I Chose You

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I Chose You

by ValDeCastille

Summary

Years ago, the owners of the largest and most profitable enterprises in Westeros, Stark Corp and Targaryen Inc, signed an agreement to end the ancient war between them. In addition, they decided the best way to keep a long-lasting peace would be an eventual marriage alliance.

History agreed such arrangements had worked for so many years so, why couldn’t they work now?

Notes

Hello! Thanks for clicking!

I’m relatively new to the Jonerys fandom so I have only ever read stories and never dared to write them, but I love this couple so much I had to try.

I don’t know if my idea is even a good one but it came to me some days ago and I just had to put it into words.
Because I’m new to this world I don’t have anyone to help me with it (beta?) so I apologise beforehand for all the grammar and spelling mistakes. It is my first fanfiction and my native tongue is not English. Still, I hope you enjoy it.

I would really appreciate some feedback, know your opinion and see if I should continue with the story. :)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Daenerys grabbed her stupidly big Ellaria Sand sunglasses and put them on as she wished no one would recognise her. She could already smell the sour scent which characterised King’s Landing. How weird was it that she felt so excited to be back.

She had not been in the city for more than a few minutes when she was already absorbing it to its fullest with all of her senses. The capital had always so much to offer, plus she couldn’t wait to start working at the W.O. (World’s Organisation). It had been her dream ever since she could remember.

Finally, she thought wholeheartedly, it's good to be home.

A blinding flash came out of nowhere, surprising her. Of course, she realised annoyed already, paparazzi. How could she have ever thought she could go unnoticed; she was a Targaryen after all.

Thinking about all the gossip the press would publish regarding her arrival, she considered perhaps it would have been a good idea to wear a hat in order to hide her hair. That way she may have had a chance. For a second, she cursed her Targaryen silver stands, regretting it the next one. Fuck them, her hair was too precious.

She genuinely had thought nobody would care about her after five years living in Pentos. Stupid
Daenerys walked faster until she reached the black SUV that she had been told would be waiting for her at gate number 8.

Upon exiting the massive airport hall, she turned around one last time to look at the sign that read *King’s Landing International Airport Aegon Targaryen*. Sometimes, she mused, it was still very hard for her to acknowledge the fact that some distant ancestor of hers had actually been the one person to bring the Seven Kingdoms together. How awesome was *that*? She remembered being a little girl, dreaming of princesses. And sometimes, she would imagine herself as one --not that her life wasn’t almost exactly like a princess one but still, she held no title--. Her dad would sit next to her bed back in Dragonstone while he taught her every important deed Targaryes had accomplished over the years. She knew the Targaryen family tree by heart thanks to that. Queen Daenerys, of course, was not only her namesake but her favourite Targaryen out of all the ones that had ever walked the world.

*Lucky Yara*, she thought absentmindedly. Her friend was always addressed as ‘Your Highness’ and had literally princess’ affairs to attend to. Daenerys only had business galas.

She got on the SUV and greeted Barristan, the lovely family chauffeur that had known her since she was a baby. “Looking beautiful as always, Miss,” he commented with a kind smile, “I’d even dare to say more beautiful than when you left for Pentos”.

Daenerys blushed at his words, returning his smile. Barristan had always been a loyal employee and she kind of thought of him as a grandfather for she had never had the chance to meet her own. “Thank you, Barristan. You look just like you did when I was little. How do you do it? You must tell me your secret!” Her reply made the old man laugh, filling her ears with the sweet sound of home. Barristan started the SUV and drove into the chaotic metropolitan traffic.

The way home was quiet so Daenerys had the chance to admire King’s Landing again, at least from a distance. The airport was located twenty minutes outside the city (without traffic) but she could already see its tall buildings in the distance, crowned by the Red Keep that stood regally, begging for attention. It was majestic.

She couldn’t wait to go downtown and have a walk, the city’s historic centre was definitely always worth visiting. Westeros had just gone through a five-year winter but spring was finally here, so she had all the more reason to wander around instead of staying home. The Red Keep would definitely be her favourite place in the world forever --aside from Dragonstone, that is--.

She wondered what Tyrion could be doing right now, or if he was even there; she didn’t quite follow the news. Tyrion had been Westeros’ president for the past couple of years and, overall, people deemed he was doing a good job. He was really popular and the polls showed it which made Daenerys think he would definitely run for a second term.

Daenerys had always felt special whenever she visited the rooms and halls of the ancient castle where the president in duty lived for the length of the term, she knew only very important people were allowed there. Luckily, her parents had always been close friends with Tyrion.

The rest of the castle was open for visitors and was home to the National History Museum where one could find paintings, clothing and many other artefacts that belonged to the different periods of Westerosi history.

Her mind wandered to the times when her ancestors had lived there, centuries ago. Certainly, Queen Daenerys must have looked strikingly beautiful and imposing as she walked through the Keep’s halls. She felt deeply honoured to carry the same name as her.
Finally, after almost an hour trapped under the burning spring sun, the guards opened the gates to the magnificent mansion the Targaryens had built two hundred years ago. A few moments later, she got off the SUV and was received by the comforting presence of her mother.

“Darling,” Rhaella Targaryen called her with the sweet smile Daenerys had always loved. Daenerys had not realised how much she had missed her mother until this moment, standing right in front of her.

“Mother,” she replied joyfully. The two women embraced tightly for what seemed an eternity and Daenerys swore she had seen a tear forming on the corners of her mother’s eyes. However, it was gone a second later. Rhaella Targaryen never lost composure.

“Mother, you treat me like we haven’t seen each other for twenty years. We met three months ago, remember?” Daenerys was feeling the same way, though, but teasing her mother had always been a pleasure.

“Yes, darling, I know, but it’s official now. You have officially returned to Westeros and I couldn’t be happier. I know you loved it at Pentos and that they had a great Human Rights programme, but let’s be honest, my dear, you could have attended any university here, you just wanted out of our little family drama,” Rhaella said giving her a knowing look.

Her mother knew her all too well. If she had not left the country the moment she had, her father would’ve pressured her to start working at Targaryen Inc to get to know the business but Daenerys had never wanted anything to do with it. It was known that Rhaegar and Viserys would make a hell of a job running the family’s empire. From her perspective, she didn’t need to be involved as well.

Speaking of her brothers, she wondered where could they be. She couldn’t wait to see them again and spend the night catching up.

Rhaella guessed her thoughts right away. “Oh don’t worry, darling, they will be here in time for dinner. They’re also dying to see you.”

Daenerys was satisfied with the answer but immediately thought of something else.

“And,” Rhaella continued, “Drogon is fine, Daenerys. I can tell you're worried but don't be. He's doing great, I can assure you. Your father went home to check on him personally last week. We will all be going to see him and the rest next month as well so, there, please relax.”

Daenerys resigned herself and tried not to think about it. There wasn’t much she could do anyway. When her mother had called her some weeks ago to tell her Drogon had fallen sick she had almost taken the first plane back to Dragonstone not caring if she missed graduation. She missed her little baby so much.

“Baby! Yeah right,” Viserys told her all the time. “He’s the biggest of them all!” Daenerys couldn’t help but tease her brothers with the fact that her dragon was larger than theirs, even larger than his father’s and mother’s. Drogon was unique, she knew it.

Daenerys and her mother went in the mansion. Rhaella wanted to keep their conversation going but Daenerys felt like she needed a rest or else she would pass out, so she swiftly escaped her mother and found her room. The flight had been long and she wanted to be at her best to meet her brothers and father. She was sure they would ask her all sorts of questions and demand to know what her future plans were.

It would be a long night.
Jon could now discern the city’s silhouette from his car—a beautiful brand new DW. No Stark drove anything but a DW, the family’s brand—as he went forward. He didn't remember how beautiful King’s Landing could be (except for its traffic and pollution that is). A tingling feeling of excitement danced within his stomach, making him crave what awaited, whatever that could be.

However, he was extremely tired and was now regretting his decision to drive all the way from Winterfell. At the time, Jon had simply thought it would be a nice experience. He would have the chance to look at all the landscapes Westeros had to offer instead of the dull clouds one saw from a plane. He wanted to see Westeros again.

Jon had spent seven years in Freeland only crossing the border with Westeros to visit his family in Winterfell. Therefore, he felt like he had almost forgotten how beautiful his country was with its nice template weather and diverse wildlife.

Ghost moved uncomfortably on the back seat. "I know, boy, I'm tired as well. We'll be home in a few minutes." Or half an hour, he thought to himself if traffic was terrible.

Thank the old gods, the Stark Mansion was on the outskirts of the city. He couldn’t imagine himself driving into downtown right now.

Jon and Ghost were about to reach their destination when another very well known mansion appeared in front of their eyes.

It looked just the way Jon remembered, except for the many different flowers that now surrounded it. Jon recalled then that his mother had told him Rhaella had acquired a new taste for gardening. Without any children left to look after, she had had to find other things to do. Rhaella had become an amazing event planner as well so, nowadays, all Targaryen Inc events and galas were organised by her. Chuckling, Jon couldn't picture the always perfect Rhaella Targaryen walking from place to place bossing people around.

He continued his way trying not to wonder if Dany could be there. Where could she be? He’d be lying if he didn't admit that he had sometimes tried to open an Instagram account just to have have a look at her, but had resisted. He didn't like social media, never had, never would, and not even Dany could change that.

Finally, home, he thought as he came close to the massive old structure. Or second home. Winterfell would always be his home but King's Landing had a very special place in his heart as well. His best childhood memories were all in this house... and the Targaryen mansion. He remembered fondly the times when both families spent their holidays in the capital, sharing meals and playing games.

Not that it mattered now.

He parked his car and opened the door for Ghost to merrily pop out. Her was glad to be with his gentle beast once again.

Jon had preferred to leave Ghost behind at Winterfell after getting him as a pup 4 years ago mainly because the wolf was not very fond of strangers, but also because being a normal student on campus meant he wasn’t allowed to bring in pets. So he had missed his fury friend every single day while completing his classes; Ghost was his most loyal companion.

Jon took a moment to contemplate his wolf's beauty as he remembered the day he had come into
his life. That day, all the Stark children had received a direwolf of their own.

Tradition was that one could only get a direwolf when turning 20 or after that, for it was considered an age to be mature enough to look after those animals. Direwolves were not dogs, they needed a lot of space and were very active so no walks around the park. A direwolf needed to be taken to an open space so that it could run freely and hunt once in a while. However, Ned Stark did not have a stone heart so when he had found a litter of 6 pups all cuddled up on their dead mother’s body, he had not given it a second thought and had brought them home with him. Catelyn had not been fond of the idea as only Jon and Robb were old enough to have their own direwolves but she, as well, could not help the sight of those cute little balls of fur. Arya had been the most exited of the siblings; the only thing she had ever wanted since she'd been old enough to voice it was to have her own direwolf.

Thus, the Stark children had swore to take care of them and Catelyn had agreed on keeping them. “At least they are not dragons,” she had said. Catelyn had always wondered how Targaryens managed to live with those enormous creatures that breathe fire. Well, she thought, they are Targaryens, that was the only answer.

Jon entered the mansion followed by Ghost and was warmly welcomed by the staff. Jon announced to them he would be moving in for the time being given he had found a job in the city and he would be attending King's Landing College for a post graduate degree in Literature. Everybody was surprised he wouldn't be working at Stark Corp but, of course, no one said a word about it. After all, they were only employees.

He let them know as well that Ghost needed to be taken care of. He ate two times a day and required a bath two times a month or maybe just one, depending on how much he'd roamed outside. The Starks’ employees were well aware that handling direwolves was a requirement for the job, so one needed to be a little brave in that respect. All of them ended up falling hard for the gentle giants though, wondering why people were so afraid of them.

After getting acquainted with the staff and giving the necessary commands, Jon ventured upstairs to his bedroom and collapsed on his bed, exhausted. It had been a long day driving across the country. His eyelids started closing out of their own volition as he briefly gave Robb a thought and wondered when would he come home to greet him.

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“Daenerys, dinner is ready, please come down,” Rhaella said standing outside her door. Still very tired, Daenerys found the will to stand and take herself downstairs.

Her father was already waiting for her. “There’s my little girl,” said Aerys with bright expectant eyes.

“Father!” Daenerys ran towards him, embracing him in a big bear hug. It had been too long since she had last seen her father.

Daenerys Targaeryen loved both her parents deeply. Rhaella had always been like a friend to her, supportive and understanding. Aerys, however... One could say he had more of the hot Targaryen blood in him. He would get angry if things didn’t go his way and was very protective of his children. He was also immensely strict and expected the best of them at all times. Even so, he adored his children and Daenerys knew he worried too much for her brothers and herself. Every step he took, be it at work or else, it was always meant to be for their best.

Rhaella and Aerys were first cousins and had grown up together at Dragonstone. “I always loved
"him, ever since I was a little girl, bad temper and all," Rhaella would say every time she recounted the story of how Aerys had asked her hand in marriage. Incest among the Targaryens was still pretty common though it was not the only option anymore. Targaryens had realised about five centuries ago that if they restricted themselves to tradition, there were very high chances they could end up extinct. Therefore, they had chosen to start marrying into other great houses more often. Nowadays, House Targaryen was large with about thirty or forty members, though the main line was Aerys and Rhaella’s.

The Targaryen’s main concern had vanished when they had discovered their genes were sturdy and mainly dominant in contrast to others. After centuries of marrying many westerosi houses, most of them still conserved their particular physical traits and their connection to dragons. Even so, they still opted to keep it within the family if they could (and wanted, nobody forced Targaryens into doing anything). They had always taken pride in who they were and did not care about what other people thought. Thus, just like in times of yore, Westerosi had had to get used to their incest practices, only accepting them as an exceptional Targaryen tradition.

After hugging her father, Daenerys turned to look at Rhaegar and Viserys who stood regally, waiting for her with their cheeky smiles and dashing violet eyes. “Do I have the most handsome brothers or what!” She yelled excitedly. They looked even better and hotter than what they had one year ago when she had seen them at a gala in Astapor. How that could be possible was beyond her. They were both tall, with broad shoulders and toned bodies, and had the most exquisite fashion taste. What the Targaryen duo wore would surely turn into the next trend.

Rhaegar was slightly taller that Viserys but other than that, they looked like twins. “D!” They shouted in unison, equally excited. Daenerys was just too long of a name so the two brothers had addressed her as such for as long as she could remember.

“Rhae! Vis! Gods, I’ve missed you two so much!” Rhaegar and Viserys hugged their little sister between laughs and giggles, and basically carried her to the grand dining room, tickling her.

Once the commotion ended and everyone sat at their designated places, dinner was served. “Where’s Elia?” Daenerys asked while chewing down her perfectly cooked fish.

“You know her, she’s busy. She’s planning a new collection and decided she needed to go back to Dorne to get some inspiration,” Rhaegar answered flatly. Daenerys felt a little sorry for her brother. He and Elia had married loving each other deeply, they had been inseparable but, with time, work had consumed them both. She had never dared to ask him if they were still happy or if they only remained together because it was the easier option. She was worried about her niece, Rhaenys, who she assumed was at Dorne with her mother. The little girl was only six and was growing up with busy parents who sometimes didn’t have time for her. Daenerys preferred no to push Rhaegar for more information.

Dinner went by without major events. Like Daenerys had thought, her family was eager to listen about everything she had been doing for the past two years since she last saw them all together. When dessert was served, she announced she would be doing an internship at the W.O. and taking another course in human trafficking at KL’s College. She knew Aerys still struggled with her lack of involvement in family business but she was also aware that he had eventually resigned himself to the fact that her daughter had been born with a heart for bigger causes.

“Well," her father told her, "as long as it doesn’t interfere with your engagement and wedding plans, you can—”

Rhaella interrupted her husband. “Aerys! You had agreed not to bring that up right now. She just arrived! Let her have a minute to adapt.”
Rhaegar and Viserys went silent as their faces became serious.

*Engagement? Wedding?* Aeris was still talking to her, right? “Father, what are you talking about? I don’t understand.”

“It’s nothing, darling, don’t listen to you father,” Rhaella replied visibly shaken.

Sighing, Rhaegar intervened, “She has to know either way, Mother. It doesn’t matter if we tell her now or tomorrow, and I think we all agree, the sooner the better.”

Viserys was about to speak but Daenerys had had enough listening as if she wasn’t right there with them. “Can you just all shut up a let Father tell me what the fuck he’s talking about!”

“Daenerys! Language!” Rhaella chided overwhelmed. Daenerys thought it ridiculous, even now her mother would pay more attention to a bad word that the actual problem.

Holding a hand up, Aerys commanded silence in the room. “Daenerys, my child, the truth is you already know what I’m talking about. I’m just kindly reminding you of it.” Her father's voice was calm and nonchalant, as if he was talking about the weather. "It’s not my fault you decided not to listen to me when I informed you about it before going to Pentos.”

*Oh, no.*

*No, no, no.*

Her father couldn't possibly be speaking of *that*. Of course she hadn’t listen, she had thought it unimportant, a joke even.

“Not excited about marrying the *White Wolf*, huh?” Viserys said with a hint of amusement in his eyes. "You owe me fifty dragons,” he continued, looking at Rhaegar. The eldest of the siblings answered his brother's statement with a reprimanding stare, clearly indicating it was not the time to talk about that.

Rolling his eyes, Aerys continued with his speech giving no importance to the fact that his sons had actually put on a bet on her sister's reaction to what she considered news. He’d deal with them later.

“You are going to marry Jon, Daenerys. The engagement party is already being taken care of. I told you so before you started university and I’m telling you now. You decided to ignore me then but now you cannot run away from this commitment. Eddard and I agreed on this and we never back on our word.”

Daenerys could not believe what she was hearing, it was like a lame late night soap opera. *Marriage agreement? What?*

“Father, I didn’t pay attention because I was bleeding sure it was all just nonsense. You could not possibly have expected for me to believe you. This is not the fucking Middle Ages. I don’t know what you think you can achieve with this and frankly, I don’t care because I am NOT marrying Jon Stark! Or anyone, for that matter. If I ever decide to get married, it will be MY choice and with person I want.”

Before an answer could come to her words, Daenerys stood up and ran to her bedroom. Her *whole* family was insane if they thought she was actually going to do what they told her to. She was not a child anymore and, again, they did not live in the fucking Middle Ages. No one married because of an agreed contract anymore! She was fuming.
Besides, she thought, *Jon?*

Her mind went blank, unable to conjure a recent image of him. She had not seen him or heard from him in nine years. All she knew was that he had gone up the border to study at Freefolk’s University. He didn't even use social media so there was no chance for her to find out what he'd been up to.

Growing up, they had been pretty close, best friends even, but that had been long ago when they were children. At the time, no one had ever mentioned to them anything related to marriage.

An unknown inner voice interrupted her chain of thoughts. *But Jon is nice, remember? Good-hearted and noble, intelligent, athletic... He used to bring you flowers and sing you lullaby songs.*

*What? No, no, no.*

Shaking the voice away, she came back to the present. Was she even considering this atrocious idea? This couldn't be any worse.

Daenerys quickly grabbed her phone and texted the group chat which included Missandei and Yara, the two people she loved the most and her ultimate best friends.

**D: I need to talk to you. NOW. Skype in 20?**

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Thoughts?
After a night of repairing sleep, Jon woke up full of excitement and expectation. He was about to finally start his Literature classes as he had always wanted to, and a new job in a small editing business he really liked. But before all of that happened, he still had one month to spare all to himself.

Looking at the time, he popped in the shower and got ready as fast as he could. He'd decided to pay Robb a visit at Stark Corp seeing as to how he had missed to catch his big brother yesterday. Most likely, Robb had arrived late at night after work and had been gone early in the morning.

Wandering around the big old mansion, getting acquainted with its corridors and halls once again, Jon realise that, just like with Robb, he had not bumped into Grey Wind. The massive wolf was certainly hard to miss, so he wondered if Robb had taken him to work. The idea itself seemed
ludicrous. Jon understood that wolves were a very important part of any Stark's life and that Starks barely spent any time without their wolves, however, taking a large animal which needed tons of food per day to a corporation building just seemed too much.

In any case, Jon wanted to meet them already. He loved every single member of his family but Robb was his big brother, and being apart from him had been very hard. He figured Ghost missed Grey Wind the same way. Jon wanted to talk to Robb and catch up, especially since it had been a year he had taken over the King's Landing offices of Stark Corp. The headquarters were at Winterfell where the rest of the Stark clan resided however, a few times a year, CEO Eddard Stark needed to travel down to other cities within the country to make sure everything was running smoothly.

Back in the day when the Starks used to spend their holidays at King's Landing, Eddard had found the time to supervise that branch of the business himself. But things were not as easy anymore with King's Landing and Westeros growing exponentially day by day, so Eddard needed to put trustworthy people in important positions all over the country and especially at the capital. The enterprise was bigger than ever and needed to be run by the best. Robb, of course, was the best.

Finally ready, Jon decided against taking Ghost with him in order to give his friend a chance to roam freely within the little woods that was part of their property, and drove to the business district. At his arrival at the Stark building, he was greeted by every single person he encountered. Some of employees, mostly the ones with high positions, approached him and shook his hand, commenting on how happy they were to see him; the rest preferred to stay within a safe distance but all the same greeted him cheerily. The whole deal made Jon feel a bit odd. It'd been years since he'd felt that way.

Sometimes he forgot how much power his family had; that everyone respected the Stark name. While on Freeland, he had enjoyed being a normal, ordinary guy. No formalities, no special treatments. Continuing his way up to the last floor, he resigned himself to the fact that all of that was over. He was home, in Stark territory.

If he still had any doubts left, the unmistakable image of the Stark wolf could be seen everywhere, plastered on every surface available, looking at him; reminding him of who he was. The family still used their old sigil for many purposes, but it didn’t fit the modern world and looked terribly boring to be used as a brand logo, so a new, more adequate version of it had been created to advertise all the products and services Stark Corp had to offer (except for its car company which possessed one of its own formed by the letters DW in honour of the ancient animal that represented the Starks). Stark Corp was the second largest and most profitable Westerosi enterprise, the first being, to no one's surprise, Targaryen Incorporation.

After his awkward experience on the lift, greeting people he didn't know at all, Jon finally arrived to the last floor where the executive offices could be found. He thought about introducing himself to the middle age lady that stood behind a desk but then decided not to. A little conceited attitude was harmless, he reckoned, plus he'd had to get used to it anyway. This was Westeros and he was a Stark so he did not need any introduction. The secretary must have thought something similar because, unlike the rest of the employees he'd encountered, she didn't say a word while Jon continued walking toward his brother's office, not even stopping him to ask what business did he have there in the middle of the day.

Opening the door, Jon caught Robb deeply focused on some documents, so focused the auburn-haired man did not even notice someone had entered. A furry, warm thing pushed Jon's leg suddenly, and Jon chuckled at its presence. “Well, at least someone's glad to see me,” he complained while he scratched Grey Wind’s head.
Blue eyes met grey, and a huge smile appeared on his brother's face. "Jon!" He called, standing up and walking towards him. "How long have you been there? I assumed you would be sleeping all day considering you were crazy enough to drive all the way here." The eldest Stark embraced his brother in a warm hug, patting his back.

"I thought so too but the weather is so nice to stay at home. After years of never-ending snow, believe me, I need this."

Robb chuckled, nodding in agreement. Only Jon could have ever decided to spend his uni years in the coldest place in the world. Even as a Northerner, Robb sometimes thought he preferred much better the warmth of KL than the harsh winds of Winterfell.

"I was wondering," Jon continued, "if you could take a moment to spend with your brother. You could leave whatever you were doing and have breakfast with me, perhaps?"

"You know you need an appointment to do anything with me, right? I'm a busy man, Jon." Robb joked to which Jon rolled his eyes, annoyed. Robb cheekily smiled and approached his brother to give him an extra Stark hug. "No, but seriously, about that--"

"--I'm glad to see you, son." A voice interrupted from behind.

Immediately recognising it, Jon abruptly turned around and was left dumbstruck. He couldn’t believe Eddard Stark was right there standing before him, Jon had not seen his father for two years. His face lightened as a huge smile pulled his lips up.

"--Father is here," Robb completed his sentence, smiling as well.

"Father! What, what are you doing here?" Jon said excitedly. "Not that I'm not glad to see you it's just… Well, I thought you were at Storm's End visiting Uncle Robert."

Shadow, Ned’s direwolf, walked past Jon after asking for a mandatory greeting pat, and joined Grey Wind in a little rest area Robb had ordered to be built within his office. Ned's fury companion was getting old but still moved gracefully. "I was, but when I heard you’d be arriving sooner I thought to drop by instead of waiting for you to visit home again. That way I could also check on Robb and see you both. It’s been a long time, son.” Ned approached Jon and hugged his second child strongly. "In addition, I wanted to remind you, you need to start looking for a flat. I assume you will want some privacy so I have taken the liberty of picking a few options. Rhaella approved of them and you know Rhaella knows Daenerys better than anyone."

Robb turned to look at Jon, a bit worried and sceptical. When he had suggested for his father to drop by he hadn't had this in mind.

Furring his brows in confusion, Jon thought he had heard wrong. He had just arrived to KL and had already listened to Dany's name more than he had in years. “Father, what are you talking about? I haven't seen or heard from Dany in almost ten years. You're telling me now I'm moving in with her?” Jon asked incredulously, chuckling nervously. "I don't understand." For all the old gods and the new, where in the world had his father got the idea that he had anything to do with Dany.

“Not move in," replied Ned. "You young people and your lack of formality. I'm talking about your wedding. You need to look for a place to live after you get married. Need I remind you, son, you're engaged to her. Well not publicly yet, the announcement will be made soon. Our PR team is arranging that with the Targaryens."
Jon noticed his hands had become sweaty and a lump had formed in his throat. His father's face was dead serious but he couldn't bring himself to believe what his ears were listening to. He turned to Robb for support but his brother had none to offer. He'd remained standing by the side, silent.

“Father, please, what do you mean I'm engaged to Dany? That's insane, like I said, I haven't seen or—”

“Well, that is your fault not mine. When you turned eighteen I told you about it, I told you that you were going to marry her, I told you it was a very important matter. You should have kept in touch.”

“I thought it wasn't serious, you mentioned it one day. That was it.”

“Again, your fault, son. Do you think I would ever make a joke out of a matter like this?”

Jon genuinely wanted for it to be a joke, however. It should be, but his father was right. Eddard Stark never joked, and his face was still dead serious.

His father's words sunk in.

Robb coughed, reminding them he was still there, trying to cut a bit of the tension. “Well, why don't we discuss this over breakfast? I'm sure you both are starving as I am.”

“I'm not hungry,” Jon said flatly as he exited the office, slamming the door.

Once in his car, he had to stop for a moment and take a deep breath. Everything felt surreal.

Seven hells.

He had completely forgotten about his supposed engagement to Dany. How could he not? Eddard had mentioned it once and then he'd gone away to Freeland.

Putting some effort into it, he focused on remembering the day his father had summoned him to his study at Winterfell and informed him about the decision he and Aerys had made. In order to continue with the peace the Starks and Targaryens had maintain for the past 30 years, he and Dany were to marry.

“As a sign of good faith,” Eddard declared. “People must be certain that we are not to quarrel anymore. Our fights brought much pain to other people for centuries. We are rich and powerful so we didn’t realise that the ones who really suffered were our employees. We can’t let that happen again, Jon.”

“I understand that, Father, but I don’t think Dany and I getting married solves anything nor it adds anything to the agreement. You and Aerys were the ones to negotiate one; one that actually ended the enmity between our Houses, and you have kept it all these years. When you’re gone, I’m sure Robb and Rhaegar will continue
with it. There’s nothing to fear.”

“Son, I was not asking for your opinion. This is a decision that has been made. It was made years ago and now has been reaffirmed. You will marry Daenerys.” Ned’s voice was deeper than usual.

Jon’s stomach churned, he found it impossible to believe his father’s words. “And what if I don’t. Do you care more about Stark Corp than you do about my happiness?”

“Stark Corp is more than just a company, Jon, it is more than you and I and all our family. Stark Corp means many people depend on us. We are in charge of many people’s lives and so are the Targaryens.

Having money and power means having a lot of responsibilities as well. We care for our people, Jon. Our people should always be our priority.

You and your siblings have had all the privileges one can think of, you’ve been educated in the best schools, you’ve had the medical attention you needed whenever you needed it, you’ve lived in a nice house full of food, you were bought anything you ever wanted.

You don’t understand what it means to fight for a living and I don’t intend for you to ever find out if possible, as long as you are a good citizen to your country and a good human being. But our family fought to achieve and preserve what we have for centuries and that is not going to end now.

You have had everything. I’m only asking this of you. I cannot ask it of Robb for he has to carry the burden of continuing our legacy. You, Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon can decide what to do with your lives, he can’t.” Ned sighed heavily.

“Do not do it necessarily for us, son. Do it for our people. The North needs you and so does Westeros. A marriage between the two most notable houses in the country, the ones that have been fighting for so long, will show them that there is not even the smallest chance of betraying each other or the agreement because we would be family, and family never betrays family.

Can’t you see? It’s a sacrifice that needs to be made and you are the only one who can make it work. Daenerys and you are of similar age, I couldn’t ask Bran or Rickon to marry her. On the other hand, Rhaegar is much older and already married, Viserys is nine years older than Sansa and... I don’t trust him enough.”

Jon didn’t know what to do with all that had been said to him. “But—” he started, but was interrupted.

“I understand you and Daenerys were really close before. I even remember you once told me she was your best friend and the most beautiful girl in the world. I don’t think this marriage is actually a sacrifice at all, Jon. You like each other, it’s not like I’m asking you to marry someone you hate or don’t know.

In any case, like I said, it is not an option.” Eddard made a pause.

"However, if by any chance you decide not to marry her, then consider yourself out of my life. Someone who is not willing to sacrifice a little for the benefit of our people is no son of mine." Eddard left the room without looking back.
Jon had never thought his father capable of being this hard and cold hearted. Then again, it was true the most important thing for Eddard Stark was not his wealth or position, but the happiness and wellbeing of the North and Westeros.

Stark Corp was the work place for thousands of people in each of Westeros’ most important cities and so was ‘Targ. Inc’ as it was commonly referred as. Together, they provided for a considerable part of the country's population.

Jon knew his father was right, but nothing could convince him that a marriage was a solution for anything. And he had not seen Dany in years, not since… that day.

Close? Yeah, when they were ten or something, not anymore.

He walked to his room and started packing. University started in a month and he planned to arrive early to get to know it.

Fuck. Jon couldn’t believe what was happening.

He then realised he'd been thinking about all of this while still parked at Stark Corp. Dissipating a bit of the fog that clouded his mind, he started his car and drove into King's Landing noon traffic.

Marriage? Jon had never given marriage a thought... Except for that one time Eddard had brought it up.

He was sure he would never marry. He didn’t have anything particular against marriage, it just didn’t seem to fit in his life plan. He wanted to build his own editing company and spend his days discovering new writers and making sure everyone got to know them.

Literature had always been Jon's passion but he had decided to go for Economics to have a solid ground if he never made his dream happen. Then he had realised it was actually a good combination. Though economics were more theoretical, understanding finances became easier so it would be of help when he had to face all the challenges that came with opening a business.

Marriage was not in the equation... or maybe his problem was that he had never found anyone whom he wanted to marry. No, it wasn’t that, he convinced himself. He just didn’t want to marry.

He’s phone rang as he went through the mansion's gates. The name Ygritte appeared on the screen.

He smiled.

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Yara and Missandei were Daenerys’s best friends. The three had met some years ago while attending Pentos University. Yara had graduated from Political Science and Finances given she wanted to do a great job when she ruled over her country.

The Iron Islands’ Kingdom was a country by its own right since 1853 when it had gained its independence from Westeros. The monarchy did not hold absolute power but the king still maintained a very important role and the Greyjoy dynasty had been ruling for many centuries.

Yara was not the official heir, however, her older brother, Theon, had made it clear years ago he wasn’t interested in the throne. Therefore, he had decided that, when the time came, he would abdicate in Yara’s favour by creating a law that would finally allow a woman to inherit the kingdom. Thus, Yara had a great responsibility ahead of her.
Like Daenerys, Missandei had chosen law, but only because her parents had wanted her too. Missandei came from a very long line of lawyers and, not only that but her family had served as the personal lawyers to the Naath monarchy for generations as well. Alongside the Irons Islands, Naath was the only remaining official kingdom in the world.

Missandei’s real passion was modelling and she was very good at it. She had actually done a few photo shoots and little runways without her parents knowing. Her biggest dream was to move to Westeros and one day be able to walk at the annual Sunspear Fashion Week –the world’s most anticipated and celebrated fashion event-. Yara and Dany supported her entirely.

They were all face timing now.

“What do you mean you are getting married," Yara bellowed through the screen.

“I am NOT getting married,” Daenerys replied, rolling her eyes. “I said my family wants me to. They have apparently arranged my marriage with Jon and they think I’m going to go through with it just like that. But I am not, not in a million years.”

“We went from stupid Jon Stark to just Jon, huh? Missandei pointed out, smirking.

“So...?” Daenerys asked a bit frustrated. “Ugh, what in the world do you mean, Missy!”

“Nothing! Just that you seem very angry because you are being forced to marry but not because of the fact that you would be marrying Jon. So, I’m guessing you’re at least ok with that part.”

Yara nodded energetically, agreeing with Missy.

“What!” That was definitely not the case. “No, that’s not it!”

Realising how loud she had said that, Daenerys regained her composure. "I just... I actually don’t care. I don’t care if it’s Jon or Robb or even baby Rickon or any other Stark or any other man in the bloody world! I just don’t want to get married!” It was hard to keep her voice down when all these emotions were troubling her.

Her friends looked sceptical which only added to her frustration.

“You two used to be friends, correct?” Yara asked, nonchalant.

“Not the point, Yara, totally not the point, but yes, we used to. WHEN WE WERE FUCKING CHILDREN. I haven’t seen the guy in nine years. I don’t even know where he is or what he does.”

“Well... Regardless,” intervened Missandei, “what do you plan on doing? You seem very sure about not wanting to get married but have you actually considered what to do? I don’t think your father will just let you get out of this. There will be consequences, you know your dad... And your mum. I mean, she’s the sweetest, but when it comes to family and honour and all that shit adults care about you know she’s just as firm as your dad. I don’t think your brothers will be of much help either. Based on what you told us, they seem perfectly ok with the whole thing.”

Missy was right. What was she actually going to do. Her whole family had set her up. She was completely alone in this. Daenerys sighed heavily. “I don’t know. I don’t fucking know, alright? I just had to tell you about it. I mean, I feel like I’ve gone two hundred years back in history speaking about arranged marriages.”

“I think,” Yara spoke shyly, “you should talk to Jon."
Her suggestion was received with anger. Daenerys looked at her as if her friend had gone mad. “What.”

Yara developed further. "I just mean... He is the groom to be, right? He must have an opinion on the matter. Maybe he hates the idea as much as you do and you both can come up with a solution to all of this."

On a second thought, Yara's idea did not seem so ludicrous anymore.

“And what if he doesn't,” Missandei added. “What if he does like the idea of getting married.”

“Nooooo, Missy, what are you saying?” replied Daenerys, becoming more anxious than what she wanted to let on.

He surely didn't, she reasoned. Though the narcissistic and bit evil side of her wondered how could he possibly not want to marry her. She was Daenerys fucking Targaryen. Everybody wanted to even say hi to her, not that she bragged too much about that. But that wasn't the point. Focus, Daenerys, focus. Jon could not want this, why would he?

“Ok, ok. Let’s not get over ourselves,” Missy pointed out. “D, go talk to your brothers, ask them where did this idea come from and why do you even have to consider to do such a thing. And then talk to Jon. I know you don’t want to, but you need to. Even if you manage to avoid the whole situation for a little while, it won’t go away. You will eventually meet him again. Your father even mentioned your engagement party is already being prepared.”

Pouting, Daenerys grabbed a pillow and hugged it, bothered by Missy's words. As usual, her friend was right. She'd always been the more reasonable one of the group.

"Come on, don’t give me that silly immature girl attitude. You're better than that, D."

Daenerys was about to fight Missandei on that, asking what side had she taken but she realised it was all true. She was being silly.

The call ended and Daenerys knew she really needed to talk to her brothers. Even if they were part of this whole nonsense, they could give her a longer explanation than “you will get married because it's been decided.”

As on cue, both Viserys and Rhaegar appeared under the frame of her door.

"D..." they said softly as Daenerys invited them in.

Calling her name again, Viserys started speaking. “Ok so we heard a little of your conversation with Yara and Missy...." 

Daenerys snapped her eyes at them, bothered. They were unbelievable.

"Only because we had agreed already to come and talk to you, and we didn't want to interrupt,” Rhaegar added quickly.

"Anyway," Viserys continued, finding it hard to conjure his words, "...Look, we know it’s a very... Odd situation. I can't even begin to imagine what you might be feeling but…”

“...this is one you have to take for the family,” Rhaegar finished his brother's sentence.

Holding herself from making any comments on how cute her brothers looked wearing matching
pyjamas and about the fact they hadn't bought one for her, Daenerys looked at them angrily.

She couldn't quite believe yet they were so convinced about everything and that they were siding with her father. “Yeah... easy for you to say when you,” she said looking at Rhaegar, "got to choose Elia and you," she continued turning to Viserys, "got to choose Visenya."

Sighing in frustration, Daenerys fought against letting a tear drop.

"You both fell in love. Why can't I have that? Why am I expected to take this one for the family? ...Bullshit.” She was really resentful of them and furious about the whole situation, but she was also tired so no complain words came out of her mouth.

“Because it’s not for our pleasure, D,” Rhaegar spoke again. ”It’s because this marriage will assure people the days when Starks and Targaryens killed each other, betrayed each other and hurt each other are gone. Robb and I are doing our part maintaining the agreement Father and Eddard signed, but it’s not enough because people know I’m not friends with Robb... We might not hate each other, but it's not like I trust him. If you marry Jon, D, I can be sure that Robb won't ever betray me because that would mean betraying his own brother, sister and future nephews and nieces."

Daenerys let out a snort at the mention of children. She hadn't even agreed to anything and Rhaegar was already bringing children up.

“However,” he went on "Starks, with all their honour and loyalty, are incapable of betraying their own. Hence, this marriage. Family never betrays family, isn't that what they say? Targaryens, we... well you know we are not as honourable as them. Our family has done terrible things in the past, but Father realised years ago that fighting didn't benefit anyone and I genuinely believe so too. I swear to you, Daenerys, it won't be me who will break the agreement, but right now not everything is honey and rainbows. I've told you as much, I don't trust Robb and he doesn't trust me. The people who work for us do not trust the people who work for them."

After listening to her brother, Daenerys was even more confused yet somehow calmer. Deep down, Daenerys understood this crazy plan made somewhat sense in their multi-millionaire business world. Still, she looked at Viserys with tears in her eyes as if begging him to save her from all this.

Rhaegar had always been the voice of reason, the trustworthy child, the mature one. On the contrary, Viserys had always had a free spirit and a little rebellious nature. He would get into trouble defending what he thought was right and did not allow their father to affect him much.

This had led to Viserys and Daenerys becoming a team. Growing up, although the three of them would play together, Viserys and Daenerys would always get into trouble and had been constantly scolded by Rhaegar. The age difference between Rhaegar and Daenerys also contributed to her being closer to Viserys.

When it came to asking for help, Viserys had always been there to defend Daenerys whenever she broke something or disobeyed their mother. He would make up the best excuses, sometimes even taking the blame himself so that his little sister wouldn’t be punished. All in all, the three of them were very close, but Daenerys considered Viserys her partner in crime.

Right now she could see pain in her partner's eyes.

He knew what she was asking for and she reckoned he felt terrible for being unable to do something about it. “I’m sorry, sis. There’s nothing I can do or say to change this. It took me a while to get used to the idea as well. I even confronted Father. I told him how could he wrap his own daughter with a nice bow and give her away to the Starks of all families, but then I came to
realise... This is the best solution for everything. You’ll come to understand it as well… Eventually. C’mon, D, it’s not so bad.” He smiled softly, patting her back.

Both her brothers had been patient –but firm– while making their case. She knew both of them had the best intentions and would never agree to something that would hurt her...

They were Targaryens after all, happiness wasn’t exactly a given to them.

Indeed, they lived amazing, fabulous lives, but such a way of living -full of power, money and high positions- did not always equal to happiness. She felt for Yara at that moment. Like herself, Yara would have to live her life making sure everyone else was alright even if she wasn’t. In Westeros royalty didn't exist anymore, not officially, but it really did... and Daenerys would have to live a life she hadn't chosen, one she didn’t like in order for others to have one they did.

Well, fuck it. Fuck happiness. She would go through with this and excel at it, like she did in everything. The whole world would know Daenerys Targaryen was the luckiest girl in the world and was damn happy. They wanted a farce? They would have one.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! And I hope you don’t mind Viserys being nice in this story, it’s just that I like to think of Dany surrounded by a loving family and I always wanted to write something where Viserys wasn’t a jerk and actually cared for his little sister. Please leave a comment! I want to know your thoughts! :)
Jon met Ygritte during his second year at Freefolk’s. He hadn’t really minded her for most of the year but she had persisted. She would ask him on dates and would call him almost every night so he had eventually given up and started thinking of her as kind of a girlfriend. Ygritte was really nice and so different from any woman he’d ever met. She was extroverted and liked risks. She practised snowboard and had a very dark humour. He really liked that about her.

Their relationship had not been smooth though, Ygritte would break up with him frequently because of one thing or another and she was prone to outbursts. Jon had got used to her fiery temperament because, in the end, she would always seek him out to make up.

They had ended up things on good terms, or at least Jon thought they had. Ygritte was two years younger and was still missing three semesters to finish all her credits in Computer Science with Intelligent Systems, or probably a little more because she always took extra classes to complement. From the very beginning, Jon had told her that he would eventually return to Westeros after graduating. He had many reasons to go back, but the main one was he wanted to work in King’s Landing.

Ygritte had been fine with the condition, but just one day before Jon went back to Winterfell to get Ghost and visit his family before going down south, she had lost it.

She told him he was the worst boyfriend in Planetos for leaving her because, if he so wanted to, he
could continue to work in Freeland and do the same he had always planned. But Jon didn't like that idea, he really missed his country and the heat. Besides, he had never been good at languages and being in Freeland he had been forced to learn a little of the Old Tongue and just when he thought he could manage, he found himself surrounded by another dialect. He was quite tired of it; thankfully, all university programmes were in the Common Tongue.

In order to appease her, Jon had promised Ygritte he would visit her a few times a year and had offered for her to come down and visit him as well. She hadn't been convinced about it but had taken the offer anyway. In the end, Jon had never officially broken up with her but he assumed she had got it was over. He had moved out of the country.

He realised then he really didn’t feel a need to call or text her to give her a heads up on his life, but if she contacted him, he didn’t mind. He had always liked talking to Ygritte anyway. Besides, hearing her voice would distract him from thinking about Dany.

Dany…

She was...

Focus.

“Hello?” He finally picked up.

“Hi, handsome.” Ygritte's voice was as cheery as ever. "How is the most horrible city in the world treating you?” Jon rolled his eyes at her comment. Ygritte held a deep historic induced hatred for Westeros (most Freelanders did).

“Just because you don’t like it doesn’t mean it’s horrible.” Jon could practically listen to Ygritte rolling her eyes, too.

“I definitely enjoy going out without the need of a Jacket, the weather is amazing, but I’ve only been here for one day so I really can’t say much. How about you? How is the new semester going?”

“The usual, same people, same things. Though I’m really enjoying my new classes, they make me think about the future.”

“Well that’s nice.”

“And speaking about the future… I was thinking I could go visit you on the weekend?”

What. He definitely wasn't expecting that. Jon knew he had been the one to offer her to visit but he wouldn't have thought she'd one to do it so soon. He had only arrived to Westeros. It wasn’t a good idea.

Not knowing what to say, he remained silent.

“I mean,” Ygritte filled in the awkward silence. "Not this weekend but one weekend... before exams begin". Well, at least she had taken a hint.

With all that was happening, Jon didn't need one more thing to worry about, let alone Ygritte.

“Ygritte, that’d be lovely but I don’t--”

“--No!” he cut him, "Don’t answer me right now. Just think about it."
Think about it? He was thinking about Dany. Again.

How was he supposed to tell Ygritte he was an engaged man when he had just found out some hours ago? He opted to avoid the topic.

“Ok, sure. I’ll think about it. Anyway, how’s Tormund?” Talking about anything else would be better. “Is he doing ok with the restaurant?”

Tormund had been Jon’s boss while he worked and did research at Freefolk’s Department of Economics after finishing his credits. He was a very well renowned academic and economist but, like Jon, his passion laid elsewhere. A year ago he had finally decided to open his own restaurant and Jon knew the inauguration had been last week.

“He’s going crazy, but in a good way. He loves it and, most importantly, people are really digging the place. Everyone’s talking about it.” Jon could tell Ygritte was genuinely happy for their friend.

“Great, it's amazing to hear that. I’m really glad everything turned out better than he expected.”

“You should come and see it for yourself.”

“I should.” Though when that would happen was a mystery. Jon did not think he'd be stepping foot on Freeland anytime soon, taking into account how things had turned out.

Their chat went on for a while until one of Ygritte’s classes was about to start and she had to hang up. Talking to her had calmed his nerves a little, it made him feel he was still in the real world and not this crazy place where arranged marriages and family wars existed.

His stomach growled loudly, bringing him out of his musings, and he remembered very angrily he had said no to breakfast.

Fuck it. He decided it would be pizza day, who cared it was only 11.

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Everything was easier said than done.

After talking to her brothers, Daenerys had been resolved to go see Jon immediately in order to settle things. Unfortunately, she realised, she did not know anything about him. She had no idea where he was or how to find him, she didn’t even have a phone number to call him.

Stupid Jon. A world full of technology and instant communication but Jon, Jon of all people, happened to be one of the few remaining weirdos who didn’t want to be a part of that. No Facebook, no Twitter, no Instagram, nothing.

Brilliant.

At least Daenerys had a great excuse to avoid contact with him for a while. She would get to it, but a few days of neglecting reality could do no harm.

So, forgetting about Jon for a moment, Daenerys decided to visit one of her favourite people at one of her favourite places: Tyrion Lannister.

Daenerys considered Tyrion family, so the prospect of seeing him again excited her immensely.

Not wanting to miss her chance, she had called his personal secretary in advance to see if she could squeeze her in his daily long list of commitments. Being president was a demanding job so Tyrion
had barely any time for himself, however, bearing the Targaryen name definitely helped get whatever she wanted.

Tyrion’s secretary had told her he could do breakfast, so Daenerys had woken up very early to meet him at the Red Keep at seven sharp.

_How can he do this every morning?_ She asked herself while waiting in the little lobby next to a great dining room.

Tyrion appeared before her sometime later. “My darling Daenerys, look at you all grown up,” he said smiling, giving her a hug.

“Oh no, you too? Why does everyone treat me like I was gone for twenty years?”

“Let me have it my way, alright? Last time I saw you, you were a child,” he countered back.

“I was nineteen, Tyrion, definitely not a child.”

He simply smirked. “Yes, whatever you say, darling. Now, tell me all about Pentos.”

The next couple of hours were all about catching up. Talking to Tyrion had been a great idea. He was a great listener and Daenerys felt he genuinely understood her point of views regarding social and political problems. Even better was to hear him say how proud he was of her.

Their breakfast date had been perfect until, out of nowhere, Tyrion brought up Jon. “So, I’m very pleased to hear you have been doing great, darling, but, now, please do tell me about your wedding. I need to know the details. You know you can’t just expect me to be there without prior information, I have important matters to attend to on a daily basis.” He left his words to hang in the air. "I wonder when will Jon honour me with a visit,” he mentioned as an afterthought, "it’s been long since I last saw him.”

_What?_ That had certainly left her stunned. How could Tyrion know anything about her wedding? Or the fact that said wedding involved Jon.

Her face must have betrayed her feelings.

“My dear, did you really believe I would be unaware of the impending union between House Stark and House Targaryen?” He stated sceptically. "I am president of this nation, I know all about rich people and their doings.”

Coyly, Daenerys replied. “I thought no one knew... I didn’t.” Tyrion gave her a sceptical look again, raising an eyebrow to emphasise it. “Ok, I knew," Daenerys relented, "but I thought it wasn't serious, and if was, that it would eventually go away.”

Tyrion chuckled at her naivety. “Yes, of course, because if Eddard Stark or Aerys Targaryen told me anything I would think it’s a joke.”

She sighed, defeated. Tyrion was right. She honestly ignored why she had disregarded the whole thing back then. She guessed it was because, at the time, she had only wanted to experience being a young, university student and not worry about the future.

“I feel like a little child not being able to make my own choices,” she complained.

To this, Tyrion put aside the cup of tea he’d been drinking and regarded her very seriously. “You’ve always made your own choices, my dear. Don’t tell me your father has been a tyrant, at
least not with you. I know this is the first time he has ever asked you for anything and I am equally certain this is the first time he’s done anything against your wishes, so do not hold it against him or Ned for that matter. And, this marriage aside, you will continue to make your own choices as well, or has your father asked you to quit your studies or give up your plans at the W.O?”

Tyrion knew he hadn’t.

He had left her questioning herself. Perhaps she was exaggerating the whole thing. Listening to Tyrion really made her feel like she was.

She guessed she would have to reevaluate the whole situation once more.

In any case, she was curious about one thing. “When did you get to know?” She asked him.

“Oh, a long time ago,” he answered nonchalantly. “That agreement is an old decision of both your parents and Jon’s. I was starting my way in politics when your father told me about it, you were twelve years old I believe. I have to admit I was a little shocked back then because of the whole arranged marriage thing, but I also knew it made sense. Even my father thought it was an exceptional idea. You know my father was part of the parliament when your grandparents and Jon’s were in charge of the companies...” Tyrion seemed to get lost in his thoughts for a brief moment. "He remembered vividly those times and he invariably referred to them as dark and cruel."

Daenerys felt irritated by that piece of information. “Seriously? That long? I hate the fact that they just assumed they had that kind power over us.”

“The world is not a nice place, darling, but you were always determined to think it otherwise. Ever since you were born you wanted nothing more but to avoid the truth of it. You loved to be told stories about warrior princesses and skilled swordsmen and to live in your pretty little world. A world that, if I recall correctly, Jon was part of.”

She sighed, rolling her eyes. “Everyone keeps reminding me of that.”

“Regardless. I hate to break it to you, my child, but I do hope you really enjoyed your stay at Pentos were you could care more about other people's problems than your own. Here, you are part of one of the most ancient noble houses of our country and heiress to a strong and respected legacy. You have to live up to many expectations. Now, I don't know if you like that or not, but it really doesn't matter. For us, the real world is not about doing what we want to, but what we have to. If you want to make a difference in it then use that as a tool and don't think of it as an obstacle. From whatever position or situation we end up in, we can always try to do the best for our people. Your father and Jon’s understood this and so they recognised this marriage as an excellent solution for many things. Do you think they don’t care about you? They do, and a whole lot, that’s why you were given a great upbringing. They brought you up with love, dedication and the best resources, but in our world, happiness, as it is for others, does not necessarily apply to us.”

“I know that,” she emphasised, annoyed. She wasn't blind or stupid. "Vis and Rhae told me the same yesterday, and I understand it, I really do. It’s just... Well, it’s not easy to accept.”

Tyrion only answered with a loving look. He really was a role model for her. She appreciated everything he had done for her since she was a child and, most importantly, she appreciated his words. If there was one thing Tyrion excelled at, it was talking.

A little calmer now, Daenerys knew it was time to go. She had already taken almost half of his morning. “And they said the Game of Thrones was over,” she commented.
Tyrion let out a laugh.

Historians called the ‘Game of Thrones’ to the old times when noble houses used to fight each other for the Iron Throne. Now that there was no throne, the words were also commonly used to refer to something difficult. For example, ‘Well, it’s no use playing the Game of Thrones for that’. If something was rather easy, on the contrary, one could say ‘Oh, it's no Game of Thrones’.

After a while laughing, Tyrion eventually replied; “In our world, my child, it never ended.”

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As one platinum-haired young woman did, Jon Stark spent his time pretending nothing was going on. Consequently, he had devoted his day and the next one to look through all the information regarding his upcoming semester at King's Landing College. He couldn’t wait to meet his teachers and... Bloody hells. Who was he kidding? He couldn't wait to see Dany, he couldn't stop thinking about Dany.

He got up from his bed and walked towards his window, from it he could see the Targaryen mansion in the distance. He looked down at his watch and realised it was only two. A wild thought crossed his mind then. Could she be there?

Of course not, he answered himself.

As far as he knew only Viserys, Rhaegar, his wife and their daughter lived there. However... He couldn't take the idea out of his mind. He needed to make sure.

On the other hand, a voice kept telling him, it was obviously ridiculous...

But what if he went there and she was actually there. It was too tempting. They would talk about the situation they were in... They would reunite like the long lost friends they were...Like in a film. As he thought of all this, perhaps she was reading yet one more romance novel by the little pond Aerys had built for her in the back garden, like she always did when they were young.

On their own accord, Jon's legs started moving towards the beautiful mansion with Ghost following right behind his master. Promptly, he was walking along the narrow path that connected both properties which he and Dany had asked to be built so they could visit each other easily. It reminded him of so many wonderful memories. With each step he took, his heartbeat went faster.

When he entered Targaryen property, he started wondering what would be his next step. Should he ring the bell at the front door like a normal person? No. That didn't seem like a great idea. He didn't want to be seen by a staff member; surely Barristan or one of the maids would recognise him.

The entrance by the big sycamore tree was a better option, he decided. He could go in by the corridor that went through the storage rooms. Surely Rhaegar and Viserys did not come home to eat so it was unlikely there were many people around the kitchen. But what about Elia and... Whatever Dany’s niece was called? A voice asked. Jon only hoped they weren't home. He didn't want to think about what he'd do if they were.

He arrived at the pond and hid behind some bushes. He spotted Barristan walking along the first-floor corridor, going in main entrance's direction. Wow, Jon thought surprised, he looked exactly as he remembered. How was that even possible? Jon waited till he was gone and then turned his attention to Ghost.

“You, my friend, need to stay here, alright? You cannot follow me inside. Please be a good boy,” he commanded. Ghost sat down obediently, indicating Jon he would do just that.
Jon went into the house and rapidly found his way to Dany’s room without being noticed, cringing a little when he realised everything looked precisely the same as it had when he was a child; as if time had never gone by. He didn’t know if he liked that or not.

He went upstairs, passed through the TV room and another two salons until he finally arrived at the corridor that led to Dany’s room. He was so close.

Giving it a thought, he really didn’t know what he’d do when he stood before her but he needed (wanted) to see her. Surely he’d come up with something. How about “Hey Dany, how’s it going? And, by the way, how are you liking the idea of getting married... to me!”

If he thought too much about it, everything seemed utterly absurd so he thought it best to stop.

Suddenly, he heard some voices and swiftly hid behind a giant flower base. Two maids walked past him, laughing at something and, much to his inconvenience, they stopped at the corner to keep chatting.

After some minutes that felt like hours, they finally decided to take their gossiping elsewhere and Jon came out of his hiding, walking as fast as he could to Dany’s room. He was about to reach the door—

“Well, hello, lover.” A voice interrupted, making him freeze in the spot.

_Fuck_. Jon didn’t need to turn around to recognise the owner of it. He did anyway.

“Hello to you too… Viserys,” Jon greeted back without really looking at him. He knew he couldn’t take to see the amusement in the man’s lilac eyes. The embarrassment was already immense.

“Aren’t you the hopeless romantic?” The mocking in his voice was unmistakable. “I think I even feel bad for ruining your surprise,” he added.

_Ugh_, Jon had definitely forgotten how annoying Viserys could be, so he just stood there, silent. What was he supposed to say? Ever since he was a child Viserys had always known how to get out the worst in Jon.

“The rumours were true, I have to admit,” Dany’s brother continued, "you became a very handsome man, Stark. Who would’ve thought? You were only a scrawny little boy last time I saw you.”

Jon hardly resisted the urge to remind Viserys they were only three years apart, and that he himself had been a scrawny little teenager as well. “Aye…Well... do you—” Dany's door handle started moving. Someone was coming out. Oh, Seven, what was he going to do! Dany had surely heard them speak. Jon started panicking.

A maid came out carrying some towels and Jon felt a weight had been lifted from his shoulders but, at the same time, he felt thoroughly disappointed.

The young woman was startled by the two men standing on the corridor and nervously spoke; “Good afternoon, sir,” she said to Viserys.

“Good afternoon, Lyssa. Please, do not mind us,” he answered amiably, making Jon roll his eyes. _Gods_, Viserys could be the nicest gentleman when he wanted to. Thankfully, the girl walked away and Viserys turned his attention to Jon again. “You should really train better that dog of yours, Stark,” he said.

Jon looked at him angrily. Targaryens always referred to direwolves as dogs and he hated that but,
of course, Viserys didn’t mind one bit that he had bothered him. “If it wasn’t for him I wouldn’t have noticed you were here. Well, there’s that and your luck. I’m almost never home at this time of the day, but today I forgot something and had to come back. You could imagine my surprise when I parked my car and our chef fled the house yelling there was a wolf running in the gardens. He was terrified.”

Jon cursed himself. Undoubtedly his plan had been doomed to fail from the beginning.

Viserys continued after a brief pause. “Anyway, she’s not here. And she’d killed you if she knew you sneaked into her room.”

“I didn't though,” Jon answered matter-of-factly.

“But you were trying to.”

“I didn't sneak into her room.”

Viserys rolled his eyes. “Whatever, Stark, just keep moving and take your ball of fur with you, he seems oddly fond of my mother’s roses and you don't want to know what Rhaella Targaryen can do to anyone who messes with her roses.”

*Of course,* Ghost couldn’t stay still as he had told him to. That wolf would listen to him.

Ultimately, Jon looked at Viserys straight in the eye, a bit nervous.

Viserys knew right what Jon was asking and he smirked. “Oh,” he exclaimed, disappointed, “you like to take the fun out of everything, Stark. I won't say a word of this to her. Thank your gods it wasn’t Rhaegar who found you. Now leave.”

When Jon was finally out and back at the path leading to the Stark mansion he let out the air he didn’t know he had been holding the whole time.

Dany was not in King’s Landing. She wasn't.

A feeling of utter disappointment took over his entire body. He was angry. At himself. And he didn't know if it was because he had been stupid enough to believe in a serendipitous encounter or because he couldn't believe how disappointed he was at the idea of her not being there and how much he had found out he still missed her, or at least… the idea of her.

Ghost seemed eager to run and play through the little woods that stood between the two estates but Jon was having none of it. When they arrived at the Stark mansion he bitterly went inside and told one of the employees to please look after his wolf. Next thing he hid in his room and didn't come out of it for the rest of the evening.

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Daenerys wasn't sure if Tyrion had been joking or not. Probably not... It was well known Westeros was really not a democracy, at least not when it came to the original meaning of the word. Firstly, because, although Starks and Targaryens were not part of the political elite, they were the wealthiest families in the country and as such, they had a lot of influence and a say in all matters. Secondly, because, although the country was a republic in which people voted for their representatives, the main aristocratic families had never actually lost any power. To this day, almost every president, minister, governor and the rest of civil servants were (and had been) all part of one of them (Tyrell, Lannister, Tully, Arryn, Tarly, Reed and so on).
People were mostly ok with that though, and it mainly had to do with the fact that, overall, the country had been stable throughout the years (unemployment was little, there were good and free medical services, a good education system, etc.)

The only very grim problem one could say the country had faced since becoming a republic in 1818 had been the constant fighting between houses Stark and Targaryen.

In the middle of the 19th century, both families had decided to leave politics and become businessmen. Soon, they had built two great financial empires but also had become rivals. A war for industrial secrets, contracts and resources started then and things got out of control. And not even the authorities could do much about for they were richer than the government itself. Like Tyrion’s father had said, those had been darker times. Thankfully, both Aerys and Eddard had realised nothing good had ever come out of it and had decided to lead their companies differently when they assuming their control.

Now that Daenerys was thinking about it again, it appeared everything made perfect sense: the agreement, the promises, the marriage, the people, Westeros.

_Fuck_, she thought bitterly. She understood where her parents stood and was coming to accept the fact that she had a duty, but the problem was she didn't know if she could resign herself to that idea and live a life pretending everything was alright.

Jon crossed her mind then. She really needed to talk to him as soon as possible. But _how?_  

A week went by like that and she still hadn’t reached him. She convinced herself it was because she _couldn’t_ but she knew it was only an excuse.

Some days later Missy just wouldn’t stop nagging her about it.

“Alright, alright, I’ll find him,” Daenerys shouted through the phone.

“How,” Missy replied, pushing her friend. She was currently in Mereen for a fashion show.

“I can go to Stark Corp and ask,” Daenerys replied easily.

“Good morning, Miss,” Missandei started imitating Daenerys' voice, "ahm, you probably know who I am and, well, you see, Jon Stark is my fiancée so I was hoping you could be kind enough to give me his number." She resumed her personification. "I cannot tell you, Daenerys, how many things are wrong with that! For starters, I'm pretty sure employees do not know their boss' son personal phone number. Also, if you're his fiancée, how is it that you don't know his number? And lastly, why would Daenerys Targaryen herself ask anything about her fiancée at his company’s front desk."

“Ok, ok, I get it! You don’t have to be mean.”

“Well, apparently it's the only way to convince you to do this. I’ve already told you how you can contact him, you just don't want to do it.”

“I’m not calling Robb, Missandei.”

“But why not! He’s Jon’s brother! That’s like a hundred times simpler than to go asking around at Stark Corp. I’m sure he knows about the engagement.”

“I said no.”
“Well then ask your father. He must have Jon’s number, or at least Mr Stark’s.”

“What? No. That’s even a worse idea.”

“D, c’mon, it was one kiss. Gods! Plus, it was years ago.”

Daenerys didn’t know why she felt so bad about it, Missy was right, it had been one kiss, but… Even back then, she had not felt it was right. In any case, Missy was also right about the fact that she couldn’t keep avoiding Jon. “Fine. I’ll call Robb, but know that I hate you.”

“Brilliant,” Missy said triumphantly. “You let us know what he says. And no, you don’t, you love me and you know it. Now I have to go to a fitting. Please don’t make this any harder than it has to be. Big hug.” Missy hung up, leaving behind a resigned Daenerys.

She couldn’t believe she would actually have to call Robb Stark after their last encounter... One kiss... One bloody kiss.

Oh, dear lord of light, if she had known she would eventually marry Jon she would have never kissed Robb! Her fiancé’s... brother. Fuck. Even worse was that, technically, she had known. She had already known by then about the engagement but had decided to completely ignore it.

Well, Daenerys was resolved to stay positive. After kissing her fiancé's brother, things couldn't get any worse, could they?

*****

After his failed mission at the Targaryen mansion, Jon wanted nothing else than to avoid talking about anything marriage-related.

If only his family could let him be.

“So.... Have you talked to Daenerys yet?” Robb asked while having some ice cream at the kitchen with Jon. He had arrived early from work and wanted to spend a few minutes with his younger brother. Grey Wind and Ghost happily enjoyed their dinner while the siblings caught up.

“No,” Jon answer plainly wondering why Robb cared. His brother had probably good intentions but he couldn’t help but feel annoyed and frustrated every time someone brought Dany or the engagement up. His mother had called him, Arya had called him (she was thrilled), and he had made the mistake of telling Sam, so now he was also calling him to check up on that.

“You know you can’t avoid the whole thing forever,” Robb said matter-of-factly.

“I know.”

“So...”

“So I’ll talk to her.”

“When?”

Jon was truly annoyed now. “Robb, why do you care? I mean, seriously, mate. Can everybody just stop pressuring me! I’ll talk to Dany when I feel like talking to Dany.”

Robb was a little startled at Jon's outburst. “I care because you’re my brother and I want what’s best for you, always. Even if the situation you're in is a little fucked up, you have to make the best out of it.”
Jon stopped eating his ice cream altogether. “A little?”

Robb chuckled, tensely. “Alright, very fucked up. But, hey, it's Dany--”

Jon gave him a look.

“It's Daenerys we're talking about. She was your friend, we grew up together, I don't think it's that bad, right? Plus, she's really pretty.”

“I wouldn't know, Robb. The last time I saw her she was fifteen, I’m sure she’s not a girl anymore. But that doesn't really matter, now, does it? Even if now she is a very ugly woman.” Jon was certain that couldn’t be true, though. Everybody knew the Targaryens were all beautiful, both men and women. And Dany... Well, she had been the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. No one could compare. If only, she’d be ten times prettier now.

“Aye, of course. Still, I can tell you she is very pretty.”

Jon furrowed his brows, a bit confused. “And how exactly would you know that.”

An awkward silence followed where Robb seemed to regret his words. “What? I mean, nothing in particular. It’s just that, well, you don’t have social media but I do.”

“You follow her on Instagram?” Jon asked incredulously.

“Actually… I’m friends with her on Facebook.”

That was new, Jon thought. He wasn't mad at it or anything, he just thought it curious Robb had never mentioned it.

Robb felt a little weird telling his brother about it... As if he had done something wrong. Sometimes, Jon could take things very personally.

Jon sighed, putting everything back on its place. “I really don’t want to continue this conversation. I’m tired.”

Robb nodded, letting him do his thing. Jon was clearly upset but Robb thought it better to let him go. His brother went out of the kitchen with Ghost following along.

“I almost screwed up, boy,” Robb told Grey Wind. “Anyway, c'mon, let’s go to bed.”

Having mentioned social media, Robb decided to check his Facebook before going to bed. Although he had an account, he didn’t really use it much except to look for funny memes. Daenerys’ bright smile appeared on the screen.

Aye, really pretty.

Chapter End Notes

Isn't Ghost the cutest? I could perfectly picture him sniffing around and playing with the roses in the garden. lol

I never mentioned it but Jon is 25, Dany 24 and Robb 28, their ages are not really
important but just so you can have an idea. :) 

Sorry for not uploading earlier, it took me longer than expected to write this chapter. I hope you like it! We are closer to the big reencounter!
I apologise in advance because I know you won’t like the way this chapter ends, it’s just a fill in chapter but I had to put it somewhere. I swear starting with the next one there will be more action.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ok. It was now or never.

Daenerys was having some tea at a nice little downtown shop when she decided to call Robb, he would surely know where Jon was.

“Hello?” His northern accent took her by surprise. It had been long since she had spoken to a northerner as there weren’t many in Pentos. That aside, it had been long since she had spoken to Robb Stark. Last time she had seen him had been two years ago at a party in Meereen. They had spent a good time but, still, it was so unlike her to be calling him.

“Hey... Hey, Robb, it’s Daenerys.” She hated herself for stuttering.

Her interlocutor chuckled. “I know, I could see your name on the screen.”
Right, she was an idiot. “Of course!” She chuckled as well trying to hide her nervousness. “So… Can you tell me Jon’s number? I really need to talk to him.” Fuck small talk, she needed answers.

“Wow, not even a ‘How are you doing, Robb?’ or ‘Hey! What you’ve been up to!’” He falsely complained. “I thought we were friends, D. It’s good hearing from you, even if it’s only to ask for my brother’s number…I feel kind of offended, to be honest.”

Friends? They had only talked a few times while she was in Essos. Whatever, she thought, she’d go along with that. She laughed a little to ease things. “Sorry, Robb. That was kind of rude, wasn’t it? How are you doing?”

“I’m doing great, D, thanks for asking.” Daenerys could practically see his wide smile as he said this. "I’m in charge of the Stark Corp ‘Kel’ branch, so I’ve been living in the capital for a while now. How about you?”

Robb was at King’s Landing? Well, it wasn’t that surprising. She had always known Robb would eventually end up here managing his family’s affairs. Then it hit her. Did he had just referred to King’s Landing as ‘Kel’? What was he, fifteen? Only very young people or adults trying to be “cool” referred to King’s Landing like that. She didn’t even get it. K.L.=Kel. Stupid. She decided not to say anything about it.

“What a coincidence! I just moved to King’s Landing myself! Maybe we can catch up one day?” She wasn’t really interested but… At the same time, Robb had always had an effect on her. Whatever he said just seemed fine. Go out for coffee? Fine. Go out to dinner? Fine. He always knew what to say.

“Sure thing, D. It’d be awesome to catch up,” he replied and then went silent.

Dany furrowed her brows, impatient. Had he forgotten she had asked him for Jon’s number or was he deliberately not giving it to her?

“Robb? Ahm… Jon’s number?”

“Oh, right! I’ll text it to you…” He made another pause. "Actually,” he seemed to be considering something, “we are going out for some drinks tonight. Perhaps… you want to join us?”

The offer took Dany off guard. Had he just asked her to go out with him and Jon? It seemed a bit odd.

Wait, wait. That meant...

Was Jon in King's Landing?

Why? When? How?

Had he been here the whole time? Wasn’t he supposed to be somewhere in Freeland! She panicked a little.

Daenerys had thought about talking to him to schedule some kind of meeting but not to actually see him so soon and definitely not tonight.

Then again, it was probably all for the best. It was better to have the conversation about their impending marriage face to face and it was not like they had plenty of time. But… Was she ready to see him? Tonight? She hadn’t been expecting that.
Robb’s proposition didn’t sound so bad anymore, maybe his presence could make everything... less awkward? Although she would definitely text Jon to let him know she was coming. It felt weird not to as if she and Robb were somehow closer than what they actually were.

She tried to hide the surprise in her voice. “Drinks? Yeah, ok, sounds good.”

Robb told her the time and place and then hung up.

*Well, that was something,* she thought, drinking her gloriously delicious chai.

Then it hit her.

She would be seeing *Jon. Tonight.* After 9 years of not knowing anything about him. Jon. Her fiance (that sounded weird). Tonight. After 9 years.

*Fuck.*

She immediately started thinking about what she would wear. Not that it matter, of course.

She had to text the girls about it and so she did. Unsurprisingly, Missandei scolded her for agreeing on having her first encounter with Jon, with Robb in the middle.

After moving past that topic, however, Missy asked:

**Missy: Are you sure you’re not dressing up for Jon? ;)**

Dany rolled her eyes.

**Dany: Of course not. You know I just love to look my best at all times.**

**Yara: Maybe dressing up for Robb, then? ;)**

**Dany: What? Why would you even think that?**

**Yara: Oh, c’mon, D, you had a major crush on him.**

**Dany: Damn right HAD.**

**Missy: You know we’re just teasing. Enjoy your night lol. Have to go back to work.**

**Yara: Me too. Good luck, D. You can do this! xoxo**

**Dany: Love you both! Pray for me or something xD**

**Missy: Sure thing :)**

**Yara: Already on it :P**

She put her phone down and took one more sip of her warm tea, focusing on the passersby. She didn't want to overthink the situation in order to avoid getting nervous.

Suddenly, a very nice car parked in front of the shop from which a handsome man stepped down. Daenerys noticed then the big DW sign on it and the man's auburn hair.

*Hells, no. It couldn’t be.*
Robb Stark started walking towards the very same coffee shop she was at. Daenerys thought about hiding but knew it would be pointless. When Robb opened the door, he immediately noticed her and Daenerys cursed her platinum hair for the first time.

“I can't believe this,” he exclaimed, widely smiling, "and they say Kel is a big city. You’re here at the very same coffee shop I come to almost daily.” It was evident he was very pleased to see her.

“Really? What a coincidence!” Daenerys replied, mirroring Robb’s excitement however not feeling it at all. She really didn’t want to have this conversation. “It’s the first time I come here, actually. I was very disappointed to find out the one I used to like closed last year.”

“Sorry about that,” he said sincerely, "I hope you find this one to your liking. They have the best espressos.”

Daenerys never drank espressos, as a matter of fact, she didn't even like coffee that much but she knew northerners were crazy about it. Maybe it had to do with the fact the North had a harsher, sombre weather. “I’ll make sure to try them,” she said.

Robb seemed eager to say something more but Daenerys cut him. “Hey, you should really order, you know? You’re literally blocking the way,” she partially joked, forcing a laugh.

“Oh, right. What a fool,” he said sheepishly. He got to the counter and ordered his coffee.

Daenerys thought about leaving but she also didn't want to be rude. Surely Robb wouldn't stay long and, thankfully, when he came back from the counter with his espresso in hand, he explained it was such a shame he was in a hurry because he would have loved to stay and talk.

“Don’t worry about it,” Daenerys said nonchalantly.

“Well, I can drop you off wherever you’re going.” Spending time within a close space making small talk looked like torture. So, no, that wasn't happening.

“Thanks, Robb but a friend is waiting for me just a few blocks from here. I like to walk.” It wasn’t true, but, again, she wasn’t about to get in Robb Stark’s car. It felt weird to be talking to Robb without having met Jon first. The one she was supposed to be talking to was Jon, not Robb.

“Alright then,” he relented. He did look a bit disappointed.

“It was good meeting you, Robb,” she mentioned politely.

“We’ll catch up later right?” He asked. The disappointment was gone and its place his dazzling charisma and overflowing confidence were back on.

Daenerys nodded.

“And don’t forget about tonight. See you at nine!” He opened the door and flashed one last smile at Daenerys.

“See you!”

Thank the gods he was gone.

She had been doing a great job avoiding to get nervous but right now everything was ruined. She regretted having accepted Robb’s invitation.

Daenerys realised now it was a bad idea that Robb would be present when she met Jon. It wouldn't
make things less awkward, it would make them more awkward. He was nice and all but she and Jon had very important things to discuss and she didn’t want to be distracted by him. However, it was too late to do anything about it.

She got home around four. Her parents were already in Dragonstone, and Vis and Rhae were working so she was all by herself. After eating, Daenerys decided to start getting ready. It was a bit too early but a little self-care didn’t hurt anybody. A long bath sounded like a great idea.

While picking out her outfit and putting her makeup on, she couldn’t help but think about what Yara had said. Was she dressing up for Robb? She had to admit it was true that she’d had a crush on him back when she lived in Essos and he was still the most handsome guy in the country.

Growing up next to the Starks, Robb had always been like a brother. He was the same age as Viserys so Dany had only looked at him as such. Apart from Jon, Robb was the only other Stark she had really had contact with. Well, and Arya but she had almost been a baby and her relationship with the girl had consisted of telling her stories while Daenerys braided Sansa’s hair.

Nevertheless, everything changed when she had met him in Pentos shortly after arriving there. She had been greatly shocked to see him there, but also very pleased.

She had run into him at a charity gala for raising money for orphanages. Both Stark Corp and Targaryen Inc would be donating some million dragons to the cause so they were there representing their families.

*Daenerys was chatting with some acquaintances about the awfully hot weather when she felt a hand pose over her right shoulder.*

"Daenerys?" A masculine voice called her name. Daenerys turned and, to her surprise, she bumped into blue eyes and auburn hair. Robb Stark stood before her, showing off his signature dazzling smile. "How long has it been? I didn't know you were going to be here."

"Robb?" Daenerys blushed a little, he was VERY handsome. "Look who the old gods have brought all the way to Pentos. The one and only young wolf."

Robb frowned, chuckling."Please, don't call me that. It's ridiculous. The press is certainly not as creative as it used to be. Coming from you it's even worse."

Daenerys giggled. It was true though, the nicknames the press came out with were awful. "Well, it's good to see you, Robb Stark."

"You too, Daenerys Targaryen," he replied, eyes sparkling. He had a very Tully air to him, Daenerys thought, she could perfectly see Cate in his features.

They spent most of the gala catching up and that was the first time Daenerys heard from Jon in years. "He moved out to pursue his degree in Economics at Freefolk's," Robb informed.

"He did?" Daenerys said incredulously, sounding a bit more bitter than she had wanted to. She couldn't understand Jon's decision when all he’d done when they were younger was talk about going to Dorne or the Reach (or whatever place with warmer weather he could find) to study Literature. At the same time, it wasn't surprising at all. When one thought Jon would do something, he ended up doing the complete opposite.
"Well, good for him," Daenerys replied after realising she'd stopped talking as she mused over Jon's actions.

"I thought you knew; that you two were friends." Robb seemed perplexed.

Daenerys felt a hole form in her stomach. The answer was still painful. "We were, but it's been long since we lost contact." She grinned, trying to ease the situation, to pretend she was fine.

"Oh...I didn't know that," Robb tried to speak as nonchalantly as he could, "then again, I don't many things about Jon. You know he's always been on the quiet side."

Not with me, Daenerys thought. She remembered spending days and days from morning to night having endless conversations with him. However, her charade had to go on. "Yes, well, that is Jon Snow, isn't it?"

After that first encounter, she had met Robb five or six times more at different events all around Essos and they would usually spend the night talking and laughing. He could tell the funniest jokes and hold very interesting conversations.

Daenerys had realised Robb liked her since that time at the charity gala. He would sometimes hold her hand or take a strand of hair out of her face and Daenerys had been flattered. Every girl in Westeros dreamt about Robb Stark and there he was being nice to her. However, even if she did feel some butterflies whenever he was around, she knew now it had been nothing but a little infatuation, at least on her part. Especially since the night that he had kissed her.

Daenerys, Yara and Missy were in Meereen to celebrate Yara’s birthday along with some other friends. Theon was there and had brought Gendry --aka the soul of the party-- with him. Much to Daenerys' disappointment, however, there was no sight of Jon and she hated herself for having harboured a tiny hope that he would be there when it made all the sense in the world that he wouldn't. Jon had completely vanished and not even Gendry or Sam knew much about him.

The party had been amazing, full of good drinks, good music and good company. Theon had gone to the extent of renting a yacht and while they were there, a firework show had surprised them. Daenerys didn’t know how but she had ended up all alone with Robb after the fireworks were over. She was a little tipsy and tired but not enough for it to be dangerous or embarrassing.

Robb started talking about how afraid he was of the future. Ned wanted him to move to KL and start working as soon as possible. Robb knew ever since he was old enough to understand anything that he would eventually be in charge of Stark Corp. He had dreamt about that his entire life but now that it was right there in front of him, he was second guessing himself. What if he wasn’t good enough? What if he disappointed his father?

“You’re going to be just fine, Robb,” Daenerys reassured him. “Like you said, you’ve been preparing your whole life for this. You are responsible, super smart and hardworking, Stark Corp could not be in better hands. Besides, your father is strong and healthy, it will be years and years before you have to take his place. Don’t worry about that now.”
Robb spoke melancholically. “I think everything would be easier if Jon was here, you know? He could help me, just like your brothers help each other.”

Daenerys’ heart started beating faster at the mention of Jon. She dared futher the topic. “And why isn’t he? I never understood why did your father never push him to work at Stark Corp.”

Robb was tense. “Jon has... other duties.”

It was clear Robb would not give her anymore details so she didn't press for more information. She even believed it was better if she talked the least she could about Jon. “Well, if I ever meet him again, I’ll make sure to tell him he’s the worst brother ever. Even if he’s not planning on helping you with the company, he should be there when you move to King’s Landing.”

“If you ever meet him again…” Robb’s voice was almost inaudible.

Out of nowhere, he put his hand on her right cheek and two seconds later his lips were on hers. Daenerys had been taken completely off guard and had no idea of what to do.

She didn't even remember if she had kissed him back. Had she? The only thing she remembered was feeling it didn’t feel right. Somehow, it just didn’t. When Robb had started looking at her that way she had imagined how amazing it would be to kiss him, how many things she would feel but… nope. There had been nothing extraordinary about it. It had been a good kiss, given, but nothing to flip her out of her senses.

When the kiss stopped, Robb looked at her, trying to assess her reaction. Not wanting to be completely rude but also not very pleased with the situation, Daenerys limited to smiling and telling Robb she really needed to go inside and see if Yara and Missy had not turned into a hot mess with so much alcohol going around. Robb said nothing.

Daenerys had not seen him again until a few hours ago at the coffee shop.

Replaying that moment in her head, a realisation dawned on her.

Back then, she had not understood what Robb meant when he referred to Jon having other duties and assumed Jon had had, indeed, other duties, regarding perhaps the company or another family matter. She never would have guessed Robb was actually referring to--

Fuck.

Wait. Did that mean... Robb... knew? Back then?

He knew. He had known already and he had still kissed her!

Whyyyyy?

Looking at the clock, she became aware she had no time left to sit and dwell about the matter so she would have to do it later, however, she did take a mental note about it.

Before leaving her room, she took one last glance at her reflection on the mirror. She looked good. She had chosen a black dress, black heels and a very dark red lip colour to complement her look.
No, not for Robb, Daenerys thought. She was surely dressing up for Jon, she was convinced of it. She was dying to see him. She wanted to blow up his mind and show him what he had missed all these years. If there was one wolf her heart had always been fond of, it was the white one, never the young one.

She laughed inwardly at the absurdity of that sentence.

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Robb had had such a busy day full of meetings and presentations, he had completely forgotten to tell Jon that Daenerys was joining them for drinks. He reckoned it was better late than never so he blurted it out while driving towards the nightlife district of the city.

“What!” Jon nearly choked, even pulling down the car's window to get a bit of fresh air. Thank the gods he wasn’t the one at the wheel.

“I’m sorry!” Robb tried to excuse himself. "She rang me this morning, asking for you. Something you didn’t do, by the way, and… Well, it just seemed like a good idea. Otherwise, you were both going to lose more time. Your engagement party is in two months, Jon.”

“One month and two weeks,” Jon corrected his brother, though it made no sense to do that. He still couldn't believe what Robb had done.

**WHAT? Dany was in King's Landing?**

But… Viserys had said she wasn't… Had he been playing with him? It wouldn't be a surprise, actually. Jon went back to the conversation and remembered his words: “She's not here and she’d killed you if she knew you sneaked into her room.”

Maybe he only meant she wasn't there at the moment? Whatever. She was in KL and Robb had asked her to join them for drinks.

“Say something!” Robb exclaimed a little too loud.

“What do you want me to say! You just… Right now… I don't...” He exhaled loudly. “I’m not prepared for this, Robb. She’s my fucking fiancée but I haven't seen her in years! And, now, after all these years, she suddenly arranges a meet up with my brother?”

“It wasn't her,” Robb defended, "I told you it was me who offered.”

“Whatever. I’m seeing her now and it’s all your fault. I was really looking forward to relaxing this evening.” He really had been.

“C’mon, Jon! It’s Daenerys we’re talking about. I’m not taking you to a blind date. Aye, it may be a little awkward at the beginning but I’m sure you’ll hit it off instantly like you always did; like in the old days.”

Jon knew he wouldn't be this nervous if he was on his way to a blind date. He only hoped Robb was right.

Robb parked the car and they went inside. Jon had to admit the bar his brother had chosen was very nice. Good drinks, good music. But Jon couldn’t focus on anything. The minute he had set foot on it, he had started scanning the place, looking for Dany. It didn't help it was starting to get crowded. He felt both relieved and more anxious when he didn’t see her.
Robb suggested he'd pick a table while Jon got the drinks.

Following this, Jon went to order at the bar and ten bloody minutes later the barman finally had them ready. Jon grabbed them and turned around to start walking back.

He froze on the spot.

The world stopped.

And only for the grace of the gods did he not drop the precious liquors on the floor.

*Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

There she was.

No one else in the entire damned world looked like that. Her platinum hair and violet eyes were unique and unmistakable. Even among other Targaryens, Dany had always stood out.

A memory of their shared childhood blurred his vision for a moment. As a girl, she had been the most beautiful being he’d ever seen but… The years had only made her prettier (as he had presumed).

She was not a girl anymore, he realised, she was a woman.

He couldn’t move, couldn’t think. He just stood there, watching her as she greeted Robb.

Frowning, Jon noticed that Robb’s eyes shone brightly while he talked to her and that Dany let her hand rest on his arm during their whole interaction. It was annoying, but he was more bothered by the fact that it annoyed him.

Suddenly, her eyes found him and her face grew serious. His hands started sweating, his pulse fastened and he swallowed the lump that had formed on his throat, totally baffled by her presence that seemed to seize the whole room.

Then, as he approached them, she smirked.

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### Chapter End Notes

PLEASE DON’T HATE ME MUCH! I know everyone wanted the meeting to be in this chapter but I just couldn’t make it happen. If I had put the meeting here it would have been a very, VERY long chapter because I really want to describe it extensively, amnnndd I also considered it was a good time to talk about Robb’s and Dany’s history with each other and the whole kiss thing before she met Jon again. I promise next chapter is all jonerys-centred and it will be worth it! (I hope!). Again, sorry for dragging this so much. :

P.S. This is how I imagine Dany’s look but with a dark red lip color. Very Targaryen :) https://www.missguided.co.uk/strappy-scoop-neck-midi-dress-black
Finally! Jon and Dany will meet. But first, I apologise deeply because I'm sure you got the notification saying chapter 5 was up and then you could not find it. What happened is, I wrote it in a rush and posted it, however, I regretted it almost instantly so I decided to take it down. It was very messy and I think it lacked some feelings. Major thanks to user "larshans" -who I believe was the only one who could read it before I took it down- for having noticed it and giving me his/her opinion. Again, I'm so sorry.

Anyway, without further ado here is chapter 5. It's a little long so I hope you like it. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On her way to the club, Daenerys realised Robb had never given her Jon’s number. She felt terrible she had not been able to write to him in advance to inform him about her intrusion to their Friday
night and to just let him know she was in the city. She didn't want to, but she couldn't help to wonder if Robb had done it on purpose. No, she convinced herself, he probably just forgot, he’s a busy man, D. Surely her nerves were getting the worst of her.

Daenerys told Barristan that he could have the night for himself given that she didn't know how long she would be staying, so taking an Uber back home was easier. However, Barristan informed her he’d rather wait for her; there was no chance he would leave her alone at night. Daenerys knew he had the best intentions but she really didn't want to make him stay up late. He was getting older even if it didn’t show, and even if he didn't want to admit it. So she took her time to convince and, after a while, he finally had to give in.

“I don’t want to intrude, Little Miss, but may I ask who are you meeting? Perhaps that way I can rest a little better.” The old man always had her best interest and Daenerys was more than thankful for having him in her life.

“It’s alright if it helps you,” she said sweetly. “I’m meeting Jon, Barristan. Remember him?”

“Oh, one of the little wolves.” Barristan grinned. ”That Stark boy would always bother me when he visited and didn’t find you. He was very clever and curious. I’m assuming he’s still the same?” He didn’t wait for an answer. “I guess, then, I don’t have much to worry about.”

He stopped the SUV right in front of the entrance and waved Daenerys goodbye as she stepped down.

What did he mean "I don’t have much to worry about"? She was about to enter unknown territory and Barristan had said he didn't have much to worry about. What if Jon turned out to be a serial killer or what if both Robb and Jon kidnapped her and-- Her mind was really playing tricks on her. She didn't want to admit she was horribly anxious.

Barristan was right, there wasn't much to worry about, she convinced herself as memories of her childhood flooded her mind. Barristan had always had a soft spot for Jon. Sometimes, she remembered, she would get jealous of them for spending so much time together without her, doing the gods know what. Still, that had been years ago... How could Barristan be sure that Jon was still the same? There you go again, Daenerys, stop it.

Barristan was most likely right, maybe Jon was still the same. The brightest, funniest, most amazing guy Daenerys had ever met; her best friend. Jon was the only person in the world that got her perfectly. It had been very hard to finish high school and go through uni knowing he wasn’t there, supporting her.

Fuck it. So what if they were meeting under shitty circumstances, she was genuinely looking forward to seeing him and talk to him again. She wanted to know where he had been, what he had done all these years, why he had decided to go to Freeland. She even wanted to know how Arya was doing, she missed the little girl’s enthusiasm, the same with Sansa, Bran and Rickon. They are surely all grown up now, she reckoned. Especially Rickon, he had only been a one-year-old baby last time she saw him.

Daenerys decided she wouldn’t think about the forced marriage this evening. She wanted to have a nice time with Jon and then, later, they would talk about the serious stuff. She knew they had to, but one night of pretending they were just old friends reuniting surely could make no harm. Tonight she was not Daenerys Targaryen, heiress to a historic legacy, millions of dragons and just about the same number of responsibilities. Tonight, she was Dany.

Before going in, she came across some old acquaintances smoking and laughing by the club's
entrance. She greeted them but totally turned down their invitations to go somewhere else. They kept asking her questions and she was getting frustrated with every minute that passed, she needed to find Jon.

Pulling out her sweetest smile, she told them she really needed to go as someone was waiting for her inside. She finally was rid of them and went in, walking through the crowd.

Once more, Robb spotted her right away and waved to get her attention. Excited, Daenerys walked towards him and realised Jon wasn’t with him. She panicked. Had he cancelled? Had he not want to see her? Did he even know she was coming? Her brain came up with the worst scenarios. She didn't know if she could take that kind of rejection.

“Hey there,” Robb greeted happily.

Daenerys grabbed Robb's arm as she felt she could fall at any time given how nervous she was. “Hey, Robb. This is a great place,” she said looking all around her as her hands became sweaty.

“It is, isn't it? I come here often, it belongs to a friend of mine.”

“Nice.” Daenerys couldn't take any more small talk. "... Where is Jon?” She didn't want to sound so desperate but she needed to know.

Robb smiled. “Don't worry, He'll be here any minute, he just went to the bar to get us some drinks.” Daenerys came back to life after hearing that. Jon wasn't avoiding her.

She turned to her left where the counter was and finally laid eyes on the man she had been wanting to talk to for days. The world seemed to disappear and Jon was the only thing left.

It dawned on her right then that she had been wanting to see him ever since the last day they had spent together nine years ago. Those eyes… Gods, she had missed those eyes so inexpressive to everyone else yet full of a world of meanings to her. And, oh boy, did he look fine. He was wearing all black, which totally suited him, and his curls framed his face heavenly. He looked dazzling; he emanated style and masculinity.

Jon started walking towards them. With each step he took closer to her, Daenerys felt the need of shouting how happy she was. When stood before her, her body acted in its own accord, practically jumping over him. She had been unable to help it. She needed to touch him as if to make sure he was truly there, standing in front of her. Before she could even consider it, her arms had been already around him. She didn't know where her reaction had come from but hugging him felt so right. Jon had had to make a great effort not to spill the drinks he was carrying. He didn't hug her back.

Suddenly, realising what had just happened, she felt like the stupidest, clumsiest girl in the world. Seven hells, you're not a little girl anymore. Daenerys. So just as fast as she had hugged him, she put distance between them.

Jon did not move, did not speak. He simply stood there, quite stunned, observing her.

Of course he didn't hug you. What’s wrong with you, D? You haven't seen the man in nine years! Still, it was deeply embarrassing and hurtful that he had not corresponded.

“Dany,” Jon said eventually, however, he'd said it so low she had almost missed it.

Dany. The word resonated within her ears. It had been nine years since she had been addressed like that. No one called her that but Jon. Only Jon. He had come up with the moniker one day while
Jon had already found everyone but Daenerys. After looking for her for a while, Robb and their friends had grown tired of it and told Jon she had probably gone home.

Jon didn’t care what Robb said, he would find her. He decided to try further away than he’d originally thought, by the trees over the path to her house. “Dany! Dany! Where are you?” He shouted.

“Who’s Dany?” A voice said from above.

He looked up and found Dany standing on the branch of a tree. “What are you doing up there!” He exclaimed, worried. “You could fall!”

Dany descended gracefully as if it was the easiest thing in the world. “Oh, come on. Don’t be such a baby.”

Jon omitted her comment.

“You didn’t tell me, though. Who’s Dany?” She asked, looking straight at him with her big violet eyes.

“Who else but you, silly. You’re Dany. You are my most special friend in the world and I want to call you something as special, something different from what everyone else calls you. Only I get to call you Dany. Deal?”

Dany didn’t respond right away, letting him believe she was actually considering it. She had known the answer before he had even asked.

Jon got nervous. “Dan--. Daenerys?”

“Got ya!” Dany laughed at his reaction. “Of course is a deal! You are my best friend, Jon! I promise no one else will call me that. Only you. Forever.”

“Forever.” Jon repeated, smiling.

Those days were gone, she figured. The bright lights and loud music brought Daenerys back to the present. Jon was still standing with the drinks on his hands, staring at her.

“Snow,” she plainly called him.

Jon's face morphed and with it the atmosphere. He'd looked amazed and expectant, now he was all but.

*****

Snow?

She had almost just left him out of breath with an unexpected yet welcomed hugged and now... Snow?

That had been her choice of words? She had never called him that. Only a handful of friends and acquaintances called him that. They said it matched perfectly with his cold personality and brooding nature which made him uncaring about what other people thought. He didn’t like it
much, actually, let alone coming from her. She was his Dany, what did she mean 'Snow'? Well, he
gave it another thought, she had been his Dany. He guessed things were different now.

Looking at her, Jon was very confused. On one hand, he could perfectly see the girl whom he had
called a best friend since the moment he had learned how to speak. He could see her expressive yet
shy eyes, her lovely almost white hair tied in intricate braids and the kind smile he had dreamt of
thousands of times.

On the other, however, the woman before him had nothing to do with that memory. She was
stunning and rather intimidating despite her short height. She had a luring silhouette with delightful
curves and a mane of stylish curls that fell loose on her back. Those curves had definitely not been
there before. Her eyes kept no trace of the shyness he remembered and in its place, only a naughty
dare was there along with a playful grin.

The woman exuded confidence but also a little narcissistic air which could only be a part of
someone who had been raised for grandness and with the privileges only a few could imagine.
Overall, Jon reckoned, she was perfect... But it felt like he was meeting with a stranger.

Jon’s feelings were entirely mixed up. He was overwhelmed. How was he supposed to act in front
of this Dany or Daenerys? Was she still his best friend or was there an expiration date to
relationships like that? He had missed her so much yet, somehow, it didn't seem like this woman
was his best friend. And he really, really didn’t feel like making small talk with a stranger.

On second thought, he decided, he didn’t feel like talking at all. Seeing her had also reminded him
of the reason they had to be meeting in the first place. Jon couldn’t stop thinking about their
situation. His father’s voice rumbled within his head “Son, I was not asking for your opinion. This
is a decision that has been made. It was made years ago and now has been reaffirmed. You will
marry Daenerys.”

Jon had not been prepared to see her again, this had been Robb's doing, not his. Of course he had
been thinking about the marriage but he hadn’t really thought as to what he would do when he met
Dany again. He hadn’t had time to prepare. He had only got to know this was happening like five
minutes ago in the car.

Her voice pulled him out of his trance.

“I was just about to tell Robb this city sure is small. I already encountered some old friends at the
entrance, not to mention I ran into him this afternoon,” she chuckled. The sound threatened to flood
his mind with a whole array of memories but he fought it to stay focused on the present.

Wait, what.

Robb finally spoke, following the line of Dany's comment. “I popped in my go-to coffee shop for
my espresso like I do every day and there she was. What a coincidence, am I right?”

Jon couldn’t believe it. Robb had not only asked Dany for drinks without consulting him but he had
also already seen her? And he hadn't said anything about it? He didn't know what upset him the
most.

Of course Robb had been luckier -as usual- and had met her before him. Jon had gone to the extent
of intruding into the Targaryen mansion but Robb had been the one to run into Dany casually at a
coffee shop. Bloody hells.

“Aye, what a coincidence,” he replied, trying to sound as nonchalant as he could. He felt so
bothered by the whole situation. But… Why?

He didn’t have the right to feel jealous about anything.

Wow, jealous was a strong word.

He tried to briefly analyse his feelings as Robb and Dany stared at him, waiting for an answer, or at least a reaction.

Jealous? Was he? He couldn’t be. Yes, Dany was her fiancée and they were getting married in some months but it wasn’t because they had chosen to, it was a situation they had no control over. If it wasn’t for his and Dany's father, neither of them would be here. For all he knew, Dany could still be in Pentos doing whatever she was doing over there, maybe even dating Robb or whoever. She was certainly an attractive woman, he was sure she could have whatever man she wanted.

Unfortunately, Jon’s rational side was not winning this inner fight. He was jealous, damn jealous. Why did Robb get to meet her before him? And why does he seem so comfortable around her? Why does Dany seem so comfortable around him?

Was he overreacting?

They were getting married. She was his fiancée. She could not go around flirting with other men.

Fuck. If he was already this confused, he didn’t know how in the world he would endure the night.

Jon’s northern accent had also taken Daenerys by surprise. She had almost forgotten what it sounded like. It was definitely sexier than Robb’s, she decided.

Now that both of them stood before her, she could see Jon was the better looking, at least in her eyes. Robb’s reddish hair and soft, nice-looking features paled in comparison with Jon's raven-black curls and strong, precise features. Daenerys could not help but wonder why was Robb considered Westeros’ most eligible bachelor when clearly it was Jon.

Well, she cheekily thought, he’s not a bachelor anymore, is he? And he’s all yours, Daenerys.

She didn't know where that idea had come from. Stop it, Daenerys. Focus, she chided herself.

She noticed Jon's furrowed brows and the surprise in his grey eyes. She replayed in her head what Robb had just said and realised the situation. “You didn’t tell him?” She questioned Robb. Why hadn’t he? She felt bad already not having been able to text Jon she was coming.

Robb, too, realised what had happened. “As I told you,” he explained looking at Jon, "I was in a hurry and had lots of work all day. I just forgot… Sorry, mate.”

“Don’t sweat it,” Jon answered although he was obviously uncomfortable with that. Seven hells, Daenerys was uncomfortable with that, too. If their roles had been reversed, she would have been even more upset. She didn't know why though.

She could tell Jon was already overthinking and exaggerating the whole thing which was silly, but she totally got him.

“Sorry, Snow,” she apologised. She really felt bad about it. “I totally wanted to text you but I didn't have your number and just… things happened and--”
Jon stopped her. “It’s alright.” Daenerys knew what he actually meant was that it was, definitely, not alright. “We’re here now. It’s… nice to see you again, Dany, but please, stop calling me that.”

“I was just trying to be friendly,” she argued, "I’ve always thought the nickname it’s hilarious and pretty accurate. You were always a little cold,” she chuckled. “Oh, and it's really nice to see you, too.”

He didn't look pleased. “Whatever, just don’t.”

Was he upset with her? She wondered. “Seven, alright. Someone is a little grumpy tonight.” Jon kept his face unexpressive.

Putting the awkward situation behind, Daenerys tried to lighten up the mood by making a toast. “C’mon, let’s drink.” She took her gin & tonic (how did Jon know she liked gin & tonic btw) and the brothers followed along with their respective stouts. Northerners, Daenerys thought. Beer was definitely never an option for her.

“For nice reunions,” Robb said, lifting up his beer.

“For nice reunions,” Daenerys repeated as the three clashed their glasses.

After a sip of her drink, she smiled and looked towards Jon. She could feel her cheeks going red as she dared ask him a question. Her reaction was a surprise even to her, she had never experienced something of the sort. “So tell me, how have you been, Jon?” She wanted to know everything.

He barely looked at her. “Fine, I guess. Except for the fact that I totally dislike the idea of getting married against my will.”

His response had taken Daenerys off guard. “Wow, we’re going there already. And here I was thinking we could catch up and have a nice night before you brought that up,” she said bitterly. How could he be so emotionless about their reunion? She had been dying to see him but he only appeared annoyed.

“Seriously, Dany. You weren't dying to bring it up?” Jon said sarcastically.

“I wasn't." She replied, bothered, "I was actually looking forward to seeing you again, even if the conditions under which that had to happen are not ideal.”

“Ok, ok,” Jon relented, "let's pretend we are not actually engaged. I’ve been well, Dany, great actually. I came back to King’s Landing a couple of weeks ago. Before that, I spent seven years in Freeland. I graduated in Economics and then stayed to do some work.”

He seemed bored. And he didn't add a question for her to reply to, seemingly putting the conversation to an end.

To say he was confused and surprised was an understatement, Robb mused. This wasn't how he'd imagined Jon and Daenerys would act when they met each other again. When they were younger, they had been inseparable so he had assumed they simply wouldn't stop talking, laughing and enjoying each other's company. Presently, however, it seemed they would start fighting any moment now, throwing things around if possible.

“Why are you so rude, mate,” Robb genuinely asked his brother but was completely ignored by both Jon and Daenerys.

“You're angry. Why are you angry,” Daenerys confronted Jon. She felt disappointed and offended.
“I'm sorry if my enthusiastic welcoming bothered you. Won't happen again.”

“I'm not angry,” Jon stated.

“Yes, you are. I can tell.”

“No, you can’t.”

“Whenever you're angry you get a wrinkle between your eyes and your voice gets lower.”

“Stop analysing me, Daenerys. I said I'm not angry. You don't know me.”

That felt like a punch straight to her gut. She would have actually preferred getting hit than the pain she didn't know she would feel when realising the man across the table wasn’t the Jon in her mind, her best friend.

What had happened to them?

Alright, maybe he was right, they had not met in nine years so they didn’t know each other anymore, but why did he have to be such a dickhead about it.

She was about to reply when a pretty looking woman with chocolate brown curls and lively copper eyes approached their table.

