s, compromise, she had failed Sansa again, first when treating with the Black-Fish and now with the Dragon-Queen. Slowly, she stopped circling around Podrick; the deck was filled with practising spears and swords as she extended her arm and pulled him back up with determination. “Get up and try again.”

The colossal sails billowed on as Podrick fell again, stupidly lunging and tripping at a tactical but harmless feint of Brienn’s blunted training-sword. He looked up at Brienn, not an inch of sweat on her brow as she put her hands on her hips and huffed, “Pod, stop closing your fucking eyes!” She shouted tirelessly, hearing the bouts and cackles from the dothraki around her who were now all watching. “Podrick, if you ever want to be a knight, you need to stop being nervous in-front of a crowd and keep your eyes fucking open…!”

Podrick tried to find his balance, he felt so angry with himself. I still can’t hold my own after all these months and months of training. The sombre sun was blurring his squinting eyes, the blow to his head was throbbing and he had enough, but before he mustered the strength to plead for a break, the blearing cold sun-light was shadowed when a calloused hand appeared in-front of him.

He blinked stupidly, looking at a trail of northern furs before lifting his heavy head and seeing a husky pair of grey eyes look down at him, he felt the arctic warmth and he smiled at the gesture. Clasping Lord Jon’s hand with determination, he was lifted up.

“Podrick, right?” he nodded as Jon steadied him.

Jon watched them sparring the moment he got on deck, his cold alpha gaze remembered how Grenn and Pyp would coward against a blade when they were training in Castleblack. So, he beckoned for Grey-Worm to hold on for a moment before he helped Podrick up.

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“Listen Pod.” Jon gripped his shoulder to steady him while Brienn and the entire deck watched curiously from the distance, all wanting to see the legendary White Wolf in action. Jon didn’t notice anyone as he concentrated his arctic gaze onto the eye-watering squire. “…listen Podrick, ignore the lads, its ok to fall, life’s not about how hard you get hit, it’s about how hard you can get hit and keeping getting up, keep pushing forward, that’s how winning is done.”
He finished with his husky voice as the squire nodded with new determination. Jon gave him one last reassuring nod before he added, “you should listen to Brienn though, you’re lunging too much and that is messing up your stance. Keep it sharp and solid and avoid squaring up, stand with your shoulder leading.” Podrick smiled in appreciation at the advice and quickly followed it, slightly unsure when he saw Brienn watch in interest and confusion.

“Thank you my Lord,” Jon gave a small smile at his timid thank you before Pod added “…But, I think it’s more to do with this sword though…”

Jon watched him gesture towards the rusted training blade, its succumbed blunt edge almost wrinkled. He reached out his paw and took the hilt, taking a moment; he walked to the middle. He flexed his fingers on the worn handle, the familiar feeling of a training sword stitching back into his senses. He tested the weight and balance with a few wrist swings, the brittle iron barely ringing in the air. The handling and fluidity was slightly unbalanced but the overall blade was still in good nick for a scrap.

He turned back towards the squire, “this is a good sword, just keep her at arms-length and defend yourself while looking for an opening.” Jon knew he was still uncertain from his nodded grumbled and since this was going to be a long journey back to the North, he knew he could help him. But before he could, he heard her honeyed voice behind him.

“Lord Snow, a word?” The whole deck turned, giving a polite gesture of acknowledgement as their Queen approached. Jon turned and instantly connected onto Dany’s soft violet irises. Despite her regal Dragon-Queen persona, he saw a slight wetness on her lashes and he knew something was wrong. Giving a polite nod to Brienn he followed Daenerys, she walked in-front of him down the deck and into the cargo area which led to the front of the ship, leaving everyone frustrated from not seeing Jon Snow in action.

But Jon was oblivious to all their stares, his arctic gaze focused on Dany. Why was she crying? What happened? I only saw her a few minutes ago with Tyrion? Have I done something? As soon as they were out of sight from any crew member, he watched her stop between the mazes of crates and rigging; letting out a hot sigh before she turned towards him. Her honeyed gaze fluttering up to him as they both took each other’s hands intimately, smiling at the fact that they were finally alone.

“Dany, what’s wrong? Have I…?”

“No Jon, don’t be silly, you haven’t done anything wrong…” She knowingly cut him off, squeezing his hands softly with reassurance for her northern fool. Wiping the last hidden pearl from her lashes, she took a deep breath and stepped closer to him until she was flush against his chest, melting into his husky scent and his warm neck. “I just, missed you…”

Jon hummed with contentment as he smelled her sweet lavender scent from her tresses, “I missed you.” He replied softly, as he wrapped his arms around her alluring petite figure. “Dany, seriously, what’s wrong love? I just…” But he stopped when he felt her wet succulent lips fuse onto his, both of them melting into each other; he cradled her face with tenderness while she touched his jaw with her soft fingertips, filling their little private corner with wet passion.

After a few seconds, they gasped for breath over each other’s mouths, smiling at their lack of
control. Daenerys relished his soft plump lips on hers and his dark eyes speaking volumes while they rested their heads together. A gust of salty air collapsed around them from the ships sails, cooling the heat radiating off both of them. She watched his endearing eyes swallow her and she loved it, but she then remembered why she called him. “Jon, Tyrion knows... about us I mean.”

She watched him swallow hard as if waiting for more bad news until he breathed, “I know and Davos…” But they stopped when they heard a nearby unsullied sentry patrol past, Dany felt Jon take her hand again before leading her to a more enclosed space at the bow of the ship. Letting her step into front of him, she leaned back into his northern furs when he opened it so she could settle her back against his chest. Both lovers settling into each other as she leaned into him and he enveloped his arms around her front, concealing her from anyone from behind and giving them the privacy they yearned for. He smiled when she kissed the crook of his neck for a thank you for hiding them.

“As I was saying, were both in the same boat in terms of advisors, Davos knows aswel.”

Dany closed her eyes with annoyance towards the consequential aspect, of ruling coming with no private life, she calmed herself as she listened and relished his hot breath on the back of her neck, “It’s a fond impossibility, to keep our private life a secret, isn’t it?” They both laughed softly before she steadied her voice and finished, “What did Ser Davos say… about us?” He tightened his tender hold around her waist as he spoke against her temple.

“He told me it was stupid of me as my advisor, but he said as a friend, that he doesn’t blame me, even said, it was inevitable for a northern fool like me, to fall for an amazing woman like you.” Dany smiled with his husky humour, always so humble my northern fool, she kissed him sweetly before letting out an angry sigh, “well Tyrion certainly wasn’t as understanding, he even had the audacity to say…” But she stopped herself when she caught his endearing but humoured smile.

“What?” She asked curiously, she smiled weakly and playfully shoved him when he flashed his adorable smile, before kissing her forehead and saying, “It’s nothing, I just, think you look gorgeously fierce when you’re angry, you pack a mean glare Daenerys Targaryen.”

“Jon, don’t be ridiculous” she said sternly before she failed to stop a giggle. Damn this man for making me fall for him so badly... They both cuddled each other with a content hum, resting their eyes on the freed curvature of the electric blue horizon as the oceans breeze rippled their faces. Jon slowly gulped, repeatedly looking back and forth from the side of her face, before eventually saying. “Erm, so what did Tyrion say...”

“Nothing that matters,” she eventually replied quietly, her voice cracking a little. Her gut churned as she stared down at her feet, I know Tyrion’s right... And as the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, I shouldn’t involve myself with the mysterious King in the North... I have a duty and a conquest and now and most foremost, an unbeatable war forthcoming... But, I love him... I really do and I can’t lie to myself anymore...I wish I could just tell him...
Jon nodded against her neck, his chin quivering ever so slightly, he really thought Tyrion’s words would have got to her and would have influenced her to forget about him. But her honeyed body against his and her warm voice cuddled into him, reassured him that she wanted to be there. His chest loosened a little but he still felt insecure, *I’m just a bastard soldier, why the fuck would a goddess like Dany want to be with a brooding fool like me… I wish I could just tell her, that I love her, so much.*

He was cut off from his thoughts, when felt her turn around and kiss his lips before cuddling him tighter, as if knowing what he was thinking. His own arms enveloped around her body again with tenderness, kissing her forehead as she spoke against his neck, “I missed you today my northern fool, just… just tell me …something good.”

Jon smiled, *she keeps giving me reasons to love her even more… she has an extraordinary gift for hope even after all the shit she’s been through. What was it that Sam once told me?*

‘Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever dies.’

*But, I lost that hope, that night, when my brothers stabbed me…betrayed me… And even after I came back, even after Sansa and Winterfell and Arya and Bran came back, I didn’t have that motivation of hope… Not, until now. Jon kissed her shoulder before clearing his throat, “erm… I don’t know, what do you like to do in your spare time when you’re not riding dragons and saving the world…?”*

Dany smiled, her cheeks glowing red as she countered, “I like reading, and horse riding, and I really like, long, boiling hot, baths along with many, other things…”

Jon knew what she was implying as he kissed her temple, “well, when we get to Winterfell, the whole castle is heated by deep natural springs. If you want, we could take that bath…” Daenerys hummed and licked her bottom lip, her sex wetting from his husky voice. Looking up slightly, “I heard of those volcanic springs that supposedly heat the Starks of Winterfell, Missandai told me about it.”

“How does she know about that?” he asked, curious to know how a girl from Narth knew about Winterfell’s ancient heating structures; despite her immaculate intelligence.

“I think she said, she read it in a book.”

Jon snorted softly, a fond memory coming back to him as he looked into Dany’s curiously humoured eyes, waiting for him to elaborate.

“Sorry, it’s just, my best friend Sam, who I met when I went to the Wall, we were both recruits looking for a home, anyway, he reminds me of Missandai since he also has a vast knowledge stemmed from his curiosity of books and what hav ya.” Dany smiled and kissed him softly, before saying.

“It seems I have to meet this Sam, he seems far more interesting than you.” She teased, both chuckling before she asked, “Was he assigned to the library at Castleblack I take it?”

“No that’s the Maester’s job, but Sam helped…” Jon suddenly stopped, blinking at his stupidity of
not remembering to tell…. His grandniece…. Maester Aemon was Daenerys’s family… Jon cut off Daenerys’s open mouth; she was obviously taken aback from his shocked expression.

“Dany! The Maester at Castleblack, his name was Aemon, son of Maekar, of the House Targaryen.” He was overjoyed and quite giddy when he saw her purple eyes dilate and broaden with cuteness. “What? Jon, you knew my... my, my great-uncle… Aemon Targaryen?”

“Aye, he was a great man who taught me a great deal, but Sam knew him more.” Daenerys felt her eyes tear a little, for a moment she hoped that she wasn’t the last Dragon in this world, but when Jon used the tenderness of ‘was a great man’, she gathered that he had passed away. She nuzzled into his neck, before asking him to tell her everything about the old Dragon that once stood, as a shield that guarded the realms of men. The oceans currents passed with a blue billowing breeze of the sombre sunset. She absorbed everything when he told her about this fragile, blind old man, who had the sharpest mind and strongest wits over any man he had met, since he left Winterfell as a boy. Dany’ eyes were glued and yearning as he told her stories of this resilient and honourable man, that tended to friend or foe for what was right, a man who would listen intently to Sam about the lost Queen across the narrow sea. She teared a little when she gathered that Aemon desperately wanted to aid her and meet her, however his frail body and ancient vows forbidding him to do so. She gave a mental thanks to Jon’s friend Samwell, for caring for her great-uncle until his last breath.

“…he was a great man, he protected and looked out for me, he showed me the harsh reality of life when I wanted to ride off south, to help my brother Robb, and it was he who cast the defining vote for me to become Lord Commander. He told me to kill the boy, and let the man be born.” Dany looked at Jon’s thankful expression and she kissed him sweetly, thankful that Jon had Aemon to guide him, it made her warm to think that Jon had a Targaryen to seek council from. And he had a Mormont, a Targaryen and a Mormont!

“Don’t you think it’s weird, that we were both on opposite poles of the world… you in a frozen castle and I in the Red waste, and we both had a Targaryen and a Mormont guiding us.” Daenerys elaborated at his endearing furrowed brow, “You had Jeor and Aemon, and I had Jorah and Viserys, I suppose you got the better pair.” Dany sank into his embrace, thankful that she now had him, and that she could let her guard down, since he was an equal leader; with the same weight on his shoulders. Well, he was… the King in the North, but I didn’t fall in love with some King, I fell for Jon Snow, and this, how we are now, holding each other, is all I want, all I’ve ever wanted, and all I ever needed.

Jon hummed sadly, he still hated what her brother did to her, he sold his own sister to a rapist, a horselord who abused a little girl. Even-though, he and Dany had drank to their past lovers in peace, every time he thought of Viserys or this Drogo hurting Daenerys, something awoke deep within his bones, that he could only explain as the wolfs-blood within him, or something else… He just knew he wanted to use his father’s Greatsword, Ice, to serve justice for such crimes, any crimes or hurt that was subjected upon the love of his life. There it is again, love… I want to tell her, I need to…

Jon felt her kiss his neck as they bathed in the last remnants of the dyeing sun. Both of them
enjoying and basking the comfortable sound of silence with the distant clash of steel and laughter. After a few minutes, they both silently agreed to head back before anyone noticed their absence, but Jon couldn’t hold it in anymore. So, as the Targaryen sails fluttered and rippled around them as they made their way along the ledge of the ship, prolonging the moment that they had to let go of each other’s hand when they walked around the last crate, Jon stopped her and lightly pulled on her honeyed palm.

“Jon what….” She whispered, but she knew that drowning dark gaze, the same one that looked into her as he spilled his seed deep within her womb. “Jon what is it, “Dany knew what he was going to say, or it was fairer to say, that she hoped for what he would say. He opened his mouth to speak, resting his forehead upon hers as grey and violet dowsed each other with love.

“Dany, I…”

But he was cut off from his courage with he heard a knowing cough behind them, making them both jump apart,

“I suppose, this is how two undergo a formal alliance at a time of war.” Tyrion smiled into the empty bottom of his goblet, his knees wobbling a little from the liquor swirling and fading his senses. But as he looked up, he was met with a grey alpha gaze and a profound Dragon-Queen glare that froze and erupted him at the same time. He quickly gulped, and looked at his feet when he heard a distant dragon screech and roar over the horizon. Raising his hands in exaggeration, as if being threatened with a cross-bow, he slurped out,

“Forgive me my Queen, I came to apologize for my words earlier,” he said demurely but sarcastically finishing with a sweeping gesture, “it’s quite obvious you and Snow are simply allies, who have no ties apart from this War and the occasional fondling…” he finished with hiccup and a scared laugh, clearly encouraged with liquid daring.

Jon made to say something, but she cut him off, “Tyrion, Lord Snow and I don’t fondle each other,” she stated hotly before turning on a fiery glare, “we were discussing troop movements if you must know, now make haste to the lavatory and spill any more of your nonsense out your mouth, or ill personally shove your head down it.” And with that, she whispered a quick “I’ll wait for you,” into Jon’s ear and walked off with her regal Dragon-Queen persona, her honeyed hands entwined at her front. Jon watched her go, before looking at Tyrion, who looked like he had just been slapped.

He made to leave aswel before Tyrion spoke, “You both surely can’t be oblivious to your consequences, Jon, listen, the North will not stand by you if they think your betraying your duty for love. Yes, I know you love her, who wouldn’t, “he remarked at Jon’s husky blank brood, “I know the Northern Houses are loyal, but after your Brothers failed rebellion and the fate of Lyanna Stark,” he took a deep drunken breath before he finished.

“You are a man of honour Jon Snow, even more infuriating than your father for that matter, so the
only way I see us getting through this, due to Daenerys’s and yours inability to keep your hands off each other, is by hiding this, you have to lie to the Lords of the North until this war is won, or you will most defiantly, end up dead!”

Jon knew Tyrion had good intentions, he knew his friend was only saying this to soften the blow for this War, but he couldn’t lie to the North nor could he lie to himself anymore. I will fight for the North; I will always protect and defend my home. I swore a vow as Lord of Winterfell to protect it, and I will honour it. And I will also honour my pledge to Daenerys, and I will always love her...

Tyrion instantly bit his tongue as Jon spoke with his rough northern accent.

“You think my life is some precious thing to me? That I will trade my honour for a few more years of… what…? You grew up with politicians and high lords, and you learnt their craft and you learnt it well. But, I grew up with soldiers; I learnt how to die a long time ago.”

Tyrion breathed out a cold breath, watching dark eyes haunt him, before he slowly drew his last card with a hard swallow, “What of her life Jon? Is that a precious thing to you?”

He watched the white wolf switch on his arctic gaze, before he slowly shut him down by walking away. Tyrion hated that he was the one that had to try and draw them apart, he saw the beauty and poetic irony of their coupling, but he knew how the Game of Thrones worked, he knew they needed a united front, a front that was fractured the moment Jon bent the knee in public. He didn’t know what to do now…

“Pity, such a pity… I didn’t plan to die in a freezing shithole” he laughed stupidly to himself as he waddled over to the ledge to throw up.

***

Daenerys bid the maids leave, leaving her in silence as the bath water scolded and steamed in the corner of her quarters. Pale light streamed through the port holes as she heard the main deck from above, grow sparse and quiet. Humming to herself, she undid her platinum tresses, while she waited for her northern fool to join her. Sighing in relief as her hair cascaded down her back while her honeyed fingertips slowly unlaced her snowy dress, before letting the bundle of fabric puddle around her petite feet, leaving her in his parchment coloured shirt, as she heard a knock on her door.

“Come in.”

Jon heard her alluring voice, and when he latched the door back, he turned to see Dany standing almost naked at her dresser, she had tied her hair into a messy bun on top of her head, leaving wisps of curls draping around her glowing cheeks. She’s a true Goddess, her cute messy hair accentuating her violet irises; her soft alabaster flesh preened with heat, under his oversized shirt as
her perk firm breasts shaped out of it. “Dany, about what Tyrion said, I…”

“Jon, please, not tonight, we’ll deal with him tomorrow…” she turned towards him with her head tilted to the side cutely, “I missed you today,” she whispered simply before turning back to her dresser to put her mother’s ring back on, only feeling him give a warm breath before he roamed her body with dark eyes, making her quiver slightly with desire as her burning loins squeezed with love, a few seconds passed by comfortably.

“Are you going to say something, or just gawk,” she teased as she looked over her shoulder at him. “I’m still deciding my Queen,” he murmured back as he watched her cutely bite her lower lip, “anyway, I’m not gawking, I just wondered when you stole my shirt.” He teased back, watching her roll her eyes as her dimples accentuated her growing smile, she slowly stepped towards him, “what can I say Jon Snow, if it means that you have less clothes on, then it looks better on me.”

Jon relished in the feeling of her body against his, possessively holding her waist as they breathed in each other’s scents. Daenerys loved it when he held her against him with tenderness; she wanted this night to be theirs again and forget about Tyrion’s conversation. So, ever so slowly, the sexual heat radiated between them as their eyes connected, she frivolously wet her lips before she lightly grazed her fleshy lips against his, leaning back and smiling when he tried to kiss her, “wait… you promised me a bath, didn’t you?” she teased and with that, she playfully shoved him to take his clothes off before she spun around and walked to the bath.

He slowly, unclasped his cloak, removed his boots and shed his layers. Looking back up, his breath was caught as he watched her honeyed backside come into view as she fluttered of his tunic. He smiled at her rosy cheeks as she wobbled slightly, arching a messy curl behind her ear as she stepped into the steaming bath water. He growled with need when he saw her alluring body ooze and mould into the bubbled bath.

“You’re killing me Dany, why are you doing this to me,” he growled with humorous lust.

“Well come here and I’ll show you,” she seductively sighed, her mouth moistening as he walked towards her with his handsomely framed face and wild curls, his chiselled abdominals and lean body causing her to clench her pussy with need, his wolfed scars only making her lick her lips with more want.

But, the moment he was to step in behind her, she gasped with realisation, “Jon, wait, the bath water is far too hot for you, I usually have it scolding and I forgot to tell them to have it cooled.”

“But you’re ok,” he smiled huskily with confusion.

“Yes, well… there’s a reason I’m called the Unburnt.”

She said as if it was obvious, making him smile, he leaned down to kiss her head sweetly before ignoring her and stepping in, making her gasp and spin around to check if he was ok as he settled in behind her.
“See, I’m fine… northerners appreciate any heat we can get.” Dany hummed contently, savouring the feel of his dense arms enveloping around her front gently as his rock hard length settled against her peachy bottom. Their flesh fused together sending jolts of electricity into their bodies and immersing them with warmth and scolding love, both humming with contentment. She entwined her hands with his, pulling them out the water to check for any scalding or burns as the water steamed and hissed, but they were only warm and calloused as always.

“You really are an impossible thing Jon Snow, northerners truly do have an aptitude for warm baths… even on my level.”

“Your level?” he questioned with mirth, tilting her chin up with his lips, to expose her neck as he left wet kisses on her skin and the lope of her ear, making her purr and hum with delight.

“Aye,” she responded, mimicking his own gruff dialect. She held his hand against her lips as she alternated between kissing and speaking.

“You have lovely hands Jon Snow,” she whispered as she kissed his knuckles, admiring the warm calloused feel of his skin.

“My hands?” he laughed against her neck as he continued to kiss her temple, “don’t be silly… it’s you who has lovely hands,” he tightened their entwined hands, savouring the feel of her small honeyed hands within his own calloused ones. Dany realised that he still felt insecure about being with her, so she swivelled around, slurping water on the copper brim before she straddled him, whimpering slightly when his cock lined perfectly under her pussy lips, twitching and reddening. Her wetness stimulating the sensation to create friction as the tip of his cock smeared across her silver thatch of pubes. Controlling herself, she took a hot breath and looked into his drowning grey eyes, “listen Jon Snow, stop being so humble… your pretty hair makes up for everything,” she teased with a wink before moaning, her mouth becoming an ‘o’ shape as she felt his thumb slowly slide down to her folds, drawing wet circles around her pussy, rubbing her rosy, crinkled, succulent clit that peeped out her glistening folds.

She tried to steady her breath as her loins burned, she grasped his hands out the water and moved them onto her copper tub sides. “No touching…first, you have to stop being so damn humble… my northern fool…” She kissed him sweetly on the mouth before softly whispering against his mouth, “I…I’m going to tell you something and you have to promise to not laugh…”

Jon raised his eyebrows with a laugh, how can she be so beautiful and cute at the same time, he watched her growing smile and it caused his abdominals to tense with butterflies, “I’m being serious Honey, no teasing. I want your word…” she giggled playfully, tutting, when he nodded with laughter before he pulled her flush against him, their noses grazing as they breathed onto each other’s mouths with wet hot breathes. Their bodies fused within the bath water, with only his shoulders peeping out of the water while she straddled on top of him, with her upper body exposed
He looked up to see her cute violet eyes, her face cocked to the side as she playfully shoved him for being silly. He cleared his throat with a chuckle before nodding solemnly against her breasts, “I promise Dany, I won’t laugh.”

Dany bit her lower lip, a naughty thought coming into her mind to make him listen, she swiftly rolled her hips causing him to moan, smiling against his mouth, she reached behind her and wrapped her honeyed fingers around his throbbing cock, causing him to stammer out a growl like a tame wolf, stroking him slightly before hovering over him and slowly sinking down.

She moaned hotly, her head thrown back as he wetted kisses along her collarbone, as his cock slowly penetrated deep inside her drenched pussy, their flesh convulsing and bonding, becoming one. Enveloping her wrists around his neck, she balanced herself on his length and entwining their hands together to stop him touching her.

“Dany… fuucck…. I need to, touch you…”

Daenerys shook her playfully, moaning as he thrust up a little, “No, Jon, No touching, I’m in control…” Grey and violet dowsed each other with desire, she went at a teasingly slow pace, “now, as I was… saying… those hands of yours… they’re lovely,” she moaned lovingly, their breathing becoming ragged, “I know what these hands have done… cutting down legions of wights and saving thousands of lives… and then you touched my dragon….” Jon’s grey eyes were slightly misty, the only sound being their pants and sighs while the water slurped and splashed on the wooden floors around them. He nibbled and kissed her perk tits, the pink pebbles feeling spongy and chewy between his teeth as he sucked and flickered each succulent breast in turn, causing her to nod with a delicate whimper…

“…I remember… when I came back to Dragonstone, all I could think of were these hands on me… what they could do me,” she moaned seductively with pleasure as she slowly moved up and down his engulfed cock, her hair glimmering with sweat as Jon grunted beneath her, trying his best not to cum inside his goddess yet.

“I was so wet, for you… only you… and when you found me in that cave… all I wanted was you to pin me against that wall and make me yours… I wanted you inside me… only me… were you belong… fucking me…fuck… Jon… make me yours… fuck me!” Her hands went to his raven curls, releasing his own. “Fuck… Dany, I…” His hands instantly went to her hips, clasping onto her soft creamy flesh and hoisting him deeper inside her tight pussy. Causing her to droop her shoulders with a delighted breath, before kissing him with raw passion as their tongues duelled with spit and saliva. She began riding him with wanton desire, the water splashing over the brim filling the room with muffled pants and hot cries and flooding water and the soft clapping slap of
flesh, she rode him like a mad woman, both lovers basking in the mixture of divine pleasure and unbelievable vision of each other’s naked flesh, the scolding hot water only cooling them down…

Jon felt his balls tighten with need, the position in the bath preventing Daenerys from taking his whole length for only his balls to be cupped out. “Dany… bed…”

Daenerys quickly understood, wrapping her arms around her neck, she felt him lift them both out, his cock still firmly clamped and clinched inside her. Both of them slurping water everywhere as they both stumbled out the bath before falling on the four-poster bed. The white sheets fluttering and rippling from the breezed air of the port window, the embers of the fire caning the furnace. But, Jon and Dany were in a fevered lock of limbs, he had quickly placed her gently on her back, her heavenly tresses fanning the bed as she pulled him by the neck, back to her rosy lips.

The room was filled with delicate moans and husky grunts, the hard clap of flesh sounding as they claimed each other, again and again, now both chasing that final release. Jon savoured the taste of her mouth, and before he knew it, he found her hands and entwined their sweaty palms together, pinning her arms above her head, kissing her neck and defined collarbone and causing her toes to curl as her pussy clenched with need, sucking and enveloping his throbbing cock, “Jon, yesss… fuck me…. give me every drop… every last drop inside my pussy… I’m yours my love…."

The moment he re-connected their dowsing gaze of Grey and Violet, he felt his balls tighten as he squirted ribbons of white inside her. Her tight folds hugging and milking every drop….

_I know I shouldn’t say t but… I can’t not think it… I love you Daenerys, now and always…_

Dany couldn’t stop the smile growing on her face, her body glowing as she smiled into their loving kiss. Curling up over his chest, she stuck her sweated breasts onto his abdominals before settling into his warm hold. The night finally coming, as the doves voyaged the waves…

_I love you Jon Snow… and, I love how you like scolding hot baths… like me._

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked the emotions running around Winterfell, and as a reader, i'm screaming for Jon and Dany to just say 'I love you' already!! lol

The next chapter is called: 'The World was on Fire and no one can save me, But You.'
Chapter Notes

The feels are real in this chapter, as Ice and Fire seek closure together from their past. Hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

The World was on Fire and no one can save me, But You

“Jon stop being ridiculous, just admit it… you’ve got pretty hair.”

He watched her cute eye-brows emphasise her sweet voice, her messy silver hair blossomed behind her head as she nestled in their damp silks sheets and cotton pillows. The chilly sunlight paled and streamed into the room while the distant echo of sailors could be heard far on deck. He was laying his head gently on her honeyed tummy, gazing up at his goddess with a smile as she played with his wild raven curls with her soft fingertips, smiling when she curled a raven lock around her finger. The two lovers were bathing in the radiating glow of their little bubbled haven, their heartbeats in a combined melody and their naked skin scented and sweated with each other’s; cuddling with exhaustion from making love through the sleepless night.

“No Dany, I won’t…” he grunted playfully, slightly dribbling into her belly-button, making her giggle with a growing beam.

She giggled playfully, pushing his jaw away from leaving wet tickling kisses on her tummy, before lifting his bearded jaw to kiss the side of his full lips and smiling into their deepening kiss, “you just have to admit it once Jon Snow, for me, your hair is simply too pretty not to appreciate…” she finished with a giggle, shaking her head at his broody expression.

Jon shook his head at her constant and unrelenting teasing, before laughing heartily as he rolled her hips so she was underneath him, “hey, if anyone’s got pretty features, it’s you with your adorable dimples.” He said as he kissed her glowing cheeks, making her hum with pleasure and contentment before he received a quick playful shove, her small soft palms pushing his chest off her, making him settle on her side as he started leaving kisses on her shoulder, as a playful apology, still holding her waist with warmth and protection.

Dany relaxed her head on the pillowed headboard, humming as he kissed her shoulder making her bat her lashes with tingling pleasure, her radiant petite body already covered with sweet red love-marks. “Are you mocking me Jon Snow?”
He looked up, propping his head up with his hand as he lay down next to her, breathing onto her wet succulent lips and making her smile. He then tried to match her own sarcastic straight face as she pretended to challenge him as he challenged her, “Do you wanna go again,” he teased with his husky voice, making her raise her eye-brows with dare as he finished, “because I can go right now.”

“Like you could,” she challenged, her rosy swollen lips failed to stop growing into a grin.

“I could,” he laughed, loving her cute violet eyes nod with mirth, he watched her eventually give in and snort cutely before lifting the damp sheets and gesturing to his flaccid cock that was heavenly scented and moist with her sticky nectar. Jon moved a raven curl from his face, breathing out deeply as he gave in to her cute raised eye-brows.

“…okay…soon…ish…do you have some of that spiced brew or something…” he pretended to look around with his throaty and endearing voice, only made her bite her lower lip with desire.

“oww,” she laughed with a groan, spreading her fingers over his face and pushing his jaw away with humour.

“What, come on… we were up all night…” he said, coming back and resting his chin on her honeyed shoulder with tender, deeply breathing in her lavender scent in with a smile.

Dany bit back her blushing face before poking him on the chest, “Well you, kept me up all night…”

“You…” he tried to emphasise as he cut her off with a wet kiss, “…kept me, up all night…” but he was cut off when she hummed with mischief and he loved the feel of her small hand cupping the back of his neck, guiding him to her swollen lips to settle the argument.

The room was quiet and hazy, both Violet and Grey looking into each other’s eyes with wonder and awe as they pecked each other’s lips, wet noises whispering when they lips stuck and small strings of saliva connected and mingled, forever bonding, the seeping rays of dawn gushing spells around the room. They both kept their eyes open, looking through their exhausted eye lids at the love of their life, the same thought cemented and forever ingrained… where have you been all my life?

Jon sat back, propping his head back in hand while his other hand rested on her smooth collar-bone, his fingers drawing circles on her neck and his grey eyes admiring her beautiful lips pursed from trying not to smile. They sat silently in content, both at the point where they were comfortable enough to not think about having to fill the silent moments; they just simply basked in their lovemaking as the minutes fluttered by.

“I can’t tell you how it feels, to be here, with you I mean.” His arctic grey eyes were only filled with rings of light, as he spoke with thought, his eyes canvased by his plummeting dark irises.

Daenerys snuggled into his chest, keeping the silk bedding up to her chest to keep the heat from their toasty cuddle as she thought about what he said. Not the usual broody alpha, now I truly know the mysterious white wolf’s soul, and only I belong there, these beautiful free moments we get, truly reminds me that were both only young… Daenerys hummed, before sitting up slightly to cradle his chin with her fingers and guiding him back to her. Their noses touching as they breathed softly on each other’s lips intimately, “I know how it feels my northern fool, it feels like a dream and… it’s my dream, because I am the one who gets to be here with you.”

Jon was overwhelmed with emotion, smoothing out her silver tresses from her eyes and leaving a
meaningful kiss on her brow, making her smile with her cute rosy dimples. Jon quickly saw her flustered look, “see, your dimples are so cute.” His husky voice breathed, making her smile again when he defused the deeply passionate moment, knowing it would result in them nearly crying since they wanted but couldn’t say ‘I love you’ because of their perpetuate duty. So, she playful slithered her honeyed palm down his built front, relishing in the bumpy feel of his defined chest and abdominals before grasping his manhood before softly pinching the hair around his pretty cock.

“Don’t tease me Jon Snow, or I’ll tease you about your pretty hair in other places,” she said with seductive cuteness, making him shake his head with mirth and laugh into her messy platinum hair. The seconds drew by as her small palm caressed and rubbed his soft cock into scorching hardness, the friction causing squelching noises from her combined spit and cum; their gaze quickly became carnal and filled with raw passion. Swiftly giving in to the jolts of desire that pulsed through him the moment her silky small hand grasped his cock, he calmed his hot breathing before leaning up to her ear, whispering wetly “where going again.”

Dany squealed with laughter as he rolled her hips and hurdled under the sheets, his head disappearing before spreading her thighs and settling between her burning loins… the room slowly filled with her giggles, which quickly turned into delicate whimpers, the sheets ruffling and scrunched in her honeyed palms as her spine arched from pure bliss…”

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Missandai tried to keep her eyes focused on her reading, but the moment she arrived into the council cabin, it was a tense and humid atmosphere. She tried to keep digesting the words on the book, but the withered spine of the old manuscript from Dragonstone almost fell from her grasp when she glanced up with a peep, only to see Tyrion’s frustrated green glare.

“Are you sure the Queen is coming, Missandai?” his voice tired and expressive.

Missandai gave a curt nod, before dismissing the awkward scenario by resuming her patient wait by looking elsewhere. Across from her was Tyrion and at her side was Greyworm, the rest of the oval table was empty. Since Varys and Ser Jorah were journeying with the dothraki on land and their new northern alliance weren’t present since the agenda solely concerned, Dragonstone’s fortification defences while they were at war and the shipping of food supplies from Essos. The moment she took her place at the side of the Queens vacant seat, she received knowing looks from Tyrion as the minutes turned into an long hour; the three of them waiting in tense silence for their Dragon-Queen to come to the meeting. The meeting that she called for the day prior.

The subtle sound of rain droplets was pecking above them while the ship slowly rutted through the oceans, the unrelenting waves pushing and pulling them past the distant mossy coasts of Gulltown. Missandai knew Tyrion was contemplating whether he should call the meeting off since he was Hand of the Queen, but after giving a tired huff, she knew he didn’t want to get on the Queen’s bad side again if she eventually did turn up and found a deserted cabin.

Missandai had to bite her inner cheeks slightly when her thoughts sewed with mirth at the reason why the Queen was late. Earlier that morning, she left Grey-worm and went to attend to the Queen for her bath and attire for the day. But the moment she reached her corridor, she only heard ruffling of sheets and muffled moans of bliss. She didn’t want to disturb them but she had to knock to remind Daenerys of the morning meeting. Missandai hid behind her book to hide her pursed smile
when she remembered how she stood patiently after a few seconds of tense silence until Daenerys slowly unlatched the door slightly, she remembered how Daenerys’s face were glowing and blushed when she informed her that her council had formed in the main cabin. They both had tried to keep it formal, but knowing Jon Snow was most likely waiting patiently naked behind that door with her and that Tyrion’s cabin was only across the hall, they kept the little conversation quick and quiet with Valyrian tongue.

Now Missandai sat in the main cabin, that very conversation having happened almost an hour before. But her thoughts were collected, “I’m so happy for Daenerys, and for Jon for that matter; he is a good man. But, I have to agree with Tyrion’s conclusion since their relationship threatens their duty as rulers. And more importantly, it threatens Daenerys’s hold on the Seven Kingdoms, especially her new Kingdom of the North at a time of war. I hate to agree with Tyrion, but their relationship is already tampering with her Queenly duties, even if it’s just being late to a meeting. But to be honest, I don’t care… Daenerys deserves all the happiness in the world after all she’s endured…

At that very moment, they all straightened their postures when they heard the wooden door latch creak open quickly, the three of them nodding in acknowledgement as Daenerys finally came in and took her seat at the head of the table before gesturing them all to sit back down aswel.

“Apologises Missandai, Grey-worm… Tyrion,” they all nodded again with appreciation, Tyrion rather reluctantly as they all settled in the quaint council chairs. The table was quiet until Daenerys gestured to Tyrion to begin, he gave a tired sigh before he began to explain the defences of Dragonstone that he and Greyworm had devised for their absence from the island, and slowly room filled with fortification ideas as the waved tided and bored on.

Tyrion quickly observed Daenerys’s flustered look when she walked in and he really wanted to roll his eyes but her profound Dragon-Queen glare taught him otherwise. Even-though she was only twenty years of age, he found it remarkable that she could instantly switch on and resume her veteran, regal and elegant persona. “I really hope she can pull that off in the North, if those brutes get a whiff of her intimate relationship with Jon Snow, we’re fucked… we’re fucked because they will most defiantly remove Jon’s leadership and leave Daenerys with absolutely nothing but a pretty face of an honourable fool. I know Northern houses are loyal, but after the betrayal of the Bolton’s, Karstark’s and Umbers, and all the other houses that suffered Grey-joy attacks from Robb Stark’s poor reign… we have to ask ourselves… are the Northerners really that loyal? Maybe when Ned Stark reigned the North, but he’s gone… I just have to wait and see how much they respect Jon Snow… a bastard… who’s throne was chosen not inherited….whatever happens, that Northern loyalty will be heavily tested, especially when Jon brings back the Mad Kings daughter… Jon and Daenerys need to keep their interactions formal, and if Cersei finds out about them, I dread to think what that golden bitch would do… It makes them vulnerable if they love each other, not just to the northerners and Cersei, but because of this Wight Walker King that can take down fucking dragons… If even one of them are hurt or… die, the other will be lost. And we need them both… I need Daenerys to focus and forget Jon Snow, I need her to remember her life’s mission of breaking the wheel of thrones, and I need her to remember that she has to be alive to do so, because only she can control the dothraki and her dragons… she’s so important… and her relationship with her Warden of the North compromises everything… But, I do want her to be happy and I do want her to want to live… but the other tragic thing is… she can’t have children and it’s going to eat her up when the North will someday need heirs… heirs that she can’t give… An alliance by marriage is what I would suggest at a time of conquest, but not to a bastard and certainly not in the forthcoming long night, fuck no… She has already lost a dragon… a limb of her power… if she loses another or if she loses the man she loves… or even worse… if she dies trying to protect the honourable fool… Westeros… everything… is lost… love is the death of duty… I need to tell her, I can’t delay the conversation any longer… she needs to listen and as her Hand,
I'm the only one who can do it…. Tyrion exhaled a tired breath as he watched Daenerys talk to Grey-worm about Unsullied provisions, he noticed the glow in her eyes… he noticed that she was happy and finally content unlike her past relationships, she actually loves this one… it hurt him to think that this beautiful thing could only bring hurt and destruction in their already doubtful united front. Tyrion knew it was a crime to break these young leaders apart… two star crossed lovers… from opposite ends of the world…. With opposite poles of background that right now, simply can’t interlink… the North hates Targaryen’s and the proud lords of the south won’t accept a bastard as Queen consort, that’s if we ever make it to that day he shouldered out his thoughts when he concentrated on his duty. I shouldn’t have to do it anyway, they’re not stupid… just distracted… very distracted… he tried not to roll his eyes again at Daenerys flustered skin as she quietly signed scrolls and pieces of parchment that Missandai handed her… I can hardly believe she can walk today, I could hear them all the way from my own cabin, they were up all night again, fucking… I couldn’t get a wink of sleep. Tyrion sighed internally again, it was good when Jon bent to knee, because initially it was a conquest of Westeros, but now, we have the long night approaching, and his fealty only makes it worse. It makes it look like Daenerys has seduced him, and in my perspective, Jon has seduced Daenerys. Either way, this alliance of the living will most likely brake, and we will all die against hundreds of thousands of dead-men. And the fact that the honourable fool can’t lie about it, makes it worse for us all! I need her to listen to me without her dismissing me out of frustration again… She can’t live in a fantasy when we port, reality will hit too hard…

Tyrion blinked out his blitz of connected thoughts when he heard Daenerys’s soft echo, “My lord, what do you say?”

He narrowed his eyes as his brows furrowed, his grubbily hands smoothed out on the table surface as he replied slowly. “I’m sorry my Queen, I got distracted…” He glanced to see her subtle sigh of annoyance before she gestured to Grey-worm to repeat his idea again, Tyrion nodded in appreciation and looked to Grey-worm who spoke with his rough and rugged common tongue.

“I say- to Queen Daenerys- that we should send for two thousand Second Sun – half, hold Dragonstone and other will join the Targaryen armies in war in North.”

Tyrion smiled at his warm gesture of using the common tongue to accommodate just him, since he was the only one in the room that couldn’t speak fluent Valyrian. But, he didn’t see the sense in bringing over their contingency force from Essos with the threat of losing The Bay of Dragons in the process. When he looked up at Daenerys, the same look reflected in her eyes aswel, so he replied confidently “it would be useful to have more living men in this war my friend, but Daenerys was finally able to completely liberate the Bay of Dragons and the terrible practise of Slavery which you know more than others, so leaving it unprotected exposes the eastern continent to loyalists of any enemy; we once had to deal with. I’m afraid, we could lose our hold on the East which is our most potential route for escape if all goes to… well, pardon my expression… but if all goes to shit. And with already an unsteady hold on the west… and the North for that matter, we can’t afford to lose Essos as a safe place. The Second Suns are the only power present in Essos that can enforce the Queens peace” He finished quickly, with a subtle flicker of his gaze towards Daenerys.

