Bits and Pieces

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1431568.

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Bits and Pieces

by Veridissima
Summary

Drabbles written for tumblr - a variety of pairings, characters and situations.

Notes

Hi! I've finally decided to post here the drabbles I've been writing on tumblr (my url is thestagthatlovedthewolf), if you want to prompt something else

Until now, I have 18 drabbles, so I'll be posting three a day, I hope you enjoy them

I don't own ASOIAF... And English is not my first language, so I'm sorry for any mistakes
This first prompt is a response to **Furious_Winter** (furiousfanfiction on tumblr), (9/July/2013): "For the three sentence fic... Pairing, Gendrya. AU setting, (I'll be specific) Arya goes to a male strip club where she meets Gendry, a dancer. XD" - it turned out bigger than three sentences... and this was actually the first time I wrote Gendrya

Her sister was getting married tomorrow, so for obvious reasons Arya had been dragged to a strip club to celebrate Sansa's last night as an unmarried woman. When she entered the club she tried not to call any attention to herself, especially because she was under 21 and she really needed a drink.

This was until she saw him up there - black hair, blue eyes, hard pack of abbs... By the middle of the night she had seen him up close - courtesy of Margaery - and she knew where she had met him before - the mechanic who had fixed Needle last month.

And by the end of the night she knew she would drive Needle against the wall, just so she could see him again.
This prompt is a response to meli_fan (winginoverthings on tumblr),
(4/December/2013):"can I ask for drunken shenanigans but with a double pairing? As in
Arya and Gendry and Myrcella and Aegon because quartets are better than duos :D" -
this is part of an AU where Aegon and Arya are roommates in Art school - he's a
painter, she's a dancer

The floor was full of empty bottles and cans from wine to beer, and at least one vodka bottle, spoils
of celebrating Myrcella's final exam of this semestre of Law School. She was lying on the couch
making eyes at her boyfriend who tried to draw her one more time, even if he was shit drunk.

"I wanna do something…” Arya yelled completely plastered, all of the others snickered knowing
she was the funniest when drunk and always wanted to do something, that for the last few times
didn't end well. "Pretty pwease…” She pleaded, hitting her elbow in Gendry's eye, when she tried to
get up from his lap.

She awkwardly moved around the room, going to turn on the radio, unable to found the CD she
wanted, she forsaked for some pop station.

"Beer…” She asked, while she tried to get her shirt off, staying only in her bra and jeans - Gendry
thought about saying anything, but he knew she would only ignore him and keep undressing. He
looked at the other couple in the room, but neither seemed to mind, knowing how Arya behaves.
"Come dance…” She said, Gendry wondered if she meant him. "Yes, you, stupid." She yelled once
again, reading his mind.

He stood up and met her in the improvised dancefloor, she was now only in panties and her bra.
"Please tell me, you're not taking off anything more in here." He whispered.

"I'll leave that for later." She said seductively, louder than she should, by Myrcella's giggle, he
supposed. It seemed Arya heard it too, moving back to the couch and pushing her to the dance floor.

So there they were, two young woman dancing - more like doing a pretty lousy job at standing
straight - around each other and laughing to the most nonsense stuff. Gendry looked up, from the
kitchen counter nursing on another beer, while Aegon just tried to capture the beauty of the sun and
the moon, his love and his best friend, the light and the darkness, in another paper sheet of his well
worn sketchbook.
They had planned a date night, Gendry had came home earlier and prepared dinner, to eat by candlelight, when she received a call from her parents who had taken their son for the night, saying he had caught a cold; even after her mother suggested that they could stay with him, Arya ignored it and picked him up.

She had finally got their boy to sleep, and was going back to their room, where she had constrained Gendry to, so he wouldn't relapse from the cold he had last week. She found him lying on the bed, sleeping and lightly snoring. Not wanting to waste their night all together, she quietly dropped her clothes on the floor, leaving only her underwear on, and climbed on him, resting just above his hips.

Straddling him, she kised his chest, and then higher, tracing his jawline with soft kisses and then biting his skin - with his beard scratching her soft lips. She stopped when it seemed he moved, but quickly she passed it as false alarm, so she kissed his jaw again, softly, just before Gendry pinned her to the bed and kissed her lips passionately.
This was Arya's favorite lesson, even better than Jon and Robb trying to teach her how to use a bow or a sword. So she ran to her father's solar the faster she could, trying not to throw any maid to the floor.

Luckily when she arrived she wasn't the last, neither Rickon and Sansa were present yet (I still don't understand why they have to come, Rickon is only two and Sansa already turned 10 but did not change)

"Sorry we are late, father," Sansa said, politely as ever, when she entered carrying their brother.

"No problem. Just take a seat."

"Are we finally going to fight, father?" Robb asked excited.

"I've told you these powers are a burden, not a child's play. Both you and Jon, as the oldests and the only ones who the power has developed yet need to be more careful and more responsible."

"Yes, father…" Robb said looking miserably, and Arya couldn't understand why, she couldn't wait until she turned 10, she was sure she would turn too - like Robb and Jon, and Lyanna and Brandon before them.

"Today, we're starting by sniffing the jars again, if you can get them all correct you will get to eat cake at dinner." They all nodded excited. "Sansa, you first." The beautiful redheaded nodded and lifted her youngest sibling from her lap to Robb's. Father put the band around her eyes and took the jars to her nose, while Sansa said what she smelled - the Others, Dragons, Vampires, Unicorns,…

"Amazing, Sansa. You got them all right." And then he brought her closer to him, trying to speak privately with her, forgetting that his other children's hearing was better than most, even in human form (Arya was sure that was a sign she would change as well).

"Still no sign of changing?" Father asked and Sansa shook her head. "It's not even been a moon since your nameday, maybe you still can…"

"I don't think so, and I don't think I mind anymore… I talked to mother and she told me I was too much like you - and that was a good thing," she said honestly, and then whispered, "And I like being like you," Sansa said before taking her seat.

Arya wondered what Sansa meant, she was a copy of their mother - the perfect lady - Arya was the one with father's eyes and hair, and she loved father very, very much… but she didn't want to be like father, she wanted to be able to change to a mighty wolf.
This prompt is a response to meli_fan (winginoverthings on tumblr), (7/February/2014):"arya and gendry meet in... modern portugal!" - so important information for people who don't know Portugal, Bairro Alto is like the place with all the bars and where people normally go at night to drink (I never actually went there, so my descriptions are based on some of my friends' conversations). Also mentioned Covilhã it's a small city in the mountains where it actually snows (unlike the capital - Lisbon)

Gendry was still in high school, repeating the senior year for the second time (since now it was mandatory and he couldn't just give up, even if he didn't have any plans to go to college, life wasn't easy nowadays - money was tight).

He had become quick friends with two new boys from his class, Lommy and Hot Pie, and when they told him they had never went to a bar, he made it his mission.

So next Friday, after dinner and watching a bit of TV, they met by the subway station and went to Bairro Alto, where most people enjoyed their Friday nights. Gendry took them to the bars he knew, with cheap beers and shots at 1€, and they sat in the table nearby nursing on the beer (while Gendry tried to look out for them so they wouldn't get too drunk), and they had been talking when he heard someone yelling.

Gendry turned, noticing that neither Lommy or Hot Pie had heard anything, and saw a short girl - couldn't be over 15 for sure - with short black hair and with a wild spirit, also by her accent was obvious she wasn't from Lisbon, somewhere North for sure.

Gendry, gathering his courage, approached her and told her to step back, and that they wouldn't sell her anything, her rage had then turned to Gendry, saying she always got to drink in Covilhã. So he answered her that this was the capital now, not just some small bar from where she came from, so she punched him and stormed off.

Gendry stayed put thinking about what to do next, and when he finally decided, he left some money on their table, telling them he would explain later and ran after her.

He was able to catch up, since she hadn't decided where to go. She tried to run again, but he stopped her and introduced himself and after a bit of fighting she did the same. Gendry led her to a bar nearby that he knew had less people and offered to pay for her drink. So that's how they met.

They talked for hours at the bar, and then Gendry took her on a walk through Lisbon since she was new in town. He showed her the castle and the river, until she yawned. She then complained how it was much easier to get home when she was up north, since here they had to sit in the subway station waiting for it to open.

They sat next to each other, and the night had went well, but Gendry couldn't be more surprised when Arya took his hand and rested her head on his shoulder.
Brienne/Jaime - Mamihlapinatapei

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to tafkarfanfic on tumblr, (12/January/2014): "Jaime x Brienne, Mamihlapinatapei" - this word means "The look between two people in which each loves the other but is too afraid to make the first move."

Brienne had been in the force for almost a year, and it was nothing like she had dreamed. People were nice enough, better than in college for sure - the insults and jokes she could never forget - but at least in college she had Renly - now she had no one. Here, she could only think of one person - it made her nervous and girly, something she had learned to stop doing years ago after too many humiliations - the Kingslayer, Jaime Lannister, he won that title over fifteen years ago when he killed the Mad King (one of the worst serial killers King’s Landing had ever seen). He kept to himself nowadays, people talked and said he wasn’t like that before… she wondered what before meant.

She could see him now, he was talking to the drunk, homeless lady in the last cell, one of the guards had caught again crying and mumbling on the streets. He always sat with her when they brought her in, until she sobered up and could be freed into the streets again… just so she could be brought in again.

And Brienne noticed, that everytime he could, Jaime would look at her, at Brienne, he would look at her a lot, but she never knew what it meant, his eyes looked sad and broken like he was trying to reach for something, ask for something he couldn’t have. She didn’t knew what she could give him, after all, she was just Brienne - simple, freckled and broad Brienne - he wouldn’t care that she sometimes dreamed of him, that when he told her “good job” in the end of the day her heart beat faster, or so she thought… Until Captain Stark called her to his office and told her that he had personally asked for Brienne to be his new partner… finally she had hope.
The war had ended, and Jon divided his time between what rested of the Wall, Winterfell and his family, and King's Landing and the brother he just found out he had.

He had came to the capital to meet his youngest niece - nieces, twins, Joanna and Elia - he wondered if his dad (his uncle… but his dad too) had been in this same place, in this thing they called a garden - the Godswood.

A girl was already there, if the golden hair didn’t give it away, her eyes did - they were emerald green, and shiny at the light, and he immediatly knew who he was, there were only three girls now with the Lannister look - the Queen Myrcella, Janei Lannister and Joy Hill, her cousin - of course, she wasn’t the Queen and she was too old to be Janei.

"Lady Hill."

"Lord Snow." For the first time, he didn’t mind to be called Lord Snow in Court, this girl understood him - just like him, she had been raised in a Great House, and again, like him, she was now a member of the Royal Family.

"Can I sit, my lady?"

"I can leave…"

"No, please… Stay…" Both of them sit quietly just looking at the eyes of the tree in the Godswood, Jon found himself praying again to the Old Gods to protect his two youngest nieces, but also the oldest one - Rhaenys - and niece and nephew he had back in Winterfell.

It was already night, when he looked down to her eyes, offered his hand and walked her back to the Keep, to the feast welcoming their nieces to the world.
Arya was sitting at one of the benches in the forge, her legs swinging, while she ate a few cakes from the plate she had brought from the Keep.

While she did that Gendry was working on a new Stark sword for their house, he was distracted by it, he wanted to do his best for Arya's family.

Arya was trying to talk to him about something very important, but he didn't seem to be paying any attention.

"Gendry, are you even listening to me?" He kept ignoring her, still not listening to her. "GENDRY!"

"Yes…" He asked, looking at her, but not stopping the work.

"Can you hear me, Gendry?!"

"Sorry, Arya. But you know I need to do this."

"It's important, Gendry."

"Of course, it's important, m'lady." She jumped from the bench and punched him on the chest.

"Stupid…"

"So what do you need?"

"Come here." She said taking his hand and resting it on her stomach.

"Arya…"

"Yes."

"Really?!" Gendry was not as stupid as most people thought.

"Yes, stupid. I'm pregnant," Gendry smiled so bright - brighter than anytime before - and picked her up, kissing her in the lips and spinned her around the forge.
Lannisters - "Thrift Shop" song

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 14/March/2014: "For that ficlet response thing(I'm assuming you want some so here you go): thrift shop, (a lannister of your choosing) and modern au" - this a prompt based on a song, this case "Thrift shop" from Macklemore and Ryan Lewis

It seemed to them that in one single day everything changed, they went from having everything to having nothing of some sorts. But no it wasn’t just that day, it started with their “father’s” death, and then their “uncle” Renly and their other “uncle” turned against them and put her family in court - for a reason they couldn’t really understand. Then Joffrey and Grandfather Tywin died - and mother was unable to move foward. And then the worst happened, their mother was murdered by the hands of Myrcella's own uncle, who was then taken to jail with their other uncle who had thrown a boy from a window.

That day she and Tommen lost every money they had, the trust founds, her future at Harvard, or Tommen’s position in the private school all members of their family had gone to. And nobody took them in, not Stannis, who was suppose to be their uncle, or the Martells, who had told her that they would always accept her.

So she took Tommen and ran with the only money she had in her pocket at the moment - twenty dollars - never had needed anything besides her credit card before.

Their house was taken away and called a crime scene, and they hid in a Summer House that had belonged to the grandmother they never met - Joanna Lannister, the only woman who ever made grandfather smile. Without clothes to wear, she took her grandmother's coats and Tommen looked into his grandfather's clothes.

And in that small house, looking up the Sunset Sea, they tried to create a new life, where they could be happy again… but with less money.
This is a response to an anonymous prompt from 14/March/2014: "Dance, Dance - fall out boy, Young!Ned x Cat, or like any Game of Thrones paring you like and a crossover au, like hogwarts or storybrook" - this another prompt based on a song, this case "Dance, Dance" from Fall Out Boy

Transfiguration was the only class Ned had with his best friend. And Ned and Robert, even being in different houses were allowed to sit next to each other at the back of the classroom.

"So I tried asking your sister to the Yule Ball? But she said no - how could she say no to me, I’m one of the Triwizard Tournament participants? All the girls want to go."

Nobody at Hufflepuff was really excited about the ball, besides Davos and Marya, but they were the golden couple of the Hufflepuffs, of course. But Ned... Ned wanted to ask someone to go with him... if he ever gained the courage to ask her - he was never good with words.

"Ned, are you listening to me? What will I do about your sister?"

"Robert, you know she hates dancing. She won’t want to go. Invite her somewhere else later."

"So who do I take? The boy from Durmstrang is suppose to be bringing his girlfriend. Ashara - from Beauxbatons Academy of Magic - is taking your brother..."

"Really?!" If Brandon was going with her, that means she would be free.

"What?!" Robert said a bit too loud and the teacher turned to them telling them to quiet down. "You still hang up of the Ravenclaw girl." Ned tried to look away, but Robert could read him better than most and he quickly understood. "Okay, you’re talking to her next time we see her."

A day had passed, and Ned couldn’t tell if he wished that Robert had forgotten or that we would insist on the agreement they had made in Transfiguration class. Until thet saw her talking to Elia, a fellow Ravenclaw, and he knew Robert hadn’t forgotten.

"Go on, Ned…"

"What will I say?"

"Just be yourself." Robert told him smirking. "Go get the girl, boy."

He aproached the girls quietly, and Elia was the first to see him but after saying hello she went away to find Rhaegar. He and the girl stayed looking at each other, as she waited for him to say anything.

"Catelyn…"

"Ned?"
"Hi…" Robert must have sensed Ned's awkwardness, because somehow a flower appeared in front of them with a note asking her if she wanted to go to the Yule Ball.

"So Ned, is this from Robert or you? My answer changes."

"Mine. If you don’t want to go I totally understand… and…"

"Thank you, Ned. You can wait for me at 7:30 p.m. in front of the Ravenclaw common room." She said before kissing his cheek and walking away. Ned turned back to Robert who yelled *way to go man.*
This is a response to an anonymous prompt from 15/March/2014: "Lover of the light, ship of your choosing, au of your choosing (/super helpful/ anon here giving you /super helpful/ prompts ;) )" - this a prompt based on a song, this case "Lover of the Light" from Mumford & Sons; and I went with Lyanna and Robert, Modern AU

It’s been 15 years, and he can still see her go during that night, he regreted so much not having fought - but he thought she would come back, so he closed his eyes and ears… and waited… he has now waited for fifteen years.

He married soon after, he needed the money and he couldn’t do anything else, lying down on the bed every night, and hearing Cersei’s breathing next to him broke his heart and made him feel emptier without her next to him.

He looked at his kids and felt nothing but anger, because their eyes weren’t grey and their hair was blond.

And every night, Robert would only wish for one thing, to wake up the next morning and be holding her again, and he promised the Gods if they would grant him that wish he would cherish her forever, and never ask for anything else.
Catelyn/Ned - Modern AU

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 16/March/2014: "Signs by Bloc Party, Gendry and Arya or Ned and Cat or any ship of your choosing really, modern AU" - this a prompt based on a song, this case "Signs" from Block Party; also I chose to go with the Catelyn and Ned pairing, and this part of the song:

\[
\text{At your funeral, I was so upset} \\
\text{So, so upset} \\
\text{(...)} \\
\text{I see signs now all the time} \\
\text{That you're not dead, you're sleeping} \\
\text{I'd believe in anything that brings you back home to} \\
\text{me}
\]

Catelyn could still feel him next to her when her eyes were closed, his smell still at the pillow, his clothes still on the closet - like she was just waiting for him to come home once again.

She knew the kids were worried, Sansa had came back home to take care of her - leaving her fiancé at home (or what she called home now) - and Catelyn couldn't help but worry if she wasn't letting her daughter mourn.

Robb was busy holding their business - the one she and Ned had run for so many years now, I don't know if I can do it alone…

Bran had wanted to came home from college too and stay here, but as his mother she stopped him (of course, he came for the funeral, but he couldn't stay, she would be strong and he would make his father proud).

Arya was falling apart, and Catelyn couldn't do anything, because her daughter was angry and she would scream and what Catelyn needed less in this moment was to get in a fight with Arya.

Rickon was very much like his sister, he was the only one still living at home full-time, but he had disapeared since the funeral, he spent his nights and days out. And once again Catelyn didn't speak out, because she didn't want to yell.

The funeral had been awful, it had been everything Ned would never want, it had been a grand event, with people who never cared for him and used the funeral as a way to show themselves and Catelyn had wanted to scream for them to leave - this day should be hers… hers, and his childrens', and Benjen's, and Jon's…
And now came the after, where she had to learn to live without a part of her heart, without her rock, without her best friend…
Arya/Gendry - Dance

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to meli_fan (winginoverthings on tumblr), (16/March/2014): "She's a rainbow (rolling stones). Arya/Gendry. Artsy school AU (she can be a dancer and him-whatever, idk, whatever pleases you)" - this is a prompt based on a song, this case "She's a rainbow" from Rolling Stones; also this is in the same world as chapter 2 - Art School (Aegon and Arya as roommates, he's dating Myrcella and she's dating Gendry)

Gendry had been waiting for twenty minutes for the show to start, and he was getting annoyed it was taking so long, he tried texting Arya but she didn’t answer - he guessed she was too busy

"Gendry!!" He heard someone yelling, he turned and found Myrcella

"You’re late."

"Didn’t Arya tell you that this stuff always starts thirty minutes late."

"No…” He answered her, giving her space to take her seat next to him. And it made sense why the auditory was so empty. "Is Aegon coming?"

"No. He stayed backstaged helping with the set."

A few minutes after the lights finally went out, and Gendry checked his phone, turning off the sound, and waited for her to finally appear.

The curtain opened and the scenery was a big rainbow, and people starting to enter the stage, Gendry stretched a bit over the chair at the front so he could look for her, until he heard Myrcella whisper.

"She’s in blue." So Gendry looked for her in the five girls in blue, and quickly found her, Arya looked different with her hair actually combed, and not in the rat nest he had always known, but she still was his girl.

He couldn’t believe how the girl who always walked making so much noise, who punched his chest so strongly, and could be so angry when she wanted, could seem so innocent, and free, and light when she was dancing. Of course, he had seen her dance before while training either in her flat or his, or in the garage or even when she still lived at home, but this was the first performance he got to watch and she looked amazing.

"She looks beautiful, doesn’t she? You couldn’t guess how nervous she had been these past few weeks." Myrcella said.

"Yes, she does…” She looked beautiful, but it was still clear to him she was nervous, even from afar he could sense her biting her lip.

After her class’ performance, he sat through the others, waiting to finally hug and congratulate her on her remarkable job.
So now he and Myrcella made their way to the doors that led backstaged, waiting for Arya (and Aegon); Gendry had still in his hands the flowers he had bought (and a box of *McNuggets*, that he knew she would want, but that hadn’t in regard the fact that they would get cold).

Aegon was the first of two leaving the doors, he kissed Myrcella’s lips and slapped Gendry on the back.

"She’s just finishing cleaning the make-up and hair, she said to tell you she would be done in ten minutes."

"Thanks." Gendry told him. "Guys, if you wanna go ahead and reserve a table for us, I can wait for Arya, we will meet you there." They agreed and stood up, making their way out of the room - hand in hand.

Gendry waited, seeing all the other dancers pass by lauging and smiling, excited they had done such a great job, until she came up, running from the doors, Gendry quickly stood up from the seat he had taken, and caught her when she came running to him, smiling

"So how did I do? Did it bored you to death? Did my hair looked ridiculous? Did I…” But Gendry stopped her, by kissing her lips.

"You were perfect, Arry. I really liked it, you need to invite to me to see every one of this things."

"Thanks, Gendry. Maybe the next time will be hip-hop. I think you would like that more."

"Probably…” He told her, before remembering what he had on his hands, "Flowers," he said giving her a boquet of blue roses, "and *McNuggets*, I’m sorry but I think they’re cold."

"They are perfect," she said, opening the box and stuffing her mouth with nuggets. "I’m starving, they wouldn’t let us eat."

"I’m glad, Aegon and Myrcella are guarding the table for us."

"So let’s go." She said, pushing him by the hand. "By the way, also the love the flowers, Gendry, they’re beautiful." She told him smiling, before stuffing two more *McNuggets* in her mouth.
This prompt is a response to SandyD (sandyd94 on tumblr); (18/March/2014): "Before the beginning & The End" - so the End meant the last part of the fic I was writing at the moment, which happened to be chapter 18 of "Being a Teenager is like being at War", so I published the last lines of Davos' POV. While the "Before the beginning" prompt meant "three sentences (or more) about something that happened before the plot of my current project", so I chose Marya and Davos first meeting - this other fic of mine is an High School AU but with the older generation (Catelyn, the Lannister twins, Rhaegar, Lyanna and her two older brothers, Robert, Brienne, Elia, etc)

It was the first day of first grade and Davos was really excited to finally be with other kids and learn something - he was talking to Salladhor Saan, a boy who had spent a lot of his childhood in his house being taken care by Davos' dad.

"Silent, kids! Silent!" The teacher called for them, but before any of them could say anything, a girl came in running through the door.

"I'm sorry… I'm so sorry… but my sister…"

"Just sit, girl." The teacher said, while the girl looked around for a place to sit, she quickly moved to the only free space - next to Davos.

"Hi, I'm Marya." She said, before the teacher yelled again.

"You two, QUIET!"

But Davos smiled at Marya and wrote down on a paper Davos and then added a smile face.
This prompt is a response to pirate-saaam on tumblr, (19/March/2014): "POV" - which meant I had to rewrite a scene by someone else's POV - I chose the final scene of my one-shot MIA, by Arya's POV (I really advise you to read that one before reading this, so you can more easily understand it)

Arya was scared of not finding him, she had looked for him since she had got back from the war - every night it became harder to deal with the nightmares and terrors from what she had seen.

Every night she dreamed of Gendry and little Ned, of finding them again, even when the torture had made her forget them she had still missed them.

The house that it had been theirs was now occupied by other people, and she had tried to look for them but she could never find them, but there was a chance - today.

Today marked the anniversary of Gendry’s mother’s death, and she knew he would come here, Arya found his mother's grave and sat by it, tracing her name, especially the last one she shared with Gendry.

When she heard him come closer, finally looking at him - older and wiser, but mostly different and the same. And Ned was so much older, so grown up. And she didn’t even know what to say, besides muttering.

"You moved… I couldn’t find you… I hoped you’d come here…"
This is a response to an anonymous prompt from 30/March/2014: "Another for you: counting stars, one Republic. Gendry and Arya and Brotherhood without banners AU - or an au of your choosing because... I'm really not sure" - this a prompt based on a song, this case "Counting Stars" from One Republic, and this part of the song:

Lately, I've been, I've been losing sleep
Dreaming about the things that we could be

Gendry couldn’t sleep anymore, every night he would stay awake scared about what he would dream - how much his dreams could take over his reality and make him wish for something so out of his reach - her...

It had been so many years since they joined the Brotherhood, but everything changed since they were kids, Arya’s body had changed, and now every men turned their eyes to look at her.

His plan had been to join the Brotherhood, so he would leave Arya to grow up away, with her family, and that he would never have to feel this way, but Arya stayed after what happened in her uncle’s wedding, not knowing where else could she go - there was always her bastard brother, and she promised she would go to look for him but she just didn’t know where to start, so she stayed.

And Gendry still running away, decided to stay at a inn, helping the orphans - kids like him - but Arya stayed too, and helped Jeyne and Willow care of them, she took her time teaching the boys, and the girls who wanted to learn, to fight.

So with her so close, every night he would go to sleep and dreamed of lying her down and making her his, of kissing her sweet lips, of making their own house, in his dreams it always ended up well.

But he didn’t care how much times Arya called him stupid, he wasn’t and he knew they could never be happy, because there was always that day she would remember she was a princess in the North, not a girl born and raised in the streets or woods, and understand that a bastard blacksmith couldn’t give her the future she deserved…
Brienne/Jaime - Camp Half Blood AU

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 30/March/2014: "Swimming, Florance and the Machine Jamie and Brienne, camp half blood Au" - this a prompt based on a song, this case "Swimming" from Florance and the Machine. And Camp Half Blood is taken from the book series "Percy Jackson and The Olympians" and "The Heroes of Olympus" (and the two movies), this is the camp where the children of the Greek Gods live in (either just for the holidays or the entire year) and where they can be kept safe from monsters. Also the children of the Gods (called demigods) can go on quests - missions.

Brienne was sitting by the beach, her feet dived in the water, when she heard a voice behind her, and she knew it was Jaime, son of Aphrodite.

"How are you doing, Tarth?" The seventeen year old boy said dropping next to the fourteen year old girl, but she didn't answer, "Are you still worried about Tully?" She didn't answer again, but he already knew that was the problem. "You shouldn't worry about her, she's the daughter of Poseidon and has been in more quests than most people at camp. Besides that she had Rhaegar with her and most important my brother, Brandon," He said grinning.

"They were supposed to be back yesterday…” Brienne couldn't help but be worried, it had been two years ago, when the eighteen year old demigod saved her and brought to camp - arriving by sea, to this same beach.

"You know those deadlines are never met, I bet they just stoped to visit Ned at college." Jaime told her trying to convince her. "Now, come on, I need someone to help me prank the Hermes kids."

"What did they do now?" Brienne said trying to join in and forget her fears.

"You can't tell anyone, or Cersei will kill me. But they messed up with her shampoo and now her hair is green, but also with her make up and she can't take it off for some reason - permanent clown face.” And Brienne couldn't help but laugh at the idea of the senior counselor of the Aphrodite Cabin looking like that, so unlike like her always perfect and golden state.
This prompt is a response to nedsseveredhead on tumblr, (30/March/2014): "For the prompt thing, I'm sorry I always choose this pairing but Willas x Oberyn, modern au? (or anything I just realy like Willas and Oberyn c: )"

Hi!! So I finished posting everything I had on tumblr, so I'm now taking prompts - any couple and any setting. I don't promise when I'll be able to fill them, since I have school, my multichapter fic and I'm working one another one-shot, but I'll fill them.

This was Willas first year as a teacher in Dorne and had been going well until somehow one of the Sand girls was transfered to his class with the Martell girl, and hell seemed to have broken loose.

Besides that, two of Tyene’s sisters never seemed to be very far away, and he usually found both Nymeria and Obara at the end of the classroom or if he didn’t let them in, they would just stay outside and make noise.

But that wasn’t the worst, the worst of all happened last week when Nymeria gave him something to drink and he spend the next three hours in the bathroom, he had tried to talk to her but the girl had said it hadn’t been her - maybe not her, but one of them had been, he had how good Tyene was at Chemistry.

The other teachers told him to let it go, that it was just a welcome ritual from the Sand girls and he was better not messing with it, but he was convinced he should call their father.

But now he had been waiting for half hour, and there was no sign of him, until he heard someone running in.

"Sorry, it seemed the principal still remembers me." He said, before looking up grinning - and Willas could recognize that grin anywhere, that had been the same boy that had broken his leg and made him use a cain... still today. "I’m Oberyn, by the way." He said taking off his leather jacket one a table near by and taking a seat (in a table… not a chair)

"I’m Mr. Tyrell, I’m your daughter Tyene’s Literat…”

"Do you mind if I smoke?” He asked but was already lighting a cigarette (or something worst… he wasn’t sure…)

"Sir, you’re not suppose to smoke here."

"What?! The rules haven’t changed?! No question why my kids complain." He said between drags, at least he was sitting by the window.

"Talking about your children. Like I was saying I teach Literature to both Tyene and your niece Arianne."

"Oh… yes… they are very smart, I’m sure the grades will be great."
"There’s no doubt in that, but…" But his sentence was interrupted by a phone ringing, and Oberyn immediately picked it up.

"I’m in meeting at school." "Yes, he’s a guy." "Yes, he’s cute." "I know you’re in your second trimester and you’re horny, but I can’t just ask a random guy if he wants to have sex with us." What?! “Okay, just get yourself ready, I’m on my way.” He said before turning off the phone.

"Sorry, but I really need to go." He said throwing in his jacket, before running out of the classroom and Willas heard a motorbike speeding up outside.

He was preparing to leave the classroom and agree with the teachers that this was a waste of time, when he noticed a pack of cigarettes on the table, he went to pick it up, and noticed it was empty if it wasn’t for the message inside

*If you liked the proposition, I’m sure you can find my address on Tyene’s file*

*Hope to fuck see you soon*

*P.S.: Hope your leg is better. I’m sorry about that*

Maybe the meeting hadn’t been in vain
Ellaria/Oberyn - A Letter from Home

Chapter Notes

This wasn't a prompt, just a idea that popped into my head, because even if I appreciate all the sexytimes Ellaria and Oberyn are getting on the show, I had this idea since the start, so I gave it a try - hope you like it! And also because I really needed a Sand Snakes mention. Also a bonus scene with Tommem (more book!Tommem than show!Tommem, since I want him to be younger).

Ellaria was in their chamber in the Red Keep waiting for Oberyn to come back from his meeting with the Lannisters, Ellaria had tried the court, but they weren’t as much fun as Arianne’s court.

She looked up when she heard the door and saw Oberyn come in, he quickly made his way to her, and climbed behind her, kissing her exposed back, when she felt his hands on her body, quickly finding themselves under her dress, she asked.

"How did the meeting go?"

"He still won’t let me talk to the Mountain." She knew Oberyn well enough to know that talking wasn’t what he had in mind.

"Are you sure Lord Tywin will evr let you meet the Mountain?" But before Oberyn could answer, someone knocked on the door, they both groaned, especially because he had just found out she wasn’t wearing any smallclothes. He threw himself off her, and she arranged her dress before going to the door, on the other side there was one of the messengers with a letter - and she smiled, immediately, recognizing Nymeria’s handwriting.

"What is it, love?" Oberyn asked, half-lying-half-sitting on the bed.

"A raven from Nymeria." She said getting ready to open it.

"Don’t open it yet."

"Why?!" She wanted to read the news, she missed their daughters (not just hers, but Oberyn’s girls as well - she had learned to think of them as hers - but also Doran’s children).

"I just want to see if anyone read it." To her eyes, the letter seemed closed, the seal hadn’t been broken, but she had learned that there were other ways. So she gave him the letter, and sat next to him, while he checked it over. "Yes. It was opened before," he said, before opening it himself.

"Oh… Loreza lost another tooth," Ellaria said smiling, Loreza was the younger of their girls. "Do you think the girls remember the Goddess tradition."

"They have known you long enough. See… Tyene did it." He said pointing it on the letter.

"They pushed her tooth out."

"I did that with all of them, but Loreza, because she was too afraid last time. And it was okay."
"You weren’t two-and-ten, and using a whip," she said, reading that Obella had used Obara’s whip to push the tooth out, until she noticed something else. "Dorea wrote it, she’s writing full sentences and I miss it."

"And she’s also learning how to fight, it seems," Oberyn said proudly. "And soon Tyene and I can start showing her the poisons.

"Let them grow up a bit more," she said. "I miss them, Oberyn, they just grow up so fast."

"I miss them too, love," he said, putting the letter aside - but not to far knowing that Ellaria would want to read those words again - lied her down, and climbed above her, whispering in her ear. "I’m sure they would love another sister."

She smiled, and pulled his lips down, relaxing under the feelong of his body, when another knock on the door sounded.

"Fuck," Oberyn cured, groaning again, and yelling "Come in." They couldn’t be more suprised when the king himself came in, with his full eight years of age, they tried to look behind, to see if his mother or grandfather followed him, but he was alone. Oberyn and Ellaria tried to stood up so they could properly bow, but the boy king stopped them.

"Sorry to interrupt you, Prince Oberyn, Princess Ellaria," he said, without malice even when calling her a princess - probably he was unknown that she was a bastard, normally being with a prince meant being a princess.

"You’re not interrupting, Your Grace."

"I just wanted to know… and you’re from Dorne. How’s Cella?"

"Cella?" They both wondered, not understanding.

"My sister, Myrcella. She’s to marry."

"Oh… Princess Myrcella… she’s good, Your Grace, she’s happy, she’s good friends with her betrothed, Prince Trystane - she’s great at Cyvasse."

"Cyvasse?" The boy king asked.

"Yes, Your Grace. It’s a famous game in Dorne, it would be my pleasure to teach you." The boy smiled.

"Thank you. Please tell my sister I miss her when you go back home." The boy king said, before they shared their goodbyes and left the room.

Oberyn turned back to Ellaria, who whispered, “He’s a sweet boy, remind me to add taht when I write back to the girls.”

"I will… but now where were we." He said, throwing her back down, and starting by kissing down her neck.
When Robert had gotten the raven saying Ned had found Lyanna, he had wanted to leave the Red Keep and make his way to Dorne, but Jon stopped him.

But Robert still met them halfway, with just one member of his new Kingsguard, waiting for them at the inn, he could only see three horses - he knew Ned had ride out in a company of seven, and worst was that he had ridden out mad at Robert, what could he say to the Lannisters? He wouldn’t have been able to hurt those children himself, but he couldn’t lie and say that it didn’t made him feel better after what Rhaegar did to Lyanna.

When they were finally there, Robert immediately made his way to Lyanna, wanting to make sure she was really alive, but he noticed she held something else… or someone else, and he knew that his fears of rape were true.

"The bastard raped you, my lady!!" He yelled, wanting to kill him again… and again…

"Your Grace," he heard Ned say, but his brain didn’t acknowlegde it, and he was furious, wanting to hit something, when Ned came closer held him, and called him for his birth name. "Robert, calm down, you need to hear Lyanna out."

He finally listened to Ned, and led them inside, and followed Lyanna to her chamber, where she started by feeding the baby, surprising the babe didn't have any Targaryen traces - if he didn’t know Ned so well, he would say the kid was his.

"Are you hurt, Lya?" Robert asked from the door, trying to stay calm.

"I’m not, Your Grace."

"Gods!! Don’t call me Your Grace, I’m to be your husband, just call me Robert."

"I’m not a maiden anymore, Robert."

"The bastard raped you, Lya, if you think I hold that against you… it’s…” but she stopped and while she burped the baby, she said.

"He didn’t, Robert. I never meant to be this way, but I left with him in my free will." Why?! It never had gone through Robert’s mind that she may had wanted to leave.

"Why?! Did you love the bastard?" He asked with venom - spiting between his question - but with a feel of sadness as well.

"I thought so, but soon learned I didn’t. I was just a play in a bigger game, he only needed a child." She said hugging the child to her arms, and he knew she wouldn’t give the dragonspawn away. "I heard you killed his siblings."
"It wasn’t me."

"But you didn’t stop them," she said with the same eyes that Ned had told him a moon before.

"Come back with me, I can make you Queen." Robert promised her.

"What would happen to my son then? If you knew me at all, you would know I would never want to
be Queen." And if you knew me you would no I would never want to be King. “No, Your Grace. I’m
getting on a ship to the Free Cities, and start fresh there. I’ll be dead to Westeros.”

Robert spent the entire ride to the nearest harbor, trying to convince her to stay, to give them a
chance, promising her everything she wanted, ignoring the whores that threw themselves at him at
inns - but no avail, and he still saw her sail away, to a new adventure.

Getting back to King’s Landing was awful, it meant dealing with the future, and his upcoming
marriage to the Lannister girl - she was beautiful, and by convencional ideals probably more
beautiful than Lyanna, but to him she couldn’t even be compared to his Lyanna - and he was alone,
just him and Jon Arryn, while Ned rode home, to his new son.

It was a fortnight before the Royal Wedding when Robert knew he couldn’t stay, his dreams were
filled with images of Lyanna - even the few brothels he visited or the wine and ale he drank couldn’t
erase her - and boys with black hair and blue eyes, and sometimes her own boy - Robert knew that
loving a boy with Ned’s face and Jon Arryn’s name couldn’t be that hard, especially if he was doing
it for her.

So a fortnight before the Royal Wedding, Robert boarded a ship to Pentos - the same city Lyanna
had gone too - and maybe he would find her and convince her to love him too. While he left the
Seven Kingdoms in the hands of whoever wanted it.
Myrrella/Aegon - Snowstorm

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to SandyD (sandyd94 on tumblr); (25/April/2014): "Myrrella & Aegon + Snowstorm (were did the inspiration come from - kuch-)")". Also with a hint of JoJo (Joy and Jon) because it's one of Sandy's OTPs

It was the first time in a long time that she had gone North, the last time she still had a mom and a father, and her uncles, but today instead she had an husband and three beautiful daughters - and now that the youngest two were old enough to travel, they decided to make it North.

Since Aegon came back to Westeros, and found out he had an younger brother, he had tried to build a relationship with him, but this man - with more Stark roots than Targaryen and who had been the Lord Commander during years and especially during the Dark Times - was hard to see and meet, since he had settled at the Gift, still helping the Free folk, who could now live south of the Wall - even if most didn’t adventure souther than the New Gift.

Besides going to meet Jon Snow, Myrrella got to visit her cousin Joy, who a few years back when both Joy and Jon came to visit their nieces at the same time, they had met and decided to begin and adventure together.

But now after their visit, they were making their way south again, to the White Harbor, where they would catch a ship to Dragonstone, and that’s when they got caught in a snowstorm, they were still half a day away from the next inn, but they made it, while trying to prevent the girls from getting caught by snow or wind, and they didn’t need now was for one of them to get sick.

The inn was full, having everyone felt the need to stop because of the snow, the five guards that had gone with them had to sleep in the small place at the stables, while Myrcelona and Aegon, even as Lord and Lady of Dragonstone, didn’t have more right than to a small bedchamber.

After supper, they moved to the bedchamber, and climbed on the bed, with Rhaenys, Joanna and Elia between them, with all of them trembling, even after Aegon built the fire.

"Mama, I’m scared." Elia whispered, with her emerald eyes looking up to her mother and father.

"Shhh…" Rhaenys whispered, to her younger sister, reaching to hold her hand. And her parents couldn’t help but smile to each other above them, when another huge bast of wind made their room shudder, and even six year old Rhaenys felt scared.

"It will pass. And soon we will be home." Aegon told them, kissing the top of their heads, while taking their mother’s hand.

And in a sennight, they were back on the road, after the snowstorm had blown away, and was safe to leave, and now the girls had a story to tell their friends.
Oberyn was excited for tonight, they could finally have a family night in a long time, Obara was coming back from college for a few days, Nymeria would put her senior year on hold, Tyene would leave her misgivings with Arienne for later, Sarella, their doctor in the making, would put the books aside, while the younger girls were free from any sleepover or birthday party.

Getting home from another full day at work, he moved upstairs to their master bedroom, in there he find Ellaria only in her skirt and with her top off, breastfeeding Loreza, he quickly took off his jacket and threw it on the floor, moving to the bed.

"You look beautiful…" he said, kissing her belly, and trying to reach for the unoccupied breast, when she swatted his hand away.

"Stop it, Oberyn," she told him seriously, but while that hand stopped, he kept kissing her belly, and then reaching with his other hand under her skirt. "Stop it, I’m serious. Our daughters are in the house…"

"That never stopped you before," he said pouting.

"But you just got home, and I’m sure that when the girls hear that you’re home, they will run in here, Tyene and Sarella are working on dinner, Obara is almost home - Nymeria went to pick her up from the airport - and most important I’m feeding your daughter." This seems to convince Oberyn, who stopped kissing her belly, and took a sit next to her, to have a better view of Loreza suckling of Ellaria’s dark nipples.

So as always she was right, because after awhile he started hearing small steps, and voices saying “Papa is home”, and then three girls throwing the door open, and jumping on the bed.

"Hello, my girls… How are you doing?"

"Great!!" Dorea yelled, and Ellaria, next to him, laughed with him, while giving him Loreza to burp while she put on the closer sweatshirt, thrown over a chair, and a bra, which was still hanging on the bed frame from last night.

Obella was in the middle of telling them what she had learned at school today when they heard the door opening, and Nymeria yelling.

"We’re home!!" Obella and Elia immediately ran down the stairs, while four year old Dorea waited for her father to pick her up, while Ellaria held Loreza. When they reached the front hall, the younger girls had already thrown themselves at their big sister, who could still pick both of them at the same time. She put them down and came to hug her father, and at the same time kiss little Dorea.

"It’s so good to be home, dad. And Dorea, you’re such a big girl now, looking as beautiful as your
mother," she said ruffling her hair, and smiling at Ellaria. "It’s good to see you, Ellaria." All of his older daughters really had come to accept and love Ellaria, but neither of them ever had called her mother - it had been hard enough for Obara to start calling him dad after she moved in. "And I can’t believe how big Loreza has gotten."

Soon after, with the bags already in her room, and dinner eaten, they moved to the living room, to watch a family movie - while the girls were fighting about watching either Frozen or Brave again, they settled on The Hunchback of Notre Dame, neither of the younger girls had seen, not even Sarella, neither had Obara, and Nymeria and Tyene hadn’t watched it in a long time.

Ellaria noticing Oberyn already on the couch, she moved to take her place next to him, when Nymeria intervened.

"No!! No way, you two are sitting together - you’re worst than teenagers."

"Hey!!" Oberyn said. "I’m still your dad, respect."

"Sure. But you’re still not sitting together."

"Concur." The oldest girls said, even Elia.

"Why?!"

"You always start to kiss." Obella said.

"We do not." Ellaria said, looking at Oberyn for conformation, but now he thought about it, there was a reason he could never remember the end of the movies. So Oberyn gave up to his daughters, not without pulling Ellaria for a kiss first, she didn’t sit that far away, in the arm chair next to him, with a sleeping Loreza in her arms and Elia at her feet; Obella sat next to her father, with Tyene on the other side; Obara took the other armchair with Dorea in her lap; while Nymeria took the bean bag chair.

And Oberyn smiled, with the movie starting, he looked over his living room full of girls - woman, even - and he couldn’t be more proud of his strong and loving family.
Jaime didn't know what to do now, he had buried his sister, his soulmate, the one that had been with him since ancient times - since Julius Caesar as imperor, and they were bitten for the first time.

Jaime drifted around the world now, looking for something to give meaning to his life again. His family had died centuries ago - he only had Cersei - he still remembered his little brother, killed when he was still an infant because he was different, something that people now called dwarfism.

For the last five years, he had been living alone in Ireland, and this morning walking down the streets of Dublin, a weird smell caught his nose, and he couldn't help but follow it - it led him to a dark alley.

In that dark alley, he found a body lying on the floor, it seemed like a man at first look - tall and broad - but coming closer he could say it was a woman, a girl, probably not even older than twenty; but what surprised him was the mark in her neck, he traced the mark - something he hadn't seen in a long time.

He could recognize the mark as something done by vampires, so he did the only thing he could do to keep the girl from dying, he bit his wrist, and fed her the blood - she didn't react, so he knew she had been down for while, hopefully it wasn't too long.

He picked her up, harder to carry than his sister ever was, but he was able to bring her to his small cottage out of town, he gave her his bed, and stayed by her bedside, feeding her his blood. There were needed three days, before her eyes opened for the first time.

"You're safe," he told her immediately.

"Where am I?"

"With me. My name is Jaime."

"Brienne," the girl said, and Jaime looked at her, knowing that he had found a new companion.
This prompt is a response to mr-europe on tumblr, (2/May/2014): "This is a prompt. Hospital AU M.D Jaime Lannister is helping his brothers Tyrion wife Penny give a birth to child with help of his assistant Arya Stark (I wathc wayyyy to many House series :P)" - Jaime as an obstetrician - that's new - but I'll do my best (and all medical knowledge comes from watching too much "Private Practice" and "Grey's Anatomy")

He had been on the operating room all morning, when his assistant walked in the OR and told him his brother’s wife was giving birth to their first children, Jaime had wanted to leave immediately, but he knew he couldn’t just leave this baby, he had followed his development since he had been born, and if everything went okay, this would be his last operation.