Jon didn’t know why he was so defensive. He had not intended to speak to Dany like that but, for some reason, he couldn’t find it in him at that moment to be nice. Everything bothered him, from the way Robb smiled at Dany, to the turn the conversation had taken and the stupid music which was too loud to have any kind of decent interaction.

Jon didn't recognise the woman who had just approached, but the pleased smile that had appeared on her face after looking at Robb made him assume she did know his brother.

“Stark!” She greeted perkily. "Or... should I say, Starks?”

Robb’s eyes opened wide in surprise as he took her in and then greeted her back, smiling. “Marge? Seven, what are you doing here?”

Oh, Jon thought curiously, so this was the girl Robb always talked about. Jon felt he already knew Margaery already as Robb would always have a story to tell that involved her.

Margaery kissed Robb's cheek and embraced him.“Why didn't you tell me you were coming here tonight, Robbi boy? And with your brother and his girlfriend.”

Dany refuted her statement as on instinct. “I'm not his girlfriend.”

Jon restrained himself from rolling his eyes. Seriously? Did she have to say that? And she was. Well, not his girlfriend, his bloody fiancée.

“Because you told me you’d be in Highgarden till next week,” Robb answered matter-of-factly.

“Oh, that's right. I had a sudden change of plans. It was so last minute I forgot to text you. I only arrived a couple of hours ago. Grandma wouldn't stop nagging about the gods know what and I couldn't take it anymore”. After she explained herself, awkward silence followed. The woman stared at Robb, expectant, but Robb appeared oblivious to whatever it was she was trying to
communicate.

“So... It seems this one,” she finally spoke, looking at Robb, "won't bother to introduce me so I'll just do it myself. I'm Margaery, it’s so nice to meet you. I’ve heard a lot about you two. Oh, and congrats on the engagement.” She regarded Jon and Dany with an honest smile.

The couple was stunned by her congratulation and immediately turned to Robb, demanding an explanation.

“I’m sorry, was I supposed to not know that?” She asked, truthfully preoccupied. “Robb told me about it some time ago. I've been dying to meet you since forever...”

Robb sheepishly smiled. “Aye, about that... Marge here is my best friend so she basically knows everything Stark related...” Jon and Dany were not pleased with the information given. "Sorry?" Robb added. "She wasn't supposed to tell you about it...” Robb and Margaery exchanged looks.

“You never mentioned it was a secret," Margaery defended herself. "Again, apologies.”

The engaged couple took a few seconds to ruminate about what had just transpired.

Dany was the first to speak. “Well, it's going to be common knowledge anytime soon so it doesn't really matter. I’m Daenerys,” she said extending her hand to the other woman.

Margaery chuckled, shaking her hand. “I know. It's kind of hard to mistake you.”

Suddenly, Jon regarded as it dawned on Daenerys who this woman was. It'd had happened the same thing to him back in the day. When Robb referred to her simply as Marge he hadn't thought much of it until it was more than obvious that this wasn't just any girl. “Are you Margaery... Tyrell?” Daenerys asked.

“The one and only,” Margaery replied. There was an instant connexion between them, Jon noticed, somehow the two already seemed to trust each other.

“The papers and magazines definitely do not do you justice," Dany commented.

“The same goes for you." Margaery turned to look at him. "And I figure... Jon. Right?”

“Aye.” They shook hands. “It's a pleasure, Margaery. I've heard of you, as well. Robb told me you met at the Grand Prix some years ago. You like cars like your brother?”

“Oh, I certainly don't. I hate the speed, actually, so I almost never make myself present at such events. But grandma made me go that one time... I guess something good came out of it,” she remarked, cheekily glancing at Robb.

Dany got excited about the topic. “I’ve always wanted to go to a Grand Prix but my family doesn’t like it either, even if we provide cars for it.”

Robb was about to reply to that when Margaery interrupted him. “I’ll take you. You don't have a choice now. I'll take you even if you say no.”

Margaery was really nice, Jon decided. One of those people one just knew were kind souls. Furthermore, she had unmistakably helped turn the atmosphere into something bearable.

“You should go at least once,” she continued, "I may not like the racing but Highgarden at that time of the year is fabulous. The weather, the food, the people, the partying... everything."
It really is, Jon mused, recalling some memories. Before going up to Freeland, Ned had taken the whole family twice to Highgarden’s Grand Prix which was held every year during March. He remembered how awesome the cars and drivers looked and how proud he had felt DW cars were always among the first ones. He was unaware that Dany had never been to one. He took a mental note on that.

Robb stood up and brought a chair from the table next to them. “Marge, come sit with us, don't just stand there.”

Jon tensed a bit at the offer. Although Margaery was truly a nice addition, Jon couldn’t believe his first encounter with Dany had become a group thing.

Not thinking too much about it, Margaery followed Robb's instructions and sat down. Immediately, however, she could feel the stiffness in the air and that made her somewhat uncomfortable. Robb should have never asked her to join them.

Margaery had never spent time with Jon before but she was certain this couldn't be the way he behaved normally; he'd been brooding for most of the time only answering with monosyllables. The same with Daenerys who, although trying her best to appear nonchalant, her eyes gave away her distress. Margaery decided then she didn't want to be a bother. She could tell this was supposed to be an important meeting and she had barged in, uninvited.

She considered taking one drink would be alright and then she would announce she needed to deal with something work-related. She concluded as well that it was essential that Robb came along with her.

During the time shared, Margaery had noticed something that utterly confused her. Robb had been flirting with Daenerys and Margaery could not believe he was doing it with Jon sitting right there with them. Clumsily, Daenerys had been avoiding his comments or looks by only addressing her, asking questions about Highgarden. The poor girl.

And why was Robb flirting with Daenerys in the first place? Margaery wondered. She would have to look into that later.

“Is this your bar?” Daenerys asked, putting an end to her brief analysis. “I thought you were into fashion.”

“My brother’s, actually, but he took some days off and asked if I could come by and see if everything was ok. And, yes, I am. I graduated from fashion school last year. It's actually so weird we have never met before. I’ve been to every Elia Martell show since I was a little girl.”

“What?” Daenerys exclaimed, "Really? And why didn’t I see you? I really don’t remember you being there.”

“I don’t remember you either.”

“That makes more sense," Jon mentioned, "Daenerys was almost always backstage, making sure the outfits and models were ready." Jon looked at Danerys with a light smile on his face. "Right?”

“Right,” Dany confirmed, quite stunned.

The smile was gone as soon as it had appeared. “Well, that was when we were young. No idea why you didn't meet after that.” Jon had realised that he'd almost let his memories cloud his mind. All of a sudden, Daenerys sweetly looked at him and extended her hand across the table to put it over his as if to comfort him, tracing little circles with her thumb.
What was she doing? He couldn’t read her, couldn’t understand her.

Firstly, there was the… flirting (?), going on with Robb. Given, it didn’t seem Dany was corresponding it but she wasn’t doing anything to deflect it either. What in the world was going on there?

Then, she had said he had always been cold.

Cold.

Cold? Well, yes, maybe, but not with her, never with her. How could she say that? Had she forgotten all their good moments together?

And then, there she was putting her hand over his. He couldn’t take the contact. It was too much. The minute her skin had touched him an electricity rush had gone through his entire body. He would have loved to turn his hand and hold hers, and then take her somewhere far away, but he remembered Robb was there and so was Margaery. And they were all in a club with dozens of people around them, probably wondering what two of the Starks, a Tyrell and a Targaryen were all doing together at a club.

Jon abruptly took away his hand so that Dany could not hold it anymore.

Margaery used that as her cue, she couldn’t take intruding anymore. Daenerys and Jon needed (wanted) to be alone, so she intervened. “Robb, can you help me? It’s something Loras asked me but I’m sure you’re better with money than I am.”

Robb snorted. “What, because I do business?”

“Just come with me,” she requested. Robb didn’t look convinced, though so she gave him a look and pretended to be offended. “Robb Stark, I’m not asking again.”

“Alright, alright, woman, no need to get angry.” He finished the last of his beer. "You know you can be a pain in the bum sometimes.” He stood up as Margaery mirrored him.

“Oh, please, you love me. Now c’mon and help me, and maybe you can buy me another drink too,” she japed.

“This is practically your club Marge, I don’t need to buy you anything,” Robb pointed out.

“Your lack of gentleman-like manners offends me.”

Already on their way, Margaery looked back and smiled at them. Jon felt really thankful for her consideration, but he also didn’t know if he liked the idea of being alone with Dany anymore.

He noticed Margaery stopped one of the club’s security men and whispered something to him. As an answer, the man simply nodded.

*****

Daenerys did not know how to feel anymore. It was evident Jon remembered little silly stuff from when they were younger like the fact they had spent so many times at the backstage of Elia’s shows. Daenerys had always loved fashion and the fact that her sister-in-law was a great fashion designer; being at the shows with Jon had been a plus. He was a fashionista as well, even if he had never admitted it (the suit he was wearing tonight was just one more proof of it).
The two of them would spend endless hours observing and helping all people running around, making sure the shows went on flawlessly. After she and Jon had stopped being in contact, Daenerys had continued visiting the shows and helping in whatever way she could. It was like a tradition to her. She really enjoyed supporting Elia.

At the same time, Jon had been oddly cold towards her. He hadn’t said much and he looked at her like he had just met her. He treated her like an unknown person, or like a distant acquaintance with whom you don’t entirely feel comfortable talking to. When he had mentioned the backstage thing, she had harboured hope. Maybe he was finally opening to her, so she held his hand to let him know that she felt the same way and that, regardless of everything else including the stupid forced marriage, she was still Dany and she remembered the same things.

One second later, however, he had treated her like she had the plague, pulling his hand away.

Why?

Her expectations on their reunion were shattering by the minute. The only thing she had been trying to do the whole night was to get Jon’s attention.

Thank the gods Margaery had taken Robb away. For some reason unbeknownst to her, he had been exceedingly comfortable with her. Did he still have a crush on her?

In any case, she really didn’t care. She didn’t want to say anything, though. That would just build up the tension and things were bad already. She didn’t want to upset Jon more than he already appeared to be, and she definitely didn’t want to cause a strain between them either. She knew Jon and Robb were really close.

Jon snorted. “This is ridiculous.”

“What is?”

“This,” he said, pointing at them and the crowd.

“What do you m—” She was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a security man.

“Good night Miss Targaryen, Mr Stark,” he greeted, ”Miss Tyrell informed me you would be occupying one of the VIP rooms so I’m here to take you.”

“What?” Daenerys said confused, this was so unexpected. Jon grinned, looking down to his beer. He apparently found something funny about the situation.

“Please, follow me,”, the man instructed.

Jon finished his beer in with one last gulp and stood up. Daenerys was still processing the command.

“Are you going to sit there for the rest of the night?” he asked.

Daenerys came back from her trance and quickly followed along as both Jon and the man were already walking away. They were led to the end of the club and then up to the second floor. Making their way, Daenerys noticed that some people stared at them. She briefly wondered why but guessed it had to do with the fact that Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Stark were at the same club, walking right next to each other. She sometimes forgot that people didn’t know they knew each other from infancy and, most importantly, that they were engaged.
The walk to wherever they were going was filled with an awkward silence and Daenerys swore even the security man could feel the tension. To make things even worse, one of her heels got stuck between two steps. She tried to get it out but the bloody thing would not budge. One of her attempts failed miserably and, losing balance, she almost fell when a pair of arms held her.

*Jon.*

His grip was strong yet tender and she hated the feeling of familiarity that his embrace evoked in her. From such a short distance and with a little better light, Daenerys could now perfectly see his grey eye colour she loved so much. Nobody had eyes like his. His scent was intoxicating, masculine and expensive, and she felt she could stay between his arms for the rest of the night. “Thank you,” she timidly said, smiling, and she could feel her cheeks blushing.

“Be more careful,” Jon replied, unfazed. He let her go and, without even glancing at her, turned around and kept walking. Daenerys felt even worse then.

She had come to this meeting with the best disposition to break the ice, get acquainted and just rejoice in the fact that they were seeing each other after many years. Two best friends reuniting. But Jon didn’t seem anything but annoyed or bored. She had to practically force the words out of him in order for him to say something, anything, and it was quite tiring.

She had been dying to see him but, clearly, he had not.

Well, she thought, if he didn’t want to put some effort into their already fucked up situation, she would play along. She had tried to make it better and he just didn’t want to. She could be a cold-hearted bitch if that’s what he wanted. She opted for annoying him, that had always worked. Perhaps that way she would get some emotion out of him.

*****

Jon knew he was being rude but he needed to keep his distance. He couldn’t deal with everything that was happening and, more importantly, with everything that he was feeling. So when he had held Dany after saving her from a disastrous fall, so close to him, he had panicked. He could have kissed her right then and there, the world be damned. *Seven hells,* he had only wanted to kiss her from the very first moment he had laid his eyes on her again and knew he could do it at any time. At the same time, he felt he just wanted out from all of it: the engagement, the responsibilities, her. Physical contact would just make things even more complicated.

The VIP room was really nice. You could see the whole place from it but, at the same time, it was strategically placed to be private and the music was not as loud. Dany and Jon went in a seated next to each other at an avant-garde looking couch. Before leaving them alone, the security man mentioned their drinks were on their way.

Without any word could leave either Jon's or Dany's mouths, the man turned around, closing the door behind him.

Jon focused on the decorative details of the room in an attempt to stop his desire for her, or at least control it better. The images that crossed his mind were unbearable. He wanted nothing but to feel the softness of her hair between his fingers, the silkiness of her skin under his, to get intoxicated with her lavender scent that was now all over him after she’d hugged him. And why did she have to be wearing red lipstick? Placed into contrast with the pale white colour of her skin it was like her lips were screaming to be kissed. Every time a word came out of them was an invitation to just take her there. And, oh, *Seven,* those curves. The dress she was wearing tightly hugged each one of them. He could imagine his hands exploring... *Stop it.*
He cleared his throat. “So…” he said, unsuccessfully making everything less awkward.

“So…” Dany answered.

“It was nice of Margaery to give us some space. My brother has clearly no idea about privacy and intrusions.” He tried to sound as nonchalant as he could but he wasn't sure if he'd succeeded.

Dany's scent permeated the room, making it harder to focus. If she felt uncomfortable, she was brilliant at hiding it. “Yeah, I figured, but he only had good intentions. I’m sure if it had been up to us, we would have met till our wedding day.”

Jon didn't think that had been the case. He had truly planned on meeting Dany anytime soon, just not tonight. “Still, it is our engagement and our wedding. Only we get to decide.”

“Can we please move on from the Robb subject?” Dany said with a tone that indicated frustration.

Jon gave her a sceptical look but obliged. He admitted she had a point; he didn’t want to spend the night talking about Robb either, so he didn’t push further, though Dany was out of her mind if she thought he wouldn’t ask about it eventually.

“Thank you,” she continued, "As you have mentioned, it is true this is not the best way to see each other again after so many years, but it is what it is. Let’s just… get acquainted without minding Robb or Margaery or the whole bloody club.”

Jon nodded. The awkward silence befell one more time. Why was this thing being so hard? It shouldn't be but it seemed it had been doomed even before it had started.

“Give me your phone,” Dany said abruptly, taking him by surprise.

“What?”

She rolled her eyes impatiently. Without another word, Jon grabbed his phone from his inner jacket pocket and gave it to her. Dany's fingers speedily tapped on the screen. “There,” she said giving it back, "no more other people. You now have my number.”

Jon felt somewhat comforted by her little peace offering and decided to do the same for her.

“Hey!” Dany exclaimed. "How did you… It was locked.”

Jon grinned. He remembered Drogon’s birthday was the password for all of Dany's things which was overwhelmingly reckless, in his opinion, given it was so obvious. Anyone with intentions to intrude could easily do it.

A waiter appeared at that moment. “Your drinks,” he said placing two elegant glasses before each one. "Miss Tyrell says to enjoy them and to not ask what they are.” Dany looked a bit confused but gladly took a sip from her glass as soon as she could.

Jon noticed the waiter didn't take his eyes off Dany as he placed the drinks. When she acknowledged him, he smirked, evoking a chuckle from his fiancee.

Jon observed the interaction, annoyed. Was she seriously flirting with someone in front of him? She wasn’t even trying to hide it, there she was, openly smiling back at him. And what was he, eighteen? The bloke didn’t even seem to notice the woman he was flirting with was not alone. He was invisible, apparently.
Jon had had enough. “Put that down and leave,” he growled, giving the young lad a deadly look. The waiter froze for a couple of seconds, gulping.

Gazing nervously at Jon, he quickly proceeded to place Jon’s drink over the table and practically ran away.

“He’s a boy, Jon. You didn’t have to scare him,” Dany complained.

“Well, I’m sorry, I didn’t realise you wanted to spend time with him. Go on, go after him and have a chat. I’m sure you’d like that better than this,” he said referring to themselves.

“I didn’t say that, just that you overreacted.”

“You were flirting with him,” he stated. "I wouldn’t care in any other circumstances, however, it turns out we’re engaged. So I think you could have that in mind a little more.”

“I was not flirting with him, I just found it funny that he dared to be flirting with me even with you right next to me.”

Jon raised his brows, sceptical. “Whatever.”

“And, I’m very aware of the… situation we're in.” Dany looked down as she passed a hand through her hair, sighing.

*****

Ok, so maybe annoying Jon wasn’t a great plan, though Daenerys truly thought he had overreacted with the waiter. If she had, actually, bothered Jon it had been completely unintentional. She had not been flirting with him. She only thought the boy had had guts. She had always liked men who took risks; there she had been with an out-of-this-world, great looking man and the boy had still had dared to flirt with her. Daenerys was sure he probably spent his nights with a different woman every time his shift ended.

Anyway, she kept pondering, perhaps if she opened up to Jon, he would do the same. It was a genuine sentiment that she hated the idea of getting married because of a signed agreement as if they were both things their families could utilise when needed. She completely loathed it. It made her sick... But she didn’t want to take it on Jon. After all, if there was one person who could understand her, it was him, him that was in the very same position as her, helpless to do anything regarding their own futures.

However, looking at him all of this felt like nonsense.

His bored face had got to her and she was done trying anything or giving him the benefit of the doubt. She exploded.

“You think I don’t care! Bloody hells, Jon, our whole lives will change in some months and I feel stupid and angry because I’m powerless about it. I hate it. I hate all of it. I hate that my father -and your father- think they are almighty and can choose what to do with my life. I hate that my future plans will probably get ruined, I hate that now I have to act accordingly to a roll I didn't even want in the first place, I hate that I don't get to choose whom I want to spend the rest of my life with, I hate—”

“--me. You hate me. Just say it.”

His intervention brought her speech to a halt as she contemplated his words. “...No,” she finally
spoke, "I don’t hate you… I think. I don’t even *know* you, Jon. To me…” She sighed, frustrated. “When I hear your name I think of the 16-year-old teenager you were the last time I saw you, not this man you have become. Are you the same? Probably not. Do you still like to play silly board games? Do you still think smoking is stupid and overrated? Do you still like to watch old films? Do you still hate carrots and cabbage? I don’t fucking know, ok? So you were right. I don’t fucking know you anymore.”

Jon’s face revealed nothing.

“You hate me,” Daenerys explained, seeing the reaction to her words had been silence.

Jon smirked. “I do find you obnoxious right now,” he finally spoke.

*He didn’t say no,* she thought, resigned. He was acting like a proper prat. She didn’t know why she continued to try and be empathic with him. “Whatever. I don’t want to keep talking about this and it doesn’t really matter, anyway. We *will* get married even if we don’t want to, so what’s the point. From now on, I will focus on the preparations. My mother is going crazy with the engagement party and your mother has called me four times to know if we have already decided if we want to marry by the Seven or by Northern tradition. Can you believe it, Jon? She asked me that. I have not seen you for nine fucking years and she was already talking about religion and traditions and…”

Daenerys sighed, overwhelmed.

“She doesn’t know,” Jon said after a while, sipping his drink.

“Know what.”

“That you and I didn’t have contact for years.”

Daenerys sought for some kind of expression in his eyes but barely saw any. “What?” Jon couldn’t be serious. “How? ...They didn’t... notice?”

He shrugged.

“And you never... told her? ...So your siblings, all of them, they…”

“I don’t tell many things.”

Daenerys snorted, unamused. Being a more private person was one thing, keeping a piece of important information was another. “Well, I think you should tell them.”

“And how would that benefit anybody,” he argued, equally unamused.

“Well, I don’t know, Jon, but you just can’t pretend we have been talking and being friends all these years.”

He dropped a bomb with his next statement. “It wasn’t out of choice. You were the one who stopped talking to me.”

*WHAT.* Oh, he was delusional now, she realised. *He* was the one who had stopped answering her fucking texts.

“Bullshit. It was *you* who stopped talking to *me*.”

He ignored her last words. “What did you tell her.”
“What?” She couldn’t believe he had just claimed she was the one stopping the contact between them to only ditch the subject two seconds later.

“About the ceremony,” he explained, “What did you tell my mother. Will we get married in a sept or in a godswood?”

He was asking, but Daenerys could not see a trace of interest in his words. “You think I answered her? And how was I supposed to know that? I don’t even have a religion, you Starks are the ones who take everything more seriously.”

“You seem to be a woman with clear opinions about everything, surely you know how you want to get married.”

“That's not the point, Jon. I didn't say anything because we haven't talked about it. How could I?”

Once again, the only reply coming from Jon was silence.

“Do you want me to make all decisions regarding our wedding?”

Sipping, he raised his eyebrows. “Seems practical.”

“Fuck you.”

Jon stood, looking down to the people having fun on the dance floor.

He hadn't yelled, hadn't said anything offensive, he was just… calm. But Daenerys knew better, it wasn’t that he didn't have an opinion on the matter, he just wanted to feel superior to her controlling his emotions. He had always been like that. He thought he had changed much? Not at all.

Well, he had changed... with her, but overall he was just still a boy. Twat.

Daenerys decided she wouldn't oblige to his desires, thus, she wouldn't give him the pleasure of seeing her lose her mind ever again. She would be composed and practical, just as he wanted.

“All right then, I’m going to fill you in, after all, we’re supposed to be happy and in love, so it would be weird if you were left out of everything. The wedding can wait but our engagement party is just around the corner. Apparently, all the press will be there and our parents will make the official announcement. Of course my family will be there and yours as well. I’m planning on inviting my friends, do you want to invite some of yours?”

“T’m sure Sam and Gendry were already invited.”

“...You don’t have more friends?”

“I do.”

“...And?”

“And I’m sure they don’t care about a stupid engagement party, I’ll tell them later about the wedding.”

Stupid engagement party. He had called it that.

Daenerys didn't want to be talking about the stupid engagement party either, but what was she supposed to do when all he did was look at her as if she was the most unpleasant person in the
world to be around? She was hating every single moment of this encounter and couldn’t take it any longer.

For a brief moment, forgetting about her previous vow to keep her composure, she seriously considered getting physical, perhaps that nice scotch Margaery had ordered for him would look better on his hair and face.

*****

Jon found it hard to believe they were actually talking about wedding preparations without having first talked about… them?

Who was this woman in front of him speaking about wedding invitations and venues? When had Daenerys become so vain and shallow? Did she really not care they were being forced to get married? That their whole lives would change in like… now? She had only said she hated it but then started this stupid conversation about friends at the engagement party. Why did it seem she cared more about other people than what he thought? Why did she seem ok with the whole idea of getting married? She was speaking as if she was the happiest bride in the world. And why did that bother him?Wasn’t it better that she was alright with it? No. Definitely not alright.

He had expected so much from her. He had expected to see her angry and to tell him they should think of something to get out of the forced marriage. He had expected to see the Dany he remembered, questioning everything, not conforming to rules. But here she was talking of the engagement party and even asking him what friends did he want to invite. What? He did not want to get married in the first place, how could he be thinking about inviting his friends to what would be a complete farce?

She resumed speaking. “The whole country will get to know about our relationship at the party and you won’t invite them?”

What relationship was she talking about? “They’re not Westerosi.”

“Oh.”

He was so confused by the whole interaction, trying to process it that his mouth answered her words on instinct. "People in Freeland are different."

“Then why did you come back,” she whispered, irritated which finally brought him out of his musings.

“What did you say?” He felt he couldn’t stand her anymore and that hurt. This was Dany, not anyone.

“Nothing.”

“You—”

In the blink of an eye, she stood up and approached him, snatching the scotch in his hand and pouring it all over him.

“What! Daenerys!” He bellowed, feeling his hair drip and the scent of alcohol emanating from his clothes.

Dany innocently smiled as she stepped out of the room to tell a waiter to bring a towel. “You were being a dickhead. You deserved it.”
He reserved his comments and kept to giving her a look. The waiter arrived with the towel.

Daenerys promptly took it and dismissed the man. She approached him again, wanting to help him clean up but Jon still couldn't take to be so close to her so he grabbed the towel from her hands, and started drying his face without looking at her.

*Unbelievable.* He was fuming. How could she have done something like that?! She clearly still was a little girl and a spoiled, immature one for that.

After minutes of silence, she sighed, speaking again. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that… It’s just… You have been a lifeless statue the whole night. I thought you were dead or something.”

He was done. He wanted to leave.

“Please say something,” she urged him.

“And what would you want me to say, Daenerys,” his voice had become louder without him wanting it to. He really didn't want to yell at her so it was better to not converse any longer. “After tonight I’ve realised we care about different things and so now I think this marriage thing will be even more disastrous than what I had initially believed it would be. You are selfish and vain and—”

“WHAT,” she interrupted. "How dare you! I’m trying my best here and you just sat there unwilling to do an effort. And you dare to judge me?” She snorted. "You don’t want to talk with me but you judge me? If we're going there, then you’re an egocentric arse! Fuck you, Snow.”

He took a deep breath, calming his anger. Nothing would come out of fighting. Dany returned to her seat at the couch, taking her drink in her hands.

“What happened to you, Daenerys?”

She frowned. “Me? What the fuck happened to you?”

Suddenly, the door opened and in came Margaery and Robb, giggling. “Hey!” The young woman greeted. "How are you, lovely people? What’s going—–"

“Nothing!” He and Dany yelled at the same time, looking into each other's eyes.

*****

Margaery and Robb stood perplexed, staring at them.

“I’m guessing you’re not having a great time?” Margaery mentioned. “So why don’t we go home… It’s two already.”

Daenerys ended the staring contest, turning to look at the newly arrived couple. “Two? How did that happen?” She couldn't quite believe she had spent five hours with Jon.

“And what happened to you, brother?” Robb said, smirking, looking at Jon's wet curls and ruined suit.

“Apparently, Daenerys finds it amusing. I barely could taste it,” he said referring to his scotch. Daenerys rolled her eyes at his winging.

“That’s a shame. It is one of the best we have,” Margaery noted as Jon gave her half a smile.
Daenerys intervened. “Well I did get to drink my… Whatever it is you gave me. It was amazing, thank you.”

“Marge can tell what drink a person needs just by one look,” Robb informed the room, putting his arm over Margaery’s shoulders.

“Secret talent of mine I guess,” Margaery pointed out, smirking. Daenerys already liked this girl. Looking at the time on her phone to confirm what Margaery had said, he figured it was time to get out of there as soon as possible. “Well, you certainly nailed it, Maergaey, it was lovely. But now I’m calling an Uber. I can’t stand to stay here much longer.”

“No,” Jon told her.

“No what.”

“Robb will take you home.” It wasn't a suggestion and Daenerys disliked Jon a bit more now.

“And what about you?” Margaery asked Jon.

“It’s ok. I’m not going home anyway.”

And where in the world was he going then? It was two in the morning. Daenerys now disliked herself for even wondering. “Jon, let me call an Uber,” she insisted. She knew he and Robb had come together. She wasn’t about to intrude, again. Plus she wanted to be alone.

Jon completely ignored her, addressing Robb once more. “Take them home.”

“And where will you go?” Robb asked, but got no answer. Without another word, Jon swiftly walked out of the room.

Daenerys stood there half heartbroken, staring at Jon's back. The night had been a disaster. She felt tears forming in her eyes but she wasn’t about to let Margaery and Robb see that Jon had hurt her.

“Well… Let’s go, ladies,” Robb said cheerfully, trying to ease things.

On their way home, Daenerys didn’t say a word. She could tell Margaery had tried to include her in the conversation she was having with Robb but eventually quitted when she realised Daenerys would not give in.

When they arrived at the Targaryen Mansion, Daenerys thanked Robb and promptly stepped out of the car, only craving for her bed. She wanted to forget this night had happened.

Marge would be staying with the Starks so Robb only took a turn and quickly reached Stark property. “Wow,” she exclaimed, ”Daenerys seemed devastated. You think they had a huge fight?”

“Certainly,” Robb affirmed, ”Jon wasn't looking any better. I’m sure he went to the docks. He always goes there when he’s upset. Though I don't understand what went wrong. Those two were best friends for like forever.”

Margaery's brain was bustling with possibilities. She couldn't help it, she loved to theorize about people's lives. “But they’re getting married, Robb, and not because they decided to. That’s gotta be hard. I can’t imagine myself in that position, I mean... It’s crazy. Not even Grandma could think of something like that and you know how she is.”

“Aye”, Robb shrugged, "...Still.”
“Well, you weren’t helping either.”

Frowning, Robb gave her a quick, puzzled look as he parked. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, come on. You were flirting with her the whole time we were there!”

“What?” Robb appeared to be clueless.

Margaery rolled her eyes, fed up. If Robb was being a cynic or a genuine fool, she didn't know but it was too late to start a debate now. The lot of opinions she had on the matter would have to wait till tomorrow. She stepped down the car. “Don't mind me. It's late. I really want to sleep now.” She was about to make her way to the door when she realised Robb was still inside the car “Robb…?” She called, confused.

As if functioning on autopilot, he replied, “I'm not tired. I think I'll go meet Jon. He'll need a ride home.”

“I don't think that's a good idea,” she offered to no avail. Robb started the car and was gone in seconds.

Chapter End Notes

So... that happened.

Unfortunately, I don't know when will I post chapter 6 because I have a one week holiday and I'm going out of town so I don't think I will have much time to write. I will try my best anyway.

Thank you again for reading this! Your kudos and comments are priceless.

Much love, everyone!
Old Memories, New Feelings (I)

Chapter Notes

Holidays were really inspiring so I managed to write some more chapters, yay! Anyway, chapter 6 ended up being massive so I cut it into two parts. I think my favourite is the next one but we can't just jump over to it lol. Hope you enjoy!

After storming out from the club, Jon made its way towards the docks, the nightlife district was not far away. He needed fresh air to clear out his thought. He was so frustrated. He couldn’t believe his first encounter with Daenerys had gone so badly. Heavens, she was so obnoxious.

Walking around old buildings and poorly lit streets, Jon reaffirmed that he hated his luck. His siblings all had the chance to choose who to marry, the whole world had that chance, except for him. Oh, no, he didn't.

Everything felt surreal. Marriage alliances were a practice that had ended around a century ago. Jon genuinely didn't understand how could his parents think bringing them back was a good idea or that it benefited anyone. And not only had they arranged his marriage but they had arranged it with a Targaryen. Given, she was a childhood friend, however, friendship was one thing, marriage was a whole other.

Images of the night transpired invaded his mind. Painfully, he mused, the woman he had just met was not the Dany he remembered. That woman was egocentric and selfish, exactly like the rest of Targaryens. It didn't really matter if she had graduated in Human Rights and wanted to work for the W.O., she acted like a mollycoddled, immature, little girl. Taking their previous interactions as an example, he wondered how would he be able to endure a whole life with her.

Maybe he could go away, he pondered, disappear from the world and live a life that had nothing to do with corporate business and family legacy. He had never cared for any of those anyway. It was partly why he had decided to move to Freeland where nobody thought twice if his name was Stark or if he was rich. He had always hated the attention, the responsibilities, the paparazzi following him around.

Bloody hells.

Absentmindedly, he grabbed his phone from his inner pocket and pressed Ygritte’s contact. He needed to talk to someone outside this whole show. Determined on the idea that going away was a better option than marrying Dany, he considered that perhaps he could even go away with her. She had always liked adventures and was a good company.

“Hello?” she replied almost immediately, though confused. Jon could tell he had woken her up.

“Hey there… I’m so sorry to wake you, I know it's late… I just… I needed to talk to someone.”

“It's okay. What’s wrong?” She asked, "Are you, ok?” Her voice indicated she still wasn't fully awake.
“I’m getting married,” Jon informed bluntly. It was pointless to go around the bushes, he reckoned.

“What.” Ygritte was definitely awake now. “Married? I think I’ve heard you wrong.”

“No, you haven't, I am getting married. Six months from now.”

“What? But, then… Wha- What happened to–” Her voice shifted, taking a sad tone.

“Let’s go away,” Jon interrupted, "you and I. I don’t want to get married, I hate the whole idea... And I think I hate the person I’m supposed to marry.”

Ygritte was left without words, which was rare to happen. It was too much information to process, Jon thought.

“Jon, what are you talking about? First, you tell me you’re getting married and now that you want to run away? What’s wrong with you? Are you drunk? It’s three AM!”

Jon bitterly snorted. “Hope I was, but I’m not. I’m dead serious.”

“And where would we go? I can’t just leave, Jon, I still have to finish uni, you know? I wanna graduate and start working seriously.”

“I thought you’d like the idea.”

“I mean, I don’t unlike the idea, it sounds very nice…” There was a moment of silence. “Jon, do you really want this…? And who are you getting married to anyway? Why are you getting married? I thought we had something…”

“It’s a long story and I’m not in the mood to talk about it. The bride is Daenerys Targaryen,” he explained, totally omitting the ‘we had something’ subject.

“What! A Targaryen? Doesn’t your family like… hate them? How can you be marrying a Targaryen?”

“Like I said, long story.”

“And isn’t she supposed to be a complete bitch or something? I hear things about her every time I go to Westeros with my group to do internships.”

Finally, as the familiar salty scent that characterised the capital's polluted shore started filling his lungs, Jon caught sight of the hundreds of stationed boats and ships. The port's lighthouse shone brightly giving a nice glow to the greyish sea. He halted his steps, standing on top of a public bench to fully appreciate the sight. Of all places in the amazing city, this was his ultimate favourite spot.

Gods, he had missed this and he couldn't explain to himself the reason why he hadn’t come here since arriving at King’s Landing. He felt at peace, completely free of whatever nonsensical wrath had filled his blood just a moment ago. He had been in the need of this particular sight and breeze to get him out of his insufferable mood.

The loud protests coming from the phone's speaker resonated within his mind, bringing him out of his recently found peaceful space.

“Jon? Jon are you there? ...Jon!”

Why was Ygritte yelling at him through the phone?
A realisation came to him.

_Fuck._

He had messed up.

What had he been thinking when he'd decided to call her?

Why talking to Ygritte about anything had seemed like a good idea? And especially about Dany.

He figured he had to reply. “Yes, sorry. Ahm… I’ll talk to you later, and... Forget everything I said just now. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have called you. I was angry because I fought with Dany but it’s ok.”

“Dany? Who--"

“So sorry again, Ygritte. Don’t mind me, good night... Bye.”

He hung up.

*Seven hells. Seven fucking hells.* Dany was right, he was a dickhead.

**Ygritte? Really, Jon, really?**

He genuinely hoped he had not lifted her hopes up, the girl didn’t deserve that.

_Shit_, he probably had. Anger had taken over him and he had let it control him. He regretted everything now that his mind was clear. Every. Single. Thing.

From not hugging Dany back at the club to speaking to Ygritte, especially speaking to Ygritte.

Walking along the docks, Jon searched for any of the yachts that belonged to Stark Corp, there were always plenty of those around.

When he found one, he got on and walked to its deck, sitting on it, looking at the sea.

He sighed heavily, feeling terrible. He took out a cigarette from the silver box engraved with a wolf that he kept on his pocket and lit it up.

He started replaying in his head the events of the night. From the first moment he had seen Dany again (she had looked _amazing_) to the moment she had spilt the scotch all over him. He chuckled. He had really deserved that. He had deserved more than that, Dany should have punched him. _Seven_, she was so beautiful and, undoubtedly, she was different, but she was still fabulous in every way.

Jon understood now what she had told him. She had openly told him how much she hated their situation and he had simply decided to be a prat about everything, refusing to actually listen to her and focusing solely on the bad. He had messed up. Big time.

He felt for Dany so much. How could he ever judge her? She was in the same place he was. They could face this, together. There wasn’t a reason good enough not to be mature about it. He congratulated his stupidity. _Bravo, Jon, you managed to ruin everything that was already fucked up._

He wondered how would he talk to Dany after that. She probably didn’t want to see him and she had the right to feel that way.
The sound of steps approaching him halted his course of thoughts.

“I thought you didn’t like smoking,” a voice said behind him.

It was Robb. Frowning, Jon begrudgingly acknowledged his brother’s presence, wondering what in the world could he be doing here. He really didn’t feel like talking to anyone. “I didn’t. But it seemed to me it was a fitting moment to start”.

Robb looked at him, sceptically. “And you just happened to have some cigarettes with you?”

“Fine,” Jon explained blowing a puff of smoke in Robb’s direction, “it’s not the first time I smoke. It’s been some months now. I really don’t know how it started but... I enjoy it.” He half-smiled. "Those mother fuckers are right, they do help to calm your nerves and they actually taste nice.” He played with the fag between his fingers. “I don’t do it often though. And I only smoke when I’m outside, I would hate for the smell to be all over me, my car or anywhere, really.”

Robb finally sat next to his brother. “It’s ok, I guess. Just please don’t become an addict. I’m sure Daenerys would hate it.”

Jon cringed at the mention of her name. “And what if she does,” he asked his brother, bitterly.

“You don’t care?” Robb seemed genuinely concerned.

“What she thinks of me is pointless. I’m not trying to impress her or win her over, brother, I’m already marrying her.” Jon really didn’t think that way but Robb had been getting on his nerves the whole night. He remembered clearly the way he had smiled at her.

“Alright...”

“What.”

“Nothing.”

Jon regarded his brother, a bit offended. Was Robb really not going to say anything? “You care,” he pointed out.

Robb's blue eyes shone brightly under the moonlight. “What?”

Jon didn't want to feel as bothered as he did but it appeared to be inevitable. He felt a weird possession over Dany already and that bothered him as well.

Robb kept quiet. Was he playing dumb or did he seriously think he had done nothing wrong? Gods, Jon hated when Robb did that. His brother was so immersed in his own world he sometimes wouldn’t realise that he was being a wanker. It had actually caused him some trouble in the past but because he was so easy-going, nice-looking and had always been good with words he had gotten his way every single time. Jon wasn’t about to let that happen.

He questioned his brother. “You're the one who seems to care about what Daenerys thinks. Why.”

“What are you talking about? I mean, yes, I care, because she’s going to be your wife.”

“I’m not a fool, brother.”

“Never thought you were." Robb defended himself. "I just think you should do an effort and try to make things go smoothly with her. She’s a nice girl, it can’t be that bad. If you both get along, won’t everything be easier?”
“Why do you seem more concerned about Daenerys than I am?” A wild thought crossed Jon's mind. "It’s as if you would like to be in my place.”

Startled, Robb kept quiet again.

“Do you want to marry her, Robb?” Jon pushed. "Be my guest. I would gladly give up my position to you.”

On second thought, Jon really didn’t know if he was ok with the idea of giving up his position to Robb… Or to anyone for that matter. He didn’t know why he had even said those words, they had just come out of his mouth. At the same time, the more rational side of his brain told him it wasn’t actually a bad idea. Daenerys had looked pretty comfortable with Robb so, what if they liked each other? It would still be a Stark-Targaryen marriage as his parents wanted it to be.

Jon found himself contemplating the whole situation. He cared for Dany too much, if she felt marrying Robb was easier or somehow better then he would not argue otherwise. On the other hand... *Fuck Robb.*

Daenerys was *his* fiancée. He didn’t know why but both his father and Aerys had chosen him to marry her, not Robb. So there. Robb had to stay the fuck off.

Robb looked puzzled and hurt at the same time. “You’re crazy.”

Jon gave him an incredulous look. “You didn’t say no.” He could see his brother's jaw tensing. “Robb…” He kept going, fretful of the answer he would get. "Do you actually *like* Daenerys?"

Robb couldn't believe his ears. He didn’t know how or when had the conversation taken this turn. He had only come looking for Jon to try and cheer him up. After the failed meeting, it hadn't gone unnoticed to the redhead that his brother had suddenly started calling his future wife ‘Daenerys’ instead of ‘Dany’ as he'd always done.

“Of course not,” he replied as firmly as he could.

It wasn’t convincing enough. “There’s something you’re not telling me... Hells, Robb, if you like her you have to tell me. You’re my brother and I’m about to marry her. If there’s something going on between the two of you... Fuck. ...It would be stupidly awkward but--”

“There’s nothing going on,” Robb countered, raising his voice. “How could you think that?”

“Well, because you were fucking flirting with her the whole night.” Jon's anger threatened to take over him once again.

“I wasn’t.”

“Rubbish. You know it and if you don’t then I’m telling you now. You were flirting with my fiancée.”

“I wasn’t! She doesn’t like me that way, I…”

The realisation Jon had right then felt like a punch in the gut. “You like her. You do like her.” He didn’t know how to feel about it. In a way, he felt jealous and immensely disturbed but, in another, he wasn’t as angry as he thought he would be. It was very confusing.

Robb's eyes widened as he took in Jon's words. “No! I don’t or... I don’t anymore.”
"What do you mean anymore?"

"Ok, so... *fuck. I never told you, but... I mean... when you..."

"You're not saying anything, Robb."

"I know!" His brother took a deep breath as he gathered his thoughts. "Years ago, I encountered Daenerys when she was studying in Pentos. It wasn't on purpose, I was there for a gala Father had sent me and she was there on behalf of her family as well. We talked and your name popped up. I was sure you two were still friends but she told me then she hadn't heard from you in a long time. So..."

Jon asked himself why was it that Robb had kept to himself that piece of information. It was hard to believe that they had bumped into each other and that he had been completely clueless of the fact. "So what!"

"Nothing! After that, we met a couple of times more. I didn't tell you anything because, well, you really didn't seem to care about what was going on with my life or with anybody's. You were ecstatic about being in Freeland, you barely talked to us and, well, Daenerys had said you weren't friends anymore, so I just... I didn't feel like it was a big deal. It wasn't like I was dating her or anything. We just met a few times. And then... You told me about that girl you were going out with—"

"Who, Ygritte?"

"I think so, I really don't remember her name. And then you brought her home and everything, so I assumed it was serious. You were so mad Mother didn't like her, you seemed to really be into her."

"And what does that have to do with anything."

"It doesn't, I guess. It's just, well, that's why I never told you I had met Daenerys. I thought you wouldn't care."

"So..." Jon pushed.

"So what."

"So you just, what, had a crush on her or what, you're still not telling me anything."

Robb stood up and sighed. He started wandering as he spoke. "Well, yes, I think so. And I thought she had a crush on me as well."

What. It was hard to fathom the idea.

No, it wasn't, actually, however, Jon refused to accept that that could have been the case or... was the case. "Gods, you do like her," he finally said. Seven fucking hells.

"Not anymore."

Jon gave Robb a look, sceptical.

"Wait, and how do you know she doesn't have a crush on you... or didn't or whatever." A little hope ignited within Jon's heart.

Robb really did not want to tell him anything else but he guessed it was better than to cause more friction. "...We kissed."
"You what."

"She seemed indifferent to it," Robb explained."Don't overreact."

It bothered Jon immensely that Robb spoke nonchalantly as if they were just discussing a trivial matter.

No, Robb did not just say that. They kissed? For all the old gods and the new. And she seemed indifferent? He didn't say she was indifferent, he said she only seemed. Fuck. Now he was angry. Very. They had kissed!

It hit him. So that was how Robb knew Dany had been “pretty”, not his lame excuse about social media. He could have said something about it that night but had preferred not to. They had seen each other. Several times. Fuck, they had kissed. Jon couldn't believe Robb had kept this to himself. He felt like punching him as his jealousy was getting the best of him. He didn't want to feel so bitter, not anymore. Stop it, Jon. We've realised that doesn't get you anywhere. Control yourself, you don't want to hit your brother.

"When was that?" It was the only thing Jon said.

"What?"

"When was it? When did you kiss?"

"I don't know, like two years ago or something."

Jon exhaled slowly. Ok, well, it had been some time ago. Relax, relax. Don't overreact, Jon. So what if they had seen each other, so what if they had kissed? It was long time ago. Be rational.

Fuck. He couldn't be rational. “That's it?"

"Yes, that's it. It was nothing really."

Yeah right, nothing. “Well... then stay the fuck away, Robb."

“What?” Robb was clearly surprised by his sudden change of tone.

“I said, stay the fuck away, Robb. I'm sorry if you like her. I understand that can happen, we have no control over our feelings and you know I always support you no matter what. You're my big brother and I love you. I look up to you. But this time I'm telling you to forget about Daenerys. She is my fiancé and I'm the one who's going to marry her. So stop your flirting and get over her. It's already complicated as it is. I don't need one more issue to add to a fucking arranged marriage deal. I couldn’t even speak to Father after he reminded me of it, he just went back to Winterfell. So, again, just leave us, brother."

Jon couldn't believe what he was saying. It sounded less harsh in his head but it came out as if he was a possessive arse. H decided he would deal with that later. He just wanted to make things clear to Robb. He had to understand this time he wouldn't be able to just cause some trouble without consequences. Although... he felt somewhat nervous and unsure. Robb had said Daenerys didn’t like him back but did she? What if she actually liked Robb? Gods, he didn’t know if he'd be able to take that.

“What, so I just... avoid her?” Robb said bitterly.

“I don't know. I don't care.” They were both getting louder.
Robb rolled his eyes. “I’m not going to avoid her or you. There’s no reason for it. I told you I don’t like her anymore, and I’m not getting on your fucking way to anything. If only, I wanted to help you. I wasn’t the prick who hurt her. She was about to cry when you left the club. So man up and don’t think this is any of my fault.”

Jon knew Robb spoke some truth, and it hurt him deeply to know Daenerys had been about to cry. She never cried, about anything… but he wasn’t innocent either. “That’s my problem and I’ll deal with it as I see fit.”

“Whatever, Jon. I'm sorry if my presence bothers you but I'm not about to change my routine only to please you. You have to get over yourself. Daenerys is my friend as well, and you are my brother. If any of you need something I will be there for you. Yes, you're getting married, so what, you get to choose what to do with your fucking life! You don't have to worry about anything. There are so many things you don't know, Jon. So step up to your only duty in this fucking world. You don't like the attention? Well, I'm sorry you were born a Stark, deal with it, there are worse things than to be followed by paparazzi from time to time. There are actual problems.”

Forgetting the quarrel, Jon was baffled by Robb's words. What? What didn't he know? What was Robb talking about? “What do you mean, Robb? What problems?”

Robb had started walking back to the dock. “Nothing.”

“Robb, you can’t just say that and expect me to be quiet.”

“Nothing!” He sighed and turned to face Jon. “I'm sorry. I lost it. There's nothing going on. There are some issues at the company but nothing to worry about. Those are my problems and my responsibilities. Just stop being a baby and face the world up front.”

Jon had started to feel for Robb. He was, indeed, in charge of many things, but that last sentence reminded him he had not wanted to accept his part in flirting with Daenerys.

“Whatever, Robb, I have said what I wanted. Mind your business.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

They got on the car and went home without saying more.

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Daenerys had not been able to sleep. She had spent the entire night replaying in her head everything that had happened. The conclusion was always the same: Jon was no longer her friend and he was the biggest idiot in the country. Fuck him.

She did not feel like going out of her room. Plus, her brothers were having a dinner party that day so the house was buzzing with people preparing everything for it. She got up from bed only to sit down in one of her couches. She noticed a picture of her and Jon that stood on her bookshelf. She didn’t remember it was there, it had been there forever so she really didn’t mind it anymore. They were smiling and their arms were intertwined over each other’s shoulders. Jon was wearing a nice tux and she a lilac dress that matched with her eyes just like all the other bridesmaids. Jon looked funny in a tux, she noticed. It was the last picture they had taken together. Viserys had been the one to take it after Rhaegar’s and Elia’s wedding ceremony. At the time, Vis have had a thing for photography and would take a camera everywhere. Jon had been the only Stark invited to the celebration because Dany had wanted him to be there. Her brother’s wedding had been the event of
the year. The first son of Aerys Targaryen and future CEO of Targaryen Inc had chosen to marry none other than Elia Martell. They were both very young and with a bright future ahead of them. Dany smiled half-heartedly. Those had been better times.

She realized Jon’s looks had changed a lot. For the better. She had not expected him to be so freaking handsome. She had thought she'd be the one surprising him but, seven hells, had he blown her mind out. Where had those long curls come from? He used to wear his hair very short. And that beard? She never would have guessed he would look good with a beard but she had been very wrong. And don’t even get her started with his broad shoulders and narrow waist. She was sure a very nice six pack laid under his shirt. Fuck. How was she supposed to be mad at the man when he looked that way?

Stay focused, D., you can’t be thinking about Jon’s physique when you’re being thrown at him! And when he is a complete prick. And when he clearly doesn't think the same about you. Dany felt as if she had been ogling at Jon the whole night when he did not once looked at anything but her eyes.

Asshole.

She took a shower trying to forget everything about him. She didn’t want to see her brothers either for seeing them only reminded her of what laid ahead. Her phone vibrated. It was a message from Jon. She didn’t want to open it but… ugh, whatever.

‘We need to talk. I’m walking to your house’. No way. She didn’t want to see him, not today anyway.

She replied. ‘Don’t’.

‘Already on my way’.

Whyyyy! Didn’t he get she wanted nothing to do with him?!

‘You’re a pain in the ass’. The day did not look to get any better.

Jon knew he had to apologize to Daenerys so he decided talking face to face was the best option to do so. When she replied “Don’t” he really didn’t want to push it because he knew he didn’t have the right to say anything, but he had to. Things couldn’t stay like this if they were actually going to go along with everything. After her last message he didn’t reply and only walked faster.

It wasn’t the best day to be there he noticed. It seemed preparations for a party were going on. He again decided the front door was not a good option and got in by the door close to the kitchen. He quickly made his way to the second floor avoiding eye contact with all the waiters, and other staff members who were going in and out hurriedly.

He found her seated by a window in the tea room, book in hand. She looked out of this world, the sun lightened the room making her hair and skin glow. She was wearing a simple blue denim jumper and did not seem to have any makeup on. Still, she was so beautiful. Jon thought he liked both versions of her, all versions of her. Makeup, no makeup, dressed up, simple clothes. She was a marvel. How could someone be that beautiful?

“You’re not reading that”, he said. She only gave him the finger. “Whenever you want to avoid something you pretend to be reading, but you’re not. When you truly read you like to do it in your bed with a cup of tea by your side”.
“Stop analysing me, Jon. You don’t know me anymore”. She answered angrily using his exact words.

“I deserve that”.

“You don’t deserve anything”.

“I know”.

“Then why are you here. I told you not to come”.

“Because despite me being an asshole. We’re still getting married”.

“Ugh”.

Silence.

“Daenerys…”

“What! You said you came here to talk. So talk”. She was still looking at the book.

He sighed. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry about everything that happened last night”.

She snorted.

“You were trying to make the best of our shitty situation and I totally shut you down and refused to listen to you. I was immerse in my own anger and couldn’t see beyond it”. Staff members started passing by preparing more things. She had not said anything. “What is going on?”

“Rhaegar and Viserys are expecting guests. Very important ones, apparently”.

“Well, can we go somewhere el–“

“No”. She finally closed the book and stood up.

He sighed. He got close to her and hugged her. He had to do it. Now it was his turn to show her he cared. He hoped Daenerys could feel that he was truly and deeply sorry and that he was open to talk, about anything. The wedding? Yes, the past? Yes. Their shitty reunion, their shitty situation, whatever, he just wanted to continue talking with her.

Daenerys did not respond the hug but he heard her sigh. She only put a hand on his back and said: “Alright. Stop this now, it’s always weird when you get physical”.

He didn’t let go of her until...“Now that’s a scene”. They quickly separated. Gods, he was starting to dislike Daenerys house. Viserys, Rhaegar and Elia stood looking at them smirking. The first one had been the one to speak.

“Hello there”, said Rhaegar. It was annoying how good they all looked, like they just came out of a magazine. Jon could see Dany blushing. “So sorry to interrupt”, he continued. “We didn’t know he was here”, he said looking to Daenerys. “It’s nice to see you again, Jon, especially now that we will all become family”.

He had forgotten how tender Rhaegar’s voice sounded like. Out of the two brothers, Jon had always like Rhaegar best. Not that they had shared many moments together, but he hated Viserys constant teasing. Rhaegar, on the other hand, always seemed to know what to say. He had a wise man look to him. “Hello Rhaegar, Elia. It’s nice to see you too, I’m sorry to intrude. It seems you
are have a big party to prepare for”.

“Oh, don’t worry about that. We were just coming up to change outfits. You two continue”. Elia seemed amused. The last time Jon had seen her had been in her wedding day. She was a very beautiful woman as well, though extremely different from the Targaryens. Elia’s tan skin, dark brown hair and brown eyes contrasted intensely with Rhaegar’s pale skin, lilac eyes and platinum hair. They definitely complemented each other. Jon had always like the aesthetic they created together. “I almost didn’t recognize you, Jon. It’s been a while”. It was so weird to see them all again, he thought, as if time had never gone by.

“Oh please”, answered Dany. “Come on Jon, let’s go somewhere else”.

“Actually”, said Rhaegar. “I wanted to ask if you will be joining us, D. I’m sure you know better this people, they’re all essosi”.

“You’d love that, Rhae, but no. I’m sorry, I’m totally not in the mood for anything today. So, later guys, have fun”. Rhaegar seemed to want to say more but restrained himself.


Dany rolled her eyes and started walking towards the stairs. Jon followed.

“Jon! D!”, exclaimed Elia when they had started to go down. “I’d love to see you in my next show, like in the old times”.

Dany only waved at her.

They seated by the pond.

“So… let’s talk”, she said.

Jon didn’t know what to say so he blurted out the first thing that came to mind. “I’m sorry about my mother”, Dany seemed suspicious about the abrupt choice of subject but said nothing about it.

“I had no idea she had been calling you…”

“It’s ok, I really don’t mind. She’s very nice, you know I’ve always liked her. And she’s a lot more laid off than my mother. It’s just… it took me by surprise. I mean, I get why she did it. She didn’t know we were not in speaking terms”.

“Still, it’s weird she called you and not me. I am her son”.

She laughed. “She obviously likes me better. She always did”.

“Yeah, right”.

“Anyway, Jon. I’m still mad. I get you were out yourself but still… you just can't go around being a prat with people because you are angry”.

“I know and that’s why I’m apologizing. But just like I can’t get to go around doing that, you can't go around pretending problems don't exist”.

She had a confused expression. “I didn't pretend they didn't exist, I told you the marriage makes me sick”.

“Yes, but…Daenerys…”
“Jon…” They were both getting angry… again.

He sighed. “Ok. We have made it clear that I'm a tosser. Moving on... doesn't mean I'm ok with this whole marriage idea”.

“Me neither. How many times do I have to say it’.

“No, but it’s not only that. It upsets me and even though I know you are not the one to blame I can't help but to feel some… uneasiness and aversion towards you.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I cannot pretend you are my friend and just put a nice face. I hope you were, but a lot of time has gone by. I don't know you and you don’t know me. You shouldn’t have assumed we could just take where we left nine years ago. Especially when our reunion has nothing to do with wanting to ‘get acquainted’ like you said. We are here because of a responsibility we both have with our families”.

“I didn't”.

Jon looked at her sceptically.

“Ok, fine”.

“We are not friends. We haven’t been for a while. Now, that doesn't mean we can never be friends again, but we have to get to know each other…”

“I'm feeling there's another but in there”.

“But... we also have to be aware that maybe we won't like what we get to know. Maybe we won't like each other anymore. And we will have to work it out somehow because we are in fact getting married. Of course it's lovely to have this idea about long lost friends reuniting but people change. We changed. Believe me, when I saw you I wanted nothing but to speak with little Dany again. But you're not her and it will take me time to adjust to that, but it is true… and I’m not the Jon you remember, in a way yes, but in so many others no”.

She sighed heavily. She stood up and put her arms around her. Jon could tell she was angry.

“Daenerys…”

“Don’t say anything else. I’m thinking”.

Jon waited for her to speak again. After some minutes, he stood up as well and got close to her.
The day was beautiful. You could tell spring was really here and had taken all over. The flowers bloomed radiantly, the grass was a perfect green and the sun shone brightly irradiating a nice warm. Birds were singing and insects moved around doing their work. Too bad Jon and Dany could not feel happy about all that.

Dany turned her face towards Jon. Tears were running down her face. He was totally shocked. Daenerys never cried. Never.

She laughed a little. “Surprise. One more thing you don’t know about current Daenerys Targaryen. I cry now, like... a lot. But only when no one can see me”.

He didn’t know what to say. He had never seen her like this, so… vulnerable. He didn't like it,
Dany was the strongest and most determined woman he had ever met. “I’m right here, I can see you”.

More tears. “Yes... fuck you, Jon Snow”. Once more, she hugged him, only this time he hugged her back and they stood there, embracing each other for quite a while. He felt like crying too but resisted. Gods, they had so many things coming at them. Will they be able to face them? Jon was terrified and he knew Daenerys was just the same. They still had to talk about so many things...

“You were right”, she said while still holding him. Jon’s shirt was all wet now. “I think I hate you, I really hate you”.

He laughed a little. “I hate you too. So much”.

He embraced her more tightly and could resist no more. A tear went down his cheek. So many feelings, so many thoughts. Anger, frustration, fear, resentment, anguish... The world seemed to stop around them.

After a while, which felt like hours to them, they finally let go of each other. Her eyes were red and swollen, her hair was a mess. Even then, she was a sight. “Oh no, Elia’s coming”. She tried to whip some tears off.

“D, you don’t know how sorry I am to interrupt but please, we need you. This people know you went to Pentos U and want to know all about it”. Elia seemed really distressed. “I know this is your time with Jon, I’m so sorry... Actually, Jon, if you want to come it’s ok”.

“No”, said Daenerys. “He doesn’t have to endure boring conversations and conceited essosi men for the rest of the afternoon”.

“I can come”.

“No, Jon, really. I need some space right now, from you. It was too much”.

Elia felt like she was intruding so step back a few feet.

He made a face.

“I know, Jon, I know, we still have a thousand things more to talk about, but not today”.

“Then whe-”.

“Gods, please just let me be, I don’t want to fight any more. I’ll talk to you tomorrow”.

Jon have her a preoccupied look.

“What”.

“I was planning on going out tom-”

She looked at him angrily.

“Tomorrow it is”.


Dany went to bed that night and slept soundly for the first time in weeks, even after having to put up a fake smile and entertain her brother’s guests, she felt calmed. Pouring her heart out had somehow liberated her but made her very tired as well. It was clear to her the situation with Jon was not the best, but at least they had come to an understanding on not being wankers to each other but instead try to be open and listen to what the other had to say. She really did not feel prepared to talk to him again, but knew it was inevitable. She hoped she wouldn’t get emotional again. Ugh. Jon had always been better at that. When they were younger, though she wouldn’t cry, everyone could tell when she was sad, it just wasn’t in her to clam up and hide her emotions. If she was happy, she showed it, if she was angry, she showed it, and like that with every other emotion. Jon on the other hand would only allow a few to get close enough to understand his emotions. He wasn’t very expressive but you could definitely learn how to know what he was feeling if you looked closer.

She texted him she would go to the Stark Mansion around 11. She felt so nervous about it, like if it was the first time she went there. You don’t even remember the first time you went there, silly, you were a baby. She quickly showered and went downstairs.

She found Rhaenys playing by the living room.

“Auntie!”.

“Baby girl!!”, she kneeled and hugged her tightly. “How are you doing today? That dress is gorgeous. You’re gorgeous!” The girl only laugh but later replied angrily “I’m not a baby anymore!”

“Oh you are to me! Forever!!”, she squeezed her and started kissing her all over. Rhaenys was really something, she had gotten the Targaryen fine features and lilac eyes but the Martel sun kissed hair and skin. Perfect combination if you asked Daenerys, the cheesiest aunt ever.

“I’m thinking you’ll be a lovely mother”, Elia said while walking towards them. Dany froze. Up until now, children or motherhood not even once had crossed her mind. “Oh don’t tell me you had not thought about that. You’re getting married in some months”.

She was still shocked. She let go of Rhaenys and stood up to face Elia. “That doesn’t mean I will have children”.

Elia raised an eyebrow. “Oh please, you have always wanted to be a mother”.

“Yeah, before I got to know I was going to be forced into marrying someone I don’t love”.

Old Memories, New Feelings (II)

Chapter Notes

I planned on uploading this till wednesday but it was finished and I had to share it with you. I didn't have time to reply to your comments but I read all of them, thank you so much for your opinions and kind words. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Elia sighed. “I can’t find anything to say that can comfort you. You know I’m not very sentimental
and I married your brother crazy in love so... I cannot relate to you, but…”

“But…”

“But what I can tell you is that happiness in a marriage does not depend on love”.

“You don’t believe that”.

“I do. I didn't before getting married, but I know it now. I’ve been married for 10 years so I think I
know something. Believe me, D, marriage is about working hard together, love ends up… in a
second place”.

“Well, I don’t believe that”.

“Fine, just... don't be so hard on you or Jon because you're not marrying being in love. Instead,
look for solutions, make agreements, establish boundaries. All that can help you live a nice life”.

Dany didn’t want to listen anymore. “Fine. I’ll go visit Jon now, actually, so see you later”. She
walked out of the mansion. Was Elia right? Did love did not matter so much? Everything was so
confusing.

She arrived at the Stark Mansion and got in by the staff door which she knew was always opened.
She found Robb and Marge in the living room.

“Helloooo”. Dany was in a really good mood.

“Daenerys! Didn’t expect to see you here”, exclaimed Margaery.

“To be honest, neither did I”.

“Oh, it’s just that we don’t have a home in KL so when I come I always stay here, I’m not keen on
hotels and I prefer to avoid my brother’s place. He’s always bringing dates and I feel like I'm
intruding the whole time”.

“Got you. Thank god both my brothers are in committed long term relationships and the mansion is
immense. I would hate to find them with a date in a… well you know”. She chuckled.

“You’re here to see Jon, I imagine”, said Robb

“Yep”. The girls kind of ignored him.

“I didn't know Viserys was in a relationship… what, is he married?” Dany didn’t know why but
she felt Margaery emanated such a cool vibe, she could picture her hanging out with Missy and
Yara perfectly.

“Not yet, but he will be. Just after Jon and I get engaged, but I think the press knows little, he and
V had kept it very private. They will only have a very small ceremony back home. Apparently they
don’t want the media there or to make a big fuss about it”.

“Oh, that’s why. I thought my gossiping magazines were failing me”. She laughed. “V? is that
your cousin Visenya? I heard something about the two”.

“That’s her”.

Robb interrupted their lovely conversation.
“D, I think I have to tell you something”.

*Ugh. What now.* Robb seemed serious. “What is it?”

“I kind of…”

She looked at him impatiently.

“I told Jon we kissed”.

Both Dany’s and Margaery's eyes went wide.

“You what?! Whyyyy?!” Great, just when things seemed to be kind of alright with Jon.

“It kind of came out.”

“Came out? Just like that! It came out?! Ugh, Robb! Why did you have to tell him *that*”. 

“Well... he asked”

“No, he didn’t… ugh, I can’t believe you told him we kissed!”

“So you were not planning to tell me you kissed my brother”. Jon’s voice came from behind her. *Fuck.* After her surprise she turned to him. His voice was calmed, but again, she could tell he was upset because of his eyes.

“No, I wasn't, because I knew you would overreact just like you're doing right now. I don’t even know how you ended up talking about that but now that we are at it, it didn't mean anything, Jon. It was just a kiss at a party years ago, end of the story. So please let’s not make a big deal about it, yes?”

- 

He wanted to say so much about it, he had plenty of ideas on the matter. But not in front of Robb and Marge. He could tell Dany meant it (he hoped Dany meant it) but he still felt uneasy about it. On the other hand, Robb’s eyes showed… disappointment? *Ugh,* his crush with Dany really needed to end. He knew Robb fell so easily for anybody and, who wouldn't fall for Dany anyways? Still, Robb couldn’t go on holding expectations about her, but even if he did… this time he wouldn't step aside. That, he had clear.

Jon didn’t answer. He only grabbed her hand and started walking out of the living room. It felt good to just leave Robb somehow shocked. *Gods,* one day with Dany and he was starting to act like her all dramatic. He took her to the TV room that was more like a mini movie theatre, to be honest. He and Dany had spent so many good times there watching old films, his favourites. Though sometimes Dany would convince him to watch some terrible romances or thrillers as well.

Out of nowhere Daenerys asked: “Why do they call you white wolf?”

“What?”

“Why do they call you white wolf”.

“Aye, I heard you, I just don’t understand, what does that have to do with anything”.

“It doesn’t, I’m just curious”.

-
“You’re always curious. Don’t change the subject. We were discussing something”.

She rolled her eyes. “I said what I needed to say, now answer my question. Why do they call you white wolf? Is it because of the Snow thing? I hadn't heard it till I came back. I get the young wolf…but white?"

“Press is not creative”.

“Robb said the same about his nickname”.

He gave her a look.

“Oh please, what? Am I supposed to never talk about him again?

This woman would be the end of him, once more she was avoiding an issue and pretending everything was fine. Still, he wasn’t mad at her. He realized then Daenerys didn’t know he had a direwolf now. They had stopped seeing each other before that. When Dany had gotten Drogon, Jon had been very jealous because he still couldn’t have a direwolf. Dany consoled him telling him he would eventually get one, he just needed to be patient. “Whatever… and I’m not really sure, but perhaps this has to do with something”. He stood up. “Come”. He started walking.

“Are you giving me a house tour, Jon? Because I know all of it”.

He rolled his eyes. “Just come! You'll love it”.

Dany seemed confused but followed him.

They arrived at the little godswood that had been built at the mansion.

“Jon…?”

“He must be here somewhere”.

“He?”

“C'mon boy?! Where are you?”

“Boy? Jon Stark, do you have a child I don’t know of? If I’m going to be a step mother you should have said something”.

“Well, something like that”.

“What?!“ Dany’s face showed concern.

Out nowhere, she squealed and two seconds later was on the floor.

“Ghost!!!!!” Jon was terrified. Ghost didn’t like strangers, he feared he had attacked Daenerys. His heart started beating again with instead of more screams he heard giggles.

“Stop, stop, stop”, she said. The laughter continued.

“Come on, boy, let her be. I'm sorry, this is so weird, he usually doesn't like strangers. He's pretty protective of me”

“Oh for the gods, Jon!” She was still giggling. “Please get him off me”.
Jon had to do a massive effort to get Ghost off of Dany. She was in the floor all muddy.

“Great, your dog has ruined my clothes”, she said while standing up.

Jon was not amused by the term used.

Finally, Dany looked up and focused her sight on the big ball of fur in front of her.

“Daenerys, this is Ghost. Boy, this is Daenerys”.

Jon could see Dany’s eyes opened wide with admiration. “He’s beautiful, Jon”. She approached the wolf and petted his head. She laughed. “You finally own a direwolf!”

“That’s right”, he said proudly. He was still amazed by Ghost seeming so fine with her, but he was glad. He would have hated to add a wolf-soon to be wife bad relationship to his list of problems. Ghost was his most beloved friend, it was very important to him that he got along with Daenerys. Ghost did not feel very comfortable even with Sam or Gendry, but he seemed to adore Daenerys from minute one. He moved his tail enthusiastically, licked her all over and let her pet him everywhere. He smiled.

“When did you get him?” Dany was practically hugging him now.

“Four years ago. He was only a pup”.

When all she could see was white and felt a heavy weight on her, she had been very scared. When it had thrown her to the floor and started licking her she had actually been laughing out of nerves and not because she was truly enjoying it. Not that she would ever admit that to Jon. She was the owner of a massive dragon but she had been afraid of a dog, wolf? Never. She’d rather die than admit it. Ghost was huge. Like… huge. On his four legs the animal was Jon’s waist height. Breath-taking.

When she had gotten acquainted with him, though, she couldn’t help but to fall for his soft hair and expressive red eyes. He was gorgeous and so friendly. Her heart was his already.

Jon continued speaking. “I thought you knew I had him, I believe Ghost and I were all over the place when I came back from Freeland, social media and such, well that’s what Arya said. I thought you might had seen a picture there”.

“I only use social media to post things I barely look at anything, and I never pay attention to what the press says”.

Jon smirked. “You’re the definition of narcissism you know that?”

_Ugh_. “And you’re a hermit, you know that?”

“Not now, D.”

“You’re right”. She sighed. “So tell me, are you the only one?”

“With a direwolf?”

She nodded.

“No. Robb has one as well, Grey Wind must be here somewhere. And the rest of us”.


“All of you? But…”, she started calculating years. “Not even Sansa is 20 yet”.

“I know. Long story short… father found them and their mother was dead so he brought them home and mother let us keep them”.

Dany continued petting Ghost while they talked. Jon seated next to her. She loved the godswood, it was a very relaxing place to be. “I can’t believe people used to kill them…”

Jon’s face became serious.

“I mean… how could they? They are beautiful and harmless”. Ghost was joyfully leaning towards her as if letting her know he wanted more scratching.

“They are beautiful, aye, but… they can harm. That’s why people feared them, but they never realized it was actually their fault for getting so close to them. The same with dragons”.

Dany’s face became serious as well. She hated to think about the times direwolves and dragons nearly got extinct because people haunted them.

The two animals were very important to both families as they had always been. But some centuries ago, people had enjoyed killing them, first because of what they represented –the power both houses yelled- and then because they were more than they had ever been so they started attacking villages and eating people’s flocks. The Starks couldn’t protect all direwolves in the northern forests so people organized themselves in hunting groups. And though dragons were big and very dangerous, they managed to kill them using large crossbows when Targaryens were not there to look after them.

That was why in 1707 many westerosi lords with the support of the current king -despite his personal refusal being a Targaryen himself and owner of a dragon- wrote a law that strictly prohibited the use of them for any political or military purposes and established that dragons needed to be kept within Dragosntone and its surroundings. If taken to the mainland they would have to remain in forests far away from urban areas and only Targaryens would be allowed to enter such forests.

As to direwolves, they were put in natural reserves mainly in the North and Freeland with controlled limits so they couldn’t go near people. They could still become company animals -if raised since birth- but required special permit to live within cities, which was kind of a silly rule given that, because they were considered wild animals, only the Starks really kept them close. People thought that was odd but, hey, they were Starks so nobody messed with them.

“Hey… about the kiss”.

“Jon, don’t”.

“I’m sorry but I can’t stop thinking about it”.

“I told you it meant nothing. We kissed. One time. Ancient history. And, if it helps, he kissed me and I didn’t even reciprocate”.

“Daenerys, if you like my brother you have to tell me now”.

“I don’t”.

“If you do…”
“I don’t!” She really didn’t.


“Yes, Jon! For the gods!”

“It’s just that…”

“What…”

“I think he has feelings for you…”

_He does? “Well I don’t, so stop it. This conversation is pointless”. _

She could tell he wanted to continue talking about this, that he wasn’t convinced with her words. But she really meant it, and she really didn’t feel like discussing a stupid kiss with Robb. Jon was giving it importance it didn’t deserve. She resented Robb a little now…whatever attraction she had felt for him was long gone. Yes he was sweet, handsome and someone to have a nice talk with, but nothing to really flip her, there were many men like him. She and Jon had really important decisions to make from now on and Jon was stuck on something that had happened two years ago, all because Robb had decided to have a crush on her.

She sighed. She grabbed his hands and looked at him directly to the eyes. “I’m serious Jon. I want this work out… somehow”.

“Me too”.

“What Robb thinks of me or feels for me or whatever… I really don’t care. I want to be ok with you, and I want you to be sure that I don’t like him that way”.

“Why are you being so mature about this, I almost feel stupid”, he smirked.

“You are, but someone has to be the mature one in this…”, she was tempted to say relationship but she knew they were not a couple, a long way awaited them if they ever planned on being one. Their… togetherness was more contractual, so she settled for: “team”.

He raised an eyebrow. “Team?”

“Do you have a better word for it? No, so don’t look at me like that, you were praising me being mature”. Her stomach growled. She had not eaten anything since she woke up.

“You didn’t have breakfast”, he said matter-of-factly. “Daenerys, I can’t believe you still go on living without having breakfast. So much for being mature. Gods, you’re a child. It’s almost noon and you haven’t eaten anything, right? How do you manage? C’mon let’s get you something”. He stood up quickly and started walking back to the house.

“Yes, father”. He rolled his eyes. Ghost happily went along. She really felt as if Jon had scolded her, he always had done it when it came to her bad eating habits. She hated him for that, made her feel stupid. But he was right. She was starving.

- The Stark mansion had its own gym and Marge loved it, so she and Robb had decided to do some exercise to pass time. She had been wanting to bring up the flirting with Daenerys but she had not yet brought herself to do it. She decided now it was the time and being blunt about it would be
better. Robb brought up her name before she could.

“So what do you think about Daenerys? You never told me”.

“She seems nice”.

“You're saying that but you don’t mean it, right? I know you Marge”.

“No, I genuinely think she's nice…”

“Let me hear the ‘but’ in there”.

“But you have had a crush on her for forever and she's marrying your brother, Robb. I'm your friend so I don't know how to feel about that. You have to stop having feelings for her”.

“I don't have feelings for her”.

She look at him sceptically. “Then, stop flirting with her”.

“I'm not flirting with her”.

“You are”.

“I'm not”.

“Come on, Robb, seriously?”

“Fine. Apparently I have been doing it. Jon said so, you say so”.

“I can’t believe you think you really have been doing nothing”.

“I didn’t realize it, ok?”

“You do like her”.

He remained silent.

“So, what, you acknowledge you like her but you are just dumb enough to not know when you’re flirting? I don’t buy it”.

“Then don’t, but it’s the truth. Like I said, you are the second person to point it out but I hadn’t noticed it… so… I’ll try not to do it from now on... whatever that means. But I can’t stop liking her just like that, even if she’s marrying Jon”.

“I don’t know what to tell you, my friend, it’s a fucked up situation. You liking your brother’s girl? Damn romcom material. I’m pretty sure you don’t like her though, it’s your ego getting in the way”.

“Whatever Margaery, thanks for the support”, he said sarcastically and then with a lower voice he added “And she wouldn’t be my brother’s girl if it weren’t for a stupid agreement”.

“Unbelievable. You’re an utter prat you know that, Robb?”

“What”.

“So you really think Daenerys would have fallen for you it that agreement didn’t exist?” She snorted. “Again, your fucking ego speaking”.
“And how can you be so sure she wouldn’t have”.

“Because not all women helplessly fall for you, Robb! There are many other men in this world! Gods, you’re one self-centred ass. And a terrible brother”.

“I love my brother”.

“But you think you are better than him”.

No! …I just said, how could you be so sure Daenerys wouldn’t like me if she were not being forced to marry Jon”.

“Because, what, she can’t fall for Jon because she genuinely likes him and not because she has no option?”

Silence.

“You know what I think? I think you like Daenerys because you can't have her and that drives you mad. For the first time you can't have a woman, and that woman happens to be with your brother. Ohhh who in this world can prefer Jon over mighty Robb Stark! You’re not the centre of the world, Robb, deal with it”.

Robb couldn't believe what he was hearing. Did Marge really think all of that? “You’re insane, I thought you were my friend, whose side are you?”

“Side? Oh for the gods, what is this a freaking soap opera? I’m on nobody's side. I’m your friend so I’m only pointing out something that could potentially harm your relationship with your brother. But if by sides you mean who makes more sense, well that’s not you. Admit it! You are jealous of Jon”!

“Oh please”.

“You would love to be in his place! Though I don't even know why, it’s a terrible place!”

“I would not like to be in his place!”

“But you’d like to be with Daenerys”, Marge laughed. “Gods, you are child, worse, a hormonal teenager”.

“Shut up. I wouldn’t like to be in his place…”

“But…”, she pushed.

“But, yes, I still like Daenerys so what, sue me!”

“Yes, but not to the extent to be the ass you’re being. I don’t understand this whole dramatic thing you’re doing”.

“And how do you know I don’t like her that much, huh? You don’t know anything about my feelings!”

“It’s only and stupid crush, it’s not like you love her”.

“And what if I do”.

She gave him an incredulous look. “Robb you fall in love every two days, you change girls every
“You were the one who stopped answering my texts”, she said plainly.

“I changed of phone number”.

“How could I have known that”.

“You stopped answering my emails. I told you about the phone number in one of them”.

week, come on”.

“Again, you know nothing”.

“Oh stop it. You don’t love anyone! You never have, and now suddenly Daenerys?!”

“It’s not sudden, you know it”.

She felt the conversation was going in circles. “Yes, you have had a crush on her for some years. A crush, Robb, you didn’t even mind her when she was in Pentos so why now”.

“Damn you, Marge, I don’t even know why are we still talking about this”.

“Well because you’re making no sense!”

Robb stood from the bench they had been resting after working out and stormed out of the gym. Marge felt as if their conversation had gone nowhere. Well, fuck him, she had wanted to help him and he was stupid enough to not let go of his pride. Let him face reality by himself. He thought Daenerys liked him? Please, a six year old could tell her eyes sparkled when she looked at Jon.

She decided to leave the Stark Mansion that day, Robb was insufferable and she wasn’t about to let him ill-treat her because of his stubbornness. Though it really pained her to see him blinded by jealousy and that he had not even tried to hear her point of view. What was it with him? She had never seen him get like this for anybody… She felt something on her stomach, like a… hole? Did he really liked her that much? He had never liked anyone before…

Jon and Dany were at the kitchen enjoying some delicious soup and sandwiches Jon had rapidly made for the two of them. Jon had already had breakfast but he could basically eat all the time. He could have asked the chef to prepare something fancier, but they had given him the day so he had not want to bother him.

“I can’t believe Jon Snow knows how to cook. I’m a lucky woman”.

“Don’t get too excited, some sandwiches and soup does not mean I know how to cook. I don’t actually, but living alone for seven years taught me some things. Do you?”

“What, cook?” She wrinkled her nose. “Not really”.

“Thank the gods we are rich, we can pay for someone to do it for us”.

She laughed. “Thank them”.

They continued eating in silence until Jon suddenly spoke.

“Why did you stop talking to me?” Dany’s face went blank and she resumed eating the last of her sandwich.

“You were the one who stopped answering my texts”, she said plainly.

“I changed of phone number”.

“How could I have known that”.

“You stopped answering my emails. I told you about the phone number in one of them”.

-
“Who writes emails anymore”.

Jon gave her a look.

Dany felt somewhat guilty then. She had not replied to some of his emails but only because she had been very busy helping Elia with some events and because of exams. She had been considering what university to attend and had to excel in every subject. Still, she had sent him texts and when he didn’t answer she just assumed he didn’t want to talk to her anymore, also after some days she had not gotten another email so there, she got angry and never dared read them, she really didn’t know he had changed of number. She was afraid if she read them she would find out he regretted their last day together or that maybe he had a girlfriend.

“It was both of us. We both stopped trying. We cannot blame the other”.

Jon sighed. “Really? Just that?”

“Yes, just that”.

“It’s better if you tell me the truth”.

“There is no more truth to it, Jon. Plus, that was years ago, we are here now”.

He looked angry. “You regretted that day and you never wanted to see me again, right?”

“No! I didn’t regret that day, Jon we were best friends, how can you say that! I missed you every day since. I thought it was so hard I didn’t have anyone to complain to about my bad days or to talk endlessly about my dreams and worries. I wanted to tell you I got accepted into Pentos U. I really missed you”.

“I missed you too”, his tone softened. “I wanted to tell you all about Freeland, and about Ghost, and about… everything”.

“Well, let’s catch up now. What do you say we do some talking like in the old times, in your room only this time with wine because juice is just not enough anymore”.

“Wine at 2 o’clock?”

Dany shrugged.

He smiled. “Let’s do it”.

They cleaned their dishes, took some bottles of wine from the cellar and went upstairs. Ghost, of course, followed.

Dany wasn’t prepared to what she felt when Jon opened the door to his room. It was as if time had stopped and she was again a 15 year old high school student filled with expectations about the future. Her heart started pounding rapidly. She hoped Jon couldn’t hear it or something.

Nine years had gone by but she still could remember it as if it had been yesterday. The first time she had sex. Ever. And it had been with Jon. It hadn’t been great, she had to admit, but it had been sweet and full of trust. She had gotten the idea after many of her friends back at Dragonstone would not shut up about it. What was it about sex everybody seemed to think it was worth talking about for hours? She had to know, she didn’t want to feel left out. Plus, sexuality was not something Targaryens were ashamed of, she was sure if she asked her parents or her brothers they would tell her all about it. She in fact had already asked them about it when she was twelve and
they had replied to all of her questions without feeling embarrassed. They told her it was a great experience only she had to wait some years. And they also told her she should only do it when she felt it was right and with whom she considered was up to the task.

Jon was her best friend, what better person to do it with than him, she thought. It had been like a year or so she had started to have some physical feelings for him anyway. Sometimes when he spoke, she couldn’t help but to look at his lips and wonder how it would feel to have them close. She had not kissed anybody yet. She fantasized about the whole thing for months until one day she decided she would not hold it up anymore. So, one afternoon after helping Jon’s mother with some details to celebrate Sansa’s birthday, they were in his room –just like now– and she had asked him to have sex with her.

“I want to have sex, Jon”.

His face went white.

“And I want it to be with you”.

He coughed as if he was choking. He said nothing.

“You don’t? She felt a little hurt. “It’s ok…”, she sighed.

“No!”

“So you do?” Her face lit up.

He didn’t know what to say. How could she be so blunt about it? “I…”

She looked at him expectantly. “You…”

“I don’t know, Dany. I mean, I do want to have sex-“. 

“With me?”, she interrupted. “If you don’t want to have sex with me, you have to tell me who do you want to have sex with. Is it that girl from Storm’s End? You told me you liked her”.

“No! I don’t want to have sex with her”. She was growing impatient. Jon again remained silent so she crossed his room and was about to open the door when she felt he hugged her from behind. “I’m sorry. You just took me by surprise, I thought boys were supposed to be the ones dying to have sex, I never expected you wanted to do it”. He whispered all those words into her right ear. She put her hands over his.

“I’m not like other girls. I want to have sex, Jon… with you. You are my best friend, I know you won’t hurt me or mock me”.

“Never”.

“So?”

“So I want to have sex with you too. Badly. But… here? Now?”

“Who cares? Everyone is busy with Sansa, nobody will notice we’re gone. Her friends will be here anytime. Please, Jon”. She turned herself to look at him and put her hands on his face.

One moment later, she felt his lips over hers. She knew it was not Jon’s first kiss. He had told her about his first kiss with a girl back in Winterfell he had had a crush with, but she didn’t care. He was all hers now, and his first time would be with her.
They kissed and they kissed until Jon slowly started guiding her to the bed. She felt ecstatic. Jon’s lips felt so good on hers. She hadn’t noticed but she started moaning and Jon took that chance to put his tongue in her mouth. She was surprised but realized it felt amazing so she started corresponding clumsily. Jon made her sit on the bed and gently pushed forward until his whole body was covering hers. His hands started wandering across her legs, her waist, her neck... She would have felt in the company of the gods, if she believed in any of them. Suddenly, Jon started squishing her breasts and Dany did not know that was a thing for her. Her moans started growing and she was completely overwhelmed by the whole thing. She parted from Jon and looked him in the eyes.

“If you don’t want to continue…”, he said panting.

She said no with her head and continued kissing him. She dared to move her hands through his body as well. An idea came to her mind. Viserys had told her men really enjoyed the touch of a woman down at their private parts, so she thought she had to try. She slowly moved her hand towards Jon’s groin and put it there. She gently started caressing him. He moaned loudly and she realized her brother had been right. She smiled. Jon directed his kisses to her neck and then to her collarbone. He later started moving his hand towards her knickers. Dany moved her hands to his t-shirt and passed it through his head until his chest was bare in front of her. She started putting little kisses all over it. After a while, Jon finally managed to unzip her dress and brought it down to her feet. They both got rid of their shoes and continued touching each other.

“You’re beautiful”, he said. “In and out. You’re perfect”.

“You’re perfect”, she replied.

Truth was, neither of them had an amazing body back then. Jon was scrawny and a bit too short. Dany still had the body of a girl and not so much of a woman. But still, they were perfect in each other’s eyes. That day had been really special. Too bad after their encounter they had to rush to be part of Sansa’s birthday party and pretended nothing had happened. They had planned to talk about it the next day, but out of the sudden both their families had business back home and needed to leave the capital so Jon and Dany couldn’t meet that day or any other for they never made it back to King’s Landing. According to both their fathers, there was no need to. They had to attend serious matters in Winterfell and Dragonstone respectively so going for the holidays to the capital was no longer an option. They now had people to deal with that.

Dany came back to the present. Jon was calling her name.

“Daenerys? Are you alright? You went away for a second there”.

“Sorry, I was just thinking... you know, about the last time I was in this room...”

Jon tensed but then laughed it off.

“Right”, he snorted. “I had completely forgotten about that”.

She looked at him with hurt in her eyes.

“I mean, no that I forgot...I just didn’t think about it when you suggested to come here to talk”. Dany visibly relaxed. “It is kind of weird, isn’t it?”

She laughed. “Well... no, I guess it’s not. We were horny teenagers”. Jon seat in one of his couches and motioned her to do the same in the one in front of him. Probably the bed was better left untouched.
“That we were… but it wasn’t really good, was it?” He smirked. “It lasted like two seconds… sorry about that. I’ ashamed of myself now”.

Dany couldn’t hold the laughter. Her laugh filled the room. “No, you’re right. It wasn’t great. We didn’t know what to do and yes, it lasted so little. Oh dear gods… I don’t think anyone has a good first time, right? If anyone does, we certainly failed miserably”.

“Agreed. It’s funny, no? How with time and perspective things just change. I mean, at that precise moment I felt like a hero, I thought I had excelled at the task”.

“Really?”, her giggling continued. “Well, for the record, I thought you had as well. Until of course I had sex with other men and realized it had been a poor performance… on both sides, don’t get offended”.

“I won’t. I realized the same later”. There was a pause.

“Wow, nine years, huh?”

“Nine long years”.

“Why are we talking like we were sixty? Come on, let’s stop this memory lane”.

Jon opened the bottle of wine and poured it. His body language changed. “D, I don’t know if we will ever go back to what we were, but I want you to know I’m willing to do my best to try and get along. Our situation is so bad but… I think we need to find a bright side to it. If we let it consume us… we will be unhappy for the rest of our lives”.

“I agree. I really feel like I can’t have any sympathy for you right now, you annoy me and I know I annoy you, but… like you, I’m willing to try my best. So…” She grabbed her glass and lifted it up. “For our future together”.

“For our future together”, repeated Jon and their glasses collided.

The bottles of wine were rapidly finishing. They were opening the third one. They had been talking nonstop, it felt good.

“Ugh, I can’t believe I will have to meet you at uni as well, it’s as if you just keep intruding into every aspect of my life” He only rolled his eyes. “Couldn’t you find somewhere else to spend time?”

“Believe me I’m not thrilled either. I thought uni was a safe place, now you will be there calling for attention”.

“As if you could go unnoticed”.

“More than you, I can”.

“I can dye my hair and put on some contacts if it makes you happier”.

“It wouldn’t, but even if you did, it’s not like people would stop recognizing you”.

“But it could divert some attention”.

“Don’t dye your hair and don’t put on contacts. Don’t”. He really didn’t like the idea of running
into Dany every day at uni, but he would never wish for her to cover what made her so special only to annoy him a little less. He’d managed… somehow.

She smiled. “Fine, if you say so”. She stood up from the couch and went for the floor. “It’s only some weeks to our engagement party”.

“Aye”.

“Everything happened so fast. One day I was a normal student finishing a promising programme in human rights, the next one I’m someone’s fiancée”.

“I know”. He joined her on the floor. “My father told me it was always meant to be this way, that it was decided we would marry after graduating. You just graduated”.

“At least you had a little more time”.

He looked at her with a ‘really?’ expression on his face. “I was working and preparing myself for the Master’s entrance exam”.

“I know…I can’t believe I will get married at 24”.

“Technically you’ll be 25 by then”

She sighed. “I can’t believe I will get married at 25”.

He laughed “I can’t believe I will get married at 25”

“Gods, we’re young”.

“Not really… I mean, yes we are, but considering the ages our families are used to tie the knot we are already old”, he snorted.

“Right. Why do we marry so young? Other people don’t even want to think about it until their thirties, why do we marry so young? I remember Rhaegar wanted to marry at 20 but mother convinced him to wait a little. He got married at 23… so young”.

“No idea, it’s always been that way and somehow everyone just seems to agree with it. My parents are going crazy because Robb isn’t married yet, according to them he should already had at least one child by now”, he snorted. “But he doesn’t care, he says he won’t marry ever, which I don’t believe, nobody does, but father has come to realize it’s pointless to pressure him”.

Dany started laughing. They were both tipsy now.

“What?”

“Robb”, she couldn’t stop laughing.

“What about him”.

“He calls the city ‘Kel’”, her laugh was louder and contagious.

His laugh was getting louder as well. “I know, I’ve told him to stop but he seems to enjoy it”, he said between giggles.

“It’s terrible, please make him stop”.
“Don’t worry, I have not given up”. He realized he really wasn’t bothered with Robb anymore. He knew Dany could be many things but she had never been a liar, and he somehow just knew she still wasn't one. If she had said she didn’t like Robb, then she didn't. Robb could like her, fuck, he could love her… he couldn't do anything about it. He felt horrible for feeling that way about his own brother, but he couldn’t help it.

They stood up from the floor –Jon didn’t remember when that had happened- and tried to make it to the door, they needed some fresh air. But Dany stumbled upon a sleeping Ghost and lost balance. He tried to help her but they ended falling onto the bed. Both of them still laughing and with no control to stop it. So they just laid there, laughing. After a while, they realized they weren’t laughing at Robb anymore but at the absurdity of their own situation. It was better than yelling to each other, they supposed.

Jon turned to look at Dany while she was still laughing. She looked radiant. He wasn’t ok with the fact of having to marry her because their parents had basically ordered them to do so, but damn, he was a lucky man. Everyone in the entire world thought Daenerys Targaryen was the most beautiful being to have ever walked on it and there she was, lying on his bed next to him. And she was about to be his wife. Calling her that somehow did not feel odd. He extended his hand and put it on one of her cheeks. Her laugh stopped. Could it be they would end up having sex in his room like so many years ago? He was sure this time it’d be a hundred times better, though. Just to think about it turned him on. She extended her hand and placed it on his face as well. Gods, her skin felt so soft. He moved his hand to her waist and got closer to her. They were like that for some minutes, only looking at each other. He wanted to kiss her so bad. *Fuck it*. Their situation was already a mess, surely having sex would not add to it and maybe it could even help ease some tension. He grabbed her face again and was about to kiss her when Ghost decided to join them in bed and placed himself in the middle cuddling in Dany’s arms.

She started laughing again.

*Traitor*, Jon thought.

She looked at her phone. “Wow, it’s already midnight”. *What?* He was surprised as well.

“I should really head back”.

“You don’t have to. You can stay, you know that, right?”

“I do, thank you, but I really want my bed. Plus I promised Rhaenys I’d take her to the beach tomorrow morning. If I stay it will only delay me”. *Rhaenys*, that was Dany’s niece’s name, he never could remember it.

“Fine, but let me walk you. I don’t like the idea of you going alone at night”.

“Oh please, what could happen, it’s literally a path within our properties”.

“Still”.

“No, Jon. Stay”.

“Ok, at least let me send Ghost with you. He’ll leave you at your door and then come back”.

“He can do that?”

“He understands everything you say, now you don’t want to deal with an offended wolf”.
She smiled. “Ok, he can come”. Ghost moved his tail happily.

“Make sure she gets home safely, boy, but don’t stay too much”, he told him.

“Good night, I’ll… keep in touch. Remember you have to come with me to Dragonstone on Tuesday”.

“How could I forget? You mentioned it at least fifty times. Now off you go, it’s late. Good night to you too”.

-

She opened the door and went out of Jon’s room with Ghost following her. She went downstairs but suddenly heard a growl. She looked up and saw another massive ball of fur in front of her, only this wolf didn’t seem too happy with her as Ghost did. Ghost caught up with her and growled back at the other wolf. It was just as big but with greyish fur and brown eyes. The wolf started walking around them in circles with a scary look on his face. Apparently, he was having some kind of conversation with Ghost who looked pretty defensive. She hoped it didn’t go beyond that and tried to calm herself by thinking Ghost would never let her get harmed.

“Grey Wind, stop!” A voice came from the kitchen. Dany could see Robb going out of it with an apple in his hand. The grey wolf quickly made his way back to him.

“I’m sorry, he doesn’t like strangers, but I’m sure he won’t do that again, he was recognizing you”. Dany started breathing again. “I didn’t know you were still here, you’re leaving? Now?”

“Yes, I really want my bed this night”. She started walking to the service door.

“Can I offer to accompany you? It’s late and dark”.

“Nope, no worries, this baby here will be my escort for the night”, she said while scratching behind Ghost’s ears. “Goodbye, Robb, have a good night”. She opened the door and went out.

Robb stood there perplexed and watched her walk away through the door’s window. He couldn’t believe Ghost was all happy following her. Out of all the Stark direwolves, he was the most antisocial, but he looked as if Daenerys was his owner, he moved in sync with her. He couldn’t help to feel a little sting on his chest. He almost hit his head with a wall when he turned around and saw Jon standing there.

“Brother”.

“Hey there, Daenerys just went out with Ghost. Best friends, huh?”

“Aye, he adores her... I better get going”.

“You’ll follow her?”

“It is very dark. See you”.

When Daenerys started walking through the forest, she regretted not having accepted Jon’s offer to accompany her. She had walked that path countless times but never at night. When it became late and she was still on the Stark Mansion, Catelyn had always preferred she stayed and then go by the morning. Every sound startled her. Thank the gods at least Ghost was there with her. He seemed ok, happy even.
After what to Dany felt like forever, they finally arrived to the Targaryen mansion. She kneeled and kissed Ghost goodbye. “Now be a good boy and go back to Jon”. The direwolf ran quickly until Dany could no longer see his silhouette among the trees.

Now on the inside and a lot more relaxed, Dany could not stop thinking about Jon. It had been nine years and she had stood in the same room with him. She had been very nervous. She knew nothing would happen but still… Did she want something to happen? She guessed so because every time she thought Jon would start something but didn’t, she had felt very disappointed. The whole day he had seemed to not be able to stop touching her, either grabbing her hand or her hair. It had made her think he probably didn’t find her unattractive. Gods, she didn’t find him unattractive. She may not like him that much but he was FINE. She wouldn’t mind having sex with him at all.

She heard voices. She looked out from a window in the living room and saw Jon and Barristan talking. A smile crossed her face. Of course he had followed her. She stayed to hear their conversation.

“It’s so nice to see you again, Barristan, how have you been?” Barristan didn’t come very close. Ghost could be very imposing even if he was just chilling. How was it that he ran towards the forest and was now next to Jon?

“Little Jon, it’s nice to see you too, and not intruding may I add”.

Jon went pale. She chuckled, she knew about the intrusion as well.

“You saw me?”

“The moment you crossed the door by the storage corridor”.

“My apologies, I really didn't want to intrude. You’re not going to tell her now, are you…? Please don't”

“Just don’t make her angry, little one”.

“I’ll try my best but, I have to say, she’s a tough one”. Dany rolled her eyes.

Barristan smiled. “Good night, boy”.

“Good night, Barristan. I hope we can talk some other time. I know you missed me too, I’m sure you haven't had any other apprentice than me. Who listens to you best when you talk endlessly about cars?”

“Too? And who else missed you little one?” She loved the old man.

Jon pretended to be offended. “You didn't say you didn’t miss me”, he smirked. “Later, sir”.

Barristan waved and slowly walked back to the nice cottage that was his house on the Targaryen property.

Dany stood there while Jon and Ghost walked and disappeared before her eyes.

“White wolf”, she whispered smiling.

Chapter End Notes
Quick update, huh? I couldn't help myself though don't expect this to happen so often :) 
Your comments and kudos make me live (and endure hectic work days)! Thank you all!

Much love!
Daenerys had told Jon she needed to go to Dragostone to check on Drogon because he had gotten ill. Also, it would be a perfect opportunity for him to know the place and meet her parents again, her father had told her he wanted to speak with him. Jon was terrified. Aerys Targaryen himself wanted to talk to him. Jon had not encountered Aerys many times, even when they were younger he had always kept his distance and it was hard to just step into him wandering the house. He always seemed so busy. His presence made him a little nervous, he was such an imposing figure. Meeting the rest of the Targaryen clan also worried him, most of them lived in Dragonstone castle and some others in the city surrounding it, they owned the place.

They decided to take a ferry instead of one of their private jets so that people could start seeing them together, well, Daenerys had decided. He had argued about it but internally knew she was right, people had to believe they were a couple enjoying time together. The press had started speculating since their meeting and Loras’ bar.

When they arrived at the platform everybody looked at them, some phones were taken out, of course. Daenerys held his hand and the looks went from curiosity to astonishment. Great. He would have to get used to that.

Getting on the ferry was better. There were not so many people and they found a place somewhat private. Jon went to the ferry’s side and decided to enjoy the view while feeling the breeze of the ocean in his face. He loved it. Dany stood next to him and put her hand on his squishing it.

“I love the sea, that’s something we have always had in common”.

“Aye”, he smiled lightly.

“You’ll love Dragonstone, I know it”.

“I hope so”.

“And you will get to meet Drogon again. I’m sure he’ll be glad to see you”.

“You think he remembers me?”

“Of course, you took care of him as a baby. Dragons never forget”. They stayed quiet for a while looking at the waves. The day was beautiful. He could see her smirking. “You tried sneaking into my room”.

How could she know that! “What? I haven’t been near your house-” Dany raised an eyebrow.

“I’m going to kill him”.

She laughed. “You’re a boy. And Viserys had nothing to do with it… nor Barristan”.
Jon was even more embarrassed now.

“That day some of the girls at the house were gossiping about a handsome man who had visited Viserys and I happened to hear them. At first I didn’t pay much attention, but then, when you introduced Ghost to me everything made sense. Dark hair and big dog?”

“It was me”, he said defeated. “I wanted to see you and thought perhaps you’d be in your room like so many times before when I had visited you, but of course, you weren’t and Ghost started playing with your mother’s flowers so everyone noticed his presence. And, that day your brother happened to forget something so he of course teased me endlessly about it”.

“You’re sweet”.

“Oh please”.

“You are. You’re sweet, the sweetest”.

“Stop it, D”. He tickled her.

“No! No, no, no, please stop it, Jon!”.

“I’m not sweet”.

She was giggling and giggling. “Fine! You are not! You’re terrible, awful!” Jon stopped when he realized everyone was looking at them. “Anyway, I appreciate it. At least you tried to contact me, I was a coward running away from the whole thing”.

“I was a prat when I did get to meet you. I think we’re even”.

She gave him a bright smile.

Being with Daenerys wasn’t so bad after all, they were not totally comfortable with each other yet, but he felt like there had been progress. And sometimes, only sometimes, he felt like time had not gone by and they were teenagers and best friends again.

After some hours, they arrived to Dragonstone’s port. They descended and went on the black SUV that was waiting for them. Targaryens had a thing for black SUVs. From it, Jon could see his first glimpses of the island, Dany was right, he loved it. It had a very unique design to it. The architecture was so different from anything he had seen. The city could be a very nice touristic landmark, he thought, but everyone basically avoided it because of dragons. People were still kind of scared of them so only brave adventurers dare to visit the island, which was perfectly fine with the Targaryens and the people who lived there who were very used to their own space.

When they arrived at the castle gates, Dany’s family was there already. Viserys and Rhaegar had travelled the day before. He could see Rhaella’s big smile –so much like Dany’s- and Aerys’ serious but welcoming face. For being 53 and 59 respectively, they looked amazing, much younger, he thought. Elia and Rhaenys were there as well, together with another woman Jon had never seen but that clearly belonged to the family, her white hair and lilac eyes were almost like Dany’s. Almost. What a sight.

“Jon, dear!” Rhaella stepped forward and hugged him. “Look at you. You grew up to be a very handsome man. Gods, you would not be able to deny you’re Stark even if you wanted to. Dark raven hair, grey eyes…You look so much like…” She stopped talking a looked at him deeply in the eyes. Jon could tell Aerys tensed while the rest of the family looked puzzled.
“Like what?”, said Dany.

Rhaella seemed to be inspecting him thoroughly. “Nothing”. She smiled. “Oh honey”, she said looking at Dany. “You’re going to have some very special looking babies”. Viserys couldn’t hold his laugh. Both Dany and Jon were petrified. What were they supposed to answer? They didn’t like the idea of getting married and her mother was already talking babies!