“I agree,” Dany said with firmness. If she was being honest with herself, she really didn’t want a certain captain sailing across the narrow sea, a liability, but Tyrion’s assessment fully agreed with her. She didn’t want innocent people to fall back into slavery, with the combined forces of Targaryen, Stark and Lannister, all armed with Dragonglass weapons, we should have the numbers to fend off the Night King and his foot soldiers. “The Second Suns will remain in Meeren and keep the peace… and we need every soldier marching North, so the one hundred unsullied soldier’s we left, should be able to hold the keep of Dragonstone, if Cersei betrays us or from
Grey-worm gave a confident nod before Tyrion intervened, “I agree with you your grace,” he gave a warm nod but sighed before he placed his hands on the faded maps on the table as he thought out loud, “I just think keeping thinking about the time Robb Stark once moved his armies, it left his own kingdom exposed to Balon Greyjoy and the Bolton’s. I know we have to trust my sister in marching North but we need to take precautions, for what she most certainly has planned for when we return? Let’s say we survive this war, and that’s a big if at this stage, it would be nice to have some sort of assurance that the lands we left won’t be occupied by more enemies flocking to take advantage, of a great fortress like Dragonstone.” He turned to Daenerys as he added, “…and Cersei taking Dragonstone in your absence will make us only look weak.”

Dany hummed as she added, “…and even-though the North is priority, I don’t want those 100 soldiers to die for a futile task of defending Dragonstone. And I can’t fly back to Dragonstone and leave the North exposed, the Northerners will think I’m abandoning them to save my ancestors home which is just a castle to them.” With a look of agreeance, she joined him in the long silence of thinking about the best way to go about this.

The seconds went by and Missandai watched the three of them look blankly at the maps and scroll’s, Grey-worm repeatedly opening and closing his mouth. She knew he was a valiant Commander, but he lacked knowledge on the lands and tactic’s Western armies used to take castles and despite living at Dragonstone for a while, the great Valyrian Castle’s edifice was unlike no other in Essos. They all stared intensely at the detailed maps of Dragonstone’s natural fortifications but with only 100 soldiers, they all were stumped when it came to defending so much land. But Missandai already had a solution, “Your grace, if I may?”

Dany looked up and tried to hide her unexpected expression but it was quickly filled with pride when she looked at Missandai, her best friend slowly coming to terms that she also had a voice in every discussion that was held. She gave a warm look and crossed her arms before nodding a little to encourage her, “go on Missandai?”

“Well… perhaps we could ask for Lord Snow’s opinion… He has defended a three hundred mile ice Wall… with a little over a hundred men…” She took a small breath, her confidence growing as they all raised their eye-brows in thought as they look at each other. “And the Wall covers far more land than Dragonstone, and if it’s not too bold your Grace, you may have the biggest armies and the advantage in the skies when it comes to Cersei Lannister, but what after the Long Night…? And if we survive it, our best wisdom comes from Essos… Yes Lord Tyrion’s knows Westeros, but his expertise lies in politics and strategy for peace and he’s very good at it like you… But it seems Lord Snow is the only Westerosian Commander we have, if anyone would know how to defend leagues of Land with barely any reinforcement, it would be him.”

Dany couldn’t stop her smile growing momentarily; she was proud of her usually timid advisor and more exhilarated on the fact that her lover was yet again the solution to one of her problems. First with the suggestion of attacking the Lannister’s at the Black-water rush rather than at Kingslanding, and now…

She looked at Grey-worms agreeing look and ignored Tyrion’s annoyed look as she spoke, “I agree Missandai, I will ask him for advice later, and we’ll discuss and come back tomorrow to send the appropriate raven to Dragonstone, with instructions for fending off a potential siege while we are in the North.” They all nodded confidently around her except for Tyrion who had slumped back in his chair in deep thought.

Turning on her profound violet gaze with a sigh of annoyance, she turned slightly towards him.
“What is it Tyrion?”

Exaggerating a soft groan as he leaned up to get the quant jug before grumping when he realised it was filled with water and not wine. Taking a sip, he then looked up at her with expressive lines on his forehead as he replied drearily, “Its nothing your Grace.”

“I know you haven’t been the most productive war general, but don’t take it to heart what Missandai suggested, your more suited to…”

“It’s not that your Grace, I happen to agree Missandai.” He gave a warm gesture towards her before he continued, “my sister has one of the best war generals, my brother Jamie, and we on the other hand, have a man who is half his age with the same amount of experience in Wars … so it would be foolish not to make our Warden of the North. But…”

Dany felt the waves tide beneath them as she looked into Tyrion’s face, she watched him gulp and not meet her gaze because they both knew he was going to say the inevitable ‘but’. I know exactly what he’s going to say. She knew the conversation was long over-due and she had been mentally preparing her argument for days on why she could be with Jon Snow. But, she knew deep down, her thoughts were more directed towards herself because she didn’t want to feel guilty of holding him down in life, but because she loved him too much, she couldn’t help to still feel that blue guilt. So, she knew she would have to stop feeling sensitive and frustrated at Tyrion’s looks and questions, and face the inevitable argument. Therefore, she coiled up her Dragon-Queen glare before she elaborated for him.

“But what?” she said a bit too sternly.

“I’m just saying,” he said, mustering up his courage as he met her gaze with a hard jaw, “Jon Snow has been advising you a lot lately, hasn’t he” the entire room felt tense and bricked as he continued firmly.

“It’s just us now Daenerys, you don’t need to hide it…” he took an exhausted breath before he spoke again, “you need to tell us how you’re going to convince the North on how a Targaryen, is coming to save them, because they won’t trust you nor him now, since your sleeping together! His sworn fealty works against us now… You know this…right? So you need to tell us what you’re going to do, because you’ve, no… you both have made it look like you seduced him! Into bending!” He erupted out of frustration, he then saw Grey-worms open mouth of protective protest and Missandai’s shocked look from his raised voice but he cut them off, “ o… don’t deny it you two! You both have seen how they look at each other… and how they think their being discrete when they’re fuc… fondling each other.” He finished with a softer tone, quickly remembering he was sitting opposite a fuming Dragoness. The room was filled with sombre light and the bitter taste of tension could be smelt.

Dany couldn’t stop her face blushing furiously; she entwined her hands in her lap with a tighter grip and glanced up at them all, to see only lines of tension on their brows. Grey-worm shifted in his chair a little as he opposed, “mind your tongue Tyr…”

But he gritted his jaw shut when Dany raised her hand a little to quell him, swallowing down her dry throat, she looked at Tyrion with direct and calm, fierceness. Before speaking to Grey-worm, “it’s ok my friend, Tyrion is my Hand for a reason. And it’s just you three… so Tyrion, what would you have me do?”

“What would I have you do?!” he laughed with a shaking head, running his sweaty palms through his curls, “my Queen, you need to put distance between yourself and Snow before we make port at White Harbour. News will spread quickly if they find out your affections. It makes you vulnerable.
Gods forbid if it reaches my sisters ears let alone Winterfell’s before we get there. The north hates Targaryen’s after what Rhaegar did to Lyanna Stark and your father did to her brothers. The North hasn’t healed yet, they’re stubborn and square-minded but fiercely loyal apparently. But, the fact is, you need them to trust you before you try to save them. They will think you stole their chosen hero and bent him to your will if they hear that the Dragon-Queen has slept with the King in the North, leaving him with nothing but the title of Warden. This Northern alliance will shatter in the wind.”

Dany absorbed the bitter facts easily until Missandai spoke, leaving her blushing fiercely again. “What about an alliance by marriage? It would show a united front, won’t it?”

Dany stayed quiet as Tyrion answered Missandai.

“When this was solely a conquest, yes. But at a time of war in the middle of winter, no.” he said bluntly, only elaborating for Missandai’s confused look, knowing Daenerys already knew why. “They can’t marry now because… you shouldn’t commit two people together if either one of them could die, I know it will leave him or her in bits, and the entire world will be doomed. They’re both in too deep, the northern fool can’t keep his eyes off her, nor can she.”

He turned to Daenerys, who was simply starring out the stained windows towards the ocean horizon, he got her attention with a cough as he spoke calmly at her stone expression, “you’re a formidable Queen with an excellent strategic and instinctive mind… so you know marriage isn’t an option right now, we both know Jon Snow has a tendency to do stupid heroic deeds, risking his own life repeatedly. It’s the Stark in him… and you risked your life for him already, losing a limb of your power in the process… Viserion.” He added softly, he gave a gentle expression before he finished with as much tenderness as possible, “and the North will not take too you two even more, when you and Jon fail to conceive.”

“I’m sorry my Queen, but you should… no, you need to end this thing before it gets out of hand, for your own sake. At least until this war is done…”

Dany looked down at her mother’s ring, softly touching it as she thought. I love him… Her thoughts firm and simple… and I don’t want to let him go… I have a duty though, Tyrion’s right, I have a duty of Queen… the living have to ban together if we’re to survive… all the living… I can’t have the entire North hating me before I have a chance to save them… thinking I’ve have taken their King… or seduced him… I want the North to not see me as the Mad-Queen… and I want… I need Jon’s family to like me… It’s important to me that Sansa and Bran and especially Arya likes me, and that they know I like their brother and will protect him with my last breath… I need them to know I didn’t steal the White Wolf… because it isn’t true… We’re equals… Dany had a spur of thoughts, the crimson tide of issues gaining fresh lungs of air… For me to gain their trust, I can’t be a conqueror… I have to be a Queen…”

Her violet pupils dilated when she spoke, her petite confident figure standing as she turned to Tyrion. “I hear what you’re saying Tyrion, and I appreciate your concern. The immediate problem is them thinking I seduced Jon which may fracture our alliance, agreed?”

Before Tyrion had even nodded, she continued talking, her profound gaze looked to the vast space the North covered as she smoothed over it with her honeyed fingers, “So I need to earn their trust without lying to them, I need to give them a gift.” She said softly.

“What are you thinking Dragon-Queen?” He said with an unsteady smile, he admired her when she used her brilliant instincts but when she spoke, he was perplexed but intrigued.

Dany thought out-loud as she curled a loose silver tendril behind her ear, “No gift is more precious
than trust,” she said simply before looking up at Missandai, “Missandai, please have Lord Snow and his advisor’s join us.”

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Jon felt the cold breeze ripple his hair and this northern cloak ruffle and nuzzle his neck. The main deck was quite sparse and the dothraki screamers were patrolling the ship with grumpy expressions towards the forbidding cold weather of the approaching Northern currents. He was sat on a crate sipping his ale with the rest of his northern lads around him with some of the unsullied solder’s aswel, all of them laughing and sharing stories. He sat near the grated braziers with Davos, who was penning scrolls while talking with the rest of the lads. He on the other hand, was brooding against the bitter breeze, bathing in the soothing feel of the cold whistle of the wind, his whole body was exhausted but he was on top of the world for the reason why.

“Wow… look boys, Jon is actually smiling.” Bowen cackled a laugh as he pointed at Jon who instantly returned to his brood when caught. But he couldn’t stop growing red when he caught Davos’s lined face coughing out a chuckle since he knew why the broody King was smiling and happy on this boat. The rest of the boys laughed with Bowen’s harmless joke, all appreciating that Jon was all game for being friends and not just their leader.

“Seven hells, he actually was, why’s the White Wolf so happy, despite the obvious of this shit weather.” Theo added with a laugh, all knowing’s a Stark’s aptitude in winter.

Jon failed to hide a smile again, shaking his head with mirth, as he countered, “listen boys, I do know how to smile.” He grinned again as they all replied with a sarcastic ‘fuck off’. He took a swing of his horn, he appreciated that he didn’t have to always be their leader and he could be just one of the lads for a while, his thoughts spurring on his father momentarily, who always told Robb, ‘Know the men who follow you and let them know you. Don’t expect them to die for a stranger.’

Jon was blinked out his thoughts as Davos clapped him on the shoulder, “there you are boys, he’s back to being a sullen wolf!” Jon sniffed out a humoured breath; his grey eyes creased a little as he laughed with them all as skinny Barney randomly slurped out drooling words.

“Don’t worry Jon, when we get North I’ll get them dead fockers for ya, I’ll shove real northern iron right up di jacksy” he burped out, with a sleepy slur.

“Sit down Barn,” a few of them chuckled with a shake of their heads.

“Seven hells Barn, it’s still morning and your already tanked up!” Cedrik said with a roll of his eyes, they all laughed as Barn tried to argue but just fell off his crate with a crash.

“You can’t talk Cedrik, you were all pissed up last night after the Hound slapped you for taking his supper on the other ship. You should have seen it Jon, he…”
“Oi, shut your mouth Bowen, don’t believe anything he says Jon.” he gritted firmly while his face went red and everyone roared with laughter, filling the deck with noise and playful bouts, making the dothraki screamers curious in the background. Jon smiled behind the brim of his cup, enjoying the stress free environment; while Bowen’s croaky voice continued with mirth.

“You’re a bit sensitive today Cedrik.”

“Fuck off… and the Hound didn’t slap me on that other ship, it was just a failure to communicate.”

“Failure to communicate my arse, I’m surprised you didn’t get on ya knees and suck his dick.” They all roared with laughter again, apart from Jon who just smiled while Theo pushed Cedrik playfully to humiliate him with the harmless banter.

“Fuck off, your all arseholes… wait, apart from,” he face grew nervous as he indicated to Jon, who actually did start laughing. “Don’t worry Ced, it’s just a laugh.” He confirmed.

Cedrik smiled in appreciation, slumping his shoulders down slightly in relief until Bowen ruffled his hair and tormented him even more, “yeh, don’t worry Ced, it’s not Jon you have to worry about. It’s your lady friend who’s right now thinking your cheating on him!” They all thundered with laughter as they watched Bowen sarcastically point to a tall and highly built Dothraki screamer behind them all, his tanned face confused because of the language barrier.

At the very moment, the heavy doors to the lower deck opened. Jon watched Missandai walk out, her innocent brown eyes searching the deck until she found his own and walked towards him.

“Lord Snow, the Queen would like a word please. Your advisors are welcome aswel.”

Jon nodded politely, “of course my Lady,” he replied before gesturing to Davos and Brienn to follow. As he stood up, he saw Theo and Tom look Missandai up and down before they sniggered and wolf whistled her, leaving Missandai to eye them with a look that said ‘your pathetic’.

Jon instantly turned to them, his cold alpha gaze promptly shutting them up as they put their heads down and drank their ales; with a look of apology. He then motioned for Missandai to walk with him, while Davos and Brienn trailed behind as they walked into the lower decks of the ship, heading towards the captains quarters.

“Sorry about that Missandai, I just had the lads come onto this ship to give a report. I’ll have them back on the Dragonglass freight later” he said once they were out of hearing distance from everyone, his husky accent in stark contrast to her clear voice.
“It’s quite alright Lo… Jon.” He nodded in appreciation

“Anyway, Dany said I didn’t need to be at this council meeting, said it was just about Dragonstone and Essos stuff, what’s wrong?” Jon watched Missandai smile a little, he then realized he had said ‘Dany’ and the realization made him grow red a little; they shared a look of nervous laughter before she spoke.

“Well, to be honest I don’t know what the Queen is planning. She just asked for you.” They both shared a look of interest, before pushing the heavy door open.

When he entered the room, Grey and Violet instantly connected with flowing fire. Jon turned and nodded to the rest of them in acknowledgement, watching Davos stand next to an impatient Tyrion who gave him a quick glance before looking back up at his Queen, waiting again for something.

Daenerys finally took a breath before looking up at them all, seeing her arctic wolf stand on the opposite side of the room, dousing her with heat. With an intense look of her own, he snapped out of it and resumed his melancholy expression that only she could read. She entwined her hands in-front out her and looked at the large faded map of Westeros, I need to do this. It’s the right thing to do.

“Your Grace,” Tyrion started, “now that our northern company is here, will you tell us what you’re planning.” He said with narrowed eyes as he crossed his arms while tapping his foot. Dany gave him a thoughtful look before looking directly at Jon with her profound Dragon-Queen gaze.

“Lord Snow, tell me, how big is the North?” Her clear voice made him think deeply, his own cold alpha gaze matching her own, what are you planning Dany?

They met each other’s gaze, connected and riveted, as everyone watched them both. After a few seconds, he spoke with his husky accent, “well, from Winterfell,” he pointed a finger at the map, “seven hundred miles south, you’re still in the North, 400 miles west your still in the North and 300 miles East, your still in the North. And that’s not including if you go further North beyond the Wall, it’s further than the eye can see, your Grace. As a boy, looking out from my father’s castle I thought the sun can never set on the North so vast that it seemed, part of me still does.” He finished, raising his jaw in interest of what she was getting at.

Dany replied cryptically, “so, in other words, it can fit the other six Kingdoms inside it comfortably.” She then turned to Tyrion letting out a small sigh as she spoke, “your right, this is a continent as vast and dangerous as the Red Waste, so I need them to trust me in order for them to allow me to protect them.” Tyrion nodded but his stomach dropped with the feeling of cold water running down his spine as Daenerys continued speaking, he quickly realised what she was doing.

Dany turned back to Jon with a tender voice, “we’re heading for a desolating War, and the North has to trust us both in order for this alliance to work, in order to survive this war,” Jon nodded in agreeance but he was still confused, until she spoke again, her eye-brows gathering in.

“The first step to loyalty is trust, and I have taken that trust away by taking your title.”

Jon’s eyes broadened a little with realisation, “My Queen,” his voice hitched a little as he quickly spoke against the grave air. “Before you say anything, I know that our situation isn’t great but we have a plan. Sailing together shows a better message, it shows that we’re already united.” He quickly carried on too cut off her opening mouth, “… and I pledged fealty because you deserve it, you’ve proved…” He was cut off by her clear Dragon-Queen voice.
“I reject your fealty,” she said simply, “I hold no claim on the North while the threat of the Night King comes for us… I will fight with you but not as a conqueror, only as a Queen, only together,” Dany then felt like huffing at Jon’s irritated expression, *I'm giving you back a Kingdom, anyone would be happy but not you, my honourable fool.*  “I need to show them I can listen and compromise, that I have placed my trust in them and in you by coming North, not by conquering it.”

Jon didn’t bother to correct himself, his voice getting frustrated at her selflessness, “Dany…”

“No Jon… They chose you. Not me. If you wish to join your Kingdom to my Kingdoms, then I’ll be happy to do so, but only after this war. Right now, you’re to resume your position and duty as Lord of Winterfell, and King in the North.” The room fell silent, the two leaders dousing each other with love and annoyance. Tyrion coughed out a little, gaining everyone’s attention, but Jon cut him off angrily, speaking directly to Daenerys.

“Your Grace, I pledged my honour and my sword to you, I don’t take that lightly, and…”

Davos quickly interjected by stepping forwarded with his flea-bottom accent, “Did you actually bend the knee, your Grace, with your sword?”

Jon opened his mouth to protest but Dany cut him off, “no, he didn’t Ser Davos there was just a mutual agreement that was all.”

Jon quickly cut her off with a husky growl, “yes, but I’ve already told my sister that I bent the knee, and Cersei for that matter, we’re still in the same position.”

Tyron then cut him off, “no, we are not,” his tired voice becoming only expressive, “despite my initial repulsion to the idea of losing a Kingdom, Daenerys giving it back shows trust and compromise, which are the first steps towards loyalty. And Loyalty towards survival over pride, is the only thing holding our united front together” He turned to Dany with a level-headed smile, his thoughts spurring, *you’re very clever my Queen, this will help us in this war and earn their trust. You are finally showing duty over love… but you still need to keep your relationship with Jon a secret, I can tell that’s going to be the hard bit, for both of you.*

Jon felt Davos and Brienn smile with victory, they had their Kingdom back. But Jon on the other hand, the only northerner, took a deep breath and felt his hands weighted at his sides as he looked at Daenerys with his dark eyes. Her vibrant violet irises fluttering slightly as she gave him a small smile while everyone talked around them. However, his husky voice muzzled the room, “my Queen…”

Daenerys saw his sad grey eyes and his melancholy expression when he raised his jaw slightly; she knew he was going to tell her why he didn’t deserve it. *Jon Snow! I love you, but Gods! Save me from the stubbornness of this Northman.* So before he could continue, she cut him off as she dismissed them all.

“Thank you all for your council.” She felt them all look at her before the room was filled with squeaking chairs as they all started to file out. Dany saw his husky cloak turn towards the door aswel and her honeyed voice spoke before she thought.
“Not you… your Grace.”

Dany could have sworn everyone stopped their motion for a split-second to digest what she said but they walked out quietly; leaving the Wolf and the Dragon alone.

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It had been nearly ten minutes when Daenerys gave up, she quickly learned his profound ability to brood for hours. The moment the door shut, she sat down opposite him, she initially watched him expectantly, waiting for his husky voice to protest her actions. But, he simply stood up and walked over to her and gave her a small kiss on the temple which she leaned into with a content hum. Before she tutted at the loss of contact as he walked away over to the slanted opaque windows, on the back of the ship in deep brooding thought.

So, when it came to nearly ten minutes of drowning silence, she rolled her eyes and gave in. “You know some people would be happy to be King in the North.” She said, turning her chair to face him with her cute violet eyes holding rings of humour as her petite confident figure sat in her chair regally. She watched his husky back as he faced the windows, the sombre sunlight creating a dark outline around him as flecks of dust wafted in the dyeing sun streams. “O come on honey, stop sulking… you have….”

But her breath hitched and her throat swallowed hard when he slowly turned around, she instantly saw his beautiful dark eyes, pooled with tears as he blinked out small drops.

“Your too good for this world,” he croaked, “you’ve given me everything… and the only thing I’ve done, is made you come North to help me in this fucking unbeatable war, the last place I want you to be…. It isn’t right. It isn’t fair of me to ask it of you… I don’t deserve you…” he sniffed back his watery eyes, gritting his jaw firmly to hold back his feeling. But before he could wipe the single tear trickling off his jaw, he felt her lips catch it. Her warm body moulding with his as she ran up to him, he quickly enveloped his arms around her and squeezed his eyes shut with content as he felt her wet breath whisper in his ears.

“Don’t ever say that Jon, we’re together, we’ll stand together and fight together, and to do that I need us to be… shoulder to shoulder.” He tightened his hold on her waist as she wrapped her arms around his neck, leaving sweet soft pecks on his eyes and lips and then neck, relishing in breathing in his pinewood and black mint scent.

“Dany,” he leaned back slightly so he could see her, Grey and Violet searching each other’s eyes and bonding their love, “You came to fight for me, you saved me, you gave us the weapons to stand a chance, you pledged your armies to defend my home, you rode your dragons into Battle for a northern fool, risking your own life, and… Viserion gave his life to save my Northmen.” He raised his eye-brows with tenderness as he croaked out, “You say they chose me to be their King. But… a wise leader knows when to follow… and you deserve to lead the North, you deserve everything… But then, you amaze again by giving me it back… I don’t deserve you, you’re too good for this world… so selfless… do you hear me.” Dany sniffed in her streaming tears, damn this man, all this time becoming the conquering Dragon-Queen, and one look at his beautiful dark
eyes and I can’t control myself… and I love it. She held his own hands that were gently holding and cupping her face as he leaned his forehead against her own. The room became silent again until Daenerys gathered her thoughts and sniffed back her tears; she quickly put her honeyed palms on his chest and pushed him against the windows, speaking fiercely into his eyes.

“Listen to me Jon Snow, you deserve to be King in the North. I see why the North chose you, you honourable fool, they believe in you,” she said softly before adding firmly, “I believe in you.” She settled the argument with a fevering kiss.

Jon relished the feel of her soft succulent lips on his own and he gazed into her purple eyes lovingly as she whispered against his mouth in a breathless tone. “… and don’t say I’m selfless, this works in my favour too you know, it makes me look like an understanding Queen who knows how to compromise unlike her mad father. And it puts that nonsense about me seducing you into bending to bed. And, I would be lying if I said that I didn’t give up a kingdom so that the man I’m with is my equal again. Because I liked that we were equals in title because now, I feel like I’m not alone anymore…”

“Me too,” he replied softly, agreeing with her conclusion.

They stood there in the quiet room, swaying slightly with the tide and embraced with warm craving, after a few minutes she took his hands and guided him to the chair and curled up in his lap, his hands holding her waist on him as she relaxed her face in the crook of his neck. Jon nuzzled into her sliver braids, his thoughts astray when he heard a distant Dragon screech and ripple the ocean’s silent horizon.

He broke the comfortable silence, “They’re missing you.”

Dany smiled at his shrewd guess, humming at his correct observation.

“How did you know,” she replied softly, loving the feel of his beard grazing her cheek tenderly when he responded simply in his gruff accent.

“Because I would.” The seconds went by until he spoke again, lifting her chin so he could look in her spell-binding lilac irises. “How old are they?”

“Drogon and Rhaegal?” Dany raised her eye-brows slightly at from his ‘out of the blue’ question, but she loved his soft features that showed that he genuinely wanted to know everything about her. When he nodded slowly with interest, she thought for a moment before answering.

“Erm… well, this is a long-shot, but do you remember that red comet that flew the skies near six years ago?” He looked confused for a second and she concluded he was far to North to see it. “well, they were hatched the day before that.” She looked up quickly when he responded.

“Aye, I remember…” he looked into her eyes as he told her the story, “I was ranging beyond the wall with Lord Commander Mormont. We was looking for my uncle Benjen, and it my first ranging beyond the wall. We just got through the forest terrain and I saw the true North. I thought it could never end so vast that it seemed and it was silent as a grave but peaceful, beautiful for that matter. And then I looked up, and saw a blood red comet firing through the skies, all alone. Everyone had a take on it… The gods banishing one of the seven… an omen or summit… we even called it Mormont’s torch after our ranging…” Dany smiled at his youthful memories but felt sad when she remembered what the following of said comet did to her broken Khalassar. Suffering and more loss in the Red Waste, even-though it led me on my journey. She phased back into his words
as he finished his story, “…ha… only Sam was right, he thought it was a sign, a sign of the return of Dragons, I always thought he was barmy for thinking that, until now…” He indicated to her and her story.

“It appears Sam is very interested with Dragons,” she elaborated at his curious expression, “his interpretation of the comet and him befriending my great uncle and everything.”

“Aye, he loved tales of the old dragons… when we were recruits, we would do night duty on the Wall and talk about our dreams, we’re proper naive…” he smiled fondly as he continued. “…he told me, he wanted to be a wizard and trick a Valyrian Queen into marrying him.” He chuckled at the distant memory and then he scowled playfully when she teased him with a wink, “I would love to meet him.”

She giggled at his broody expression and he subconsciously tightened his hold around her waist before she added to dissolve his playful scorn,” because I would love more stories about the mysterious Jon Snow, that’s all, “she added with an innocent smile. He failed to hide a laugh before saying, “Sam was actually the one that told me to come find you you know, he had found out your home sat on a mountain of Dragonglass.”

Dany internally thanked this shrewd friend of Jon’s, who reminded her of her own best friend who also loved books. She thought nothing of her next words though.

“A red-priest named Melisandre told me to find you… the legendary King in the North that allied wildings and northmen for the first time ever.” Jon sat up quickly, catching her as she slid off his lap making her whelp with a laugh. He caught her tenderly; lifting her onto the table ledge as he sat between her legs and looked up at her while her cute violet eyes looked down at him.

“What”, he growled.

“Yes,” she replied curiously with her eye-brows raised, “she said her lord of light chose one of us to lead the Long Night and that I should summon you to Dragonstone. To be honest, I just saw a potential person to warden the Northern most kingdom in my name, at the time.” She watched him carefully as he sighed deeply and closed his eyes against her thighs until he spoke, “You shouldn’t believe her prophecies.”

She nodded before slowly speaking, “honey, what’s really wrong?” her fingers moving a raven curl out his face.

“Nothing, it’s just, I know her… she was the one… who brought me back.” Dany tensed a little, her interest and heart peaking as he opened up about the horrific mutiny that he briefly mentioned on their first night together. But she knew he wasn’t entirely comfortable with that subject, like her own story with Rhaego, but she wanted to know. So, as he laid his head in her lap and she caressed his hair, she continued with care.

“So, why that grim face when I mentioned her?”

“Well… she isn’t a good person… she burned Stannis’s daughter at the stake for no reason. She killed a lot of people in the name of her fire god. Davos wanted me to execute her but, I couldn’t do it… she brought me back. So, I banished her from the North.” Daenerys was shocked that a person that she gave food and shelter too, had killed an innocent child at the stake. But, she swallowed hard when she remembered that this woman had brought Jon back. “She redeemed herself a little though, when she brought you back, didn’t she.”

He smiled sadly at her but shook his head, “trust me, you wouldn’t like her, she has no honour.
heard from Davos that she used to seduce the high lords of Westeros for power and use blood magic to manipulate them. She even tried to seduce me once when I was Lord Commander.”

At that moment Dany growled internally, her voice seething, “She did what!? What! Now I hate that… that, that woman!” Jon frowned a little, her cute button eyes flared as she cupped his neck possessively. He squeezed her hands back intimately, “Dany, as much as I love see how gorgeously fierce you are, it didn’t happen nor does it matter.” They both sighed and he kissed her honeyed palm while she cocked her head to the side cutely as he spoke. “It’s just, I hate how she came to you, to drag you into some sort of fated prophecy… them sort of things aren’t usually good.” He gave a husky huff before he finished, “why can’t life be simpler again?” he said to himself with a little nostalgia.

“Do you miss it, your old life as a Nightswatch man?” Daenerys watched him lean back in his chair in deep thought to her question, and then she watched his grey eyes drowning her own, taking all of her in. Jon watched the beautiful goddess look down at him with her head tilted cutely, the last glow of the sunset behind her, outlining her fiery deity. He replied instantly with a husky growl of “no.”

Daenerys smiled softly, but felt sad when she concluded he had severe reasons to leave the Nightswatch when she remembered the litter of herculean cuts that wolfed his chest and abdominals. I want to know what happened, I want to know how to make you feel better, I want to know how to make you feel loved, forever.

The moment she asked the question, the candles flickered with song as the waves became bitter and tided on.

“Jon..? What happened…?”

Her voice was soft and tender but it still felt like cold water running down her spine. Jon curiously looked up, but the moment she placed her honeyed hand over his heart with desperate eyes of remorse, he gulped down as he realised what she was referring to… his thoughts triggered onto that night… the night he was betrayed. He heard her voice, “If you rather not tell me its fine, it’s just, I want to help y…”

But he stopped her mumble of compassion with a shake of his head, you deserve to know because … now I realise, you’re the one who actually saved me, the only one who really cared about my life and gave damn about me. He looked up with pain, her beautiful eyes numbing the memory. “It was a mutiny,” she listened carefully as his dark eyes spoke with sorrow, their hands now entwined.

“… As you know, I lived with the free-folk for over a year, I saw they’re just a desperate people who only fought to survive, like ourselves. They were born on the wrong side of the Wall, doesn’t make them monsters. So, when I became Lord Commander, I knew if I didn’t protect them, they would just become meat in the Night King’s army… But my black brothers didn’t see that, their pride blinded them.” He took a ragged breath before he continued, “it had been little over a week since I let them cross though the tunnel and into the Gift… all I remember… was my sworn
brothers luring me into the yard, telling me my uncle Benjen had been found. And then…” He looked up, seeing her lilac eyes pool with water, when she squeezed his hands with a quiet sob, delicate pearls running down her gorgeous face. Giving her a reassuring look and seeing her violet eyes gave him strength as he finished.

“They cut me down, and… and my watch ended… I felt stupid and helpless… the moment I placed my trust in someone else’s word, for the good of others, I was betrayed.”

Dany enveloped her arms tightly around neck as she slid back onto his lap, his hands holding her hips firmly while hers clutched his raven curls as she kissed him softly with zealous closure.

“I wish I was there, to protect you from those cowards, I could have saved you.” she whispered with pure love and devotion. Jon smiled sadly, nuzzling into the feel of her hot wet breath against his neck. “It’s ok,” he whispered slowly. He then leaned back to look at her, his dark eyes narrowed with focus as he searched her violet eyes with love.

“The truth is Dany, you have already saved me. Melisandre may have bought me back, and my family gave me purpose to go on… But you, you have made me feel alive… you mended me the moment we met at Dragonstone… do you hear me Dany,” she saw the depths of passion in his arctic gaze as silent streaks of tears fell from his stark eyes. He softly cupped her face with tender, as if holding the most precious thing in the world, and then, Grey firmly told Violet, “…you saved me… you, make me want to live…” After a few moments he whispered with heartbreak, “I’m sorry I kept this from you… it’s was just a hard story to tell.”

I love you Jon Snow and one day, after we win this war and I do my duty as a Queen… I will tell you how much love you. But now, you told me your darkest moment in your life and it’s time, I tell you mine. It’s time to tell you how you saved me… She blinked out her thoughts as he spoke softly, “that’s why I don’t deserve you, you’re too good for this world and that’s why I bent the knee, because if you can save a lost cause like me, imagine what you could do for the entire North.”

Daenerys tightened her hold on his furs, stop thinking I’m so good, you saved me Jon Snow, you’re too good for this world, but before she could look back up into his beautiful sad eyes, there was a knuckled knock on the door followed by a crispy dothraki voice. “Khaleesi?”

Jon looked down sadly, sniffing in and giving her a heart-felt kiss on her forehead with his husky and endearing voice, “I should go, duty calls.”

Dany wanted to pull him back down but she smiled sadly in agreement, watching him walk towards the door, pulling it open to find three hulked dothraki bloodriders look at him with weary tanned faces. She watched his furred back walk past them, and his very departure, sparked something inside her. The shivering fear of being alone, melting down her Dragon-Queen exterior. I won’t do nothing again, I can’t let him go with him thinking that, I need to tell him now. Dany barely heard the faint voices of her bloodriders speak to her as she stood regally in-front of them.

“Khaleesi, jinak ver disse naqis.” They indicated over their shoulder before they continued, “kisha vilajero ahesh khal, ha athhajar ma he yeri. Davra lekhaan he yeri che vo? Vilajero ha qoy. Is anna oakah yeri vorsa and davra lekhaan to dothrakh ma yeri? She vilajero ha yeri chomokh, Khalessi ma yeri… worthiness, ai?”
Dany wasn’t listening, her mind haunting her to go find him and share her darkest secret, confine in him, to show her love just like he did. *He shared his burden with me and I want to share mine…* So, she brushed her bloodriders off with a curt nod before walking out the cabin, her pace fast and cautious… not caring on what she just agreed to.

The waves beneath the colossal war galley clashed relentlessly, white winds starting to billow the sails as they sailed further and further on. And the moment she saw his door, she pushed the latch with a stumble.

Jon turned around at the snapping door, His heart pierced when he saw his honeyed goddess in distress, her hands falling to her sides after she rubbed her chest as if pained, her violet eyes searching his own.

“Dany?” he was cut off from talking when she practically ran into his arms, pushing him onto the edge of the bed as she straddled him and cried into his neck. “I don’t want to keep it in anymore Jon, and I need you to know that I’m not a good person…” she sobbed with a quivering chin, he simply hushed her, tightening his hold on her waist as he drew soothing circles on her back. “Jon, when I was in the red waste… I carried Drogo’s child… my baby boy… Rhaego, they said he was to be the stallion that would mount the world…”

Jon listened with understanding. He kissed her temple as she told him her story about the lhazareen witch that tricked her with blood-magic and left her widowed with nothing but a stillborn child. His thoughts spurred as she talked… *I hate how Viserys sold Dany, I wish I was there to stop that evil fool, and this Drogo, who raped an innocent thirteen year old girl who had done nothing wrong but carry an exiled name. I wish I was there to save my innocent Dany that would grow into the formidable Dragon-Queen.* She cried into his neck, and he held her with love when the hard bits came up. The room became quiet and silently screamed scarlet when she finished the story with one last difficult sob, leaning into his warm embrace.

After a sombre minute, she looked up with a sad watery smile at his understanding expression before she sniffed in her sinuses and leaned up, to then kiss away the tears that silently fell down his own dark eyes. Jon felt her gently hold his jaw, looking into his eyes, “so you see Jon Snow, I am not a good person… because I failed them.” He shook his head immediately.

“Dany, it wasn’t your fault.” His husky voice emphasised his words, “you and I both once held a dyeing lover, and what we did was out of compassion, which isn’t a fault. You’re the strongest person I’ve ever met, we both know how it feels to lose the ones we love, and I know how it feels to be cut down and left to die, literally. But, I can’t imagine what it feels like to lose a child… twice… You’re so unbelievably strong Dany, I know you make Rhaego and Viserion so proud.” Dany melted into his heartfelt kiss, “so don’t ever say you’re a bad person.” he finished firmly with his stark eyes almost pitch black.

“But, I did that Jon, I failed them.” Her soft voice trying to find closure, but she raised her eye-brows in question at his endearing sad smile as he slowly answered her.
“When I came back, I said the exact same words. And you know what Davos said to me,”

“He said…good, now go fail again.”

Dany met his own sad smile with a tender kiss, *Your too good my northern fool, I trust you with my… everything.* Jon felt a little dazed when she whispered against his ear, “you saved me too Jon Snow, I really thought I could never trust anyone… love anyone, after that dying red star in the skies all those years ago. And it scared me. But now, you are mending me.”

“Where mending each other Dany,” he butted in with pure compassion.

She slowly nodded to his response, cupping his jaw as she spoke her thoughts, “we both suffered, and we both once became desperate enough to trust the untrustworthy. Losing so much in doing so.” Jon nodded against her forehead as she spoke softly against his lips, “but we have each other now, I know we have to still keep… *us*… a secret, but I want you to know, I would tell you how I truly feel in a heartbeat, if I didn’t have a duty of Queen.”

“Me too,” he replied sadly, he hummed with content as they shared a warm breath together. “…but as a King, not a Queen, just in case you thought…” he loved making her giggle, relishing how beautiful she was when she wiped away her tears and she laughed at his jest.

Her tone became serious when she cupped his jaw again with her honeyed hands, “you’re the man I trust, and I will always have your back.”

“You have no idea Dany of the lengths I’d take to protect you… I intend to survive this war now because of you, and if you’ll let me, I want to spend the rest of my life, making you feel like the goddess you are.”

She leaned back with fresh tears in her eyes that matched his own, both feeling the closure they had been searching for since their darkest hour. Her voice was croaky as she winked lightly. “You are doing a great job, King in the North.”

The hours flew by, and the Dragon-Queen and the King in the North had their bodies entwined and flush nakedly together, in a skin-tight embrace. Exhausted and content with their heavy lovemaking, their sweat and hot nectar washing away each other’s scars, their past… replacing them with love and belonging as they kissed each other’s tears and rubbed their noses together with more love, their foreheads never separating. Silver and black hair mingled as they breathed and kissed wetly and hotly onto each other’s mouths; savouring the taste and feel of being, one being… one soul.

The starry skies were immersed above the two doves, and Grey and Violet simply stared into each other’s eyes with wonder and awe, while the titanic pathway of ash stars painted the ocean floor beneath them, guiding them north. Both, were thinking about each other’s story, the vagabonds inside them dowsing each other with love because, for the first time in their lives, they both felt at home…

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Pale panels of moonlights swept and streamed through the cabin’s windows. Jon had been gazing
at her for hours now, watching her chest gently rise and fall under the damp sheets as the darkness surrounded them... His dark wolf eyes protecting her while she slept, her cute little snore melting his heart and making his thoughts soar. He loved the feel of her warm soft body curled up against him; he loved her cute sleeping face and her adorable hands holding his enveloped wrists. He loved holding her, being with her… and the first time in his life, Jon asked the gods for something… her. He placed a loose tendril of silver hair behind her sleeping face, barely breathing as he softly grazed her lips with a whisper, “I love you Dany…”

The sound of silence creating the space of their skin-tight embrace, absorbing the fond impossibility of them just being a girl and a boy, in love.

_The world was on fire and no one could save me, but you_

Chapter End Notes

What did the Dothraki say?? ;)

Sorry for the inconsistent uploads, I have a problem of writing loads more words than initially planned and then taking my time to make sure it's exactly the way I want it. This writing thing is harder than it looks, but I love doing it! I really want to get on land now, and that's very soon. And the story really picks up then!! Right now, its just smut and fluff and emotion. Hope you liked this one, i love writing smutty dialogue for these two.

The next chapter is called: 'Midnight Blues'
The ocean currents were silent and reflective against the moons glare. The sombre air on the Targaryen liner was coursing cold breathes to mist from the unsullied sentries that were spaced throughout the Queen’s ship. A peaceful shower of snow fell from the dark skies, covering the vessel with a thin crisp layer of snowfall and leaving the midnight air quiet and white. Far below deck, was a dwarf with a beard dripping with wine.

“O fuck,” he exclaimed, quietening his voice when reality sank in after he spilt his last swing of arbour wine over his front. He pulled the hem of his cotton sleeve as he wiped his mouth, cussing at the damp red stain that puddled and spread on his sheets underneath him. Swivelling off his quilt bed, he slumped onto his feet, his balance compromised as he narrowed his eyes in the dark shadowy room for focus. He tried to reach for a fresh tunic but he stumbled over his trunk, his brain not registering his movement as he fell into a silent cluttered sprawl and before he knew it, his chin smacked the hard wood floorboards.

Seconds went by with his mouth drooling slightly onto the floor while he stirred with exhaustion and he slowly pushed himself to sit before leaning against the bed frame with an exaggerated groan, at the point where he didn’t care anymore to stand up. *Just my fucking luck…*

The dwarf of Casterlyrock leaned against the bed frame in the shadows, rubbing his chin as his thoughts imploded. Nearly three days had passed since Daenerys gave back the North to the honourable Jon Snow. Tyrion thought it was a clever idea, it showed trust and loyalty to the people but he couldn’t help shaking his head. *At a cost of a damn kingdom, Varys is going to give me a right headache when we meet up on the Kingsroad.* He knew Daenerys did it to maintain an united front against the army of the dead, but he just hoped she didn’t do it because of her personal feelings, but either way, he knew she was showing duty to her people, and duty too Jon’s people for that matter. He had hoped that this decision of hers was the start of her re-gaining an undistracted mind, so he tried to keep her busy for the last few days with council meetings, long conversations about the Houses of the North and how to peel to them. And he had an unsaid agreement with Davos, who did the same to Jon, both of them putting as much distance between the two leaders as possible.