But… he wanted to be there for his brother, especially the problems that could come because of Penny’s dwarfism, Tyrion had been so scared during the entire pregnancy.

"Arya, I need you to do me a favor. You need to stay with Tyrion and Penny until I get there."

"Dr. Lannister, I’m suppose to be at the reception."

"Ask someone else. You’re going to stay with my brother and his wife." He told her seriously, and the girl left to do what he asked… he hoped. He liked Arya, he couldn’t have asked for better help around the office, even if it was just a part-time job, and he was glad his sister’s daughter had suggested her.

While he wanted to move the operation the faster he could, but he knew he couldn’t rush it without putting this baby’s life at risk, and that was the last thing he wanted to do.

When he finally left the OR, seven centimeters had been the last information he had listened from Arya - when Cersei birthed Joffrey that had been very long before the actual time... but with Tommen, she had given birth in less than two hours, he remembered, and started running to the room he knew his brother’s wife was.

He found his brother on the way in, just making his way to the room as well.

"How’s Penny?"

"Good."

"Really?!” Jaime asked, not really believing it, having been with Cersei during all the births.

"No. She’s a nervous wreck, and she asks for more ice chips,” he said, pointing to the cup he was holding.

When they both approached the room, they could hear her yells.

"Where the hell is Tyrion?! Why did you do this to me?"
They both entered the room, and Jaime wondered if he had done the right choice, wanting to be here, but seeing Penny’s small form and Tyrion’s scared face, he knew he couldn’t do anything else.

"Hi, Penny. How are you feeling?"

"Hi, Jaime," she said between another scream. "Hurting, I think I want the drugs, Jaime."

"I’m sorry, Penny, but you’re too far along to administer the epidural. Can I check how you’re doing?" He asked her.

"Yes. You’re still gonna be the one to…” but she was interrupted with another scream.

"I will, Penny," he answered and lifted up the blanket to be able to see how she was progressing. "It seems you’re almost there, nine centimeters."

"Should you move to a OR?" Tyrion asked, his face whiter than ever, contrasting with his black eye, he knew his brother’s fear, having known all his life that their mother had died giving birth to him.

"No. I’m gonna do it here."

"Jaime, but… the risks…"

"I know, Penny. Arya, make sure they have an OR ready in case it’s needed." Arya quickly left the room, and came back not four minutes later.

"The OR 3 will be ready in case it’s needed."

"Thank you, Arya. Can you serve as some assistance to me, please?"

"I’m just an assistant. There are interns and nurses, Dr. Lannister."

"Arya, I’m not stupid I know that. I just need someone to look closely at the heart monitors," he needed to make sure they didn’t dropped lower than the level needed. "You can go call someone now, it seems Penny is ready."

The next hour was all a complete mess, for a few minutes Jaime had been very worried about the outcome, she looked so weak by the end - her heartbeat had lowered, but not enough to be at beyond the limits.

But at the end she had pulled through, and they had a beautiful boy - that didn’t seem to show any signs of physical problems, something the parents had feared.

And now from the doorstep he looked at his brother and his wife, how his mismatched eyes glowed, looking at the small child sleeping in her arms.

"Dr. Lannister, the ER needs you. A pregnant woman just came in with a piece of glass through her abdomen.” Arya said, looking exausted, probably because she ran all the way from the ER - and there it was, another patient.
Jaime went home immediately after practice, ignoring any invite from his friends - truly, he had wanted to skip practice, but he knew he couldn’t with a game coming up this weekend.

The house was empty, father still at work and he knew his brother would probably be at Bronn’s or Tysha’s, trying to keep his time at home at the minimum. But Cersei wasn’t at the house either, and he needed to find her, he needed to make sure she was okay…

He moved to his room, and dropped his bag on his bed, and looked out of the window, seeing a different light; he noticed a bonfire right down on the beach - right in front of the house. Jaime ran downstairs, to the beach, every step he took, Cersei’s image became clearer - the firelight just behind her golden hair, making it look like fire itself.

She had her head in her hands, and seemed to be crying - but she doesn’t cry… the last time had been when their mother had died - and he noticed she has burning stuff, he could see a photo of Rhaegar, and some of the things he had given her.

"Cersei…" he called out for her, but she didn’t turn, so he only took a seat next to her. "I heard about what happened…"

"Why would he not choose me, Jaime? He was my first kiss…” No… he wasn’t, I was…, he wanted to reply “…and we went to the movies… Why wouldn’t he invite me to the dance?”

But Jaime didn’t know, he would always choose Cersei over anyone else - she was more beautiful than any girl.

"I don’t know, Cersei. But he’s stupid… you can’t even be compared to anyone," he told her, and she turned to him, and this time, smiled.

"Thank you, Jaime," she said bringing her hand to his cheek, before turning to the fire again. "This idea of the fire is stupid, I shouldn’t listen to Melara… Also I’m cold now, and I really liked that jacket," she said pointing to the jacket burning, and Jaime quickly took of his and put it on her shoulders bringing her close.

"Cersei, would you like to go to the dance with me?" He asked her.

"Jaime, you could choose from any girl a school…” she tried to protest, even if he could see her heart wasn’t on it.

"I would like to go with you, Cersei," he told her.
"Me too," she said, finally truly smiling and turning to him, bringing her soft hand to his cheek again, and moving in to kiss him, and with a simple move on his part she ended up kissing his lips.

And Cersei didn’t fight him, only kissed him back, melting into his embrace - knowing where she truly belonged.
Arya/Gendry - I missed you

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to SigilBroken (sigilbroken on tumblr), (3/May/2014): "Joana, I have drabble prompts, if you're still taking them?! 1) Jaime x Cersei "firelight" 2) A/G "I missed you" :D" - this is the second fill, so second prompt

Gendry understood that Winterfell was part of Arya, and that they followed the Old Ways - *the man who passes the sentence should swing the sword*, she had told him multiple times, and she was always the one to swing the sword (even if Bran or Sansa were the ones who officially passed the sentences - *we work as a family*, she told him too).

But now, she had left a fortnight ago, to deal with some rapist (or killer, he couldn’t remember, probably because of the lack of sleep) in Last Hearth, and he couldn’t take it anymore. Neither Ned or Allysaa could stop asking for their mother, and then their girl got sick - *sure, the maester said it was nothing*, but Gendry remembered being a kid and seeing children die of *that* in the streets of Flea Bottom.

So for now, while Allyssa was trying to get better, they were staying in one of the rooms in the castle, and Gendry couldn’t help but still feel like an outsider; sharing a castle - *a damn castle* - with Lord Bran Stark, Lord Rickon and Lady Sansa.

For now, Gendry was trying to distract Ned, who was getting reckless of being imprisoned in this room, instead of his own, above the forge (*oh... yes... there was also the problem that he was getting behind in his work*), when someone knocks on the door.

"Come in," he said back, not even turning back, having not expected to be Lady Sansa, when he saw her, he immediately stood up, and bowed, paying his respects. "I’m sorry, milady."

"There’s not problem, Gendry. Is Allyssa any better?"

"I think so, milady. She’s cooler to the touch."

"I’m glad," she told him, before pausing for a bit and checking Allyssa for herself. "I wanted to tell you that we sighted a group of riders, it seems to be lead by Arya. You can come and wait for her in the yard with us, I’m sure I can get someone to look after Allyssa."

"Thank you, milady," he said, and with that, Sansa called the nearest maid - the baker’s wife, if he wasn’t wrong - to look after his girl, while he and Ned made their way to the yard.

He stood there, next to her family - *I’m her family too*, he thought - when she finally approached, she jumped from the horse and ran into his direction, he was ready to catch her, but she bent down and immediately picked up Ned, kissing all over his face, only then did she push Gendry into the hug, quickly kissing his lips, and whispering.

"I missed you both so much. Where’s Ally?"

"She’s sick..." But he didn’t have time to finish the sentence, or to say he missed her too, or just for her to greet everybody, before she started running all the way inside the castle, looking for their
daughter - and Gendry couldn’t be more glad to have his wife home.
This prompt is a response to mr-europe on tumblr, (18/May/2014): "Another prompt (amazed by the previous one :D ) High School AU Pregnancy Arya x Jaime do your best :)"

Jaime was finally done for the day, finally able to go home, and leave his awful job behind - I was supposed to be a baseball star, not be stuck teaching high school kids. Making his way to his car, he noticed someone sitting at the entrance, he thought it strange since all the students had already left, at least he thought so, being friday afternoon - quickly he noticed it was Arya Stark, one of his best students.

"Arya, what are you doing here at this hour?"

"Coach," she said caught by suprised. "I'm just waiting for my dad, he gets out late from the office, and I don’t have anyone else to take me home anymore," she told him sadly, what prompted Jaime to ask something he shouldn’t.

"I can take you home."

Arya agreed, so Jaime helped her stand up, seeing her standing, it was clear she was pregnant - something she couldn’t hide anymore.

"Do you always wait here this late?"

"For the past few weeks. My parents won’t let me walk home or take the bus, and my best friend isn’t talking to me," Jaime had noticed, how Gendry - their star quarterback - wasn’t that happy right now, and more furious. "He’s stupid, and as everyone else he’s mad and disapointed that I’ve got knocked up," she told him already inside the car.

"I’m sure not everyone is mad," Jaime said trying to be useful.

"Yes, they are. My mom and dad are trying to be supportive and everything, but disapointement is clear in their faces. It was even clear in yours, when I said I couldn’t play in the team anymore, coach"

"Arya," he said, but it was true, Arya was his best player, without her, the chances of winning the championship were null.

"Yeah, this sucks…" she muttered, putting her hands over her belly.

"Do you know what you’re going to do after?" He asked.

"You mean if I’m keeping it or not?" She asked and he nodded. "I don’t know… I never wanted kids, especially this early, but it’s still part of me… And people keep sugesting things, but nobody really knows what I’m going through…” Tell her… tell her…"

"I know…"
"What?!"

"The girl I was with during High School got pregnant," he told her, he had never told that to anyone - not even Tyrion or Arthur.

"I didn’t know you had kids, coach."

"I don’t… I guess I do, but I don’t."

"She gave up the child?"

"No, she raised him."

"You left her!!" Arya yelled disgusted, he knew from when she told him she had to leave the team that the father was not in the picture.

"No. It was complicated, she didn’t wanted me."

"Maybe not. But you could be involved in the child’s life," Arya argumented back.

"She told everyone that the child belong to another."

"How?" Arya asked with a hint of curiosity.

"She was the main cheerleader and was dating the quarterback - she told him the child was is and he married her."

"So how do you know the child is yours?"

"I know, I just know… Because she and I are one… because I look to our child’s face and I know he’s ours…"

"Couldn’t you fight for her?"

"I did, Arya… But sometimes love doesn’t always win."

"Do you miss her or your kid?" Not the kid - he was never mine, and I never wanted him - but I miss her…

"Sometimes…"

"What should I do, coach?"

"It’s your choice, Arya, and you always seemed smart to me," he said, finally parking the car in front of her house.

"Okay, thanks, coach," she said, while opening the door and leaving the car.

"Hey, Arya, if you need someone to talk to about the pregnancy stuff, look me up in the phonebook," he told her, and Arya smiled and thanked him once again.
Myrcella was pacing from one side of the room to another, taking off and changing to a new blouse.

“Come on, Cella. It can’t be that hard,” Joy said.

“Which one do you like the best?”

“The crimson one; the one that belongs to your mother.”

“Doesn’t it make me look too old?”

“We’re trying to get in a club for over 18. Maybe looking a bit older isn’t a problem.”

“Right. Sorry, I’m just nervous.”

“I hadn’t noticed,” Joy said sarcastically. “Now, come here let me do your hair.”

Myrcella was in black tight jeans, her mother’s blouse and a pair of heels (not too high), the only thing left to do was the hair and make-up, which Joy knew she didn’t like much – so she picked up Myrcella’s hair and started to arrange it up, until Myrcella stopped her.

“Can you keep it down?”

“But you like it better up,” Joy argued.

“But…” and quickly Joy understood what she meant – the scar.

“Didn’t you say you’ve skyped?”

“It’s different live, Joy. What if he feels disgusted?”

“Then he’s an asshole and not worth your time,” Joy told her seriously, kissing the scar on her face – that went for ear to middle of her cheek – before once again reasoning with her. “And didn’t you say that after you’re attacked, he was one of your followers who worried about you the most?”

“Yes, but still… it’s different.”

“I’m sure it will be okay. If it’s not, I’ll call Gendry or Joffrey.” Joy told her, knowing that they would both defend her – even if it was better Joffrey didn’t get involved – and even her younger brothers, Tommen and Edric would protect her.

“I hope that doesn’t need to happen,” Myrcella muttered, but before Joy could even answer, they heard a car horn from outside.

“It’s Mya, Myrcella said looking out of the window.”
“Okay, come on, Cella, let me do your hair real quick.”

“Sure.”

So Joy was able to hold it up, letting just a few strands falling over her eyes; she kneeled in front on Joy and applied the eyeliner and then picked up the blush.

“No, please,” Myrcella said stopping her. “Just give me my chapstick and let’s go.”

Joy did as she said, and they left Myrcella’s room and walked downstairs, finding Joffrey on the couch.

“I’m going out. Do you need anything?” Myrcella asked.

“No, thanks.”

“And are you feeling well?” Myrcella asked again, while Joy tried to push her, stop stalling, she thought.

“If you ask me if I took the med, I’ll think you’re mom.”

“Sorry,” she said, going to kiss the top of his head. “Bye.”

“Bye, Joffrey,” Joy wished him too, before pushing Myrcella out of the door, into Mya’s car.

“What took you so long?” Mya asked seconds after Myrcella taking her seat in the passenger side.

“Sorry, needed to finish getting ready,” she answered, before adding. “Do you have the IDs?” Myrcella asked.

“Yes.”

“Are they good?” Her cousin asked again.

“It’s the same guy who did the one for Gendry’s girlfriend. And she got into the club they wanted.”

“The security at The Wall is less strict than at The Red Keep.”

“Just check it yourself, they are in the glove compartment,” Mya said, and immediately opened it taking out their first fake IDs, and giving to Joy hers.

“It looks good,” Joy said, but she didn’t actually know what would make it appear suspicious, so she couldn’t say much.

The rest of the drive was quiet, if it was not for Mya’s warnings about the guy being older and that could lead to him wanting other things, and to the fact that they had never met in person – Myrcella had to promise to call her immediately if she felt anything weird was happening.

When they finally arrived, they could already see the line to get in, Mya stopped and looked at them.

“You two behave, father and your mother would kill me if they know I was involved in this. Neither of you takes anything people offer you, and don’t leave your drink unattended, understood?” They both nod. “Also call me when you need a ride home.”

“We will. Thanks for everything, Mya,” Myrcella said, saying goodbye to her older sister, before leaving the car with Joy, and making their way to the club.
The line moved much quicker and luckily they had no problem at the security, so soon they were in. Joy didn’t liked the space that much, too many people and too much noise, but she and Myrcella were able to find a corner from where they could see the door, Myrcella waited while Joy went to get them something to drink.

Joy reached the counter and ordered one margarita, since it was the only thing she knew they liked (besides wine, that they had drank in a few family dinners), with her drink already she tried to leave and find Myrcella again, but while moving through the sea of people, without noticing crashed against a guy, spilling part of her drink on his shirt.

"Ohh… I’m sorry, I couldn’t see where I was going… I’m so sorry…"

"No problem, it’s just an old shirt," the boy said, and Joy looked up - he looked completelly out of place, and she wondered what he was doing here, she also noticed how quite handsome he was. "And it was my fault too, at least let me pay you another drink."

"There’s no need, really. And sorry, I really need to go… my friend is waiting for me."

"Yeah, me too. I’ve to go look for my friend."

Joy made her way back to Myrcella who looked less comfortable by everything second – she didn’t seem to like this place as well.

“Finally, you’re back!!” She exclaimed. “Why did you take so long? And to come back only with half a drink.”

“Sorry, kind of crashed against a guy. So tell me how are we supposed to recognize your mystery guy?”

“He has silver hair with blue streaks. Now was the guy you crashed with at least cute.” Very, and handsome, and when he pulled his shirt up to try too scrub the stain... wow..., but instead of saying that, she blushed and smiled. “Just tell me, Joy,” Myrcella pleaded, but they were saved when they noticed a boy with silver and blue hair coming their way, while making signal to another person.

The boy was much taller than either Myrcella or Joy, but he had an easy smile in his lips, when he hugged the friend he called for, still behind the crowd, and then she couldn’t believe who was coming their way, it was the same boy from earlier.

“Myrcella??” The silver haired guy asked.

“Yes. Aegon??”

“In person,” he said smiling. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you in person.”

“Likewise. Ohh… I brought my cousin, Joy.”

“Hi,” she said, waving at them both.

“Pleasure to meet you too. This is my brother…”


“That Robb?!” Joy whispered, making Myrcella blush, who kicked her in the shins right after.
“It’s good to see you again, Cella, you don’t look the same. And Gendry is probably going to kill me, knowing that I was somehow involved in you meeting a guy.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll kill Mya first. And just remind him he’s dating your sister – cousin… sorry, I’m just so used to.” Myrcella said, looking again between Jon and Aegon, and noticing the similarities – because while at first look they are completely different, their built was rather similar.

“I didn’t know you two knew each other, you could have told me, Jon?”

“I didn’t even connected the name.”

Soon after Aegon and Myrcella were talking just between them, rather excitedly Joy noticed, he was also holding her hand, while he traced the scar with the other – and she knew he was trying to make her feel better.

“You shouldn’t worry, Aegon is a good guy, and I wouldn’t let him hurt little Myrcella.”

“I hope not,” Joy said. “Sorry to ask, but I always thought you were the Stark’s brother – the way Arya never shuts up about you.”

“They raised me, they are my family – I call them brother, sister, mom and dad. But my biologically parents died when I was only a few months old in a car accident,” Jon told her, with a sad look in his face – and she knew exactly how she was feeling – he raised his voice, so she could hear over the awful music. “And it’s a bit more complicated than that. My birth mom was really young, and my birth dad was already married with Aegon’s mother – my birth parents relationship was an affair. If they had lived, I don’t actually know who my birth father would have chosen.”

“I get it. I never knew my mom, she dropped me off with my dad. And then my dad died when I was five, so I moved along between family members – I was with living with Myrcella, until last year with the Joffrey problems – you know… with Sansa and… you know… - I had to move back with my Aunt Genna.”

“Yeah, it’s hard to live like this. I wish…” he was stopped by an awful crash against his back, making him fall against her (this time with no drink at hand at least). “I hate this place, really.”

“A bit too crowded for my liking too,” Joy said, and Jon stood up and went to talk to Myrcella and Aegon, they stood up too and called for her, making their way out of the club, already outside her head seemed to work much better.

“Let’s go somewhere else,” Aegon suggested. Myrcella and Joy looked between them, thinking about Mya’s warning, but their immediate thought was that Jon was there and he wasn’t a stranger to Myrcella, he was a big family friend.

“Sure, where?” Joy asked. “Any ideas?” There was a silent for a few minutes before Myrcella spoke up.

“There’s a great pancake place near by, opened 24/7.” Everyone agreed with the idea, and they made it to a car parked a few blocks away. Jon took the driver seat, and Aegon the passenger seat, while the girls sat on the back.

“Aegon asked me to go on a date, a real date with him,” Myrcella whispered excited.

“When?”

“This weekend.” Joy would already be back at Aunt Genna’s and wouldn’t be able to help Myrcella
get ready.

“Make to call me after.”

“I will. And you and Jon? You two seemed to hit it off.”

“We were just talking.”

“But he’s the guy you crashed into, right? It’s like faith.”

“Maybe.”

“And you were blushing.”

“I wasn’t,” Joy said, before Myrcella sent her a look that meant that obviously Joy was lying. “Okay, maybe I was he’s smart, and funny, and nice, and…”

“Hot…”

“Shut up, Cella. You can’t crush in both his brothers and still want Jon,” Joy told her joking, and they both started giggling and then laughing louder, prompting the boys to look at them.

“We need directions, Myrcella,” Aegon said, and between softer giggles she got them out; while Joy couldn’t stop smiling, knowing this would be one of her best nights ever.
Margaery/Jaime - Morning After

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 31/May/2014: "Margaery X Jaime morning after pary LOL !"

Margaery woke up with the sun beating in her eyes, and she quickly looked away, noticing how much her head hurt as well and that she couldn’t recognize the place - it wasn’t her room for sure, either at her apartment or in Highgarden - and she didn’t remember doing anything terrible wicked the night before, that was…

That was until she looked down to herself and found herself naked, looking at the rose tattoo between her thighs she noticed something that could only be beard burns - and the only man she could remember being with that had a beard, or at least something similar, was the boy she lost her virginity to, who was desperatly trying to grow some hair in his face. And taking a deep breath she looked to her side, and everything came rushing back.

Loras’ team had made it to the finals and Margaery as the good sister she was travelled all the way to come see him play - they had won and partied all night long. Next to her there was, the basebal legend, that people were calling too old to play, especially after his sister murder that left him broken - Jaime Lannister.

He looked as handsome as in the posters of young Margaery’s room, as in the first dreams Margaery ever had that fired some unknown desires in her when she was only a teen - and now in her twenties she had shared with him.

She turned her back to him again wanting to prevent from climbing on him again, she needed to think what to do - he had been much more drunk than her, and she had been pretty bad - she reached for her phone and saw it was already past 11 am, and that she had two missed calls from Loras and five texts - the last one said.

Renly and r in the coffee house. u and lannister can join us. LY

She was putting her phone back, when she felt an arm around her waist, pulling her against him, she felt so small next to him, but she felt good again his hard body, until she heard him whisper while he kissed her curls.

"I love you much. I wish you never had to leave," he said and her heart skipped a beat, until he said. "Please stay this time, sister."
Catelyn/Ned - Seeking Solace

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 01/June/2014: "For the fic ask meme: 5. Ned x Cat" - 5 means "Seeking Solace"

Catelyn had been waiting for this weekend for awhile now, she loved her kids but she had Ned hadn’t had a moment to themselves in a long time - so when Friday afternoon came and she dropped Robb, Arya and Bran at Lyanna’s house, who was going to take them to the beach for the week (with Brandon and Benjen, Catelyn was hoping Benjen was able to keep his older siblings out of trouble), and then kissed goodbye to Sansa, who took her first long train trip alone to Highgarden, to spent her week with her friend Margaery, and then finally left Rickon with her father in Riverrun; Catelyn had been excited, during the weekend she and Ned had done nothing but relax, there wasn’t any schedule for meals, any fights to break up, just her and Ned…

But then the week arrived, Catelyn stayed at home, the summer vacations had started so school was close, and teachers weren’t needed now that the meetings were over as well, but Ned had gone back to work - he had asked her if she wanted for him to take the week off, but they settled in Ned taking just the afternoon off.

So Monday morning, Ned got up with the alarm clock, tried not to make any noise, got ready for his day and before leaving, kissed the head of auburn hair peeking out from the covers.

His morning passed quicker than others, and when was almost lunch time Ned was impatient to go home.

"Where do you wanna go for lunch?" Robert asked, appearing from his office down the hall.

"I’m going home, Robert," Ned said. "I told you that this week, I’m only working mornings…"

"Ohh… Right," Robert said, before laughing and patting his back. "I had forgotten that you and Cat had the house to yourselves. Lucky bastard," Robert said. "Go on, Neddy boy. I’ll find other poor bastard to have lunch with me; or maybe the new recepcionist," Robert said, before walking out, Ned quickly finished the report he was going over, and packed his stuff to go home.

Ned unlocked the door, holding a bouquet of flowers he had bought for Catelyn, but when he arrived he was scared to find her crying in the couch.

"Cat," he said, approaching her. "Did something happen? Are the kids okay? Your dad?" He asked worried about her.

"Everything is okay," she said between sobs.

"So why are you crying?" He said taking a seat next to her.

"I miss the kids," she said. "Neither of them as called, sure Sansa texted to say was okay, and so did Lyanna, but i only talked tto Rickon and that’s because father insisted."

"They’re just having fun and distracted, I’m sure."
"But they are growing up so fast, Ned. Next year, Robb is starting college, Rickon elementary school and Arya high school. What are we going to do?" She said crying, and Ned pulled her closer, kissing the top of her head.

"Cat, we always knew they were going to grow up. And I’m sure Robb will keep visiting every chance he gets."

"But why did they have to grow up so quickly?" She asked, and Ned had no answer, so he just pulled her closer, while she quietly sobbed in his arms.
Since this weekend I watched Rome's season one finale, I knew I needed some Oberyn and Ellaria happiness (if you have watched it, you'll understand). And now with this week's episode of Game of Thrones, I can't help but actually do it. I used the random number generator, that then I used on a meme, and the result was "Smile"

He and Ellaria had been together for awhile now, she was different, she was simple to be with, and she was fun.

He didn’t have to take her to those fancy places, she would be okay with eating junk food in his car, and then fucking, or just talk and laugh - he laugh was sweet and corky (with a few snorts sometimes, there was that time she shot beer from her nose).

And then after months together, he also found that she was the first person who trusted him enough, and he trusted her back for them to be able to have a open relationship that worked.

So the only thing missing was the most important step of them all, and the last of them, introducing her to the girls - Oberyn had told her million stories about them and had been plaining how to introduce them.

That’s how he ended up in front of the girls’ school waiting for Ellaria, when he finally notices her, she’s wearing jeans, and a shirt he was sure it was his, she was twisting her hair between her fingers, while drumming the fingers of her other hand into her leg.

"No, need to be nervous, lover," he told her, when she approached him.

"Why shouldn’t I? I’m going to meet your daughters, Oberyn, you are always talking about them. What if they don’t like me?" It was the first time he had seen her this nervous about anything.

"Come on," he said pulling her in. "You can meet my sister too before the play starts."

"Elia is here too?" She asked, stopping immediatelly.

"Of course, Rhaenys is staring too."

"Gods!! I’m not going, Oberyn. Look how I’m dressed, your sister will think I’m a slob, and she will…” but before she could continue, Oberyn pulled her into a kiss, she melted into him, and quickly opened her mouth when he prompted her to - ignoring the looks from the other parents around them, at least untill Ellaria noticed and pushed him away. "Oberyn…”

"Screw the other parents - they already hate me because I’ve slept with three teachers, one of them a man," he told her, knowing what she was going to say.

"Why do they know you slept with them?"

"It seems word runs fast. Now, come on, Ellaria," he said, and she tried to deny one more time, but
he stopped her moving her inside. "It will be okay I promise."

He quickly spotted Elia on the crowd, and took Ellaria’s hand, walking to the second row. “It’s going to be okay,” he told her, before calling. “Girls, I have someone I want you to meet. This is Ellaria, and this is my oldest, Obara, my youngest, Sarella, and my sister and nephew, Elia and Aegon.”

"Hi," Ellaria said. "I hope you don’t mind me joining."

"Of course not," Elia said, "It’s not every day my little brother brings a woman," she said now standing up, and going to kiss Ellaria’s cheek, while her son held to her skirt. "I’m sorry, Aegon is a bit shy around new people."

But Sarella wasn’t, she pushed past her aunt, and introduced herself, making Ellaria kneel.

"Hello. How are you?"

"I’m fine, Sarella. You?"

"Good. Papa has a shirt like that, ohhh… with that same rip," and Ellaria couldn’t help but blush, especially when she saw the older girl roll her eyes. "It’s Nymeria’s favorite shirt - that’s my big sister, not big big that’s Obara,” she said pointing to the girl behind her. “… but second big - she was looking for it and she was sad she couldn’t find it.” Ellaria didn’t know what to answer, so she was very glad when she heard Oberyn.

"I promise I’ll look for it. Now, Obara, come here, I want you to meet Ellaria."

"I have. Hi, Ellaria," she said from her seat, on the other side of her aunt.

"Hello, Obara. Your dad talks a lot about you."

"And me? Me too?!" Sarella asked excited, and Oberyn smiled and said, picking her up.

"Of course, my darling," in the moment he was starting to throw her in the air, the lights were turned off, and they took their places. Obara in Elia’s right side, who held her son, next to her Oberyn holding Sarella (who in the middle of the play would probably ask to move to Obara’s side) and then Ellaria.

They take awhile to get into stage, Rhaenys is the first one of the three Martell girls, with a group of girls all playing fairies.

"That’s Rhae!!" Sarella said a bit too loud, making people turn to her.

"The one in orange," Oberyn whispered in Ellaria’s ear.

"She looks like you and Elia," she said especially looking to the brother who didn’t had a hint of Martell - it was all from the father she supposed.

After that it was Nymeria, she appeared asleep in a showcase, Nymeria had been so excited about playing the main part.

"That’s Nymeria," he whispered to Ellaria again, while Sarella jumped from his knees and ran to Obara, so he took the opportunity to take her hand.

And soon after appeared Tyene dressed as a pirate mixed up with the boys.
"She’s the blond one - Tyene," he said.

During the rest of the play, he watched both his girls and niece, and Ellaria’s face during the play with a permanent smile, with her cute and corky laugh every once in a while, even snorting a bit when Tyene made her pirate speech.

It was obvious that when the play ended she was more relaxed and more ready to meet Rhaenys, and especially Tyene and Nymeria, she congratulate them on their performance, and even seemed to win Obara over, since she was the one who suggested for Ellaria to join them at the pizza place.

And that day, he discovered his favorite smile of Ellaria’s - the one she held to his daughters.
Jaime had board the first ship he saw, when he left his sister’s cell and gave just another mission to Brienne. During the trip he wondered if it made sense to still live in this world if Cersei was gone, we wondered all the way to the Free Cities.

For many moons, he couldn't find one to settle in, until a year passed by what people told him, and he had taken his uncle name, the one who got lost in these same cities - Gerion.

He makes it to Braavos and it’s his favorite city yet, the climate is good enough, not so different from home, he easily found a job, with a hook was much easier to work and move around, than with a gold hand - you never had a gold hand, you were never Jaime, Jaime doesn’t exist anymore...

One night he’s coming home - that’s all he does home-work-home - and he sees a beggar, a girl, and he goes to her and takes her home, and feeds her. The girl was sick, so he looks for a healer and heals her back to life.

She stays with him - Beth stayed with him - because everytime he looks at her eyes he recognizes something he can’t quite place. One night she’s scared of things she doesn’t know and can’t place, and comes to his bed, he doesn’t kiss her or touch her, he’s not ready... to touch another but her.

But other nights come, he tells her stories of places he has been (but not of people he has met), and she tries to tell him stories too, but her memory seems to be erased by some way.

But after a few moons they kiss, and then he lays her down, learning how to make her body sing, it was harder than anything before - she shuts up to him, and he only knew how to touch her - but they learn, and learn to love and a new kind of love.

In a few years, they have a house, and then a daughter - a daughter of his own, that he’ll finally teach - they name her River, after Riverrun - Beth says her favorite stories are from there.

For six years, they were happy, he would barely think of Tyrion or Cersei, or even father, until the day someone comes and asks for her, two hooded men, he lets her go - she says she would be back for dinner and she is.

She comes with a different face, and memories attached, and he knows where he knows those eyes from - he fought those eyes... because she’s a wolf and he’s a lion.
Okay, whoever said throwing a joint party for her two daughters was a good idea, never had kids for sure

That was Catelyn’s first thought when she could finally leave the oven for a few minutes, and found her living room thrown into a complete chaos.

Ned had been the one to propose a joint party, since the girls’ birthdays were only a week apart, so Catelyn had made a deal, and that was that Sansa and her friends would have Sansa’s planned tea party in the living room; while Arya would have the backyard.

But now it seemed the plans had changed. Arya and her friends (all boys but Weasel, a girl three years younger than Arya, who seemed to be fascinated with Sansa’s tea party) were playing a video game - one of Robb’s, that Catelyn didn’t want her youngest daughter playing.

"Arya, what did I tell you about that game?"

"But Gendry is playing, and he’s old enough - he’s Robb’s age."

"He can, and if he wants to stay, he can. But you, Mycah, Lommy and Ste-"

"His name is Hot Pie, mom," Arya said.

...and Hot Pie," Catelyn said, accepting the boy’s nickname. "...will go outside - those were the rules. You and your sister made your choices."

"But Hot Pie and Lommy are tired, and dad said we could come inside." Ohhh... Ned... Catelyn left the room, and found her husband outside by the grill, talking to his son and nephew.

"Ned," she called, and heard Robb going ohh... oh... “Robb, please go watch your sisters, and Jon, can you go keep your mother company,” it was never a good idea to leave Lyanna alone with Catelyn’s own sister for long - they could be worst than Sansa and Arya when it came to fighting, they did look a lot like her daughters.

When the kids finally left, she turned to Ned, and spoke, “What was the deal we made about the party, Ned?”

"Cat..."
"Ned, they will start fighting, you know... Arya needs to be outside."

"But they are tired. What about their room?"

"Without supervision?"

"So my office, Cat, they will have the blinds open - I can see them from here."

"Your papers..."

"All packed, in case they got in there."

"Okay. I'll tell them, don't tell me I didn't warn you, later," Catelyn told him, before moving inside and seeing Robb in the couch, playing with Theon (she didn't even wonder why he was here anymore - *it's probably safer here than in his own home*), and Arya fighting with Jeyne.

"Arya, stop that."

"But it was Jeyne..."

"Jeyne, can you please go back to back to your table," Catelyn told Sansa's best friend.

"Of course, Mrs. Stark."

"Arya, your father is letting you and your friends go to his office - do not destroy anything," Arya hugged her and ran to the other room, with her friends following, until Catelyn stopped Gendry.

"Gendry, can you please just open the blinds at the office?" Catelyn asked, not trusting her daughter to do it.

"Yes, Mrs. Stark," the boy said before running after his friends.

"And Robb, go outside to help your father."

"But mom..."

"No buts, you're lucky it's not worst - I told you to look after your sisters."

So Robb turned off the game and went outside, followed by Theon, while Catelyn went back to the kitchen, finding both Lyanna and Lysa still intact, and set Jon free from looking after the two ladies.

"Robb is outside, dear," she told him.

The next few hours went well, and when it was finally time to sing *happy birthday*, with two cakes (a princess one and a *Beyblade* one), everyone was a bit tired.

The table was surrounded by family and friends, she smiled at Ned holding Bran, so the younger boy could see over the heads of the older children. Catelyn smiled, looking at everyone around the table, all the girls seemed to have too much make-up - all but Mya, she was one of Sansa’s closest friends, but she wasn’t a big fun of playing dolls or tea parties, she had seen the girl looking outside with desire to go join Arya and her friends, but she had decided to stay by Sansa, even if she draw the limit at make-up (*let's not forget how much she looks like Gendry... and Myrcella's dad*). Catelyn could also notice Jeyne and Theon bickering once again, besides Jon, Theon and Jeyne were the always present figures in their house - and it seemed to be a bit of competition between them.

They sang *happy birthday* twice, and by the second time she felt Ned coming to stand behind her,
knowing how tired she was, he let her rest against his chest.

They cut the cakes and ate it, Hot Pie and Lommy fought over who had the biggest slice, while Margaery, one of the older girls, got cake in her hair, after Arya tried to aim for Sansa and failed, luckily the girl only laughed and said it remind her of her brothers.

Finally the parents came to pick them up, or in Jeyne’s case just to give her a kiss and a overnight bag, and the kids were all worn out and were quickly put to bed.

And when she finally made it to Ned’s office, all she wanted to do was yell his name. He should have looked over them, not let them ruin the office.

"That is one hell of a mess," Ned said, appearing behind her

"You're suppose to look after them," she told him, as he kissed the top of her head.

"I know, but they were having fun," he said. "But you’re right, joint parties is an awful idea."
Arya/Gendry - Jealousy at Hogwarts

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to meli_fan (winginoverthings on tumblr), (27/June/2014): "Imagine this: Arya Myrcella Gendry and Aegon are all BFF’s and Gendry has a huuuuge crush on Arya and he suddenly sees that she and Aegon are getting really close and becomes a little bitch but when Arya finds out she’s like *kisses him* “nah I’m giving him advice to woo Myrcella” and Gendry at first he’s like “cool” but then he’s like “wait, my sister?!”. End of story xD" - Also doing it as a Hogwarts AU, because I watched the final two movies the night she prompted me, and that made me want to do it.

It had never been easy being placed in a different house than your bestfriends - of course he had Hot Pie, but he was a year younger, and last year Tommen was placed in Hufflepuff too. But still he missed the time before Hogwarts where no houses separated him, and his bestfriends since childhood.

But since sixth year started things were worst, having spent his summer in Arya’s house (since his mom had died the past year - killed by one of the blood purist that still seem to resist in the new regime), he had developed certain feelings for his friend - but he wasn’t a Gryffindor like her, so he hadn’t had the guts to tell her before it was time to go to Hogwarts again.

Besides Arya, there was Myrcella - a Ravenclaw, who was also his half-sister - she was the smartest and most rational person in their group, even if she was the youngest she was always the one to tell them what was the point in what their pranks started crossing a limit.

And then there was Aegon… he was the reason Gendry was closed off in his dorm again (after having told Hot Pie and Tommen to just go away). Aegon was 7th year Gryffindor, he was one of the stars of the quidditch team (the second best, after Arya’s older brother, the keeper), and of course, Arya wanted to be with him when school started.

Besides Gendry being poor (his father may be rich, but not once he had helped mom raise him, so why would he help now) and he was also an Hufflepuff - he never minded much before. But now, when he looked at their trophy display case that was so much emptier than the others, he felt he was less than Aegon, not good enough for Arya. Their last quidditch trophy had been years ago, when Davos, a player who had been playing as Beater since his 5th year, convinced his girlfriend to play as the other Beater in their 7th year - that year Hufflepuff didn’t lost even one game, and in the end they had the cup.

Gendry had tried quidditch, and while he was strong enough to play as a Beater, he had been quite clumsy, and had fallen from the broom everytime he tried, ending up in infirmary.

Since he was already in his room, he tried to do some homework - he wasn’t as stupid as people usually thought - but he couldn’t concentrate, and much less when he heard another knock.

"For Merlin’s sake, Hot Pie, I’ve told you I don’t wanna talk," he yelled.

"It’s not Hot Pie," he heard a clearly female voice say. "Really if you won’t open the door, I can just
use a spell."

Gendry gave up, stood up and opened the door. “What are you doing here? How did you get in?” He said to the blond girl smiling at him with her blue scarf around her neck.

"Tommen let me in," she said, sitting in his bed and getting the little teddy rabbit he kept in his bedside table, hugging it like she did every time she came here. He had it since he was a baby, but when he met his baby sister for the first time, when he was 9 and she was 6, he gave it to her, knowing he wanted her to have something of his - but last year when his mother died, she thought it was time to give it back.

"So what do you want?"

"No need to be rude, Gendry. I was the one who got stood up." Ohhh… shit… he had completely forgotten he was supposed to meet up with Myrcella, Aegon and Arya outside.

"Sorry… " he said, before reaching the conclusion that she had been stood up, that meant they hadn’t appeared either. "Arya? And Aegon?"

"They didn’t show up either. First I thought I had gotten the place wrong, or something. And I asked Sansa, she told me she saw them on the library, I went there, but they seemed occupied, so I came looking for you," she said, and he only thought that he was second choice to his own sister - he knew he was being unfair, but still…

"I’m really sorry, it slipped my mind."

"Because you were sulking in here."

"No… that not it," he told her, but she only gave him a look that told him she didn’t believe him.

"If you don’t want to tell me, that’s okay. Just know that you can always talk to me, Aegon or Arya." Not when the problem is them.

"Thanks, Cella. So what do you want to do?"

"Can I just stay here and read?"

"I don’t have any bo-" but before he could finish speaking, she was taking one from her bag.

"Thanks, Gendry."

He did try to work, but soon find out he couldn’t and settled next to his sister, ending up falling asleep, only to wake up when Hot Pie and Tommen entered the room, bringing cookies with them.

They sat and ate, until it was time for dinner, by then only Hot Pie could still eat an entire meal. So while Gendry ate some fruit, he watched Arya and Aegon sitting close to each other, laughing and sharing stories; he could see Myrcella looking at them as well, ignoring what her house mates - Sansa, Shireen and Sam - were telling her; but the Gryffindors seemed not to notice.

Gendry couldn’t go anywhere without seeing the two together, she put her hand on his arm - it never bothered me before - and they were always looking over some paper - are they pranking someone without me… without us???

It was late Wednesday, when he saw Arya on the same flight of stairs he was in, she called for his name, but he kept walking, faster and faster… until the stairs decided to take her side, and stopped
mid-air, making it impossible for him to leave.

"Where are you going, stupid? I know you heard me call your name."

"I’m in a hurry, Arya."

"Why? I haven’t seen you in days, Gendry."

"Yeah, and who’s fault is that?" He asked, before stupidly jumping from the stairs to the floor, and running to his common room.

Next morning, Arya was at the Hufflepuff table, waiting for him, with rage in her eyes, so Gendry took the cowardly wait out, and just went to the kitchens to get some food. Along the day, he continued ignoring her, knowing he would say something he would regret.

For two whole weeks he avoided her, and for that first one he had to skip every meal, because she was waiting for him, or just come in later (or earlier). But while it made him think she still cared, those were the only times she came, then she would go back to Aegon and their papers.

But when it was the quidditch game day, he knew he couldn’t avoid the crowds - it was Ravenclaw VS Gryffindor; and like most Huffepuffs, he abstained of rooting for any team. Both Stark boys, captains in both opposing teams shook hands, before patting each other on the back

The game was exciting as ever, Robb would almost never let a point in, unless it was his cousin aiming, who knew all of his weakness - and you could hear his girlfriend, sitting right next to Myrcella in the Ravenclaw stand (even if she didn’t belong there), yelling Jon’s name.

Aegon did have an easier time scoring, and Gendry could notice how conflicted Myrcella’s face was, between pride and happiness for her friend and loyalty to her house.

But Gendry kept his eyes in the seekers, Devan Seaworth - a Ravenclaw, son of the Hufflepuff quidditch legends - and Arya who was quicker and better than the boy, even without that background in her family.

Until it happened, a bludger was thrown against Arya, throwing her off the broom, and neither Aegon, Jon or Robb were quick enough to catch her. The game was immediately stopped to take her to the infirmary, but the game was re-started quickly, much to the boys’ protest.

Gendry left the stands, giving a look to Myrcella telling her to stay, while he knew he needed to face the music. He found her quickly in one of the beds, she was awake and in pain, so while the healer would straighten her bones, he held her hand, and neither spoke, until the healer left, giving her something for the pain.

"Are you okay?"

"Why were you avoiding me, stupid? I want to know."

"You heard the healer you can’t put pressure…"

"Why??"

"I thought that you may want some time alone with Aegon," he said, pulling a way from her hand.

"Why??" She asked but seemed to be good enough at reading his face. "Stupid… so stupid…” she said, pulling him by the shirt, and at the same time complaining about her shoulder. "Stupid…” she
whispered before her lips were on his, they kissed for awhile before she pulled back and said. "Stupid… I’m giving him advise in how to woo Myrcella."

"Ohh…" he said, before changing positions, so he could kiss Arya - *his girlfriend, right??* - more easily, without hurting her even more. But soon he reached another conclusion, pulling back, he exclaimed.

"My sister!! I’m going to kill that bastard!!" He said, as the door opened and the three boys entered, followed by Sansa, Myrcella and Bran.

"Not if my brothers kill you first," Arya muttered.
Walda/Roose - Modern AU

Chapter Summary

This prompt is a response to CommaSplice (grammarsaveslives on tumblr), (4/July/2014): «Roose/Walda "Must be a day ending in y."» - I hope this is okay, I never wrote them. I had to ask for help for the meaning of the expression - I hope I’m using it in the right way (it refers to something that happens everyday, righ?)

Walda’s life hadn’t been easy, she grew up surrounded by siblings and half-siblings, and even nephews and nieces, not knowing what her future would bring. She was mocked as a kid for being fatter than her sisters, but now she was better than any of them.

She had married Roose, a rich business man, who would give her the life she wanted and dreamed about. She was now pregnant with their first child, and she was trying to make dinner when she heard the door opening.

"Good evening, darling. When will dinner be ready?" He asked, coming into the kitchen, and dropping his things on the chair.

"Soon, I hope. Domeric called, he can’t come over this weekend. But Ramsay is coming for dinner," she said, as she immediately noticed the expression on his face changing.

"Such a surprise," he said ironically.

"Roose…"

"Yes, must be a day ending in y," he said looking down.

While he never told her, she knew he missed seeing Domeric - the son of his second marriage - who was away at college, and she had met him only once, at the wedding.

His other son was a different case, Ramsay had been born out of either his marriages (Walda couldn’t help but fear she couldn’t please him enough to keep him faithful to her) and he was in constant trouble, the last one with one of the Stark’s foster children - it hadn’t been pretty.

"Maybe Ramsay just wants to say ‘hi’," she told him hopefully.

"He has been coming over for almost two weeks, either he doesn’t have a place to sleep again, or he wants money," he said. "Probably both."

"Ohh… Roose," she whispered, leaving the oven, and moving closer to him. "Husband, everything will be okay. The boy couldn’t be in trouble again."

"Let’s hope not."

"Ohh… Go upstairs and check the nursery, it’s finally painted - in the most beautiful shade of pink."
Joy was bitting her nails, while she sat in his… their bed looking at Jon getting dressed.

"Come on, Joy. You don’t need to be that nervous."

"You invited your parents over."

"And my uncle, aunt and cousins - you like them." Jon had already taken her to dinner to the family who had raised him, and she had been very relieved that they seemed to like her.