“Well... Rhaenys is gorgeous and Elia and I are very different so I can only assume your children will be just as beautiful, sister”, intervened Rhaegar proudly.

Dany raised an eyebrow smirking. “Just as? More beautiful, I’m sure”. Jon blushed completely at that, he knew Dany didn’t want to even think about the subject, but he also knew she couldn’t stop herself when it came to teasing Rhaegar.

“You want to put some money on that?”, he said.

“Rhaegar!”, scolded Elia. Aerys only looked at them and disappeared into the castle.

“Count me in”, answered Dany. Like her, Jon didn’t want to think about children yet, but he was sure she was right. Of course he was never going to tell her he had already thought about how their children would look back when he was a teen. He pictured some baby boys and girls with pale skin and dark raven hair and some others with platinum hair and dark eyes. Perfect.

“C’mon wolf, don’t die on us just yet”, Viserys told him referring to his red face. “You need to marry my sister, remember?” Of course he had to start teasing him. He gave Jon a pat on the back while they all walked inside the castle. “Here, let me introduce you to my girlfriend, Visenya”.

“Fiancée”, she corrected. “Hello, Jon, it is finally nice to meet you. I’ve heard so much about you. Daenerys would not stop telling me stories about you while growing up. Welcome to the family”, she gave him an honest smile while Dany seemed to want to be anywhere but there.

Dragonstone Castle was marvellous, he was fascinated by it. He asked Daenerys if it was ok for him to wander a little at some point to take some pictures. Arya would go crazy about it.

Their arrival was followed by a celebratory gathering to which the rest of the family attended. Jon could not believe they were so many. It felt so weird to be surrounded by pale skin, white hair and lilac eyes. Everywhere you looked around those traits took over the room. It was surreal, only Rhaenys, Elia and about four other people stood out. He guessed he stood out as well.

After that, Jon and Dany settled in their rooms. No need to pretend they were in love when everyone around knew it wasn’t the case. He was unpacking when Dany knocked in his door. “Hey, I’m heading out to see Drogon and wanted to see if you’d like to join me”.

“Of course, I want to see him too, just give me a second and I’ll be right there. Meet you downstairs?”. She nodded and left the room.

They walked out of the castle and Jon started hearing the unmistakable sound the enormous beasts emitted. Two of them were flying above it, he didn’t recognize them.

“They are my parents’, they are a bit old already so they never venture very far”.

Suddenly, Jon felt a presence very near. Their hair and clothes started flowing. Jon immediately knew who it was when he saw dark and red scales. He was huge, the biggest dragon he had ever seen. He wasn’t like that last time he saw him. He landed in front of them and Dany ran to meet him.
“Baby! Oh I missed you so much!”, she said petting him. It was a lovely sight.

Unlike Starks, Targaryens didn’t have a specific age in which they were allowed to have a dragon for it didn’t depend on them. Each Targaryen was given an egg the day they were born and it was up to the dragon inside to come out whenever it felt like it. Rhaegar’s hatched when he was only 11, Viserys’ got his when he was 16 and Dany’s arrived one day before her 14th name day. Best present ever.

When Jon had met Drogon for the first time, it had been only a few weeks he had been born. “It’s not fair, you and your brothers all have dragons and I can’t have my wolf yet. Dragons literally breathe fire! What harm it could be to have a direwolf before turning 20?”, he complained. Dany mocked him a little, “You Starks and your many rules”.

They had spent days and days training, playing and feeding Drogon. She had named him like that because of a dothraki lord who wanted to change things for the wellbeing of his people, but had died early because of cancer. The Targaryens had been helping him donating money for the new schools and medical centres he was building, Dany had come to appreciate him and considered him an example. He passed away just one month after the dragon was born so she decided to name him in his honour. Rhaella thought it was a little weird but understood the big heart her daughter had.

“He’s so big now! How did that happen?”, he said marvelled.

“He’s special, that’s how”, Dany replied with the purest of loves. Everybody thought Drogon would not grow up very much because for years he had remained almost the same, but one day things changed and now he was the biggest of the family.

Suddenly, the dragon’s eyes met his and he felt somewhat fearful. Would he get angry for being so close to Daenerys? Would he recognize him?

The beast stretched his neck towards Jon and lowered his head. He could tell he was sniffing him, he lifted his hand and slowly approached the beast… Drogon let Jon pet him. Daenery’s started yelling happily “See?! I told you he would remember you! Oh baby, Jon is here! He has missed you too!”

Jon felt a huge relief to see the dragon had not forgotten him. He was so little last time he saw him, about Ghost’s size. Daenerys used to take him to KL without permission. He genuinely felt joy to see the dragon had grown strong. Jon put his arms around his head as much as he could and rested his own head on the dragon’s scales, smiling. “Hello, big D, it is so nice to see you again. How have you been?” Jon noticed Daenery’s watery eyes. She joined them in their hug putting her arms around Drogon’s head as well. “You grew immensely! What did Dany feed you?” The dragon seemed to understand everything. “You’re amazing, you know that? Thanks for not forgetting about me. I hope from now on we can see each other more often”. They stayed like that for a while and then spent some more time hanging out with Drogon while continuing to catch up.

They never ran out of things to say. At one point, they were leaning on Drogon’s belly while he surrounded them with his tail. She told him about Missy and Yara, what Elia had been up to, Pentos, and Viserys’ engagement (they were both a little jealous he and Visenya could do whatever they wanted). Jon told her about Sansa’s aspiration to become a writer (which he loved), Arya’s training for the World Games (she practiced fencing and was great at it so she had qualified to represent the North), Bran becoming a teenager and somewhat having a sombre personality (he had finally stopped climbing everywhere to which Dany felt relieved, she had seen him climb to the roof of the Targaryen Mansion once and he had only been 5), and little Rickon who was fascinated by cars and couldn’t wait for the next Grand Prix. It felt good to know about each other’s families.
Night fell upon them so they went back to the castle. Dinner went by with no further events until Aerys stood up and directed his voice towards Jon. “Young man, I would like to have a word with you. Come see me when you’re finished”. He said nothing more and stepped out of the dining room. *Fuck.*

“He won’t bite. Change that face, wolf”, said Viserys. Rhaegar chuckled.

“Enough both of you”, intervened Rhaella. “Let him be, I want to see you face Eddard Stark by yourselves. Don’t mind them, dear. My husband only wants to sort out some details about your marriage with Daenerys”, she smiled sweetly at him. Jon corresponded the smile.

“You finished?”, Dany asked impatiently while standing up. He nodded. “Follow me”. They went out of the room while he could hear Viserys, Rhaegar and Elia laughing about something. He had been surprised as to how much Elia seemed to get along with the Targaryens, he hoped one day it could be the same for him.

Dany guided him to her father’s study. “Whatever he says, don’t mind him”. He gave her a confused look. “He’s probably going to tell you I am his most beloved child and that you need to take care of me and protect me with your life if necessary. Rubbish. So don’t buy his words. I can take care of myself, I don’t need my husband or anyone to do it for me”. He was startled by her words, but got what she meant. Those ideas about women being precious fragile beings bothered him as well.

“Alright”, he told her. She opened the door for him and Jon went in. Dany was gone.

“Mr. Targaryen”.

“Jon”. The man was seated behind his desk but stood up and told Jon to sit in one of the nice chairs that were in front a chimney, he did the same. The room was big and cold. Some portraits hung on the walls and there were many books. The painting above the chimney caught Jon’s attention particularly.

“Queen Daenerys and her three dragons”, said Aerys. “I conserve it to remind myself about the time our beautiful children were reborn after centuries of extinction”. “I named my daughter after her”. Jon knew that. Dany loved it. “My wife is correct. You grew to be a very handsome man. You resemble a lot to your father’s family”. Jon supposed they were changing subjects.

“I’ve been told”.

“I met your father and his siblings when they were younger, I met your grandfather as well. I’m not going to say it was a pleasure to meet him. He hated us, and my father hated him”.

“I’ve heard about that as well”.

“Fortunately for all of us, your father was nothing like him. Nor was I like my own father”.

“So you signed the agreement that brought peace to our companies”.

“Precisely. I know you are aware of the story so I won’t bother repeating it. I know as well such agreement is a huge burden we have put on both my daughter and you, and for that, I apologize”.

Jon couldn’t believe it. Aerys Targaryen apologizing? One of the toughest and most feared men in the world was telling him he felt sorry for the burden he had put on him? Perhaps Dany exaggerated when she complained about his father being a stubborn, closed minded, conceited man?
"I’m not going to lie to you, Mr. Targaryen–"

"Call me Aerys", Jon didn’t think he could.

"Aerys", he said with a lot of effort. “I am not pleased with the idea of having to marry your daughter, or anyone for the matter, because of a pact my father and you made. I fought him on it and tried to figure out a way to not get through with this compromise. Perhaps it was a childish thing to do, but I believe marriage is a very important decision in any person’s life and I was furious to have been denied to make it myself”.

“You seem to be a man of strong ideas. I like that. So what made you change your mind to be here today meeting me and sharing dinner with my family?”

“I am a Stark. Family and honour is everything to us, I cannot forsake a responsibility that will lead to a promising future. If it is in my hands to contribute with something to the wellbeing of my family and my country, then I’m willing to do it”. Jon hoped that what he saw on Aery’s eyes was pride.

“And for that I am grateful. Like you, I believe marriage is also a very important and personal decision one has to make. I myself had the pleasure to fall in love with Rhaella and then chose to marry her. I am sorry your father and I took that away from you. I hope one day my daughter and you can find love. Your father and I did not expect you would grew apart, we didn’t know actually, until you both returned to Westeros”.

“You talked to my father recently?”

“Our children are getting married, yes, I talked to him. We assumed your marriage would not be a problem because you were so close growing up. We actually thought at one point you would end up marrying on your own will. Our mistake, though the decision could not be changed. I can only hope you will find a way to cope with it. I know of various political marriages that have ended well. My daughter and you are both intelligent and good people. If I knew you weren’t, I would have never let my daughter go on with this. I know her as well, she is stubborn and, I must accept, a bit spoiled. Her mother and I indulged her so much for being our only girl, but she has a good heart. Never underestimate her value”. Jon thought this was the part where Aerys would tell him to take care of Daenerys, but it never came.

After some more talking about technical details, Jon left the room and relieved the air he had been holding the whole time. Strangely, he felt more relaxed now than ever. Aerys had an odd soothing air to him, as if everything he said just helped you to calm down. *Weird.* He realized his opinion on him had changed, he wasn’t the heartless man the press talked about. He was sure he could be rude and get angry easily as Dany had told him plenty of times, but he wasn’t mean or evil. By the way he spoke, Jon was sure his family and Westeros mattered to him the most. He realized Targaryens were much like Starks in that sense -at least nowadays- He went to bed without encountering anyone else.

The next morning Dany woke up in a great mood and told him she would take him around Dragonstone. She wanted him to know the place she had been born and raised. He guessed she didn’t want to know anything about what Aerys had told him because she didn’t ask a thing.

While on their little tour, Jon found it unbelievable he had never been to Dragonstone, nor had Daenerys ever been to Winterfell. Despite all their years of friendship they had always encountered in King’s Landing. The capital was their place, where they could get away from being Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Stark for a moment, where they could be in neutral territory.
She showed him the sept, the university, various schools—it had been very nice to see all the little children going out of class, they had ran to them and taken selfies with them—the city’s oldest market, the Museum of Targaryen History—yes, such a place existed, and some other landmarks distinguishable by the classical Targaryen sigil. Jon was enchanted with the whole place and he had gotten to have a closer look to Targaryen traditions and ways of life. People from Dragonstone adored them and were not even the slightest afraid of dragons like the rest of the country.

Nevertheless, although he had been enjoying his visit to the island, everything was not roses and honey. Here, at the ancient seat of House Targaryen, Jon felt like an outsider, a tourist hoping to see a glimpse of dragons, and not even that for the Targaryen clan outside Daenerys’ immediate family, was determined to remind him he was a Stark and thus almost an enemy. They were not rude but treated him either with indifference or caution—except for Dany’s little cousins who apparently were crazy in love with the idea of a Stark wandering the island and of Dany marrying him… ‘so exotic’—.

After grabbing some food at Dany’s favourite restaurant in the city, they went back to the castle. They went to find Drogon and found him on a nice meadow with the dragons that were like his own brothers. Viserys and Rhaegar were there too.

“D, Jon”, greeted Rhaegar. “I hope you had a nice time and, I hope you enjoyed our little place on the world, Jon”.

“Sure did”, he answered.

“Is Winterfell so… lovely?”, asked Viserys.

“When it’s not full of snow it is. Though very different”. He didn’t want to fall into any of Viserys jokes.

“I can imagine. I hope in the future we can all visit your family and know the place you come from”, intervened Rhaegar by the grace of the gods.

Daenerys was saying hi to Drogon and then to Viserion and Rhaegal. “Come Jon, I want you to meet them”. Jon passed by Drogon and petted his head. Dany introduced him to the other two dragons who didn’t seem as cosy with him as Drogon but they treated him nicely enough.

“You’re good with them and they like you”, told him Rhaegar. “That is very hard for an outsider… I think you’ll fit just fine with us”. Jon blushed a little. Out of nowhere, Rhaegar hugged him. “I know I’ve told you this before, but now, in front of our dragons, I want to welcome you to our family”.

“Stop it, brother, you’ll make me cry”, said Viserys smirking.

“Shut up, Vis. This is very important”. Jon laughed a little, he really liked Rhaegar.

“Oh well, come here”, motioned Viserys and hugged him as well. “You know I won’t stop teasing you, but I like you. I agree with Rhae here, you’re a good addition to our clan”, he winked. “And please, now you know my dragon, introduce me one day to your wolf”.

Jon smiled widely. “Deal”. Dany had been silent the whole time.

“Yes, I want to know this wolf as well”, said Rhae. “All of your siblings have one, correct?”

“Correct”.

“Must be crazy at your place”.

*You literally own dragons*, thought Jon finding Rhaegar’s comment hilarious.

He turned around and walked towards Rhaegal. “We’re lucky, you know?” he said to no one in particular. “We get to interact with marvellous creatures like nobody else. They are amazing and they teach us so many things”. Jon could tell he was referring to both dragons and wolves. “It’s liberating and they are part of who we are in a way”.

“And to what liberation are you referring to, dear brother?” exclaimed Dany. The atmosphere turned 180 degrees in one second. “I have to marry him, don’t I?” she said looking at Jon. All of a sudden they were speaking valyrian.

“Let’s not start a fight now, D”, intervened Viserys.

“Zaldrīzes buzdzari iksos daor”, replied Dany very serious. Her eyes deathly.

Both Rhaegar and Viserys looked at her with rage. “Don’t even go there”, said the first one.

“It is true”. Dany might have accepted to go on with this show but she wanted to make it clear to her brothers she wasn’t happy about it.

Jon just stood there without knowing what to do. The atmosphere could be cut with a knife. He knew the three of them could kill each other any time now. He might not know valyrian but he knew what Dany had said. Everyone did. A dragon is not a slave. She was daring them.

“Sister, Viserys and I get you, but you tell that to father and you’re done”.

Dany didn’t reply. She gave them another killer look and mounted Drogon. One moment later she was gone. Jon looked at her until Drogon’s silhouette was not visible anymore and then turned his head towards the two brothers. There was an awkward silence. Rhaegar and Viserys were having a little conversation but Jon couldn’t hear it because of the wind, not like he would’ve understood, anyways. Dany had tried to teach him a little valyrian while growing up but Jon being terrible with languages had failed miserably. Rhaegar and Viserys got on their own dragons and were gone as well.

**Wow. That was ... not expected.** He quite didn’t understand what had happened but he knew it wasn’t good... and he had been left standing alone in the middle of the meadow without really knowing how to go back. He figured he could wander a little before returning to the castle. Luckily, he found Rhaella on his way. She was cutting some flowers.

“Dearest”, she said with concern. “They left you all alone? Oh those children of mine! They fought am I correct? Forgive them, they tend to forget about the rest of the world if they get into a fight. Was it Viserys? Did he tell you something?”

Jon smiled. “No. He was alright. It wasn’t anything bad I think... just a normal siblings’ quarrel. I get it. I get into some of those with my brothers and sisters”. He wasn’t about to tell her they had nearly killed each other just now up in the meadow.

She smiled too. “Well... I hope they didn’t give you a very hard time. Everything now is... odd. Daenerys feels so out of place with the engagement and I don’t think I’m much help. Her situation is... certainly unique. Speaking of which, I wanted to tell you that I will forever be in debt with you for accepting the burden we had put in both of you. I know my husband told you so last night but I wanted to say it myself. It is a terrible thing to do as parents but the country needs us to be united... but let’s not talk about that anymore. We can discuss serious matter later”. *So that's where Dany...*
“Tell me about your mother, how is she? It’s been forever I had not spoken with her, I’ve made it my task to call her one of these days to catch up but I have been so busy. Do send her my regards.”

Jon knew Rhaella meant what she said. When they were younger, both his mother and Rhaella had attended King’s Landing College and they had been pretty close -they had even shared a room on campus-, though they had grown apart with time and the fact they lived so far away after getting married. He remembered they would talk nonstop when both families spent their holidays at the capital, bonding over motherhood and many other things. As far as Jon knew, his mother regarded her highly as well, even when she was a Targaryen and she had married a Stark.

Rhaella walked with him back to the castle and also introduced him to her own dragon. Jon felt honoured, he never expected such heartfelt attentions from Dany’s family.

He had dinner with her, Aerys, Elia, Visenya and Rhaenys, the three siblings were nowhere to be found. Elia explained to him they sometimes did that in order to get their feelings out. Jon had felt a little out of place at the beginning, but everyone had been so nice to him. He even ended up playing with Rhaenys and helping her with some of her school work. He found the little girl adorable.

Around eleven, he called it a night and went back to his room. Dany had not yet returned from wherever she had gone. An hour went by but he could not fall asleep so he decided going for a walk was a better option. He arrived to the beach and seated on a rock. He lit a cigarette. Some dragons were flying over the sea, Drogon among them.

He heard footsteps behind him and recognized Daenerys, she had a special pace to her.

“I see smoking is not stupid anymore” He could picture her smile while saying that.

“No, it still is, only I like it now”.

She sat next to him but instead of saying anything else, she took the cigarette from his fingers and started smoking herself.

“Well, well, another surprise”, he said smirking.

“Shut up”.

They finished the cigarette together.

“I’m sorry about this evening. I lost it. I hope you didn’t have a bad time afterwards”.

“No worries, I understand. The day we go to Winterfell it may happen the other way around… and no, I didn’t have a bad time. It’s ok”. Of course he knew she was probably going to keep to herself what really happened, that kind of anger must’ve had a reason, but he decided he would let it go, it was between Daenerys and her brothers.

She sighed. She leaned and rested her head on his shoulder.

He put his arm around her waist and looked up to Drogon. “He’s gorgeous”.

“Aye…”, she said imitating him.

He chuckled.

“I wonder what Ghost would think of him”.
“That’s a good question”. It was an odd idea but he could understand her curiosity. He had thought about it too.

“I want them to meet”.

“We should arrange something”.

“I missed him so much while I was abroad. I came almost every month to see him”.

“The same happened to me with Ghost”.

Then there was silence, but it was not awkward anymore. After a while, she stood up and started walking towards the sea. She was wearing a light maxi dress with an oversized sweater to cover her from the chilly wind. Even with those comfy everyday clothes she looked beautiful as always.

“Jon…”

“Aye”.

Her feet were in the water now. “We pretend to be a normal family, but we are not”.

Jon didn’t get what she meant by that. “What are you talking about?”

“People tend to forget it nowadays, but we are dragons. We are different from others, even from you, wolves”.

Not in a bad way, he thought. Targaryens were astonishing, people looked at them with awe, with an admiration that could only be reserved for dragon riders. The last ones in this world who have managed to survive time after time despite the adversity. They might not be kings and queens anymore, but they were still adored as such. Even when Starks were beloved, respected, and honoured as well, Targaryens were… out of this world.

He still didn’t understand. It must have been written all over his face.

“Madness”, she simply said.

He tensed. It was something everybody knew but no one dared speak of.

She continued. “It has been long since madness struck our family but it can always come back. Like a ticking bomb, only we don’t know how many minutes we have left. We don’t show it but we are all afraid of it and so we always try to be cautious. No one wants to be the next Targaryen remembered for it. I certainly don’t, but I know it’s a possibility”.

“No”, he said definitively.

“You have to be aware of it, Jon. We still marry among ourselves to keep the blood of the dragon pure, not like before, but still… madness is within us. My parents are cousins, Vis will marry our cousin… who knows when it will appear again. I don’t like to speak about this but I cannot not discuss it with you when we’re about to wed”.

“No”, he did not want to hear any of it. Daenerys would not suffer that fate, he was sure of it.

“Jon…”

“No”.
“It could be me. I want you to be aware of it”.

“You will not go mad Daenerys”.

“I hope so”.

“I don’t want to continue this conversation”.

“Fine, but if it happens-”

“It won’t”.

“If it does… just make sure I don’t harm anybody”:

He cringed at that. He prayed that day never came. What would he do? What did one do if one noticed signs of madness?

“I understand Elia and my brother have come to some resolutions about the matter, Viserys and Visenya… they’ll have to look after one another. You should talk to Elia, I’m sure she can help”.

“I said no”.

“And I’m a child? Jon, you’re marrying a Targaryen, you have to know where you stand”.

His heart ached. He didn’t want to think about that. He turned away and started walking back to the castle, but he couldn’t. A few feet away he turned around once more and walked back to her. She was still with her feet in the water looking at the horizon.

He embraced her from behind. “You will not go mad, D”. He gave her a little kiss on her shoulder and laid his head on it.

She placed her hands over his. “I really hope not, but I’m scared. There are days when I can’t stop thinking about it”.

“I’ll be there. Whatever happens I’ll be there”.

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More than scared, terrified. She squeezed his hands harder and let herself be held by his strong arms, resting her body on his. They stayed like that for some time, looking at Drogon soar the skies. Having someone to share her fears with was a little relief. His embrace felt so good, it soothed her.

Then it hit her. Was she enjoying Jon's company? Why was she so comfortable with this? The same feeling she had felt at the meadow threaten to take over her again. She didn't let it, she didn't want to think about that or about anything. She got away from Jon and in a quick move splashed him with water.

He only gave her a face. She ran. He chased after her splashing her with water as well. They were laughing, having fun. Just like they did when they were children.

They spent two more days at Dragonstone. They were having such a good time she nearly did not want to return to KL. They had played board games with her family (Jon had always loved board games), they had taken Rhaenys to the zoo with them, they had gone on a double date —or whatever you could call that given they were actually not together— with Viserys ans Visenya and they had laid on the grass looking up at the stars.
But Dany felt weird. She felt something she couldn’t control and was taking over her entire body. Every hour she shared with Jon was not helping.

“Daenerys?” Jon brought her out of her thoughts. They had arrived at the at KL’s port. “Is something wrong?”

“No, nothing”, she gave him a smile she hoped had reached her eyes. He helped her out of the ferry and held her hand while walking towards his car. She felt sick.
What If

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody!!! I managed to finish this chapter before than expected :) It's not a very happy one... :(.

I want to share with you how I imagine some of Dany's looks for the chapter, I don't know why am I so invested in that but I can't help it lol

Dany’s swimsuit: https://www.missguided.co.uk/halter-neck-plunge-swimsuit-black

I imagine her hair the same way the model has it, only platinum blonde of course.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ok, so sick was a strong word. Ok, a bit too much. But she was definitely not feeling her best. She was anxious all the time. The feeling of something not being right didn’t let her be. She felt scared but didn’t know why. And Jon… ugh, Jon. Jon was nice, like, really nice. Why was he so nice?

She hated to see his happy eyes shining as if they were a couple in love. Was he faking it? He always ended up saying he didn’t like the idea of marrying either, that this was just time they had to share (emphasis on the had), that he hated he would have to postpone his business plans… But then sometimes he would get all touchy hugging her and holding her hand when they were alone. What on the world did that mean? She couldn’t tell if he meant it or not. She couldn’t read him as she did before. She didn’t like it. She hated uncertainty and this whole situation was getting the worst of her. She had always been in firm control of her life and then her family had gone all XIXth century arranged marriage on her. Actually, she had never wanted to get married in the first place, but she felt she was super ok with the idea now. When did that happen? And why does she feel she can trust Jon and just be happy with him? Shit.

Yara interrupted her inner monologue. She had traveled to KL to see her.

“D, did you hear me?”

“Uhm, no, sorry. What was it?”

“I was asking if you will go to Sunspear to see Missy”.

“Oh, of course! Are you not? Yara we can’t miss this, it’s the first time she’ll walk at a major fashion event!”. She was really excited about going to Dorne, mainly because of Missy but also because she missed the heat (six years in Pentos made her take the sun for granted, and she was now struggling a bit in Westeros) and she was excited to see the Martells, they had become like family to her since Elia had married into the family.

“I know! I’m not missing it for anything! My father almost killed me because I postponed some meetings back home, but I didn’t plan on bailing on her”.

Missy had told Daenerys and Yara that Margaery Tyrell had called her agency last minute looking
for a model who could replace the one that had gotten sick. Sunspear Fashion Week was here. Dany had totally forgotten to tell Missy she had met Margaery but when she did, Missy couldn't believe it. She had gone crazy. “Of course you know her! Sometimes I feel Westeros is smaller than Naath!!”. Missy respected Margaery so much and Dany understood why. Although she had just graduated one year ago, her designs had been on trend since she basically started uni. Missy felt so lucky her agent had gotten her the place and demanded for Dany to introduce her to Marge later. Dany felt so happy for her friend, she had always wanted to walk a runaway at Sunspear. It would not be the main event but still. She was so proud of both her friends and she loved being a witness to their success.

After a brief moment, Yara was sipping her tea when she asked “D, …is Jon going as well?”

Dany went serious. She couldn’t spend five minutes without someone bringing him up. She hated her whole life now revolved around his. And she felt stupid for feeling that way, she had already come to terms with marrying him and now she was second guessing herself. Nothing made sense anymore, she was just angry.

“Yes, he’s coming”, she answered plainly. “I didn’t want him though. This was supposed to be time with you guys, but Missy herself insisted. She wants to meet him and she thinks is a good opportunity for the press to see us together outside our hometowns”.

Yara was about to say she was super excited with the idea of meeting Jon as well, but resisted when Dany went all serious. It was so weird, she thought. She and Missy could swear she had been happier for some days and even excited, and then one day she wasn’t anymore. She wanted to ask about it but knew Dany was very stubborn and would not open to her, or anyone. The Jon subject was becoming a bit like a taboo among them, like Dany was willing to pretend he didn’t exist when she was with them. Both girls felt for her friend deeply, but knew telling her would not help. Dany was very proud and would take it as pity and then she would just get more angry. She didn’t need that, she was having a hard time already.

“It’s ok, we will have time later... Come, let’s go and do some shopping”.

Dany put aside her bad mood for a moment and decided to spend a good time with Yara.

The next day Jon drove them to the main train station. This time it had been his idea to use another way of transportation than their private jets so that people -the people, the people, the people, she was starting to get tired of it- could see them together. Good thing she loooved trains, but she dreaded spending five hours in a closed space with him.

She got excited when they got there and she could see the ‘West Rail’ logo everywhere, it had been long she had taken a westerosi train. She had always thought they were the prettiest compared to the ones of EssosiTrains and F-Rails… not that she had ever been to Freeland but Jon had showed her. They had had a huge debate on the subject. He insisted Westeros’s trains were outdated and couldn’t compare to the speed of the essosi ones, and the great engineering of the ones in Freeland. Dany had not let him win but she knew her love for the heavy fancy westerosi trains had to do with her spending many times on them as a girl going back and forth with Elia and Rhaegar. They wanted to be “cool” and thought taking trains instead of planes was somehow cool.

“Those trains are living history, Jon. They are worth so much more than any others”.

“Makes no sense, D. I’m sure they only use them because there is no money to buy new ones”.

The Baratheons owned Westeros’ railway company, it had been the best for years, but as Jon had pointed out, it was not so good as it used to. The Baratheons in general were having a hard time,
though Dany was not really aware as to why.

“Well if you dislike them so much you should buy West Rail and change them yourself”.

“Maybe I will”.

“I want to see you do it”.

“You really think I wouldn’t?”.

“It’s part of one of your best friend’s inheritance, you want to take it away from him? Be my guest”. They both smiled.

They had ended up joking about the whole thing. That, she didn’t get. One moment they were arguing, then not, then again, then not… everyday.

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Jon was not a big fan of trains. He preferred their jets because that way he could avoid paparazzi, people asking him to take a picture with him as if he was a celebrity, and because they were faster. But Barristan had suggested him the idea when he had overheard them talking about it. He told him Dany had a thing for trains and that a nice ride would really cheer her up. He also told him about her favourite food so that Jon could take her to places it was served. Jon asked him why he did that and the old man simply responded the little miss had been grumpy lately and wanted to help make it better.

Now on the train, they were having lunch while talking about their next plans at Sunspear and Winterfell before the engagement party.

“Hey and isn’t Robb coming?”, she asked enjoying a nice grilled cheese sandwich.

“I don’t know, he said yes at first because Margaery asked him to but he wasn’t sure he could make it because of work”.

“It’s a shame, I’m sure Marge wanted him there…”. It was Marge’s first time presenting a full collection completely on her own. Jon nodded and resumed eating his own sandwich. He noticed they had been eating the same things the past days.

Aside from his talk with Robb -they hadn't even fight to be precise- things with him were not bad. Despite everything, Jon knew Robb was one of the few people in this world who he completed trusted, and he knew Robb felt the same. They did have some points of view they did not share, and from time to time they could argue, but what siblings didn't. Their relationship was not about to shatter because of his crush with Dany -as much as it bothered Jon that his brother had a thing for his fiancée-. He was not worried about it anymore, he and Daenerys had been spending a lot of time together, and he could feel she was opening to him much more.

Plus, Jon had noticed Robb seemed to go everywhere with Margaery by his side. He was sure that couldn't just be a coincidence. He called her his best friend but Jon knew he probably had other feelings for her as well. Robb didn't care much about anybody outside the family. He had tons of friends but really they were more like acquaintances. In that they were the same, they preferred to have a few people close who they knew they could trust than to pretend to have relationships with people they didn’t truly like. The only friend Robb had ever had was Theon, but he had gone back to the Iron Islands to deal with his royal affairs so they didn’t get to see each other often anymore. So of course it had been a surprise when Robb had told him about Margaery some years ago, and now that he had met her even more. She brought out a side of his brother he was not used to see.
They both seemed all so happy and comfortable when together and they understood each other in a way Jon wished he could understand Daenerys, and... he knew they slept together from time to time (well, maybe that wasn't a big deal because Robb slept with many women). Anyway, that was their issue and Jon wasn't about to play matchmaker. He had other stuff to worry about, though he knew his parents would be ecstatic if something did end up happening between them. After all, Margaery was a Tyrell. The Starks had influence practically all over Westeros but an addition like her to the family would surely come with benefits. Gods, what was he thinking about? He was starting to sound like his father.

Dany spoke again. “Oh, I just remembered, my mother told me yesterday she’s hiring three wedding planners to help her with everything. Not one, Jon, fucking three wedding planners. I told her she was out of her mind”.

He wasn’t surprised. In fact, he liked Rhaella wanted to handle everything, that way he could basically just bring his presence the day of the wedding without much effort, although Daenerys had insisted for him to be present for some decision making. “You fought her on this? You know her, D, your mother loves to be dramatic”. “And it is a pretty huge wedding, I’m sure she can use the help”.

“Yeah, that’s the problem. It’s a fucking circus! I mean, why can’t we have a little wedding. The whole damn world is invited! Fucking essosi business men are invited! ….Naath royals are invited! I mean, I love Missy, but what do fucking Naath royalty has to do with anything?!”. “We have been through this, Daenerys. That is the whole point. A small wedding makes no sense when we are trying to prove to everyone the fighting between our families is over and that we are madly in love. Important people must be present”.

“I hate that you are fucking ok with this bullshit”.

“Wasn’t I the hermit? Of course I’m not ok with anything, but it is pointless to get angry. And you love it, D. I can see your face everytime you look at cutlery, glasses, flowers and cake”. She just gave him a face. “And since when do you curse so much?”, he asked innocently. “You never did before”. He actually thought it was cute and hot at the same time. Seeing how she blurted out some curse words made her look even more confident and sexier. Of course he would never admit that.

“I changed. Get over it”.

He rolled his eyes. “Gods, your insufferable”.

“I’m not here to please you so if you don’t like the way I speak don’t talk to me”.

Why was she so defensive today? “I didn’t say that. I was just wondering. I really don’t mind”.

“Fine”.

Maybe talking was not good. A nap was more appealing.

After a while, he woke up to a brighter Sun. Dorne. He opened his eyes and realized Dany was pretty much lying on top of him. She had her own sit but was invading his. He didn’t mind. Without giving it a second thought, he hugged her tightly and pressed a kiss on her head. She woke up.

“We’re here, teammate ”, he said. When she realized she was using him as a pillow -and a bed- she quickly stood up and hit her knee trying to put distance between them. Adorable.
Dorne’s weather took him by surprise even though he knew how sunny the southernmost region was. The minute they left the station he had started sweating and his skin had gotten sticky. He had always felt so out of place when in hot cities or towns. It wasn't that he didn't like them, he totally enjoyed the radiant sun and thought overall they were beautiful, but he felt his northern manners were not made for places like that. Daenerys, on the other hand, seemed to fit in perfectly with her light coloured dresses made with thin fabrics. He was a Stark, even in spring the North wasn't that warm. He was used to thick clothes and wearing sleeves the whole time. King’s Landing had more of a mild weather so it was ok, but he had been raised in a cold land and then had decided to live at an even colder place for seven years, Dorne was too much. He had only been there twice before, another couple of times to Essos and that was it, that was his experience with super hot places. He mentally prepared for the day ahead of him.

Sunspear was filled with tourists, Jon could even see some essosi people. Everyone wanted to be at Fashion Week. On their way to the Martell’s palace, Dany would not shut up about how great they were and how she was dying to see them. Especially Ellaria, she thought that woman was amazing.

They arrived and were greeted effusively by her. Dany seemed so happy.

“D! I wanted to see you so bad!”, said Ellaria.

“Me too!”, they embraced and then Ellaria turned to him.

“And of course, Jon Stark”. She hugged him. “It’s been a looong time a northman gave us a visit. I hope the heat won’t bother you too much”.

“It is very nice to meet you, and I certainly hope so”.

Ellaria looked at Dany again. “Elia called just now and said she will join us later tonight, so we will all catch up together like in the old times”.

“She’s coming?!” yelled Dany. “Well, I knew she was coming but I thought she would arrive tomorrow only for her show”. Elia’s show was the closing event of the Fashion Week and, definitely, the most anticipated.

Oberyn Martell appeared with a bottle of wine and some glasses. “I hear congratulations are in order, Elia told us some time ago and then we got the invite for your party. You had it well hidden”, he said smiling.

“Oberyn!”, exclaimed Daenerys and hugged him.

“How is my favorite Targaryen doing?”. 

“Now, you don’t want Rhaegar to know that. You can’t be that open about it anymore, Oberyn. Jon here is in love with him”. Jon opened his mouth to protest.

“Is that so?”, intervened Ellaria. They all just laughed and Oberyn served the wine.

“I hope you two are very happy”, he said.

“To Jon and Daenerys”, said Ellaria raising her glass. If only they knew. Jon felt a little guilty knowing everyone wished them well thinking he and Dany were in love and full of hope about their upcoming wedding.

After a nice meal with them and the rest of the family, Jon and Daenerys were taken to their room. As in, one room. Of course, the Martells assuming Jon and Dany were a real couple, they had
given them only one room, beautiful and gigantic room but still one, and as grand and luxurious the place was it only had one bed. Lucky them there was a nice couch Jon was already thinking would be his for the night.

“I can't understand why we couldn't just stay in a hotel”, he said.

“Because Martells are my family. They would never let me go on paying for a hotel room when their place is right here. In a way, they will also become your family, Jon, which is a good thing, I believe”.

Now that idea was just odd. Family? The Martells?

“More power for the North”, she said matter-of-factly implying their marriage was nothing but that, a contract of power. And it was… but he didn’t like to think about it that way anymore.

“Let's not talk politics and power now”.

Dany raised and eyebrow and then shook her head. “As you wish”.

Oberyn and Ellaria invited Jon and Dany to the pool to continue talking and hanging out. Jon was really enjoying the whole thing, except when the man pointed out how pale he was. He didn’t like it either, not when all the Martells parade around their glorious tanned skin.

Highlight: Daenerys in swimwear. She was wearing a black one piece swimsuit that hugged her curves just right. Her white skin did not look pale like his, she glowed. Ugh, she looked perfect all the time.

While having some champagne, Oberyn suddenly blurted out: “You know, this a very big palace but if you’re going upstairs to have sex please tell me to avoid that part and its surroundings...unless you want me to find out, that is”. He smiled and looked at them seductively. Jon felt his cheeks and ears going red. Damn pale skin. “Not that I mind, really, but I know northerners like to be... private about that aspect of their lives”.

Dany found his comment hilarious. She had realized that Jon, being the northerner he was, found embarrassing to talk about sex, regardless of the situation. She knew Oberyn was joking but seeing Jon like that was a sight. She laughed it off so that Jon could breathe again.

After a good swim. Dany went upstairs to rest and have a bath and Jon decided to lay at one of the Martells beautiful pool chairs to get some Sun. He needed some Sun.

When it went down, he walked to their room while admiring the beautiful architecture of the palace. It was the first time he was there and the first time he had met the Martell family. Everything was so different from Winterfell, and Riverrun, and Dragonstone and everywhere, really. He loved that about Westeros, every city and region had its own enchantment.

He nearly fainted when he opened their room’s door. Dany was almost naked in front of him. She was only in her knickers and bra. He blinked thinking it was a vision. Gods, her body…

“Daenerys!”. He blushed and turned away.

“What? You've seen me naked before, Jon”. She made no effort to cover.

“Aye but years ago and not... Ugh”. She did not seem the slightest affected. “Please cover”.

“What is it with you and nakedness? We're all humans. And may I point out, you were the one who
Jon had never been comfortable enough with the Targaryen more liberal way of regarding the human body. In the North it was a very private thing... had it to do with the weather? Targaryens just loved to show around they were beautiful in every way... and Martells, and other families as well, and pretty much everyone beneath The Neck. *Southerners.*

“Just... put some clothes on please”.

“Prude”. She grabbed an oversized shirt and a pair of shorts.

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Not liking Jon was hard. She enjoyed spending time with him, but her feelings continued to be a mix of everything. The night with Elia and Ellaria seemed like the perfect way to forget all her sorrows. That and dornish wine.

They spent hours talking about everything and nothing. Rhaenys had stayed back at KL with Rhaegar so Elia was enjoying a little bit of time for herself. She confessed to them things with her husband were not so good and that she felt like a terrible mother because Rhaenys spent too much time with nannies.

Dany felt for her. A lot of them had grown up with nannies including herself and Jon, even when Catelyn worked at home as a freelance graphic designer and Rhaella was a housewife -a housewife who ran a charity foundation-. It was the fate of children with very important, busy and rich parents. She remembered Rhaegar had swore he would not be a parent like that but with time he had become one. Dany could not blame him, running an empire surely could not be easy. She didn’t resent her parents though. She had nannies that looked after her, but they had also been there when she needed them, the same with Jon.

Ellaria told them she was having a hard time because she wanted to have more babies but Oberyn didn’t and he had not explained why. She had two beautiful girls but dreamed of more, both girls and boys.

Dany was glad her marriage did not come up during the whole time they were together, and after a few more sad moments, the three decided to return to laughter and games. It was not usual they could gather and talk.

When the clock marked two in the morning the girls returned to their rooms. Dany found Jon sleeping on the bed. Ugh. He had said he would use the couch but she guessed the trip had worn him off because he was in a uncomfortable position with the telly still on. She looked at the couch… it was lovely, but she needed a bed. She felt very tired and did not want to spend a bad night and wake up to a sore neck. She supposed it was ok to sleep on the bed… there was plenty of space for both of them.

With a lot of effort, she moved him so that he could be more comfortable. Gods, he was heavy. She went under the thin bed sheets and turned to look at him. Being on the same bed with him felt so weird. She could hear his breathing and see how his chest gently moved up and down. He looked so calmed.

She had to admit she had been very turned on when Jon had found her in her underwear. Had he entered the room two minutes before he would have found her completely naked... He had only been wearing his swimsuit giving her eyes full access to his perfectly built abs and strong back muscles... and now he was there on the bed with her. She could feel the urge in her low parts, it had
been a while she had sex. She tightened her legs trying to get rid of the sensation. Dammit. She couldn’t resist the urge to touch him so she got close and caressed his cheek. He was sleeping soundly so he didn’t notice. She realized what she was doing and quickly removed her hand. She continued staring at him though, loving and loathing the sight until sleep made its way to her.

She got up before Jon and gently fixed the bed sheets to pretend she had slept on the couch (she didn’t move much while sleeping so it was very easy to do it). Jon probably wouldn’t notice given how deep he was still sleeping.

She was very excited. Today was Missy’s big day. She couldn’t wait to see her friend walking down the runway with one of Marge’s designs on her.

She and Jon had breakfast and spent the day relaxing in the palace, they didn’t go out because they would surely find a lot of press and they were already going to be seen at the show, so no thanks to a day followed by paparazzi. At 5 they went out to the venue.

The place was brimming with people. The rich and popular were all there, you could see cameras and flashes everywhere. Everybody looked their best. So many were trying to catch a glimpse of their favourite celebrities, designers, makeup artists, and socialités. It was crazy. Jon and Dany preferred to keep a low profile so instead of going through the main entrance where photographs would be taken, they went through the back with a little help from their bodyguards.

When entering, all looks fell upon them. She tried not to care because she was there for Missy. Marge found her and greeted her.

“Daenerys!”.

“Hello Margaery!”, she looked very nervous. “Hey... why are you so upset? Everything will be alright, you’ve done this before!”.

“Yes, but next to another designer. I did not have to worry about details. Now my name is everywhere, any little mistake is on me”.

“Margaery, relax. You have very nice interns helping you and Robb told me you have been going over the details for a month. It’s going to be fine”.

Marge tensed at the mention of Robb. “He talked to you? Asshole. Don’t even mention him to me. I’m so mad. He couldn’t make it? Really? He knew about this for months, he could have made some space. He does it for other things, but he couldn’t for his best friend’s biggest professional event to this day. Fuck him. Ugh, I don't even want to think about him! When he needs me I’m there, I’m always the first one to be there, and he could not make it to a fucking hour event show”. She said all that without breathing and her hands were slightly shaking. She was clearly mad at the guy.

“I’m sorry Marge, I don’t know what to say”.

“Don’t say anything. Whatever, I have to go. See you later”.

“What was that?”, asked Jon approaching her with two champagne glasses.

“Your brother”.

“Oh”.

“Yep”.
“Let’s go sit?”

Gods, it was so stressing to have every single person looking at them.

The show was about to start when Daenerys received a text from Marge saying she would be forever grateful if she could go backstage and help her with something. Dany didn’t want to miss Missy but she felt like not helping Marge was very rude, so she went.

Marge was having a crisis because one of the dresses had stuck in a nail that was somehow going out of a chair and the beautiful piece had ripped. Dany was trying her best to control all the other models while Marge took care of that. They had only five minutes.

Out of nowhere, as if sent by the Seven themselves, Elia appeared.

“What’s with all the fuss?”

“Elia! My brilliant and amazing sister-in-law!, yelled Dany desperately. “I don’t know what are you doing here but we need you! Can you help Margaery?”. She explained the whole thing and without losing her coolness Elia figured a way to solve the problem. She ripped the dress even more and then sewed it with her gifted fingers making it look great. The design had changed a little but it was just as good as it was before ripping. Margaery thanked her wholeheartedly and the show began.

“Oh for the gods! I loved you before and now you saved my career. Thank you, thank you, thank you!”, Marge seemed to be talking to Elia like she was an idol. Dany found it cute.

“You’re a great designer, you only need a little more experience, I was once in your place. Don’t ever let a little mishappening like that ruin anything. Deal with it and move on”, Elia answered calmly. Marge’s eyes were sparkling.

“Good luck!”, Dany said to Missy while an intern fixed the last details of her dress. “Sorry I wasn’t able to meet you before, but Margaery needed me. You’ll do amazing. Go show them who’s the best model here”. In the end, Yara had not been able to make it because her mother had gotten ill and it was serious. She had facetime them earlier and said she would be watching live stream.

Missy laughed. “You have to say that, you’re my friend”.

“I’m not lying though”.

“Have you seen all the models here? They are out of this world!”. Missy was so nervous she had not been able to eat a thing.

“C’mon, Missy, don’t bring yourself down. Now, focus”. Dany hugged her friend and let her go and catch up with the rest of the models. At least she would be able to see her from behind the stage.

Elia stood next to her.

“She’s good”, she said while it was Missy’s turn.

“You think so?”

“Definitely, so much potential, plus those looks are definitely something”.

“Well, I happen to know her, would you be interested?”
Elia laughed. “D, if I want a model I get her or him. I don't need your help”.

“Yeah alright, everybody wants to model for you, we get it”, Daenerys replied sarcastically. “You can be a whole lot egocentric sometimes, you know that?”. She chuckled.

“Well, I only brag because I know my work is good. You know it better than anyone”, she said looking at the red suit Dany was wearing. It was one of her designs. Elia designed a lot of things thinking about her sisters-in-law, Elaria and Daenerys were great inspiration.

“I don’t know… I guess… I can’t tell until I see you designing a wedding gown, now that’s the ultimately test”.

Elia looked at her skeptically. “Daenerys Targaryen, are you asking me to design your wedding dress?”. A smirk was forming on her face.

“What? I didn't say that”, she answered looking up and smiling.

“Oh for the gods! You are! You are actually asking your favorite sister-in-law to design your wedding dress!!! And who says you’re not excited about it!”

“Oh easy there, I'm not, but if I'm going to do it then I might as well go all the way. So yes, El, can you do it?”

“OF COURSE I’M DOING IT! Your mother will be thrilled!”

“Ugh, my mother, I’m sure she’ll bother you with so many details. Please don’t listen to her. Her style is great and all but I don't want to look like a mini her. I want a dress thats says Daenerys, not Rhaella. And who better to do that than you. It has to be majestic, El. I won't accept anything less”.

Elia’s smile just grew wider. “Leave it to me”.

Marge’s show ended. It had been great. Dany was proud of Missy and very happy for Margaery.

Elia had to go and prepare for her own show so Daenerys decided to let her to her things. “Oh and by the way, you’re not my favorite sister-in-law”, she said.

“Okay you know I am!”.

Danny laughed and walked back to Jon.

He found him by the fancy snacks that were being served after Margaery’s show talking to some other men. She recognized Loras among them. They were laughing and enjoying some wine. As usual, Jon was wearing a magnificent suit that accentuated his perfect body figure. She now knew he only wore handmade clothes made especially for him by a northern tailor. And he claims he doesn’t like to be rich, she thought smiling. A lot of eyes were on him, the second Stark son who had finally returned to Westeros.

She found Missy on her way and congratulated her. She told her Elia had said she was very good and that she would probably end up getting a call from her sometime soon. Missy almost had a heart attack. Dany noticed a certain dark skin guy looking at her intently. She pointed it out and urged Missy to go talk to him. Missy was very shy when it came to men but Dany had a feeling about the guy. She joined Jon and said hi to the others.

A bit later, she found herself staring at Missy and the handsome guy. They seemed to be having a good time totally unaware of the rest of the world. They were smiling and talking. They guy had
somehow managed to make Missy get rid of her shyness. They laughed at something and he put a hand over Missy's arm.

She sighed. The joy of falling in love, of flirting with someone, of getting to know someone. The same ugly things that had haunted her for the past days were there again.

She pretended to enjoy the conversation she and Jon were having with the rest until she couldn’t fake a smile anymore and retired to the rest rooms. She locked herself in a stall and started crying. Why was she feeling all these crazy things? She had just talked to Elia about her wedding gown which she had been really excited about, but was now feeling hatred towards it. It made no sense. Little by little, Jon's company started being less calming and more unnerving.

She went out and walked backstage. She passed through all the people doing their jobs until she found a room that was empty and closed the door behind her. Of course no one tried to stop her or asked her what she was doing far away from the event. She was Daenerys Targaryen. She took her heels off and sat at a corner with her knees on her chest.

While in the restroom and her little escapade to the empty room, an idea wouldn’t leave her mind. She knew she couldn’t avoid to marry Jon but what if she could eventually... divorce him. There was nothing that bound them together other than the promise both their fathers had made.

Jon found her.

-“Hey... Why are you here? Good thing Elia saw you, I looked for you everywhere”.

“Just… avoiding the world for a little”.

“Got ya”.

After a long time went by and Daenerys did not return from the restrooms, Jon had started to worry. He had realized these days that not being with her made him a little anxious. He spotted Missy and asked her if she knew something (Jon had really liked Missy, she seemed like a great friend to Dany) but she was so focused on the guy she was speaking with to even notice Daenerys was gone. He later bumped into Margaery but she knew nothing as well. He went to the back door where their bodyguards were located to see if maybe she had decided to leave, but they told him she had not gone out nor she had used the SUV they had arrived in. He finally went backstage and Elia told him she had seen her wandering the back halls. He went through various rooms until he found one with the door closed. He breathed again when he saw her.

Despite the makeup hid it to the rest of the world, he could see she was tired. He approached and sat by her side. They stayed silent for a while.

“Jon?” He turned to look at her but her eyes were on the ceiling. “What if we get a divorce?”

The question took him by surprise. “What?”

“I said, what if we get a divorce. I know we must get married, but perhaps after a while when things have settle and everybody is sure Targaryens and Starks won’t start killing each other anymore we could separate”.

He felt a little offended by her statement. They had not officially gotten engaged yet and she was already thinking about a divorce? “You really think it’s going to be that bad?”
She shrugged. “Maybe not. I think... even if we don’t like each other that much...” (They didn’t? He had started to think they did). “…we can get to understand each other, respect each other, but... if we don't love each other, is it worth to spend a life like that? Perhaps in some years we could start fresh with someone we truly want to spend the rest of our lives with”.

He felt a hole in his chest. “I don't think that’s something our families would like, I mean, the whole point of this is that is long lasting. If we divorce in a few years then everything was for nothing...right?”.

“I don't know, Jon, being forced into this is really getting to me”.

“I can see that”. He continued to feel offended by the whole conversation.

“Don’t tell me you feel differently”.

“No...”.

She finally turned to look at him. She was expecting a longer answer.

He sighed. “Daenerys we’re doing this. We both had accepted that already so isn’t it better if we work together to make the best of it? We were once friends and, actually, I was starting to think we were going in that direction again... I’m sure we can figure out how to live a happy life”.

“Jon, you can’t force a relationship”.

“I know, but I think we can have a nice marriage even if we are not in love with each other. Marrying for love is fairly recent, the world has lived because of political alliances for far longer”.

“And you think that was right? People started marrying out of love because it’s important, because it matters to people”.

“More than half of those marriages end in divorce, so you cannot say marrying for love is a guarantee for anything”.

Dany rolled her eyes. “It’s about hope, Jon. If people married thinking their marriage could potentially fail, no one would even consider marriage. But love means hope, love is hope”.

“Debatable”. Jon was really serious.

“What’s with you being so bitter about it? Have you had any bad experiences I don't know about? Don’t you want to meet a woman you can love?” (I could learn to love you ). “A woman who loves you back as much as you love her?” (Maybe you could learn to love me ...).

“You don’t know anything about me”. Shit. He regretted the words the minute he said them but his defensive side had gone out with Daenerys’ questioning.

“And you said we were on our way to be friends again?” Daenerys let out a bitter laugh. “You know what? That’s right, I don’t. And clearly we don't trust each other so there's your answer. How can we ever make this work out? I think divorcing after some years could be good for us. By then things will have settled. We can help our brothers work together”.

He breathed trying to keep his cool. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that. The only thing I'm saying is that we should work together to know each other. But you don’t want to, you seem stuck on your idea of love. I believe you can learn to love someone”.
"You can’t”.

"You can. Unless that person has like damaged you in a very bad way, you can”.

"I don't want to talk to you anymore”.

"See? We’re talking and just because I don’t agree with you, you’re shutting me out”.

"Yes, I am. So what. Blame me for all the wrongs in our relationship”.

"Relationship? What relationship are you talking about? You have made it clear there is nothing between us and there will never be. Alright, Daenerys, go ahead and shut me out. See if I care”.

"Jon! You do realize we agreed to marry only because of a stupid contract?!”.

"Yes! But we had been through this already. It is our responsibility!”

"What fucking responsibility? The world can go on without us having to marry! I had not given it a second thought but... really? Are we doing this without questioning it?! What are we 15?”

"Daenerys… why are we talking about this. We had this conversation days ago and we both agreed it made sense and we both agreed to work together”.

"No! Fuck it. I don't want to do it and I should not have to!”. They had both stood up somewhere during their argument and were now yelling at each other’s faces.

"Fine. Then do something about it. If you are going to break this compromise, I'm not going to help you. I have come to terms with it. I was actually starting to believe we could get along”.

He walked out of the room and found his place on the first row. Elia’s show was about to begin. Where had that attitude come from? One moment she was in a good mood having a nice time the next she was angry and distant. Had he imagined everything in the past few days?

"Why the long face?”, asked Margaery sitting to his side.

He sighed. He didn’t want people knowing he was upset. “Nothing”.

Marge raised her brows. “Right. Jon… I know it’s not my place to say anything because we have only known each other for a little while, but… I can see you care for her and she cares for you so… give it time?”

“Time is something we don’t have, Margaery”. She was about to say something else when Daenerys appeared and sat on Jon’s other side.

The show started. Jon had to admit, Elia knew her designing. She always had. He knew she started designing when she was only 16 and every year since she delivered only the best. After marrying Rhaegar her popularity grew even more and her designs sold out every time.

Since Sansa had turned 15, the only thing she had wanted was to have one of them, but Ned made it clear he was not paying exorbitant quantities of money for designer clothes even if they were rich. So he told Sansa she would only get that kind of clothing when she could afford it herself. Sansa felt it made no sense because they were in fact very rich, but decided to start working at a coffee shop and a little local literary magazine back in Winterfell. According to Cate, she would be able to buy her 20th birthday outfit and keep the rest to herself. She was thrilled and Jon was very happy, Sansa had worked hard and had been learning a lot about writing while doing so. He
decided he would bring her to Fashion Week next year as a birthday present. Cate had never allowed her to go by herself saying she would end up spending all her savings in one trip, and Sansa had not wanted to go with Cate because it meant she would be by her side the whole time. At moments like that Sansa would tell him why was Dany taking so long in Pentos or why had she not visited them; she could be the perfect chaperon and she was sure their parents would not have a problem if Dany went with her. Every time he would only answer she was busy and change the subject. He never got to tell his family he did not talk to Dany anymore.

During the whole show Jon had noticed most of the men had been ogling at Daenerys and they were not being subtle. Why were they looking at her like that? Well, she looked amazing, he knew that, but didn't they realize he was right there next to her? That they had been next to each other for basically the whole event? Had that not given them a clue? Probably not. Nobody knew they were actually together. Had they not heard the rumors? They were everywhere, Sansa and Arya told him so. After taking the ferry to Dragonstone the press had gone crazy. They speculated if they were a couple... how long had they been together? Did the families approve? How had they met? They had been trending topic for two whole days. He was done. When the show ended and everybody finished clapping to a once again Elia Martell-Targaryen spectacular collection, he grabbed Daenerys’ hand and started walking to the main entrance. No hiding anymore. Paparazzi were alert of course.

When they went out of the venue, dozens of them were there. The flashes were blinding. They surrounded them completely and started asking questions "Daenerys are you with Jon? Jon are you with her? How long have you been together? Is this official?" So on and so on.

Jon answered. "I think you can tell we are. We have been together for some time now, we just wanted to keep it a secret a while and enjoy time for ourselves". Everyone started yelling more questions and a thousand more flashes blinded them again.

Dany only smiled but did not say a word.

He was giving them what they wanted and he somehow felt very happy about telling the whole damn world Daenerys was with him. Suitors back off.

Their bodyguards appeared and tried to make room for them so they could continue walking. He hated to have bodyguards but for events like this it was inevitable.

They finally got on their SUV and went away leaving all paparazzi shocked. He knew he and Dany would be everywhere in some minutes. He had just told the world he, Jon Stark, was dating Daenerys Targaryen.

She took her hand from his.

After all the fuss, reality sunk in. He regretted what he had done. He had been a jealous prick. If it had been the other way around he would have been immensely mad at Daenerys. Wasn’t he the one who hated attention? But...he could not stop it. The rejection he felt after Daenerys mentioned a divorce had really gotten to him. How long had she been thinking about it? Had she been thinking about it while they were having a nice time at Dragonstone? He had perfectly heard Daenerys doubt in her voice, a doubt that had not been there before. It had scared him to a point he couldn't understand. He had gotten so used to being with her these past few days. Although they would constantly argue, he would rather be arguing with her than away from her. So when she told him that... He couldn't take it. He's man ego came out and he felt the need to tell the world she was his. But, was she?

“Why did you do that?”, she asked plainly.
He got a little nervous. “I figured it was better saying it out loud ourselves. Rumors were already spreading, I mean, isn’t it better to say that we had been dating for a while than to just, out of nowhere, let everyone know we are getting married at our engagement party?” Of course he was not going to tell her he had been jealous and couldn’t help himself when he saw all those men trying to get her attention.

“This doesn't change anything. I still don't want to get married to you”.

To you. She was speaking nonchalantly, as if it was not even worth to get angry at what he had done. His anger came back.

“Well, then you better come up with a great plan because I don't see how can you get out of this one”.

No, she wasn't his.

Chapter End Notes

Hating Dany? Hating Jon? Hating both? I hope I could transmit her inner debate. I believe she really thought she had come to terms with the marriage; her brothers, her parents, her friends, Tyrion, everyone told her the reasons she needed to get married so she rationalized the whole thing to cope. She genuinely believed she understood why she had accepted to go on with it not minding her own feelings on the matter. Like she said when she was with Tyrion, she felt like she was overreacting and the marriage made perfect sense. But now, she is finally letting her feelings out and they are not compatible with what she had rationalized in the first place. But still she can't do anything about it.

And everything is worse because she has now feelings for Jon. She thinks she doesn't, but I believe little by little is starting to realize it... and Jon being nice and sweet while still saying out loud he’s not okay with the marriage confuses her deeply. So...the poor thing is just a mess.

Bad news: chapter 10 will take a while because the next two weeks I'm going to be suuuuper busy :( As always, I'll try to do my best but don't expect a quick update.

I hope you are having a great day/night and that you have a nice weekend.

Much love and until the next one!! :)
Hello everybody!! I apologize for making you wait so long! These days were so hectic I barely had time for anything. Also, I have to admit that reading some people were not liking the story, really got me down so for some days I could not write thinking the story was terrible. But later I thought I'm really enjoying writing it and there are people who are liking it very much. I'm heartbroken for everyone who stopped reading :( All I can say is that I'll continue trying my best!

Moving on, chapter 10 is very long so I broke into two parts but because I don't want to make you wait any longer, I'm uploading them at the same time.

This is another chapter filled with feelings, but I'm already writing the next one and I'm thinking you will really enjoy it, but I cannot leave out this part.

I actually asked a friend to read the story to help me take off the parts that are unnecessary and all that stuff, and one of her observations was that I had not expressed so much of Dany's feelings throughout the story as much as I had Jon's so, in this chapter, I really tried to make justice to Dany. I feel it has to do with the fact that, for some reason, writing Jon just flows and with Dany I have to sit down and take a moment to be in her shoes.

Anyway, thank you all for keeping up with this story. I'm so very grateful for all your comments and kudos.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon didn’t deserve this. She didn’t deserve this. They didn’t deserve this. Daenerys was looking at an antique parchment hung on a wall which traced House Stark lineage back to the 12th century. The more ancient ones were kept at Winterfell. She was waiting for Jon to finish talking to his mother, they would be travelling north to spend some days with the Starks. She sighed.

After arriving from Sunspear, she had spent the night crying and cursing her family, Jon and the world. In fact, every night since Sunspear she had cried. In a few days she had mastered the art of crying in silence so even if Jon was lying next to her he would not notice. She didn't cry because she was sad, it was fury and anger that she had to let out somehow if she didn't want to lash out on Jon or anyone else. Perhaps she was overreacting, but she couldn't help it. She had to let it all out. She found that crying every night tired her, so during the day arguing didn't seem appealing. She had been hiding her feelings since the day her father told her about her engagement but she had only realized it at the meadow back in Dragonstone.

Looking at Rhaegar and Viserys welcoming Jon to the family was the last drop. That's why she had been so angry. She had been silent the whole interaction because she couldn’t believe what she was seeing. A nice family picture. Who were her brothers trying to kid? She was marrying Jon because of a damn contract and they were acting all lovey dovey as if Jon was becoming one of them. As if she and Jon had an actual meaningful relationship, but, despite the fury, the stupid scene made her happy. It was not ok. Jon is right. You are child, a spoiled brat to be precise. He got his shit together so quickly and you can’t.
To her defence, she thought, it had only been two weeks and two days since she had met him again after all those years. It was okay to have diverting and contradictory feelings, right? Right?

The madness thing had also gotten to her. In a way, ever since she was old enough to understand her family history, she had wanted to never find someone special because she knew she could potentially be a burden. She had planned to devote her life to fight for human rights, to open a firm that would only deal with cases like that. And then... She had to marry Jon. Despite everything she knew he was a good man. He deserved a nice life and what if she could not give him that but the opposite? She didn't want to get attached to him because what if he decided he could not live with doubts and left her? That's why she had thought about the divorce and why she felt she was closing up to him. It was better to not get attached. Too late for that. They had met two weeks ago but she felt it had been two years.

“She says she can’t wait to see you, and that Arya and Sansa have already planned a whole itinerary to spend time with you”, he said smiling and interrupting her thoughts. “I’m thinking you'll enjoy that, you’ll get rid of me... for a while”. His tone was playful but... did he mean it?

“I can’t wait to see all of them as well”. She forced a smile. She really meant what she said but lately everything seemed tiring. She hoped getting acquainted with all of them again and getting to know the place where Jon had grown up—which was something she had always wanted to do—would help ease her feelings. Ghost appeared and went straight to her.

Jon huffed. “You, my friend, are a traitor. You spent last night with her and now you don’t even greet me”. Ghost looked at him as if saying ‘Oh, c’mon, it’s not a big deal’. He chuckled.

Daenerys hugged the noble giant, he had been the best company while pouring her heart out. She was grateful Jon didn’t mind the wolf had gotten so attached to her.

“Robb is already there with Margaery. They flew in this morning, so we don’t have to wait for him anymore, let’s go”.

“Margaery?”

Jon shrugged.

Why was she at Winterfell? Daenerys had noticed Marge seemed to be everywhere she went nowadays. Her presence at the castle was a little surprise even if she was Robb’s friend. The Starks were usually not fond of strangers and tended to isolate from others, especially if they were not northerners. Interesting. She wasn’t sure what her role in the Stark family was or if she had any, but she was glad she was going to be there. At least that way she would not be the only non-Stark.

Not giving a damn about anything since Jon’s announcement to the world about them, they took a Stark jet to fly north. No paparazzi, no people, no fuss, just silence. This time Ghost was Dany’s pillow and bed.

A couple of hours later, Dan looked through the window. Winterfell City was now visible. It looked really nice, totally different from anything she had ever seen. It was the first time she stepped foot in the northernmost region.

They landed on the Stark private airport that was some miles away from the city. Jon told her that, before arriving to the castle to have dinner with his family, he wanted to show her around a little. The day was cloudy and cold, nothing like sunny King’s Landing.

He took her to his old primary school, his favourite park and then to get some ice cream (yes,
northerners had ice cream even when it was cold). It was the best ice cream Daenerys had ever had. Rhaenys would have loved it.

The North almost felt like a different country altogether. Winterfell, although imposing, majestic and beautiful, was sober compared to the rest of Westeros. No fancy decorations on buildings like in Sunspear nor extravagant architecture like in the Westerlands or The Reach. She was in awe.

One thing that surprised her was the amount of love people seemed to have for the Starks. She knew there were other families very important in the region but the Starks were... well, the Wardens of the North, even if the title had been lost two centuries ago. They looked up to them and considered them the best example of good northern manners.

Everyone was thrilled to see Jon and came close to greet him, only nobody took their phones out to try and get a picture and nobody was yelling. Maybe northerners were more respectful of other’s privacy? Of course everybody knew by then they were together, so they greeted her as well and embraced her. Some of them were cautious and did not seem very happy to see her next to Jon but no one was rude to her nor tried to say anything offensive. Maybe with Jon there that would never happen.

An old woman approached them when they were walking back to the car they would be using for those days. She held Daenerys hands in hers. “Child”, she said looking directly at her eyes and smiling. “I never dreamt I’d live to see the day a Targaryen walked through the streets of this city. Some people will not be happy about it...always have that in mind”. She gave her a kiss on the cheek and then one to Jon, and left without saying anything else. A shiver went down Daenerys’ back. She had not once thought about that. Her family and Jon’s had been so concerned about the positive effects their marriage would have she didn't believe they had even considered the people who might not like the idea. The official announcement had not been given yet... she wondered what everyone would think. Jon looked to be having the same thoughts as her.

They finally arrived at Winterfell Castle. It was huge... and full. Full of people and... full of animals. The Stark clan was waiting for them at the main courtyard with their respective direwolf, except for Catelyn, of course. Dany couldn’t get her eyes off them. Ghost reached for her brothers and sisters.

“That’s a lot of dogs”. She whispered to Jon and saw him roll his eyes. “Wolves. That’s a lot of wolves”.

“Daenerys, my child”, greeted Catelyn. “For the gods, you are so beautiful! Sansa showed me your Instagram, I know how to use it, you know?” Dany chuckled. “But you’re definitely prettier in person”. She hugged her and it felt so good.

“It’s so nice to see you Cate”. She had always called Jon’s mother by her name. “I missed you”.

“We have plenty to talk about. Your mother called me and said she wants to be in charge of everything. I’m not letting her. I will travel to KL to help her, that way we can also catch up”.

“And you can tell her to slow down”, said Dany. She had forgotten how lovely Cate was.

“Young one”. Ned’s deep voice startled her. He was so imposing. She never knew how to act around him. She thought of him highly. She would hate to upset him in any way or to make him think she was shallow, vain and cruel like all northerners thought Targaryens were. At the same time, she felt pain and anger looking at him, just like she did when looking at her own father lately.

“Mr. Stark”.
“No more of that, you are family now”.

His name was stuck at her throat. “Ned”.

The man’s strong features softened and he hugged her strongly. “Don’t ever feel like you don’t belong here. Winterfell is your home now as much as it is ours”.

Maybe so many years holding her tears back made her so sentimental now. She cried every two minutes. When Ned said those words, some tears rolled down her face, of course. Ugh.

“Thank you”, it was the only thing she was able to say. Ned’s black direwolf got close as well. He rubbed his head on her. “Shadow”. She petted him. “It is nice to see you too”. While growing up, Shadow had sometimes been a playmate following her and Jon to some adventures in the woods between the mansions. After him, the other wolves surrounded her and sniffed her. When Shadow returned to Ned’s side, the rest followed.

“D!!!!” Arya and Sansa broke the moment (thank the gods) and ran to hug her. “We missed you! We always saw your stories”, said Sansa.

“And your pictures! And everything, really. Pentos seems like such a cool place, please take us with you some time!”, Arya yelled. They were so big now! Dany was so happy to see them. They were giggling and talking nonstop.

“We always asked Jon why he didn’t bring you before, and then mum told us you were together! And that you’re getting married! I always knew it”, exclaimed Sansa.

“Totally”, Arya agreed.

So Jon’s siblings didn’t know anything? She was going to kill him. And why did Catelyn and Ned were part of it? Great.

“Though I’m a little angry. I only got to know some days ago when mum told me, but Jon told Arya weeks ago. Thank you, brother”.

“I’m really sorry”, Jon said sheepishly.

“I’ll get back to you, don’t worry”.

“How is Viserys?”, interrupted Arya. “Tell him he has forgotten me. He promised to go see me compete when I was in KL but he didn’t”. That was new. When they were younger, Daenerys was aware that Vis loved to spend time with little Arya. He spoiled her and played with her. She was actually the only Stark Viserys ever acknowledged. She didn’t know he had kept in touch with her.

Sansa went red. Dany found it cute and laughed inwardly. Unlike Arya who was an adventurer and loved to play with him, Sansa only looked at them sat by herself playing with her tea set or something. Jon had told her that, when she had grown up a little bit more, she had started to have huge crush on Viserys. When she was thirteen, she bought magazines and newspapers where he appeared and collected them. Jon thought she still did but was quiet about it.

“Girls, please, you’ll have time later”, said Cate. “Bran, Rickon, say hi to Daenerys”.

The two approached her shyly when Sansa and Arya finally let her go. “For the gods! I wouldn’t have recognized you, boys!”

“Daenerys”, said Bran. “It is…. good to see you”. He offered her his hand.
She chuckled. “How proper”. She shook it. “Good to see you too, Bran”.

“How”, said ten year old Rickon. He was a cutie. “I heard Jon say you were the prettiest girl in the country”. And definitely did not hold his thoughts back.

Jon went red and everybody laughed. He messed the boy’s hair. “Thank you, Rickon”.

The boy smiled and shrugged.

“And? What’s your verdict?”, Daenerys replied.

“How could I know? The only times I went out of the North I was still a baby. Robb promised he will take me to the next Grand Prix, I’ll give you my answer then”. Wow. A ten year old boy had just crushed her. She liked him already. The laughter didn’t stop.

“I bet 20 dragons you won’t find anyone prettier”, said Jon.

“Jon Stark! Don’t tease your brother, and don’t teach him that!” Catelyn interrupted.

The little boy thought carefully. “Brother, you can’t put money on a woman’s beauty, that’s so ugly”. Best child ever, thought Dany. She got close to him and put arm on his shoulders. “I wish I could marry you, Rickon, I’d trade you with Jon in an instant”.

They all went inside laughing.

The Starks were so warm towards her. It felt nice to be surrounded by so many people. The wolves had showed her affection as well and, of course, Ghost followed her everywhere.

Marge and Robb arrived just in time for dinner. It seemed they had gotten into a fight or some serious conversation. Marge seemed relieved to see her there.

“Daenerys!”, she hugged her tightly. “Thank the gods you’re here”.

Everyone greeted her warmly. Sansa and Arya seemed to like her as well.

Robb smiled at Daenerys. “Hey, D”.

“Hey, Robb”. The vibe he gave her was completely different than the previous days she had encountered him. His grin was not there anymore, only an honest smile. Rickon approached his eldest brother and Robb lifted him up in his arms. Jon was lucky to have such a family.

Food was delicious too, Daenerys was sure she had never tried a better steak in her life.

“So, D, how is Viserys’ wedding preparations going?”, asked Margaery.

Sansa was talking and laughing at something with her mother but turned abruptly to them. “What?”, she said shocked.

“I didn’t know your brother was getting married, Daenerys. Send him our congratulations”.

“Thank you, Cate. Truth is no one does. He is marrying my cousin Visenya. They decided to keep it low, but, he sent me here with an invitation for all of you. He says he would love his future family to be there”. Dany stood up and took the invitation out of her purse. “It would also mean a lot to me. The wedding is just after our engagement party. I hope you can make it and get to know Dragonstone a little bit”.


“Oh, thank you, sweetling. I hope so too. I’m sure Ned will be able to arrange some days off from work”. She said looking at him.

Ned was focused on cutting his steak and didn’t say a word. She didn’t know what he could be thinking. He didn’t look mad or anything. He was so much like Jon, or rather, Jon was so much like him.

Sansa stood up abruptly making a loud noise with the chair. “I have finished”, she said and stormed out of the dining room. Everyone went quiet. Robb and Jon were smirking.

“My poor girl. I told her everyday it was no use thinking about your brother. I hope now that her heart is crushed she can move on”, said Catelyn.

“Oh she’s a drama queen, don’t worry D, she’ll get over it. She doesn’t even know Vis, I mean, how old was she when we stopped visiting your house, ten? And after that she only saw him like twice more when he went see me practice and she happened to be there. She just likes the attention and to daydream”, said Arya.

“I feel so bad. I didn’t know she liked him that much”, answered Dany.

“She’ll be fine”, said Robb.

Jon couldn’t hold his laugh anymore and everyone followed. Dany could even see a little smile on Ned’s face.

Dinner had been lovely, but Dany felt a little nervous about bedtime. Would she have her own room? Cate and Ned knew the engagement was not real. Well, it was, but, yeah, they knew what their situation was. On the other hand, Arya, Sansa, Rickon and Bran thought she and Jon were together…

The gods be praised, Sansa offered Dany and Marge to spend the night at the TV salon to have a pyjama party. Arya said she would only assist if Sansa let her be and did not try to paint her nails or put on face masks. So there they were, the four young women laying on the floor and watching romance movies much to Arya’s dislike.

Jon went in the room.

“Jon! You can’t be here!” yelled Sansa.

“I know, I know! I just wanted to tell Daenerys and Margaery something”. He looked at them. “Marge said she wanted to visit The Wall so Robb and I thought going tomorrow would be a good idea. We would have to wake up early, drive there, visit the museum, go up and then have something to eat. Depending on how long we take we can stay over there or come back”.

Daenerys and Margaery agreed it was a good plan.

“Can we come?”, asked an excited Arya.

“No, you can’t”, answered Catelyn coming in. “You may not have school tomorrow but you have practice in the afternoon, young lady, and Sansa has to work at the coffee shop”.

“Mum!” they pleaded.

“I said no”.


“Sorry guys”, said Jon. “Well, that was the message. Good night”.

“Mum, it’s been forever we don’t go to the Wall!”, Arya whined. “You’ll love it”, she said looking at Dany and Marge.

“Arya Stark, you are training for the World Games, you can’t miss practice”. She left them some drinks and more food. Now, I love you all, girls. I’ll leave you to your movie. Good night”. Cate almost wanted to take a picture of the moment. The four of them were in their pyjamas in front of the telly, eating popcorn and with a wolf by their side. To see Ghost and Grey Wind there… she smiled and closed the door behind her.

Jon was not a morning person. Daenerys was. When he got up using hand of all his strength she was already dressed and putting on her makeup. She looked fresh and well rested. How did she do that? Hadn’t she gone to bed late because of his sisters? She had ended up sleeping in his room even when his mother had offered her one of her own. She was in his bed and he had slept in the sofa that turned into a bed.

Ghost climbed up to his side. “Morning, boy”.

“You said to be ready at seven thirty. It’s almost seven thirty”, Dany said.

“I know, I just need a quick bath”.

She continued applying her makeup without replying. Here we go. One more day of “teamwork”.

The drive to Castle Black was ok. Robb drove and Jon was co-pilot. Margaery and Daenerys were on the back (together with Ghost and Grey Wind) singing to every song they played. Jon loved to see Dany smiling and enjoying herself. He wanted to see her like that, not anxious and serious like she was when they were together. Ever since Dragonstone things had not been well. But not bad either, just… things.

When arriving, they took a quick breakfast and then proceeded to visit the ‘Memory Museum’. The place held everything about the history (what scholars had been able to find) of The Wall; why it was built, why part of it was taken down, documents, paintings, pictures, testimonies, etcetera. The main point of the museum was to show people that discrimination and segregation were terrible things that needed to be kept in the past. It had an amazing museography and it was interactive so it was a much visited northern landmark. A visit to the museum and The Wall was a mandatory school trip for Northern children when they were in sixth grade and then when they were in eleventh.

To call someone a “wildling” nowadays was considered very rude and plainly wrong. Nobody – well, almost nobody– used the term anymore, but the world was still not perfect. Although it was true things had gotten better through the years, one could only hope old hates and prejudices could disappear. There were still so many grudges held between Westerosis and the free folk, even when the countries maintained economic dealings and such.

Jon and Robb had been there several times, the two when they were students and some others when Ned had taken them himself. Daenerys and Margaery were very into it, reading everything they encountered and paying attention to the audios and videos. Oddly, the museum was not crowded so they had a peaceful time there except when some of the museum guides asked them for pictures. They said having a Targaryen and a Tyrell visiting the place would be great publicity.
After that, they walked to The Wall. Today there were only ruins of what was once the massive piece of ice that marked the end of Westeros, but as tourists one could go up to a part that was still standing. Some miles further was the official frontier with Freeland where you needed a passport and all that.

The land beyond The Wall had been independent for three centuries now. Before that, Westeros had taken over it and ruled it for 215 years until the free folk rebelled against it. The independence war lasted 11 years and left behind thousands of deaths. In 1718, Westeros finally agreed on signing their independence letter. The country took the name of “Freeland” –officially the The Freeland Associated Territory–, honouring the way they had always considered their land: free.

Freeland was kind of like a monarchy but also a democracy. Every six years a new leader was appointed. He or she was chosen by a council conformed by a representative of each of the ancient clans, so people didn’t get to choose him or her but because they did get to choose their local representatives, everything was kind of fair. Westeros had actually thought on changing to that system because it would allow a person who belonged to a different province to rule each term, so in the end all provinces could have the chance to rule a term at a time. But those were just thoughts, surely the main houses would never agree to it.

Usually, to be able to go up The Wall one needed to make an online reservation given there were only a number of people allowed by day, but Starks—and their companions—could ignore that step, obviously.

The four got in the little lifts that took you up while getting a colder as it went up and up. White endless land appeared in front of their eyes. Although Jon had been there several times, all of them were different and the landscape kept taking his breath away. And now, Daenerys was there with him, he was sure it would be the time he would remember the most.

“I can’t believe I’m here”, she whispered.

“Welcome to the end of our world”, he said.

Margaery and Robb walked to the end of the allowed area. Daenerys didn’t move.

“That’s one of the reasons you went there, is it not?”, Dany said looking at Freeland.

“Aye”. Jon loved his family and he was proud of being a Stark. He could never think otherwise, but he had always preferred to keep a low profile. Being a Stark meant no profile like that. In Westeros and Essos everyone respected and admired the Stark name. In Freeland however, of course they knew about it, but they didn’t care.

“And?”, she continued.

“And… what?”.

“What are the other reasons? Why did you go to Freeland other than that?”

He wasn’t sure he wanted to answer that question. He didn’t like he was opening so much to Daenerys, he never talked about his feelings to anyone, but Daenerys had always been able to make him express himself. Maybe it was a good thing, maybe she would do the same… eventually. He didn’t want to be the only one putting his heart out to be broken anytime. He did anyways.

- She continued. “What happened to somewhere with more Sun?” Before they stopped seeing each
other, they had talked about going to Essos to study to get more Sun. They had dreamt about going
to the same university and finally spending more time together other than the holidays.

He smiled.

“What?”

“We talked about getting Sun together. Without you I didn't care about Sun. You were the one
who didn't like the cold even though Dragonstone is not cold to begin with”.

“So you just decided to go to coldest place in the world?”

“At least that way it didn’t feel so weird to go to uni without you”.

“Oh”. He remembered.

“Why did you go to Pentos?”

She shrugged. “Their Human Rights programme. It is the best”.

He nodded. “Well, now we will get to study together. Ironic, huh? We have to spend the rest of our
lives together and now we will also see each other at uni without planning it. What am I going to
do with you every day?”

His soft playful tone was there again, but his eyes did not match it. Dany never knew if he meant
what he said or if he was just joking. Did he load her that much or was he just teasing her? She felt
so frustrated for not being able to read him anymore. “Right. What am I going to do with you, Jon
Snow?” she emphasized the last word.

They spent some more time admiring the breath-taking view and Dany could understand with each
second that went by why Jon had decided to go there. The idea of losing oneself in a frozen land
didn’t seem so awful after all, even when she knew it would take her a while to adapt. Freeland
was a country full of technology and nice people, and the fact that she would not be bothered
because of who her family was seemed wonderfully appealing. But she knew she would not have it
as easy as Jon. There was only one family in the entire world with platinum hair and lilac eyes…
freelanders were not very fond of it.

They spent the night at Castle Black City and came back to Winterfell the next day. Their little
escapade had been very enjoyable. Margaery’s company was great and, strangely, so was Robb’s.
The first times she had met him again she had felt nervous as he kept trying to get close. She didn’t
know what had happened but he was now so… calm. Talking to him came naturally, she didn’t
have to force anything or pretend to be enjoying herself. He really was a funny man and easy to talk
to.

They arrived almost at night because they had stayed to know Castle Black City a little bit more.
They had even ran into Sam who was doing some research for his dissertation on… whatever it
was on. He was a med student but he also loved history so he mix the two in his current research.
He told them he had been all over the country finding the archives he needed. Marge was so happy
to see him. Apparently, his sister was a good friend of hers. Daenerys had not encountered Samwell
Tarly since Cate had thrown a surprise party for Jon for his thirteenth birthday, even when it was
months apart. She said he never got to celebrate it with his southern friends so it was a good way to
gather them all instead of inviting them up north. Being one of Jon’s best friends, the guy already
knew about their engagement and awkwardly expressed his congratulations given he also knew it
was an arranged situation.
After dinner, she didn’t feel like going to bed yet so she stole one of Jon’s cigarettes (she knew he kept them in whatever jacket he was wearing) and went to the little terrace outside the TV room she had been the night before going to Castle Black. Someone was already there. Dany hit the door clumsily with her elbow making a loud noise.

Margaery turned around quickly. “Gods!”

“Sorry! Didn’t mean to scare you! I thought no one would be here. Hello you”, she said to Grey Wind. She sat in the chair next to Marge, lit up her cigarette and enjoyed the soothing effect it gave her (ugh, she really needed to quit, it had already been two years she had started smoking frequently).

“I thought some fresh air would be good”, replied Marge. She put her arms around herself closing her sweater. “Going for some fresh air here is so not like at Highgarden though”.

“I thought fresh air would be good as well and this is really the only terrace I know. I still haven't ventured to know the castle”. Dany breath out some smoke and the wind blew it directly at Margaery. She coughed. “Sorry! I’m really sorry!”

“Don’t be. I really don’t mind”.

“I’m turning it off”.

“No, no. Don’t worry. My brother Willas smokes too, I don’t mind. I’m just not used to it”.

“It’s terrible. Tell him to stop. I tell myself that all the time, and Jon”.

“He smokes too?”, Margaery was surprised.

Daenerys nodded. It was odd but it was something they enjoyed doing together. No one in their families or any of their friends smoked, so they had constantly been judged for it. Together there was none of that, though they both agreed it was nasty and they had to quick ASAP.

“Neither of you look, or smell, like smokers. You can tell Willas smokes from some feet away”.

Dany chuckled. “Jon and I only do it outside and when nobody is around… maybe that has to do with it?” Ghost entered the terrace quickly joining Daenerys. “Hey gorgeous, is Jon asking for me already?” The wolf looked at her with his bright red eyes as if saying yes. “Well, you go tell him I’m only enjoying some fresh air with Marge”. Ghost went away. Daenerys laughed at the improbable chance the wolf could actually transmit the message.

Margaery and Daenerys continued talking. They mentioned Missy, and Marge acknowledged the potential she had. Marge told Dany about her brothers and Dany about hers. They bonded over being the last child and over always wishing they had a sister.

At one point, the conversation took a turn and they ended up discussing everything Stark eldest brothers related. Daenerys had observed a bit of Margaery’s and Robb’s dynamics. Curiosity was killing her. She dared ask. “Marge, do you and Robb…sleep together?”

Marge eyes opened wide.

So yes. “I knew yours was not an average friendship”, she said trying to hide a smirk.

“You could tell?”
“Not really. I wasn't sure, but just... I don't know... the thought crossed my mind. Has it been long?”

“Long?”, she chuckled. “We had sex the first day we met”.

Now Daenerys opened her eyes widely. “Oh”, she said smiling.

“I know”. Marge was curious as well. Robb slept with many women so it wouldn’t be rare... “Do you and Robb…”

Daenerys’ eyes went even wider. “No! For the gods, no!”

“In Pentos…”, Marge felt the need to make sure.

“No!”, Daenerys turned her attention to Grey Wind and scratched his neck. After her first encounter with the beast, he had been friendlier. “I’m not going to lie, I did think about it sometimes, but it never felt right. Then we kissed and... Nope. But…” She could not hold it. “Is he good?”

“Daenerys Targaryen!” Marge faked shyness and then laughed. Instead of answering, Marge said: “How about Jon?”

“No idea”.

“Seriously? You have not…”

“No. Well, yes, but like years ago”.

“And you don't want to…”

“I don’t”, she said firmly. She looked up and closed her eyes. “I do. Ugh. I don't know”.

Marge laughed. “You do, you so do. Can't blame you, he's hot”.

Dany opened her eyes again and smiled. “I know right? Can't blame you as well, Robb is hot too”

“You have no idea”.

“Margaery Tyrell!”, she said making the same face Marge had done a few moments before.

“Talk to me when you do it with Jon”. Dany laughed. “I’m telling you, northmen... gods”.

Dany blushed a little. She really didn’t know when that time would come.

“Well, I’m going to bed”, said Marge. “I’m exhausted”.

“Good night, Marge. See you tomorrow”. She went away but Grey Wind didn't move. Weird. Some minutes later someone entered the terrace again. Really? Was it the only terrace in the whole damn castle?

“Mar-”.

It was Robb. No wonder Grey Wind had remained.

“Daenerys. I thought Marge was here”.

“She was. You missed her for like five minutes. She said she was going to bed already”.
“Oh”. He turned to look at Grey Wind. “And what are you doing here, my friend?”

“He came with Marge”.

“I figured. Whenever she’s around he completely forgets about me”.

“I guess he knew you were coming”.

“He likes you as well”.

She looked at him strangely

“He wouldn’t have remained otherwise”.

“Well I’m glad. He really scared me the first time I met him”.

Robb smiled and sat where Marge had been before.

“Do you like it?”, he said looking at Winterfell City.

“Very much. It’s even more beautiful at night”.

“Aye, and you should see it in the winter. All white and lit up with coloured lights in every house”.

“Sounds good. But cold… not my thing”.

He chuckled. “I guess us northerners don’t have an option”.

They talked and talked for a while. Robb was telling Daenerys some of the Stark stories when they were children. He also told her about the time he and Jon had stolen one of Ned’s cars and crash it. They had not suffered but minor cuts, the car on the other hand did not make it in one piece. The way he retold the events was so funny. They were laughing hard.

Ghost appeared once more. He gave a little growl to Grey Wind and put his head on Dany’s lap.

“Ghost! Why did–”. Jon came out to the terrace. “Hey there, didn’t know you were here”.

“Brother, I was just telling Daenerys about the day we took dad’s car and crash it on a tree”.

Daenerys was still laughing. “You two are terrible”.

“It was his idea”, he replied looking at Robb.

“You were driving”, he replied laughing as well.

“Well, I was just going to bed when Ghost took a turn. I’ll leave you to more stories”.

Daenerys sensed a little tension. “I’m coming too”. Jon nodded and she stood up.

“Night, Robb”.

“Night, D”.

Daenerys went to bed with Jon and Ghost.

His brother and Daenerys seemed to have settled in a routine. They didn’t look happy, but they didn't look angry either. He wondered how things between the two had been going, but apart from
the talk he had had with Jon at the docks, they had not discussed the subject. Robb felt it was better that way. He hoped Jon could see he had really stopped his stupid flirting… but he could not lie to himself, he still liked Daenerys. Margaery’s words were stuck in his head. Was it all pride and jealousy? Would he change places with Jon? He didn’t know the answers to those questions.

Chapter End Notes

Continue reading "Wolves" part II !!! :)

Just for reference: Ned is 57, Cate 52, Sansa 19, Arya 16, Bran 14 and Rickon 10
Wolves (II)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Daenerys woke up before Jon –like she always did– and decided to wander a little. She put on some warm clothes silently trying not to wake him up and ventured outside. Ghost woke up with her and followed.

She took the little path that started at the main garden and it led her to the godswood. She had wanted to visit it since arriving and was glad she had found it by herself. She tried to imagine how many Starks had been wed in it, how many Starks had lived in Winterfell castle, how many Starks had… it was unimaginable, just like her own family, the Starks went back millennia. She thought she was so lucky to be there. Their families had fought for so long and before that they had ignored each other for so long, she was sure to be the first Targaryen to step foot in Winterfell or in the whole North in… who knew.

She thought about the conversation she had Margaery. She thought about Jon. He was the incarnation of what a Stark was supposed to look like and what a Stark what supposed to be like, more so than any of his siblings. In fact, other than Arya who also had Stark traits, all the others resembled the trout of Riverrun. She still found it hard to believe she was going to marry him. Being at Winterfell, she had realized there was a side to him she had never known, even when they had spent so much time together during their childhood. His… northern side. Of course it was a part of him all the time but she had never seen it come out so explicitly. The way he talked, walked, moved… it was so foreign to her. As if when crossing south he controlled it a bit to not look so different. She felt drawn to him in a way she never had. She wanted to know that side of him as well, to know the many different ways a Northman acted and thought differently from the rest and, also, because she wanted to know Jon. All of him, not just the side he showed to the world. People calling him Snow made more sense now than ever, but not because of the reasons his friends did, but because he represented with all its glory the land he had been born in. She felt pride. She was still so mad at everyone, including her family and the whole world for being so unfair, but she felt pride. She hated the idea of not having control of her life, but she felt pride. Calling Jon her husband… she felt pride.

“You are going to marry an honourable man, Daenerys”, Tyrion had told her. One month ago she didn't even think she would marry at all and now she was about to do it with a Stark. Jon had been out of the country for many years but Tyrion seemed sure of his statement. Had he talked to him was well? She thought of their families’ feuds. The Starks were so honourable she was certain the war against each other had been started by her own. Even so, Ned had been willing to forgive and forget. Jon was willing to forgive and forget. He had not once brought up the topic, nor had she… out of fear. Jon’s grandfather had died under suspicious circumstances and the terrible feeling her own grandfather had had something to do with it had kept her awake for many nights while growing up. Targaryens had no honour when it came to getting what they wanted. Fire and blood. That said everything.

She sat by a little bench near the weirwood tree and Ghost laid by her feet. Had Ned’s and Cate’s wedding been here? Would Robb marry here? Would the other Stark siblings marry here? Would Jon… Jon would not marry here. They had not even discussed it but she thought marrying before the Old Gods at House Stark’s ancient seat was not something they could do, or rather, should do. Wouldn’t it be like an insult? She didn’t believe in any gods but she knew the North’s faith was strong and formed an important part of its people’s identity. They took their gods very seriously.
and lived their lives trying to honour them. Her wedding with Jon was a farce, a big show for everybody's entertainment. A northern wedding was so intimate and full of heartfelt emotions. They could not get married before the Old Gods. If they existed, they knew the truth.

After blurting out the idea of a divorce. She had told him to forget it. She had been angry and it was just that, but, although he had seemed offended, and sad?, about it at first and later had gone claiming her in front of the world, she felt he resented her a little bit more than he did already because of the arranged marriage. She couldn't blame him. She was a mess. And she only got it out on him. Aside from their first encounter, Jon had not once been rude or lash out on her like she had. She blamed her hot blooded nature, but knew it was probably just an excuse. You need to calm down, Daenerys. At this pace you'll scare him away. Probably the only reason he has not left you is because he literally is being forced to stand by your side. Dear gods, he deserved so much better. She had really tried to not be so emotional about everything but had been failing miserably. Every time Jon was nice to her, an instinct in her turned on, warning her to not get attached. Doubts crawled back to her mind. He can leave you. He will. And most likely he was only being nice because he had to. Because this farce had to convince everyone they were real.

She was no wife material. She had decided long ago flings with boys were more her thing because it meant no strings attached. No commitment, no meeting families, no cuddling, no anything. She feared to love so much. And even though what she and Jon had was supposed to not be real, she had already done all those things with him.

She could not allow it, so snapping at him and focusing on hating him had been her defence mechanism. Nevertheless, she realized, love and hate were very similar emotions. And they could trigger so many things, most likely the same things. So that's when hating Jon had stopped being an option (not that she could ever hate him, even if they never fell in love she cared for him too much), and loving him even more so. To love him, even if not in the way a couple was meant to, was just as powerful. What if loving Jon triggered her madness. Crying at night allowed her to let out a lot of feelings so when she woke up in the morning very tired, she didn't have the energy to fight with Jon, nor to think about her developing feelings for him. So, win-win. No second thoughts, no hate, no love. No potential threat.

She felt a shiver and regretted not bringing another sweater. The ancient castle’s godswood had a totally different feeling to it, something Daenerys had never experienced before. Not that she had been to many godswoods, only the one at the Stark Mansion and the one in the Red Keep. They were both lovely, but this one was more... eerie. She was almost certain she could hear the trees speaking, perhaps it had to do with the antiquity of it all. She didn't feel fear though, more like calmness and curiosity. Imagine the stories those trees could tell, she thought. Ghost stood up and wandered around her never going too far away. She was becoming so attached to the little beast, she couldn't believe it. Drogon surely would be jealous of that. She chuckled.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket.

Jon: Where are you?

She looked at the time. She had been in there for two hours. Her moment of silence and peace was over. She didn’t reply and started walking back.

She found the whole family up. Breakfast was being served so she went to the restroom to wash her hands. She was almost at the dining room when she stopped by the big painting that hung on one of the walls. She had seen it every day but this time she looked at it closely. It was a portrait of three boys and a girl. It was beautiful. Whoever had painted it was very talented. The boys were wearing fancy northern style suits with a direwolf pin on their right side and the girl was wearing a
nice wool dress with the same beautiful pin. The girl…

“Brandon, Benjen, Lyanna”. Jon’s voice surprised her.

Oh. That’s why the man with the white shirt looked so familiar. It was Ned, only thirty-something years younger.

“You’ll meet uncle Benjen soon enough. Too bad he wasn’t at Castle Black when we went. He lives there”.

She knew the other two people in the painting were dead so she didn’t say anything. Jon did though.

“I never met them, not even Robb”.

“How did they…”

“Car accident. My aunt wa-”

“There you are! We are not waiting forever!”, yelled Arya coming out of the dining room. She pushed them inside.

Dany was still surprised she was enjoying northern food so much. “Cate, who makes this food? It’s delicious! I’m going to the kitchen later to say thanks”.

“Oh, don’t lie. It can’t be better than pentoshi”.

“It’s better at The Reach”.

“You had to”, said Robb at Margaery who had just spoken.

“She speaks the truth, son”, intervened Ned. “Everyone knows food in The Reach is the country’s best”.

Marge smiled widely. “Thank you, Mr. Stark, Robb always fights me on it”.

“Daenerys, and how is your niece? What’s her name? I’m sorry, I’m really bad with names”, said Cate.

“Rhaenys”, Daenerys answered proudly. “She is very well, thank you for asking. She is growing up so fast! She was a baby yesterday and now she doesn’t want me to hug her or kiss her. She’s six!”

“And she is so smart”, Jon added. “She really is a very nice girl”.

Cate smiled looking at the two. “I’m sure your mother must be incredibly happy about being a grandmother”.

“She is. She dotes on Rhaenys so much”.

“I envy her so much”, she laughed. “When I knew Elia was pregnant I called her to say so. I want to be a grandmother as well, but these two are no good”, she said looking at her eldest sons. Both of them rolled their eyes. “Now that you are getting married…”

“Catelyn”, Ned said in a low voice.
“What? I can dream!” Margaery, Sansa and Arya laughed.

“But just, please you guys, not in the castle. Like, I want to be an aunt soon, but just… you know…”, Sansa said.

“She means keep it quiet. All of our rooms are next to each other”, intervened Arya.

“Girls!”, Catelyn scolded but failed at it. She had a smile on her face. Margaery, Sansa and Arya were laughing. Rickon was entertained playing with his food so he wasn’t paying attention to anything, not that he would have understood. Jon, Ned, Robb and Bran on the other hand, were all red and serious. Dany didn’t find the situation so funny given they were implying babies and having sex with Jon, but she couldn’t hold her laugh. She found it so funny all the men were shy talking about those things. Except for Bran, how could they react like teenagers? She had to get used to northern prudeness.

Ned cleared his throat.

“Daenerys, I wanted to tell you. We will go to your brother’s wedding. All of us”.

Dany smiled widely. “That’s good news! My mother will be thrilled. Thank you, Ned, I know you have a busy schedule”. She could see Sansa from the corner of her eye. She was looking down at her plate silently. She started recalling good handsome guys she could introduce to her, she was such an amazing girl. She deserved a great guy to be her boyfriend.

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Although it was funny to look at, Jon really felt bad for his sister. Sansa was so nice and intelligent, yet she spent most of her time daydreaming about getting married with a prince charming. She had decided said prince charming was Viserys Targaryen. Jon cringed. He was like… nine years her senior. Thank the gods he was already getting married and seemed really happy with Visenya. One Stark marrying into the Targaryen family was enough.

The days at Winterfell had been good. It had been a long time he had spent so much time with his family and it felt wonderful.

They finished breakfast and the girls wanted to relax at the hot springs. He, Robb and, surprisingly, Bran decided to join them. While preparing himself to go there, Shadow came visit him. He smiled at the now old direwolf. He had been so shocked and angry the last time he encountered his father, he didn’t even care to say hi to the noble beast. He had also missed him dearly.

Ned's direwolf had been there when all the Stark children were born and had looked after them. Shadow had always been a nice companion while growing up. He remembered being little and playing with him along with Robb or Daenerys. Daenerys. Shadow had always been in love with Catelyn but when he had met Daenerys he made it clear she was very special too but, now, there was Ghost and he didn't seem to like the idea of Dany bonding with any other wolf. When Shadow came to look for some comfort in her hands, Ghost would make sure to beat him or made him go away. She was his human now. Jon could only laugh at that.

Daenerys went out of the bathroom. “Meet you downstairs”, she said and left. He sighed. How could she seem so… normal? Every day she was like that, but then, at nights…

He had heard her cry. At first he only thought she was having some trouble sleeping but one night her breathing never ceased to calm into an even pace one normally has while sleeping. So he paid a little more attention. He could not see her but he was sure. That was the kind of breathing someone
had when crying. His heart broke. It was almost imperceptible but it was there. Maybe if Ghost had been a dog he wouldn't have noticed, but because his ball of fur made no sound while sleeping (or ever), he could detect Dany's sobs. They pierced the silent room. He had wanted to say something, but what? If she cried at night when she thought no one was hearing it meant she didn't want anyone to know, let alone him. He had already got to know how proud she was so surely telling her he had noticed her at her weakest and most vulnerable would anger her.

She seemed miserable. Certainly, that was the reason she had brought up a divorce. She could not stand him now, how could she picture a life with him? *She bears with me. She doesn’t deserve this.*

For some reason, getting used to the idea of marrying her had been rather easy. He had never had any expectations in that particular subject, but he knew he had been waiting to see Dany for a long time while out of the country. It angered him to be told what to do but spending a life with her didn't seem like an outrageous idea. He would have loved to encountered her in some other way, perhaps at uni and then invite her to have coffee (well, tea because Dany didn't like coffee) and perhaps their friendship would have been regained little by little.

He could not picture a life without her anymore. When he knew he was coming back for good he had already decided to look for her. The marriage thing just ruined his plans. He could not bear to be the cause of Dany's pain. She had been giving him hints about it the whole time.

At first she had tried, she really had. At their first encounter at the bar she had been nothing but cooperative. She had been willing to get to know each other and work together. He had fucked up, and she had forgave him. And then… she probably realized she could not do it. She could not go on pretending she could not do it. She could not go on pretending she liked him. Perhaps their friendship was not meant to be regained. After Sunspear she had not been rude or anything but he could feel she had closed a door. Jon laughed bitterly at the irony. He had been closing doors and building walls for no one to be allowed in his heart with the sole exception of Daenerys, and now she had closed herself to him. She treated him like an acquaintance and that hurt more than fighting and her calling him an asshole.

He went downstairs and joined everybody. They were all laughing and having a good time. Sansa and Arya were teasing Bran asking if he had met any girls he liked. The poor boy had to endure his older sisters’ teasing every day. At one point, he told them if they didn’t stop he would tell Viserys and Gendry they liked them and went away proudly. His sisters were shocked and he laughed so much along with Robb. Wait… Gendry? Jon stopped laughing. Arya had not said a word about that. Ever. He and Robb turned to look at her. She pretended nothing had been said. He took a mental note.

After a while, he decided to get out but remained sat on the edge. He looked at Dany. She was talking with Robb. Sansa, Arya and Marge were gossiping about the gods know who on the other side. Robb said something funny and Daenerys’ laugh filled the room. That is what he liked to see. When Daenerys meant a smile or a laugh her eyes shone. When she didn't, the shine was not there. She could fool the whole world but not him. And when she was with him, first of all there were no smiles or laughs, but if she miraculously smiled or laughed the shine was never there. She was pretending to be happy and everybody seemed to believe her.