Tyrion burped out a dirty odour of drink and salted pork, looking at the dark wall in-front of him with glossy eyes, his face screwed up with tired humour. *Well that plan is clearly not fucking working, Davos and I can do our best during the day, but the night... The night is theirs, and even though their growing affection will backfire one day... I don’t have the heart to try and stop them... Even though the noises they make from across the hall gets fucking annoying since they’re at it like rabbits... anyway, what can I do? At the end of the day, I can’t go tell a Dragon-Queen and a*
King of Winter to keep their sticky paws to themselves, I don’t fancy swimming to white-harbour… He was shunned out his thoughts with the need for taking a long piss.

Standing with a wobble, he strung his red cloak around his front and stumbled to the heavy door, his grubbily hands fumbling on the latch before he left his room and walked through the sleeping vessel. The moment he got onto the main deck, he was busting for a piss, the soft settling of snowfall making him slid a little as he walked to the lowest railing of the ship, so he could piss of the ledge. He would have used the main latrine cabin, but the dothraki had all but destroyed the plumbing, and the only other toilet was in the Queens personal bathroom chamber, so the ocean would have to do.

He set on a walk to the bow of the ship, knowing he was at less risk of getting caught pissing there since the front of the ship was filled with a maze of crates and cargo that hid a small clearing of the ships bow. As he started walking closer, he zoned out the slow fall of snow flakes, the distant chatter of their messenger ravens below deck and the soft ripple of the currents, because his curiosity was peaked, when he heard voices whispering and laughing against the breeze.

“Who’s there?” He called.

Tyrion heard the whispering abruptly stop, the bitter whistle of wind only making him more weary. Slowly edging around the last crate, his worried breath caught with relief when he only saw a familiar northern cloak. “Ah, Jon Snow… I know northmen are dreary, but does the King in the North actually take pleasure from shit weather like this?” He said with mirth.

Tyrion watched him from behind as the arctic wolf stood imposingly at the ships bow, facing the ocean and bundled in his great northern furs. Tyrion waited for an answer, I probably interrupted one of his deep broods. He watched the arctic wolf from behind, the moonlight shine creating a silver outline around his shoulders. Jon smiled at Tyrion’s voice, tightening his cloak around his front to contain the heat, before he replied to Tyrion’s witty comment by looking over his shoulder slightly. “If you think this is cold Lord Lannister, you clearly don’t remember our time on the Wall.”

Tyrion smiled at the humour in his voice and at the fond memory, he turned sideways to the other ledge of the ship, taking himself out his trousers to take a piss. “Well, King in the North, I’m going to re-enact my fondest memory of the Wall by taking a damn piss.” Tyrion heard Jon shuffle uncomfortably, still facing away as he let out a soft laugh. “Knock yourself out Tyrion.”

A few seconds went by as the snowfall silently fell, filling his hair with flakes as he tried to piss off the side of the ships ledge, Tyrion spoke over his shoulder as he waited to leak, talking with a casual tone, “Seriously Jon Snow, you northerners have balls of steel to put up with weather as shit as this. Cold and damp. That’s all it is, you should see what it’s doing to my cock, it refuses to piss.” He laughed out, concentrating hard until he actually started to pee. “Cold and fucking damp.” He repeated, after a few seconds he eventually heard Jon speak behind him, still over his shoulder too while facing the ocean in the opposite direction, and still bundled in his cloak.
“Cold and damp,” he growled with humour, “that’s all you southerners see isn’t it?” Tyrion hummed in response, distracted as he pissed while Jon spoke, “The north is far more than that Tyrion, without the cold, a man can’t appreciate the fire in his hearth, without the rain, a man can’t appreciate the roof over his head.” Jon raised his jaw a little, breathing out a cold breath as he finished with thought, “Let the south have its sun, flowers and affectations… we northerners have home…”

“That’s all very good bastard… whatever floats your boat.” Tyrion eventually said with a distracted tone of melody, the subtle sound of piss rippling the ocean floor filling their ears. Seconds went by until Tyrion spoke over his shoulder with new thought, “anyway, where is the Dragon-Queen if I may ask, I though you and her would be busy fondling one another when it comes night time.” He laughed out, he heard Jon clear his throat a little with clear discomfort, but Tyrion didn’t expect an answer and now he was distracted as he looked down at his streak of piss beginning to end, “…I must admit, it doesn’t have the same thrill of pissing off a seven hundred foot Wall… maybe I should shit off the ledge…”

His croaked laugh was shattered when he heard an unmistakable honeyed voice.

“I don’t think so.”

The movement of his head spinning around actually hurt as his stomach dropped and knotted. His tired green eyes dilated when he looked more closely at Jon, and when he looked closer he saw a head of silver hair against his chest, wrapped up in his cloak. Tyrion watched her slowly step out of Jon’s enveloped arms, both of them holding back from laughing, while he stuttered out speech.

“Your Grace, I… O, shit” Tyrion realised his balls were still slightly out, spinning back around to put himself away. He finally turned back around disgruntled, to see Daenerys cutely tucked in Jon’s cloak with her violet eyes in stark contrast to the darkly lit clearing, only her neck above was sticking out as they both turned around. “Your Grace, if I had known…”

Dany finished off his sentence in her profound Dragon-Queen voice, “…you wouldn’t have urinated in front of your Queen?” Dany bit back a laugh at Tyrion’s tense face, then failing to stop a laugh as she finished with a softer tone, “don’t worry my Lord Hand, I didn’t announce myself, so don’t worry… or even worse, piss yourself.” Jon tried to disguise his laugh with a cough as Dany joked, she slowly stepped out his great northern garb, wearing a woollen cream dress-robe.

Tyrion rolled his eyes, gesturing an apology with his hands while he moved over to a crate and slumped down in defeat. A few seconds past before the laughter died down, he watched them untangle themselves, lost in each other’s eyes as the snow softly fell around them, they’re doing that daydreaming thing again, and he observed as they slowly remembered they had company as they both looked down in awkward embarrassment aswel. Tyrion noticed Jon’s wild raven curls were a little ruffled and he noticed Daenerys’s lips a little rosy and swollen, and he quickly concluded they we’re kissing before he turned up. You two should be the embarrassed ones; you’re both acting like a pair of horny adolescents, even-though you have this amazing ability to turn into a Dragon-Queen and a King of Winter at a moment’s notice, but when around each other, you both bloody lose all self-control. He closed his eyes with a sigh, trying to calm his
embarrassment and annoyance. His thoughts then switched, “okay, okay… you both got me. That cloak of yours, King in the North, it’s very useful… and I will remind myself, and Davos for that matter, to take precaution for any world leader’s smooching under the cover of northern fur… now… erm… can I please have a word with my leader.” Daenerys looked at the distress in her Hands face, as he sat on the crate with closed eyes and running his hands through his dark golden hair with a sigh.

Tyrion looked up through his fingers, watching as Daenerys turned to her lover. He watched as she leaned up on her toes while resting her palms on his upper chest, whispering something in his ears before giving him a sweet kiss on the lips. Tyrion knew what she was doing; he knew that she wanted to make it clear that her relationship with Jon Snow was adamant and not changing. “I’ll come down in a bit, don’t wait up.” She whispered in his ears, she got a little lost in his understanding grey eyes as he nodded and made to walk off. She too made to turn back to Tyrion expectantly but she stopped when Jon turned back, “Jon what is…” but she stopped her whisper when he unclasped his cloak and gently threw it around her shoulders, she looked up into his eyes as his eyes concentrated on his work, his calloused fingers tenderly tying the brown leather straps together and snugly around her. She loved the scent it issued, and the feel of warmth that engulfed her instantly. It’s heavier than I expected, and more warmer than I thought, whoever made it is a wonderful seamstress. The great northern cloak emblazoned with the wolf of House Stark, made her look only cute and confidently petite, while the Stark furs hugged her neck with warmth, the cuddled scent of him filling her nose. “It’s cold Dany, you’ll need this more than me.” His husky voice made her subconsciously squeeze her loins with desire; she smiled into the kiss she gave him as a thank you, before watching him walk off. And even-tough he gave her his cloak; she felt a loss of warmth when he walked away.

Tyrion gave a forced smile as he bid him goodnight, “sleep well, King in the North.”

Jon walked past with his cold alpha gaze lightly in place, “You too, my Lord.”

They both watched him walk off, the little clearing was quiet with only the faint glow from the lanterns in the misty snowfall, the smell of salt water and fresh snowfall lingering over the dimly lit deck. Tyrion turned back to Daenerys, disgruntled to see her eyes once again quite glossy, as she daydreamed, watching Jon walk off. He cleared his throat and watched her hide her distracted gaze expertly as he spoke, “So…”

Dany bundled herself tighter in the husky cape before turning her gaze to Tyrion who was sitting down in a corner of crates while watching her expectantly. She raised her eye-brows to brush off the awkwardness from her little moment with Jon, she wanted to role her eyes at Tyrion’s knowing voice, but she simply sat down next to him, their shoulders brushing slightly due to the sheer size of Jon’s great cloak. “So…” she said in a similar awkward tone.
Tyrion quickly spoke, a smidgen of humour tinted in his voice, “so… you’ve taken up the colours of House Stark,” he indicated to the emblazoned stamp of the Direwolf on the cloaks pelts, “very regal, almost suits you.” He concluded seriously with a humoured nod.

Daenerys thanked the heavens it was dark, because her cheeks blushed a little, she shuffled back on her space on the crate, taking the time to think of a witty answer. She had to admit, she liked the witty and daring conversations she had with Tyrion, but lately she missed it because her conversations with him now was usually a tsunami of interrogation. So, after a few seconds while they both looked out at the dark ocean horizon, she slowly replied, clutching the inner lining of the cloak, “don’t be ridiculous Tyrion, it’s just warm, that’s all.”

“Aye,” he mimicked the northern accent, “but hasn’t Jon Snow’s warmth been enough?” He hunched his shoulders and quickly raised his grubbily hands in a sarcastic defensive position, giving the most innocent face possible as he watched her Dragon-Queen face turn to him as she spoke with fire. “Well, it’s better than that famous wine-skin of yours, where is your dear friend by the way?”

“I’m afraid, I spilt her,” he put on an exaggerated sigh and a sad face, gesturing to the red stain under his cloak, “all over me in fact. So, I came out here to mourn my dear loss.” He breathed out in relief when she gave a small quiet laugh at his jest.

She bit back her grin as she turned to the bow of the ship with a gestured nod where she and Jon had been standing. “There’s a horn of ale over there if you want, help yourself.”

Tyrion raised his eyebrows, surprised that the Queen now enjoyed a rash northern delicacy, hiding his surprise, he pushed himself up and waddled over to the horn of ale, speaking over his shoulder, “I didn’t know the Dragon-Queen liked her ale?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” she challenged with tired mirth, watching him take a sip from her horn before grimacing at the taste.

“The bitter taste for one, and the fact that I’ve never seen you have one until now,” he said with dry humour, slumping back down next to her on the crate.

Daenerys enjoyed having these little conversations; it helped her relax and made her feel better, since she and Tyrion came from similar backgrounds. They both possessed a great name but was hated and mistreated for it, for no reason apart from pettiness, I miss him being my friend, nowadays, his pestering makes me want too just dunk his head in the sea, repeatedly.

“Well, what can I say Tyrion, I found it has an acquired taste.”

“An acquired taste indeed your Grace,” he coughed out a splutter as he finished the ale, taking a last gulp to finish the cup, his sarcastic tone made her roll her eyes as she looked at the open ocean, he continued slowly, as if speaking to himself in deep thought.

“Yes, the cloak, the ale… it seems Jon Snow is having a profound effect on you lately, before I know it, you’ll be Queen in the North, if it’s not too bold to say my Queen.” He watched her carefully over the brim as she gazed up at the sky with little reaction to his words, seemingly relaxed.

This gained him a little confidence, she knows I’m trying to soften her up so she doesn’t get rash
and frustrated when I bring up her distraction called Jon Snow, so he carried on his friendly voice as he took the quiet moment to examine the lush northern furs. “These are definitely an improvement for him,” he said, indicating to the Northern Cape as she eventually turned to him with a questioning look, “I mean, you should have seen his old cloak he wore at the Nightswatch, it was always caked with mud and ice and basically shit, the moment he got there. This one is better, I like it… it’s like his father’s if I remember correctly, probably his sister’s Sansa’s work most likely, Sansa was always good with a needle.” He added with interest, examining the stitching of the kingly lining.

Daenerys concluded he was right, and she couldn’t help bundling the cloak more tightly around her, she loved that Jon had caring a family to go back to, she was pleased for him but a little sad, since she never had that. “Tyrion, tell me you didn’t keep me out in this cold to drink my drink and too admire his clothes.” She said softly, her violet eyes rounding on him.

Tyrion sighed softly, knowing he should cut to the chase, “Of course not, your Grace… I… I hoped that we could speak, just one friend to another, no titles I mean.” He watched her face loosen a little; she exhaled a hot breath before eventually giving a small nod in encouragement.

The dark midnight skies, tinged with grey cloud and white snow, became a little lighter as the two settled more comfortably on the wooden crate, their legs dangling slightly as the yellow lanterns perched above, subtly outlined them in the dark clearing.

Tyrion watched her resume her gaze into the skies, waiting for him to go first. Knowing he needed to catch her off guard to get an honest confession, he went straight for the question, turning around entirely to face her. His voice tender but firm as his beady eyes studied her reaction to his question, “You love him, don’t you.”

Daenerys instantly broke eye-contact, resorting to the mosaic settlement of snow on the decking. Her honeyed hands subconsciously twisting her wrists under the cloak in trepidation as her thoughts spiralled. The soft billow of white air, shuddered her back to the fact that, Tyrion’s eyes we’re still fixated on her blushing cheeks. “I…I don’t know,” she eventually replied with rushed speech, hating how her voice croaked a little.

Tyrion sighed at her visible blushing and he tried to catch her glossy gaze, “I thought we were speaking as friends Daenerys.”

Without moving her head, Dany glanced at his gentle eyes and the lines on his forehead which only emphasised his genuinely. She appreciated his gesture of speaking under a truce, so she cleared her throat discretely. Letting out a sigh, she held the northern fur around her tighter before looking up at the bleak mid-winter snowfall. “Fine,” she whispered with rawness, “I…I love him…”

She couldn’t help switching on her Dragon-Queen voice in natural defence, expecting his oncoming hurricane of defiance towards her feelings, so she quickly turned towards him before he could even breath, let alone to speak, “So Tyrion... there it is, I said it, happy...!... And don’t even
think to tell me… because… I…am I not allowed even that, because I…” don’t care. She felt like saying. Daenerys felt her acidic temper boiling at the thought of the expectant argument he would bring, despite him not even speaking yet, she abruptly stood up and walked to the bow of the ship, avoiding his gaze completely as she rubbed her forearms under Jon’s cloak.

A few seconds past until she heard his gentle voice behind her, “Daenerys, you didn’t even give me a chance to say… as your friend, I couldn’t be more happier for you.”

Dany spun around in shock, the falling flakes of snow only embellishing her silver tresses as the moonlight’s shine made on visionary outline around her. “Really?” she said softly. Her eyes opened a little from her narrowed glare as he rested further back on the crate, his face tired and gentle.

“Yes,” he said simply, “you may think I’m a nuisance for always pestering you. But, that’s the Hand of the Queen speaking. I, on the other hand, as your friend,” he repeated slowly, “I can’t deny how happy you look, you practically glow when your around the northern fool. You make quite the couple you know, his broody temperament and your fiery one are a good match, you help each other and you two are clearly crazy about each other and that’s, a beautiful but rare thing in this godforsaken world.”

Daenerys started toying with her mother’s ring under the cloak, her confident petite figure hidden from the drizzling snowfall. She watched him smile sadly before looking at his feet, and before she knew it, she was sat back down next to him, “Thank you.” Her honeyed voice was soft with appreciation as she replied to his caring words.

“You’re welcome, my Queen.” The dark clearing became silent for a minute before he spoke again, “but, as the Hand of the Mother of Dragons, you know I can’t advise it.” Dany opened her mouth to protest with her fiery gaze, but Tyrion cut her off, “please, let me finish…” Dany slowly nodded, watching the snowfall as she sat quietly and listened.

“…I’ve given this a lot of thought, and… you must understand, I don’t really care about what the Northern Lords or Vale Lords will say, I only care about you and your wellbeing, believe it or not Daenerys, you’ve become like a sister to me. A sister I’ve never truly had, with your impeccable mind that can out do me, and phenomenal strength that bests the bravest of warriors,” he said with a smile towards her modest and gentle expression. His voice softened as he continued, “you’ve given me hope for a better world, a chance to be accepted… But, my interests are nothing compared to your safety, the Dragon-Queen can’t love the King in the North, you’ve already lost a dragon, for him, you’ve already put your life in extreme danger, for him… what will you do the next time he does something like that… you said it yourself back at Dragonstone, hero’s do stupid things and they die.”

“I will protect him,” she abruptly said without thinking.

“That’s exactly it,” he quickly elaborated, “it makes you so horribly vulnerable, he might be a bastard, but he’s more of a Stark, than any other of the honourable gits… And Starks have a tendency to die in war, doing stupid heroic deeds. You’ll only get hurt in this Daenerys.” He finished softly but firmly, watching her stone expression.

Dany then turned to him, her voice reassuring and tender, “I appreciate your concern my dear friend, but Jon and I both know the ways of war and we agreed…. But Tyrion cut her off, his own
words hurting him aswel.

“Daenerys, a time will come when he will need heirs; a political marriage takes away the pain, but a love marriage…? You’ll only be left with pain, and he’s already dishonoured an ancient vow… who says that he won’t…”

“He didn’t break any oaths or vows!” She seethed out sharply, her nose flared and her face inflamed with anger. She wasn’t just angry because he implied false information about Jon’s reason to leave the Nightswatch, but more angry when he suggested that Jon might break future marriage vows to get an heir.

“I know, I know…” He quickly inputted, regretting his words, “I shouldn’t have that… especially that last bit…” He watched her loosen her clenched jaw a little after a second, her narrowed gaze having returned. He spoke with utter care, “But, his desertion is still a factor, it shows us he does drastic things for the ones he loves, just like you…”

“He didn’t break his vows,” she repeated, her tone sharp and dismissive.

“So, how do you explain why this cloak isn’t black,” He quietly said with care as he gestured to the stark furs around her shoulders. Daenerys tried to control her berated breathing, her neck quite stiff as she refused to answer. The snow drizzled momentarily, before she glanced at his curious expression when he spoke, “…is this something to do with Davos’s outburst, about him taking a knife in the heart, because that’s ridicule…”

“It’s not my story to tell Tyrion, so just drop it.” She said firmly, subconsciously tightening her grip on the Jon’s husky cloak.

“But your Grace, how…”

“Tyrion,” she said with sharpness, cutting him off as she took a deep breath and holding it in momentarily. Her thoughts spurred as the snow softly cluttered around them. “You know, ever since we got on this Ship, you’ve been pestering and pestering me. I appreciate your concern, but you need to accept that I chose Jon Snow, and we both know the consequences. That is why I rejected his fealty so we can lead together, so we’re keeping us a secret for the entirety of this War since we’ve agreed that when we port, it will be nothing but a formal alliance. So just shut up,” she breathed out in annoyance, curling a silver tendril of hair behind her ear as she finished her rushed speech, “you know, lately, I been tempted to have Grey-worm tie you to the mast for the rest of our journey, so whatever you say next, say it with care.”

“Okay,” he breathed after listening intently, his swinging foot suddenly gone still, he then thought deeply on how to instil his message more without getting killed. After a solid tense minute, he spoke, “do you remember when we first met, and you asked me why I killed my father?” He watched her pensive expression when her brows pulled in, “and I said, if you one day didn’t decide to kill me, I would tell you.”
Dany tried her best to not smile, *this is so Tyrion, trying to get out of been punished on a technicality*, the minutes roared by as Tyrion began to tell his story, the dark clearing hiding her shock and sorrow while she watched Tyrion’s tired face and glossy pupils.

“Well, the reason I killed the mighty Tywin Lannister, wasn’t because he sentenced me to die for regicide that was so obviously fabricated. No, I put three bolts in his chest because… because, he was fucking the woman I loved….” Dany swallowed hard with sympathy and shock as he spoke softly. He told her the story of Tysha, and how her father humiliated him and scorned him by whoring her with Lannister gold. He told her about Shae, another wrong love, who he tried to protect before she fabricated lies for his death and betrayed him by fucking his own father. He told her how he wanted to die after he left that room, but how Varys convinced him to live on for a better world, by aiding the lost Princess across the narrow sea.

“…so, know you know…” he finished sadly, before adding with pained mirth, “now you know why I drink so much.”

After a snowy minute, she spoke “I’m sorry Tyrion,” she said softly, taking her honeyed hand out from the cloak, and placing it on his with a warm squeeze. Tyrion blinked out his burial of the past, looking up at her tender violet eyes as he calmly spoke, “That’s why I need you two to distance yourselves, especially for the survival of this war. Daenerys, I know you know how it feels to lose the ones we love, but you’re a Queen, whose duty and mores so, survival, is paramount for a new world, to see us through the long night… because love is the death of duty.”

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It had been nearly half an hour and the snow had covered their heads with white flecks, embellished by the distant moonlight. They sat in complete silence, both of them contemplating the past, the future, the present.

“Did you know?” Dany said, breaking the silence as she turned to look at his curious face. “About what would happen when you sent that raven North, after that red-priest arrived?”

Tyrion instantly caught on, giving an expressive sigh as he answered, “since it was only a conquest alliance, I only hoped… in fact, yes, I knew from the start it was inevitable.” He said after thinking more on it.

“Really?” she said softly, her eye-brows raised and lips slightly parted.

“Yes.” He replied, he then elaborated for her light violet eyes, gently smiling at her curious small frame, reminding him that she wasn’t just a fierce Dragon-Queen, but also a young girl.

“Daenerys, he wasn’t some Dothraki horse-lord, or some weak villain, like Hizdahr zo loraq, nor an arrogant sell-sword for that matter.

He’s Stark of Winterfell… When I sent that raven, I remembered the broody bastard boy who
joined the ancient order of the Nightswatch, for just a place to belong. And then I heard years later, 
he had gone from being a recruit, to Lord Commander, and now to King in the North. And… the 
more I thought on it, the more it became clear, this man had a similar story to you, was the same 
age as you, and still wanted the same thing in life, a place to belong, like you… I also knew that if 
anyone could ever deserve someone as good as you with your good-heart... it would have to been 
Ned Stark’s son, treating you with only honour and respect, while also keeping up with your 
profound aptitude of leadership. And as I said that night, I’m an excellent judge of character, and 
as you said, Jon Snow is quite a man.”

Dany gulped down a cold breath, glad that she had cleared the air with Tyrion, despite her trying to 
ignore his instilled words from earlier, love is the death of duty.

The dark skies slowly grew darker, after a hazy couple of minutes, Tyron spoke again, “You still 
have too…” he caught her steady gaze, sighing with acknowledgement, before changing his 
question entirely with an exhale, “okay, how about…when did you know?”

Daenerys softly smiled at the thought, she knew exactly when she knew and, she didn’t want to 
share it, it’s precious and only mine and Jon’s. “It’s late Tyrion, you should get some sleep.” She 
heard him lift himself off the crate, his feet pattering the floor as he gave her a gentle smile.

“Goodnight my Queen, and please don’t stay out too late, this weather is no good.” She distantly 
heard him as he waddled off into the drizzling snow. She had dismissed him before he could bring 
up another pestering, and after watching him disappear around the corner, the cold whistle of the 
ocean brought her little peace as her thoughts spurred, I’m glad I made him my Hand, he knows 
what I need to hear, and when I need to hear it… and he’s right again… I don’t think I can take it if 
Jon needs an heir... the world is in dire need for little Jon Snows in this world... and I hate myself, 
I’m tying him down... I should give him up before it’s too late... but, it is too late... I love him, and 
I don’t want anyone else to touch him, I don’t want anyone to be in his arms or kiss his lips or 
know his heart, like I do... because that’s my place... only mine! ...But why can’t I have that, 
without feeling so much guilt...

The midnight blues of the skies pondered her feelings with bulleted berated thoughts. Dany felt her 
hands weighted at her sides and she walked to the ledge of the ship, and simply gazed at the dark 
ocean floor. Her lilac eyes glistened with gloss, while her hands found and seized the cold wooden 
ledge with pale knuckles. Her lips became numb as she closed her eyes and felt the snowfall weep 
and winter her guilt.

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Jon turned around restlessly with sleep, his nose finding her pillow, breathing in the comforting 
smell of lavender and jasmine. He had been waiting for hours… and sleep lulled and took over. 
However, he slurried slightly against the sheets when he heard the wooden door gently thud shut,
peering over the bedding, his lidded eyes opened into their arctic awareness when he saw a shivering bundle of furs, her blotchy cheeks and red nose making his heart wrench.

“Dany!” He scrambled up from the bedding, his tiredness gone as he swiftly made his way to her.

“I’m fine Jon,” she said sternly, but the moment she felt his warm hands cup and cradle her cheeks, she drooped in content and leaned into his touch, realising how cold she actually was.

“No you’re not,” his eyes searched hers with distress, “you’re freezing Dany, what were you doing? I shouldn’t have fallen asleep,” he added. His scold directed more at himself rather than her, while his gentle fingers quickly unstrapped his damp cloak from her shoulders, the furs sodden and dripping with flecks of ice.

Daenerys watched with interest and her numb eye-brows rose slightly with love. She watched him as he guided her to the edge of the bed to sit, before kneeling before her and concentrating on unbuttoning her wet dress, his calloused fingers struggling with the nimble buttons that ran down her tummy.

“Honey,” she looked into his endearing distressed eyes as he raised his jaw towards her, “let me…” she said with a smile, indicating to her buttons. She tried to control her shivering as she helped him with her soaked woollen dress, and the moment she shrugged it off her shoulders leaving her in only a silk gold shift, she felt his whole body weight on her as he gently held and hugged her to warm her up, rubbing her arms tenderly.

“Daenerys Targaryen, what were you thinking?! Winter is no joke you know, it can kill you” he growled with distressed anger, “don’t do this ever again.” He felt her body tense as he hugged her, he felt it instantly like fire and he leaned back slightly to find her profound fiery gaze berate him. Adjusting his expression with a hot breath, he started again.

“Okay,” he softly breathed as he gently held her honeyed shoulders, “please, don’t do this again.”

“I’m not made of glass Jon Snow, so don’t presume to scold me like a child.” She said sternly, she watched him intently as his own alpha gaze matched hers. After a few seconds, she had to squeeze her loins together to hide the desire when his hands gently brought her own hands to his full pink lips, pecking a kiss on her palm sweetly before he peering up endearingly, “Dany, I would never presume to do so, but winter is here, so don’t ask me to stay calm when you’re in any discomfort because… seeing you hurt, makes me hurt.”

She looked down with a blush, but she felt his fingers lift her chin slightly to look back at him. She failed to stop her growing smile as his endearing dark eyes nuzzled her nose and she couldn’t help licking her lower lip in amusement, she knew he cared for her because she felt the same love.

“No Dany,” he said quickly searching for a blanket as he spoke, “I shouldn’t have fallen asleep.” He made to stand up to fix the dyeing hearth, which embers had gone cold, but he was stopped from moving when he felt her delicate hands cup his jaw, pulling him down to her rosy lips before she kissed him fiercely. The candle light in the room glowed, as they gasped for breath, her soft voice grazing his lips as their foreheads leaned together intimately. “You did nothing wrong Jon Snow, and… for the last time, I’m fine Honey, just a little cold, don’t worry. I know how you can warm me up though,” she finished with a wink.
He momentarily leaned into her seductive hot breath but slowly blinked out of it, “you’re going to be the death of me my Queen,” she giggled with a shiver, and he noticed her still feeling cold from her tremble of icy shivers.

“You need a hot brew, and I need to get more wood for this damn fire, I need to get you warm.” He said firmly, standing up and gently wrapping a dry woollen blanket around her, before putting a loose tunic on himself.

“Jon, I’m fine! Really…”

But he simply shook his head as he ignored her protest, she then watched him quickly walk out the room and when the door latched back, she sighed with frustration but then sadness. *The stubborn north-man… I didn’t know he was so… protective… But… He’s good to me, to good… and I don’t deserve him… I shouldn’t have spent that hour in the snow feeling guilty… only because now it’s made me feel guiltier and him worried…* She sat quietly on the edge of the large feather bed, as the rash winds of winter bellowed with song far above, her petite body warming only a little as she tightly held the woollen blanket around her honeyed shoulders.

When the door burst back open, Jon led the way and Missandai followed close behind.

“You woke up Missandai?” She stammered out angrily, but Jon only gave her his broody look before going to the hearth to set new logs alight. It was Missandai who spoke, a slight tremor in her voice, “Daenerys, you’re freezing cold, here…” Dany looked down as her friend placed a boiling bowl of soup on her lap, she accepted it with a soft smile as her dear friends brown eyes searched for any physical danger before she handed her a spoon. Dany then heard Jon finally speak when the flames blazed with new kindling.

“Please eat it all Dany, it’ll warm you up.” He said over his shoulder, but she quickly cut him off.

“You woke up Missandai?” She repeated with anger, refusing to eat until she got an answer.

“No I didn’t, she found me” he said with a defensive tone as he stood up by the fire to brood, Missandai then elaborated, “I found his Grace in the galley, your Grace… failing to heat the cook’s soup and repeatedly spilling the Essosi laden, I only offered to help, especially when I found out why he was doing it.”

Daenerys didn’t know whether to kiss Jon, or laugh at him. *The adorable northern fool. So,* she raised her eye-brows with humour as Missandai towel dried her silver tresses. After a few minutes, they all fell into a comfortable silence, so she told Missandai with a whisper, “You can go my friend, thank you for helping him.”

She watched Missandai squeeze her hand with warmth before taking her leave. Dany then felt Jon’s dark grey eyes linger on her as he stood by the hearth, and she rolled her eyes a little when she got the point, she began to eat the broiling soup in silence, failing to stop a hum of content. He eventually came to sit by her side and their shoulders touched comfortably, both of them watching the flames crackle as the heat glowered at them.

“I didn’t know you were so…” she said, breaking the silence by gesturing to his attentive actions.
“Well, I am.” He quietly said with his husky voice, coming out more sharply than intended. They sat next to eat other, facing the fire as she looked down at the last piece of turnip in her soup bowl in deep thought about his stubborn protectiveness, loving it with frustration.

“I’m sorry Dany, it’s just…” But she cut him off by leaning into him, pressing a small kiss on his cheek as his dark reflective eyes looked into the hearths embers. Leaning her forehead against his jaw, she spoke tenderly, “I accept your apology, and… I’m sorry for scaring you.” They both leaned into each other with glowing intimacy, and he nodded his head at her bowl, which made her roll her eyes again with a smile before she went to actually finish it, filling her tummy with warmth and exhaustion.

“Why were you out there for so long anyway? Tyrion didn’t make you fall asleep, did he?” He laughed softly, his gaze hardening when he noticed her blue unfocused expression.

“Dany?”

Daenerys felt her chest constrict with pain, looking down at her hands, she debated whether she should tell him why she nearly froze outside since she was distracted by guilty thoughts. “Daenerys, what wrong?” She felt his gentle fingertips thread though her hair and tenderly guiding her face to look at him. He quickly caught on to her pained thoughts when he saw her glossy eyes refuse to look at his, “What did Tyrion say to you Dany?” he said with a soft growl, the protective plead evident.

She slowly looked up, grey and violet meeting, “He told me, this thing…” she sighed with distress before giving his hand a squeeze as she elaborated, “…us… he says that it makes me vulnerable…”

“Dany, listen… The North will accept you, if that’s what you’re worried about I…”

“It’s not that Jon…” She sadly smiled at his endearing dark eyes that searched her own, “he said it makes me vulnerable in this war because…” after a second, she sagged her shoulders a little with a tight chest, “… because one day, one day, you will need an heir… the north will need an heir and I…” she shuttered with fresh tears, “I can’t give you that, I will be holding you down, I’ll be depriving the world of your children and I can’t have that, I can’t take that…” she began to cry with anger towards herself.

Jon simply sat there stunned, composing his blue mind, he quickly hushed her tears as he came to cradle her cheeks, “Dany listen, Tyrion is wrong, you are not holding me down, far from it, you are my everything.” He said firmly.

“No Jon, he is right, don’t you get it, I’m barren… I’m cursed.” She nearly shouted while her voice cracked, he only held her tummy protectively and only leaned more into her neck.

“You’re not cursed Dany, Tyrion had no right to say that too you, I’m the one who doesn’t deserve you.” She relished his hot breath on her neck as he held her possessively while she continued muttering tearfully to herself.

But she all together stopped, the moment he finished speaking, quickly pushing his arms off her, she realised what he said and rounded on him with disbelief.

“Wait! You don’t believe that witch cursed me?” she half whispered with a nervous laugh, after looking at his expression her chin quivered slightly and her violet eyes dilated against the dark yellow glow of the lantern light.
Jon reached for a loosen tendril that crossed her face but she slapped his hand away when she searched his eyes again, repeating her distress, “Jon, don’t you believe my integrity? You know what she did to me; you know what I lost that day.” Her voice pleaded as her mouth was hung open with wide eyes as she waited for a direct answer.

He sighed with closed eyes, before looking at her beautifully flustered face, “I believe your integrity Dany… I, just don’t believe that witch’s.” He tried to keep his voice gentle but his stomach dropped when she looked away with an unfocused gaze, her breathing turning into hard pants, he started to do the same when she began to hold her chest as if pained.

“Dany,” he breathed cautiously, attempting to reach out to hold her body.

“No!” she breathed with a whisper as his hands touched her arms, “I said stop!” she nearly shouted, pushing his tender fingertips away completely and standing up, finding her feet before walking to the other side of the room.

He looked at her petite figure, clutching at her blanket and he felt so small. “Do you want me to leave…” he said with a pale face, a thickness in the throat making his husky voice crack slightly.

She ignored his question, her thoughts falling with fire. After a solid minute, she stormed up to him with wide eyes, her honeyed hands twisting her wrists in anxiety. “I told you I can’t have children,” she seethed, “now, please tell me you knew what you was giving up, when we… slept,” she said, her soft voice cracking and breaking as she searched for his eyes.

When he failed to look in her eyes, she knew the answer. Her gorgeous face gasping for breath as she held her chest with both palms. After a second, she grew angry and knelt in front of him, looking up and catching his grey gaze, “Jon, you were, weren’t you? You hoped to get me pregnant? Look me in the eyes and tell me the thought hadn’t crossed your eyes?” her voice only rising with anxiety.

When he met her gaze, he sighed with a whisper, “okay… it had crossed my mind, but…!” his rushed plea was cut off when she stormed to the side of the room again, trying her best not to break down.

“Daenerys, I…”

“Don’t even touch me,” she seethed out with a sob when he reached for her, “Dany please, I’m not with you for children, I am here because…”

“Jon!” she nearly roared, her pulse beating with volumed vibrations as her honeyed fingers tangled into her hair. “My heart literally can’t take this,” she gasped with a rushed whisper, her tears streaming and lining her face with pearls, “I can’t do this Jon, I can’t let you think there is hope for a child because I will be only making you a fool and a man without a legacy… a family of your own is what I can’t give you honey, I can’t have children… I told you that and you don’t believe me, I thought you knew what you were giving up…” She sobbed out, her hands dropping like weights at her side as if she stood in a puddle of her own tears.

Jon ran his hands through his raven curls, trying to think of what to say, his feelings not coming into words as he looked at her with pure volumes of love. “Dany, I… I… never really wanted
children, I’m a bastard and that is no life for a child and this damn war, this war…” he emphasized with a shaking head, “before I met you, I didn’t even… no, I didn’t want to survive this fucking war, let alone have a child… but, when I’m with you, I want to make you smile and…”

Dany reacted instantly, pulling his arm before pushing him to sit on the bed’s edge before she towered over him with her beautiful teared pupils, “sit down and listen to me you northern fool.” She fiercely cried with a sob, she composed herself as he sat down obediently with a hard swallow, “Jon, please… firstly, you will survive this war no matter what,” she ordered before settling for a half-whispered. Her shoulders sagged as Grey and Violet searched each other’s eyes, “now listen, I wish it was different Jon, every day I wish I could carry a babe, but I can’t, I am cursed and I only have my Dragons… but you came to me on Dragonstone that day… and then for the first time in my life, I…” she gazed with falling thought before she shook her head, “the point is, I can’t… Jon, I can’t… because I am barren.”

“But how do you know Dany, you brought justice to that Witch because she was evil… so how do you know if her last breath wasn’t a lie?” he said as soft as possible.

“I know Jon Snow.” She stuttered with a deep breath, avoiding his plummeting dark grey eyes that she dearly loved, so when he opened his mouth to speak again, she bit back a cry as she snapped.

“But do you think you’re the only man I laid with since Drogo? I laid with a man, in Meeren and I left him there because he was a liability and I never cared for him, but in that time, I found I was barren and, I accepted it, but now… being with you Jon, I wish with all my heart that I could carry your child, but it’s a dream that will never ever happen. So you need to kill it in your heart because I’m just holding you down forever and I can’t have that…”

Jon watched her cross her arms, her honeyed palms gripping her elbows and her chin quivering slightly in the dark light. The wolf in him subconsciously growled with anger and protectiveness over her words, but his pooled eyes fell with a deep breath as he replied softly with a broken husky voice, “what if I can’t Dany?”

“Kill it in your heart or just… just leave!” she gasped out, her tears silently exhausted and flustered. After a second, she wiped her tears away and switched on the remnants of her profound Dragon-Queen gaze, and he placed his own cold alpha gaze on; both staring at each other and hiding their guilt and hurt.

I love you Jon Snow, and I only say this because I do, she swallowed hard and wiped back her tears before she shouted a whisper, “my northern fool, decide now!” and her heart shattered as she observed his next actions.

In silence, he stood up and began to pull his clothes on; avoiding her gaze as his husky form slowly went the door. Jon made his decision. I can’t lie to you and pretend I think that witch wasn’t lying… and, the fact is, a bastard called Snow doesn’t deserve to be with an amazing Dragon-Queen named Targaryen, like you. The moment the latch opened, the murky salt air felt only cold and blue, taking a deep breath in, he walked, hiding his eyes that were failing from squeezing shut from pain when reality kicked in. This can’t be it… it can’t, please no…
The fiery air behind him was silent when the door slammed shut… rippling the ocean.

He stood in silence and stared at the shadowed corridor, his numb senses barely feeling the wave’s voyage on. Very slowly, his senses pawed back to him and he raised his jaw with his last bit of fractured strength before he started to walk to find his own room. His heart shattering with each step, and when he heard a muffled sob behind the door, the fire and blood rained his heart.

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She felt like a shard of Ice had pierced her heart, it had been nearly three hours since he walked out and her puddle of tears on the bed only grew and grew. She clutched her honeyed fingered into his pillow, his scent bringing her only bit of comfort as the midnight hours went by, the night only getting darker and darker.

Daenerys sat in the middle of the bed, her knees tucked into her arms and her beautiful eyes left sore and pooled. The pale panels of the moon still wavered through the stained port windows, and the waves crashed against the ice barged waters, slowly trudging through the foreboding riptides of winter.

_Damn this beautiful man make making me cry_, she thought when she found fresh tears spill her eyes, she stared down at her empty hands with an empty gaze as she thought, _I made the right decision to let him go, he made the right decision to go, I would have only given him false dreams and hurt… and I refuse to do that._ The hours flew by and the distant screech of her children reflected her pained emotions, her puffy eyes we’re exhausted and now, were left distant and empty.

Suddenly, a knock sounded her door.

Her violet gaze bolted into focus when she heard the knock that she knew so well and… unbeknown to her, her heart fluttered with fresh air.

Jon faced the Targaryen Sigel on her door. His grey gaze pawed at the door, he had been thinking for hours since their fight. He knew he should have given her the benefit of the doubt about the witches words but he simply got angry at the pain that witch brought Dany and he got more angry when he thought about Daenerys sharing a bed with another but him; and he knew it was a petty thought since he was no virgin either.

He loved her and he wanted every good hope for her, even if that meant providing that hope for her. But, when he walked out, he did it for love. But, when he actually found his own room, it was only cold and wrong. He wanted her, he knew he shouldn’t but he did… _I now know why Robb chose love over honour, because it is worth fighting for… I know I don’t deserve her, but being with her makes me want to feel alive for the first time in my fucking life… I am the King in the North, I can’t deny that, but I’m also a man who is in love with an amazing woman. The rest of the world can’t know, but I know… and I can’t lose her._ So now he stood back in front of her door, his husky voice holding volumes of love for her.
“Daenerys?”

“Please open up. I just want to talk.” He repeated her name for nearly five minutes and he didn’t hear a sound on the other side, the only noise of life being the subtle sound of purple rain far above on deck.

Dany sat in silence, her petite body curled in bed as she heard his voice call her. *If I let him in, I might as well take this robe off. I love the northern fool, and the only way to do so is by ignoring him, my heart can’t take it because the day will come when he realises the joy of children and what he would be giving up.*

Jon had his hands on the wooden beams either side of her door, his forehead resting on the surface. *Dany please…* He slowly raised his jaw, *I have to do something, I loved her and I know the only way for his stubborn woman to even acknowledge me, is to provoke the dragon. “Daenerys, I know you’re awake… you’re quite the snorer you know.”*

On the other side of the door, she found herself sprawling to her feet, *how dare my northern fool joke at a time like this,* her eyes glazed for a moment when she realised what Jon was doing… *He knows me so well,* she thought when she realised she was standing closer to opening the door, so she failed to stop a smile as she wiped her exhausted tears, she kept her silence with a thought; *the broody git, he won’t bate me.*

“Daenerys please, I know you’re in there and I’ll wait forever if I have to.” He finished.