But today they were throwing a housewarming party, and he had invited his parents as well, since his mom was back from her latest trip, and his father… well he couldn’t actually postpone it anymore.

"But it’s your mother, and if she says this is too early. I know that’s what your uncle and aunt thought…"

"And we changed their mind. Gods, Joy we shared a tiny tent for almost a year, I think he can live together in this giant house," he said, and somehow put her more at ease.

"Is the size of this house the only reason you feel you can live with me?" She asked him smiling.

"Of course not, I like your cooking too," he said joking.

"Really, if we are being honest, I’m only with you because you’re great in the sack," she told him, so he immediately came to her and picked her. "No… stop… Jon… stop," but before he could throw her over his shoulder, the doorbell rang.

"Damn, I still need to get my shoes. Can you open the door?" he asked, and she moved to the front door, against her wishes - what if it was his mother? Or father?

But luckily it was Ned and Catelyn on the other side, smiling at her, she held a cake in her hands, while he had a bottle of wine and flowers.

"Good afternoon, Joy," Catelyn told her.

"Thank you, Catelyn, Ned, for coming," she told them, since they had told her to treat them by the first name.

"He brought you a cake, it’s Jon’s favorite - I can give you the recipe if you want - it’s been in my family for ages. Also these are flowers for you as a housewarming gift, and wine," Catelyn said
taking the things from her husband’s hands, while following her to the living room.

"Thank you. You didn’t need to."

"It’s the least I could do, since Jon said I couldn’t bring anything."

"And you didn’t need, aunt Cat," he said coming to kiss his aunt’s cheek and hug his uncle.

"This is a beautiful house, great to start a new life. Our first house wasn’t that much bigger - what was problem when we first had your cousin," Catelyn said.

"And I’m glad it’s in a safe neighbourhood as well," Ned said, even if Jon was now grown up and had served in the military, they still worried about his safety.

"Aren’t my cousins coming?"

"Rickon had a hockey game, he’s sad he couldn’t make it. And Bran needs to study, but he said he may stop by later - if his friends can drive him here," Ned answered him. "And the other should be coming."

Not much later, Sansa appeared, apologizing for her lateness, even if it was only three minutes and only her parents were here; then it was Robb with his very pregnant wife; some of Jon’s friends (having lived in Essos for so long, Joy didn’t know many people who weren’t family in Westeros); and then finally Arya and her boyfriend - Jon’s cousin couldn’t help but jump on Jon.

Everyone was enjoying themselves, when the doorbell rang again, and she knew it could only be either his mother or father, since it was still too early to be Bran.

Jon left her with Sansa while he answered the door, she saw him greeting a boy around his age (who looked very familiar) and older girl with dark skin, and finally a man with silver hair - his father. He left his siblings go, and walked in Joy’s direction with his father.

"Good luck," Sansa whispered.

"Joy," Jon’s voice came to her. "This is my father, Rhaegar Targaryen; and this is my girlfriend, Joy."

"It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Targaryen," she said, while she shook his hand.

"Likewise. So how did you meet my son?"

"I was volunteering in Essos, during the time Jon served."

"Dangerous job, Miss…"

"Just Joy, please. And yes, dangerous but fulfilling," she told him, as the bell rang again.

"I’m going to get the door, it must be my mother," Jon said kissing her cheek, and running off, leaving her with his father.

"So isn’t this a bit quick," his father said, and Joy wished she could point out that he was the married man who had gotten a teenage girl pregnant, but that could be seen as rude, and Jon’s relationship with his father was complicated as it was.

"We lived together in Essos, we are just doing in a bigger space now."
"Marriage is still hard, commitment…"

"We are not married. But we understand commitment and faithfulness," she told him.

"Sure you do, girl. Just make sure to don’t get hurt," he told her, before pointing her to Jon’s mother, and warning her that she would think that this was a worst idea than he thought.

When Jon noticed Joy coming his away, he extended his arm and she took his hand.

"Mom, this is Joy - my girlfriend and roommate. This is Mom, and her boyfriend, who I didn’t know about - Robert" Jon said, shooting his mother a look, while Joy looked at the couple, and quickly recognized the man.

"Ohh… you’re Cella’s dad - Myrcella’s dad."

"And you’re the Gerion’s kid, right?? Myrcella has about two hundred cousins from her Lannister side," he told her, laughing - and she immediately remember seeing him in Cella’s birthday parties. "She’s coming down next weekend, she staying at home - you should come visit. Maybe if you come around she will actually stay at home, last time she spent more time with her boyfriend than me," he said, shooting a dirty look to Jon’s brother, and Joy knew exactly from where she recognize him, from Cella’a facebook page, and the photos in her cousin’s room.

"Shut up, Robert. I actually wanna talk to the girl," Jon’s mother said, stepping on his foot.

"Oww… That hurts, Lya."

"Don’t be a big baby, Robert. Hi, I’m Jon’s mother - Lyanna."

"I know. It’s a pleasure to meet you," she told her smiling, but his mother went straight to the issue.

"Don’t you think it’s a bit too early for moving in together…"

"Mom…"

"Come on, Jon. I know you always wanted to be like uncle Ned, but there’s no problem waiting. You’ve only slept with Ygritte, besides Joy, maybe you should try - there’s a girl that went with me in this trip, her name in Val and she…"

Joy could notice Jon’s stressed face, while he held her hand tighter, and she shot over her shoulder to Arya who was nearby.

"Jon, Joy, we need you in the kitchen," Arya yelled, and Jon pushed Joy out of the conversation, while his mother said.

"I’m not done talking, Jon."

"Dad, I didn’t know you were coming," Gendry said, making his way to his dad, who pulled him for a hug.

"Gendry, I want to introduce you to my girlfriend," he told his son - even if Gendry perfectly knew the mother of his best friend.
This prompt is a response to Anya, who left me a prompt on chapter 34: "Aegon and Myrcella learning how to kiss, modern AU" - sorry for the delay

The Red Street was one of best places to live in King's Landing, it was the safest block and where only people of high status lived. That was where you could find the youngest Targaryen boy coming from another day at the Red Keep Academy, he parked his motorbike in front of his house like he did everyday, and entered the house.

The house was still empty when he arrived, so he was able to take whatever he wanted from the kitchen to his room, without the unwanted eyes of his family. He dropped the food in the floor, took his shoes off, and the headphones and sketchbook from his bag, before sitting in the beanbag by the window, from where he could see the top of the roof he had started drawing that morning before school.

He had been drawing for twenty minutes, when he took his eyes from the paper and the roof, to open up a bag of chips, and that was when he noticed someone huddling near the tree in the next door house, and by the hair he immediately recognized Myrcella - and scared something had happened between her parents again, or her brother, he ran out of the house to his backyard.

He could perfectly hear her sobs and his heart broke for his friend - he had heard her cry more than he liked. He moved through the yard until he found that broken piece of wood that let him pass to the other side of the fence, and went through it.

"Cella... Cella..." he said walking quietly to her, and sitting next to her, but she didn't look up. "Please, look at me, Cella... tell me what's wrong," she still wouldn't talk or move. "I have chips," he said, noticing that he still had the bag in his hand, and she finally moved, reaching her hand to take one. "Was it your parents again? Or Joffrey?" He asked, but she shook her head, and knowing she wouldn't talk for now, he just stayed there.

"The girls made fun of me because I haven't had my first kiss," Myrcella finally whispered looking up.

"Ohhh..." he said, he didn't know what to do - he knew how mean twelve and thirteen years old could be.

"They were awful, Aegon. They called me a baby, and told me if I didn't get a boy to kiss me until the end of the week, they would dump me."

"They're stupid, Cella. You're awesome, and you just should tell them to go fuck themselves."

"Aegon," she said, as warning for his language. "But you know, the truth is I want to be kissed, I want to kiss Trystane, but he's older and I don't know how to kiss," she told him, and he felt a bit weird talking to his friend about his cousin. "I don't want to look stupid."

"What if I kiss you?" He spilled out.
"Won't it be weird?" She asked. "You're seventeen."

"I know. But if you want... I'm your friend." He said, and Myrcella smiled and turned to him.

"Okay," she said, putting her hand over his neck. Aegon moved his head, closer to hers, slower enough for her to stop him, but she didn't, and his lips touched hers - first just a peck. But then he felt her hands tighten around his neck, and he moved his lips, and she tried to move with him, but she couldn't, so she ended up pulling away.

"How was it?" He asked.

"Weird and wet. But thanks, Aegon."

"No problem, Cella. I'm always here," he said, winking, and she smiled again. "What about I pick you up tomorrow and take you to school?"

"Sure. Thanks." She said before going to her house, and he went to his room again
"No need to be nervous," she said squeezing his hand.

"I'm meeting your family for the first time, Cat. It's normal to be nervous," he said taking his eyes from the road to look at her. "Especially when they already have a reason to hate the Starks."

"They do not hate the Starks. They just don't like your brother," Catelyn said, she knew the fact she had dated his brother first still was a sore subject for Ned. Trying to relax him, she kissed his cheek, before laying her head on the window and changing the radio station.

"Cat, I need you help now. I'm at the exit," she heard a voice, as she opened her eyes.

"Sorry, must have doze off," she apologized, before starting giving him directions. "Okay, just turn left next, and we're there," he did as she said, and she pointed him the first free parking space. "Are you still nervous, Ned?"

"A bit," he said, getting out of the car and helping her take her bag and the wine they had brought.

"I promise it'll be okay."

She led him to her childhood house, and she smiled at Ned’s expression, looking around the front porch.

"I built that bird house when I was 8 with Dad. I would stare at that thing for hours wanting to see the birds go and come," she saw him smiling at her, before she rang the bell. "It'll be okay, Ned."

She had just squeezed his hand a bit tighter, when she was just pushed from Ned for a hug.

"It’s so good to have you back, little Cat."

"It's good to be home, Uncle," she said. "This is Ned, my boyfriend."

"Good afternoon, sir," Ned said, shaking her uncle’s hand. "It’s a pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise, boy. Now, come on, your father is waiting for you on the kitchen," the older man said, while he led them through the house.

"Come on, Ned, it wasn’t that bad," she whispered.

"But your father will probably be worst," he said, while she pushed him along

"Dad," she called, coming to hug him.

"Ohhh… sweetheart, it’s so good to have you home. How have you been?"
"Great, Dad. Happy," she said, before turning to Ned asking him to come forward. "So I want to present you, Ned Stark, my boyfriend."

"Stark..." he said distrusting. "Her last boyfriend was also a Stark."

"Dad... Ned is not Brandon."

"I hope not."

"Sir, I really care for your daughter. And I know that my brother did an awful thing..."

"... he cheated on my daughter, lad. Don’t be surprised I want to make sure she doesn’t get hurt again."

"Yes, I understand."

"I'm glad, boy," he said before turning to her uncle. "Look over the food, I just want to talk to the boy in the office." Catelyn made a move to follow them. "Alone. I promise to bring him back alive, Cat."

Both her father and boyfriend left, and she felt nervous, and her uncle could tell.

"Come on, Cat. It wasn’t been you who have said that Ned is nothing like Brandon."

"Yes, Uncle. While that means he’s a better boyfriend than his brother, it does also mean that he doesn’t have his brother’s social skills."

"So maybe that’s better, he won’t be going around the subject."

"Why are you two doing this? You even got Ed out of the house, I wanted to see him."

"Hey!! We didn’t get Edmure out of the house, he had a party already, he’ll be home later," he said, but without answering Catelyn’s question. "Now come on, let’s finish getting lunch ready."

So when Ned an her father finally got out of the office, lunch was at the table, ready to be served, neither of them mentioned their talk, but lunch went surprisingly well, talking mostly about college.

Even when they were left alone, Ned wouldn’t tell her what they had talked about.

"It’s between your father and I," he told her, pulling her in a hug, sitting on her backyard.

"Do you think we can meet during the holidays?" She asked.

"Of course. We may have too kep driving on Robert’s car, but he won’t mind."

"Tell him thanks for me."

"I will. I hate to say this, but I need to go. I wanted to go home tonight, and I still need to go pick up Robert."

"Of course," she said standing up, and after helping him up, they moved inside. "Dad, Uncle, Ned needs to go."

"Oh... already?!" Her uncle asked.

"Winterfell is still a few hours away, and I needed to pick a friend from college - he was the one to
lend me the car."

"Of course," her father ssaid, coming forward to shake Ned’s hand. "You’re free to come around." And then her uncle came to say goodbye as well, while Catelyn followed him to the car.

"I can help," she said, while he took her travelling bag from the truck.

"No need, Cat."

"I can carry it, Ned," she insisted, while he walked with her bag to the front door, before her uncle tried to take it from him "I can carry my bag, you two."

"I know," they said at the same time, while her uncle moved inside, and she and Ned said her goodbyes.

"So how was it?" She asked.

"Good, I liked meeting your family," he said. "We’ll talk, and meet somewhere, okay?"

"Okay," she said smiling, before pecking his lips. "I’ll miss you."

"Me too," he said as he opened the door of the car and got in. They shared another quick kiss, and he drove out of her street. Quickly enough she felt her father’s arm around her shoulder and heard him say.

"He’s a good man, Cat."
It was Catelyn’s first summer after the end of her college years, and her roommate had convinced her to go to a party.

"Come on," Elia pleaded. "Come on, you know I don’t want to go either, but I promised Ash."

"I'll go, but I don’t promise I'll have fun." And they didn’t, the party was too loud and Catelyn just wanted to go home.

Ashara met them at the door, but quickly ran away to meet some boy. So Elia and Catelyn sat outside ignoring the noise from inside.

"I'm worrying about the kids," Elia confessed. "I should have never agreed with Ashara. Aegon always cries when he’s away from me, he’s not Rhaegar’s biggest fan."

"Your kid is a smart one."

"Cat!!" Elia exclaimed laughing, Elia had been married when she got back to college after a few years as a stay-home-mom to Rhaenys - her oldest daughter; she shared the room with Catelyn, even if she didn’t stop around much, just to study and sleep on the eve of the exams, but her husband seemed to think she stayed too long - because the jerk ended up cheating on Elia with a much younger girl. So Elia moved in with Catelyn to an apartment, and Catelyn helped her friend take care of Rhaenys and then Aegon after he was born.

"It’s true, Elia. He doesn’t deserve anything," she said, while sipping on her drink. "So what are you going to do now?" Neither of them was sure what they should do now that college was over - they had talked about it, but neither was sure.

"Oberyn invited me to Dorne, and I’ve been thinking about it for awhile, to go back home. I’m just not sure if I can separate the kids from their father, especially Rhaenys."

"It would be a good opportunity, Elia. Start over," she said, before she was interrupted by the sound of sirens.

"Ohhh… Is that the police?" Elia asked. "I can’t go to jail, I can't ask Rhaegar to bail me out."

"I’m sure it’s nothing."

But it wasn’t, soon someone rang the bell, and the police asked to lower the music, the situation turn bad when they said no, the cops entered the house, and apprehended some people for drugs.

"I need to go look for Ash, she may be in trouble," Elia said standing up and leaving her alone in the backyard.
"Is someone here?" She heard a voice ask - one of the cops.

"Yes. Sorry, do you need anything?" Catelyn asked, turning to look at him, also noticing the garden was now empty.

"Just need to check if everything is okay," the man said. He couldn’t be much older than her, obviously younger than Elia or Ashara, and somehow she had a feeling she had seen his face before.

The man went around the garden, probably looking for drugs.

"It’s not your house, is it?"

"No, no way," she said laughing. "Why?"

"It seems to me the owner will have a hard time cleaning it," he said stopping next to her. "Sorry, do I know you?"

"Not sure," she said. "But I have the same feeling. I’m Catelyn Tully," she said, shaking his hand.

"Cat. I’m Ned. I should have recognized you immediately. You spent part of your tenth summer on the Vale."

"Yes, I did," she said smiling, Ned had been her first kiss, her first boyfriend. "It’s good to see you again."

"Agreed," he said. "Do you live around here, now?"

"Finished school this year, not sure where I’m going next. You?"

"I’m still training with the police," he said, lifting his shirt. "See no gun, yet."

"You talked about protecting people, even as a kid. Fireman, I think."

"Yes. You wanted to be a mother I think."

"Still do," she said laughing and blushing. "Teaching too."

"Ned, come on," he heard someone yell. "I think we’re done here."

"Yes, Officer Arryn," he said to the man at the backyard’s door. "I hope to see you soon, Cat."

"Me too. Where are you working?"

"The squad in the Street of Flour, you know it?"

"Yes, I do."

"See you soon, Catelyn," he said before leaving, not one minute later, Ashara came running down.

"Who was that boy? I like a man in an uniform."

"My first boyfriend, my first kiss…" Catelyn said.

"Ohhh… puppy love…" Ashara murmured. "So beautiful, so innocent…" she said, smiling and half-drunk.
Gendry had just dropped Allysa off at her school, she was on third grade and today she couldn’t stop talking about the story they had started reading the day before.

He quickly found the coffee house, that had became part of his Wednesday routine for three months now - he ordered his usual hot chocolate with a mirtillo muffin and waited.

It was ten minutes over the agreed time when she appeared running down the street.

"Sorry, I’m late," she apologized, out of breath, having ran to him. "Just let me get a coffee and I’ll tell you."

She was back in two minutes, and sat down in front of him, taking a bit of his muffin (now grown cold).

"I’m really sorry, Gendry."

"Don’t worry, Arry. So what happened?"

"Jaqen got messed up, he thought he was supposed to drop off Ned at my house, and I would take him to school. I was still sleeping, and Jaqen drove off to catch another plane to Braavos," she told him. "I just had time to throw on a pair of pants and a blouse," she said, explaining her hair out of place (and the lack of bra, Gendry noticed). "Still didn’t get Ned in school in time, probably another call from the principal - really it’s like highschool all over again."

"I can put on a good word for you, you know. I’m sure it won’t be that bad."

"Oh… I heard Allysa won the state spelling bee competition - congratulations!! You must be so proud."

"I am. I’m pretty sure she got her smarts from Jeyne - I was never good at school."

"Yeah, because if I remember right, you’re always working or playing football," she said, still remembering young Gendry, who had been in the same year as her older brothers while she was still in elementary school and then middle school.

"Yeah, maybe that too," he said laughing.

"Hey!! Have you finished eating? I would really like to go home a change clothes and maybe shower or something - do you care to join? We can watch a movie, or board games - Ned got monopoly on his last birthday."

Gendry nodded, and since it was Arya’s week, she stood up and left to pay, while he thought about
what she just asked, it was the first time on their three month friendship, of sorts, that they invited one of them to the other's house. He didn’t know what to expect, he didn’t even know what they were, they never called each other boyfriend or girlfriend, but sometimes they held hands and kissed each other goodbye with a kiss on the lips.

When she came back, she took his hand again, and they walked together to her building - much bigger than his, and in a better neighborhood. Unlocking the door, she lead him to her floor.

Her apartment was enourmous, just her living room was the size of both his and Allysa’s room, but it was also a mess, not only Ned’s toys, but also clothes that could only be her, papers and books.

"Sorry, I’m not the most organized people," she said gathering her clothes, and making space for him on the sofa. "I’m just going to take a quick shower - be done in five. There are movies one the shelf - choose whatever you want, the kitchen is over there, if you want to eat something," she said, pointing to a door close by.

But Gendry couldn’t think about anything else, but what they were to each other, if this meant she wanted him to make a move. He wanted too, he was sure, he liked Arya a lot, she was fun to hang out, smart and beautiful, and, unlike most woman he went on a few dates since Jeyne died 5 years ago, she actually understood that he needed to put Allysa first.

Even if Arya had only parted with her husband a year ago, he did think she was ready to date. Arya had told him about the reasons behind her divorce with Jaqen, and it was nothing serious, they had gotten married because Arya was pregnant, and while they were still friends and held each other in great regard, they didn’t work well together as life partners, and neither did they love each other in a romantic way.

"Hey, have you chosen anything, yet?" Arya asked, coming back to the living room already dressed to find Gendry on the floor holding a Marvel movie. "I haven’t seen it yet. I tried to get Ned interested, but it seems first graders like the action figures more than the movies."

"Yeah… sure… haven’t seen it either," he answered still absent, before calling for her. "Arya," he said, and she turned to him, immediately recognizing he wanted to say something serious. "Arya, would you like to go on a date with me?"

"I don’t know what you think our Wednesday breakfasts were," she said taking the dvd from him, pecking him on the lips again. "But of course, Gendry," she said pulling him on the couch with her, and holding his hand, while smiling of excitement for the start of the movie.
The truth was that Robert hadn’t been the best boyfriend. He flirted too much, he drank too much, and sometimes forgot to meet her in the agreed place (not that she didn’t forget a few times too). But he never knew, he didn’t think he was a bad boyfriend until it happened…

When someone dies you’re supposed to move forward, and keep living, and that’s what Robert had wanted to do. He didn’t think he would forget or stop loving Lyanna, but he wanted to still live. And after all it wasn’t the first death of someone close to him, he had been barely a teenager when his parents died.

It had been the first night out that had a positive result, since Lyanna died two months ago, he was laying in some girl's room, she had her arm around his chest, when he first heard a voice.

"You couldn’t at least have choosen a girl I hadn’t known," the voice sounded quite like Lyanna's, when she was mad. Robert told himself it was only his imagination, and guilt. So he left the bed, put on his clothes and left the apartment at the Gates of the Moon, not that far from his old university.

He didn’t want to go home, so he stopped at the closest open bar, drinking again, and the voice was smaller. The next day he woke up at home, with no recollection of what happened, standing up he noticed a box of Donuts - and he knew Ned had been the one to pick him up and get him home (sometimes Stannis was the one to pick him up, but there were never Donuts with him).

So Robert opened the box, and took a bite of the already cold Donuts, when he heard the voice again.

"Keep the strawberry one for me, you know those are my favorites." Robert didn’t want to turn and look at the source of the voice, but he eventually did. She was wearing his boxers and one of his shirts (the one that he had left on the floor of his room, the previous morning). "I notice there weren’t any of my clothes in your closet anymore, I thought I had left some."

"What are you doing here? It’s because I fucked that girl last night."

"Why should I care?! I’m dead!!" While she said that, Robert couldn’t actually believe it, he knew her too well, and saw her bite her lip, and pop her fingers.

"Don’t know," Robert said, taking another donut, and starting the coffee machine, having to stop himself from asking if she wanted one. "But give me another reason for only appearing yesterday," he said smirking.

"I’ve been busy, you know. You kind of get to meet everyone. James Dean is a great laid," she said laying herself on the couch, and her t-shirt hiked a bit, and Robert felt himself get hard (at a ghost). "Really, Robert. I’m just laying there, doing nothing," she told him, while she sucked her fingers,
and he ran out of the house.

Outside it was better, she was nowhere to be seen, but after awhile he could hear her again. He thought about where to go, he thought about going to talk with Ned, but Lyanna was his sister, and he didn’t want to give him more to worry about.

When he got back home she was still there, and he wondered how she had turned on the television.

"How did you do that?"

"I just did. You have pizza on the freezer if you want to join me."

"Do you eat?" She shook her head, and continued watching the game, and then he joined her. They watched in silence (if it wasn’t for her saying she missed beer), and he wished to touch her, her legs were over his lap, but he couldn’t feel anything.

So for the next three days, he started living with a ghost, he woke up before Ned having to call him five times just to wake him up (because alarms clock didn’t work).

His coworkers, and some friends asked him to go out, but he said no, he feared that if he didn’t get home, she wouldn’t be there anymore. Her voice started to bother him less during the day, even if he got weird looks when he laughed at her comments.

Ned worried about him, but thankfully his recent marriage and newborn child kept him busy enough, it was never easy to lie to Ned, especially if it was about his sister.

They were laying in his bed another night, six months since that first night, Robert has his boxers down to his ankles, and was cleaning himself, after jerking off to Lyanna’s voice and image.

"Why are you here?" Robert asked, pulling his boxers up.

"It’s better than the alternative."

"Heaven?!"

"There’s nothing after life, Robert. And yes, it’s fun to meet a few dead people, running away from Henry VIII, smoking pot with Amy Winehouse… I even met your parents, they were really nice to me."

"Are they well?"

"Yes, they’re happy together," she told him, resting her hand in his chest (he still didn’t feel it, but he could see it).

"Why come to me?"

"Nobody else can see me, Robert. For a few seconds I thought Brandon could, but he just ignored it. You look at me and see me, you can make me smile," she said crying, and he wished he could clean her tears away. "I’m sorry I’m here, holding you back."

"You’re not holding back, you’re giving me the life I always wanted," he told her, trying to hold her to him.

Years go by, but she never faded, and Robert never let go…
Catelyn/Ned - Bumping into each other

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 09/September/2014: "For the short fic thing, Ned/Cat 2, 5 or 24? (whichever you like best :D)" The options were number 2, which means "childhood best friends au", 5, meaning "one night stand and falling pregnant au", and the chosen one, 24, "literally bumping into each other au"

Catelyn had been in the library for more than hours now, carrying books from the shelves to her table, and she was getting rather tired of it.

She was getting up to get another book on the life of the Maegor I Targaryen, but ended up coming back to the table with three more books in hand, finding that they could be helpfull as well, Catelyn was rather distracted trying to compose another sentence in her head, and before she knew it, her back hit something, and she went falling.

"Can you just move a little?" She heard a man’s voice say behind her, and noticing her leg thrown over a foot cast, she moved immediatelly

"Ohhh… I’m so sorry," she muttered turning to the man and helping him up (and trying to stop him from picking up her books). "I can do it," she said helping him to the chair, and picking up his crutches and then her books. “Are you okay? I’m really sorry, I was distracted.”

"Yeah, I’m okay. It’s probably my fault, I just can’t walk with this stuff yet."

"What happened?"

"It was stupid. My best friend was drunk, and a fight started between him and other guy - and yeah… I’m not very good at fighting, and a table fell in my leg and this happened."

"I’m sorry…"

"No need. This things happened," he said, before going quiet for awhile, giving her books a look. "I should let you get back to work," he said standing up with the help of the crutches, while Catelyn picked up her books again.

"Ummm… You with the crutches," she called having forgotten to ask his name, she walked up to him after leaving the books at her table.

"Ned," he told her.

"I’ve been here for hours, and I really need a bit of fresh hair and caffeine. Would you like to make me company?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"Okay," she said running back to her table, to save her work and get her bag, before signalizing and ask Elia to keep an eye on her things.
"I’m Catelyn or Cat, by the way," she told him, before they left the library.
Jaime still wondered if there was any real reason for him to have boarded that boat, after he left King’s Landing, with the news of his sister and lover dead.

The Free Cities were nothing special, he had expected so much better, he had dreamed that it would give him a reason to live, but it didn’t, he still missed her.

So he gave up, nothing mattered anymore so he just let go…

He woke up somewhere he couldn’t recognize, he noticed that his wrists were bandaged, and a girl hanging around the room.

"Who are you?" He whispered, with his voice falling him.

"Be quiet…" the girl said. "You’re still weak."

"What I’m doing here?" He said, ignoring the girl’s suggestion.

"I found you half-dead, I brought you home, and patched you up."

"Why would you do that? Are you fucking stupid? I tried to kill myself for some reason."

"I thought the same once, I think…" she told him, taking a place next to him, holding a bowl of soup, preparing to feed him. "You carry a sword…"

"Without my right hand."

"I fight with my left," the young girl said, and that called his attention, so he listened to her. "I can take you to a place where you can forget. No memory will haunt you, and you can be free of them," she told him between spoonfuls, and he listened, enjoying the idea of forgetting the past and making himself useful again.
The first time, Gendry's neighbor called saying that Allysa had a nightmare, and couldn't fall asleep without Gendry.

The second time, it had been Ned who had caught a cold, and Arya had to cancel dinner.

The third time, they hoped it was going better, after all they got to eat the appetizers before the babysitter called, and Gendry had to run home because Allysa had lice.

Fourth time, Arya was looking over the desert menu, when she got the same exact call from her mother - after all her mom had dealt with too many lices infestations when they were kids, and it would be a nightmare if her mother ever caught them again - also Father complaining when Mom had to cut her hair had been awful.

It was on one of the their Wednesday's brunches, that Arya said what they were both thinking, while they tried to agreed on another date.

"Maybe we should quit the date idea."

"What?!"

"It's not working."

"Not working," Gendry repeated sadly, looking at her, and she understood what it seemed she was saying.

"No, not us. The dates, Gendry," she said, and Gendry let go of the breath he was holding. "We need to think of another solution. I really like our Wednesday brunches."

"Me too. But I don't want to quit, we just take some time to think, and come up with another idea."

"We will, Gendry. Now come on, tell me how's Allysa? You told me she had the science fair," Arya asked, changing the subject, but actually interested in what he had to say, so she heard him tell her how Allysa made it on the fair.

It was Saturday morning and Arya was giving Ned a bath when her cellphone rang, leaving her son playing on the water she left to get it.

"I HAVE AN IDEA!!" Gendry exclaimed on the phone.
"Gendry, relax," she told him, laughing. "Just tell me."

"Why don't we make a play date for the kids," he suggested. "They can play together and we can talk. I know it's not the best or the most romantic idea, but..."

"...it will work," she interrupted him. "I love that idea. My house or your house?" She asked, and immediately heard a loud noise coming from the bathroom. Taking the phone from her ear, she made it to where her son was. "What are you doing, Ned?"

"The ball flew away," he said, pointing at the ball, obviously thrown to the other side of the room. She decided to talk to him later, so she picked it up and gave it to him.

"Here you go, Ned. And behave, I'll be down with you in a few minutes," she said, leaving the room, this time not further than the hallway. "Sorry, you have to repeat, Gendry. Ned got into trouble."

"Not too much, I hope."

"He was playing in the tub, and just decided to throw his toys to the floor. Now go on."

"I was thinking your house, if it's okay with you - it's much bigger than mine."

"It's okay, by me. But I can't cook," she said, a bit ashamed. She could do some things, enough to feed her and Ned, but not anything special.

"I can come over, and we can cook together," Gendry suggested.

"I like the idea. Are you free tonight?"

"Yes, but..."

"I need to go, Gendry. I can't leave Ned alone any longer. Text me the details. See you later," she said before turning off the cellphone, and joining her son in the bathroom.

It was 7 p.m. and Arya's house looked actually cleaned and tidy, she was dressed in skinny jeans and a blouse, while she had been able to put Ned in a clean shirt and shorts.

"So I've a friend coming over, he has a daughter a bit older than you - her name is Allysa, she goes to your school."

"I don't know her," Ned said. "Why do they have to come over?"

"Because Mommy is allowed to have friends too," she told her son. "Now promise you'll behave, Ned," she said showing him her little finger, that he took in a pinky promise while he nodded his head. "Thanks, kid," she said, kissing his red curls, before the doorbell rang. "Coming!!"

Opening the door, she found Gendry, better dressed than she usually saw him like, but also a young girl hiding behind his legs, Arya could only see a bit of dark hair peeking through.

"Sorry, she's a bit shy," Gendry said, kissing her cheek, Allysa didn't let go of his legs, and she heard him whisper. "Don't you want to say hi, sweetie?" But the girl only hid her face again. "She'll come out eventually," he said. "Can you help me with the bags?" He asked, and she finally noticed the bags he brought with him. "I wasn't sure what you had or not."
"Thank you so much, Gendry. And I probably have nothing," she said picking up the bags, and leading him to the kitchen, after they put the things down, she called for her son, who came running. "So Ned, this is Gendry and his daughter Allysa," she said pointing to them, before the girl hid once again.

"Hi!!" He said, reaching to shake Gendry's hand, which he immediately took.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Ned. Your mother has told me a lot about you."

"My mother has told me nothing about you," he said.

"NED!!" Arya yelled, embarassed, and then Gendry smiled at her, laughing a bit. "Do you want to help us with dinner, Ned?"

"We never made dinner, Mom," Ned said, embarassing Arya again.

"Stop embarassing me, Ned," she muttered.

"Why is that embarrassing?" Her son asked again, and Arya wanted to dig a hole for herself, so Gendry intervened.

"I have cookies," he told Ned who cheared. "Allysa, can you help me with the cookies?" He told the little girl, who nodded just a bit and reached for the box, opening it to Ned, and then Arya.

"Thank you," she said taking a bite. "This is so good. WOW!! Allysa, this are amazing!!"

"What do you say Allysa?"

"Thank you," she whispered.

"So what are we doing for dinner?"

"Pasta, it's very easy to make. I'm pretty sure after I teach you, you can do it alone," he promised her, but she wasn't that convinced.

"Okay, let's go," she said, rolling up her sleeves.

"Glad you're excited," he said, before they both get to work, Allysa was more useful than Arya after everything, while Ned only looked on and tried every piece of food. By the time dinner was ready, Arya and Ned had sauce in their shirts, and Gendry was teaching her how to get it out.

When they finally sat down, everyone was much more relaxed, Allysa was finally talking, giving advice about the first grade teacher, and Arya was listening to it when Gendry reached for her hand, and she smiled to him.

"It's going well, right?" He whispered to her.

"I do think so, I love the food by the way - it's great, Gendry. Maybe we could watch a movie after."

"I like that idea," he said rubbing her fingers, and trying to think of what movie would be the best.

"Dad, look!! They have a giant TV," he heard Allysa exclaim, after noticing both children had left the table.

"It's seems the shyness is gone."
"It seems so," Gendry said laughing, he stood up and picked up his daughter. "You shouldn't be looking around."

"We asked if we could get excused, but you and Ned's Mom were talking, and then he said it was okay."

"Don't blame Ned, Allysa," he warned her.

"Hey!! What if we take dessert on the couch?" Arya yelled, knowing that her son was probably the one to convince the girl to leave the table.

"YEAH!!" Both the children exclaimed.

"You two go and pick a movie. While Allysa's father and I clear the table and get dessert."

"You can call me Ally," Allysa said before running away with Ned.

"You should be proud, she's very picky about who gets to call her Ally," Gendry told her, while they cleared the table. "Also she could have helped with the table."

"I know. But I think we deserve a few minutes alone," she said setting the plates, and finally kissing him like she has been wanting to do since he got here. He quickly picked her and kissed her just as strongly, getting a bit carried away, his hand was drifting under her shirt when they heard little feet running, and they pulled away, just before they got into the kitchen.

The rest of the night went marvelously, both children fell asleep mid-movie, and were put in Ned's room (Arya had an extra bed for when her nephews or nieces stayed over). And after Arya and Gendry got to enjoy a good bottle of wine, lively conversation and other more adult activities.

The morning was another issue, neither of them had thought about having the "birds and bees" talk this early.
Jeyne/Theon - Prom

Chapter Notes

This prompt is a response to "Guest" who reviewed chapter 1, asking for: "Can you do one for Theon/ Jeyne- high school AU prom? With Theon getting rejected by a lot of girls and preferably mistaken for being gay for Robb, then finally realizing his feelings for Jeyne ? XD" - Thank you so much, I've been wanting to write Jeyne and Theon for a very long time. And I have an idea for a sequel if anyone is interested

"Robb!!" Theon walked by the kitchen door yelling, not even noticing anyone else in room. "Robb!! Where are you?!!"

"He's still out with Jeyne."

"Ohh... sorry... didn't see you there, Jeyne," he said turning to the younger girl. "So where's everybody?"

"Mrs. Stark let me in, she left a few minutes ago with Rickon for the supermarket. Bran is upstairs."

"Sansa?" He asked, knowing that she was the reason for Jeyne being here, as much as Robb's was his.

"We were supposed to meet to go dress shopping, but I guess she got caught up with Willas," Jeyne told him sadly, and checking her phone again, before dropping it face down on the table. Theon understood her, it was never easy when your best friend finds another partner. "But what you doing here, besides screaming Robb's name?" She asked, while he took a seat at the table with her.

"I can't get a date to prom, do you believe it?! I've asked about every girl worth asking in the senior and junior year," he told her, and she was looking strangely at him. "What?! Do you know something about this? For fuck's sake tell me."

"Don't be mad, but it's like public knowledge at the school that you're gay. People used to think you and Robb were an item, but now with him dating Jeyne, they just think you're pinning for him."

"Why?! I have slept with half the cheerleaders, and I've told people about it."

"The girls are denying it, or saying you were really drunk and thought they were Robb. And that you're all talk."

"Fuck," he muttered pacing the room. "What am I going to do?"

"I don't know, Theon. Go alone," she suggested, but he knew it was impossible - he was finally a senior, his last year on this hellhole, and just a few weeks shy of twenty. "Come with me," he asked her - it was his last chance, she could be young, but at least he liked her. "Just do me this favor, Jeyne."

"Theon, I'm a freshmen," and so she stated the obvious.

"So is Sansa, and she's going, isn't she?"
"With her boyfriend," she told him. "And I'm not having sex with you for sure."

"What?!"

"It's prom, everyone knows what that means."

"Does that mean Sansa is sleeping with Willas on prom night?? Robb is going to kill him!!" Theon exclaimed - Bro code stated that he needed to tell Robb this, the sooner the better.

"No... no... I don't mean that, I definitely don't mean that," Jeyne pleaded.

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't," she told him again, making sure he left the issue alone. "I mean you're a pig, and you're expecting sex."

"Hey!! I feel insulted," he said, crossing his hands over his heart with a pained face. "No, but really I wouldn't expect sex from you."

"Hey!! What do you mean by that?!"

"You just said..." he argued back.

"I'll have you know you would be lucky to have a chance with me."

"Argh... Jeyne, just answer if you wanna come with me or not? I won't pressure you into sex, you can have fun with Sansa, and can get popular by being one of the few freshmen girls going to prom."

"With a gay guy," she told him, just to annoy him.

"I'm not gay, and you know it. I'll fuck one of the girls who is gonna get dumped at prom, and the school will see."

"Don't be an asshole, Theon," she warned. "But I'll go with you."

"Thanks, Jeyne, I own you a big one," he said, kissing her cheek.

"Yes, you do," she told him as he put on his jacket, ready to leave the Stark house. "Hey!! The least you can do is make me company while I wait for Sansa," she said, and with that he sat back down, hearing her talk until Sansa finally arrived apologizing for being late again.
Margaery/Tommen - "It's your son!!"

Chapter Notes

This is a response to mr-europe on tumblr, (27/September/2014): "Margaery x Tommen It's your son! fluff " - Thank you so much!! They are actually the thing I’m most excited to see next season - I want to see this different side of their relationship. Also sorry the start may seem not that fluffy (but the end is… I hope…)

If anyone asked if Margaery Tyrell got nervous, people would say no, of course not. She was always the image of perfection and posture, but right now, the sweat in the back of her neck, and the line shredded from her cardigan said the opposite.

When the door finally opened, she found him on the other side and everything stopped, it hit her how much it hurt not seeing him for so long, after seeing him everyday.

"Hi, Tommen," she whispered, but he said nothing, just looking stunned at her. "Can we talk?"

"Margaery," he told her coldly, like he never spoke to her before, he was talking like his grandfather and it hurt her. He moved out of the way just enough to let her pass, this apartment looked nothing like him - it had nothing personal.

"It looks different - the house. It doesn’t look like you."

"Please, can you just tell me whatever you want?" He was too cold again, she couldn’t deny he had the right to. That photo had been awful, it had destroyed everything, and it had all been fault.

"Tommen," she protested again, she wanted a chance to explain.

"No. Margaery, everytime I’m thinking about calling you again, or just looking for you, I get another photo by e-mail. Everytime, I don’t know how they know what I’m thinking, but I get a photo everytime. And sometimes I look at it, and try to convince myself that maybe it was from before we met, after all there’s no ring in most, but then there it is the necklace I gave you for our two months wedding anniversary," he told her, and he looked broken while she held to the necklace she had worn everyday since he gave it to her.

"Tommen, I’m sorry…"

"I’m stupid, too. You were right, this was just a political arrangement, I was just too stupid to know. How could you like me? You dated Joffrey and Renly, I’m just the fat younger kid."

"You’re not… and you know your uncle is gay, I was just a beard. And your brother was a terrible mess," she told him - Tommen had always been the best. "Wait, you didn’t know? Your grandfather talked to me after I ended things with Joff, he gave the idea that you knew what this marriage was."

"A fake marriage, yes, I know now, thank you. Was that why you felt it was okay to be with other people? Or did I do anything wrong?" He asked, before continuing without giving her time to answer. "I know I was a virgin, but I never stopped you from being honest with me, from teaching me. I thought I had got better at it, enough to please you," he told her, blushing.
"You were, I promise you were," she said stepping closer and taking his face in her hands, having to step in the tip of her toes - she remembered the time she first met him, while she was still with Renly, and his height was at her shoulders. "I like trouble, Tommen. And I felt everything was too normal for me. I’m sorry. I don’t know who is in the other photos. But I was drunk with Aegon, he was even more, your sister was on another date, and we just fell together. Blame me, don’t let your sister blame him, don’t blame him, Tommen."

"They weren’t together, Margaery, and my sister will eventually forgive him. And right now, I know she’s just mad with him for me, because he knew you were my wife."

"He was drunk," Margaery said again, the photo had been sent over to the Baratheon residence, on the first weekend Myrcella brought Aegon to meet the family and they had only been dating for less than two weeks, after several fail attempts on Aegon’s part. In the photo she and Aegon had been making out in the back of a limo, it was perfectly clear she had the top of her dress down.

"It seems to be what he says too," he told her, before asking. "But after all what are you doing here? Why now?"

"I was letting you cool down. I wanted you to come to me…"

"Like I said, everytime I thought about it, another photo came in."

"… But you didn’t and I couldn’t hold it anymore. I’m pregnant," she told him, and she had dreamed of this moment, and everytime he would have picked her up and spinned her on the air, kissed her all over her face and her belly, especially her belly.

"Are you asking for part of my hair? We haven’t been together for three months."

"I’m five months along."

"So the hair?"

"It’s yours."

"How can you be sure?"

"You told me you wanted to start trying for a baby. I slept with you, I wanted your child not anyone else’s," she told him, she wouldn’t put him through that - everyone had heard the rumours about his parenthood by now. "It’s your son!!" And with that his face changed immediately, for the first time since she came here he actually smiled.

"Can I?" He asked, extending his hand, she picked it and put it under her blouse, his hand touching her skin and everything felt right. "Why did you decided to tell me today?"

"I found out the sex this morning, and you were the person I wanted to share this with. You’ve always been the one I wanted to have a baby with you."

"We started trying at Christmas, and it’s August now."

"Yes."

"You weren’t with anyone else since…"

"First week of December," she told him, not wanting to lie anymore.

"And this three months…"
"No… I couldn’t make this worst, Tommen. But I’ve been rather horny this last month, the doctor said it was the hormones."

"But everything is okay with the baby."

"Yes, he’s perfect," she said. "Do you want to see a photo?"

"Please…"

"I have a video too," she said and he smiled even more pulling her to another room.

"Sorry, I only put the television in my room."

"That’s okay," she said giving the DVD for him to put, while she looked around, it seemed more like him. He had the cats’ beds at the foor of his own bed, and Lady Whiskers was sleeping on the bed, there were photos to all over the room of his family, and on the right bedside table (her side), she noticed something. "You keep a photo of me," she commented, picking up the ring on top of it.

"Yes, you’re my wife after all," he said sitting on the bed, and shooing Lady Whiskers off, so she could sit as well. While they watched the video, Tommen put his hand on her belly again, with his other arm around her, and the film was over when we whispered. "Do you think we could honestly start over?"

"Start over?"

"Yes, start over. Everything, Margaery, actually try to make it work."

"I would like that, I wouldn’t make any mistakes, I promise."

"Some mistakes are normal, Marg," he said, and she missed him calling her just Marg. "We’re human."

"So I promise I won’t make the same mistakes."

"It’s enough for me if you promise to talk to me. You already said you like trouble, you need to talk to me if you feel things are getting to boring for you. I’ll make an effort to go out, and dancing to those clubs and everything."

"You’re not boring, but thank you."

"And secondly I’ve an idea for our start over. I’ve been offered this job multiple times, but I’ve always said no, but for these few months we were separated I was actually considering it."

"What is it?"

"Zoologist."

"That’s what you always wanted," she said knowing that this was what he had studied for.

"I know. But I could never do it, because it’s not proper for the Baratheons and Lannisters, but I think I could make it on this one."

"Why this one?"

"It’s not here. It’s not in Westeros. It would mean leaving this behind," he told her, Margaery had never seriously thought about leaving home, her family and friends, but she was ready to hear him
out. "It’s in the USA, it’s in New York. I know it’s far and everything, and both of us have enough money for plane trips to come visit, it’s a big city and you would like it."

"The shops… And there are a lot of publicity agencies there, I could get a job."

"You could, and we could do it without our names influencing anyone. We could be free from court and it’s drama."

"Are you really considering this, Tommen?"

"I am. And I want you to come with me, you and the baby," he said putting his hand on her belly again. "It may just be the fresh start we need."

"So we start over," she told him, accepting his invitation, and finally having the courage to kiss him again - even if just a peck on the cheek - before extending her hand and saying. "Hi, I’m Margaery Tyrell."

"I’m Tommen Baratheon, it’s a pleasure to meet you."
Arya/Gendry - Visiting

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt from 27/September/2014: "Arya prompt Visiting Gendry's grave. (hurt/comfort)"

Arya hated King’s Landing, but with Sansa pregnant, and Rickon being even worst at social events than her, she couldn’t help but be the one to go.

But King’s Landing was still better than before, the King was an old friend of Arya’s, when she had still been in Essos, and after all she had helped him win the Iron Throne, in exchange of letting Sansa be Queen in the North.