“For the gods, Robb! Stop it, my belly hurts!”

“Wait till you hear what Theon said after that”.

Robb was telling one of his many stories. Presumably one of his young college student ones given Theon was in it. Jon had not been paying attention.

She seemed so comfortable with him. Every time Robb was around she smiled, she laughed. She
had sworn to him she didn't have feelings for Robb, but… what if she did and she just had not realized it? That could happen, right? The wild thought he had had before crossed his mind again. Maybe this whole show would be easier if Robb took his place… oh gods, what was he thinking! But Daenerys… she looked so calm when she was with Robb and so stressed out when she was with him. He cared for her deeply, he couldn't let her go on with an unhappy life if there was a possibility of something better, even if it hurt him deeply and even if that possibility was his brother. The thought of her with Robb did not even make him jealous… more like heartbroken. He knew he wouldn't be able to take it so he would probably need to move out of the country again. Seeing them together would kill him, but if it meant Dany would be better, happier... so be it. If Robb can make her smile like that every day... so be it.

Surely his father could not have any objections to a change of plans like that. Robb was a Stark, so the pact remained.

He felt a hole in his chest. He stood up and took his towel. Daenerys didn’t even notice he was not there anymore.

-

Marge felt something weird was going on but she didn’t quite understand what. She also felt she was getting sick, this weather was terrible for her.

She, Robb, Jon, and Daenerys had gone out to have lunch. They planned on going somewhere else together but Catelyn had called Daenerys to tell her she wanted her to take her see some wedding stuff she could only find in the North so she and Jon had gone to join her at some boutique.

She and Robb were still at the restaurant they had eaten lunch in. She had noticed, despite the initial tension between Daenerys, Robb and Jon, the three seemed fine now, and she had to give it to Robb for working hard on hiding his feelings. The flirting was gone, though knowing him as she did, she could tell he still liked her. “I see Jon holds no grudges”.

“Why would he?”. He finished his coffee and gave her a confused look.

She raised her brows.

“We talked about it”. It seemed he didn’t want to pick up the subject but she pushed anyway.

“Ok…”, she said in a “not ok” tone.

He sighed. “Do I have to say it out loud?”

“I don’t know. It’s not my problem”.

“Fine. I’m a wanker. Alright?”.

“Again, not my problem. It’s your brother you have to talk to”.

“I’m not flirting anymore. I know it, in fact, I had not seen them in a while until we all came here. I kept my distance”.

“I know Robb”.

“Then why do you seem angry”.

“Oh my anger has nothing to do with that, you know it”. Robb’s absence at Fashion Week still hurt
deeply. He had said sorry countless times but she had not totally got over it.

“I already apologized. I was busy, it was something I could not leave”. She kept quiet. “Margaery…” he said with his teeth clenched.

Nothing.

“Are you really upset about the show?”

“Of course I am”.

“No, you’re not”.

She changed her tone to appear nonchalant. “I’m glad you got rid of your feelings for Daenerys… or tried”.

So that was it, thought Robb. “I don’t know if I have got rid of them, but I know now I was being a terrible person. Jon is my brother and he is marrying Daenerys….” He sighed again. “You were right”.

Marge was shocked. She knew it was very hard for Robb to admit he had made a mistake, he almost never did. And even more admitting it to her.

“You don’t have to tell me more”. Robb acknowledging his mistake was enough for her.

“I want to. I need to tell someone. You are the only person I can talk to”. He made a pause and looked to be organizing his thoughts. After a while, he crossed his arms on the table and sighed. “I was jealous of Jon. Very jealous. I mean, he gets everything and I don’t”.

She really felt that was nowhere true. Jon got everything and he didn’t? She didn’t get it. Had Robb ever stopped to look at his own life? Did he understand Jon was actually being forced to do something he didn’t want to do?

“Ever since we were children, father pushed me to be the best at everything. I had to have good grades, I had to be good at sports, I had to be good talking to people, I had to learn about the business, whereas Jon…” He scratched the back of his neck.

It was clear to Marge he was struggling to let it all out.

“He could do whatever he wanted. Father never pushed him like he did with me. Of course he expected the same form him but he was never harsh. If he made a mistake he would talk with him about it, with me he would just blatantly rub it in my face and later talk about it. And then, when I was nineteen, he told me he never wanted to push Jon because he would have to marry Daenerys, but… that’s not even it. He told me I was the one meant to marry Daenerys at first”.

Oh.

“Long story short… father told me some time before we were even born he and Aerys had already agreed on a marriage between our families. They didn’t know who would have daughters or sons so they waited. Rhaegar was born, I was born, then Viserys and then Jon. There were no possibilities of an alliance”.

“And then Daenerys was born”.

“Exactly. So they thought of me because I was the firstborn. That was the plan, but then… as I
child I was always busy, even during the holidays. Father would often take me to the company with him. Jon had all the time for himself except when he asked for piano lessons or whatever. So, of course, Daenerys and he bonded. They spent all the time together when we were at Kel. I would sometimes join them but I knew they had created a world of their own where nobody else was allowed in. At the time, I didn’t think anything of it, they were friends, so what. But, when father told me about it, I felt so mad. They basically had discarded me. When mother and Rhaella realized Daenerys and Jon were so close, they suggested a marriage with Jon and not me seemed more logical. They already liked each other so probably the burden would be less, maybe they would even decide to get married by themselves, so father and Aerys agreed. He told me he felt like he was already putting so much on me with the company, it felt right to take the marriage off my plate. So just like that the plan changed”.

Marge was speechless. What was she supposed to say? The whole thing felt surreal. Starks and Targaryens were definitely different beings from the rest of the world.

Robb chuckled bitterly. “They never expected they would grow apart, I’m sure that was a shock to them. Their plan did not go smooth. Anyways… at the time I also felt angry because Jon would not only get to do whatever he wanted with his life but he would get to spend the rest of it with the girl it was obvious he was crazy about, without doing anything. Not even a little effort. And I, I was stuck with the company. I love my job, don’t get me wrong, but to not have the possibility of deciding messes up with your head. Then I got used to the idea, surely I would find a girl I could like and be happy with. But it didn't happen. It still doesn't happen”.

Marge felt the same hole in her stomach she did back at the Stark Mansion.

“So, when I met Daenerys at Pentos… I don’t know. She was so pretty and likeable, and then she told me she and Jon were not friends anymore… I…” He exhaled. “I'm not proud of how I behaved. I didn’t know I was still so angry about it. So… you were right. I was jealous of my own brother. It took me so much to realize it. He’s my brother, Margaery, my little brother. How could I felt that way? And Daenerys… I do like her, but I know it’s just that. Back at Pentos, I genuinely thought she liked me back, but… guess not”.

“Would you marry her, Robb?”

“What?”.

“If the plan had not changed, would you have done it?”

“Of course”.

Marge felt the hole getting bigger.

“Even if I didn’t have feelings for Daenerys, I would have done it. This marriage means a lot, Marge”. He made a pause. “Hells, if she liked me, I would have told father about it and I would have marry her even if the pact was with Jon. But I know they like each other very much, they always have”.

Marge suppressed her feelings. “I… I don’t know what to say. I think I understand you, I’m trying to understand you. It’s a tough situation. I feel I could be reading this out of a novel but it happened to you, and Jon and Daenerys. I just hope, well… I don’t know. It’s a good thing you have thought about everything and understand where you were coming from. I still think this is something you should say to Jon”.

“I know, but I don't want to. Isn’t it enough to have realized it?” He sighed. “Maybe one day. Ugh
and what would I tell him…? I still feel weird around Daenerys. I don’t want to put anything more on him. It seems he’s having problems with her, he doesn’t need to know about my feelings. I’ll deal with them and that is it. Eventually the awkwardness will go away, he will marry Daenerys and I… well… Don’t push me… please”.

“Robb…”

“I said do not push me”.

“Fine. But I will tell you my opinion. I think you should tell him because he’s your brother but, I’m also trying to understand you so this is the last time I will ask you about it. I hope your feelings for Daenerys go away because, well, she is going to be your sister-in-law”.

Robb felt a little angry, not because of her words but because how she said them. As if he was a little boy who needed to be told what to do and, somehow, he detected a little weird vibe towards Daenerys.

“I’m trying”.

“Ok”.

Again, the tone. “You’re upset”.

“I’m not”.

Could it be…? “Maybe are you upset because you would like for me to have feelings for you?”

“What?”

“It seems you’re jealous of Daenerys”.

She felt offended. Here she was trying to be a good friend (once more) and Robb had once again flipped the coin to make it look like it was her problem. “I’m not. She’s lovely and a very nice person. In fact, I think she’s amazing and I like her very much. The work she wants to do at the W.O, the way she speaks about her family… she’s a nice girl, Robb. I would like if we could become friends, actually”. Was she being that transparent? It was true she thought highly of Daenerys, but yes, at the same time she could not deny she also felt weird about her because of how Robb felt.

“Do you have feelings for me, Marge?”

What was it with Robb today? When had the conversation turned to this point? They were discussing him not her. And she didn’t. She didn’t… “Of course I do, you’re my friend, my best friend”.

“You know what I mean”.

She rolled her eyes. “No, Robb, I’m not in love with you if that’s what you’re thinking”.

He didn’t ask more. He didn’t know how could he ever thought of that. Of course she didn’t like him that way.

Margaery was getting sick of this kind of situations. She was the friend who had always been there for Robb, but time after time he seemed to not realize it. Whenever they had a problem (which was not often but still), he would end up pointing fingers at her. She was done being the nice friend.
She had not said anything, but she had actually been thinking about going away for a while to Mereen. One of the most important essosi fashion magazines wanted to work with her and have called her about it. Going there could help her get inspiration for her new collections.

He sighed. “I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that. You know I love you”.

“I love you too”.

“Forgive me?”

“Whatever, Robb Stark. Let's keep going. Don't you have a date with some northern nice girl in a few hours?”

“Did. Past tense. I'm in no mood for that. I rather spend the rest of the day with you, my lovely friend”.

Marge raised her eyebrows.

“Ok, she cancelled, but I was really not disappointed. I was only meeting her because my father wanted me to. I remember the girl, she was Jon’s classmate actually. I never quite liked her. She is nice but just… no”.

“I've never seen you go out with a northern woman. That's odd. I thought you would like to keep it local for a committed relationship”.

“Is it weird if I say I think I don't like northern women? I mean, they are great and all, but just… I don't know”.

“Yes, it is. Why am I even your friend?”

“You can't help it.

“Yeah, that’s the worst part”.

-

The next day it was Sunday so Sansa and Arya had planned a whole day out with Daenerys. Margaery went along, of course. Robb had to go to the company to do some stuff with Ned but Jon didn’t feel like going with him, so he decided to go hiking with Ghost.

When he came back like at six o'clock, he went to his room to arrange some things while he caught up with Bran who had refused to go hiking because of school work. The boy was already thinking about high school and career plans. He was only 14. Jon advised him to enjoy being young.

Something hit his room window out of nowhere.

Bran went to see what it was. “I think someone is looking for you”.

“What?”

“Don’t remember her name, your ginger friend”.

“What!” There was only one ginger friend Bran knew he had. He ran to the window and opened it. There she was. Standing there in one of the back yards. Ygritte. She had thrown a little stone to get his attention. What the fuck is she doing here? He told her to stay there and went down quickly.
Fuck. He found his mother on his way.

“What is she doing here”, she said with a tone that suggested both surprise and resentment. His mother never referred to Ygritte by her name.

The Starks had never liked Ygritte. They said it was because she had never been a great girlfriend to Jon, but he secretly suspected it was because she was a freelancer. They would never say that out loud, of course. Well, not all of them, his father had actually never met Ygritte, he doubted he even knew she existed. Ned was a busy person almost never at home, so the couple of times Jon had brought her to Winterfell he had not been there.

At the time, he had hated his family for being so cold towards her. Stupid westerosi prejudices, he would think. He was almost sure his mother and sisters didn’t like Ygritte because she didn’t have a prestigious family name and because she had not been born in the country. They didn't have trouble to fathom him dating essosi women. No. It was only she had been born north to the wall. Looking in retrospective, he now felt as if being with Ygritte had been like a little rebellion against that. Things were so different now. He still believed not being considered good enough for him because of those things was terrible and wrong, but he knew his marriage with Daenerys was a strategic political alliance that would help Westeros, and it was such because of her last name. He had to think about the future, he had to think like a Stark.

“Daenery-”, she started to say and Jon cut her off.

“I know, mother”.

Cate nodded and left without saying more.

Ygritte had been calling him endlessly… and texting him and emailing him. He had replied to none. He knew he was a bad person, but everything going on with Daenerys… he couldn't take having one more problem. Ygritte was not a bad woman though, she didn't deserve his bad treatment and neglect when he knew she really cared for him, even when he had never corresponded those feelings.

So, he decided being this close to Freeland, they could set up a meeting and then he would tell her he was really sorry but he didn't want anything to do with her anymore. He had sent her a text the day he and Daenerys had arrived telling her he would be at Winterfell for some days. Jon thought Ygritte would reply and set a meeting. He didn't expect she would just appear one day at the castle.

“What on the world are you doing here, Ygritte? I told you we would meet somewhere”. He said frustrated.

“Shut up. You were capable of never agreeing on any meeting so I took my chances. You have not answered my calls, my texts or my emails”.

“Who writes emails anymore?” He laughed inwardly remembering Daenerys.

She looked angry. “Whatever happened, Jon? You call me one night and say you want to go away with me and then you just ignore me?”

“I'm sorry”.

“Are you?”

“I'm sorry I have been ignoring you”.
“Just that?”

“Ygritte, I don’t know what to say. I have been going through a lot. The call… That is completely my fault. I should not have called you and I’m sorry to have said those things without meaning them. Before coming to Westeros I thought I made it clear we were not together anymore… if we ever were”.

“What do you mean if we ever were? You fucking introduced me to your family”.

“We were never exclusive”.

“So what, we knew we had each other”.

“Again, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for ignoring you, but like I said when I called you, I’m getting married so, whatever you thought could happen between us, it cannot”.

She snorted. “With a Targaryen bitch”.

Jon got angry at that. “Do not ever refer to Daenerys like that”. He said seriously and defiantly.

“And why not? I may not know her but everyone thinks she is one. She thinks she’s beyond everyone else like all Targaryens. She’s not a good person. She uses her beauty and money to get what she wants like her family has always done”.

Jon almost lost it. He wanted to yell at her, to tell her Daenerys was not like that, but he knew it was pointless. He sighed. “I’m not discussing her with you Ygritte. She is my fiancée and you will respect her”.

“What happened to you, Jon? You always said you didn't believe in lineages and power and all that stuff, and you didn’t even want to get married. You don’t believe in marriage, like me. What is all this nonsense?”

“That is right. I didn't want to get married, but you’re wrong about the other thing. I never once said I didn't believe in marriage. Turns out now I have to get married and I have many reasons to do it, but I don’t need to explain that to you”.

“You have to, that’s all I hear. You don’t want to. You said you didn't like her”.

“I said I’m not discussing her”.

“Fine, but you don’t want to get married. You don’t”.

“Not the point. I’m still going to get married”.

“Perhaps you don’t have to get married”.

“Wha—”.

“Marry me”, she said abruptly. “If you marry me you can't marry her. Not even your dad would like you to leave behind a wife. Tell them we got married before you came back to King’s Landing”.

What?! He was a little shocked though. Was Ygritte really offering to marry him? The same ‘I don’t believe in marriage because it’s stupid’ Ygritte? “What are you saying? No. I’m not marrying you to get away from another marriage”.
“I don’t want to lose you, Jon. And if I have to get married in order for you not to be forced to do it with her… then I will do it”.

Jon didn’t know how to tell her he didn’t want to marry her (or have anything to do with her) without crushing her. Truth was that, although marrying Daenerys out of duty was not the best scenario, he was oddly ok with it by now. Plus, he had never seen Ygritte as a potential long run girlfriend, let alone a wife. He was scared but... he was already used to the idea of being with Daenerys. He didn’t know how, but he could see himself spending his life with her. Even if they didn’t love each other as a couple was supposed to, he cared for Daenerys deeply. He always had. Jon knew his reticence to marry her had to do with the fact that they were being forced to, than because he didn't like her. And even that reticence was fading rapidly.

“Ygritte, I can’t find a way to say this more nicely so I’m just going to be blunt. I don’t want to marry you. Even more so, I don’t want to be with you. What we had was nice but it is over. Even if I was not engaged, we would still be over”.

“It’s her. Better say it to my face. You like that Targaryen…”, she clenched her fists. “Girl”.

“This has nothing to do with her. If I like or hate her is beyond the point right now. I’m telling you I don’t want anything to do with you, with her in the picture or out of it”.

“I don’t believe you. You can’t change of mind that easily. A month ago you told me you thought you were never going to marry and now you rather get married to her than run away with me”. A tear rolled down her face.

“Like I said, I’m sorry Ygritte. I really mean it. I’m really sorry for having called you and told you things I didn’t mean because I was angry. I like you very much, you are a great girl, but... I'm not sorry for not having feelings for you. I told you from the beginning I didn't want anything serious and that you shouldn't fall for me and you agreed”.

“Well, I didn't know it was going to happen, but I know I'm not the only one with feelings here. I know you care for me as well. You like me, I could feel it, Jon. I'm not crazy”.

“I do care for you, you're very nice, but…”

“I thought we were in the same place”.

“We can still be friends. We have always had a good time together”.

She snorted. “Friends? Bullshit”.

“I can't offer you anything else. If we cannot be friends then it’s better to never see each other again”.

“You can't just say that”.

He felt so frustrated. “Ygritte, I’m not going back to Freeland, I am engaged and I will marry another woman in six months. We are over”.

The tears kept rolling.

He really didn’t like to see her like this. He was sure someone out there would notice how great Ygritte was and she would be happy with that someone. “Ygritte, I don’t know what else to say other than I’m sorry”.
She got closer and hugged him.

He didn’t want to but the poor girl was a mess and it was probably the last time he would see her. “You are going to find someone who loves you, Ygritte”.

“I don’t want someone to love me. I want you to love me. Jon, please, you can't be serious. You can't be engaged and about to get married. You can’t. This is all a bad dream”. She let go of him. “I’m not good enough, is that it?”

“It’s not that”.

“You are Jon Stark, she is Daenerys Targaryen. I’m… nobody”.

“Ygritte, no”.

She chuckled bitterly. “You westerosis and your stupid Houses, names and traditions. I thought you were better than that”.

He sighed. He really didn't know what to say. She spoke some truth.

“You are not even going to fight me? Jon, please. Say something”.

“Ygritte, I-”

“And don't say you are sorry again”.

He stayed quiet.

Her cry was louder. “I love you, Jon”.

He had not seen that coming. She really meant it.

“I…” Jon could see hope in Ygritte’s eyes. “I don't”.

She frowned. “I'm not so sure about that. If not why did you spend so much time with me, why did you introduce me to your family, why did you tell me you would show me all of Westeros, why did…”

“Ygritte, don't do this. It makes me look like a monster but all those things I did, I meant them, at the time. But relationships sometimes end. Feelings go away or change. But it had been long I had not done any of those. I told you about my plans of leaving Freeland, I told you everything. I was always honest with you”.

She didn’t reply. She just stared at him like if she was processing everything.

Ghost went out of to find Jon. He growled at Ygritte.

“Ghost!” Ghost have never liked Ygritte, as much as he had told him she was his girl and that he liked her. The beast never got used to her. Not that Ygritte had made an effort herself. She was not fond of dogs, even less of wolves.

She didn't seem to care Ghost was in defensive mode. She completely ignored him. She looked at the watch on her left hand. “Oh, shit, I have to go now, Tormund sent me on some errands”. She was still crying.

“Ygritte-”, she was already walking towards the back exit of the Stark property. Jon wondered at
the moment if she had bribed the guards to let her in. “Ygritte!”

He was going to follow her when “Jon?” Robb was standing at the door. “What are you doing outside?”

He turned to look at his brother. Wasn’t he at the company? “Nothing, I–”.

“Whatever, the girls are back and they want to watch a movie. You in?”

He turned again to see if he could still see Ygritte. No trace of her.

Daenerys appeared next to Robb. “I’m sure you’ll hate it. It’s new. No black and white like you like them”.

“Oh, Jon has improved. He tries now”, Robb said smiling.

“I bet I’ve watched more movies than you two together. All in colour”, challenged Jon. Daenerys seemed to be in a good mood after the day with his sisters. He followed them to the TV room forgetting about Ygritte.

Chapter End Notes

Like I said, I'm already writing next chapter, it's actually almost done so I'm thinking to upload it on Tuesday.

Again, thanks for reading!!!!! I hope your week starts nicely!! Much love!!!
Hey there!! Surprise! I finished this chapter before and I figured, why wait. THANK YOU SO MUCH for your kind words and the support for this story, and THANK YOU SO MUCH to the people leaving constructive criticism. You are great, guys! I'm so so so so very grateful.

Without further ado... chapter 12. :)

Marge knew she had to tell Robb, like right now. She was taking a flight the next day and he had to know. She had wanted to tell him at Winterfell but one thing or the other prevented her from doing so. Or at least that's the excuse she gave herself.

Loras drove her to the Stark Mansion the day after coming back from Winterfell, she had not wanted to spend the night there.

She found Robb laying on his bed watching telly. It was so rare to look at him like that. He barely had free days.

“Hey stranger”, he greeted.

“Hello”. She sat next to him.

“It’s the first time I turn this on in years”, he said looking at the telly. “Jon and Daenerys are everywhere. Apparently he told the paparazzi they were together at Fashion Week”.

“Yeah, I thought D would be the one telling. Grandmother called me, even she is excited. She will actually make the trip to both the engagement party and the wedding. She says House Tyrell needs to be present at such extraordinary events and my brothers and I aren't enough for her”.

“They didn't mention anything at Winterfell. It’s really happening, right? They will get married”.

“They are”.

“When you say your brothers, you mean the three of them?”

“That would be correct”.

“And your parents?”

“They too”.

“That’s a first”.

“You know grandma”.

Robb could tell something was off. Margaery looked nervous, and that was so unlike her.
“Something is bothering you”, he said cutting to the chase. He got up and sat to look at her.

“Not bothering… but yeah, there is something going on”.

He looked at her expectantly.

“I need to tell you something. I didn't say anything before because it wasn't sure. But now it is”.

“What?” He felt very nervous, something felt off.

“I'm going to Mereen”.

He was confused. “Work trip? Why is that special? You travel all the time”. That wasn’t bad, his heart beat normally again.

“Well…you can call it that… a two or three year work trip”.

“What!”

“I'm moving, Robb! To Mereen!” She gave him a big smile.

Now he felt as if someone had punched him. Moving?! To Mereen?!

“An important magazine wants to work with me. It's not a permanent thing but at least a couple of years. Amazing, right? They said they love my work and would be honoured to have me as part of their team”.

Robb’s face did not indicate any signs of excitement. “Just like that?”

“What do you mean just like that?” She thought Robb would be happier for her. It was a great opportunity. His disappointment made her angry. Why was he upset?

“You tell me now that you are leaving? Why didn't you tell me before, when you were considering it?!"

“Why should I have told you before? It’s not like I have to consult everything with you. And why are you yelling!”

Robb felt angry and sad about that statement. He lowered his voice. “Friends tell each other that kind of things”.

“Well… I don’t know. I’m sorry, but I’m telling you now. It's a great opportunity, Robb, and I'm taking it”.

“You have many great opportunities all over the country. Why go so far away?”

It was true. It was not only a magazine in Mereen, many wanted to work with her all over Essos and Westeros. She just felt a sea in between her and her family (and Robb) was what she needed. She had realized during their days at Winterfell that she still cared about Robb in a way she wasn’t supposed to and she could not let herself harbour any hopes about him. He had made it clear time after time he only looked at her as a friend.

He sighed. “So it is decided?”

“I think so, yes”.

*He likes Daenerys, remember?*
“When are you going?”

“Just after Jon’s and Daenerys’ engagement. I was planning on leaving before, but Daenerys invited me herself, I don’t want to reject her, and grandma would not let me miss it.”

“What! But that’s like in two weeks... How long did you consider this?” He needed to know.

“The possibility was there since... like a year ago. But I didn't give it a thought until recently. I really want to expand my horizon, Robb. Oh and... Tomorrow I’m going to seal the deal about a flat. It gorgeous and near the magazine”.

“Tomorrow?!” He laid on the bed again. “For the gods Marge, why didn’t you just tell me when you were there already?”, he said sarcastically. He felt betrayed. If he had been planning on moving he would have told Margaery from moment one. He would have decided what to do with her. She had just left him out of this.

“Like you tell me everything about your life”, she retorted.

“I do!”

He really did, Marge thought. She wasn’t sure there was actually something Robb didn’t tell her, she had just felt the need to deflect his sarcasm. He talked to her about everything. He asked for her opinion regarding company affairs, he told her everything regarding his family and friends, and unfortunately, he always told her about his dates, one night-stands, girlfriends.... everything. Maybe that was what was wrong. She knew too much about Robb, like a girlfriend was supposed to. Hells, not even his girlfriends had known him like she did. She needed distance.

Grey Wind stood from his bed and joined them. Robb laid over the sweet beast.

“Robb”, she sighed. “Please be happy for me? Plus it’s not like I’m going to the end of the world, we can talk frequently or facetime”."

“Frequently?” Robb was used to talk to her every day, all day.

She rolled her eyes. “You can also visit you know? Robb, why is this a big deal? We literally live in different cities and you have not once said anything about it”.

“You practically live in Kel, Marge, come on, and in this house”.

“Whatever. Thank you for being so supportive, friend”. She kissed Grey Wind’s head and left his room.

-

Jon had not expected this. When the bright idea of telling the media he was with Daenerys had come to him, he had not thought of consequences. Then, very quietly they had gone up North and spent some peaceful days over there given northerners were a lot more chill when it came to things like that. But now, back in King’s Landing, he was resenting having made that announcement. People were going crazy over him and Daenerys. Like really crazy. It couldn't be helped he guessed. The engagement was only one week away so they would have found out soon enough anyway.

They had both started going to uni again and people flipped whenever they saw them together. Neither of them liked it, they were drawing so much attention it was hard just going to classes. They both wanted peace to focus on their careers. Would they have to endure this for the next
years? He really hoped not. He really hoped after the wedding people would just stop thinking of them as a novelty and stopped following them around everywhere.

He was waiting for Daenerys some blocks away from King’s Landing College. Thank the gods for Targaryen black SUVs with dark windows. People had bothered him all day asking him about his relationship with Daenerys.

She had texted him saying one of her classes was going to end a bit late. They were supposed to be going flat hunting. Again. Their parents had agreed their wedding present would be a flat in KL so that they could go to uni, work and did everything they wanted without having to share space with either of their siblings. Jon felt that was more like an excuse. The mansions were enormous, there was plenty of room for everybody even if all his siblings moved in. Most likely, their parents were doing it out of guilt. Whatever. He liked the idea of a place only for him and Daenerys, not having to drive back and forth was a plus. But, of course, they had not yet found one they both liked.


“Little Miss”.

“Jon”.

“Daenerys”.

She looked upset.

“What’s wrong?”

“A lot”.

He thought not asking further was better. Barristan turned on the SUV and started driving.

She sighed. “First, some girls would not stop bothering me about you. Where did we meet, how long have we been dating, are we estranged from our families… Apparently, everyone thinks we have some Romeo and Juliet kind of thing going on”.

Well, he thought, it made sense given their families’ history.

“Then, I said something in class and this stupid guy wanted to mansplain me. Me, Jon. And about the law nonetheless! I know I studied abroad but I know this country’s laws better than I know myself!”

Jon knew it was true, she was an expert in her field. He was sure the guy had probably ended up humiliated in front of the whole class.

“After that, my mother called me to tell me about some problems she had with one of the wedding planners, but I was really angry because of the stupid guy. The professor gave it to him, Jon. Like, really? After he tried to mansplain me he ended up saying what I had said in the first place and he gave it to him!!! So I snapped at my mother and we ended up fighting. I felt terrible because it was not her fault. But you know Rhaella, she went all proud on me and now she is not answering the phone. I swear she’s a teenager sometimes. I am too, I know. Don’t even say it. And then my father called me as well. I don’t even know what he wanted. I was still very upset. I knew I wouldn’t be able to talk to him properly, so I told him if he could please call me later or tomorrow and he got mad as well, like, out of nowhere. You are so lucky your parents are not like mine, Jon. So yeah… that was my day”.
He really wanted to laugh. It was being hard not to. Daenerys looked so cute when she got angry (when she got angry and he was not the cause of it).

“You think it’s funny?”

“No”.

She turned around giving her back to him.

“I really don’t. I’m sorry. I hope whatever your father wanted to say was not bad news or something”.

“Yeah”. She was still angry, and now she was also angry at him. He never seemed to get it right with her. The idea of Robb being a better match for her had not left his mind since the baths in Winterfell. He had tried to get rid of it but at moments like this when Daenerys seemed all frustrated and angry, it really made sense.

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Daenerys. Are you done? Grow up for the gods’ sakes. You, young lady, are mad at the world, not at Jon. Do not get it out on him.

“I am not angry at you, Jon. I just had a bad day”.

“No problem”. Jon was always so… peaceful. She admired that of him (it sometimes infuriated her, but she admired it nonetheless). It was really hard that something affected him. She’d love to be like that. Her hot-blooded nature had got her some problems. It was hard controlling her feelings.

They arrived at the building they were supposed to meet their real estate agent. It would be a new one given the one that had been handling them had gotten sick.

“Mr. Stark, Ms. Targaryen. Nice to meet you. Helen told me everything you are looking for. I found two more places that could suit you”.

The woman… whatever her name was, had looked at Jon in a very…. Relax, Daenerys. Breath. She knew they were together, right? Ugh.

They took the lift to the 10th floor. It was a nice flat, but... something was missing. She couldn't picture her life in there, just like she couldn't in the ones they had already visited.

“It has three bedrooms, four bathrooms, playroom… it is really a nice place to live”. The agent addressed Jon the whole time.

Daenerys told Jon she didn’t like it with her eyes.

“It also has a very nice balcony with a lovely view”.

Daenerys got close to the windows. Yeah, it was nice. But nothing special really. A park was mostly all she could see.

“I quite like it”, said Jon behind her.

“Well, I-”

“You don’t. I know. Can you at least pretend you care about what she says?”
“Why would I?”

“She’s doing her job. What we are looking for it’s almost impossible to find, I’m grateful they even have options to show us”.

“Don’t tell me what to do. I’m already trying hard to not yell at her. She is basically ignoring me”.

“Oh please”.

“Is something wrong?”, the agent asked, once more only looking at Jon.

“Nothing”, answered Jon sweetly. “Can you please give us a second?”

The real estate agent didn’t look to be ok with leaving, but listened to Jon.

Daenerys gave him an ‘it’s impossible you can’t see it’ face. “Either she is flirting with you or she is a sexist person who thinks the man gets to make the decisions in a relationship. Whichever, I don’t like”.

“Can you stop being so dramatic all the time?”

Daenerys wasn’t sure she could hold her anger longer. Jon’s calmness only added to it.

They stared at each other intently. If looks could kill, they’d already be dead.

Dany sighed. “Argh, Jon, how are we going to ever get along?”

He didn’t answer.

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know”.

They were silent for what seemed like an eternity.

Looking at some children playing in the park, a memory came to Daenerys. “Do you remember when Old Nan used to tell us the story about Queen Daenerys and King Aegon?”

“I didn’t till this moment”.

“Seriously? You’re going to tell me you had not thought about that since we met again, especially with the press talking about us”.

“I’m seriously telling you I had not thought about that”.

“Forget it. I didn’t say anything”.

- 

Jon was really annoyed but realized she had only meant to point out something they had in common.

“Wait. I’m sorry. I hadn’t thought about that since we met but that doesn’t mean I have forgotten. I haven’t. I never could even if I wanted to, it was our favourite story when we were children. You used to come over to my room and ask her to tell it. I think we heard it like a thousand times”.

“Until one day you said you weren’t a baby anymore so you didn’t need to hear bedtime stories”.
He laughed a little. “Aye... sorry about that, though it was true. We weren’t babies anymore”.

“We were 10, of course we were”.

“You say that because of our current perspective but back then I felt as a grown man ready to face the world”.

It was Dany’s turn to laugh. “Anyway, I still like that story. So much I even bought the special edition children’s book with it for the 195th anniversary of the Republic. I hope one day I can gift it to my own children and tell them the same story”.

Jon didn’t know what to respond because, as things were, those children would end up being his. His children, his sons and daughters. He settled for “we should buy the 200 year edition”.

Dany chuckled not caring about the implication of her words and continued speaking. “I sometimes still wonder if they truly existed. If, like the stories say, they brought peace to Westeros and ended the Long Night”.

Jon had asked himself the same many times. Queen Daenerys and King Aegon were the country’s heroes, even if nobody was certain they had actually lived and reigned. At one point in history, a good six centuries ago many libraries were set on fire because of religious uprisings initiated by the Lord of Light extremists so many books and manuscripts were lost. There was nothing that proved their existence, yet every westerosi felt proud when their names were brought up. Streets, schools, parks and many other places held their names and many novels and films had been inspired by their legend.

Jon’s announcement had turn the press crazy comparing them to the ancient queen and king. Westeros’ New Epic Romance read some headlines. Everyone was very excited. The press didn’t know they were getting married yet, but everybody was talking already as if they were. If Dany and Jon got married it would be the first time in history a Targaryen and a Stark would come together because, even when Targaryens had started to marry outside themselves somehow they managed not to marry Starks. They never got along so basically avoided each other as much as they could., Targaryens sat on the Iron Throne, Starks were Wardens of the North, and since they ventured in business, rivalry prevented them from marrying as well. The only time something like that had taken place was when, presumably, Queen Daenerys had married Aegon but he was also a Targaryen so it really didn’t count. If they had actually existed, that is.

The tabloids had started a fight over it, some of them claiming Jon’s and Dany’s wedding would be the first time in history a Stark and Targaryen would be united and others that it was actually the second.

They preferred not to care. In the end, it really didn't matter. It was going to be a huge event. People might be happy, they weren’t.

“I like to think they did. I mean, there has never been White Walkers. If the legends are true, it’s all thanks to them, that has to count for something”.

The real agent appeared again to tell them they could go visit the next apartment.

“I really think this is all you are looking for, Mr. Stark. Personally, I believe it is overrated given it is a bit further away than the rest of places you have seen, but it has everything you told us you wanted”.
“Money is not a problem”, answered Jon.

“Yes, that’s what I thought”, the agent replied blushing and with a tone that suggested she felt so silly for even considering the flat’s price.

When she stepped out of the lift, Daenerys marvelling. First of all she loved there was no door, the lift opened directly to the place’s living room. It was so spacious and had perfect light. Standing like they were they could see all of King’s Landing. The kitchen, living room and dining room were all connected and shared a massive window. The building was on a hill and they were on the penthouse so… breath-taking. The view was breath-taking.

The agent recited all of the flat’s characteristics. Five bedrooms, five and a half bathrooms, playroom, three balconies, one study room, roof garden, inner pool… Daenerys didn’t even hear the rest. Just for the view the whole place was worth it. She knew this was it.

Jon was talking to the agent while she wandered around. She fell in love with it all over again with every door she opened.

“Daenerys, what do you think?”, Jon asked from across the living room while she inspected the kitchen.

“I love it”, she said smiling. “You know, Robb said if we ended up living in this neighbourhood he would consider moving out of the mansion as well”. Daenerys noticed a weird look on Jon’s face when she said that.

It was gone in an instant. He was back to his calm self and approached her. “I like it was well”.

She chuckled and rolled her eyes.

“What”.

“You have said that about all of them”.

“I have liked them all, except for the first ones, all the others are fine”

“So you don’t care where we live”.

“I didn’t say that”

She shrugged.

He went serious. “If you are mad at your father then talk to him. Why are you giving me an attitude?”

Her father had called her again just before they arrived to inform her about her requested presence at a company’s dinner. It appeared it was a very important one were deals would be made so Targ Inc could carry out some mining projects in Essos. Daenerys wanted nothing to do with it, she had already told her father so many times she didn’t want anything to do with the company’s affairs. The only reason she was summoned to such events was because of stupid men who wanted to meet her. And she hated his father for knowing that and still asking her. One more proof her family did not care about anything to get what they wanted.

“You don’t get it”.

“How could I, you didn’t tell me what he said”.
“Jon, not now”.

He looked frustrated.

“It’s something about us, right?”, he huffed. “I understand. Do you think I’m not angry at my own father? So much you have no idea but that is something I have to work out with him. I don’t go around getting my anger out on anybody, let alone on you”.

Jon’s words hurt. He was right, she felt so angry with her father (and mother for being an accomplice), and she had only been getting it all out on him. She understood where he was coming.

The agent caught up with them. Daenerys intertwined her arm with Jon’s and started answering her questions even if she aimed them at Jon. She left after some minutes to answer a phone call.

“Now we are pretending in front of the nice lady? Do you even really like this flat or are you just tired of looking?”, Jon said bitterly close to her ear.

_Nice lady?_ The girl had been trying to get his attention the whole time. And, she really liked this flat, more than any other, it was probably the only one she had liked. It was perfect.

The agent came back. “Mr. Stark, is the decision made? The owner says he is ready to sell. My advice is the sooner the better, there are some other people interested so if you want this place you should sign today”.

“Yes”, answered Daenerys. “Yes, we will take it”.

The agent looked as if she didn’t know why Daenerys kept talking.

This girl. She was driving Daenerys mad. “Darling”, she said sarcastically at the agent. “What was your name, again?”

The agent seemed confused. “Jeyne”, she said plainly.

“Jeyne, I don’t know what’s your game here but, please, drop the stupid grin and stop flirting with my boyfriend. Also, your lipstick is poorly applied, I don’t think that is very professional. And, oh, your shirt is missing two buttons. I noticed, not sure Mr. Stark did, though”. With every word Daenerys said, the agent’s face went redder and redder because of both embarrassment and fury.

The woman quickly excused herself to the restroom.

Jon took Daenerys’ arm off him. “What is the problem with you!”

Daenerys knew she had maybe overstepped.

“I know you hate me but you don't have to take it out on her”.

She chuckled bitterly. “I don’t hate you, Jon”.

“Whatever, just stop being a bitch to the woman. If something bothers you, you tell me. If you have a problem with me, then, you tell me. Don’t go around lashing out at people”.

She hated when Jon got all ‘you are a little girl who needs scolding’.

“I bet you’d be happier if Robb was here”, he said out of nowhere.

Where had _that_ come from? She didn’t want to get into an argument. “Whatever, Jon”.
“I think you should consider marrying him and not me”, he said pretending to examine the kitchen as well.

What?!!! “What? Jon that’s crazy-”.

“Is it?”

Where did he want to get with this? “Yes. It is”.

“I clearly make you miserable. I’m sorry you’re stuck with me.”

“That I don’t want to marry you doesn’t mean I want anything with Robb”.

“Why not? You liked him once, didn’t you? You get along, I think it’s a good idea. Even though he wasn’t so obvious about it at Winterfell, I could tell he still likes you. Maybe you like him as well and haven't realized it”.

“What on the world are you saying, Jon? No, I don’t like him”. At what moment had they started discussing Robb again… had they not settled that already? Why was he bringing him up now?

“Why don’t you just accept it? You wouldn't have had so many issues with getting married if Robb had been in my place. You talk a lot more when you are with him, you laugh when you are with him, you smile when you are with him, you–”.

This was so frustrating. “You know what! Yes, I like him!”

She regretted the words as they left her mouth. She didn’t mean them, not at all. Not one bit. She could see hurt in Jon’s eyes. A lot of it. She didn’t know what to say.

Instead of yelling at her, he said “I’ll talk to my father. We can fix this, Daenerys. It’s not too late”.

WHAT DID HE MEAN TALK TO HIS FATHER?

She was about to reply when the agent came back. “The owner says we can start signing the first documents, tomorrow you can meet him and everything will be settled”.

Jon pretended nothing was going on. “Jeyne, we appreciate all of your hard work, and I apologize for what Ms. Targaryen said earlier, she’s having a bad day, do excuse her. About the place, we will give you a call later. We know it’s a risk but we have not decided yet”.

What the fuck! Why was he apologizing for her! She might have gone a little overboard but the agent had, in fact, been flirting with him blatantly to the point of opening some of her shirt’s buttons. And, what? Give her a call later? She thought they had already agreed on getting this flat. A hole started forming in her stomach.

“Alright then, I’ll be waiting to hear from you. I need to go now to another appointment, so–”

“We will stay a bit longer. No need to show us the exit. We can do that, can we not?””. Daenerys quickly answered hiding the trembling in her voice and her shaking hands. The agent looked at Jon as if waiting for another instruction but when it didn’t come, she nodded and walked to the lift.

When she left, Daenerys exhaled loudly.

“Jon–”. He cut her off.

“I don’t want to see you being miserable everyday”. He walked to a wall a laid there putting his
hands on his face.

“Jon, what are you talking about? I just said that because I was angry. I don’t like Robb the way you are assuming I do”.

“Really?” Daenerys could see he meant what he was saying. “You are so happy when he’s around. Like I said, I don’t want you to be miserable. If I can change that I will, Daenerys”.

“You already told the press”, she blurted. “The whole world already knows we’re together. We can't change that. What would everyone say if we suddenly broke up and I started dating your brother?” It was the only thing that came to her mind to make him stop saying she should marry Robb.

He stood up straight and approached her. “So what? Is that what you care about, what people can think? Damn, Daenerys, it doesn’t matter. We are talking about our futures here. If you can feel you'll be happier with Robb then isn't it better to change that? Even if it means a little rumble by the press? I'm sure my father will understand. He wouldn't deny Robb anything and it would still be a Targaryen-Stark marriage so actually nothing would change. The people benefit from it, the enterprise benefits from it, you benefit from it”.

Was he really suggesting that? No! She didn't want that. She didn't think Jon would take her seriously. They fought all the time and nothing came of it, why would this time be any different? She could not believe what she was hearing, but she couldn't say anything. Words were stuck on her throat. She was too shocked. Maybe it was Jon who wanted out. She thought he would fight her on this. Tell her that he wanted her, tell her not to go with Robb. She would embrace him and tell him the only man she wanted to be stuck with was him. But he seemed so resolved about letting her go.

He was the one who didn't want to marry her, she realized. The hole in her stomach started to ache, her whole body started to ache.

She was heartbroken. Jon was speaking so seriously as if he had thought about that for some time. Why had he waited so long? If he wanted out of this he should have told her earlier. He should have told her before she got attached to him. Before he hugged her and took her hand while walking, and definitely before looking at fucking flats together. A little voice in her head would not shut up. Told you. I told you, Daenerys. He was going to leave you. She couldn't bear to look at him. Her vision was a blur now because of the tears she was holding. She didn’t want to cry in front of Jon. She started walking to the stairs.

“Where are you going?”, he said. His voice seemed so far away. “Daenerys…”

“Don't follow me”, she said whispering.

He did.

“Don’t follow me!”

“Say something!”

She ran upstairs with him behind her. She beat him to open a door and shut it leaving him outside. She locked it.

He continued talking from the other side of the door. “Daenerys, talk to me!” He sounded so desperate. “Talk to me, please! This is what I want to avoid. This is what needs to stop. I can’t bear to look at you either crying or angry all the time. I’m only making it worse with each moment we
spend together”.

She couldn’t hold her tears anymore. “Jon, please, stop talking”.

She sat with her knees on her chest lying on the door. No silence tears now, only a cry she was sure Jon was hearing and perhaps the whole building as well.

- 

It pained him to see her like that. It made him feel impotent, frustrated and angry at himself. Getting married because someone forced you was terrible enough, he had only wanted to make Daenerys less preoccupied but had always failed at it. He brought out the worst in her and it was consuming her. That is why he believed marrying Robb instead of him could be a way to ease her pain.

The only thing Jon wanted to do at that moment was embrace Daenerys until her tears stopped, but that would only make it worse, wouldn't it? To hear her crying… it was ripping his heart.

It was pointless to try and get in. He went down and sat on the floor looking at the city.

One month ago, the thought of King’s Landing did nothing but bring him joy, now… it only made him frustrated. Gods… what had happened to them? In the span of some days, they had become monsters to each other. They brought out the worst in each other. He cursed his parents. If it weren't for them, he and Daenerys would not be where they were now.

A tear rolled down his face. He almost never cried. He thought of the times he had. Putting apart some tantrums or accidents when being a child, he had only cried five times in his entire life. The first: at six, when he understood for the first time that he and Daenerys lived far apart so they could only see each other sometimes a year, the second: at sixteen, when he realized Daenerys didn’t care about him anymore and stopped answering his emails, the third: a month ago, the day his father had reminded him about his engagement with Daenerys and he had felt so frustrated because a decision like that had been stolen from him, the fourth: at the Targaryen mansion when Daenerys hugged him and they both realized they had a responsibility to fulfil neither of them wanted, the fifth: now. Now after seeing her crumble in front of his eyes, him being the cause of it. Funny, it had always been something Daenerys-related that made him cry.

Things had happened so fast. Some weeks ago he was a free man thinking about business plans, enjoying the idea of being a student again and considering whether he should pay a visit to his old best friend who he missed dearly. Now, business plans seemed to be some other person’s, school was ok but nothing to be excited about, and his old best friend was crying because of him.

His whole body felt heavy, as if getting up would take all of his strength. How was it that even after nine years Daenerys had such an impact in his life? His pain was not recent, he realized. What had happened the last month was not the only thing that affected him. He was crying because of how much he had missed her.

He was mad at the world, at life, at the impossibility of changing things. They could have had something before, but fate had ripped them apart, and later, as if mocking them, it had brought them together again only to force them to face a nasty reality. Maybe he had lost himself to hope, to what Daenerys had convinced him about, to all those love stories she adored when they were children that spoke of knights and princesses, of Queen Daenerys and King Aegon fighting for the lives of their people while loving each other immensely.

No, the real world was no legend, no fairy tale.
She couldn’t stop crying.

*Robb Stark and Daenerys Targaryen to be married*. She imagined the words printed on newspapers. She cringed.

Did getting married to Robb make sense as Jon had said? It’s not like she was pondering who did she love. This marriage had nothing to do with love. It meant a family alliance to secure a prosperous future. Being with Jon had proven to be hard, they tried to get along but something prevented them from actually getting to a point of understanding. On the contrary, whenever she was with Robb things felt smooth.

*Makes perfect sense.*

Her inner voices were debating.

*What on the world are you thinking, Daenerys! Like, seriously, Robb?*  
*Jon. Face it, face him.*  
*Robb.*

*Don’t you dare go around pretending you don’t like Jon anymore.*

*No, no.*  
*No.*

How could Jon ever think she wanted anything to do with Robb!

*Asshole.*  
*Jon.*

She wanted to be with Jon. *Yes, let it out.*

But he didn’t want to be with her. It was crystal clear now. Of course marrying Robb made sense, Jon got to get away without breaking any pacts between their Houses.

*Asshole.*

*You are so stupid, Daenerys. Nobody can ever like you beyond your looks. How could you ever hoped for anything else? You are a Targaryen, Jon bears with you because he has no option, but he clearly does not like you. He wants to get rid of you and put the burden on his brother.*

She stood up and walked back and forth in the room thinking about what just happened. It had only been a little over a month she had reencountered Jon and her life had taken a 180 degree turn. This could not be so bad. Their engagement was not even official yet. She could not be feeling this shattered. She could not feel… whatever she was feeling. As if she had shared a life with Jon. They had only shared some days. What was this she felt like someone taking her heart and squishing it until it was nothing more than dust?

But she was, she was feeling this shattered. She was and it was the worst she had felt in her entire life. After Jon said those words she realized she liked him more than she had ever wanted to admit. And… it had nothing to do with the weeks they had spent together so far, she had missed him. She
had missed him like crazy but had pretended otherwise for nine years. And then? Then she had met him again. Perfect. But no. Nothing was perfect. The world was not a nice place like Tyrion had said. She had met him again because their family needed her to. Because his family needed her to. And that had fucked her up, it had fucked them up.

Robb crossed her mind again. Marrying Robb would definitely be easier. She didn’t have feelings for Robb. They didn’t share a nice past that could be broken because of a ludicrous anachronistic kind of agreement. She didn’t wish for anything bad for Robb, like she didn’t wish it for anybody, but whatever happened with him was none of her concern. He was a good person, a gentleman. Decent, good looking and funny… she could not think of any more adjectives.

Jon, on the other hand, he was also a good person and a gentleman. He was decent, good looking, funny… intelligent, gentle, adamant, kind, protective, sensitive, witted, elegant, energetic, brave, careful, tender, a little shy and cynical sometimes, cocky to a good extent, somehow mysterious… simply awesome. The list was never ending.

No, she could not marry Robb. As much as she appreciated him as a friend or whatever, the prospect of a life with him seemed… boring. Robb was very nice but she knew spending much time with him was not exciting, dull even. He was a nice as a friend, a brother-in-law… anything else… no.

Despite all of her differences with Jon, she felt so attached to him. When they were not together she asked herself if he was alright, if he had already had lunch and stupid things like that. And it wasn't like they had not spent good moments either. She recapitulated all of their moments together. She realized that, the moments when they had fought, they always had to do with the fact that they had been forced to be together and not because of something else. She enjoyed his company greatly even if sometimes he infuriated her. He made her laugh (before she clammed up at Dragonstone) and he made her question her ideas, he pushed her to be better. Maybe if the agreement had not been there, they would have had the time to get to know each other little by little and rekindled their friendship again.

She wanted him. She had wanted him since she was a child but he had always had crushes and little girlfriends. She remembered feeling so sad. She had been his best friend and nothing more.

She felt so stupid. So stupid for having believed in a future together but also for not having enough strength to make up her mind sooner and worked out her feelings. She had let them consume her resulting in her being a bitch to Jon. She was weak, spoiled and childish. Of course he had gotten sick of her.

But… but… Her Targaryen blood started boiling. But even so… he could not just say “marry my brother” and expect everything would be fine, that the world would just go on. Was she a disposable object? Was her opinion meaningless? Did he take her for a joke? For something so worthless he could just ignore, turn around and left it to another?

Fuck you, Jon Stark. Fuck you.

He had blamed her for not trying but he was doing the same! He stood there all offended saying she should marry Robb so that she could be happy. Happy? Happy, my ass. Was he in such a hurry to get rid of her! Who the fuck did he think he was throwing her away just like that, like she didn’t mean anything?!!!! He was her fucking fiancée, that’s what he was, and the fucking world already knew about them so damn him. He thought he could change her? No.

She was so mad. She stormed out of the room and, when she didn't see him in the corridor, she rapidly went downstairs. She found him sat on the floor.
“HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK I CAN CHANGE YOU FOR YOUR BROTHER!” Her yelling startled him. “I can’t!!!! Ever!!!! No. Scratch that. How can YOU change ME?! How can you throw me away like that!!!”

Jon stood up.

She got close and started hitting him on the chest. “How dare you discard me like if I was an object you purchased and can go to the store to change!! This is not a game!!!! I’M NOT A THING!”

He grabbed her hands to make her stop. “IT’S NOT LIKE THAT! Of course you are not a thing, that’s why I thought of this!!!!!! I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY, I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY!!” They were being very loud while tears continued flowing.

“And what about Robb!!!!!! He’s not a thing either!!! How can you just put this on him?!!! Are we just going to mess up with his life as well?!!! Like our parents did with ours!! Haven't you noticed he has feelings for Margaery?”

“He has feelings for you!”

“No!”

“No????!!!”, he huffed. “Anyone can tell!” He let go of her.

“I DON’T CARE!! Why did you even bring him up! Had we not left that clear weeks ago?!”

“Because I have seen how you are with him! When he’s around you, you smile, you laugh! With me you are all sad, serious and stressed out. Whatever I say makes you angry and whatever doesn't you are indifferent! What kind of life is that! I can’t stand your indifference every damn day! How is this supposed to work with you putting a barrier between us bigger than The Wall! I’m putting everything in me to make this work out but you simply gave up before it even started!”

“And what the fuck are you doing now if not giving up!! By, let me get this clear, throwing me away to your brother!! You are an asshole!!!!!”

“Why?! Because I want to see you happy? Because I care?!!! Daenerys I don’t understand!! I don't understand you! I don't know how to approach you, how to talk to you! You just ignore me! You are fine one day, the next one you are not. What do you want??!”

“I don’t want to marry Robb, for starters!!!”

“Then what!! What Daenerys, what! For all the old gods and the knew, WHAT DO YOU WANT!”

It was now or never. A thousand thoughts came to her mind in one second. “YOU!!! I want YOU!!!!” There, she had said it. Her heart felt a thousand times lighter.

He went silent.

_Fuck it_. She wanted him. She wanted him so much. She wanted him now and she wanted him forever. She knew it was selfish to not care about the possibility of going mad but she didn't know if she could go on living without the certainty of Jon in her life. Although she had despised the idea of an arranged marriage, she had also felt relief knowing Jon had no other option. He would always have to be with her. Selfish bitch. That she was. But Jon was hers. The thought of someone else with him… it drove her to a point she didn't know she could reach. The real estate agent reminded her of that. No, Jon was hers. Only hers. Deep down in her mind he had always been hers… even if he didn't know it, and she had been taking him for granted thinking he would just cope with her
crying. She didn't want any other woman with him. Not now, not ever.

Jon still didn’t say a word. Would he… would he reject her? She would not be able to take it. Her hands were sweating. She was trembling.

-

Jon thought he had heard wrong. Had she… had she just said…?

“I don’t want to get married at all, but if I have to, I want it to be with you”, she whispered. Her voice was so low he barely got the words. There was nothing left to say. The only answer he could think of…

He closed the distance between them in two steps, cupped her face with his hands and kissed her. Hard. Like there was no tomorrow. Like perhaps they would not have a moment like this ever again. Her lips were so soft. He had wanted to kiss her since the first time he saw her again. It felt better than nine years ago and that was a lot to say. Eventually, she opened her mouth to breath and he took the chance to deepen the kiss with his tongue. She welcomed him. He put his hands on her waist and felt hers going up to grab his neck. She was playing with his hair.

“I want you too”, he said against her lips. “Only you, always you”. They were both still crying. So many emotions were being let out. He moved to kiss her neck and the back of her ear.

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I’m sorry for being a bitch. I’m sorry”. She stopped everything and hugged him strongly. “Please don't leave me. Don’t make me go to Robb. I know I'm terrible. I'm awful. I'm selfish and childish and conceited, but please don't leave me”.

He could feel her tears on him. His arms surrounded her and he whispered in her ear. “Don't say that. I'm here for good. I'm sorry I even brought him up. I just felt like I was putting you through a living hell... but it broke my heart to think you could be more comfortable with him or any man other than me. I'm the one who’s afraid you are going to leave. Please don't, I have waited 9 years”.

“No. No, no, no. You… I could never leave you”. She proceeded to kiss his cheeks, his forehead and all of his face in a tender yet needing manner. Nine years was certainly a very long time to have deprived each other from their touch.

He returned to her lips while grabbing her low back moving his hands up and down. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry”. Their kisses were rougher and full of want, desire, frustration and need. What they felt for each other at that moment was beyond words. It felt right, it was right. They had been craving each other for so long, but, apart from that, he felt understanding coming to the surface, making itself present between the two. Their kisses were saying much more than what their words had in more than a month. The feeling of her body under his touch, her lavender scent, the sound of her sobs and moans… he was recording everything in his head for future references and utterly agreeable memories. For a brief moment, he stopped kissing her, grabbed her face in his hands again and looked at her right at the eyes. Her lips were swollen, her face red and her hair a mess. Their tears were fading. “I missed you, Dany”.

A smile bigger than the living room appeared on her face.

-

Dany. He had not called her that since their meeting at the bar when everything had gone wrong (and stayed wrong for so long). She had not expected it, but it filled her heart to hear it. She had not
realized it had actually hurt her deeply when he had stopped addressing her like that, like the special bond they shared had been gone. She had kept her promise. No one had ever called her Dany but Jon. Not that many had tried. Missy and Rhaegar had let the name slip through their lips from time to time and she had immediately told them she didn't like it. Him calling her that again made her feel like something good was coming their way. She felt a nice flutter in her stomach…

“I missed you, Jon”. Now, this is how she had imagined their first encounter would be when she got off the plane which brought her from Pentos. She kissed him again pressing her whole body on his. She felt even an inch was too much of a distance. His lips on hers was the greatest feeling in the world. Jon was a good kisser. A very good kisser. She had kissed many men during their nine year separation and none had made her feel like he was doing right now. It felt so good she wanted more and more. She needed more.

She felt one of his hands on her breasts and the other on her butt. A moan escaped her lips. She needed to be closer to him. To feel not even one bit of his body was not touching hers. When she felt both of his hands on her bum, she took the chance to put her legs around his waist. His strong arms lifted her effortlessly and then he pushed her against the wall. She moved her hands to his chest feeling his strong muscles and started unbuttoning his shirt. She tilted her head backwards so he could kiss her neck better. The bulge in his pants was growing.

He started walking not leaving her lips for one second. He lifted her dress up and caressed her butt cheeks without any fabric getting in the middle. To her surprise, she suddenly felt something cold instead of his hands. She realized he had placed her on top of the kitchen counter.

He figured having sex (on an unknown apartment) was probably not the smartest decision they could make right now. Yes, they had finally admitted many things but… ugh, who the fuck cared. He wanted her so bad and he wanted her now. He thought of carrying her to a bedroom upstairs but remembered there were no beds in a new apartment. No beds or anything. He wanted to have her but the floor didn't seem appealing. The only other surface available was the kitchen counter so… that would do. It was probably going to end up being their home anyways. Plus, he had always been turned on by the idea of having sex in a kitchen…and if it was with Daenerys…

His hands reached her knickers. He could feel her wetness through the fabric. The first time they had been together he had not known what to do with all the liquids that flowed during sex. Neither had she… He also had not known how to use his hands very well, or anything for the matter. So he had only focused on kissing her. Now, as he remembered a soft spot in the back of her neck that made her crazy, his fingers started rubbing her centre.

“Jon…”

Hearing her moaning his name was the biggest turn on ever. A sound so enthralling he was sure he could go on listening to it for the rest of his life without getting tired. Her hands wandered down. She grabbed him down there and started caressing him over his pants.

“Dany…gods”.

Her hands on his body felt like burning fire. She was devouring him and him her. He was enjoying every second of it.

He grabbed her knickers and started bringing them down, he was– the apartment bell rang. He ignored it. It rang a second time. Seriously? RIGHT NOW? It took everything in him to stop kissing Dany.
She detained what his hand was doing and gave him a puzzled look.

He cursed under his teeth.

“How… nobody knows we’re here”, she said trying to catch her breath.

He went and answered the intercom. The building's butler informed him of a visitor. “Who? Miss—, yes, let her in”.

He looked at Dany completely bewildered.

“It's Margaery”.

\[ Margaery? What in the world was she doing here? \]  Daenerys really liked Marge but she was seriously considering yelling at her for having interrupted one of the greatest moments of her life. She felt so frustrated. She hated to be left wanting.

They both quickly arranged their clothes to try and look as presentable as they could.

“This better be fucking important”, Jon said grumpily.

Dany completely agreed.

“Also, how did the butler know where to call and how the fuck did she know we were here?”

The lift doors opened and a very disturbed Marge appeared. She was crying. Although Dany was mad at her for having interrupted, she immediately got worried and gave Marge her full attention.

“I’m sorry guys, I know I’m intruding. I was in Mereen just now, like literally making myself comfortable in my new place, and then took the first plane back when I got to know. I didn’t know where to go or who to speak. I figured you were the best choice. I don’t want anybody knowing, let alone my grandmother, my brothers or anyone, really”. Marge was speaking without breathing and in between sobs. Dany could barely keep up and was struggling to put everything together. “But I need to talk to someone so I called you but you didn’t answer, so then I called your mother, Jon, and she told me you were looking at flats. She gave me the real estate agent’s number, and the woman gave me this address, I’m so sorry. I’m so very sorry for coming uninvited and without notice. I—”.

“Marge!”, Dany yelled.

Marge was startled by her sudden interruption.

“Breath”.

Marge nodded and took a deep breath. “Sorry, I just—”.

“What’s going on?”, Daenerys said concerned. Jon looked as worried. “Come, sit”, she offered but realized there was nowhere to sit in an inhabited flat. “Ok, maybe that’s not a good idea”.

Marge shook her head saying no and walked to the empty living room sitting on the floor. “I do need to sit”.

Dany and Jon sat in front of her.
“Ok. What’s so important you want to tell us but not your family?”

Marge started crying again while facing the floor. After some minutes, she finally looked at them.

“I’m pregnant”.

Chapter End Notes

So I know the reference to Romeo and Juliet makes no sense because it’s Westeros so of course there is no Shakespeare, but if we are strict, cigarettes, tea, champagne, Instagram, and many things don’t make sense either. Hope you don’t bother little things like that.

Also... these two.

Good news: after the hectic two weeks at work, this week is really relaxed so I’m hoping to upload next chapter on thursday/friday.

Have a nice week!!!<3
Hey guys! Our babies are getting closer. Hope you enjoy :)

ALSO, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR COMMENTS IN THE LAST CHAPTER! I had a great time reading them! I did not have time to reply but I read them all. You are amazing people and I love you much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wow. Marge’s statement resonated in her head. Time seemed to stop for a moment. Daenerys would have never in a million years guessed that was what she wanted to tell them. Jon seemed shocked as well. What was she supposed to say? Congratulations? That was meant for when somebody planned it, right? This didn’t seem a planned thing, then again… was there any other option?

“Marge, that is great!!!!”

Marge stayed quiet.

Dany’s face changed. “Is it not?” Of course not. She wouldn’t be here crying with you if it was a great thing.

Some more tears went down Marge’s cheeks. She shrugged. “I… have no idea”.

Jon didn’t know what to think. Why was Marge there telling them such a thing? “Why are you here?”

Dany turned to look at him telling him with her eyes the fool he was. “Oh for the gods, Jon! You are clueless sometimes…” Dany swallowed hard. She knew why Marge was there. It had to be. “It’s Robb’s”.

“What?!”

“Am I right?” Dany said looking at Marge.

Marge nodded not saying a word.

Robb is having… a baby? Jon could not mutter a sound. His mouth opened in surprise.

Neither of them knew what to do, what to say. Dany was very concerned because Marge looked devastated and not in the least happy. Jon could only think about Robb, he should know. Why had he known before him? Why was Marge telling them and not him? Also, some guilt was there. They had just been discussing a possible future of Robb’s life as if they had that power and now Marge was telling them she was pregnant with his baby. On the other hand, Jon felt a little upset about it. ‘Robb I have feelings for Daenerys’ had gotten Marge pregnant. The guy needed a punch in the face or something.
Out of nowhere, Marge spoke or, more accurately, yelled. “It was one time, one fucking time!”

“What? What do you mean?”, asked Dany.

Marge appeared to be talking more to herself than them. “We are always careful! And this one fucking time we didn't use a condom, one time!!”

“It’s all it takes”, Jon said matter-of-factly.

Dany gave him a look. “Jon!”

“What, it’s true”.

“Yes, but–”

“It’s fine, D, he’s right. Actually… we are stupid teenagers. This was not the first time, but I swear it had been long since we started being careful… but all those times we didn't use a condom nothing happened and then it had to happen NOW! Just now! Oh for the gods!” Marge put her hands on her face. “Jon, your parents! What are they going to think of me! What is grandma going to say!”

“I don’t think you have to worry about them, if anything, they’ll be thrilled. They have wanted a grandchild since Robb turned 20. Their hopes were on me but… guess not anymore”.

“Jon!!”, Dany chastised him again.

“What?!”

“Can you be a little more sensitive? Gods! Marge has not discussed this with Robb”.

Jon went serious and looked at Margaery. “Do you not want this…?”

Marge didn’t answer.

“Oh hush! Go away, you’re not helping. Please leave us, and do not even attempt to say something to your brother, Jon Stark”.

“But–”.

“Now! And not a word. This is something between them, Marge needs to tell him herself, or would you like Robb to give you the news I was pregnant?”

Jon opened his eyes widely and then went upstairs without saying more. Daenerys was right. He would hate if someone other than her gave him the news.

Marge started hyperventilating. “Fuck! What am I gonna do!” She stood up and started pacing.

“Marge, you have to calm down”.

“How can I! I’m fucking pregnant, D! …and the doctor said I’m almost two months in!”

“Wow, Marge…Wait, two months? And you haven’t realized it?”

“No! How could I! The past six months the only thing I thought about was Fashion Week! I thought it was stress!!!” She started breathing in and out “Ok, ok. Calming down”. She sat again next to Dany. “It was only at Winterfell that I felt a little sick, it felt like a normal cold, but still,
after coming back I went to the doctor and he said it was probable that I had anaemia given all the stress I put myself through. He ran tests and... He called me today to tell me about the results... He double checked”.

It was uncommon for Daenerys to be at a loss of words but right now, she could not think of anything to say.

“Robb and I are not at our best. We actually rather fought last time we saw each other... We’ve been fighting more than usual, more than we ever have. I think this – she said looking at her belly – was angry sex”.

“So I know I shouldn't be saying this right now, but... angry sex? Yum”.

“Daenerys!”

“Sorry, sorry”.

Marge laughed a little. “Thanks for the distraction”.

“So... I know Jon asked, but he was being all judgy, I want you to know I will not judge you in any way. Do you want a baby now?”

Marge exhaled loudly. “Fuck... I don’t know... I don't know anything. I mean, it’s not like I’m a little girl and this could potentially ruin my life or something. I’m almost 27, my career is going fine and I know I've always wanted to have children...”

“But...”

“But I thought that would happen after getting married and the whole thing, you know? And... Not with Robb”.

Dany frowned.

“Ok... I did think at one point when I first met him that we would have something and that we could potentially have something serious, but then he made it clear he didn't want that kind of commitment with anybody so I accepted it. We became friends, really good ones, and I was ok with the fact he only looked at me like that. I started looking at him like that too and so our relationship was always great, we understood each other, but now... this. How do I tell him I’m pregnant? As far as I know, he still doesn't want to get married or anything”.

Dany could not even imagine what Marge could be feeling. She would not like to be in her place, even when hers was not a good one either. “If he wants to get married or not is beyond the point, unless you want to get married...”

Margaery stayed quiet.

“Marge, I understand you are scared of telling him, but... you have to, and the sooner the better. Then you can decide what to do, together. I must say, even if I know Robb only a little, I’m sure he would never leave you alone with this, whatever decision you reach. Though I also kind of feel he will want to keep this baby, you know Starks all honourable and traditional... Jon would never not be responsible for any child of his, I'm sure Robb is the same. Now, if you don't want to have the baby, with the pain of his heart, I’m sure he will also accept that. They are stubborn asses Starks, but they are not bad men”.

“I know... it's just... I think I will want this baby. Although it is not something I expected, I cannot
bring myself to the idea of not having it... but... the fact that I am not in a relationship or married really gets to me. I know it’s stupid, nowadays there are all kinds of families and such but... ugh, my conservative upbringing gets in the way”.

“I feel you, girl”

“D, you are getting married, like tomorrow, and you are not pregnant. You didn’t even have to worry about getting into a relationship!”, Marge said joking. She knew Daenerys didn’t like the forced situation.

They laughed a little.

“We both ended up in fucked up situations, huh?”

“Tell me about it”. Marge wiped her tears with the sleeve of her shirt. “No, but seriously. I don’t know what to do. Daenerys, Robb likes you. It’s actually the first time he has been so smitten with someone”.

“I’m guessing that means you do have feelings for him in a more than friendly way...You are already thinking about a potential marriage with him and worried that he likes me...”

“What? No... I don’t know”.

Daenerys sighed. “I don’t know what to say. I think... I can’t speak for him, he has never told me anything, but yes... I think he likes me. No, I think he thinks he likes me... but it’s not like he is in love with me, and that doesn’t mean he doesn’t like you. Come on, Margaery, you know him better than anyone”.

“And that’s why I know he likes you. Me... I’m just his friend”.

“No, I don’t think so. Look, although Jon and Robb are very different they are also very alike. Stark men don’t hang out with a woman on a daily basis just because she is a friend. The way he treats you, he talks to you, the way he talks about you... Marge, you must have noticed it. Also, Jon told me Robb went crazy angry and sad after you told him about Mereen”.

“He didn’t say anything to me”.

“I don’t know your version of the story, but from what Robb told Jon and Jon told me... you kind of let him out of this big decision. I get you, it is your decision and yours only, but given how close you both are, it was weird you didn’t tell him anything till the very end. Marge, all I’m saying is that your relationship with Robb is special. I don’t know to what extent, but damn, I wish Jon and I can sometime communicate like you and Robb do”.

“I don’t know”, Margaery stood up and approached the window to look at the beautiful urban landscape. “I don’t know if I like Robb like potential husband slash baby daddy. I don’t even know if I like him”.

Dany stood next to her. “Honest advice? Give a good thought to your feelings and don’t deny them, don’t be like me. I tried denying to myself that I liked Jon because of my stupid pride and stubbornness. Don’t do that to yourself, I’m telling you, it messes with you. I honestly think Robb and you have way more feelings than you realize. You are definitely attracted to each other, hence the sleeping together, frequently, and you are friends who care for each other deeply... isn’t that a relationship already?”

“No. Robb sees other women, I see other men. We have never gone out on a date or something,
we… hang out”.

“Why weren't you in birth control if you say you see other men?”

“I was, until some months ago when I decided I would not date anymore. I wanted to focus only in my career and myself, so it made sense”.

“But you were still sleeping with Robb…?”

“Yes, but he sleeps with many women, D. He takes care of himself, he always wears a condom even when he knows the woman in turn takes birth control, he would never take chances, he would never risk going around impregnating women. He is a womanizer all right but he is not irresponsible. And like the Stark he is, he doesn’t fathom the idea of having a baby with a woman he didn't like for anything more than a hook-up. He also wants a traditional family”.

A realization came to Dany. She was doing the same as Marge. She had not been taking her birth control pills since hearing about the engagement. Well, actually, since breaking up with Daario, but when she found out about the engagement she thought it was pointless. Did she secretly want a baby? Not that she and Jon were sleeping together... still.

Also, how could Jon be so judgy? They had not wear a condom the time they had sex (and she was sure he didn’t have a condom with him right now at the kitchen counter). Yes, they had been 15 and 16, but that was no excuse. She thought how miraculously nothing had come of it. She wondered what would have happened had she gotten pregnant at 15. She physically shook her head to get rid of those thoughts.

“Yet, he didn't use a condom with you. In several occasions, if I may add”.

“What are you implying?”

“I don't know, but it must mean something. Either he made an exception because he assumed you were taking birth control or he didn't care if pregnancy was a possibility with you”. Either way, it still has to do with you. His best friend that he loves dearly and that he trusts more than anyone else”.

“What? Ugh. I don’t want to think about this anymore, it’s…” She sighed. “I was fucking moving to Mereen! I had a plan!”

“Was?”

“Was”. Marge sighed again. “I thought about it on the plane. I can't leave. Whether I keep the baby or not, I can’t leave Westeros. If I keep it, I know Robb cannot abandon the company to be with me in Essos, and I would never deny my child of being in contact with his/her father. If I don’t, I could not bear to be away from my family… or Robb. They are the most important people in my life”.

Dany smiled and hugged Margaery. Sentimental as she was, she started crying.

“No! Don’t cry, I’m going to cry as well, and I stopped crying like ten minutes ago”.

Dany laughed. “I’m sorry! I can’t help it, I cry about everything these days. I’m sure Jon can barely stand me because of it. I used to never cry, you know?”

“Oh that guy adores you, Daenerys. I could tell from the first moment I looked at him at Loras’ club”.
Dan nodded letting go of Marge. “Now I know, but we had to scream and fight to realize it, don't let that happen with Robb. If you do like him, tell him. If he likes you back or not, which I totally think he does, it's up to him. But don't silence what you feel”.

“Why does everything have to be so complicated? I was coming to terms with the idea of not being so close with him. That he would eventually marry someone else. And now I'm pregnant? With his baby? I don't want to tie him up to me, but knowing him, he will want to marry me… I don't want him to marry me because it is the right thing to do”.

“But you do want to marry him, so…”

“I don’t know that yet”.

“Fine. I get you; you just got to know that you’re pregnant today. Sleep on it. I don’t think I am someone that can help you much, but… if you need something, I’m here”.

Margaery smiled. “Thank you. You know? I have never had so many friends. I talk to many people but real friends… I think Robb is my only friend right now… gods, that sound so sad”.

“No problem”.

“Oh! By the way, have you and Jon… “

Dany snorted. “Yeah, regarding that matter. I have a complaint”.

“A complaint?”

“I was about to find out when you rang the bell”.

“What!! ...So that’s why you didn’t answer my calls… Shit! Oh no! I'm sorry!! Fuck! I’m such an idiot. I’m sorry! ...Though I would have never imagined you were frisky enough to not even wait to buy a place and you just went for it on an empty one”. Marge said the last part smirking.

“Me neither. But… actually, I think it was for the best. I'm not sure I'm ready for it. I mean I'm dying to have sex with Jon, I’m sure of it, but just... Jon and I are not in the best place yet, and the emotional implications of everything... no. I do not think I’m ready for that”.

“I’m sure you’ll get there, hells, I don’t think you can hold it much longer, D. Both of you are basically eating each other with your eyes the whole time”.

Dany rolled her eyes smiling.

“Anyway, thanks for listening to me again. We have known each other only for a little time but… I don’t know. Thank you”.

“I know what you mean. I like you too –Dany smirked–, sister”.

Marge got the implication of that. “Daenerys!”

“Oh, c’mon, wouldn't it be glorious? We could conquer the world. The Stark girls, Arya and Sansa can join”.

“Arya and Sansa are the original Stark girls; we would be the ones joining them”.

“So you are in”.


“You’re crazy”. They both laughed.

- 

“Jon! Get your pretty hair down here!” Dany’s voice startled him. He had almost fell asleep on the floor. He was sure they had forgotten about him and he was still a little frustrated. He had been interrupted in what could have been a great moment with Daenerys. Also, he wanted to talk to her… but surely Marge needed someone tonight. Talking would have to wait. He went down to find two puffy eyed women.

“Sorry, Jon. I…”

“Marge, there is nothing you have to apologize for. I am the one who’s sorry”.

Marge shook her head to say no.

“Well, we better get going, I’m sure that building butler must be wondering what in the world are we still doing here”, Dany said.

“Daenerys”, Marge intervened. “Can I stay over at your place? I don't want to see Loras right now… or Robb. Just for tonight”.

Dany turned to look at Jon to warn him about saying anything that could disturb Marge. “Of course! But prepare yourself to meet the most popular Targaryen brothers. They tend to forget about personal space and if they like you, they won't stop asking questions and try to know you better. Especially since you are one of the wardens of the South”.

Marge laughed. “Grandma has told me all about them, she and my dad have met them to do business before. It can't be so bad; I have three brothers of my own”.

Poor Barristan had had to wait for them. They found him sleeping in the SUV. Still, he greeted them with a smile a started the way back to the Targaryen Mansion.

“Oh no”. Marge’s phone was vibrating.

“What?”, asked Dany.

“It’s Robb”.

“Oh…”

“He thinks I’m in Mereen, I told him I would come back tomorrow so that I could be at your party on Saturday; he was supposed to pick me up at the airport. What do I do! What do I tell him!” She was freaking out.

“Tell him… Tell him I called you in for a favour, some girl stuff”.

“He won’t buy that, we are not that close, D”.

“Then what? I think it’s your only option”.

“Or the truth”, intervened Jon.

“Oh shut the f’ up Jon, not helping”.

He rolled his eyes.
“Tell him you helped me do some shopping and you are staying over with me, which is not a lie”.

Jon felt like he had been caught robbing or something. Margaery had found out about a huge thing and apparently wanted to keep it from Robb for the gods know how long. He was not used to lying. He felt terrible. Nevertheless, he also knew it was something beyond him, he held no right to tell Robb.

Marge answered the phone.

“Hey, you….Nope, I’m already in King’s Landing. I arrived early. …I’m with Daenerys, actually”.

Damn, Margaery was a great liar. Her voice was steady and sounded like if nothing was going on. He couldn’t hear what Robb was saying.

“What? No. She asked me, Robb, I couldn’t say no. Oh I like her very much, I told you so… No, no. Don’t wait for me, I’m staying with her... Because. She invited me over... No, Robb, I’m staying with Daenerys... Ok. See you!” She hung up and exhaled. “That was awful. How do people cheat? I would be tired by the second day”.

Jon’s phone vibrated. Everybody could see Robb’s name on the screen.

“He didn’t buy it, told you”, Marge said angrily.

“That’s s suspicious boyfriend to me”, said Dany.

Marge only rolled her eyes.

Jon answered the phone. “Hey Robb… yeah, I’m with Dany right now... Aye, we went… Marge? She’s here. ...right. ...I don’t know… Tomorrow? Maybe… ok…. bye”. When he finished the call, he looked at Marge and Dany. “I hate this”.

“Thank you, Jon. I know it’s horrible, but, I can’t look at him right now”, Marge looked as if she wanted to cry again. “Thank you”.

They arrived at the Targaryen Mansion and were greeted by an excited Rhaenys. As Dany had guessed, Rhaegar and Viserys were very interested in getting to know Marge. Future businesses were mentioned. Overall, dinner was nice and Marge seemed to relax a little. After she finished eating, she excused herself saying she was really tired from the trip and wanted to sleep. Guiltily, Jon felt relieved about it. Before going to her bedroom, she once again thanked them and asked them not to say a word.

Now alone in the dining room, Dany turned to look at him. “Stay?”

“You think it’s a good idea?”

“I don’t want you to go tonight”.

Neither did he. They went up to Daenerys’ room.

“You have this?”, he said looking at the picture of them at Rhaegar’s wedding.

“What do you mean ‘you have this’? Of course I do, why wouldn’t I?”

“I… don’t know. It’s a surprise. I thought maybe Viserys had never printed it. Seems like a lifetime ago”.
“It was a lifetime ago”.

“We looked so happy”, said Jon still looking at it.

“We were so happy”.

“Will we ever be that happy again?”

“Truthfully, I don’t think so. I mean, no. Yes, we will, but not exactly like we used to because our situation is way different now, but I hope we will”.

He smiled and approached to kiss her.

“We have to talk”, he said.

“Do we have to?”, replied Dany still kissing him.

He really didn’t want to right now (he would much rather go back to that kitchen counter), but he felt it had to be done.

Dany nodded. “Alright”.

“I don't even know where to start”.

“How about, Marge is fucking pregnant!!!!”

“Daenerys, don't change the subject”.

She made a face. “What happened to Dany?”

He laughed. “Dany, don't change the subject”.

“Better”, she said smiling. “But we need to talk about that too, I mean, Marge is pregnant, Jon! And… she’s a mess… and from what she told me, your brother is a mess as well”.

Mess indeed. Jon thought about Robb and how he felt he still had feelings for Dany, which, now that they knew about Marge’s pregnancy... complicated, everything was complicated. He was not mad at him, but some uneasiness was there.

“He still likes you”, Jon said. It was time to talk about the elephant in the room. “He told me so, not with the exact words but—”

“I know”.

“You know?” That didn't make him feel better, but it wasn't unexpected either. Dany was not a fool. “Why am I not surprised?”

“He liked me back when I was in Pentos. Now... after meeting him again... I guessed so, and Marge confirmed it when we were talking at the flat. She doesn't want to tell him about her feelings because she thinks he really likes me…”

“And you didn’t tell him anything? You just decided to stay quiet? Not even discussing it with me?” He didn't want to get angry but… it did hurt a little Dany had not said anything.

“Now that you put it like that, it sounds bad… I’m sorry”.

“Better”, she said smiling. “But we need to talk about that too, I mean, Marge is pregnant, Jon! And… she’s a mess… and from what she told me, your brother is a mess as well”.

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“Now that you put it like that, it sounds bad… I’m sorry”.
She didn’t seem ashamed or anything. Again not surprising. Why did he ever believe Dany was not the same? Right now, standing in front of him, she looked just like the fifteen year old he remembered craving for everybody's attention and having a bad princess complex. “You like that! You like it!”

“What?! No?!”

“Oh Dany, I know you looooove attention. In that, you have not changed one bit. Gods, you’re terrible”.

“Jon, no”.

He didn't answer.

“Fine, maybe I do like attention. I have not realized I had been doing so by not telling Robb anything, you’re right. I just…”

“What”.

“Well it felt nice”.

I knew it. “Oh for the gods! We are getting married!.”

“Yes! But that’s something I have no control over, Jon. I didn't choose you, ok? We did not date, we did not fall in love, you did not ask me to marry you! Our parents ordered us to do so!”

“And what does that have to do with you not saying anything to Robb who, fyi, is my brother! At least you could have picked someone else to satisfy your need for attention”.

“Because… I don’t know!! It feels nice to know someone likes you! You don’t like me and we’re getting married, that’s awful”. Jon gave her a look so she clarified. “I didn't know you liked me.” She exhaled heavily and then, lowering her voice from her previous yelling, she said: “I’m sorry”. She sighed. “Ok. Here it goes. Feelings on the way. No interruptions”.

“Ok…”

She took his hand and pulled him to her couch. They sat next to each other and she turned to look at him.

Jon laughed inwardly at how dramatic Dany could be sometimes; well, at how dramatic she was all the time. She looked so cute though.

“So… ugh. Robb. He genuinely likes me… I think, or liked me. I do not even know. I don't even know if he ever did like me that much, I think he thinks so, but anyways, it felt nice because, I mean, I’m fucking 24 years old Jon! I wanted to date, I wanted to have a boyfriend or some boyfriends and then some breakups and then maybe meet the love of life but I don’t have that! I won’t have that! Possibilities just ended for me. I’m a selfish brat; I know that much… and I apologize for it”.

She moved to sit on his lap putting her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. He put his hands on her waist.

“But then I realized as much as I hated the idea of being forced to marry you, I wanted to be with you regardless. This situation just messed everything up. Please believe me. I am sorry. I have never ever liked Robb in a way… ok, that’s not true”.
He laughed again to himself seeing how she was practically having a monologue. He wanted to know everything so, as she had asked; he didn't interrupt her and let her get it all out.

“I had a crush on him at 20ish. I was far away from home and he suddenly appeared with his bright smile so yeah, I liked him, but that was it. When I’m with you it’s… so different”. She cupped his face with her hands. “I’m only saying this once, Jon Stark, so you better listen well. I like you. Very much. Very, very much. You make my heart beat faster and my stomach get full with fluttering butterflies”.

Jon’s lips formed a big smile. He feared this was a dream and he would wake up to an angry Daenerys again. But he repeated to himself it was no dream, Dany was right there sitting on his lap telling him she liked him. Him. And again, he knew Dany was not a liar, never been, never will. She could be a thousand things but not that. If she said something, she meant it.

“Ugh, don’t look so happy”.

He gave her a little peck.

“Anyways, as I was saying, I had a crush on Robb. Then he kissed me and I completely realized I didn't think of him as anything else than a friend, and not even that because we only saw each other a couple of times. Then I graduated and I knew I was coming to KL for good, at least for the time being. You came to my mind. I was so excited. I didn't even know where you were, but I was excited because KL has so many memories of us, but then, well, you know. My family told me about the engagement which I already knew about, by the way. They told me before leaving to Pentos”.

“Me too”.

“What?”

“My father told me before going to Freeland”.

“Sweet Lord of Light, aren’t we the best?”, she said sarcastically.

“Well –he said– when it comes to being stubborn proud asses wanting to avoid responsibilities, we are the same”.

“True that. We are meant for each other”, she winked and then went serious. “Don't interrupt me again”.

“Sorry”.

“So… I went crazy. Arranged marriage? For real? As if!! So… there was Robb. And as I said, it felt nice someone was actually looking at me despite being engaged. I did not want to be engaged, so like the selfish little brat I am, I didn't stop it”.

“You are not a selfish brat”.

She raised an eyebrow. “No need to be nice, Jon. I know I am. I’m not proud of it, and I’m working on it, but I am”.

“You are a little spoiled and selfish, alright, but aren't we all? And that doesn't make you a bad person. What you did in uni, what you are doing at the W.O., what you write about... Dany, you help people. And when it comes to that you are selfless”.

He finished his sentence but then realized he hadn’t finished it, he only started it...
“Now, don’t praise me too much”.

He hugged her. “Someone needs to tell you”.

“You interrupted me again”. He chuckled while still hugging her.

“Please continue”. They separated.

“Ok, so I could tell Robb liked me right? And then, I was supposed to be marrying you. And as much as I hated the idea, a part of me was calmly ok with it. I was definitely ok with it, actually. That’s when you saw me picking flowers and choosing table cloths. I was so into it, the whole thing, and then I realized it scared the shit out of me. Why the fuck was I ok with marrying you? No! I was supposed to despise you and everyone else. I was conforming! I had never conformed, not once in my life… so selfish brat Dany came out again. Seeing Robb liking me felt like I was rebelling and it somehow made me feel like a normal woman again, not one with responsibilities. It felt nice to be appreciated and noticed. Also… you were being nice as well, but we were meant to get married, it was not an option. I thought you were only doing it because you were forcing yourself. After all, the first time we met, you were furious and then suddenly you were all mature and had accepted everything. I thought maybe you were just working hard”.

Jon was not angry anymore. Maybe he should be given Dany was blatantly admitting to having used his brother’s feelings as a coping mechanism without corresponding them, but… he couldn’t be angry at her, she had always been his soft spot. Also, Robb was no little boy who needed protection. He knew what was going on and didn’t care, he had still flirted and such so, as far as he was concerned, Dany did not owe his brother anything.

Dany continued speaking. “Soooo lashing at you felt like the right thing to do, but then… that scared me as well. I was caring too much. And what if I went all Targaryen mad? Fear overcame me again, and then… you being the nicest person in the world and concerning about me, confused me being ok with your brother as a sign that I didn't like you, and came up with the idea of changing yourself with him”. Now she gave him a peck.

“Sorry, it’s my fault. I should have been forward about how I felt. That way you wouldn’t have thought I was forcing myself, but… I didn't want to be the only one putting his heart out. I didn't want to be the only one who cared. I’m a proud man. If you didn't like me, I was never going to admit it myself. Being arrogant and joking about everything seemed like a good way to deflect your cold words. I’m sorry... but, Dany, I always wanted you back in my life. Like you, when I knew I would finally return to Westeros all I could think was how could I reach you, but then this happened”, he said referring to the marriage. “Hells, I never even told my family we were no longer speaking because somehow I felt that if no one knew, it meant we were still friends”.

“No. It’s my fault. I was terrible. Which brings me back to Robb. I hate that you thought something could happen between us, but I guess I can tell where you got the idea and I’m sorry. I never thought it could be interpreted like that. After you said I looked comfortable around him… I thought about it, and yes, it is true I’m comfortable with him, but, like a friend. No, not like a friend, more accurately, like my boyfriend's brother with whom I get along nicely. I have never once thought of him as anything else, Jon, well, I mean, after coming back from Essos. But yes, when I was with him I didn’t feel the terrible fear I felt when being with you. I did not think about madness or anything because I really don’t care what he thinks or what he feels or what he wants in life. I don’t like him in any other way that is not him being your brother and I want you to know that clearly. It is with you I want to spend my life with; it has always been you, now I know it”. She thought of the image of Jon crying when she found him sat on the floor. She did not pay attention to it at the moment given the amount of things she herself was feeling. Now, the image broke her
heart. She had never seen Jon crying (she had but only when they were children and he had fell of his bike or something). This was the first time she had seen grown Jon cry, and she had not liked it. Not one bit.

He kissed her. He knew he would never get tired of it. “It’s not your fault, nor mine, and maybe it is your fault and mine. We both made stupid decisions because of our pride and fear, but not anymore, and listen to me, Dany, you won’t go mad. You won’t. I can’t explain how I know, but I know –Dany wanted to protest but he kissed her again–, and if you do, I don’t care. I will be there and we will figure it out together”.

“It’s alright if you want out because of it, I understand”.

It made him so sad that she ever thought he could leave her because of it. “I would never. Do you think that low of me?”

Dany said no with her head and they embraced him again. After some minutes of holding each other just enjoying the feel of it, she lifted her head up and looked at him. “Can you imagine, Jon? We would have been home wreckers!!! We would have split a family it has not even been formed yet!”

*Family. Not formed yet.* Jon had not thought about that. Dany was right. There he had been stupidly throwing Robb at her without even asking his opinion and with Marge pregnant. Moreover, regardless of Marge’s pregnancy, what the fuck had he been plotting without telling Robb anything? He now felt like the worst brother ever. “Well, at least I was not a bigger idiot and told him or my father anything”. A chill went down his body at the possibility of having lost Dany. “Now I hope Marge tells him she’s pregnant soon. I won’t be able to see him and not say anything. You know I am a terrible liar”.

“I hope so too, and you better work on those skills, Jon. Tomorrow when you see him, you cannot say anything… Do you understand?”

“I do! Doesn't make it any less hard for me”.

“Oh, I have not told you. According to Marge, she’s two months pregnant, so when I arrived to KL she was already pregnant, anyways, they were still sleeping together, well, they have never stopped, have they? –she laughed–. Yet, he was still flirting with me… How can they claim to not be in love when they basically spend all of their time together and… sleeping together? Like I said, he’s a mess, well, they are a mess”.

“Robb is… complicated. I have never said anything but… I feel he has never had any idea of what is going on with his life for most of it. I’m sure he thinks he has everything under control sleeping with Marge and other women. He’s so used to have everything his way….”

Dany laughed. “Like us?”

Jon rolled his eyes. “But we know it, he doesn’t. He's my brother and I love him, but gods, doesn't he think highly of himself?”

“Do you think he will take it well? I can’t bring myself to believe he wouldn’t”.

Jon shrugged. He really had no idea. He hoped he would take it well, but his brother could be a major tosser sometimes, anything could be expected.

Dany kissed him again and they moved to the bed. They both felt so tired.
“Really? No idea?”

They were talking in between kisses. “He will want the baby, that I know. However, if he wants to be with Margaery… I don’t”.

“I think he is in love with her, always has”.

“I think so to. They go together everywhere and that for Robb is so unusual”.

“Yet you wanted me to marry him”.

Shit, he had thought about that, had he not? He felt a little guilt again. Ever since meeting Marge he had felt something was going on with her and he had still thought of Robb marrying Dany… well, Nothing could be done, nothing had come of it and he was now with Dany. By the way, it felt so nice to cuddle with her, to which he was surprised. He was not a cuddler yet he had actually been the one to initiate it. Maybe with her just came naturally.

“I wasn't thinking, I… just….”

“Robb has a little blame as well. He did in fact flirt with me… I do not blame you. I was being a bitch, remember? Anyway, I hope he comes clean with Marge. From what she told me, if he doesn’t… it doesn't seem she is a woman that takes bullshit”.

Jon thought so too. Margaery was a tough woman; she totally took after her infamous grandmother.

“My father might urge him to marry her”.

“Ugh, our parents are awful, but, yes, I totally think he will. There cannot be a baby Stark born out of wedlock!!!! What would people think of the Wardens of the North!!”, she laughed and Jon rolled his eyes at the mocking of his family’s honour. Targaryens were a lot more relaxed when it came to marriages, affairs and relationship things related. There were actually a couple of them who had never married, some who had had children without marrying, some who had been married more than twice… and no one really cared. He liked that.

Dany sighed. “Let’s not be like that when we grow up”. She kissed him again but abruptly stopped two seconds later. “I just remembered! The flat”

He did not want to stop kissing her so he continued to do so all over her face. “What –kiss– about –kiss– it? –kiss–”.

Dany took him by the shoulders to make him stop. She was serious. “You call that awful Jeyne girl right now and you tell her we are buying it”.

Awful Jeyne girl. He smirked. “Were you jealous?”

“Me? Jealous of… her?” She pretended to be offended and then carried on kissing him. “Jon, darling, I am Daenerys Targaryen”, she emphasized her name pronouncing it the valyrian way. She gave him one more kiss. “Of course I was jealous!! She started flirting with you before you said hi! And I was there! Ugh, the nerve”.

He chuckled. Interacting with Dany like this... That is what he had dreamed about for years. “I don’t think it was that bad, I mean, yes she was trying to flirt with me but didn’t you realize I did not once pay the slightest attention to her?”

“Yeah, thank the gods you didn’t or I would have severely hurt you or something. That is why I
was mad at her, not you. I never said you were flirting with her, but I couldn’t take her stupid grin even when you were clearly ignoring her”.

He kissed her again. “That flat is ours, don’t worry. Even if someone has bought it already, it is ours”.

Dany smiled wholeheartedly. “She was a northerner wasn’t she? She had an accent”.

“Aye, I think so”.

Dany frowned. “She was putting a lot of effort into hiding it though”.

“Perhaps. I know of a few northerners, who prefer to lose the accent. Apparently, King’s Landing people can be… well, they like to take advantage from people who come from elsewhere. Taxi drivers charging them more and things like that”.

Dany raised an eyebrow. “Has it happened to you? Is that why you tune down your accent?”

“I don’t think I’m a good example. I do not take taxis, for one. Then, I am a Stark. Nobody would dare take advantage of me”.

“I’ll give you that. Then why do you do it?”

He shrugged. “I really don’t know, I didn’t even know I did it till you said it right now. Do I?”

“You do. Not so much like that girl, but you do. I only noticed it when we were at Winterfell. Your true accent came out ten times gruffer and low pitched”.

He smirked. “Interesting. I’ll have it in mind”. He was starting to doze off; he felt he could fall asleep any minute now. It had been a long day. However, in the end, a good one, he thought. A very good one.

Dany laughed. “You are so weird”.

“But you like me”.

“I do. That I do”.

Gods, it felt great to hear her say that.

She kissed him again. “Don’t tune it down. I love your accent”.

“Oh, you shouldn't have said that”.

“Is that a threat?”

“Aye, if you want it to be”.

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Music. His voice was music to her ears.

She cuddled next to him and closed her eyes. The feeling of pure joy and peace that took over her was priceless. She never would have guessed her shitty day would turn out to be one of the best days since returning from Pentos, but she was glad it did. Now she could sleep soundly and more importantly, without crying. With Jon’s arms around her, she felt she could face anything. It
remembered her of when they were children and they slept over at each other’s houses.

Who cares they had gone to bed without taking off their clothes or shoes? She felt so… light. Like a great weight had been taken off her. She was still thinking about everything he had made her feel back in that kitchen, she really wanted to have sex with Jon, but… it felt right not to rush anything. After all, they had their whole lives to jump into action.

Thank the gods, they were getting engaged in two days. Though it pained her a little to accept it, she was looking forward to it. She wanted the whole world to know she was going to marry him. She wanted the whole world to know Daenerys Targaryen was marrying Jon Stark.

Chapter End Notes

"Wouldn't it be glorious?" Indeed. Can you imagine Arya, Sansa Marge and Dany hanging around looking amazing and owning wherever place the went to? I can. <3 lol

Anyways, have a nice weekend!!!! Until next time! Big event is ahead of us!! :)}
Making It Official

Chapter Notes

So the next chapters will mostly be Jon and Dany bonding and getting to know each other while navigating their life as public figures, and the resolution of Robb’s and Marge’s relationship... so yeah, we will be hearing more about them. I really like them and I feel I need to make them justice, but it will only be for like three chapters or so, after that, it will be only jonerys again. I hope that doesn't bother you too much. I think you can actually skip their parts if you feel like it, their story won’t have any impact on Jon and Dany. To all the Robb haters... I never pictured him as a bad guy so… sorry if that disappoints you... 

Also, I’m a sucker for family interactions. Can’t help but to picture Dany or Jon talking with someone in their families, so expect a lot of that as well. Mmmm, I think that’s all I wanted you to know before posting the next chapters. :) 

On other subject, if you don't like the story it’s ok, I know it is somewhat a mess but there’s no need to be mean. You can stop reading and that’s it, don’t leave hate comments please!!!

Thanks to everyone that's still in this ride with me. I hope you will continue to enjoy. Chapter 14 here we go :) 

P.S. Dany’s engagement dress: http://www.jacquelineeveningwear.com/detail.php?ProdId=14468045&CatId=57124&resPos=0

It was engagement party day. Dany was ecstatic. After her conversation with Jon, everything had been so… nice. She felt so stupid for not having opened to him before. Yes, they had grown up and changed, but he was still Jon, her Jon.

She had only been afraid. Afraid of feeling so attached to him in so little time and of not minding about madness and wanting to be with him in spite of it. She didn't understand how Vis and Rhae coped with it. She would have to ask them later.

Not everything was pink and fluffy that is for sure, they still fought over some things but there were no more secret feelings, no more miscommunication, only… the warm feeling of being able to share moments. So her fears remained, but she now knew she could talk about them with Jon.

The only thing she didn’t like was that, because of the party, she had barely seen him. Rhaella and Cate along with the rest of their families, had arrived to KL and they were going crazy over the last details, interrupting any chance of spending more time together. They texted each other the whole day, though, joking about what their mothers said or the torture Arya had had to endure picking a last minute dress given the one she was supposed to wear had been ruined when Dany had accidentally spilled wine on it. “I’m never going to forget this, D. You can count on it”, she had told her at the dress boutique.
Marge had been by her side the whole time. She had not told Robb anything yet, nor anyone else. She spent most of the time avoiding him and the party was the perfect excuse. Daenerys didn’t want to be pushy but from time to time she reminded Marge that she could not keep a secret like that for much longer, especially when she was going to see her family at the party.

“By the way everyone talks about your grandmother, don’t you think she will know it right away?”

“I’m just like her. She taught me everything I know. She won’t notice”, Marge replied.

Daenerys thanked the Lord of Light for having Marge as a friend and not an enemy. “Ok... but, isn’t it better to tell her? Or your mother?”

“No”, she said firmly. “No one else can know before Robb”.

“And wh–”.

“I don’t know when I’m going to tell him, D. Stop it”.

She woke up to a delicious breakfast cooked by Rhaella herself. Daenerys didn’t remember the last time her mother had cooked for her. She enjoyed every bit of it. The party started at seven, and at eight both her father and Jon’s would make the official announcement. The engagement was meant for the media more than anything else, every major newspaper and magazine had been invited along with some close friends and important westerosi people. The wedding, on the other hand, was meant for the whole world to see. People from all over the world were going to be invited, the list was approximately of nine hundred guests.

After breakfast, she went to the spa with her mother, Cate, Sansa, Arya, Margaery, Missy and Yara. She knew Jon was there as well with Robb, Bran, Sam, Gendry and Theon. She almost fell off her chair because of the laugh she couldn’t hold when Sansa told her Jon enjoyed spas a little too much. She had never imagined something like that.

The spa was enormous and divided into sections so the girls never met the boys. Dany almost felt it was her wedding day already not being able to see Jon until later that evening.

At two, the makeup artists and hair stylists arrived. Dany would be wearing a gorgeous Targaryen red dress with her hair partly up and partly down and a full on glam face, of course. Jon’s sisters had told her he would wear a suit that fitted him perfectly, which was no surprise, only it was also the colour of his House –Stark grey–. That night, they would make sure every citizen in Westeros got to know the two families had made peace and that it would be long-lasting.

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Jon sighed in front of the mirror. He noticed the grey of his suit brought out the colour of his eyes, everything about him screamed Stark. This day, he felt like the luckiest man in the world for carrying such a surname, for belonging to that particular millenary dynasty. He remembered Ygritte’s words. “You are Jon Stark; she is Daenerys Targaryen. I’m... nobody. You westerosi and your stupid Houses, names and traditions”. Aye, he was a Stark with all that it entitled, and Daenerys was a Targaryen with all that it entitled. He didn’t feel sorry for it or ashamed. This was who they were.

He couldn’t believe he was actually about to get engaged. He never thought he would ever marry in the first place, so everything felt a little surreal, but he liked it. His relationship with Daenerys was about to become more real than ever. This was happening, there was no going back and it didn’t make him nervous. He was sure he was more enthusiastic about it than he was supposed to
be, but he didn’t care. He would relish the moment.

He felt so relieved Dany had finally opened to him. After their talk in her room, it was now hard to have moments when she wasn’t talking about one thing or the other. He loved it.

The only thing which did not allow him to be completely and fully happy this day was the fact that he had to look at Robb and pretend to be unaware of certain massive news. When in the world was Margaery planning to tell him? Not your problem, Jon. Forget about it at least for today.

He went downstairs and took his car keys. He was the only one left in the mansion, everybody had gone already but Jon had wanted to take his own car and have some minutes to himself.

The party would be held at the Arryn Hotel; the most luxurious one in the capital. That aside, it had been strategically chosen as neutral ground for the great event to happen given the Arryns had always maintained themselves as far as they could from the Stark-Targaryen feuds.