Dany shook her head and she tightened her loose silk robe when she heard a great thud by the base of her door, as he sat defeated. She quickly realised his resilience for profound brooding patience, *or for love,* and she made to walk back to her bed, *If you love him Daenerys Targaryen, you’ll let him go, if you don’t… you might aswell as take this robe off and answer that door, and it will bring you pleasure but eternal pain of guilt.*

But, she stopped dead when she weakly heard his last loving whisper for her, “I love… you.” His words were faint and mumbled, and she instantly knew he didn’t intend it to be heard by anyone but himself, he didn’t know she was only inches away from the door, and the fact they both non-verbally promised not to say it out loud made her sure it was for his own reassurance. Despite it all, the words sent a pulse of heat through her and it left her with purpose, and light tingling feet. *I feel alive… every time I see him by the face, I get the tingles in my silly places, it always starts in my toes and I end up crinkling my nose and my heart feels so complete and I feel at home. I want that now, so much…*

So before she knew it, her honeyed fingers fumbled the lock and wretched it open. She watched him sway slightly at the loss of support before he climbed up. Grey and violet connected with volumes of fire.
Jon swallowed hard as his lips parted as he watched the glowing light from the doorway outline her. He saw her petite figure, her alabaster skin blotchy with tears and her silver hair tied in a messy bun on top of her head, while her pooled violet pupils gazed at him with need and fierce frustration. And his knees weakened at the site of her beauty.

“Dany,” he breathed with life, and before he knew it, he felt her arms run and envelope his neck, her soft supple thighs wrapping around his waist, flushing them together as he took a step back from holding her warm body when instantly tightened his hold with tenderness and pure love. “Jon,” she breathed hotly onto his neck, and they stood embraced in the doorway, swaying with need.

Both of them then realised, they could feel all the blue guilt in the world, but the gravity of their love so too immersed and zealous and ingrained, to even try to let go now…

The room was quite and contempt, she was straddling him in their flush hug on the edge of the bed, both their thoughts rippling but too content to even try to begin. Very slowly, she leaned back to find his face, their noses nuzzling as she breathed onto his lips, “Jon,” she wisped off her cascade of silver hair around them before she continued, “Jon… I still stand by what I said, you know this right?” she whispered with her tight stomach, searching his dark eyes.

“Dany, I still…”

“Jon”, she cut him off, “I can’t give you what you want.”

“I don’t want children Dany, I want…” he stopped when she shook her head with a soft cry.

“Yes you do Jon, its life’s miracle and you maybe don’t want that now, but one day…” He cut her rushed whisper off with a fevered kiss and both melted into each other, and then he leaned back to breath back on her lips. His thoughts collected and vowed. “I’m the bastard here, I am the one who doesn’t deserve you.” As he searched her eyes, he cut off her curious tears. “Jon what..?”

He quickly spoke, “Night gathers and now my watch begins, it shall not end until my death. I shall take no wife, hold no lands, father no children and win no glory. See Dany, I already once swore a vow to never father a child.” Dany knew where he was going as she quickly finished of the vow that she had read once in a book from Ser Jorah, a lifetime ago.

“I shall live and die at my post,” she added with her honeyed breath, “you did that Jon, you died and now, you are no longer beholden of that vow…”

“But I made my peace with it,” he growled with tender, their lips grazing as they gazed into each other’s eyes, their bodies flush in embrace.

Dany sighed as she dipped her head with a muffled sob, “but you don’t know what you’ll be giving up Jon, this world needs little Jon Snows with pretty hair and a good heart.”

Jon lifted her chin, kissing her nose with a peck before breathing out, “Dany, don’t you understand. I don’t want children unless the child is with you, and if that never happens.” He gave a soft sigh with an small smile, “I’m still the luckiest man in the world, I’m with the strongest and most bravest, most caring and intelligent, fiercest, most beautiful woman in this fucking world; you’re…”

But she cut off his list of love with a haunted whisper, “but… I am broken. I’m so sorry Jon”
Jon tightened his hold on her hips, shaking his head in disagreement as he wiped her tears away with soft touched kisses. “Don’t say that Dany, you have nothing to apologise for, you’re everything to me … please don’t be sad.” He kissed her wet supple cheek but she quickly placed a honeyed finger on his full pink lips to stop him from talking more kind words. “Please don’t tell me not to be sad. I know you don’t like to see me hurting, but my sadness is mine to feel…”

“But mine to heal,” he fiercely butted in, his grey gaze searching her eyes with volumes of love. She gave a sad smile and then shook her head in disagreement.

“Let me be sad Jon, it will pass in its own time. It always does.”

As he watched her wet lips mould her words, his heart contracted with a crimson tide of admiration, for her strength and ability to keep moving forward. They cuddled for a moment of remorse and hadssip, both of them then thinking about their blossoming love, which was all they truly had. After a few seconds, she spoke again.

“I wish I didn’t feel so guilty about having you,” she said after a hard swallow, looking into his grey gaze as she swept a raven curl out his face with her honeyed finger tips.

He shook his head at her statement before adding his own, “I’m the one who doesn’t deserve you Dany.” She actually grew fierce at those words, placing her cupped hands securely on his bearded jaw. “Stop saying that Jon Snow.” She ordered with a sad nervous sigh, “I hate it when you say that, so that’s an order, no more feeling guilty over me, your… the Dragon-Queen commands it.” She said softly with a sad smile.

He nodded slowly, sadly smiling at her use of fire and command. And with all his might, he resumed his warm alpha gaze and spoke. “I will do it, if you also promise you won’t feel guilty over us, the King in the North commands it, aswel.” He whispered softly, using her own strategy aswel. I love you Daenerys Targaryen, so much.

They both cuddled tighter, breathing wet hot breathes onto each other’s necks while relishing the scent of each other. Both of them fell into the bed, embraced and not letting go, their eyes closed in exhausted content and not realising the sweeping light of yellow sunlight glide and stream into the port windows, their bodies warming and the dust in the room outlined in the fevered gold ribbons of Dawn.

Jon slowly opened his eyes in content, holding her petite hot body flush against his chest with enveloped arms as she nuzzled into his neck. He smiled softly when he realised the worst night of his life ws over and now he had her back in his arms, with Dawn on their shoulders. His husky voice spoke without thought, “Dany?”

“Nuh uh.” She breathed softly, her closed eyes only wanting to relish the feel of the warmth he radiated.

“About what Tyrion said, about this making you vulnerable….”

She sighed with a shake of her head, “Not now, Honey,” her closed eyes implying she wanted to
just savour this perfect moment.

“No,” he said with agreement to her hummed protest of not disturbing the moment, so he slowly elaborated. His voice was filled with love and reassurance, as he continued and softly spoke. After he said his words, Dany then opened her eyes and gazed at him with volumes of love, her arms quickly holding him tighter and when she saw the panels of Dawn sweep over them. She had one thought, *I love you Jon Snow, so much.*

“You won’t get hurt because of … *this* … or, because of this fucking war… I will make sure your never vulnerable, now and always… you are all I’ve got Dany… and…I… so… they can take my life, my hope, my honour, but the gods will need to help them, the day they come. for you.”

Chapter End Notes

Pretty much fluff and smut, our star-crossed lovers were up all night and now they will finally stop feeling the guilt.
Lol, they're gonna be so protective over each other now, especially when they port ;)
The next chapter is called: 'The Red Stallion vs The White Wolf’
The Red Stallion vs The White Wolf

Chapter Notes

A long chapter, after a long wait...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 13

The Red Stallion vs The White Wolf

The dreary sunlight hardly warmly the frosted ship floor while the spiny shores of the Fingers bayed in the distance, the sky was tinged with a bleak red hue from the already dying horizon while white snow and grey stone carefully covered the earthy foliage that decorated the faraway coasts of the Vale. The red and black sails had been sailing for over a week now and only one day was left until it docked in North’s most southern port of White Harbour. While the ship’s crew and company filled the main deck, enjoying the remnants of the cold sunset. The two leaders were on the sparse top deck, enjoying the pass times of peace in the ocean.

“…wait, a direwolf?” Dany said with a tone of disbelief.

“Aye,” he replied softly, smiling at her narrowed violet eyes that enhanced her cute expression. Jon was stood on the top deck with her after a long day of alliance meetings, now gazing the grey skies filled with winds while the rest of their crew and company were on the lower deck; spectating the Dothraki screamers as they sported combat to pass the time. The quiet unsullied captain was the only one present but still out of hearing distance as he held the helm in-front of them on the sparse upper deck; that was only reserved for the Queen and officials.

“What? The mother of dragons doesn’t believe in the direwolves of old?” Jon narrowed his eyes in a playful challenge while he took the horn they were discretely sharing out her hands to take a sip. Dany rolled her eyes with a smile, watching his misty grey eyes fill with mirth over the horn’s brim.

“I didn’t say I didn’t believe you, silly, I just thought, they were… well, an extinct race?”

He nodded in understanding and he set the down horn on the ship’s ledge. “Aye, so did I,” and he slowly elaborated for his nostalgic tone, “There were no sightings of direwolves on our side of the Wall for centuries. That was until me, Robb and my father’s company found a litter of six. Six pups, each one for the Stark children and then one for me, this was just before I joined the Nightswatch, before Bran’s fall… Before we all left Winterfell.”

Daenerys listened to the story with eyes of wonder and when she took back the horn to take a sip,
she peered over the brim with a cute expression, “you’re an impossible man Jon Snow, first you dared to touch my dragon, and then you tell me you own a direwolf.”

He gave a soft smile before he corrected her, “Ghost isn’t mine, or his own I think. Like your dragons, I figure it’s a mutual thing, and he’s my oldest friend so we just look out for one another.” Dany understood and grew curious at the name Ghost.

“Ghost..? I wager, he colors white then and it explains why your men call you the white wolf.” Dany added in a song-like tone, the white wool of her snowy regal Dragon-Queen dress fluttering with the cold current of wind.

“Aye, I suppose…” Jon breathed softly, looking out at the seas humbly, clearly still a little uncomfortable with his titles.

“But why Ghost?” She prodded with amusement and he smiled softly at her humor as she tiptoed slightly to meet his glossy eyes. He loved her beautiful eyes come closer to his face, searching his own as he got lost in hers, but when he felt her nose graze his own, he came back to his senses and replied, “When you see him, you’ll understand.”

The cool breeze ruffled his unruly curls and her silver tresses, both slightly shuddering at the cold air, a few seconds passed and they simply enjoyed the peace and pastime. Their hands yearned to entwine as they looked at each other, reflecting each other’s eyes contently and constantly, their hearts feeling free and at ease. But suddenly, they jumped apart to a safe distance when they heard heavy footsteps walking up the upper deck.

“My Queen.” A clear voice spoke along with chatter of hoarser grunts and bows of, “Khalessi”.

Daenerys and Jon both turned around to see Missandai approaching them, leading three tall and tanned dothraki blood-riders who to both their curiosity, were looking at Jon with disturbed focus.

Jon settled for his cold alpha gaze as he politely stood back and Daenerys stepped forward. He didn’t know what they quickly started speaking about but he knew it wasn’t good and after a minute of gnarly dothraki tongue, the conversation clearly escalated. Jon was a little surprised when Dany raised her profound Dragon-Queen voice, her dothraki tongue fluent with fire as she obviously started to argue with her blood-riders, her voice calm but firm.

Jon took a step to the side, not wanting to intrude, but he caught Missandai’s gaze and gestured at his interest and she understood with a small smile, so they both stepped to the side to converse. Daenerys continued to speak to her blood-riders with fire, her petite confident figure only shadowing and breaking their towered stance while Jon and Missandai walked to the other side of the upper deck.

“Missandai, what happening?” he growled lightly, watching Dany dominate the pestering dothraki with concern as they kept quarreling for something, flickering their gaze at him with agitation.

Missandai took a hard swallow, her eyes fixed on following the conversation in-front of them as she spoke quickly but quietly to him. “Jon, you must understand, everyone on this ship is loyal to our Queen and they would never say anything treacherous nor betraying, the dothraki especially, they know her mounted strength in battle.” Jon listened intently and looked back at Missandai
when she added, “But, her blood-riders don’t recognize your strength and you must understand that they only respond to strength… they know little of your relationship with our Queen but they know something is blossoming. So, now they are questioning your worthiness for her…”

It was then Jon turned to Missandai to digest what she said, but before he could respond, he watched Daenerys walk towards them. Her face was calm but Jon knew her face like the back of his hand, so he didn’t even have to hear the agitation in her voice when she reached them.

“Missandai, when did they inform you about this pettiness?” Dany said with sharp curiosity, ignoring her hulked blood-riders that she left waiting on the other side of the upper-deck and now ignoring Jon’s confused lovely dark eyes as she spoke directly to Missandai.

“A few days ago, your Grace… Jhaki, Cohollo, and Nago all insisted you issued it, they said the Khaleesi allowed the dothraki way for…”

“I did no such thing Missandai,” Dany rushed out with round eyes, discretely dropping her Queenly persona for a second as they both shared a confused look.

“Are you sure, your Grace, they wouldn’t seek out anything without your express permission?” Daenerys’s eyes slowly demisted with realization and after a second she spoke, “well… maybe, yes… I did…” Daenerys slowly added before quickly rushing out, “but I was distracted and… and it doesn’t matter anyway, I ordered them to say away from the King in the North…”

“I agree with your decision your grace, but isn’t it a dothraki ritual?” Missandai added before being cut off from Jon, who had just grasped what Dany said.

“What?” Jon stammered out blankly, joining in on the whispered conversation.

“Hush Honey… Jon,” She corrected firmly, blushing a little from Missandai’s knowing eyes as she quickly brushed it off, “… this doesn’t concern you.” Dany vacantly dismissed before continuing to speak with Missandai in calm disbelief, “this silly ritual they made up doesn’t imply Missandai and they would need my consent, so it won’t happen.” Dany finished simply, she entwined her silver seal-gloved hands at her front in regal fashion, her silver dragon chain sparkling in the pale sunlight over her snowy Dragon-Queen dress as she looked over at her blood-riders, gesturing for them to go.

Jon listened intently, watching the situation apparently deescalate. The dothraki stood clumsily in defeat behind them before they trudged back down to the lower deck, and he noticed them all throw another hard glare at him before they left. He turned back to Daenerys, “what was that?”

He watched her shrug it off, signing a scroll of parchment that Missandai also brought up to clarify. “Dany…” He repeated with a growl of light frustration, he said her name again and again until she brushed it off with, “it’s nothing Jon, so drop it… and it’s still, your Grace, especially when we have company hon… your Grace.” She corrected again, appearing blankly focused on her scrolls, clearly agitated about something and taking it out on him.
Jon burrowed his brow, feeling a gust of cold wind ruffle his face and northern furs, “Okay,” Jon slowly responded, still confused and not ready to drop it, “but by the sounds of it, something’s clearly bothering you… Dany?” He repeated, gaining her attention for a mere moment before she ignored him again, and after a few seconds of more dumb silence, he had enough.

“Dany, something is clearly fucking bothering you and I want to know what it is!” He ended up rushing out softly in his northern accent, the raw compassion evident in his voice as he snatched the scroll out her hand to get her attention.

Daenerys simply raised her eyebrows at his audacity of snatching a now ruffled parchment out her hands, but after a challenging stare down, she shook her head in dismissal and carried on signing the last scroll Missandai had ready for her.

“Dany, you stubborn Queen,” he muttered in defeat before turning to Missandai who was trying to avoid getting involved, “Missandai, what did you mean, those men were questioning my worthiness, for Queen Daenerys you mean?” He gently prodded with new patience. But, he had to take a back a step when Dany crossed her arms with a huff, now stepping towards him and rounding on him with her bold violet eyes that he dearly loved.

“O, is it Queen Daenerys now..?” She snapped with frustration while looking up at him, “Not… Dany..?” She finished, and the air went silent as she realised what she said, making her face blossom scarlet when she remembered Missandai still was present.

Jon only matched her profound gaze before turning back to Missandai, ignoring his beautiful fiery Queen and looking back his new friend from Narth, in suspense to his question.

Missandai fought hard to stop her growing smile, hiding behind her stack of papers as she stared back and forth at them, both glaring at each other, gods they are so meant for each other, they literally are crazy about each other even when they are fighting! Missandai took a soft swallow, “I…” She stuttered out towards the Northern King who had become a dear friend before raising her hands in a surrendering gesture and turning to her best friend with eyes twinkled with mirth and tension towards the ruler she was bound to. “May I be excused, my Queen.” She almost squeaked out while trying to hide her smile.

Jon watched Missandai walk away before he looked at Dany, who was now looking at him with no attempt to hide her smile of triumph over their little challenge, making him subconsciously pull on his famous brood as he stepped to the ships ledge to gaze absently.

After a tense minute, Daenerys huffed with a hot exhale before dropping her hands at her sides. “Jon, honey, don’t be angry.” She said with her honeyed voice behind him, stretching out her silver gloved finger-tips onto his northern fur, wanting him to be nothing but happy.

“I’m not angry,” he replied gruffly, turning back to her with a husky look and his raven unruly curls wafting in the breeze, searching her eyes as he finished with a nod of his head, “you’re the angry one.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she laughed out softly, and for a long second, grey and violet gazed into each
other’s eyes with clear challenge until he looked away and she elaborated. “Listen to us, we are acting like children and neither adults nor rulers, now stop brooding you stubborn King.”

“Well, tell me what fucking happened,” He breathed out softly, stepping towards her and coming to gently hold her waist, breathing into her silver tresses intimately, “I thought we, you know... do stuff together now?” Daenerys closed her eyes in content at his touch and his distinct scent of fresh snow and black mint, relishing his soft breathing shadowing her succulent lips. “I can’t tell you, silly,” she eventually replied with a hard swallow, “…I don’t want you hurt.”

Jon quickly leaned back, “hurt..? So, they wanted to fight didn’t they? Why didn’t you tell me, love. It’s only sparring…” He elaborated with a soft laugh.

“You don’t get it Jon, dothraki don’t practise swords,” Dany began to rush out, “…they fight only to kill and especially when they want to challenge you in my name, and as pathetic as it sounds, that’s what they are doing…. And even with my watch, I can’t promise… huh… The point is, I may have the most disciplined dothraki hoard in history but at the same time Jon, I don’t, they can be a real, real nuisance. But that’s good because I’m a Queen and it’s my responsibility, they are my nuisance, as a Queen.” Dany emphasised again, holding his northern robes for comfort.

“I suppose being the Dragon-Queen helps in that bit,” Jon added.

“Yes,” Dany breathed out onto his neck with mirth as he held her waist, before she became serious again, “yes it does, but anyway… what I was trying to say, is that they are my nuisance as a Queen. You, on the other hand, you are my nuisance aswell but as… as a woman.” She said quietly with a soft expression at his endearing look as she continued, “so I don’t want that colliding, I don’t want you hurt for some silly bout. That’s why I didn’t want to tell you, men can be stupid when it comes to pride.”

“Fuck pride…” He said after a tense second and that made her smile as she moved an unruly raven curl from his face, the wind on the sails billowing around them. “Good… you are not like the others my northern fool.” She whispered against his chest as she nuzzled his jaw in thanks.

Jon planted a kiss on her forehead before letting out a long husky breath… “I’m still going to fight them though.”

He felt her tense as he held her waist and he watched her slowly lean back with nothing but raised eyebrows, her honeyed voice simply seething, “W-what?”

“Dany…” He tried to begin.

“No!” She said firmly with dilated eyes, stepping back and pointing her finger accusingly, “I will not…”

“Dany, I…”

“No! Jon Snow, you may my allied northern King but… but on this ship, you’re under my protection and…” she tried to make up, her petite figure casting a shadow over his misty grey eyes.
“Just listen you stubborn woman,” he rushed in, gently coming to hold her honeyed shoulders as he matched her profound Dragon gaze. “Please,” he added rather meekly until he saw her fierce violet expression loosen a little.

She huffed impatiently before he continued, “Now, you told me your horselords only respond to strength and this fight is part of their culture. So, who am I, to expect them to come North and fight and try save my home, my people, my culture… if I don’t even try to respect theirs? This fight isn’t about pride; it’s them trusting me to stand with you, to lead them into battle. My father always told my brother Robb, get to know the men that fight for you and to not expect them to die for a stranger.”

Dany listened impatiently, her honeyed palms threading into his northern furs as he spoke words that made sense but words she still hated and after a hard minute, she half whispered… “I understand, you northern fool. I’ll sanction it but only until one yields, I’ll make sure of that… You better know what you’re doing honey. And I thought you don’t like fighting…?”

“I don’t,” he replied simply, “You know why I have to do this.” Jon added with a cold husky breath as they searched each other’s eyes with flawless reflection.

“Because if you don’t, they won’t respect you as an ally or it will look like I’m protecting you, meaning keeping us a secret will be for…”

“…nothing,” he finished with a melancholy growl.

“Facing an unmounted dothraki screamer is still dangerous Jon… you might have to kill…” She warned with a hard breath as he made to walk down to the lower deck. Jon stopped and slowly turned back to her, the bleak red hue of the dying sun outlined his husky furs as he spoke softly over his shoulder against the cold wind. “Don’t worry Dany… no one is going to get killed.”

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“This is fucking stupid,” Tyrion gasped out in annoyance, watching the first elected dothraki stallion, pace the deck with his hulked arms and a smoked arakh swinging in his boulder hand while looking at the silent husky Northern King on the other side, as his Khaleesi gave them the rules.

“Believe me Lord Tyrion,” Davos chuckled at his side, looking down at the fight getting ready while smoking his pipe as Tyrion and Missandai looked at him in confusion to his light tone. “…The King in the North is the best at doing stupid, honourable things.”

Tyrion rolled his eyes with a grumble, “You can say that again, onion knight, Starks tend to have that trait.” Tyrion squeezed the falling rain out his golden head of curls with his grubbily hands in discomfort as he raised his brow in disbelief after looking over the wooden balcony.

“…But come on Davos, we are heading into a damn War where the formidable, good Queen
Targaryen, is already despised, surely our two young leaders know how unnecessary this is, especially if Jon Snow gets hurt? Have you seen the dothraki in battle, they are quite fucking formidable.”

Davos nearly snorted, “I don’t doubt it Lord Hand… but, the lad is no stranger to a sword.”

“So I’ve heard. The battle of Winterfell, your recent suicide raid and not forgetting manning the Wall from Thenns and Giants all his youth, yes… Jon Snow is the best swordsman the North has ever seen, so the stories say that is… they spoke similar tales about my brother Jamie until he lost his hand in some stupid squabble… but, coming back to our dear Jon Snow, has he ever fought a Red Stallion from Vaes Dothraki? Because I hate to say, those breeds show no fucking mercy, Davos?”

Davos nodded in weary agreement before half-grinning, “I would be worried about that big hairy bugger than the King in the North at this point,” and Davos elaborated with a nod at the bleak skies that swelled with hard hail and white winds but failed to hide, two colossal shadows sweeping the skies in thunderous goliath circles.

“Yes, I noticed.” Tyrion quietly spoke; matching Davos’s knowing expression but elaborating for Missandai’s curious one. “The Dragons,” he said before gesturing with a nod, “They are the lowest they have been since we have boarded this vessel.” He said with a shudder, feeling the presence of the beasts from just the effect they had on the now caning winds that billowed the sails from the colossal but silent banking wings. Tyrion looked back down at the lower deck, watching the Dragon-Queen attentively as she now walked towards the Northern King after speaking to her bloodriders.

“They are both fools,” he gulped out to Davos, “Remind me why they are doing this.”

Davos crossed his arms uncomfortably, with a hard expression. “All I know is what he told us both five minutes ago… and I believe he’s right…” Davos spoke over Tyrion’s deliberate huff and disbeliefed gesture of hands. “You know it’s not about pride when it comes to Jon Snow, he says he’s doing it because the dothraki need to know they are coming North to fight with good men, northmen, who know how to fight just as much as they do. And if this pathetic ritual achieves that message, the lad will see it done, he doesn’t fuck about when it comes to leading and he won’t ask anyone else to fight a fight for him, and if this is how he gets to know these merciless warriors from the Red Waste you say… He’ll do it. They respect their Queen, Tyrion, but now they have to respect her word for her ally’s worthiness.”

“And putting the white wolf in a little danger, allows him and Daenerys to keep themselves more of a secret,” Tyrion added in weary agreeance.

“You better be right about this Davos, because I have a feeling this could go terribly wrong and we’ll all end up in Dragonfire before we even dock in White Harbour on the morrow, let alone Winterfell.” Davos matched his hard gaze, and both men leaned a little more forward in observance, both their sets of hands coming to grip the railing with white knuckles as the rain blistered in heavy fall, blurring their tense scrutiny.
Jon felt the rain start to paddle hard on the worn vanish on the cleared deck, the sudden hail soaking his stark furs and the great pelt making him more wolf like than ever, since the hail moulded it around his broad shoulders as the rain dripped off his wild hair and bearded jaw. His dark eyes narrowed through the hard wind and sweeping rain as he stood on one side of the lower deck, he was watching his Dragon-Queen on the other side giving a last talk to her men, firing dothraki words at her bloodriders and ordering them to only fight until one yields and no one would die; making it out that she didn’t want to lose a vital ally to her kingdoms.

The dothraki nodded solemnly before looking at the northern wolf with disturbed focus again, their hooves itching to go.

Dany felt the cold rain chill her honeyed spine, giving one last glare at her men in warning, she slowly turned around and walked through the rain towards Jon, the storm only embellishing her platinum crown of braids as her violet eyes pierced him aswel.

“You don’t have to do this, you know?” Dany blurted out in a whisper once she was out of hearing distance, “give me the word, and I will order everyone to put a stop to this silliness.” Jon only flickered his alpha gaze at her in kind disagreement before resuming his grey gaze over her shoulder at the three dothraki screamers, who were now pacing the deck with flexing wrist swings of their curved blades, ready to go.

“Jon, I made sure it’s merely till one yields and…”

“Don’t’ worry too much Dany,” Jon said softly, turning to her weary face as her creamy skin only made the rain turn into pearls of beauty on her brow and cheeks. Dany really wanted to scream at her honourable fool but she kept her regal persona but failed to stop her hands dropping like weights at her sides as she half-whispered in response. “But… I am worried, Honey.” She softly added. I know you’re not doing this for pride over me, unlike neither Daario’s ego nor drogo’s ambition, you on the other hand, your problem Jon Snow… is that you are too honourable… and I love you, my honourable Northman…

Jon let out a hard breath, “if it makes you feel better, your bloodriders are neither mounted nor used to fighting in northern hail but I on the other hand… this weather is like breathing.” Jon added huskily, giving her a lonely but reassuring gaze as the rain splinted around them. Dany wiped the pining hail from her beautiful light lashes that framed her face, searching his eyes one last time with reflective love, she then nodded her head in hopeful understanding and reluctantly walked away to go stand with her Lord Hand on the upper deck.

The winds of winter pined over the last remnants of the dying sun and the skies were dark but were still tinged with a red hue. Jon walked forward, matching the dothraki named Cohollo, who walked forward first onto the creaky clearing. His bare copper skin clearly shivering from the cold but he held himself proud, his veined muscles greased with pig fats and his braid was oiled with pride. Jon held his cold alpha gaze, his breath calm as the hulked stallion stepped forward in clumsy steps, using his arakh to point at Jon as he sniggered at the northern wolf with wild words to his kin
before then cackling at Jon in a broken tongue. “You… Andals… Snow King… your metal dress is, armour, is… how you say…” he cackled out, “… pussy…” he spat out finally with a snigger, expecting nothing from it.

The White Wolf felt everyone stare at him in tense thought but his only concern was the current of violet searching for his eyes, Jon stopped himself from looking at her and he slowly made up his mind. She’s going to kill me for doing this but I have to get her men to trust me and if this is the only way, so be it… it was her that taught me not to be ashamed of them anymore… His hands slowly rose to unclasp his breastplate, the northern steal falling with a clatter as he untied his northern armour and rid himself of his leathers from waist up. His arctic eyes were fixed on his opponent as he pulled his grey under-tunic over and off his broad shoulders, and the ocean pulsed with the ships shocked breath, the stallions eyes flickered in disbelief through the blistering rainfall at the litter of herculean slits of death, that were littered over the wolf’s chest as the rain glistened them ever more scarlet.

Jon blanked out the drowning shock of the entire crew and company; he simply rippled out his ancient Valyrian blade and got in fighting position. The heavy breeze battered them and the red stallion shivered badly but his hooves still itched to go while the White Wolf stood silently in arctic precision, the cold only making his dark eyes narrow in focus. Cohollo gave a dirty smirk through his chattering teeth and without a second thought, he stepped forward and the two began to circle the clearing.

They waited and waited, watching each other’s every movement. Cohollo flexed and flourished impressive wrist swings while Jon merely stood in arctic precision, and he was ready when Cohollo lunged forward and threw a big overhand swing at him, Jon deflected it easily with a clash of steel but he didn’t expect the big bull of a man to have much flexibility. His grey eyes dilated as he had to use his own forearm to block Cohollo’s huge punch that was disguised under the swordplay, pushing him back from the mere weight of the hammered clump of a fist that was inches from smacking the air out of him.

Jon quickly recovered but conceded ground, having to quickly parry a train of steel that followed as he blocked with natural reflex, his keen eyes figuring out how this man fought.

Cohollo grinned stupidly behind his rapid burst of hard swings and sickled upturns that threw the Northman on the back-foot. The deck was drowned with the sound of steel and Dany watched from the upper deck. Her heart missed multiples beat’s when Jon nearly got hit again, her small hands entwined at her front regally but encasing sweaty palms as she tried to keep her face collected. “Whatever you do, my Queen, please don’t have Drogon sit on us.” Tyrion said quietly, coming by her side on the upper deck. Dany tried to ignore Tyrion’s weary jest but she did notice her Dragon’s goliath banking around the ship, making the mast creak and sway along with a deafening shriek that was filled with a threatening colossal desolation of green torrent.

“That’s not Drogon,” Dany half-whispered to herself, feeling Rhaegal sweep past in restlessness but still not taking her eyes of her white wolf, who was now constantly parrying and blocking a flutter of heavy blows. “What is he doing?” Dany nearly seethed to Davos at her other side,
ignoring Tyrion’ open mouth in question as Davos only swallowed hard in reply. So, Dany continued to watch Jon attentively as she toyed with her mother’s ring, watching her lover, not throw a single flurry or anything as he only blocked and weaved killing strikes with precise pivoted smacks of his blade.

Jon held Longclaw loosely with both his hands, absorbing the lunged attacks wearily as he watched Cohollo grin over his dominating reach but his breathing becoming harder and harder, Jon kept his shoulder in front and he kept on the back-foot, watching the stallion dance with his swinging sickle and Jon kept focus behind Longclaw’s chill ringing of absorbing the brutal shots. He saw how Cohollo’s skin paled against the cold air and his advance become sluggish with wild overhand swings. Then, very quickly, Jon knew what was needed and his eyes elasticated with focus and his dark pupils dilated with predatory hunger.

Taking a new angle, he threw a feint to the right and fluttered Longclaw’s decimating edge to the body which was unprotected, forcing the stallion’s blade to lower in a desperate attempt and Jon kept the pressure on, mindful not to let his Valyrian steel kill but only tire. And it worked; Cohollo stumbled backward from the shock of impossible speed that lunged from the Northman. Jon watched with arctic sight through the blistering rain, and the moment Cohollo used his over-hand swing with his heavy breathing lungs again, Jon pivoted his feet and weaved behind the swinging arm, pushing his huge elbow into a desperate tangle and bringing Longclaw’s flat edge to smack his gut, causing Cohollo to fall on one knee from the counter-shot and to grimace at the bruised red pain on his abdomen with curses flying with spit from his mouth.

Jon watched the brutish man stumble back up in pride, turning to him with tense shoulders before charging forward with his boulder arms and sickled blade. Knowing this man was filled with pride and had to put down, the wolf leaped forward as well, his jaw locked in focus. Dany watched from above, discretely wringing her hands in anxiety as Cohollo stormed like a bull, flourishing his blade with air cutting swings.

But, she watched Jon do the same, his paws issuing a delicate rhythm of thunder as he weaved behind a devastating slash before meeting the second with a hard grabble of blades but Jon clawed his sword out like lightning, ducked and blocked and merging under Cohollo arm again, dragging Longclaw low and running it along Cohollo’s shin and splinting the man’s leg with a light cut before swinging his lean herculean body to rain a devastating punch to the stallions kidneys in quick succession. Cohollo stumbled with gasping pain, and roared with anger at himself rather than the actual pain he felt as he stumbled down again. Nearly falling completely and smacking his chin hard on the deck. Overcome by Jon’s speed as the icy cold winds made it hard to breathe as he struggled back on one knee. But, Jon didn’t give him a chance to carry on this time, bringing Longclaw to his trunk of a neck. The stallion’s eyes squeezed shut in terror… but all he felt was the decimating edge push against his cold skin on his neck.

Jon watched him open his brown eyes as he spoke to him, “Yield, friend, and let’s call it a day.” He growled with his cold alpha gaze, and after a moment he watched Cohollo slowly stand with berated breathing, then after another hard second, they shook hands and Cohollo stumbled off to his silent kin who all looked passively away from Jon’s gaze.
Dany let out a discrete breath of relief from how quick Jon made it and kept self-collected with a regal front on the upper deck… but her lashed eyes suddenly rounded.

Jon was just about to reach for his robes and cloak, thinking the other bloodriders had decided not to fight when he suddenly heard a loud stampede of foreign footsteps flood the deck. Before he could even turn around, the weight of Nago had lifted his feet off the ground as he smacked down and slide down the deck from a brutal shoulder barge. The shrill cackle and hooting of dothraki next to the angry swearing of Northmen began to ring his ears and Jon squeezed his eyes back into focus as he slowly staggered back up. Holding his now aching shoulder from the impact, Jon raised his other hand and his northmen were silent and kept their distance as he stretched out his paw for Longclaw.

_I have to beat them myself if they’ll ever respect Dany’s decision to reject my feality and for both of us to lead them North._ Taking a hard breath, Jon flexed his calloused hand over his hilt and brought Longclaw upright to his chest with both hands, standing firm in the blistering rain, his wolf eyes dark and ready for anything this time.

Now Jhaki and Nago both galloped forward with heavy hooves, Jhaki was leaner and held a large bronze shield with a rattan spear while Nago bared his teeth, flourishing two arakh sickles in both hands and flexing his hulked body. Jon watched them shiver forward and before they could even circle him, the wolf leaped into predatory action.

Before they could even think, the blistering rainfall hid the wolf from sight as Jon flummoxed Jhaki’s shield with a solid advanced strike, throwing him off balance momentarily from the sheer power of the valerian steel before Jon turned on his hind legs with new scent, throwing a short flurry of decimating precise shots that quickly forced Nago to drop one arakh in pain, causing him to fall back on his arse from the lack of sight and the shock of speed.

Jon felt Jhaki charge up to defend his brother, his rattan spear piercing the air and aimed directly at Jon’s shoulder blade. Jon’s eyes dilated with arctic awareness, he weaved with fluidity and missed the strike by a calculated second, allowing him to roll under it before brandishing Longclaw to meet the Spear and he turned his entire body in one precise weighted swing, slitting the oncoming dart of a spear into a clutter of lumber.

Jhaki gulped hard in shock into the wolf’s eyes but Jon didn’t linger, using the space, Jon fluttered his footwork on both of Jhaki’s flanks, pivoting every swing onto the large bronze shield and making Jhaki work with a bull’s sweat. Every decimating shrill ring that Jon smacked on Jhaki’s swinging shield, made the stallion heave with effort from the sheer power of keeping up with the unbeknown advancement the Northman was issuing. Jon watched him spit out insults over the shield, growing confident at the pattern of the movement but breathing hard in the blistering cold rain.
But before he knew it, Jon changed his regiment and weaved Longclaw with fluidity, striking the center of his shield with an advanced single thud of Longclaw’s decimating tip; cracking the shield like plaster and causing both of them to fall in close proximity. Jon watched him pull out a dagger in desperate attempt but he grappled it out his hands with an empathy block and the wolf leapt through the hail. Striking his solid dense paw into the stallion’s shaking lungs, taking the air out of his unsteady kidneys before smacking Longclaw on the underside of his kneecap to take away his height advantage and before Jhaki knew it, Jon turned his entire body into one punch, cracking his jaw and making the red warrior fall into a cold lullaby into a rather large sprawl on the deck.

Jon let a controlled breath from the work but he then felt Nago charge behind him after recovering from the pain on his hand, and suddenly Jon watched a leather whip, coil out with temper, slithering and tangling around Longclaw before his blade was disbarred away from him entirely. When he turned towards the greater stallion. Jon nearly growled from the flashed, blistered pain of a whip then grappling around his neck which tried to pull him down. His calloused hands bonded onto the leathered whip, watching Nago laugh and hoot out gnarly speech and Jon heard Missandai reluctantly translate for them all on the upper deck. “You may have overcome those two mules but now you yield to me, White Wolf…” Missandai squeaked out timidly by Daenerys’s side.

Jon heard the deafening gale carry the roar of a Dragon in the white winds. After a long minute of struggling, he continued to wince in shear pain from the elastic scorch of the dothraki rein, but Jon refused to buckle as Nago kept pulling and pulling as the wolf clawed into solidity. Giving one last cold alpha gaze, Jon closed his clouded eyes from the struggle and his thoughts spontaneously flew to her, the winds slowed and created a haven in his misty irises, he watched her violet eyes flutter with a cute giggle under their white bedding in the morning light, the morning melting their entwined limbs together from a long night of loving each other entirely, now searching each other’s eyes with freedom and content in the afterglow.

Jon blinked out his daze, the blistering rain filling his reddening ears and then… the sound of a distant roar breathed fire into his breast. Palming the whip, he swung the coil with a twist and ducked out its withering grip while Nago merely jested with ego and no attention, and before the stallion knew it, Jon lunged forward without a sword and delivered a similar dense punch that took down a now sleeping Jhaki. The wolfed impact broke several teeth but Nago merely rounded back on him, and the stallion and the wolf went toe to toe. Jon pawed off every devastating blow with his forearms and shoulders, but Nago landed a clubbed hit to his lower body but Jon weaved and grappled Nago’s knees using the stallions own weight against him and climbed on the bull. There was a long second of silent struggle, Jon having the icy weather and raw wolf stamina to resist and Nago the brute strength. The outcome was them both falling in a tangle of thrashing limbs, Jon blocking and weaving with acute arctic awareness from a stampede of clubbed punches before he broke free and wrapped his legs around Nago’s neck, holding the stallion down.

“Yield,” Jon growled, “I don’t want to kill you, friend.” He gasped out.

Nago’s jaw was already a little deescalated and his nose was bleeding, his copper skin was pale and tinged with red veins from Jon’s locked hold. Jon watched the stallion’s red-tinted eyes flick for any other alternative before eventually tapping Jon’s leg desperately in submission, and the deck roared with cheers and hoots.
Jon quickly stood, feeling his northmen and now the dothraki cheering him on. Standing, his shoulders breathed heavily like a wolf as the winds pined on. “Please Missandai, tell him, he fights well and it’s an honour to stand with his kin.” Jon said breathlessly, pulling his grey under tunic on that Davos handed to him, along with his husky cloak.

The lower deck was now crowded and Missandai translated the words with a big smile of relief. Jon watched the red stallions all nod in appreciation, “it- is honour to fight- with you- Snow King.” Nago tried to say properly in his frittered speech, “- Khaleesi was right, to have you stand with her… we fight with you… for mounted Dragon-Khaleesi, she conqueror and kill people who take your home…” he cackled with a proud expression before adding, “but your home, and people, have shit weather… yes!!” He roared again with light-hearted humour.

Jon warmed up a little from having his great northern cloak back on and the fact he achieved his goal without barely any bloodshed as the deck filled with conversation around him. But, Jon’s grey eyes fixated on her voice. Dany spoke to her bloodriders, reassuring them that their braids were not to be cut since this was merely a training session.

“Your Grace,” Dany spoke clearly as she turned and reached Jon with her hands regally entwined and her snowy dress accentuating her violet lashes

Jon turned around with his unruly curls even wilder, “Your Grace,” he said with a similar tone but more huskily. The crowds around them cleared a little to give them both space and once the deck was almost deserted, they stepped closer, “you’re an impossible thing, Jon Snow. I’ve never seen a man move like that.”

He smiled softly before saying, “That doesn’t matter, what does, is that the dothraki know they have good reason and good men protecting their backs in this war.”

“I have no doubt in that, my northern fool.” Dany slowly said with pursed lips and they both searched each other’s eyes with content, yearning for the others on the deck to disappear so they could just relieve the raw passion that gravitated with heat between them.

“Can you teach me some Dothraki,” Jon said out of the blue once he caught his breath, breaking their moment and only making Dany hold back a laugh. “What?” he added blankly with his rough northern accent in response to her growing smile.

“Apologises, my dearest Northman,” Daenerys’s nearly laughed out, “I’m a Queen and I have more pressing issues and…” she then completely failed to stop a giggle, “…and your accent, well… it’ll make it sound all… funny.” She watched him exaggerate one of his famous broods and she played along, “Okay, okay… I will teach you some, Jon Snow, but is it worth my time.” She hummed out in sarcastic thought.

“Aye, because I’m going to teach you how to fight,” Jon replied softly in a simple tone.

Dany raised her eyebrows in question, “I will have Drogon in Battle, there is no…”
“There is a point,” he growled lightly, “what if you get separated? You should know the basic’s at
the very least to defend yourself, anyway, as a boy I was told Visenya Targaryen…” Dany wanted
to huff, but she knew he was right so she cut him off.

“…Very well, Jon Snow, but are you really qualified to teach a Queen, I mean you’re pretty hair is
awfully distracting” she shot back sarcastically with pursed lips.

Jon shook his head with a soft smile, “bleeding heck Dany… anyway, I’ll teach you how to do it
right, for my own peace of mind.” He added.

“I’d beat you,” she challenged with mirth, rounding on him with sarcastic bright purple innocent
eyes.

“O, really?” He breathed back with surrendering gestured hands, in similar humored challenge,
“Whys that?” He brushed off lightly.