But the thing that haunted her mind, as she made the trip North again, was the newest proposition - a marriage to unite Baratheons and Starks. Shireen was a great girl, very different from Rickon, but she believed they could help balance each other - but there was a problem, she was the Hand of the King, that would mean Rickon would have to move to King’s Landing.

"Lady Arya, we’re here," one of her companions announced, and she remembered the most surprising thing that happened while she visited the capital - she met Thoros of Myr, who was once again trying to convince the King to adopt the Lord of Light (ignoring that the Hand had witnessed too many crimes made in name of the God of Light).

So with that Arya walked into the Crossroads Inn, it was full of children, running around, she sat and waited for a girl about her age to ask her what she wanted.

"Sorry," Arya called to an older girl, coming close when she was almost finished eating. "Could you tell me where I can find Gendry? He’s tall, black hair, blu…"

"Blue eyes, I know who you’re talking about. Can you please tell me who you are?" The girl asked, with distrust in her voice.

"I’m Arya, a friend of his. We travelled together as children."

"Are you Lady Arya Stark?"

"Yes," Arya answered.

"Can I sit?" The girl asked, with a sad look on her face, and Arya felt scared while she nodded for the girl to sit.

"What happened?"

"Gendry fought in your army, you know. When he heard you were back and were putting an army together, he joined in. He left the forge behind, and the kids, and fought for the Riverlands and for you - he was under the command of your uncle, if I’m not wrong."

"Yes, my uncle was in charge of the Riverlands army. But what does this have to do with me seeing him?" She asked still not wanting to believe what she was trying to say.
"Can you follow me?" The girl asked, and Arya followed her, letting her companions knows they should wait in the inn. She led her to the backyard, and Arya was met with the overwhelming feeling of so many graves - and then Arya knew.

"Nobody could write, so we just draw an anvil, he always felt better at the forge," she said stopping near one of the many graves. "I'll leave you alone. And if you want, the forge is right there," she said pointing to a building nearby. "It's still empty if you want to look around."

"Thank you."

Arya sat there and looked at Gendry’s last resting place - another member of her pack dead, she had dreamed of seeing him again, but never like this. He died fighting for her.

"I’m sorry, Gendry. I’m sorry I didn’t came home earlier," she whispered. "You shouldn’t have fought, you were always the smith not the warrior. You’re supposed to create not destroy," she told him, hoping somehow this was all a joke and he would answer.

And with Gendry dead, she wondered what were the chances of Hot Pie being dead too - they had been her family, her companions during a very hard time.

"I’m going to see your forge, okay. I’ll be back here, before I leave, I promise, Gendry," she said, standing up. "And I’m sorry, really sorry."

The forge was dark, and she missed his presence the moment she walked him, she looked around, and noticed half made swords, but also handcuffs and even pots and other kitchen stuff she didn’t know the name to. But something called to her attention, it was a shield, with an image on it, not yet finished - but Arya could see it looked like a direwolf.

She picked it up, and traced the direwolf, and she knew she had to ask the girl if she could take it. Walking through the rest of the forge, she finally found the place where he slept it was small, but at least had a fireplace for the cold Winter nights, she was looking through the papers he had left on the table, when she heard a noise.

When she turned, she couldn’t believe what she was seeing - it couldn’t be possible, but there it was.

"Nymeria…" Arya barely whispered before running to embrace her long lost direwolf.
Jaime Lannister - Coming Back

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 04/October/2014: "Crack prompt : Two Stark sisters in the north get visited by unfamous kingslayer " - Sorry… not that much of a crack fill. Maybe not what you expected, but I hope you aren’t awfully disappointed

Jaime hadn’t been in Westeros for years, almost twenty, since he took his sister’s life with him. But he finally felt ready to come back when he heard the news on the other side of the sea, that the girl who was the heir to the throne was getting married - his grandchild.

So he arrived by sea to White Harbor, and rode to Winterfell, after acquiring new clothes - it felt weird to have so many clothes in him, in Essos he rarely had to wear more than a simple tunic.

Riding here again, he remembered the last time he had, still wearing his white cloak and a gold armour, his sister and family with him, still alive. Every day he got closer to Winterfell, the traces of the royal family were visible everywhere, people talked about where they stayed, and shared stories - he couldn’t help but be relieved that what they said about Queen Myrcella wasn’t destroyed by what they had done before.

He finally arrived to Winterfell four days before the date of the wedding, he saw the banners surrounding the castle, mostly northern houses, some big Houses, such as the Tyrells - and he knew Tommen was there too, he had actually seen him and his wife through the years, they were known to travel to Essos sometimes, collecting exotic plants and animals.

Jaime entered Winterfell with the smallfolk, and stayed with them for two days, he was used to it by now, but while he could steal looks at Myrcella, Tommen and the children (and even Brienne, who seemed to have filled her promises), he knew he wouldn’t be able to talk to them if he didn’t come forward.

It was two nights before the wedding when he approached a guard, asking if he could enter, the answer was immediately no - no without telling him a good reason to and then talking to the Starks. And that was why Jaime waited on the Stark solar for someone to greet him, he hoped it wasn’t the crippled boy, he knew he was the Lord of Winterfell but that would just be too weird. Answering his prayers someone else walked in, but he wasn’t sure if this was the safer option.

"Who are you and what do you need of us?" the younger girl asked.

"Arya, behave," he heard the older girl whisper, and as he suspected - it was the two Stark girls - Arya, and Sansa… "Sorry for my sister behaviour. You told the guards, you had a reason to see us."

"I would like to be able to talk to Queen Myrcella," he said, now turned to them, but neither of them recognizing him.

"Why would you like to do that?" Arya asked sharply again, and this time Sansa didn’t repreend her. And with that Jaime took off his hook on the right hand, and looked up.

"I heard you dyed your hair too, Sansa," he said. "But as you can see the green eyes are the same."
And with that Arya stepped forward and growled.

"Keep away from her."

"Arya, calm down, I’m sure the guards wouldn’t let him enter armed," she said to her sister, before turning to him - and her pose reminded him of how Cersei used to hold herself before people she despised. "What are you doing here, sir?"

"I heard the future Queen was marrying, I thought it would be a good day to come back."

"From where?"

"Essos, no particular place."

"I can’t let you into the wedding," Sansa said, and Arya looked at him with a smug smile. "But…"

"Sansa…” Arya protested immediately.

"But I’ll call for Queen Myrcella, so she can see you and decide for herself."

"And you know she’s a Targaryen now, very faithful to her husband - you did kill his grandfather, he may want vengeance."

"It’s a risk I’m ready to take. Call for Myrcella."

"Queen Myrcella," Sansa said, still holding herself proudly while leaving the room, followed by her sister. And now Jaime waited…
A sequel to chapter 45 "Jeyne/Theon - Prom" as asked by GuajolotA. And if you want there's even one more sequel in my mind, that one featuring more ships.

Every girl with BFF bracelets made this promise before high school - *we'll continue friends, drifting away won't happen to us. But stuff always happens, you move from the house next door and she moves on.* And this was Jeyne and Sansa's case.

At the end of their sophomore year, Jeyne's father died, on the job, and she had to move from the house where she had grown up, on the same street as Sansa's, and move to an orphanage - the *Mockingbird Home*; the next year she had to quit the cheerleading squad and with Sansa taking mostly advanced classes... soon the impossible happened to them too.

Losing Sansa and her father also meant losing the North, since she had moved to the center of Westeros - King's Landing. But even if she had always dreamt of living here, she missed the North, and that was why she had met the worst person to walk this earth, when---

"Jeyne," she heard someone call, interrupting her thoughts, she feared it was him, maybe he had found out it was her day to make the *Home's* grocery shopping, but turning around she was surprised to see someone else, another familiar face - Mrs Catelyn Stark.

"Mrs Stark, I wouldn't expect you this South," Jeyne said truthfully for as long as she had known the Starks they had always shopped at the same place as she and her father had done - maybe the place had closed, maybe Old Nan had died and no one had bothered to tell her.

"I've got a meeting at Rickon's school later in the afternoon - you know the trouble that boy gets. And you, Jeyne?"

"It's my turn of doing the shopping," Jeyne said and Mrs Stark's face turned sour immediately.

"Ohh... How is it going, dear?"

"It's not home," Jeyne whispered. "But I get by."

"Just so you know, you're always welcome at the house, come around for dinner, you and Sansa can have a sleepover like before." *But nothing was like before anymore,* she thought.

"Thanks for the invitation," she said, even if she didn't plan on taking it.

"See you soon," Mrs Stark said, as she moved away, squeezing Jeyne's shoulder, who couldn't help but flinch at the touch and hope Mrs Stark hadn't noticed. And she didn't, she moved on like everyone else, and Jeyne was alone again, just her and her thoughts.

She tried to concentrate on the shopping list, and not on the cut on her lower back, or the ones in her tights, or even the bruise that was hurting so much since Mrs Stark had squeezed it, but it was almost impossible, especially when her phone rang.
Meet m in my apart. Surprise 4 u - Ramsay

If anyone else had send it, it could be sweet, caring - but a surprise for him never was. And she couldn't do anything else but say yes and be there on time. That was how her days went...

She went to school in the morning, tried her best to stay awake and pay attention, when it hurt her to sit down most days, she tried to care when Ros, Alayaya or Olyvar shared something about their lives, and she avoided their questions when they asked why she didn't come back to the Home. After school she would catch the bus, and pray that traffic didn't stop her, if it did the punishment would be so much bigger.

She couldn't decide if the days were better when Ramsay let Theon out of the basement or not. He would use Theon as a toy, and use him to hurt her - and while Theon hadn't been the most notorious guy for caring about girls' feelings, he had never hurt anyone the way Ramsay hurt her. But the nights Theon was there were the nights she could sleep, they could talk, close their eyes to the outside and pretend they could still hear Rickon running, and Arya cursing when playing video games.

But then Ramsay would wake up, and everything was bad again, especially the times times she felt asleep around Theon and forgot to wake up early enough to go back to bed, they would both be wipped and Theon would stay without eating for two days at least - Jeyne would only eat because she got to go to school.

Sometimes she thought about telling, but she believed Ramsay's threats about hurting even more people, she knew he wasn't lying when he threatened to rape Sansa or Arya. He had followed through with Theon, in the start he had tried to go back to college, to the dormroom he shared with Robb, so Ramsay sent Theon's estranged father a video of them fucking - Theon's father's answer had been too awful for Theon to ever risk being humiliated like that again.

Until the third Sunday of April, Jeyne didn't know what changed then, it wasn't the first time Ramsay had left them alone in the house to go to his father, but Theon came to her bed, bumbling like he now had to do.

"We have to leave, Jeyne," he whispered.

"Why?! He will find out, Theon, it will be worse."

"He was picked up by limo, by his father. Maybe we have just enough time. We need to leave now, Jeyne, it's not safe anymore."

"It has never been safe."

"Please, Jeyne. It's about to become worse, believe me," Theon pleaded, and she trusted him, she dressed in her clothes and followed him out of the house - she wanted to get out, and didn't care what she took and didn't took.

They walked the street, and at the intersection, he asked.

"Now where? Left or right?"

"The only place we can be safe, Theon," she said taking his hand, crossing the street, to go up the next street. "We're going to the Starks, Theon," she said remembering the conversation she had with Sansa's mother in the grocery shop a few months ago. "Mrs Stark invited me for dinner, but I don't think she'll mind if we appear for breakfast."
The sun was high in the sky, and Ned was squirming in his seat - he was always like that when he was away from the weather of the North - but even Catelyn born and raised in the South was boiling in the sun, after being outside in this plastic chairs for so long.

"Do you have an elastic, Arya?" Catelyn asked her daughter, knowing that even if Arya's hair was too short to even tie in a small ponytail, she still had elastics around her wrist like every teenage girl.

"Shhh..." someone from the back said, making Arya snicker at her mother being repreended as she passed her the elastic, and Catelyn blushed as she pulled her hair up.

They had been here for almost an hour, and only now they were reaching the names starting with P, and a bit selfishly she thought that the first important person was to be called.

"Jeyne Poole," the professor called, the dark haired girl smiled and stood up, walking up to the stage and accepting the diploma from the principal. She smiled at them, and the Stark family stood up clapping for her, Theon was whistling, before yelling.

"That's my girl!!" And with that Catelyn smacked Theon over the head, who only smiled goofly at her, and she remembered how bad it had been the first time she did that to him after he came back - just out of habit, it was something to call her children to attention (or when they were inappropriate or put their feet on the table) - Theon had fallen to the floor, so scared, like she had never seen, it had taken Catelyn around a hour to calm him down, and she had learned to not do that again. Until a few months ago, she saw Arya doing it to him, and he didn't seem to mind, she talked to him, and Theon told her that Robb did it, and he knew that he no longer minded.

He was getting better, and of course, so was Jeyne - the girl had worked so hard to compensate for the classes lost during the hell it was her junior year, and she had been able to do it with Bs at most everything. They were both starting Winterfell college, Theon had been able to transfer his process from Riverrun so he had already a few classes done, they had also found a small apartment on campus, they both knew they couldn't sleep in peace on a dormroom.

Jeyne walked back to her seat, as she waved at them, and the principal called the next name. Once again a chain of names were called, Catelyn clapped to each of the young men and women, smiling at the some known faces - afterall some of these kids had been with Sansa since she was in middle school, and moved to study in King's Landing instead of Winterfell.

And finally after about ten more names, her daughter's name was called to the stage.

"Sansa Stark," the principal said, and with that her family started clapping, Rickon climbing on his
chair so he could see better, Catelyn thought about telling him to climb down, but she just couldn't, she liked the proud look on his face, the same he had when his older brother graduated two years ago. But while the youngest brother was the only on top of a chair, the other tree siblings were standing up, whistling and yelling her name, while Jon and Theon both stood and clap too.

Catelyn was clapping and with tears in her eyes, standing up too, of course, wanting her daughter to see her face on a crowd, and resting against Ned's chest, who clapped along said his family.

While there were claps for all around the place, she could here a few more energetic claps coming from behind her, and turning she noticed the two Tyrell siblings that had gone to this school, Margaery was smiling and yelling Sansa's name, while Sansa's boyfriend clapped and smile.

Catelyn liked the Tyrells, of course she still thought her daughter's boyfriend was a bit too old, he had been a senior when she was only a freshman, and he had been older than a regular senior since he took a year after he was severely injured and since he had been homeschooled since he childhood, after the accident he decided to start high school from scratch.

These last three years with him away in college all the way in Highgarden had not been easy for their relationship, they had their fights and break ups - which led Sansa to date the devil's right man, Joffrey, for a few months. But Catelyn was glad for at least one of the break ups, Sansa had been thinking to only apply to Highgarden college, or the ones close by, but when application's time arrived, with the break up she applied to almost every college, and while she got into Highgarden, she had decided to start next year at the Eyrie, the same college her father had gone - it was only fair after all Robb was in Riverrun - and at least it was closer to home than Highgarden.

Sansa looked so happy on stage skipping up the steps, smiling at the crowd, with her big blue eyes, focusing on her family, as she waved when she walked down the stairs back to her seat.

As the last names were called, Catelyn found herself thinking about the speech her daughter had given in the beginning as class president -after the obligated thank you to teachers and colleagues, it had been clear to Catelyn that her daughter's speech had turned much more personal, she talked about changing and growing up, but looking straight to Jeyne she had said that there were people in your past that would always matter, no matter how much you grow up.

Catelyn's thoughts were interrupted by her youngest daughter whistling again, so looking up she noticed that it was her boyfriend's turn to get the diploma, Arya looked really proud, Catelyn knew the boy didn't have the easiest life, and that he always put school in second place. When Arya had come home with a boy older that Sansa by one year - she felt he was too old but she couldn't say anything after Sansa dated Willas, who had a even bigger age difference - she got even more worried when she found out they had met in detention, until he explained that he had been late since his mother had been sick that morning (again) and he needed to make sure she had what she needed - and Catelyn understood, since after her mother died, her siblings had been her responsible.

"That's my boy!! Go, Gendry!!" Arya yelled from the top of her lungs. "And you on the third row, stop ogling!!" Theon snickered on Catelyn's other side, before high-fiving Arya, Catelyn was about to reprehended them, but Ned dropped his hand on her leg, as he was telling her to let it go. So she turned back to the stage, taking Ned's hand in hers, and she saw Gendry walking down the stairs, giving the thumbs up to Arya, who answered the same way.

After Waters, there weren't many more names, so after a few more words from the principal, the ceremony had ended. The seniors threw their hats in the had and then dispersed, the Starks moved from the chairs as well, waiting for Sansa and Jeyne, Arya immediately took off running into the crowd, and not a minute later, Jeyne came from where Arya went, she immediately threw her arms around Theon's neck, it looked like he would pick her up, but Catelyn knew he didn't have strength
on his feet to help her up, so they just stayed with their arms around each other, until they remembered the other people with them.

Jeyne moved back from his embrace, still keeping an arm around his waist, and smiled at them.

"Thanks for the support so much. I couldn't have done this year without you."

"Me neither," Sansa said, joining them, immediately hugging her parents, and then moving to her brothers, from the oldest to little Rickon, and then her cousin Jon. "Where's Arya?"

"I'm here," her youngest daughter appeared, on her boyfriend's back. "Take me to Sansa, Gen," she ordered him, and the boy didn't even argue. Next to Sansa, Arya dropped herself just a bit to kiss her sister's cheek. "Congratulations, Sans!! To you too, Jeyne," Arya said turning to the girl in Theon's arms - Catelyn was so glad that the girls didn't clash as much now.

"Thank you, Arya. And congrats, Gendry," Sansa said, resting her hand on his arms.

"Thank you, and likewise, Sansa," he said, nodding to his girlfriend's sister. "Jeyne," and doing the same to her friend.

"I hope we're not intruding," Margaery said approaching the group, and pulling her brother by the hand.

"Margs!!" Sansa said running to hug her friend, who whispered something in her ear that made her blush and laugh, she pulled away and moved to hug her boyfriend, and kiss him.

"Come on, you haven't seen him in a month, give him a proper kiss," Arya yelled, making the couple blush, and making Mom send her a death stare. "Come on, Mom, you and Dad kiss all the time," Arya protested, but her mom didn't seem convinced. "Okay, Gendry and I will go. I can see Hot Pie and Lommy, I'm sure they want to congratulate you. And Willow and Jeyne are with them, and I haven't given my congrats to Jeyne yet," and with that Arya and her boyfriend disappeared, and Arya seemed to have just given enough time for Sansa and Willas to kiss properly out of everyone's eyes.

Catelyn looked over her family, with a smile in her lips, it seemed that only yesterday she and Ned had gotten married, but now there they were, her second child had graduated highschool. Robb, Jon and Theon were talking animatedly, she was so glad to see her son and nephew home, it was true Robb tried to make it home at least one time a month, but she still missed him, and she couldn't say when had been the last time they had seen Jon; she was just glad that Theon was getting better, ready to restart college, this time with Jeyne. Sansa was still fussing over Willas, while Margaery struck a conversation with Jeyne.

"We should head home, Cat," Ned whispered. "Everything is ready," he told confirming that the surprise party they had prepared for Sansa and Jeyne (and Gendry) was ready.

"Just a bit longer, love," she said, turning to him and pecking his lips.
Cersei/Ned - King's Landing

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anon (2/November/2014): "Cersei x Ned I always loved you." Never thought I would be writing this but I don’t hide or run from a prompt (it may just take a long time to fill it). As you can suppose writing this ship is not my biggest desire - I’m going to count this as fill for an anon of FFN who asked “Do a Ned/ Cersei AU canon divergent?” in July 8th.
Also I never feel I’m very good at writing Cersei, but for obvious reasons this one is quite different from canon, since she hasn’t lived through the same
I hope you like it.

Cersei was pacing the room, she hated to be kept waiting, and her husband had left her very early this morning. She tried to see if her brother knew anything, but to her disdain Jaime never seemed to know nothing, she had sent her daughter to find out what was going on but she hadn’t came back yet.

"Mom!! Mom!!" Myrcella ran into the room, she had Cersei’s hair - beautiful golden curls she always used tied on the top of her head so they wouldn’t get in the way of her adventures - and grey eyes just like her husband, and she was short for her 10 years - so Cersei’s perfect spy.

"So what did you find out, sweetie?"

"They’re all closed in the King’s chamber, Dad, Aunt Lya and the King’s brothers, I think Robb and Jon are there too."

"So you couldn’t hear anything?" Cersei asked, and Myrcella immediately seemed shocked, and said.

"Mom, I thought you had more faith in me?! I’ve been navigating Varys secret passages since I was six," she said, before turning sad. "Mom… it seems the King is dying, I don’t know from what, but he is… I think he was writing his testament - I had to leave before the end, one of the stable boys was coming to the entrance, I suppose he was with Varys or Littlefinger,“ or mine, Cersei thought - someone had to look after hers, her husband might be a great Hand of the King but he was as naive and over-trusting as the day they married, he had learned nothing from her - at least in the camp of politics.

"Do you know if the King changed his mind about Jon?"

"No, Jon will be King, and there as talk about Dad stepping out as Hand of the King, so Robb can take his place." Cersei didn’t like that idea very much, that would mean that they would finally move to that holdfast Ned’s brother gave him so long ago - she knew her husband missed the North and the cold, but Cersei was in no hurries to leave Court and the warm of the South.

"Okay, thank you, sweetie. You can go now."

"Do you want me to go see if I can hear anything else?"
"There’s no need. I’m going to go look after your father myself."

"Thank you. Uncle Jaime and Bran are probably waiting for me to start training," her daughter said making to the door.

"Ohh… Myrcella, please don’t tell your cousin about the King. I’m sure the Queen wants to be the one to tell him," Cersei said, and soon after followed her daughter out the room, she looked in the nursery where her youngest son, Tywin, played - it had been a complication being allowed to name her son after her father, since he had been executed after the war for having Princess Elia and her children killed; afterall Cersei was only married to the Hand of King as a peace offering to the Lannisters. As always he was surrounded by the youngest royal children and some other children of the ladies of the Court, who looked over them.

Cersei made her way to the King’s chamber, where as always as guarded by members of the King’s Guard - Meryn Trant and Arys Oakheart, Myrcella’s favorite knight, after Jaime, of course.

"Is my husband in there?"

"Yes, my lady. But we’re not supposed to let anyone in."

"Is my son in there?"

"Yes, my lady."

"So do you think I’m just anyone. I’m sure no one will mind my presence, so just open the door."

Arys seemed to want to protest one more time, but Meryn just obeyed and opened the door to her, and five faces immediately turned to her.

"Cersei…"

"Mother…” She heard her husband and oldest child say, as she moved the room to the secret passage, where she knocked on the door and immediately heard someone’s footsteps.

"People were listening."

"How did you know that?" Her sister-in-law asked.

"Oh… I had your niece spy for me for awhile, until this boy appeared."

"Cersei…” Ned pleaded again, but Robert’s laugh drowned her husband’s protests.

"So what did my little niece said?"

"That you were dying," Cersei said immediately. "Which seems like a lie to me."

"It is," Queen Lyanna was the one to answer. "His brothers were here, and you know how they are. And than it’s heir from here to there."

"I have named Jon as my heir since I took the throne and married Lya, and they still talk by now."

"Besides I have 4 siblings now, and three of them are boys," Jon finally spoke, the heir to the Throne was usually very quiet and pensative, but when he spoke it always seemed like the right them - her husband seemed to believe he would make a good King, and even if he didn’t admit it out loud, she knew he thought he would be better than the current king.

"So what’s wrong with you, Your Grace? That you had to take my husband from my bed in the wee
"Ohh… sorry, Ned, if I kept you from more pleasurably encounters," Robert said, laughing, before starting a coughing fit. And making her son blush at the comment, and she as sure her husband would protest in the King hadn’t started coughing.

"He woke like this during the night. I was worried and had the guards call for my brother. I’m sorry, Cersei," her goodsister said, while trying to calm her husband’s coughing fit. "I now know it’s probably nothing. Probably too much dornish food yesterday - he always gets like this, but never learns," Queen Lyanna told her, before turning to her brother. "Ned, you can go. And Jon, see if you do a good job taking Robert’s place today - any problem ask your uncle."

"The Lords will be judging you today," Cersei added before leaving the room with Robb and Jon. She sent her son away with his cousin and waited for Ned.

"So you’re having Myrcella spy on me," she heard Ned’s voice behind her, and she immediately took his arm as he offered, and led them to their chamber.

"You disappeared in the middle of the night. I was worried. You usually tell me what’s going on."

"Lyanna was worrying too much, she didn’t want me to leave. I’m sorry, Cersei. But I couldn’t send a message, since it’s never good to let the people know the King is sick."

"I understand. And I’m glad you’re finally learning that lords are like vultures when they feel they can grasp for power," she said, smirking at him as he opened the door. He quickly went for the bed.

"Cersei, I’m tired I’m just going to close my eyes. Can you wake me if Jon or Robb need anything?"

"Of course, but do you mind I lie down with you?"

"Cersei, I’m actually tired…"

"I know," she said laughing. "Just to keep you company."

"Okay. Love you," he said before turning his back to her, and throwing the covers away.

"Love you too. I always loved you," she said to thin air, since she knew he was sleeping, for ten years she has been doing this trying to gain courage to say it out loud.
Sandor Clegane - Mornings

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to xv12’s prompt on tumblr (14/November/2014): "Can I give you two? Choose whichever one you like best if you want... I just can't decide. So, 8 "early mornings", 13 "dealing with muggles" ;)") - So number 8 is Sandor Clegane (the other prompt is for the Harry Potter world)

His hand punched the alarm clock from his bedside table.

"Shut up, fucker," he yelled, as he did every morning, he fucking draw the morning shift at the construction site. He turned back to sleep until the curtains were drawn opened, and he couldn’t sleep anymore.

So he got up from bed, and found a bowl of cereals already ready on the table, and he could hear the shower running. He shoved the cereals in his mouth, and as soon as he was done, the bathroom was free as well.

Everytime he came to the bath, he tried not to look into the mirror, he didn’t use to have a mirror, before she moved in. It was easier not to see his scarred face, to be remembered of his past and his brother.

"Hurry up!! I need to get to school," he heard a voice from outside.

"I coming… Hold your horses," he yelled before getting into the shower, he was quick, and immediately he was dressed, finding his sister at the door. "I still need to have a fucking coffee."

"Watch your language, Sandor. And here you have, a cup of coffee - now, let’s go," she protested, he laughed at her voice, it sounded as comanding as his.

"Lead the way, Tysha," Sandor said to his sister, taking the cup and following her to his third handed jeep. Tysha was barely sixteen, but she looked much younger, he feared it was because he wasn’t able to feed her enough to keep her healthy. It was clear they didn’t have money for new clothes, she would only buy jeans, because she had no other option, all of her t-shirts or sweatshirts were Sandor’s, and were dancing on her.

He still was never sure if he was doing this right, when he finally left his father’s house, he planned to be on his own, not find out that his mother was dying, and wanted him to care of his sister - the only kid his mother thought it was worth saving when she left. He tended to agree, how could the fucking Hound be a good influence for Tysha.

"Still tired?"

"Still don’t get who the fuck thought classes had to start this early. For fuck’s sake, I'm glad I quit."

"Do you really think that? Didn’t you ever think about getting a high school diplome?"

"That’s for smart kids like you, no fuckfaces like me. Don’t you have your nerd club this afternoon."
"It’s the chess team. Mom said Dad used to play."

"Can’t say."

"Why don’t you talk about them?" Tysha asked him that a lot, he wanted to yell at her and say they didn’t matter, that they were all monsters and she would do better forgetting - he knew one day he would probably explode, but for now he would probably try to keep it in.

"Forget it, child. So you don’t need a ride today?"

"No, I can bum it from someone else. If I can, the driver from the 6:03 pm bus doesn’t care about the ticket."

"Okay. I’m going home for a nap in the afternoon and then I have to ran some errands for the Lannisters, and then I’ve a bouncer shift at the Red Keep from 2 to 4 am."

"Errands?"

"Nothing you should worry about," he never wanted to get her involved in Lannister’s business, he had always been careful to not mention her - she couldn’t be used against him. "So go on to school. See you tomorrow, girl."

"Bye, big brother."
Love was a weird feeling, and somehow it was hard to be sure you feel it, your head always doubting your heart.

For Catelyn Tully, one week without Ned Stark was enough. At first she thought she only missed him, after all they had spent a lot of time together, but by the end of the week, she knew she missed him, because she loved him.

She was back in her dorm, putting her things in the shelves, when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," Catelyn yelled.

"Did you miss me?"

"Not as much as I missed Rhaenys," Catelyn said immediately, picking up her "niece", and kissing her dark hair. "How has it been?" Catelyn asked, helping Elia to the bed.

"Not good… actually. The Doctor says this pregnancy is even worst - I’m always so tired, not wanting to move," Elia said dropping her volume.

"For the Gods!! I would have gone to you, you didn’t need to come here. Do you need anything?"

"No, thank you. Rhaegar is helping. And Ash is staying with me, while Rhaegar is away."

"Okay, but if you need…"

"I know, Cat… You and Ashara provide me with a great support group," she said smiling. "Now tell me about your time at camp - was it part of any of Brandon’s plans?" Elia had been against her going on this trip, since her ex-boyfriend had been the one to suggest it.

"No. But something happened," Catelyn said, and Elia understanding the meaning asked her daughter to go play somewhere else. “I slept with someone, actually we dated - we’re still dating… I suppose. And I think I love him.”

"Who’s he?"

"His name is Ned - Ned Stark. He’s Brandon’s brother."

"Cat…"

"I know… But they are so different. Ned is great, he was part of the team in charge of technology, he came with a friend who was in the sports activities. I met him in the library, I had seen him around and introduced myself," Catelyn started. "He already knew who I was."

"Did he know you and Brandon used to date?"
"Yes, and because of that he wouldn’t accept my invites for the first four weeks. I had to go to his friend, he told me he agreed that Brandon had nothing to do with us, and that we should have a chance."

"And you did?"

"Yeah… and I think I love him, Elia… I’ve never been in love before, not like this. I’ve missed him so much."

"Have you talked? Have you told him?"

"We talked two nights ago, he’s home. And he told me he talked to Brandon, and that he was okay with it. But I haven’t told him, I don’t think I should do him over the phone."

"There isn’t a reason why he shouldn’t, he was the one who cheated," Elia said, she had been quite angry when she found out Ashara had been one of the girls, at least it was already after the break up. "And you should tell him. But be sure to be real… you don’t want to end up like Rhaegar and I…"

"Nothing is better in that front?"

"I love him as a friend, but nothing more. I was mistaken,” Elia said sadly, and Catelyn pulled her for a hug, and quickly Rhaenys joined seeing her mother sad.

It had been months since her talk with Elia, and she and Ned were still keeping their relationship, mostly over the phone, talking every time they had the time.

But finally they would see each other again, even if just for a few hours, Ctaelyn was going earlier home for Thanksgiving, Ned was staying just a big longer at the Vale - and they could meet in the middle.

When Catelyn finally arrived to the little coffee shop in the border, she could already see his car parked outside, and her heart started beating faster, and a voice in her head told her

You have to tell him!! You have to tell him!!

She entered, and immediately looked for his dark hair, he was at the counter, eating some fries.

"Hi," she whispered behind him, he turned in a few seconds, and they looked at each other, before she threw her arms around him. "I missed you, Ned."

"Missed you too," he whispered back, before pulling back, but not letting go of her, with his other hand he picked up the fries and they moved to the table. "It’s so good to see you. How is school?"

"Good… My sister started this year, so she’s my roommate now, which is fun. Yeah… I had already told you that - sorry."

"No problem. Are you excited to go home?"

"Yes, very much. I left my bag there, before taking my dad’s car, I think he was a bit disappointed I didn’t stay for longer, even if I had warned him. You?"

"Yeah… I miss my brothers and Lya, and my parents. And the snow too… Benjen called to tell me there’s already heavy snow in there - no more summer snows,"

"I love him as a friend, but nothing more. I was mistaken,” Elia said sadly, and Catelyn pulled her for a hug, and quickly Rhaenys joined seeing her mother sad.
"Yeah… I know you like the snow, but can you let me know if you get in okay? I get worried because of the ice."

"I will, Love," he said like it was no big deal, and she wondered if he meant it, she decided to trust him, and say those three words - *I Love You*
The first time, Catelyn Tully left her kingdom she was only ten and she went to spend her holidays in the Crownlands, she was scared and nervous about everything that was different. Eight years after it wasn’t that much different, she knew what to expect after all she was the one to request for a semester abroad, but she was thinking she would be sent to the Crownlands or the Vale – those were the usual destinies – but no, she was boarding a plane to the North.

The moment she stepped her feet on the airport’s floor, she noticed it was completely different. The Winterfell Airport was almost empty in the middle of the afternoon, the security was even less than in the Riverrun Airport, and quicker than she thought possible she made it to the arrivals. She searched the crowd for anyone that could be the student sent by the school. And finally she read her name in the crowd, a young man, probably not much older than her, and she made away to him.

“Catelyn Tully?” he asked.

“Yes. Are you Brandon Stark?” she asked.

“No,” he answered, and he seemed to have noticed her worried look. “Brandon is my brother, he was busy, so he asked me to come – I’m Ned Stark.” With that, he helped her get to the university and get settled him.

They would be long months the ones spent in Winterfell University, and Ned became her source of support, especially when she was confused and missed home. While she still felt the North was as foreign for her as she started, the truth it wasn’t that much anymore. She sometimes prayed with Ned at the Godswood, she learned how to enjoy the snow with him and his siblings (even Brandon who was supposed to receive her), to cook some traditional Northern plates with his mothers, today Ned had promised there was just one thing left to being a northern.

“Are you ready?” he asked, when she opened the door.

“Are you still not telling me where we are going?”

“It’s a surprise, Catelyn,” he replied. “Are you excited to leave? To go back home?”

“Not sure, I miss my family and friends, that’s a certainty. But because of you, I’ve come to really like the North – I don’t feel like a stranger as much.”

“Maybe I can make you a true northern.”

“Ohh… I’ll always be a foreign in here,” she whispered with a laugh. “Now show me what you have to show me,” she pleaded. “Ohh… you got the car?!” she exclaimed surprised.
“I borrowed it from Brandon, and I promise I do have a license.”

“I believe you,” she said, getting into the car.

Ned drove happily as they talked; they knew this was probably their last weekend before the stress of the exams started. Half way she started having an idea of where they were going, ever turn they take, he followed the signs that read *The Wall* – Ned had talked about it so much, saying that she had to see it before she left.

And she was right, Ned helped her to the top of the Wall, the land was even more covered in snow on the Northern side (more than she could believe).

“This is the true North in front of you.”

“It’s beautiful,” she said, standing on the tip of her feet to kiss his cheek, when he turned his face, and she kissed his lips instead – she had thought that neither of them would ever the courage to do it, before she left.

And while the North would always feel foreign and strange to her, she hoped that she would get the time to know it better.
Ned looked over the room; and found all his children back home. Robb had come home from Riverrun, for some reason he had brought back Theon with him; the two boys and Jon (who had came South from Castle Black) were decorating the room with ballons, while Arya, Bran and their friends painted the banner. He could still hear Sansa, her friend Jeyne and Arya’s friend, Hot Pie, working in the kitchen.

Ned picked UP his phone again, and looked at the picture Catelyn had sent him, holding her diplom and a glass of wine. After going back to school as Rickon entered kindergarten, now with Rickon already in elementary school, Catelyn was done with her masters in Northern History.

She had insisted that she didn’t need them to be there today, she just wanted to go home to them; but after her graduation, she had gone out with her favorite person in the faculty - her professor of Dornish story. And after that, they had become good friends and she would help Catelyn with other classes. It had become quite awkward when they figure out that Catelyn’s friend had been married to Jon’s father when he had him with Lyanna - both lost to them now.

“Dad, Mom’s car is here!!” Rickon yelled from the window.

“Okay. How are things?” he asked, turning to the kids.

“The banner is done.”

“So are the balloons,” Robb asnwered, before yelling. “What about dinner?”

“Food is still cooking,” Sansa said, coming into the living room. “Hot Pie and Jeyne are looking over it.”

Just a few moments after, they heard the door; Catelyn walked into the room, and the kids immediately ran to her, Robb now taller than her, picked her up, and the rest of the kids tried to get enough space in. Bran stayed behind, not being able to come closer because of the chair.

“Kids, your brother also wants to hug your mother,” Ned said, and the kids stepped back, and looked apologetic to their brother.

“Congratulations, Mom,” Bran said, putting his arms around her. She kissed the top of his head, looking up, finally having his eyes meet Ned, and then turning her head around the room.

“This looks amazing!! Thank you so much, kids.”

“It was Dad’s idea!!”

“Really?!” she asked surprised, looking at him again. She had probably thought this had been Sansa’s idea, but Ned could still learn from his daughter.
“Congratulation, Cat!! I’m so proud of you,” he said, picking up her hand and squeezing it.

“I wouldn’t have done it without your help,” she said, before finally noticing the other faces in the room. “Jon!! You didn’t need to come, in the train all alone.”

“Of course I did, Aunt Catelyn. You were there for my graduation, the least I could do is be here for you.”

“And Theon… I hope you’re better now, with school and everything.”

“Yes, I promise I’ve been going to all my classes - most of them, at least.”

“I know… it’s hard, Theon. But you’re a smart kid,” she told him, before greeting Gendry, Meera and Jojen, who she had probably seen over the weekend.

“We’re making your favorite dinner, Mom. And I need to go back in the kitchen, since I left Jeyne and Hot Pie looking after everything.”

“I will help,” she said making to the kitchen, before the boys stopped her from entering the kitchen.

“No, you won’t.”

“I’ve got everything covered, Mom.”

“Can I at least say Hi to Jeyne and Hot Pie?” The boys shared a look, but ended up letting go.

“I think that’s okay.”

Catelyn disappeared into the kitchen, and while he told the kids to get the table ready and everything. He went to his room, looking for what he had gotten Catelyn.

He was looking through his bedside table, when she entered the room.

“Ohhh… you don’t think the kids expect me to stay in the dress, do you?” she asked, turning her back to him, so he could zip it open. And even if she did look very good in that dress, he knew she was desperate to change into something more comfortable.

“No. You can change into whatever you want.”

“Thanks,” she said and she took off the dress and looked for her old pair of jeans and a sweater, ending up with one that probably belonged to Sansa.

“I have something for you…”

“You didn’t need to…”

“I told you the same, and you still got me a tie and a briefcase for my graduation.” It was such a long time ago, only Robb and Jon were born back then, and Sansa was growing on Catelyn’s belly. “I hope you like it.”

“I’m sure I will,” she said, accepting the small package. Fisrtly she shook it, to see if it made any sound and then opened the paper carefully. “It’s beautiful…” she said, looking at the new charm he had got her for her bracelet - a little scroll. She pulled up her sleeve, and let him put the scroll next to the other charms. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Catelyn. And I’m so proud,” he said before kissing her.
Something weird was happening with Margaery, and Robb was getting worried about what was happening to their relationship, that she didn’t like him anymore.

She wouldn’t jump on him anymore when he came to her apartment, and they wouldn’t have sex on the couch, or in bed even (they just went to sleep). He knew Margaery wasn’t in her time of the month (after all she was still taking the pill every night, after dinner); she had even said no when he was going to go down on her - she had never done that.

Robb was hoping tonight was different, he left his job earlier than usually, and drove South to Highgarden where Margaery lived. It took a few hours, and he parked the car at her building, and rang the doorbell; and she buzzed him in.

“Hi,” he said, when she opened the door. “How are you?”

“Fine. Come in,” she said, pushing him by the hand; he made a move to kiss her lips, but she moved her face, so he kissed her cheek instead. “I have three more episodes of *Once Upon a Time* ready - I think we may actually finish this season.”

Before they would usually only watch an episode, having to rewind, because they got to distracted with kissing and other things.

“Cool. Do you want me to order anything?”

“No need. I prepared dinner - pasta. It’s vegetarian, I hope you don’t mind.”

“I don’t. I’ll get the first episode ready.”

When they both sat on the couch, everything seemed to back to their old ways; Margaery would throw her legs over his, he rested his plate on her knees; while they both enjoyed the show.

Margaery had a huge smile in her face, everytime the Evil Queen appeared - Sansa told him that it was called *fangirling*; Robb liked her excited face when there was a scene with her.

They did finish the season that night, Margaery was talking about starting the new one; when he decided to kiss her on the lips again, and she pulled away again (even if it was discreetly). And he decided it was time to ask.

“What’s going on Margaery? You’ve not been acting like yourself for the past week,” he started. “Really if you don’t to shag, there’s nothing wrong with that. But I really wish you would talk to me.” Margaery’s face was serious and he couldn’t read it, and was more nervous by the second, until she laughed.
“I was really wondering how much long would it take…”

“Wait?! What do you mean?”

“Does this sound familiar I’ve needed to start drinking protein shakes to keep up with her. It’s like my dick just started doing crossfit?” she asked. That was the text message he had sent to Theon and Jon last week - how did she know about that?? “Check your phone, Robb.”

He took it out of his back pocket, and looked through the group message he used for Theon and Jon, ‘LADS’, and did not find it there. And quickly realized he sent it to the wrong group message.

“Right… I sent it to the VIP group. You were not suppose to see that.”

“I just wanted to give you time. You may be too tired,” she said, smirking at him, and he just pushed her on top of him.

“I wasn’t complaining, Marg. You make me very happy.”

“I know… and ohhh… I’m on the VIP group - what does that mean?”

“If important stuff happens, I would want you to know.”

“I would like you to know too,” she said, smiling, before kissing him.

“Fuck!!” he cursed, pushing her away this time. “Fuck!! My siblings saw that!!” Now the messages he got from his sisters made sense. “Ohhh… Fuck!! My parents!! My parents saw that!! I can’t go home anymore!!” he said, pulling a pillow over his head, with Margaery giggling on his chest.
Aegon wasn’t expecting that call, he had just arrived to his father’s house after school, and was turning on his computer to see if Myrcella was on. But his cellphone still rang, the screen read his stepmother’s name - Lyanna.

“Are you home?”

“Yes,” he answered confused.

“I need you to go to your grandmother. She needs support. Your grandfather disappeared without documents or his cellphone. Your father has gone looking for him, as is your mother. But I need you to go to her.“ Aegon didn’t hesitate, he left the apartment and ran most of the way to his grandparents house.

The worst possible thoughts run to his mind. They couldn’t guess where his grandfather had gone, King’s Landing was a big city, and even worst the criminal rates hadn’t stop growing. It was especially dangerous with his habit of threatening people (not long ago someone threw him to the ground, mistaking his paranoid comments as racist comments).

He feared they wouldn’t be able to find him, soon would be night and then it would be almost impossible to see.

He noticed his grandmother immediately, standing tall in the top of the street, but as he came closer he saw the worry in her eyes, and how she was twitching his knee just like his father did.

“Ohhh... Aegon...” she whispered pulling him for a hug. “Your mother is coming to get me, to take me to the City Watch station. I thought this one could help,” she turned pointing to the one behind her. “But it seems it only handles traffic problems.”

He waited next to her, not knowing how he could confort her, and just focusing himself not to say the worst scenarios going through his head.

“Your mother has been looking in the Southern part - it was really nice of her to help. And your father is in Northern part of the city. Lyanna is still in the North with Jon, right?”

“Yes, but they’re coming down. I tried to call Daenerys, but she hasn’t picked up her phone.”

“She was staying in school until later today - maybe I shouldn’t worry her for now.”

“Rhaenys is coming from Dorne as well. Uncle Doran paid for the plane ticket.”
“Ohhh... I told her not to come. And Viserys... please tell me, he’s still there.”

“He was trying to get a train to one of the Free Cities and then a plane home.”

“There was no need. Aerys will show up, he just... he can’t just vanish. The City Watch will help. And I talked with a bus driver, he called the central in case he ended up there, not leaving the bus before.”

While they waited, his grandmother made a few more phone calls, including to their neighbour, checking if he had arrived - he hadn’t. When his mother arrived, she took his grandmother, and Aegon went back to their house, to wait in case he showed up.

As he waited, he became scared, he wished Rhaenys was there, she could always calm him, or even Jon - it shouldn’t be him there. He paced and paced the house, he wondered how he would handle his grandfather if he came home first - what is he was mad, or hurt.

He was just a kid, he couldn’t properly take care of him. He pondered how his grandmother did it everyday, how she kept him and herself safe.

He was making the walk from the office to the kitchen, when he heard the elevator stopping on their floor - he ran to the door, looked through the peephole and saw his grandfather and opened the door.

“Aegon?! You’re here...” he mumbled confused. “Where’s Rhaella?”

“She’s with my mother. You left her alone, you went away without any documents or your phone. We couldn’t find you.”

“I just needed to buy something,” he said picking up another lighter from his pocket (maybe not bought but stolen).

With that Aegon stepped away to make the call to his grandmother; and perfectly acknowledging that is grandfather had no notion that he had done something wrong, that he had worried his entire family.
This is a response to a anonymous prompt from 07/May/2015: "Lyanna/Rheagar, 28
*heart eyes*" - Thank you for the prompt!! And 28 means “Marry me?”

*Marry me?* were the words Rhaegar had pronounced last night, and were the words that had kept Lyanna awaken the entire night.

She couldn’t leave the Tower, the knights outside were as much to protect them as to keep her from leaving. But Lyanna still left the bed she shared with Rhaegar and sat at the window.

The nights in Dorne were hotter than anything else, she had ever felt before (unless you counted the days in Dorne), and the heat bothered her, she felt trapped under the sun.