When Jon arrived, he noticed a lot of cars marked with the unmistakable logo of a letter Z inside a circle all parked together. Of course, the place would be full of Targaryens. Zaldrizes Motors was the Targaryen automobile manufacturer which, obviously, always competed with the DW Motor Company for the highest sales. He mentally prepared for a night full of platinum hair and lilac eyes.

When he arrived, he was greeted by his family and many other people. He really just wanted to see Dany. Guess that has to wait.

It was weird looking at so many familiar faces. He had left the country seven years ago, but in that moment it seemed time had stopped. Except for a few grey hairs here and there, everything was the same.

He could see the Tyrells, the Lannisters, the Baratheons, the Arryns, the Martells and the Tullys. All present to witness the promise of a better future.

What a sight.

The Tyrells were looking as mesmerizing as always. Lady Olenna looked the same as Jon remembered. How old was she? Margaery’s brothers were all remarkable men. The Tyrells owned one of Westeros’ airlines along with a construction company and a food empire. The Tyrells had basically been the ones to build Westeros’s modern infrastructure and the owners of four supermarket chains. Very rich and important people over all.

Uncle Robert was there, which was a surprise. He barely left Storm’s End. He had become so fat Jon was sure his shirt and jacket would rip at any time. Stannis and Renly were next to him. Stannis stoic as always and Renly glancing at Loras as always. Did they really think no one noticed? Robert’s wife Cersei, looked pissed as always. Jon had never been fond of her, nor any of the Starks, her marriage with Uncle Robert had also been political. He prayed that his marriage to Dany would not end like Uncle Robert’s. The only good thing that marriage had brought was little Myrcella. Everybody liked little Myrcella, though Uncle Robert had always had more love for his first born, Gendry. People thought it had to do with the fact he had actually loved Gendry’s mother, his high school sweetheart. She had gotten pregnant before Uncle Robert finished uni and she had died just some weeks after giving birth because of medical complications. Cersei had never learned to love Gendry. Nevertheless, Gendry adored his little sister and Myrcella adored his older brother.

Jon had become close with Gendry when he had decided to study high school in the North to get away from his bitter step-mother. Gendry was a great friend and Jon loved him dearly. He was an
artist who specialized in iron and all metal sculptures. He was gaining popularity rapidly, especially in Essos.

Jon could see Jaime Lannister as well. He had never seen him in person until this day. It was said of Jamie to be a very handsome man, and it was true. Looking at him Jon understood. He was in his late forties but looked 10 years younger. He looked strong and still very handsome. Everybody wondered why he never got married. Maybe his career was all that mattered to him. It was known, in a few years, he would be appointed general of the Westerosi Army—the highest position one could get in the military. The army was his entire life. He was the only Lannister who did not have an active career in politics.

The Lannisters were the most prominent political family in the country. Many of them held positions in the government. And speaking about Lannisters, Tyron had not been able to make it, he was attending a W.O. meeting in Essos. He had talked to him earlier and had assured him he had already given orders to clear his schedule for their wedding day. He really liked Tyrion. Although Jon had spent many years out of the country, he would constantly email Tyrion to give him an update on his life. He was a good man.

The Tullys... Jon had never been very close to them despite them being his mother’s family. He liked them alright but they had never spent much time together. They were also into the food industry and they managed a lot of the country’s commerce with Essos. His uncle Edmure approached him a congratulated him wholeheartedly. He was the only one who Jon could think of as family. The man had always loved his nephews and nieces. As his uncle continued talking, Jon thought fondly of the times he and Robb had spent at Riverrun learning how to fish with him.

After greeting the Tullys, Jon spotted the Arryns, or what was left of them. Uncle Jon had passed away a few years ago leaving aunt Lysa in charge of the Arryn money and estate. She had always been odd but with the years she had become... Jon didn’t even know how to describe her. His own mother was not close to her. He still wondered how she had managed to maintain everything in order. The hotel was looking as good as always... maybe it had to do with the new husband she was planning to marry, or with the fact that Uncle Jon had been very close to his father, maybe Eddard himself managed some things. She approached him along with little Robin. His cousin was a sickly, stubborn and selfish boy. Aunt Lyssa overprotected him and despite everyone telling her it was no good for him, she continued treating him like a baby. Jon felt bad for his cousin. He thanked her for letting the party happen there. Thank the gods his mother appeared and he excused himself.

Oberyn and his clan approached him next and greeted him. They looked amazing as usual. After the little time he had spent with them at Sunspear, Jon could now say he liked the Martells and enjoyed their company. Dany had been right, dornish people were something else.

After greeting the important people like his mother had told him to, Jon returned to his quest for Dany. He felt overwhelmed. It was not common to see the eight most prominent Houses of the country together in one place. Little by little the realness of everything settled in his mind. He might love Dany in so many ways but this, this marriage was so much more than whatever feelings he could have for her. Thank the gods he did have feelings for Daenerys. He couldn’t imagine how everything would have been if Dany was a stranger.

Dany was waiting in a private room to make her great appearance. She thought everything was so ridiculous. Anyway, she couldn’t wait to see Jon. She wanted to hug him and kiss him. She hadn’t for more than 24 hours now. Where was he? Wasn’t he supposed to be in this room with her? Ugh.
At least she had Sansa and Arya to keep her company. Missy and Yara had agreed to be Rhaella’s helpers. Bad choice. The poor girls were from one side to the other making sure everything went smooth, and Margaery was outside with her family.

Arya was telling a funny story when, suddenly, Viserys went in the room. “Oh… I thought you were alone, D”.

“Vis!”, exclaimed Arya. She ran to hug him.

“Arya! So good to see you little one”. Viserys grabbed her nose.

“I’m sixteen and don’t do that!” She faked a punch to his stomach. “Annndd you owe me one chocolate cake and vanilla shake. I won the competition, you said that if I won you’d get me chocolate cake and vanilla shake”.

Viserys laughed and put his arm around Arya’s shoulders. “And you say you are not little”.

That interaction was so weird to Dany. A lot had happened while she was in Pentos.

“Hello, Sansa”, Viserys said looking at the beautiful redhead. Dressed up like she was right now, she looked much older than 19. Sansa had been petrified from the moment the door opened. Her face was red. Dany wanted to laugh so badly, but knew that would hurt her so she remained calm.

“Sansa?”, asked Viserys. Arya rolled her eyes.

Sansa snapped out. “Hello”, she said almost whispering.

Viserys looked at Dany asking “what the f” with his eyes. Dany just moved her head saying no. Sansa stoop up. “I have to help mother; she must be going crazy”. She exited the room rapidly.

“Oh…”, said Viserys. “That was weird. Does she not like me or something?”

Arya snorted. “I better help my mother as well; I’ll leave you two to talk”.

When Arya was gone Viserys sat next to Dany.

“Seriously what was that?”

Dany laughed inwardly. Oh if he knew.

“I’m pretty sure I have never ever done anything to upset Sansa, have I? I know there are a lot of women out there who have many reasons not to like me—”.

“Vis”, she interrupted. “What did you come to say?”

“Sorry, I was rambling. Nothing really, just… Gods D, I feel so frustrated. You have to do this for all of us and I feel stupid and useless. I know you’ve already sort it out with Jon and that you are ok, and thank the Gods you like him and–”

“Vis!”

He laughed. “Sorry, I can’t help it. I’m more nervous than you are. Father has been a pain in the ass the whole day and don’t even get me started with mother. Rhaegar has been trying to calm father, Elia has been trying to calm Rhaegar and Rhaenys has been in a terrible mood the whole day throwing tantrum after tantrum”.


“So you came here to get away from them. I was just your excuse”, she said smiling. Typical Vis.

“You know me well, sister”

“Without Visenya you are awful”. Her cousin and about to be sister-in-law had not been able to make it to the engagement party. She was finishing her medical practices before graduating in Essos.

“Regardless. What kind of family were we born into?”

“I ask myself that every day”.

“So now that you’ll be half wolf and all… forget me not?”

“Vis!!! I’m not getting married yet, we still have six months together… minus your honeymoon that is.” Visenya would be moving to the Targaryen mansion after getting married. “And… I will live in King’s Landing. We will see each other often”.

“It’s just that… you’re my baby sister. This is so weird for me and Rhae. There’s going to be another man in your life!!!”

“Ugh, stop it. This sudden sweetness attack is so unlike you”.

“I’m telling you, D, if you neglect your brothers now that you’re going to be an engaged woman we will find a way to get back at you. And, I will tell Drogon you’ve been hanging out a bit too much with that red eyed wolf”.

“You wouldn’t dare!” She knew Drogon was overly possessive of her.

“Oh you know I woul–”

They were interrupted by a knock on the door. It opened. She thought it was her mother to tell her about a last minute change or something. It was Ned Stark. She wasn’t expecting that.

“Child”.

“Ned”.

Viserys greeted him and left the room.

“I wanted to talk to you before the ceremony started”. He approached Dany and hugged her. Then, he took her hands in his and looked her right in the eyes. “I just wanted to say how grateful I am for you to have accepted to do this. It is indeed not a pleasant thing to do yet you are here willing to give up a very important decision in your life for the benefit of our people”.

She felt tears coming. She held them back because her makeup was on point, she– Nope. The tears were here. She shook her head to say no. “Don’t think highly of me, Ned. I think… I’m only going to be able to go through all of this because it is Jon who I will marry. I… I don’t think I would have done it any other way. Of course I care about Westeros, but it is known I’m no selfless woman, so don’t praise me or thank me. I think it is the gods or whatever who had made this possible. For making Jon the one I’m supposed to marry, for my father and you arriving to an agreement, for Robb and Rhaegar don’t wanting to cut each other’s throats… it all fell into place and I had nothing to do with it”.

“My son is going to be very happy with you. You speak lowly of yourself but even from a distance,
I watched you grow up. I know you are a kind and giving woman. No one can change my mind”. He tightened his grip on her hands. “I know the wedding is not until six more months, but I already think of you as a daughter. Whatever you need, child, you can count on me and the Stark name to back you”.

Another tear fell.

“Moreover, if you are angry with me in any way like I’m sure you are, tell me all about it. Perhaps not now because I know I’m ruining your makeup –Dany laughed softly–, but know you can come to me whenever you feel like it”.

Dany couldn’t speak because of the knot in her throat. She only nodded and hugged him again. Ned Stark was one remarkable man, she thought. She loved her father, but he was more on the colder side; he never showed his affection in a physical way. She was grateful to have Ned in her life now.

The door opened again. Would she ever have a moment to herself? “Oh, sorry. I didn’t know you were here, father”.

Dany’s heart beat faster at the sound of Jon’s voice. Finally. The person she wanted to see. She and Ned broke their hug.

“Why are you making my future wife cry?”, he said smiling.

“I didn’t mean to, son. We were just having a talk”.

Jon approached and hugged his father as a greeting. Then he gave Dany a peck and hold her hand tightly. “Hello, you”.

Dany could still not bring words out of her mouth, but feeling Jon next to her eased her feelings.

Suddenly, the rest of the Starks went in, as well as Dany’s family. Great.

“Aerys”.

“Eddard”. They shook hands. It was a sight. The two most powerful men in Westeros talking and in the same room with their respective partners and offspring.

Dany remembered the conversation she had had with her mother and Catelyn the night they had arrived to KL where they had confessed that their husbands secretly thought highly of each other and appreciated each other. Dany had almost not believed it, but if someone knew her father it was her mother, and the same could be said of Ned and Cate. They knew the other was a good businessman and head of family, thought they would never admit it out loud. Their pride was too much. They have talked to each other only on very few occasions, one being just after Dany had been born to talk about the future alliance, another the day Jon turned 7 and they decided Dany was to marry Jon and another that both Catelyn and Rhaella refused to talk about after realizing Dany was still with them. She had been very curious but Sansa and Arya had interrupted just then. She would ask about that later.

That same night, Cate had given Dany a hair clip shaped like wolf to wear at the engagement. She told her it was something that passed from mother to daughter in the Stark family. The clip’s last owner had been Lyanna, but given her early departure Cate had guarded it for her. Dany had argued the clip should be given to Sansa but Cate had none of it. Her look was completed. Targaryen red dress and wolf hair clip. Perfect.
Aerys and Ned retold the story of the bad Targaryen-Stark history to emphasize the importance of the upcoming wedding. They also spoke of how Jon and Dany were so close as children they thought the marriage would cause no harm like it had done. They apologized once more. Arya, Sansa and Bran were shocked and a bit upset they had been left in the dark. It was the first time they had ever heard the truth behind Jon’s and Dany’s sudden engagement. Rickon… was playing with his videogame. Dany turned to look at him once in a while. He was so little still and so innocent. She hoped when he grew up all the stupid feuds were long forgotten.

Catelyn and Rhaella started crying. Gods. Why was the fuss all about? It wasn’t even their wedding yet. Dany preferred to think like that than to give in the bitter sweet sentiment in the room and started crying again. After a few more words, the two families finally emptied the room and left Jon and Dany alone. The party was about to start.

The moment the door closed. Jon turned to her and kissed her. “Sorry. I had to”.

Dany looked at him blushing. “But why do you apologize?” She stole a kiss from him as well. “Sorry. I had to”. At last, a moment with Jon.

Jon smiled and hugged her. “Arya is going to kill me”.

“Because you didn’t tell her anything?”

“ать”.

“Can’t give you any reassurance, you are on your own. You should have told your siblings from the beginning, plus, I’m still being punished because of her dress”.

Jon laughed. “My family is formed by crazy people.”

“Oh hush. My family is ten times worse than yours”.

Jon noticed something. “Hey… is that?”

“A wolf in my hair? Yes, it is”. He examined it with his hand being careful not to mess up her hair.

“Who gave it to you?”

“Your mother. She said it was mine to have it. I tried telling her it felt wrong but she insisted”.

“I had only heard of it. I had never seen it”. He stayed quiet for a while. “I’m sure Sansa will kill you”.

“Jon!”

“Won’t she? That hair clip is meant to be worn only by Stark women. I’m sure she will throw a tantrum or something”.

“Firstly, she is totally ok with me having it, she saw it already. She thinks it is perfect to commemorate the occasion. Secondly, in six months I am going to be a Stark woman”.

A wide smile appeared on Jon’s face when she said that. He kissed her forehead. “Are you planning on taking my name?” he said grinning. Dany knew he was only joking. In Westeros, it was optional for a woman to take her husband’s surname and many did, however women from important Houses rarely changed their family names, least of all Targaryen women. Dany was sure she could never get used to ‘Daenerys Stark’, not that anyone would call her that. Nobody could
get used to that. Elia had put a hyphen to her name but nobody ever called her Elia Martell-Targaryen, it was a given she was Rhaegar’s wife.

“You know I won’t, but that doesn't make me any less of a Stark than you”.

“True”.

“That is the whole point of this marriage, right?”

“Right”.

“You will also become a Targaryen, you know that, right? All that craziness… you will be part of it”.

“Tell me about it. How does Elia manage? How does anyone marrying a Targaryen manage?”

Dany rolled her eyes. “We are not that bad. And, hey, just think of the children we will have”.

His eyes widened. “You talking babies already? Do you want to share the experience with Marge? Do you want to take pictures of your bellies together? You can go shopping for baby things together and take yoga lessons”.

“Jon! Stop being so sarcastic. Nobody likes it”. He rolled his eyes. Dany had noticed Jon’s parents hated it when he became a sarcastic ass, the same with Sansa, Bran and Robb. Of course the only one who didn’t care was Arya, she was the same. They had both gotten into problems growing up because of it. Replying sarcastically to teachers was their specialty. “But to answer your question, all jokes aside, I do want babies. Moreover, it is part of the agreement, right? There must be Stark-Targaryen babies even if we didn’t want to. Anyways, not right now. Let’s wait some time. Maybe after you graduate”.

“That is two years from now”, he said pouting a little.

“Don’t you want to enjoy our life as a couple for a while before having a responsibility like a baby? I want you all for myself for a little bit”.

“You have a point right there; I haven’t thought of it like that. You are right. I don’t want to share you just yet”. He gave her a peck. “Talking about babies, has Marge said something? I’m dying here, Dany. I wanted to avoid Robb just to not let it slip in an anxiety attack but I had to spend all day with him, I thought I was going to mess it up”.

“Oh Jon, relax. It is not so bad. But no, Margaery still doesn't want to tell him. I don’t know what she’s thinking, she’s just avoiding the whole thing. Anyway, you are not lying, you are just not saying something you know”. She made an innocent face.

“You are terrible. Margaery and you could be spies or something. You look so peaceful and in control. You could bring down governments”.

Dany grinned and kissed him. “You bet we could”.

After some minutes of much needed snogging (thank the gods she was wearing a very good lipstick or her two-hour makeup would have gone to the bin), Jon broke their moment and spoke. “I wanted to show you something”. Dany tried to focus her attention on what he said and not on his lips. He took a little black box out of his jacket pocket.

He opened it and inside was a ring.
“I wanted to show it to you before I have to do it in front of everyone”.

The ring was everything she had ever dreamed of and more. It was the ring she had drawn when she was 14 and she had pictured her princess’ wedding. She had only ever showed it to Jon. Funny thing they were actually going to marry each other. It touched her to see he remembered. “For the gods, Jon…”

The ring she designed had a lilac stone and a hoop that resembled a dragon’s tail. She was not good at drawing but Jon had managed to bring it to life perfectly. For the stone, he had chosen an amethyst and for the hoop, only half of it was a dragon’s tail, the other half was styled to emulate the silhouette of a wolf. It looked more than beautiful.

“I took the liberty to do some changes”.

“I don’t know what to say… It’s perfect, Jon. More than perfect…”

“Is it? I was hoping you didn’t hate it”.

“I could never”. She took the box and examined it closely. A tear was forming in her eyes. “Thank you. Thank, you, thank you, thank you”.

He grinned. “Actually, this was all Barristan. It was him who reminded me of it. He still remembered you once told him you had design your own engagement ring because you didn’t want to have one that could be bought at a store. You don’t have to thank me; you have to thank him”.

Of course it had been Barristan, that old man always looked after her. “And here I was thinking you were a hopeless romantic and that you had remembered”.

Jon shrugged. “You know I’m not one of those”.

It was true, he had never been openly affectionate; he hated public displays of affection and up until now, many of the little details from their time together had been brought up by her. She was sure he remembered most of them, but he wasn’t the kind of person who rejoiced in replaying them in his head over and over again like she did. He hated flowers and chocolates, and he forgot important dates including his own siblings’ birthdays. Even so, he was the kind of person that when he cared for someone, he could do anything for them.

“Yes and I don’t care”. She carefully closed the box and returned it to Jon. “I like you as you are, all sarcastic cocky fool with barely any social skills and a tendency to pessimism”. He laughed and she proceeded to kiss him. It still amazed Dany how close she felt to Jon when they had only shared a little over a month since they had encountered again. Days with Jon seemed like ages and she was totally fine with it.

She broke the kiss and looked at him. It was a sight she could never get tired of. She knew she had to make up to Jon for all the stupid things she had said and did that almost tore them apart before they even started. “Jon, I know this is something that wasn’t in our plans, that was beyond us and… that I was a bitch for the past days, so… I want to thank you for bearing with me and for trying your best. I’m sorry for my changing moods, my harsh words and my stupid selfishness, from now on no more of that”.

He caressed her cheek. “We are only humans... Remember our first meeting? –Oh yes she did– We had so little time to get used to this, I think it’s valid for us to have so many feelings”. Dany leaned on his hand. “I’m not used to express my feelings, but I’ll try”.

She smiled softly.
A staff member knocked on the door to let them know they were being announced. It was show time.

“Come. It’s time to tell the world we’re in this together”, Jon said.

Dany took Jon by his arm and they walked together to the grand salon where everyone was waiting for them.

Dany felt confident. She no longer felt the horrible feelings that had haunted her back in Dorne and Winterfell. Out of a shitty situation, something good had come: seeing Jon again, being with Jon again. And she was more than pleased with that.

- Gods. There was so much press. Aerys and his father were standing in the stage that had been arranged for the occasion. Rhaella and his mother next to them.

Jon and Dany started walking and a round of applause was heard. Arya and Gendry screamed and whistled. The usual, Arya didn’t care what the fuck people thought of her, and Gendry… yeah, what was going on with him?

They made it to the stage. Big reflectors were before them.

“Starks and Targaryens have been enemies for more than a hundred years and strangers for centuries”, started his father.

“However, that is about to end. Tonight, the promise of a better future is made”, continued Aerys.

Dany held on to him more strongly. He kissed her head.

“The thought of our families being friendly to each other was a wild thought up until some years ago. Tonight, it is a fact”.

“Our children, Jon and Daenerys, met each other when they were just babes… an instant bond was formed. They became friends. At first, we were weary of it, but what harm could friendship bring? None. Friendship is about closeness and honesty.” Murmurs could be heard. Not many were aware that Jon and Dany knew each other from infancy.

“Their friendship brought our families together, it forced us to acknowledge that we were not so different. We are only two families that were forced to become enemies for the choices our ancestors made. Jon and Daenerys, unaware of it all, found in each other love. From the moment they met, they formed an unbreakable link. It all could have gone differently, but thank to the gods, fate or our free will to decide differently from the ones before us, whatever you want to call it, it didn’t”.

“Thus, we are here tonight, gathered to witness the promise of a better future. Despite the odds, our children still love each other after so many years and have decided to unite their lives forever”.

Murmurs were louder now. The clicking of cameras became louder as well. The press had been notified it would a very important event, but the reason for it had not been revealed. Given their reaction, Dany and Jon could see no one had expected this.

Jon felt contradicting feelings. What both Ned and Aerys were saying was mostly true. Mostly. The little (big) part that wasn’t bothered him. Again, he thanked the gods he and Dany had found common ground and actually had feelings for each other. Dany turned to him, he could see she was
thinking exactly the same. She smiled reassuringly and then focused her sight on the crowd again. The room was full of excitement, curiosity and surprise. Mainly surprise.

After some more words regarding their families’ history and making emphasis on a new beginning, Aerys told them to step in the front.

Jon led Dany. He thought everybody was surely expecting him to say some words or something but really, he didn’t feel like it. Their parents had already said everything and what he wanted Dany to know he had already said it to her. So instead of giving a showy and corny speech he did not mean, he only took the box once more out of his jacket pocket and opened it. He took out the ring, Dany extended her hand and he swiftly put it on her finger. It looked perfect. It brought out the lilac of her eyes, that particular Targaryen trait many were jealous of.

Reporters were going crazy. Arya started clapping and then everybody followed. Jon was still looking at Dany’s astonishing perfection when she suddenly kissed him. It was brief but Jon could feel she had done it out of want and not duty, he was sure she had not planned on doing so but couldn’t help it. He smiled. They tried to look to the front but, between the reflectors and the camera flashes, their eyes hurt.

They posed and posed. Then their families approached and again more posing happened.

Some white wine Lady Olenna had sent from the finest vineyards in the Reach was served and a toast was made to the future bride and groom.

Afterwards, they descended from the stage and everybody approached them and congratulated them. Cameras never left their side, but Jon didn’t care. He was genuinely enjoying the moment and Dany was all smiles. Nothing could ruin this night.

Sam and Gendry came to say hi. It felt so nice to see them and hug them again. It had been a long time the three had been together. Dany had encountered Gendry a few times in Essos and Jon was glad to see Gendry thought highly of Dany and vice versa. Dany even mentioned buying one of his pieces for their new apartment.

“Jon you have to meet Yara!”, Dany said.

Jon looked to where Dany was pointing and saw Yara talking to Missy and her new boyfriend Grey along with Theon, Robb and Garlan. Jon had heard of her his entire life given Theon’s closeness to Robb, but he had never met the girl. Dany told Jon it meant a lot for her that he met her best friends.

“She has been wanting to meet you since forever and today my mother kept her and Missy busy all the time. They just finished their duties”. Missy spotted them and said hi with her hand. After telling his friends to wait for him for a little, Dany pulled him to quickly join Yara and the others. Gods, she was so excited about everything this night.

Everybody greeted and congratulated them. When it was Yara’s turn, Dany made the introduction.

“D! Oh I’ve missed you so much!” They hugged.

“Me too! But you need to meet Jon!” Dany looked so cute when excited about something.

“I certainly do”, Yara said laughing at Dany’s joyful explosion.

“Jon, best friend Yara. Yara, boyfriend, fiancée, soon to be husband and future father of my children Jon”.
Everybody stopped their talking when Dany said those words. They were all smirking and he could feel their eyes on him.

“Wow –Yara said genuinely surprised– that’s an introduction, D”. She offered Jon her hand and he shook it telling her how nice it was to meet her.

Yara was so glad to see Dany so happy after the few weeks she spent hating her life and avoiding Jon. She looked so comfortable around him. Yara noticed she grabbed him possessively and couldn't take her hands off him. Yara had seen Dany with other men and she had never seen her act like this; she looked like a teenager with her first boyfriend. Actually, Yara thought, it was the first time Dany had a boyfriend. Well, at least the first time she openly introduced a guy like that. Dany had never wanted something serious with anybody. She could have only said fiancée, but no, she had said boyfriend.

Jon didn't expect this all so cheesy Dany (she had been telling people how much she liked him the whole night,) yet his heart filled with joy every time she said something about him in such a bubbly way.

He could see the Dany he remembered more clearly with each moment that went by. The Dany that was not afraid of expressing her feelings so loud and clear someone on a plane could notice them. The Dany who was affectionate at any time. The Dany who didn’t care what people could think of her and only acted on her own impulses. He hated public displays of affection, he really did, but here he was letting Dany kiss him and hug him whenever she felt like it and regardless of who was around.

The night continued uneventful. The guests were having a good time, enjoying the good music and food. Dany felt at peace. Thanks to her mother, everything had gone well and she could see her chatting pleasantly with Cate while drinking some wine. Arya and Vis were catching up, Sansa was next to Margaery (or better Margaery did not allow Sansa to go anywhere without her using her as a shield from Robb) and Yara and Theon were getting acquainted with Grey –Missy had fallen head over hills for her new Summer Isles’ beau–.

She turned and fixed her eyes on the salon’s balcony. The view was amazing, the sea looked beautiful lightened by moonlight. The two people standing there talking was the only odd part about it. Rhaegar was talking to Robb and they both looked very serious. She wondered what their discussion could be about. After all, it didn't matter how many marriages there were or how much Jon and Dany were now happy about their upcoming wedding, if Rhaegar and Robb suddenly started hating each other or decided they didn’t want to cooperate anymore, there was little she (or anyone) could do about it. The feuds among their families would start all over.

She was more worried for Rhaegar’s side. Although she knew her brother was a good person with a kind heart, he was still a Targaryen and from time to time, if someone pushed his buttons, he could turn into a fierce dragon with no considerations.

Jon was talking to Gendry and Sam and Dany didn’t want to interrupt their boy talk for it had been a long time since Jon had seen his best friends so, with no one paying attention to her (which was odd but she enjoyed it given her lips hurt a little for smiling so much in front of the cameras), she got near the balcony being careful not to be noticed. She hoped to eavesdrop a little. She could see Rhaegar’s face and Robb’s back.

“We are family now”, Rhaegar said.
“Family? That is a bit too much don’t you think? We know the truth; this was all arranged. The people may believe it, but I certainly don’t”.

“I felt the same way before, you are Robb Stark after all. How could I ever trust you? But things changed when I saw my sister finding her love for your brother again. Their marriage was arranged but… truthfully? It doesn’t feel like it, and that makes me think that, you Starks, to my chagrin, you are indeed family. Daenerys speaks highly of all of you and I love my baby sister more than anything in the world but, more importantly, I trust her. If she says you are to be trusted, then you are. If you are her family, then you are mine as well”.

Robb stayed silent. “You know your grandfather–”

“Murdered yours?”, Rhaegar interrupted. “That’s the common belief”.

“So you don’t believe it?”

“Do you? I thought your father had taught you better”.

Dany was getting nervous. Their talk did not have a nice tone to it. And what the fuck was Rhae doing pushing Robb’s buttons. Everybody knew her grandfather had been involved in Rickard Stark’s death. She hoped it didn't end badly.

To Rhaegar’s comment she heard Robb sigh heavily. He moved and put his hands on the balcony.

Rhaegar spoke again. “My grandfather was not the heartless man you think. Your grandfather was not the kind man you think”.

Robb turned and glanced at Rhaegar angrily.

“My grandfather was also kind and yours was also heartless. It all depends on the context. So no, my grandfather did not kill yours, Robb. I'm not going to say he was innocent either. They both made choices and it ended in tragedy. You can’t pretend this war lasted for a century only because Targaryens are insensitive and mean-spirited”.

Dany wondered what Jon thought of all this. He still had not brought up the topic.

“Whatsoever. I still don’t trust you, but you are right, you are family now. Jon has talked to me about your family as well, and he likes you, he really does. Like you, I also trust my brother, so I think I can start changing my ideas of you. You have my word Rhaegar, I won’t break the peace agreements”.

“Glad to hear we are on the same page. You have my word as well; I won’t break the peace agreements”.

“The future has to be better. I mean, if not, all this was for nothing, right?”

Rhaegar nodded solemnly. Dany could swear Rhaegar had been born in the wrong time, he looked as if someone had pulled him out of some old legend’s book. She was relieved to see the conversation had taken a turn leaving behind their families’ troubled past.

“Speaking about the future, are you planning to marry soon? It seems odd to me you are still single”.

Robb snorted. “I don’t think that is something you should worry about, Rhaegar”.
Dany thought of Marge. She hoped they could admit what they felt for each other, and that Robb finally got rid of his alleged feelings for her.

“Oh but I do. You see, your children and mine need to learn how to get along. They are the future. The children your brother and my sister have… they will be more of a symbol, but truth is none of them will inherit the responsibility of the companies. Your children and mine will”.

“I sometimes feel we still live in the feudal era”.

Rhaegar smiled. “We do. Not much has changed if you think about it. In terms of social structure, I mean, for the great Houses. We remain the same. If it’s wrong or right, I have no intention to question it. You can if you want, but I am content with my life”. There was a pause and then Rhaegar spoke again. “So no prospects?”

“I don’t think so, no”.

Prospects. Robb’s thoughts went to Margaery which surprised him…. Anyway that made him think that he had not talked to her since she went to Mereen to buy her new apartment. Was she avoiding him? He really wanted to talk to her. He missed her already, but he knew he had been a dick getting angry at her instead of supporting her. He hated (like, really hated) the idea of her going away but he was aware that was his selfishness speaking. The opportunity in Mereen was great, of course she should go and take it. He wanted to tell her so.

“That’s a shame. I suggest you pick a wife soon. You are 28 years old”.

Dany could practically hear Robb’s eyes rolling. “You—”

Before the conversation took another turn to a not pleasant subject she intervened. “Guys”. They turned to look at her, both a little surprised. “Care if I join you?” She got close and Rhaegar put his arm on her shoulders. “What were you talking about?” she asked innocently.

“Nothing really, just…”

“We were bonding”, said Rhaegar. Rhaenys appeared in that moment crying. She was mumbling something about dessert and Elia not letting her have more.

“Daddy”, she said in between sobs and extended her arms indicating she wanted to be held. Viserys was right, Rhaenys had not stopped making a fuss about everything the whole day. The poor thing was probably just tired, she had not taken her nap and she had insisted on following grandma around to help her.

Rhaegar lifted her and kissed her head. “Stop those tears, my dear”. Rhaenys tried to stop but continued sobbing, she hugged Rhaegar effusively and hid her head in his neck. The only person who could calm Rhaenys when she was throwing a tantrum was him.

Dany gave her niece a kiss.

“Well, if you excuse me, I have to go fetch some cake for this beauty”. With that he went away.

Dany caught Robb looking at Rhaegar until he was no longer visible. He turned to her and said “I want that”.

Dany looked at him confused.

“A daughter. A little girl to cuddle and play with. I’ve always wanted a daughter. Sons too but
mainly a daughter. When Sansa was born I was beyond happy, I would follow my mother around all day trying to get a glimpse of the baby”.

Dany gulped. Keeping a secret was hard.

He sighed. “I sometimes feel I will never have one though. I’ve never found the one. Jon is so lucky. He knew ever since he was a teenager. I can see it in the way he looks at you. He looks at you with a certainty and peace I have never felt”.

Dany’s hand were sweating a little. She found courage to speak. “I think you have met that woman already”.

Robb looked at her clueless. Dany rolled her eyes. “Margaery”.

“What?” He looked at the sea. “No, she…–Dany saw his cheeks blushing– we are friends”.

“You and I need to have a conversation, Robb”.

He nodded. His eyes still fixed on the horizon.

“You like me… or so you say”.

He scratched the back of her neck and sighed. “I… I'm sorry…. not for liking you, it’s not something I could control… but… I’m sorry for being a dick and having flirted with you. I have always known Jon likes you more than he cares to admit and that you like him more than you care to admit”. He made a pause. “I'm happy for you, I really am…”.

Dany stood next to him facing the sea as well. It looked so calm. “I think you like Margaery more than you care to admit”, she said using his choice of words.

He was about to reply when Jon appeared. Dany felt his hand around her waist. She looked at him and gave him a peck. “It’s good you are here. I wanted to say something”.

Jon looked confused. “I was just telling Robb I think he has feelings for Margaery”. Dany felt Jon stiffen. “Strong feelings. Some call it love”.

Robb finally turned to look at her and was a little shaken to see how perfect she looked standing next to Jon.

Dany continued. “Which are totally different from liking. Robb, you never liked me. You liked the idea of me. I am to blame as well for not having said anything before and let you continue with the flirting. I have talked to Jon about this already, but I wanted to be clear so that this… whatever situation this was ends definitively. I have always loved Jon in so many ways…. But I was angry. Selfishly, I allowed your flirting. I'm sorry if I ever got your hopes up or something”.

Robb said no with his head. “No. I am the only one–”.

Dany didn't let him continue. “Except for a little crush back when I first saw you in Essos, I have never had any romantic feelings for you. I never could, even less when I came back to Westeros”. She turned to Jon and kissed his cheek. “My heart has always belonged to this one”, she said smiling.

“I know”, said Robb. “That is why I am sorrier. I knew it and still–”

“We all do stupid things”. It was the only thing Jon had said since he joined them. Dany could tell
his tone, although nonchalant on the outside, was severe and cut the air like a knife. A hidden warning for Robb.

Thank the gods Catelyn found them and told them to come back to the party. Dany felt relieved she had finally told Robb she didn't like him, and she was glad Jon had been there to hear it. After nine years of longing, this was their new beginning. They were engaged and they were happy.

Jon had been angry at Robb, but being aggressive or starting fights would not lead anywhere. Dany had expressed her feelings for Jon and she had cleared the last bit of anything that had to do with Robb. Jon had never liked conflict so he was glad all of his surrounding ones had been cleared without him doing much of an effort. It'd actually be very hypocritical to judge Dany on being selfish when he was a selfish man himself.

Anyway, being this well with her felt great. Gods, could she be any more gorgeous? He had almost fainted when he saw her dressed in her house colour and wearing a wolf pin to indicate her acceptance for her new family. She looked regal.

He couldn't wait to be alone with her. He had planned to take her to the docks. He had given orders for the nicest Stark yacht to be prepared. He wanted to see the moon with her and forget about the whole damn world for a minute.

Dany grabbed his hand and pulled him to the dance floor. A nice slow ballad was playing. He lost himself in her bright lilac eyes. They kissed until, out of nowhere, another round of applause began. He was sure nobody had been looking at them until Arya spotted them and started clapping. He gave her a look and she simply shrugged smiling and putting her thumbs up. Damn her.

After his talk with Daenerys (well, after she told him how she felt), Robb felt lighter. He had been thinking about his feelings for her for some days and he had realized, they had not been serious (as Marge had known from the beginning). Fuck. At least not that serious. He felt terrible for having created a soap opera in his head about it. What had truly affected him was the whole feeling of jealousy towards Jon. He felt like shit for it.

He was trying to pay attention to what Theon was saying, but couldn’t. He felt anxious. It was clear to him now Margaery had been avoiding him and he didn’t know why. It was so unlike her. Whenever they had a disagreement she would be the one to come to talk first. He knew he had messed up not supporting her, but had it been so bad to gain her indifference? He was also angry. He had tried to call her and talk to her for the past days and during the party, and she had only given him lame excuses and hid behind whoever was there next to her. Even when he had greeted her family, she had escaped. He really liked Marge’s family, it was always good to spend time with them. Olenna was a jewel. The old lady always found a way to embarrass him but he couldn’t help but like her. Marge’s brothers were great too. Anyway, he wanted to speak to her, not her family.

The fact that she was going away after the party came back to his mind. He felt a weird thing going on inside him; a feeling of loss he couldn’t quite place. Thankfully, Theon engaged in conversation with Sansa and Yara, and Robb quietly reached for the bar. He ordered the strongest whiskey and took it all from one sip. He had to admit to himself he was… heartbroken? Was this how it felt? He didn’t know but the thought of Marge leaving (him) tore him apart. Don’t be a prick, don’t be a prick. You are being selfish again. (Gods, he had realized he was a very shitty person. First his stupid jealousy for Jon and now the thought of not wanting to let go of Margaery). *If she wants to pursue her career in Essos then she has all the right to do so, to do whatever the fuck she wants,*
Robb. I’m her friend and I will support her... as much as it breaks my heart. Be good, Robb, be good.

Fuck. He really didn't want her to go, he could not picture his daily life without her. He had been taking her for granted, hadn’t he? And now she was going away...

He turned around and saw her staring at him. When he found her eyes she looked down to break the contact.

-“Argh... I hate Targaryens speak valyrian, like they were less westerosi than we are”, said a Storm End’s girl whose name Marge did not remember.

“It’s their native tongue”, said Margaery.

“Yes, but they could avoid it when there's people around who can't understand it. It’s rude”.

Marge really didn’t care. Ugh. She was tired of talking to people in this party, but it was her best chance at avoiding Robb. The people she liked where all related somehow to either him, Jon or Daenerys. She didn’t want to hear anything from Robb, and she didn’t want to be in the presence of Jon and Daenerys anymore given the knowing stares they threw at her constantly. So, she had made it her mission to speak to anybody else. She ignored the girl and looked at Robb. He was at the bar going for his third (or fourth?) whiskey. She sighed. Fuck. He looked at her. No, no, no. He was approaching. She thought of a million excuses not to talk to him. Too late. He gently grabbed her by the arm and excused her in front of the girls she had been talking to. Damn his stupid charm. He looked annoyingly handsome today.

He took her to a faraway corner. He just stood there not saying a word.

She did her best to appear nonchalant. “Robbi boy, what do you–”

He cut her. “Those are the first words you say to me in three days. Why are you avoiding me, Margaery?” He was pissed. She was about to speak again but he raised his hand to stop her. “No. Now that I have your attention, you will hear me”. He sighed to relieve his tension. “Look, I don’t know why are you ignoring me, but... I’m...” He made a pause and she raised her eyebrows. “I’m sorry. I was angry because you took me by surprise. You... of course, you should go to Mereen. It’s a great chance. You deserve the best, Marge. You go do your thing and show them what you know to do best. I will miss you like crazy, but you’re right, we’ll keep in touch”.

She couldn’t pronounce a word.

He hugged her. “You’re my best friend. I will support you in whatever”. He chastely kissed her forehead.

Words still wouldn’t come out. Just then her brothers interrupted and took Robb away.

Dany approached her and talked near her ear. “I’m guessing you didn’t tell him”.

A tear rolled down her cheek, but she quickly wiped it. “He thinks I’m going away, he told me he’s ok with it”.

- The moonlight made Dany look otherworldly. Her eyes shone brightly and her skin was the colour
of milk. the fact that she had taken off her Targaryen red dress and changed it for a comfy cream one only added to it. He could stare at her forever. Looking like that, all in pale colours, made the lilac of her eyes stand out along with the ring on her left hand.

He opened the champagne bottle they had taken from the party and poured it.

She embraced him from behind and kissed his shoulder.

He turned to look at her and kissed her softly. He sighed against her lips. “This feel so good”.

Dany smiled. “Yes”. She kissed him again and then she turned to look at her ring. “Do you know what this means?”

“We’re engaged. It's official”.

She smirked. “You’re officially mine, Jon Snow”.

He smiled and rolled his eyes at the use of his nickname. Coming from Dany, after she had told him why she thought it suited him perfectly (not because he was a cold person, but because he was a northerner at heart), he didn’t mind it anymore. It sounded good coming out of her lips. “Say that again”.

“You’re officially mine, Jon Snow”. She kissed him and they both could swear they heard the howling of wolves somewhere near, which was crazy because there were no wolves in the capital, but they heard them.
It was Aegon’s Landing Day, Westeros’ most important holiday. Schools closed and many people did not go to work. Every year, all westerosis looked forward to this particular date because of the massive celebrations that took place all over the country. Festivals, parades, fairs, etcetera.

King’s Landing people and the ones who travelled there to spend the holiday had a more special reason to look forward: it was the only day in the year in which dragons were allowed in the city.

Thus, Targaryens were key to the celebration. Most of them travelled along their beloved creatures in order to execute an astonishing show they prepared each year which served as a reminder that it had been a Targaryen and dragons who brought together the kingdoms. Perhaps it was all legend, but the myth had kept the country together for centuries.

Nevertheless, this year’s celebration was even more expected than any before. After the massive news of Jon’s and Dany’s engagement, it was known Targaryens were not going to be the only ones at Aegon’s Hill, the Starks would be there as well with their pack of wolves.

Nobody could wait to see that.

Starks rarely assisted the official ceremony because one: wolves weren't comfortable with so many unknown people around them, and two: Aegon's celebration was meant for all things dragons, so that the idea of them as a unifying symbol would be reinforced. However, given Dany and Jon had made their engagement official, and that had been done in order for people to trust that both families were not going to fight again, Starks had decided to bring along their beloved beasts. It made the event all the grander and special. Wolves and dragons finally coming together in peace. So there they were, Dany with her family, and Jon with his, facing the people of Westeros.

Tyrion’s speech from a balcony of the Red Keep marked the beginning of the celebrations.

Jon could tell everyone was excited but a little uneasy as well. Direwolves were obviously smaller than dragons, however their presence was just as intimidating. At least dragons were roaming the skies. Direwolves were there, they didn't wear chains or leashes.

Starks and Targaryens looked majestic. It was like a scene taken out from the legend books one read before going to bed as a child. It was such a rare sight.
During the ceremony, the dragons’ screeching could be heard. Jon felt it was their way to remind people that Targaryens, even when not ruling, were still the most powerful individuals in the world. They were the blood of the dragon, and as such the only ones who could control the gorgeous but lethal beasts.

He realized something just then. Starks may rule the North and had influence everywhere, but no one could compare to dragons. For a brief moment while he looked up to the sky and saw Drogon, Rhaegal, Viserion and about twelve other Targaryen dragons, he felt as if time had gone back to when Aegon declared himself king.

Jon, like everybody, was aware such power could be dangerous, even more so considering that, in order to maintain their dominion over dragons, Targaryens had sacrificed their sanity. What if there was a law prohibiting the use of them? By will, Targaryens could just discard it. So there he was, with the support of his entire family standing behind him along with their own beasts prepared to take on the responsibility of not letting that power consume their country once more –at least in the near future. It was something nobody had said out loud, but he knew people expected it. Starks could damage only so much, but they didn't have dragons. This marriage meant far more than he originally had thought, he understood.

He felt all eyes on him and Dany while listening to Tyrion’s speech. It was their first official appearance as an engaged couple so it was a very important moment for them.

After the ceremony, the show started, people were marvelled like each and every year. Some paid exorbitant amounts of money to get a room with balcony in one of old town’s hotels just to see the dragons closer. The rest conformed to see them from the ground. Jon had to admit it really was a breath-taking moment. When Drogon landed on top of the hill and breathed fire, marking the end of the show, a chill went down his back.

People clapped and cheered.

After the show, around three hundred lucky citizens were allowed to take a picture with one of the dragons on that day. Dragons were ok with all the fuss, but after a while they tended to get tired and grumpy, so that was why only a limited amount of people could get their pictures. Safety first.

Both families decided to take one as well to commemorate the date. They stood in line along with the wolves and Drogon and the Red Keep in the back. Jon was sure everybody would remember it forever.

Tyrion approached them. “The people love you. I was expecting uproar because of the engagement but this… –he said looking at the commotion going around the red Red Keep– this is something else”.

“I don’t know what to say, I wasn’t expecting it either”. Jon could feel the people’s love surrounding them, and it was… odd. Not in a bad way but totally extraordinary and heart filling. Nothing he or Dany had ever imagined.

“It seems the bright future your parents insist so much on can actually happen”. He approached Dany and hugged her and then did the same with Jon. “I’m glad to see you are getting along just fine. I was a bit worried because of what you both told me some time ago”.

Jon and Dany looked at each other. Oh yes, some time ago things had been so different.

Dany took Jon’s hand in between hers and smiled brightly.
Tyrion chuckled. “So happy you can’t find words? That’s a first one”.

“I just… –she sighed– Yes, I’m very happy, more than happy. Delighted, content, gleeful, radiant…”

“Enough synonyms”. Tyrion had a huge grin on his face. “I get the point”.

Dany put her head on Jon’s shoulder.

Tyrion went back some steps and used his hands to simulate a frame. “You do make a good couple. It’s like you match each other, perfect height even”.

Dany laughed. She was a very petite woman and Jon was of course taller than her but not so much to tower her.

Jon suddenly felt like kissing her and he did.

“Oh, don’t rub it on my face”.

They turned to look at Tyrion and laughed a little. “Sorry”, said Jon.

After what felt like years of waving, greeting and posing, he and Dany were exhausted, but still happy. People had been very nice to them, congratulating them whenever they could.

The celebrations would continue for many more hours but Jon and Dany escaped right after having lunch with government representatives and other important people.

They were back in the docks but this time Jon had actually put a yacht to work. The night of their engagement party, they had stayed at the docks drinking champagne while talking and later fell asleep peacefully. No, no sex. He had wished they did something more than sleeping, but Dany had told him she wanted to wait a little and he would respect that (but, seven hells, was it hard).

Dany wanted to spend the day learning how to sail and Jon was glad to be her teacher. With so much going on in the city, they were practically alone in the immense sea. Only a few other boats could be seen very far away.

She was a quick learner. After a couple of hours, she was sailing like a champ and Jon was very proud of his teaching skills. They laughed and talked and laughed and talked.

They decided that, during the six months they had until their wedding, they would take it slowly and actually date like normal people did in order to get to know each other. They wanted to go see a film, to a fair, to spend a weekend in Lannisport’s amusement park which had recently opened a new ride everybody was talking about, to a park to have a picnic under a tree, to dinner in Dany’s favourite Meereenese restaurant, and so on, and so on.

Also, they were spending a lot of time buying everything for their new flat. Dany had very clear ideas of what she wanted so it had been very easy for the interior designer they had hired to come up with sketches of its final look.

Sometimes it felt he and Dany had never spent time apart and they had decided to marry after years of dating. He could not put in words the bliss he felt having her by his side.

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Dany couldn’t be happier. Feeling all the people welcoming them and shouting their names had
been pretty amazing. Spending time with Drogon had been another perk; too bad there had been zero time to introduce him to Ghost. They would have to do that some other day. She was hopeful they would get along; none of the wolves or the dragons had reacted offensively towards each other.

Pictures of her and Jon were everywhere, even printed on t-shirts that people were wearing. She really couldn’t believe what was happening... and it was not even their wedding yet. She lost count of how many selfies she had taken and how many people had asked her to sign a poster or anything with their face on it. She knew they were known but, like Tyrion had said, this was something else.

After half a day, it was nice having a break from all the uproar. Feeling the breeze of the sea was just what she needed. Also, who would have thought sailing was so much fun? She was sure she would become an addict after today.

Jon put his hands around her waist and kissed her neck. Oh... the feelings he aroused in her. Of course she wanted to have sex with Jon, but she needed something else first (which was a totally new feeling for her). She wasn’t one to avoid sex, however she felt that, with Jon, she wanted to get to know him and to be totally certain of each other before engaging in any more physical interactions. She always had sex the first time she met someone she felt attracted to, she loved sex, but Jon wasn't a guy she met a party. Jon was the most important man in her life and her to be husband. She wanted to have a deeper connection with him. She knew already the sex was going to be great, she just needed some time, and Jon, of course, had agreed to give her all the time she wanted.

Wedding wise, preparations were on course already. Rhaella and Catelyn supervising everything. They had decided to get married in King’s Landing because it was the city they had met and the city they had encountered in again but, most importantly, it was the capital and kind of neutral ground. If they married in Winterfell, southerners would not be very happy and if they married in any other place in the South, northerners would not be very happy.

The only thing they were missing was deciding by which religion they wanted to marry.

Targaryens had adhered to the faith of the seven for centuries. However, when their active political participation in Westeros’ affairs came to an end with it becoming a republic, they decided to stop going along with it. It wasn't that they didn't believe in the existence of greater forces, but they felt rituals of any kind were useless to truly understand them. After all, they were still dragons and dragons bowed to no men nor gods. So for generations now Targaryens had been brought up aware of the existence of the faiths but with no inclination towards any. However, Dany had a thing for nice ceremonies and words, so ever since she was a little girl she had taught herself everything about the Seven and she had always pictured her wedding like that, just like Rhaegar had wed with Elia.

Nevertheless, she did not mind if Jon wanted to get married by the old gods, it was a also a very nice ceremony, and it didn't feel like they were insulting them anymore. They were sincerely in love (well, she thought they were, though none had voiced it out loud. But, really, did they have to? She knew the feelings were there).

After finding a nice spot to locate the yacht, they decided to take some sun. Dany brought up the subject again. They really needed to make a choice.

“Jon, what are we going to do about the wedding ceremony? We have to decide now; our mothers are going crazy”.

“Whichever is good to me, and I'm not saying this because I don't care, I do, but if we wed by the
Old Gods or the Seven, I don’t mind. They are both fine. The only thing I care about is marrying you”.

She also only cared about marrying him, but their marriage was an important public affair and they could not succumb exclusively to their personal wishes, they had to take the country into account.

“But…”

Jon interrupted her. “We grew up in an interfaith household, Dany. My mother believes in the Seven, my father in the Old Gods so, to me, they are all important. I don't mind marrying by any of them”.

“But you care about the old gods more. You love your mother, I know, but you have never been that close to her family or to Riverrun or to the Seven. You’re a Stark at heart, I think more so than any of your siblings, so don't come to me with ‘I don't mind’”.

“Daenerys Targaryen you know me that well?”

“You'd be surprised”, she said with a little hint of seduction in her voice.

Jon smiled. “You're right. I do feel closer to the Old Gods as does the entire North, but… if this is supposed to be a wedding to unite people, marrying through the religion only the North believes in wouldn't be right, now, would it?”

He had a point. “However... if we marry through the faith of the Seven then the North will feel left out. Ugh... normal couples don't have to worry about this stuff”.

“We are not a normal couple”, Jon said yawning and putting his arms over his head. The lull of the sea was really relaxing.

“Yeah, I got that, and don't fall asleep and leave me talking to myself again, Jon”.

Dany had found out that, if Jon felt even in the least comfortable, he could drift into sleep easily and very quickly. He had left her talking alone on several occasions. She knew it wasn't on purpose, but her always energetic self found it bothersome.

He sat in order to scare sleep away. After some minutes in which he seemed to be pondering all of their options he said: “I think we should not marry through any religion”.

“What?”

“If we marry through one or the other someone will not be pleased, so let's just marry by the law. That says united Westeros, doesn't it? The people who support the Starks and the people who support the Targaryens won't be able to say anything about it”.

Dany had not thought of that, it was odd to think about not getting married through any religion, but it was actually a good idea.

She smirked. “When did you become such a diplomat?”

“Believe me, it's the least I want to be worrying about, but this marriage means so many things, Dany”.

“Targaryens and Starks, you talk about them like we were not part of them”.

“Sometimes I feel like I don't want to, and then I reprimand myself so much for it”.
“I know…” They both sighed. Gods, it was hard having to worry about so many things so that so many people could be content.

“Isn't it funny?”, said Dany.

“What is?”

“We are not politicians but we make politics. Our whole marriage is political”.

“Well, that's just how the world works when you have so much money, I guess”.

“Yeah, maybe”.

“You seem to enjoy it”.

“I don't”.

He raised his eyebrows.

“Alright a little”.

His brows did not move.

“A lot?”

He chuckled. “I know you do and I don’t think there is something wrong with that. It’s part of who we were raised to be and of who we are”.

Dany stayed silent. It was true, there was no point in denying it. They were not common people even if sometimes they wanted to feel like they were. It would take a lot more for Jon to admit he liked it as well, but she knew he did.

Jon continued talking. “I imagine that if you had lived in another time, you would have been a nice princess”.

“Princess? Not a queen?”

“You do have two older brothers”.

She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I suppose so. Rhaegar would have been a great king... even Viserys though he is very impulsive”. She thought about what Jon said. “And what if I didn't have any brothers?”

Jon shook his head in amusement. “Then you would have been a great queen. You have fine qualities; you care for unjust causes, you are empathic with people's sorrows and you are strong when it comes to making hard decisions”.

“You have thought about this haven't you?”

“No”.

“Oh, c’mon”. She nudged his right side with her elbow.

“Seriously no”.

“Well, I think you would have made a great king as well”.
“You mean if your family had not taken over the country”.

“Ok, a nice Warden of the North”.

He chuckled. “Nah, I would have preferred to leave that job to Robb. I would have been fine only as a warrior”.

“No siblings remember?”

He shook his head. “Too much responsibility”.

“But you wouldn’t have let your people unprotected, facing all dangers alone”.

Jon thought about it for a while. “No, I wouldn't have”, he said sternly.

“There's my answer”. She stepped down of her beach chair and snuggled with Jon in his. She loved to put her head on his chest and listen to his heartbeat while playing with the hair on it.

He kissed her head.

“So… –she began– I overheard Robb and Rhaegar speaking about our grandparents…”

She felt Jon stiffen a bit. “Oh”.

“I know it’s not, like, important, but… we have never as much as brushed the subject. You have never told me anything about that... I assume you have feelings on the matter”.

“I don’t”.

She lifted her head to give him an incredulous glance.

“I try not to think about the past. What our grandparents did has nothing to do with our parents and much less with us”.

She hid her head on his neck again. “Still...”.

“It was… a bad time for our families, a little bit more for the Starks. Uncle Brandon died, Aunt Lyanna died and shortly after my grandfather died… I can’t imagine what my father felt. Starks and the whole North basically liked to blame everything on Targaryens and they needed someone to lay all their anger on… but I know there was no murder or anything”.

“Do you know it for a fact? I have feared ever since I was a child that my family had to do with your grandfather's passing. I feel terrible about it”.

He was playing absently with Dany’s hair. “One day when I was, like, seventeen, I was enjoying some time in the woods when I encountered my mother. She likes to go hiking with Shadow. We spent the day together just talking. I don’t know how, but she ended up telling me things about that time. There was no murder, but even if your grandfather had killed mine… you would not have to feel guilty about it”.

“But–”

“No”, he said definitively.

She kissed his neck. “I was worried you could resent me for it, or your family. I know your father doesn’t have the best impression of Rhaegar and Viserys”.
“Because he doesn’t know them”, he tightened his hug. “And, listen, I could never resent you for that. Like I said, we have nothing to do with it”.

Dany nodded. She felt relieved to hear Jon say that. On other subjects… curiosity was killing her. “I have been wanting to ask… how did your uncle and aunt died? I know what the press says and the little my parents mentioned once, but…”

“I don’t know that well either. My parents don’t like to talk about it. What I know is through Uncle Benjen. Robb and I asked him one time, but he didn’t seem like wanting to remember it either. He only said they died in a car accident. They were going up north to Castle Black and, apparently, the slippery highway provoked the crash”.

“Why were they going to Castle Black and why was a public funeral not held like it’s usual?”

“I have no idea”.

Dany tried to connect the dots but couldn’t. Well, no use thinking about the past. Jon was right.

They stayed silent for a while.

“So –Dany said– no religious wedding it is. I’m sure our families won’t take it well, but even they will have to admit it’s the best choice”.

She got no answer. She moved a little to look up to him and, of course, Jon was already sleeping. Dany rolled her eyes and put her head back on his chest waiting for sleep to claim her as well.

- 

The next day, Jon was chilling with Ghost in the living room (missing Dany who had gone out with Yara and Missy) when Robb came in.

“You look like shit”, said Jon noticing his dark eyes.

“I feel like shit”, answered Robb but said nothing else.

Jon raised his eyebrows. “Because…”

Robb sighed heavily. “Because I’m shit”.

Again, nothing else. So apparently Robb didn’t feel like talking so Jon stood up and started walking out.

Robb suddenly continued talking as if he had not taken more than five minutes to formulate his words. “I have never been in love. That’s something that just doesn’t happen to me…”. He seemed to be talking more to himself, but Jon decided to stay and listen.

“That is why I thought that what I felt for Daenerys was… something, but now… fuck. Funny she was who made me realise everything”.

“Now…what? Realise what?”

“I guess… what I’m trying to say is that…” He crashed on one of the couches and put his hands over his face. “Margaery”.

At the mention of her name Jon felt like he didn't want to go on with this conversation. What if he
couldn’t keep the secret anymore? Still, he pushed. “What about her”.

“I have realised I have been taking her for granted all these years. I hooked up with other girls knowing that it didn't matter the outcome because Marge would be there anyways. Always happy to see me, always receiving me with open arms. Now I know… it’s her. It has always been her, but I was an idiot who pretended otherwise. The first person I want to call or see when something good or bad happens to me it’s her. The person I love to wake up to it’s her. The person I trust the most… it’s her. I stupidly believed that was friendship, but it’s not. I’m not sure it ever was. I’m shit, Jon! And now she is moving to Meereen! She is probably going to find a stupid essosi man and fall in love, marry him and have intercontinental babies!”

He was clearly desperate. Shit. Jon wanted nothing but to spill what he knew. Nevertheless, Dany’s voice resonated inside his head, “It is not our place to say anything”. Jon cleared his throat. “Robb, I don’t think I’m the best at giving advice but…I know for experience that keeping your feelings to yourself is no good. If you feel that way, you should tell Margaery”.

“I can’t! I don’t want to pressure her or something. She is looking forward to her life in Essos. Who am I to say anything!”

*The father of her child*, thought Jon. “I still believe you should tell her”. After that, he left the living room. Otherwise he would fuck it all up.

He decided to pressure Marge, so he texted her telling her he couldn’t hold it any longer. Fuck, that was low but the sooner the better. Surely she’d get angry or something but he knew a little pressure now would make things better later. Plus, now that Robb had expressed that what he felt for Marge was way more than friendship, he knew things couldn't go wrong… could they? Marge felt the same… right? Well that's what Dany thought and he believed in her ability to read people.

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Marge was having lunch with her brothers when her phone vibrated. She read Jon’s message and felt as if someone had punched her.

“What is it?”, said Willas. “You look concerned”.

Seven hells. When did she become this transparent? “Nothing”, she said quickly. “I… I need to go see Robb”.

Loras smirked. “Of course you do. Ditching your brothers to go with your boyfriend is something you always do”, he said pretending to be offended.

“He’s not my boy –”.

“Best friend. We know”, replied Garlan sarcastically. “The only ones who believe that it’s you and him”, he added under his teeth.

Marge avoided their comments and quickly called an Uber to take her to the Stark Mansion. After Jon’s message, she felt like it was now or never. She had had some alcohol-free wine with her brothers but somehow it felt as if that’s where the courage was coming from. She could not go on like this. Robb needed to know, even she had not yet decided what to do about it.

She cried a little on her way, the feeling of uncertainty consuming her. A baby? She had always wanted to be a mother but now that the possibility was right there, she felt she was not at all prepared for that kind of responsibility.
He found him sleeping in the living room. It was one, odd hour to be sleeping. She woke him up. No signs of Jon or Dany so that was good. Still, after his first surprise to see her there –she had not stepped a foot on the mansion since before their trip to Winterfell–, she urged him to go his room.

They sat in his couch.

“Robb…”

He mumbled a yes, still drowsy.

She took his face in her hands and looked him directly in the eyes. “Robb, wake up. What I have come to tell you is very important”.

Robb gulped and seemed to get the message. “Alright. What is it? You’ve been acting so weird lately. Is this about Meereen? I already told you I’m sorry and that I wish you the best”.

“Forget Meereen, I’m not going”.

“What?” he looked completely clueless. “But, why? You were so decided. You should definitely go; it is a great chance–”.

Margaery could not hold up any longer so she thought it was better to just let it out.

“I’m pregnant”.

Robb stopped talking abruptly. His eyes were wide.

Marge was still holding his face. He put his hands over hers and took them off him.

“What?” he said almost whispering.

Margaery had not planned on crying but she could not stop it. “I’m pregnant”, she said once more.

Robb stood up and paced the floor.

“Say something”, she said sobbing. She really didn’t know how Robb would react but she didn't expect silence.

Still, he said nothing.

“Please talk to me. I’m scared to death. That is why I was avoiding you. I’m sorry… I just needed a while to process it myself”. She knew she was rambling now, but she couldn't bear the silence so she rather filled it herself. “I was going to Meereen, everything was planned. You know it. I even bought a fucking apartment. And then, the doctor called. Do you remember that cold I had in Winterfell? Well, that is why I went to a checkup and–”.

“Stop”, Robb interrupted her. “Stop talking”. He continued pacing.

Marge could see a hundred different emotions on his face. With each moment of silence her heart beat faster. After what felt like a complete turn around the Sun, he went to sit beside her again.

“Is it mine?”, he asked, but not in an accusatory or sceptical tone, but in a hopeful one. Was he not… angry at her?
When Marge said those words he couldn’t bring himself to believe they were true. “I’m pregnant.” So many thoughts went through his mind. Firstly, utter surprise. No, this can’t be happening. My best friend cannot be pregnant. Secondly, fear. I cannot lose her! But I guess this means we won’t be as close as before. Thirdly, she was pregnant! She was fucking pregnant and he wasn’t the father!!! It would be naive to believe he was. Marge slept with other men… and he always (almost always) used a condom. Oh gods. He didn’t know why but he felt so disappointed and completely destroyed. And why was she crying? Did the guy who got her pregnant was not responding? He would punch his sorry ass and make him do something about it.

If it was his baby… how glorious would that be? Marge, the woman he just learned he loved more than anything or anyone else, pregnant with his baby. A baby he had wanted for a very long time now. Rhaegar had a six-year-old daughter, the competition was hard. Wait. There was hope. It was the only thing he was holding onto. If the baby was not his, he knew he was done. He would become a helpless workaholic, he decided. He would be the cool uncle, just that. He wanted kids so badly, but he knew he wanted them with Marge… not with anyone else. If Marge had another man in her life and she was having his baby… he would accept it and try to move on. Try.

He dared ask. “Is it mine?”

Marge wiped her tears. “Robb, I have not slept with anyone else but you in the past months”.

“So…”

She rolled her eyes. “So, yes, it is yours. I’m sure. This baby is yours”. She started crying again, only harder.

This baby is yours. More than happy was an understatement, but then he saw her crying and he felt his heart breaking. Why was she so sad? Did she not want this baby? His baby? He tried to touch her but she repelled him. It only made him sadder. “Marge?”, his voice was starting to break. “Marge why are you crying? Marge, do you… do you not want this?”

She looked at him. Her eyes puffy, her nose red. “Do you?”

Did she for one second believe he didn’t want this? He approached her not caring if she repelled him again and he hugged her strongly. “I do! Marge, this is… this is great news! –he was crying now, tears of joy– I can’t put in words what I’m feeling. I’m so happy”.

She buried her face in his neck. “You are?”

He lifted her head to look her in the eyes. “Aye, I am”, he said firmly. “But I’m not sure you are. Margaery Tyrell, do you not want this baby?” It came out a little more authoritarian than he wanted to.

She broke their hug. “I… don’t know. I’ve known I’m pregnant for some time now, but… I have no idea”.

Robb could see honest confusion in her eyes. He didn’t know her hesitation could hurt so much. “I have no doubts. I don’t care about the fucking world right now, I want this baby. If you don’t…”, he sighed. “Fuck. I want this baby!” He stood and paced again. He couldn’t understand the reasons Marge could not want it. They could be a family. The two of them and the little boy or girl that was growing inside her. He really wanted this.

Marge stood as well. “Well, I don’t know if I want it alright! I still have some weeks to decide”.

Robb could not think of that possibility. To be so close of having everything he had ever wanted
and then losing it. He wanted to yell at her; tell her she was crazy, that she could not possibly be thinking about getting rid of the baby, their baby. They might not be a couple, but that baby had not been conceived out of a mistake, a hook-up or a one-night stand. He wanted to tell her not to do it, to forbid her of doing it, but... He was not a complete asshole. He knew it was not his choice. He had no right to forbid her anything or to make her do something she didn't want to. If she decided to get an abortion, a part of him would die, he was sure, but Marge had to do what she had to.

He sighed heavily. “I can’t ask you to do something you don't want”.

“That’s it?”

“What do you mean that’s it?”

“You're not even going to try to convince me?”

“Do I have to? Fuck, Marge”. He felt defeated and, for some reason, exhausted. Like the news had sucked all of his energy. “I want that baby. I want it with all my heart. I want to be a father; I have wanted to be a father for a time now. I haven’t told you, I know. I think I was not aware of it myself, but I know it”. He snorted. “Do you know what bothered me the most when Jon came back from Freeland to be with Daenerys? That he would have children before I would. Childish? Stupid? Hells, yes, but we both know by now than I’m a big fat ass when it comes to feelings. You know what else bothers me? That fucking Rhaegar has a six-year-old girl and I have none. My father messed with my head for so many years telling me about the importance of legacy, about the honour of a family man, about not letting Targaryens take over the world, so now I can’t help but to feel that way. So, I’m ready. I’m ready to be a father”.

“So it is a duty”, she said bitterly.

“No!” He thought how to phrase his words. “Ok, I’m not going to lie to you. For a part it is because I’m a Stark. Duty, honour, honesty, responsibility. I was brought up to think that way, so yes, as a Stark I cannot look to the side and just guide myself through my wishes. I’m heir to millions of dragons and responsibilities. But that is only a tiny bit, Margaery”. He took her hands in his. “That is Robb Stark, but you know Robb, just Robb. And like Robb I’m telling you I want this baby as well. Not because of duty, but because I genuinely can picture ourselves as parents and I’d love to bring to this world something you and I created”.

She hugged him. “I’m so scared. I don’t know why but I am”. Hearing Robb's words was reassuring. She had not known what to expect when she finally told him but she was more than relieved to see he had taken it so well. Actually, he seemed to be more ok with it than her. She had so many doubts.

She could feel in her gut she also wanted the baby. Robb’s baby. Something that, not even in her wildest dreams had occurred to her except when she first met him and that had been a long time ago. But the thought of not being together was messing with her. People didn't need to be married or together to have a child, she knew that, but she still felt uncomfortable. And... did she want to be with Robb? He was a sworn ladies’ man, she did not know she could bear that. She was a jealous woman; she knew it from previous relationships. With Robb she would always have doubts.

Wait, what was she even thinking? He said he wanted the baby, he never said he wanted her.
“Jon, wake up or else we’ll roast like chicken”. They were yet again taking some sun, this time at the Targaryen Mansion. They couldn’t help it. They loved it and Jon was determined to get a tan.

He slowly opened his eyes and pulled her in for a kiss.

She giggled. “Stop it! We really have to get up. We slept for an hour under the sun. Look, I'm all red, and don't get me started with you”.

He looked down and *seven hells*. His face said it all.

Dany laughed. “It's your fault. I told you not to fall asleep”.

“But why do you look all cute and I look like a shrimp?”

She shrugged and winked.

“I hate you. I’m sure by tomorrow your skin will be a nice golden”.

“You are too much of a Northerner, my love”. She stood up and offered her hand to help him.

They entered the house to eat.

Dany was feeding Ghost from her plate.

“Don’t do that. He’ll get used to it and then you won’t be able to stop him”.

Ghost glanced at Jon and then went back to the meat Dany was giving him.

“I think he’s used to it by now. I don’t mind. He can eat what I don’t”.

Jon rolled his eyes. “You spoil him. Before you, he’d hunt birds or rabbits, played outside for most of the day. Now he’s always indoors and eating steak”.

Dany and Ghost looked at Jon with a cute face. “Fine, but if you get tired of him then you’ll deal with it. And at least feed him raw meat. I don’t think it’s good for him to get used to cooked stuff”.

Dany nodded excited. “Yes, sir”.

The three of them were so hungry nobody made a sound again. When they were having dessert, Dany finally spoke. “Remember when we were, like, 12 and Rhaegar took us diving?”

“Aye… it was a good day. One of the few he wasn’t busy and actually spent some time with us”.

“It was the first time you told me how much you loved books”.

Jon chuckled. “Did I? How do you remember all of that?”

“I remember everything that has to do with you”.

If Jon had not been all red, the blush on his cheeks would’ve shown.

“You said you wanted to have a ‘book company’. I’m sure you didn’t know what that meant”.

“I didn’t”. They both laughed.

“Now you do. When are you going back to those plans?”
He sighed. “I don’t think I’m ever going back to them”.

“What?”, her brows made evident her concern.

“I’m going to be working at Stark Corp. I was actually about to tell you. I start next week”.

“What?! And what about your job at the editing company?”

“I will quit”.

“But… that's what you like”.

“Dany… these past months I have learnt we are not people who can do what we like if it gets in the way of what we should do. I loved the dream of the editing company, but father and Robb need me”.

“No. Jon, you–”

“Relax. It’s fine. I don't mind”.

She looked at him sceptically

“Hey, I have you. That's enough for me. I love books, but no job or anything can't compare to you. And it's not like I hate the company or what I’ll do there”.

“One thing has nothing to do with the other. Jon, I don’t–”

“Dany”, he said indicating he didn’t want to talk about it anymore. “It’s fine. I want to help. Stark Corp is going through a rough patch and if I can help, I’m willing to. I actually believe is a good thing that Robb can share the burden with me. Like Rhaegar and Viserys do. It’s my family’s legacy, I would hate to see Robb and dad struggle with things I know I can solve”.

“Oh, you Starks and your sense of duty”.

“What can I say? It makes me happy to contribute with something”.

“Are you sure about that?”

He nodded. “I am”.

She got up from her chair and went to sit on his lap. She embraced him.

“Thanks for worrying about me. Means a lot”. He kissed her on the cheek.

She lifted her head looked at him worried again. “And what about your classes?”

“Oh, I’m not leaving those. I can’t, I love them too much”.

“Good. You know if you hate the job you can tell me, right? You can tell me anything”.

“I know”.

Sharing daily stuff like work problems and food issues felt so right and natural. He loved it. The feeling of familiarity and routine quickly finding a place in his heart. His life before Dany felt empty and meaningless. Who would have thought he was a stay-at-home kind of guy after all?

Ghost found his way to interrupt their moment putting his head in between Jon’s and Dany’s
stomachs. “Ghost!”, Jon complained. “I swear to you; I won’t let you in this house or any other if you continue to steal my girlfriend away!”

Chapter End Notes

I have already written next chapter but I want to ask you something. There is a part in which Robb and Jon have a bro to bro conversation and Robb apologises for what happened in the first chapters. My question is: should I upload the chapter without that part or is it ok to leave it there? I don't think it has a huge impact on the story itself, but the scene came to my mind and I wrote it. I guess, what I like about it is that it makes explicit that neither Jon nor Robb are black and white and that they are very flawed. So, you tell me in the comments :)

Would you like an update tomorrow? LOL

Also, next chapter is still very fluffy but then...

Val <3
Chapter Notes

As promised: chapter 16 :) 

A lot of family interaction.

Hope you enjoy this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dany and Jon were in Dragonstone. Viserys’ and Visenya’s wedding was tomorrow.

They had travelled days before to enjoy some time there. Dany was enchanted with Jon loving Dragonstone so much.

Their arrival there had been awesome because they had finally introduced Ghost and Drogon. When Drogon first landed his eyes on the wolf, without any distractions like at the Red Keep, she got nervous. What if he didn’t like him? Ghost being the courageous creature he was didn’t wait a second and approached Drogon rapidly. Dany thought that would upset her baby but Drogon only sniffed him and then Ghost, like he had known Drogon for forever, had gone on him and Drogon had let him. Jon and Dany breathed again and then Jon ordered Ghost to step down from Drogon, nobody wanted to push his limits. Ghost reluctantly did so and then they spent a whole day with both their beloved pets, if one could call them that.

After a nice dinner with the Targ fam, Jon went to work on some of his homework and Dany went out to hang out with Drogon a little more. She found Rhaegar on her way. He was seated on the grass, his back lying on Rhaegal while it slept peacefully.

When he saw her, he quickly smiled at her changing his body posture completely.

“You can’t fool me. Don’t think I haven’t noticed your sad face the whole day. I know you, Rhae. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing wrong”, he replied.

She sat next to him. “Then what’s going on? I don’t like to see you worried”.

“Elia’s pregnant”. He wasn’t supposed to tell anyone yet, but he could not lie to Daenerys.

The news took her by surprise. “Now everyone’s getting pregnant or what?”, she said under her teeth thinking about Marge.

“What?”

“Nothing”.

“Are you pregnant?!”, he asked.

“No! No, no, no”.
He looked at her suspiciously.

"Seriously, Rhae, no. Anyway, that’s great news! I’m so happy for you!"

"Glad you are. I don't really know if Elia and I are”.

“What do you mean?”

“Oh c’mon, D. I know you know, everyone does. It's evident Elia and I are not so happy anymore”.

Dany didn't know what to say. Rhaegar continued.

“It's so weird, you know… because it's not like I don't love her anymore, I do. I still get very excited when I see her. I would do anything for her”.

“But…”

“But I don't know. I feel she has shut me out of her life. Whenever she can, she goes back to Sunspear and she always takes Rhaenys with her. Sometimes I feel I don't know my own daughter”.

“Rhaenys loves you”.

“And I love her, but that doesn't mean I know her. I'm a terrible father”.

“You're not. That little girl’s eyes shine brightly whenever she sees you. She adores you and probably misses you terribly when she’s not with you, but she's only 6. She can't tell her mother not to take her. Have you talked to Elia?”

Rhaegar stayed silent looking guilty.

“You have to talk to her, Rhae. Ask her why she feels she cannot trust you anymore. Tell her you're worried and that you care”.

Rhaegar chuckled. “Here she is, my baby sister giving me advice while she had to endure a much worse situation. She got engaged to a man that was picked for her and I'm complaining about my family matters”.

“I'm not a baby anymore”.

“You are to me”.

“Well, even so, stop worrying about me. I have come to terms with my situation… Actually…I’m kind of totally ok with it”, she said blushing a little.

Rhaegar smiled. “See? You’re supposed to be spoiled but out of the three I think you’ve always been the bravest and most mature one… at least when it comes to people”. Rhaegar said remembering his little sister was in fact spoiled. “You don't hide your feelings; you talk”.

“Believe me, it took me a lot to get there”.

“I genuinely hope you're happy, D. I think… you and Jon make a great couple. You’re alike and you both care for each other deeply, I could tell since you were children”.

She nodded and smiled.
“By the way, how are things with him? I barely see you now. Are you staying with our neighbours?”, he asked smirking.

Dany blushed again. Indeed. She had been sleeping at the Stark mansion. A path in between was too much distance from Jon.

“Where else could I be staying?”

“You have a new flat”.

“Not ready yet”.

“So I assume that means everything's fine”.

“Perfect”.

“Great. No more crazy fits like the one you did last time we were here?”

“Oh, no. Sorry about that. I made you and Vis, and Jon, pass a bad time”.

He embraced her. Dany thanked life for having such a great family, they were crazy but they loved each other.

Rhaegar told Dany the new baby was a boy and that his name would be Aegon. He and Elia would announce the pregnancy next week so that the news didn’t steal any attention from Vis’ wedding. Dany was so excited. She couldn’t wait to be an aunt for the second time, actually, third. Robb’s and Marge’s baby would also be her nephew/niece, she thought cheerfully.

Vis found them. “Having a meeting without me? I’m offended”.

When they were younger, Rhaegar had established a weekly sibling meeting where they would discuss any issue they had or just talk about them. After Dany moved to Pentos, the meeting had been done via Skype until little by little they stopped. She felt it was time to revive that tradition.

He made them move to sit in between them. When Dany complained, Viserys said: “I’m the middle child, it’s my rightful place to sit in between you”. Dany rolled her eyes.

“How are you feeling?”, she asked him.

Vis sighed. “Nervous, but good nervous”.

Rhae messed with his hair.

“Stop it!”

“Can’t believe my little brother is getting married! I thought this day would never come”.

“Oh please”.

They stayed silent enjoying to be there together. Rhaegal’s breathing made their bodies go up and down. Vis held one of Dany’s hands and one of Rhaegar’s. “Can you believe in less than five months the three of us will be married?”

Rhaegar sighed heavily. “Tell me about it. Time surely flies. Only yesterday D was learning how to walk and you were learning how to ride a tricycle”.

Dany and Rhaegar rested their heads on each of Viserys’ shoulders. He kissed them both on their heads. “Thanks for being the best siblings ever”.

Dany sobbed.

“D!!!!”, the brothers complained.

She chuckled in between tears. “Sorry!”

The three of them laughed and stayed a while more in the same position remembering their childhood in Dragonstone and predicting what their futures would be like.

The next day, the castle’s employees and Rhaella were busy finishing the last details for the event. Viserys and Visenya, like Jon and Dany, had decided to marry only by the law. They’d hold only a little ceremony by the beach, but still her mother was worriedly walking from place to place giving orders and making sure everything was perfect.

The guests were all staying at the castle and little by little started making their way to the beach. Among the few of them, there were of course all Targaryens, and all Starks, just like Ned had promised. Some Martells were also present along with Margaery because, yes well, Dany had become very attached to her and she was sure she would eventually be family. The atmosphere was a little tense though, Marge had told her Robb knew about the pregnancy already and now they were awkward in each other’s presence. Also, the pregnancy was a still a secret to the rest of the world so she was still worried about many things.

For some reason Gendry Baratheon was there as well… apparently he was friends with Dany’s cousins and they had invited him. Jon did not like he looked to be so close to Arya. Dany told him he was overreacting. After all, he was one of his best friends, but Jon had replied that that was exactly why he didn't like the proximity to his little sister. Gendry was known for sleeping around, models and actresses especially… and he was almost 10 years older.

Poor Sansa was all alone, she felt so out of her element and, to her chagrin, one of Visenya’s friends had not been able to attend the wedding and she had asked Sansa to replace her as a bridesmaid. Cate had told her she could say no, but Sansa thought that would be very rude and accepted—even if her prince charming was marrying another girl that was not her. The red dress all bridesmaids had to wear made her hair look even redder, making her stand out from the other girls. Dany’s mission still consisted on finding someone for her.

Dany was also a bridesmaid and she tried cheering the girl up. She didn’t know why but, she felt she would love to get closer to her, to be a sister to her. Arya was outgoing and extroverted, always confident in herself, but Sansa had a hard time making friends and opening to people, even her siblings had sometimes trouble approaching her. Maybe that’s what made her such a great writer. Sansa had allowed Dany to read one of the stories she was hoping to publish one day and Dany had loved it. She was really talented. Jon thought so as well and he was a severe critic. Dany had to take a selfie with her in twining dresses. #futuresis♡

Little Rhaenys arrived to the beach with the help of Uncle Oberyn. She looked so cute with a dress like the bridesmaids but fitted for her. When she found Dany and Jon with her violet eyes, she smiled and ran towards them. Well, ran towards Jon and totally ignored Daenerys. She felt betrayed. “Uncle Jon!”, she yelled joyfully.

“Baby girl!”, he answered receiving her in his arms.

Dany’s mouth opened in awe. Baby girl? Since when were they so close? And why didn’t Rhaenys
say anything about being called that? Every time Dany called her that she would retort saying she was no longer a baby.

Rhaenys hugged Jon and then gave him a kiss on the cheek. “I missed you! Mama says you’re busy and that’s why you can’t come visit me often. Is that true? Can I come visit you then? I know your house is the big one next to mine”.

Dany’s surprise did not cease. She cleared her throat to be noticed. “Hello, Rhaenys. Not even a little kiss for auntie?”

The girl looked at her and smiled. She extended her arms to her and Jon passed the girl to Dany. She hugged her and kissed her cheek. “I missed you too, auntie”.

“Do you love Uncle Jon more? So little love for me”, she said pouting.

Rhaenys blushed.

“You do!!!”

The girl giggled and Jon took her back in his arms. “Of course she does, I’m awesome”.

Dany rolled her eyes.

“I’m sorry for not visiting you”, Jon said to Rhaenys. I promise I will next week when we are back home”.

“And will you help me with my homework?”

“Of course”.

Rhaenys hugged him again.

Dany looked at Jon. “I hate you”, she said with her lips so that Rhaenys could not hear.

He winked at her and a huge smirk appeared on his face.

The ceremony was about to start so Jon and Dany moved to their places. Jon put Rhaenys back in the ground while Elia repeated the instructions she had to follow along two other Targaryen children that were in flower duties for when Visenya walked down the aisle.

The ceremony was lovely. Vis and little Vis –how people called her to distinct her form Viserys– looked completely in love and happy. Watching his brother like that filled her heart with joy. He deserved the best. The sunset was the perfect scenery along with the dragons flying over them.

When it was over everyone stood up to congratulate them and the correspondent pictures were taken. Shortly after, everybody went inside the castle for the cocktail.

Rhaegar was in charge of the speech. “My little brother –he said addressing the guests– used to be so naughty when we were children, I had to go after him scolding him and picking up the mess he made around the castle”.

Vis smiled and shrugged. “Sorry not sorry”. Everybody laughed.

Rhae was such a good speaker, the whole room was in tears when he finished, even Viserys which was a shock to everybody.
“Vis, I wish you the best now and always. You are starting a new chapter in your life and I’m
honoured to be a part of it. I’m so proud of what you have accomplished, I’m sure you’ll be a great
husband and eventually a great father. I love you so very much you don’t have an idea. Know that
I’m always going to be here for you. We may have our differences from time to time, but nothing
can make me love you less. Congratulations, brother”.

Vis stood up and hugged him. Dany couldn’t help herself and she went to hug the other two most
important men in her life, making Visenya join them as well. Everybody was clapping.

“To the bride and groom”, said Dany holding her glass of dornish.

“To the bride and groom”, everybody said.

Looking at the table cloths, cutlery, and decorations, Dany said to her now married brother: “You
couldn’t be cheesier, Vis”. They were all engraved with two intertwined ‘V’ letters.

“And I’m supposed to be the hopeless romantic”, Jon interrupted making reference to what Viserys
had told him when he tried to look for Dany in the Targaryen mansion.

“Oh shut it, wolf”, he said smiling and the two embraced.

“Congratulations, dragon”, Jon replied.

Viserys look at him incredulously. “Now we’re not there yet”.

“Oh I think we are. After looking at your baby pictures, I feel I know you enough”. Jon smirked.
One of Dany’s wedding presents was a lovely video with pictures of Viserys and Visenya that
would be shown at the cocktail, but she was so lazy she had asked Jon for help. Jon now held
possession of a lot of pictures that could be used against Viserys.

“Jon!”, she chastised him. That was supposed to be a secret!

Viserys turned to look at Daenerys. “You traitor. Are you even my sister?”

Dany couldn’t believe Jon had exposed her. She gave Viserys and apologetic smile and ran for her
life finding a safe place next to Rhaegar. She told him what happened and he laughed cheerfully.

All the girls were at the centre of the dance floor waiting for Visenya to throw her bouquet. “You
are not going?”, Jon asked Dany.

“Why would I?”, she said partly distracted trying to find a nice place to see all the action.

“Who knows? Maybe you’re the next one”.

She turned to him. “Very funny”.

He gave her a peck.

Visenya finally threw it and guess who caught it? None other than Margaery Tyrell. Funny thing,
she had not even stood up to place herself next to the other girls. She was seated in her table.
Visenya had thrown the bouquet so strongly it landed on her lap. Everyone burst into laughter, and
Jon and Dany couldn’t help but to laugh as well. When her face went Targaryen red
acknowledging what just happened everybody laughed even harder. Jon turned to look to Robb and
he was not laughing. He was red as well and with wide eyes. He saw how their father was smiling
while patting Robb in the back. Robb found his eyes and Jon showed him his thumbs up. *Oh, if only everyone knew.*

“Thank the gods I didn't have to go through that”, said Dany still laughing.

Jon hugged her from behind. “You’re terrible”.

Daenerys escaped his embrace and went to Margaery. His phone vibrated. He looked at it and rolled his eyes. Another text from Ygritte. He deleted it without looking at it. He had read the first ones she sent saying something about not being able to forget him. He had replied telling her, again, he did not want anything with her. Still, she persisted.

-  
Marge could not stand a minute longer in the party. The gods were cruel. She had not stood up in purpose to avoid the stupid bouquet and it had fucking landed on her. It made her think how she wanted to be with Robb, but Robb did not feel the same way. She didn’t want to marry him only because she was pregnant. She was sure he would ask eventually, and she was sure she was going to say no. He wanted to marry Robb in love, him in love with her. Stupid as that might be for her grandmother’s expectations.

In the end, her grandmother had guessed she was pregnant during Dany's and Jon's engagement. Olenna Redwyne did not miss one detail. Her words resonated in Marge’s head. “*Romantic love is overrated, dear child. Look at all the benefits that come from marrying Ned Stark’s firstborn. Your children will inherit an empire*”. She didn’t want to marry only because of “benefits”.

Marge told so to Dany and then left the salon with the bouquet in her hand. Robb followed after. *Seven hells.*

He needed to talk to her and tell her they should marry. He had wanted to blurt it out since she said she was pregnant but de had not had the courage to do so.

“Margaery!”, he yelled behind her.

“Leave me alone, Robb”.

He caught up with her and gently grabbed her arm. “Why are you avoiding me again? I can’t bear it”.

She removed her arm.

“I said, leave me alone”.

“Marge–”

She sighed. He had to know. “I have made a decision. I’m having the baby”.

Robb felt a huge weight had been lifted off him. He couldn’t resist and hugged her.

She broke the embrace and started walking to her room. Again, Robb followed. This time she said nothing.

She entered the room and pretended he wasn’t there.

After several unsuccessful attempts to start a conversation with her, he decided it didn't matter if she felt angry or whatever, he needed to say what he needed to say. Marge was fixing her makeup
in front of a vanity. He grabbed the mascara she was holding, grabbed her hands and made her look at him.

“Listen to me”, he pleaded. “I don’t know why you are avoiding me again, but I cannot let that happen. We are going to be parents, Marge. Please”. He hoped to be transmitting the despair he was feeling.

She nodded.

He let go of her. “I have been thinking…” He made a pause. “Marge... marry me”.

“What!”, she stood up.

“Marry me”. He took her hands in his. “Marry me, Marge”, he said in a softer tone.

She disentangled their hands. “No”. She snorted. “No!”.

Robb didn’t expect such a… firm answer. His heart started beating faster. A big hole formed in his stomach.

“Why not??”

“You’re an asshole, Robb”.

“What’s so wrong about that?” He didn’t know how much Margaery’s rejections would hurt.

“Stark duty my ass. I don’t want to marry you because I’m pregnant!”

“What?”

“That’s why you asked right? I was thinking when you’d bring it up. My answer is no”.

Robb realized that, from her perspective, it probably looked that way. Fuck, he had always been good at talking but recently, talking with Marge made him question that. He had to make her see his intentions were true, and that he loved her.

“Marge, no. It’s not like that”.

She knew it. She knew Robb would ask her to marry. “No? Then how is it? Enlighten me”.

He sighed. “I… have feelings for you. Feelings that go beyond friendship”.

“No, you don’t”.

“I do! Everything that has happened recently has made me realize that. My timing is terrible, I know, but it doesn’t change the fact that… I love you”.

Her eyes widened. She was shocked. He had not just said that. Her body started shaking, but she contained herself so that Robb couldn’t notice it. “Don’t lie to me”. It hurts too much.

“I’m not lying!”

“You’re saying it to convince me to marry you, it won’t work”. How could he be so cruel?

“Seven hells, Marge, no!”

“Regardless. You are assuming I have feelings for you, are you not?”
He looked at her confused. “You… don’t?”

She stayed quiet.

“No, this isn't my imagination. Everything that we’ve been through together. Marge… I know you feel the same way I do.”

“Once a very long time ago, I had feelings for you. Not anymore”.

“Bullshit”.

“You’ve never had feelings for me, and now suddenly you do? That is bullshit”.

“I’ve had feelings for you since I met you, Margaery! But you always said you just wanted to be friends so I pushed them to the bottom of my heart and forgot about them, but they’ve always been there”.

“Stop lying!”

“I’m not!”

She sighed and brought down her tone. “Like I said, I had feelings for you too…. when we first met, but then you made it clear you wanted nothing but sex… so I forced myself to stop caring about you in that way. And it actually worked, you became my best friend”.

“Nothing but sex! That’s what you said! Day one after we had sex in the bathroom at the Grand Prix and later in the hotel room we paid for two whole nights! I said ‘maybe this is something more’, you said ‘Slow down wolf, this is nothing but sex’. And you said the same thing after months of sleeping together”.

She gave him a face. “Because you blatantly told me to be proud of being a ladies’ man!”, she was yelling again.

“I was an idiot. I only said that because you were dating that man… whatever his name was, the dornish guy. You were swooning and so happy. I was fucking jealous”.

“Six years, Robb. Six fucking years and now you care to say something”.

“The same goes to you”.

“Fuck you”.

“Fuck you too. You can be evil, Margaery. I tell you everything that happens in my life, but there’s only so much you share with me. How was I supposed to feel about that? Also, I told you about the women I saw, but you always brought the guys you dated in front of me and rubbed your happiness in my face”.

That was true. She had been so jealous… that was her way of getting back at him. “Maybe we’re not meant to be together. Apparently we’ve been hurting each other for a very long time. What kind of relationship is that?”

“No”. He said being very serious. “No, you don't believe that, and I don't either. We only acted that way because we thought the other didn’t correspond the feelings”.

“I still don't want to marry you. That I’m pregnant doesn't mean we need to be together. You are not obligated to anything with me”.
“What do you mean? Of course we should be together. We should be together regardless. The baby accelerates the process but I’d want to marry you regardless! However, a baby is coming our way, our baby so what better reason to start a life together? I know with certainty I want you in my life forever, M. Come on”. His tone was pleading.

“I don’t buy it”. Everything was too good to be true.

“Please, believe me”.

“Yesterday you liked Daenerys and today you want to marry me?”

“You know my feelings for her were not true! You knew before I knew!” He sighed and rubbed his face in frustration. “You are the only woman in this world that understands me and that knows everything about me. I can give a thousand fucks about people's opinion about me, but not yours. Your opinion is the only one I care about; can't you see? I fucking love you. You are the only woman I care about. You are the person I care about the most next to my family. No one else. It’s always been you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Since the day I met you I knew I wanted you in my life, one way or another, but I can’t keep being your friend. I want more. I want to be the only man in your life”.

She exploded. “I don’t know if I want to be with you!” Fuck, Robb was the only person in the world that could get under her skin and smash her perfect calm facade. “And I don’t know because, like you say, I’m the person who knows you best! And I know you are a shady mother fucker, Robb! There are so many examples I can tell you to prove that! The last one? Don't think for one minute I didn't notice you never told Jon and Daenerys you already knew about their engagement when you kissed her. You’re a horrible person!”

“I know! I know! ...But I’m a horrible person who wants to be with you! Who loves you…”

Marge didn’t know what to do. She wanted to believe him, but...There shouldn’t be any ‘buts’.

Gods, he was paying for all his mistakes. Marge doubted him and that was the worst thing in the world. He felt his heart breaking into pieces. A loud and painful sound pierced his ears. He was numb. At that moment, he did what he would only do for Marge. He couldn’t even control his body; it was acting by itself. He knelt.

Marge couldn’t believe what she was seeing. It was unthinkable. She felt part of her soul being crushed.

“Forgive me… please”. He didn’t care to beg. It was Marge he was trying to convince. His pride was nothing compared to that.

“Robb, stand up”. She couldn’t bear to see him doing that. It felt wrong, terribly wrong. Robb shouldn’t have to do that, ever.

“Not until you believe I love you”.

She grabbed him by the arms and pulled him up. He reluctantly stood up. She looked at him very seriously and a bit angry as well. “Don’t ever do that again. Wolves do not kneel. Robb Stark does not kneel”.

“I don’t care. I don’t care about anything. If it takes that or more, I don’t care”.

“You should. Don’t ever do it again, you understand? “ Silence fell upon the room. Robb was looking at the floor.
“I have a lot to think. Just… leave”, she finally said.

Robb was having a hard time holding his tears. His eyes were burning.

It was her room, but seeing he wouldn’t move, she walked to the door and left him there.

- The Sun was gone and a beautiful Moon reigned over Dragonstone. Jon spotted Robb wandering in the halls that led to the castle’s dormitories.

“Hello future daddy”. Wow, he was startled by Robb’s appearance.

Robb gave him a face. He was still very upset from his talk with Marge.

“What?”

“Can't believe Marge told you first”.

“You have to understand her, mate. She was panicking. She found out all alone in Meereen. She didn’t want to tell her family and she doesn’t have friends in King’s Landing”.

“It pains me to know she wasn't sure about telling me... Guess that's my fault for being such a dickhead”.

Jon dared ask. “...Has she decided yet? Are you... keeping the baby?”

“We are, thank the gods”. Robb looked destroyed.

“Then why the long face?”

Robb didn't respond.

“Dany told me... you and her are not in the best terms. Is that so?” Jon had never seen Robb like this. The spark that usually lit his eyes was not there.

“I asked her to marry me”.

“I reckon she said no”.

“She thinks I asked because she’s pregnant”.

“Which is true…”

Robb gave him another face. “I forget how much of a comforter you can be, brother”, Robb mentioned referring to Jon’s lack of empathy for many things.

Jon shrugged. “Don’t come to me for comfort and sweet words. I thought you’d know that by now”. Some other guests were going back and forth from their rooms, so Jon led Robb to a little private living room close to his room and Dany’s.

“You know your way around”, noted Robb.

Jon shrugged. He loved Dragonstone Castle, and he almost had seen all of it by now. Rhaella had been kind enough to give him a tour. She was the loveliest woman ever.

Robb proceeded. “My timing is shit. Of course the baby made me decide a lot faster, but if she
wasn’t pregnant I’d still want to marry her”.

“Did you—”

“Yes, Jon, I told her so”, he said with a harsh tone. “Sorry… I’m just so frustrated and angry…. with myself… She also said that how could I want to marry her if I had feelings for Daenerys”.

To this, Jon tensed.

“Which is totally out of the question. I have already told you so. ...Shit, I fucked everything up, didn’t I?”

“You were quite a fool, yes”. Jon, once again, did not have support words to offer his brother. He didn't like to see him go through this, but it was the first time he was facing some consequences for his reckless behaviour.

“About that, I wanted to speak with you. I need to apologise”.

“You already said everything at our engagement party. I have left that in the past”.

“I didn't say anything. Daenerys said what she wanted to say and that is fine, but you are my brother Jon, you are the person I trust and love the most next to Margaery. Well, and father and mother and Sansa and—”.

“I get it, Robb”.

“What I'm trying to say is that, you may not need to hear anything else, but I need to get it out of my chest. Please, listen to me. I don't want to be sixty years old and think I never told you how I felt. You hate feelings, I know, but I can’t bottle them up like you do”.

Jon really didn't want to have this conversation. He meant what he said about having left that in the past. Also, just like Robb had pointed out, he hated to talk about feelings. “...If it makes you feel better”.

“I'm a shitty brother”.

“You aren't”, Jon cut him.

“Gods, Jon, let me speak”.

Jon rolled his eyes and motioned with his hand to continue.

“I'm sorry for flirting with Daenerys, specially because it was never something… real. I did not like her because of who she is, it was all a whim. A stupid whim of mine”.

“I already knew that. Seriously, do you—”.

“Bear with me. I wanted her because she was something I couldn't have and one more thing that you had and I didn’t”.

Jon processed his words. “How so?”

“I was jealous. I felt left out. I’m the eldest son so I was supposed to get married before, but you were beating me at it, and you didn't even need to try. Dad just put the girl you had always loved in your hands. You thought of it as unfair but I knew you knew you loved the idea of getting married to Daenerys. I was jealous of the relationship you had with her, why couldn't I have that? Everyone
was so happy about it. Mum, Sansa, Arya. ‘Finally! Jon and Dany together!’’, and I had to continue looking from a corner and worrying about the company's problems while you were completely unaware of them and were marrying your best friend. I’m sorry, Jon. I am a terrible brother”.

Jon had never thought of it like that. He would’ve never thought Robb felt that way. Sometimes growing up he had wondered why their father had always been harder on Robb than him. Robb’s perspective was selfish, but he got where he came from.

“And that’s not it. The worst of everything is that…”, he couldn’t stop from moving his leg out of anxiety. “I already knew about your engagement to Daenerys when I kissed her back in Essos”.

“What!” Oh for all the old gods and the new!

“I’m sorry!!!”

“Shit”, Jon’s fists clenched. “I take back what I said. You are a shitty brother. You’re a complete idiot”. Jon sighed. “Fuck, Robb, really?!” He felt anger running through his veins, but he reminded himself he had already decided not to start fighting like he used to and that Dany and him were already in a good place, far away from anything Robb or whomever related. Robb wasn’t worth his wrath.

“I’m sorry. I really am. It’s all I can say. I didn't know it then but I was trying to sabotage you. I feel terrible about it. I'm not asking you to understand me, not even I understand myself… Even now I still can’t believe I acted that way out of resentment, but I need you to know how sorry I am. I’m a prick, I know it. In the end, the only affected one was me. I pushed Margaery away and I’m terrified with the idea of losing her”.

Jon sighed again controlling his impulse to physically assault Robb. “I don't know what to say, Robb. I mean, you knew about Dany and me and you kissed her… that’s fucked up. Gods, you deserve a punch in the face. Has anybody ever punched you?”

“Never. You can be the first. I know I deserve it. Everything with Margaery has made me realize I have always lived my life not caring about anything else but me. I’ve hurt people pretending to be a nice guy. I’m shit Jon, I’ve told you this already. So punch me”.

“Hells, no. I’m not going to give you the pleasure. You deserve to feel bad. It'll serve you”. Perfect Robb was not so perfect after all. Jon felt an odd pleasure being the bigger person today. He had always looked up to Robb and thought he was the perfect son. To know Robb could feel jealous of him made him realize he’s brother was also human. Flawed. Very flawed. But human. He looked at him from other perspective, and… right this moment, he pitied him. “I am a selfish person myself. I don't mind others when making decisions, I’ve hurt people as well. So as much as I hate you right now, is it weird I also understand you? We are all fucked up, Robb. You take the prize, though”.

“You don’t look angry”.

“You expect me to yell at you?”, Jon chuckled bitterly.

Jon’s lack of expression made Robb feel worse. It reminded him Jon was the mature person he had never been.

“That kiss… it was years ago and though it hurts me because you're my brother, I can't be happy about… your situation”. He really couldn’t.

They stayed silent for a while.
“You really love her, don’t you?”, Jon asked.

Robb laughed sadly. “With all my heart. Fuck, I made her go through so much. I wouldn't forgive myself. How could I ask her to? But… she’s having my baby, Jon. My baby! I want nothing else than to have a family with her”.

“Appeal to father… and to Mace. I'm sure they can reach an agreement”.

Robb looked at him not believing Jon had actually said that. “I'm not doing that”.

“Oh you would, but you know Margaery would hate you for it”.

“I want her to marry me because she wants to”.

“Yes, yes, an arranged marriage is terrible”.

Robb got the reference.

Jon smiled. “Don't worry. I'm perfectly content with my arranged marriage. Best thing in the world if you ask me”. Jon thought of Dany and his whole body filled with warmth.

“You know; Mace has always said how he loves me for his daughter”, said Robb proudly.

“How he loves your company for his daughter, you mean”.

Robb gave him a face and Jon shrugged.

Dany felt overwhelmed because of all the questions and small talk she had had to endure. Her family could be worse than paparazzi. The whole day and night they had been trying to get more info about her relationship with Jon and her life in general. She loved them but, gods, they were annoying. She needed some air.

Jon was talking to Gendry so she didn’t bother him. She took a glass of wine, went upstairs to her room and walked outside her balcony. It was still very hot even with the Sun down.

She didn't know how long she had been there, probably like half an hour. She knew she had to go back, but she really didn't want to. She felt someone approaching. She prepared herself to smile and make even more small talk to whoever it was, probably her mother.

It was Jon. He didn't say anything and only stood beside her, putting his hand over hers on the balcony. He had not been having a great time either. Four of her cousins had already flirted with him, her aunts wouldn't shut up about how handsome he was (for a Stark) and Viserys’ and Rhaegar’s friends had tried to get him drunk. Good thing northerners were excellent drinkers. Jon didn't even seem a little flustered.