“Because…” Dany slowly exhaled out while moving a loose silver tendril from her lips, “You
would be too busy staring at me in leather breeches.” She said almost innocently into his eyes.

“No I wouldn’t,” he replied innocently.

“You’re doing it right now,” she flirted back, searching his eyes while trying to hide a smile.

“You’re not wearing leather breeches,” he growled softly.

“I’m not wearing any underwear,” she whispered hotly into his ear with succulent breath before she
left completely, walking off and leaving Jon’s gaze to follow the alluring sway of her hips. It
wasn’t a moment after until Jon blinked out his daze with a hungry growl and he traced her burning
footsteps.

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Tyrion was sitting in the council chamber. Having his favorite dornish red, that only was bitter to
taste with his array of questions. He sat in the head chair; Davos sat at his right side with Brienn,
and Grey-Worm and Missandai on his other side. The Hound sat by himself at the far end, he was
quiet with his plate of sausages and ale. They were all supposed to be eating supper but their minds
were elsewhere.

“I suppose Northmen aren’t that dreary… a knife in the heart.” Tyrion said poetically to himself,
remembering the litter of scars that covered the King in the North and remembering the bastard
boy that was left to rot on the Wall. Tyrion shook his head and after a long minute, he turned to
Davos. “How?” he breathed simply.

“It’s a long looking story, one that is not mine to tell… but I suppose you can put the pieces
together.”

“His decision to allow the wildlings to pass?” Tyrion concluded with narrow eyes.
“Aye, a mutiny, the lad doesn’t like to speak about it.” Davos said quietly.

“The scars,” Missandai said out of the blue as she remembered as well, “They butchered a Goodman because they were blinded by the truth of his intentions and he moved on… the honour.” Missandai said softly, Grey-worm coming to hold her cold hand with a warm squeeze, “Jon is good man.” He inputted.

“Yes, “Tyrion added, “I swear if you met his father, you would have been speechless for the rest of your days, Jon Snow is the ghost of Ned Stark I swear… but, those cuts were impossible, how did he come back?” Tyrion added, turning back to Davos.

It was the hoarse sound of Clegane that spoke, grumbling from down from the table. “It was a facking Red-Witch, woun’t it? That kind brought Beric back in front of my own damn eyes, the Lord of Light and all that horse shit.” The hound then turned to them all, pointing at them with a sausage on his fork. “Mark my words, King Jon is a hard fucker, and the Dragon-Queen for that matter, she is meant to lead us all into battle, never thought I’d want to stand with a fire breathing monster, but wherever they go, I’ll be close by, I want a piece of that white walker cunt, they killed my bald friend… and then I’ll run down my brother, i’ll get that sorry heap of maggot shit.” He finished with a hard bite into his pork sausage.

Tyrion raised his brow with bewilderment at the Hound’s random outburst, “That’s all very well, Clegane… I’m just glad our ruler’s decision about this ritual went well, can you imagine if we arrived in White harbour with a slain wolf and a scorched ship.”

Brienn quickly spoke, “King Jon fights like no other, you should see his sister, Princess Arya, the Stark children have gone through a lot.” She said simply.

“That’s what I’m afraid of… All good fighters have their moments; I reckon my brother Jamie would have had a good chance against the white wolf, in his prime I mean.”

The hound coughed on his food, “Your facking joking little imp, I could have beaten your golden brother with both hands behind mi back, all the Kingslayer does is stab old men and comb his fucking ginger pubic hair, and you say a man who fucks his fermented sister and jacks off to lion banners, and I bet even with one hand he still does it…” The hound laughed gruffly with a creased forehead but almost barking. “…But, our bastard King of the North, is in a different fucking league, he didn’t dance in damn tourney’s, the lad was born in war and bred in War. Those Dothraki you brought over, are vicious cunts… and the lad went through them like a hot knife in butter… Proper…” He breathed out after a silent few seconds with thoughtful blinks.

“I agree Clegane to the most of that, I think…” Tyrion laughed out with confusion.

“King Jon wasn’t fucking losing at the start, he was learning… The lad moves like the greats, like Dayne and that old fucker Selmy, but he du’n’t fuck about with the prancing and dancing, just good old timing and greasy lightning speed,” The Hound abruptly said, with a nod to Brienn, “makes me wonder if it runs in blood, you said that little stark bitch bested you even.” Brienn eventually nodded with an order of not calling her a bitch.
“I taught her everything she knows,” he grumbled dismissively as he slurped his ale with a burp.

Tyrion shook his head with raised eyebrows from the divergence from topic, turning back to Davos. But, before he could, the ship’s war horn sounded above deck from the mast. The rain blistered continuously outside as they had entered northern currents, the horn’s cry signaling that they were one league from finally docking in merman’s port...

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked this one... because I am back, locked and loaded. :)  
Next one is Arianne's p.o.v again as she begins her journey. I'll post it next Friday I think. I don't want to give too much away but it was a fun one to write.

Next chapter is called:
'Coins in the Fountain.'
The Pyramids of Meeren, rose high and proud while slowly casting sharp shadows over the great city streets and gates as the Essosi sun slowly swallowed down into the dying yellow horizon. It was a long day in the Courts and the councillor of Meeren had come back to her chambers to find her captain, bored and waiting for her. And it didn't take them long until they reached their usual routine of raw, animalistic fucking.

“O…. fuck, fuck… yesss, fuck me… Daario!” Sarella gasped out with squeezed eyes, her hands clutched the sweated bedding and her left cheek scrunched into her pillow. Daario looked down at the curved bottom he was fucking with no mercy, holding her hips as he drove into her with closed eyes… imagining the hair he was scrunching wasn’t the usual brown curled hair… but silver silk.

With one last desperate thought, the second sun thrusted deep into her wet tight entrance, clawing into her hips as he pushed his weight onto her slender bottom and he released his lustful fantasies in a mounted position. Sarella collapsed down on the cotton bedding, her drooped breasts breathing heavy from exhaustion while her dusty blue eyes glazed the white ceiling. After the sensations of her throbbing folds calmed as she clenched away the stinging pleasure and the dripping seed. Sarella smoothed her small brown hands over her swelled womb, smiling at the thought of the blossoming bump before she turned to her lover.

“I don’t know if I can move now you ravished me, again,” she squeaked out happily in her spicy accent, looking at Daario with searching eyes.

Daario simply laid there, his eyes closed as he gave a simple hum in response.

“Wow,” Sarella slowly breathed, watching him closely. “Daario Naharis, without a single thing to say to that,” She added, observing his sullen expression and after a heavy minute of intense breathing, she instantly knew what he was thinking. Letting out an internal huff, Sarella pushed herself up before she shoved her arms into her robe and went to get a glass of water from her stand.

The air in the chamber was silent apart from the ragged sandy breeze from the open balcony while the sweltering sweat tinged the air, “court went well today, don’t you think?” Sarella tried to start, still catching her breath while smoothing her short brown curls behind her ears; she watched Daario
over the brim of her goblet and she grew even angrier. His closed eyes and still chest almost looked grave and bored with sweat in the candlelight.

Sarella paced the ground in her scarlet robe at the foot of the bed, clutching the front of her robe shut with her soft brown dainty fingers, to hide and almost protect her swelling womb from her distress.

“You’re thinking of her again, aren’t you?” She blurted out, with a casual but obnoxious tone.

It was then, Daario actually opened one eye from this outburst, his face caught in stone and after a tense look, he grew a patronising smile. “Don’t be silly woman… we’ve been over this...” He waved off, placing his hands behind his head to relax and nestle further into the rubble of bedding.

Sarella bit her tongue from beginning another daily argument and she simply clenched her jaw before stepping towards the open sandstone window. Her mind raced with jealous thoughts as she picked up the polished dagger her lover dearly loved from the nightstand. She caressed the polished hilt before gazing at the clear dark skies for a moment out the open balcony and after a moment, she spoke over her shoulder, “it’s been several moons Daario, it feels like a lifetime ago since Meeren’s chains were struck down and the Dragons left… but now, the Dragons haven’t returned, nor their mother. Mhysa saved us all and broke our chains, now she has left for her own home.” Sarella paused for a moment, knowing Daario was slyly digesting her words as she slowly finished, “she won’t come back…”

Daario opened his eyes and swallowed hard to keep his face collected. “You’re wrong Sarella.” He muttered out slowly.

“O, am I.” She snarled lightly with raised eyebrows, smiling obnoxiously at catching him out, on his thoughts actually being on Daenerys Stormborn.

Daario rolled his eyes as he swivelled his legs off the bed and he stepped towards her while completely nude. “I wasn’t thinking of the Dragon-Queen, I was thinking of why you’re holding my stuff.” He pointed towards his dagger, dismissing the subject in hand as he snatched back his blade and sat back down on the bed’s edge, toying with the womanly hilt of his dagger with his thumbs.

Sarella placed her hands on her hips, “Don’t try and deceive me, Daario Naharis, speak true…” She gasped out, waiting for his answer and when he failed yet again to do so, she rushed out a heavy burdened chest as tears swelled in her brown eyes. “… I wager, the only reason you come to me at nights, the only reason you fuck me… is to feel a position of power and to soothe your lonely balls.” She spat out before continuing, “The people of Meeren elected me to be their voice in their welfare and trade, a highly honoured position, that Mhysa fought for us all to one day represent… and she entrusted you to keep the Queen's peace in Meeren and you swore you would.”

“Fuck Meeren,” Daario barked out, dropping his unbothered persona as he sprung up and kicked over the bed stand before coming to glare at her. Sarella only placed her hands on her womb in protective hurt and swallowed hard as he spoke over her.
“You say court went well today, you say all is fine! Well, it is… and that’s how it is every day! I wasn’t born for this shit, I am meant to be at her side when she conquers the Seven Kingdoms, she took the damn dwarf, the hordes of dothraki and the army with no balls, even the old perverted bear went West, but not the Second Sun.” Daario nearly barked out, looking incredulous at the insult he felt.

Sarella blinked back tears and she slowly outstretched her dainty fingers, both her hands coming to cup his face “Look at what we have Daario,” Sarella whispered, gesturing to her swollen womb that popped out her split red robe to curtain and reveal her ripe brown skin. She searched his brown eyes and he only took a deep breath of irritation before he pushed her hands off him and walked to the other side of the room, speaking over his shoulder. “It’s been a long day my little bird… gets some sleep.” Daario said blatantly, turning around to face her and suddenly stumbling back slightly from the angry former-slave lady that followed him right up to his nose.

Sarella pointed her dainty finger at him, tears dripping from her dusty blue eyes as she half whispered. “You tricked me… You used my elected position, just to get back into her old chambers… you don’t care do you, you don’t care about Meeren or its people or our babe… the babe you put inside me Daario Naharis, to keep you in the Pyramids, and I wager you thought of her when you fucked it into me on our first night, when you whispered lies into my ears and forced your juices inside of me… I thought you loved me! But no, you were just waiting for Mhysa to return, and even if she ever does, you’re not worthy of her, nay her trust nor any woman’s love for that matter. She didn’t love you Daario, she never did, but I did…?” She whispered weakly before she smacked his chest with both her palms, her knees going brittle from the emotion and Daario simply shook his head in annoyance. Sarella wrung her wrists as she shouted after him, “did you ever love me…?”

At that moment, the chamber door rang with an express knock, followed by, “Captain Naharis, a message you should see, brother.”

Daario looked down at the little woman who glared up at him with spiced eyes. “Don’t you dare open that door Daario Naharis, we… are not finished.” Sarella rushed out with berated breathing, struggling to free her wrists from his hands, as he stopped her from whacking him again. Daario simply rolled his eyes, pulling her by the wrists to stumble out his way by the bed as he casually walked up to the door and threw it open, to find his second in command, Artos.

“What is it, Artos?” Daario said with a yawn, not ashamed of his nudity as he gestured for his green leather cladded friend to come in.

“A rider from Astapor, bearing the seal of Second Sun. One of our spies.” Artos confirmed with his grunted tone as he passed a scroll into Daario’s hands, before carelessly going to the fruit bowl and crunching into a sour apple, unbothered by the Councillor of Meeren who sat half-dressed on the bed’s edge, defeated in tears.

Daario ignored Sarella’s muffled sobs as ripped open the scroll and his eyes dilated from the words, he quickly told Artos and Sarella the news. “The Golden Company is mobilising on the eastern shores. If this is to be believed,” he rushed out as he gestured to the sand-wore parchment, “…the Lannister’s have brought the full twenty thousand, they plan to ferry them across within the next moon, they are going to move against Daenerys.” Daario looked up in intense, disbelieved
thought and it was Sarella who broke the silence.

“We need to warn Mhysa straight away,” Sarella said, standing up with new confidence as she crossed her arms over her soft bump to hide her nude form more securely under her robe from Artos. “Have three of your fastest riders ready as soon as possible, have them take the message to our river posts and then Lord Vary’s little birds will do the rest.” Sarella said with a confident nod to Daario in an order like tone.

Daario shook his head, dismissing Sarella entirely as he spoke to Artos over her shoulder. “Have my horse ready Artos, by first light and take a thousand gold dragons from Meeren’s funds for our journey, the second suns sail to Westeros to take this directly to Queen Daenerys.”

Artos cut off Sarella’s open mouth of disbelief as he spoke with his rough voice, “how would we get there, Captain? We have no ships to ferry our entire company since the Queen left. Astapor would be an option but the journey would be hard on the horses and we need to stay clear of the eastern shores… Those golden cunts are still camped there, waiting for the Lannister cunts… I hear there is a fleet of vessels in Norvos though, the Dornish Princess who they say took half of Norvos and has the fucking beauty and temptation of a snake’s coil.” He blurted out with a toothy laugh from actually reciting one of the lad’s stories.

Daario raised his brow in interest, “then, Norvos we go. Have the men ready and have a hundred of the lads stay, we need to keep the peace remember.” He said mockingly, looking at Sarella with a bored gaze. Artos nodded before asking, “If we are to take that fleet of vessels quietly, gold would be a better way.” Artos said, knowing Lord Varys had a vast network of spies and wanting to keep this venture quiet until Daario worked his magic on the Dragon-Queen.

Daario slowly nodded, “beneath the Pyramids, is a hefty lump of gold, war takes its toll on us all.” Daario added, telling the lie more to himself for reassurance of his actions.

Sarella felt her hands drop to her sides, her sooth neck gulping hard as she breathed heavily out her plump brown lips. “You can’t just steal the peoples gold for a saunter across the shivering sea! You can’t leave Meeren unprotected… nor can you leave me… I’m carrying your child, Daario” Sarella pleaded, hating how weak she sounded as she muffled out between her fresh angry tears, “…anyway, Mhysa gave strict orders for the second suns to stay in Meeren, to stay and keep the peace! I’m elected councillor, you obey me.” She said after clearing her throat, clenching her hands as her petite frame rounded on Daario’s broader stance.

“Hold your tongue sweet woman,” Daario replied, pushing Sarella out of the way to get his leathers and snorting at Artos’s humoured expression. But, the second suns stopped altogether when Sarella squeaked out in one last attempt, “Do as you please, Daario Naharis… but when you leave Meeren soil, I will send word to Mhysa. I will inform her how you stole the people’s gold for your own mishits and more coin for this pathetic attempt to win her back, whiles she’s at war and you play at one. I will inform her how your men abuse their power with her colours, and how Daario Naharis, bedded the councillor of Meeren and left her full with child. I only do this because being truthful may help you survive before you try and feed her horseshit on why you abandoned Meeren, you might stand a chance of one day seeing your child, unless Mhysa has her dragons burn you alive for treason on grounds for disobeying her orders!”
Daario and Artos looked at the raging woman before looking at one another and sharing a discrete look of dark thought. Daario took the lead and stepped towards the councillor, “you will charm your tongue, woman.” Daario muttered, his hands wrapping around her slender neck without a moment hesitation, causing her eyes to widen and her body to squirm as he used his other hand to claw into her brown curls, pulling her head back slightly and breathing heavily other her lips.

Sarella squeezed her heavy-lidded eyes shut from the horror before her, “please, Daario… it’s me…” She eventually choked out, and after a suffocating moment, she wheezed out from the unlacing of his vice grip, massaging her neck as her thoughts imploded and drowned. I can’t believe this man, he lied to me and now he’s thinking with his mingy balls. Men! They are all but stomachs and we all but food! But Mhysa is no food, a Dragon isn’t a slave. Daario will learn this soon enough on this pathetic excuse to journey west… Daario looked down at the petite woman, who sat down on the bed's edge and cradled her stomach in protection as she sat defeated but Daario stepped towards her in a towering stance.

“Understand my sweet bird, the men I leave will make sure you keep your lips shut or you will wish your other lips could stay shut.” He whispered with harsh breath as he softly caressed her forehead forebodingly, “I am Daario Naharis, I do what I want and what I want is… is more.” He whispered. Looking at her brown curls scrunched in his hand, wishing the brown frizz was golden silver.

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The light grains of Norvoshi sand carried in the sweltering breeze, slithering the golden powder over the lush marble of the echoed palace floors, while sounds from the river ports could be heard from the sudden opening of her bronze door. Arianne felt like slamming her chamber door shut, her dark-lashed amber eyes glaring at the thought of the damn bearded priests.

“Arianne!” Nymella squeaked from surprise, jumping up from the white, plush grand bedding and coming to her princess. “You scared me! I thought you were dealing with the priests request for you in their sanctuary, before we finally set sail for Westeros.” She exaggerated with a backward-tilt of her head.

“We are going to war, Nymella! Not for a poxy gallivant in Dorne.” Ari dismissed as she went straight for the arbor gold on her dresser.

“Yes, I understand but…” Nymella said gently, noticing her princess’s distress before coming to Arianne’s side and whispering hotly into her ear, “… But, I just can’t wait to see your homeland; I want to see the water gardens you speak so much about and the sunrise’s that sparkles that sands of
Sunspear… and then, I really want to spread your legs on Sunspear’s throne, and taste and drink and fuck… your heavenly dornish pussy… to make you feel better after a long day of ruling…” She finished innocently. Arianne simply drank from her chalice with her distracted, lashed amber eyes and Nymella huffed before gradually asking, “What did the bearded priests want?”

Ari nearly growled with her dornish rawness, “Do not talk to me about them damn fools up in their poxy towers.” Her skin radiated with fierce beauty under her green silken dress that clung to her golden skin and was pinched around the waist with a fine, gold buckled moleskin belt, letting her alluring firm pillow breasts to shape out with tease through the emerald silken fabric.

“What happened,” Nymella said innocently, pouting from her lover’s distress.

“I’ll tell you what happened,” Ari rasped out and she placed her hands on her hips, “… those dirty men questioned my intentions of leaving the city, and when I refused to speak, they had the audacity to threaten my colonies and harvests if and when, we sail west. I thought all they were after was mother’s jewels and wealth, but now those corrupt beards of theirs, now want my colony empire and trade vessels. We would have nothing to offer the proud houses of Dorne without our connections in the East, Oberyn always told me, a good swing of a hammer in War, needs a good backbone and Norvos is the backbone. The moment we leave, our colonies will burn. Dorne is suffering and now our aid I plan to bring is being threatened by those poxy cunts with pubes they call beards! Everything I built in Norvos in now on the line if we leave, while Dorne rots in Lannister shit across the poisoned pond.”

“What did you say to them, Arianne?” Nymella rushed out, knowing there was more to it. Ari gave an innocent look before she nearly snorted, “You can’t expect me to hold my tongue, Mella, So… I stayed unbowed, unbent and unbroken. When that fool pointed his silly staff at me and threatened me, I took it from him and shoved it up his poxy arse… I didn’t really,” Ari tiredly muttered out after a second before adding, “but, the crone nearly fainted when I smacked him in front of his order, that was just before I stormed out of that shit hole.”

Nymella nearly squeaked, “There will be consequences, Arianne, they will retaliate and now they will defiantly take the trading empire when we leave.”

“I know, Mella,” Arianne breathed out as she stared at the bottom of her glass, after a few seconds, Ari sat down and looked up at Mella’s searching pale lilac eyes. Arianne felt words tumbling out her mouth as she smoothed her hands over her lap. “…I just… all those fools do is look at my tits when I speak to them, they speak about truth but all they do is hide behind their holy skirts that mask their facades of tyranny and corruption and greed for power in wealth, they would rather have me whore myself for safekeeping over my trading empire and fleet, than actually hear what I have to say.” She growled before adding, “…this dornish woman would rather die than breath the same air as those old cunts… The sooner we have, Daenerys Targaryen and Trystane wed, the better… some flying beasts would be helpful… But, right now… our two thousand soldiers are no contest against the entire holy guard of the city… I don’t want half my army killed before ii even set foot in Dorne, the proud houses will have nothing to flock too… the priests just have a better card than us.”

Ari huffed in thought as she slumped down on the patterned loung, the fevered gold ribbons of
the morning light that outlined and streamed through the open balcony, filled the contours of her beautiful face as she adjusted herself to sit regally in her green silk. Her black hair sparkling with the thin gold chained ringlets that laced her shiny thick tresses and rippled down her bare honeyed back while her mind filled with thoughts. “Where’s my little brother anyway?” She added with a careless murmur, her eyes closed in the radiating glow of the Eastern sun.

“Trystane answered a summons in your name, some mercenary people from Meeren or something… in the river yard… your Commander of the guard, Domeric, went with him.” Nymella muttered out before coming back to the problem in hand, “So, what are you going to do, Princess?”

The sweet wine didn’t drain the bitter dead ends frisking in Arianne’s mind, she needed a way to make sure her Norvoshi Empire would remain standing when she went to War and now she had Nymella’s concern as well, Ari gave her sympathy because she knew to cross the Narrow Sea was a dream of Nymella’s. After her high born family in Lys banished her when they found out she enjoyed the company of a woman, on a trip to Norvos for a trade negotiation. So the young, almond-eyed girl simply wanted a home and Princess Arianne was that. So, Arianne felt responsible for Nymella’s blank eyes and she tried harder to think.

After a long minute of the sounds of snaking sandstorms in the distant horizon and Arianne silent expression, Nymella breathed out in realisation. “We’re not going to win this, are we? They have a sword to our throats and there’s nothing we can do…” she said blankly, her petite form pacing the room as she wrung her wrists, “those priests are poison,” Mella spat sadly in desperate thought.

The sullen room was silent for nearly ten minutes, and Arianne felt the heat upon her, beads of sweat tinged down her golden flesh from the Essosi sun and dribbled between her pillowed cleavage under her silken green dress but Arianne ignored it when she suddenly jumped up.

“There’s always a way if someone has a knife to your throat, there are a million things you could do to better them,” Arianne said with a growing smile, her lashed amber eyes now flecked with mischief.

“You said it yourself, Princess, they have a better hand than us, and they know it.” Mella huffed with crossed arms as the two women faced each other in the glowing room.

“What if we play a new hand, my dear Mella?” Arianne quickly said with a roll of her eyes as if it was obvious.

“What do you mean?”

Arianne smirked before picking up a plump red apple, taking a long bite with her juiced lips before muffling out with her dornish rasp. “You said they have a knife to our throats, what if… we take off our dresses and show them we have a cache of Wildfire strapped to our chest.”

“What!” Nymella squeaked in confusion.
“It’s a metaphor, Mella.” Ari said flatly, “but the theory is the same, now listen carefully. I need you to handpick the most reliable of our household and have them whisper rumors on the city streets.”

“What sort of rumors,” Nymella said, coming closer.

“The kind that whispers, Arianne Nymeros Martell is leaving Norvos because her food colonies and trading vessels are diseased and wormed and even say, our palace is infested with lice. These whispers most certainly won’t make it past the walls of Norvos, the bearded cunts will make sure of that because of the threat it poses to their own trade outside Norvos. But, it will make sure; the pompous priest’s stay away from our blossoming food colonies and colossal leaf plantations… have the tapestry painters colour rocks and foliage the appearance of Grey-scale, that should keep them dirty priests away from our boundaries on the north and east laterals of the city… and it will keep them away from the palace.”

“That’s brilliant, Princess!” Nymella nearly squeaked, watching Arianne smooth out her dress as she stood up to go to the looking glass, clipping her hair behind her ears into a glossy ripple.

Arianne nodded and looked at Mella in the portrait reflection of the glass, “have them spread by nightfall Nymella, and do it discretely, we want them to think they have the upper hand by not touching our property… and we, leave for Westeros at first light.”

“Are you sure this will work? All they would lose is their reputation if they stormed the palace?” Nymella rushed out in thought, Ari slowly stopped what she was doing and turned to her.

“Yes… it will, because they will think they’ve got us by the balls.” Arianne said simply, “and men who fight for gold and reputation, can’t afford to lose to a girl…” Arianne finished with a gentle smile.

After a moment, she turned back to the portrait looking-glass, to adjust her gold buckle on her moleskin belt, the dark green silk of her trailed dress, clinging to her golden skin as the sun filled the room. Ari felt Nymella tip-toe behind her and slither her hands around her sashayed hips.

“What are you doing Mella?” Ari giggled, nuzzling into Nymella’s soft pink lips kissing the nape of her neck and Ari hummed with closed lashed eyed when she felt Nymella’s hands weave up to her breasts, her small tiny hands coming to grope Ari’s plump pillow breasts from behind, cupping her dornish flesh and stroking tantalizing circles on Ari’s small erect spuds that teased through the green weave. “Let me please you, princess.” Mella whispered hotly into Arianne’s ear, “…let me run my tongue along your tight pussy and suckle from your goddess breasts, let me kiss your sweet wet folds,” Mella goaded, loving the sound of Arianne purr with closed eyes as she reciprocated by rubbing her peachy arse against Nymella’s wet groin; and Nymella took a moment before she teased, “I want to swirl my tongue in your tight arse and taste the heat before I drink from your succulent dornish pussy, the nectar… every mans’ envy… even your brother’s I believe…”

It was then, Arianne fluttered open her lashed amber eyes and spun out of Nymella’s hold. “What?” Arianne stuttered out blankly.
“O, don’t play innocent Ari…” She tutted, “you know Tystane can’t keep his eyes of his big sister.” Nymella goaded, her dainty fingers touching her rosy lips to hold back a giggle and she laughed with a nod, “look, your nipples are hard as iron, Arianne.”

Arianne cringed slightly as she shook her head, her small gold fingers cupping her pillow tits to hide them and scrunching the green silk slightly, ‘don’t be ridiculous Mella, he’s my brother and he is a green boy. He…”

But Nymella cut her off, tiptoeing up to Arianne’s amber eyes and shadowing her juiced lips with hot breath. “…But, you’ve wondered, haven’t you…? You’ve wondered if he can live up to being a real dornishman, if he could take care of his big sister… if he can hold you and look after your needs…what it would taste like, for him…to kiss your lips and kiss your warm skin… the dragons do it, why shouldn’t Dorne… You’re growing wet at the thought, aren’t you Arianne Martell… you imagining your brother’s mouth on yours, you are imagining his lips suckling your beautiful tits… you are imagining his cock… his cock and your tight pussy wrapped around it, milking the family seed…. You want it… you’re hoping his cock grows to be veiny and heavy,” Nymella breathed wetly into her ear, ‘you’ve been with men, but now you’re wondering what it would feel like… if your brother would breed you, like a bitch in heat… and put your father’s cum inside you… your pussy-sucking lips would squeeze every drop from your brother's cock, wouldn’t it… imagine…”

Arianne’s amber eyes were heavy-lidded from Mella’s hot breath and after a wet moment, a heavy knock sounded the chamber door and drew Arianne out of the daze in a flutter. She placed her palms on Nymella’s perky chest and pushed her away. “Don’t be absurd, now go do your job and stop being ridiculous.” Arianne rasped out with a shaking head at Nymella’s knowing smile and she ignored the damp thatch in her lacy underwear under her dress as she sashayed to the door to answer it.

The moment she opened the bronze door, the worried face of her Norvoshi guard, Domeric, looked down at her. His gold patterned robe hung loosely over his black skin, that looked like rough leather and his gelded spear hung loosely on his muscled shoulders. “Princess Arianne, trouble in the river yard. Your brother, Trystane, took it upon himself to fight in your name over a dispute over your fleet. The boy nearly died if I didn’t intervene, the man who beat him leads a mercenary army, the Second Suns. Our scouts have just confirmed near two thousand of the smug cunts stand outside the city. Their captain now wants to talk about his victory and his apparent claim to your fleet; he waits in the river yard with some of his men, for you.”

Arianne blinked back the wave of information before her fierce dornish pupils flared with ochre glow. “What!” Ari sieved out, “Why did Trystane see fit to wager my fleet without my knowledge? Why did he fight this Captain?”

Domeric swallowed hard before he grunted, “I believe the Captain named him a mere boy and then he claimed he wanted to speak to the Warrior Princess, not a sack of pretty dornish shit… his words… And… and I believe the man referred to you as…as…” Domeric gulped before he muttered out, “I wanted to geld that tub of maggot spunk where he stood, but Trystane forbid me and Trystane fought for your honour and more for his damn ego, the boy nearly died trying and I had to intervene, now the Captain says I violated a combat by trail and he wants to speak to the one in charge…” he finished with hoarse breath.
“O Arianne,” Nymella sarcastically said in a song-like tone, “Your brother fought for your honour, how chivalrous…” She smirked before looking down from Ari’s viper glare, that really said ‘don’t be ridiculous and now is not the time, this is serious.’

Arianne looked back at Domeric, giving a nod, she placed a loose shiny black tendril of hair behind her ear and smoothed out her silken green Essosi dress, “lead the way Domeric, let’s go start another fight in a man’s world…”

The river yards that sat along their opening to the River Noyne, were filled with yellow ribbons from the sun and the rows upon rows of her trading vessels were anchored along the shoreline and a few War Galleys lined the sandstone docks in the rubble of stationed masts and netting. The colossal clearing that lead to the open dockyards was where she was walking too. Scattered around the empty opening was fire burning braziers to keep away the insects, an abundant of wooden wheels and rigging jumbled here and there. Along with canals and wells for the maintenance of the growing trading fleet.

Arianne narrowed her lashed amber eyes from the sun’s shafts of light; she walked with her titan guards and Domeric at her back and watched the three foreign sell-swords that stood waiting in the distance, strolling around as if they owned the place. Ari then saw Trystane sitting on a worn barrel, being nurtured by some of her guards with a bandage across his arm and dried blood plastering his nose, when he saw her coming, he jumped up and stepped towards her. “Arianne,” He mumbled out, swallowing hard from his sister’s viper orange glare.

She cut him off, “Hush, you’ve done enough, now keep your tongue behind your teeth and I will deal with this.” She warned with raised eyebrows, gesturing for him to step to the side as the sell-sword captain came strolling up to meet them in the middle of the cobbled clearing.

Arianne held her flared amber eyes and fixed them on the mysterious man, whose eyes were raking her body with a lazy smile. After a soundless moment, Ari broke the silence with her dornish rasp, “you must forgive my brother, he failed to recognise that my fleet, is neither for sale nor for the taking on a petty wager by combat.” Ari started diplomatically, entwining her small hands at her front regally as the soft breeze fluttered her rippled shiny tendrils of hair over her golden skin.

Daario narrowed his eyes from her honeyed but raspy accent as he thought and smiled, “If I knew you were the one in charge, I wouldn’t have bothered with this pretty boy.” He gestured to a nose-broken Trystane before he resumed his raking eyes over Arianne, his brown eyes glinting as he bit his lip from breathing in the sight of her. “… if I had known, you were as beautiful as they said you were, heiress of Dorne, I would have happily fought you instead, going a round with you would prove far more… interesting.” He nearly laughed out before adding casually with gestured arms towards the dockyard, “But, I did beat him, and now I want my ten ships.”

The sell-sword captain grinned with smugness but Ari was having none of it, “you seem to know
who I am but I don’t…"

He cut her off, “I am Daario Naharis, Captain of the Second Suns and…”

But Ari cut him off, her amber lashed eyes tinted with flare, “for a man who speaks highly of himself, you fail to understand how naive you are in thinking Norvos is your playground. This is my land and my dockyards that house my fleet; your beautiful face doesn’t belong here.” Ari said simply, with her fierce seductive charm.

Daario smiled at her passive aggressive tactic, “you flatter me Princess, but you can’t expect me to walk away without some sort of a deal, your brother and I did fight under a scared vow with witnesses.” He goaded with ignorance.

“One ship,” Ari said firmly.

“Five,” he butted in casually but he swallowed discreetly from Arianne’s fierce rawness.

“One,” Ari repeated sternly before she added, “…and, you get to pick the one to your liking.” She watched him slowly smirk with a nod as he eyes continued raking her curves.

Arianne raised her eyebrows with dismissal and made to turn around, feeling angry at Trystane’s foolishness but proud of herself in keeping the majority of her ship-count intact. But then she heard Daario’s snide voice taunt as she made to walk away, “Seven hells, that peachy arse is fucking something, I reckon she could ride an entire dothraki hoard along with their horses, no problem…” He winked as he looked at her peachy bottom that her green silken dress flattered.

One thought raced through Ari’s mind as she clenched her fists and turned around, I was going to play nice with this poxy fool, but now I’ve really had enough with men! Arianne’s beautiful amber eyes emboldened with dark flare. She heard Domeric step forward at her side, “Allow me to gouge his eyes from his sockets Princess; I would happily fuck his handsome skull until he begs for death… give the order.” Domeric breathed under his breath, not afraid to showcase his queer sexuality in front of anyone as he flexed his rough leather skin with a dirty smile at Daario.

Daario merely laughed uncertainly before taunting Arianne, “Everyone keeps calling me pretty, I think you’re getting jealous of your puff’s remark, you’re the one welcome to it, Princess.” He laughed out with his sell-sword brothers as he groped his groin in jape.

Arianne kept her face collected, her foreboding ochre glare penetrating Daario’s eyes. “You would do well to remember, Daario Naharis, I know who you are…” Ari cut off his opening smart mouth as she rasped out in her dornish accent, “You’re the outcome of a whore, given a godsend of Daenerys Targaryen to serve… but you haven’t been so loyal have you, you’re seeking passage across the poisoned pond to try and find a place at her side again. Yes, I know what you seek… Like a little puppy bitch wishing to be worthy of a desolating beast. But, she cast you aside to babysit Meeren while she conquers Kingdoms, and if you’re not worthy to stand on the same continent as one woman, you are not worthy to stand in front of this woman in her own home. Now tuck you’re pride between your legs and scat, and be grateful of the single ship I offer.” She finished with a calm glare and leaving everyone flustered with shock.
Daario discreetly swallowed hard and Artos stepped forward in his defense, “You filthy…”

But Arianne cut Artos off while staring daggers into Daario’s eyes, “O fuck me, your lady friend got a voice?” She said mockingly with a serious gaze, making Trystane snort out a laugh and her titan guards grin with pride over their fierce Dornishwoman.

The dockyard was still with tension and after a second, Daario threw her off by playing nice with a diplomatic voice. “Apologises Princess, let’s start again.” And he placed a condescending smile on his bearded face before he continued, “I just took a look around, I like this place.” He said lightly in a cheerful manner before he rambled on, “…the deep river ports, fire for melting silver, canal to get it away… how much?” Daario slowly finished with innocent glinting eyes.

Arianne had enough of playing nice in a man’s world, so she kept her amber eyes flecked with ochre flare as she slowly replied, “Nothing you see is for sale, Daario Naharis.”

“Oh, everything is for sale. Everything, “He repeated with a disturbed smile, raking Ari’s body again before he threw his rum into the burning brazier in-between them; making the fire dance. Arianne watched him closely, watching his eyes think as he slowly continued with his cheerful voice, “I’m going to buy this yard, I’ve decided to make it part of our deal.” Daario said, watching Ariane closely with mellow smile.

Ari regarded him closely and after a long daunting second, she made up her mind, “Trystane? Trystane, come here.” She called over her shoulder and when she felt her little brother step next to her, she spoke while looking directly into Daario’s eyes. “Trystane, we’re going to spin a coin for the yard.” She confirmed.

“You’re going to what?” Trystane stammered out, knowing the dockyards were their way home to Dorne; Ari ignored his questioning tone and darkened her gaze at Daario pompous smile.

Ari simply stated, “If it’s heads, Captain Naharis here, takes all of this, along with the entire fleet, with my blessing.” She added calmly, the tension rippling the cobbled opening as Ari kept her ochre glare fixated on Daario who reciprocated the gaze with a japed smile.

“Arianne?” Trystane warned with a hint of confused plead.

But, Ari ignored him again as she went on with her dornish rawness “And if it’s tails… my dear, queer guard, Domeric here” Ari softly said before pointing a sturdy finger at Daario, “fucks your arse Daario Naharis, right here.” She added calmly, keeping her face grave with threat. The clearing sniggered on Ari’s side and the great monster Domeric grew a crooked grin at Daario and Daario’s face dropped into stone as he stood speared with perplexed shock and a parted mouth.

“So, make your, peachy arse, part of the deal and spin it against the fleet.” Arianne carried on lightly, trying not to smile at Daario’s numb expression as she tossed a coin at him, “Here, toss the coin, Daario Naharis.”
Daario caught the gold dragon in his hand, twiddling the coin between his fingers for a long moment before he looked up at the dorhish beauty in-front of him with a smile, who only looked back calmly but indignantly.

“No, “Ari rasped out towards his uncertain smile, “please don’t believe this is a joke. The coin toss to us is sacred. Yes, Domeric?” Ari said over her shoulder to confirm.

“Sacred,” the monster of a man growled, Daario stared back, simply alternating his gaze between the coin and Arianne.

“If you toss that coin, you take a wager before witnesses, and if I win…” Ari implied, now raking his body with a grave amber glare. Domeric finished the sentence for her, to amplify her authority, as he growled deeply, “Then we’ll insist, that the terms of this agreement… wager, are fulfilled.” Domeric finished with a disturbed crooked smile at Daario, making him discreetly shuffle uncomfortably.

It was another long moment as the sound of silence hammered the yard and Arianne glared indignantly with a gestured nod, “Toss the coin, Daario Naharis...”

Daario rubbed the coin between his thumbs, in deep desperate thought, the anger barking in his chest as he kept his face numb and barely collected.

And after a long second, slowly he spoke as he met Arianne’s gaze, “Arianne Martell, Princess of Dorne… No wager today,” he said, raising the coin to eye-level as he spoke with it in current to Arianne’s amber flared eyes. “…but, with this coin, I will buy a flower to put on your tomb. When the time comes,” He added lightly, maintained their acid gaze.

“And before that time, please don’t again; disrespect my friends or my valued property,” Arianne replied acutely, leaving Daario with nothing but a pot to piss in, she left with a swish of her silken dress and an order to give him nothing but a simple paddleboat before having the Second Sun removed from the great city of Norvos.

At the break of Dawn, the Deity of Dorne started scaling the poisoned pond with a new heading, Westeros.

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Chapter End Notes

This was fun to write, tell me what you think? :)

Next chapter is called: 'Mermans Port'.

It's Jon and Daenerys arriving in the North, and Dany gets jealous over her wolf due to certain northern lasses in White Harbour.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 15

Merman’s Port

Cold currents clashed against the whitewashed colossal outcrop, named Seal Rock. The stubborn stone loomed nearly fifty feet above the salty waters at the entrance to the distant bay and dominated the approaches to the Outer Harbour. Flocks of gulls purged the gusts of white winds that drove the Titanic fleet of red and black Targaryen vessels towards land, the hundreds upon hundreds of ships slowly rummaging towards the faraway salt shores of White Harbour, gently trudging through the icy northern tides around Seal Rock.

The Breaker of Chains flagship lead the armada past the massive, green-grey stone outcrop in the bay and the flagship began its last hour before docking in the murky white port city. The unsullied sentries stood still on the snowing deck with paling skin while the proud dothraki screamers paced the deck while shivering violently, spitting curses at the winter gale that pined and screamed with cold lungs around them. But far below deck, in their cabin, it was warm, soundless and almost free.

It was past noon when he blinked awake, his eyes adjusting to the wavering murky panels of foggy air sweeping into the porthole stained windows. Letting out a husky breath, he felt her creamy soft thighs intertwined with his legs under their cocoon of satin sheets and heavy furs. Her radiating honeyed body flush against his side as they both scrunched together in the haven of bedding with clasped hands and rubbing noses. Her tangled silver hair and beautiful face nestled into the crook of his neck. He could feel her rosy swollen lips wetly grazing his jaw in sleep, her warm breath against his neck making his feet tingle. He smiled softly from feeling her small honeyed hand lying protectively over his bare chest, her palm having fallen asleep covering the scarlet scar over his heart.

Jon let out a content, heavy-eyed hum as he drew his arm tighter around her waist protectively. He drew faint circles of love on her nude smooth back and softly caressed her sweet-scented silky hair that rippled down her soft alabaster skin, the freed silver tresses touching the curve of her lower back. And the memories of last night flooded back to him and it made him kiss her warm brow gently in love; feeling her skin against his lingering lips numbed the realisation of what day had arrived.

“Dany,” he breathed against her succulent lips and a soft nuzzle of his nose upon hers, roused her awake as her violet lashes fluttered open, inches from his.

“Jon,” She whispered sleepily, subconsciously snuggling her body further into his arms, their bodies entwining further under their warm cuddled cocoon of furs. But, she finally opened her eyes when she searched his lovely dark eyes and it didn’t take a moment before the clear reflection told
her what day had arrived.
Dany simply closed her eyes and tried to fall back asleep in his arms, his musky winter smell filling her nose with comfort.

After a moment, she knew they didn’t much time, due to the thick grey light from the portholes, they had been up all night making love and now it was around noon of the next day. So, she swallowed hard and decided to show him how much she would miss him today. She slowly lifted herself up slightly, making him adjust his arms as he watched her eyes fixate on his. Her alluring defined collarbone and firm plump breasts softly pried from his chest as the cold air seeped between them and she searched his eyes as she silently hovered of over him. Violet and Grey drowned in heated passion and the searching grew too much, their lips crashed as she rushed down on his and he rose up to meet hers, wet and sticky and moulded with dearest affection as their tongues tasted the fierce love.