*Trapped…* she felt trapped, and wasn’t that the reason she took the Prince’s proposal - he offered her freedom… But now that freedom was clearly gone. Marriage to a Prince would be no freedom at all. He may be a better man than Robert, but Court was worst than Storm’s End - *did I make the right choice?*

The baby growing in her belly was supposed to be the only think he asked. He had told her he needed a third child, and that his wife couldn’t give him one, and she supported his choice to look for another: and he was a Prince, and beautiful, and good, and her friend, so she let him. Lyanna couldn’t lie, she did enjoy her nights with him, how he touched her and made her feel; but she still wanted something else more.

*Freedom…*

Was that even an option now? He was Prince, could she even deny him? Or the rest of her life would be just doing what he wanted and needed…

She looked at his sleeping body on the bed, and to his child in her belly, and the sun rising outside, and the Prince’s sword, with a red Dragon pommel, next to the bed - and made a decision, joining him on the bed.

It didn’t take long for him to wake up, and when he did, he kissed her belly and asked again,

“Marry me?”

“Yes,” she said not because she wanted, but because he was Prince and she was only a northern girl, who was tricked with dreams of freedom and adventure, to now live a life without freedom.
This is a response to a prompt by xv12 on tumblr (8/May/2015): "25, Ned and Robert :D (I know, it's not a pairing but... it seems fitting!!)" - Come on... you know me... I would never mind these two!!! And 25 - "I can’t believe you talked me into this." - certainly fits them, but I may taking this opposite direction that you thought

“I can’t believe you talked me into this,” Robert complained once again, pulling on his tie.

“We’re here to support Catelyn.”

“Cat is your girlfriend, not mine,” he protested again.

“Catelyn went to almost every game of yours in college; and she has pretended be your date on two different occasions.”

“Hey!! You said you were okay with that.”

“I was. I am,” Ned argued. Sure, it wasn’t the best thing, but he trusted them both, and he knew what it meant for Robert’s job. “But now the least you can do, he’s stand here for her.”

“Okay… I’ll do it, and yes, I’ll try to complain less. What is it about?”

“They asked her to present her work about the Old Gods and their impact on the South,” Ned answered. He was so proud of Catelyn, and he loved how she smiled when when he first told her about his Gods and the Godswood.

“I hope it’s not as boring as it sounds.”


“Right,” Robert said again. And they both entered the hotel, they made it to the front desk, and gave their names - it was mostly teachers, and a few students of the subject, but Catelyn had gotten them in. And now Ned was trying to be allowed a way to go see Catelyn before her presentation, to give her a good luck kiss.

But he came back to Ned with a sour look on his face. “What happened, Ned?”

“I just wanted to go and wish Catelyn good luck.”

“Wait here,” Robert said, moving to the girl and less than three minutes after he came back, waving a number and said, “I bought you 5 minutes. I’ll wait for you at the bar - come and get me.”

“Thanks, Robert.”

He saw his friend go, as he ordered a whisky - he needed something to help him through the night; and looked over the number he had gotten from the girl at the door. Trying to decide which was the best night to call her - he knew he had a date this Friday with the girl from Ned’s office, and he
needed to go home for the weekend. Maybe next week if he could talk Jon into letting him leave earlier.

“Let’s go,” Ned said appearing behind him, and Robert took his last gulp, before standing up and following Ned.

“Let’s see what your girl has to teach me. Wake me if I fell asleep,” Robert told him, and his friend shrugged his shoulders, knowing how Robert was.
Catelyn/Ned - "Tell me a secret"

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (9/May/2015): "For the drabble meme - Ned/Cat, 45. "Tell me a secret."" - Thank you, and I hope you like this - it's completelly AU

Ned had been cleaning his room, since morning trying to make space for his friends’ sleeping bags. His mother had been working on snacks for him and his friends.

He went downstairs, and waited in the living room, where his older brother was playing videogames; and that was when the doorbell rang. Ned stood up and went to the door, he looked through the window and saw her outside. But he still waited for one of his parents to come and open the door.

“Who is it?” his mother asked, reaching him.

“It’s Catelyn,” he answered, as she started opening the door. Catelyn hugged him immediately.

“Happy Birthday, Ned!!” she exclaimed to his ear, and pulling back, she pushed a bag to him. “I brought you a present, maybe we should wait until Robert gets here.”

“Okay,” he said. “Thank you, Catelyn. Good afternoon, Mrs. Tully.”

“Good afternoon, Ned, and happy birthday!!” Catelyn’s mother told him, before turning to his mother and giving her a sleeping bag and a princess bag. “I put all her clothes there, including her pajamas. I also a towel, in case she wants to take a bath if she doesn’t, don’t bother insisting - she’ll take a bath when she goes home. And I don’t think she will give you any problem with going to bed.”

“Good. It’s already a nightmare to get Robert to brush his teeth. But I never expect them to sleep much, at least when the boys are here, they never do,” his mother answered smiling - Robert had slept over a million times, but it was the first time for Catelyn. She had moved to their school this year, and had befriend everybody, but especially him and Robert. “Is she allergic to anything?”

“No. She can eat pretty much anything.”

“Okay. You have our home number if you want to call at night.”

“Thank you, I probably will.“

“No problem,” his mother smiled, while Catelyn’s mother called her daughter over and gave her a hug and a kiss, and told her.

“Be sure to listen to Ned’s parents, okay.”

“I will.”

“I'll see you tomorrow, Little Cat. Love you.”
“Love you too, Mama,” she said hugging her mother again, and waiting by the door to see her get in the car and leave.

After that his mother closed the door, and told Ned to show Catelyn his room. He picked up her bag, as she took her sleeping bag, and they made it to the stairs.

“Hello, Brandon,” Catelyn stopped to say hi to his brother.

“Hi, Catelyn!!” he said, smiling from the couch.

They moved to his room, where she put her things next to his bed, and then he asked what she want to do.

“Do you think we could make a fort? Are you sleeping on the bed or on a sleeping bag?”

“I’m not sure. I can still choose.”

“So would you mind sleeping in the sleeping bag? If you don’t mind, and your parents, we can pull the covers over our heads - it will look like a tent. I promise I would help you get everything in place tomorrow.” Ned liked the idea, so he agreed with her and they started preparing the room.

They pulled the covers and sheets over their heads, and they were able to get them fixed into the shelf on the other side of the room; and they laid back down on the floor, looking at the drawings in the sheets.

“Tell me a secret,” she said after a while.

“What?!” he asked surprised, he had never been good at sharing secrets.

“Ohhh… sorry… it’s a game I usually play with my sister when we do this. Sorry…”

“No… I was just surprised,” he told her.

“So maybe I can go first?” she asked and he nodded. “I think I like your brother… I want to be his girlfriend,” his smile disappeared with that, and he wasn’t sure what to say; luckily they heard the doorbell.
Catelyn/Ned - "Wait a minute. Are you jealous?"

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (10/May/2015): "NedxCat - 5" - Thank you!! I’ve wanted to write this AU a million times before - guess now it’s the chance to do it. And 5 means “Wait a minute. Are you jealous?” - Ohhh… I just noticed the “Wait a minute” that changes my idea a bit, but I hope I can still pull it off.

They were on their first break, after playing five covers and three new songs. And Ned was sitting near the stage, looking over his older brother, his bestfriend and his girlfriend.

The three of them were being attacked by fans, Robert and Brandon had girls flashing them parts of their skin so they could sign it; and Catelyn was now taking a selfie with a girl, before a guy came up to her and asked for a photo as well, and then for her to sign his abbs.

Ned looked down at himself, before standing up and going to talk to the people in charge of lights, to see if everything was ready for when they got back up on stage.

He talked with the man in charge of the light, while trying to ignore his comments about Catelyn, and was able to get everything in place, before moving backstage again.

Catelyn was talking to another guy now, and Ned just turned his head to Brandon and Robert still surrounded by girls.

“Are you jealous?” Catelyn appeared a few seconds after, resting her hands on his chest and her head on his shoulder.

“No… I understand that you have to interact with fans, and if they ask you to sign their…”

“Wait a minute. Are you jealous?” she interrupted him. “Ned…” she whispered, coming around and sitting her on his leg. “I was asking about Brandon and Robert’s groupies, and I was kidding,” she told him.

“I would never be jealous of them,” he said completely sure, looking at his friend, and brother. “And I know you, and trust you; but I don’t particularly like or trust those guys.”

“It’s not like I would accept their proposals or follow anyone who asks…”

“They propose you stuff?! What kind of stuff?“

“The only proposes that matter are the one you make, my love,” she said, trying to change the subject, and resting her hand with her engagement ring on his chest, before kissing his lips and standing up to call her band mates for another set.
Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (12/May/2015). "Ned x Cat - 4" - Thank you!! So 4 means “Do you…well…I mean…I could give you a massage?”, and it’s pre-canon. Enjoy!!

Catelyn was exausted, she knew she had done too much today. She wasn’t suppose to walk as much or do as much, being so close to birthing her child, according to Maester Luwin. Finally in her bedchamber, she sat down and tried to massage her own back, trying to relieve some of the pain.

But it didn’t much to help, she couldn’t reach it. When she had been pregnant with Robb, Lysa had helped her and even Edmure a few times, but now she couldn’t do it alone. So she gave up and lay down on the bed, when someone knocked on the door.

“It’s me, my lady,” she heard her lord husband call.

“Come in,” she called back, while she tried to stand, but her back was paining her too much.

“My lady, are you feeling well?” he asked, with a worried look.

“Yes, my lord.”

“You don’t seem to be,” he said, as she tried to stand again.

“It’s nothing, my lord. Just my back - I spent too much time on my feet today.”

“Can I do anything to help, my lady?”

“No, I don’t think so. I just can’t reach my back, so there’s nothing I can do.”

“Do you…well…I mean…I could give you a massage?” he asked nervously, “My lady,” he added. Catelyn couldn’t believe he offered.

“If you don’t mind…”

“I don’t. I’ll be happy to help.” She laid down, and he sat next to her, and reached for her back.

“A bit lower,” she asked; but she still couldn’t feel much under the wool dress. “I can’t still feel much. Can you go a bit harder?”

“I don’t want to hurt you, Catelyn,” he said, calling her by her first name, like he only did when the laid together.

“I may need to take off the dress, it will be easier,” she told him, blushing. “Can you help me?”

She felt his hands reaching for the cords, and helping her pull the dress off, only on her shift, she laid down again, and this time she could feel his hands. Ned didn’t give the best massages, not comparing to her sister’s, but it was helping with the pain. She gave him a few pointers, until he got the idea, and before she knew it he had taken his shoes off was straddling her legs, and she had fallen asleep.
Sandy found herself again in the stables, looking at the beautiful horses her husband bred. They all looked different from the one she used to ride at home, but they were still nice, and they had actually gotten used to her.

“Do you need my help, my lady?” one of the stable boys asked.

“No, thank you. But I’ll be taking Orange,” she got her own horse ready, before climbing one it, and making it to the riding trail. She would sometimes ride slower, and then she would speed up once again, especially when she noticed her husband’s grandmother - she still couldn’t read that woman, and she didn’t particularly liked her.

She rode until the sun was down, before making her way back to the castle. The castle looked liked something taken from the fairytales she read as a child.

“There you are, my lady,” she heard her husband’s voice and she said a final goodbye to Orange.
“How did she behave today?”

“Quite well. I think she’s completelly healed by now.”

“I’m glad,” he said, and she fell into the comfortable place next to him, holding the arm on his good side. “Ohhh… a letter came from you,” he told her, she hoped it was of her family, but she knew that ships from the Netherlands rarely came here. “Lady Joana Royce,” she had started corresponding with Lady Joana when she first married Willas, since she had found out she was the only other European in Westeros - they hadn’t even been from close regions back home, but it was still some connection to her old world.

“Can I have it?” she asked, excited to hear the news.

“I left it in our room. You can go get it, before we go the Great Hall if you desire.”

“No, need, Willas. I’ll read it after supper.”

“And so you know, I got my hands on it before my grandmother did.”

“Thank you,” it wasn’t like she was planning anything bad with Lady Joana, but the lack of trust Lady Olenna had on her was another reason, she didn’t particularly liked the woman. “You can read if you want.”

“I trust you, my lady,” he said, kissing her hand and showing her a smile, while she in return affectively pulled on his curls.

“Lady Joana has been inviting us to go visit her in Runestone. I think we should take this opportunity, Willas, because when the little one is born we won’t have the chance.”
“The little one?!” he asked, surprised, and she gave him her best smile, as she now walked backwards in front of him.

“Didn’t I tell you? I was sure I told you this morning…” And as she smiled, she noticed the smile grow on his face as well.
Arya/Gendry - Idiot? Or stupid?

This is a response to an anonymous prompt on tumblr, filled on 17/June/2015: "So I read some of your work and it's really great and I was wondering if I could give you a one-shot request. I was thinking Jon and Gendry talking about Arya and Jon saying "She doesn't say 'I love you' like a normal person. Instead she'll laugh, shake her head, give you a little smile, and say... 'You're an idiot'. If she tells you you're an idiot, you are a lucky man." - Thank you so much!! I'm so glad you like my stuff, and you're always free to make a request. Just a question - is this a line from HIMYM, something Ted (I think) says about Robin? (Also super sorry for the long long delay…)

“She doesn’t say ‘I love you’ like a normal person. Instead she’ll laugh, shake her head, give you a little smile, and say…’You’re an idiot’. If she tells you that you’re an idiot, you are a lucky man,” Jon had said, and Gendry couldn’t stop thinking about it.

_Does stupid count as idiot?_ Gendry kept asking himself, and tried making mental list of all the people Arya had called idiot in front of him, he finally gave up and decided to make a real list: _Lommy, Hot Pie, Mycah, Dayne, Aegon..._ there’s a big list of people she called idiot.

So he dialed the number, and he waited, hoping it would be pick up on the other side.

“Gendry, why are you calling me at this hour?”

“Arya calls more that one person idiot. And she calls me stupid. What does that mean?”

“Are you really calling because of this?”

“I know it’s weird I’m asking you about your cousin. But Sansa told me Arya liked me, and you agreed and you said…”

“Gendry, it’s past eleven p.m. and I have an exam tomorrow,” Jon pleaded.

“Come on. It will be quick.”

“And I said she laughs, shakes her head, gives you a little smile,” Jon said, before turning off the call.

Gendry quitted for the day, and went to bed, he closed his eyes, and once again replayed Arya’s action in his head. He finally fell asleep half an hour later.

When he woke up next morning he had miracously forgotten about everything, until he saw the list with the names.

“Fuck, still need to figure out what Arya means,” Gendry muttered to himself.

_Are you free?_ Gendry texted.

_Only have classes in the afternoon_, she texted. And then got another message, _Meet me at the park_
Sure. Bring food, he texted back. Her mother always had the best snacks - cupcakes and donuts - it was normal since the Starks always had a million people around.

Gendry was already wait for her on a bench, when she jumped over it and sat next to him.

“Got you cupcakes, and an yogurt,” she said giving him a paper bag. He ate in silence, while Arya complained about her teacher that had picked on her again. “What’s going on?! You’re acting strange. You’re not talking and you’re not even rolling your eyes.”

“Why do you call me stupid instead of idiot?” he finally asked.

“What kind of question is that?“

“I just noticed you call everyone an idiot - Jon, your brothers, Lommy, Hot Pie, Aegon, Ned… and you call me stupid…”

“Because you’re stupid,” she said, and laughed, and shook her head, and smiled. “Just stupid.” And Gendry smiled back.
Sansa/Theon + Starks - Camping

Chapter Notes

This was prompted by shadowhunter (a guest in FFN, on chapter 62): "Could you please do an AU where the whole stark family go on a family vacation to like a really cool hotel or camping (I don't really mind) and with the pairings Sansa/Theon; Area/Gendry; Robb/Margaery and Jon/ whoever u want ;)
THANK U SO MUCH
U R AMAZING" - and since I got to other reviews asking for Sansa and Theon (guests too), it will focused a bit more on them, I hope you don't mind
Also shameless self-publicity, but by your username you may be interested (if you like the ship) - I wrote a Catelyn/Ned AU fic (with a lot of Robert too) inspired by the Shadowhunter Chronicles

Sansa couldn't believe she was the only single Stark in this trip - that was not supposed to happen. Come on, even Jon had a date, and he never had a date before to their annual camping trip. Not that she minded her siblings' partners; after all Robb's was one of her closest friends, Gendry had been coming to these trips even before he started dating Arya, and she still didn't really know Joy properly (but she didn't seem anything liked her family).

Margaery was sitting on the back with Sansa, resting her head on her shoulder while she played on Sansa's Iphone, while Theon took the passenger seat with Robb. Arya, Jon, Gendry and Joy drove on the other car in front of them, and while they agreed they wouldn't stop until they got to the camping ground, Arya send her a text asking to stop on the next gas station.

"Yes, please," Theon complained. "My legs are killing me."

"If you let me go up front," Margaery said.

"Shut up. You like Sansa."

"I do," Margaery said, smiling, and kissing Sansa's cheek. "And just a warning, Greyjoy, I'm going to monopolize my boyfriend during the week."

"He won't let you," Theon argued back. "Right, Robb?"

"Don't bother the driver."

"Weak," Sansa muttered, remembering what Arya would say. And Sansa noticed her brother smiling to her through the mirror.

Margaery and Theon kept bickering through the rest of the journey, at least until they stopped and got something to eat. Sansa approached Joy, trying to make conversation.

"Hi, Joy."

"Hello, Sansa," Joy said, smiling, as she picked something to eat. "Myrcella asked me to send her love."
"I need to call her when we get back to civilization. You could come to the mall with us."

"I think I would like that."

"Come on," Arya yelled. "Jon is complaining we're out of schedule." And Joy and Sansa rolled their eyes, and Sansa was not sure if Joy was rolling her eyes for Arya, or Jon's obsession with keeping with schedule.

"I'll pay," Sansa offered when they got to the register, Joy refused at first, but Sansa paid the same way. "You're family now, you'll get to pay something later on. The way they go through food, we have to spent half our camping trip on the supermarket."

"The cars are full of food..."

"Yeah... not enough." Sansa smiled, as they got back to the others. Robb and Margaery were making out, while Theon pulled on Robb's curls; Arya was sitting on the top of the car, talking with Jon and Gendry.

"Can you take your friend from Robb's face? We were talking," Theon asked, as they approached, and Margaery hearing him, showed him the finger.

"Leave them alone, Theon," she said, sitting next to him, and giving him some food. "And you're riding the rest of the way with me in the back."

"Why?"

"It's good for your legs."

The rest of the trip went okay, the problem came when they finally got to camp. They were missing a tent, Theon hadn't brought any, since he thought he would be sharing with Jon as usually, but this time Jon had a girl.

"So what now?" Theon asked.

"You stay in Sansa's tent," Arya answered.

"No! What?! They aren't," both Jon and Robb exclaimed.

"Thanks, you, guys, show so much trust in me," Theon answered.

"Do any of you want to share with Theon?" Arya asked, and both of them guiltily shook their heads. "So it's decided. Do you mind, Sansa?"

"No. You have your own sleeping bag, right?"

"Sure. But we can share if you want," Theon said, smirking.

"Try anything with Sansa, and we kill you," Jon said, while Robb nodded.

After that, they started preparing the tents, it was a great help having Theon with her. Sansa had never shared a tent with anyone besides her siblings and friends, and never a boy - Joffrey thought camping was a barbaric activity, Sandor had laughed when she asked him, and Harry (the last one) had never made it to camping season.

"I think this looks good," Theon said looking at the tent. "And it's bigger than Jon's." With
everything ready, they all sat around the fire, that Arya and Gendry started, telling stories and eating.

The night went quickly, and since they were all tired from the trip, everyone seemed to go to bed earlier. Sansa and Theon had gone to bed too, but while they wanted to sleep, the others weren't really in that mood, and they were rather noisy with it. So Sansa stood up, and left the tent, trying to look for a place with a little bit less noisy; she ended up by the lake.

"Hey, I saw you leaving," Theon said.

"I thought you were sleeping."

"Too much noisy."

"Right?! I know. Come on, sit down, Theon," she said. "I'm tired," she said, when he sat down, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"You can sleep here if you want. I'll wake up when there's less noise."

"Thank you, Theon," she said closing her eyes, while Theon put his arm around her.
Gendry knew his wife wasn't a big fan of coming back to King's Landing, but she still did it for her family. Arya would never ask Sansa to make the trip, Rickon didn't have the capacities to handle court and this trip would be too hard for Bran; so it rested on Arya to make the ride to King's Landing, and represent Winterfell and the North at court, luckily they never stayed longer than one moon.

This was the first time they had decided to bring the kids, since Rhaenys (the crown princess) and Ned had hit it off when they were in Winterfell the last time - the royal family made the journey quite a few times, with Aegon wanting to visit his new found brother.

Ned and Rhaenys still spend a lot of their time together, and the King and Queen were now thinking about a marriage proposal between them. Arya had made clear that she would make no promise until the kids were older.

"Is Allysa ready?" Gendry asked Arya, coming to the room where his daughter was staying.

"She's insisting in wearing a dress," Arya complained. "She's not supposed to be this stubborn at two. She gets it from you."

"Yes, just me."

"Finally, I found a northern one," she said, showing it to Gendry. "This works, right?!"

"I think so..."

"I used this when I first went out," Arya told him, while changing Allysa, who was pulling on Arya's braid. "Is Ned excited to go?"

"He is, and he's dressed too. But still with Rhaenys. I'll pick him before we go."

"Okay. Are you ready, Ally?" Arya asked her daughter.

"Dada," she asked, and Gendry took her from her wife's arms.

"Stay with her. I'll get Ned."

"I'll wait outside."
Gendry walked through the halls of the Red Keep, some people stopped him - he supposed it was the clothes, he was using a simple tunic and breeches - but looking at his face, they recognised him; and only gave him a strange look.

King's Landing still smelled like shit, but it was getting better, he could tell that the city wasn't as poorer as it was when he was a kid. But going to Flea Bottom would be the real proof, he hoped he could still find who he was hoping to see.

Quickly enough, Ned and Arya joined him, and they left the building, convincing that they didn't need any guards. Ned walked a bit in front of them, always under their eye, while Arya and Gendry talked and he pointed out some stuff, Arya was holding Allysa now.

"We're almost there," Gendry whispered. "Ned, come here." His kid ran up to him immediatelly. "Enter that smithy, but behave." Gendry started walking faster too, following Ned, and getting his first look into the smithy, and the man working. Master Tobho wasn't looking that different, a bit older but the rest was still the same - including his personality.

"I don't have any scraps, kid. Go away."

"My father told me to come here."

"I can't do nothing. No food here. Tell your father - nothing here."

"I wanted him to see the place, Master," Gendry said from the door, as Ned ran back to him again.

"Gendry?! I thought you were dead."

"This is my kid, Ned."

"Ned Stark," his kid said stepping foward, and his old master seemed to be about to pass out.

"Stark, as in the Stark of the North." Gendry nodded. "The old Ned Stark came to see you once."

"I remember. Just before you send me to the Wall."

"The Wall, right?! How do you have the kid?"

"Never made it there. I went there later during the Night War, serving as a smith."

"So you're still a smith?"

"He is. In Winterfell," his wife said entering the smithy. And Gendry went to take his daughter immediatelly.

"This is my daughter, Allysa."

"Your mother's name..."

"Yea, I don't remember much 'bout her. But I wanted something..." Gendry whispered. "And this is my wife, Arya."

"Arya Stark... Ohhh... Lady Arya," he said, bowing. The stories about Arya had travelled everywhere, the Stark Warrior fighting on the top of a direwolf.

"Just Arya, please," she asked.
His old master put his things aside, and they sat talking. Gendry offered to help, but he told him that he was getting old and that he didn't have as many orders nowadays. Master Tobho was happy to hear about Gendry's stories, and let Ned and Allysa play.

"Allysa is getting tired, Gendry."

"You can put her on your old cot. It's still empty."

"Thank you," he picked up his daughter, and took her out back. He laid her out on te bed, and when he was about to leave - his daughter pulled on his tunic, asking him to stay. So he sat back down with her, he ended up falling asleep too, to find his wife in there when he opened his eyes.

"So this is where young Gendry grew up?"

"Younger than Ned, you know."

"I know, love," she said, kissing him.

"Where's Ned?"

"He asked Tobho to use the hammer." Gendry smiled at the image of his young son holding the hammer, they had been doing that in Winterfell - Gendry was teaching him, even if Ned could expect a much brighter future.

They stayed in the smithy until the sundown was close by, and promised to come back before they went up to Winterfell. When they left, they walked the streets of King's Landing again, and that was when they heard someone call "Hot Pies!!! Hot Pies!! Last ones for the day!!"

"We should get some," Gendry suggested.

"They won't be as good as Hot Pie's," Arya said, and Gendry didn't argued; at least until they tasted it - they were exactly the same.

"How do you cook this?" Gendry asked.

"Who wants to know? This is a family's recipe," she answered rather strongly. And Arya shared a look with Gendry.

"Do you know a boy who went by Hot Pie? Must have left the city with the Night's Watch when he was about ten?"

"Sure, he and his friend, Lommy, were jailed and then they were sent up. Dead by now, for sure," she answered. "Hot Pie was my older brother."

"He's alive. Hot Pie is alive," Arya told her. "Lommy died and never made it to the Wall. And neither did Hot Pie, he worked in an inn in the Riverlands during the war, and now he's in Winterfell."

"In the cold?! My brother, really?! How do you know?"

"We're from there. He has a little family, a wife - no kids yet."

"Could you give him a message?" she asked, and they nodded. "I love him, and that we miss him. And that he still as a home here."

With that the woman moved on selling in the streets, and they went back to the castle.
"Who was she, mom?" Ned asked.

"Hot Pie's sister, son."

"They don't look alike," he argued.

"But you noticed the food?" He nodded. "How does it taste?"

"The same," he smiled.

"Right. That means they're family," Gendry said smiling at him. He couldn't wait to tell his friend about this, he knew Hot Pie was happy with his wife, but family was family.
Robb - Afterlife

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a prompt by SassySansa (on AO3 - chapter 8) (19/June/2015):
"Heey, I love your stories, some even make me cry! I don't know if you do requests, but
I'd love to see Robb as a ghost after the RW and watches his siblings and Jeyne
struggling, but when he tries to communicate with them, they can't see him? But keep
writing, your work is awesome!" - Sorry for the very long delay

He was dead.

He was actually dead.

It wasn't an option he hadn't thought about before, but he saw himself going down on battle - sword
fighting and protecting his comrades. He didn't think he would die at a wedding, he didn't think
Walder Frey would be this petty to kill him, but he did... not him actually, he was too old, but one of
his own men - Roose Bolton.

He was dead.

He was actually dead.

He was no longer in the land of the living, but at the land of the dead. His father came to him
immediately, and in that moment he forgot what he had lost, and concentrated in what he had gained.
Besides his father, there were people who looked like Starks - he could tell it was Father's family
before he came, there were his siblings and his parents.

"Father, where are Bran and Rickon?" he asked immediately. Their death had broken Mother, just
enough to make her set the Kingslayer free.

"See for yourself." There was a huge circle in the floor, that his father walked up to, and Robb joined
him, and then he looked down to the land of the living. "There's Bran." His brother was being
carried by Hodor, and had another boy and girl with him. "They got away, son. Theon killed two
other boys in their place."

"Rickon?"

"He's okay too," his father said, and with that the image changed to his youngest brother. "Be
thankful that you showed mercy to the wildling who attacked you. She's been taking care of him."

Robb looked at his brothers - they were alive, and they didn't seem to be that bad. Rickon was even
smiling, running around - he probably could remember little from before they left.

"And my sisters? We never heard anything from Arya."

"She's alive, Robb. She was coming to find you, when you were..." But before anyone could say
anything else, another sound was listened.

"Where am I?" they heard the voice. "Brandon... you're dead."
"You're dead too, Cat."

"Where's Ned?" she asked immediately, and his father was already making his way to her. "Ohh... Ned... our children... they killed our children..."

"My love, I'm so sorry..." his father whispered hugging her. Robb wanted to yell, that it was only him dead, that all his siblings were still alive - Jon... he remembered... he needed to ask about him to father later.

"Are Rickon and Bran here too?" she asked, pulling away.

"They're still alive, Mother. And so is Arya," Robb answered.

"Ohhh... my son," she hugged him. Father came closer and took them to the hole that let them see the world under them. "They are alive," she whispered again, against father's chest.

"Arya..." Robb said; his sister was so close to them, but he was glad she didn't got there earlier - she could have died. And while she could never be safe with the Hound, she was alive.

"Can you talk to them? Can I help them?" Catelyn asked.

"Only if they're thinking about you," Father answered.

They all stayed in there for awhile, looking at the rest of the Starks down into the world, before his father introduced him to his family, and Catelyn reunited with her parents.

Robb got used to his life in here, there wasn't much to do, so like many other people, he spent his time looking at the people in the land of the living. He tried talking to them sometimes, but only Sansa seemed to be opened to it - so Robb gave her strenght.

He tried a few times with Bran and Arya, but he wasn't able to get through them; and he had given up on Rickon awhile ago - he didn't think back to his old life.

"Catelyn," he heard his father cry out. "What's happening, Cat?" Robb run into the sound, and noticed his mother was disappearing - she was fading away. People were coming closer, there were whispers everywhere. "What's happening? Please, someone asnwer," Ned said, turning to the others.

His mother couldn't talk no more, and then she started bleeding from her throat; and then Father could no longer hold Mother and she was gone. They moved on to the window to the lower ground, and they saw Mother standing up, her face scratched, and her hair white - it didn't look like her no more. Aunt Lyanna came closer, and took Father away, he could hear uncle Brandon, and King Robert trying to talk with him too.

Robb stayed looking at his mother, he could recognize another face in the crowd - Harwin - but nobody else. And it was only now that he remembered that there was someone else he needed to visit. And in seconds, the floor showed him Jeyne.

Jeyne was lying on her bed, she was crying; her mother was in the room yelling at her to stop crying and that this was better, that Lord Tywin Lannister would compensate them.

"I love Robb, Mother. I was the Queen, Mother," Jeyne argued.

"You need to stop crying, Jeyne. Grow up. If you behave, you'll probably still be able to get a good marriage."
"I don't want to marry anyone else."

"You will," she said, before closing the door.

*Jeyne, are you there?* Robb called, trying to talk to her.

"I miss you, Robb," she whispered.

*You can have a future, Jeyne. Take your mother's advice,* Robb pleaded.

"I'll stay by your side, Robb. I won't betray you."
This is a response to a prompt by GunjolotA on chapter 66 on AO3 (20/June/2015): "I would love a cute kid fic like this for Theon/Jeyne.... pretty please!"

"How was she?" Jeyne asked Sansa.

"She was perfect as always, Jeyne. You don't need to worry," Sansa said, kissing Lorraine's nose. "How did the meeting go?"

"It was okay. Theon talked for a bit today, but I didn't."

"Where is he, by the way? I was going to ask you if you wanted to stay for dinner."

"Ohhh... there was no parking space, so he stayed in the car. And I'll have to pass on that - we're going to get take out, go home and try to play a bit with sweet Lor." Sansa smiled, and gave one last kiss to her niece, before handing her to Jeyne.

"You two take care. I love you, Jeyne."

"Love you too, Sans," Jeyne said, taking Lor's bag from Sansa. "See you soon." Jeyne walked downstairs, bouncing little Lor on her waist, while she tried to get her hair.

"How was she?" Theon asked, as she put Lor on her chair.

"Our girl was perfect as always. What did you expect?" Jeyne said, smiling, and kissing Lor's head, before getting into the passenger seat. "Taiwanese food, please?" Jeyne pleaded. "I haven't eaten it since... since before..."

"I know. But I don't think I can eat it. My stomach... I'm still getting used to eating all the meals, and that may be a bit too strong," Theon said, and she noticed he was ashamed about that.

"Hey... there's no problem, Theon," she said, resting her hand softly and slowly on his leg. "What do you want for dinner?"

"Burgers," he whispered.

"So we go to the main street, and we can get from both places."

"Thank you," he said. Theon continued driving, rather slowly (especially compared of how it was before it happened), until they made it to the main street. He parked the car, and then got Lorraine out of her chair, before joining Jeyne.

People gave them weird looks as they walked, they both hated it - they didn't want attention. There were the looks to Theon's missing fingers, and that now he always used longer-sleeved shirts now, wanting to cover the patches of missing skin; there were the looks to Jeyne's nose, and then now they looked at their child, just because she didn't look like them.
"Can you hold her?" Theon asked, and she took Lor from him; she knew Theon still didn't feel confident enough to carry Lor while he walked - he was afraid he would let her fall. The little girl moved to Jeyne's arms, but still kept holding to Theon's shirt. "What do you wanna get first?"

"We can get burgers first." They entered the shop, and Theon moved to order, keeping his hands behind his back. His voice didn't shiver as much anymore, but he got nervous when it was times to pay. So Jeyne put Lor down on the counter, while Theon looked over her, she paid, and thanked the lady.

The Taiwanese restaurant was a few shops down, and Jeyne ordered her food, while Theon sat on a chair, and help and played with Lor. Quickly enough, they made it to the car and then their small apartment, close enough to the Starks and with enough locks from them to feel safe.

At home, they sat on the floor, and Theon put on some cartoons - not only for Lorraine, but that was what they preferred too - nothing bad would happen in cartoons. Jeyne heated their food, and got the baby food for Lorraine, and joined Theon and Lor in the floor.

"When do you think he'll get the answer from the adoption people?" Theon asked, holding Lor close to him.

"As long as we keep going to meetings and the therapist... they said that Lor seem to be okay with us. And I need to call Mrs and Mr Stark - they want to meet with them, since we gave them as our support team."

"I don't want to loose her, Jeyne."

"We won't," she said. "You like us, don't you, Lor?" Jeyne said, smiling, holding onto her fingers, and the baby smiled. "See, she does."

"You know, Uncle Robb and I used to watch this in the mornings during the weekends," Theon said pulling her close, and feeding her. "Your mother and your aunt Sansa used to come by too. Your mother wanted Jigglypuff."

"You remember..."

"You and Sansa would not shut up about it."

"You know I like the sound of mother..." she whispered. "But I don't want to hide her origins... I don't think we need to tell her about how we knew her mother, or about what happened with her... and not her father."

"I know, Jeyne. But we don't need to worry about that now. Lor will come home with questions when she's older - she looks different from us, people will comment," Theon told her pulling her closer too, while she ate her taiwanese food, and started feeding Lor, while Theon took a small bite of his burger.

Lor kept pulling on Jeyne's hair, and then traded to play with Theon's hand - Lor liked his hand, and that made Theon feel better, it wasn't something strange to her.

"It's the last spoon, Lor. Open your mouth," Jeyne said, bringing another spoonful of food to her, while Theon touched her nose, and she opened her mouth. "We can tell her story, after we finish eating."

They finished their dinner, while Lor tried to reach for their food, until she was distracted by the colors and movements in the screen.
"She likes pokemon. I know she was a good kid," Theon said smiling.

"You should get her your Pikachu plushie."

"I don't have a plushie."

"Sure, you don't," Jeyne smiled at him. It felt so good to be normal. "You tell the story tonight."

They still didn't have any books at the house - only essential things: a crib, some toys, and food, of course.

"Once upon a time there was a girl called Jeyne, who wanted to be a princess..."
Arya/Gendry - Wedding Day

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a prompt by Direwolf86 (21/June/2015): "[...] Would you mind writing something about Gendry & Arya on their wedding day? Thanks!"

"Are you sure that's what you want?" Gendry asked her.

"Is that what you want? You proposed awhile ago, I though you wouldn't mind doing it today."

"I know... but wouldn't you like to have your family there?"

"If we do that, Gendry, it turns into a big wedding, and then Mom and Sansa take over. And I end up wearing a uncomfortable and ugly dress, and surrounded by people we don't even know," Arya argued, and Gendry knew she was right. "And afterall, we're going to my parents in the afternoon for dinner - so we have them there, for the reception and stuff."

"And we're not telling them before that?"

"No."

"But we need a witness. I don't want to use a courthouse one."

"Hot Pie is free," Arya said.

"So you have everything planned?" he asked coming closer to her. "But why today, my dear?"

"Don't call me that. We met this day, ten years ago."

"No, that was two days ago," Gendry argued.

"Ohhh... you remember the date," Arya said smiling. "But I mean, it was in one of the Stark annual family dinners. Jon brought you in."

"I know," Gendry said, picking her up, and throwing her on the bed, before climbing over her. "So we're really getting married," he said, picking up her hand, the one with the cord around her finger. "He should go get the tatoos after."

"I really want to fuck you after the wedding."

"If you told Hot Pie, he's probably making a cake to celebrate it," Gendry said; Hot Pie used every excuse to bake - and it wasn't like either Arya or Gendry minded.

"I can ask him, to bring it to my parents. Nobody will mind more food, or Hot Pie," she said, while she moved her arm from its place on his lower back, to reach for her phone. "There's a tatoo parlor three minutes on foot from the court house," Arya said after awhile. "I'm checking recommendations now. The tatoos look good... ohhh... recognize one of them - it's Wylla, Rickon's friend." Gendry shook his head. "Green hair."

"Should have started by that."
"Shut up. And get up. And get dressed. And make something to eat. While I call Wylla."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't call me that," she said, punching him and smiling.

Gendry didn't have any suits, he also didn't thought Arya expected him to wear one, but he still decided to go a bit formal than usually. He got some black jeans and a shirt, he arranged his hair neatly, and cut his nails, since they were always quite dirty.

Gendry wondered what would be breakfast wedding food, their usual cereals wouldn't do; so Gendry decided to make some bacon and eggs, while getting some juice from the fridge.

"Wylla says they have good artists, and that's usual go to place for tattoos. Also her girlfriend works there." Arya was dressed in very light jeans, and wearing a blue blouse. "I'm changing my shirt at the court house."

"Ohhh... still traditional, I see..." he said smiling, while he put their food in front of them.

"Shut up. It's not like that," she answered, but he could tell she was lying. Gendry decided not to insist, if he did, she would just end up changing her shirt to prove him wrong, and Gendry like the element of surprise. "So the tattoo is still what we decided upon." Gendry nodded, he liked their idea.

They finished their meal without mentioning their upcoming nuptials again, and then Arya took her bag and they walked outside.

"Let's take your bike. We have to take the car to go to my parents." They arrived quickly, and texted Hot Pie to meet them here.

"So what now?" Gendry asked.

"I already have got the papers, we fill out this, and then we get in line." They took their time filling the papers with their information, and made it to the reception.

"We're here to get married today."

"Do you have the papers?" Gendry handed them in. "Witness - one for the groom and one for the bride."

"We only have one," Gendry answered.

"No, we don't. Weasel is coming too, Gendry. I asked her to be my witness."

"Ohhh... we have two, sorry..." Gendry told the lady.

"Okay, so everything seems to be in order. Now you just wait," she said giving them a number. There were still a few numbers in front of them, so Arya took a deck of cards, and they started playing, soon joined by Hot Pie and Weasel.

When they were one number from their turn, Arya and Weasel retired to the bathroom, so she could change her shirt. Gendry put his cards away, and asked Hot Pie about the cake, who tried to lie about it first, but then gave in, and Gendry told him about bringing it over to Arya's parents' house later.

When their number was called, Gendry entered the room with Hot Pie, who texted Weasel about being time for them to enter the room.
"Ohhh... did you fill the right form? This one is for a heterossexual wedding."

"Ohhh... we're not getting married?" Hot Pie answered. "I'm the witness."

"My fiancee is in the bathroom - she wanted to change her shirt."

"She's at the door, actually. So turn to the judge," Hot Pie told him, taking a place next to him. He could hear Arya's steps, and when he knew she was close enough, he turned. Arya had braided her hair, Weasel had done some light make up, and she had changed into a white shirt, that he was sure was his.

"Is that mine?" he asked, and Arya turned her back to him, and he realized she was using it with the back at the front, since the front had a Superman stripe.

"It seems to be the only white shirt we own."

"I told her I could lend her one," Weasel said.

"I like this one," both Arya and Gendry said at the same time, before laughing. And they started the ceremony - it didn't take long for them to kiss and be declared husband and wife. Weasel took photos through the entire ceremony, that Arya will obviously need for tonight.

"Congratulations, Arya, Gendry. Have a happy marriage," the court lady said.

"So what are you doing now? Do you want to come over? Hot Pie baked a cake for you." Weasel asked.

"We can't. But you two come over from dinner at my parents, and bring the cake."

"Gendry told me already," Hot Pie said.

"So what are you doing to celebrate?" Weasel asked.

"That's obvious - we're going to fuck." Gendry blushed at Arya's statement.

"And get tattoos," Gendry added.

"Okay, we'll let you, two, get to that. See you later, my friends," they said goodbye, and Arya and Gendry walked to the tattoo parlor.

They asked for Wylla's girlfriend, but she wasn't in; so they got another artist to take them in. And since they only needed really small tattoos, they fitted right into the schedule. They even got another person, so they could get them at the same time while they held hands. Two simple lines on their finger, one blue, one dark yellow, for their favorite colors.

"So when did you get married?"

"Just now. We just came from the courthouse."

"Please tell me you've fucking already?!" the guy asked.

"Not yet. Gendry wanted the ring first," she said, and seconds later her phone rang. "Ohhh... it's my sister. She wants us earlier at Mom and Dad." Arya texted back asking for four hours, but Sansa gave her two tops.

Gendry and I have plans, she texted.
Don't care, we need your help. More people than we thought are coming.

"Two hours, Gendry."

"Okay. How long until they're finished?" he asked about the tattoos.

"Less than five minutes. And I'm still counting the paying time."

And she was right, soon the tattoos were ready, and they looked beautiful... especially next to each other. They made it home, on his bike, they parked and ran up the stairs - mostly Gendry ran holding Arya on his arms.

"I love you, wife," he said as they made it to their room.

"I love you too, husband," she said, pulling off her shirt, and unfastening her bra, before lying on the bed, smiling at her new husband.
Gendry didn't really know how to react to finding out about his siblings, but he was trying. Mya had promised to go out for a beer with him, when she stayed in town for more than one night. And today, he was making his way to Edric, his youngest brother. He had seen him around school, hanging out with Shireen and Devan, when he went to pick up Arya; but they hadn't spent much time together

"Hi, Gendry," Edric said from the bench.

"Hey, Edric. Sorry I'm late. Tobho needed me to finish working on a car."

"You could call Dad, he would help you with the money." Edric told me, and that was one of the things it bothered Gendry about Edric - he seemed to still look up to their father, even after all the shit he had done. Neither Gendry, or Mya ever mentioned it to him.

"There's no need. I like working. And I wouldn't dare quitting of Tobho - he's been helping me my half life."

"Right," Edric said, as they started walking through the park. Neither were very good making conversation, so their walk was rather awkward in the beginning.

"So how's school?" Gendry asked, it was generic question - a simple question, that was easy to start conversation.

"It's been good. My grades are looking up. Shireen is helping me with english and history - so I actually got an A on both test."

"That's good. I've never been that good at english. History was a bit better, especially since Jon helped me."

"My best one is still chemistry, and I really like it. I wouldn't mind doing something in that area."

"Really?! Who's your teacher? I had Pycelle - he was the most boring teacher in the world."

"I'm lucky. I got Qyburn - he's really cool. We do tons of experiments." That did seem most interesting than Gendry's chemistry classes.

"Yeah... I heard the same about him. But I couldn't change teachers or anything. Jon was the only way to get through those classes. Also we had Sam to explain everything to us - there's no one smarter than him."

"I think Shireen could fight him for the title," Edric told him, and Gendry laughed.

"You may be right. They should meet. Next time Jon and Sam come South, be sure to bring Shireen"
around."

"Thank you, Gendry."

They continued walking, until Gendry noticed an ice cream parlor, and thinking that could give them another topic of conversation, and because ice cream is always good.

"Do you wanna stop for ice cream? I can pay if you need."

"Sure, but I can pay my own."

They ordered their ice creams, and ended up sitting down at a table; after awhile Gendry could tell Edric was acting weird.

"Are you okay, Edric? Do you need anything? You can get another flavour if you don't like that one."

"No, it's nothing like that. But I would like to ask you something."

"Sure."

"So you're close friends with Arya Stark, right?"

"Yeah... she's my best friend."

"She's in my year, and we have a couple of classes together..."

"Okay..." Gendry couldn't understand what he wanted.

"And we've talked a couple of times, and she really likes Shireen - so she has even hang out with us. And I want to ask her to the dance, but I have no idea how I should do it. Some guys have asked, and she's always said no - she said she was going with Lommy and Hot Pie as friends, and only because her mother insisted," Edric finished, and Gendry couldn't believe his brother had a crush on Arya. "But I know Hot Pie is thinking of asking a girl in freshman year, so I was hoping Arya would say yes too. So any advice?"

Gendry was conflicted, he didn't want to give him advice about how to date Arya, but this was his brother, and they were trying to build a relationship.

"I really don't know. Arya doesn't date." She really didn't... they kissed once, but they never talked about it again. And now it was pretty much impossible, with him being 18 and her under 16. He wouldn't stop Arya if she liked some guy - they were friends first, after all; but he wasn't going to help a guy get her, even if it was his brother. "You shouldn't ask her, she doesn't take that well. If she likes you, she will ask."

"Really?!" his brother asked with hope in his eyes, and Gendry felt bad about what he said. "Should I hint something?"