They stayed there in silence until Dany suddenly felt curious.

“How many women have you been with?”

He chuckled. “Really? We’re going there?”

She shrugged. “Well, you are going to be my husband and we are trying the normal couple thing, remember? Normal couples talk about this stuff. I just want to know and, in the meantime, while we talk about it, avoid my family”.
He didn’t look convinced. “Do we have to?”

Dany made a cute face.

“Ok, fine.” He seemed to be thinking thoroughly about the question. After some minutes he answered, “More than 10 less than 15, you?”. Dany’s eyes went wide.

“More than 5 less than 10”.

“Interesting”, they both said at the same time.

“What’s interesting about that?” asked Jon.

“Well… excuse me for misjudging you”, she said smirking. “It’s just that, you always blush if someone so much as mentions sex… I assumed you were a one-woman kind of guy. Also… the first day we had sex… you were so nervous. Your hands were literally shaking”.

Jon was silent for a moment and then let out a laugh.

“What’s so funny?”

“Well, I’m not a one-woman guy. Never been. I don’t like talking about sex, but I definitely like sex”. His eyes were penetrating hers as he said that.

Dany tried not to blush at his words but failed miserably.

“About the other thing… I was 16, of course I was nervous, it was the first time I’d ever done it. I really didn't know how to handle it, but after that, well… let’s just say everything gets better with practice”. His voice came out in a lower and gruffer tone.

Gods, Dany almost wanted him to take her right there. Almost. “Alright Mr. Casanova, then tell me what’s so interesting about me”.

Now it was Jon’s time to smirk. “I assumed you had been with many more guys than that. I’m going to remind you now that you were the one who practically begged me to have sex”.

Dany pretended to be offended. “I didn’t beg you, I only gave you a little push. You weren’t that hard to convince either”, she said raising an eyebrow.

Jon chuckled. “You were very interested in getting to know all about it, who was I to neglect you first-hand experience?”

“Yeah right, deny it all you want. I know you wanted to do it as much as I did”.

“Anyway… all boys were dying for you back then. I can only imagine all men were the same as you grew up. You have never been shy about what you like so… I thought there have been more guys, especially in Pentos. I remember how you used to talk to me for hours about how handsome essosi men were with their tanned skin and exotic looks”.

“There were some of those, but sorry to disappoint you. Seems your sex life has been better than mine”.

“I’m a firm believer of quality and not quantity. If the guys you slept with were good then…” He shrugged. “It’s better than to sleep with a hundred shitty ones”.

Dany was shocked. She couldn't believe Jon was talking so explicitly about sex. She liked it.
“Were the women you slept with good?”

He grinned but said nothing.

Dany looked at him expectantly.

“You’re dying to know, aren’t you? What about the men you were with?”

“Very good”, she answered defiantly but Jon did not fall for it. He wouldn’t tell her. “You don’t have to give me specifics”.

“I know; I’m just loving to see you like that. Imagining all the possibilities. You are wondering how they looked, what their names were, did they look like you…”

“You–”, he shut her up with a kiss. He moved his lips to her neck and Dany was sure she would later have a huge red mark on it.

He whispered next to her ear. “No one, looks like you”.

A soft moan escaped her mouth.

He travelled to her other side leaving little kisses along the way. “And one day, I’ll show you I’m better than very good”.

Between the hot weather and the heat she now felt inside her... seven heavens.

Jon stopped their closeness and went back to look at the sea, leaving Dany with a wanting she had never experienced before. She felt incomplete without Jon holding her.

He nonchalantly sipped a bit of wine from the glass he had brought with him. A little smirk was on his lips.

Fuck him for teasing her. Then again, not having sex had been her decision, so she could not complain.

After taking some breaths and gaining control of her body, she was able to speak again. She wanted to tell him something. “Now that we’re talking about previous partners and encounters. I have to tell you, I had a relationship back in Pentos, pretty serious... I guess”.

-  

He turned to look at her.

“He... asked me to marry him”.

Jon wasn't expecting that. He narrowed his eyes. “And?”

“And I ended things. I wanted to end them way before he popped the question, I had no idea he was going to do it. I really cared for him, but... no. I couldn’t picture a life with him. You know I already knew I was meant to marry you back then, but not even that was a factor. I genuinely didn’t want to marry him”.

He nodded. “You didn’t have to tell me”. She really hadn't. Their past was their past, no need to bring it up.

“But I wanted to. I think we should be honest with each other. We can do that, right?”
He nodded again. Maybe this was the right time to tell her about crazy Ygritte declaring her love for him on a daily basis. Or maybe another time.

“So… as I was saying, essosi guy. Very handsome. His name was Daario”.

“Of course it was”.

“What”.

“It sounds so essosi”.

She rolled her eyes. “I knew him since high school. He had moved to Dragonstone because of his parent's job, we dated briefly and then he… kind of followed me to Pentos. We were on and off several times”.

“He did?” Jon thought that was corny and stupid. Probably like this Daario guy was.

“I have that effect on men”, she said partly joking but partly meaning it. Jon knew she was getting back at him for his previous teasing.

“You certainly do”. She did, he knew it first-hand. Yet again, he still thought following someone to another continent was ridiculous.

“Did you just mock me?” she said.

Oh, teasing Dany was so amusing. He didn't know he had that power. When they were younger he hadn't, it had always been her who teased him. Now that he had found out he could do it, he would grab any chance to do so. He grinned.

“No, no. No grinning”.

He was getting under her skin. He knew it and he was enjoying it.

“Ugh”. She rolled her eyes frustrated. “Anyways, we remained friends after. I invited him to the wedding”.

His grin disappeared. Jon didn't know if he liked that. Probably not, but he was no one to tell Dany who to invite or not. If they were friends… whatever. One nosy ex was meaningless. “Ok”.

She looked bewildered. “Are you not going to tell me not to invite him? Are you not angry…? Or something?”

“Why would I? You're telling me he's your friend. Friends invite friends to their weddings”.

“Are you not jealous?”

“You would love so”.

She opened her mouth exaggerating her surprise. “You're awful…” When he didn't say anything she continued. “Not even a little bit? Tiny tiny bit?”

Jon smiled and said no with his head.

“You take me for granted. What if I decide to elope with him? Find out I truly love him?”

He put his hands on her waist and looked directly to her violet eyes. He didn't have to say a word
she was getting the message. She was his and only his.

She raised her eyebrows. “Jon, do you even fancy me?”, she said pretending to be angry.

“What's with that question?” It was obvious wasn't it? He was crazy about her. Stupidly crazy about her.

“Answer. Do you fancy me?”, she repeated playing with his tie.

“I have fancied you since I was old enough to know what fancying meant”.

She kissed him. “Really?”

“Aye”.

“Since when exactly?”, she demanded. The conversation turning more serious.

“I can't put a date to it. I can't put a date to when I realized it either, but I know it's been a long time”.

She didn't seem to believe him. “Then why didn't you say anything?”

He had no idea. “I thought it was obvious”.

She frowned. “Not at all.”

“Seriously?”

“Well, how could I have known? You had a crush on every girl that crossed your sight”.

“I did not”.

She gave him a look.

Ok, that was true. He had had a soft spot for pretty faces. Still, Dany had not been a pretty face. Dany had been the most amazing girl in the world. She should have known. “Yes, well you weren't reassuring either. Like I said, you dreamt about foreign boys and when you came to my room *that* day, you said you wanted to have sex, never implied anything else”.

“But–”

“And then you stopped answering my mails”.

She sighed. “You’re right”. She put her arms around him and nestled her head on his chest. “I’m sorry, but know that I fancy you. A lot”.

He kissed her head. He loved the way her hair felt against his chin. Her scent, her touch.

“I wish you would've said something when we were young, I wish I would’ve said something. Maybe we would have gone to uni together, maybe we would have shared so much more time together, we would have dated...” She sighed. “Can’t do anything about that now, can we?”

“It doesn’t matter, now we’re here”.

“Now we’re here”, she agreed.

Would the outcome had been the same if he had said something when he was 14, 15, 16? It was
pointless thinking about that. Dany was right there with him and his heart felt at peace.

They stayed like that for a moment listening to the sound of the waves crashing against the rocks, the music, chattering and laughing from the wedding, each other’s breathing... Jon wanted moments like this forever.

“And now –she disentangled herself from his embrace– I’m off to dance with some very hot men. See if they fancy me”. She started walking back to the salon and he followed. “And when I’m dancing with them, I want you jealous Jon, very jealous”.

He chuckled. Could this woman be any cuter?

“Why are you laughing!!!! Gods, you’re the worst boyfriend ever”.

Chapter End Notes

So Jon and Dany <3
So Robb and Marge :/
So everybody!
Hope you enjoyed this chapter. :)

Tomorrow I'm off to the beach (yes! summer is here!) so I don't know when I'll upload next chapter. The football world cup has also kept me from writing as much as I'd want to given it is my favourite sport lol but I promise I'm working on it (not just next chapter but the next ones as well. I hope you will really like them).

Your comments encourage me! And of course feel free to put some pressure on me ha!

Much love!

Val <3
Daenerys was playing with Ghost in the back garden. Jon had to write an essay for his Medieval Literature class so she had Ghost all for herself. She couldn’t believe how much she loved the ball of fur and, according to Jon, Ghost loved her more than she could imagine. Her Instagram was starting to have a few too many pictures of the wolf but, could anyone blame her? Ghost was adorable and so instaperfect. On the other hand, Drogon was very hard to photograph.

After a while of playing with him, she got tired and sat down at one of the garden tables, him laying by her feet. A staff member brought her some fruit and lemonade. As usual, it was a hot day in the capital. Margaery appeared just then with Grey Wind by her side.

“Have you been here this whole time?”, she said as a greeting “I thought I was the only one”.

“Jon’s in his room and I’ve been here for the past… many days. Why am I not seeing you in this house as often as I used to?”

Marge sat next to her and Ghost stood up to play with Grey Wind. “You know why”. After their talk in Dragonstone, Marge had not spoken with Robb. She needed to figure out her feelings towards him. She had one thing clear: she loved him, but… was love enough? She had to admit she missed him badly, and she didn’t want for him to miss any progress on her pregnancy. She needed him by her side.

“Can’t say I understand”, Daenerys said shaking her head.

“Gods, D, thanks for the support. I never judged you when you were all hysterical about Jon”.

“Ouch. Sorry, you’re right. I guess spending so much time with Jon has got to me”, she chuckled. “How are you feeling?”

“Overall… fine, but some mornings are tough. You don’t want to know what morning sickness feels like”.
“And Robb?” Daenerys had noticed he was working more than usual and his usual perky self was now sombre and gloomy.

Margaery shrugged while picking a strawberry. “He’s alright. I’m the one who can’t make up my mind”.

“Why not? What’s holding you back?”, Daenerys asked sincerely.

“I guess the same thing that was holding you back from opening to Jon. Fear”.

“Fear of what? You’ve been next to Robb for years, you know him better than anyone”.

“Exactly”.

Dany made a face expressing she didn’t understand.

“I can’t explain it. I just don’t want to open my heart so that he can crush it later”.

The wolves returned to them, each sitting next to their respective girl. Dany looked at them and laughed.

“What?”, asked Marge.

“You do realize Grey Wind follows you everywhere”.

“Yeah… so?”

“He adores you”.

Grey Wind rested his head on Marge’s lap and she petted him. “I’m not getting it”.

“So, basically, wolves are only nice to people they know their masters are attached to. I don’t know if it’s true, that’s what Arya says, but it happened with me and Ghost. He knew before Jon and I that we could work. I think Grey Wind knows you and Robb work, he always has by the looks of it. You said he became close to you since Robb first introduced him to you”.

“He did”. Grey Wind was Robb’s wolf but it was also kind of hers. He was her baby, and he would always be her baby, even when he was bigger than her.

“You know, the first time I encountered him, he growled at me. Teeth and all, very scary”.

“He did? But he’s so-”

“Lovable? Gentle? Yes, with you. Like Ghost is with me”.

“And do you believe that? What Arya says?”, Marge said sceptically.

“I do”. Dany grabbed Ghost’s head and squished it. The wolf licked her nose. Dany put her forehead on his. “I do”.

Margaery sighed. “I want to be with Robb so badly… but I feel like everything is too good to be true. What if he eventually decides he prefers his bachelor life?”

“Hey, you are the one who knows him. Do you really believe he’d do that? He seems to be having a bad time and, for what Jon has told me, the man loves you. He is completely sure about wanting a life with you… I think you should give him a chance and marry him already. Claim him as your
man. Tell all those girls who want him that you own him. Excuse me for saying this… he’s kind of a tosser, but… he’s your tosser”.

Marge chuckled. “You always make me laugh”. Daenerys had a point. As much as Robb was a horrible person, she couldn’t help but to love him. All of him, virtues and flaws, and it’s not like she was all goody goody, she herself had her own amount of flaws but Robb had always told her she was perfect as she was.

“Hells, Marge! You are carrying Stark Corp’s future CEO in your belly!”

“How do you know if it’s a boy?”

“Does it matter? Can’t a girl be the CEO?”

“You’re right. Sorry. I don’t know why I said that”.

“After my mother, Cate and Elia you’d be, like, the most powerful woman in Westeros”.

“Oh please, and what about you?”

“Uh, uh”, Daenerys shook her head and one of her index fingers from right to left.

Marge laughed and then exhaled heavily. The picture of Robb kneeling asking her to believe him invaded her mind and a shiver went down her spine. She never wanted to see Robb as miserable as that day. “I think you’re right. It’s time to claim my man”. Who would have thought that, out of all people, it would be Daenerys who’d advise her to go for it, for her feelings, for the man she was sure she loved and wanted nothing but to spend the rest of her life with. As per usual, talking to her had a soothing effect.

Marge (and Grey Wind) stood up and went to Robb’s room. She knew he’d arrived soon. He only worked half a day on Saturdays.

She was laying on his bed (the same bed she had shared with him several times) flipping the pages of a book without much interest when the door opened. Robb was shocked to see her there. She had cut him out of her life for days after all.

“Margaery. I… didn’t expect you here”. Grey Wing approached him. “Hey boy, what’s mama doing here?” Robb had always thought Marge was like Grey Wind’s mother. She had met him shortly after Ned had found the pups so she had seen him grow just like he had.

Her presence reminded Robb how much he had missed her. Her absence was making him feel like he was losing himself. He couldn’t find anything which truly made him happy or even distracted him. Before the baby and before things got weird with Daenerys and Jon, she and he had shared everything. A part of him was missing without her.

Gods, to see her there on his bed… that was something he wanted forever. He couldn’t bear to live a life without her in it. He hoped with time things could go back to normal. They were having a child together, he wanted nothing more than to be able to be around her without awkwardness. He wanted his best friend back.

“I want to talk”, she answered.

His eyes shone with hope. “Sure, but first, I want to tell you something as well”. He sat next to her. “I told Jon that I kissed Daenerys knowing of their engagement. I'm not saying this to make me look better in your eyes. If there is someone I can't lie to and pretend to be someone I’m not is you,
but you were right, I needed to talk to my brother and be upfront with him”.

Marge smiled. “I’m glad. How did he take it?” She never thought Robb would tell Jon. Robb was as stubborn and proud as one could get. She was genuinely happy to hear he had. Their sibling relationship was one of the most beautiful ones she had ever witnessed. Also, like he pointed out, it did not change her mind about him. She still thought he was shady, he could fool the world but not her.

“Of course he was angry but, honestly, his relationship with Daenerys is so good now, I don’t think he cared that much”.

Marge gave him another smile. Her mind was somewhere else, really. Discussing that or anything could wait. They both stayed silent.

Robb continued talking not being able to cope with the silence; he was very anxious. “He’s happy to be an uncle before a father”. He really didn’t know what else to say, he just didn’t want the conversation to end. He feared that in a moment of silence Margaery could change her mind of being there with him and leave again.

Marge started getting closer and closer to him. What was happening? What did her presence in his room mean? Why did she look so… her? Like she used to before everything happened. Was she not angry anymore? Robb hoped with all his heart she wasn’t. Suddenly, he was a young boy trembling at a woman’s presence all over again.

“He’ll be a nice uncle”. Marge’s voice was lower. Her hands went to his cheeks. “Daenerys reminded me today I may be carrying a future CEO”.

Robb was flustered. The proximity was killing him. “You are”.

She kissed him. The moment she did, she knew she had made the right choice. She wanted everything with him and no fears of hers would interfere with that. He was her best friend and she trusted him with her heart.

Their kiss was slow and very sensual. Robb was loving it but he didn’t know what to make of it. After some minutes, Marge broke it.

“Not that I’m upset, not upset at all actually–”, he began saying.

She kissed him again.

He needed to know so he broke the kiss. “What… did those mean?”, Robb asked cautiously referring to the kisses. He was screaming in the inside but he didn’t want to get too excited.

Marge smirked and kissed him again. “Whatever you want”, she said against his lips.

He now couldn’t stop the feeling of hope that filled his entire body. Robb made her stop and looked at her both perplexed and in awe. “Whatever?”

She nodded.

“Marry me?”. It was the only thing he could think about.

She laughed. “Yes”.

Robb couldn’t believe it. “Yes?!!!”
“That’s what I wanted to talk about. If you’re in, I’m in. I… realized I can’t live without you, and we’re having a baby”. She became serious. “I want you by my side. I’m… trusting you, Robb”.

Robb exhaled and laughed. “This… this is great!”, he kissed her. “Oh for the gods! Yes! Yes!”, she hugged Marge. “Thank you, thank you, thank you”. A tea of joy rolled down his cheek.He couldn’t explain with words the joy he felt.

She grabbed him by the tie. “You better not do something stupid and ruin this, Robb Stark, or I’ll kill you”.

He said no with his head. “I promise. I love you ”. He’d cherish this opportunity. He’d do his best. He would never allow for Marge to doubt him ever again.

“I…”, she blushed. “I love you too. Always have”. Saying it out loud made Marge feel relieved, happy, excited… so many things. It felt right. “But…You hurt me, Robb, and I’ve hurt you as well. We need to work together. Things are not that simple, I’m still weary of you and a bit angry. To be honest I’m not even sure of what I’m angry about, but I feel upset. So–”

“Margaery”. He looked at her with firmness. “I know. I know we need to work together, to talk about our feelings, but you can be sure I’m here, for good. I love you and you shutting me out of your life made me realize I had taken you for granted. I never will again. You are my best friend and you will be my wife and mother of my children. That is something more important to me than my own life. You understand?”

Margaery’s beat went faster at the mention of “wife” and “mother of my children”. She was going to be Robb’s wife and mother of his children. She nodded.

“Whatever we have to sort out we’ll do it together”. He kissed her and brought her to sit on his lap. He placed a hand on her belly. “How are you?” He couldn’t control the smile on his face.

“We’re good. Everything’s going as it has to”. She couldn’t wait for the moment they could go to have an ultrasound.

He kissed her forehead. “Let’s tell everybody. I can’t wait to see their faces”.

She chuckled. “Grandma knows”.

Robb widened his eyes.

“I didn’t tell her. She guessed. Don’t worry, she’s more than pleased”.

Robb felt a huge relief. Olenna’s opinion was really important to him. “My mother will be thrilled”. Catelyn had wanted to be a grandmother for a long time.

“I hope so”. Margaery was very nervous about the Starks’ reaction. She knew they liked her overall, but she didn’t know what Catelyn or Ned could think about getting pregnant before she was married to Robb. They had always claim to be just friends . Her thoughts went to her own family. Gods, her brothers would tease her endlessly.

“Oh I know so”. Robb was not worried about his family’s reaction. They would all be pleased, and if the Starks were happy, there was no way the Tyrells would be any less, especially if Olenna approved.

Margaery did not want to think about any of that now. “Well… Let’s tell them later, right now I don’t want to talk anymore”. She gave Robb one of those faces that killed him. He had never been
able to resist her.

She pushed him so that she was on top of him while unbuttoning his shirt.

Robb’s hands went down to her thighs and lifted up her dress. Their movements were slow and gentle, taking in each other’s scent, remembering each other’s bodies. They had slept together only a couple of months ago, but they felt it had been a couple of years.

Grey Wind exited the room. Watching mama and papa do stuff was no fun.

Daenerys was turning 25. She reflected on how much her life had changed in only a few months. All for the better, thank the gods. Time with Jon surely had gone by in a blink. She adored him. She had never had a real relationship, at least she had never felt she had, and having it with Jon was simply… she didn’t have a word to describe it. He was the cutest, smartest, handsomest man in the world. She loved to go out to the streets and show off their love at every moment possible.

People were obsessed with them (except for the occasional hate comment here and there). Jon still hated the attention but was learning to let go a bit. Still no social media, though, much to Dany’s chagrin. She’d love to tag him in all of the pictures they’d taken together.

She looked at her laptop’s screensaver. It was a picture from their engagement party, the two of them looking into each other’s eyes while dancing. She sighed in contentment.

Too bad he was spending more and more time at the company. They had not seen much of each other the past week and today, he wouldn’t be able to be with her until four.

Ghost went up her bed to snuggle. Yes, he now spent more nights with her than Jon. She hugged him effusively.

Her phone rang indicating a new message from the group chat with Missy and Yara.

_Yara: HBD, D!!!!! I wish I could be there with you! You know I love you with all my heart and soul. You are one amazing friend and I’m honoured to be part of your life. I send you tons of kisses and hugs annndd see you this weekend to party!_

_Missy: Oh yes, it going to be wiiillld!! LOL Well, now that you’re engaged maybe not so wild. I love you!!! Happy bday to the loveliest of platinum blondes!!!_

_Dany: Thank you guys! I miss you!_

_Missy: Grey says happy birthday as well. <3_

_Dany: *smirking emoji* Grey, Grey, Grey. Are u sure I’m the one getting married? U two are 15 year olds!!!!_

_Yara: Stop talking about your love bliss in front of me! Single, remember?_

_Missy: Enough with the teasing, Daenerys Targaryen. You are ten times worse than me! :P_

_Dany: Yara, it’s time to look for someone for you! Tell me, blonde, ginger, tall, hot bod??_

_Yara: no thanks! LOL Too busy for that._

_Missy: Oh c’mon!_
Yara: Anyway, love u guys. Have to go now. Theon’s here and we have to go to some tedious affairs with dad. Love youuuuu and see ya soon!!!

Missy: Bye, sweetie! D, I’m sure Jon’s somewhere around so I’ll leave you to him. Love you both!

Dany: Love you more! Jon is working though, but I’ll see him in a bit. Can’t wait for you to come to KL again. See you on Saturday!

Wow. She was the luckiest with those two as friends.

Her phone kept buzzing with tons of messages on all her social media and texts from Jon’s family and friends. Then, a text from Jon came (finally).

Jon: Hey gorgeous, happy birthday. Can’t wait to see you.

Jon was a man of few words. Dany had got used to his very short texts. She knew he meant them with all his heart.

She was about to reply when she got a call. Jon’s name appeared on the screen. She answered with a grin on her face. “You know you just texted me, right?”

“So?”

“So nothing. Why are you calling me?”

“To tell you happy birthday. A text can’t compare to a phone call. Still, I wanted to text you”.

“That’s the cheesiest you’ve been with me in… forever”.

“Enjoy it. Not gonna happen often”.

“Why?”, she said making a funny voice while pouting.

“I can picture your puppy eyes in my mind. They are not convincing me”.

“Ugh. I know. I’ll take what I can”.

He chuckled. “Happy birthday, Dany. After so many years, you don’t know how happy I am to spend your birthday with you”.

She blushed as if he was in the room with her.

“You don’t know how happy I am to spend my birthday with you. Last time I was turning 15!”

“You were so cute then”.

“Meaning I’m not anymore?”

“You’re cuter”.

Dany heard Ned’s voice through the phone.

“Guess you have to go”.

“Aye… Robb and Dad say happy birthday”.

“Tell them thank you. See you at four”.
“See you, love”. He hung up.

Ah… to be in love. She giggled. Talking to Jon sometimes made her feel like a teenager.

Rhaegar and Vis took her to a celebratory breakfast. Rhae showed them Elia’s ultrasound and the siblings rejoiced looking at the Targaryen family’s upcoming member.

Vis gave Dany a photo album as a present. Dany’s heart almost stopped when she saw it. Vis had printed old photos of her and Jon and put them together. Well, Visenya had, but he was the photographer of many of them. “Vis! Oh for the gods! This is lovely! Thank you!”

“Tell that wolf he owes me big time. I don’t plan on using his baby pictures against him”.

Dany and Rhaegar chuckled.

Rhaegar didn’t get Dany anything. “I’m giving you a nephew, what else do you want from me?”

Dany rolled her eyes. “Yes, that is very nice, Rhae. Not that you planned it, but thank you”, she said joking.

He took out a card. “Here, this is from Rhaenys. She wanted to give it you herself but she’s at school and she didn’t want to give it to you later”.

Dany melted when she saw Rhaenys’ childish handwriting. Happy birthday aunty. I love you very much. “Aww, this is wonderful”.

“She spent hours colouring it”. Rhaenys had drawn Dany next to Drogon with a huge cake.

Dany remembered then. “Hey, what about her egg?” She couldn’t wait to see another dragon hatch. It was a magical thing.

Vis stopped drinking his coffee. “Oh yeah, what about it, Rhae? I had forgotten about that”.

“Still nothing. Which is good, I think. I’m not ready for a dragon in the mansion right now, and to see Rhaenys heartbroken when it reaches the size when we have to send it to Dragonstone. She sleeps with it, imagine how much she will cry”.

“Oh, my poor baby. Well, you have to prepare her. Tell her that one day it will hatch but that it will live in the castle along the others”.

“I’ve told her so, but she thinks I only say it to make her behave”.

“And that is why I’m terrified of being a father. Visenya can’t wait to have children but I’m not sure…”

Rhaegar palmed Visery’s back. “Welcome to the real world”.

Rhaella and Aerys called just then to congratulate their baby girl. Everything was fine with them and all their dragons were ok. Dany couldn’t be happier.

After saying goodbye to her brothers who had a busy day, Dany went back to the mansion to change. She would meet Jon at her favourite restaurant in the afternoon. She fed Ghost (she loved to do that though Jon was still not happy about it) and then started picking what she would wear.

At three, Barristan was all prepared to take her. “Looking good, little miss”.
“Thank you, Barristan”.

“Happy birthday”, he got close and hugged her.

“I hope there’s not too much traffic, I would hate to be late”, she said when they were in the SUV. The restaurant was outside the city by a very nice hill were a new touristic neighbourhood was flourishing.

“Let’s hope not, but don’t worry. The little wolf called earlier, he said he’s running a bit late”.

“What? Why did he call you and not me?”

Barristan shrugged.

Suspicious. Very suspicious.

They arrived at the restaurant and it was… empty. The lights were off. Oh no… Jon couldn’t have possibly--. The lights went on and she felt a pair of arms surround her waist. “Happy birthday”, a voice said in her ear.

Dany opened her eyes in awe. The restaurant was all decorated with Happy Birthday signs, blue roses –the ones Jon liked so much because they reminded him of home– and lilac orchids –Dany’s favourites–. There were no tables except for one.

Jon kissed her cheek.

“Jon…”, she was speechless.

“I hope you can’t say a word because of how much you love it”.

She turned around. “Thank you! It’s beautiful!”.

“Glad it pleases you”, he said proudly.

She raised an eyebrow. “Let me guess, Barristan gave you the idea”.

He laughed wholeheartedly. “Guess I know why you’d think that, but no. This time is all me. You can have romantic Jon for one day”.

“Come here and kiss me”.

He happily obliged.

They sat on the table and a waiter approached to serve them wine. Of course, Dany’s favourite. Everything in the room was Dany’s favourite. She couldn’t believe Jon had actually gone to the extent of renting the whole place for themselves. When he wanted to be romantic, he damn could.

“I have another present for you”.

A high pitched squeal left Dany’s lips. She was so excited.

Jon laughed amused by her reaction. Another waiter brought a nice gift box with a huge bow. “Did you buy me a puppy? I don’t think Ghost would like that”.

“Of course not. I would never buy you a living creature. We have enough with a nosy wolf and a jealous dragon”.
Dany chuckled. She opened the box and “Oh gods!! Oh gods!! Jon!!!! Oh this is amazing!!!!” When Dany was a little girl, her father had gifted her a stuffed dragon, but one day while she was fighting with her brothers, Rhaegal had burnt it. Dany had cried so much and she had been angry for months after that. In the box was a stuffed dragon like the one she had lost, only this one was black and red like Drogon.

“I know you miss him every day, and I know it’s not the same as having him here… but I hope you like it”.

She stood up and hugged Jon with all her strength. “You are the best!!! Thank you! It’s perfect!!!” Jon truly had nailed it with that present.

She went back to her seat.

They enjoyed their meal laughing and talking. Dany told Jon Vis had gifted her an album with their pictures that she couldn’t wait to show him and that everything was almost ready for their wedding. Elia had already finished her dress and she hoped he would like it.

“I like you. You could wear a sack and I wouldn’t care; you’d still be the most beautiful woman to me”, he replied.

She blushed. Jon had that effect on her.

They later went to the Stark Mansion and about nine o’clock dined with Robb and Marge, and Ned and Cate who were visiting.

Margaery had officially moved to the mansion, and she and Robb would marry very soon in Winterfell. Everybody was ecstatic and Dany was sure Margaery glowed. That thing people said about women being beautiful while pregnant, true.

Just like she had imagined, Cate and Ned had loved the idea of Robb marrying Marge and the Tyrells loved the idea of Marge becoming a member of the Stark family. The pregnancy announcement had been lovely with Marge preparing a little gathering for it. They had sold their wedding exclusive to a magazine and donated the money for Dany’s new case on human trafficking in Yunkai which she was totally grateful for. Just like with her own engagement and upcoming wedding, the press was crazy about Robb and Marge.

To add to all the joy, they had surprised her and Jon asking them to be their best man and maid of honour and they had gladly accepted.

It had been one of Dany’s best birthdays in many years. She had everything she had ever wanted. A family who loved her, great friends, a job she liked and the man of her dreams next to her.

The next day Jon was working at the company on some acquisition issues. Ned entered his office. “Son, how is that going?”

“Almost done, I actually don’t think we have to acquire that pentoshi factory, father”.

“But it would be a nice addition. We’d stop exporting to the region, we could produce the part right there”.

A lot more of work related things were said until his father abruptly changed the subject.
“Jon, that ginger girlfriend of yours has stopped by Winterfell a few times. Why?”

What? Girlfriend? He was pretty sure his girlfriend had not stopped by Winterfell. Dany slept almost every night at the Stark Mansion. Wait. Ginger? Fuck. Jon huffed. Ygritte had become a pain in the ass. She still called and texted frequently. Jon was seriously thinking about changing his number. “I had no idea and she was not my girl—”

“Ginger what?” A voice asked from behind him.

He turned in its direction baffled. Dany was standing at the door with Ghost by her side. Where did they come from?! “Dany, what are you doing here?”, she never visited the company. Never.

Ned didn’t flinch one bit and continued talking as if Daenerys was not there. “Your mother told me so. She doesn’t seem to like her. I don't know why and I don't care. I think I have taught you better as to leave things unresolved, but I'm frankly not interested in knowing anything from this girlfriend situation. Fix it”.

Taught you better? Jon had ended things with Ygritte! But he couldn’t control her moves. Ugh. And really? Was his father dumb or what? Why would he use that word? Girlfriend. He said girlfriend. Which she was not, obviously. His girlfriend slash fiancée was standing right there with them looking otherworldly as always.

“Jon”, Dany said under her teeth with a voice that made evident her anger.

“Dany, don’t get angry. We dated before I returned to Westeros”, he said looking at both of them. “Things ended when I moved back, but apparently she thinks differently. Please don’t get angry”. Fuck. He hated Dany had got to know about Ygritte like this. His bad.

Ned stood up. “I’ll leave you two alone”, he walked to the door and said to Dany: “Child, don’t be angry. I’m sure that young lady means nothing. And you, my beautiful daughter, look gorgeous today”. He kissed her forehead and left.

Dany was wearing a nice floral dress and her hair was braided. How could she look this good all the time? She closed the door behind her and locked it. Ghost made himself comfortable in the office.

“Jon Stark”.

Uh uh. He was in trouble. “You haven’t answered my question”.

“Really? You are going to avoid the ginger girlfriend situation we have here?”

“I am not. Just curious, you never come here”.

“Well what do you know? Today I woke up wanting to surprise my boyfriend showing up at his workplace to invite him to have lunch with me, but turns out he ended up surprising me”.

“That’s nice. We can leave now actually”.

“Jon…”

He sighed. “She’s no one. I had no idea she had been bothering my mother showing up at Winterfell. She can’t seem to get over me, but how is that my fault? Her texts are annoying though”. Shit. He realized what he said.
“What? She texts you? Great, Jon, what else do I not know?” She crossed her arms.

He got close and tried to kiss her.

“Don’t touch me”.

“Dany~”

“Don’t call me that”.

“You can’t get angry at this”.

“And why not?”

“Because it’s meaningless. Like I said, I can’t control what she does”.

“But you can control what you do and you could have said something. I told you about Daario”.

“Which is totally different. He’s your friend and you invited him to our wedding. Ygritte is not my friend and I have not had contact with her in a long time”.

“Except for the texts she sends you”.

“And voicemails”, he added knowing that would anger her more but, what good could hiding it do?

Dany opened her eyes and mouth in shock. “Argh, you prick”.

He stayed silent.

“Ygritte huh? That’s her name”.

He put his hands on her shoulders.

“I’m sorry”.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I… don’t know. At first because we were not in the best terms so I didn’t want to add something else, and then… I don’t know”.

“I thought you trusted me, Jon”.

“I do! Gods, I do”.

“I thought I could trust you”.

“You can!!”

“Really? That is why I get to know about this girlfriend of yours through a conversation with your father?”

“The only girlfriend I have is you. Ygritte… I actually don’t think she ever was. We were never exclusive and I never asked her to be my girlfriend or anything, but you’re right… I have no excuse”.

“How many?”
“How many what”

“How many women did you leave heartbroken? How many women are calling you and leaving you messages?” Funny, she had teased him about getting jealous and she was now the jealous one.

“None! Well Ygritte that’s it”.

“I want to kill you right now”.

“Don’t?”, he said sheepishly.

“I thought we were talking, Jon. I’ve told you everything about me, everything”.

Jon looked at his feet. Dany expected so much of him and he had ruined it. His stupid inability to communicate things had got him, once again, in trouble. “Please forgive me”.

“Does she know you’re getting married? Or did you hide that from her and that’s why she is still looking for you?!”

“No! How can you think that! Of course she knows”. He embraced her.

Dany continued speaking with her head on his chest. “I’m angry. A hug won’t make that go away”.

“I know but I still want to hug you. I’m an idiot, I know. I don't know why I didn't tell you. I guess, I wanted to avoid conflict but here we are, fighting. I don’t want you to be angry at me”.

“Well I am. Ugh and your timing, Jon, the worst. My birthday. I had to know there is a woman out there who has a thing for you on my birthday”.

He looked confused. “Your birthday was yesterday”.

“The whole week is my birthday, Jon”.

He couldn’t help a laugh.

“Don’t laugh. You are not allowed to”.

“Do you still want to go grab lunch? It was very romantic of you to come here to take me out for lunch”.

“Truthfully, no, but you won’t let me go and you will still take me so why waste my time trying to convince you.”

He smiled shyly. Ghost was standing up. Jon looked at him. “Oh no. You stay”.

Dany looked at Jon. “At least he doesn’t keep secrets from me”.

Jon rolled his eyes.

Saturday came by. Missy had prepared a birthday pool party for Dany. The pool at the Stark mansion was bigger so everybody was there.

“Are you still mad?”, Jon asked Daenerys.

She cringed at the word. Targaryens were sensitive about it.

“Oh, I didn’t… sorry”.
“Yes, a little, but… it’s my birthday party. I’ll forget about it for today. Plus, tomorrow I have to travel to Yunkai, remember? For my project”. Jon hated that. He didn’t want to spend time separated from her. He had got used to having her around almost every day all day, but he knew it was part of her internship.

“Aye, I do”. He hugged her. “You look gorgeous”.

“I always do”.

“Wow, that attitude”.

“Do I not?”

“Yes, you do. Always”. He kissed her.

“Ugh, I hate you. Your stupid pretty face and sexy accent gets in the way of my anger”, she said.

“Do they?”, he said with a grin.

“Now, don't overdo it”.

“I'll take what I can, if you like it when I speak, I can speak all day and night”.

“Jon Snow talking non-stop?! Who would've thought?”

“Oh you know me better than that. Plus, for you... anything”.

Dany blushed.

Jon thought he looked her cutest when she blushed, and him being the reason for said blushing was a definite turn on. He really wanted to have sex with her. He wondered how long would she want to wait. He needed her like yesterday.

- 

Rhaegar had bought her her favourite chocolate cake and all of her friends and some family were there. There were games, nice drinks, great talks… Dany was really enjoying the day although sometimes she would look at Jon and remember their… little disagreement.

Margaery took her out from her thoughts. “Hey, D, what’s wrong? You’ve been kind of distracted the whole day. Are you not enjoying your party? I must say Missy did a great job. I wanted to help her but I have been so busy with the wedding and all…”

“Oh, nothing. Just thinking about some work, that’s all. And don't worry about anything, you do your things, you’re getting married soon!” The wedding had been prepared as fast as Catelyn and Alerie had managed because Margaery didn’t want to be showing in her wedding dress. In that regard she was lucky. She was such a slim woman, her belly was barely noticeable, though the doctors said it was really probable next month it would grow very fast.

Marge smiled. “I’m so happy!”

Dany laughed. Every time someone mentioned her wedding or Robb, Marge would get all bubbly and talk for hours.

Rhaenys approached auntie with a lolly in her mouth. Dany picked her up in her arms. “Look at you!”, she laughed. “You’re a mess, baby!”. Rhaenys had been eating sweets the whole day so her
whole face and bathing suit were dirty. “Hey Rhaenys, remember my friend Margaery?”

The girl nodded. “You’re very pretty”, she said and caressed Marge’s cheek with her sticky hand”.

“Oh, you’re the sweetest! You are very pretty as well! How old are you?”, said Marge.

Rhaenys indicated six with her hands. Margaery loved how cute the little girl looked.

Jon approached and, of course, the girl preferred her uncle’s arms. Jon took her and put her next to her other cousins. A dance competition was about to begin.

Dany turned to Marge. “Do you know if it’s a boy or a girl?”

“No. We want it to be a surprise, though Robb is pretty sure it’s a girl”.

Dany nodded. “He told me once he’s dying to have a girl. What do you want?”

“Whatever is fine, but Robb is so excited about a girl I hope it turns out that way. I couldn’t help myself and I have shopped for so many dresses and bows. I didn’t want to get excited on the idea because maybe it’s a boy, but Robb’s excitement is contagious”.

Dany was about to reply when she suddenly saw a redheaded woman looking a bit lost enter the pool area. Dany froze.

Marge followed her gaze and asked: “Who’s that?”

“I have no idea”. A voice in her head told her she did.

Sam and Gendry, who had just arrived at the party as well approached her. They both delivered their gifts and yelled: “Happy birthday!”

Indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts?

If you comment chapter 18 is just around the corner lol. What do you think can happen next? I really enjoyed writing it.

Thank you so much for your constant support. Have a good week!!!!
The Journal

Chapter Notes

So… when I said I enjoyed writing this chapter it wasn't because of fluffiness lol Hope you still enjoy.

Thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After thanking Gendry and Sam. Dany moved fast to where Jon was. The dancing contest was ending and Rhaenys along with one of her friends had won. Jon was holding her while placing a tiara on her head. Everyone was clapping and having a good time watching the little Targs dance in the cutest ways.

“Jon”.

“What?”

Daenerys just moved her head pointing in the woman’s direction. The woman was approaching. She looked so out of place. Her pale skin colour contrasted with KL radiant sun and her clothes looked to be heavy and fury, so not for this weather.

Jon gulped and whispered “Ygritte”.

She knew it. It had to be her. Dany felt rage taking over her, at the same time, she didn’t want to cause a scene at her own party and she would not give the pleasure to this woman of seeing her affected.

The woman yelled and waved. “Jon!” She arrived to where they were standing. Some people were discretely but not so discretely looking at them.

“What are you doing here?”, Jon said with a harsh voice. After his first shock, he was all composed now.

“Wow, not even a ‘Hi, Ygritte, how are you?’”

Dany noticed her accent, so different from any westerosi one.

“Answer my question”.

Rhaenys turned to look at Jon not understanding why suddenly her favourite uncle was so serious.

Ygritte shrugged. “I texted you like a hundred times. I’m moving here!!! I’m going to be an intern at Tarly Bank”. She seemed to be proud of that.

She what?!

Ygritte continued nonchalant as if she had not just entered a house and a party without invitation. “Who’s this beauty?”, she asked looking at the girl in Jon’s arms.
Rhaenys hid her head in Jon’s neck avoiding Ygritte’s hand that was aiming for her cheek.

“I meant, what are you doing here, in this house. Who let you in?”, Jon was pissed. Robb was close by and could hear everything. At Jon’s question he sent a staff member to check the doors. “If you sneaked in, Ygritte, I swear—”

“What?”, she shrugged. “I’m not here to rob you or anything, I just… you’re the only person I know in this city and… you have not answered my calls”.

“Which had to be a clear hint that you and I have nothing to talk about”, he said annoyed.

Dany had been standing there the whole time but Ygritte had completely ignored her. She was doing a massive effort not grab her and throw her in the pool. “This is a private party”, she said. “Trespassing is punishable”.

Ygritte turned to look at her for the first time. The smile she was giving Jon disappeared. “Daenerys”, she said plainly.

“Glad you know who I am, now, I’m going to ask you to leave”.


“Yes, just… getting acquainted with Jon’s friend. She just got here from Freeland”, answered Dany.

Rhaegar looked at them strangely, but left.

“This is not your house, you can’t say that”, stated Ygritte.

Dany was out of her mind.

Jon held her. “Dany…”.

She knew. She knew she could not start yelling but seven bloody hells. She took Jon’s arms off her and walked as quickly as she could inside the house, otherwise she’d do something she’d later regret. Jon followed her.

She heard him tell Robb to deal with Ygritte. “Get her out of here”.

“What?”, exclaimed Robb.

Jon only gave him a look and Robb nodded.

Ygritte was yelling. “Wait, Jon!”

Dany went to the second floor and entered Jon’s room.

“Daenerys”.

She took a pillow and threw it at Jon. “What!”

“Calm the fuck down!”

“No! I get to know about this… Ygritte girl because I happened to listen to a conversation with your father, not because you told me, and now she’s here. She’s here at your house miles and miles away! What the fuck, Jon!”


“I had no idea! What do you want me to do?!!”

“Ahh!!!”, she was so frustrated. “I don’t know!” She had just found out about her boyfriend’s ex and now said ex was here. At her bloody birthday party. She sighed trying to calm down.

Jon approached her. “Dany”. He took her hands in his.

“I’m furious, know that. But I also know I’m overreacting. It’s not your fault, I know, but… ugh… it’s a lot”.

He nodded. “Do you want to be alone?” She had calmed down but Jon knew she was only controlling herself.

“Yes”.

- 

He nodded and went down. It was no use talking to her right now. They would talk later. What’s a relationship without some fighting once in a while?, he thought trying to console himself, but failing miserably. He had not told Daenerys about Ygritte and that was his fault.

He saw Ygritte was still in the house. “Why is she still here?”, he told Robb.

“She says she’s not going until you talk to her. What did you want me to do? Push her out by force? Call security?!”

“Well, she got in without them noticing. What the fuck”. It seemed Ygritte managed to get in everywhere unnoticed. She had done it in Winterfell and now here. They paid thousands of dragons a month for security, how come she could always find her way. Well, she knows systems and has a brilliant mind, Jon answered himself. So annoying.

“I’m already looking at that, but she’s not like a threat or something so just deal with her”.

Jon was exasperated. A nice day had been ruined. “Dany is so angry”.

Robb connected the dots. “You didn’t tell her, did you? She didn’t know about Ygritte. Hells, Jon. You told me about her, but not Daenerys?”

“I know, alright? I fucked up”.

Ygritte approached and Robb left.

“Ygritte, this is Daenerys’ birthday party”, he stated firmly.

“I didn’t know, Jon”, she replied honestly but a bit aggressively as well. “How could I know? I just wanted to see you”.

“Well I don’t. I made that clear last time we talked”.

“You said we could be friends”.

“Aye, but you said you didn’t want to, and sending texts, leaving voicemails and calling every day doesn’t scream friendship to me”.

“But Jon, I don’t know anyone here. Just you”.

“Oh please. You’re not a little girl, Ygritte, you can look after yourself. You said you will be an intern at Tarly Bank, Samwell Tarly is one of my best friends, I know how their internships work. They offer accommodation and a great deal of other services for their interns. It’s not like you don’t have where to sleep. Don’t try to play poor girl on me and go live your life”.

Dany decided that, although she was furious, it was pointless to stay inside like a little girl. It was her party after all. She didn’t want anyone to think she could not handle the fact that her fiancé’s ex was here, so, she went down.

Jon was talking to her. The sight hurt but she knew he was probably only trying to make her leave. He looked angry as well.

Missy, Yara, Sansa, Arya and Margaery surrounded her.

“She was rude all the time; she’s awful. I never liked her”, said Sansa.

“Me neither. I was home when she came once”, said Arya. “Mum told her she was not welcomed, that Jon had nothing to do with her anymore, but she still wanted to see him. She was escorted outside by one of the guards”.

“But why is she here? Like, in the city?”, asked Yara.

“She’ll be an intern at Tarly Bank”, answered Daenerys.

Everybody opened their eyes in surprise. “I’m going to kill Samwell”, said Margaery.

“I’m pretty sure he has nothing to do with it”, said Sansa pointing out the obvious. Sam had little to do with his family business, always focused on his medicine career, plus it was not like the Tarly family itself was in charge of choosing interns.

“I know, but he is Jon’s friend and the closest person here whom I can murder for having a link to the institution who hired crazy ginger ex-girlfriend”.

Dany laughed a bit, but she felt terrible. The girls continued talking about the persona non grata that had crashed the party.

It wasn’t so much that Ygritte was there –it was not Jon’s fault his ex-girlfriend still had a thing for him– but that he had not told her anything about it. She had told him about Daario and other guys she dated, why hadn’t he said anything then? She had told him everything and he… hadn’t.

She felt jealousy take over her. She had never been a jealous woman, but Jon woke up emotions and reactions in her she didn’t know she was capable of. To think of Jon with someone else… she sighed. Karma was a bitch after all, she thought remembering Jon had had to see how Robb flirted with her during the first days they met again.

“And why did you ever go to Winterfell? You know I don't live there”.

“But maybe you would visit”.

“Nonsense”. Jon was beyond frustrated, Ygritte continued speaking in circles. He was tempted to just call security and throw her out, but, at the same time, he thought that was an awful thing to do.
As much as Ygritte was infuriating, she didn’t deserve that. Surely his mother had already made her feel terrible the times she went to Winterfell.

“You said you had to marry her, that is was arranged. No one can feel love out of duty”.

Jon had had enough. “Ygritte”, he said with authority. “Listen. I like her, I’m in love with her, actually, and it has nothing to do with the fact that my parents agreed for me to marry her. I’ve been in love with her since… a very long time ago. I never told you about Daenerys because she was something I never talked about, but she is my best friend”.

“What, what do you mean?”

“We grew up together”.

“You knew her before?”, she said not wanting to believe Jon’s words.

“Ever since I was a babe she was by my side. The press makes it look like our families hated each other so much, and they did, but that was before my father and hers took over the companies. After that, it was not like that anymore. We played, we shared time together. She has always been part of my life, Ygritte”.

“Even so”, she said stubbornly.

“I don’t know what you wanted to achieve by coming here. I can understand you meant no harm, but it is uncomfortable that someone I used to date comes to my fiancé’s party. So please, leave. About being friends, I don’t want to. I did before, but really, Ygritte, now I don’t. I don’t want to see you again”.

“But Jon—”

“Leave. I wish you the best in your internship and always”. Ygritte was about to speak again but he cut her. “If you don’t I’m calling security. I’ve said it enough times”.

Ygritte reluctantly left and the party continued for some more hours as if nothing had happened. Everyone made it their mission to omit the intrusion and, in fact, Daenerys had handled it so well, some guests had not even noticed Ygritte’s presence at all.

Jon could see Dany was trying to enjoy herself as much as she could, but he knew Ygritte had kind of ruined her birthday party. He gave Dany a peck when everyone was distracted. “I’m sorry”.

She nodded but said nothing. She pecked him again and went away to join Elia and Visenya who were preparing yet another game for the party.

After the guests left, Dany stayed talking and drinking with Missy, Yara and the rest of the girls. She told him she just needed space and that they would talk later. Jon understood, but it bothered him that tomorrow she was going to Yunkai so that meant when Dany said “talk later” she probably meant after she returned.

He went to bed with Ghost trailing after him.

The next morning, he woke up and, to his surprise, Dany was sleeping next to him. He was sure she would go to her house.

He kissed her gently.
She opened her eyes; they looked tired.

“Hey”, he said. “I thought you’d go home”.

She yawned. “I planned to, but we stayed up until dawn and I was too tired and drunk to walk back. What time is it?”

Jon looked at his phone. “Eight”.

“Ugh. Fuck no, I’m not getting up yet”.

He kissed her head. “Go back to sleep. Your flight it’s at five, right? You have plenty of time”.

She barely was able to nod when she was asleep again.

A while later they ate together but everything was awkward, neither of them wanting to break the relative peace they were currently in.

Jon went to the Targaryen mansion with her so that she could pick up her things and later drove her to the airport.

They talked but not of what needed to be said. As Jon had figured, she would most likely avoid the topic until she came back. Still, he brought it up.

“Are we really not going to talk before you go?”

“We are on our way to the airport, if I had wanted to talk about it I would have brought it up earlier. Just let me go, Jon. Let my Targaryen blood cool a bit”.

“You can’t always use your family’s supposedly proneness to have a bad temper to avoid talking about something”.

“Really, Jon? You are giving an attitude right now? It was not my ex who suddenly appeared at your birthday party”.

He stayed silent. He was also getting angry and nothing good would come of it.

She laughed bitterly. “Not a one-woman guy, huh?”, she said referencing one of their previous talks. “Why is she so attached to you if you were dating other women at the same time?”

He turned to look at her grimly and then went back to look at the road. “What are you implying?”

“Nothing”.

He turned to her again.

“Nothing”, she reaffirmed. “It’s actually a genuine question. If a man told me he didn’t want a committed relationship and I still wanted to date him, I would know what I would be getting myself into. Not that that ever happened to me”.

They stayed silent again but the guilt of not telling Dany about Ygritte made him start to ramble. “I was not a one-woman guy, now I am. Hells, Daenerys, don’t ever doubt that. I’m crazy about you. I never thought I could feel so much for someone but I do, for you. No woman is a match for you. I’m getting married to the most beautiful woman in the world, how could I ever look at other women. But it goes beyond that, I like you because of the person you are. You are one amazing human being. Also, I’m a Stark. I go up front, never hide. If I ever went crazy enough to dare think
about liking another woman, I would tell you. Cheating to me is one of the most dreadful actions. Before you I never had an exclusive relationship because I didn’t want one. With you… even if you were not meant to be my wife, I know the minute I would have laid my eyes on you, that would have been it. You have always had that power over me”.

“Jon, what are you talking about? I’m not saying you cheated on me or that you will”. She had never thought of Jon cheating, not once in her life. It took her by surprise that he had randomly brought up the topic. It only added to the stupid jealousy she was already feeling and she didn’t like it. “It’s just that it hurts me that you didn’t tell me about the existence of a woman who clearly is not over you, that’s it. I’m jealous so I’m ranting about it. Can’t you see? And now you go and talk about cheating? Ugh”.

“I know you didn’t say I cheated, but I wanted to make sure you knew”.

“I don’t think it’s comforting, I mean, yes and no… I don't know”.

Jon hated his inability to properly transmit his feelings. Anyway, he had not said anything wrong, just they were both not at their best.

They arrived at the airport and Jon stopped the car in the private area that belonged to the Targaryens. The plane was already on, the crew waiting for her. They stepped out and said their goodbyes, all the time a little tension lingered.

“I’ll let you know when I’m in Yunkai”, she said. She grabbed her phone from her purse. “Oh”, she remembered and took something out. “I wanted to show it to you since this morning but completely forgot”.

It was the photo album that Viserys and Visenya had gifted her.

“You know I would never cheat on you either. You know that, right?”

Jon nodded. At least they were not angry or fighting anymore.

She embraced him and kissed him. She went up the stairs to the plane.

Jon looked at the album in his hands. He opened it and… oh. The first picture of the album made his heart shrink. He and Dany were only babies, he guessed she was eight months old and he a little over a year. It looked like their mothers were enjoying a picnic with their children at the Targaryen Mansion’s back garden. They were sat on a cloth on the grass. His mum was holding Robb and Rhaella was holding Viserys. Rhaegar was standing on his little feet next to Rhaella and he and Dany were sat in front of them covered in what looked like strawberry jam. The caption read. Our first picture together.

The plane took off and Jon stayed there looking at it until it was no longer visible.

He thought again about what had happened. Why hadn’t he said anything about Ygritte? He just felt it was unnecessary drama, but now he knew it had been a stupid thing to do. It infuriated him that he had let such a petty thing anger Daenerys when it could have been something so little. Ygritte wasn’t worth her wrath but, of course, keeping it from her had hurt her. Bravo, Jon.

He went home and continued looking at the album. He passed the pages marvelling at each of the pictures. The last one was of their engagement party and the last page had an empty space. The caption beneath made him smile. Finally! Happy ever after, followed by the date in which their wedding would take place. There was a post-it with what he guessed was Viserys handwriting. Insert wedding picture here. A nice one, preferably. If you ask nicely, maybe, I could take it.
He wished he could fast forward these days to his wedding, all troubles aside. He couldn’t wait to call Dany his wife.

At night, Dany texted him saying she had arrived well. He had expected a call but he guessed it was better to just go with it and let her do whatever she wanted.

Sansa and Arya told him they would head back to Winterfell in the morning to help Margaery sort out the last details for the wedding. Jon, having finished everything he had to do at uni and the company decided to go with them. Dany was not in KL so why stay alone. He could use some time with his family.

He arrived with his sisters and was utterly content to see Bran and Rickon were there to welcome them. They were usually busy with violin lessons or whatever extra classes their mother thought were right for them. The siblings –except for Robb– spent the whole day together. Jon had not felt so close to his family in a long time, especially to Rickon. Their age difference had made it difficult for him and Robb to actually spend quality time with their youngest sibling. Jon could tell Rickon looked up to them and he didn’t want to disappoint his little brother. Bran had always been more in his own world, but it was clear Rickon wanted to spend all the time he could with Jon and Robb.

So the next day, he took the boy along with their wolves for a morning walk in the woods. Later in the afternoon, they went downtown to grab a burger. Jon discovered Rickon was not the baby he remembered, he was an intelligent child full of questions.

"Where is Daenerys?", the boy asked him out of the blue while enjoying his strawberry soda. “I thought she would come with you”, he added a little frustrated.

Jon smiled. Rickon liked Daenerys very much. “She had to travel to Yunkai for a project she’s working on”.

Rickon nodded sadly.

“Why?”, Jon asked curiously.

“She told me she would take me with her to Essos because I told her I wanted to see the robot exhibit in Astapor. Oh, it’s amazing, Jon! And she told she would take me!”

Jon’s heart melted at his brother’s complaint. Although, that was new information to him. He’d ask Dany later. Rickon was clearly thrilled and disappointed at the same time.

“She’s in Essos right now and she didn’t take me”, the boy continued. Rickon craved to see the world outside the North. He had busy parents and an overall busy family. Jon felt bad.

“I’m sure she will take you another time. This time it was not possible, Rick, she had to work. She’s helping people”.

“She promised”, he whined. Rickon had grown up a lot, Jon thought, but he was still a little boy who wanted attention.

“She will take you. Daenerys keeps her promises”.

“Will you come with us?”, Rickon asked excited.

“If you want me to. I must confess I feel a little jealous you asked her and not me to take you”.

Rickon blushed and Jon chuckled. Jon knew Rickon had become very attached to Daenerys during
their visit to Dragonstone for Viserys’ wedding. Rickon had made it his mission to follow Daenerys everywhere she went. Catelyn had been worried her youngest was bothering her daughter-in-law but Dany, being the nicest person she always was, had replied she enjoyed the boy’s company. Rickon had a million questions for Daenerys and, of course, was beyond excited to see dragons first hand. Daenerys loved to talk about dragons so they found they could spend hours and hours talking.

“I want you to! You are fun when you are with her”.

Jon faked offense. “So I’m no fun. I’m sorry you have to spend a boring day today”.

Rickon laughed. “You are fun… but more fun with her”.

“Thanks, Rick”, Jon replied sarcastically.

“And when will Robb come?”

“Until the wedding. He has a lot to do back in King’s Landing”.

Rickon pouted. “He’s always so busy”.

Jon didn’t know what to say.

“Is he coming with Margaery? I like Margaery. She’s fun too and she always buys me something”.

Jon laughed internally at his brother’s comment. It was sweet to see that, although Rickon was so smart for a boy his age, he still didn’t quite understand what marriage meant. He had been told Daenerys was Jon’s girlfriend and that he would marry her so that she became his wife, and the same would happen with Margaery and Robb, but Rickon still called them his brothers’ “friends”. The poor boy had died out of boredom during Viserys’ and Visenya’s wedding, complaining he didn’t understand what was going on and angry that his favourite people were not paying attention to him.

“Robb is marrying Margaery, Rickon. That’s the reason there will be a wedding. It’s their wedding”.

Rickon frowned. “But we just went to one, didn’t we?”

Jon couldn’t help it anymore and laughed out loud.

He had tried to call Dany several times but she still would not pick up. It was getting annoying. Yes, he had messed up but he didn’t believe the issue with Ygritte demanded so much attention. Dany was overreacting and avoiding the problem as she always did.

“What are you doing?” he asked Sansa when he found her on his way to his room. She was taking out boxes and boxes from one of the rooms that had turned into a little storage given no one used it anymore.

“I’m searching for something”.

“Do you need help?”

“Please!!! The boxes at the top are heavy”.

Jon climbed on the chair Sansa was using to reach the top of the closet. “Why didn’t you call someone to help you?”
“I thought it wouldn’t be necessary; I thought it was in the boxes that were down”.

“What are you looking for?”

“Oh, right”, Sansa answered realizing she had not told Jon that detail. “One of aunt Lyanna’s dresses. A blue one she is wearing at a picture I found the other day. I would love to adapt it and wear it for Robb’s wedding”. Sansa as usual, was worried about wearing the perfect outfit for the occasion.

“Aunt Lyanna’s? I didn’t know we kept her things”.

“Apparently we keep everything. I’ve found stuff from uncle Brandon as well, and many other Starks”.

Jon looked at her and he knew they were thinking the same.

“Aye, a bit scary, I know”, said Sansa. Then again, all Stark things were considered valuable so maybe that is why nobody dared discard them. Still, it was creepy. “But for this particular occasion, I’m glad we do. That way I will have a beautiful dress”.

“Good for you”, said Jon.

They spent the rest of the day looking for the dress. Even Arya joined them at one point.

“It’s here, it’s here! I found it!”, exclaimed Sansa triumphantly. “I can’t believe we found it!”

Finally, Jon was starting to give up.

They turned to look at the mess they had made; neither wanting to put all the boxes back. “Maybe I will call for help now”, his sister said and went out the room to call for someone. She returned quickly. “Oh and thanks, Jon, for helping me”.

“No problem”, he replied with a smile. It was good to spend time with Sansa as well. She went out the room once more but he remained waiting for the staff to arrive. He went over some boxes again and approached one that contained books. He flipped the pages of some until he found one that was prettily decorated. The cover was made of leather and had the name “Lyanna” engraved. Was it… gold? The letters were engraved with gold! Starks could be fancy sometimes. He opened it and realized it was a journal.

“Master Jon?”, said a young man who worked at the castle.

Jon turned to him. People in Winterfell were used to call the family with that kind of appellatives but Jon had never liked them. “Wyllam, how many times have I told you just to call me Jon?” He was Master of nothing.

“Many times”.

“So?”

The man smiled. “Jon, your sister said I was needed here”.

“Aye, please put this boxes back, but call for some others to help you”.

He nodded and went away. Jon followed holding the journal. There was something about it that caught his attention.
Ghost caught up with him. They went in Jon’s room and he made himself comfortable in a couch next to the chimney. Ghost laid by his feet.

He started reading. He felt a bit like an intruder, it was his aunt’s journal after all. Maybe she intended for no one to see it. However, she was long gone so what harm could there be in reading her thoughts. Maybe he would find funny stories about his father’s young years.

He did. He read about some of Lyanna’s fights with her siblings, her crush with a staff boy when she was 14, and some thoughts she had on her father when he had grounded her for disobeying. Jon knew his aunt Lyanna had been a free spirit like Arya, at least, that was what everyone said. The journal confirmed some of the stories he had heard and he found himself smiling at some of them. A little pain came when he remembered while reading that Lyanna had passed away so young. Jon thought it would have been amazing to meet her.

<<How I hate when Brandon and Ned patronize me. I’m not a little girl anymore. Sometimes even Benjen tries to lecture me! They act as if they were all wise, but truly, what can they know that I don’t?>>

<<Father was insufferable today. He didn’t allow me to go to Alyssane’s birthday trip to Pentos. I’m fifteen! All the girls are going but me>>.

<<Ned crashed father’s motorcycle. Thank the gods nothing bad happened to him, but the thing was nearly destroyed. Father was so angry and I couldn’t help a laugh when I looked to my brother’s red face of embarrassment>>.

Jon chuckled. He quickly reached the last pages of the journal although it was quite long. He figured he had spent at least four hours reading. Ghost was gone; the beast could not stay still for a long time.

<<I met a boy. He’s so cute! Oh how I wish to spend more time with him! He was sent to Winterfell to study, he’s from White Harbor. He is just the most handsome guy I have ever met.>>

Jon smiled at his aunt’s memory.

<<I don’t want to get married! I’m only sixteen! Father says it is only an engagement but still. What kind of girl gets engaged at sixteen! Makes no sense! Father must be out of his mind if he thinks I’m going to accept this. And who will I be engaged to, you ask… A Targaryen! Father wants me to marry a Targaryen! Something about peace he said. Baelor or Daeron… I don’t even remember his name. How can he think of something like that! They are basically our enemies!>>

What? His aunt had… but that… made no sense. His father had been the first one to think of a marriage between a Stark and a Targaryen to make the peace last… had he not? The revelation made Jon shiver. His aunt had been forced to marry a Targaryen? He couldn’t believe it, but the evidence was there. He proceeded reading.

<<I’m going to run away with him. The announcement of my supposed engagement will be made in a week, but I want nothing to do with it. By the time it is made I will be far away with the man I love, truly love. He says he can and he will do anything for me. He calls me “love” and he says I’m the most beautiful girl in the world. Father cannot make me do anything against my will, let alone marry someone I don’t want to, and least of all if that someone is a Targaryen. We are going to Essos, that way father will never found us, and if he does it will be too late.>>

<<I’m afraid. Very afraid. I’m… pregnant.>>
What!!!! That is something Jon hadn’t known either, nor any of his siblings. His aunt was only sixteen when she passed… so… she must have been pregnant when it happened. The way she described everything… Jon felt a tear roll down his cheek.

<<He’s gone. He left me. He didn’t take it well when I told him I was pregnant. He said I should have been more careful. He said he can’t look after a baby. He said his too young for that, but I’m young as well, how can he say that? We went into a diner, he said he was going to the bathroom but he never came back. How could he do something like that? He said he loved me. He swore he would always be by my side. I feel my heart has been crushed, but at the same time I’m angry! How could I believe in his words!>>

Jon got angry. Who in the world was this dickhead who had abandoned his aunt?

<<I don’t know what to do! I don’t have much more money left. He took half of it with him. My money! Oh gods, give me strength. I know not having the baby is a possibility but I don’t want that. I want this baby. My baby.>>

The story got sadder and sadder. Why had his father hidden this part of his aunt’s life? Perhaps it was too painful, or perhaps he didn’t even know.

<<I don’t know where I am. It’s been days, apparently. I know it’s not Westeros. I can tell because people don’t speak the Common Tongue, but I don’t have the strength for anything.>>

Father had said aunt Lyanna died along with uncle Brandon in the highway that connects Winterfell with Castle Black, so how was it that she was still in Essos? He didn’t understand anything. The little he knew about his aunt’s and uncle’s passing did not match what Lyanna had written in her diary.

<<Some people are taking care of me. I told them I had no money but they say it’s not necessary to pay them. They say we are in Naath…. I don’t know how is it possible I’m here. As far as I know, Naath is an island so… oh, my head hurts. I don’t want to think about anything. I’m just glad to be safe. A doctor came to check on me and he said my baby is fine. That is the only thing I need to know.>>

<<The pain gets worse every day but I don’t care. As long as my baby is fine, I can endure whatever is ahead of me.>>

So she was sick… It appeared so. Because of the pregnancy? Or perhaps some other thing? Oh, poor girl. She went through so much and she was so young.

<<I sometimes think about father… if I had listened to him, none of this would have happened, but then I wouldn’t have my baby.>>

<<Ned is here. It was such a relief to see him. Cate is with him and I’m glad for that too. If I had ever had a sister, I would have loved for her to be like Cate. My brother surely is the luckiest for having a woman like her in his life and she is definitely lucky for having Ned. I was afraid he would yell at me, but he said he is only glad to have found me and to see I’m fine. He says father will be glad as well.>>

So his father knew and, according to the journal, so did his mother.

<<The doctors told me my baby is a boy. I’m having a boy! A beautiful baby boy. I hope he looks like me, like a Stark.>>

<<Jon>>
Jon reread the word a thousand times before continuing. Jon? Why was his name written in his aunt’s diary? Suddenly, he felt dizzy and afraid, of what he didn’t know but he felt really afraid. He thought it was best to put back the journal in the box it had been for years. That way everything would go on normally and this event would remain as nothing. Nevertheless, he couldn’t just stop reading there. He felt compelled to continue.

<<Jon. That is the name I want for my baby.>>

Jon let the journal fall from his hands as in reflex. Ghost came back and snuggled. Jon absently petted him before picking up the journal and continued reading.

<<I think I’m dying. The doctors have not told me so, but I hear them whisper when they think I’m asleep. If it’s true, I don’t care as long as Jon is alright.>>

The last entry was dated 2/12/92. Some days before Jon’s birthday.

<<Jon, my sweet baby boy. I know you won’t ever read this but I still want to write it. It is the only way I have to let my feelings out. I love you. I love you so much. You haven’t even been born and I already love you so much you have no idea. I can’t wait to hold you in my arms, to look into your eyes and to see your smile.

I don’t know if I will make it but if I don’t I want you to know your mamma loves you. Although you were something I didn’t expect, you have filled my life with joy. Know that you are wanted, never doubt it, but don’t worry, no matter what happens I will make sure you grow up cherished. No son of mine will live a bad life.

Oh, Jon, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I may be a little impulsive and that may have sometimes led me into doing foolish things, but you are the most wonderful gift I have ever received despite my silly dreams of love. I don’t regret anything. You are worth everything.

I’m sure your grandfather will not be happy with me because of what I’ve done, but I’m sure even he will have it in his heart to love you. Who wouldn’t? Don’t worry about him, he will love you very much. You will be his second grandson!

Speaking of which, I’m sure you will get along with your cousin Robb just fine. He is a cutie. Last time I saw him he was still a little baby but your uncle Ned tells me he is growing very fast.>>

Jon was crying by now. He refused to believe what was obvious. Uncle Ned. Cousin Robb. With every word he read his heart broke a little more. Ghost was looking at him confused and he hugged him to not fall apart.

<<Your uncle Brandon surely will love you as well, he has always had a soft spot for children. Then there’s Ned. Don’t tell anybody but Ned has always been my favourite brother. It is just so easy to talk with him, he always listens to me and gives me advice. Don’t get me wrong, I love all of my brothers but just Ned is a little more special. The thing is, Brandon is always busy and Benjen is still a little boy, well at least in my eyes, he is already thirteen. Oh Benjen, my little brother. He will utterly adore you. He will play with you!>>

Jon felt like his whole body was ripping apart. He couldn’t stop crying. The letter continued describing all of the members of the Stark family Lyanna cared about and how would everyone love baby Jon.

Jon threw the journal and continued crying.

Someone knocked on his door. “Jon! Dinner is ready”, said Arya without opening it. “Come down
now!”. He heard her steps get lost as she walked away.

Dinner? Eating was the last thing he was thinking about. Anyway, what was he supposed to do? He felt numb. He wasn’t even processing the information he had just obtained. He didn’t want to, he refused to, it hurt too much, it couldn’t be possible. Perhaps this was all a bad dream. He would wake up next to Dany and everything would be fine. His family would be the same and everything would be the same.

The journal had landed in a corner and it appeared the golden letters were shining brighter than before as if beckoning him. Abruptly, Jon stood up and went for it. He grabbed it with strength until his fingers were white. Gone was the sorrow and anger took its place. He brushed his tears away and went down with his head up. How could his parents, no, they were not his parents… even thinking it hurt. How could Eddard and Catelyn have kept this from him? He was furious. He felt betrayed, and stupid. He needed to hit something.

He arrived to the dining room. Everyone was chatting happily. The sight hurt deeply. He looked at Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon his… cousins. It felt wrong to call them that but that’s what they were. He looked at Eddard and Catelyn and his face became sombre. They… they were… He couldn’t say it. Eddard caught his eyes and Jon told him to follow him without muttering a word. Catelyn noted the interaction.

Eddard stood up and went after Jon. Jon went in a little parlour.

“Son, what is it?”

Jon cringed at that.

Catelyn joined them. “Jon, you look like you just saw a ghost. Is everything alright?”

The two people he called parents stood before him perplexed. Jon wanted to scream but at the same time he couldn’t bring words out of his mouth. His wrath was talking over his body and he knew nothing good came of that. He gave them a cold stare.

“Son?”, said Eddard once more.

Again, Jon cringed. He showed them the journal and put it on a table.

“Ned, Cate”, he said grimly. “I happened to found this. I think you misplaced it”.

Catelyn opened her eyes completely astonished. Eddard’s face was a rock. The only thing that gave away he was alive was a little line that formed on his forehead.

“Son…”, started Catelyn.

He didn’t want to hear it. He stormed out of the room walking towards the garage. He needed space and distance. Distance from this castle that was full of memories. A plane would be quicker but driving would soothe him.

“Jon! Wait!”, Catelyn yelled walking behind him.

“Son”, Eddard called after him with a voice Jon couldn’t quite place.

He turned. “Don’t call me that”.

Eddard didn’t flinch.
“Jon!” Catelyn started crying. “Please stay. It’s late, where are you going?”

Jon continued without saying a word.

“Jon!”

It hurt to see her like that. His mother, no, his… *aunt*, just like him, was someone who rarely cried. Catelyn Tully was a strong woman; fierce and determined. Jon adored her, but the pain was too much to care about that right now.

He heard Eddard speak. “Let him go”. He grabbed Catelyn and stopped her from entering the garage.

“Jon!”, she continued calling.

Jon quickly got in one of the cars and was out of the castle in seconds.

*Dany*. He wanted to see Dany. He needed to see Dany. She was the only thing that felt real right now. Seven hells. He remembered she was not in King’s Landing, she was not even in the country. She would not come back until another couple of days. *I’ll call her*. At least he could hear her voice. He realized he had left his phone at the castle and cursed under his teeth. *It’s ok, it’s ok. I can handle this*. He continued driving holding his tears.

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Dany had been terribly busy. The project in Yunkai had become bigger than she ever expected which was great, but it meant she had to work double. She and her team had spent the past days organizing everything that was needed. She had barely had time to look at her phone but when she did, she noticed Jon had called several times. She had meant to return his calls but one thing or the other prevented her from doing so… or so she told herself. Maybe she was avoiding him a little, but it was not because of the Ygritte issue *per se*; it was more the fact that she was dealing with the confrontation of having such strong feelings for Jon.

She missed him and she couldn’t wait to go back and be with him. Hearing his voice would only add to her misery, but Jon was probably worried or angry, so it was best to call him.

She looked at her clock. It was past midnight. She had just left the W.O. building and was heading to her hotel. *It’s too late, and it’s Thursday. Jon is probably sleeping. I’ll call him tomorrow*.

The next day Dany was just as busy but she made sure to call Jon. He didn’t pick up. *He’s probably out or something*. Some hours later she called again. Nothing. *That’s weird*. Around six o’clock, she called once more. Nope, nothing. Was he angry or something? *Maybe he thought I was avoiding him on purpose*.

Dany went to sleep with a weird feeling. She didn’t like that Jon was not answering her. He had texted some days before saying he would go with Arya and Sansa to Winterfell, perhaps he was having such a good time he had left his phone somewhere. Jon was one of the few people Dany knew who was not completely obsessed with having his phone next to him the whole time.

She prepared herself for her flight. She had still a lot of things to do, but they would have to wait. She would probably need to travel back and forth for the next months before the project could be put to march.

While on the plane, she tried calling Jon again. She was starting to get worried. Wasn’t she supposed to be the angry one? Why was he not answering? She thought about calling Sansa or
someone but she thought that was a bit too much. If something bad had happened she would surely already know. No, nothing bad. It was probably Jon just being insufferable and childish. Was Ygritte the reason behind this? It couldn’t be… it had to be something else, right? But what? Dany thought of the past days and weeks trying to find something she had said or done that could have upset Jon… but, aside from the Ygritte thing, nothing seemed out of normal. They had only had nice moments.

The whole flight back she was anxious. She arrived to the KL and Barristan was already waiting for her. She instructed him to leave her at the Stark Mansion. Jon had told her he would be back in the city by the time she returned. Fucking traffic. The way there seemed to take forever.

She had tried calling again but still she wasn’t able to reach him.

She finally arrived to the mansion. Ghost went out to welcome her. He seemed anxious as well. “Hello, boy”, she hugged him. “What is it? Where is papa?” They went in.

Dany looked around searching for Jon. Some music could be heard in the distance. Weird. She arrived to the main living room and found Robb and Margaery snogging passionately. They didn’t even notice she had entered.

She cleared her throat.

They abruptly stopped and turned to look at her. They went a little red.

“Hello you, lovebirds”, Dany said smirking.

“D!”, they said at the same time. “Hey”.

“You know, this house has literally more than… what, fifteen rooms? You really need to be like that in the living room?” she said half joking, half meaning it.

“Sorry”, said Marge with a little smile.

Dany smiled as well. She was happy for them. They looked in love and to be enjoying their togetherness. It was good to see everything had turned out nicely for them, but, certainly, she didn’t need to actually see them together.

“It’s fine. Just… get a room”, she chuckled. “Hey, have you seen Jon? And what’s with the music?”

“It’s him. I don’t know why he suddenly felt the need to fill the house with a concert. Margaery and I only arrived like twenty minutes ago, we made a quick trip to Highgarden. When we got here he was already in his room with the music”, answered Robb.

“Alright, I’ll go check on him. Good to see you guys”.

“Later, D”. They stood up. “We will go out for something to eat”.

“Ok, see you”.

Margaery and Robb left.

Dany went upstairs thinking everything was really suspicious. Jon wasn’t a fan of classical music but Mozart’s requiem was everything she could hear as she went closer to his room.

She found a maid on her way. “Lila, hey”.

Dany thought of the past days and weeks trying to find something she had said or done that could have upset Jon… but, aside from the Ygritte thing, nothing seemed out of normal. They had only had nice moments.
“Hello, Miss Daenerys”. She looked a bit troubled, as if she wanted to speak to her.

“Is there something you want to say to me?”

The girl nodded. “Mr. Jon has been locked up in his room for the past two days”.

Dany felt her heart shrink. What?

“He refuses to eat or to let anyone in to clean his room. The music has been going on since he arrived”.

Dany swallowed nervously. This couldn’t be good. What was going on? Why was Jon locked in his room? She tried to appear serene. “Don’t worry, surely something bothers him and he’s angry. That’s it. I’ll go check on him now. Send some food, please. The stew he loves, preferably”.

Lila nodded and went away. Daenerys was really worried now.

She knocked. “Jon? Jon, it’s me”. The music continued. “Jon! It’s me, Dany!”. Nothing. After some more attempts she realized Jon was never going to hear her. She went down to the kitchen. Some cooks were busy preparing Jon’s food.

“Lila, fetch me the house keys”.

The girl went to so do. She came back quickly and gave them to Dany indicating which one belonged to Jon’s room.

Dany went up again. She ordered Ghost not to follow her. “I’ll talk to him, don’t worry”. The wolf reluctantly obeyed. She introduced the key and opened the door. The music was so loud her ears hurt.

She wasn’t prepared to what she found.

Jon was on the floor, his back resting on the bottom of his bed. He had a glass of whiskey in one hand and cigarette on the other. Several empty bottles and cigarette boxes were scattered all over the room. He was half dressed, his beard and hair messy and greasy. His eyes were red and swollen, big dark circles under them. The room smelled of alcohol, smoke and sweat. It appeared he had not taken a bath for a long time. She felt her knees go weak and her heartbeat go faster.

“Jon”, she whispered shocked.

He looked up, but it was as if he was not seeing her but through her. Dany had not ever, not once, seen Jon like this. He looked... destroyed. She didn’t know what to think of it.

She went to him. “Jon”, she said again this time more firmly.

His eyes searched for hers and what she saw was only pain. “Dany”, he said very low, like he couldn’t believe she was there.

“Yes, my love, it’s me”. She grabbed the cigarette from his hand and drowned it in the glass of whiskey putting them away. “What is it?”’, she asked concerned. It physically hurt to see Jon like this.

“Dany”, he repeated. Without adding anything further, he hugged her. He hugged her strongly, in a way he never had.
Chapter End Notes

Bam. Did you see that coming? Ygritte who?

The feelings this gave me, seriously.
Lyanna

Chapter Notes

Thank you for waiting!!

So I know that Duncan and Daeron were King Jaehaerys’ brothers, but, for the purposes of this story, they are Aerys’ siblings, not his uncles. Minor detail, doesn’t really matter lol

Hope you like this chapter. :)

Dany let Jon cry. She was worried and confused but she didn’t say anything, Jon needed to let out whatever he was feeling. The only thing she could do was hug him and make him feel she was there. She gently kissed his temples and caressed his hair while whispering comfort words in his ear. From time to time Jon mumbled unintelligible things and she wondered what everything was about. She’d give anything to make him stop feeling that way.

Lila stood at the frame of the door. Dany gently stood up to receive the food and turn the music down. She understood Jon was using it so that nobody could hear him cry. She closed the door and proceeded to feed Jon. He didn’t want to, but he ate almost half of it and Dany felt a little relieved. Two days on alcohol and cigarettes could not be good.

After eating, Jon hugged her again and Dany continued comforting him. At one point, she managed to convince him to take a bath so she prepared everything and called him. She helped him take off his clothes.

“Stay”, Jon said, his eyes showing he didn’t want to be alone.

Daenerys nodded. “I’ll be right here”.

Jon went in the shower and Dany kept talking to assure him she was there. She told him about Yunkai and everything that she was working on, and Jon seemed to enjoy hearing her speak about ordinary things. He didn’t say a word, but Dany knew he was listening attentively.

The shower helped him get rid of the whiskey’s stupor. When she had found him he wasn’t precisely drunk (more like drunk with grief), but still. He got out and Dany took a towel to dry him, neither caring about Jon’s nudity. The moment had nothing sexual to it, only love and comfort feelings were there.

Dany brought a clean pair of pyjamas and Jon let her put it on him. They laid in bed and, once more, Jon simply hugged her. Dany knew it was no time to ask questions, Jon simply needed her to be there.

Jon cried and cried until he finally couldn’t anymore and fell asleep in her arms. Daenerys needed a bath and a change of clothes as well so, making sure he was sound asleep, she left his room. She instructed no one was allowed to disturb him until she came back and made her way to the Targaryen Mansion.

Daenerys took a quick bath, went down and asked a maid if there was someone home. “Mrs.
Targaryen is here, Miss, in her studio”.

That was weird, her mother had not told her she would come to King’s Landing. Dany went to look for her, she needed to talk to someone. “Mother”, Dany said entering the room.

“Sweetheart”, Rhaella replied startled, she was having some tea.

“Why are you here? When did you arrive?”

Rhaella was about to reply, but Dany continued speaking. “Doesn’t matter. I need to talk to you. Something really weird is going on with Jon. I came back from Yunkai and he was… sad, crying even. I had never seen him like that”.

Rhaella tensed but otherwise seemed normal. “Where is he now?”

What? That’s everything she has to say?

“Sleeping in his room. I spent the afternoon with him. He was a mess. He was rambling about the gods know what. I could barely understand him. All I could get was something about lies and liars. ‘Everything is a lie’, he said”.

“Darling…”. Daenerys saw her mother get nervous. She was doing a great job hiding it, but Dany still noticed. The whole situation just kept getting weirder and weirder. “I… the only thing you can do is be with him”.

“But–”

“Daenerys”, a voice interrupted her from behind. It was Cate. What was Cate doing there? Not only in the city but in the Targaryen Mansion? She noticed there was another cup of tea next to her mother’s so that meant they had been talking.

“Hi, Cate”, Dany greeted. Catelyn could barely look at her. “Cate, Jon is–”

“I know”, she interrupted.

Dany frowned. And do you know why?! she wanted to yell, but Catelyn was already moving towards her. She held a book in her hands.

“Rhaella, Aerys, Ned and I, no one else knows”. Dany didn’t understand a thing. Catelyn put the book in Daenerys’ hands. “No one else”, she repeated.

Dany looked at the book and realized it was actually a journal, and it had the name “Lyanna” engraved on top. Again, she frowned and glanced at Catelyn and then to her mother not understanding anything.

Rhaella spoke. “Read the last pages, you’ll understand then”.

Dany proceeded to do so. Rhaella and Catelyn left saying they would be in the living room.

<<I met a boy. He’s so cute!>>

<<I don’t want to get married! … Father wants me to marry a Targaryen!>>

Dany’s hands started trembling as she flipped the pages.

<<I’m going to run away with him.>>

<<I’m… pregnant.>>
He left me. He didn’t take it well…

A tear rolled down Daenerys’ face.

Some people are taking care of me.

Ned is here. It was such a relief to see him. Cate is with him and I’m glad for that too.

I’m having a boy!

Jon. That is the name I want for my baby.

Daenerys felt dizzy. She couldn’t breathe properly.

I think I’m dying.

…you will get along with your cousin Robb… your uncle Ned has told me he is growing very fast.

She was baffled. She didn’t know the meaning of what she had read. With every word she felt everything made less and less sense. Jon… her Jon.

Jon was… Lyanna’s son? What? No, it couldn’t be. Jon was Ned’s and Cate’s. Oh, who was she kidding? It was clear and loud. Lyanna had birthed a son and that son was Jon. It dawned on her. That is why Jon is destroyed. He just found out Ned is not his father and Cate is not his mother.

“Liars”.

Jon had been referring to them. Daenerys couldn’t even begin to understand how he felt. The whiskey made sense, but bottles and bottles of whiskey would not be enough to get his mind around that fact. She needed to go back to him. She needed to be there when he woke up.

She took the journal with her and rushed out.

Her mother yelled when she was going through the main door. “Daenerys! Wait!”

She didn’t stop. She ran as fast as she could.

Margaery and Robb were back. They were upstairs in one of the terraces. She could hear their voices, but thank the gods they didn’t see her and she went on without having contact with them. Dany didn’t believe she would have been able to do small talk and lie saying everything was ok. Then again, she was certain that, if they had seen her, she would have done it anyways. She would not reveal Jon’s secret for nothing in the world. It was his secret and his only. Whatever he decided to with it was his choice.

She opened the door and Jon was still sleeping. She approached him as quietly as she could, but he noticed her despite her efforts. Seeing him, she couldn’t hold back the tears. His eyes were sombre, as if someone had sucked the life out of them.

“I know”, Daenerys said and showed Jon the journal. His eyes went from it to her. Nothing else was said. Nothing else needed to be said. Jon knew what she was referring to.

She embraced him and he returned the embrace, both of them sobbing quietly. Dany kissed his head and he held onto her as if he was holding on to life. They fell asleep together.

The next morning Daenerys woke up and found Jon looking at her. She smiled shyly and he
caressed her cheek.

“Hello, you”, she said and kissed him.

In her abrupt exit from the Targ Mansion, Daenerys had not brought more things with her so she was still wearing her clothes from the previous day, but she didn’t mind. All she cared was the Jon was calmer… as much as he could be.

They heard some scratching. Daenerys stood up and opened the door to let Ghost in. The wolf went to Jon. “I’m sorry for worrying you, boy, everything’s alright”, Jon told him.

Daenerys could tell he was holding back tears.

Someone knocked. *Ugh, what now?*, Daenerys thought. She didn’t want anyone to bother Jon. “Yes?”, she answered.

“Excuse me, Miss”, said a voice behind the door. “Mr. Stark sent me to look for you and Mr. Jon. He says it’s important. He’s waiting for you in the living room”.

Daenerys turned to Jon to ask his opinion. He simply nodded.

“Thank you, Lila. You can tell him we’ll be down in a bit”.

“Yes, Miss”. She went away.

“Are you sure?”, Dany asked Jon.

“No, but it is useless to argue. If it is not today, then it’s tomorrow or the next day. I thought they would wait for me to go back to Winterfell but, apparently, they can’t wait for me to look for them”. Dany knew he was pissed.

“And are you sure you want me there with you? It is something–”

“I can’t do this without you”, he said plainly.

She nodded. “…I’m afraid it’s not only your parents down there”.

Jon frowned. “What do you mean?”

“You didn’t ask me how I got the journal”, she said directing her eyes to it on one of the nightstands. She realized something. “Wait, is that how you got to know?”

“Aye. I was helping Sansa look for a dress in some old boxes and there it was”. He sighed in frustration. “If only I had not looked at it”.

Maybe she and Jon would have lived their lives without the knowledge that Lyanna was his mother and everything would have been the same. It appeared he regretted founding the journal. A selfish instinct inside Daenerys wished Jon had never found it, but… wasn’t it Jon’s right to know? …She was so confused. “But you did”.

“I did”.

Silence.

“You were saying something”, he said after a moment.
“Oh, right. Well, yesterday, after you fell asleep I went to my house to change. I found my mother and yours there. I thought it was so weird. My mother had not told me she was coming to the city, and, above all, why was your mother there as well?”, Dany saw how Jon tensed at the mention of his mother. Dany regretted not minding her words. It was just so weird to no think of Cate as Jon’s mother. “Anyway, she was the one who gave me the journal and…”

“And…”, he was impatient.

“And she said Rhaella, Aerys, Ned and I. No one else knows… meaning…”

“Your parents know”, he smirked bitterly and rolled his eyes. “Of all the people in this world… they know”.

Dany sensed not only anger, but… shame? “Which makes no sense…”

“Well… let’s go down and find out”.

“Are you–”

“Yes, Daenerys, I’m sure”, he spatted.

Dany was surprised at his abruptness.

“I’m sorry… I…”

“Don’t be”. She offered him her hand and they went down.

As Daenerys had expected, her mother was in the living room next to Ned, Cate and Shadow. What surprised her was that her father was there as well. Had he travelled from Dragonstone only for this? “Mother, Father”, she greeted them.

“Darling, Jon”, Rhaella replied. Aerys simply nodded.

The atmosphere was tense.

“Ned, Cate”, Dany continued.

“Hello, child”, said Ned. “Hello, son”.

Jon gave him a dark stare.

Cate grabbed Daenerys’ hands and kissed her on the cheek. She regarded Jon with expectation, but nothing came out of his mouth.

Jon stood back not wanting to be near them. Nobody dared start the conversation.

Dany suppressed the urge to roll her eyes. Four grown up people and none could face the situation. She decided to speak first. “So… Jon and I are aware of… We are aware that Lyanna Stark didn’t die because of a car accident”. Dany thought it best to start with something connected to the big secret everybody was gathered for, but not said secret itself.

“No, she didn’t”, said Eddard in a low voice.

“Why then does everyone believe so? Why does everyone think she passed in the same accident as Brandon Stark?”, continued Dany. Eddard seemed uncomfortable to hear his sister’s and brother’s names. Well, if he thought this was going to be pleasant he shouldn’t have kept so many secrets,
Dany thought bitterly.

Jon spoke up. “Why did you come now?”

Eddard glanced at him. “I suspected you wouldn’t like for us to follow you, so we thought it was a better idea to wait until Daenerys came back to King’s Landing. We knew she would get know as well and that you would like to be with her”.

“I would have preferred to go to you”.

Eddard said nothing to that.

Jon looked around nervously.

“Robb is not here”, intervened Catelyn reading Jon’s thoughts. “Nor Margaery. It’s only us. We even sent the staff away except for Lila, but she is doing her chores in the guest house”.

Jon finally approached and sat in front of them with Dany by his side. As on cue, Shadow and Ghost left the room sensing they were not needed.

“Jon –spoke Catelyn again– let us tell you the whole story. Let us tell you why we didn’t say anything”.

Dany couldn’t help to ask. “Is it really necessary that you are here?”, she questioned Aerys and Rhaella. She didn’t see the point. Alright, they knew, so what? This was a very private part of Jon’s life.

“They are part of the story”, Catelyn intervened. “Your parents were angels to Lyanna when she needed them the most. They are aware of everything. They didn’t want to be here, but I asked them to”, she finished.

Angels? To Lyanna? “What do you mean?”, said Dany looking at Cate.

“If you let us tell you everything from the beginning…”, Aerys said frustrated. Her father was no patient man; he was probably bored already. For Catelyn to ask him to be here meant it was something important.

Daenerys nodded and after a sigh, Jon did too.

“Much to his chagrin -started Ned-, after many years, my father finally confronted the fact that the frequent conflicts between Starks and Targaryens would end up exploding in our own faces and a lot of money would be lost. The lives of many people were in danger as well. If the companies lost so did they.

So he decided that, even if he hated the idea, some agreements needed to be reached. Aerys’ father and mine were the first ones to come up with the idea of a marriage, not us. However, unlike Aerys and I, our fathers did not have any regard for each other. The whole Stark family and the whole Targaryen family hated each other deeply. Talks were made through representatives, never face to face.

The idea of a marriage was certainly not plausible in such context, but they pushed it nonetheless. It was agreed Lyanna was to marry Daeron, your father’s brother that was around the same age”.

Dany thought of her uncle Daeron. He was a good man, cheerful and funny, nothing like her father. It was hard to picture him as a young man, or married. He was a sworn bachelor.
“Lyanna was furious -continued Ned-. She, like all other Starks, hated everything that had to do with Targaryens. Thus, it was no surprise to me or anyone that she didn’t like the idea of marrying one”.

Daenerys looked at her parents.

“Daeron was resigned. You know him. He has never been very proactive”, her mother answered matter-of-factly.

“Why Lyanna?”, interrupted Jon. “Why did she have to marry anyone? Why not Brandon… or you”, he said to Eddard.

Ned continued. “By that time, I was already married to Cate and Robb was on his way. Brandon had a girlfriend whom he wanted to marry. They were engaged already. And it was very hard to keep up with him. He spent most of his time travelling and did whatever he wanted. He had a very bad relationship with your grandfather. And, of course, Benjen was only thirteen. Lyanna was only sixteen but the wedding would not take place until two years later”.

Dany cringed at the idea of getting married at 18. She would never understand why their families kept doing that.

Jon appeared to somewhat accept those as valid points for the engagement to have fallen upon Lyanna.

“Up until then, it was only Lyanna being stubborn. We thought she would eventually come around, that she would understand it was the best for everyone, but–”.

“She had a boyfriend”, completed Daenerys.

“Aye, but no one knew anything about him”, said Ned. “Not even Cate, and Lyanna considered her a sister. She told Cate everything”.

Catelyn sobbed, probably regretting not having known. If she had, maybe she could have stopped Lyanna from eloping.

“Everything happened so fast. Some months later I was very busy working at the company and because Robb have been born. Brandon was not there, busy as always travelling, and my father was obsessed with making the engagement official. Lyanna got to know and… she fled. We looked for her everywhere but we couldn’t find her. It wasn’t until Rhaella called Catelyn that we knew she was in Sothoryos”.

Dany turned to look at her mother confused.

“She was sixteen”, continued Ned. “We thought she couldn’t have gone very far, but it turned out she was in Naath of all places”.

Again, Dany looked at her mother demanding an explanation.

“Your uncle Duncan passed some years before all that”, started Rhaella.

Daenerys always forgot her father had had an older brother.

“So your father had spent more and more time with your grandfather at the company. He was working all the time and I thought he was so stressed he would get sick, so I convinced him to take a break. He barely spent time with Rhaegar, and Viserys had just been born. I wanted him to relax a
bit and get close to his children. So, your father and I decided to travel a little out of Westeros…
that’s when we found Lyanna. We were in Volantis and, after doing some sightseeing, we went to
have lunch at a nice mall. As we walked towards our car, I noticed a girl on a bench. She looked
bad, so I decided to buy some food and water for her while your father went on to put the children
in the car. I thought she was sleeping, but when I tried to wake her up I realized she was
unconscious. I also noticed she was pregnant”.

Jon held Dany’s hand strongly.

“I looked at her closely and, though I didn’t want to believe it at first, there was no way I could be
mistaken. I had seen Lyanna before on TV and magazines, never in person. Still, the resemblance
was evident. I quickly went to fetch Aerys and of course he didn’t believe me. It was not possible
Lyanna Stark was in the middle of Volantis, looking like she was homeless nonetheless. I dragged
him to the bench and he, as well, was utterly surprised.

How Lyanna arrived to Volatis on her own we have no idea. She herself didn’t. We later got to
know that, as far as she remembered, she had flown to Pentos with the boy she eloped with, and
then they had travelled together to Myr. After that, she didn’t remember anything. Anyway, that
same day we were heading to Naath. The King and Queen had offered us to stay with them for a
while and I had gladly accepted. Your father wanted to call Eddard right away, but I could see
Lyanna was sick and there was no way I was leaving her like that without me supervising she was
alright. She was only a girl, so we took her with us. We brought a doctor along so he could check
her on the ferry.

He said she had preeclampsia and that, without any care, it was a miracle she was still alive. We
arrived and, of course, the King and Queen accepted to provide whatever was needed for Lyanna.
Oh –she made a pause– they know about Jon as well, but they swore secrecy”.

Gods, thought Dany, it was as if she was hearing about a novel and not a real life story. What kind
of world did she live in with birth secrets, kings and queens and wars between families?

“After getting settled in Naath and seeing Lyanna was stable. I called Catelyn. I wanted to call
Eddard directly, but your father and I realized we didn’t have any Stark phone number with us. We
didn’t want to ask the people at the palace either, it was already suspicious two Targaryens had
showed up with a Stark girl. We wanted to keep everything as secret as possible. The only thing we
had was Catelyn’s number from her room in Winterfell; she had given it to me just after we
finished uni. You know we were friends. I hoped the phone was still the same and thank the gods it
was. She answered and I told her Lyanna was with us”.

Dany was having a hard time getting her mind around everything. “So the people she refers taking
care of her… in her journal… it was you?” she said looking at her parents in disbelief.

“No”, answered Rhaella. “She never knew Aerys and I were there; she was probably referring to
the people in the palace. We thought she wouldn’t be too conformable knowing it had been
Targaryens who found her on the street; we knew Lyanna was a proud woman. We didn’t want her
to think we were looking for her either, to bring her back and marry Daeron or whatever scenario
she could come up with. So we never actually met her, but we made sure she was safe and being
taken care of until Eddard and Cate arrived”.

“Preeclampsia…”, whispered Dany realizing that was reason Lyanna felt so sick during her
pregnancy. And the reason she had not survived after giving birth.

“If she had been with us…”, lamented Cate.
“It is pointless to think about that”, replied Ned dryly.

Jon had only spoken once the whole time. Dany could feel the big pressure on her hand but she didn’t complain. She figured he would not say anything else so she continued asking for more details.

“So then, you arrived to Naath…”, Dany said to Ned and Cate.

“Yes. Thank the gods we still had time with her”, said Cate.

“But why… why did you keep it all a secret?”, Dany insisted.

Cate looked down.

“Lyanna wanted it that way”, replied Ned.

Once more, Jon grasped Daenerys’ hand with strength and Dany thought he would break it.

“Thankfully, Jon was born alright… with all the Stark traits just like Lyanna had hoped. He was a healthy baby. Lyanna on the other hand was very weak. Cate took Jon away so that he could be cleaned while Lyanna asked me to stay in the room with her…”

Eddard told them Lyanna’s last words.

“If I had listened to father none of this would have happened”, Lyanna said with a weak voice and some tears rolled down her face. She had barely any strength left to hold Ned’s hand.

“Don’t say that, rest”, Ned told his little sister. She was so young… it was not fair she was going through this.

“Ned, promise me. You will take care of my baby, of my Jon”.

He shook his head. “I won’t have to; you will be fine”.

“You know that’s not true, I’m dying”.

“No”, he replied firmly.

“Ned…”

“Fight. You have a very good reason to do so”.

“Even if I survived I would want you to take care of him. I’m sixteen, Ned. I don’t want him to grow up with the stigma of being an unplanned baby with a teen mom. The lost Lyanna Stark who stupidly followed a man and got knocked up. I don’t want that for my baby, Ned. He deserves better, he deserves the best. What would everyone think? What would everyone say about him? They would all mock him and cast him aside. I don’t want that for Jon. You and Cate can give him everything. He can be a Stark”.

“He is a Stark regardless”.

“But this way he can have our name”.

“Lyanna…”

“Promise me, promise me you will love him and take care of him as if he was yours, and promise
me you won’t tell anyone. From this day on Jon is yours, only yours”.

“I...”

“Promise me, Ned”.

Ned felt his heart breaking. His little sister. She didn't deserve this.

Lyanna looked at him with her big eyes expecting an answer.

“I promise”, Ned said defeated. It was pointless to deny it. Lyanna was dying and he wanted to make sure she knew he would do what she had asked of him.

“She didn't survive much longer after giving birth. So that is why, Jon, Catelyn and I raised you as our own and didn’t tell anyone about it. It was the last promise I made to my sister.

I know you won’t like what I’m about to say but I will say it nonetheless. You were never meant to find out, that was part of the promise. If you had not found that journal, your mother and I would have never brought it up. Lyanna wanted it that way and I intended to keep my word”.

Dany knew it was stupid, but she cursed Lyanna for making Ned promise such a thing, she cursed Ned for being so honourable, she cursed Sansa for wanting to find an old dress and she cursed Jon for helping her. If none of that had happened, her Jon would not be as miserable as he was right now.

Jon stood up probably wanting to punch someone. Dany stood with him and grabbed his shoulders trying to calm him. She put her chin over his right shoulder and rubbed his back with her hand, crying a little along with Catelyn. She made Jon sit again.

“You are our son, Jon. Despite what you might feel or think right now, you are ours”.

“Don’t”, Jon said with a low growl.

Silence filled the room.

Daenerys, once again, took the lead. “What happened next? How come everyone believes Lyanna died in a car accident?”

Ned sighed and continued the story. “One day after Jon was born, we got the news that Brandon had passed. I couldn’t believe it... two of my siblings gone... in only a couple of days.

Father called me and asked me everything. He knew I was in Naath to get Lyanna, but I had not dared to tell him anything else. I finally told him she had been pregnant, that this so called boyfriend had left her and that... she was gone too. He went mad. The grief of losing both Brandon and Lyanna was too much.

Such suffering was enough; we didn’t need any more troubles to add to it. So... Aerys and Rhaella came up with a plan. That way the press would not harass us and Lyanna’s secret would be safe.

My father agreed to everything –without knowing it had been Aerys’ and Rhaella’s idea, of course–. I flew to Winterfell along with Lyanna’s body and the official version was that Lyanna had been in the car with Brandon. They had been going up north to Castle Black to visit Brandon’s girlfriend, which was true. He had been on his way to meet her there. A snow storm came and the car slipped. Every arrangement was made with your parents’ help, Daenerys, so that no Stark would ever find out.
With the excuse of grieving not one but two children, my father managed to skip the public funerals everyone was used to. We mourned Brandon and Lyanna in a private ceremony before letting them rest in the crypts. Nobody opposed the idea and nobody suspected anything. Up until this day, even Benjen believes Lyanna died along with Brandon.

The people who knew about Lyanna’s engagement to Daeron all believed Brandon had been helping her escape. That is why… some people at the company are still opposed to the idea of you getting married. They think only bad things can come of that… foolish superstitions nothing else”.