They had to break apart for breath, leaning on one another’s forehead as they breathed wetly onto each other’s lips, searching their eyes with volumes of love. “It’s going to be a long day,” Jon reluctantly started, gently placing a silver tendril of hair behind her ear as he kissed her lips. “Please, wrap up warm Dany and…”

“Nuh uh,” She breathed out, shaking her head dismissively as she ignored his husky murmur. Her cute groggy eyes smiled at his confused expression as she weaved her hands under the sheets, watching his stark eyes dilate in realisation as her tiny soft hands curled firmly around the hilt of his heavy, veiny length before giving him a delirious slow pump. His lean herculean stomach breathed heavily from the feeling of her honeyed hands working his cock and within seconds, she pumped his cock into iron.

“I don’t want to talk about what today is going to entail, Jon Snow.” She whispered wetly over his heavy-lidded eyes as she cutely spat and trickled her own warm saliva onto her palm before cupping his balls, goading his heavy sack with her scent as she rubbed his fleshy head with her laced fingers. “I want to talk about now, I want… to talk about this moment… the moment where you’re going to fill me… and fuck me… I want to feel everything, how you are going to empty your balls inside your Queen…” She goaded with a nod as Grey and Violet connected, and she let out a sudden hot breath when she felt his gentle fingers knead her breast, his mouth kissing her honeyed collarbone before wetly moving down to her creamy plump breasts. Dany felt her wolf’s mouth lick and then suckle her fleshy pink spuds, kneading her plump breasts in his hands as he kissed her erect chewy, pink pebbles. She would of cum from that alone but she desperately held on, the pleasure of the man she loved worshipping her made her feet tingle and toes curl. She gasped and mewled and arched her spine slightly to push her erect fleshy nipples further into his pouty lips.

Her small hands still working his large cock with teasing pumps as pre-cum leaked and dribbled over her small laced fingers as she leaned on his side. “Dany,” he stammered out like a prayer, placing a butterfly kiss on the side of her rosy lips as his eyes flickered down to watch his Queen’s small soft hands milking his cock with a delicate squelch.
Dany pursed her lips to try and hide her glowing cheeks when Jon growled and cupped her face, she squeezed her eyes shut with a giggle from the feeling of his pouty lips softly kissing her entire face, her neck and earlobe and then pecking her temple, eyes, nose and lips; everywhere on her face he could reach with a zealous flame in his eyes. Dany then squeezed the hilt of his cock again with her sashaying palms to regain the control before turning around and leaning her back against his chiselled chest, both of them spooning as she lifted her leg and guided his iron flesh towards her tight pink nether lips that centred just below a thatch of trimmed silver curls on her succulent pussy.

The hot slip of her tight folds engulfing his hard cock made them both exhale hot breath from the stinging pleasure from the ethereal bonding that just felt so right. Jon held her creamy thick thigh up with one hand as he slowly started to thrust into her pussy, her glistening folds feeling like a scolding tight wet river as he felt her hips roll to match his teasing pumps inside her.

"Jon," Dany purred with her violet lashes heavy lidded, she leaned back slightly to touch his jaw with her delicate fingers as they spooned gently, "…faster, honey… I need you to fuck me… faster…”She moaned wantonly, nuzzling her head under his jaw to graze his neck with her teeth and her rosy o shaped lips puckered as he picked up the teasing pace.

Jon groaned huskily, fucking her slowly as he slithered his hand down her tummy before gliding his finger over her pink glistening slit and gently kneading her peeping crinkled clit with his fingers, rubbing the succulent dripping flesh softly as she nearly screamed in pleasure. Minutes flew by and they alternated between kissing and watching her pussy milking him and he bottomed out of her before plunging inside repeatedly to the hilt, so only his balls cupped out; their bodies one. “Yesss, Dany… let's go slow… I want you…forever and ever… I won’t stop… until my mouth is imprinted on your mind and your taste….and your taste is my middle fucking name.”

She purred and her pussy quivered from his husky words in her ear and she arched her spine when she couldn’t stop her burning loins from squeezing and convulsing spasms of nectar as she came all over his cock that was buried like iron, inside her… Jon tightened his gentle hold around her honeyed waist as he groaned into her neck, the soft clap of his groin against her ripe pillowed bottom as her pleats milked his cock made him growl with raw need, and he exploded ribbons of white inside her pussy, six or seven squirts filled her womb as they started kissing over the shoulder wantonly from the desire burning between their legs…only him and her in their cocoon of fur and satin sheets.

Dany could feel beads of sweat running down her glowing alabaster skin and their combined perspiration sticking their bodies together as she came down from the blitzing bliss. And she hummed happily from wriggling her peachy bum and feeling his cock still rock hard inside her pussy, she dipped her head with a breathless but happy moan before sliding his cock out of her. The long ripple sensation between their legs causing them both to moan before she swivelled around and mounted him. Pressing her palms on his chiselled chest to push him down roughly, she ran her sharp nails along his abdominals as she gazed into his endearing dark eyes that stared up at her, making her giggle breathlessly as she slithered her arched spine down to mesh her lips with his. “Are you ready for a dragon to ride you…”She whispered wetly over his lips with a naughty grin, her fingers scrunched into his unruly raven curls as she hovered over him. Jon grinned stupidly as he spread his hands over her peachy bottom that felt like fresh dough in his fingers and he lifted her body slightly so only the tip of his erect cock could dip inside her soaked pleats.
“A Dragon..?” He goaded with a sarcastic husky voice, loving the breathless look on her face as she tried to sink down on him.

Dany raised her eye-brows persuasively, “Aye, Jon Snow,” She replied with humour, “…a dragon,” She confirmed seriously with a growing smile, running her nails along his shoulders to tease him back as she shadowed his lips with smooching kisses on his jaw. “The white wolf may have put down the red stallions… but facing a dragon… is something else entirely,” She whispered seductively over his lips, mewling from feeling only the tip of his cock dipping slightly into the lips of her quivering soaked pussy.

Jon playfully made her wait longer, “You know… I’ve still got a few rounds left in me after that fight,” he implied huskily.

She bit her lower lip. “Oh,” Dany raised her eye-brows playfully as she tried to stay serious, “You want to go a round with me, King in the North. Brave… very brave…” She whispered seductively, nodding with pursed lips, hiding her smile as she hovered hotly over his parted lips. Jon swallowed hard from the sight of her and the feel of her creamy hips in his fingers, his dark wolf eyes yearning for more and she playfully shoved him down when he tried to rise up to reach her plump lips. “Nuh uh, you missed your chance to have me, now you have to fight me… remember Jon Snow.” She finished seductively, failing to stop a giggle from his exaggerated broody expression.

“Fine, but I’m afraid I’ve only got one round left in me.” He challenged boldly, holding one finger up to emphasis his playful reply.

But Jon swallowed really hard and his lips parted, as he watched Daenerys drift to his finger before swallowing it, her plump rosy lips softly sucked her way back up and leaving the calloused tip with a juiced kiss; her violet eyes locked with his dark gaze. Dany wanted to laugh at his boyish expression but the wanton desire was burning between her loins and she sunk down onto the purpling tip of his cock, his turgid length filling and stretching her pussy like two pieces, born for one another.

“Jon…” She fluttered out with withering pleasure; her lashes heavy with burning heat as he sat up to meet her breathless lips. Dany opened her mouth and softened her tongue to his taste and it caused her folds to tighten with need. Smiling into their kiss, she playfully shoved him back down; her small fingers spread over his abdominals and puckered scars as she used one hand to steady herself and the other to brush her thick silver hair to one side.

Jon possessively squeezed her fleshy creamy thighs that sat on his groin as he searched her lidded eyes from below. “Ride me…” He stammered out gently, and Daenerys bit her lip with closed eyes, rolling her hips with no mercy, her pussy lips milking his cock rapidly as the room filled with a soft clap of flesh upon flesh. Jon’s fingers scrunched into her bottom and opened her cheeks as she rode him like a stallion, her perky plump tits bouncing perfectly as she mewedled and moaned and her honeyed back arched. And when he rose to suckle upon her tits, kneading one pink nipple and suckling the other with his pouty lips, Dany threw her head back in bliss and nearly screamed when he ran his tongue between her sweated cleavage and flickered his tongue over her erect chewy pink spuds and his cock plunged so deep inside her, she could almost feel him in her throat. Jon kissed
her alluring defined collarbone as she rested her chin on the roof of his head, and Jon placed kisses over his sweet bit marks on her neck and began to start thrusting up into Dany’s flaccid form as she hugged him around the shoulders with enveloped arms as he fucked her, and she suddenly came with spasms of clear nectar over his cock, leaking her juices over his thighs from the heated passion.

“I won…” he breathed after a minute, feeling her cum leak from their intertwined thighs which puddled the sheets as she straddled him with his iron cock still inside her. Daenerys slowly opened her lidded violet eyes and wriggled her bottom to see if he was right, and she accepted his kiss in breathless defeat. But, the Dragon-Queen raised her eyebrows cutely before she whispered seductively into his ear.

“…Nuh uh… we are not finished,” and she pushed him back down roughly, his unruly raven curls hitting the pillow as he watched her climb off him, leaving his cock glistening in her juices as it flumped on his abdomen. He was content from just watching her clumsy form settling by his side and her smiles, her smiles that were blood in the water, his demise the closely lurking shark. And his throat became dry when he saw the dragon come out.

“All that I could think about,” She started, her voice like seductive silk, as she brushed her thick curtain of silver hair to the side and clasped his erect glistening cock with her small hands, laced and sashayed. “When you beat my warriors, was the taste of your big sweaty cock… inside me… inside my mouth…” Jon blinked dumbly with ragged breath as she locked her cute violet eyes with his before she drifted down and licked a large glob of pre-cum leaking from the tip of his cock. Jon threw his head back with a moan and before he knew it, her plump lips encased around the fleshy head of his cock and he moaned her name like a prayer.

Dany ran her rosy red tongue down his length, running it along the hard ridges of his length that glistened with their nectar and holding his balls with her cupped palm as she wantonly sucked his cock with hollowed cheeks. Her rosy plump lips popped off with a sticky sound as she placed wet kisses along its side while whispering into his lidded dark wolf eyes that watched her, “I have never pleasured a man between his legs before, Jon Snow, nor his stones.” And she suckled his heavy tight balls with a slurped sound before continuing her seductive whisper. “… Only you… my King… and now I want… I need every drop, every single drop… cum for me honey…”

And the silky words from her succulent lips and her immersive eyes and her silver hair sashayed like a mermaid on her glowing nude body, made him groan as he buckled his hips and Dany puckered her plump lips as she sucked his cock. The tip stretching her wet hot throat as she slurped on it with spit dribbling from her chin. Jon watched with wolfed eyes, her violet eyes locked on his and her small soft hands squelching his cock and her plump lips milking the tip and the blitz of stinging sensations made him lose control. He tried to keep his eyes open as he fell apart beneath her mouth, he watched Dany swallow the ribbons upon ribbons of seed that filled her mouth, and in two soft gulps, she re-opened her violet eyes on his, confirming she had swallowed every drop…

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The two doves had lost track of time, jumping out their damp and spoiled cocoon of satin sheets and furs when Missandai knocked. Jon made himself presentable with new robes and salted soap before opening the door for Missandai to help Daenerys. The three of them were quiet, Missandai
assisting Dany to wash and braid her hair into a crown of elegant platinum tresses and Jon stood in
the corner, struggling to put his leather stark armour on while Missandai briefed them both on the
plans; comfortable with both of them together.

“We received ravens early this morning from the shore, as King Jon commanded, the docking ports
of the unsullied soldiers will board upon the inner harbour later, since the better anchorage and
shelter by the City wall to unload the provisions and the dragonglass, and another raven from
Winterfell that Ser Davos received, your sister, Lady Sansa Stark, sent ahead more Stark men to
hold your banners for the journey to Winterfell,” Missandai said acutely to Jon.

He nodded politely, “We’ll stay the night in White harbour and wait for the entire fleet the come
ashore and for Lord Manderly’s five thousand soldiers to mobilise. Then at first light, we’ll join
the Kingsroad as planned.” He added.

Missandai jotted it down before turning back to her Queen, “Your Grace, there is a rather large
crowd in the white port city gathering, I expect they want to greet the King in the North’s new ally.
But, I would be careful your Grace… Ser Davos said, White harbour follows the Faith of the Seven
so most here believe in their new gods, not the whisper of Dragons.” Dany understood her warning
with a nod, knowing this from Jon already as she adjusted her attire for the day. She had her snowy
Dragon-Queen dress on, a new one trimmed with delicate lines of blood red along with dark red
gloves for later. Her dark boots and warm leggings underneath were snug and comfortable along
with a new arctic white pelt around her shoulders that went well with her silver crown of braids that
cascaded over her shoulders beautifully, in Jon’s opinion- she looked like a winter goddess with her
violet lashes and rosy cheeks.

“Thank you Missandai, I’ll meet you up there in a moment.” Dany said after a quiet moment,
noticing Jon had gone silent as he adjusted his collar under his great northern furs by the window.

After the door thudded shut behind her friend, Dany sashayed her heavily furred arctic figure over
to her broody King, getting his attention when she brushed away his hands from his collar and she
adjusted it herself to how he liked it; the bodies almost flush as Jon warmly watched Dany’s
delicate fingers fixing the ties of his cloak. “Thank you,” he murmured while looking at her
honeyed fingers fuss over him and she gave him a warm look as he did so.

They both felt lost in what to say, the moment they set foot on land, they had agreed to keep it
formal from then on in order to keep the alliance strong. He could hear the busy rush gathering just
off the dock, however when he looked at her, inches from him, he glazed it all out and breathed her
in. He was surprised when she broke the silence. “That’s a beautiful sword, Jon. Your fathers?”
She gestured to Longclaw strapped by his side, eyeing the wolf pommel that leaned in-between
them.

“No, Lord Commander Mormont honoured me with it.” He answered softly, before adding, “it was
in his family for generations, but he made me take it after Ghost and I saved his life…” He
remembered.

Dany looked down between them, touching the white hilt with thought before looking up into his
eyes, “House Mormont? Another proud old House of the North, if I remember correctly, is this
sword…?”
“Aye, Valyrian steel,” He finished for her, taking out the ancient rippled blade and giving her it carefully by the hilt. “It’s called Longclaw.”

Dany blinked from the lightness of the formidable weapon, “it’s beautiful,” she whispered.

“Not next to you,” he huskily replied with endearing dark eyes and Dany rolled her eyes with a soft smile before adding, “So… this was Jorah’s sword before he disgraced himself from Westeros. When your father Ned Stark hunted him for treason, at least Jorah had the grace to leave the sword. He carries himself with honour now… I believe,” She added uncertainly.

“Aye, I think so too…” Jon murmured, remembering his conversation with the old bear beyond the Wall before adding, “I offered it back to him but he refused, so I’ll carry it until my last breath, and then, then I’ll have it returned to Bear Island to rest.”

Dany shook her head at the thought of him putting anything to rest, before opting for a lighter tone. “Valyrian steel really is extraordinary… lost magic.” She added thoughtfully touching the ancient smoky markings that ran down the middle of the decimating steel before adding, “My family’s ancestral swords were lost long ago, I’m afraid I don’t have such a precious possession left… apart from you, my dear wolf with your pretty hair.” Dany giggled softly, passing Longclaw back.

“What about that ring?” He said attentively, ignoring her usual tease and taking her hand in his, “This must be precious to you, you always seem to touch it when your, thinking.” He said curiously with a soft expression.

Dany parted her lips, how does this dear man know me so well… She gave him a beady look with pursued lips before plucking the ring off her finger and placing it carefully in his palm. “It was my mother’s ring,” She told him, “it’s the only thing I have left of hers, it’s silly but… wearing it has always made me feel as if, she was actually there and once walked this world. I know it sounds ridiculous…”

Jon cut her off, “It’s beautiful.” He said abruptly, making her blush as he took hand and gently placed it back on her delicate finger. Violet and Grey searched each other’s eyes with awe and dearest love before being shuddered out by a swift knock on the door, Missandai telling them everything is ready and waiting. Dany responded something in Valyrian across the door but was cut off by Jon, who placed his hands on her hips and embraced her waist, pulling her flush against his chest with a happy squeal from her lips, holding the back of her head and the nape of her back and she enveloped his neck in a tight hug as well. After a content moment, Jon softly murmured against her hair, “Dany, when we get out there… I think… ” But he broke off uncertainly.

Dany kissed his jaw in-between their tight embrace and finished his sentence. “…you want me to keep Drogon and Rhaegal away for the time being.” She said knowingly.

“How did you…” and he felt her lean back with a soft expression.

“Because you and I both know, these are your people. People, who have never seen a Dragon, let alone the Army of the Dead and so scaring them, is the last thing we need. We should break it to them slowly that my children and I can actually help them, before they most likely reject me.”
“They won’t reject you” he growled fiercely before adding, “But, it’s going to take time, so is that okay?” He said with uncertain eyes.

“Yes,” She whispered after a second, she nuzzled into his neck as she added, “just, hold me… I’m going to miss you today my northern fool.” Jon held her softly while white winds drizzled snow outside, he caressed the back of her silver tresses soothingly and he kissed her temple with musky breath, “I don’t want to let go.”

And there it was. That sigh of hers. Jon breathed her in with his grey stark eyes softening with rings of light.

He loved her. He did. He fucking loved this woman. He loved her giggle when she couldn’t control it. He loved the mischief in her eyes when she was playful. He loved how her body stiffened and hands balled up and her gaze could eat through a grown man when she was mad. But, none of that compared to her sighs, the sound of his name when she screamed it, the way her mouth responded to his kisses, her scent- seven hells, he could bottle it up and spray it over this entire world to make it good again, to let the world simply breathe again. But, he would never because he couldn’t in that moment, ever imagine another man with her. He would kill to keep her his, give all he had, destroy his honour and never have another if it could keep her his. This was neither a coincidence nor an infatuation, this was the end of his life as he knew it, and the realisation hit that even if she didn’t want him, he would never ever find another woman like her. He closed his eyes as he gently kissed her warm brow in love and he heard it, the warm silky sigh from her lips against his neck, and he had never been so terrified.

A shrill horn sounded above along with a creaky thud from the vessel’s timber, signaling they had indeed docked.

“You go first, it wouldn’t be right if they saw us both coming up at the same time, I will meet you up there.” She said softly with a brave face, pushing his broad chest away from her body with small palms. Daenerys watched him nod slowly with his eyes hollowing, he leaned down slightly and Dany met his mouth, her tongue softening, accepting his sweet kiss and they broke apart before the heat grew, and he walked out.

Dany swallowed hard with a curling lip when she watched the door close behind her heart’s dearest desire.

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“Greeting, Your Grace.” A knight shivered out, stepping from the crowd with two noble maidens following closely before they all kneeled gracefully, “My name is Ser Wylis Manderly, son of Wyman, Lord of White Harbour. It’s truly an honour, my King.” The man spoke said with soft smile from being honoured to escort the renowned, King in the North, from the harbour, his daughters watching from an unusually close distance

Jon had just walked down the boarding plank, the mighty Targaryen sails billowing behind them
and the Stark banners wafting next to him. He stood broad in his kingly stark furs which were flecked with snow, looking at the kneeling man cladded in yellow fur and seal plated armour. “Stand, my Lord.” Jon quickly replied with a soft growl and the man stood with his plump face pale but cheerful.

“I hope the winds were kind, your Grace, I’m afraid winter has left the north’s truest harbour in quite a headache. It makes me wanna punch them pompous flower lords down south when they moan about a light hail and what have ya.” He waffled out lightly with a chattering smile; his lined plump face, rosy, and light grizzly hair, oily. Jon looked around the cobbled clearing that led just off the docks as the older man spoke, the salty air filling his nostrils and the rushing sound of footsteps behind the city walls, filling his keen ears.

Jon turned back to him and returned the smile. “Aye. Let the Southerners have their sun, flowers and affectations. We northerners, have home.” Jon said as he let out a long breath of relief from being back in the North and Wylis nodded with a grin.

“Aye, too true my King, white harbour has the finest northern ale waiting for you on the high table, and we are ready, your Grace, Winterfell’s ravens have reached us and flown your message around the heart and body of the North. We stand with you, fight with you and breathe with you, my King. These are dark times for, Wight Walkers…” He said unsteadily before adding, “My Lord father awaits, your Grace, I’m afraid he can’t make the walk down at his age, to greet…” But, Wylis was broken from his scripted lines that he had practised so well, when he gawped in awe of the Valyrian woman that came down from the ships walkway, her regal persona radiating the harbour as she came to stand next to the King in the North.

“I…I…” Wylis murmured blankly, his throat becoming quite bumpy.

Jon threw on his cold alpha gaze unknowingly, as he now nearly growled at the gawping middle-aged knight. “This is Queen Daenerys, of the House Targaryen. She is our guest in the North and our ally in the Great War against the Night King. You will treat her with the same respect, you do me.”

Daenerys kept her amused expression at bay from protective growl of her wolf and she spoke diplomatically. “Greeting, kind Ser. Your King told me about the old beauty of White Harbour, and I now see why.” Dany finished with a pleasant tone and when Wylis continued his raking blabber, Dany slowly offered another kind smile. “It’s rather chilly… Winter is truly here, shall we?” She gestured to the city gates with her dark-red seal-furred gloves.

Jon nodded and turned to Wylis, “Have five hundred of your men ready to help unload the freights of Dragonglass and supplies from the inner harbour. Queen Daenerys has her men doing the same. We leave at first light when everything is packed for the journey back to Winterfell, now let’s break bread and hopefully get an early night.” Jon said with his cold alpha gaze, watching Wylis direct a circus of orders before beckoning the King to follow him where a stable of horses had been brought forward.

“Ahem,” squeaked both of the northern maidens behind her father as the commotion started. Ser Wylis turned to his daughters who were twiddling their fingers waiting for their moment to shine, and Daenerys could have sworn they threw their father a fluent gaze and making Wylis boom his
voice quickly as he turned back to Jon. “Your Grace, these are my daughters, Wynafyrd and Wyalla. Daughters, this is the White Wolf of Winterfell.”

Wynafyrd shot her father a look that said, ‘we know father,’ and Wynafyrd turned to Jon with a heavy toothy smile, she was stockier in size with a black tight collar and her cheeks blushing with chapped lips. “Your Grace,” she murmured with a polite curtsey. But, it was Wylla who dazed forward, her dainty figure and her oily black hair tied in a tight bun with a blue frock trimmed with white lining under a blue fur. She had a freckled nose and beady light eyes, but her slender figure walked with confidence. “It is an honour, King Wolf.”

Jon narrowed his wolf eyes against the cold brash wind and nodded politely to them both, “the honour is mine, my Ladies.” And he wanted to walk back but stood his ground in his kingly fur, when Wylla stepped towards him with a pretty smile while touching his lips. “If I may, Your Grace, it seems we are short on horses.” She gestured with her finger at the mounts before inching towards Jon more with raking eyes over his unruly curls and pouty lips, “would you do me the grace, my King, to allow me to ride with you on, your, mount. I don’t weight much, promise.” She said cryptically with a dainty smile and watery lashes from the cold wind.

The cobbled opening was beginning to line with people and Daenerys was soothing her given horse, a white willowy mare, and she stroked its broad muzzle with dothraki whispers to calm her against the pining wind. She let Grey-Worm help her onto the saddle and maintained her regal authority while her company mounted upon their horses. But, Dany double looked when she saw Jon mount his lean black stallion with Wyalla settled behind him, holding him by the waist and laughing about something or another with Jon only concentrating on the reins. The wind howled like dragon wings, when Dany tore her gaze away with a burning sensation in her tummy.

The sound of hooves against cobbles gathered as they set off up the wide-straight cobbled streets in a careful trot. The unsullied sentries held the Mighty Targaryen banners with Stark men leading and flying the bold Direwolf banner. Dany tried not to watch Jon in-front, choosing to observe anything else to soothe the bitter taste in her mouth and her clenched teeth that she hid behind her profound Dragon-Queen gaze.

They entered through the thick whitewashed City walls of Seal Gate, under and into a cobbled square named Fishfoot Yard. It was filled with shuffling common-folk eager to have a look at their King and Knights of White Harbour created a path through the turmoil. Dany rode effortlessly as her eye was caught instantly by the center of the cobbled square, where a circular fountain spluttered along with a great Merman statue rising from the waters. 20 feet tall from tail to crown and a curly beard covered in lichen and aged wrinkles. Despite one of the prongs of his trident being broken off, the sullen face loomed in the grey skies with impressive stature and it reminded her a little, of the Titan of Bravos, that she once saw as a small girl. And as she gazed up at the ancient Merman, whose hollow eyes had seen all the Great Kings and Queens like Jon Stark and Good Queen Alyssanne Targaryen, she remembered she had a duty of a Queen not a jealous girl with fire-breathing dragons.

“Young Lannister, are you as shrewd and clever as you are handsome? I think not.” Dany said to Tyrion, who was struggling to keep his pony up with her Queen’s elegant trot. Dany met his knowing gaze and hummed in response. She was trying her best not to look in Jon’s direction as they continued up a cobbled clearing, where whitewashed houses cluttered on their sides with steeply-pitched roofs of grey slate and peeping common-folk and noble men. “You
are clearly not impressed.” Tyrion grumbled, noticing his Queen’s gaze flickering towards the Northern lass touching her wolf’s waist. Tyrion went on slowly, “yes, White Harbour is something but not something at the same time. White harbour as my brother Jamie once annoyingly said, White Harbour is to Kings landing as I am to Ser Gregor Clegane.”

Dany swallowed her throat and tore her gaze off Jon again before responding daringly. “If that’s the case, White Harbour should have far better qualities.” She said firmly.

Tyrion nearly snorted with a wide smile, “Your too kind, my Queen,” and after a moment, he then lowered his tone before adding, “Please don’t do anything impulsive.” He grimaced at the profound violet glare that she discreetly fired at him but after a mutual stare down, Dany let out a soft breathe of compromise.

“Fine, but it doesn’t mean I have to like it.” She whispered back in a seethe, failing to hide a sudden swallow when she noticed Wyalla resting her head on Jon’s shoulder, as they apparently chattered away in the distance. Her stomach hardened and her breathes became coarser but her face remained collected.

The snow drizzled in the gloomy light that peaked through the burdened clouds. They passed the off-putting smells of the ‘lazy eel pub’ that wafted across the street and mingled with the smells of the crabs, mussels and fish being sold and resold. The roads were straight and organised and the steam from silversmiths made it apparent this Northern city wasn’t like the others, a demand for luxury and pleasantry along with the gallop of knights patrolling the streets in yellow fur and seal plated armour, made this feel like a cold southern city not a winter northern keep. They eventually reached Castle Stair that was a broad, ascending white stone way with long steps that led to New Castle. Marble mermaids lit the way with bowls of burning whale oil cradled in their arms and they passed hundreds of these lantern maids before they disembarked from the horses; a grand heavy stoned whitewashed castle embedded in the stony hills stood in-front of them. Rearing imposingly above the city, pale and majestic, it was a castle built for defence but luxury was evident with the faded banners of the merman that draped the walls over the gated entrance. The guards knelt on one knee as Jon led the way with Davos and Wylis in stride.

While Queen Daenerys, Tyrion, and Missandai followed with unsullied sentries in toe. Daenerys’s snowy dress, with dark red lining, trailed the smooth steps with ethereal elegance and seal guards, who stood on the watch posts, discreetly gawped under their helms. But, she was oblivious to it all since her gaze turretted on the Manderly Girls, who rushed forward to gossip. Wyalla most probably telling her sister all about her ten-second touch she had on the Kings arm.

“It’s a good match.” Tyrion muttered and Dany wanted nothing more than to hit him as they walked in stride. He discreetly elaborated with words tumbling out his mouth when he glanced up at her, “please hear what I have to say,” and when Daenerys slowly gritted her jaw and nodded, he went on. “Lord Wyman failed to marry his daughter to the last King in the North and believe me, all the Lords want matrimony to a Stark, bastard or not, Winterfell is a seat of real power. But, for Jon’s side, one of Wyman’s grand-daughters is a good match because it secures a large portion his army and valuable trade tax, let alone his legitimacy to the throne with noble northern wife.”
Daenerys intertwined her hands regally at her front as they walked up the steps, and she swallowed hard with fierce violet irises before throwing Tyrion a discrete glare. “So, you would have me give him my blessing.” She quietly seethed with a collected demeanour.

Tyrion slowly gave a gentle smile, “it won’t work, even if you did. The northern fool only has eyes for you.” Dany opened her mouth to retaliate but swallowed it down when she actually digested his words, her eyes softening on his nod of confirmation as they walked behind the others. She took a coarse breath and wet her lips before whispering, “Fine. I will do nothing… impulsive.”

“Good, because you’re better at being discrete than he is… His broody eyes just happen to soften when he looks at you, so you need to maintain that Dragon-Queen glare thing you do, for both your sakes and keep it strictly formal. I don’t presume to give orders, but no daydreaming from you aswel nor sneaking around. You’re a foreign Queen and he’s their born savour of King in the North. It would be so easier if you both didn’t fall in love.” He muttered under his breath and Dany wanted to refute his bold statement but the large oval doors opened and they all entered Merman’s court.

“King in the North! White Harbour is yours, Your Grace.” Lord Wyman boomed, the sixty-year-old man sat slurped in his large cushioned high seat, his pale scruffy hair lounging over his boulder belly and his sausage-like fingers twiddling on his armrests. The great hall had its walls, floors, and ceiling made of wooden planks, notched cunningly together and decorated with all the creatures of the sea and bracketed torches leaned out the walls with a lantern glow. The yellow glow of whale oil embellished the trident Sigel embroidered on Wyman’s, furred velvet green doublet as he leaned forward to observe what the King in the North brought back.

Daenerys kept her violet lashes trained on the calculating Lord who breathed her in, her petite confident form making him shuffle back uncomfortably in his high seat as he turned back to Jon.

“A Targaryen if I have ever seen one. You completed your mission your Grace?” He boomed at Jon, with a weary look at the purple-eyed, silver Deity.

“Aye,” Jon stepped forward with his cold alpha gaze and husky furs, “This is my guest, Queen Daenerys of the House Targaryen. She has agreed to fight with us when winter hits. The Night King doesn’t care of our histories, and nor do I, she has proved her valour and her loyalty in this new alliance. So, the North will treat her with the same respect as my crown.”

“Greeting, Lord Wyman. It’s a pleasure…” But, Dany was cut off from her pleasant tone by the old man’s boom, “it is Northern courtesy, to break bread and salt first. Lady Targaryen.” He blustered out with hard breath and an army of maids came forward offering King Jon and each of his company a piece of bread to dip in a bowl of salt.

Daenerys held her regal composure as she placed her profound Dragon-Queen gaze on, not showing any weakness now from Wyman’s rash expression. Jon raised his jaw, his husky form casting a shadow over the high table from the hearths firelight. His arctic gaze made Wyman bow
his head in apology and Jon then gave a discrete apologetic look to Dany before offering her the bread and salt after he took a bite. It was a tense moment as everyone ate and Dany eyed Wyman closely when he shoved the entire bowl into his mouth with churning chins.

“So, if the White Wolf says you are to be treated as a guest, My Lady. Then so be it,” He clapped his hand on his fleshy lap before gesturing her to go on. But, Dany felt Missandai step forward with a bold look of determination. “Queen, Daenerys Stormborn. Is no Lady, my Lord? She is the last Dragon of the House Targaryen, the Unburnt, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains and the rightful Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. The Mother of Dragons.” Missandai added with a proud look as her clear voice filled the hall.

“Dragons…?” He nearly cackled in disbelief with a deep voice.

“Yes… Dragons. My children shall be along shortly.” Dany confirmed with a cool violet gaze, breaking the silence, her glare currented into the beady eyes of Wyman Manderly who then discretely gulped and looked at Jon for confirmation. Jon ran his hands through his unruly raven curls before letting out a husky breath and speaking. “As we stand here, the Night King approaches. Now, do you have your army and cavalry ready, my Lord?”

Wyman straightened his spine as he waddled up to stand and bowing his rolled chin dutifully. “Aye, King Jon. Five thousand, strong, and the battle fleet if needed. All fine men and my son, Wylis will lead them with your command” He boasted with beady eyes settling on Daenerys before looking back at his King. “I made my peace with the wildling folk, your Grace, but if the rumours are true, you are having northerners fight with dothraki savages and foreign eunuchs… If I may, Your Grace, who and how many did our… ally, bring?” He said resolutely and purposely, staring at the Daenerys’s hard violet glare in anticipation.

Daenerys wanted to ball up her fists but she settled for her glare that could simply eat threw a man, but it was Jon that spoke. “Queen Daenerys, has brought 8000 unsullied and a hoard of 60,000 dothraki screamers and stallions, all good men.” He growled with wolf eyes as he added, “her pledged armies and Dragons are here to save our arses, the least we can do is offer the respect of a Queen. So, I won’t say it again, my Lord, you will address her as a Queen, as her good men address me as a King.” Wyman grumbled something under his breath before giving a clumsy but firm nod.

Daenerys wanted to tell the politicians to fuck off there and there, and pull her northern wolf to her lips and kiss him until they couldn’t breathe. But, she kept her face collected and it was Tyrion who spoke. “I understand the North’s dilemmas with the Targaryen family, but Queen Daenerys has been true to her word with your King, they sailed together and now fight together.”

Wyman eyed the little dwarf who walked in as if he owned the place before stammering out, “Tyrion, son of Tywin fucking Lannister. How do you fare.” His narrowed eyes said a little too politely, but before Tyrion could even respond. Wyman rudely cut him off, raising his arms up in a welcoming gesture and speaking to his entire household behind them all. “The White Wolf has returned! And his new ally, Queen… Daenerys Targaryen is most likely… hungry. Have the tables set and proper ale rolled in, tonight we feast and be merry, for tomorrow we ride for Winterfell and to the Wall, to War… to dance with dead men.” He laughed out and with a ringing thud of his trident staff on the wooden floor, the feast began.
The rain-pour outside spluttered the stained windows of the Great hall while heavy logs crackled in the various hearths around the occasion, scented with whale oil and pure salt. The great hall was lined with three solid, long oaken tables and flattered with an abundance of seafood dishes, capons, fried eels, salted lampreys and caked pork pies and rich sausages fettered in every dish. Warm candle-light glowed and hung from the chandeliers while the room was filled with merry voices and a Westerosian fiddle playing. Especially from the high table where Lord Wyman was flustered on the cheeks with ale and showcasing his sword-fish catch to anyone who would listen, as it sat half eaten in front of him with gravy dripping from his pale beard. After a few buckets of ale, Wyman quickly warmed up to the little dwarf and his daily drinking game. So now, Tyrion sat slurping ale with the fat Lord while swapping war stories for whore stories.

Daenerys sat regally with Missandai and Grey-worm, on one of the front tables while Jon sat opposite her with Davos on another front table, and too much of her annoyance, Wylla and Wynafyrd Manderly hovering around him with every excuse to serve him a dish or ogle his husky demeanour. It looks like flies around horseshit; she thought with grinding teeth when she glanced up at them subtly before discreetly rubbing her brow as if she had a headache.

“He doesn’t look like he’s enjoying himself, Daenerys.” Missandai whispered next to her, careful not to let anyone overhear. Dany looked up at Missandai, knowing Missandai had caught her throwing discrete glares over the brim of her goblet at the Wyalla Manderly, and the candle-light only partially shadowed her flushed cheeks. “He’s allowed to enjoy himself, he’s their King” She muttered back, and she sighed from Missandai’s knowing expression when she flickered her eyes up again at her wolf, as he drank his ale and listened politely to Wyalla ramble on with her battering eyes. The mere sight making her tummy burn and tighten with acid sensations as she repeatedly tore her gaze away again.

“Here, have something to eat, my Queen.” Missandai urged, pushing the porcelain plate of honeyed salmon, olives and salted apple slices, towards her. The plate that Dany had abandoned the moment they sat down. Dany softened her hard gaze with a gentle smile towards her friend’s worried expression and picked up her fork, taking one bite before playing with the bony pink salmon. “I don’t know how… northerners have this type of food every-day, meat and meat… look at Jon eating it.” She muttered quietly to Missandai with irritancy, and after Missandai took a careful look she turned back to Daenerys with a knowing expression. Daenerys gave a dull look of dismal to Missandai’s knowing gaze and tried to start another conversation that didn’t involve stupid swooning northern lasses. “Where’s Tyrion…” But, Missandai pressed on with care.

“He only has eyes for you, Daenerys. It’s obvious to Torho-Nudho and I, that Jon lo…” But, Dany cut her off with an abrupt gaze that told her, ‘somebody is approaching.’ And sure enough, Wyalla Manderly swanned towards them with her stocky sister in toe.

“Queen Daenerys, may we join you.” Wyalla fluttered out with a pearly smile. Dany pushed her plate of food away and softened her violet lashes to beckon them forward, “Of course, Lady
Wyalla.” And once the ladies sat opposite Daenerys, they helped themselves to a cup of wine.
“Father only lets us have two cups when feasts happen, but, the King in the North, in White
Harbour. Is, another occasion entirely.” She said with pursed lips, explaining her actions of sipping
heavily on her goblet before matching Daenerys’s regal sitting position.
“Tell me,” Wyalla started with a generous smile, “King Jon says you fly on Dragons, real dragons,
like the stories of Visenya Targaryen.”
“Yes,” Daenerys softly responded, “my children, Drogon, Rhaegal… are quite the pair when it
comes to flight…”
“Your children..?” Wylla questioned with a parted mouth of curiosity.

Dany raised her eyebrows with a smile and politely responded. “Yes, I birthed my dragons from
the fires. They are fire made flesh.” Wyalla tried to hide her dainty look of disbelief and Wynafyrd
mouthed Daenerys’s words with dumb confusion before her grubbily hand dived in a platter of
crabs and smoked sausages. Wyalla looked at her little sister with disgust before ignoring her and
fanning her face with her dainty fingers as she looked at Jon, who was in deep conversation with
her father, Ser Wylis along with Ser Davos. She was bored of her forced conversation with the
foreign Queen so she changed the topic. “Don’t you think the King, is so, so… handsome,” Wyalla
breathed with hot breath more to herself, her beady blue eyes raking Jon from a distance.
Missandai physically tensed from Daenerys collected expression turn even more collected.
Daenerys gave a polite smile, “you think so?”

Wyalla giggled with a roll of her eyes as if it was obvious, “Aye, I think so. Every woman would
be lucky to wed the White Wolf,” she said with an exaggerated hot breathe before adding, “He
talks like a man of war, even for a bastard, he is born such wolf of Winterfell. Even that small scar
above his eye makes him even more comely.”
Dany tried so hard to keep her fevered glare and flared nostrils at bay, taking a cool discrete
shuddering breath before she put on a soft smile and spoke with a level voice. “I have to admit, I
fail to see him as nothing more than my ally, war-torn, yes, but rather broody for my liking.” She
said lightly, her hands balled up under the table on her lap.

Wyalla had her delicate elbow on the table, pointing her dainty fingers at the King as she leaned
forward with a giddy smile, “Quite right, my Queen, but in my eyes no less gorgeous than his
brother, Robb Stark. Heavens, if you saw him, he was quite a charmer. If it’s not too bold,” She
giggled with a side-ways glance at her sister from an inside joke they shared before adding, “I
think King Jon, just needs a woman to bring the wolf out. His pretty hair was simply too good for
the celibacy of the Nightswatch. He needs a real northern son by a northern bride.”
Wynafyrd chuckled with her full mouth of pork pie, “I… wonder when Grandfather… is going to
ask… him…for…” But, her churning speech was abruptly stopped when Wyalla discretely kicked
her sister’s leg under the table to shut her up, turning back to Daenerys with a generous pearly
smile.


“I saw you riding today… Your Grace, you ride well. Wynafyrd and I, go riding twice a day to practise.” Wyalla said boastfully; as she remembered the foreign silver Queen mount the uncontrollable horse she had ordered the stable boy to give her. She was livid when her tactical plan didn’t work and even more livid from the sight of the foreign Queen’s, petite perfect feminine figure, that controlled the filly easily with her thick womanly thighs.

Dany pressed her lips in modesty as she answered, “thank you, my lady. That’s what years upon horseback in the Red Waste can do to oneself. But, I’m afraid horse-back is nothing compared to Dragon-back.” She answered acutely, feeling a little better from the jealous looks the Manderly granddaughters both failed to hide and hating herself, for lowering herself to their petty demeanour.

Wyalla crossed her delicate legs under her lush northern frock and grew rather annoyed from this famous Queen, and it was Wynafyrd who changed the topic as she slurped her wine, “anyway, riding horse-back is useful for woman of our stature, especially since king Jon wants the women to fight.” She said, and Wyalla agreed with a new daydreaming hum in Jon’s direction.

Dany raised her eyebrows, actually becoming the curious one. “Pardon, my Lady?”

Wynafyrd nodded, eagerly swallowing her wine so she could speak. “That’s right, Dragon-Queen, King Jon issued the woman to practise the art of combat in this War. I believe he said in Winterfell, we can’t defend the north, if only half the population fought.” She said in a proud voice before trailing off, “grand-father wasn’t too happy, he said…”

But, Daenerys wasn’t listening since she couldn’t stop her eyes glancing at her wolf with a wanton look of desire. And it was Wyalla who noticed the sudden shift of attention from the silver Queen as her sister rambled on.

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“Had enough,” Davos grinned at Jon’s sullen brood and leaned forward towards him, “Jon?”

Jon blinked back into his surroundings, his thoughts on nothing but her.

“You have no idea.” He growled back quietly, taking his horn of ale and swiftly finishing it. The feast was still on full tilt and Ser Wylis and his daughters had stopped bugging him about something or another, and given him a moment to breathe. Jon swallowed down a tired breath from entertaining his lords and ladies; he was a soldier nothing more and wasn’t made for this life. His eyes subconsciously scanned through the merry tables and for a split second, Grey and Violet connected for a dowsing second before drastically looking away.