"Maybe. But it should come from you, you know. It won't be the same if what you do it's what I would do."

"Thank you, Gendry. That helped," Edric said, before he went back to his ice cream and they changed the subject.
This is a response to a prompt by Direwolf86, Pire09 and PJ on chapter 70 for a sequel to "Edric and Gendry - Crushes" (23/June/2015): "Oooooohhhhhhh *-* can I ask you for a continuation where Gendry and Arya talk about the kiss? *-* [...]" - Pire09; "[...] PS: I won't be sooooo terribly sad if you do a follow up on this one. Have Edric actually ask Arya out and then have her kick the xxxx out of Gendry for not asking her himself." - PJ. I tried to combine the two prompts, while it's the talk about the kiss, it does mention Edric asking out Arya.

It was Arya's 16th birthday party, and everyone came over. Besides everyone in her family, her friends came too - Gendry, Hot Pie and Lommy were present as always, and also Mycah from her old school. Jeyne and Beth were here too, but more for Sansa than her, since they were family friends as well. But this year, she invited Shireen as well, and with her always came Devan and Edric too.

Things had been a bit weird with Edric after he asked her out, and she turned him down. She had gone just with Lommy, as friends, after Hot Pie got a date; and Edric had ended up going with another girl, they even joined their table for awhile. And he and the girl had been dating for awhile - Arya didn't know her well, but Shireen liked her.

But there was someone else she needed to find right now, before there was time to eat again - father had just put another bunch os burguers, sausages and peppers in the gril. She looked around her, and finally found the person she wanted, talking to her brothers and their friends by the pool.

"Gendry, I need to talk to you," Arya said, pulling on him.

"Okay," he said. "I'll be back."

"Make sure she doesn't kill you," Jon said, and Sam laughed; while Robb looked like an idiot.

"Come on, Robb, it's a classic," Theon said. "Don't you ever watch a horror movie?"

"Nahh... he's too scared," Arya said, before finally pushing Gendry away, inside the house, they dodged everyone else, until they made it upstairs, Arya pushed the door to her room opened, and they entered.

"Okay, Arya, why did you call for me?"

"Sit down," she said, and he pulled the chair at the table. "In the bed."

"Okay," Gendry answered, shrinking his face in confusion. "So what's going on?" And before he knew it, she was kissing him. "Wait!! What's going on??" he said pulling away.

"We were kissing, in case you didn't notice," she answered, giving him the are-you-stupid look, which he shot her back. "Okay... okay... do you remember the other time we kissed?"

"Yes. It was a long time ago."
"So yeah... that was just a kiss. But like a few months ago, I started, like feeling weird stuff. First I thought it was a gas or something," she said smirking, and Gendry shot her look again. "And then I kind of figured out that you may have like gas for me too." Gendry laughed, and nodded his head.

"Why today?" Gendry asked.

"You're stupid, in case you didn't know," she stated the obvious. "If I kissed you before I was sixteen, you would make stupid excuses about age, and the law, and stuff..."

*She did have a point,* Gendry thought.

"So if you would like to hang out tomorrow, and maybe kiss a bit, I wouldn't mind."

"Really?!" he said, smiling. "What do you mean by hang out? Hang out like what?? Can you find another word for that??" he said, smirking.

"You're stupid," she said, punching his chest, and Gendry was just in time to bring her to his lap. "Put me down, Gendry."

"You know I have some news," he said ignoring her request. "I have a date tomorrow with Arya Stark."

"A date..." she said. "Hope it goes well." She kissed him again, and while he had relaxed his hold on her, she got away. "Come on, stupid. They must be looking for us now."

"Yes, my lady."

"Shut up, stupid," she told him, before turning her back to him, and heading for the stairs with a smile on her face.
Shireen/Rickon - “I wasn’t aware that Goddesses existed.”

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (25/June/2015): "Rickeen
(because I'm Rickeen trash): “I wasn’t aware that Goddesses/Gods existed.” - YEAH!!!
I never wrote Rickeen!! I’m so happy you prompt them!!

Rickon didn’t have any plans for Halloween, so when his sister invited him to come over to the party
she and her boyfriend were holding, he couldn’t say no - especially because it was Arya, so it
would be a cool party.

Rickon had a hard time deciding on a final costume, Sansa - his other sister - suggested for him to go
as caveman; and she got him the costume. Mostly furs, and fake bones, and he even let her put a bit
of make up on him.

When he was ready, he left his apartment, and getting on his bike he rode to Arya and Gendry’s
apartment. When he knocked on the door, someone he didn’t know, dressed as Spiderman opened
the door.

The house was full, and he couldn’t see his sister anywhere, so he mingled, looking for someone else
he may know. He was first greeted by Myrcella Baratheon, dressed as a princess - that girl had been
one of Sansa’s closest friend for a long time, and also had a huge crush on Robb for the longest time,
now after dating one of Arya’s best friends, she had become one of Arya’s closest friends as well.

“Have you seen my sister?”

“I think she went to her room’s balcony with Gendry, you know how he gets around too many
people.”

“Ahhh… thanks. I’ll find her later.”

“So come on, come with me - Aegon, and Ned are in a heated beer pong came, but I’m sure they’ll
let you play after.” Myrcella took his hand and led him to a table on the other side of the room
(Rickon didn’t know how they had space for so many people and things in this small room).

Myrcella left him in the front row of the game, as she joined Aegon, who was dressed as Hercules,
from the Disney movie, and Ned as a fireman. Rickon looked over the game, before noticing the girl
next to him - she was in one of those greek things, a toga or something…

“I wasn’t aware that Goddesses existed,” Rickon told the girl, and she ignored him, and gave a small
step to the side. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to be rude. I thought it would be a good conversational starter.
You’re a Goddess, right? To be honest I can’t remember the names - but there’s the smart one, the
hunter, the love one, and the one married to Zeus.”

“Athena, Artemis, Aphrodite and Hera. And there are more.”

“And which one are you?”

“Persephone. She married Hades, the God of the Underworld.”
“The guy with the flamming blue hair.” She laughed at that, and nodded.

“Yes… that guy…”

“Do you wanna get a drink?” the girl stepped back again. “It doesn’t need to be alcohol… I’m just thirsty and I thought you could keep me company. Maybe even tell me more about Per…”

“Persephone.”

“Right.”

“Okay, let me just sign my cousin.” Rickon saw her call for Myrcella and sign her something, which the other girl answered with a nod.

“You’re Myrcella’s cousin?? And you’re not blond. You’re a Baratheon, right?!” And Rickon knew who she was, he didn’t remember the name, but she needed to be the one from Robert’s brother who wasn’t gay - the one with the thing on her cheek. He realized he had only seen her in profile, at least until she turned her face now.

“Shireen. How do you know Myrcella?”

“I’m Rickon, the youngest Stark kid,” he introduced himself. With their families that was how people knew each other.

“Ohhh… this is your sister’s party.”

“Yes, even if I haven’t seen her. So that was why I said I could get you whatever you want to drink.”

“You still want to get a drink with me?” she asked shyly.

“Why wouldn’t I??” he asked surprised, he hadn’t given her any signal of the opposite.

“I… My face…” she said, pointing to her darker cheek.

“If you’re the Goddess of the Underworld, you will need tougher skin for the heat wouldn’t you,” he said smiling at her.

“She isn’t…” she started, when he took her hand, and led her through the crowd.
Lyanna was running at full speed, she jumped over three walls; she looked behind her and she still had two guys behind her. She turned left on the next exit, and continued running ahead, in direction of the crowd.

There was a familiar face in the crowd, and she ran into his direction, jumping into his arms.

“Lya… Why are you hugging me?”

“Shhhh…” she whispered, standing on the tip of her toes, trying to reach his ear. He picked her up instead, and she spoke. “When you see the guys running in, kiss me?”

“What did you do?” But before she could answer, they were kissing. Lyanna held onto his broad back, and he had both his hands on her waist, her feet still not touching the floor.

”Turn around,” she whispered pulling her lips from his for a few seconds. Robert did as she said, and his back completely covered her. She opened her eyes again, after awhile, and saw that they were gone - she didn’t stopped it immediately, since she liked the feel of Robert's lips.

“Are they gone?” he asked pulling away.

“Yeah. Sorry if I interrupted anything.”

“I was talking to some girl, but you know I always like you better..,” he said, showing her a smile. They had an on-off thing going on, Robert insisted he wanted to go full time relationship, but Lyanna knew he wouldn’t like that in the long term, and for now she didn’t want that either.

“Shut up,” she said, as he picked her up again. Robert was fun, and she liked having him to come to, when she wanted, and he liked the same - for now, they worked well as friends with benefits.

“So why were you running?”

“I need a drink,” she said, pointing to the bar, and she started her story as they walked. “You know Littlefinger, right?”

“Yes. The pig has been telling all kind of lies about Catelyn, Ned is pretty pissed.”

“I know. So Brandon and I decided to go handle that; while Brandon picked a fight with Littlefinger, I got into the faternity bathroom, and changed the shampoos to hair paint, multiple colours - we got a bunch of them. And I was also supposed to put itching powder in their clothes, but someone caught me in the way to the laundry, so I had to run away.”

“You brother?”
“No idea. I kind of left him to fence for himself. But it’s worthed it, they don’t know about the shampoos,” she told him, before trying to look for something on her pockets. “Give me your phone.” She took it from him and texted her brother her location, before entering the bar with Robert, and exclaiming, “Come on, let’s celebrate!! Our mission was a success!! My mission, I mean…”
Ned had been inside the maze for three nights now, according to the marks he had done on his arm, and he wasn’t anywhere closer to the centre, and he didn’t have any clue. And he was second guessing his decision to come here.

He hadn’t wanted to come, but his father had told him it was a good chance for their family. It was a good thing for second sons to do, to gain honor and a good name for the family. But it was hard to be able to find the truth in this maze - a lot of people stayed here for years.

Ned continued walking through the maze, holding his sword close to him, wanting to feel protected. And since he was ready, when he heard a sound near him, he took out his sword, and pointed it to the man.

“I come in peace,” the other guy said, putting his war hammer on the floor. “I just heard something and decided to follow the noise. I’m Robert, by the way.”

“Ned,” he said putting his sword back on his belt. ”Why are you here?”

“I thought it would be a fun adventure - I think I’ve been here for longer than a moon.”

“So you can’t help me?”

“Nah… I was hoping you could.”

“Oh… I think I’m lost.”

“Oh, I’m Robert,” the other guy said. “But can I walk with you?” Ned shrugged his shoulders, and Robert fell in place with him. At first, Ned thought he talked too much, but it wasn’t as bad after days of complete silence.

It was after weeks of walking that Robert made the question - he had never expected him to hold on for so long; but when they were lying down, Robert asked

“So what are you doing here?”

“I told you my father…”

“I know that’s not the only reason.”

“How?”

“A voice thing you do. I can tell you’re lying or not telling everything. So can you tell me? I didn’t lie to you - I’m here to live an adventure, and then to get girls. Has it anything to do with girls, or a girl?” Ned turned his head away. “Ohhh… it is a girl?! Right?!”
“I like someone I shouldn’t. I was hoping to find a purpose at the end - that it will tell me, what I’m meant to do with my life.”

“Who is she? Nooo… first how does she look?”

“She had auburn hair, very long, with a few waves when she lets it down; and blue eyes, and she blushes real easily.”

“Like all over her body…” Robert asked, before adding. “Sorry… I know you don’t like to talk in that way.”

“I miss her. She was my friend.”

“But can’t you court her, or something?”

“She’s my brother’s wife.”

“Ohhh… man… that sucks… Okay, tomorrow, we’re going to find the center and get you another girl!!“ Ned smiled at the thought, even if he knew that tomorrow wasn’t probably the day they would find the center and get out of there.
Sansa/Theon - Wedding

Chapter Notes

A response to the guest who asked for more Sansa and Theon on chapter 65 on FFN (27/June/2015): "Hey can we have some more of this theon x sansa! Its almost non existent, but so good! Most of the theon x sansa fics aren't finished yet or were abandoned :/ whether its modern day or actually taking place the world of asoiaf it doesn't matter! Honestly its underrated, but makes more sense then sansa x sansador. So please have some more theon x sansa!"

It ended up being more about Sansa than the actual ship. I can't promise you to write a lot of Sansa/Theon, since I really ship him with Jeyne, but if you prompt, I write. But I would prefer if you keep it to Modern AU

Sansa and Jeyne were sitting on her bed, looking over Sansa's list, making sure they had everything ready for the afternoon, when their friends were coming over.

"The garden is ready," Jeyne said, they had arranged the chairs - they already had some of the places occupied with "guests"; they had made a beautiful arc, and prepared the place where Bran would marry them. Sansa was already on a white dress, and they had made a veil out of toilet paper. "When are the other guests arriving?"

"In one hour," Sansa looked at the clock. "We should go look into the food." They walked downstairs, and Sansa's mother was still baking what Sansa had asked her.

"Hello, sweetie, Jeyne. How's the planning going? Do you need any help?"

"I don't think we need help, Mom. The garden is ready, we are in our dresses..."

"You both look beautiful."

"Some guests are already outside," Sansa said smiling, looking at her and Jeyne's dolls and plushies. "Bran is the septon, and Robb is walking me down the aisle."

"Does your brother know what to say?"

"We rehearsed a lot, mom!" she said excited. "And you coming too, right?"

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world. And I'll take pictures to show you dad."

"Thanks, mommy. And for cooking too, and for helping with the decorations."

"No problem, sweetie. You haven't told me who's the groom."

"Ohhh..." both girls said, and they started trading looks with each other. "Ohhhh... nooo..."

"Did you forget the groom?" Catelyn asked, and Sansa nodded, while starting to tear up a bit. "Ohhh... sweetie... we still have time. Don't cry..." she said, kneeling to her daughter's height, and cleaning her tears. "So how can we fix this, Jeyne?" Catelyn asked, looking at her daughter's second in command.
"You could ask Loras - he's pretty."

"But then Margaery will think I'm stupid, because I forgot the most important thing," Sansa said, between hiccups.

"You can ask your brothers," Catelyn suggested.

"Mom, I can't marry my brothers..." Sansa said, and Catelyn didn't think it was necessary to remind her that this was a fake wedding.

"You can use one of your plushies," Catelyn tried.

"But they're not real, Mom."

"Theon!!" Jeyne exclaimed. "You can ask Theon!!"

"Yes!!" Sansa exclaimed cleaning her own tears. "I can't see him before the wedding. Can you go ask him for me, Jeyne? Please..."

"Of course."

"Be careful, Jeyne," Catelyn said, the girl always walked from her home to here alone, and it was a safe neighbourhood, so she didn't mind that the girl walked to the park where Jon, Robb and Theon were.

As the girl ran off, Catelyn looked over her from the window, while she fixed Sansa's make-up.

"You look beautiful, princess." Sansa smiled at her mom. "How's Arya?"

"I couldn't convince her to put on a dress... Can you help me with that? Can you make her put on a dress?" Catelyn knew that would be pretty hard to do with her daughter.

"Do you think she could wear a suit?"

"But Mom... she's a girl?"

"Isn't Ellen a girl?" Sansa liked seeing Ellen dancing, so when they were home, Catelyn would tune into Ellen Show, just so Sansa could dance too.

"Yes. Okay..."

"Go pick one of your dad's ties, okay?" Sansa nodded and ran off to the master bedroom.

Less than one hour later, everything was ready, everyone was sitting down on their chairs. Sansa could see Bran and Theon at the altar, and Jeyne walking down the aisle.

"I can't believe you're marrying my best friend," Robb complained for the hundredth time. "Even if it's not a real wedding."

"It is. Don't you see everyone watching. No, come on, the song is starting." With that, Sansa took Robb's arm and they walked down the aisle. Robb gave her hand to Theon's and they looked at Bran, as Robb went to seat next to his mother, Arya and Jon.

Bran started his speech - he was adorable. The five-year-old told his version of love, mentioning Mom and Dad, but also cartoons; before going to the official speech that Sansa taught him.
"Here are Sansa Stark and Theon Greyjoy to be joined together," he said. "Sansa, do you take Theon to be you husband?"

"I do," she said, giggling with Jeyne.

"Theon, do you take Sansa to be your wife?"

Theon looked over at Robb, before answering, "I do."

"I pron..." Bran stopped trying to pronounce the word. "I make you man and wife. You may kiss."

Robb had made Theon promise that he would not kiss her in the mouth, so he moved to kiss her cheek, but Sansa pulled away, and complained.

"It doesn't work like this."

"He's not kissing you," Robb argued. And Jeyne pulled Sansa over, and whispered something in her ear, and the Sansa pushed Theon down so she could whisper something in his ear. They ended up kissing, with Sansa's hand over her mouth.

Everyone clapped after that, and Arya, her mother and Margaery started throwing rice, as they walked out of the altar, holding hands.

Sansa was happy. She was only missing her father, but he promised to come home earlier, so he could be here for the reception. Everyone congratulated her on the decorations, and she shared a smile with Jeyne, who had helped her with everything. And her husband looked handsome as well, even if his pants were too long (belonging to her father), and the shirt and jacket too short (belonging to Robb). She hoped her real wedding day would be this beautiful...
Ned didn't like English literature class, not because he didn't like reading, but he didn't like the books he had to read. The last one had been *Romeo & Juliet*, and he still wondered why they had to write like that, and while he had understood the story, of course, when he heard of a community play of *Romeo & Juliet*, he decided to go see it.

The theatre wasn't that full, but Ned still chose a place in the back. He waited for the show to start, when it was almost time, someone came to ask the public to turn off their phones and to not make noise during the show.

But when the play started, it wasn't the story with centuries that captured him, but Juliet… he had never seen anyone as beautiful - he was now wishing he was closer to the stage, so he could see if her eyes were blue or green (or even grey as his); from his place he could only see her vibrant auburn hair.

Juliet looked beautiful in her dresses, and the way she talked - her voice was melodic, and it sounded perfect for the Shakespeare speech she was saying. Even if he knew the end, he felt scared for her death - what if it went wrong, and someone messed up with the props; and crazily he felt jealous of Romeo.

But the girl stood up at the end, and with the other actors, she accepted the public's adoration. Ned clapped loudly, standing up, because by the end of the play, Ned thought himself in love with Juliet, the girl with red hair.
Today was the first time Ned brought Catelyn for family dinner, since they started dating. He wasn't nervous about her meeting his family, after all they had already met, when she was dating Brandon.

While Catelyn didn't like the cold, she liked the Stark Manor - it was a beautiful and ancient place, she felt like there was magic everywhere. Brandon laughed at the notion, and while Ned didn't believe her either, he didn't laugh.

The dinner was going to be okay, but before that they were preparing everything. Ned was in the kitchen helping his father get everything ready - the food was cooked, thanks to Old Nan.

Ned could see Catelyn through the window, she was running on the snow, trying to catch his youngest brother, until his eldest brother caught her.

"Run, Benjen! Run! I have caught the monster!"

"Put me down!" she yelled, laughing. And Ned felt something in his gut, in his stomach. He had felt it before but never this strong; and he felt awful to admit it; it was the same thing he felt when people always talked to Robert first, or when Ashara asked for his brother's number after they danced - Ned hated feeling like this, he hated that he was jealous.

"Ned, come here!" Brandon yelled coming into the kitchen. "I have your princess. You need to catch me to save her."

"Put her down, Brandon," Ned complained, while Catelyn kept knocking on his chest.

"You need to catch me!" Brandon said, and Ned looked at Catelyn who smiled and tried to reach for him with her hand, before Brandon took her away too. Ned looked his father, who told him to go.

Then Ned ran outside, after Brandon. His brother had picked up a stick, still holding Catelyn, he was prepared to fight.

"Ahahah," he laughed. "You need to get through me to save your princess."

"Ned! Ned!" his two other siblings cheered on. And Ned faced Brandon, and after a few blows, Brandon put down Catelyn, who ran to him.

"My hero," she said, kissing Ned's cheek.

"The fight is not over," Brandon said, and Ned felt better, because he knew this was just a game, and Catelyn was still behind him, smiling at him.
"Ned! No!" Catelyn yelled, pulling away from him, with her arms crossed over her chest. "I'm mad at you. I don't really feel like kissing you right now."

"I missed you, Cat," Ned said, trying to get closer to her again. He had missed her so much, just wanted to kiss and hug her, and do some other things to her.

"And who's fault is that?" she asked, still looking mad. "You left me in the middle of the night, Ned. I was worried," she yelled, but this time she looked more sad that mad.

"I'm sorry, but it was important. I left…"

"Don't you dare say you left a note?" she yelled again, and sounding mad again. "It doesn't make it better. I was worried, you didn't pick up your phone, you didn't take any bags - you just disappeared…” she whispered.

"They needed me, Cat. It was nothing to do with you."

"Couldn't you have called?"

"They didn't let me. Cat, please…” he said, reaching for her arm - this time she accepted it.

"I had to call Petyr. And don't you dare tell me that you didn't want me to talk to him?!" she yelled, when he tried to interrupt her. "You left me no other choice."

"I'm sorry, Catelyn… I didn't want to worry you, or the kids…”

"They aren't worried, but I had to lie for you. And I left them Sansa with Vayon, and Robb with Cassel."

"It won't happen again," Ned promised.

"I know you'll have to leave sometime, but wake me up next, Ned. Tell me before you leave. I can't feel like this anymore."

"I'm sorry, Catelyn," he said pulling her for a hug, and she accepted it immediately. Ned's hand found his hand to her hair, and then Catelyn brought her head up, and kissed him.

"I missed you too, Ned…” she whispered as she pulled away, and took his hand, leading him to his bed in this awful and small hotel room.
Arya wouldn't say she was easy when she was sick, but Gendry could be only described as impossible. Arya was now pondering tying up Gendry to the bed.

"You need to stay here, Gendry. You can't go to work."

"But..." he started, interrupted by another cough. "...the shop..."

"I will call Jeyne, and she can put a sign on the shop, Gendry. Don't worry about that. You need to relax, you're burning up."

"I don't miss work," he whispered.

"Nothing bad will happen if you miss one day."

"I can loose clients," he argued.

"You're so stubborn..." she complained to herself. "You have really loyal clients, they won't drop you because you're sick."

"Arya..."

"Gendry, I'm going to tie you to the bed if you don't shut up." With that, Gendry definitely closed his mouth. "Good. My mom is bringing over hot soup, it was the best solution for when we were sick."

"She doesn't need..."

"She offered to do it. She likes you and is trying to help you."

"Thanks..."

"So now you stay lying down. I'll get something for your head, so you can get colder. Also you have the bucket if you need to throw up."

Arya left their room, and went to get a cold towel for his head - she came back with the wet towel and put it on his forehead. Before going to look at her books, she liked being read her childhood books when she was sick, so she decided to do the same for him. Gendry didn't have any childhood books here, since they mostly stayed at the orphanage where he grew up, so she chose one of hers.

She picked up a *P.B. Bear* book, and sat on the bed next to him, over the sheets, ready to start reading - her mother had the key, so she didn't need to worry about that. So sitting next to him, with his eyes looked at her, almost closing, and she opened it on the first page. She read the first lines, showing him the pictures, and pointing out stuff, like he was a child.
"Can I come in?" Arya heard, after a knock.

"Yes, Mom."

"How's he?"

"Sick, and burning up; and now he has fallen asleep."

"You're reading him from...?"

"It always makes me feel better when I'm sick."

"I know, sweetie. It seems it works with him too. I left two bowls of soup in the fridge, you just need to warm it up. I have another here, but if he's sleeping..."

"No, I should wake him up. He hasn't eaten anything."

"Okay. Do you need anything else?"

"I need to make a quick phonecall. Can you stay with him?"

"Of course," her mother answered. And Arya moved her away, and called Jeyne very quickly, asking her to put a sign at Gendry's store.

"Okay, it's done. You're free to go, Mom. Thank you so much for the help," Arya said, kissing her on the head, ready to take her to the door.

"No need. Stay with Gendry. Anything else, call."

"Thank you," she said, giving her mother a last hug, before going back to Gendry, and waking him up. "I have warm soup, Gendry. Open your eyes..." He did very slowly, and she helped him to sit straight in the bed. "Here's the soup, still warm," she said, getting a full spoon to him. "This will get you on your feet soon," Arya said, as he took the spoon.
Arya/Gendry - Pickup line

Chapter Notes

This was a tumblr challenge to send horrifically bad pickup lines, and I decided that I would write a drabble with a couple I thought it fit. Jeeno2 sent "Hey girl. Is that a Needle in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" (23/July/2015)

“Hey girl. Is that a Needle in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?” Gendry told Arya, having left her in charge in the forge, while he made his delivery.

“That’s stupid, stupid. How can that make sense? I don’t have a dick, and to look like a needle I needed to have a really small prick.”

“Nothing like mine then.”

“Shut up,” she argued as she punched him and made way for him to pass, and pick up the rest of his work. “You look happy. I guess the deliver went okay.”

“It did. And he promised us hot cookies for tonight. Can you tell Ned to go and picked them up when you go to the castle?”

“I was planning to spend the afternoon with you,” Arya teased him.

“So you do have a needle in your pocket?!” Gendry said smiling, but Arya instead of giving him, slapped him over the head, and left the forge.

“I’ll go see if Sansa needs help.”

“But Arya?!…” Gendry called, watching her go.
Shireen/Rickon - Pickup line

Chapter Notes

This was a tumblr challenge to send horrifically bad pickup lines, and I decided that I would write a drabble with a couple I thought it fit. An anon asked "pick-up line: is your name wifi because i’m feeling the connection" (23/July/2015)

Rickon had gone to the library today, Mom had pretty much expelled him from the house, telling him to make use of his school’s great library. He had only been here in the visit trip to the school.

He looked for a good place to sit, but all the tables were mostly full with groups, but he finally found one with only one girl, so he took a seat on that one. The girl didn’t look up, so he didn’t say anything either.

He worked on his homework, until someone interrupted him, taking a seat next to him.

“What are you doing here?”

“Theon?!” his brother’s old best friend had taken a job as a janitor in the school.

“Homework. Mom thought I should visit the place.”

“Mrs S always knew what’s best. How’s she and your brothers and sisters?”

“Good. Robb is enjoying college.”

“Right. Do you have a girlfriend?” Rickon shook his head. “That girl looks good,” Theon whispered, pointing the girl in front of them, who they could only see the black hair. “Ask her out. Use this,” he said, taking his math homework and writing on it. “Need to go.”

“Is your name wifi because i’m feeling the connection?!” Rickon read the paper, a bit too loud it seemed.

“Sorry, did you say anything?” the girl asked, looking at him.

“I… it’s nothing. Something my brother’s stupid friend wrote. You’re watching Scream, right?”

“Yeah, the TV show. First episode still - I heard it was good.”

“My sister and brother thinks so. I liked the movies. Enjoy it!!”

“You should watch it,” the girl suggested.

“I don’t have company to do it anymore. My siblings all moved out.”

“I’m used to watching alone, but if you…” she said, giving him one side of the headphones, and he moved to sit next to her. “Also tell your friend that pick up line will never work.”
This one goes out to -rabbit on tumblr, paperheart in here, who posted the fic "Peppermint" yesterday (27/July/2015), which you should definitely go read!!! And which also inspired me to write this!!

What you need to know, that doesn’t spoil "Peppermint" (that you should still read - cuteness and Christmas is earlier this year): Gendry is saving money to move out of the Baratheon’s, and Myrcella and Tommen like him more than Joffrey

So the story gave me the idea of Gendry getting the apartment, and then his siblings using it as a safe place for them too

Gendry’s apartment was a very small place, he had been too desperate to wait for a bigger place to open up at a reasonable price, but it had been enough for him. And soon he found out how important this apartment would be for others too.

He tried to open the door, while holding two bags with his other arm, but he found it a bit harder than he planned. But soon his door was shot opened, by his younger sister.

“Myrcella?!” he exclaimed, but not actually surprised - she came over after class most days, especially with the new project she was working on.

“Do you need help?” she asked, moving from one foot to the other, so Gendry knew that she was in the middle of some creation spree, so even if help would have been good, he denied her. “Thanks.”

His living room was now full of used canvas, Arya wondered how he could move around here, but she still loved looking at the pictures; there was a pile of used sketch-books, since Joffrey decided that it would be fun to burn and rip the ones he found.

He dropped the food in the counter, and a cat jumped into the table, but he didn’t recognize it.

“This is not Ser Pounce.”

“Tommen took them to the vet, I promise.”

“Them?!” Gendry exclaimed, now surprised, before trying to pick up the cat, who didn’t let him, and ran away, letting Gendry follow him to his younger brother.

“You met Boots. Come meet Lady Whiskers.”

“Tommen...”

“But Gendry, you took Ser Pounce in...” Gendry did do that, after he and Myrcella found out that Tommen had been keeping a cat in a shack in the backyard for almost two months. “They don’t have a home. The animal control would have put them down - they have been there for too long. Please, Gendry... I’ll keep bringing food, and sand, and...” And Gendry was a sucker, he couldn’t resist his younger brother.

“Okay, but you...” Gendry started, but Tommen immediately stood and hugged him.
“Thank you. Thank you. And I will.”

“Now introduce me to the new kittens, and then come help me put the groceries away.”
Chapter Notes

This is a response to a prompt by quierosernauha on tumbr (GuajolotA on AO3) (31/August/2015): "I was wondering if you could write a 'THE MAILMAN DELIVERED A WEIRD PACKAGE (SEX TOYSSS) TO THE WRONG HOUSE AU' for Tyrion/Tysha.... of Theon/Jeyne.... :B" - Sure I would!!! And sorry for the delay!! Ohhh… and both ships are GREAT, but I went with Theon/Jeyne, because they’ve been haunting my mind since I wrote that AU where they adopt little Lor for you. So if you ever want to ask for something in that universe feel free :) And I played a bit with the prompt, and it’s not so much the wrong house… Come on, we know that Theon, Tyrion and maybe even Jeyne (in a AU where Ramsay doesn’t happen) would want and have sex toys!!! And probably not as goofy and fun as you wanted - but I hope if still works for you!!! I just can’t help but put a bit of sad into them…

The bell rang mid-morning, and Theon stood, and as he had been doing for the last months, he checked the window, and then the peep-hole, and only then finally opened all the locks.

“I have a package for you,” the mailman said, and he recognized the voice. He hadn’t seen her since they were taken from his basement. “Theon…”

“Hi, Jeyne. How are you?” She looked good, better than he did; and she was doing better, out in the world - working.

“Getting there. One day at a time,” she smiled at him, as she got him to sign the papers. “You?”

“The same. Do you want to come in?”

“Just ten minutes. I don’t want to get behind schedule.”

“Of course.” He smiled like he rarely did nowadays.

“I never saw you at the meetings,” she whispered. He didn’t have a reason for it, he just never wanted to go and talk about what happened in front of a bunch of strangers.

“Your job?” he asked changing the issue.

“Sansa’s dad got me that job. You know how everyone in Winterfell trusts him, so he talked with the post office.”

“That’s good - the job, getting out of the house.”

“You aren’t working?”

“Sometimes I help Asha around her work. I just don’t want to be alone…”

“I understand, but sometimes being alone helps clear your mind.”
“Maybe.” By now they were at his table, and he was opening the package - he couldn’t remember ordering anything, but it was his name on the box.

“What is it?” Jeyne asked, looking into the box; Theon recognized the object - but he had cancelled the order.

“I… I cancel this last time. I shouldn’t have gotten it.”

“But what is it?”

“A… I used to have these 6 months order of…” He would never have a problem admitting it before, but now… he felt bad… this type of things had been used to hurt him and Jeyne.

“It’s a sex toy.”

“Yes. I cancelled it last time when it came 6 months ago - it doesn’t feel right anymore.”

“You shouldn’t let him stop or change you. You’ve always been…”

“You liked dating, before. Have you?”

“No.”

“So you’re not taking your own advice,” he argued.

“It’s not my advice. It’s from the meetings.”

“You should take it,” Theon said. he remembered her smiling from when she talked about boys with Sansa.

“So should you,” she said. “Maybe call me. We can try hanging out.”

“Okay.”

“And don’t throw away the thing,” she said, blushing, before quickly adding. “Not that there will be sex now. I don’t know if I can even… especially with a…” she said before looking at the clock. “But call me. I need to go.”

He smiled back at her, as she left the house; maybe tomorrow would be a bit better.
They had just laid together, and now she was resting next to him - not touching, but at least they hadn’t their back to each other, and Ned wasn’t leaving right after.

Catelyn could hear their respiration slowing down, as well as her heart beat, but as always she didn’t know what to say, so she pulled the covers up.

At the same time, she felt Ned touching her - her hair to be precise - she didn’t say anything, or looked at him. His touch on her hair reminded her of her childhood, and her sister.

And then Ned whispered something, she couldn’t make it out, but she thought it was about her hair.

“My lord, did you say anything?”

“Your hair…” he murmured something again.

“Ned, did you say anything?” she asked again.

“Your hair…” he said a bit louder. “I like your hair…” he whispered, but loud enough for her to hear. “It’s pretty, beautiful… and it smells nice, and it’s nice - the touch…” he finally finished, before going on apologizing.

Catelyn blushed, but nervously she turned to him, and smiled, resting her hand on his arm.

“I’m glad you like my hair, Ned,” she whispered too, shyly, before accepting his kiss.
This is a response to an anonymous prompt (7/September/2015): "6. things you said under the stars and in the grass Sansa/Edric Dayne" - Ohhh… this is a new ship for me!! But it’s good that I’m giving it a try now

It was a bit past sun down by now and he and Sansa had stopped for the night, he started on the fire. Sansa sat close by, waiting - at first he used to mind that she didn’t help, but by now he was used to it.

He wondered what Sansa was thinking about, she had come a long way, since she escaped the Eyrie by herself, and ran into the Brotherhood; and since the plans changed at the Inn, and instead of joining the rest of the Brotherhood (including who used to be her mother), he and Gendry decided it would be best for Ned to take Sansa and look for Brienne of Tarth.

“Dinner is ready,” he told her.

“Thank you, Edric,” she said taking the misfit plate he had done for her, and took a seat next to him.

“Are you okay, Sansa?”

“Do you think we’re still too far?”

“I don’t know. But we’re in the right way, just yesterday, in the village they told us they had seen a tall woman in armour.”

After that, she didn’t say anything else for the rest of the meal, or the evening, until it was time to sleep. Each of them lay on the grass, with furs on top of them, with the cold it would be better to sleep together for warmth, but Sansa was a true lady, so they kept their space.

“What do you remember about Arya?” she asked, and he turned his head to her, but she was still looking at the stars. “I heard you and Gendry talking at the Inn - you both knew Arya.”

“Gendry knew her better, they left King’s Landing together with the Night’s Watch.”

“Jon… he was Arya’s favorite brother…” he thought about telling her about Jon, but then he remembered Arya’s reaction.

“She’s nothing like you,” he started, but Sansa’s reaction wasn’t what he expected - she looked distressed, and then she started crying. He stepped close carefully, and then took her hand, and close enough to hear her whisper.

“I miss her, Edric… I hurt Arya…and now…"
This is a response to indigoraysoflight on tumblr (IndigoRaysofLight on AO3) (7/September/2015): "Ned/ Cat, #11 things you said when you were drunk. And I wish its drunk Ned so much :D Thanks!" - Thank you!! I tried to do it canon, I hope it works

The Great Hall was full tonight, it seemed most of the northerners had travelled to celebrate their young Lord’s nameday. She had already put Robb to bed, since he had fallen sleep at the table, making a few of the lords laugh.

And then Catelyn noticed something about her husband - he was drinking, more than he used to. He had been taking a drink with every lord, besides the the wine he had with the meal.

She didn’t know what she could tell him, he could be offended if she mentioned it. So she let him drink, and then she noticed the small changes - he wasn’t a noisy or energetic - but he was touching her more, and there was more emotion on his face, too.

Ned led her to her room, not only touching her back, like he normally did since her belly had grown this big, but holding her hand, and then trying to kiss her on the way to her room.

His permanent touch continued until they were naked, and Ned found a position confortable enough for them and their baby to be. Ned was quicker to finish than he normally was - she guessed it was connected with the drinking; but he also pulled her to him, resting her head on his chest, and then he spoke.

“You should be Brandon’s…” he murmured, and Catelyn felt a pang on her heart. “And Winterfell too…”

“Ned…”

“But I don’t want you to be Brandon’s. I would miss you. I’m not glad… but if he hadn’t died, you would be his…” Ned continued, and she didn’t know how to respond. She was happy to have married Ned too, but she knew she couldn’t be glad about someone’s dead. “I would still love you…” he said it, he hadn’t said it before - she knew she felt the same way.

But she didn’t answer, and in the next morning Ned didn’t remember nothing, so she was glad about not saying the words before. The next time Ned said them, he was completely sober, and holding their newborn daughter, and she said them back, holding his hand.
Gendry thought it was strange that Arya hadn’t come to look for him today, so after he finished fixing everything he had to do for the day; he decided to go and look for her.

She wasn’t in the training yard, where he usually found her either training alone, or helping train others. He quickly found one of her best students - her own younger brother.

“Lord Rickon,” she greeted him.

“Gendry, hi,” he said back, looking up to him, still holding his sword.

“Have you seen your sister, m’lord?”

“I think she went to the crypts,” he answered.

“Ohh…” Gendry shouldn’t bother her if she was at the crypts.

“She has been there a long time. I think she would like the company,” Rickon told him. After a bit of thinking, Gendry took his advice, and made his way to the crypts.

Gendry had been in the crypts before, but he didn’t like it. He knew it was a memory to her family, but it was too dark and quiet… He knew Arya would be where her parents and older brother were, that meant further into the crypts.

He heard her voice before he actually saw her, and since it seemed she was talking to someone, he stopped.

“I know you wanted me to marry a lord, but…” She was there with Sansa, he supposed. “But he’s a knight, you know. And he’s your best friend’s son, and not a jerk like Joffrey.” *Your best friend’s son* - that couldn’t be Sansa; Gendry stepped closer and discovered she was talking to herself. “But I guess Joffrey was not truly his son.”

Gendry wondered if Arya could really be talking about him, and what she could really mean by this. She mentioned marriage… and him…

“I think I love him, and that he may feel the same way. He sometimes looks at me like you and Mom looked at each other, or at least Sansa thinks so. I want to tell him - he’s my pack, and I want him to be my family, our family - a Stark.”

Her father - she was talking to her father… Gendry knew he should leave, he couldn’t step in on this conversation, but he couldn’t help but hear one more thing.

“Gendry Stark,” she said. “Gendry Stark - it has a nice touch to it…”
Yes, it does, Gendry thought, before stepping out of the crypts.
This is a response to a prompt by theblackpearlofbraavos on tumblr (12/September/2015): "Arya x Gendry 4" - Four means “Person A and Person B end up on a kiss cam at a sports game - although they’ve never met each other before.”

This was a family tradition, when she was young, it used to be the entire family, now since only Rickon lived at home, both Mom and Sansa excused themselves from the coming to the game. It was now intermission, Dad and Rickon went to pick more food, and Jon and Robb went to the bathroom - they always went together, she didn’t know why they still talk about girls always going to the bathroom together.

So it was just her and Bran now, listening to the music, and watching the screen - Bran smiled when the kiss cam started. He had always liked it, even if it brought some uncomfortable moments, for example when the camera stopped on her and Bran, or Sansa and Jon, and there was always Mom and Dad kissing in front of everyone.

This time the camera stopped on her again, this time with the guy next to her. She shook her head, and someone from the regular crowd yelled.

“This one is not your brother.” The boy next to her had a shocked face in reaction to the statement. “Come on, Stark, before your Dad comes back.”

“Asshole,” she cursed, before turning to the man next to her. “Hey, it will be quick alright.” The guy nodded, and she gave him a peck on the lips, and the same regular guy from earlier yelled,

“You could have done better, little Stark.”

“I’m Arya, by the way. This is Bran, my brother, one of them, at least.”

“Gendry. Do you come here often?”

“I haven’t missed a game since I was a child. You?”

“First one. I just moved here, and I heard the Direwolves were the best team in the North.”

“The universe, actually,” she said with a smile. When she was interrupted by the rest of her family coming back.

“Arya, here’s your food,” Rickon said, and Dad asked who was her friend.

“Gendry. This is my Dad, and my brothers, Jon, Robb and Rickon,” she said pointing respectively. “It’s his first game.”

“How are you liking it?” Ned asked him, mentioning players and plays, and Gendry looked a bit overwhelmed; luckily the game started soon. And as they watched, she shared a bit of her food with him.
Rhaella/Aerys - The Birth

Chapter Notes

This was written on November 25th for drownedbyyourstandards' (myrishswamp or wetwasteofagirl on tumblr) birthday!!
The AMAZING Jenn asked for happy Rhaella and Aerys on the universe of my fic “Being a Teenager is like being at War” (it’s a high school AU for Ned’s, Rhaegar’s… generation; and in this fic Aerys is already suffering from his mental problems, so I’ve included scenes on how his family is dealing with this).
This one is a memory, and it starts in the present (with the chapter Jenn is betaing, the next one to be published); it ended up having a big part with the AWESOME trio - Rhaella, Joanna and Princess (sorry… awful coming up with names, the reason behind the nickname will be disclosed next chapter) - and then finally Rhaella and Aerys!!!

Rhaella sat in the waiting room, waiting for something. Something better than what she knew now, she wished for hope. But none come, so she decided she should find it herself.
The hospital wasn’t all bad, it hadn’t always been like this - she had spent happy moments (even if somewhat painful as well). Wanting to move away from this moment, her mind took her back almost two decades.

Joanna had still been alive back then, holding Rhaella’s hand, as she yelled for her husband, Aerys.

“Tywin is getting him here as quickly as they can. Right after the meeting.”

“Tell him to come now,” Rhaella told her. She had been the one to tell Aerys to finish the meeting he and Tywin had worked so hard for the last month. But then she had thought she had time… Doran’s birth had taken hours and hours, now she felt like her son was already coming out.

“You still have time,” Princess said, coming back, ruffling her son’s hair, who sat in the other side of the room.

“No, I don’t,” she answered. “I tell you the kid is already half dangling from my v…”

“Language,” she warned, eyeing her son. “And stop that kind of talk you’re scaring Joanna.”

“No, she’s not,” Joanna argued - she had just found out she was pregnant, it was so early that only them and Tywin knew about it - really with Joanna now pregnant and Princess already a few more months along, she wished she could have timed her pregnancy better, so they could go through this together. “Also Tywin promised me the best drugs in the country. You two, are the crazy ones who wanted your birth to be natural.”

“She’s the crazy one. She’s the one doing it without any pain relievers.”

“You had yours in a tub, with candles and incense. How could that be much better?!”

“How much are you screaming? And how much was I?”

“That’s a good point, Rhae,” Joanna said. “But I’m still going with the drugs.”
“Don’t know why? I have a beautiful and perfectly healthy child,” she answered.

“So I guess you’re having your child in your tub again.”

“It wasn’t a tub. And no.”

“No???” Both Rhaella and Joanna wondered at the same time.

“I wasn’t planning to bring it up right now… but we just found out that there may be some health problems - they are still doing tests. But it’s probably safer to have it in a hospital.”

“I’m so sorry…” Rhaella said, giving her hand a soft squeeze, and Joanna took Princess’ other hand.

But before anyone could say anything else, another very powerful contraction hit her, making her cry out and now strongly squeeze both their hands, having pulled Joanna’s free hand to her.

“See, drugs…” she barely heard Joanna argue again. Or even Princess telling her son, to go call for a doctor.

“I would thank you to not be holding hands over my vagina when the doctor comes into the room,” Rhaella told them when she could finally speak again and they pulled their hands away.

The doctor came in, telling Doran to wait outside, as he checked Rhaella’s progression. “You seem to be ready to push now, Rhaella. We’ll take you to the birthing room now. Which of you is coming with her?”

“Me,” they both answered at the same time.

“I just need to tell my son to be quiet and behave.”

Joanna held her hand as they started to lead her away.

“Where’s Aerys?”

“He’s going to miss it.” She started doubting she could this without him.

“Come on, Rhae. You have a baby to expel out of you,” Princess said, joining them.

She could barely remember the birth itself - it was mostly a mess of feelings and memories. She remembered pain, both hers and the pain in her friends’ faces as she squeezed their hands, and then she also remembered Aerys entering the room to kiss her on the forehead, before disappearing again; and then she remembered Rhaegar’s first cries, before falling asleep, giving up to complete exhaustion.

Rhaella woke up a few hours later, again she was too tired to move, but her eyes still worked. She noticed her husband sitting in the chair next to her bed, he had their son in his arms.

“You smell like cigars,” Rhaella whispered.

“Tywin got them for us. We got the deal, they are backing my campaign for Mayor.”

“Those are great news,” she said, less excited than she wanted to be. “How’s our boy?”

Aerys moved their son closer to her, laying him on her chest. He held his fingers, making them touch her face.
“He’s beautiful…” she whispered.

“He has your looks,” Aerys answered, while it would seem to be true, it wouldn’t mean much, since she and Aerys had always looked alike, people even thought they were siblings when they were younger. Aerys got closer to her, trying to kiss her.

“Too much cigar smell. Not kissing me…” Aerys ignored her, and still kissed her on the cheek, the same place where their son’s hand was. "No more kissing, Aerys. I’m serious,” she argued with a tired voice. “We need a name.” She knew it needed to be a Targaryen name - they had looked over the Targaryen family tree many times, but they hadn’t decided on anything yet… She had list and list of names on her head… she liked some more than others.

“You choose,” he told her. She took his hand, still using the other to keep their son on her chest.