Dany and Jon tensed at that. They didn’t know there were people who opposed their marriage at Stark Corp…

“Cate remained in Naath with Jon. Nobody in Westeros ever knew Lyanna had been pregnant so it was easy to say Jon was ours. We told everyone Cate was already pregnant when we left to look for Lyanna. Cate barely left the castle given she was taking care of Robb so, although the story didn’t entirely make sense, everyone bought it. Paparazzi were not as crazy then, and everybody saw what they wanted to see. Cate didn’t return to Winterfell until Jon turned one. We said it was because it had been a difficult pregnancy and it was best for her not to travel so soon after delivering, and then because what better way to completely recover than the nice and warm weather of Naath? When Cate and Jon came back, everything was long forgotten and people were only excited to meet a new baby Stark”.

The room went silent again. Jon and Dany were processing everything. It was hard to believe such important events had been hidden and with great success.

Ned was not done yet. “After all that, my father let his grief take over him. He thought, irrationally and stupidly, that the Targaryens had somehow killed his daughter, so that is when the worst problems came. The fights were so frequent; the spies, the lies, the extortions, everything…Your grandfather –said Ned looking at Dany–, had had enough. Thus, he resolved to meet my father and put an end to the fighting once and for all. Fate really is… something”, he laughed bitterly. “Or the will of the gods, whatever you want to call it. The two men met and while they were at it, my father had a heart attack. The news spread and that is why many people think Jaehaerys Targaryen murdered Rickard Stark. With Brandon gone, I assumed Stark Corp’s leadership”.

“My father died the next year”, intervened Aerys for the first time. “And I assumed Targaryen Inc’s leadership. The rest… you already know”.

Daenerys thought of something. The journal. That stupid journal. If it had not been for it, they would not be gathered here. “If Lyanna died in Naath and Cate remained there for a long time, how did the journal get to Winterfell?”

Cate spoke. “After Lyanna passed, Ned and I read it. It was heart-breaking to know this… child had left her pregnant and that she had had to endure everything by herself. Between all the arrangements and travels Ned made, I thought it had been lost because I never saw it again…”

“I must have brought it with me during one of those trips. My father ordered not to throw away any of Lyanna’s or Brandon’s belongings so I think that is how it eventually ended in a box, until you found it”, Ned said to Jon. He looked sad.

The power and might of her family had been used to cover a past that hurt many. It was a great plan, everything had worked perfectly. How stupid of them to forget about Lyanna’s old stuff. Because of one small detail the greatest lie of the past years had been discovered. Hells, if her parents had kept the journal Jon would have never found it. Why did no one think about that?! Daenerys was starting to get foolish ideas. She tried to calm down.
“Jon –said Rhaella–I know you don’t want to hear any of it, let alone from me, but I’m still going
to say it. As the mother of the woman you are about to marry, I tell you, you belong to this family,
you always have. The fact that you are Lyanna’s son does not mean you are not Ned’s and Cate’s.
You are a trueborn Stark.”.

Jon stood up and went out of the living room. He clearly could not stand the sight of anyone in the
room.

Dany went after him and… gods, no.

Ygritte was standing in the entrance hall. REALLY? NOW of all times! Didn’t she understand Jon
wanted nothing with her? This girl had a thick head. Jon didn’t need any more issues right now.

“Hello, Jon… Daenerys. I know I came uninvited… again, but I really feel I had to. I came to
apologise for the other day and for everything. I’m really sorry. I acted on impulse and foolishly–”

Jon gave her a cold look, but otherwise ignored her. He went past her and exited the mansion.

Ygritte’s face indicated she did not expect such a cold treatment from him.

If everything was not like it was, thought Dany, Jon would have probably accepted her apology
and told her that it was alright. Nevertheless, Ygritte had chosen the worst day in the world to
come so Jon would probably resent her forever.

“Ygritte…”, said Dany.

“I’m sorry, Daenerys. I mean it”.

Daenerys smiled a little. She didn’t feel any sympathy for the girl, but she was no one to judge her.
“It’s ok. I will not say I’m glad to see you, or that this is a pleasant surprise, but on behalf of Jon I
accept your apology. He’s having a bad day, don’t take it personally. But please, don’t ever come
again–”.

“What are you doing here?”, Catelyn said angrily coming into the hall.

Jon had told Dany Catelyn didn’t ike Ygritte, but Dany had not believed it. Cate was such a loving
woman. However, the stare she was giving Ygritte confirmed Jon’s words.

“Mrs. Stark, I–”, Ygritte answered nervously.

“She was just leaving, Cate. It’s alright”. Nobody needed anymore more troubles today.

Catelyn looked at Dany to make sure.

Dany nodded. “I will go with Jon now, I’m sure he went to my house”.

Catelyn offered Dany half a smile, another cold stare to Ygritte and left.

“I’ll see you out”, Dany told Ygritte.

“Thank you”, said Ygritte when they were at the door. “You don’t have to be nice with me and you
are. I swear I will never bother you or Jon. Again, I apologise”.

Dany smiled. “Enjoy the city, I’m sure you’ll like it”.

After finally getting rid of the ginger girl, Dany made her way to the Targaryen Mansion and found
Jon halfway.

“She’s gone”, Dany replied to the question in his eyes.

“I don’t want to go back there”, Jon said looking in the Stark Mansion direction. His voice was full of restrained rage.

“I know”. They walked silently in the other direction.

They entered Dany’s room. Jon sat on the bed and grabbed one of the pictures on her nightstand. She noticed something had changed in his attitude.

“Jon, we–”.

“You want to talk now? Thought you didn't because of Ygritte”.

Dany guessed his bitterness was expected. He was angry and they hadn’t really talked about Ygritte since her birthday party, however she wouldn’t go that way. They would not fight because of exes right now. There was a more important matter to discuss.

“Who cares about her? I’m sorry about overreacting before, but whatever petty quarrel we had over her is meaningless”. They had just found out something massive; something none of them could have seen coming.

Jon changed his accusatory tone. “You look nice here”. Dany saw the picture he was holding. It had been taken the day she came back from Pentos. “With your family”.

She knew where he was going with that.

“Jon…”

He put the picture back. “Guess today was meant to be a shitty day one way or the other. Birth secret, what? No, that’s not enough. Let’s send Jon’s way his ex to make it all the more fun”.

“Who is supposed to be that?”, Dany asked smirking.

“What?”

“You said let’s send his way. Are you mocking the gods, Jon?”

“Very funny”.

Dany laughed and, for a brief second, Jon smiled. Gods, he needed to smile more. It was the first time he had smiled since she arrived from Yunkai. But that was it, a second later it was gone and he became broody again. He walked closer to her and grabbed the picture Dany had recently put on her shelf from their engagement party. Both of their families were posing next to one another. She saw his eyes get shiny with tears. He grabbed the picture so strongly his knuckles went white.

“Jon”.

“No. I don’t want your pity”.

“I’m not pitying you”.

“You are. The way you look at me, the way you talk to me”.
“It’s not true”.

He gave her a cold stare.

“So what, from now on I don’t look at you, I don’t talk to you? You say you don’t want pity; I say I’m not pitying you. I’m concerned, and upset and angry and many other things. How the fuck do you want me to react? As if this had not happened? I’m the queen of avoiding issues but this one is bloody big. Avoiding it would do no good. We have to talk about it”.

“I don’t want to.”

“So you are just going to pretend you didn’t find out you–”

“Shut up”.

“No! We have to talk about it. If not now, then later”.

“I said no!”, he smashed the picture on the floor.

Daenerys was startled but she would not coward down. “Why!!!!”

“You don’t understand, you can’t understand!”

“Of course I can’t, but I can try if you help me!”

“I don’t want to help you! I said I don’t want to talk about it! Bloody hells, Daenerys, just shut up!”

“I won’t. I don’t want to. You know I can talk for hours and hours. You know how annoying I can get. I will–”

“You want to talk?! Alright. Let’s talk. I think we should not get married”.

“What”. Of all the things she had expected to hear that certainly wasn’t one.

“You heard the story. Lyanna died because Rickard tried to marry her off to a Targaryen. Bad things happen when a Stark and a Targaryen are together. People know it”.

Dany noticed Jon didn’t say my grandfather as he always referred to Rickard. “Oh fuck you, Jon! That’s bullshit! In any case Lyanna and my uncle were NEVER together, they didn't even meet! Our case is different. We know each other, we grew up together, our families don’t hate each other anymore… I can go on”.

“I still think you should not marry me”.

“Why. Tell me why. Your previous argument was rubbish”.

“I’m not a Stark!”, he yelled. “I’m not a Stark, Daenerys, is that reason enough for you? This whole show about our marriage had to do with the fact you are a Targaryen and me, supposedly, a Stark. Well, I’m not!”

Show? That hurt. She thought they were past the agreement and more in the we want to get married. “You are bloody contradicting yourself, genius. First, you tell me a Stark and a Targaryen should not be together, meaning you are a Stark. Then, you tell me you can’t marry me because you are not a Stark!”

“Whatever, I’m not! I don’t know who the fuck my father was but he was no Stark”.


“And who the fuck cares! WHO THE FUCK CARES ABOUT THAT MAN. If one can call him that. He was a prat! You grew up a Stark, you ARE a Stark. But, you know what, even if you weren’t, I don’t give a toss! I want to marry YOU, not your bloody last name!” She was crying by now, Jon was too.

He is just angry, Dany reassured herself. He was getting anything out in order to not think about what really hurt him. She was convinced he didn’t mean anything he had said regarding them, it was his sorrow talking.

Gods, Jon felt like dying to say out loud he didn’t belong to the family he had always thought he did. Everything hurt, emotionally and physically. His whole world was broken. He didn’t know what to feel or what to think. He was just mouthing whatever came to his mind. He needed to yell something. He hated yelling at Dany, though, but he couldn’t stop. He felt if he didn’t yell he would die of the pressure he felt in his stomach.

He couldn’t help himself and smashed another of Daenerys’ pictures. His legs gave in and he dropped to the floor to cry more.

The sound of the glass crashing on the floor lingered for what seemed an eternity.

“My love…”, Dany said changing the tone of her voice.

“Leave me alone”, he replied.

“Please don’t shut me out”, she begged.

“Leave me alone”, the sobs swallowed his words.

Dany didn’t push further and sadly left the room. She felt useless. She couldn’t even comfort Jon, she was only making it worse.

However, as much as it hurt her, she understood he needed time alone; time to process everything. She just hoped he would talk to her afterwards.

Be strong, be strong.

She was angry with Cate and Ned… how could they have kept such a secret! And if they intended for Jon to never to find out, they must have done a better job at keeping it! Then again, that was so selfish of them, Jon had the right to know the truth of his parentage. And what the fuck with her parents! They had been accomplices in all of this!

She remembered something then. She thought back to the night when Cate gifted her the wolf pin… it all made sense now. The other time Ned and her father had met was during the whole Lyanna situation, Cate wanted Dany to have Lyanna’s pin because she was going to marry her son and Rhaella had mentioned once or twice than Jon looked like Lyanna….

A shiver went down her back.

It was hard to believe her parents had had something to do with the events regarding Jon’s birth… Hells, she still couldn’t believe Jon’s birth was actually something special which had the power to bring him down.

She couldn’t believe she had left a normal Jon and returned to find him gone… Everything had changed so drastically in only 72 hours. She knew it would take time for him to think about everything, but gods, she refused to believe he would stay gloomy and sombre for an undetermined
time.

She went to another room and locked herself to continue crying.
Hello!!!!! How are you doing you beautiful people? I'm back!!!! Finally! I'm so sorry it took so long. I was only able to continue with this story a few days ago but I'm back on it! :) Yes! Writer's block officially ended!!

So this chapter. It's angsty so if you don't want to read it don't. I know this story is full of that and it has been brought to my attention it doesn't focus on Jon and Dany. Personally, I believe it does focus on them but there are many other things as well. Anyway just whatever you do, pls don't leave hate. You can hate me just don't tell me? :)

Maybe (surely) you won’t like Jon here, but I really can’t begin to imagine how I would feel if I found out my parents were not my parents. He’s grieving but don't worry, he’ll come around. Don’t hate him either? lol

This chapter has an important Robb and Margaery part because I love them and wanted to see them happy. You have been warned. :) 

Major thanks to the friend who always reads and helps me see the flaws in this story :) 

And major thanks (like I don't have enough words to thank her) to Alice!!!! You are the best!!! Thank you so much for helping me with this one and for your constant support. I couldn't have done this without you. Seriously! I love you!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon was barely holding himself together. From the moment he had found the journal to this day he had been half living. Part of him was dead. The only reason he was actually still breathing was Dany. He didn’t know who he was anymore, but he knew Dany.

There she was every day making sure he ate and took care of himself, making sure he didn’t lose the semester and that it didn’t affect his work at Stark Corp, as much as it hurt to see the bloody direwolf sigil everywhere.

Still, as much as Dany was his support, he couldn’t be close to her. Somehow she reminded him of his… situation. That is why he needed some distance. He had asked her not to leave him, but also not to push him. He was a walking contradiction, he knew, but he really couldn’t make sense of the turmoil of emotions he was feeling inside.

Regarding Eddard and Catelyn… he was glad they had gone back to Winterfell after their… talk. The same with Rhaella and Aerys. Nevertheless, he felt a void not having their constant presence in his life.

Although they lived apart, Jon was used to talking to Catelyn and – since re-encountering Dany and as weird as it had felt at the beginning – to Rhaella every day. His mother-in-law was a lovely woman who cared for him as she cared for her own sons.
Jon wondered now if it all had had something to do with the fact that he was Lyanna’s son... The concept came to him with great difficulty. He still could not bring himself to think that way of her...

The same happened with Aerys. Everybody said he was a cold man, but Dany’s father had always acted kindly towards Jon. He couldn’t help but think it had to do with Lyanna.

Both Cate and Rhaella had called him several times however, Jon refused to pick up the phone. He couldn’t. Hearing their voices would break him, it would be like a knife to his heart.

And Eddard… he had actually gotten closer to his fa–, to Eddard, since starting to work at Stark Corp. Eddard had shown him his way around, being patient and understanding. Now his presence pained him. Jon wondered, too, if the fact that Eddard had never been so tough with him as he had been with Robb had to do with Lyanna...

His days were miserable and he didn’t know what to do about it. He had tried to get closer to Lyanna by reading about her and looking at her stuff, but it had only pained him more. Regarding the man that had impregnated her… Jon didn’t even want to go there.

He looked down from his window at Stark Corp. Cars and people were like ants from up there. The world was the same.

Why did he feel as if his problems had greater relevance than those of others? His parents were not his real parents, so what? There were people thinking about paying mortgages, about finding a job, there were people being told they had cancer… His whole body ached. He had barely had any sleep in the past days and it was taking a toll on him.

So what? So he didn’t know what to do with himself, as much as his problem could seem unimportant on the grand spectrum of things. He wished to wake up and not know anything about it, to know with certainty that Catelyn and Eddard were his parents and, at the same time, he wished he had always known Lyanna was his mother.

Ghost stood beside him. The wolf had not left his side for one minute after the day Eddard, Catelyn, Rhaella and Aerys had told him the truth behind Lyanna’s passing. The wolf felt his pain and he knew he needed him more than ever.

“Will I ever feel well again, boy? Will the hole in my chest ever disappear? Am I strong enough?” The wolf nuzzled him. “I’m sure Dany would have handled something like this better. She is strong and brave. I am not”.

Jon sighed, emptying his lungs from all the air inside them, and his whole body relaxed for a brief second. He only hoped for Robb’s wedding to pass so that he could spend time alone, all by himself. Pretending to be interested, to be happy… it was exhausting. He felt knackered every day when he laid in bed. However, going to Winterfell was not something he wanted to do… the castle kept so many memories. Every corner of it reminded him of Catelyn’s embraces and Ned’s pieces of advice, of quarrelling with Robb over the last piece of pizza, of building snow castles with Arya, of reading bedtime stories to Sansa, of playing chess with Bran, of watching cartoons with Rickon… His uncle and aunt. His cousins.

His hands began to tremble and he crumpled the sheet of paper he held in his hands. If it was an important document, he didn’t know, he didn’t care.

“Mr Stark”, his secretary called from the frame of the door making Jon cringe at the sound of the appellative used to address him. “Your four o’clock is here”.
“Yes, send him in”, he answered coming back to his senses and putting on the mask that spared him pitty words of concern. He turned around giving a dashing smile to the man in front of him. “It is a good day, is it not, Mr Lefford?”, he said.

-  

Dany welcomed the cold breeze on her face as she opened the window and she thought back on the events from the past weeks. Her birthday, her trip to Yunkai, Jon finding out about Lyanna… She wearily exhaled.

Jon had, in fact, shut her out. For days he had refused to talk and seemed to be functioning on automatic pilot. It was as if he was somewhere else, far away and not next to her. His body walked, ate and slept, but his mind was a mystery.

He had been staying at the Targaryen Mansion to avoid all contact with the Starks, only going back to see Robb when he needed him for something regarding his wedding.

Nobody suspected anything, though, as Jon was a great actor. Whenever someone approached him, he acted as if nothing had happened. Today would be no exception. They were at Winterfell for Robb and Margaery’s wedding.

It was annoying to deal with an alternating “dead Jon” and “normal Jon”, but Dany was not about to say anything. She would let him grieve as long as he needed to, and she would not be a pushy girlfriend.

She heard him wake up.

“At what time do you leave?”, he asked yawning.

“After breakfast,” she answered turning to him. Sometimes, when they were alone and Jon had his guard down, she could see the Jon she remembered. After some minutes, however, reality hit him and he became cold again. “You look tired”.

“Bloody Robb made me go for a walk in the snow and then stay awake past midnight. He said he wanted to spend his last day as a single man with his brothers. Poor Bran and Rickon had to endure as well”.

Dany was relieved to see Jon had not completely estranged himself from his siblings. She didn’t know if he hadn’t because he didn’t want to, or because he cared about keeping up appearances; maybe it was a little of both.

She got close and hugged him, but he went stiff at her touch, not reciprocating. Lately, he did it every time. It just took one touch from her to make him feel uncomfortable. She hated it. Was he punishing her for something? She knew he was hurting, but why was he acting so cold towards her? She had asked, of course, but he had said nothing. Still, she hugged him or kissed him from time to time, in hopes he realised she was only trying to be supportive and that she was there for whatever he needed.

She kissed his forehead. “I’ll wait for you downstairs”.

He nodded.

“Dany”, he called before she went out.

“Yes?”
He shook his head and smiled. “Nothing”.

Jon had not smiled - honestly smiled - in centuries, so that little gesture, even if it was minimum, felt like a huge improvement.

She smiled back.

The girls went to get ready… somewhere. Jon had not paid attention to where. He and his brothers had remained in the castle with Robb. Jon was more than happy to see him enjoying himself.

“Are you nervous?”, asked Bran.

“A little, but in a good way”, Robb answered with a wide smile.

“Your eyes shine when you speak of Margaery. They always have”, continued Bran. Jon and Robb turned to look at him incredulously. Bran was so into his world, they couldn’t believe he had noticed something like that.

“What? It’s true. The same way Jon’s shine when he speaks of Daenerys.” Jon smiled. “And the same way Father’s shine when he speaks of Mother.”

Robb laughed and messed Bran’s hair. “You don’t talk much, but you see everything, don’t you?”

Jon fell silent at the mention of Cate and Ned. Bran was right. They had always regarded each other with love… a love that had brought to this world five children, only five. The pain in his heart lingered. Sharing time with his siblings woke up in him contradicting feelings.

“Are you alright, Jon? It’s my wedding day, but you are at your broodiest,” complained Robb.

Well, I found out Catelyn Tully and Eddard Stark are not my parents. “What? No. Sorry. I was just thinking about some issues I have with Dany. Nothing to worry about, though, so don’t even try to lecture me”. Jon smiled. “I’m happy for you, brother.” Calling him that was hard.

“Well, I hope those issues are solved soon. Your wedding is next.”

“Aye…”

“And what about you, Bran? Is there a girl out there you fancy? Perhaps a northern gal?” Robb asked mockingly, and he and Jon saw Bran go red.

“No,” the boy replied annoyed.

“Is that so? Mum seems to have a different opinion,” said Robb.

“The name… Meera, sounds familiar, doesn’t it, Robb?” continued Jon.

“Oh, I think I’ve heard it before. The daughter of father’s friend, Howland, am I correct?”

“Yes, yes, you are-”

“Stop it!” yelled Bran.

Jon and Robb laughed. “C’mon, Bran, you can tell us. You know she will be at the wedding, right?”
Rickon burst in Robb’s room and Jon quickly picked him up. He was getting too big to be held, but Jon enjoyed the feeling of having him in his arms. “Who’s Meera?”, the boy asked. “I heard you talking”.

“Rickon,” scolded Robb. “How many times has mother told you not to eavesdrop?”

“But I was playing! Your voices were loud!”

“Alright, just don’t ever do it,” said Jon.

“So who’s Meera?”, Rickon insisted.

“No one”, answered Bran.

“Meera is a friend of Bran’s,” said Robb.

“Like Margaery and Daenerys are your friends?” Rickon questioned.

Robb and Jon let out a boisterous laugh. “You are such a clever boy, Rick,” remarked Jon.

Bran rolled his eyes and went out of the room. Of course Meera was not like Margaery and Daenerys!! He hated when his brothers or sisters bothered him for their entertainment.

It was at moments like this that Jon couldn’t help but to think this was his family, regardless of everything. Those people were his siblings and… that tough but kind man - his father, and that sweet and protective woman - his mother… his mother.

It had never bothered Jon to look like a Stark. He felt proud of it, actually, but he remembered that sometimes when he was a child, he wondered why he didn't look like Catelyn, not even one bit. Even Arya, who resembled majorly to the Starks as well, had her mother’s ears, forehead, and eye shape.

Whatever in him that did not match the Starks, Ned had said he had inherited from another northern house, the Starks had married with many throughout the years. Jon had believed him, but now he knew he had probably inherited those traits from whatever man Lyanna had fallen for. No surprise he didn't have one Tully hair in him.

He turned to look at Robb, Rickon, and Bran, who had come back and, for a moment, Jon felt jealous. Robb was helping the youngest Stark put on his suit, while Bran tried to fix his tie. Their auburn hair and blue eyes seemed more noticeable to Jon now. A clear testament of who their mother was.

Jon couldn't hold the sight and exited the room. In his hurry, he stumbled upon someone.

“Jon!” It was Catelyn. Her blue eyes pierced him. “I'm sorry I didn't see you...”. She appeared to want to say something else but didn't.

Mum. He said in his head. “I…”.

It hurt, it hurt so much.

“Excuse me”, he replied plainly, and rapidly walked to his room.

Catelyn Tully gritted her teeth and did not allow one tear to drop, this was Robb’s wedding day and she would not ruin it by making it obvious that she was, in reality, shattered on the inside. Jon’s rejection felt like someone was punching her constantly, violently expelling the air from her lungs.
She missed her second pup so much, her dear Jon. Lyanna may have birthed that child, but he was hers, only hers, the gods forgive her. She knew wherever Lya was, that she understood how protective Cate felt of Jon. Lya herself had wanted this.

Catelyn remembered like it had been yesterday when she took Jon in her arms for the first time, his imposing Stark features making themselves present from day one. When Jon had opened his eyes to see the world, Catelyn had been there to witness the stormy grey in them, completely falling for them just like she had when she had seen Robb’s blue oceans. Jon had cried and Cate had cuddled him, singing him the lullaby her own mother had sung to her, and he had fallen asleep in her embrace… She shook away those thoughts and entered Robb’s room with a bright smile.

Now in the safety of his room, Jon looked at himself in the mirror. His black hair, grey eyes and long face told him how much of a wolf of Winterfell he was like they always had, but, for the first time, they pained him. He would give anything to have at least one of Catelyn’s soft features like his siblings did, or perhaps some auburn hair...

Defeated, he spent the rest of the day looking at the gardens and the people coming and going preparing everything. Sunset came by quickly, and the moment for Robb’s wedding ceremony was here. He and Margaery had decided to have a northern wedding.

For a southern girl - Jon thought - Margaery knew a whole lot about northern traditions, even more so than Robb. She had certainly done her research during all those years they had been friends. She had organized everything, only asking Cate and Alerie to get certain things done, but the entire wedding was all on her.

Jon deemed she had done a great job. He didn’t remember Winterfell ever looking so comely as it did now. Most of the castle had been decorated with wolves and roses to represent the union of both families, and she had ordered the gardens to be styled in the same way. She had picked a menu that combined the best of the North and the Reach, and she had made sure all invitations were personalized so that each family that had been invited knew the reason for it.

Eddard had joked saying that, more than anything, Margaery resembled the perfect Lady of Winterfell. Jon believed so as well, Marge had managed the castle as if it was her own.

She had taken that as the best compliment someone had ever given her, and she had blushed in front of all the Starks at supper. Aye, thought Jon, she was the perfect match for his brother.

He was taken out of his thoughts when Dany entered the room.

“Wow. She looked gorgeous, but when didn’t she, really? She was wearing a violet wool dress and Jon thought that it was the most northern outfit she had ever worn. He loved it. Regardless of his mixed feelings, the North was his home.

“I didn’t know you were back,” he said. “I thought I’d meet you at the godswood”.

“We got here earlier than expected, but I was helping Marge with something. The Ashfords arrived last minute after they had already cancelled, and Margaery didn’t know what to do. Cate and Alerie were busy with other things, so I said I’d figure it out”.

“And what did you do?”

“I had to book them a hotel room. The castle and guest houses are full. Many other families from the Reach are staying there as well, so they were not that disappointed, though they insisted they wanted a tour of the castle tomorrow. Oh and the Glovers arrived as well, but your father took care
of them.”

"My father. Why come when they had already said no?"

Dany shrugged.

"Tell me this won’t happen at our wedding. The guests are more than the population of a town already; if someone who has cancelled shows up, I will give orders not to let them pass."

"You can’t do that, Jon."

"And where will we accommodate them?" They were getting married at the National Botanical Garden on the outskirts of King’s Landing - it was one of the prettiest places in the city, with flowers and plants from all over Westeros, and a magnificent event hall. To fit everyone, four hotels had been booked.

"Well, that’s the good thing about having a massive show for a wedding." Dany resented Jon had referred to their wedding as a show, so she called it that on purpose. "My mother has a whole entourage of wedding planners behind her, remember? We won’t have to worry about details like that." Dany could tell Jon reacted to her saying "show", but he didn’t say anything. Well, good. He was in pain, she knew, but she had no obligation to be his punching bag. If he wanted to hurt someone, it would have to be someone else.

Jon was just finishing putting on his suit. He wanted to say sorry, but he didn’t feel prepared. He was so angry all the time, so instead of saying something else that could lead to a fight, he opted for silence, but he didn’t fail to observe through the mirror how Dany had rolled her eyes.

However, despite her obvious frustration, she approached him. "Let me", she said referring to his tie, and Jon turned to face her. When she finished, she put a hand on his cheek and her violet orbs pierced him to the core. Jon couldn’t stop the tears that rapidly formed in the corner of his eyes and, out of nowhere, he was crying… once more.

He was not a crier, what was happening to him?

"Jon…”

He shook his head. He hated to act this way. "Go downstairs. I’ll meet you there."

"But-"

"Please, Daenerys."

"Alright."

When she closed the door, Jon sat on the bed and cried out loud. He was suffocating, the pain was unbearable. He had always complained about Daenerys being overdramatic, and now he was acting the same way. Was it justification enough what had happened to him? Why couldn’t he stop the tears? He cried a little more, but then forced himself to stop, he didn’t want people to notice he had been crying and let alone at Robb’s wedding. He could keep his miserable thoughts to himself. This was Robb’s day and he would not tarnish it with his conflicted sentiments.

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Dany felt sad. She could feel Jon’s inner turmoil as if it was her own. And to know she couldn’t do anything to help him frustrated her immensely. She couldn't begin to imagine how hard it was for
him to be here in the castle. Every corner of it held memories of his childhood, and it was the same
castle Lyanna had grown up in. Sansa’s bedroom had been Lyanna’s, and Jon avoided it as if he
could open the door and find her there.

There were paintings and pictures as well, beckoning them as they never had. Lyanna playing the
piano, Lyanna in her first day of high school, Lyanna with her horses, Lyanna playing with a wolf
pup, Lyanna, Lyanna, Lyanna.

Dany sighed, her image started to pain even her.

She took one photo from a shelf, from when Lyanna had won the first place at a piano competition.
She really was pretty, she realised. Dany understood now what Rhaella meant when she said Jon
looked like her, especially looking at her eyes. Her eyes were the same as Jon’s.

“I guess we’ll be family now,” Dany said as if Lyanna could listen to her words. “Well, closer
family. I always thought you were Jon’s aunt, but you’re my… mother-in-law. Excuse me if the
idea is hard to conceive. You’ll have to grow on me.” She chuckled. “I love Cate too much to think
of another mother-in-law, but I guess I can have two.”

“What are you doing,” Jon said behind her with a grim voice. Dany had not sensed him
approaching. She felt like she had been busted doing something forbidden, so she promptly put
back the photo. “Nothing.”

Jon looked at the picture she had been holding and gave Dany a cold look. “The wedding is about
to start.”

Dany nodded and followed after him, grabbing his hand.

Daenerys was amazed by how pretty the godswood looked all lightened up by candles. She had
never been to a northern wedding, so she was really excited. Seeing how Margaery was aware of
all northern traditions and history, Dany felt like wanting to learn them as well. She was a marrying
a northern wolf, after all. How could she have been friends with Jon for so long and didn’t know
anything about the North? She would like Jon to know about dragons as well, so she mentally took
note of that. She would teach Jon, and Jon would teach her… as soon as he stopped being a ghost,
and learned to live again.

Jon was standing next to Robb under the heart tree.

He looked normal, happy even. Someone should give him an award for the outstanding
performance. But Jon couldn't fool Dany, his eyes told her he was suffering inside, even if nobody
noticed it.

_He will recover. He will._

When the sun hid behind the mountains, the godswood went silent and Margaery appeared holding
her father by the arm. She was a sight. Her ivory wool dress made her look otherworldly. Her hair
was braided in a northern braid with flowers adorning it, and a Tyrell cloak hanged effortlessly
over her shoulders. To the untrained eye, Margaery didn’t look pregnant, but Dany could tell. Not
so much for the little bump that barely popped out, but because of her glow. She had the glow
people said was characteristic of mums to be.

My dearest Margaery, Dany thought. She was utterly happy for her. Margaery had become a very
important part of her life and she wished her nothing but joy and a blessed life.

Daenerys looked around her. She loved to take in her surroundings.
Robb looked amazing in his tux, covered by a classic Stark grey cloak. His best accessory though was the smile on his face, as big as the castle. His auburn curls were tamed elegantly, and his vibrant blue eyes shone to their brightest. Thank the gods he and Margaery had found their way to each other.

Per usual, the rest of the Tyrells looked astonishing. Alerie was wearing a nice green dress and her hair was wrapped in a low bun; she looked much younger than she was. Mace, cheerful as always, was wearing a nice suit that somehow helped to hide his big belly, and Daenerys could tell he was enjoying every bit of the ceremony.

And don’t even get her started with Olenna. That old lady certainly knew how to dress up. She was the definition of elegance. Dany loved to speak to her and listen to what she had to say about everything. The grin on her face told Dany that Olenna had always known this was how everything would end. Olenna had probably known Margaery would marry Robb since the first day they had met six years ago... Hells, she had probably made Margaery assist that Grand Prix knowing the outcome.

She looked to Willas next, he looked gorgeous. Too bad Sansa was fifteen years younger than he was. Dany thought they could be a nice couple. Everybody knew Willas Tyrell was an avid reader – just like Sansa – which made him a thorough, and sometimes rough, literary critic. He directed the Tyrells’ empire along with his father and brothers, but he always found the time to write his reviews. If Willas approved of a book, it was certain it would sell well. But, most importantly, he was still single. At 34 years old, he looked radiant and better than ever.

Age was not a problem in Daenerys’ eyes - her family didn’t care about it - but she wasn’t sure Eddard Stark would approve of his daughter dating a man fifteen years older than her. Sansa was only nineteen and finishing her first year in uni.

Then there was Garlan. He, as well, looked fantastic. His wife Leonette was a gracious woman, and Dany found her company very likeable. They were joined by their four-year-old daughter and their eight-month-old baby boy. The baby was a cute bundle of joy who everybody wanted to hug and play with. Out of the three brothers, Dany liked Garlan best. Willas was more on the introvert side, only speaking once in a while and Loras... Loras was lovely, but spent most of his time somewhere with Renly, so Dany had not actually spoken to him that much.

Speaking about Renly, it was the first time Dany had exchanged more than five words with him. He had a great sense of humour. His brothers were there as well with their respective families, given they were close friends with the Starks. Well, Robert was close to Eddard – Jon and the rest of the Stark children even called him Uncle. Renly was so different from his brothers, Dany thought. Robert looked way older than Ned, and Stannis was the most serious man Dany had ever seen; his wife was just the same. Their little daughter, on the other hand, was totally different. Shireen Baratheon was perky and cheerful; poor girl had no one to play with.

Cersei, Myrcella and Gendry were next to Robert. Cersei, just as beautiful and just as obnoxious. Nothing ever pleased her. Myrcella was a lovely young woman the same age as Arya, who had inherited her mother’s beauty and, thank the gods, none of her character.

Gendry looked handsome as well, smiling as usual. She wondered if he or Sam could tell something was off with Jon. She also wondered when would he and Arya tell their families they were dating.

Dany and Margaery had found out a couple of weeks ago when Arya had gone down to the capital to spend a long weekend with her big brothers. Marge and Dany had gone shopping and then stopped at the Stark Mansion to have lunch. They went upstairs to ask Arya if she wanted to join
them when, oh surprise, they discovered her and Gendry snogging on her bed.

After their initial shock, the future Stark women confronted them.

Arya and Gendry had been so concerned but had explained to the best of their abilities that what they had was special. Gendry emphasized a thousand times he cared for Arya and he was not playing with her. Dany and Marge understood they were afraid of the Starks’ reaction so they promised to keep their secret. Gendry was eight years older than Arya… and one of Jon’s best friends.

Wait, If Arya could date Gendry, surely Sansa could date Willas. Stop it, Daenerys, she chided herself.

Next to her were Rhaegar, Elia, Rhaenys and Viserys. Her parents and Visenya had sent their sincere apologies, but they hadn't been able to make it to the wedding. Aerys and Rhaella could not miss a very important meeting in Lys, and Visenya had not been able to take a day off at the hospital.

Theon and Yara were there as well. Dany was ecstatic to have some days with one of her bffs, which were not often. Yara looked pretty and somehow more mature. Perhaps her duties as a princess had finally become real. Dany was surprised she had made time to come along with Theon.

Robb’s oldest friend was a scrawny man; he had always been. Dany liked him alright, but she didn’t feel any particular affection for him, even if he was Yara’s brother. Jon felt the same way. Robb adored him, though. One could tell they were very close, just by looking at their interactions. Dany noticed Theon glanced at Sansa quite frequently and she didn’t like it. Seriously, was something wrong with wanting to be a matchmaker? She kept thinking Sansa and Willas were meant to be together.

As the occasion required it, many northern families were there, as well as many from the Reach. The Manderlys, the Karstarks, the Umbers, the Cerwyns, the Dustins, the Flints, the Glovers, the Hornwoods, the Mormonts, the Reeds, the Ryswells, the Tallharts, and so many others, even the Boltons.

For their part, there were the Tarlys, the Hightowers, the Ashfords, the Caswells, the Cranes, the Florents, the Fossoways, the Merryweathers, the Mullendores, the Oakhearts, the Redwynes, the Rowans, the Vyrwels, and many more.

And obviously, there were the Starks. Cate was beautiful in her grey wool dress, the Tullys behind her. Dany loved how they all looked amazing, with their auburn hair and their striking blue eyes.

Ned, handsome as always at his fifty-something, looked content.

Dany knew, however, both of them were hurting just like Jon. They had approached her, actually. When Robb had decided to spend the whole day with his brothers and went away with them to gods know were, Cate and Ned had taken the chance to talk to her. They wanted to talk to Jon but he had not let them. Cate cried the whole time and Dany had not known what to do. She really loved her in-laws and to see them like that was heartbreaking. Ned had asked her not to leave Jon alone, and Dany had replied saying she was trying her best, but that Jon was stubborn and proud – just like them – so it was hard to get close.

“The only one he will listen to is you, Daenerys,” Cate said. “You say he doesn’t allow you to get close, but you’re in fact the only one who he stands to be around.”
Dany had promised to try her best. Gods, this situation was killing her.

Daenerys continued her scanning. Arya looked uncomfortable in her dress, as she always did when she wore one. If it had been up to her, she would have worn jeans to the wedding, but, of course, Cate had had none of it.

Bran was next to his friend, Meera, and they looked so cute. Bran could deny it all he wanted, but it was obvious something more than a friendship was brewing between them, and it made Dany think of all the school breaks she had spent with Jon in KL. Meera constantly made Bran blush, just like she had back when Jon was a very short thin fellow with no beard and funny glasses. A smile escaped her when she remembered how her boyfriend looked when he was younger.

Rickon had followed her everywhere since arriving. Dany loved him too much so it was hard to say goodbye to him every time she went back to KL. She was grabbing him by the shoulders so that he wouldn't start running at any minute. Rickon hated weddings.

And finally, Sansa… Oh, Sansa. She was wearing the dress that had been the detonator of the current turmoil. Of course the girl was unaware of it, but Dany noticed Jon cringe a little every time he gazed at it.

Dany got rid of her many thoughts, and started paying attention to the wedding.

"Margaery Tyrell, will you take this man?", asked Eddard solemnly. He took very seriously his role of officiating the ceremony.

“I take this man”, Marge answered gleefully, almost squealing.

She and Robb kneeled and prayed as the godswood fell into silence again. Some owls could be heard in the distance along with the wind making its way through the leaves of millenary trees. The ceremony concluded when Robb took off Margaery’s cloak and placed the Stark one on her. They turned and kissed, to which everyone applauded. Dany saw how Robb told Margaery he loved her, and Margaery returned the words, both blushing as if they were teenagers.

The bride and groom started walking whilst people threw rose petals at them, cheering and clapping. Grey Wind approached them and the three looked outstandingly (a bit annoyingly) good on their way to the castle for the dinner party. It had been a lovely ceremony and the little snow that had started to fall made everything prettier. Robb and Marge truly appeared to have been taken out of a fairy-tale book. Robb a fierce warrior, Margaery a pretty and capable lady, Dany pictured them as such.

A sudden wistfulness engulfed her. Would she feel this joyous at her wedding? Jon didn’t seem excited about anything lately. Suddenly, Jon came to stand next to her and kissed her on the temple. It was the first gesture of affection he had given her since the big reveal at the Stark Mansion, and Dany relished in the feeling. His thoughts seemed far away but he was making an effort, she could see it. She decided not to allow sad feelings to ruin the fun, and enjoy the rest of the night.

Dany didn’t know what time it was, but the party was at its best and the atmosphere was joyous. She went to talk to Margaery, for she had wanted to so for a long time, but the newlyweds had been busy talking to all of their guests. “Everything was wonderful, M.”
Marge squealed and hugged Dany. “I know, right?! I was so worried something could go wrong. Hey, by the way, have you seen Arya? I swear to the gods if she has sneaked somewhere with Gendry, I will kill her. If someone finds them and my wedding turns into a big secret relationship reveal…”

Dany laughed. “Relax. I don’t think they want anyone to find out yet, so they know they have to be careful. Sneaking around in Winterfell isn’t careful. Plus, Jon is here, do you think Gendry would be so reckless?”

“I hope you’re right. And speaking about relationships… do you think our dear in-laws would mind much if not only one of their daughters but the two of them were dating an older man?”

Dany opened her eyes astonished. “Willas,” she and Margaery said at the same time and then burst into laughter. “You see it too? There’s so much potential, M!”

“I know! My brother is a gentleman. He is clever, caring, funny… Oh, how lovely would it be.”

“What are you two ladies talking about?” Robb interrupted them.

“Nothing!” exclaimed Dany. “I was just telling Margaery how great your wedding has been. Everyone’s enjoying it.”

“Yaye.” Robb turned to look at Margaery with love eyes. He took her in his arms and spun her around, causing the assistants to clap. “I’m stealing her for a bit,” Robb told Daenerys and walked to the stage grabbing a microphone. “Good night, everyone. I know my beautiful wife and I had agreed on no wedding speeches, but I can’t help myself. I need to tell you all how happy I am.” The crowd laughed and clapped again.

Margaery rolled her eyes but joined him on stage.

“Margaery, Marge, M, Margie girl, honeycakes, baby doll... There were so many ways I could call you, but now I can also call you my wife.” Margaery smiled and blushed. “You are... the most outstanding, marvellous, wonderful woman in the world. It took us six years and a lot of bumps in the way, but we are finally here. Married. And I couldn’t be happier about it. I remember the day I met you at the Grand Prix. You were next to Garlan and Willas sulking like you wanted anything but to be there. Not even when Loras won a race did you cheer up.”

The crowd laughed and Loras pretended to be offended.

“But I wasn’t about to falter so I kept staring at you. Your brown eyes were the most beautiful I’ve ever seen, and one of your chocolate curls moved with the wind, making me want to stand up and put it behind your ear. Your lips were pursed in annoyance, in what I now know to be a Margaery signature face. Anytime something bothers you, you have that exact same face. Your tough demeanour aside, I remember thinking why in the world were there people allowed to be so bloody gorgeous. Anyway, you stood up and left your seat, and I decided, for the first time in my life, to pursue a girl. I quickly followed you and you said—”

“If I’m to your liking, stop it with the gawking and do something about it. If it includes going in that bathroom together you get ten extra points,” Margaery completed.

The whistles and mocking in the hall did not cease. Alerie seemed affected but Mace was
boisterously laughing.

“That’s my sister right there, fellows!” Garlan yelled proudly.

“I expected nothing less!” Loras joined.

Robb turned to Ned and Cate. “Sorry,” he said shrugging and laughing. Ned just shook his head in amusement and Catelyn rolled her eyes with a tiny smile lingering on her face.

“Did you end up in that bathroom though?!” Theon said standing up.

Robb frowned. “Who do you take me for, friend? OF COURSE we ended up in that bathroom.” Theon winked and the people just couldn’t stop laughing. Robb remembered his in-laws – including Olenna – and a bunch of very important people were listening to everything, so he went bright red and Margaery laughed at his reaction. “You’re a baby,” she teased and tried to grab the mic but Robb stopped her. “Uh uh, it’s my story time.”

He composed himself and continued. “That eventful day aside, Marge and I became friends… the best of friends. If there is someone who knows me in this vast world, it is her, and I wouldn’t change that for anything. You may know me as Robb Stark, Eddard’s eldest, who’s so good at business, hard-working, blah, blah, blah. But this lady right here knows me at my worst. She has seen me annoyed, angry, furious and, most importantly, she has seen me being a complete and utter twat. Yet, she loves me.” Robb took her hand in his and looked her in the eye. “My love, I have no words to express what I feel for you. ‘Thank you’ is not enough, but it’s the only thing I can think of. Thank you for being there for me all these years, thank you for caring for me, thank you for listening to me, thank you for supporting me, thank you for loving me. This day is only the beginning of our story.”

Margaery was crying now. She finally stole the mic away and, not letting go of Robb’s hand, and she spoke. “Robb, Robbi boy, Mr Robb, baby Robb, my young wolf… my husband. I was annoyed, you say, at the Grand Prix, and partly yes, you know I hate racing, but… I was angrier because I had walked in front of you before the races started and you ignored me.”

Robb was bewildered.

“Yes, that is right Mr Robb, I had practically flaunted myself in front of your pretty blue eyes, and you had not spared me not one second of your attention. And then, there you were staring at me like an idiot from your seat.” She laughed. “My pride was wounded, so I wanted to ignore you, and that is why I stood up and left. But you followed me! When I saw your eyes again, shining and pleading I just couldn’t stop myself.”

“Stop it with the honey!” yelled Loras, and Margaery rolled her eyes.

“Fine! I just wanted to tell you all beautiful people my version of the events,” she said chuckling. “The important thing is, from that day onwards I discovered I had made the right decision in asking you to take me to that bathroom.” Everyone laughed. “I found in you someone I could trust and someone who accepted me as I am, with no reservations and with no judgement. You say I’ve seen you at your worst, well, you’ve seen me at mine, and it still amazes me that you didn’t run away the first time you saw me angry. I can be a bitch, I know.” More laughs. “Robb, thank you for loving me. You are the best man I could have ever dreamed of meeting, and I’m honoured to become your wife and the mother of your children.”

Many in the crowd – including Alerie, Cate, Sansa and, obviously, Dany – were crying and a round
of applause filled the room once more. The bride and groom kissed passionately and then announced it was time for cake and more dancing.

She realised Jon was standing next to her. *When did he get here?* She swore he was as silent and sneaky as Ghost sometimes.

“To think we nearly-” Jon started saying looking at Robb and Margaery kissing.

“Don’t. Don’t even mention it, Jon.”

His lips contracted in what Dany thought could be called a smug smile and then he walked away to Rickon and Bran. Well, some of his sarcastic humour was starting to come back. That counted as progress.

She felt like going after him, but if Jon was having a good time with his siblings, she wouldn’t disrupt that. Their talks could wait. Jon needed to realise he was a Stark, like all of them, and that those people were his family.

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The next day, after the staff had cleared the godswood and he was sure all the guests were inside the castle, Jon went to the heart tree. He needed to be alone.

Catelyn and Sansa preferred to pray to the Seven, but Jon had never thought highly of gods who judged and condemned you. Bran didn't care much for religion, Rickon even less, and Robb and Arya had never been the ones to pray. They barely visited the godswood, whereas Jon, ever since a little boy, loved to spend long hours in it.

It was the place he always went to for comfort and to clear his mind – like the Stark he was – he thought bitterly. How many times had he heard he was the most Stark of his siblings, the most northern… and now he knew he really was. Robb, Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon were all half Tully, half rivermen, they had in them the grace of the trout of Riverrun. Jon, for his part, was all northern. Whoever his father was or had been, he was a northerner too.

Once more he thought how that had never pained him, to be a full Stark, but now it did.

*You are bloody contradicting yourself, genius.* Dany’s words resonated in his head. How accurate had she been.

For one part, Jon couldn’t help to think he was not a Stark because Eddard was not his father and, for the other, he couldn't help to think he was only a Stark because Catelyn Tully was not his mother. Jon didn't know which of the two hurt most.

He grimaced. They both did in equal manner. The fact remained that he was not the son of neither Eddard nor Catelyn.

His fists, already clenched strongly, crashed against a rock causing its sharp edges to cut his skin. When Jon saw the blood, he hoped his hands would hurt more than it did his heart, but that never happened, it only made it worse.

Jon sat down on the ground not caring about how cold it was.

Ghost was not by his side. He could tell the wolf was glad to be in the North, surrounded by snow, instead of the heat and awful traffic from the capital. He had probably gone to catch something to eat. He missed his presence.
He turned to face the heart tree and kneeled. It had been long since he had prayed. The last time he had, he had asked for Dany to be happy and the gods have listened by bringing them together. It had been a good couple of months with her. Getting closer and getting to love each other once more after years of being apart. And then... then...

What can I do not to feel like this? he asked the gods. I know I still love Ned and Cate, but how do I stop the fury that lingers in my heart, the resentment, the feeling of betrayal... How-

The wind blew and Jon felt a shiver... but not from the cold. He was not cold; the current temperature was nothing compared to when winter came. Suddenly, he didn't know if he was the only one in that forest, and he didn't like the feeling. He quickly stood up and made his way to the castle sensing someone was observing him.

Winterfell appeared grim and sombre now, not the warm castle he remembered. Its large walls felt cold and unwelcoming and Jon felt like crying again. This was his home. Why was it repelling him?

He found Ned and Cate chatting in one of the tea rooms and he walked faster trying to avoid them.

“Jon!” Cate yelled after him, grabbing him by the arm. Gods, she was quick.

“Don't, please,” Jon whispered.

“Jon, my love...”

“Catelyn, please. I can't.”

Catelyn saw the hurt in Jon’s eyes. It felt like someone was stabbing her hearing him call her by her name. Jon...

“Son,” Ned called coming out of the room.

“Don't call me that, Eddard, I'm not your son,” Jon husked.

Catelyn and Ned looked shocked and mournful.

“What?! It's the truth! Now if you'll excuse me. I'm tired.”

Cate and Ned retreated. Cate with tears in her eyes, and Ned with a deep scowl.

Jon regretted talking like that to them, but he couldn't come up with words of love, or at least less harsh.

A huge portrait of Lyanna appeared in front of him. Seven fucking hells. Had that always been there? Why did he suddenly notice every single detail that had to do with her? He had walked the same halls his entire life and he had never noticed how much of Lyanna still lingered in Winterfell.

He stood there for a moment contemplating it, but he felt nothing. He tried to acknowledge her as something more than a relative he had never met but he couldn't, he couldn't and that pained him as well. Wasn't one supposed to look at the image of one’s mother and feel safe, feel love? Feel something? He sighed frustrated and turned around.

Dany was already in bed. And, of course, she could tell something was wrong. Not that his red swollen eyes helped him hide anything.

“Jon, what-”
“Nothing.”

“Jon…”

“I don’t want to talk.” He undressed and laid in bed, covering both of them with the heavy covers. He knew Dany preferred to talk but he just couldn’t. Not yet.

She embraced him from behind and planted a kiss on his shoulder. He neither tried to escape her arms nor welcomed them. He just stayed there numb. Her presence soothed him, and he felt like rubbish not being capable to respond in kind.

The absence of a body next to him woke him up. He adjusted his sight to the darkness and found Dany by the edge of the bed looking for something in her purse.

“What are you doing,” he asked half-asleep.

Daenerys turned abruptly. “I thought you were sleeping.”

He looked at the clock, it was 5 in the morning. Any trace of slumber left his body seeing how startled she was. “Where are you going?” She was wearing thick clothes and a cloak which meant she was going out.

“To walk with Ghost.”

Jon narrowed his gaze. “Don't lie to me”. It was enough he had lived a lie for so long. The tiniest one now felt like a huge betrayal.

She sighed. “To the crypts.”

Jon grimaced.

“Your fath-” she stopped herself but then changed her mind. “Your father told me he sometimes goes there to talk to your grandparents, and to Brandon and Lyanna. I know you don’t want to go, but I want to introduce myself to your- to Lyanna.”

Dany just couldn’t let it go, could she? She had to do something every time. Jon stood up. “Don't go.”

“Jon…”

He didn’t want to fight or yell so he stepped out of bed and took a deep breath. “Please, Dany.” He took her hands in his. “I would like to talk to… Lyanna, before you do so. But I’m not there yet.”

Dany wanted to protest.

“Please,” he begged.

Dany resigned herself and nodded. “I get it.”

“Thank you.” Jon let her go and dressed up himself.

“Are you going somewhere?” Dany asked confused.

“I need fresh air.”
“Can I go with you?”

He nodded.

The cold breeze hit their faces harshly. It was a very cold morning, and with the sun still down, even more so. Jon took off his gloves and offered them to Dany. She hated to wear gloves, so she refused to buy some, however this time she didn’t say a word and promptly accepted them, putting them on with a sheepish smile on her face. Gods, she could be so cute sometimes.

They didn’t talk.

Dany was probably choking with all the words she wanted to let out but she understood now he genuinely didn’t want to talk. The silence between them was not awkward though, Jon was enjoying their walk and it appeared she was too if her gleeful demeanour was any indication.

The rest of their stay at the Stark’s ancient home was spent relatively uneventful, Jon always putting on a happy face for the sake of Robb and Margaery, who were over the moon, and for the Tyrells and some other guests who were still in the castle and had no business prying in his privacy.

Dany never brought up Lyanna again and Jon was grateful for it.

Dany felt utterly alone in her room now. Without Jon, a part of her was not complete.

After getting back from Winterfell, Jon had taken his stuff and moved to a hotel, barely muttering two words about it. The only thing he had said was that he couldn’t stay in the mansion anymore. Apparently, apart from the Starks, he needed distance from the Targaryens as well, including her.

There was only one month left to their wedding, and Dany felt as distanced from Jon as she ever had. Not even when she was all crazy getting around the idea of their arranged marriage had she felt so bad.

She went to visit him. She wanted to see him and she needed to ask him why he ought to stay away from her, she needed to understand him… or at least try.

Before knocking on his room door, she commanded herself not to let her inner dragon come out... not today at least.

Jon wasn't pleased with her unannounced visit, but he had hugged her and kissed her, and that had made her feel better. For a moment, she felt as he had done so in order to draw energy from her body, given his was almost over, and she felt useful like she hadn’t since he found out Lyanna was his mother...

She asked him questions but Jon didn’t reply to them. He changed the course of the talk, he gave excuses but he didn’t answer what she wanted. She was growing restless.

She cleared her throat and forced him to face her. “You once said I was building a wall between us, Jon. Don’t you do it now.”

“Daenerys…”

“Please, Jon.”
He stood up and paced the room. He brought his hands to his curls and messed them up with so much frustration and pain, it hurt her soul. She could see deep bags under his eyes and his whole body language was burdensome, making him look older. After a while, he breathed heftily and approached to sit down next to her.

“I… don’t know what to say. If I haven’t talked it’s because I don’t know what to say. I would like to feel happy again, or at least in peace with… everything, but I can’t, and I can’t pretend anymore to be living my normal life when I’m not. If I endured these days, it was because of Margaery and Robb, but now that they are happy and settled, I can’t keep putting on a nice face. Stupid little details trigger my mind and I feel like vomiting at all times because I remember Eddard is not my father and that Catelyn is not my mother, or that Robb, Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon are not my siblings, but my cousins. I can’t look at you either. Perhaps that makes no sense… it definitely makes no sense, but you remind me of her. Why? I have no idea. I feel like shit for it but every time I look at you I make connections; I remember everything all over again”.

“You are saying you hate that I know. Do you regret sharing this with me? Would you rather have me not knowing?”

“No,” he said grimly. “As weird as that is too. If Catelyn or your mother had not told you, I would have done so myself. But that doesn’t mean the pain goes away.”

She exhaled the air she did not know she had been holding in. That question had bothered her from the beginning. She did not know how much it would hurt if Jon did regret having her aware of the truth.

Then she winced. She didn’t understand how was it that she could remind him of Lyanna, and actually hated the idea, but she guessed if the roles were reversed she would be making no sense either. Her whole world would have crumbled and she would have most definitely gone mad. Jon was broodier and crying like she had never seen him, but he had not let anyone find out. He had held his head up and continued working and studying (even if she had to push him a little in that regard). If she had found out a secret like the one he had, she wouldn't have been able to focus on anything, no matter how much work she had had. That was selfish. Then again, Jon had never been selfish like she was. She decided then not to snap at him like she usually would when his words made no sense, keeping her promise not to let the dragon out.

Thus, she changed the subject. “Our wedding is in 24 days.” She had been counting the days for the past couple of months, wishing time just moved fast forward to the day she could call Jon her husband. He surely remembered that, didn’t he? Despite everything he was feeling they were good, right?

“I know.”

“And?”

“What do you want me to say?” he said with frustration but then changed his tone and looked at her with those grey skies he had for eyes full of despair. “Will I be better? I certainly hope so. That’s why I feel I need to be alone... My timing is shit, I’m sorry.”

Again, his words didn't make sense, but in a weird way, they did as well. However, the only thing she wanted to do was slap him and yell at him that it was their fucking wedding and he could not continue to be a dead man. She wanted to make him see his life had not changed at all, damn it.

...except for the tiny little detail that Lyanna fucking Stark is his mother, Daenerys. Yes, she was angry with Lyanna. She’d apologise to her later for referring to her like that, but hells, did she
resent her for wanting Jon never to find out about her. And Ned and Cate, and her parents and everybody who was making her Jon suffer.

She sighed. Gods, she really couldn't snap at him.

It would break her heart to be distanced from Jon, but he had sincerely begged her for some time alone. If that is what he believed would make him feel better, then she would endure it. He needed it to find himself – whoever that was – again. She knew who he was, she could tell him all about it. She could spend hours talking about it if he wanted… *That won’t help him, Daenerys.*

Their wedding had to be a breaking point though, she would not allow a half-dead Jon to ruin the day, and she would not live for the rest of her life with a man who refused to be around her. She had been understanding enough, Jon would have to put some effort too.

“Allright,” she said reassuringly. “I understand... Well, I don’t but, I won’t stand in your way.” She stopped her interrogatory and simply suggested they should dine together and then she would leave him alone.

Dinner was pleasant enough, with Jon making the effort to converse. He talked about the things he was working on and his essays for uni (the Stark issue obviously left out). Dany told him about her work as well, and about Rhaenys’ achievements in school and her ballet lessons, which at least brought some smiles to his face. He even promised to call the little girl once in a while to say hi and ask about her day. Rhaenys had a weird attachment to Jon and felt utterly content when she talked to him.

Jon told Dany that Sam was dating a girl named Gilly, and that he talked about her like fifteen-year-olds talked about their first crush. Dany commented that Missandei was head over heels for Grey and, despite their brief time together, she was thinking about marrying him already. She even dared to brush on the subject of a hypothetical Willas-Sansa relationship, and Jon had not taken it as badly as she had been expecting. Hopefully, he wouldn’t take an issue to the fact that Gendry was already dating Arya.

It was good to gossip about their friends’ lives and pretend the world did not exist for a second.

The tough part came when she had to say goodbye and leave.

Jon kissed her knuckles and stared at her engagement ring. The amethyst shone brightly and Dany had always thought the wolf and dragon on it looked majestic. He caressed it and kissed it as if promising something – what, she didn’t know.

She threw her arms around his neck as tears rolled down her face. “I will miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too.”

She kissed him with all the passion she had in her, hoping it was enough to transmit how much she loved him.

She hid her head in the crook of his neck and Jon tightened his embrace so much it almost hurt.

“Thank you,” he whispered so low she barely heard him. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes
Yeah, sad. I know :(  
Next chapter is great, you should stay tuned ;) haha  
Have a beautiful weekend!!!  
Yours truly, Val. <3
I Love You

Chapter Summary

It's wedding time.

Chapter Notes

Hello, beautiful people! Once again… I’m back!

I’m so so so sorry for the loooong wait. These two months were crazy for me; I got sick like three times, I travelled outside of my country, unfortunately, a family member passed away, I had loads of work to catch on… phew! Aannnnd I had trouble with this chapter because it has so many things I didn’t want to rush it or miss anything. Soooo hopefully the wait is worth it!! Again, apologies. I’ll try and not take too long with the next ones. We’re nearing the end! I reckon there are three more chapters left.

Now, MASSIVE thanks to beta aliciutza who is just the most amazing woman on this planet. Thank you for bearing with me and being the great friend you are. I couldn’t have done this without you. Thank you for believing in me. <3 ALSO, thank you for the AWESOME mood board you fashioned to commemorate this milestone in Jon’s and Dany’s rs. *pours shot of Tequila*

Also, major thanks to my baby CallMeDeWitt. Without you, this would have taken even longer. Thank you for helping me when I got stuck and for your constant encouragement. You, my friend, are one of the most awesome ppl I’ve ever encountered. Like, so much of you is in this chapter! Lolol

Jane_Casey, love. THANK YOUUUUUU for helping with the smut part, making it so much better with your amazing beta skills. You the best. <3

My dearest toaquiprashippar, you have to be mentioned here as well!!!! You are one of this story’s greatest fans and one amazing friend! This chapter is dedicated to YOU, darling!!! Hope you like it! LOVE YOU.

RoneOfHouseTargaryen, don’t think I forgot about you, boy. You helped too so I hope you enjoy! :)

Oh, I wanted to say there will be a little Margaery part :) This is dedicated to Roana23 who has been reading and supporting this fic from the beginning and who is, alongside me, on the Willas/Sansa train. Hope you like it!

Dear reader, after two months, I hope this chapter is to your liking and that it does justice to our favourite lovebirds. I do have to say that the smut you’ll find here can’t compare to that of the marvellous writers in this fandom but I still hope you enjoy it.

The song that appears in this chapter is At Last by Etta James.

Enough words. I present to you chapter 21 aka the Jonerys wedding (it’s a long one — like, long— so brace yourselves!). :)))
Dany missed Jon terribly.

But she had to conform with his daily texts which informed her he was still breathing. That was the only condition Dany had established for him to go and seclude himself.
I finished all my meals.

Went to the gym today.

I’m sleeping better.

I’m feeling... I’m feeling.

His texts showed recovery so that calmed her nerves a bit. She wanted to see him and his pretty hair so badly. Damn him. And why did he have such pretty hair anyway?

She hadn’t seen him for almost a month and tomorrow she would meet him at their wedding ceremony. A smiled escaped her.

*Finally*, she would become Jon’s wife.

With a fluttery stomach and a pounding heart, she went to bed after a long talk with her brothers and one final text from Jon.

**Good night, Dany. See you tomorrow.**

It was plain and simple, but she knew her Jon and those words came from his heart. He didn’t need to write poetry or elaborate long texts. That was his way of saying he genuinely cared for her.

**********

Jon arrived at the venue by himself. Starks and Targaryens were already there but he knew Dany wouldn’t arrive until all the guests were sat down in their respective seats. He greeted them all but proceeded to install himself in a private room not far away. Seeing too many people after spending one month mostly by himself was overwhelming. That and he still couldn’t be around Ned and Cate.

He wanted to see Dany, of course. But even that scared him. She had been understanding and supportive, but he was aware of her fiery temperament and her need to feel she could do something. Isolating himself meant she couldn’t do anything and that had hurt her and her pride. He was more than thankful for her to have decided to back down but that didn’t mean she wasn’t upset. She was probably angry and she had all the right to be so.

He sighed. They would talk about that later.

He was getting married. The realisation dawned on him while waiting in the room. He was getting married to Dany. As much as his heart still ached, that fact made him feel a lot better.
Someone knocked, turning Jon from the glass of scotch he was about to drink. “Come in,” he said. That was odd, he had specifically asked not to be bothered, but whoever it was most certainly didn’t care about that.

The door opened revealing a platinum blonde with lilac eyes.

“Hello, Jon.”

For a second, he was bewildered until he finally distinguished the unexpected visitor. The always elegant Rhaella Targaryen stood at the frame of the door looking as dashing as ever.

Of all the people he might have expected see, his mother-in-law was the last of them.

“Rhaella,” he said dazed.

“Darling, can I come in?”

“Of course…” He didn’t know how to feel about her visit. He had refused to talk to her since the day at the Stark Mansion so she was probably hurt like Dany. He knew how much she cared for him, and the Targaryen blood that ran through her veins was no less flammable than Dany’s.

“I know you probably weren’t expecting me, but I couldn’t help myself, sweetling, I had to see you.”

“It’s ok…”

“How are you feeling?”

Jon grimaced.

“Don’t answer that. I’m sorry. That is surely something you hate people asking. I just… Well, we haven’t spoken in a while and you are like a son to me, Jon, you know that. My girl is so lucky to have you…”

Jon stayed silent not knowing what to respond. But Rhaella was like Dany, she could spend hours talking without any encouragement.

“She told me you spent some time by yourself. That is fine, I guess... if it made you feel better…. ” Silence filled the room. “Did it?”

Jon shrugged. “I’m not going to lie and said it did, not entirely. But it did help. At least I’m not crying and feeling like I want to throw up all the time.”

“Good,” she said smiling. “Darling, I know this is probably not a good time but after the wedding, you will go away with Daenerys for a while and I needed to say this before you left.”

Jon mentally prepared to talk about the subject he dreaded the most.

“I won’t ask for your forgiveness. I don’t deserve it, but I also know that it was not my place to say anything to you because it was not my secret to share. So I don’t regret it. Lyanna wanted you to live knowing Ned and Cate were your parents and I gladly accepted to help keep that from the entire world.”

“Rhaella—”

“I just want to ask you to let this old woman share a bit of your life. I would hate if you never spoke
“Rhaella.” Jon shook his head. “I would never—”

“You know…” Rhaella’s body language completely changed and a little mischievous smirk appeared on her face. “You and Daenerys think nobody noticed but I did.”

“What?” The sudden change of subject confused him.

She chuckled. “The day of Sansa’s tenth birthday party.”

Was she talking about…?

“I came in to help Cate and she sent me to look for you.” She now laughed out loud. “I’m sorry.”

Jon felt his cheeks go red but he couldn’t help but to laugh along her.

“Yes, a smile! You should smile more often, sweetling. I’m glad I could make you laugh.”

“Did you really…”

“Oh, yes! I heard you talking. My Daenerys is a bit bold, isn’t she?”

“A bit?”

Rhaella tittered. “She does have dragon blood. More so than Rhaegar and Viserys, I think. Anyway, you should be thankful it was me who noticed and not your mother… Cate… you—”

“It’s ok, Rhaella, you can call her whatever you want.”

Rhaella preferred not to push the subject. “Well, you should. Can you imagine? She would have been all crazy about it. You were only sixteen and my Daenerys fifteen.”

“You weren’t?” Jon felt it was the most awkward situation he had ever been in, talking to his mother-in-law about the first time he had sex, with her daughter, no less.

“Oh darling, we’re Targaryens, remember? We have always been more sexually liberated that the people of the cold North.

Jon rolled his eyes although he knew Rhaella spoke truth.

“We don’t care about that. Whenever it feels right, it feels right. But Ned and Cate are a bit… Well, they’re a bit uptight, aren’t they? I mean it was Sansa’s birthday, after all, and in the mansion… I’m not quite sure what their reaction would have been. I told Cate that Daenerys had forgotten her present and that you had gone with her to fetch it. She didn’t ask more questions and… I knew it wouldn’t take long.” Her tone was playful.

Not wanting to continue discussing this particular matter with his mother-in-law, Jon laughed nervously. “Sorry, this is all so awkward.”

“I’m just happy to see you laugh.”

“Rhaella, you are part of my life and always will be. I’m still coping with the whole situation but…” He sighed. “You know what? I really don’t know what to tell you, just that you are part of my life and I care about you.”
“Thank you, darling.” She stood up and fixed her dress. “Well, I better leave before I start crying. You have to rest and I still have to go over a lot of things.”

Jon nodded but Rhaella didn’t move. “…can I get a hug?” She finally asked.

Jon smiled and approached her. “Certainly.”

The Targaryen matriarch squished him and kissed his cheek making Jon feel seven again. “Ugh, if I was twenty years younger I swear I’d fight Daenerys over those luscious curls,” she said laughing and walking to the door.

“Oh and, sweetling?” —Rhaella said before she left— “Everything has grey tones. Yes, that’s right, I’m using some Stark wisdom. Don’t tell anyone I did.” She winked and closed the door behind her.

Jon snorted at her choice of words. That was something Eddard used to say whenever he or one of his siblings got into a fight. “Nothing is completely black or white, all things have grey tones to them. Look for them and find common ground, compromise.”

Another memory came to his mind then.

“I hate grey, such a dull colour,” Dany had said once when Ned told her those very same words after meeting Ygritte. “No offence,” she quickly had added.

“None taken. I can see why you don’t like it. You Targs are all black and red, fire and blood. Pretty aggressive.”

“Hey now.”

“No offence.”

Dany laughed. “Ugh, none taken. Come here and kiss me.”

Jon’s smile grew at the memory followed by a deep exhale.

Well, that had been something.

Jon was not ready yet to face many things, but Rhaella approaching him had helped him see things less dire and he could work with that… he hoped.

Just then, Robb knocked and announced the time was here, urging his younger brother to come out. Jon looked at himself in the mirror one last time and, taking another deep breath, he came out of his hiding spot and took his place next to the judge who would officiate the wedding.

For the time being, he’d enjoy his wedding and forget about the torment he was still going through, he owed it to Dany.

The Botanical Garden was magnificent, full of amazing displays of flora Jon didn’t know were even possible. The ancient ruins which held it kept guard as they had done for thousands of years, witnessing every event in the capital unfold. And --Jon had to admit-- the decoration was lovely. Rhaella had certainly done an outstanding job.

Robb, Sam, Gendry, Pip, Bran and Rickon were next to him and on the other side stood Missy, Yara, Margaery, Elia, Sansa and Arya, all of them spectacular in their special gowns and tuxes made exclusively for the occasion.
The day was beautiful and not that hot, for which Jon was grateful. A striking blue sky with fluffy white clouds covered everyone’s heads, flowers were in full bloom, birds chirped, fountains sprinkled, children laughed. Everything screamed luxury, from simple things like chairs to everybody’s choice of outfit. The guests displayed their position and wealth for the world gathered in one place to see. Lush high couture dresses, handmade tuxes, imported shoes, fine jewellery.

Jon had forgotten how big his wedding would be. People from all over the world were there. ambassadors, heads of state, celebrities, businessmen and many more from the Summer Isles to Freeland. It was impressive to see such diversity gathered in one place, however, unsurprisingly to him, Targaryens managed to stand out amongst the crowd with their moonlight hair, pale skin, lilac eyes and regal demeanour. Whoever said they didn’t rule anymore?

Dragons and wolves could be seen everywhere, hovering, watching attentively the event befold. Embroidered in select fabrics, carved in furniture, printed on everything Rhaella had been able to print them on without getting tacky (as if anything Stark-Targaryen related could ever be tacky).

The whole place was decorated in red and grey to make even more explicit the convergence of both houses (if the sigils weren’t enough), giving the whole place an air of sublimeness, power and nobility Jon had not been expecting.

Ghost suddenly came out of some bushes and made his way to the aisle walking solemnly like only he knew, glancing at everyone fully aware he was beyond them. Jon couldn’t help but to smirk at his demeanour and feel like a proud father to his wolf pup. Ghost stood next to him and Jon scratched him behind his ears calming his nerves a little.

A piercing cry came from the skies making everyone look up, some terrified, some marvelled. Drogon had been allowed to enter the city as a special present to the bride so his majestic silhouette and loud screeching was the perfect addition to the unusual view. The dragon came closer looking for Jon as the bat of his wings dishevelled everyone’s perfect hairdos.

Jon stepped aside to where the dragon was waiting for him and quickly lifted his hand to pet him. “Hey, big D. It’s amazing you’re here with us.” Drogon emitted a noise Jon recognised now as the dragon version of a purr and told him what it wanted to hear. “I love you.” Jon hugged him and stayed like that for a few seconds, enjoying its warmth. “But you can’t be this close, alright? Your mother is about to get here and the ceremony will start.” The dragon dutifully obeyed and backed off, allowing Jon to take his place at the end of the aisle again.

The little orchestra at the side started playing a ceremonious melody announcing the bride’s arrival. Drogon spotted his mother and another deafening screech was heard, Dany laughing and waving at her baby, blowing him a kiss.

Jon lifted his head up and… the old and new gods be good, the most gorgeous woman in the history of gorgeousness appeared before his eyes. She was beaming and Jon’s smile grew wide despite his effort to repress it. He was in awe, frozen, not being able to think straight. He felt as if someone had taken the air out of his lungs at the sight he was witnessing.

Aerys proudly walked down the aisle with Dany latched onto his arm, his traditional stern face softened and a little simper detectable. Jon secretly thanked the gods, the universe and whatever great force he could think of for allowing that imposing and powerful man decide to let his only daughter marry no other than him.

Could Dany be more beautiful? No, she couldn’t. She was perfection embodied and he was proud that woman was about to become his partner for the rest of his life.
He discreetly looked at her from top to bottom, his eyes still having a bit of trouble adjusting to the mesmerizing image before them. Elia had certainly outdone herself for Dany’s dress was enthralling, otherworldly.

Jon was dumbfounded, it would be impossible not to have his breath taken away. The dress shined, perfectly wrapping her body, her shoulders bare revealing the porcelain-like skin he wanted to touch so much. Its shape was neither classic nor modern, but the perfect combination of both, and so were the patterns which adorned it, elegant and sumptuous. The way it cascaded down to the floor reminded Jon of winter and snow, harmoniously falling down, and he took a mental note to thank Elia for putting such detail into it.

With every step Dany took towards him, it seemed like he was the only man she had ever known. Her violet eyes looked at him with unshed emotion and longing, piercing right into his soul. She held her chin high with confidence like she always did, never forgetting who she was and her place in the world.

Her hair was styled in a Northern way and her makeup was soft. The sun reflected on her creamy skin, her white dress creating a heavenly aura around her. What made her even more beautiful, however, was the smile on her face, radiant and disarming. The guests —just like Jon— had their mouths agape at the sight, irremediably drawn to the ethereal creature walking by. His limbs were jelly now, but he gathered himself as much as he could not to stumble down, rather he stood proud, proud to be marrying this woman.

Gods, he had missed her. He had not completely realised it until she stepped foot in the garden looking her prettiest. She was like a dream, all too real and not real at all. His stomach churned, his heart pounded, his hands sweated...

Right then nothing else mattered; parentage reveal, mixed feelings, nothing but her. Dany, the only person he had ever allowed to look beyond his cold demeanour and his protection shell. Dany, his best friend. Dany, his first love. Dany… his wife.

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He was there. He was right there. Her dark-haired and brooding man of a boyfriend… And the man she cared for the most in the entire world. He was right there looking adorably dazzled and about to become her husband. Finally, no more ‘Top 10 bachelors’ articles about her Jon. This day he was becoming lawfully hers. Because, really, any other way he was already hers. She had even claimed his V card years ago… A crooked smile escaped her at the thought.

He looked stunning, with his trimmed beard, combed hair and his black tux cut in perfect sharp lines to fit his body like a glove. Dany loved his broad shoulders and narrow hips, his strong legs and built arms. Jon was the kind of man that, even if she hadn’t known for her entire life and loved so much in so many ways already, she would have definitely pursued had she encountered him at a pub or a party.

Jon had always had a graceful air to his manners, speaking with propriety and carrying himself like the Stark he was, fully aware of his importance and his greatness, both inherited and self-made. Dany considered herself the luckiest girl in the world for having that kind of man in her life, willing to share his with hers.

He was smiling at her, all troubles forgotten, and Dany felt her heart pound as strongly as it had the first time she had realised she liked him more than she did a friend and the first time they were together back at the Stark Mansion. She felt giddy and foolish to an extent, for she didn’t know how was it possible that she loved this man as much as she did.
His eyes were the only thing keeping her grounded; they held the same weight over her that they always had no matter how hard she would try and fight it. His eyes, seven heavens, his eyes, radiant and grey as the colour that represented his family and that he carried with pride, despite what he could be feeling since the eventful day he had found Lyanna’s journal.

Lyanna... Dany unconsciously looked up and hoped she was watching, giving her blessing and enjoying her only son’s wedding. I love him. I’ll take care of him for you, I promise.

Everything was perfect. Dany was very aware she had been a whiny bitch back when her family had told her about the wedding, but she had to give it to her mother for organising this. It was beyond what her words could express.

Reaching Rhaella’s place, Dany mouthed a thank you to which her mother responded with a blown kiss and a proud smile, and then she and Aerys finally made it to the altar to where the judge and Jon waited.

“Jon,” the Targaryen patriarch greeted.

“Aerys,” Jon replied solemnly as if making a vow.

Aerys handed her hand to Jon who promptly took it in his and left to take his place next to Rhaella. Before sitting down, her father threw a knowing look towards Catelyn and Eddard as if saying “we made it.”

“Hello,” Dany said almost shyly. A month away from him felt like a lifetime and she didn’t know if she would find her normal Jon or the sombre angry Jon he had become lately.

“Hello,” he replied with his deep husky voice sending a shiver through Dany’s spine. His eyes stared into hers with kindness and Dany knew that her Jon was there, at least for the time being. He placed a chaste kiss to her hand and then turned them to face the judge.

The whole ceremony was a blur to Dany. Everything she could think of was Jon’s hand in hers, his manly scent, his out of this world jawline and his soft curls which she wanted to grab and liberate from the gel that held them tame.

“Jon Stark, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?” The judge asked, making Dany realise the wedding was about to end.

“I do,” Jon replied with a smile, his grey oceans looking into her violet ones with a shine Dany thought she had never seen —playful and full of hope.

“Daenerys Targaryen, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I…” She took a deep breath for dramatic purposes. The guests were intrigued and so was Jon who suddenly tensed and furrowed his brows. She silently mouthed a “fucking” only for Jon to see and then added “do” loud and clear for everyone to hear.

Jon rolled his eyes at her theatrical answer but proceeded to kiss her without waiting for the judge to say another word. Gods, how she had missed him. His pouty lips felt like home and she relished in every second of his touch, the guests disappearing to oblivion as Jon sealed a silent oath of his own with his kiss.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife.” Dany heard the judge say laughing a little along with everyone at Jon’s enthusiastic display of affection. He finally let her lips part and the claps and cheering soon followed, the party almost starting right then.
“Took them so many bloody years!” Arya yelled from her place, immediately admonished by Sansa and Catelyn. “They’re 25, Arya, not 45,” said the younger redhead. The crowd laughed at the interaction and Dany couldn’t help but give into the gleeful mood. She and Jon turned to look at everyone when suddenly realisation hit her like a stroke. She was Jon’s wife. Finally, after all those years first as friends, then as mere acquaintances, then as a forced couple and lastly as two people admitting they had always loved each other only they had been too afraid to see it.

Jon grabbed Dany's hand giving her a reassuring squeeze and walked down the aisle—this time together—towards the picture spot Rhaella had set, laughing at the guests’ whistles and going through a flower petal rain and an avalanche of bright camera flashes.

The guests formed a line wanting to strike a pose next to the newlyweds so Jon and Dany spent the next hour smiling for the photographers and greeting people they barely knew but recognised from newspapers. It was odd how many people knew who they were and hugged and congratulated them as if they were long lost friends, yet they knew it was most likely they’d never see them again.

After the special guests, came the family. Dany met every Stark alive (she didn't know there were so many but apparently there were several branches of the family she didn't know about; third and fourth cousins who Jon told her he’d later properly introduce) and Jon encountered once again the thirty plus Targaryen clan who, by now, were all resigned to his presence.

Dany was happy to see every person she loved gathered in one place (even if Jon still held some grudges against Ned and Cate and she could see how he cringed from time to time).

She was so glad Margaery was part of her family as well because, in a matter of months, they had become so close Dany thought she couldn't picture her life without her sister-in-law anymore. She and Margaery shared their every secret wish and dream and she was thankful for having such a great support system close to her. Of course Dany had Missy and Yara, but they were both far away, making their dreams come true, so it was sometimes hard to catch up.

Speaking about Margaery, she and Elia looked fabulous with their growing bellies. Elia was about to pop any minute with little Aegon being 9 months in a few weeks, but still, she looked her best even if she had to go have a wee every 10 minutes and she was not able to find a position that was completely comfortable. Margaery, for her part, was five months pregnant, so her belly was getting bigger by the day. She and Robb kept saying they wanted the baby’s sex to be a surprise but Dany knew they were sure it was a girl, so the whole family had prepared for that already. Dany and Jon had bought so many clothes and toys for the Stark on the way, Vis had even inquired if she wasn't pregnant herself.

Official and family pictures taken, Jon and Dany were able to have their couple photo shoot. The garden provided the perfect background and, with a setting sun and the best of wedding photographers, their photos were bound to turn out wonderful.

“Hey,” Dany stopped him before the shoot began.

“Hey,” Jon replied caressing her cheek. “What's going on?”

Listening to his voice after so long felt like she was dreaming.

“Nothing, just…We’ll spend the rest of the day among guests and toasts and cake. I wanted a few seconds with my husband.”

Jon's hard features softened as he placed a tender kiss to her lips. “I have the most beautiful wife in
the entire world.”

Dany tittered. “I have the most handsome husband in the world…” –she sighed– “I missed you so much, Jon.”

“I missed you too, baby… So much.” Dany felt her stomach churn. Jon had never called her that and it felt wonderful. “But I’m here now.” He pressed his forehead on hers, closing his eyes to take in the moment.

“Are you… alright?” She dared express her concern.

Jon exhaled heavily. “Dany…”

“Ok, I won't ask anymore.”

“Later, alright? Later.”

“Later.” Dany nodded and kissed Jon one last time before joining the crew.

The beautiful flowers and plants joined by the majestic structure of the ancient ruins made of the garden the perfect scenario. Thankfully, the photographers indicated the bride and groom everything they needed to do so it was easy for Jon and Dany to follow their lead and not worry about awkward positions or where to place their hands.

Dany knew Jon hated such affairs but he seemed rather calm and willing. He was even being friendly with the photographers and asked for their opinion when, eventually, he stroke a pose of his own. Dany didn’t know where sombre Jon had gone to, but she was glad he had not ruined her day. She was having the time of her life playing around with her husband and the staff, trying to make their wedding pictures breathtaking.

They posed by some gorgeous flowers, by a nice pond, by a hill, Jon never ceasing to touch her, caress her, cherish her…

“They just look so good together,” Dany heard the crew members whisper while they made a pause.

“He is so handsome.”

“And she is so beautiful. They are the perfect couple.”

“Who would have thought it’d come the day when Targaryens and Starks would make peace and even marry each other.”

Dany giggled when Jon tickled her bringing her attention back to him. She thought it was lovely that people had nice things to say about her and Jon and their families. *I'm history*, she thought smugly, *I’m the first Targaryen to ever marry a Stark. Queen Daenerys doesn’t count because King Aegon was a Targaryen as well, so yeah, that place in history is mine. Daenerys, you’re petty and ridiculous, you know that?*

After the shoot, Jon and Dany made their grand entrance in the magnificently adorned hall with magnanimous smiles, their eyes shining with endless mirth. The presenter announced them, making all eyes to fall upon them.

Jon had not stopped holding Dany’s hand since they saw each other at the altar, and Dany was relishing in every moment of their time together after that awful month apart. She could tell Jon
was better, only not how much. Had he come to terms with his parentage? Had he forgiven the people involved? Was he still feeling out of place? Did he still believe he had no right to carry the Stark surname? She guessed the answers to all those questions would be revealed soon after the party finished and they were alone with no distractions.

Rhaenys took her out of her thoughts, approaching her and Jon as fast as she could, not giving a second thought to the fact that she was observed by hundreds. “Auntie! Uncle Jon!” She cried running directly towards Jon who kneeled and opened his arms for her in invitation. “Baby girl!” He answered joyfully, peppering her with kisses.

The little dragon giggled and played with them while expressing her discontent for their absences in the past weeks, making Jon feel guilty.

“You’re so awful, uncle Jon. You didn't come to visit me as you said. You lied!” Her Targaryen blood was noticeable already. “Do you not love me anymore?” Dany wanted to laugh at the interaction.

Jon didn't have the courage to deny her anything so, as Dany expected, he ended up yielding to Rhaenys’ requests to visit her at least twice a week and go see her ballet recital next month. He was definitely afraid of her wrath although he masked it under a “I don’t want to hurt her” mask.

The laughs she had provoked amongst the guests ceased as the presenter continued with some more words for the newlyweds, officially inaugurating the party with a toast.

“To the new husband and wife!” He exclaimed, echoed by everyone.

Food was served next. A glorious banquet full of the best food the North and Dragonstone could offer. Beef, fish, chicken, all kinds of stews and salads. Both families had not given a second thought to splurge in everything that was considered needed to offer the best wedding party Westeros had seen in centuries.

“You have to taste this,” Dany said holding some grilled fish on her fork for Jon to taste.

Jon —I hate public displays of emotions— Stark, obliged happily and dinner was spent like that, feeding each other, giggling and enjoying the show happening on stage.

However, Dany felt there were some moments in which Jon tensed and his mood turned darker.

“Jon? What’s going on?”

He continued eating without looking at her. “Nothing.”

“Jon…”

He simply pointed right with his chin, Dany following his hint. *Bloody hells*. She could see one smirking man with a smug attitude and fought the need to roll her eyes. Daario was a complete wanker, no point fighting that, but he was harmless.

“Daario, seriously?”

“He’s been ogling at you this whole time.”

“You—

She was interrupted by the cheerful voice of Tyrion Lannister, unable to chide Jon on his childish
Jon knew he wasn't supposed to feel jealous of an ex-boyfriend. He had known about Daario for a while and his friendship with Dany had never troubled him. However, seeing how he leered at her was not helping his already poor nerves (maybe the man wasn’t even leering at her, only looking at her). Jon wasn’t even sure he was actually jealous, _per se_. He was just irritated. Everything bothered him lately, from little details to big issues and he was aware that had to do with the fact he wasn’t his right self yet and that, too, bothered him.

However, when he was about to explain this to Dany so that she didn’t think he was being a wanker for the sake of it, Tyrion stood up clanging a spoon to his glass of wine calling for everyone’s attention.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. If you would be kind enough to pay attention to me, I'd like to say a few words. Now, I know what you're thinking, Tyrion Lannister can't shut up for hours but I promise to be brief.” Giggles were heard as the music ceased, the hundreds of guests stopping whatever they were doing to fully pay attention to Tyrion whose height was small, but his presence gigantic.

“I think we all know why we’re gathered here tonight, fellow friends. This” —he said making a point to wave his arms around— “this is important. As you are all aware, dragons and wolves have never been the best of friends which has caused some damages to our beloved country along the way.” Pairs of eyes glanced at Ned and Aerys who held their faces stern, not minding people's opinions. “As the president of this nation and a close friend to these two families, I'm more than happy to see the quarrels and threatens finally coming to an end between the people who helped build Westeros. This is a new beginning, a new era; one I’m sure will only bring a more prosperous future for everybody.” Tyrion made a pause and turned to look at Jon and Dany who were listening attentively to the man they considered family.

“Jon, the woman next to you is one of the kindest, most intelligent, beautiful souls I have ever encountered and I know a lot of souls in this world. I was privileged enough to see her grow up and turn from a funny, clever, chubby baby to the magnificent woman she is today. You, Jon, are one lucky lad getting to spend the rest of your life next to her.” Jon softly smiled, gazing at Dany with loving eyes.

“Daenerys, darling, you look gorgeous by the way.” Dany tittered. “The handsome man next to you is also one of the purest souls I have ever had the pleasure to encounter and I'm sure he'll be a great partner to you. He is assertive, bright, strong and kind. Just like you, so I'm happy you two found the way to each other and are ready to share your paths. Support each other, be kind to each other and, when needed, point out the other’s mistakes not to mock, judge or scold, but to grow together as partners, as citizens and as human beings. I wish you both all the best. To the bride and groom!” He finished lifting his glass.

The toast was followed by claps and joy, Jon and Dany pecking and smiling to the people witnessing one of the most important days of their lives. Tyrion approached and both thanked him greatly for his words and for being a constant support in their lives.

“For the gods, Tyrion, you made me cry,” Daenerys informed him.

“Thank you for making space and being here. Means a lot,” Jon continued.

“What can I say,” replied the Lannister, “I have a soft spot for you both ever since you were...
children and... I couldn't miss the Jonerys wedding.” He grinned, sipping his wine.

Dany and Jon rolled their eyes and huffed at the use of the nickname the press had baptised them with but hugged Tyrion all the same. “Thank you,” they repeated.

“Jon.” A man called after him a while later, approaching him with a smug attitude Jon didn't like one bit.

“Daario,” Jon replied a tad more resentfully than he wanted to.

“You know who I am,” the man said, both amused and surprised.

Jon scoffed. “You are one of my wife's exes, aye, I know who you are.”

“I had been wanting to meet you since D told me about her engagement. Get to know the man who stole her heart.”

Jon wasn't sure if Daenerys had told anyone else about the fact their parents had arranged their marriage, even if they did love each other, so he smirked, not letting this man see he was, in fact, affected by his presence. “Well, here you have me,” he finished extending his right hand to the Tyroshi.

“Daenerys said you were hard to get along with. Brooding, boring, cold.”

Jon wagged his eyebrows, fighting his rage and snarks back. Who did this man think he was coming at him? Above that, he felt a little hurt Daenerys had talked about him like that. However, he was forced to remember the prejudices he had held against her before encountering that day at the bar, so he couldn’t blame her for speaking ill about him.

“Well, I guess that’s not the case if she actually agreed to marry me.” Jon tested the waters, trying to discover if Daario knew about the nature of his marriage.

The handsome man —Jon begrudgingly had to admit he was easy on the eyes— gave him a crooked smirk as his eyes shone with mischief. “I guess so,” he replied rather wistfully. “We were once very happy, you know? But she always had you in her mind one way or another.” His last words were spoken with bitterness.

Jon gave back the same crooked smile to the man heir to a great weapon and military intelligence company, getting interrupted in his answer when Daenerys appeared out of nowhere yelling the man’s name.

“Daario, darling!” She greeted excitedly.

“Hey, sweetheart!” He answered changing his demeanour to a merry innocent one. He was good, Jon thought, not liking one bit the affectionate use of appellatives.

“Ugh, how is it you look more handsome than a year ago? Always the charmer, Daario.”

Daario shrugged, passing a hand through his perfect brown hair. “What can I say, sweetheart, you know I like to look good.”

“Oh, that you do.”

“Well, you are one to talk, sweetheart. You look radiant.”

The way he stressed his last word annoyed Jon and, dreading the conversation that was about to
take place, he decided to better step aside and let them catch up by themselves, however, Dany had other plans. She pulled him to her side grabbing his arm and did not allow for him to find peace elsewhere.

“Daario, how is work going?” Daenerys asked with real interest.

“Oh, just fine, sweetheart. Profits are going up and that has allowed us to fund a lot more projects. Hopefully one day we won’t need weapons anymore.”

“That’s great, Daario. I truly admire your determination.”

Daario gave her a bright smile along with some puppy eyes to which Jon couldn’t help it and snorted.

“Is something funny, Jon?” The Tyroshi asked somewhat bothered.

“Oh, no, nothing. It’s just that you do research on how to end weapons while producing weapons at the same time.”

Daario gave him a pointed look whilst Dany mumbled a warning under her teeth. However, the man changed his attitude in less than a second and smiled again. “We all do what we can, innit? I’m sure you know what I’m talking about, Jon. Now that you’re part of Stark Corp, you know sometimes hard decisions must be taken and sometimes side effects are inevitable.”

_No, I don’t know. Stark Corp. works under a strict ethics code and we don’t engage in any business that could potentially harm people like producing weapons_, Jon wanted to answer, but he restrained himself from prolonging the encounter with Daario. “Of course.”

“Daario, and what about the charity programmes you’re funding. I heard you just created a new one for orphan children.” Dany changed the subject.

Jon rolled his eyes at the absurdity of it all. Weapons have taken the lives of those children’s parents and the very same man who fabricated them pretended to help them by giving them some monthly allowance.

“Oh yes, we’ve been helping a lot. To give those children an opportunity for a better life makes everything else seem so unimportant.”

“I bet. Poor souls, aren’t they?” Jon coated his words with false sugar. He really would love to erase that stupid smile of his with his fist. Not only did he dislike what Daario was doing but the way he looked at Daenerys was unnerving.

“Indeed.”

Jon nodded pretending to agree with everything while Dany nudged him discreetly. “That’s so nice of you, Daario.”

“We should talk business later, Jon. I’m sure we can do something together.”

_No, Jon would never work with him. “Are you? Doesn’t seem that way to me,” _Jon replied gaining himself a pinch from Dany.

Daario chuckled, his eyes amused. “Yes, I am.”

Thankfully, Daario’s phone buzzed right then, forcing him to excuse himself and take his call.
Jon smiled. “You keep up the good work, Daario,” he said as a goodbye.

“You too, Jon, you too. Lovely meeting you.”

“The pleasure was all mine.”

*Plonker.*

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Dany couldn’t believe Jon was acting like a proper prat so when the man excused himself leaving them by themselves, she decided to speak her mind about it. “Can you stop it already?”

Jon shrugged unbothered by her words.

“You do realise I just married you, correct?”

“He doesn't seem to care,” he retorted as Dany rolled her eyes.

“Need I remind you who arrived at my birthday party and I—”

“Daenerys, if you bring up Ygritte right now, I swear to the gods...”

“What.”

“We have been over that a thousand times.”

Ok, he had a point, so Dany took a deep breath and corrected her mistake. “You are right. I'm sorry, but you are acting like a wanker right now. You are my husband.”

“And I say he doesn't care. Can't you see how he looks at you? He's practically fucking you with his eyes.” Jon’s voice was low and dangerous but, although Dany didn't like his nonsensical attitude one bit, the ugly side of her was glad to see Jon this bothered and jealous. “That and he’s just stupid. He fabricates weapons, Daenerys, and pretends to be making the world a favour.”

“What. I need to go change.” There was no time to fight over this or anything. They still had a lot to go through this day.

Jon nodded sipping from his glass of —was that water? still looking at Daario. Well, she thought to herself, at least jealous Jon is more proactive and talkative than depressed Jon, so she guessed it was also an improvement on his lately suffering.

Her wedding gown was too beautiful but too impractical for anything other than looking pretty in it, therefore, Elia had designed a second dress for her in order to be more comfortable. It was just as marvellous, only less heavy and not so fluffy. It was ivory coloured and it hugged Dany’s curves like a glove. “Jon is gonna pass out for a second time today,” her sister-in-law told her while looking at her in the mirror. “Hey, what’s the long face for?” Elia asked after Dany didn’t respond.

“Nothing, just...” Dany remembered no one knew what had been going on in Jon’s life. “I’m... emotional. You know me. I mean, I’m getting married, moving out, I’m... an adult.” Elia burst out laughing —thank the gods not suspicious of anything.

It wasn't all a lie. She and Jon had now so many things to think about, but Dany felt her days as a rebellious teen where only around the corner. When had she grown older?
“You say that as if being one was the ultimate sentence.”

Dany sheepishly smiled, “Isn’t it?”

Elia shook her head, amused by Dany’s words. “Well… it is and isn’t. You do have more responsibilities now, but you also have control over your life. Whatever your parents think or say… it’s an opinion, not a command.”

“Sometimes, I just wanna go back to when I was a child and you took me and Jon out for ice cream. Sometimes, I just want to be an independent woman, sure and confident, managing her life without the need for anyone.” She turned and hugged Elia who was more like the big sister she never had; she looked up to her, respected her and was so glad Rhae had someone like her next to him.

“My darling baby girl. You’ll be just fine. You can still be a little girl and a ferocious grown woman. You don’t have to choose. Plus, you have all of us around you.”

Dany felt content and sure of herself listening to those words. She had a family who loved her and cared about her, and now she had Jon as well. *If something goes wrong, everything will be ok.*

With the reassurance she needed, Daenerys went back to the room full of guests ready to affront whatever life had installed for her.

“Let’s give Jon and Daenerys a huge clap and let them get into the dance floor for their first dance as husband and wife!” The host said, beckoning everyone to gather around the dance floor to have a glimpse of the couple.

The clapping started as Jon offered Dany his hand to take. She batted her eyes and grabbed it, over exaggerating her elegant manners and following his lead to the centre of the hall. She could see his grey eyes gleaming, just like the single light still over them. Whatever he had been complaining about, it was completely gone for he held her with a love and adoration he had shown her only a handful of times. This Jon, this was the Jon he kept hidden away most of the time, the Jon so sensitive and overwhelmed that could burst into tears any minute. The Jon Dany knew all too well, her Jon.

*At last,*

The song started, and Dany’s body hair bristled with the words that came out from the speakers as if Etta herself was standing right there singing.

*my love has come along*

*At last,* her Jon was next to her.

*My lonely days are over*

Forever.

She laid her head on Jon’s chest, swaying along to the soothing notes and feeling his heart beating which to her was the sweetest of melodies.

*and life is like a song,*

He let out a low laugh recognising the song.
Dany had chosen it because of a distant memory she had; one she would carry with her until the day the gods decided to take her.

At last, the skies above are blue

One day, many years ago, Jon had named her ‘Dany’ under a blue sky. They were young and innocent and didn’t know what the future held, but they knew one thing...

My heart was wrapped up clover

And that was that they loved each other… inevitably and irrevocably.

the night I looked at you

She still remembered meeting little Jon and thinking he had the prettiest eyes she’d ever seen. Grey as the cloudy rainy days they spent wrapped in blankets reading a book, watching a film or eating pumpkin pies.

I found a dream that I could speak to

Jon was her dream. She spent many years denying her love for him, but not anymore.

A dream that I can call my own

Only hers…

I found a thrill to press my cheek to

Jon pressed his cheek to hers, humming the song along with her. Jon loved this song as he loved old films, books and music, and Dany was glad he had been pleasantly surprised with her choice. He had pushed to know what she had chosen, but she had been adamant in not letting him know.

A thrill that I’ve never known, oh yeah

“I’m sorry,” he whispered into her ear.

You smiled, you smiled

“I’m sorry. I know I’ve been annoying you. I’m just…”

oh and then the spell was cast

“I know. Don’t apologise.” Daario or whoever… that didn’t matter.

And here we are in Heaven

Jon was her heaven, always have, always will...

“But I want to. I--”

“Jon...”—she cut him—“it’s alright.”

For you are mine
She found his eyes with hers, a sudden feeling of fullness invading her. This was right. This was how it was always supposed to be.

Jon’s lips slowly made their way to hers, pressing over Dany’s in the sweetest of kisses.

Loud clapping brought them out of their reverie, smiling radiantely at each other and pressing their foreheads together.

“Dany.” That was the only word he muttered and she knew the infinite meanings that simple nickname held.

“Jon,” she responded.

He and Dany continued dancing for a while. He didn’t want to let her go, he wanted to freeze this moment and hold it close to his heart forever.

Her pools of lavender were looking right into his steel ones and Jon could feel he could get lost in them and he wouldn’t mind. One look from her and he was done, the world be damned.

She was so beautiful but, more than that, she was Dany. She was so smart, always questioning everything, she was so passionate about her job and the things she liked, she was so active, always getting new ideas and doing a million things, she was persistent, never giving up on something she started, she was loyal, to her ideals and the people she loved and cared for, she was kind, worrying for others before herself —despite the fact, that yes, she was also spoiled—, she was so strong, gods Dany was the strongest person Jon had ever met, she was resilient, she was open-minded, willing to listen to others… She was so many things Jon could never finish counting. And now they were married. The happiness that it brought to him was beyond what words could explain.

Dany went to chat with Missy and Yara while Jon retired to rest a bit (he was no dancer, really), joining Robb by the bar.

“For a groom on his wedding day, you look awfully broody,” Robb commented sipping his scotch to which Jon replied with a deathly glare.

“Wow, you need one of this. Firstly, it’s good, secondly, it can help you relax. What in the seven heavens got your knickers in a twist?”

Jon rejected both the glass of scotch and his brother’s accusations.

“You’re pouty. When you’re pouty means you’re angry.”

“I’m not pouty, Robb.” Jon felt quite calm, actually. Except for the tiresome presence of Daario Naharis kindly greeting everyone and constantly leering at Daenerys, Jon felt rather content this day. He was totally avoiding to think about the greatest causes of his pain, of course.

“I’m seeing the pout right in front of me, mate. It’s there.”

Jon rolled his eyes but Robb was able to follow his gaze. “Daario Naharis? What’s he doing here?”
“You know him?” Jon asked a little surprised.

Finishing his last sip of scotch, Robb ordered another one. “Not really, but I’ve encountered him once or twice while doing business in Essos.”

“He’s Dany’s ex.”

“Oh…”

“What do you mean oh.”

“That’s why you’re broody.”

“No, it’s—”

Robb shook his head. “You’re funny sometimes.”

It’s not Daario, he wanted to say. It’s just... What was it, really? The lie he was telling everybody? A Stark marrying a Targaryen? Stop it, Jon. Do not think about that. You were doing a great job at it. Thankfully, his thoughts were interrupted; “Is that Arya dancing with Gendry?” Robb asked taken aback.

“What?” Jon turned his attention to the dancefloor and confirmed --just as taken aback as Robb-- that his little sister was merrily dancing with the young stag, far away from her normal boyish behaviour.

Out of nowhere, Margaery appeared before them, phone in hand, trying to get a picture of the two. Jon’s mind started reeling with possibilities. Gendry, Arya, Gendry, Arya, Gendry, Arya…

“Margaery,” Robb called his wife.

“Oh, darling, there you are,” she replied surprised, discreetly putting her phone down. “Yes?”

“Do you see what we see?”

“What?” Margaery played dumb, Jon and Robb looking at her incredulously. “What? So Arya is dancing with Gendry, what?” She turned around and left them, not allowing one question to leave their mouths.

“Alright…” Robb said looking at his wife’s little outburst. “Jon, he’s your friend… Do you know something?”

“Something? What are you implying Robb, they’re just dancing.”

“Well, exactly that; something. Arya doesn’t dance and Arya definitely doesn’t dance one to one with a man that’s not Dad.”

“I don’t know anything. This… I’m sure it’s nothing, Robb” —he sure hoped it wasn’t— “I mean, like you say, Gendry’s my friend. He would never think of Arya as anything but my little sister.”

Robb wasn’t quite convinced about that but he let the topic drop, it was Jon’s wedding anyway so it was pointless to discuss anything of the sorts right now. “You’re right. I’m sure he just did it to bother Arya.”