“You need to stop doing that,” Davos grumbled, watching him carefully.

“Doing what?” he growled huskily, staring at the bottom of his glass and hoping to make his dream
last. But, Davos swallowed down his knowing response when the room filled with a groaning scrape wood, the high chair scraping back as the Merman stood. “King in the North!” Lord Wyman boomed.

The room fell silent and the fiddles stopped fiddling. Wyman struggled up, his sausage hands steadying himself on the high table as ale dripped from his pale beard. Jon had a husky expression on as he stood up; the hearths glow behind his table etched an orange outline around broad shouldered stark furs as he stood and softened his face, “My Lord Wyman?”

The fat Lord rubbed the ale off his mouth with the back of his chubby hand as he raised his lined brow with a rosy grin. “I hope you have had your fill, your Grace. Because, I have a proposal for you.” He said, and the crowd cheered with raised jugs.

Jon held his cold alpha gaze as Wyman spoke with his hands in a wide welcoming gesture, “House Manderly has fought with House Stark, for a thousand years. The Merman and the Direwolf will always break bread and salt, always…” He trailed off before booming on with drunk but attentive groggy eyes.

“My father stood with Lord Rickard Stark, I stood with your father, Ned Stark. An honourable man who I wept for, when I heard what that Lannister cunt boy did to him up in that snake hole they call a capital. And my son, Wendel, died with the Young Wolf at the Red Wedding. But, you… you avenged them Jon Snow. You are the White Wolf, the King in the North! I pledged my House and Armies to you, now and always. So… would you do our Great Houses the honour, to take one of my grand-daughters as your Winter Bride? And seal this union in matrimony under the new Gods and the Old Forest Gods of Winterfell. Take your pick…?” He implied, pointing at the two blushing maidens that stood in the cheering crowd of seal men and stark men, showing themselves off in their new frocks and coy cheeks.

Jon could feel all eyes on him, his cold arctic eyes wanting nothing more than to turn to his one love, whose purple gaze rained his heart behind him, but before he could respond. Suddenly, the room was dowsed in silence as the candles flickered dangerously.

Before the sudden, deafening shriek of Dragons quaked the room in a desperate rattle, filling their eardrums with their beautiful cries. Everyone’s cold breathing in the room was brittle when the colossal shadow split the skies again, the thunderous roar of Red torrent, screaming scarlet over old Merman’s trident…
Thank you so so much for reading. Tell me what you think going to happen next... :)

Next one is called:
'Pirates, Eggs and Ephemeral Wings'
Mellifluous Whispers

Chapter Notes

another chapter...??? is it Christmas already?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 16

Mellifluous Whispers

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A painful tightness was lodged in her throat. Her pure violet eyes were elasticated with anger and she abruptly stood. Her chair groaning over the stone floor as she desperately pulled an unruffled look over her flared eyes. “Forgive me my Lords, it appears my Dragons have arrived and are in need of me.” Dany hid her feelings well but her chest was knotting with burning sensations. She gave Grey-worm a silent order and then without another word, she walked out; regally escorted with four unsullied sentries.

The heavy beamed door thudded shut with the candles flickering dangerously. And then all eyes turned back on him. Jon’s broad, furred chest breathed slowly, the candlelight making his grey misty eyes haunt a predatory glow. He turned his jaw back to Wyman’s blubber, “The Dragon-Queen means us harm?” Lord Wyman said in a hollow whisper, staring at the closed door.

Jon nearly growled, “Never. The dragons are her children, her leave, is innocent.”

Wyman gulped down any fear before his rosy cheeks churned back into a bushy smile. “So, Your Grace. As I was saying, which of my lovely Grand-daughters will the White Wolf take for his bride?” He said with stern calculating eyes. Jon could feel the entire court holding their breath, waiting for the moment to cheer with their sweaty brows. Jon could see out the corner of his eye, Wyalla’s raking gaze over him as she placed her dainty palms on her chest in anticipation while Wynafyrd giggled with coy cheeks.

He slowly placed the horn in his hands back on the table, looking down momentarily in thought before blinking his dark wolf eyes back up at the bold Merman, who watched his every move. “My Lord Wyman, you honour me, but I can’t.” He finished simply, with his husky demeanour.

The shocked gasps from the crowd of seal men and snorting Stark men waved through the hall, and Davos and Missandai then turned to watch with weary gazes, the looming Merman who’s old sausage hands balled in brittle anger. “Why, your Grace?” He stammered out with protest and gritted teeth “are my Grand-daughters…?”

Jon cut him off with a gentle growl, “It’s not a problem on your Grand-daughters behalf, my Lord,
the problem is with me.”

‘I love another’, he wanted to say but he simply held his cold alpha gaze on Wyman’s beady eyes before he turned to a disappointed Wyalla and Wynafyrd, and he softened his gaze with reassurance, “Any man would be lucky to have anyone of you, to make that ancient vow under the Heart tree and call you his wife for ever more. But, I am not that man. I am a man, in a time of War, a man who has a Kingdom on his shoulders and I don’t take that lightly. I would die for our people, my father’s keep, my family waiting for my return. I will never stop serving the North, never. So, I may die in this War, and I refuse to make one of you a widow, to burden you in a time like this.”

Jon finished firmly before he glanced at Davos who shot him a calculated look that he began to know too well. So, when Wyman opened his mouth to retaliate, Jon slowly added, “Forgive me, my Ladies. But, when this War is over…” He tried to stop his voice from breaking as he spoke the words of a King, “…when this war is over, I will consider your hand and pledge to do all I can. So, the Manderly’s of White Harbour and the Starks of Winterfell, may always be friends.”

The great hall glowed quietly with yellow lanterns, the bashing sea against the whitewashed shores in the distant, was an uncomfortable melody. It was Wyman’s slow, dull clapping and booming voice that broke the grave silence, “Well said, my King. I can’t argue with that.”

Jon wasn’t bothered if it was good or not, all he wanted was to leave as soon as possible He wanted… no, he needed, to hold Daenerys in his arms and make her feel loved. His misty eyes blinked the thought out as Wyman shouldered over to him, his old lined, merman face a few inches taller. “That was very good, my King. But, there is still the small matter of the North needing an heir. House Stark will need an heir to secure, Ned Stark’s line. And I offer you a betrothal for after the War, to birth you a son, along with my fleet and 5000 northern soldiers at your every need. You are forsaking your duty as a Stark, White Wolf, if you don’t accept my generous offer.” He said with a resolute bowed head, despite his beady eyes still searching Jon’s.

Jon raised his jaw a little, his dark wolf eyes un-flinched and he felt Lord Tyrion’s concentrated gaze in the corner of his eye. And it gave him a spark of confidence before he politely growled in response. “Aye, I am King in the North, but I’m not forsaking any duty, my Lord, I’m not a Stark.” Jon said simply.

Jon watched Wyman slowly search his eyes before nodding in defeat, and the White Wolf bid them goodnight as he walked off and followed the distant sound of Dragons.

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“Queen Daenerys.” Jon called huskily, mindful of the ears in this castle as he left the Great Hall and rounded a corner. Jon’s grey eyes dilated with need when he saw his silver-haired Deity, talking with her unsullied regiment at the other end of the wide corridor.
Dany was about to go find her children who called her from outside, their beautiful hallows reflecting her own blue feeling. She was telling Tales and Blue Beetle in Valyrian tongue, to make sure the men had food and the new furred Targaryen leathers for their march tomorrow. But, when she heard his husky voice, she closed her eyes and gave in to his drowning musk, deciding to slowly turn around to him before her violet lashes locked onto her arctic wolf; who stood at the other end of the corridor.

“Wait from me outside after you’ve seen to your orders,” She whispered with honey breathe and when the dull stony corridor was deserted. She cradled her arms and watched him expectedly, not budging her feet and her profound lilac gaze almost flared with anger.

His northern furs trailed his boots as he slowly approached her, his gaze softening with every step until he stood in-front of the fuming winter goddess, in her snowy Dragon-Queen dress. “My Queen,” he started formally, weary of being overheard and he swallowed hard when she narrowed her eyes and had visible tension in her neck, shoulders and arms. He found his voice again, “Queen Daenerys…”

Dany balled up her dark-red, silky seal gloves in anger, her petite confident figure radiating fire as she huffed impatiently and made to turn away. “Dany,” he croaked, quickly taking her wrist gently to stop her going, “What was I supposed to do?” he said with hurt eyes, desperately trying to make her understand.

Dany looked at his hand holding her wrist and she felt it soften under her glare and when she tugged herself away, she looked at him with a current of fiery eyes. “Don’t even touch me,” She seethed, crossing her arms in hurt and avoiding his drowning dark eyes.

The long mahogany corridor was quiet and had an eerie smell about it as his hands dropped to his sides like weights, “Dany? Fucking hell, I couldn’t stop them from asking… they are allowed to speak but I didn’t even know they would ask that of me, and … and…”

Daenerys rounded on him with watery violet lashes, pointing a delicate finger at him and cutting off his husky tumble of words. “I understand that, you northern fool! But, all night I’ve had to witness you and her talking, and talking and bonding away,” she seethed, not caring of her loudness as she nearly shouted with her honeyed voice, “…and you let that, shallow woman, grope you at every chance, even on your horse… you…”

Jon felt spears slice his breath as her words plunged into him, he growled back with hurt. “I didn’t have a choice, Daenerys Targaryen. Lady Wyalla and every one of them in that hall are my kin. I have to play nice and go with their damn stupid game, I’m their King, and I’m fucking the worst at this part, I’d admit because all I’m good at is…” He stammered out desperately before adding, “Dany, please listen… You know there is so much horseshit flying around that even the flies are confused. And come on, it’s not easy for me to see every damn fucker in this City, gawping at you, I hate it because you… you… because it's you…” He said with raw passion as he breathed her in.
Daenerys softened her expression, sniffing her rosy runny nose in for a second as she placed a silver tendril behind her ear. But, when she searched his eyes, she remembered Wyalla Manderly holding his waist and it made her insides roar. “You know nothing, my northern fool.” Dany seethed, turning away and leaving him glued with shock. She then remembered another thing she was angry at and unknowingly decided to blame it on him as she turned around to yell at him a bit more.

Jon’s lips were parted from those words, and an eternal flame coiled in his chest when he saw her turn back to him, her violet eyes and succulent, plump lips that just wished to be kissed were right in his point of view. An ancient feeling awoke deep within his bones that only happened when he wanted his Silver Queen.

Suddenly, the spark became a flame and his mouth was on hers, her words swallowed as his hands found her waist and pushed, her feet stumbling, her back –that damn dress- hitting the hard wall of the corridor. She tasted of sweet fucking rebellion, her hot tongue softening, accepting him with a zealous passion. Then, both of her hands were on his chest, and her adorable, tiny knee came up hard between his legs.

“Oww!” He squeezed his eyes shut from the wincing pain and croaked a long, “seven hells, Dany!” Nearly falling over as he frowned hard at her from the swelling pain erupting between his legs, groping himself desperately as he wobbled and tried to intake hard breaths.

“Don’t think you can, just kiss me, and just expect me to fall back into your arms, Jon Snow.” She seethed over him with cute narrowed eyes, watching him wobble and lean against the wall. She huffed from his lovely dark eyes furrowing and she stormed off, unknowingly tasting her lips as she checked that no one had seen their kiss.

That man shouldn’t be allowed to have a mouth. He shouldn’t be allowed to use that thing as a weapon. There should be laws against men who could kiss like that. With a mouth that dominated yet begged. A tongue that teased yet delivered. His tastes that dipped into an addiction stream and hooked a woman after just the first hit. Hooked me. She thought with hurt, and she reached the door before pushing it open and filling her lungs with numbing, salty cold breaths as her eyes pooled.

“Fucking hell,” Jon breathed huskily, and he wobbled after her, following the woman he loved. His dark wolf eyes looked up from the gasping pain, searching for where she went and he saw the alluring scent of her swaying hips disappearing out the door, and he tried his best to keep up.

The pleasant, earthy smell after rain filled his nose. His boots squelched in the puddles of watery snow and he padded through the courtyards of New Castle, desperately searching for a wisp of silver hair. The outside of the imposing Castle was quiet and deserted; the watch posts empty from the likely sight of Dragons scaring the Seal guards indoors.

He walked through the cluttered courtyards and stables of Horses, finding a flowing saturated riverbed that led him on a dusty path to the back of New Castle. His wandering foot-steps brought him out a stone gate that was left opened, and he walked into long open fields of heather and dew and Jon let out a long breathe of relief when he saw a distant mountain of two colossal Dragons. Nestled and coiling their untamed muscle and laying in a comfortable circle in the burnt out
clearing, which they had just landed on in the open snowy fields of heather.

And right in front of him, was his petite fiery silver deity, stepping over the beds of flowers and onto the dewy grassland that was patched with light snowfall, walking towards her dragons nest.

“Dany,” he called after her, stumbling over the flower bed and his husky demeanour in bits when she didn’t reply or even hesitate to stop for him.

He eventually caught up to her as he trudged in the dewy hard grass and reaching for her small hand. “Dany… Seven hells, can you stop hating me for one second, please…” He nearly yelled.

Daenerys wheeled around and when he saw the pearls of tears leaking from her violet lashes, his heart bled. Jon parted his lips when she rounded on him, “I don’t hate you, Jon Snow!” She nearly screamed, her honeyed voice broken.

And Jon threw his hands up in protection, the air radiating desolating red torrent. As Drogon lifted his encrusted head and shrieked clicking fire as he spat a cloud of flames into the skies in warning. Drogon brought his colossal neck swooping to glare at him with a petrifying roar and making the Northman stumble on his bum from the mere force.

Jon’s hands were muddy and cold, having fallen in the dewy grass. He slowly looked up, feeling the furnace of heat above him as he focused his blurred wolf eyes back on Daenerys, with Drogon hanging his snout above her.

Daenerys looked down at him, her hands weighted at her sides as she stood in the wet grass with her loyal dragon over her.

“You don’t understand Jon…what I feel, terrifies me.” Dany sighed with her silky breath, giving him a sad look before she continued her walk, disappearing behind a colossal entrenched wall of dragon hide.

Jon pushed himself up, his husky broad furs breathing heavily as he watched Drogon’s scarlet dark scales, coiling with heat as he laid over his mother’s path; in solid protection. Jon slowly stepped forward and when he was close enough, he reached out his hand, edging forward slowly. “Please,” he murmured, “I have to get through.” He begged.

Drogon simply looked at him with interest, his orange veiny eyes blinking with ease. But, when he felt his mother hurting through their sacred connection, he bared his cage of teeth at the Northman and refused to budge.

Jon ran his hands through his hair in defeat, his misty eyes then focusing on the green Dragon who was apparently just chewing on a Seal carcass, clearly not interested in the ordeal.

He slowly approached, watching Rhaegal’s green scales coiling with untamed power and his gargantuan wings nestled in the colossal rooks of his talons. The moment Jon stepped over the scorched lines of his ground, Rhaegal swooped his head up with a clinking warning of green torrent.
But, Jon kept his thoughts on Daenerys. He thought of her and only her, the way she giggled when she couldn’t control it, the way she tensed and balled her hands up and her glare that could eat through a grown man and most of all, he thought of her sighs when she screamed his name and kissed his lips. His mind dowsed in the woman he loved.

Jon suddenly blinked out his haze, just realising the green Dragon’s volcanic brute breath airing his face in curiosity. The two looked at each other in interest and it wasn’t long until Rhaegal started prodding his chest in almost light amusement, making Jon stroke his colossal snout with care like he would do Ghost.

After a few seconds, Rhaegal slithered his hide to make an opening. And Jon mentally thanked him before walking through the two mountains of Dragons.

He came to an opening that revealed at large sept, the Sept of Snows. An arrangement of imposing white stones, rising 30 feet tall with a stained glass dome on the top. Seven statues stood inside, the Faith of the Seven, standing in stone. Jon slowly walked towards Daenerys who was sitting on the steps of the entrance.

She sat on the lowest step with her honeyed palms on her lap and her small frame, gazing at the stars with pooled eyes of pearls. He trudged in front of her and breathed her in, she was such a paradox. In some ways, the strongest woman he’d ever met, her fire and spite and self-sufficiency clear and defined. In other ways, she was the softest, most vulnerable. She put herself too far out there, felt too strongly, would love to fiercely, give too freely, her actions a roadmap to destruction that would one day kill that spirit.

Daenerys raised her head from behind her palms, wiping her tears away as she gave a soft laugh. “It seems Rhaegal likes you.”

Her voice was like fricking silk as she questioned him, “Why? Why do my Dragons have a soft spot for you?” She whispered to herself, the howling breeze making her shake her head in a careless conclusion.

Jon softly looked up and searched her eyes. “Dany,” he croaked, “what terrifies you?” Thinking of how she shouted at him back there and when she brushed it off with dull eyes, he knelt in front of her. The dewy grass soaking his knee but he didn’t care, he simply looked at her with his endearing dark eyes and gestured for her hands.

Dany looked at him with apprehension before huffing, letting him take her hands intimately as he kneeled in front of her. She watched him come at eye-level to her as she sat on the whitewashed step. Jon squeezed her hands gently to regain her attention, softly breathing, “your clearly not fucking happy, and I’m no freaking poet, so please just tell me what to do. What terrifies you?” He prodded again with raw passion.

Daenerys wanted to hate him for having those lovely dark eyes and she bit her lower lip to not give him the satisfaction of making her smile so soon.

She slowly lifted her hooded eyes to meet his searching gaze, “Jon, I… I’m terrified of how I
feel… about you,” She swallowed out resolutely. All her life, since she was that little girl that escapes the clutches of her demented brother, Dany had felt so sure of herself. And she thundered through man after man that tried to hurt her.

But, here was this northern fool, that her heart bled and yearned for, when he was just out of sight for a few moments, and it scared her how much she had fallen… It was after seeing him with another woman that she truly understood the extent of her feelings. Now I know why, Tyrion and Missandai said, I’d fallen in love. I plummeted from the skies, and hoped like hell he would catch me when I hit the bottom. Only, there hadn’t been no bottom. There was just him. Daenerys breathed hard as she looked down, playing with his hand as she whispered, “I believe losing you, is quickly becoming my worst fear…”

Jon swallowed hard, curling a loose silver tendril behind her ear as he knelt before her. He held his eyes on her and saw the moment the girl of stone, cracked and crumbled and broke. He saw the quick inhale of breath, the loosening of defiance in her eyes, the tightening of her forehead, in between her eyebrows, her bottom lip curling slightly underneath a tooth. It was a small act, no burst of tears, no wail of drama. He couldn’t stop smiling from how much he loved this goddess.

Dany narrowed her eyes from his endearing look, “what?” She said rather sharply.

Jon raised his eyes as he finally understood, “Shit, were you jealous?” he said softly.

“Jon,” She said firmly before breathing out desperately, “it’s not funny.”

“I’m not smiling because it’s funny, I’m smiling because it’s sweet.” He whispered with awe, Jon had never expected anyone in his entire life, let alone a Valyrian goddess, to be jealous over him.

Dany softened her gaze, touching his palm that lay loose on her lap as she looked back up at him, “Okay,” she swallowed out before finding his endearing eyes, “and it still bothers me, Jon.” She finished with a squeeze on his fingers.

“Dany,” Jon started, “I trusted you with my fears, my life, everything that happened to me, I showed you everything. And, if I trusted you with that, don’t you know that, that means that…” he muttered huskily, his throat croaking at the end.

“That, I…” He croaked again.

Dany pursued her lips, colour coming back to her cheeks as she watched her honourable fool attentively, blushing from his stutter.

“What are you, what are you trying to say….?” Dany whispered, following his wandering eyes.

“You know what I’m trying to say…” Jon gently growled.
Dany’s silky voice broke a little as she opened and closed her mouth, trying to put on a serious face. “Don’t say it know, I don’t want to hear it here…” She rushed out with delicate fingers, brushing an unruly raven curl from his face.

“Here?” he replied with a soft smile, “where I’ve walked through two fucking Dragons to get to you…” He searched her beautiful lilac eyes with mirth.

“Jon, I…” Dany started seriously with narrowed eyes.

But, he cut her off. “I love you.”

Grey and Violet stopped searching one another’s eyes, the reflection settled, clear and pure.

“I love you, “He repeated, running his hands around her waist in her sitting position, coming even closer, so their legs touched, “I love you, and I don’t want to keep it in anymore.” He said with tired breath, the shades of his grey eyes sonorous with rings of light.

Daenerys let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding, touching his jaw with her delicate fingertips as her entire face smiled with her scrunched beautiful eyes.

“I love you too,” she sighed breathlessly, and she ran her hands around his neck to envelope him closer, “and at this moment, I don’t care who knows.”

Their lips met, their tongues softening, accepting, and tasting the promise.

The hard snowy grass beneath them, the damp earthy air around them and the glowing fireflies above them, now forever marked the truth, with lights of mellifluous whispers under the starry skies.

Chapter End Notes

They finally said I love you <3
After all this time!!

Thank you so so much for reading. Hope you liked this cake of smut, please leave a comment so I know what you think :)

Next chapter is called: 'Pirates, Eggs and Dark Wings'
The light snow wandered in the cold breeze, it was far past nightfall and the horse’s hooves were heavy with fatigue.

“Alright then, that whore back there, what’s her name… Big Bessie or, the Dragon Queen” Bronn japed with no thought, holding the reins of his grey mare to keep her straight with a yellow lantern his other hand, and he looked at Jamie’s bored face expectantly. “Go on,” Bronn prodded and when he got no answer again, he looked up with a huff, “bleeding heck, your little brother loved these games, it’s a laugh…” He prodded again with annoyance as the cold shivered his spine.

Jamie swallowed hard and turned to him with an uninviting expression, “if I had known you were going to be a damn headache the entire way, I would have left you behind in the capital to play hide and seek with the Mountain.” He replied, turning his square jaw back forward with cold breathing, concentrating on the shadowy road and he looked through the misty cold breathes he let out before pushing his horse forward in a faster trot.

Bronn snorted and kept up, “Listen Jamie fucking Lannister, I could easily turn around and leave your sensitive arse to garrison the Lannister army in Riverrun all by yourself, and then let you fend off the wolves in the North all by yourself, when they most certainly fuck you over. But, I am a gentleman, and I vowed to keep your pompous lady arse from dying until I get paid, so shut your mouth and play the game.” He finished with a smug smile before he clapped him on the back.

Jamie wanted to roll his eyes but he knew he needed Bronn’s help on surviving the road ahead since his ability with a sword still wasn’t as it should be. So, he let out an agitated breathe, “Fine… Bessie.”

“Bessie,” Bronn exclaimed as if he was insane, “what the fuck is wrong with you? You would rather fuck that fat whore in that inn back there, than the Dragon-Queen.” Bronn nearly drooled with furrowed eyes.

“You did fuck that, fat whore.” Jamie reminded him with a bored expression.

Bronn put on a proud look before waving his hands around in a meaningful gesture, “Yes, Kingslayer, but that’s not the point… I did so because, because….” Bronn repeated with exaggerated thought as he rushed out, “because… fat bitches need love too, Jamie Lannister. But, if the opportunity presented itself, I would happily jump on the chance of…”
“I hardly think, Queen Daenerys Targaryen, would let a jumped up sell-sword like you near her with a ten-foot lance,” Jamie added between carelessly taking a swing from his water skin.

Bronn exaggerated a hurt look before smirking, “just because the Dragon-Queen licked her lips at me at the summit. She even winked at…”

“You weren’t even at the Dragon-pit, you dirty pervert.” Jamie grimaced, trying to ignore Bronn as he watched the crows above with interest, the shadowy flock purging from the thick trees above whereas the road was silent as the grave.

“Ohay fine, but you would, wouldn’t you? You would fuck the Dragon-Queen?” Bronn reminded him cheerfully, sipping on his rum flask as he steadied his jostling horse.

Jamie shook his head, “I hardly think the daughter of the man I killed, would even talk to me, maybe she’ll talk to me after she’s roasted me alive with her Dragons.” Jamie added dully.

“You would, wouldn’t you?” Bronn slowly repeated, watching him closely with a pestering laugh.

“No, I wouldn’t” Jamie growled back and internally to himself, before snapping, “now shut your mouth.”

“You would,” Bronn repeated with playful narrow eyes and he rambled on with tormenting statements.

But, Jamie wasn’t listening since his ears picked up a distant sound. He heard a delicate thunder that could barely be heard if you didn’t concentrate, and it was getting louder and louder. The dirt and dust on the ground ever so slowly starting to dance. “Do you hear that?” Jamie said in a half-whisper with round eyes, shutting up Bronn’s ramble as he stopped his weary mount.

“You’re getting old Kingslayer, all I can hear is your rich fucking belly rumbling again…” Bronn sniggered, but when they both sat on their horses in silence. They heard the mysterious soft thunder galloping again in the distance, and they both visibly swallowed out cold breathe before looking at one another with dilated eyes.

“O fuck, is that what I think it is?” Bronn croaked, dowsing the lantern and gripping his sword hilt as he swung his horse around desperately. Jamie tried his best to see through the dark and when he heard the stampede getting closer, he turned to Bronn with a seethe.

“I thought you said you saw them pass two days ago?” Jamie glared at him through the dark, trotting in circles to find a safe heading.

“Now don’t blame me, Jamie fucking Lannister, I thought the Kingsroad was clear and if you haven’t noticed since we got on it, it’s been pretty fucking quiet till now.” Bronn shot back in whisper, watching the shadowed noises in the distance.
Jamie shook his head, steering his horse into the maze of dark woods. “It must have been their scout party you saw pass. Now, we need…”

But, Bronn had already kicked his horse into a hard run into the forests, leaving Jamie with an incredulous glare and anxious breathe as he chased after him. It felt like a blur as they whisked through the brush, under the canopies of naked pine tree’s and climbing the soiled ground in a desperate rush. When they conceded enough ground, Jaime caught up with the sell-sword who was unbuckling his saddle from his horse with fumbling fingers while flickering his beady eyes up at the sound of a stampede of hooting and shrieking, less than a few minutes behind them.

“What are you doing?” Jamie whispered, scrambling off his horse to meet Bronn in the dark forest enclosure.

Bonn ignored him and spoke over his question, “listen you golden prick, those hooting fuckers back there can track a nag and its rider a mile off. We need to ditch these and go on foot, if we’re lucky, they’ll follow the horses and not us, we can follow the streams that go on to the Red-Folk river and go from there. But, if you don’t help me right now, in about a minute we’ll be caught and in two minutes, I’ll be dead, and you’ll be sucking donkey dick. Now hurry up…” Bronn gulped out, hearing the horde get closer and closer.

Jamie nodded desperately and they eventually pushed the nags away before they scrambled the other way. He knew the only way he’d survive the North would be bringing an army for them, not coming as a pathetic prisoner the dothraki picked up.

They both climbed the ascending woods, wet leaves mucking and squelching in their fingernails and foxes scuttling away as they sprinted further and further into the dark litter of naked pine trees that sprouted out in gnarly ways with the tops hanging over the Kings road at the bottom.

Suddenly, they heard the might of the dothraki hoard galloping past with precise rhythm, not faulting in the light bed of snow on the road. The stream of hooves never seemed to fault as it went on and on and on. And Bronn had to drag Jamie down by the scruff of the neck, diving on the hard ground and peering through the brush when they saw a few screamers branch off, heavy feet hitting the ground from their lean red stallions.

Jamie didn’t dare to move as he lay down on the forest floor. He slowly moved a bushel of leaves out the way as he peered carefully thought the foliage, looking down the slanting slope at the patrol of tanned stallions that walked in the opening of the woods with a mysterious hooded figure, all scanning the forests with dark-lidded eyes as they spoke their harsh language.

“What do you think..?” Bronn muttered wearily next to him.

But, Jamie looked intently at the new rider that burst through the trees to greet them, “that’s Ser Jorah Mormont.” Jamie muttered, watching the lined face below climbing off his horse and listening to the distant conversation that started in the forest clearing below.
“What seemed to be the problem?” Jorah grunted, his eyes were lined with tiredness and headache.

The horselords gestured to the fresh hoof prints on the ground, that littered in the opposite direction and Jorah leaned down with a groan, slithering his brittle fingers over the tracks in interest. “Maybe a traveller heading south, it would make sense now winter has come.” He brushed off, wiping the mud off his hands as he looked around.

The hooded figure then dropped his hood, a dull bald head popping out with a spidery voice. “That would certainly be all very well, Ser Jorah, but what if someone is indeed following our trail? What if our throats are cut in the middle of the night? I say we double back, wait for first light and then continue our honourable journey North, to Winterfell.” He finished, bowing his head pleasantly.

Jorah nearly growled, “Lord Varys, you seem to forget we are a hoard of nearly a hundred thousand, no one would dare meet us in the open field let alone try and infiltrate our camp with the wish to leave alive. Now, we keep going and we don’t delay. The sooner I… the sooner we, get to our meeting point with Queen Daenerys, the better…” He muttered under his breath, climbing back on his saddle as he cried out in dothraki to the waiting horselords, “We will ride with the cold winds! Khaleesi awaits the sounds of our hooves and our hearts! Let her fire warm your heart, now ride and show her the might of your hooves!” He bellowed with pride.

The dothraki raised their arakh’s with pride, hooting with chattering jaws as the stampede gained momentum again, endless lines of galloping hooves and hulked shoulders budged and screaming towards the north.

Jorah watched with content as he stepped his horse back towards the galloping road again, looking over his shoulder at Varys. “Aren’t you coming spider, a few more hours in your luxurious cabin won’t do you harm.” He half-smirked and Vary tightened his hold over on his folded cotton furs in discomfort. “I will be along in a moment, kind Ser.” Varys scowled cryptically, carefully watching Jorah gallop off.

Up the sloping forest verge, Jamie and Bronn quietened their breathing as they watched through the bushels of dead, wiry leaves. They watched Varys pull his hood up before dipping in the shadows of the looming tresses and all went quiet.

It was nearly ten minutes before anything happened, the hordes of dothraki still galloped past their branch off the road, and Vary’s was quiet then ever until a skinny figure came out the trees from nowhere. From the looks of her patched rode and small bare feet, this was just a girl and Varys quickly walked out the shadows to meet her.

His gliding feet didn’t break a single twig on the soiled ground and he stroked the girl’s hair, coming to her ear with a soothing whisper. “Now, listen well, my little bird. Make sure this reaches him, make sure he knows it’s a map on how to get in the wolves den and remind him of our deal. Remind him, that this is not to come back to me. Remind him, to not hesitate on the murder because I have another alternative for him to get what he desires, from his treasured chest.” He whispered with certain eyes, and he gave the starchy cryptic map to her, “now make sure this
reaches your little brother on the stony shores,” and he then pushed the peasant away with a whisper of, “fly of now, my little bird.”

Jamie only caught bits of his voice since he was more worried about not making a single sound; he just saw Varys slip a worn looking roll of parchment into the girl's small fingers before pushing her away, back into the maze of forest floors. Then, the spider turned with a swift look around before he joined the road again, slipping back into the stream of horses as nothing had happened.

Bronn furrowed his bushy brow and gave him a dumb look, “What the fuck just happened?” He murmured, before watching the burning torches and heavy hooves finally start to fade off in the distance.

“I don’t know, but I do know to never trust that sneaky eunuch.” He answered, pushing himself up out the leaves with a groan.

“Bald cunt,” Bronn added with agreeance, “never trusted that slippery cunt, he’s always trying to run things like a damn puppeteer.”

Jamie crossed his brow as they walked down the slope. “Whatever it was, if he’s not careful he’ll be caught in a rain of dragon fire. Those dragons can just sense danger, especially if Varys is trying to double cross Daenerys. Which I doubt, Tyrion trusts him.” He concluded simply before adding, “Something else is happening?” He murmured.

Bronn rolled his eyes, “whatever it is Kingslayer, we need to get going. The sooner we get a bit of an army on our backs, the less hide and seek we need to play. By the way, how are you actually planning to garrison the army in Riverrun and the Tully troops you left for hostage? That Lord Edmure fella would rather suck my balls in his cell, than break bread with you on a table.” Bronn laughed out confidently, his hands now strolling carelessly since the dothraki had gone.

Jamie tried not to smile sarcastically, “don’t worry, Ser Bronn of the Blackwater, I have a plan, a plan that you, are going to really, really love.” Jamie emphasised with a grin.

Bronn stopped dead in his tracks, looking a Jamie with an annoyed and knowing look. “Oh, seven, fucking, hells, no! No.” He repeated to himself.

He let out an irritated breath as he shook his head with waving arms of disbelief. “I looked after your sensitive arse in the capital after your brother scarpered. I went all the way to Dorne to only get beaten up, and then poisoned by a beautiful little bitch. Then, I went to Highgarden to only end up dancing with a fucking dragon. All I do now is save Lannister arse, yes the gold softens the blow but now, I’m going North? Tell me, in plain simple, fucking, non-fancy words. What you will have me doing because I’m sick of this, I’m too old for this shit… I…”

Jamie cut him off, “just come on,” And they trudged back on the Kings road, the distant winter storm brewing with waiting arms.
His dark robes flowed forebodingly in the winds like cracken tentacles, it had a slither over the cobbled street that was moist with greed.

The shadowy night road was quiet and the steeply-pitched inns on the street sides were deserted with broken glass and burning fires, trembling from the presence of black sails. The very black sails which had docked a few hours ago in the bay of the shield islands, just of the ocean road that followed the stony shores. And Euron Greyjoy bared his yellow teeth in delight from the mere smell of fear, his sails bought.

He walked down the deserted street, towards the open docks with a bottle of rum in his ragged hand as he whistled a light tune that only made the crows purge from the steep roof tops. The hard glow of the yellow street lanterns embellished the dark glint in his eyes and dark blood littered the roads, when his crew had pillaged the small town and run down any that tried to fight, now, they were stocked for their journey to head further north.

He could see his war-galley in the distance, the Silence, with its crossed masts and colossal curved deck, the grim sails billowing silently in the middle of the dark foggy bay. He smiled at his one true love waiting for him in the middle of the ocean near the headlands and before he could go down the last set of steps that led to the docks.

A small patter of feet filled his ears, and he turned with an amused face when he saw nothing but a little boy approach, with weary groggy eyes.

“What do we have here,” Euron said pleasantly, slowly squatting down to be at eye-level. “Come here,” Euron gestured with his hands, watching the ragged boy attentively.

The boy only held up a large piece of starchy parchment, rolled in a weathered seal. “The spider sends his regards.” The boy murmured, not wanting to linger as he hurriedly passed it to the infamous pirate. Euron snatched the large scroll, the light hail making him blink away the hazy drops as he broke the seal, his hungry eyes drowning the details of the map. The shades of his eyes glinting with hunger as he looked up from the cryptic drawings and smiled at the shivering boy.

“You have my gratitude,” Euron said hoarsely, running his weathered palm through his slimy head of hair before looking down at the pale child. “Tell me, “Euron started, putting the scroll away beneath his flowing dark robes as he guided the boy to follow him, his long yellow fingernails lacing on his small shoulder. “Do I scare you boy?” He whispered against the hail.

The boy gulped and slowly nodded.

Euron hummed with agreeance and they walked down the street. His shadow leaving the air colder than it was.
All was quiet, but before they got to the wooden docks and before the boy could even think, Euron turned and grabbed him by the neck, raising his small writhing body with one arm by the neck. The boy gasped for breath with his bony cupped hands pleading for mercy but the pirate bared his dark yellow teeth with a disturbed smile, “now, you have upset me little bird, I don’t want to be scary, no I don’t…” He muttered, watching the little boy start to tear and gasp with fear as he continued to speak over his sobs, “…because I’m going to get a Queen very soon, the Queen of my dreams and she’s going to … do great things for me…”

Euron watched the boy struggle even more with disturbed interest and when the child became all most boneless, he whispered in his button ear, “Now be a good lad, save a seat up there for every sorry arse that gets in my way.” He breathed with fowl breath and raw passion in his scrunched nose, then there was a crack, then a drop and the Pirate left the shores with his ship stocked and his Intel received.

The Silence soon left the small farmers town burning with a litter of small bones on the shore.

The salty wisps of the waves teased his face when Euron stepped on his deck. The ghostly deck was humming with the winter wind, crewmen were scrubbing the decks with foamy bushels with a chanting hum and his quartermaster was whipping the slaves, he had brought to row the giant oars under deck and the rest of his mute crew members were standing guard, ready for anything as always.

The Greyjoy captain nodded to his men as he walked to the Captain’s cabin, a light step in his footing from the opportunity he know had. The moss on his impressive black woodwork in his corridors never failed to impress and he eventually pushed the latch of his cabin, amused with the sight within.

His room was at the back of the ship, stained green slanted windows filled the back wall, letting murky moonlight to creep in. He had a long table with pins and scrolls and ancient headings engraved in the very wood, a cracken throne at the head of the table. Euron walked past his table and into his bedchamber, pushing the door open and finding his dear niece inside.

Yara was shackled to the bedpost, curled up in a ball by the foot of the bed and naked as her name day. Her blotchy flesh was cold and her lip a little swollen, her pale flesh had various cuts, especially her inner thighs and under her small apple breasts. But, her soft breathing told him she had dozed off.

Euron grunted with annoyance, tossing the faded scroll onto his bed before squatting down in-front of his niece. He gave her an innocent look of cherishment became cradling her chin with a carnage glare. When, she only hummed dozily he came to her face and ran his tongue, from her chin, over her pouty lips and up the ridge of her slim nose and between her small eyes; making her yelp with discomfort.

“Wake up, my little salt wife.” He muttered, grinning at her lifeless expression and chapped lips
that begged for water.

Yara moved her mouth breathlessly, trying to speak “I…you…” She breathed with furrowed eyebrows, her delicate wrists raw and blistering from the shackled grip as she curled up further to hide her naked bosom.

“What was that?” Euron said innocently, licking his lips with a patronising glare as he stared at his niece, desperately trying to form words.

“W…water…” Yara slowly croaked, her chapped lips parted and dry. Euron pretended to grasp her words as he hovered over her with glinting eyes and he slowly breathed, “As you wish, my dear niece.” He muttered, standing up and strolling to the water jug.

Yara could hear the sound of water spilling into a goblet, and she tried to keep her eyes open from the exhaustion of lack of sleep and the pain that throbbed between her legs. After a few seconds, she felt warm liquid splash on her face, making her splutter and cough as she tried to turn away from it. She looked up and saw her uncle’s flaccid cock spraying her with yellow piss, the sodden floorboards making her cradle herself in hurt when she felt beads of his piss leaking between the breasts and in the scalp of her tangled hair.

“Please… stop, why..?” She begged, clawing her hands in her wet brown hair in sullen pain.

Euron bit back a cackling laugh, putting himself away as he drank a glass of clear water before spilling some on the floor, watching Yara scramble for the drops by his feet and he admired her perky arse when she did so. “Cheer up, my tasty niece. Today has been a productive day,” he nearly danced, taking the faded map and waving it about in front of her. “Won’t you ask why,” He prodded, his glinting eyes daring her to deny him.

“Why?” Yara obediently echoed, cradling her knees and balling up her body, with one hand still shackled to the bedpost. But, she felt a blistering hand, slap her face when she asked, and she held her raw red face desperately in hatred and pain, her head down with obedience.

“Don’t ask too many questions, my dear salt wife.” He said softly, strolling to put the map on a mysterious stone chest that also sat next to an odd looking horn. But, Euron ran his fingers over the ancient runes of the obsidian chest, feeling the power within.

“Don’t call me that,” she whimpered, breaking the disturbed silence. Euron blinked out his daydream of his precious chest, swinging around to her with raking eyes. “I can call you what I want, you are my niece, my little dove, my bitch to breed.” He growled with dark eyes as he laced his hands around her jaw, squashing her lip and cheek as he breathed on her eyes, “you are my salt wife, the woman of my future child, until I get a real woman.” He growled with a drool over her naked flesh.

Yara swallowed hard from the exhausting fear burning in her tummy, gritting her jaw. “Don’t touch me,” She tried to seethe, the effort making her lose more energy.

“What are you going to do?” Euron murmured, carefully watching her eyes as he rushed out with
haunting eyes that glinted, “What! Is your little brother Theon going to come to save you? Is he fuck!” Euron growled, smirking as he kneaded her breast and twisted her fleshy nipple in pain, making her sob as he cackled. “Little Theon has no balls remember, the boy reeks of pussy. He’s probably fucking himself with an oar somewhere out at sea, trying to find you. If I ever find him,” Euron muttered, pushing Yara down into a squirm as he went back to his precious chest, talking over his shoulder. “…if I ever find him, I’ll find him a nice fella to bend him over and give him a good time, the poor lad. Na, fuck it… I’ll just gut that mumbling fuck, I’ll gut him, skin and bone, and piss on whatever’s left. The bony barrel of wolf spunk.” Euron concluded, pondering over the map he just received.

Yara wanted to scream at him, if she had a knife she would cut this monster without hesitation. She swallowed down her pride but failed, wheezing out whatever she could. “I know what it is you seek,” She murmured, regaining Euron’s attention as he turned back to her.

Yara smiled with her swollen lip stretching her face obtusely, “if you think you can kidnap, Queen Daenerys Targaryen for Cersei Lannister. You’re mistaken. Her dragons can sense vermin like you a mile off, you don’t stand a chance to penetrate her guard. You don’t stand a chance to get out of Winterfell alive, her armies, her allies, her dragons will rain fire on your petty ways, you dirty villain.” She gasped out with strong, bold, teared eyes.

Euron gave her a dark look before raising his brow with humour, “that may have once been true, but not now, not now I have this.” He said, waving the starchy parchment in-front of her before he clapped his hand on the stony obsidian chest. “And, more importantly, I have this.” He boasted.