“I like Rhaegar," she admitted. It wasn’t a Targaryen name, but it sounded like one.

“So Rhaegar, he is,” he said taking the baby from her chest - she almost stopped him, not wanting to loose her son’s warmth on her chest.

But seeing the look on her husband’s face, Rhaella realised that she had never seen her husband look with so much pride and admiration at anything before (not the degree that he displayed on his office’s walls for everyone to see, not the trophies won in competitions that he displayed above the fireplace, really nothing), and she knew that from that moment on Rhaegar would always be his pride and joy.
Chapter Notes

I was prompted by fezthepalindrome on tumblr (6/January/2016): "For the fic prompt meme---Ned x cat, costume party au" - Thank you!!! This was fun!! A costume party was where Ned and Catelyn first kissed in my long fic!! So it was fun to work with the costume idea again.

Robert and Brandon always insisted on throwing huge parties on New Year’s Eve (not just on New Year’s, really any chance they got), they would be happy with just beer, and music. But Brandon’s current lover (they were pretty much boyfriend and girlfriend, but they would burn themselves alive before admitting it) had wanted something different - so after a big house discussion, they had decided on a costume party (real costumes, not fancy clothes with a mask on), but still your face needed to be covered.

Brandon had decided his costume immediately - he was going has Deadpool, since he was excited for the movie, and it was pretty much the only superhero he thought was really cool. Robert wanted to go shirtless, that was his only request - he chose Tarzan, using the same fabric for his underwear and to cover his face from the eyes down. Lyanna went as Jessica Jones, which pretty much looked like Lyanna in her regular clothes, just with a maks on. Ned just didn’t know yet.

Ned didn’t really know what he was going to dress up as, he was hoping he could so like Lyanna, and just go normally and say it was some character. But his roommates, Brandon and Robert, deemed that impossible, and started to work together to figure Ned’s costume - looking at his pikachu plushie, they decided he would go as Ash (they got his costume ready and everything).

So yeah… it was New Year’s Eve, and Ned was dressed as Ash, with a Bill Clinton mask to cover his face, and he was having an awful time in his own home. Somehow this party had even more people than normally - Ashara was just as popular as Brandon or Robert - and everyone had their faces covered, so he didn’t know who he knew or not, so he had no idea of who to talk to.

Robert told him to look for someone with a costume he liked, and just go talk to them (especially if it was a girl). That was how Ned ended up looking at the girl dressed as Rey, he tried to be discreet, but he wasn’t sure if it was working.

Soon he was sure it was not working, since the girl came up to him, but she was nice… she greeted him, and asked if she could sit.

“So you don’t seem to be having much fun,” she said.

“Not really,” he answered. “Not a big fun of parties.”

“So why are you here?”


“Ohh… and why were you looking at me?”

“Rey…” he said. “Do you like Star Wars?” he asked, before cursing himself - of course, she did.
“Yeah… I guess you like it too. So have you seen the new movie?” He did, he watched at midnight, he wondered if he should tell her - Robert and Brandon always told me that he shouldn’t tell that to any girls.

“Yes. The midnight session.”

“Lucky you. I had tests on the following days, so only on the weekend. I was lucky to not get spoiled.”

“Really?! No spoilers?!” he asked amazed. “That’s luck.”

“Yes, it is. But I kind of need to go see the movie again. Looking for someone to go with me.”

“I… I… Do you… We… I want to go see it again,” he chose on that choice.

“Do you have company?” He shook his head. “So maybe we could go see it together?” she suggested.

“I would like that.”

“Okay. My friend is calling me. I’ll find you later today, and give you my number, so we can talk.” She disappeared after that, she disappeared for a long time.

By that time, it was almost midnight, and his friends were discussing who would he kiss at midnight. They had just suggested Elia, Ashara’s friend, who kept reminding them that she was married, even if her husband was not at the party.

“Wait, he hit it off with a girl. I saw it,” Lyanna said.

“We have less than five minutes to find her,” Brandon pointed out.

“Still time. She was dressed as Rey.”

“Rey?!” Elia exclaimed. “It could be Cat. I’m going to call Cat.”

“No, please,” Ned said, he didn’t want to look desperate. He actually liked the girl and he was looking forward to going to the movies with her.

“Hi!! Did you meet Ned? He was dressed as the guy from Pokemon. We’re by the kitchen if you want to come. Bye, see you in a few.” The Rey girl came, and waved at him, and also Elia and Ashara.

“So small world. I know Elia from college - we were in the same dorm,” she told him. “She told me your name was Ned, and to meet you here.”

“Yeah, I’m Ned,” she said, taking off his mask.

“Catelyn,” she said, taking off her Rey’s goggles; and he quickly realized how beautiful she was… Her hair had mostly been hidden in her costume, but now he could see it - it was red, her hair was red. “So, do you have anyone to kiss at midnight?” she asked.

“No. You?”

“Not really. You would be better than kissing a Wookie,” she said, blushing. And soon after the countdown started, and he only said.
“I hope so.” And then he pulled her closer, but not close enough for their entire bodies to touch, just enough to feel each other. And when they said number one, he kissed her. And maybe it wasn’t as memorable as Leia and Han’s goodbye kiss in the end of *The Empire Strikes Back*, but it was a good kiss nonetheless.
Rickon was always like this after the full moon, he was always tired. She knew it wasn’t a werewolf thing, his brothers and sisters weren’t like that; but his mother had told him that Rickon had been like that since the first time he changed.

They all supposed was just because he always tired himself so much, always running and jumping. The first few times, she would wait up for him, but then it would be two tired people in the morning and no one to take care of them.

This morning, Shireen woke up, and since she couldn’t find him inside the house, she looked outside, still in her pajamas - not in the apartment hall (that happened a few times and it had been a nightmare), not the front door either, nor the fire escape stairs - she was close to calling his mother, he could have just crashed at the family home; but she finally found him in the beck next to their house.

She couldn’t move him, she had tried it before, so she took the blanket she had over her shoulders and put it over him.

“I’ll see you later, love,” she whispered, kissing his curls.

When she got back to their apartment, she called Asha to tell her Rickon wasn’t coming in (she never asked any questions which they all appreciate - no one was sure how much she knew, how much Theon had told her), she took a shower and got ready for work. Before leaving, she prepared something for her breakfast, and left something for Rickon to eat when he woke up.

On these days, she always came home for lunch. This time she found the plate she left for him licked of any food, and found him passed out on the floor.

“You couldn’t even make it to the couch, hein…” she complained, but obviously he didn’t answer. She got a pillow from the couch, to put under his head, and then she picked up the blanket she had left with him this morning, and covered him.

She got lunch for her and left something ready for Rickon - something easy and quick to eat. She left to go back to work, after kissing him goodbye again.

“See you later, love.”

She got off work late, she did try to leave earlier, but nobody let her. So knowing she wouldn’t have time to cook something, she picked up two pizzas on her way home - if Rickon could almost eat a pizza on his own normally, he could eat much more after a full moon (when it fell over the weekend - his mother always took on herself to cook for everybody).

This time when she got home, he was sleeping on the couch, the console remote on his chest, and the
lunch completely eaten.

“Still asleep, I see… Couldn’t wait a bit longer for me…” she murmured, pulling the blanket over him again. “There will be pizza in the oven,” she told him, before writing it down on a paper for him.

Shireen ate her part of the pizza, looked over a few papers for the next day, still read a bit next to Rickon, but he still wasn’t up. She promised herself she would wait awake for him, even as she got on the bed, over her covers, she turned on the TV to make sure she would stay awake.

She didn’t. She must have missed Rickon for half an hour.

When he got up, he found the pizza, he didn’t even heat it before eating everything. He thanked the house… the air… or something… for having Shireen caring for him. When he got to their room, he found her asleep, with the TV still on.

“You were waiting for me, right?” he asked, but got no answer. He pulled on one of their blankets, and laid it on top of her, before laying next to her, and pulling her closer.

“Thanks for everything, Shir. I love you,” he told her, before falling asleep again - the best of the day.
“Have you found anything, Jon?” Ned asked his nephew.

“No,” he said sounding tired and exasperated. They had been in the attic for longer than an hour, since Jon had stopped by with a mission from his mother.

“Didn’t she tell you where she could have put it? And she’s sure she didn’t bring it to your apartment, right?”

“She said you would know, Uncle Ned.”

“Okay, kid. It should be around here,” Ned said, still searching the same box, as Jon looked around the attic.

“Uncle!! Uncle!! I found a box that says Lyanna’s art stuff!!” Jon yelled, and Ned turned around, to find Jon jumping around, trying to reach the box.

“Be careful, Jon. I’ll get it.” Ned got the box from the top, and they started to look into it - there were a lot of pencil cases, and drawings and notebooks, but they try were looking for a specific one.

“Your mom should give this a look, she may want something else.”

“I found it!!” Jon exclaimed happily. “Wow… they look amazing…” Jon always had an amazed face when he saw his mother’s drawings.

“Good, kid,” he said, leading him to the stairs.

“Don’t you want help to clean up?”

“No need, Jon. I’ll do it later.” Ned answered. He didn’t want Jon to leave the house too late, he lived very close by, but he still didn’t want him walking alone at night.

“Thank you, Uncle Ned.”

“No problem. Please, remind your mother that you are having dinner here on Sunday, before she goes to Lys.”

“She remembers. Mom told me to bring my bag on Sunday, so you only have to pick me up from school on Monday.” Jon would be staying with them for the next four weeks, since Lyanna had gotten an art show in Lys for the month; Jon was mostly use to it now, and while he always brought a bag, he always had the essentials here.

“Okay, kiddo, I’ll see you and your mother on Sunday,” he said kissing Jon’s curls. Ned looked by the door as his nephew walked down the street.
As he told Jon, he went back upstairs to clean up the attic, before Catelyn and the kids got home.

Ned had found some of his and his siblings’ old toys, and he had picked one of his favorite’s to show his son. He was excited about this, it would be fun to show something of his to his son; Robb loved the games Catelyn had showed him, Robb loved all of her old things.

Ned had given Robb his bath and was now dressing him in his pyjamas. He had some cute blue pyjamas that Catelyn have bought for him awhile ago.

“Dad, can you play with me?”

“Of course. Actually I wanted to show you one of my toys when I was little.”

“Let’s go to the living room!!” Robb exclaimed, running out of his room. Ned followed him, getting the spinning top from his bedroom.

When Ned got downstairs, Robb was already playing with his race cars, running around the room. While Sansa was sitting on the couch watching some cartoon and playing with her dolls at the same time.

"Dad, come!!! You can have the blue car!!”

“I wanted to show you something, Robb.”

“Okay,” Robb said, stopping in place for a bit, but still using his legs as a track for his red car.

“This was one of my favorite toys. It’s called a whipping top,” Ned told him, pulling the string so it could spin. It brought back quite a few memories, they used to have competitions to see whose top would keep spinning for longer - Ned won a lot of those games, it was the game he was best at.

“Ohhh… like a Beyblade!!” Robb exclaimed, disappearing again, and coming back with two toys.

“Robb, don’t you want to try?” Ned suggested.

“Do you know that when you spin one of these a monster comes out and they fight?! It’s so cool!! Loras from fourth grade has the best one, and he told us that his grandmother is getting him a metal one,” his son continued excitedly. “Mom said a metal one would be too dangerous,” he said, now a bit sadder, before giving Ned his Beyblade, and putting Ned’s favorite toy aside.

“Are you sure you don’t want to try it, son?”

“This ones are funner and cooler!! Come on, Dad.”

“Why don’t you try your father’s toy, Robb?” Catelyn said from where she was. Ned couldn’t actually see her, just a bit of her hair, but she was always helping.

“But mom…”

“It’s okay, Catelyn,” he answered, before turning to his son. “So how do I do this?”

“Just pull, Dad.”

“And how do we play? Who wins?”

“They knock into each other, and then the one that stops - looses. Sometimes I use the bowl, but
mom says I shouldn’t. I’m going to ask for a stadium on my birthday.”

Ned still preferred his spinning top games, where they didn’t have to fight. But at least Ned still beat his son quite a few times. And Robb asked him how Ned was pulling the cord to make it go so fast.

Ned was getting ready for bed, and he was trying to decide how he was going to talk with Catelyn. He didn’t particularly now how he was going to tell her what was going on in his mind.

“Ned, what are you thinking?” Catelyn asked him, resting her hand on his shoulder.

“I don’t know how to say it…”

“Is it anything to do with Robb and your spinning top?” Catelyn asked him, as she asked for his help to lay down on the bed.

“Do you think the kids have too much?”

“They don’t. They have enough. We tell them no when we believe it’s right. You just know that kids today don’t really like wooden toys, or even old things.”

“They liked your toys,” Ned said laying down next to her, resting his hand on her almost nine month pregnant belly. “Do you think they like you better?”

“Ohhh… Ned, my toys are board games - I can always pretend they are more modern than they seem,” she told him, resting her hand on top of his. "I’m sure Robb would love to hear you read him your old comics. Or even your Star Wars figures.”

“Do you think?”

“Yes. Try it next week when Jon is here. You know Robb is always a bit calmer when Jon is here.”

“Okay…”

“And maybe this one will like to play with it,” she said, smiling at their newborn child. “Now, love, please, message my feet - they are killing him.”

“Of course,” he said, kissing the top of her head, and bringing her feet to his lap, pulling her socks off, and started messaging her feet.

“Ohhh… this feels good… Thank you so much, Ned…” she said, closing her eyes, and appreciating the moment.

Catelyn was an early raiser, but not that much when she was pregnant - that wasn’t exactly true with this baby, this baby kept her awake most of the night, and woke her up really early, luckily this morning wasn’t one of those days.

Ned was also an early raiser, and decided to get some breakfast ready before Catelyn had to get up for work. He made sure Catelyn was warm enough under her blankets.

Ned pulled on his pants over his boxers, before going downstairs; his son was still probably asleep, since his door was closed. But Sansa’s door was opened, she wasn’t inside, so he supposed she was downstairs.

Ned was right. He found his daughter laying on the floor, the TV was on, but strangely she wasn’t
watching any of the shows she normally did.

“Good morning, Sweetie,” he greeted her.

“Hi, Daddy!!” she said, as Ned came closer, and he finally noticed what she was doing. Sansa was playing with his whipping top, or at least she was trying.

“So what are you doing, darling?”

“It’s pretty. I wanted to try,” she told him.

“I can teach you,” Ned said, sitting next to her. He picked up the spinning top from her hands, and then asked for the string.

“It’s pretty. It’s mom’s colors.”

“It is,” Ned realized that he had never noticed. “We must show mom when she wakes up.”

“Yes!! Now please teach me how to do it!!” Ned wound the string around the top, and pulled on it, making it swirl. “The string needs to very tight and then you pull it.”

Sansa tried it alone after that, but she couldn’t tight it strongly enough around the top, so he picked up her hands and did it with hers.

“I did it, Daddy!! I did it!!!” she exclaimed, jumping on his arms.

“Yes, you did,” he told her, kissing him. “I need to go get breakfast ready now.” Sansa followed him, sitting around and giving him the whipping top everytime she needed him to wind the string around it.

“This is fun, Dad!! Can I have it?”

“Sure, you can. You’ll take good care of it, right??”

“I will, Dad. Thank you,” she said, hugging his legs, and Ned rested his hand of her red hair at the same time as he turned another pancake in the pan with his other hand.
This was an anonymous prompt on tumblr (27/January/2016): "Rickon x Shireen hair pulling kink" - Sorry for the delay…

Rickon always liked hair - his hair, other people hair… Mom said that when he was a baby, he wouldn’t let go of her hair, and then as kid, he wouldn’t let anyone cut his hair, and then he became friends with Wylla because she had green hair.

And now there was Shireen.

The first thing he noticed about her was her black hair, because he had never seen anything that black, not even Arya’s leather jacket. And then there was her skin - strange, intricing and surprisingly very attractive. Her eyes… bluer than his… and her ears that blushed so easily…

So Rickon liked a lot of things about her, but her hair was still her hair. Everytime they were together, he played with her hair, wrapping his fingers around it… Sansa said multiple times that Rickon looked liked Dad, when he was sitting with Mom (which made him gag when he remembered of something else he liked to do with Shireen’s hair).

Rickon liked her hair in bed too. If they ever started with her hair up, he would pull it down. He would keep his hands deep into her hair when they made love, but when they fucked her, he pulled her hair (and she scratched his back). If he pulled a bit too hard, she drew blood, and if she drew blood first, he pulled a bit harder. But most times, deep in the heat of the moment, neither cared who pulled and who bled.
Sansa was too much like her mother; and while her parents held a family lunch two Sundays every month, Sansa was in charge of throwing two drinking and game nights a month.

Arya kicked ass in every one of these nights. She won every game and she drank everyone under the table (with the exception of Sandor, Sansa’s current boyfriend, but since he never entered the competition, she was still the winner). Everyone was annoyed with her winning streak; her brothers had tried to cheat a million times but not even then they won.

But today, Arya was not winning, and she didn’t like that. She had a weird feeling, but she couldn’t figure out what. Her brothers were not winning, so if they were cheating they were doing it very badly (which was an option). The strange thing was that Sansa and Gendry were winning… Gendry was never very good at this type of games (play any kind of sport outside, sure, but this… he didn’t even like it much) and Sansa was never good at playing cards – sure she wasn’t bad at board games, but cards. So something wasn’t right.

Arya had already thrown her napkin to the floor, so she could check under the table – nothing fishy going under there… Sansa and Gendry weren’t even talking, and she didn’t notice any signs traded between them… So after they won another round, she got up to get another beer from the fridge, to see if it would help her think.

Ohhh… it did… someone else had gotten up to go to the kitchen, and that person had a full pack of cards in his pocket. She was ready to accuse Sandor, but no… she wanted to catch them when they couldn’t deny it.

Arya couldn’t believe Sansa and Gendry were cheating her, that they had dared to trick her… she hadn’t even known they talked enough to plan this crime against her.

When Arya sat back down, she realized that the entire game Sandor had sat right behind Sansa and Gendry, being able to see both of their games. She looked attentively to their hands, and she could see the movement – their hands going down and then up – but they were really discreet; and everyone else would only be able to see if they were looking at them.

So she came up with a plan. She knew them so well, that she knew she could catch them. So she waited… and Sansa took a card, let the pay pass to Bran next to her, and started to lower her hand, and then Arya yelled.

“Sansa, don’t overreact, but a spider just fell in your lap.”
“What?! Where?!” she yelled, getting up, and shaking herself, and as Arya expecting, dropping all her cards in the table and floor, and plus Sandor was still holding the trade card when he got up to help Sansa.

“There, right there,” she said, pointing to the cards. “I was right, you, guys, were cheating.”

“What?! Arya, Gendry and Sansa wouldn’t cheat,” Robb argued, with Jon backing him up; but Gendry’s guilty face was proof enough for her.

“Gendry, you’ve never been good at lying,” she said. And Sansa was trying to distract him, so he wouldn’t admit anything.

“We’ve been caught, Sansa,” he whispered.

“Wait… you were actually cheating…” Robb said, laughing.

“Come on… Everyone is annoyed that Arya has been winning every time, right,” Sansa argued.

“But she’s playing and winning without cheating,” Jon said.

“I’m not so sure,” Margaery, Sansa’s roommate said, and Bran laughed.

“I thought nobody else had picked it up,” he said.

“Wait!! What?!” everyone seemed to exclaim at the same time.

“I can’t prove it. I’m not even 100% sure, but Arya has probably been cheating,” Margaery said.

“I’m 100% sure, but I can’t prove it,” Bran said.

“Have you been cheating, Arya?” Robb asked, and she smiled and denied it.

“Sansa and Gendry are the ones cheating, and I think they should pay,” she suggested.

Nobody agreed with her, but Sansa and Gendry got what they deserved when they played “Truth or Dare” next – Sansa was embarrassed in the social media with her worst photo and Gendry had to go naked to a bar.

Sandor was never able to be around them when they played any type of game, and Arya stopped winning – most thought her winning streak was finally over, but Bran was sure she had stopped cheating after being almost caught.
Lyanna and Jaime - Tower of Joy

Chapter Notes

This was prompted by mr-europe on tumblr a long time ago (13/February/2016): "Jaime x Lyanna What if Jaime was the last one to see her alive in tower of Joy ?" - Sorry for the huge delay… I had started writing this a long time ago, but then I had computer problems and lost it - and only now do I finally have the guts to write it again. But I think I liked my previous idea (that I can’t remember what it was) better.

Jaime wasn’t even suppose to be here. He had been chosen to stay in King’s Landing, but he had gotten a raven from Arthur for him to head South as well - nobody told him the reason.

Sure they told him it was to protect Lyanna and her son, but Rhaegar’s heir and wife were in King’s Landing - they should be protected too (he knew they thought the same too, especially Arthur, but they obeyed Rhaegar), and they didn’t need so many people to just protect Lyanna.

And they really thought they didn’t need him, because they had asked him to stay back when they were attacked - it wasn’t his duty as a member of the Kingsguard, but Ser Gerold Hightower was his Lord Commander.

“I’ll keep you safe, Lyanna,” Jaime told her again, holding her up. Jaime wouldn’t let anyone hurt her.

“You can’t…” she whispered - her voice was so weak. “You did the best… You all did…” she whispered again.

“No, you will live. I can fight them,” he said, and she laughed.

“I believe you. They won’t kill me, they don’t need to… I’m dying, Jaime. Now, give me my son.” Jaime had to step closer to her to understand anything.

Her baby had been born that night, yelling for everyone to hear - he was strong. But he had taken all of Lyanna’s strength with him - she was bleeding and she couldn’t move. He laid the boy on her chest.

“Save the boy.” He nodded, and he laid her on his lap, as she kissed her baby’s head - she did nothing else. The life was going from her eyes… and he was scared (he was never going to spill inside Cersei again - never - he wasn’t going to let some child kill her…)

She was practically dead when the battle stopped in the ground, and they started hearing voices. Jaime tried to take the baby from her, to hide him, and as he went to pick him up, she whispered.

“Ned…” Jaime thought this was her wish for the baby’s name - Jaime would honor it; but no… it was Lyanna’s last thought - her brother was coming for her.
Arya/Gendry - Drunk at a Party

Chapter Notes

Another super old anonymous prompt (13/February/2016): "17 and Gendrya" - This is the oldest prompt left unanswered on tumblr (summer of 2014), so sorry for the delay… Also thankfully I made a note, because I wouldn’t be able to find the meme - 17 means “meeting at a party whilst drunk AU”. I had put this one aside, because I had never been drunk and I wasn’t sure how to write it (and I still haven’t been drunk, but I hope this is okay).

Gendry didn’t drink. He just didn’t. He didn’t have a reason behind it or anything. He had just never gotten into drinking. But he was drunk today.

Arya drank. She liked to drink, but she had never gotten drunk before - she really thought she could hold her drink really well, but her first college party proved her wrong.

The Manderly sisters had convinced her to come. Arya liked parties, she just wasn’t sure she would like this type of party, but she found some cool people around the room - people that made her laugh and drink. But their group started getting dispersed as people went home or found someone else; and Arya found something else to do as well.

Arya left the house and went to check the backyard - it was big, enormous - Nymeria could run here; she wished her dorms had a garden like that. They didn’t even let her have Nymeria at the dorms (not that she didn’t keep her there).

Something in the backyard called to her attention, there was a guy (probably around Jon and Robb’s age) trying to play basketball (trying being the key word). He could barely dribble, and getting the ball in the basket was completely impossible, and Arya, even drunk, believed she could do better than him.

“If I beat you, you buy me pancakes,” Arya yelled coming closer. The fact she wasn’t walking straight should have told her that she couldn’t play, but Arya didn’t even acknowledge that; but the guy noticed, so he agreed to the challenge.

Anyone looking from outside would immediately laugh, the ball barely left the ground, but they both acted like they were Michael Jordan. But since they both wanted pancakes, they had to end the game, so he tried to pick up Arya so she could reach the basket.

She did - going up was easy. But coming up down was mostly impossible, and they fell on the floor - with Arya on the top of him.

“I’m Arya…”

“Gendry. If you get up, I’ll get us pancakes.” That got Arya up in just a few seconds, and then she yelled, and jumped.

“PANCAKES!!!” And as she yelled and left the party, Gendry could only follow her.
Catelyn knew how to change a tire - she did, she really did. Really her dad and uncle made sure she could change a tire, and check the oil in the car and the air in the tires, before she could even get a car. But this didn’t stop her from being stranded in the middle of the road right now.

Catelyn had done all the steps her father and uncle had taught her, but something was still not working. She was no trying to decide what to do next she knew she should call her dad or uncle, but she also knew they would argue that she never listens to them - which was a lie - so she was still waiting for some courage to call either of them.

She was once again, kneeling on the floor, looking at the tire and trying to figure out what else she could do. Since she was distracted, she missed the lights of the car parking behind her. Her first thought was that it wasn’t probably safe for a young woman to be in the middle of the road during the night (even if it was still early in the night), so she took a deep breath and prayed it wasn’t some creep, or worst.

“Miss, do you need any help?” the man asked, coming closer to her.

“I’m trying to change the tire,” she answered, standing up.

“Do you need any help?” he asked her again.

“My dad and uncle taught me how to do it, but for some reason it’s not working.”

“Can you tell me have you’ve done?” he asked, kneeling himself to see the tire. She told him all the steps carefully.

“That seems about right,” he said, looking at the tire more carefully. “Ohhh…” he whispered after a while. “The tire is without air.”

“It’s new,” she said confused.

“Did you put in the right one? You could have picked up the old one by mistake.”

“No. It’s the new one,” she said, but still checked the other tire and confirmed it.

“Did you remember to change the tire in the trunk the last time you had to change a tire?”

“I never…” Catelyn said, “Frack… my stupid ex-boyfriend, I lent him the car and he had to change the tire, and he said he would handle the thing, but then we broke it off, and I completelly forgot it.”

“It happens,” he told her. “You can have my tire,” he said, going to his car and opening the trunk.

“I shouldn’t…”

“Please, it will be easier. Hopefully bad luck won’t strike today,” he said, putting the tire down on
the floor next to the one needing changing.

“Thank you,” she said, kneeling down to help him. She also realized that changing a tire was way easier with two people.

“Okay, it should be good now,” the man told her, helping her up, he helped her put one tire in her trunk and another in his. “Don’t forget to get it changed. You can go to the Tobho Mott’s mechanic shop - they have really good tires at good prices. My family has been going there for years.” It was the same shop that Brandon had mentioned to her, so with two suggestions, she would go there.

“Thank you again,” she said. “I promise I’ll do it tomorrow. Also I owe you a new tire…”

“No, you don’t need to. I’m already taking your old one.”

“It’s the least I can do…” she said, realizing she still didn’t know his name.

“Ned. Ned Stark.”

“Stark as in…”

“The Stark enterprises,” he told her.

“And Brandon Stark?” she asked, not knowing what answer she wanted.

“My brother,” he answered, and it was obvious their hair and eyes were the same, but Ned had an harder face than Brandon, and wasn’t as handsome.

“My stupid ex,” she told him. “I’m Catelyn Tully.”

“Yes, my brother can be stupid. And since it was my brother that ruined the first tire, you don’t need to pay.”

“I need to, Ned. Give me your number, your real number, and I’ll pay you back,” she said, giving him her cellphone.

“Nobody could ever give you a fake number,” he told her, before trying to cover what he said. “But still… you don’t need to…”

“I will. I will call you, Ned,” she said, getting into the car. “Until then, have a good week,” she said and smiled, and she could almost see this nice man smile back.
Arya/Gendry - Remember Me

Chapter Notes

This was prompted was asked by Furious_Winter (furious-winter on tumblr) (4/March/2016): "For the drabble thing... "Remember Me" Gendrya" - Thank you so much for asking :) - Leave a “Remember Me” in my ask, and I’ll write a drabble about one character trying to get another to remember them [be it from an accident, meeting them after years apart, feel free to specify.]

Arya had dark brown hair and grey eyes. Everytime he saw a girl with dark hair, he thought it was her, but normally one look at the eyes and he knew it wasn’t her. But this girl had grey eyes, and a skinny face and a skinny body, she was dressed in trousers, and yes, this time Gendry was sure it was Arya.

How in all the places, Arya ended up in this Inn, he couldn’t tell. After trying to think of what to tell her, he quitted and decided to just approach her - she was Arry, after all, and she was alive.

“I brought you another pitch of ale,” he said, stopping at her table.

“Thank you,” she said, but gave no signs of recognizing him; and continued looking after the papers she had thrown all over the table.

“May I help, M’lady? I know the forest.”

“You can’t help,” she said, not even reacting to him using m’lady.

“What brings you here?”

“I’m looking for my pet. Now, can you leave, or do I need to retire to my room.” With that, Gendry left, not wanting to bother her and make her leave.

He knew what she was looking for. It was her pet direwolf. And there was a big wolf that came to the forge a few times, but never attacked. Gendry didn’t know how to look for him, but if he appeared he would tell her. So Gendry went back to the forge, to wait.

Gendry worked. He always had work, which was something he appreciate - he didn’t like uncertainty. And while he did prefer to work on swords, he fixed a pot just as well. A job was a job.

He was sharpening a sword from a warrior that was spending the night, and needed it ready for the next morning, at sunrise, when someone knocked.

“Who are you?”

“Just Gendry, M’lady.”

“You know me…” Arya said, but she was not sure if it was a good thing or a bad one.

“I do, M’lady.”
“Are you my brother?” Most of her memories had been of her family, almost nothing else.

“No, M’lady.”

“Why do you call me M’lady?”

“You used to get mad at that,” he told her, “M’lady.”

“I’ve been trained to not be mad,” she said and he wondered where she had been trained.

“M’lady,” he said again.

“It is annoying,” she said. “I came to ask if you could take a look at my sword.”

“I’m finishing this one, but after I can do that, M’lady.”

“Can I stay here?”

“Of course, M’lady.”

They continued talking and after awhile Arya was finally annoyed at “M’lady”, and stood up to push him, and complained saying.

“Shut up, stupid.” And Gendry smiled, sure that she would remember.
Shireen/Rickon - Zip Me

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to a prompt by water elemental on tumblr (4/March/2016): "Zip me-rickeen" - Thank you!! I’ve been getting a lot of Rickeen lately and that makes me happy!!! :) - Leave an “Zip Me” in my ask, and I’ll write a drabble about one character dressing another, or the other way around [this can also be used for shutting them up as well, but feel free to specify.]

Rickon had called her to come to his apartment immediately, and Shireen put her books down, left a note for Myrcella and left their apartment. She took her bike and rode until Rickon’s apartment in the other side of town.

She used her key to enter the apartment and was greeted by Wylla, sitting on the couch, playing some game online.

“He’s in his room, freaking out.”

“Thanks,” she told his roommate, before taking the route to his room and knocking on the door.

“Hey!! It’s me - can I come in?”

“Sure.” Rickon was standing in his boxers in the middle of the room.

“Please tell me you didn’t call me just for sex. I told you I needed to study, Rickon.” She loved this boy, but he could be so exausting sometimes.

“No, I didn’t,” he told her. “But if you want to,” he said wiggling his eyebrows.

“Rickon…”

“I told you my mom was running for Governor and that she was announcing it tonight.”

“Yes.” Rickon had invited her to come, but she had too much studying to do.

“I need you to help me pick up my clothes. The last time I went to one of this things, my mom still picked up my clothes. And I’ve tried Sansa, but she’s not picking up. I wouldn’t have called you if I didn’t really needed your help.”

Shireen didn’t think she had ever seen Rickon this stressed, he normally just didn’t care. But he did care for his family, and this was a big thing for his mother.

“All right,” she told him, coming closer and holding his face between her hand. “Firstly, calm down,” she told him, with a short kiss.

“Being this close to you, doesn’t really help me calm down,” he said pulling her closer, but before they could get distracted she stepped back and sat on his bed.

“Okay, now you will need a tie. It’s the only way to cover your neck tattoo.”
“It represents my family,” he argued. The tattoo was of a trout swimming after a wolf. “But okay, I’ll see if Wylla can lend me one of her ties.” It wasn’t the best option but it was the best they could do.

Rickon came back with a skinny black tie around his neck. He looked damn sexy, and Shireen decided to get him a tie of his own so he can look like this more often.

“Next a shirt. Without patterns, preferable white.”

“I have a black one,” he told her.

“No black shirt, with a black tie - it won’t work. Blue?”

He took one from the closet, and it looked great. It was light blue, and it didn’t have any stains or rips.

“Ohhh…”

“What?!” He turned the shirt around and had his band’s name (not the actual one, but like three names ago) written in the back. “If you promise to never take off you jacket, it could work.”

“I can do that. Which jacket?”

“First, pants. Go with the black one’s, but the less skinny.” He tried two pairs before finding the right ones. “You do not own a blazer, but you may have a leather jacket that works. Let me see,” she said getting up from the bed and going through his closet, where she found some of her own clothes.

She finally found a simple black leather jacket that would work. When she turned back to Rickon, he already had his shirt on, but still unbuttoned.

“Let me help,” she told him with a smile. Starting with the second button (she wouldn’t kill him by getting the first one) and a kiss on his chest, and with every other button, another kiss, and with the last one, it wasn’t really the chest anymore, but the navel.

“Baby, if you continue this dangerous game, my pants are going down,” he told her, and Shireen laughed, getting to her feet and kissing his cheek, before fixing his tie, making sure it wasn’t too tight, just enough to cover the neck tattoos. She helped him put the jacket on, and then pulled him to the mirror.

“Do not put on your boots, go with the All-Stars,” she said, hugging him from behind, and with his arm around her. “You look very handsome.” Rickon still looked like himself, but he was covered enough to stop the media from labeling him as a criminal again.

“I would look so much better with you next to me.”

“Rickon…”

“I know, Love, sorry…” he said, kissing the top of her head. “You should get back to your books,” he told her, stepping back. “I will call you tonight,” he promised.

“Rickon, you’re still not ready,” she said with a laugh, pulling on his arm. “Come on, I still need to fix your hair.”

“My hair?! What’s wrong with my hair?!!”
Arya/Jaime - Happiness after that Thing

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (8/March/2016): "Hello if you are still taking prompts for ASOIAF/GOT can you write an AU of Arya/Jamie. A happy ficlet with HEA. There are quite few fics of this pairing and even fewer with hea. So if you are okay it, please do. Thank you." - Hi!! I’m always taking prompts for any show and book I like!! But this is a hard prompt, since I’m not an Arya/Jaime fan (Arya and Gendry are one of my OTPs, and I really LOVE Cersei and Jaime), but I’ll try it (somehow I’ve gotten a lot of prompts for them).

And writing a Happily Ever After is hard, especially since I don’t really want an ending for Jaime, I want it to be an opening ending for him.

But I’ll try, I’ve written a sort of happy drabble for them, so I decided to follow that, because I really LOVED writing that piece - so this is a sequel to chapter 32, immediately after I left off

Also this happens to be my 100th drabble for asoiaf, I had no idea when I wrote it, and now it does seem a bit weird for this to be the 100th, but it does show my motto of trying to write every ship people want

She didn’t speak to him, not even a word… but she sat at their table, trying to talk with their daughter.

“What did you do today, darling?”

“You’re not mama,” she cried again. “I want mama,” she repeated, not letting go of her father.

“It’s still mama… she just looks a bit different. Look at her eyes…” He couldn’t look at her eyes… he remembered why he had always know them, and it was awful to think that he had hurt his little girl’s grandfather.

“Mama’s eyes… but the rest is not mama…”

“Do you know mama’s friend that always smells very good,” she asked, and River nodded her head. “And how she washes her face and the color and drawings on her face disappear…” She nodded again. “That’s what happened to mama.”

“But we swim in the canals.”

“Mama had special colors in her face.” River still wasn’t sure. “If I wasn’t mama, how would I know that the Titan of Braavos scares you, or that your favorite story is when Papa tells you about the Dragon skulls, or that you’re really ticklish under your left arm,” she said, tickling her daughter, “or that you have a mark on your back shaped like a fish.”

“What’s my favorite color?”

“Red.”

“What’s my favorite food?” She stopped when her daughter presented her the question, and he knew
she was sad and happy.

“Lemon cakes - your favorite food is lemon cakes,” she said. “Do you know who also loved lemon cakes?” Her daughter shook her head. “My sister.”

“You have a sister??”

“And four brothers…”

“Where are they, Mama?”

“In Westeros.”

“Where Papa comes from?” But she doesn’t answer that question, he does it for her.

“Yes. Do you remember when I spoke of Winterfell and the white snow?”

“You said you didn’t like it,” she told her father, but her mother interveeneed.

“It’s a beautiful - what if I tell you a bit more about that?” River seemed to decide to trust her then, and climbed in her lap, waiting for more. They ate together like that, as she… Arya told her of playing in snow with her siblings, throwing snowballs and catching snowflakes with her mouth… he… Jaime wanted to leave, he didn’t want to hear this, but Gerion was enthralled with the image of Beth and his daughter. And River didn’t let him leave either.

When it was time they put her to bed, he kissed her goodnight first and then she did, telling River that her mother was from the Riverlands. And now that River was in bed they had to deal with everything, and she didn’t wait.

“I want to kill you, Jaime,” she told him, and before he could speak she continued. “But I want Gerion to kiss me and hold me tonight. And I don’t know which one are you…”

“I’m Gerion, Beth. I’ve been Gerion since I’ve been here.”

“But I don’t want to be Beth anymore. I want to be Arya Stark. And she’s not compatible with Jaime Lannister.”

“I’m not Jaime anymore… And if you want to be Arya, you can be her. But where do Gerion and River fit in here?”

“River always fits,” she said fiercely.

“I’m not leaving my daughter. She’s my child and I’m raising her,” he told her.

“Your child… but not your only one. Your son killed my dad, he hurt my sister…” she said, finally hitting him. “You fought my brother.”

“And I was made his prisioner, Arya. I did not hurt him.”

“You killed Northerners,” she said.

“And Arya Stark killed Lannister men, and not in battle.”

“They deserved to die.”

“Your northerners were trying to kill me.”
“Because you imprisoned my father.”

“Your mother imprisoned my brother.”

“Because she thought he tried to kill my brother.” And then Jaime looked guilty, and she could read him, and she had her knife in hand. “You, it was you. You, disgusting bastard,” she said with tears in her eyes - she couldn’t kill him, she loved him, she loved Gerion and she couldn’t kill him, no matter how much she wanted to kill Jaime.

“He found me and Cersei. If he told, we and her kids would have been killed.”

“Her kids?! It would have been better without Joffrey.”

“It wouldn’t be just him dying. Myrcella and Tommen never did anything wrong.” And he was right, they were sweet children, she had enjoyed talking with them. And she had killed for her family too.

She put the knife down and sat down on the floor, pulling him down with her, and she asked.

“You’re still Gerion, even if I’m no longer Beth…”

“I have two reasons to be Gerion and zero to be Jaime.” She relaxed at this and dropped her head on his chest, like she had done a million times.

“Will you follow me if I go back?”

“I will, but we should be careful - there must be a price on my head.”

“You know what’s happening…” she said, looking hopeful and scared.

“The North is strong again, Arya - they will welcome you back.”

“Strong?”

“Your sister and your brothers live,” he told her.

“Brothers?”

“The bastard, who I’ve heard is also Targaryen. The cripple, and the little kid.”

“Don’t you dare use those words again,” she said. “I may not be able to kill you, but I can tell others to.”

“Sorry - I don’t know their names So do you want to go?”

“I do. But they will want to kill you.”

“I can still fight, and I’ll be Gerion.”

“If you’re Gerion, I may let us be happy,” she said, kissing the corner of his lips.
Arya/Gendry - Against the Door

Chapter Notes

This is a response to another anonymous prompt (12/March/2016): "pinning the other against the wall gendrya" - Thank you for asking!!! Never been really good writing this almost smut stuff, so I really wanted to try

Gendry hadn’t seen Arya for the entire month, she had gone back to Winterfell for the Summer, and then she would come back, just to go back to Braavos in two weeks. Sometimes he really hated long distance relationships… but then he also really loved Arry.

He was now pacing in the airport, waiting for her, and they were late. They were late, and nobody as answering his questions about their plane.

Is Arry here already? - Hot Pie texted him.

No - he answered. He had promised Hot Pie and Lommy that they would stop by tomorrow for brunch, but tonight he planned Arya to be just his.

“Gendry,” a familiar voice said, and he looked up to find Mrs Stark and Mr Stark, and their kids, but not Arya.

“I was waiting for Arya. Where is she?”

“She came back earlier today,” Mr Stark said. “You haven’t seen her? She told us she would be staying with you,” he said, obviously not liking the idea.

“I was working all night, so I could spend today and tomorrow with her.”

“Ohhh… boy… go home,” Mrs Stark said. “If she isn’t there, please call us.”

“Thank you,” he said, running out of the airport, to his bike and speeded up to his apartment. And yes, the door was unlocked, so he opened the door and called out for Arya.

“Gendry!!” she said running and jumping on him. “Where were you? I’ve been waiting all night,” she said punching him.

“Working, and then at the airport. Just saw your parents.”

“Ohh… you were going to pick me up,” she whispered, before exclaiming. “Fuck!! I missed you,” she said, before kissing him, he immediately responded to the kiss, and pushed the door closed, and then Arya against the door.

Her hands were around his neck, pulling on his hair, while Gendry’s hands were on her thighs, very high on her thigh, and Arya was moaning against his mouth.

“My shirt looks so good on you…” he whispered, as she started to try working on his pants.

“I used to be naked,” she whispered in his ear, and Gendry decided that the door was as good of a
place as any. So Gendry pulled her underwear down, and kissed her again.

“I missed you…”
This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (12/March/2016): "rickeen sexting" - So much Rickeen… I guess I've been dooing something right… Thank you :)

Shireen had been looking at her phone for the last half an hour trying to decide what to do. She was stressing and she was sweating… and she couldn’t do this on her own. And she was also not going to call Edric or Devan about this, they would probably kill Rickon; so she was skyping with her cousin, who she wasn’t that close to.

“Do you want to answer?” Myrcella asked her for the fifth time.

“I’m not…”

“Rickon thinks so,” she said. “Now do you want to answer? If you don’t feel confortable, just tell him.”

“I want to answer,” she said sure and confident. “I do want to…” she said now suprised.

“Photo or text?”

“Maybe text…”

“So tell him what you want to do with him. Aegon has a thing for hair, I normally start with that. What do you guys like?” And now Shireen was blushing… Rickon liked playing with her hair, and she sometimes pulled on his hair when they were together…

“We…”

“You don’t need to tell me if you don’t want to, Shir. Just try something - doesn’t need to be very racy.” And then she thought of something to answer his photo of his body just out of the shower.

I wish I could be sleeping on your chest right now - she texted.

“Yeah!! You sent him something!! Do you still need me, Shireen?”

“Just until he answers…”

“Sure.”

Ur hair fils so good on my skin, he texted back and she grunted.

“What’s wrong?” Myrcella asked worried. “Did he not like your answer?”

“He did. He’s just being Rickon.”

“You’re good with him being Rickon…”

“I am. Thank you for the advice,” Shireen said. “Talk to you soon.”
“Bye. Good luck,” she said with a wink.

(Grammar) What about my fingers… tracing your tattoos… and the scar you have under your arm.

(Ahahah… sorry…) your hands are so good, I would kiss them, and feel your pulse, and then I would take your hand to feel how wet you are.

Ohhh… and Shireen stopped breathing… she couldn’t believe he had written that. She looked around, afraid someone was looking over her shoulder.

I would kiss you again.

Where? ;)

If he had been here she would have exclaimed “Rickon!”, but he wasn’t here, and she really didn’t know how to continue.

On your lips… if you behave I may bite them.

Will you spank me too?

She exclaimed Rickon’s name internally again, and then she decided to enter the game, or at least try too.

Stop being a bad boy.

Ohhh… I am a bad boy. What will you do now?!

She had no idea what she would do, and she must have spent too much time thinking, because he called her.

“You okay, Shir?” he asked worried when she picked up the phone. “Sorry if it was too much. I didn’t want to pressure you or anything.”

“I was just thinking.”

“You and your thinking,” he said laughing. “Can I come over after class?”

“You’re in class?!”

“Not anymore…”

“Okay, you can come over, but only if you promise not to text in class anymore,” she told him.

“If I don’t, does that make me a bad boy?” he asked. “Are you blushing again?”

“Shut up, Rickon. Just come over, after class. No skipping.”

“Sure. Bye, Shir…”

“See you later, Rickon.”

“See you, hot stuff,” he said, turning off the call, and leaving her blushing.
This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (12/March/2016): "grinding up against the other rickeen and sansan" - Ohhh… both Rickeen and Sansan… I think this is my first time writing Sansan, this makes me excited!!

Sandor did not like what he was seeing… he hadn’t even wanted to do this, but as always the little bird convinced him; and now Shireen, who was his responsibility, was being grinded on by some young criminal.

Okay, honestly Sandor did like Rickon - he was a fun kid, energetic and trying to do good, but always getting in trouble, but he did not like him when he was messing with Shireen.

Sandor had known Shireen for years, they had met in some burner victims help group that his therapist, Elder brother, had insisted on him going; she had lost her family and was in foster care, and the Elder brother thought it would be good for Sandor to be a big brother to Shireen.

“They seem to be getting on well,” Sansa said, coming to sit on his lap.

“I don’t like it. If your brother gets any closer to her, I’m going to punch him.”

“You wouldn’t punch my brother,” Sansa said

“He can hold himself in a fight, so I would punch him. You know that I have a few more scars because of your sister and her stupid knife.”