“Aye, surely.” Arya didn’t look bothered at all, however…
Margaery promptly walked away from Robb and Jon knowing very well she was dying to tell them Gendry and Arya were, in fact, in a relationship. *It’s not your secret to share*, Margaery, she chided herself. She was not worried about Robb, to be honest, but she was about Jon. Robb was more open-minded when it came to relationships and his sisters whereas Jon… well he was very protective, and especially of Arya… and especially because Gendry was his friend… one of the best ones… *Oh dear gods*, how was Jon going to react to this?

She quickly made her way to Daenerys. “D!”

“M!” She greeted joyfully. “How’s my favourite sister-in-law doing?”

“Oh hush, you tell that to Elia and Visenya as well.”

“Well, you all are my favourite sisters-in-law. What can I say? I have a big heart,” she said tittering.

“Are you drunk?” Marge asked not being able to contain a smirk.

“Oh, gods no, a bit tipsy perhaps but nothing more. I’m actually enjoying a delightful non-alcohol champagne right now. I’m just so happy.”

“Well, that’s good. Anyway, I came to say Gendry and Arya are all gushy on the dancefloor and Jon and Robb are beginning to suspect something.”

“What?” Dany abruptly searched for them with her eyes until she saw them basically hugging each other in the middle of the room, not caring quite a few people were looking at them, including Catelyn herself. “Oh my.”

“Yeah…”

“Well, it’s their problem, M. Everyone will get to know eventually.” Margaery gave her a quizzical look and Dany stayed quiet for a while thinking. “Oh no, it’s my wedding!” And with that the platinum blonde walked as fast as she could —smiling brightly of course— towards the couple. She politely asked to dance with Gendry giving them a knowing look. Arya blushed a little but retreated right away, busying herself pretending to chase Rickon around.

Margaery grinned, satisfied the situation had been solved —Jon and Dany didn’t deserve family drama on their wedding day— and went to grab one of those alcohol-free beverages Dany had said were so good. She encountered Willas quite entertained looking at something, or rather, *someone.*

“She’s gorgeous isn’t she?” She said sipping her champagne.

Willas woke up from his trance, surprised by his sister’s appearance. “What? What are you talking about?”

Margaery rolled her eyes playfully. “I may be the youngest, but I know my brothers better than you know yourselves. You, mate, are looking at Sansa Stark.”

Willas huffed. “No, I’m not.”

“You know, she’s very young in age but she’s so wise already. She’s a lovely young woman.”

“If you say so,” Willas replied, trying to get himself out of the situation.
Margaery didn’t budge and continued pressing his buttons. She knew she’d get through him. “She has written a novel already, did you know? She doesn’t want to show it yet, but Jon has read it and he says it’s really good. You know Jon is a tough critic.”

“I know. He is very good.”

“So if he says it’s good…”

“It’s better; brilliant, actually.” Willas closed his eyes, regretfully.

Margaery furrowed her brows in confusion. “Spill.”

Willas sighed, knowing very well there was no way he could escape his sister. “Jon showed it to me in secret. He wanted to know if it could actually be published or if his love for his sister was clouding his opinion. The novel is marvelous, M. Enthralling.”

“Is it?”

“Sansa is a great writer. It’s only her first novel, imagine what the next ones could be like.”

“Excited, aren’t we?” Margaery was happy to see his big brother excited about something, he was usually so focused on work. That and she hoped his feelings for Sansa were beyond a critic’s enthusiasm.

“Well, I know potential when I see it.”

“You know she’s in uni, don’t you?”

“Margaery… You say you know us, well, we know you too. Stop.”

Margaery continued staring.

“That and Daenerys might have mentioned she ‘shipped’ us… I think that was the term she used. What’s that ‘shipping’ thing, anyway?”

Margaery laughed. “Of course, Daenerys told you. Will, come on! She’s gorgeous and clever and plainly amazing.”

“And she’s nineteen.”

“What is age but a number?”

Willas didn’t respond.

“You’re thinking about it!”

“No, I’m not. Stop pester ing me, Margaery. Go bother your husband.”

“Oh no, you’re not pulling that card on me. You like Sansa Stark! You do, you do! I caught you staring and you talked wonders about her writing! C’mon,” she said, grabbing him by the wrist and pulling him to where Sansa was talking to her friend Jeyne.

“Margaery, don’t,” Willas growled with a low voice but to no avail; it was too late.

“Hey, beautiful, how are you doing?” Margaery greeted the redhead.
“Oh, hi, Marge. Ahm, fine, thank you,” Sansa replied shyly, blushing when she glanced up to Willas. Margaery internally laughed. That girl had been “head over heels” for Viserys Targaryen just a couple of months ago yet here she was all embarrassed in front of her brother. The cutie.

“Great! Oh, and hi Jeyne, you look lovely today.”

The northern girl replied with a warm smile. “Thank you, Margaery.”

“Sansa, this is my eldest brother, Willas. I know you saw him at my wedding but I wanted to formally introduce him.

After giving his sister a pointed look, Willas brightly smiled at Sansa, offering his right hand to her. “Nice to meet you, Sansa.”

Sansa shook his hand, retiring hers almost immediately as if burned by fire. “You too… Willas.” Jeyne Poole looked entertained at the situation, muffling a laugh.

Fools. Margaery intervened noticing neither of them would speak first. “He's a fan of yours, S. But we all know you’re a bright writer.”

“What?” Sansa asked visibly shaken.

Oh, Margery thought, she probably shouldn’t have said anything about Willas reading her novel. Well, they’d get over it.

“What?” Sansa repeated.

“Thank you, sister, you’re the best,” Willas said sarcastically.

“Of course I am.”

Sansa wasn’t moving, shocked at the whole conversation.

“Please, be a darling a leave me alone with Sansa, will you?”

“With pleasure.” Margaery was beaming. She had achieved her goal. “Jeyne dear, come tell me about your dress.” She intertwined her arm with Sansa’s friend and turned around listening to Willas last words.

“Sorry about that.. you know my sister very well, I believe.”

She and Jeyne tittered making their way to a little terrace, however, stopped by Robb. “My love, mischievous as always I see.”

“What are you—”

“I think she’d be good next to him,” Robb interrupted her winking. Margaery couldn’t voice her reply for he was already walking away towards Theon and Yara. How in the seven hells had he guessed?

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Dany smiled at the scene before her; Willas was talking to Sansa! She didn’t know how that had happened but she was more than happy. She’d talk Ned and Cate on the idea, they’d end up loving Willas for their girl, she was sure of it.
“Daenerys,” Rhaella called her. “It’s time for cake.”

Smiling, Daenerys followed her mother joyfully, joining Jon on the dancefloor where a huge cake was waiting for them. It was beautiful, all white with faint greys and reds. They cut it and fed a piece to each other, giggling and kissing.

Her family was happy, Jon’s family was happy, the guests were enjoying the party. Everything was just as it was supposed to be. Dany had imagined her wedding a million times while growing up, but the real thing had been so much better, especially because she was marrying Jon.

The day had been splendid, like a dream.

A while later, the loud noise of thunder striking startled Dany who was dancing with Viserys, the sky turning dark and cloudy in an instant. “A storm? Seriously? The forecast said there would be no rain today,” she said annoyed.

The guests started to move from the garden to the inwards salon, running away from the upcoming rain. “Don’t worry, I’m sure it’ll pass soon. The party can continue inside, anyway,” Vis reassured her.

“I’m not worried about the party.”

“Oh, you’re flying to Braavos, sorry, I forgot for a minute. How long will you be gone?”

“A month… a bit more, we’ll travel the whole coast,” she said excitedly. She was really looking forward to her honeymoon. She and Jon would take a cruise across Essos.

“Hey, D, I had also forgotten to say… Congratulations.” Her brother was looking at her with so much love and affection Day almost wanted to cry.

“Vis…”

“I’ll see you a lot less from now on and I’ll miss you like crazy. You were gone for years, then you came back and… I got used to having you around. But I know I have to let you go. You’re a woman now, not my little baby sis.”

“I will always be your baby sister, Vis, always.”

He theatrically wiped some unshed tears. “I know… But now you’re moving to your own flat with your husband. Gods, that sound weird.”

Dany chuckled along with him, as he wrapped her in a strong embrace. “We love you, D. We’re so happy for you and we are so proud of you.” Dany gulped getting rid of the lump that had formed in her throat, trying her best not to cry. She loved her family so much.

“Hey you, leave my sister alone!” Rhaegar broke their moment ushering them to go inside as a light rain had already started.

As Vis predicted, the party continued like nothing was going on outside. But Dany was worried, the rain wouldn’t stop and it seemed the storm was getting stronger.

“Everything will be fine, young one,” Ned told her when he came to check on her. Dany loved spending time with Ned and Cate but she had barely had time to greet them today. She worried about them too. They were evidently devastated, knowing their son didn’t want to see them.
Ned took her hands in his and kissed her forehead. “Thank you, Daenerys, he’s happy and it’s because of you.”

“Nothing to thank, Ned.”

His lips pursed in a smile but the gesture didn’t reach his eyes, sad and sombre.

“He’ll get over this, Ned, he’ll recover.”

“Aye…” His reply was weak and it broke Dany’s heart to see him like that.

They were about to leave the party for the airport, but Dany wanted to stay a little longer with her father-in-law. She enjoyed moments like these, very scarce with all his responsibilities and hers.

“Dany,” Jon called walking towards her, not sparing Ned a glance. “Rivers called, the airport has cancelled all flights due to the storm.”

“What.”

“Apparently, the storm won’t stop and will only get stronger. The winds are dangerous... I don’t know the technicalities, point is, all flights are cancelled.” Jon seemed rather calm for a man who had just been told he couldn’t go on his honeymoon and that bothered Dany a little.

“But it’s our own plane. I’m sure Rivers will do as we say.”

“I’m not putting you in danger, Daenerys, nor the life of a great pilot,” Jon said authoritatively.

“But this is our honeymoon, Jon, if we don’t get to Braavos by the morning we’ll lose the cruise.” She didn’t want to miss her cruise and why was he being so stoic about it.

“Listen to Jon, D, it’s dangerous,” Rhae intervened.

“It’s not your honeymoon, Rhaegar,” she retorted sharply.

“Hey, why are you angry at me? It’s a storm, Daenerys, it happens. Your safety comes first.”

Both families gathered around, each member giving their opinion on the matter. Targaeryens fighting Starks and vice-versa was definitely something no one wanted to be a part of.

“Enough,” Jon said emphatically, terminating the discussion after he had kept quiet. “We are not taking that plane, Daenerys. The decision is final.”

Daenerys bit her tongue, fighting back a snarl as Jon called for Barristan and ordered for a room at the Arryn to be prepared for them.

Dany felt like choking someone, but this was her wedding night so she would not lose control and give into rage. Jon, however, was bothered to a great extent, she could tell.

He barely said two words after that, quickly leaving the venue to wait for her in the car as she said goodbye to the guests and their families. She was frustrated about not being able to go on the cruise but eventually understood Jon was right.

The garden was not far away from the Arryn Hotel but the traffic was terrible. They had been stuck for 10 minutes in the same spot just some blocks away. Jon detested people who drove slowly when rain came. “Slowly doesn’t necessarily mean safely,”, he’d always say. “They just stop traffic and make things difficult.”
Ultimately, the made it to the Arryn, the staff speedily taking them to the presidential suite which had been prepared to receive its important guests just half an hour ago. They would not stop apologising for anything that could be out of order giving the late notice of their arrival. “We’re very sorry, Mr Stark.” “We’re very sorry, Mrs Targaryen.”

Jon was fed up, ordering no one could follow them and that no one was to interrupt them once they reached the room. Anyone who did, risked a lot.

The way up the last floor was silent. Dany wanted to say something but she didn't want to do so with security cameras around so she waited, calmly grabbing Jon’s hand and resting her head on his shoulder. He responded resting his head on hers rubbing her hand with his thumb.

Dany sighed feeling tired but also very aware the night was just beginning. She wanted Jon to relax and enjoy the rest of it, just the two of them.

“At last,” she replied as Jon held her strongly and planted a kiss on her forehead. The lift opened to the suite that would be the witness of their first night as a married couple, enormous and sumptuous. It didn’t compare to a fabulous cruise, but it would do.

However, as they entered, tension quickly took over the room. Jon went straight to the bar, tossing his jacket on a couch and helping himself to some scotch. After drinking it in one go he loosened his bow and took it off, unbuttoning the first two buttons of his shirt as well. Aside from the bubbly Reach wine used for the toast, Jon had not had a sip of alcohol during their wedding. Jon loved his alcohol and Dany thought it was surprising he had gone through the day without it. She had had some more glasses, on the contrary. Oberyn had sent his best red and Dany could not ever resist a sweet dornish.

“Why are you like this? What’s going on?” She said cutting to the chase. The sweet Jon she had encountered at the wedding was gone, completely gone and she almost wanted to cry at the realisation.

“Mr Stark,” he said snorting bitterly.

No. Not now. Not this . “What about it.” She didn't want to go there. Not tonight, but if Jon had this awful attitude, she swore to the gods…

He gave her a sharp look, gulping down another scotch and seving himself one more.

“What? Jon, if you want to say something, then just say it.” She approached to kiss him but he turned his face avoiding her.

“Don't fucking do that.”

He walked to the bedroom in silence.

“Jon, what the fuck.” She followed after him expecting to find him ready to lash out but she only found him standing next to the window staring wistfully at the storm.

“I’m not a Stark,” he said grimly.

“You say I tend to get obsessed with things but, seven hells, you’re quite obsessed with that. How long has it been, Jon?”
“Not enough.” He was angry.

She admitted her choice of words had not been the best; she didn’t want to whinge or to scold him, but she was running out of patience.

“Jon…”

“What, Daenerys, what. I can't control it. People calling me that makes me remember everything.”

“People will call you that forever, you have to get used to it.”

“It’s so easy for you to say it…”

“Well, it’s not a lie. You are a Stark.”

He cocked his head to the side, his face dangerous. “Am I?” He drank the last of his scotch and placed the glass on a nearby table producing a loud noise. The storm was getting worse by the minute.

“For all the old gods and the new, Jon, stop questioning that!”

“You say that but what if tomorrow your parents told you your actual parents were other people!”

Dany had never thought about it, but she knew the answer. “It would hurt like the seven hells, yes, I’m not saying it wouldn’t but I would not, not for one minute, doubt that I’m a Targaryen. You know why? Because I was brought up a Targaryen. Jon, everything I know, everything I’ve become it’s because of the people who raised me. And those people are Targaryens.”

Jon sat on the bed on the verge of tears, his hands over his face.

“You are a Stark, Jon, no matter what.” She scoffed as if her next words were obvious. “You married me because you are Stark.”

Jon looked askance at her, snorting bitterly.

“Ned and Cate care so little about it, that they made a deal with my parents. Hells, my parents knew this and they didn't give a fuck!”

The lights went off, startling them. Daenerys didn't remember a storm so strong to have hit KL in a very long time. The emergency lights turned on but their faint glow only gave the room a sombre appearance… However, in a way, everything suddenly felt more intimate to Dany.

Jon was throwing a tantrum but she would have none of it. Thus, ignoring him for a bit, she proceeded to light up some candles around the room. Now this is romantic, she thought.

“What are you doing?” Jon asked but she gave him no answer.

“Daenerys…” He called, irked at her feign ignorance.

“What, are you blind? I’m lighting candles.”

He breathed heavily containing his fury as Dany continued her brief speech, trying to convince Jon’s stubborn arse that he didn’t need to question who he was.

Placing the lighter on a counter, she turned around. “Do you think my father would have let his only daughter marry someone he considered beneath him or... unworthy?” She asked with a calm
“Demeanour.

“Daenerys, I don't want to talk about this. Stop.”

“Oh, but you were the one who brought it up, Jon. So no, I won’t stop. I'm done with this situation, Jon Stark. Yes, I'm going to call you that.”

“Daenerys…” There was a warning in his voice.

“No! Daenerys, nothing. I've been quiet, trying to understand you, but I can’t keep my mouth shut anymore so now you stay there and listen to me!” The room was silent for a brief second.

“Like I said, do you think my father would have…” She sighed before finishing the sentence, exasperated, trying to find the right words. “That awful man my father is, adores you, Jon. And he let me marry you because you are a Stark. Your mother was a Stark and who the fuck cares about the man who impregnated her.” She was starting to get riled up. “He was never present and he wasn't a good person because he abandoned Lyanna when she needed him the most. He is not worthy of even our thoughts. You are lucky. You don't have one mother but two. The one that gave birth to you and the one who looked after you; because if you tell me right now that Cate is not your mother and that Ned is not your father then you are a complete twat and I will physically assault you to make you see clearly. You are Ned’s and Cate’s. The same as Robb, Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon.”

“You don't understand! My whole life is a lie”, he bellowed.

That was the last drop. Now she was furious. Was the love his family felt for him a lie? Was she a lie as well?

“No! Your parentage was hidden from you, alright, but your life has never been a lie, Jon. That’s bollocks! The fact that Ned loves you, the fact that Cate loves you, the fact that you have five siblings who love you, the fact that you grew up in Winterfell; all the good and bad moments in your life are not a lie. YOU ARE A STARK, the gods forgive me but even more so than Robb! Or Bran, or Sansa, or Arya or Rickon. Not only because you look more like a Stark but because you incarnate what a Stark means. They way you act, talk, walk the way you handle your life… Enough, Jon! Stop pitying yourself. You say I'm the one who pities you, but really it is you. I know this transformed our world, I’m not asking that you stop feeling or reflecting on it, but you can’t be half dead for the rest of your life!”

Outside, the storm continued furiously, thunders crashing against whatever crossed their path, the sea wild and tempestuous. Dany had always found storms to be soothing. Daenerys Stormborn, her family called her, for she had been born during the greatest one recorded in modern history. Her parents said that's where her volatile temper came from, unlike that of her brothers which, as Targaryen as it was, could not compare to her fierceness.

“And what if I am a dead man for the rest of my life, huh. What if I can’t get over this!”

She was fed up. She was tired of this whinging Jon, who was nothing like the Jon she used to know. If the roles were reversed she knew for a fact he would push her to see things rationally. So she’d bloody push. She had been understanding and quietly seeing how he built a shell around himself and she wouldn’t let him anymore. That or her name was not Daenerys fucking Targaryen.

Therefore, she summoned her inner dragon. It’d hurt a little but, hells, she wanted her Jon back. “You can get over it. You have so many reasons to be happy about your life. It seems to me it’s not that you are not a Stark but, rather, you don’t want to be a Stark! It’s your perfect excuse. You’ve
always complained about how much you hate our lives, our money blah, blah, blah…”

Jon glanced at her sharply with a scowl on his face so Dany could see she had provoked him. Wistful, sobby, sad Jon disappeared in front of her eyes as a wolf took his place; a dangerous and lethal wolf.

Yes. Finally.

“Well if my whinging bothers you so much, Daenerys, you should have left the party with sweet Daario,” he growled with poison in his voice.

Oh no. He didn’t just say that.

“Fuck. You. Jon. You’re a prat. A complete and utter prat. If being a Stark is such a pain in the arse then go back to Freeland!!”

“Oh, you’d fucking love that, wouldn't you. But you’re damned because I’m not going anywhere and you aren't either!” He roared. His breath was ragged, his forehead held a deep frown, his curls were dishevelled, his face was crimson and his trembling only controlled by his clenched fists.

In a second, she found herself trapped between a wall and his strong body. “What in the seven hells, Jon!”

Yes, yes, yes, come back to me, baby . She searched for his eyes, knowing very well he could trap hers in his.

“You are so bloody annoying sometimes,” he husked.

“I can be worse. Let’s see, how about you go back to Freeland with your fiery redhead Ygritte .”

Jon slammed one of his hands on the wall. “You want that?!?”

“I want to see you dare,” she snarled. Dany’s eyes were on fire and his were becoming two pools of darkness. She felt her blood run hot and her heart pound like it never had.

Jon needed to wake up from his sappy slumber because one, he needed to see how life could be great despite the pain he felt and two, this was her bloody wedding night and Jon would fucking shag her as if his life depended on it.

Her plan was working so far; Jon was riled up, seething. No sweet Jon anymore. She could hear his heart thumping just like hers, could see a drop of sweat running down his neck, and she could smell his manly scent intoxicating her and making her want grow.

A rush of excitement hit her like a crashing wave; gooseflesh erupted all over her skin and the warmthness pooled between her legs. “Come on, Jon. If you’re this disgusting half-living man, do I even want you? I bet she could pick up the pieces and handle you better.” Her voice was loud and firm, bouncing across the room.

A lightning shined, illuminating the room for an instant as Jon pronounced his next words. “You bloody woman. You can’t get rid of me!”

My love, I want the complete opposite

When Jon got angry a vein in his right temple would protrude, and right now that one along with two others on his neck stood out, revealing how riled up he truly was. Dany gulped at the sight,
wanting nothing more than to kiss them...

Another lightning. “You are mine now. I’ve waited long enough. You asked me to wait, to understand your feelings… Seven hells, you fucking had a thing for my brother and now you tell me this.” The lightning’s shine gave his features a lethal look. He resembled a madman, he had lost all sense of propriety and gentleness. Dany had pushed just the right buttons.

When the topic had changed from his conflicts to their lack of sexual interaction, Dany didn’t know and frankly didn’t care. Taking her by surprise, Jon crashed his lips onto hers, evoking a loud moan from Dany’s throat, however, muffled by his possessive assault.

“This is it, Daenerys,” he said panting. “I’M DONE WAITING. Fuck your sweet love story. I’ve waited nine fucking years.”

*Like I would have let our wedding night go by without having you.*

With that last statement, Jon ripped the zipper of her dress while he devoured her neck and his hands continued ripping the fabric that prevented him from touching her skin. Elia would hate her for destroying one of her masterpieces, but Dany couldn't care less about it right then.

“Jon...” His name escaped her. Although she had provoked him, she was a little taken aback by how much strength he was displaying. She had never seen him like this, so lost in himself.

“Aye, say my name...” His accent was more noticeable now, so low and gruff Dany almost didn't recognise him.

She kept calling his name as he commanded, set alight by his caresses.

Her limbs were numb, unable to hold her weight, so she let herself be held by his powerful arms. He had almost taken her dress off as his hands, hot like flames, played with her breasts covered by her bra, and his tongue licked her weakest spot on the back of her neck.

In between illogical thoughts, she attempted to unbutton his shirt, unsuccessfully. She just couldn't think straight and her brain was not sending the right information to her hands.

Jon was so eager he ripped it off after her failed attempts, equally desperate. Her hands ran up and down his back, scratching and pinching, marking him. *Gods*, how she needed him. She had dreamt about having him in her arms for months now (years, truthfully) but she had held onto the stupid idea of building a relationship with him. They had years to do that, so why had she ever believed not having sex with him would do any good?

He lifted her up bridal style, practically throwing her onto the king size bed that had been beckoning them since they stepped foot in the room. He climbed up and laid on top of her, pinning her against the soft covers and cushions, his knee roughly parting her legs.

Growls, whimpers, and loud calls of his name were the only things audible now. No further words were spoken.

He liberated her breasts from the oppressive confines of her bra and the soft mounds bounced against his face. Jon’s eyes grew darker at the sight, proceeding to suck and nip at them.

He’d always thought Dany was beautiful, the most beautiful woman to have ever walked the world, however, he truly appreciated the new curves that had appeared on her body when she had matured. Her breasts were fleshy and enticing, her hips wide and sensuous, her bum full and round.
He was enraged. All those words she’d said hurt the deepest recesses of his soul. They stung, they made him want to cry. But she was right, she was right, and he couldn’t deny it anymore... Yet the pain was no less. At the same time, a huge fire burnt inside him to the point he felt he was going mad. He couldn’t contain the turmoil of feelings inside him and the only way he could think of finding a little comfort was to bury himself in Dany, to look for shelter in her arms and let her consume him.

Her pink, soft nipples slowly went rock hard and redder with each of his sucks while his hands grabbed whatever they could, not letting any area of skin go untouched.

Dany was losing it. Nobody had ever touched her like Jon was doing right now. Desperately aroused and overwhelmed, she entwined her fingers with his curls in a futile attempt to control her loud squeals and whimpers.

Jon’s hand travelled south until his fingers reached the white lace knickers Dany was wearing, caressing her over the last piece of clothing left on her. Entranced as she was, she cried out his name when he pushed against the lace, shuddering with expectation.

Jon didn't utter a sound, focused solely on her body. His movements were rough and frantic, arrhythmic. His hands and mouth left red marks in their wake and Dany was sure her teeth had done their share of marking, noticing Jon’s shoulders were an angry crimson. Her nails dug deeper into his marble-like skin as, finally, low growls commenced to leave his mouth.

Dany appreciated a fit body, but, hells, Jon was a damn sight. He was ridiculously toned, his body so sinful it was as if a demon was trying to pull her into the dark side, tempting her with it. A godly innocent being could not have created something like that, so deviously good looking.

No one should ever be allowed to be this bloody handsome, she thought. And this otherworldly being was hers. Her husband.

Kneeling on the floor, his kisses reached her dripping folds and, just as he had done with her dress, he ripped her knickers off, hungrily biting the inside of her thighs and playfully caressing the soft patch of hair above her pulsating centre. Unable to hold off any longer, his tongue lashed her clit mercilessly, and all Dany could feel right then was a strong wave of fire engulfing her, and then her mind went blank, unable to articulate one coherent thought.

He continued to move his tongue around, knowingly, while she kept grabbing onto his curls as if that could alleviate a little of her arousal. The fleshy sound of him lapping and licking at her reverberated through the room, the air around them heavy and thick in the best of ways.

She bellowed hoarsely, fisting the blankets.

Jon looked at her, taking in the sight and every sound that came out of his wife’s mouth. Her eyes were closed and her whole body was flushed pink. The marks of his mouth and teeth and the burns of his whiskers were all over her. She would be his end, but hadn’t he known that since he was a small, green boy? He’d make sure to be hers as well. She would not think about any other man like she would think about him from now on, ever. The best of it all? They were now married.

She was his everything. His life depended on hers, he was certain. However, a dark thought came to the front of his mind.

“I bet Daario could never make you feel as good as I can,” he growled.

She was barely hearing his words, lost in her cloud of pleasure.
“Say he couldn’t.”

Her toes curled and she wondered if Jon hurt at the way she’d just pulled his hair.

Dany’s taste was sugary and salty at the same time, deliciously captivating. He was rock-hard, impatiently waiting to make her his in the only way that was left. But the jealousy and possessiveness that had arisen while discovering Daario’s hidden feelings in his stare remained…

“Say it.”

“He couldn’t! Ever…” She finally relented, gasping.

“Good,” he husked, stare turning menacing. He would erase any prevailing memories of Daario, he vowed.

His beard was wet with her juices and all he could feel was her radiating heat, his tongue persisting on his endeavour, sending Dany to the heavens.

She was on the verge of tears, pleasure burning like wildfire and she couldn’t remember having felt like this before. Jon had once said he was a very good lover…. Or maybe the fact that she loved him so much elevated her feelings to a scale beyond her ability to rationalise it.

With a few more licks, the growing mayhem of emotions and sensations finally exploded within her, sending a thousand electric shocks through her. One last whimper left her mouth before her body went numb. However, as she struggled to recover from her orgasm, Jon was already on the bed with her, a crooked grin on his lips as he moved quickly, grabbing her hips, bringing them closer to his.

“What-”

He flipped her on the bed, her arms and knees holding her up; her marked arse exposed, ready for the taking. Ready for him to claim her as his. He was ravenous; all the feelings she evoked in him torturing him to seek release.

“Oh-” Dany didn’t have time to protest or react, feeling him inside her in the next heartbeat, his hard cock sheathed in her to the hilt as thunder roared, nature itself seemingly supporting his quest for ecstasy.

Jon relished in the sensation of Dany’s walls around him, the heat of her all-consuming. Finally, his... Again.

Dany couldn't believe what was happening. Her sweet Jon was no animal. This Jon, however…

She liked both, really.

“Yes, yes,” she chanted, nearly delirious.

With his next thrust, she was done. When Jon had attacked her like that, she had died and come back to life for more, her whimpers growing increasingly louder.

His hips were slamming against her arse, strenuous blows like the thunder outside. He was claiming her like a wolf did its mate, his growls animalistic and uncontrollable, his cock hard as steel and throbbing with each thrust.

His name wouldn’t stop sputtering out of her lips like a prayer as her arms gave in, wobbly from
pleasure, causing her arse to raise higher, giving Jon a better angle.

Jon was mesmerised; the vision of Dany’s arse, reddened with the marks of his hands, her essence trailing down her thighs, and her hair a mess. He caressed her hips and waist, hands moving upward until he reached her breasts, cupping them. He moulded himself to her, pushing her hair aside and planting kisses on her back and shoulders, murmuring her name as she did his.

His thirst was somewhat tamed, but Jon wished to continue the exploration of her body, however, this time looking at the beautiful lavender skies she had for eyes. He wanted to get lost in their depths and forget everything else. His heart still ached with the harsh truths she had thrown his way, but her presence was soothing, helping him heal, and confront his reality.

Slowly, the downpour had started to mellow, though it wouldn’t completely stop. The sea still roared wildly, and the sound of rain resonated in their ears, reminding them they were tiny beings at the mercy of nature. Jon felt the gods surrounding them, their presence everywhere; in the scent of wet ground, in the bright flashes of lightning, in the consummation of their love.

Ceasing his thrusts, he pulled out, proud of the pleasure he’d wrought upon her.

He took a moment to contemplate and take in his wife. Dany had looked beautiful walking down the aisle in her dress, yet nothing else compared to her glorious nakedness.

She turned to face him, almost blushing at the knowledge of how he had just mercilessly taken her from behind; taken her like no one ever had. His wolfish eyes were ogling at her, making her feel exposed— even wondering if he might not like what he was seeing— but she trusted him, so she let him leer.

He hovered over her before pushing her onto a pile of soft pillows. He kissed her frantically, reigniting the fire waiting to be extinguished. They were both still wanting, needing, craving each other.

No words were needed. Their kisses told what their hearts felt, allowing them to immerse themselves in a gentle yet intense dance of tongues. Their hearts beat faster, breathing uneven, echoing the howl of the wind and the tempest outside.

Their first time had been full of nervousness, of endearment, of giddy feelings as innocent as discovering one’s body and desires for the first time. They had kissed tenderly, touched delicately. The years apart had served to imprint that moment on his mind like a tattoo, and he had held onto it, always going back to it when he missed her.

He had spent so many days and nights after that dreaming of touching her, kissing her lips and body, brushing her hair with his fingers, and getting engulfed by her scent that was as sweet as the most precious flowers.

And now, they were finally together again. Touching and grabbing each other’s bodies fervently, however, long gone were the memories of first love and innocent games.

Her legs encircled his hips, drawing him closer, urging him to take her, make her his once more that night. A smile played on her face as a mischievous shine lit up her eyes.

With a kiss to her temple, Jon obliged, entering her gently, this time taking a while to enjoy every little sensation. Her cunt was so wet it enabled him to glide in and out of her channel effortlessly. His scorching lips teased her ruthlessly, playing with her earlobes, her neck, her breasts, anything within his reach.
Time stopped right then. The room filled with nothing more than the rapping of the rain against the window and their sounds of pleasure. He felt so deep, his thrusts reaching her womb, making her quiver at the sensations reverberating through her body. He was the perfect size for her, she realised.

How many times had she dreamt about this moment? Being in Pentos, she remembered wishing she could ring him to tell him about her achievements, about everything and nothing at the same time. To tell him how much she missed him.

Growing up with him would always be one of her happiest and most cherished memories. They had been babies when they first met, but, she did remember the day she had realised she had a best friend. They were playing by the pond at the Targaryen Mansion when Dany had accidentally dropped her stuffed dragon in the water. Jon had dove in to get it, getting dirty and soaked but resurfacing with a big smile on his face. “You didn’t have to do that,” Dany had told him. “But you’re my best friend, Dany. I didn’t want to see you sad,” he had replied.

Now that sweet boy with unruly onyx hair and a pouty mouth was more than just her best friend, he was her life partner. Fate certainly worked in mysterious ways, she thought; it had snatched her best friend away from her only to later throw him at her in the form of a forced marriage that had ended up being not forced at all.

His body on hers was the sweetest of imprisonments, drawing her away from her memories and back to the present, his kisses the most precious of gifts. She was sure she would never get tired of them, of him. The nine years they spent apart had been punishment enough, surely they were entitled to share this life and the ones to come.

Jon pressed his nose against hers, making her meet his gaze, penetrating and powerful. But, past the lust and his barriers, Dany could see a sweetness she knew all too well. The same sweetness she had observed that day by the pond.

“You’re gorgeous,” he whispered as his eyes returned to their usual grey, his voice less harsh.

She felt safe, she felt loved. “So are you.” She smiled, grabbing his arse with her hands and helping him reach further inside her, eyes not leaving his for one second.

His thrusts became less frantic yet determined he stayed, continuously building a rhythm, lips leaving a trace of smouldering kisses along her breasts, shoulders, and neck.

“Dany…”

She needed him, all of him, now and forever.

He rose from her breasts to claim her lips, swollen and plump, kissing her fiercely and giving up his soul while doing so. He didn’t belong to him anymore; he was hers.

Her sweet mouth tasted of Winterfell’s warmth, of snow between his fingers, of joy.

“I love you.” The words escaped Jon before he could think of holding them back.

It was the first time he’d said it, finally overcoming his inner demons and confessing the truth of his heart. He knew she loved him back, but still, the words were intimidating.

He had never said them in the manner he meant them now, but he had been unfailingly certain that if he ever did, they would have always been meant for Dany alone.
Jon had said it. He had. Daenerys had always believed it would be her who would let them out into the world first, given Jon’s more shy character and grim personality. But he had said it, and it filled her with the greatest of bliss. She was in raptures.

Suddenly seized by fear, she didn’t return the words. They had just been through a rough patch and he had completely secluded himself from everyone, including herself. She loved him, the gods she didn’t believe in were witnesses of it; her family, her friends and the entire world could attest to the fact as well. But fear overcame her nonetheless. Furthermore, she still worried about going mad from time to time. You’re a dragon… and dragons are dangerous, volatile, unpredictable, uncontrollable. What if her fate was doomed? She would hate to bring Jon down with her.

He continued caressing her, kissing her, seemingly not minding her lack of response. She felt guilty, but she didn’t want to voice her true feelings in the midst of a fight against her own insecurities, so she let herself be consumed by him again, giving into his burning heat.

Jon could feel his orgasm building, so he thrust vigorously, anticipating another orgasm from his wife as well. His thumb found her clit and rubbed, helping her closer to the edge.

He had noticed her lack of response to his words, but it didn’t hurt, because she didn’t have to say anything. He knew her so well he could practically hear her inner struggle, and he felt guilty for being one of the reasons Dany had always fret to pronounce such words. He had, as a matter of fact, cast her aside and forbade her to come close, unable to bear the pain that had been bestowed upon him.

He wished to tell her he had been wrong in doing so, but that he had found no other way to try and alleviate the pain that tormented his soul. He wished to tell her that would never happen again, that he would never, under any circumstance, leave her behind again, but he couldn't find the words, settling instead to express his sentiments with the use of his body and his mouth.

He kissed her again, hoping to silence her doubts with the promise of a better future, hoping to make her realise he loved her unreservedly, no matter what the future brought.

She grabbed his stubbled cheeks and pressed her forehead to his, eyes meeting and breaths melding as she felt her orgasm looming.

The storm had eased, but rain still splattered against the window. However, as they reached their peak, utterly entranced and consumed, the force of the tempest grew afresh. The waves of the sea crashed into the shore with renewed power as lightning lit up the sky once more. Thunder rolled closeby, boisterously making the whole world shake as they came in unison, their names on one another’s lips.

His warm seed filled her womb as his cock spasmed, making her feel complete.

A tear in the corner of her eye rolled down her cheek, overwhelmed by it all –the wedding, finally having him between her arms, the pain she knew he was going through, the love she felt for him.

Panting, Jon kissed her, staying inside her a while longer, savouring the sensation he’d dreamed about more times that he could count. He gently wiped Dany’s tear away with his thumb before kissing the path it had travelled.

Breaking the intimate moment, Dany couldn’t hold her emotions any longer and abruptly erupted in a merry laughter, showering Jon with kisses, causing him to follow her lead, giggling wholeheartedly.
“Jon, we’re married!”

He smiled, trying to fathom the situation and his surroundings, somewhat bemused by the emotions their coupling had put him through.

“We are, my love,” he replied, softly pulling out of her and rolling onto his back.

Dany snuggled next to him, incapable of bearing even the slightest distance between them, and he took her in his strong arms, planting a kiss atop her head.

“Go to sleep, baby,” he said, his eyes closed already and his voice raspy from the call of sleep.

She looked up, wanting Jon’s pretty face to be the last thing her eyes beheld before letting herself be wrapped in the placid embrace of sleep.

“Good night, Jon.”

**********

Dany woke up to the faint sound of serene waves, the raging storm finally over. It took her awhile to remember the events of the previous night and recognise the presence next to her. She squirmed, trying to get rid of the remnants of sleep, but unable to move further because of the heavy arm resting over her waist.

Jon slept behind her, she could feel his even breathing on her neck and that made an unruly smile purse her lips. Only months ago she was living in another country, thinking she would never see him again and now here she was sharing his bed, married to him.

They had lived miles apart but they kept close, meeting every holiday in King’s Landing. They had shared so many things, from their first words to their love for nature.

With a chuckle, she thought back to the day many, many moons ago, when she and Jon had had sex in his room during Sansa’s birthday party. She couldn’t help but find it laughable the fact that her first time had been with the same man who was now her husband. She had to admit the sex had been rather… lacking, however, the feelings they both had for each other and the sweetness of it all had made the experience unforgettable. It had been with Jon, after all, her best friend.

Last night had been marvellous. As she had imagined, Jon was great in bed, capable of both channelling his inner wolf and being the gentlest of lovers. He had taken her to places she didn’t know existed but, above all, he had voiced his feelings for her. Something neither had ever done, not even back when they had been closest.

A sigh escaped her as she carefully turned around to look at him, guilt, regret, and fear suddenly invading her mind. She had been dying to have sex with Jon ever since their re-encounter, but for one reason or the other, it just hadn’t happened. She had been wanting to tell him those three words as well, but had never found a suitable moment to do so.

Begrudgingly, she realised it had been mainly due to the barriers she had built between them, and then the Lyanna revelation had changed everything. She had been quick to blame Jon for keeping everything to himself and not allowing people close, but who was she kidding? She was the same, only she held up a merry “everything’s fine” facade.

She placed a hand on his cheek, softly brushing his lip with her thumb.

She knew she could trust him with anything, he was her rock, her best supporter and the only
person she truly wanted to disclose fully to. So what was holding her back?

Her worst enemy: herself.

He was so calm right now, peacefully dreaming. He wet his lips and exhaled, more handsome and enticing in Dany’s eyes than ever before. Her senses responded to that, arousal immediately igniting between her legs.

A thought crossed her then.

Grinning, she slowly crawled under the covers in search of his length, finding it at rest just as her husband was. She took it in her hands, caressing it softly, waiting for it to wake up from her touch.

She grabbed his balls, not forgetting to pay them the attention they deserved while Jon started emitting faint moans, not yet fully woken up. His cock slowly came to life as Dany licked the tip in circular motions, continuing down before covering it entirely. He tensed and shuddered but his eyes remained closed even as he came to rest on his back, uttering unintelligible words.

She took his cock in her mouth, moving up and down, building her rhythm up with each suck. She could still taste herself on him, the thought only turning her on even more, convincing her to advance with her task to the best of her abilities.

“Dany…” She heard his voice, gruff and low, hesitant, perhaps just realising what was going on. And she kept sucking his length while playing with his balls, feeling them tighten in her grasp.

He called her name again, this time in a steady manner yet tainted with a coat of desire. He thought it was all a dream until his body finally woke, wholly aroused at the electric shocks of pleasure coming from his groin and reaching even the tip of his toes.

Dany stopped her endeavour to briefly get out from under the covers, giving him a wicked smirk. He returned the gesture, grabbing the quilt and tossing it aside to have a full view of the goddess before him.

“What a way to wake up,” he husked, and she chuckled as she went back to focus on his cock. Jon rolled his eyes, growling in pleasure and resting his head against the headboard. His breath became ragged and he desperately tried to keep from yelling, almost finding it impossible as her tongue circled around the sensitive head of his achingly hard cock.

“Dany,” he gasped again, besotted by her ministrations.

She loved the sound of her name on his lips. Dany. He was the only one who called her that, the only one allowed to call her that. And it would stay that way forever.

She sucked one ball into her mouth, the sounds coming out of her throat bouncing across the room. With one of her hands, she continued jerking him off, relishing in the way he was lost in the sensations.

She kept swirling her mouth and tongue on his tip, driving him crazy and loving how he couldn’t contain his moans any longer and mussed her hair in a poor attempt to find some sort of relief.

Her mouth claimed his cock again, taking him in as far as she could, and stroking with her hand what she couldn’t swallow to ensure his ultimate satisfaction.

Unwillingly, all the thoughts that had been tormenting her came back to her right then, crushing her with a violent strength she wasn’t ready for. Why now? She was really enjoying this moment,
observing Jon fall to pieces at her hands. To possess power, like the dragon she was, was her ultimate delight. However, those feelings reminded her she was also incredibly vulnerable, at the mercy of so many things. But she didn’t want to be weak, no, she refused to yield to fear.

She was strong.

“Look at me,” she dared Jon, wanting to prove more to her than him that she was in control of herself.

Forcefully, Jon opened his eyes and stared at her, grey eyes steady against violet ones. And she kept sucking, giving into the task, focusing all her feelings on him.

He was aflame, overwhelmed by the fire inside him, but he noticed Dany’s distress, knowing something was going on in that mind of hers. He ached like she did, connected to her beyond what his mind could fathom.

He was nearing his end, he could feel it. He was throbbing, engorged by the blood that had gathered, his balls almost painful. He put a hand on her, commanding her to continue, stronger and faster. Her mouth seemed like it was on fire with the heat she was producing with each bob of her head.

He called her name gruffly, warning her as to not come in her mouth, so she sucked some more before making her way up to him, her hand staying behind to jerk him off. Jon’s growls became throatier, eyes still fixed on her.

She felt his cock throb erratically until he came, his seed messily spurting over her hand and the blankets. He finished with a loud moan and her name on his lips, kissing her wantonly right after.

His lips on her sent her reeling, emotions once again hitting her like the storm she’d been born into. But it was useless to shut her feelings out, it would serve no good.

Jon embraced her, bringing her closer as he possibly could, burying his face on her neck while he recovered.

Tears formed in her eyes, feelings threatening to overpower her, but she kept them at bay however difficult it was. She didn’t want to cry, and she wouldn’t. She’d be brave; brave as her family had taught her to be, brave as Jon was.

He constantly referred to her as the bravest of the two, but Dany was certain he didn’t realise how strong he truly was. He’d gone through so much yet he remained the most amazing man she’d ever met: kind, loving, and honourable.

In his arms she felt only more powerful, capable of facing whatever might come. By his side, she was unstoppable, unbreakable, and so it dawned on her. She didn’t need to be afraid, she only needed to give in. Their love was worth giving herself into, wholeheartedly and irrevocably. No more fears.

Thus, taking in a deep breath, she got rid of her doubts as courage filled her veins. She grasped his curls in her fingers and, letting go, she whispered into his ear: “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes
Soooooo? Our babies FINALLY said THE words!
Please let me know your thoughts on the chapter!! Your words are so important to me!!! I had never mentioned it but I have a Tumblr lol helloimnotawesome (yeah we all hate it, I know) so if you have any questions or you'd like to pressure me for updates this is the place :)

Next chapter will be posted in January so I want to wish you all a merry Christmas and happy new year!!!! May all your wishes come true! I hope you have a wonderful time with your loved ones and enjoy the holidays!!

Yours truly, Val.
Naath

Chapter Summary

Honeymoon bliss.

Chapter Notes

Hi, everyone!!! Val here!

I know it's award night but I didn't want to wait any longer and decided to post tonight as soon as I was able to.

I promised a chapter in January and couldn't deliver so excuse my very sorry bum for that. I hope the wait is worth it and you enjoy this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it. I think it's one of the most heartfelt chapters in this story and...yeah, I like it very much. <3

Ok, so we know Cat is totally OOC in this fic so just keep going with it lmao. I love Cat being nice, ok? xD

Also, I'm usually not cheesy and hate cheesy songs but, ugh, Ed Sheeran's "Perfect" just fits in this chapter so I figured wth Imma use it. Blame aliciutz for that. Yes, this was you, bish. xD

Speaking of, a million thanks to her for betaing and mood boarding. <3 I cannot describe how much I love you.

Major shout out to Iane_Casey as well. Honeycakes, your skills make my smut a lot better and enjoyable. I thank you for that <3

Without further ado, here it is, chapter 22. Only two more to go!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Dany loved the feeling of sand between her toes.

She didn’t believe she had ever witnessed such a beautiful sight as the one before her eyes right now. No place in Westeros could compare to the beauty of the Isle of Butterflies, so enthralling and peaceful like the people who inhabited it and the god they believed in. As its name pointed out -- the God of Harmony-- ‘harmonious’ was the best word to describe the little country, so far away from the problematic Westeros and the overpopulated cities in Essos. No wonder they had fought so hard to maintain their independence, their beliefs and their traditions.
The sky shone with a radiant blue of a brighter shade. The sea was tainted with colourful greens and blues, all the same bright, and some pinks, purples and oranges here and there from the seaweed and corals decorating it. Small fish swam carefree, unafraid of any danger.

She walked a bit further, immersing her feet in the freshness of the water, a fish or two tickling her legs. She took in a deep breath, inhaling the sea breeze and the revitalising pureness of unpolluted air.

With the sun down and the moon taking over the skies, she had ventured out to explore a little, wanting to recognise her surroundings while Jon slept peacefully back at the villa. Ghost stood on the beach, looking at her submerge in the warm waters, curious but not yet determined to go in himself.

She had lived close to the ocean her whole life -- Dragonstone, Pentos, King's Landing -- but she had never felt the peace she did right now. The ocean, the sky, the beach, everything were so colourful and vast they appeared to be unreal, only to be known about in fairy tales or legends of yore.

Dany knew about Naath only what Missy had told her, but her words fell short to describe what she was witnessing, and she would make sure to let the Naathi know.

She had always thought she would visit the island in the company of her best friend, never imagining in her wildest dreams it was going to be Jon with whom she would actually do it.

Missy, being the nicest and most amazing friend she was, had lent her and Jon her private villa in a far away spot of the island as a refuge for their honeymoon. No paparazzi, no civilisation in miles; nothing but blue above and beneath, sand and great food. She had practically pushed them inside the plane herself, telling them everything was already sorted out when Dany had run the idea by her.

After the initial shock to have lost their cruise have ceased, Dany was sure this was the best idea she had had in years.

It had taken a while for her to convince Jon to accept the change in their itinerary, but Dany felt he needed to connect with this part of his past to start feeling better. He had been born here, whether he liked it or not, and that had been the place Lyanna had spent her last days in; where she had passed away and where Cate and Ned had vowed to claim him as their own for the rest of their lives. This was where everything began.

When landing on the faraway island that morning, Jon had gone down the jet’s ladder cautiously as if entering enemy territory, stern face and observant eyes, but the warm welcome Missy’s family had given them had crushed his plans to brood. They were the kindest, noblest people Dany had ever encountered, and they had showered them with overwhelming love, winning their hearts in less than a minute.

The exuberant nature had contributed as well. It was impossible to hate the place, even if one wanted to, so Jon had had no remedy but to take in deep breaths and smile, and let himself be loved by both people and nature, taking off a bit of the weight he had been carrying.

“I still can’t believe it,” she heard Jon say from behind her, interrupting her train of thought, his steps very close to her.

She inhaled, taking in the ocean’s scent mixed with Jon’s personal cologne.

“What?” She questioned as he embraced her from behind. Their skins were sticky because of the
hot weather but Dany didn't mind, she loved it. Naath’s heat was perfect, she’d missed Pentos warmer nature ever since going back to Westeros.

“This,” he said making a point to wave his arms around and then settling them around her waist again. “Naath.” He exhaled against the nape of her neck, kissing it. “Of all places… I was born… here?”

She could detect sorrow in his words but it wasn’t overwhelming anymore, rather, it encouraged his curiosity and allow himself to embrace all of who he was.

She turned and tilted her head back to look at him. She noticed Jon had brought a blanket with him along with food and wine. She had been so immersed in her reverie she had not realised he had placed the whole thing.

She detected Ghost in the distance, awkwardly trying to chase a butterfly but with no success. The wolf was somewhat clumsy on the sand and Dany chuckled glancing at him. He looked beautiful though, his white fur a stark contrast with the green and brown of the palm trees and the blue ocean. She realised that, even if he had spent some time in King’s Landing, she and Jon had never taken him to the beach, so it was no surprise the gorgeous beast was clueless about how to react to a sunny, humid, hot atmosphere. The poor fellow was probably not having a good time.

Jon guided her to the spread blanket and they sat down, opening a bottle of wine and starting to munch on the fruit he had brought with him.

Moonshine was the perfect light for the intimate moment, and the tame waves the perfect music.

“What's wrong with Naath?” Dany asked after a while. “It's a nice place, Missy has talked to me about it for years.”

They still needed to go out and see it for themselves; visit the palace and all the sightseeing spots. But they had time, right now she simply wanted to be with Jon and enjoy the feeling of having him close, by themselves.

“There's nothing wrong with it it's just… I'm a Northman,” he pointed out as if his reasoning was obvious. Even his accent had got thicker when arriving on the island. “I love cold weathers, sunless afternoons… snow. I’m used to waking up to white mountains and wood-like scents but I was born in one of the hottest places in the world, full of nice beaches, tropical fruits and forever sunny days?” His disbelief was evident.

“Look at him, he’s made for winter like I am,” Jon continued pointing at Ghost who had finally decided to get close to the salty water.

One inch before actually touching the sea, however, the wolf seemed to regret his decision and padded back, leaving the beach behind and running towards the villa.

Dany laughed, amused by his words. “Nonsense, you always had a thing for the sun.”

“No, that was you.”

She rolled her eyes, smiling.

“It was,” --he insisted-- “only I pretended to love it for your sake.”

She stretched a little in order to reach him, catching his lips in hers in a sweet kiss. “Well… the circumstances weren’t the best to get to know it” --she said-- “but yes, this is your birthplace.” She
became serious, looking back at the sea and squeezing Jon’s hands in hers. “You don’t have to love it or feel some kind of special bond to it. As you’ve stated, you are Northern. You were born and raised Northern... With a taint of the Riverlands. However, I think this place forms part of your history, Lyanna’s history and your parents’ history so it is important--”

“I know,” Jon interrupted emphatically. “More than you think, Dany, I know.”

She gazed at him with worryingly. There were brief moments now and then when Jon’s eyes would turn a bizarre shade of grey and his mood would become gruesome, a sudden affliction taking over him. He’d fight it, she had seen, but in those brief moments, she worried he wouldn’t be able to cope with the pain in his heart.

She placed a hand on his cheek, feeling the raspy stubble under it.

He leaned his forehead on hers, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. “It still hurts,” he stated, keeping quiet after the wind had taken his voice far away.

“What does, my love? ...I don’t think I’ve ever asked.” She had always been afraid to do so, not wanting to trigger any more pain than the one he was already feeling, but silencing his grief forever would do no good either.

He retreated, taking a bite of a kiwi biscuit, making time to avoid replying.

With a bit of hesitation, she dared further the conversation. “Is it the fact that Ned and Cate never said a thing or that they are not your parents?”

Jon swallowed, looking up to the sky. “Both.”

She kept staring at him, waiting. She wouldn’t push, she’d let him take his time, his sight was fixed on the stars. She didn’t know how much time went by until he spoke.

He gulped, getting rid of the lump in his throat, his eyes watering with the tears he was refusing to set free. “Sometimes, I wish I had always known that I was not Eddard Stark’s son but his nephew”--he sighed-- “at the same time, the idea of not conceiving him as my father breaks my heart to the point I feel I will die. Dany, he is my father.”

“He is, my love, he is.” She really didn’t know what else to say, so she settled for agreeing with him in the hopes that, if he heard the words he wanted to hear from her lips, he’d believed them.

“And then… I think of Catelyn and Lyanna and I feel like a traitor.”

Dany frowned, confused. A traitor? She mentally asked herself. She couldn’t fathom the reasoning behind that belief.

“A traitor to Lyanna for loving another woman as I love Catelyn. The gods know, Dany, I love Catelyn more than anything. When I hear the word mother, I can only think of her. But what about Lyanna?”

Her heart hurt for Jon. He was so conflicted he felt guilt for something he didn’t have to, and she didn’t know where to begin explaining how ludicrous it was that he did.

“And when I think of her, of Lyanna, I feel nothing, Dany, nothing. I can’t bear it. She is my mother.”

“But so is Cate, so there is nothing wrong with you, Jon. Lyanna wanted you to love Cate.
Wherever she is, she is happy because you truly love your parents, because you are a Stark, because you’ve become a great man.”

Jon shook his head in denial, his right fist clenched the blanket with strength, restraining himself from yelling. “I want to feel love for her but I can’t. What’s worse, I don’t know if I really want to.”

Dany was not surprised at his confession, it was only logical for him to try and reject what had torn him apart from his parents, but she knew he also had to give Lyanna a chance if he ever wanted to feel at peace again. Although she was also aware she would not force him if he didn’t want to, it was his decision to make. “I think you ought to know her. How can you love someone you don’t know? Ask about her, listen to what people who knew her have to say about her. I’m sure you will get to love her, there is no way you won’t. She was an outstanding young woman.”

“And what if I don’t?” He asked painfully. “What if, after everything people tell me, I still don’t love her.”

She could see the terror in his stormy orbs. “Then you can’t,” she reassured him. “She won’t be angry at you, Jon. She knew what she was doing and she accepted the consequences. She trusted in her brother and his wife and she gifted them her most beloved possession. She gifted them you. Do you know how selfless that is? She only wanted the best for her little boy.”

Jon stayed quiet, glancing at nowhere in particular. Dany got close to him, hugging him by the shoulders and kissing his temple.

“I was never meant to find out,” he whispered. “Why did I? I could have lived without knowing this… I would be so happy right now, instead of this displeasing person I’ve become. Why did I find out? Why?”

“I don’t know…” She replied, feeling useless for her empty words, for her incapability of offering a better answer. “Life is… life. We can only take what we get. We can drive ourselves crazy thinking about the possibilities but, in the end, it is what it is. You could have been unaware for the rest of your life had you not helped Sansa, had she not wanted Lyanna’s dress, had you not been curious about an old notebook you saw… Alas…”

“That feeling kills me too, Dany. How can I regret finding out who my mother is? How can I be so… selfish?”

“You’re not selfish,” she sharply chimed. “It’s not selfish to prefer happiness over unbearable pain. We’re humans.”

“But she is my mother. And I would rather not know about her.”

“Then don’t. Like I’ve said, she won’t hold it against you.”

“But…”

“Ah, there it is. You do want to know her, don’t you?”

A million feelings crossed his eyes, turning them darker. “I don’t know. I also feel like I’m betraying Catelyn. She has given me so much… What if I get to know Lyanna and I love her more than I do Catelyn? I can’t bear the thought.”

“Jon!” She called a little more aggressively than she had wanted to, but she needed Jon to stop thinking he was a traitor for loving two mothers. “Loving Lyanna doesn’t mean you don’t love
Cate, nor the other way around. You can have both, you can love both. Your love for them will be different. Lyanna gave birth to you but it is Cate who raised you. Be thankful to both of them. A mother’s love is selfless, Cate won’t mind if you care about Lyanna and this is the third time I’m telling you, wherever she is right now, Lyanna won’t mind if you continue to love Cate.”

Jon nodded almost shyly, trying to accept her statements. “Then…” He sighed.

“Then what?”

“Then there is that man… my fa--”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence. Don’t you dare call him that.” Dany was unsure of many things, she ignored so many others, but the one thing she was utterly certain about and knew for a fact was that the man who had lied to Lyanna and betrayed her was not Jon’s father.

“Your father is Eddard Stark. No one else.”

“But where is he? Why did he lie to Lyanna? Why didn’t he care about… me?”

Jon’s eyes were sad again and Dany wanted to find that man herself and punch him, take everything that mattered to him for hurting Jon and for hurting Lyanna. Wherever he was, she hoped he wasn’t enjoying life. She knew one wasn’t supposed to wish ill to anybody, but that man deserved nothing good after what he’d done.

“My love, it doesn’t matter. Wherever he is, whatever he’s doing, it doesn’t matter. He is no one to you, to us. You want a reason? There is no reason at all, only a sexist asshole believing a woman is worth nothing but a body to take. Don’t even spare him your thoughts, he is no one.”

Jon stared at her, and then, sighing, escaped her hold and leaned over the blanket, positioning his arms behind his head for support. “I miss them,” he voiced looking at the starry sky; the cooler wind the night had brought with it mused his inky curls.

Despite the serious conversation they were having, Dany couldn’t help to think about how handsome he looked when he was brooding, all pouty lips and scowling forehead.

“Who?” She asked, glancing to him from where she was seated.

“Ned and Cate.” It was the first time he referred to them by their monickers and not their names. “I miss them so much.”

Dany faintly smiled. That was a good sign, that meant he still cared; that meant he was healing.

“I don’t think I have yet forgiven them. And I’m not quite sure why haven’t I. I’m not even sure what’s the real reason behind my anger towards them, but I miss them. I miss talking to Ned--”

“Your father, you mean,” Dany cut him.

Jon corrected his sentence. “I miss talking to my father, I miss having a drink with him, I miss asking for his advice.”

“And Cate? What about your mother?” Dany pushed a little, wanting Jon to voice all his feelings.

Jon played with the soft sand between his fingers, contemplating his answer. “I miss her even more I do my father, the gods forgive me. I miss her so much I think I’m going crazy. You know… I used to believe her daily calls and constant supervision were obnoxious. Nowadays I just keep
wishing to pick up the phone and listen to her voice.”

Dany sweetly chuckled. She felt the same about Rhaella.

“I miss her food, I miss her voice, I miss… her hugs. I miss her. I miss my mother.”

“I bet you do.”

“Dany, how can she have loved me so much when I’m not her child?” Jon’s question revealed his bewilderment on the situation. He truly couldn’t believe a woman could love another’s child and treat him as her own.

As much as it amazed her he was questioning Cate’s love for him, she understood where his doubts came from. “Oh but you are, my love, and you’ve said so yourself, she is your mother. It doesn’t matter she didn’t carry you in her belly. She is your mother. And she loves you, present tense.”

“I’ve been thinking and thinking, trying to remember one day, one situation --just one-- where I could see the difference between the way she treated Robb and the way she treated me but every time I’ve come empty handed. Dany, she never made a difference between us two, and neither did Ned-- my father,” he corrected himself. “...There was no way I could have ever found out about Lyanna had it not been for that diary.”

“Jon, stop it. Stop trying to find such a thing.”

“I try but--”

“You won’t find anything. Well, you have already realised that. There is not such a situation because your parents love you the same way they do the rest of your siblings. You are their child. I don’t think they ever thought of you as their nephew, actually. The moment you came into this world and Lyanna passed away, it was the moment their second son was born.”

Jon kept looking at the stars and nodded, trying to process everything, she supposed. She snuggled next to him and rested her head on his collar bone, placing her arm across his abdomen, bringing him closer to her. “I think you should talk to them,” she suggested.

Jon’s heartbeat had always been her favourite lullaby.

“I know, but I’m not ready yet. As much as I miss them, I need to think about this a bit more. To accept they are my parents despite the fact that I wasn’t born out of them, to accept Lyanna is my mother but so is Cate, to accept they lied for a good reason, to accept my biological father didn’t give a toss about Lyanna or me, to accept Robb, Sansa, Arya, Bran and Rickon are my siblings… To accept I’m a trueborn Stark. The day I talk to them I want to do it with those certainties, calmly. Right now my anger would still get in the way and I’d fight them, and I don’t want that.”

Dany nodded. “I understand. Take all the time you need. They won’t ever stop loving you, of that I’m sure.”

Jon kissed atop her head and exhaled heavily against her hair, mussing it with his lips and chin. “I love you,” he muttered so low she almost didn’t hear him.

Dany turned and kissed his lips, gently. “I do, too,” she replied, nipping at his lower lip.

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He was glad the pain he’d felt for the past months was slowly decreasing, but its remnants still made him feel like running away from time to time. He needed Dany not to do so; she was his anchor, always had been. Her words and her presence were a balm to his wounded soul and, for the thousandth time, he thanked the gods for placing her in his life.

He tucked a strand of her moon-kissed hair behind her ear and kissed her forehead.

Smiling, she closed her eyes, losing herself in his touch. She lowered her head and sought the crook of his neck, finding shelter in it as her grasp tightened around him.

He felt her chest rise and fall as she breathed, finding comfort in the even pace and the soft touch of her bosom against his chest. To know she lived, walked this world, was the most soothing of assurances, the greatest promise of a better future.

Leg snaking around his, she moulded her petite frame to his bigger one, peppering his neck and jawline with gentle kisses. His arms responded to her gestures, embracing her fiercely, drowning his sombre thoughts in her sweet lavender scent and the smoothness of her skin. His fingers played with her hair, and he closed his eyes to take in the moment.

Soft lips searched for his own, and they shared a faint kiss as one of his hands travelled down to the small of her back. Her lips erased every trace of pain, every dark thought. She tasted of summer wine, of exotic fruits, deliciously intoxicating.

Hands sliding farther down, he found her arse and squeezed, eliciting a moan from her. Entranced, he watched as goosebumps broke out across her skin. She ground her hips to his side, biting his earlobe and whispering sweet nothings into his ear. Breath growing ragged, their bodies warmed as their hands roamed freely.

Turning them to the side, he hugged her from behind, one of his legs circling around hers and trapping her. He left a trail of love bites on her neck as his hand gradually made its way to her core. He caressed her over the fabric of her dress, drawing faint whimpers out of her. Heat radiated from where his hand lay, like the humid place they were in.

She brought her hand to his neck, holding on as she squirmed under his touch, biting her lower lip and grinding her plump arse against his groin. Parting her legs with his knee, he stopped his caresses on her core and brought his hand to cup a breast. Her nipple perked and, not resisting to touch it, he pulled down her dress to reveal the soft mounds that he enjoyed toying with.

Taking her nipple between his fingers, he teased it as she continued her movements, his cock already hard and throbbing. Her nails dug at his nape, her silky dishevelled mane spread across his chest. Aroused by the press of their bodies, she shivered.

Confident they were miles away from any other human being, she let her moans grow louder, matching the crash of the waves in intensity.

His groans grew throatier as his senses tried to cope with the ardent sensations she evoked in him. One of her hands found his cock and cupped him over his trousers, pressing firmly as his name escaped her lips.

A smouldering heat consumed them like wildfire, making their blood boil and their skin burn. The sky was their roof, the stars and the moon their lights, the ocean their guard, the palm trees their companions.

He needed her so, she wouldn’t be able to fathom how much. His hands kept touching, exploring,
getting their fill of her; his mouth nipped and tugged and devoured her.

So much time apart had made their bodies even hungrier for each other, so ever since their wedding, keeping away was unmanageable. He planned to make up for all the time lost and he wasn’t sure he’d ever get tired of it.

“Dany…” He needily husked into her ear, and pulled up her dress, revealing her fine and delicate floral underwear, growling when she, too, pulled down his thin linen trousers and caressed his cock.

Jon moved her knickers to the side and brushed his fingers over her curls, getting them moist with her juices. He searched for her clit with his thumb, lavishing it with attention while cupping her breast with his other hand.

Panting, she tilted her head to the side, seeking his lips and silencing her moans with them as she kissed him forcefully. However, his index finger slid into her core, reaching as far as it could, making all her attempts to keep quiet go to waste.

She let go of him to fondle his balls. She touched him wantonly, almost desperately, whispering his name in between gasps, desire tickling his nerves.

Her skin tasted of salty sweat, and it burned his lips, torturing him in the greatest of ways.

He couldn’t resist any longer, he needed to be one with her. Tenderly, he took hold of her leg and lifted it, allowing himself a better angle. In one move, he sheathed his cock within her, sleekly, feeling a jolt of energy spread within him as he did so. She was so wet and warm he slid in and out of her effortlessly. His fingers held her underwear, pulling it aside so it didn’t meddle with his endeavours as he plunged in her. Panty-ripping was best, but Dany had complained she'd end up with none by the end of their honeymoon if he kept tearing them apart.

Taking his time to build up a rhythm, he tried to focus on how good she made him feel. Briefly, he wished this moment would never end, that they could stay here on the beach forever, far away from the cruel truths that awaited him across the sea.

As his thrusts became faster, her breasts jiggled along and the sound of her bum slapping against his crotch resonated inside his head along with her moans and her laboured breathing. Grabbing her abdomen he pulled her closer, forcing his cock in her to the hilt.

She held onto his arm as she gasped, eyes shut, jaw clenched, and back arched.

He bit her shoulder as he felt the pressure building up, about to explode and send him reeling. His whole body started quivering as hers did, nearing their peak.

Groaning, Jon plunged into Dany one last time as his cock spasmed and spilt his seed within her, filling her. Bliss flooded his veins as he relaxed, reality forgotten for the time being. He let his body sag, tightening his hold on her as he let her come down from her own cloud of ecstasy, writhing.

As he showered her with little kisses, his hands worked on adjusting her knickers back into place and pulling down the fabric of her dress. She turned, helping him pull up his trousers and she stayed there, staring at him, holding her head with one hand. She didn’t say anything, nor did he, but there was no need for it. The silence they shared was not awkward, rather contemplative and calm.

He lay facing the sky, feeling her stare pierce his body and reach his soul.
Robb had mentioned once the bizarre ability that Margaery possessed to read him. “How do people cheat? I can’t even lie about not finishing my lunch because Margaery already knows when I did and when I didn’t,” his brother had confessed one time.

Jon had considered the notion absurd, but he had been wrong. Maybe it was something about wives, a secret talent they all shared.

He opened his arms, inviting Dany to come closer. Inches apart felt like miles and Jon needed her right beside him. She didn’t have to say anything, he could tell she already knew a thousand ideas were going through his mind, disturbing him --again.

She comfortably settled in between his arms, resting her head on his chest. He held her strongly and kissed her forehead as a gust of warm wind mussed their tangled curls and the sea breeze refreshed their gluey skins.

Incapable of battling the hurtful thoughts any longer, Jon yielded to his emotions, allowing his tears to run free, dampening Dany’s hair in the process. She tightened her grasp, kissing his chest and up his neck.

“I’m sorry,” he spoke, his heart in his hands, offering it to her. He wanted to apologise, he needed to. “I’m sorry.”

Dany shook her head as she kept holding him fully. “My Love, wh--”

“I’m sorry,” he interrupted. He couldn’t think of anything else to say. He felt miserable. He had hurt the person he cared for the most and he didn’t know how to make it better, how to compensate her for all the pain he had put her through.

“What are you talking about?” She asked worriedly. Tears had started to form in her eyes too, making them sparkle as her voice trembled, mirroring his.

“I’m sorry I've been a pain in the arse. I'm sorry for pushing you away,” he admitted. He felt like rubbish for it.

Dany hushed him sweetly, finding his lips and pressing them to hers. “Don't apologise. You were grieving and hurt, I get it.” Her voice was full of love and that broke his already shattered heart further.

“No,” he said grimly. “It was wrong. I shouldn't have--”

“Jon,” she cut him, her sobs morphing to a solemn voice. She lifted her body up and took his head in her hands, looking him straight in the eyes. Her watery lilac irises shone with the moonlight and there was no hesitation in them, only certainty. A certainty Jon wasn’t convinced he’d ever feel again. “I don’t want you to apologise. Not now, not ever. No one should apologise for hurting. We all react differently to pain, I know you didn’t mean to trouble me.”

“Still…”

Dany sighed. He couldn’t hold her gaze so he dropped his head and focused on the leftover food instead.

“If it makes you feel better,” --she relented-- “I forgive you.”

It did make him feel better. What kind of partner he was if he abandoned her the minute he fretted? If he yelled at her instead of dealing with his emotions? He thought back to the day he was told
about Lyanna and deeply regretted his outbursts, all charged at the one person he didn’t want to lash out to, but did anyway.

He moved, sitting before her, holding his weight with his arms behind him. He was at a loss of words. He wanted to explain to her how much pain he felt back then but couldn’t conjure the sentences to do it, he wasn’t even sure he could explain it to himself.

“It’s just... It hurts,” he offered meekly. It was a poor phrasing but he reckoned it couldn’t be helped. “It hurts so much, sometimes I feel my chest is going to explode or that I will go insane for real.” His tears had not stopped streaming. He could feel his eyes swell and his face burning, passing a hand over his nose to stop the flow that threatened to run down.

He wearily lifted his eyes, trying to assess her reaction. She seemed baffled, however, he didn’t know the reason as to why. Perhaps it was the fact that she had never seen him cry out of sadness. She had witnessed his frustration, his anger, his bewilderment, but right now there was none of that, only sorrow.

He was at his weakest, his lowest, yet his pride had long ago stopped mattering to him. The only thing he wanted was to feel better, the only thing he cared about was to know his wife loved him.

Dany came close, positioning herself on his lap, her legs at his sides, her arms on his neck. Passing her fingers over his hair, she kissed him fiercely, her otherworldly face tainted with the appearance of more tears. Her lips were swollen, a bit chapped for their lack of hydration, yet they were soft as they always were, the most delicious treat of all.

Splitting apart to breathe, he put his arms around her waist bringing her closer, burying his face in her bosom. Their trembling bodies held each other, sharing afflictions, doubts, pain.

Inhaling, he took in her essence as to soothe his troubled heart with her warmth, with her love.

He had promised to be her support, yet he’d been nothing but a nerve wreck lately. He had promised her to be the stronger of the two, knowing very well of her fear of going mad as many dragons had, yet he was a coward facing his own concerns. He had failed her, but he didn’t want to anymore.

“I don’t want to feel like this, Dany. I don’t want to,” he cried. How do I make it stop? He wanted to ask but his tears drowned his words before he could voice them.

Dany held him to her as she cried, too. “I love you.”

She didn’t say more.

Ghost came out from behind an arbour, padding towards them, his silent presence evermore comforting. They embraced him, caging him in between their bodies, telling him how much they cherished him. They stayed clung to each other, enjoying their very existence, protected by the Naathi skies.

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The rays of the sun woke her up with a gentle tingling. She squirmed, her eyes still shut, as she remembered she was in Naath and not King’s Landing. The temperature was higher, the ambience quieter; the buzz of the city had been replaced by the sound of the waves and the chirp of birds.

She felt a delicate salty breeze on her face and a light film of sweat over her skin which meant Jon had turned off the AC and opened the windows instead. She inhaled the salty aroma of the beach,
filling her lungs with clean, reinvigorating air.

Her senses detected another scent though, coarse, and thick, yet enticing. It was the scent no one was supposed to fancy but many did, despite its toxicity, despite its threat.

She lifted her weight with her arms, feeling a little discomfort because of the bruises Jon had inflicted upon her skin with his passionate grabbing and, focusing her blurry vision on the only other presence in the room --a body built and beautiful-- she found her husband by the balcony, savouring a cigarette.

“You smoke a lot more now,” she said, not as an admonishment but a mere observation.

He only turned to her as an answer, faintly smiling. His gaze turned back to the horizon as he kept smoking. “It appears so, aye,” he spoke after a moment. He was bare, all Northern propriety seemingly lost, so Dany could appreciate his figure from her position, marvelling at his wide shoulders, his sculpted back and his round arse. “Morning,” he greeted.

She smiled, feeling butterflies in her stomach as her ears took in her husband’s deep raspy voice. “Morning.”

Naked as he was, she brought herself to the edge of the bed, waiting for him to finish and come to her. Sensing her presence a lot closer, he turned again and this time offered her a smoke of his select tobacco. Jon smoked only the best.

Standing, she gladly accepted his offer, grabbing the fag between her fingers and bringing it to her mouth, inhaling and taking back her seat on the bed.

“Oh galaxy, I hope I can contain Robb,” Margaery’s voice interrupted the peaceful silence.

Daenerys chuckled aware that they had, in fact, given in to one of the worst vices, despite her stubbornness to accept it.

Hearing her sister-in-law’s name reminded her of the message she had received --Robb had discovered the truth about Arya’s relationship with Gendry. Apparently, one of Robb’s colleagues had encountered them at a restaurant and had transmitted to Robb his congratulations on such a fine pairing. Robb was angry and had wanted to confront Gendry, not so much for the relationship itself, but because of the hiding and lying.

Robb was also eager to tell Jon about it. Margaery recounted she had been able to calm him down and avoid said confrontation, and that she had also convinced him to not tell Jon until Arya herself did so.

Margaery: I hope all this ends soon, D. You know Robb, he is trying his best to understand his sister but, Starks will be Starks, and I don’t know how much longer I'll be able to contain him. However, I did make Arya promise to tell Jon about Gendry as soon as you both get back from Naath. I didn’t want to say anything because you two have lots of things to talk about and figure out --and enjoy, obviously-- but I felt you needed to know. You know how I hate to keep things from you.

Dany shook her head, getting rid of such memory, and focused on Jon again. She would not think about that right now. Whatever problems came next, they would have to wait.

“It’s your fault,” she teased, replying to his affirmation.
Her free hand fidgeted, nervously. Under Jon’s powerful gaze, she sometimes felt a young naive girl again and not the determined lawyer she had become --and even more so when he stood gloriously naked, without a drop of coyness exuding from his pores.

Where had shy, clumsy, awkward Jon gone to?

He most likely had ceased existing during all those years they spent apart, a voice in her head responded. The man before her looked young as did she --he was only 25 years old-- yet there was an air to him that suggested otherwise. He looked as if he had lived an entire life already, he was wise and carried himself with the prudence only a man who has known pain possessed.

“I’ll let you believe that,” he replied with his lips pulled in an almost undetectable grin.

She pouted, feigning offence as he stepped inside the room and sat next to her, caressing her thighs. “We need to stop,” he declared unconvinced.

“We do.” They ought to, it was a nasty, unhealthy habit.

He snorted, amused. They both knew they wouldn’t stop, not in the near future, anyway. Perhaps in a few years.

Silence took over the room again, wrapping them in its peace. She leaned on his shoulder, playing with the trail of hair that grew on his chest down to his groin. He placed his strong arm around her waist, bringing her closer as his other hand fiddled with the strands of her hair. The thought of feeling so comfortable with each other as they were, exposed, made her beam. She had never felt like this with anyone.

“You were right…” he said. His grim voice was back, his body tensed.

“About what?” She inquired after his words trailed off instead of continuing to formulate his idea.

“The man who got Lyanna pregnant.”

Dany’s own body tensed at the revelation, but despite Jon’s gloominess, he seemed certain, convinced of what he was saying. She still worried, though.

She couldn’t bear to witness a scene like the one it had befallen at the beach. She felt she was about to die as she observed Jon crumble into pieces, finally discerning the pain he had kept to himself. She’d give anything to make the pain stop, anything, but there was nothing she could do. Nothing but listen to him and reassure him she’d be there whenever the storm stopped and the sun shone brightly again and --if it didn’t-- she’d still be there.

Regardless of anything and everything, they stood together, forever.

“He’s not my father, nor should I have any consideration towards him,” he continued. “I’ve realised I don’t even feel curious to know who he is. I don’t wish him ill, but I don’t wish him well, either. I just have no regard for him.”

He spoke solemnly as if dictating a sentence, and Dany understood this was the last time he’d ever address the subject. To Jon and, thus, to her, not even the idea of that man existed anymore.

She nodded, agreeing with his words and pecking his cheek.

“Jon?” Suddenly, she craved to see the smile she so loved. She wanted him to relax and stop thinking for a while about everything concerning his parentage.
“Aye?”

“Why do you have such pretty hair?” She lifted her gaze, assessing his reaction.

Jon was silent, he did not even blink as if his thoughts had taken a halt all of a sudden. Perhaps it hadn’t been a smart move from her part.

Slowly, his face contracted in a scowl but, out of nowhere, he burst out laughing.

There it was. Bingo.

A smile just as boastful as his appeared on her face as she took in the delightful response to her silly joke.

Ceasing his boisterous outburst, he playfully rolled his eyes, shaking his head, not believing she had actually spoken such words. It was known Jon Stark was constantly teased over his delectable curls.

“You didn't before,” she resumed.

His brows came together, furrowing. “I always did. I just didn't let it grow.”

The change of tone in the conversation was very welcomed. A jaunty, carefree attitude had taken over her husband’s previous dark mood.

“Why?” She asked, enjoying the merry moment.

“I didn't want to outshine you,” he responded, shrugging.

She falsely laughed. “Oh, please, my hair is beautiful. Dare say otherwise.”

Jon remained silent, a smile threatening to escape his lips.

“Say it,” she urged.

“My hair is prettier than yours,” he relented with defiance in his eyes.

“Liar.”

His smile finally bloomed as he chuckled, enjoying along with his wife the meaningless bickering.

Needing him closer, she kissed him fiercely, entwining her fingers in the recent object of their discussion. “Ugh, so soft,” she annoyingly whispered in between gasps.

“Please stop talking about my hair when we’re about to have sex,” Jon expressed, both of them tittering while they fell onto the plush bed, their bodies tangled in each other.

Using the brief moment they parted lips in order to breathe, he stopped to look at her, all playfulness gone. “You’re beautiful, Dany, so much I feel you aren’t real. You won’t disappear, will you? I couldn’t bear it another time.”

Dany tried to even her breathing, focusing on his grey skies. “No. Never. This time we will remain together, Jon, as we should have all those years ago--” His lips were on hers before she could finish her words, devouring them in a smouldering kiss.

The bed seemed the best place to continue enjoying one another’s bodies. After the rough texture
of sand--as much as the blanket had shielded them--the silky and soft sheets were balms to their irritated skin, and they tickled, making her body hair bristle.

Jon kissed down her neck with heart-breaking passion as if his life depended on the flow of blood that ran beneath her porcelain skin, glowing because of the sunshine. The revelation about who his mother was still weighed on him, but at least he was not the half-dead creature he had been before his wedding. She could detect a change in his demeanour that had occurred after he’d expressed his feelings last night.

It filled her with joy to know that he wholeheartedly trusted her, to tell her everything and let her see him at his weakest. He loved her. He did.

Dany felt fire igniting within her, emanating from her plump and moist centre to the tips of her fingers, activating her senses to the highest but clouding her ability to reason.

Jon's hands played with her bare budded nipples, pinching them, turning them hard and red. His beard as black as night, perfectly trimmed and cared for, tickled her skin, scraping it and leaving behind new rose marks.

Dany couldn’t control her moans, so she let them out freely, crying Jon’s name in between unintelligible words as he plundered her violently. With her eyes shut, her hands mapped whatever curve of his body she found along her path.

For some reason, making love to him there, in Naath, felt different from other times as if the ghosts of the past stood with them, attesting the union of their souls. But in no way was it disturbing or frightening, rather, soothing, almost like an analgesic. In Naath, they were safe, far from the constrictions of Westerosi society, of the responsibilities that came with the weight and history of their names. They were protected by Lyanna, Dany realised. She was convinced.

She had not told Jon for it would do no good but, for the first time since the day where everything had been disclosed, the resentment she had held against her husband's mother began to fade, and she hoped that the same thing happened to him. Perhaps the crystalline waters of the Naathi sea were helping, taking away with them the dark and oppressive feelings they both harboured, submerging them in their depths.

Lyanna was not to blame for anything, but it was invariably easier to blame someone than to deal with grief and the fact that, sometimes, there are simply no guilty parties and things happen because that's the way life is.

Lyanna had only wanted the best for Jon, for she knew that the world he would face would be severe and ruthless, cruel as it was to those who step outside the limits of the ordinary and challenge social agreements, even with all the power and money they may possess. Lyanna, she had only wanted to protect her son, and she had succeeded. Jon had grown up without judicious looks or insults related to his origin, he had enjoyed all the comforts and perks that came with being a wolf of Winterfell.

With his fingers like flames, Jon pulled her out of her reverie, lustfully caressing the curvatures of her body, exploring every corner with avid interest, in rapt.

Without any clothes that hindered her, the task of re-learning his body--because she had learned it from the first time nine years ago--became much easier. Her heart was beating so fast inside her chest that she feared it would escape any moment now. Her blood was singing, aflate, and she felt like it burned her skin from within her as it flowed freely in all directions, carrying with it shocks of electricity.
One look from Jon was enough for her centre to throb and moisten. When his hands touched her, there was no way to stop the flow of her essence that ran down her thighs, wetting the sheets and soaking her and him equally.

Dany wanted nothing more than for Jon to take her now with the feral strength she knew he possessed. His hands were not enough. However, instead of pounding her as she craved, he stayed his kisses and turned them both over, placing himself under her, indicating with his hands what he planned to do. He took her by the waist and pulled her gently towards him, murmuring how much he loved her as he did so.

Dany understood then what he wanted and accepted it devoutly, getting rid of the lump in her throat with nervousness and excitement at the same time.

"Come here," Jon uttered gravelly, beckoning her with piercing steel eyes. No command had ever been so impudently delicious as that.

Biting her lower lip in an attempt to suppress a salacious smile, Dany placed herself upon Jon's face, one leg on each side to hold her weight, aligning herself with his mouth. From her position, she could see the manly figure of her husband in all its splendour, spread on the bed. His breathing was laboured, his ribs and sculpted abs rising and falling frantically. His skin gleamed with the sweat permeating him, giving him a dreamlike glow, as if he had come out of a painting.

The sun shone outside, filling the majestic room with its perfect, natural light. Their shadows played at the same time as did their bodies.

With his face buried in her molten heat, Jon wrapped his arms around her thighs, gripping her flesh to draw her closer to his mouth. However, before giving her the pleasure she coveted, he playfully nibbled at the insides of her thighs as raspy moans came out of her throat. Dany was going crazy, she could not keep going without feeling him devouring the most intimate recess of her body.

Finally, his fingers parted her folds, revealing his favourite treat, and his tongue started drawing circles upon her pink flesh soaked in her juices, his name sputtering desperately out of her lips along with uproarious curses that reverberated within the room's walls.

Her stomach was in knots, an overwhelming tension generating in her insides. Jon's tongue moved with intensity, savouring her placidly. His beard was soaked, dripping, coated with her musky essence.

Having found the ideal support, Dany lifted her arms from the bed, entangling her fingers in her own hair, letting Jon continue with his task. She felt one of his hands stopped pressing on her bum and slid over her skin until he found her entrance in need of attention. Jon introduced a finger into her, stimulating her walls, sliding his digit in and out of her. Her screams were getting louder as Jon applied more pressure against her centre, introducing another finger in her channel.

Dany had to hold onto the headboard so she would not drop her weight on Jon, her legs numb yet quivering, surrendering to the feats of his tongue.

His free hand sought entertainment elsewhere, travelling to one of her breasts, squeezing and massaging its suppleness. His thumb played with her nipple, rubbing it eagerly until it puckered.

Between gasps, Dany opened her eyes enough to observe Jon's visible arousal, showing off with ease. His member had hardened slowly, swelling with the blood that his heart sent in its direction and stood to attention, firm and sturdy.
Dany thought it was not fair to experience so much pleasure without giving anything in return so, after admiring the sight, she took him in one of her hands, caressing his member kindly, invigorating her movements with a slow pace.

Desire consumed her, made her see colours beneath her lids. Whether she had been taken to the heavens or the hells she did not know, but the feeling was worthy of any punishment except to have Jon be taken away from her. That would not be a punishment, that would be her death.

She began to move her hips up and down, forcing Jon to cope with her pace as he introduced another finger in her slit, fucking her with them as her walls closed around them. The fleshy sound of his fingers sliding in and out of her, and the bed banging against the wall filled her ears, pushing her to the limit and letting her know that the end was near.

Jon shuddered beneath her, releasing animalistic growls, a consequence of her hand pumping his rigid member. She felt his cock throbbing between her fingers, it was ardent, almost burning, like the temperature of the island where they had reaffirmed their love many times already. She would never tell Missy about the things that had transpired on her bed... or any other place in the villa.

As his orgasm built up, Jon put more strength into his licks and lunges as she did on her jerks to his cock, his fingers curling up, the blankets a wrinkled mess. Sliding her hand up and down more and more quickly, Jon climaxed violently. His cock pulsed, spurting his warm cum in all directions, moistening her hand and the sheets.

Making him come with just her hand gave her great satisfaction, but the feeling was short-lived, interrupted by renewed waves of pleasure that hit her when Jon laved at her clit harder than before. With raucous shrieks, Dany reached her own climax, trembling, forgetting for a moment where she was and who she was. Only Jon could make her feel that way.

She moved off Jon's face, lifting up her weight with difficulty, her limbs barely held her up after the pleasure wrought upon her. She laid next to him, heavy-lidded, ragged breath, and sweaty body. Jon smiled amusedly as a cocky glint adorned his eyes.

Her lips curled involuntarily, responding to Jon's simper. "Oh, please, it wasn't a big deal." It truly was, but her pride preferred that Jon did not know how crazy he could drive her with only his tongue.

He let out a low chuckle, clearly at odds with her words but did not argue further.

She took his face in her hands, kissing him urgently in order to silence his mocking. Every time she kissed him she felt the manner in which her body lit up and peace took hold of her, reassuring her everything would be alright as long as he stood next to her. He completed her, he always had, and she supposed that, for that reason, she had felt something had been missing during her time in Pentos.

Jon had been missing.

Lying in bed, slowly getting over the tides of ecstasy they had gifted each other, they turned on their sides and their eyes met, silently taking in their warm presence. The temperature had risen so Dany reckoned it was most likely past noon.

Jon’s gaze, however, drifted away, and Dany knew he was no longer looking at her. He was far away, mulling over the gods only knew what and she wished with all of her heart he was not feeling pain yet again.
“My love?” She asked, placing her hand over his shoulder. “Where did you go to?”

“Huh?” He faintly replied, her voice breaking his focus and pulling him to her. “Oh, nothing.”

“Is it Lyanna again?” She ventured.

“What?” He said distractedly. “Oh, no. I think I’m starting to feel somewhat at ease with her and the whole situation.”

She scowled, confounded. “Then what is it? I lost you for a minute right there. You were brooding.”

Jon faintly laughed. “I was, wasn’t I? I can’t help it, I guess. You know that better than anyone, but I promise this time it wasn’t bad. I was actually thinking about something I saw at our wedding.”

Dany’s curiosity was now piqued. “Do tell.”

“I was talking to Sam when I saw Sansa conversing with Willas Tyrell.”

Oh, gods. Her stomach churned, expecting to see his mood sour, but it didn’t. However, she didn’t know what to say, so she chose not to say anything and put on her best poker face, letting him continue. Perhaps she could get a glimpse of what happened inside that stubborn head of his and see how he would react to the relationship his other sister did have with Gendry.

Jon started playing with a strand of her hair as he used his other arm as a pillow. “She looked so happy, Dany, I had never seen her like that. She had such a sweet, honest smile all the while. When she had a crush on Viserys, I remember she would blush but there was not much more than that. Whenever your brother spoke to her she would lose the ability to speak, she’d get nervous. But that day I saw her speaking freely, I could tell she was a little nervous, too, but that didn’t prevent her from engaging in the conversation. I don’t know what they could have possibly been talking about, but I know Willas and he is a good man. For a brief minute there, I thought they could make a nice couple.”

Dany was shocked, and she hoped to be hiding her reaction as well as she thought she was. Never in a million years would she have guessed Jon would be alright with the thought of his sister dating an older man like Willas.

Jon continued his monologue as if he needed to keep voicing his thoughts. He had been more vocal since their talk at the beach, and Dany was content with that.

“Then I thought about the fact that Willas is fifteen years older than Sansa but, somehow, I could not see why that is wrong. Sansa is very mature for her age. So much I sometimes feel I’m talking to a thirty-year-old woman and not a girl in her first year of uni. So I reckon age difference is not important when two people match… I’m not saying they match… I don’t even know if they like each other… I don’t know what I’m saying anymore.” He finalised with a chuckle. “Only that I loved to see my sister happy. It’s very rare for Sansa to smile and I would give anything to see her smile again like she was doing with Willas.”

Dany placed her hand over his stubbly cheek, smiling. She was so proud to see the man Jon had become. He was caring and loving, and so protective of those he cared of. His siblings where everything to him and it made her happy to see he was willing to let go of his prejudices if that meant one of them was happy.

It also brought her some relief. Perhaps this merry and understanding Jon would be the one Arya would face when telling him about Gendry and not the close-minded, bitter Jon he could also be.
She got close and pecked his nose. “Truth be told, Marge and I had been thinking about a match for Sansa for a while now and, without planning it, Willas’ name came up. Age does not seem important at all when it comes to him. I had not told you because I thought you’d get angry at me for even considering your sister could date such an older man,” she admitted sheepishly.

Jon grimaced. “Aye, you’re right. To be honest, I don’t think I would have taken it well had I not seen it with my own eyes.”

“I’m glad you saw it then.” And I hope you can see the same when you look at Arya and Gendry.

“I just want Sansa to be happy. She deserves it after everything she has been through.” His eyes became grim and she knew he was referring to the bullying Sansa had experienced during middle school.

Sansa had confided her story to her after coming back from Pentos and she had been very honoured to know Sansa trusted her so much, but very sad and angry for what she had had to go through. Thank the gods she had overcome that and was now growing strong. Margaery had helped Sansa see the gentlest of flowers had thorns and could thrive during the worst of winters.

“And like I said” --continued Jon-- “I know Willas and he is such a good human being, I could not have any reserves about him. He is one of those persons that just emanates kindness. I know Robb would fight me on this, but I dare say he’s my favourite Tyrell.”

Dany chuckled, amused by Jon’s jest. He truly seemed recuperated from his previous gloomy demeanour, so much he was joking now. Her Jon was coming back to her.

“Yes, don’t let him hear you say that.”

They foolishly grinned at each other, feeling the peace that it brought them to be together, away from prying eyes and attentive ears. Jon turned, resting his back on the headboard, beckoning her to join him.

Dany crawled to him and was welcomed by his strong arms, resting her head on his chest. He kissed her atop her head and held her dearly, whispering how much he loved her into her ear. After a lengthy pause, she suddenly detected the faint sound of his voice, humming a melody she seemed to know and, then, he started singing...

“I found a love for me
Darling just dive right in
And follow my lead”

His low voice was soothing, like a lullaby. She couldn’t see his face but she could feel he was smiling as he sang.

“Well I found a girl beautiful and sweet
I never knew you were the someone waiting for me”

She had completely forgotten Jon knew how to sing. She felt so stupid. How could she have ever forgotten something like that?

She remembered he’d always expressed he only sang in private so she didn't even know if someone else aside from her was aware of the fact. She certainly hoped none of his ex-girlfriends had got to know this side of him.

She remembered ever since they were children he used to sing her songs to help her sleep. He’d
sing when he was happy, too, and sad. Singing was something he loved and she was glad he still did it.

“Cause we were just kids when we fell in love”

_We were, weren’t we?_

“Not knowing what it was
I will not give you up this time”

The lyrics of the song were rather cheesy, so unlike Jon. However, he appeared to like it and he certainly knew all the lyrics to it.

“But darling, just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own
And in your eyes you're holding mine

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark with you between my arms

Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song
When you said you looked a mess, I whispered underneath my breath

But you heard it, darling, you look perfect tonight”

She’d heard the song before but she had never paid attention to what it said. It was a bit creepy how well it seemed to fit them.

“Well I found a woman, stronger than anyone I know”

_You’re the stronger one._

“She shares my dreams, I hope that someday I'll share her home”

_Well, that’s a given. Our home will be ready and waiting for us when we get back._

“I found a love, to carry more than just my secrets
To carry love, to carry children of our own”

_I can’t wait to have children with you, to spend the rest of my life with you._

“We are still kids, but we're so in love”

_We are. We’re not even thirty and we already carry so much weight on our shoulders. Our lives are not solely our own but of all the people that rely on us and trust us._

“Fighting against all odds
I know we'll be alright this time”

_That we will. No more silly fights, no more spending time apart._

“Darling, just hold my hand
Be my girl, I'll be your man
I see my future in your eyes”

_As do I._

“Baby, I’m dancing in the dark, with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song  
When I saw you in that dress, looking so beautiful  

I don't deserve this, darling, you look perfect tonight”  

As he kept going, he cradled her in his embrace, rocking her to the sound of his voice. It felt so good to listen to Jon’s voice again, wrapping her in a soft blanket of love.  

“Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms  
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song  
I have faith in what I see  

Now I know I have met an angel in person  
And she looks perfect  
I don't deserve this  
You look perfect tonight”  

With the last verse of the song, he sought her lips, catching them in a tender kiss.  

“I love you, Jon.” Her lilac orbs bore into his grey ones, having a hard time grasping the idea that that man was now her husband.  

“I love you, Dany.”  

Despite the heat, Dany felt the need to feel his body closer to hers, so she positioned herself in between his legs, laying her back on his built thorax, grabbing his arms with her own, placing them over her belly.  

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After leaving a trail of kisses over the length of her neck, he kept talking, an earnest tone to his voice. He felt the need to tell her everything he had silenced. They were now married and he wanted to start with a clean slate.  

“I loved you from the moment I saw you again at the bar,” he began. She tilted her head, giving him a funny look, probably wondering why he had chosen to speak about that particular topic right then. But she said nothing, prompting him to continue.  

“Hells, I think I never stopped loving you, but jealousy and frustration blinded me and I responded poorly. I lashed out at you when you didn’t deserve it, and for that I’m sorry.”  

She lightly chuckled, playing with his fingers between hers. He didn’t believe himself capable of fathoming how much she loved this woman.  

“You were awful that day, yes. I felt so embarrassed when I hugged you and you didn’t hug me back, I wanted a hole to open on the ground and swallow me. And then you kept pushing me into talking about our engagement.”  

“At the time I thought you were pretending to be interested in me. We hadn’t’ seen each other in years and you suddenly wanted to hug me and ask about my life? I couldn't bring myself to believe it... I’m sorry, baby.”  

She shrugged. “Don’t be, I wasn’t very nice myself. I understand why you’d think that way… I have never wanted to admit it but…” She sighed. “It was me who cut all ties with you.”
A pang of grief went through his spine. He was very aware of the fact, having suffered through her silence, yet he couldn’t believe her words, not even when they had addressed the subject back when they reunited had she admitted it.

“I could have replied to your emails but I never did and, to this day, I still don’t know why. I guess I was just afraid of rejection. I rather it’d be me who cut you out of my life than waiting to see if you’d cut me out of yours.”

“Finally, woman,” he said playfully. “Thank you.” He was only half joking. He had always wondered why Dany didn’t want to accept it had been her who had put an end to their relationship.

“Twat.”

He chuckled. “That I am. But I’m a twat who loves you. Though I don’t know how could you ever consider I’d cut you out of my life. I was head over heels for you, Dany. I had been since I was but a child.”

“We’ve had this conversation before, Jon. You weren’t vocal about it and we’d been friends forever. How was I supposed to realise you were in love with me if you didn’t tell me when we had always been so close?”

“You’re right.”

“And despite I had always been the one to say things first, fear won over me so I didn’t say anything either. Then you went up North and my acceptance letter from Pentos U arrived so I didn’t even give it a second thought. If you had put a border in between us I’d put a whole sea.”

“You know… I realised during the month I spent at the hotel that I never had a committed relationship. Not even with…” He didn’t think it wise to conjure his ex’s name.

“You can say her name, Jon. It doesn’t bother me anymore. Not even with Ygritte.”

“Aye, not even with her. And I thought it was because I liked the stag life, my pride could not handle any other reason for it. Yet, now I know it was because…Well, deep down I dreamt about you coming back into my life. But the day you actually did, it was not because of your own volition, it was because your father had forced you to and that really fucked me up.”

“It fucked me up, too.” She sighed. “Gods, I’m so glad somewhere along the way we realised we did love each other. It would have been horrible if we’d married thinking the other despised us.”

He tightened his grip and pushed her hair to the side, kissing her temple and her cheek.

“Do you think we’d have found our way to each other without our arranged marriage?” She asked, curiously.

“Who knows? I mean, we would have eventually encountered each other. We basically frequent the same places, have the same acquaintances and, in King’s Landing, we are neighbours. But… Would we have started something?” He made a pause and then smiled, thinking about his answer. “Yeah, I think so.”

His wife tittered. “Really?”

“It would have taken longer, that’s for sure. But, Dany, I wouldn’t have been able to stop myself from asking you out.”
“Is that so, mister?”

“Aye,” he replied utterly convinced of the fact.

“Oh,” --she gasped-- “that Northern accent of yours. It still makes me all giddy every time you speak.” Her cheeks flushed with the cutest of pinks and he felt butterflies flutter in his stomach, feeling like a young lad only coming to know what fancying meant. Dany made him feel that way, inexperienced and clumsy, no matter he had had several lovers in his life.

He only chuckled at her response. Having grown up in Winterfell, the characteristic Northern drawl was nothing extraordinary to him nor appealing, but he was glad his wife seemed to like it so much.

“Anway, it's good you're so sure, 'cause I would've wanted you to ask me out,” she said cheekily.

“So you wouldn't have asked me, despite just admitting that it was you who didn't reply to my emails?”

“Oh, my love, you know me better than I know myself. I’m spoilt and selfish, my pride wouldn't have allowed it.”

He snorted. “At least you're aware of it.”

“Hey, I’m honest, too,” she replied shrugging.

“True. That’s one of the things I love the most about you. You are straightforward and honest, no matter what.”

After a moment of silence, she laughed, resting her head on his shoulder.

“What?” He questioned.

“Well, speaking about being honest. I was just thinking about the day at our flat when we confronted each other on the Robb situation, and then about our wedding night when we fought about your thoughts on being a Stark. Why do we always speak our mind after we fight or after we explode? It’s the time we get closer and open to each other. I guess getting angry gets the best of us.”

Interesting, he thought. She was right. “Hells, I hope we can change that,” he said heartily. It was a nasty habit saying the truth only after fighting.

“Make-up sex is good, though. You must admit,” she said naughtily.

Jon reckoned he had proved himself many times already. Dany had questioned him once about being good in bed and he was shamefully proud to know she thoroughly enjoyed sleeping with him. With a grin plastered on his face, he replied, “It is, but I am certain we can have marvellous sex without arguing.”

“Ha!” She responded snorting. “I’m sure, too. We will work on it. If we make these honest conversations a habit, we’re good… Also, if something ever distresses you, please tell me. Don’t hide from me. I don't mean it as a complaint, but it broke my heart when I saw you on the floor, crying. My love, don’t ever scare me like that. Instead of drowning your pain in alcohol, please lean on me from the beginning. I can't begin to explain how worried I was.”

Feeling horrible for making her worry, he realised she had never inquired about the day she had
found him on the floor of his room, torn apart and heartbroken. She had only let him be, selflessly keeping her doubts to herself. She had taken care of him like only she could and he was utterly grateful for it.

She escaped his embrace and turned to face him, grabbing his face with her hands. “Promise me you won’t ever do that,” she pleaded.

“I won’t ever, I promise. I’m sorry to have scared you but…”

“I know. Don’t tell me, you had just found out and I was not there for you immediately.” Her stern face morphed, mischief appearing over it. “But really, Jon, Mozart? You call me dramatic but, hells, nothing screams dramatic as Mozart.”

Jon chuckled, remembering he had played the Requiem as loud as his stereo allowed him to so that nobody could hear him cry. “Who did I learn from?” He had not meant to play the Requiem, precisely, but it was what his playlist shuffled to, in a cruel joke of the gods.

She hit his arm, playfully, rolling her eyes. “Yes, yes, I’m a drama queen but, don’t lie, you love it.”

“I love everything about you, that would be correct.”

“...And talking about alcohol. You didn't have any at our wedding... Why? You love your spirits, my love, so I had been wondering about it.”

Discreetly, her hand began its way down to his cock, brushing it with her fingers.

He deviously smirked, knowing very well what her plans were. Arousal hit him like a wave and spread like wildfire when she touched him. He pulled her down, squeezing her bum with firm hands “Oh, because I wanted to be entirely yours, to be completely aware of you, however, I did have three glasses of scotch before pouncing on you. Sorry about that,” he said idly, showering her with lustful kisses over her breasts. Food could wait, he needed her again.

“Pouncing,” --she laughed, putting emphasis on the word-- “Don’t call it that.”

Grinning, he flipped them and caged her with his body, pinning her against the soft cushions, swiftly parting her legs with his knee, his cock already hardened because of her touch. “I'm going to pounce on you right now, though.”

He would never get tired of it.

Chapter End Notes

Bahahaha "pouncing". These two fools. Also, Jon is healing! *whispers* finally

Your comments and kudos mean the world so please leave some love!!!!! <3 <3 <3

You can also catch me on Tumblr as "helloimnotawesome"

Hope you have a great week, beautiful people!!!!!

Val <3
Thank you for reading! :) What do you think?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!