Yara knitted her eye-brows in curiosity, “What is in there?” She breathed; she had seen that chest sitting there for months. It either collected dust or Euron would take it out occasionally and whisper foreign words to it, whatever was in the box, Yara knew it wasn’t good.

“A gift from the gods,” Euron murmured in response, giving her a patronising smile.

This angered her even more, “Queen Daenerys will execute you with fire, and the King in the North, Ned Stark’s son. He’s the best swordsman, man has seen. You’ll…”

“I will slay that bastard,” Euron gritted out with yellow teeth, his dirty long finger-nails coming to scrunch her face again as he seethed over her. “If any man, woman or child gets in my way, May the drown-god have mercy on their soul because I will tear them apart.” He emphasised with a clawing gesture in the air before continuing his drawl, “I will get my Silver Queen.” He nodded to convince himself more.

“How do you know Cersei will make you King, even if you deliver Daenerys?” Yara muttered in desperate attempt to anger him.

Euron only smirked, “Oh, I know she will. But, first, I want Daenerys herself. I’ve always wanted to lay with a Valyrian Princess. A Targaryen. And Daenerys Stormborn is so, so sweet and juicy and fuckable. The moment I have her, she won’t be able to walk for a week.” He laughed out, groping himself at the mere thought before whispering, “But, only when she gives me what I want,
only she knows the secret. Only the magic in her blood will give me, what I desire.” Euron said to himself.

Yara’s voice was shaking with anger, “Stop talking riddles, what’s in the chest? What do you want? Why are you doing this to me, you disgusting, evil creature…?”

Euron gave her a patronising tut and sat in a chair, slouching as he dangled his bottle of rum lazily in front of his eyes, speaking carelessly. “The iron fleet is soon to ferry the Golden Company to Kings Landing in the next moon, I have what I need to get my Dragon-Queen, and you… you haven’t bled for a couple of moons, have you?” Euron added casually, carefully watching Yara’s reaction with a disturbed smirk.

Yara was barely listening to his usual ramble of his plans, but when she heard his drawl say those words. She blinked her hooded eyes up at him when she digested the words. Her heart squeezed with pain and her tummy tightened with disbelief, the last few moons were a blur and she simply didn’t know…

“I have,” she tried to lie uncertainly, swallowing down the feel of vomit in her throat as he raked his eyes over her with a raised brow.

“Really,” Euron replied breezily, licking the brim of his misty bottle of rum as he bared his teeth at her, “But, what if you haven’t?” He goaded with malice, “What if, you Yara Greyjoy are carrying my little baby in your belly. What if I’m growing inside you?” He whispered with hollow, haunting breath.

Yara tried to stop the stream of tears that cascaded from her tear ducts, but she couldn’t control her fear. She rocked herself on the floor and slowly, she scrunched her hair with a screaming cry and settling for broken sobs as she clutched the bedpost with scrunched eyes of pain.

Euron tried not to laugh, breathing out controlling breathes as he soothed her with malice glinting eyes. “Now, now…. Don’t worry, I’ll be there every step if we are right.” He goaded again with a condescending tone, “seven hells, maybe soon, Queen Daenerys can join you when I put a baby in her.” He drooled with glossy eyes before he focused back on a crying Yara.

“What am I doing,” Euron then murmured to himself in a scold like way, watching Yara sob relentlessly, “I am making you jealous, aren’t I? My precious salt-wife?” Euron pampered with evil eyes, “let me show you niece, how much I love you.” He added in a song-like growl.

Yara screamed helplessly when she felt Euron pull her onto her knees and hands, clawing into her hips as he took himself out his breeches. His dirty hands slithered on her bruised nether lips in shuddering pain. And then the room screamed scarlet.

The minutes dragged by and now the ship was silent, the waves creaking the floorboards and swelling the pain that throbbed between her loins. Yara had her face pressed down, her cheek scrunched on the wet floor and her tears making her whole face numb and soaked with exhausted
pain. He unmounted her and left her petrified in stone.

She could feel globs of his seed, plastered inside her and her sore folds throbbing with his juices leaking down her stained thigh.

“You monster,” she sobbed out.

Euron walked nude away from her, wiping the drool off his chin as he smiled at her delicate voice fade away. He wanted to say something clever back, so he did. He walked back towards his beating chest. The ancient runes engraved on the side, making him leer with glee. Euron opened the chest with a disturbed smile, blocking out Yara’s sobs he spoke softly. “No, this is the monster.”

The infamous pirate opened the chest, the shades of his glinting eyes filling with a gleam that effervesced from the large scaly contents.

A dragon egg.

Chapter End Notes

Pretty dark chapter, tell me what you think.

Next chapter is called: 'Holes'
Chapter 18

The Three-eyed raven was walking with his feet almost gliding in the dry dirt of Winterfell’s burrows, coming out into the calm courtyard. It was dark and the starry skies were shining brightly like dusty neon lights. The air he breathed felt younger almost lighter from the haunting years that would come.

The gargantuan domes of the grey keep loomed high and strong as it once did, free of any scorch marks or signs of damage. Only strong and pulsing with warm lungs. He could hear the insides of the castle roaring with merrymaking, the great stained windows glowing with yellow light. It must be a feast going on, he thought but he simply walked past the commotion like the ghost he was. His footsteps, like silent raindrops, they fell.

He was now the three-eyed raven and he needed answers. Answers on what happened…. How did the Wight Walkers arise again, how did the Night King clamber out the ice in the winds of winter? And how it all started here, in his home…

The Three-eyed raven felt the warm night air on his cheeks and the familiar faces of his father’s keep he longed to see again, but it didn’t distract him. The moment he saw the two snarling wolves guarding the entrance to the sub-levels of the crypts, he carefully stepped towards it.

He was about to walk down but he heard a noise, a shuffling in the bushes from just outside the stone walkway.

Leaning his head to the side, he saw three young boys huddled in the red and green bushes of shrubbery. Two had wide grins on their faces and the other was almost sulking, they all looked around seven years of age and their whispered conversation intrigued him.

“Oh, shut your mouth, Snow.” Theon taunted, ripping a handful of grass in his small hand to throw it in the boy’s brooding face before pointing at him accusingly, “You’re a girl’s blouse if you tell on us.” Theon threatened accusingly with a shake of his little-rutted head.

Robb pushed Theon’s arm down instantly, “Jon wouldn’t do that Theon.” Robb confirmed before turning to his half-brother who was looking a little pale.

“Jon its fine. Father and Jory think we are in my room, no one will know we’re going into
Wintertown, and I know old Bow who farms near the ponds, he always lets Theon and I feed his
dogs.” Robb smiled cheekily, checking the coast was clear above the bushes.

Jon swallowed nervously, wringing his wrists next to his brother before asking, “What about your
mother, what if…?”

Robb’s little hand clapped him on the shoulder, “Jon, don’t worry. My mother is busy putting baby
Sansa asleep. Did you hear my baby sister crying all night yesterday, mother was proper angry
cause Sansa’s crying probably woken up the entire North!” Robb added proudly like the big
brother he was, making Theon snigger and Jon gulp nervously at the thought of Lady Catelyn
being livid.

Jon was about to protest again but Robb abruptly stood up, “Quick now’s our chance!” He nearly
shouted, noticing the Stark sentries at Hunters Gate had strolled off to the barracks to refill their
horns.

“The last one out is a horse’s arse!” Theon added squeakily, glancing at Jon with a smirk before
pushing him back down in the dirt. Jon helplessly watched Robb and Theon quickly crawl out the
bushes, their little legs scrambling up and crossing the deserted courtyard in a hard patter and the
little broody boy placed a determined look on, trying his best to keep up after his little legs tangled.

The Three-eyed raven watched from the distance, as the little boy with unruly curls pushed himself
up out the soil and ran after them. He wanted to laugh at the mischief his older brothers once got up
to. He watched them all run with a light laugh as boys do, Robb leading confidently with a skinny
Jon quickly overtaking Theon behind him.

But suddenly, they felt the shrill shriek of his mother echo the courtyard from the other side. Lady
Catelyn Stark made all the boys freeze into stone as her words smacked their stationary bodies with
plunging bulleted words.

“ROBB STARK!” Catelyn screamed, sweeping up to them with her iron face and thin figure
stepping towards them in a swift stroll. Her thick red hair blossomed around her younger face, her
beady blue Tully eyes piercing the bastard that stood in front of her. Catelyn tore her imposing
glare away from the bastard who had his head down with bulging eyes of fear and a tremor in his
little clammy hands.

Catelyn slowly looked back at her son who was trying not to grin with his puppy dog eyes in the
dark clearing. “Where do you think you are going, young man?” Cat asked, trying to keep her voice
steady.

“I… I… We… No I… I was going to get some water, from the well.” Robb nodded to confirm,
avoiding his mother’s gaze and looking at his feet.

Catelyn shook her head with a sly smile, “is that the truth? The son of a great Lord shouldn’t tell
lies. Should he? Now tell your mother the truth, I promise I won’t anger.” She added softly.
Robb hung his shoulders, “okay, we… we were looking for Ser Rodrick’s special training swords.” He tried again.

Catelyn only narrowed her eyes and after a challenging look, Robb broke under his mother’s gaze with words tumbling out.

“We were going to go into Wintertown. Only for a quick adventure by the ponds, only a quick one,” he added quickly when he saw his mother’s eyes flash with sparks of anger.

“You’re angry,” Robb murmured, ashamed at himself.

Catelyn slowly smiled at her little boy, “Robb Stark, you could have got yourself in danger, of course, I’m angry. Now, go to your room before I tell your lord father what happened, you too Greyjoy, hurry now. I will have words with the bastard.” She said with a blank expression.

Robb burrowed his brow with innocent confusion. “But, what has Jon..?” But he paused mid-sentence when his mother gave a stern look and when he tried to carry on, Theon discretely nudged him in the ribs, and the two ran off.

Catelyn warmly watched the two boys scurry off around the stone-way and inside the wooden doors. Safe and sound. Now, the air was dead silent.

Jon Snow sniffled his little button nose, his shoulders tense and clammy under his little-worn tunic. He slowly looked up at Lady Catelyn’s ridged back, his chin quivering in her shadow as he waited. “Lady Stark, I…” He tried to squeak.

But Jon squinted his eyes when Catelyn spun around, her arm swinging wildly as she smacked him hard on the face. He fell in a crumple and hit the dirt hard, his little-scrunched eyes stinging with dizziness, seeing black spots as his tiny knees tangled.

Catelyn watched the little bastard start to weep, pathetic tears welling in the eyes as he tried not to cry.

“Don’t you dare try and lure my son out of the castle again,” She seethed over him, watching him ball up on the ground by her feet, his little whimpering breathes annoying her even more. When Jon covered his face with his little-cupped hands, she had enough and clawed his bony wrist up in a scrapping drag.

“Look at me when I speak to you, bastard.” She spat out, scrunching his little face with her nails and making his wet cheeks squish obtusely, glaring into the stranger’s eyes, “This is my castle, Winterfell is my home, so be grateful I haven’t torn you out of it, yet. Now, get out of my sight and don’t even think to have supper.” She seethed, her nose twitching at his trembling lips, and she pushed his face away as she stormed back inside.
The moment Jon felt her claws loosen, he tried to run. But, his knees felt so weak and gave away again in a plummeting sprawl. The yard was quiet and his pain was not heard. He wiped the pools of tears in his eyes as he slowly cradled his arms. He quickly struggled up and pattered the other way with a compulsion to keep looking back in fear as he fled towards anywhere, but there.

The courtyard was left empty and the silent banner of the Direwolf was almost mourning and Bran stood beside it, with parted lips.

“That’s Lyanna’s boy.” He croaked, his voice fading in shock.

He watched the little boy limp away in terror and he subconsciously followed… Forgetting he was the Three-eyed raven in this one moment and following the lost Targaryen prince who held his sore little cheek with tears and snot leaking on his frayed clothes.

Bran found himself in the Godswood. He was a safe distance away from the whimpering boy who walked mindlessly through the trees, after a few minutes they came out into the central clearing, the blood-red leaves and white willow branches almost enclosing them. And Jon dropped to his knees in front of the ancient face of the Weirwood. Very quickly, Bran felt like he was intruding when he heard Jon’s small voice start to sob even harder in-front of the heart tree.

Bran weaved his fingers into his hair from disbelief when he heard Jon cry even harder, whimpering at the carved old face. The forest air was dark and silent apart from the muffled sobs. Bran closed his eyes in shame and after a long moment, he looked back up at the little boy who started to mumble helplessly.

“Please… please make me like Robb.” Jon whimpered in the dark clearing, his little lip quivering and the leaves on the forest floor crunching under his tiny knees.

“All I want… is to be a Stark. I don’t want to steal anything. Promise…” He whimpered again, his tiny voice trembling as he tried to be strong.

“I won’t be any trouble, I really, really promise! I will make father proud. I will make sure I’m no trouble for Lady Stark, and I want to make her happy with me… I will do anything because…” But Jon broke off in sobs, his heart beats hard and his small voice was choked with emotion when he whimpered out with coarse breathes, “Why… why… Why doesn’t she want me…?” He softly cried, warm tears leaking down his cheeks, making his face numb from the pain in his burning tummy.

Bran swallowed hard, watching the little boy beg and sitting all alone, rocking himself on the dark forest floor. The sound of silence rustled around them but the ancient Weirwood face only stared into oblivion, almost avoiding the boy’s gaze.

“Jon!”
“Jon!” Ned called again in the distance.

Bran blinked out his daze when he heard his father between the trees, wandering in their direction. Bran turned back around towards Jon who had quickly scrambled up with a darting gaze, wringing his wrists anxiously before hiding behind a nearby tree and curling up in-between the gnarly, shadowy roots.

Bran smiled with teary eyes when he saw the look of concern on his father’s face. Ned Stark shouldered into the clearing, his husky northern cape trailing behind him as he searched the forest with a glowing lantern.

“Jon?” He repeated again.

“No, father.” Jon sniffed in his runny nose and tried to hide the raw mark on his cheek as he stepped out the darkness. Ned instantly felt his heart bleed, watching Jon avoid his gaze when he finally came out.

“What were you doing here?” Ned asked, “Our guards told me you hadn’t come in yet and you weren’t at the feast?”

Jon stood a safe distance away, covering his face with his little palm before he glanced his eyes up towards his father’s warm eyes. He tried to keep his voice from quivering when he responded, “I came to the Godswood, to pray. It’s quiet here.”

“Aye,” Ned slowly answered not fully convinced when he saw Jon shiver a little.

“Come here…” Ned then said sternly.

Jon felt his eyes pool with water as he stepped in front of his father, keeping his head down to hide the red mark.

Ned lifted his chin up and instantly grew angry, trying to keep his voice level as he growled. “Who did this? Jon, who did this son…?” He repeated and he gently held his boy’s cheeks with both hands, wiping the snot off Lya’s boy’s nose with his own sleeve.
“I fell,” Jon mumbled, trying to be brave.

“You fell?” Ned said with narrow eyes.

Jon quickly nodded, “Robb and I were playing with wooden sticks, and I got hit by mistake and fell. It was an accident.” He mumbled, praying that his father wouldn’t press him. He didn’t want to cause any more trouble and when he felt his father pull him into a hug, he breathed in relief.

Ned breathed heavily before reaching to pick him up, “Come on son, let’s get you summit to eat.”

But Jon squirmed away, rubbing his arm nervously from his father’s open arms. “I don’t want to be any trouble,” Jon whimpered to Ned’s questioning eyes when he refused to be picked up.

“You are my son.” Ned simply stated, gently picking up Lya’s boy without hesitation and it wasn’t a second after until he felt Jon loosen his body in almost relief. Ned tightened his hold and kissed his forehead gently, softly rubbing his head of unruly hair in comfort. The two slowly walked out of the Godwood.

Bran wanted to follow and listen to their little conversation when they trudged back into the castle. But, he heard horns blow in a billowing manner. He was almost confused on what could interrupt such an innocent moment in the past until he realized he was the Three-Eyed Raven.

His milky white eyes returned to normal. He found himself back in the Godswood with crows croaking all around him, the skies were now sombre and snow drizzled down peacefully. He ignored the billowing horns at hunter’s gate; he already knew what it was. His only thought was on the Dragon raised by wolves. He needed to know why Blood-raven showed him the Tower of Joy, what was the role Aegon had to play in the first place…? The holes needed to fit… Jon needs to know the truth and so does Daenerys...

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“So, you know my brother, the King?” Sansa questioned.

“Yes, my Lady.” The lean Smith muttered with a bowed head, barely glancing up at the ice cold gaze issued from the Lady.

The great hearth of Winterfell’s Great hall was roaring in the mid-afternoon, the snow drizzled relentlessly outside but it didn’t affect the spirit of King Jon’s soon return. The bitter bruised horizon was tinged with sombre purple, the winds pumping lungs of icy air and freezing the northern soldiers and labourers who all were working together. All were shovelling snow, fortifying the old castle and clearing the roads to Wintertown. It was quiet with busy work, until
half an hour ago, when the horns blew and the great gates groaned open for abused wagons upon wagons of ancient Dragonglass. The first third of the dragonglass freight was now being pushed and laboured in, arriving and filing lines through main gate, occupied by a small group of northmen, wildings and unsullied; led by a mysterious blacksmith.

Their furs were frosted and gutted from the trek from Eastwatch, and now the loyal smith stood in-front of an imposing glare of Sansa Stark.

“What’s your name?” Sansa asked, sitting in-between Maester Wolkan and to her annoyance, Elenea Glover. The noble lady who had offered to help her with court today and couldn’t stop asking questions about Jon in-between the breaks of common-folk.

“Gendry, my Lady.”

“Gendry of House..?” Sansa implied with raised eye-brows, looking into his beady brown eyes that looked familiar.

He blinked his eyes from thought, “Just Gendry, I’m just a bastard, Lady Stark.” He slowly said, deciding to keep his heritage quiet until Jon Snow returned, with a vouch that he meant no harm whatsoever.

“Okay, Gendry the blacksmith. Those wagons and freights out there? All contain Dragonglass, yes? I take my brothers mission was a success and those frights were nothing but a gift, from the Dragon-Queen?” Sansa added wearily, glancing at the silent three unsullied behind him that came with Gendry.

“Yes, my Lady, the Dragon-Queen and your brother, the King in the North, found a truce towards killing the real enemy. King Jon sent me ahead with one of the dragon-glass freights we brought to Eastwatch for our raid, he went back to Dragonstone after to sail the rest. Ser Davos said they should arrive back soon, I think?” He murmured to himself in thought.

“Yes, my brother will be back where he belongs soon enough and I shall ask him myself on why he went beyond the Wall. His honour is rather annoying. Rather reckless…” Sansa added more to herself, jotting down the number of Dragonglass weapons they would have to make from Maester Wolkan’s quick calculation from the arriving freights.

Gendry simply nodded politely, enjoying the heat in the room and the silence away from the hard travel as he watched Sansa quill down the numbers. He quickly remembered something Jon had told him and he looked around in thought before timidly asking, “If I may, mi lady, can I see your sister, I heard she recently returned to Winterfell? Arya…” he added with a mumble, it was then Sansa actually turned her full attention to this smith.

“You know my sister?” Sansa inquired sharply with narrow eyes, twirling her quill in suspicion with the great hearth blaring imposingly behind her.

“She’s a friend, mi Lady… just a friend, I kind of knew her…” he rushed out with carefully under Sansa’s striking stare.
“A friend?” Sansa repeated suspiciously.

“A friend,” he quickly nodded to confirm before swallowing hard from the awkward silence.

“Your accent tells me you’re from flea-bottom,” Sansa shrewdly inquired, and after looking Gendry up and down she added, “…and the last time Arya could have been there was after my father was butchered by Joffrey Baratheon. No one named, Stark, has a friend south of the neck, so unless you’re a Lannister spy or a fool that would lie to the sister of a King, I would have you tell me exactly how you know, Arya Stark.”

Elenea raised her heart shaped face slightly in suspicion as well, finally glad to have a spur of authority as she inputted, “How can a common bastard, from the south’s capital, know a northern princess?” She questioned with her velvety voice trying to sound threatening. Sansa bit her tongue from Elenea trying to sound concerned but she let it go to show a united front towards the mysterious blacksmith.

Gendry only tried not to laugh when the northern lady said ‘Princess Arya’.

“Is something amusing, bastard?” Elenea responded with seething eyes and Gendry quickly collected himself.

“Apologies, mi lady, nothing but a fond memory, that’s all.” Gendry murmured with humour and he elaborated for their questioning eyes, “When I travelled with Arya, she used to hate to be called a lady, I can’t imagine what she does when someone calls her a, princess?” He nearly laughed out before coughing warily to hide his jest.

Elenea was still unconvinced but Sansa pursed her lips in humour aswel, she now knew Gendry knew Arya as friend. So, Sansa turned to Elenea, “My Lady, have my sister come to the great hall at once, tell her an old friend is waiting for her and then go for your break, my lady.” Sansa finished acutely, giving Gendry a small smile when Elenea nodded politely, reluctantly walking out as if she bitten into a sour plum. The hall was left in a comfortable silence, both Sansa and Gendry glancing kindly at each other, trying to avoid each other’s eyes while they waited.

Gendry grinned at his feet when he heard the doors thudding open with small footsteps following.

Arya sniffed in sleepily, she had been up all night snaking the castle out for any southern spies under Sansa’s orders. They both knew Cersei would try and infiltrate their home one way or another but how was the question? She hadn’t bothered to wake up when the horns blew this morning, she knew it wasn’t Jon’s arrival back home nor anything important since the commotion outside from her window appeared to be just more cargo arriving. But, when Elenea Glover knocked on her door with an inquiry from Sansa, she was forced to get up, a little amused that Sansa made Elenea do her donkey work.

So, now Arya was wearing a snug northern coat that draped around her waist, a brown fur pelt on her shoulders and needle poking out by her hip, under the layers of leather cotton. Her dark brown
hair, having grown longer, could reach past her shoulders but she had it tied up in a messy bun above her head.

“My Lady,” Arya nearly yawned out, trying to sound formal when she saw that Sansa had company, “you called for me?” Arya didn’t pay much attention to the group of frozen soldiers, she just walked in front of the high table and stood next to one of the northern lads, looking at Sansa expectantly.

“Yes,” Sansa said cryptically before continuing with a sly smile, “it appears you have an old friend that has come with the dragonglass shipment, the man in question says he knows you.”

Arya blinked back her tiredness with a lazy expression at her sister, “who?” Arya breathed out with little care but furrowed eyebrows. Not noticing the man right beside her that was staring at her with light beady eyes.

Sansa only nodded to her right.

When she looked to her right, she double looked with a wave of her hair when she saw and focused on what she thought dead. Her stupidly grinning bull stared back at her in wildling furs and her lips parted in shock. There was a heavy silence as the great hearth crackled and it was Gendry that broke it.

“Hello, mi Lady, or is it Princess?” He waffled out with gentle eyes when he breathed in his lost companion, her grey eyes eating through him as she only stood in shock.

Arya’s first instinct was to hit him and so before anyone could react, her small hand spun to slap him hard on the face. She firstly did it to check if he wasn’t a ghost and secondly because he called her a lady, and she was satisfied with his physical touch and his loud grunt of, “Óww!”

She then actually breathed him in as he rubbed his cheek in hurt, he had grown a small black beard and he had got leaner, he looked a little older as did she. But, under his tired eyes from his long journey, it was still the same boy that she travelled the Kings Road with.

“O, don’t moan, I didn’t hit you hard.” Arya said with a hard swallow, crossing her arms nervously as she looked up into his endearing expression.

Gendry pretended to look hurt before grinning stupidly, “I see you’re still as wild as…”

“I thought you were dead!” Arya said furiously, cutting off his mumble as she threw herself onto him in a tight hug. Gendry hugged her back, closing his eyes with happiness when he felt her lean up on her toes to strangle him into a hug and he then heard her button nose smell him. Gendry drew back a little with a humoured look, “did you… did you just smell me.” He muttered lightly, noticing her cute scowl and unbeknown to him, her petite maturing body against him.

Arya felt her ears redden as she defended herself, “No, don’t be stupid” Arya blurted out against his neck as they loosened their hug, before adding, “…but you do smell of horse shit now you mention it.” She laughed out with him.
Sansa smirked discretely, watching her little sister turn into melting butter, *she almost looks dainty*, she thought. But, when Arya whacked Gendry full on the cheek with a hard slap, she knew her sister was still the fierce wolf that she was.

“Ahem,” Sansa coughed out, watching the two unravel themselves with red faces, Arya looking at Gendry with curiosity while he only looked at his feet under Sansa’s imposing and protective gaze. “So you both clearly know each other.”

Arya ignored Sansa’s protruding gaze, turning back to Gendry. “I... did you bring the first freight of dragonglass? Why... how are you here?” She questioned in disbelief.

Gendry quickly filled her in on what happened after their paths diverged. He left out what the Red-Witch actually did to him and when he got onto getting back to Dragonstone to meet Jon and the raid beyond the wall, it was Sansa that interrupted.

“Daenerys Targaryen flew North? To save Jon?”

Gendry nodded eagerly, an appreciative look on his brow. “Yes, mi Lady, the Dragon-Queen risked her own life to save us, all of us. I saw her Dragons fly past the Wall like a storm of fire. She saved us all for proof for the realm and on your brother’s word. She’s something else...” He confirmed with a recommending nod.

“But, she left Jon alone to fend for himself, leaving him alone with legions of walkers, you said,” Sansa said with narrow eyes and Arya listened with attentive eyes.

“The Queen lost a Dragon, mi Lady. She would have lost another if Jon didn’t tell her to leave there and then, your brother fought them to bid time, you Starks are something else as well...” Gendry said again with another impressed nod.

Sansa raised her eyebrows, *that sounds like Jon and maybe that’s why he bent the knee. Guilt? Fear? Love... no definitely not, it was his stupid honour!* She thought. “What is she like then, this famous daughter of Valyria?”

Gendry nearly daydreamed as he remembered her at Eastwatch, murmuring with glossy eyes. “Daenerys... she’s... she’s a proper fighter. A Queen, and proper gorgeous... lots of the men say.” He quickly added, coming out his daydream to see the two wolves gazing at him with weary expressions. Arya couldn’t help but glare at Gendry for a solid minute as Sansa spoke.

“Very well, Gendry the blacksmith. I believe you should get some rest and at first light, help the smiths work the obsidian into weapons. I expect my brother ordered you to head the task.” Sansa watched Gendry nod dutifully before muttering a quick thanks and turning to leave.

“Wait.” Sansa ordered, curiosity knitting her face. “You said the gold-cloaks were chasing both of you, all those years ago. I understand Cersei would want a Stark of Winterfell, but why a smith heading to the Wall, a bastard with no threat to her?
Arya glanced at Gendry’s mumbling mouth before blurting out in his defence, “he’s Robert Baratheon’s son.”

Sansa raised her eyebrows, looking back at Gendry’s tense face. “So, you’re not just a bastard. You’re Robert Baratheon’s bastard. You lied to me.” She finished simply.

“I…I mean no threat mi Lady, I’m only… only here to fight with you all. I don’t want that damn throne, I wouldn’t know the first…” He broke off again with uncertain worries from Sansa’s unsettling gaze as she watched him attentively. “I’m just a bastard,” he confirmed with a weary nod.

“My Brother was the bastard of Winterfell, and now he’s reigning the North as King. He’s a good man who is good at ruling; he has made the term bastard auspicious to all.” Sansa objected, watching Gendry’s every movement. But, it was Arya that rushed to his aid, stepping in front of him.

“He lied because he doesn’t want to raise concern, he came to our home to fight for the North and you’re attacking him Sansa. Why is it you attack every friend of Jon’s that comes to help? But not anymore because this stupid smith is my friend as well.” Arya swallowed out, her blank face etched with clear annoyance. “So, stop attacking him.” She added fiercely.

Sansa raised her eyebrows as she stood up elegantly.

“Fine.” She murmured cryptically, she would discuss Gendry with Jon on his return but for now, she would leave him be, she had more important matters on her in mind like this damn war and Daenerys Targaryen. But, Sansa was still a little annoyed at Arya’s blunt tone; I do not attack every one of Jon’s friends. Samwell Tarly was a mistake. She wanted to prove to everyone that she had the honour of a Stark. That’s why she did her duty by Jon and supported him to take the title of King in the North, he deserved it. But, she can’t help questioning peoples intentions, she was raised by Lannister’s, what did she expect…

Despite all that, she couldn’t help to be annoyed at Arya’s bluntness in front of company. Even though she loved her sister, they still had their squabbles. So, she walked towards Gendry with a confident figure, her dark red hair blossomed over her striking grey wolf pelt on her shoulders.

“You should know Gendry, many years ago I was betrothed to Robert Baratheon’s trueborn son. It didn’t work out, but if it did, and circumstances in your life were different, I would have been your wife.” Sansa finished with a small smile, more amused at Arya’s parted lips.

Gendry only gulped hard, his face red as he shuffled his legs nervously. But it was Arya that butted in before dragging Gendry by the arm when she figured out Sansa was only doing to this to annoy her.

“Oh, shut up Sansa.”
And with that, they left.

Sansa wanted to snot with laughter when the doors shut, she collected her correspondence in the now empty hall with one new thought in mind. *Princess Arya has feelings for a boy...*

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“Are you sure you can work it?” Arya said uncertainly, holding a shard of the black glass in the light to examine it. “It seems almost brittle.”

“Yes, course I can,” Gendry mumbled, finding his way around the furnaces in the Smith's station. The courtyard was quite busy and Hunters gate was still flowing with wagons of Dragonglass from the first shipment. “All I know is it kills dead-men, and don’t worry, I’ll make you a thin sword if you like, just like that toothpick off yours.” He muttered with a grin while concentrating on finding his baring’s around the blast furnaces.

Arya crossed her arms playfully, shoving his shoulder. “Hey! I could scalp you with Needle, no problem.”

“Apologises, mi lady.” Gendry exaggerated with a curt bow.

Arya rolled her eyes and shoved him again, “if you don’t stop that, I’ll call you, my lady as well.” She challenged. The two burst out in laughter and carried on looking over the glass but they both turned towards a clattering spill. An old crone was shuffling behind one of the crates, Arya walked around and saw a hunched gnarly old lady examining one of the shards of obsidian. Her old faded cloak was patchy and frayed, with a crooked wrinkled nose peeping under her red hood.

“It’s not ready for battle yet,” Arya said bluntly, “So hands off before you cut yourself.”

The old lady froze when she heard the familiar voice, turning around with a bowed head she muttered something and motioned to walk away. But, she stopped again when she spotted Gendry behind Arya, they locked eyes for a moment in interest before she scuttled away and out the gates, towards Wintertown.

“What was that?” Gendry muttered blankly, watching the hunched crone waddle off into the drizzling snow.

“I’m not sure?” Arya slowly murmured in response, lost in thought and it was a few seconds until she was stripped from her thoughts.

“Here.” Gendry lightly said, holding out a dragonglass dagger he pulled from his belt. “Take my dagger for now. It’s just like the one I made for your brother.”

Arya flexed her fingers over the white hilt that encased the brutal shard of Dragonglass, “What, Jon
used one of these to kill a wight walker?”

“Nope, he had a Valyrian steel sword, brutal weapon but beautiful craftsmanship from what I remember.” He grumbled out, concentrating on helping one of the northern soldiers heave over one of the first crates to attach hilts to.

“Valyrian steel?” Arya muttered, watching Gendry put down the crate with little effort. Her thoughts imploded a little. Gendry has certainly packed some muscle. Jon has a Valyrian steel blade? From where? And, so does Valyrian steel kill Walkers then? Arya slowly pulled out her cats-paw dagger, twirling it in front of Gendry’s eyes, “From the sounds of it, I’m ready for a scrap.” Arya laughed.

Gendry took the ruby-hilted dagger, twirling it in interest. “I’ve never seen a Valyrian steel dagger before, it must a really old… It’s pretty.” He grinned, and Arya wanted to shove him again.

It was then, they both heard a scream.

Arya rushed around the corner to the other end of Hunters gate to where all the commotion was crowding. On the floor was Elenea Glover, her luscious brown furs were scrunched as she lay sprawled on the wet ground with four powerful skinny legs standing over her with heavy white jaws snarling at her face.

“Ghost!” Arya and Sansa shouted in union, both of them turning to find each other in surprise. The two stark sisters then turned back to direwolf, who stared back at them with bored scarlet eyes. The snowy Direwolf silently shoulders off Elenea and padded off out Hunters gate.

Elenea quickly stood up, her beautiful heart-shaped face was bitter and her hazel green eyes looked exasperated.

“Lady Glover, I warned you not to disturb the King’s direwolf. Ghost barely lets us touch him, he only truly answers to Jon. Now, I suggest you get yourself cleaned up.” Sansa added with annoyance, watching Elenea elegantly stomp away with an uneaten leg of lamb in her hand.

Arya then turned to Sansa, “How long has she been trying to get Ghost to like her?”

Sansa rolled her eyes, “Almost a week. The woman seems to think if she can get Jon’s direwolf in her favour, then Jon will follow. She’s going to get herself killed, clearly.” Sansa added with a nod to the reaction of Ghost.

“She’s clearly not met Jon properly, he’s only focused on this war by the looks of it.” Arya said with smugness, gesturing to the wagons of Dragonglass that had finally stopped coming into the main gates.

“Good,” Sansa quietly said in thought and when she was going to ask on it, Sansa added, “Hey, I’m sorry about that thing with Gendry, it was petty of me to annoy you.”
Arya tried to hide her smile, “It’s fine Sansa, we fight, it’s kinda our thing if you haven’t noticed.”

The girls smiled but were interrupted when the most silent direwolf in existence, howled like there was no tomorrow from outside the gate. All of Winterfell stopped and it became dead silent. The guard-men on every post, sentry watch and up in the scout towers, just shrugged in Sansa’s inquiring eyes; so the two Starks went to investigate.

The icy winds were airing their faces and when they saw Ghost, his arctic withers dancing on his mammoth body and his dangerous skinny legs alert on the snowy path. The snowy direwolf felt the winter winds whistle his face and he listened. *Feeling his feet stepping onto dry land. His jaws tasted the salty air and he could smell his master back in the North. But, the scent was stronger, so much stronger. He smells something else, something that made him want to howl. Something that smelled sweet but raw with fire, something new…*

Arya and Sansa approached cautiously. “Ghost, what’s wrong boy?” Arya called. The direwolf slowly looked back, his red ruby eyes telling them something and before any of them could think; he lunged, plunging far into the white horizon. His steel paws issued a delicate thunder before he quickly disappeared into the snowy moors that led south.

They were alone now, under the archway of Winterfell’s main gate.

“Where’s he off too…?” Arya asked, standing next to Sansa who was tightening her furs around her while standing regally in her highlighted grey furs, her red hair dancing fiercely.

“Jon.” Sansa said simply, “My last raven from Davos said they would dock sometime today. Ghost must have lost his patience; they’ll all be back soon.” She added wearily, watching the vast white horizon cautiously.

Arya had never seen Ghost howl like that, “I hope Jon is okay.” She slowly murmured.

Sansa snorted, “I hope Jon knows what he’s doing.”

Arya instantly knew she was thinking of their new foreign Queen with fire-breathing dragons. Arya swallowed down any worries, focusing her thoughts on her brother. “Jon knows what he’s doing Sansa,” She fiercely inputted as they both gazed the white horizon. “He wouldn’t have bent the knee to a mad woman. Some say she’s a tyrant but most say she’s remarkable, so we’ll just have to be the judge of that. If she is mad, I’ll kill her.” Arya added simply.

“Let’s hope Jon’s right about this because I don’t think her Dothraki and Dragon’s would be quite orderly if they lose their Targaryen Queen. I just hope Jon’s done the right thing, don’t get me wrong, I love him but he’s as honorable as father and a northern fool I hate to say.” Sansa groaned out. *Soon the holes will fit, and I’ll be able to ask him what in the world possessed him to bend the knee?*

“Don’t be too hard on him, Jon would give his life for us,” Arya muttered.
Sansa nearly snorted. “Oh please, Jon would give his life for a squirrel.”

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think by leaving a comment, it really helps. Next is pretty much the Kingsroad Journey with Dany and Jon having some fun. And Ghost is coming for his mummy ;)

Next chapter is called:
'Auribus Teneo Lupum'
Daenerys.

Chapter Notes

Not a chapter. A promise.

A lot of people have messaged me if this fiction was going to continue?

I said I wanted to wait until after the final episode premiered, to see how the “best writers” connected all the dots in this epic fantasy. So I could write my own version with tweaks of romanticism and smut....

and all I got from that episode was I have to do a lot of motherf***ing tweaks.

Season 8:

-brilliant production, as always
-brilliant crew, as always
-and exceptional acting, as always.

Emilia Clarke and Kristofer Hivju excelled.

Now comes the disappointment:

-episode 1&2 were good overall and I enjoyed them. But, the battle plans drawn were ridiculous. And Sansa was so petty and delusional she quickly returned to that little girl in season 1 who was jealous if she couldn’t be queen. Little Lyanna was a petty girl as well but that’s understandable because she is a child. And there was no Arya and Dany scene, no Sansa and Arya revelation on Jon, no Dany and Ghost scene?!?

-the way Jon found out about his parentage and how Dany found out was good and good dialogue (not written by D&D) but Sam pissed me off, he used his anger at Dany to try and turn him on her. I always thought he was one of the few with no agenda. Maybe he was just grieving, but he knew of all the good she did in essos and he knew his father picked the wrong fucking side- it was a battle- Randell was a traitor to olenna( hence Dany)- Sam was pathetic this season.

-The Long Night. A moment hyped and built for absoluteness. I think Dany/Arya/Greysorm/Ghost/the dragons/Jorah and Brienn deserve all the chocolate in the world in that episode.

But, Jon who is supposed to be the best fighter in the realm, did fuck all. Even if he had a fight with the night king and lost- that would have been so much better. It was anticlimactic on his part. Sansa was such a bitch, arguing over food and Dany being a potential tyrant in the crypt. While Queen Daenerys Targaryen was on the battle field doing what she could with a sword after she helped take down viserion, after she put thousands of the dead to rest, after she gave her armies orders to protect the home of Ned Stark. And Sam was a liability again!!! he should have just stayed out the way.
- Arya killing the Night King was unexpected but I liked it- despite the writers only doing it for shock factor. There was no backstory to justify the main villain who was the main long-term agenda since the first scene in the pilot. They touched on no prophecy concerning the prince who was promised, despite mentioning it continuously in past seasons. The Night King had all his boys behind him and she just jumped the fool!?!?

That episode was D&D's attempt to try and better the Red Wedding concerning shock factor. Overall: applause to the cast who gave brilliant acting to allow that episode to hold any ground.

Episode 4! Was the down fall of Game of Thrones. If they wanted to go for a Shakespearean Tragedy route, they needed more episodes and clearly more time to write better dialogue to make it hold any water.

-Sansa was still a bitch to Dany, after Dany saved her arse btw.

- Jon hugged Gilly and not his companion, who has been with him since day 1. (the dialogue with Jon saying I hope it’s a girl to them- is his best dialogue in the season)

-Bronn and Yara did fuck all.

-They killed Rhaegal- an impenetrable beast who could only be taken down by a beast with similar magic (another dragon or a wight Walker spear etc.) not Euron fucking Greyjoy with aimbot and camouflage on all his ships.

-I saw Missandei or Grey Worm dieing. But I’m sad she died in chains but it’s Got’s. so I accepted it.

EPISODE 5:

-Jon did fuck all, “my queen” and “I don’t want it” was his position as an extra

-the hype for the Golden Co. Was for shit.

-we waited 10 years for Cersei to die by bricks.

-Cersei died begging for a way out, it’s not her character. She spent weeks upon weeks in a cell and she didn’t give up. Maybe she was just begging for her unborn child but she loves herself more, since she chose not to surrender for her child’s sake.

- it was harder to kill the Mountain than the Night King.

-Jamie’s character arc was butchered.

-and Dany. I am so sorry.

That wasn’t you. Burning the red keep, yes. Not innocents. She cried when her dragon killed an innocent kid, she locked her power away. She lost everyone and everyone betrayed her, including Jon after his parentage leaked. Dany gave Jon Everything- literally- and he didn’t have to beg for it.

But he couldn’t give her the thing she begged for. Apart from her dragon, Dany was alone this season.

the only reason her butchered story arc held any water, was because of Emilia Clarke’s exceptional portrayal. Give that girl an Oscar.

-what I got from the last episode.
When Drogon burned the throne.

if his mama not getting it, no one getting it. I’m glad he took her body. She was birthed alone and died alone. And I am so sorry. That women is the true queen, now and always. And all the foreshadowing suggests she was pregnant at the time.

-Jon was a fool and a man with no honour. He deserves the guilt. He chose Sansa/ Arya over the one person who gave him a home, never judged him by his name, loved him with all her heart and smiled when she thought she could rule with him before he stabbed her in the heart.

-I wish drogon burned Jon Alive.

- Bran getting the throne was shit. He doesn’t deserve it, his story should have been with the night king. I hated when he said he would look for Drogon. Leave the boy alone.

- I’m glad Jon put on his black cloak again, he deserves to die on the wall.

- Grey-Work is the man! When he shouted “it’s not enough”- I was right with him.

- I hope Sansa runs out of food.

-I hope drogon lays his mothers ashes on some beautiful island, where the sun always shines.

i hope Jon cries every night.

i hope another war in the future come for Tyrion and Bran- they will be so fucked.

overall, they ruined the two main villains( Cersei and the Night King) and made their deaths, frankly, shit.

And.... I’m so sorry Dany.

—

After my exams this month. I promise I will post regularly and finish this story I love. My focus is Jon and Daenerys. It won’t be a happy ending but it will, A little baby should do it :) , bittersweet and one that makes sense. I assure you.

Thank you to all the authors on this site. Don’t worry about what happened, these are fictional characters you have to remember, and they will live forever no matter what.

She was Queen Daenerys. Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons.

But... her name was Dany.

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Thank you for reading :)

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!