“Right, sorry… Just try not to punch my brother,” Sansa asked, and as she noticed Rickon was even closer to Shireen, Sansa took his hand and pulled him to the dance floor. She started dancing closer to him, and so he could be with his back turned to Shireen and Rickon.

And after awhile she got into the music, and her body moved onto Sandor’s as he mostly didn’t move.

“That feels so good,” he whispered into her ear.

“Please, dance with me…” she pleaded.

“I’m dancing…”

“Come on, Sandor,” she said, pressing her body to his, and he put her hand on her belly pulling her closer; and then she was so distracted by the feeling of his body on her and his breathing on her ear, whispering things he shouldn’t say in public, that she didn’t realize they had traded places.

“What the fuck?!” he yelled, pulling her away, and walked up to her brother and his “sister”. They were just dancing, Shireen had her head on his chest, and yes… maybe Rickon was grinding a bit… “SPACE!! Rickon, step away from Shireen!!”

“Come on, man. We’re just dancing…”
“You’re too fucking close to her!!”

“Sandor, calm down,” Sansa said, resting a hand on his arm.

“What about you?! You were almost having sex with my sister in the dancefloor!! I should punch you for that.”

“Rickon!!” Sansa exclaimed, but nothing stopped, and the two hot blooded men jumped on each other. They didn’t seem to be really hurting each other, just throwing punches.

The bouncer came up and expelled them from the club, Sansa paid up for their drinks and took Shireen to join them outside - the boys were already sitting on the curb both smoking and laughing.

“Stupid boys,” Sansa said. “Ohhh… but Rickon is a good boy.”

“So is Sandor, but I guess you already knew that.”

“I do. They are just both really mad at…”

“Stupid stuff,” Shireen offered.

“It’s better than being mad about real stuff.”

They both joined the boys, and asked them if they were doing better now, they both agreed they were.

“Sandor,” Shireen called. “Rickon offered to take me to the movies this weekend would you be okay with that,” she asked. “I know I don’t need your authorization. I’m just asking if you’re okay with it.”

“He could be worse,” he said. “And at least I know where he lives if I need to smash his head in or something.”

“Man, I will behave,” Rickon promised. “I really like Shireen.”

“I hope so. I won’t miss those many punchs next time.”

“You know the same goes if you hurt Sansa…” Rickon said, and at the same time Sansa rolled her eyes, and Shireen smiled at Rickon and Sandor talking.
Arya was a dancer and it annoyed her when people called this dancing - this wasn’t dancing. But she still sort of liked clubs, and Willow and Jeyne really liked clubs and Lommy thought it was his only chance of getting girls, so she agreed to come, and then Gendry was obligated to come.

And while Arya was a dancer, Gendry couldn’t dance, he was worst than her father, but he could always light up a bit with a few drinks, which was what happened.

Arya pulled Gendry to the dancefloor and found out that tipsy Gendry was very much a hands on kind of guy, and he also had good rhythm, and his body moved at the sound of the music, and then moved with hers. He trusted into her, which was ridiculous, considering that his middle kept hitting her belly, and it wasn’t really that sexy.

“Wait a second,” she asked, and climbed onto his feet. And now it was easier to move with him, her back was now to his chest, her arm around his neck holding him close so she wouldn’t fall, and she moved her body onto him.

Gendry was Gendry, so she quickly felt him get hard, and hopefully nobody else was noticing, and she also knew he could hold himself, so she kept not dancing close to him, feeling him, his entire body against her, knowing that tomorrow Gendry would be completelly embarassed that he behaved like this in public.
This is a response to indigoraysoflight on tumblr (IndigoRaysofLight on AO3) (13/March/2016): "Ned/Cat; 21!! :D" - YEAH!!! Ned and Catelyn!!! 21 means “leaving hickeys on the other’s neck“. Thank you for asking!!!
until Sansa asked what it was and Lady Mormont laughed, murmuring something about wolves.
This is a response to an anonymous prompt (13/March/2016): "Rickeen leaving hickeys" - Thank you so much for asking!! :D

Dating Shireen was completely different from any other date or girl he had been with. She was nice, and polite, and shy, and responsible… but she wasn’t just that, she was passionate and curious, and they always had fun together.

Shireen loved exploring Rickon and their life, she would touch him carefully and watch his reactions. He loved just being there, laying down, letting Shireen touch him.

He was like that now, still on his boxers laying on her bed, as she sat next to him, blushing, always blushing, and kissing his scars and tattoos… she liked marking him, she would never say it that clearly but she did…

She liked that when he played with his band, or when he was just playing basket in the park, people knew that he wasn’t single, that they were together. And Rickon liked Shireen like that… she normally left a lot of hickeys on his chest but also always a few on his neck as well.

“I think those are enough marks for today,” he told her, pulling her to sit on his chest.

“Ohhh… sorry…”

“I’ve told you, you don’t need to apologize,“ he told her. ”I would just really like to kiss you as well,” he told her, reaching for the buttons on her blouse.

“I would really like to be kissed as well,” she said lowering herself to peck his lips, and hide her blushing cheek.
Jaime hated being a teacher. He had been a legend, but then his hand had gone to shit, and this was the only job that would take him. And he was a bad teacher, but he was not a bad man (not that bad), and he didn’t particularly like the rumours people shared around the school.

Arya was good at learning rumours, she didn’t spread them like her sister and her friends, but she liked knowing stuff, and that was how she learned about the rumours about Professor Lannister, and she didn’t know if she believed it or not.

She told her friends and they all agreed it was probably true. The teachers in their school slept with students a lot; Jeyne told her that a teacher was going to fail her because she wouldn’t sleep with him, and he only gave her a fair grade when Gendry kind of threatened the guy. But she still didn’t believe it about Professor Lannister…

So Arya made her mission to learn more. Nothing confirmed that he had slept with any students, actually nothing confirmed that he ever slept with anyone, even when he was famous - the only woman that appeared in photos with him was his sister. He also didn’t seem to be a drunk or anything. There was no reason of why he was such a bad teacher, besides careless.

Arya was sick of not knowing, so she decided to show up during his office hours. The professor was throwing a tennis ball against the wall.

“Don’t you have papers to grade?”

“No, Miss Stark. If you care to know,” he answered. She was surprised he knew who she was, she had never had a class with him. “Why are you here, Miss Stark?”

“You’ve heard about the rumours, right.”

“Sure, who hasn’t?”

“I was researching about the rumours, and I couldn’t find any truth behind it.”

“Because there’s no truth behind it,” he told her. “You can sit if you want.”

“Why are you teaching?” she asked. “I’m pretty sure that you hate this and everyone says you suck at it.”

“I’m pretty sure I’ll be your teacher next year - so you think it a good thing to insult me?”

“If everything goes well, I’ll change schools.”
“To where? This is the best school in Westeros. Your family has been here for years,” the teacher said.

“The public school in…”

“Public school?!” he asked laughing. “Your parents will never let you.”

“All my friends go there,” she answered. She was working very hard to convince her parents, if she moved, she would be closer to her friends, even if both Jeyne and Gendry would be out of high school next year.

“They still won’t let you. Your education is important.” She decided to ignore him. Arya was smart she could study at home from her siblings’ books, and at school she could be with her friends, and not this snooty and rich people; really… her only friends were Edric Dayne, and Shireen, who was also trying to move, since her best friends went to the same school as Arya’s friends.

“So what do you wish you were doing instead of teaching?” she asked, pulling her legs under her butt.

“Playing. I would give anything to have my fucking hand again.”

“Have you tried the sept?” she asked.

“Yeah, because praying works.” Arya wasn’t sure it did, but it helped, she normally preferred the Old Gods, but she prayed to the New Gods sometimes too.

“You never know…” Arya answered. “I can play with you if you want. Sure I’m not as good as Arthur Dayne, but I can hold myself in a game.”

“I would kill you…”

“You haven’t played in how long? You may even become a better teacher,” Arya answered, before taking a piece of paper. “Here’s my number if you’re interested. I need to go now, I’m already late for class.”
Shireen/Rickon - Spray Painting AU

Chapter Notes

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (20/March/2016): "Rickeen spray painting au" - Thank you!!! :)

Shireen had been trusted with looking over the school; she couldn’t be a cop, she wasn’t strong enough, but she could protect her school; she was doing a good job until she found a spray painting with her face on it.

It was huge and beautiful, and it didn’t look like her; she had never seen herself like that, she couldn’t be that beautiful; and she didn’t know what to do - her dad would tell her to bring the perp to the principal, he had always followed the law, even with Uncle Davos.

Shireen couldn’t be a school cop and let him go, but she couldn’t bring him in, after she found him spray painting again (at night, while she waited in the bushes); so next day, she went to the principal and quitted, and after lunch, she found Rickon, with his wild red hair, and huge backpack that rattled as he walked.
Arya’s family had a lot of trainers - there was her aunt and uncle who were known worldwide, and also Mum’s uncle (and Mum wasn’t a trainer but she had Minnie, her Goldeen); and Arya and all her siblings (and cousin) got their first pokemon from their parents, they were all brothers and sisters, and Arya’s was called Nymeria.

Arya was training Nymeria to enter her in competitions, and she had just lost a big one against some trainer called The Hound, that had a fiery Cyndaquil; so she was looking for the best medical center in this place, everyone told her the best was the one in the Crossroads.

Arya found the place and holding Nymeria close to her chest, she entered the building and at the front desk someone immediately received her, and calmed her, telling her that Nymeria was okay; after that, she noticed that someone, he was a big man with black hair and very blue eyes, named Gendry who took great care of her Nymeria, he treated her as they were family.
Catelyn/Ned - Direwolf Allergies

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (21/March/2016): "nedxcat, au where cat is allergic to the direwolves

The moment Ned and the boys brought the direwolves in, to show them to the girls, Rickon and herself, she started to feel an itch on her nose, and she had a scratchy feeling in her throat; it was worse everytime one of those direwolves stepped closer to her, or one of the children put them on her arms, so she ended up stepping back.

Later, she found Ned praying in the Godswood, like he always did after having to pass a sentence; she waited until she felt she could walk up to him, and as he looked at her, he asked, “Are you okay, my lady? Are you coming down with something, Catelyn?” he asked worried.

“I think I may be allergic to the pups,” she told him and he immediately apologized for bringing them home, and offered to take them back, which she had to deny, “I couldn’t do that, Ned; Have you see their faces? Our kids are in love with them, even little Rickon is less scared now,” she told him, she just loved seeing their kids happy and smiling.
Brandon and Lyanna had been missing for a year now, and Ned didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t leave Wintertown, he couldn’t leave Benjen and their people - he had a duty to them.

But it had been a year now, but he knew he still couldn’t leave to go look for them, but he needed to do something and he could leave for a couple of days, so he talked with Benjen.

The house was so empty now, just the two of them where there had been six people before.

“Benjen, I need you to take care of the people.”

“Where are you going? You can’t go.”

“I’m not going far, just for two days. I’m going to talk to a few people about Lya and Brandon.”

“But Brandon said…”

“I’m not following him. I’m just asking, we will decide what to do from there.”

“We?”

“We,” Ned answered, hugging his brother. Brandon hadn’t asked them about anything, and just took off after Lyanna’s disappearance. “I will always talk with you.”

“Can I go with you?”

“There must always be a Stark in Winterfell. I need you to protect the people, Benjen,” he told his brother. Leaving their home, Winterfell, empty was like giving to every bandit a welcome card to attack Wintertown. “You’re a man, Ben.”

“I am not. I’m only fourteen.

“Only fourteen?! But you have whiskers showing?!” Ned said with a laugh. “Okay, so you’re a young man, but you’re strong - you can take care of the town for me.”

“I’ll try,” Benjen promised, before they retired to the kitchen, to prepare their meal. This time they had bought the meat, instead of being offered by their people, sometimes they also hunted, but their siblings had been better at it.

The two of them ate together, and the food that was left, they gave to the people who were waiting in the center of the town around a fire. After Ned and Benjen walked back home, and said goodbye to each other, since Ned was meaning to leave at first light.

He did leave at first light the next day in search of four witches of the woods, he had been hearing
about them for a few moons now. He had been worried at first, but not once he heard of any
evildoing, they just seemed to help. The ride there could take a day, but with his horse speeding
south, he could be there before sundown.

It was a small round cabin, with a long queue at the door, and after tying his horse to the tree, Ned
joined the end of the line. It was slow moving, but to his surprise and delight they kept receiving
people after the sun went down. When it was closer to his turn a young girl asked him with who he
wanted to meet, but he didn’t know, so she told him to just go to the woman in the left since she was
free.

The woman in the left appeared to be younger than him, with red hair she wore up, and really blue
eyes, that invited him in. Ned took a sit in front of her, and introduced himself as she ask.

“I’m Ned Stark.”

“Stark, from Wintertown?” she asked and he nodded. “You didn’t come to shut us down, did you?
We’re not doing anything wrong…”

“No, I don’t. I just need your help if you can help.” The woman still looked surprised, and she asked
him why he didn’t jump queue. “People had been waiting for longer than I - it didn’t seem right.”

“I’m Catelyn, and what do you need? You don’t seem sick.”

“Sick?! My sister and brother are missing, and I wanted to see if you could help me find them.”

“I can’t. I heal people…”

“Heal?” he asked. And she took a knife from the table and cut her little finger, and then rolled a
strain of hair around her finger, and the cut had disappeared. “Ohhh… that’s… unbelievable…”

“Cersei can make anyone say the truth with the touch of her finger, and Ashara can make anyone do
anything - she doesn’t use it much. And Elia is Elia…”

“So none of you can make anything…”

“If you have a lead, Ashara or Cersei can ask some questions. Or you could wait for tonight when
we can try a spell to find your sister and brother, but it’ll cost you.”

“I can pay,” he said, holding two bags of gold. “And I brought a pig with me.”

“That should do,” she said with a laugh. “You can sit with me, while I receive other people.”

Ned observed Catelyn, and how she handled everyone, she took care of everyone that came to her.
She would take her hair down, and then pull it up again - he realized he liked when her hair was
down, and then he started shaking his head at the thought, he didn’t want to think about that.

They did stop receiving people when the moon was high, and the little girl, and the young boy who
he hadn’t noticed before, started asking for food.

“What is he doing here?” the blond woman, that Catelyn had called Cersei.

“He wants for us to do a tracking spell on his siblings.”

“I can start on it,” Elia said, looking through her vials.
“But mamma…”

“I’m still eating, sweetie - I’ll be right here;” she told the girl, while taking the little boy in her arms. The girl was a copy of the older woman, but the little boy not as much.

“Will you eat with us?” Catelyn asked.

“If you don’t mind…” he said. “I’ll get the pig.” And he then heard someone exclaim pig.

They ate in peace and he mostly listened to them talk, and then he waited for them to get ready, and to put the children down. He was then called behind their cabin, and they looked around the river, as they threwed some potions into the river, and then they said some things… and then his siblings appeared in the water…

Lyanna was pregnant somewhere - it seemed like a tower or something like that - and his brother was a prisoner with a chain around his neck - they both looked scared…

“They…” Ned whispered.

“Your sister is in the Tower of Joy in Dorne,” Ashara said.

“Dorne?! What is she doing so South?”

“She’s pregnant,” Elia said, looking far away before trading a few looks with Ashara.

“They could take you there,” Catelyn suggested. “They’re from there, they know the place.”

“You should go, Catelyn,” Ashara said.

“I don’t…”

“You need to go home first. Someone poisoned the water in Wintertown, your brother is holding it the best he can.” Ned hadn’t even looked at Benjen…

“Yeah, I can help with that.”

“But they can still stop on their way south,” Cersei said.

“Neither Elia or I are going,” Ashara said strongly.

“I’ll go with you, Ned,” Catelyn said.

“Thank you. I’ll sleep outside, and stop here tomorrow.”

“When do you want to leave?”

“At first light if it’s okay with you.”

“I’ll be ready.”

Ned left them and came back on the next morning. He found Catelyn waiting for him, and already a few people making a queue. Catelyn had her head covered, and somehow that made Ned disappointed.

Ned helped Catelyn to his horse, since she didn’t have any, and she sat in front of him, with her legs sideways, and she had to hold to his chest when the horse speed up, and Ned noticed how
beautifully she blushed.

“Sorry,” she apologized every time, she bumped closer to him, but she also asked him about his plans.

“I need to talk with my brother. And if people were attacked with me leaving for two days… I don’t know what I can do…”

“I’m sorry…” she said… “It’s a hard choice…” she said, taking his hand. “I’ll do my best to help.”

“Thank you,” he said, squeezing her hand back. “I just need to do what’s best…” Ned just didn’t know that that was yet - he wanted to save his siblings… but his duty was to his people as well, he needed to protect them.

“If it helps, my dad used to say ‘Family, Duty, Honor’…”

“It doesn’t…” he admitted. “But thank you. Really thank you for coming, you didn’t need to.”

“You don’t need to thank me,” she said, moving closer to him to hold herself tighter. “Just speed up, so we can get you home.”
Lyanna/Rhaegar - Modern AU

Chapter Notes

Prompted by an anon (31/March/2016): "can you write a modern au about rhaegar / lyanna where they actually end up together and are happy, no robert please." - Ohhh… no Robert - that will be hard :) But really, no Robert in this, and Elia and Rhaegar are divorced. Enjoy!!

This was not the future Lyanna had envisioned for herself, when she dreamed of being a photographer, she dreamed of taking photos on the top of Mount Kilimanjaro, or of the war, she dreamed of travelling. But taking photos at a wedding paid, and she liked making her own money, so that’s what she did in the meantime.

The wedding was almost over by now, the bride and groom had left, but she was still taking photos - the photos at the end of the party were so good, so true, so beautiful. One of her favorite photos was of Ned and Catelyn at the end of his graduation, they were even dating back then, but the comfort and easiness with each other was visible in the shot, so that’s what she looked for by the end of parties.

“Can I buy you a drink?” a man asked her.

“It’s an open bar,” she said turning. “And I’m working.”

“I could get you just a glass of wine,” he suggested.

“Beer?” she suggested.

“Sure.” He came back awhile after with her beer, and a glass for himself, she had been looking at him as he went, and she had even taken a photo of the bar.

“’You’re with the band, right?! I took quite a few photos of you,” she said taking the camera from her neck, to look at the photos she had taken. “I really like these two.”

“These look amazing!!! Could I have your number? We’re planning to publish an album.”

“Really, just for the album?! Or you want my number for something else too?!” she asked, he was a handsome and beautiful man - he was tall and lean, with pale hair and enticing eyes.

“I would like to know your name first,” he said.

“Lyanna,” she said, offering her hand.

“Rhaegar,” he said, taking her hand and kissing it.

Lyanna had been seeing Rhaegar for almost two months now - they had fun together, but there were some problems as they found out they were quite different. Rhaegar really liked to stay at home, reading at night, while she liked to go out at night or during the day.
But they worked out something. They would go out in the morning to the garden, Lyanna would make her morning run, while he read in a bench, since he like the sun and the fresh hair; and at night, they would stay home sometimes at watch a few movies and shows - they had been bing watching *Breaking Bad*, and they were loving it.

She hadn’t seen him the entire week, she had gotten a real cool gig in Highgarden - it sounded super boring when she first heard of it, but actually being there, it had been amazing. So she drove to his apartment, after she went to see her family when she got back.

She rang on his door, and he took longer to open it than normally, and then she was met with something she didn’t expect. Rhaegar had two kids with him, she knew of them, he had told her, but she wasn’t expecting to see them.

“I can leave,” she suggested. She wasn’t good with kids - actually, that’s a lie, she’s great with kids, when it was about playing and running.

“You can stay,” he suggested, so she came in. “This is my friend, Lyanna. And this little princess,” he said trying to pull the girl from behind his leg, “is Rhaenys. And the little boy is Aegon,” he said pointing to the boy crawling around.

“Hi,” she said waving to both children.

“We were just making dinner. And I could use another hand. But Rhaenys is the chef.”

“Of course. So what are you cooking, Rhaenys?” The girl didn’t answer, she just hid herself behind her dad again. Rhaegar filled her in, and then mostly asked are to look after Aegon, as he finished dinner with Rhaenys.

The night turned out to be quite fun, they played with Aegon for a bit, but after he went to sleep, she, Rhaenys and Rhaegar played a board game together, and then watched a few cartoons, before Rhaegar finally convinced his daughter to go to sleep.

They were alone, and she told him how sweet his children were, and how he must be really proud of them. He was, he told her how he missed them a lot, and how he hated not seeing them that often. But she left soon after, since neither think that it as right for her to sleep over.

“I can’t believe we’re engaged. I never really wanted that,” Lyanna repeated for the twelfth time, since he proposed early in the day. She was looking at the ring in her finger as she lied naked with Rhaegar.

“Lya, you don’t need to say yes, just because I asked.”

“I would say no if I wanted. I don’t want to say no.”

“Do you want to say yes?”

“Not really, but it’s important to you, especially with the kids and setting an example for them.”

“They don’t care,” he said. “And neither does Elia - she’s not going to take the kids away or anything.”

“So we could move in and have a super long engagement.”

“We could,” he said, kissing her again. “You could move in right now.”
“I could. But I think I would like to fuck you again, first,” she said, rolling so she was on top, pulling herself to her knees, each on each side. “I love you, Rhaegar.”

“I love you too, Lya,” he said, grabbing her hips, looking at her excited for the future to come.
Catelyn/Ned - Presentes (written in portuguese)

Chapter Notes

This was written on May 14th, 2016, a bit late for Cloudsinmycoffee's birthday (cloudsinmycoffee9 on tumblr). And since she's now working in Brazil, she asked me for something in portuguese (my native tongue), with the prompt "finding a birthday present for the other"

Ned estava no centro comercial há duas horas, ele tinha ido a todas as lojas possíveis, e ele ainda não sabia o que comprar. Todos os anos anteriores, ele tinha trazido a Sansa com ele, mas ela estava na faculdade agora, no Eyrie, durante exames finais, e ele não podia recorrer a ela.

Ele estava na Zara pela terceira vez, com as três camisolas nas mãos a tentar decidir, ele sabia que a Catelyn ia ficar linda em qualquer uma delas, ele tinha quase a certeza que todas eram o número dela, e quase a certeza que ela ia gostar de qualquer uma.

De repente, o telemóvel dele começou a tocar, e viu que era a Sansa a ligar, e ele atendeu.

- Bom dia, Sansa.

- Hey. A Arya ligou-me a dizer que tu estás fora de casa há quase três horas à procura da prenda da mãe - a Sansa disse-lhe - Queria confirmar se precisavas de ajuda?

- Não consigo escolher entre três camisolas.


- A da esquerda, pai. O ano passado tu ofereceste à mãe uma parecida com a do meio. E a mãe precisa sempre de mais camisolas quentes - a da esquerda é boa para o outono.

- Obrigada, Sansa.

- Sem problema, pai. Se precisares de mais alguma coisa, liga.

No aniversário da Catelyn, o Ned deu-lhe a prenda e ela adorou a camisola, gozou um bocadinho com ele por ser outra vez azul escuro, e depois deu-lhe um beijo nos lábios.

- Obrigada, amor - ela agradeceu.

- E as flores - ele disse, oferecendo-lhe um vaso pequeno.

- Obrigada. A sério, não era preciso. Ter-vos aqui é o mais importante.
- O Robb vem hoje à tarde, e a Sansa prometeu vir mal o último exame acabe - Ned relembrou-lhe. Ned sabia que o que a Catelyn queria era todos os seus filhos debaixo do mesmo tecto.

- Falando em Sansa, a sério, três horas para escolher a minha prenda sem a tua filha contigo - ela disse, com o sorriso.

- Ela acabou por me ligar e ajudar com a última escolha - ele disse com um sorriso inocente - Eu só quero escolher a peça perfeita.

- Ned, não stresses tanto. Eu tenho a certeza que qualquer coisa que tu escolhas eu vou gostar - ela disse, pondo-se em bicos de pés, e dando-lhe mais um beijo.
They had now been engaged for two weeks, and due to all the excitement, Catelyn had forgotten that she needed to talk to him, she really hoped they were on the same page.

She was stressing as she waited for him to open the door after she rang the bell, but she calmed down when she looked at Ned’s face on the other side of the door.

“Hi!! Didn’t you have the key?” he greeted and asked.

“Ohh… forgot…” she lied, she had wanted to see his face when he opened the door, she wanted him to be up and ready when she got there, and not pull her down to the couch to watch TV.

“Ohkay, come in,” he said, kissing her cheek.

“We need to talk,” she told him, and Ned stepped back immediately, with a timid nod. “It’s not something bad. I hope…”

She moved to his small kitchen and started heating the water for tea - it always made conversations easier. And now with two cups on their hands they sat at the counter in the kitchen.

“What’s going on, Catelyn?”

“I… we… do you want to have kids?” she asked. “Like, you mentioned it, but we never talked about it, and you brother didn’t…”

“I do. Not sure when or how many, but I want kids…” She let go of a breath she didn’t even know she was holding. “You were really nervous, weren’t you?”

“Yes, Ned. It was really important to me that you wanted kids. I don’t really want a big age difference between them - Edmure was so much younger than us that was hard.”

“Okay.”

“And I think I want them early. I know people are suppose to wait to have a career, but I don’t want to miss my shot, and I’m pretty sure I can teach and be pregnant.”

“Okay. And I’m sure I can bring our child to work.”

“Perks of working for your dad,” she said, with a smile, taking his hand over the table.

“So any idea for when?”

“Maybe we could start trying after the wedding,” she said, they had agreed to get married in the end of the Summer after her first year teaching. “It’ll probably take a while to get it right.”
“Okay, wedding night, it is,” he told her, getting up to kiss her lips.
Catelyn/Ned - Rubbing Noses

Chapter Notes

This was prompted by an anon (26/May/2016): "If you are receiving requests, Ned/Cat Please do 3 or 26 :DDD Thank you :)") - Thank you so much for asking!! I decided to go with “26 - Rubbing Noses”, also modern AU, with very young Ned and Catelyn

Ned was an eleventh year old boy, awkwardly built, really skinny, but not tall or small, with the first signs of acne on his face, and he always had a hard time standing straight. Catelyn was a few months younger, and so still ten even if they were in the same school year, and she wasn’t awkwardly built - she was very pretty, and liked by most people.

And now Catelyn was standing in front of Ned, on the tip of her feet, looking awkwardly at him, and blushing, blushing so much. And Ned was just nervous… Around them, people were clapping and yelling for them to kiss, and Catelyn moved forward to kiss him, but their lips didn’t touch, instead their noses bumped, and everyone laughed, making Catelyn run away, and people disperse.

“Ned,” Robert said, coming up to him. “You like her, go after her - knowing girls she probably ran to the bathroom,” his friend told him, and Ned trusted him, since he had kissed a lot of girls.

Robert had been right and she was in the bathroom, Ned didn’t enter it, but he said from the open door.

“Catelyn, I’m sorry… It’s all my fault - I’m stupid, and if it had been Robert or my brother or…”

“But I don’t want to kiss them,” she said, opening the door from the stall where she was. “I like you, I really really like you, Ned,” she said, blushing - she was so red that covered the tear-stained cheeks.

“Can you…” he said offering her his hand. "I can’t come in, it’s the girls’ bathroom.”

“Sorry,” she said, coming outside, and they stood in the hall between both bathrooms, and they were alone. He took her hands, and she looked up to his face, and in just a few seconds, she put a kiss on his lips, before pulling back.

“You kissed me,” he said with a smile. “Do you want to be my girlfriend?” he whispered.

“I… I thought we were already… I shouldn’t kiss someone who isn’t my boyfriend.”

“So I’m your boyfriend,” he said with a smile, he wanted to kiss her again, but since he wasn’t that brave, he bumped his nose with hers, making her laugh.
Catelyn and Ned had just came home after a double date with Robert and Ned’s sister, Lyanna, and Catelyn was just realizing something.

“Have you noticed that your sister and Robert never call each other by their names?” she commented with him, finding her place under Ned’s arm, in front of the TV.

“They do?!” Of course, Ned hadn’t noticed…

“‘She-wolf’, ‘wolf-girl’, ‘stupid’, ‘buffoon’,…”

“Ohh… yeah…” Ned said…

“We don’t have nicknames. You always call me just Cat, or Catelyn.”

“And you call me Ned, fiery head,” he said with a smile.

“That’s awful, brooding man.”

“Blushing bride…”

“Quiet wolf…”

“Robert and Brandon had the habit of calling me ‘stick in the mud’…”

“Which you’re not, hmm… freezing man,” she offered.

“Southern bride,” he offered.

“Really?! We’re really bad at this,” she said, pulling herself closer to him.

“But we’re good at other things,” he told her.

“That we are,” she said, kissing his bearded chin. “What about ‘my love’?”

“‘My love’ sounds perfect,” he said, kissing her back, “my love,” he added when he pulled back.
Arya and Aegon - Fighting in the North

Chapter Notes

This was written belated for madaboutasoiaf's birthday. So on June 16th, 2016, I wrote a little Arya and Aegon fic - can be read as both shippy or broshippy :) and it takes place during the last battles with the Others

“The men are waiting for you,” Arya announced entering his tent.

“I’m your King, Arya. You should really ask for permission to enter or something,” he said, as he was still trying to figure out his clothes.

“Of course, my King,” she said, showing him a smile. “Now come here, so I can help you put your armour in,” she said, making sure that the furs covered his all body and that the armour was firm on his body - hypothermia could be as deadly as the wights and the Others.

“I don’t know how I’ll be able to move with all these furs,” he complained.

“You fought well yesterday, Aegon. You’ll again today - I’ll get you home safe and breathing.” Arya’s one armour was lighter - she wasn’t a King after all, and she was better used to the cold than Aegon for sure - but still kept her protected and warm, Sansa wouldn’t have it another way, she had even complied with Arya’s need to cut her hair, instead of just braiding it.

“You and I don’t know how many men. People are putting my life above theirs - I don’t need more people to die on my account.” She knew he was thinking about Jon, the man who had raised him, and saw him on the throne just before he had died; Arya understood the feeling just too well, and squeezed his shoulder, before exclaiming.

“You seem ‘bout ready!!! As pretty as you’ll be North of the Wall…” she said with a laugh, before leaving his tent and joining her men (and women, even if it was a small group) - as a Stark, she led the northerners, and she had gained their respect and council (the few lords that had survived their journey south with her brother were valuable advisers). Jon, her brother and the King’s brother, also had a few northerners with him, but he mostly lead and fought with the wildings, a bit east from where Arya was camping for now - she missed him, but she was sure he was still alive as the last time she saw him, less than a fortnight ago.

“My lady,” Greatjon greeted her. “How was the Southern King this morning?” he asked. Greatjon was one of the northern Lords that still hadn’t lost hope for a King in the North - Aegon had told her brother, Bran, that they would discuss this matter after this war was won.

“Cold, of course,” she said, making the older Lord laugh; fortunately, he stopped laughing when Aegon started adressing the troops.

He had changed so much since she had first met him in the Free Cities, and he had grown into his role as King - he was adored by the people. People connected to his humble beginning, they liked that he knew how to fish and sell. But he appealed to the lords as well, as a Targaryen, and with a vast knowledge on politics (trained by a former Hand). And right now, he appealed to soldiers of any background - he promised them a future, land, women, gold, and more important glory and their
lives.

Arya fought for her life, her family and their people. She stood so her brother Rickon wouldn’t have to fight, so her sister Sansa could be happy and safe, and Bran could grow up and be a great Lord or King.

She was called back to reality, when she heard the men and women around the camp yelled and clapped for ‘freedom’ and ‘victory’. And she yelled with her men, ‘for the North’, ‘for Winterfell’, and ‘for the Starks’.

Just like that, another day of fighting started. Arya sent a prayer to the Old Gods to keep her northerners, her friends, her King, herself, and most important her family safe. Arya would make sure to keep fighting, until they were all safe, no matter how many days it took.
Rhaegar had just crowned the Stark girl as Queen of Love and Beauty. Elia had stood straight and proud, but she was now in her tent. Oberyn and Ashara were pacing in it.

“I’m going to kill him, Elia,” Oberyn said, and Ashara nodded to it.

“Yes, I can help,” she said. “Come on, Elia, he’s an asshole.”

“He’s also the prince,” Elia reminded them. “And I don’t want you dead.”

“But you want him dead. I can do it, they won’t know it’s me.”

“Could I please have a word with my wife?” Rhaegar asked from the entrance, and Oberyn denied him immediately, but Elia nodded at Rhaegar.

“Yes, come in.” Neither Ashara and Oberyn made a move to leave. “I’ll be okay. You can leave,” she told them, they both came to kiss Elia and sent a death look at Rhaegar, before leaving the tent.

“Elia, please let me explain.”

“She’s a child, Rhaegar. And she’s betrothed to your cousin,” she told him. “Do you know the problems you’ve created?”

“But I had a dream last night…”

“A dream!?” she exclaimed. “Rhaegar, I’ve told you you can’t do this base your behaviour on dreams,” she told him. “You’re going to be King. You need to be responsible.”

“But she can give me the third head of a dragon.”

“You aren’t serious, right!?” she finally yelled, before lowering her tone again. “I’m pregnant with your child, right now!!”

“I know, and we’ll have a boy, Elia,” he said coming closer, trying to take her hand.

“So why did you Crown her? I was there, so was your daughter.”

“She was the Knight of the Laughing Tree - she fought those squires. She deserved recognition.”

“You could have talked to her in private. You know the problems you’ve created - she’s a child and betrohed to your cousin,” she reminded him.

“I’m sorry. I know of the problems. I didn’t think…”
“You need to think,” she said getting up. “You can act without thinking.”

“I know… Elia… I just…”

“Don’t just… I’ll give you this child, and I’ll give you the third head to your dragon,” she told him. “And you need to fix this.”

“I will talk to her.”

“Don’t. You’re going to stress the child even more, or at least don’t do it alone. I’ll go with you if you need,” she told him. “You should talk to your cousin as well.”

“I’m sorry, Elia,”

“You should be,” she said getting up, prepared to leave the tent. “My brother was right about being able to kill you without anyone knowing,” she said with a smile.
“Can I have this dance?” Jaime asked his sister, as he approached the table at the top of the hall. Her new husband nodded, and Cersei accepted his hand.

Cersei had been the one to teach him to dance when they were only children. The dances had changed through the years, and he wished they could dance right now, like they normally did in the dark of night.

“You look beautiful,” he whispered as he took her hand and they started dancing, with his mouth next to her ear.

“You have already told me.” He did, that morning, just after he had taken her against the vanity table.

“You do look beautiful,” he whispered again, trying to control himself not to kiss her in front of everyone. “We can still run away.”

“I’m married, Jaime,” she told him, as he twirled her in his arms.

“Please, we can still run. I love you,” he said, and repeated two more time. “I love you. I love you. We belong together.”

“Be careful someone can hear you,” she warned him. “And I love you too. But I’m Queen now, Jaime, I can have future. This can’t happen again.” Cersei had told him this before, but it had never come true and it wouldn’t this time either - they belonged together, and they both knew it.

Jaime pulled Cersei closer for the last bit of the song, that was a bit slower; he was sure that he could feel her heart was beating faster.

“I mean it, Jaime. I love you, but we can’t do this anymore,” she told him with a kiss on his cheek, before being taken away by their uncle for another dance.
Lyanna/Oberyn - Pregnancy

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (6/July/2016): "Can you please write a short one for Oberyn x Lyanna, please when She got pregnant but they were discreet about it. When she got pregnant Oberyn left ( he did not know about the pregnancy) Her brothers wanna kill the man who got her pregnant” - Ohh… Oberyn and Lyanna… I have read a couple of really good fics about these two, but I’ve never tried writing them… I do hope you like it!!

This was too similar to the conversation she had had with her family almost ten years ago. But at least now she wasn’t a teenager and in highschool…

“So… I asked us to meet–”

“You didn’t,” Brandon started. “This is Ned and Cat’s Friday dinner.”

“I asked you to move to the living room, didn’t I?” she answered.

“Now, kids, stop,” their father said. “Please, Lyanna, continue.”

“Yeah… so… I’m pregnant…”

“What?!” Brandon yelled.

“Is it Rhaegar’s?” Ned asked, and after she shook her head. “Robert’s? He hasn’t talked about you in a while, I didn’t think you were going out.”

“It’s not him. The father is not really in the picture.”

“Why?”

“Because I say so,” she argued.

“Does Jon know?” Catelyn asked.

“Yes, he does,” she answered with a smile. “He’s quite excited, and he’s been helping around the house. He just wants to buy toys and clothes for the baby. And he even started moving things around in his room, wanting to make space for the baby. He just wants for the next five to six months to pass quickly.”

“You’re three months pregnant?!” Brandon exclaimed.

“Yes. And come on is no one going to congratulate me.”

“Yes, sorry.” Her brothers got up and hugged her, congratulating her, but they all still seemed worry, and so did her father, and the four of them retired to Ned and Catelyn’s office after drinks. But Catelyn asked her about the baby and how she was feeling, and it was good to talk with her - everyone knew that Catelyn had been pregnant more times that it should be humanly possible.
Everything seemed better when she left the house, but soon after she found out that wasn’t the case. She should have guessed, after all Brandon spent a week in jail after attacking Rhaegar when he found out she was pregnant the first time, and her father was almost arrested as well, and even her calm Ned and young Benjen had wanted to do something.

She realized something was happening when Jon told her that Brandon had been asking strange questions, mostly about boys and men. It seemed Brandon had been leading a man hunt for the baby’s father.

The father was not a bad man. He was very nice, and fun, and sexy, and wow… sensual - he had taught her things that she had never thought possible - but he was also forbidden. She had met him in one of those Rhaegar’s function, where he requested his kid’s presence; and the new baby daddy had been there because Rhaegar had asked his sister to bring their kids as well, and Oberyn had been there to protect her.

She and Oberyn had been together for awhile, but they had kept it a secret, because after all she was the Stark who ruined his sister’s marriage, and he really loved his sister. Really if it wasn’t that, they could have really had something, but they had broken it off, because they couldn’t really be together… and then she hadn’t been able to call… she tried but he didn’t answer her calls, and then she stopped. She had raised alone Jon, and she could do it with this kid too.

But then she got a call from Oberyn, which proved her suspicions about Brandon.

“So I had an interesting visit today. Your brothers came here, ohh… and not just Brandon… but Ned and Benjen too, and to say the truth they were only trying to talk, Brandon was the only doing the punching.”

“Ohh… I’m so sorry…”

“I could make out a few words, something about you being pregnant…”

“I tried calling you, but you didn’t pick up…”

“You tried four times, Lya. You’re pregnant…”

“I am.”

“I’m going to be a father…”

“I’m pretty sure you already are,” she said with a laugh. They had always talked a lot about their kids.

“But maybe a boy this time.”

”Jon wants a girl. He’s excited.”

“My girls will too. We really need to talk,” he told her. “I’m still in the hospital, your brothers insisted I came - Brandon wanted to leave me bleeding, but Ned and Benjen were not bad… And they are waiting outside to make sure they can bring me with them.”

“I’m really sorry they…”

“They are your brothers after all. You know I would do the same for Elia. And I can’t help but admire your brother for punching Rhaegar - I hope it was with as much strenght as this one.”
“Probably more. I was a minor after all. And this is my second kid out of wedlock.”

“I’m almost at ten so I win. Talk soon.”

“Sure. And I’m sorry…”
They had been doing these trips since he was a little kid, his mother thought that the sun and the beach was good for them; so every Summer, in the first two weeks of August, they left the mountains in Andorra for the sun in the South of Spain.

Ned wasn’t a big fan of these beach holidays, but today was a day he liked. It wasn’t too hot and the sun was mostly hiding, so the beach wasn’t an option. His siblings decided to enjoy the pool in the hotel, but Ned decided to take a stroll around town.

The town was old and small, Ned was sure most houses had been built in the Middle Ages or something - sure new doors and windows, but the rest… But it was really good to walk through town, feeling the fresh air on his skin, and getting to exercise his legs.

But soon after, the fresh air turned into rain, first just a bit, which he rather liked especially after days of blazing hot sun, but quickly turned to heavier rain. Ned was still a long distance from the hotel where the rain started, and no closer when the real rain took over, so he took cover under some house’s entrance.

“Hola,” he heard a voice from above, from the window. “It’s raining,” she said, changing to English.

“I know,” he answered with the English he had never used outside of class and his messages online with @kingstag, but she was no longer there to judge him.

“Hi,” she said, opening the door. He noticed now that she was around his age. “If you want to come in? To the hall, and with the door opened.”

“Thank you,” he said, and sat in the front steps of the house.

“Catelyn,” she introduced herself as she sat next to him.

“Ned.”

“You’re not from here,” she concluded. He had realized the same about her, noticing a different accent in her English, and not a Spanish one.

“Andorra. I’m here with my family. Holidays. You’re not from here either, right?”

“Paris. I studied in Barcelona during the fall semester, and my old roommate invited me over for a couple of weeks this Summer. She and her brothers should be home soon,” Catelyn told him, and Ned realized that she was trying to make sure he knew that she wasn’t alone and that people knew
where she was - it was a smart move, of course Ned wasn’t planning to hurt her, but it was still a smart thing to do.

“Do you have any brothers?” he asked.

“A younger sister and brother, Lysa and Edmure. You?”

“An older brother, Brandon, and two younger siblings, Lyanna and Benjen. They stayed in the hotel, enjoying the pool.”

“With the rain?”

“It wasn’t raining when I left. But that doesn’t mean they left, they are capable of enjoying the pool and the rain at the same time.”

“Really??”

“We’re used to the cold. A little rain won’t hurt us.”

“Do you want to go back outside?” she asked with a laugh.

“No, thanks,” he answered, after a short laugh.

“The rain should last,” Catelyn told him. “Do you mind if I get a cart of UNO? We could play.”

“Of course.”

Catelyn didn’t leave him alone for more than two minutes, and when she came back, they made sure they agreed on the rules, and then they started the game. Catelyn won most times and at the same time Ned learned more about her and her life in Paris, and he told her about her; and finally in the last game before it stopped raining, he won a game.

“Maybe you should go,” Catelyn suggested, “before it starts raining again.”

“Right,” Ned agreed reluctantly, he was actually having fun. But Ned got up, and after helping Catelyn up, he said his goodbyes, “Thank you for letting me in and keeping me company.”

“No problem. I had fun.”

“Me too. Bye,” he repeated.

“Bye,” she said and waved as Ned left the house and then she called back. “Maybe I could give you my number, or get yours,” she suggested, “I’m sure Elia - my friend - could show us around some cool places, you can bring your siblings.”

“I would like that.” He smiled.

“And maybe we could go for ice-cream, just the two of us.” Ned smiled even brighter.
Jeyne/Theon - Tarantism

Chapter Notes

This is an answer to jeeno2's prompt (jeeno2 in here too) on tumblr (22/August/2016): "Tarantism -- ASOIAF pairing of your choice!" - That word makes me think of tarantulas and Tarantino, but it actually means: The urge to overcome melancholy by dancing.
Since it was you, I was thinking Arya and Gendry, but then dancing with them in my head is always awkward and funny (or Arya is an actual dancer, but Gendry is still awkward...), so I decided to go with another pairing that I've felt the need to write again for awhile - Jeyne and Theon!!!

Jeyne was sitting on the back of the room, looking onto the dancefloor, where her oldest friend was dancing in a long ivory dress, like she always dreamed of. Jeyne was in a long dress too, she barely showed any skin, and she was even wearing pants under the dress - this was not the dress Jeyne had always dreamed of, it would have been violet or peach instead of grey, and sleeveless and just a little above her knees. And even with this dress, she kept pulling on the sleeves, wanting to cover more and more of her skin - her dirty and scarred skin.

"Hello," Theon whispered as he asked to sit next to her, and she nodded. "Are you okay?"
"Yes, Theon." She had learned that it helped if she said his name. "You?"
"The music can be a bit too loud sometimes. Robb has helped."
"I can’t believe Sansa is getting married."
"And that Robb has an actual living child."
"Sansa and I dreamed of this, Theon. We had both our weddings planned, she was going to wear light blue to mine, but now I can’t even imagine myself getting married…"
"You will… if you want too…"
"It’s just… it has been so long since we were kids, Theon, everything that has happened. I want to be that little again, to plan my wedding, to play mom and dad, to be happy…"
"If I remember right you danced, a lot, you and Sansa were always dancing,” Theon said, giving her his hand - she didn’t even flinch at his fingers, she would have had before. “I was a smooth dancer when I was younger, not so much anymore… but I’ll try to keep up with you.”
"I would like that, Theon.”

Theon took her hand and they made it to the dancefloor slowly. She felt like everyone was looking at them, thinking they were freaks, but then she focused on Theon and Sansa and the Starks - they were there when she was little, they had always been there.
"It’s okay, Jeyne,” he said, taking her hand and putting the other on her shoulder and he lightly put his on her waist - lightly, don’t squeeze, no pressure. And they moved… neither of them would have
called it dancing before, they had liked fast dances before, and when slow dancing, they touched and grabbed. “We’re okay, and we’ll be happy. And you will get married and have children, and have you happy ever after.”

“And so will you, Theon,” she said, resting her head against him. And this time she really believed him and herself. And in that moment dancing, she knew she was happy.
This is a response to the anonymous prompt (23/August/2016): "Sphallolalia - Flirtatious talk that leads no where" - Thanks for asking :) And since you didn’t give me a ship, I guess I can choose, so another I’ve wanted to write again for awhile - Margaery and Tommen :D Tommen is pretty book canon in this, much younger than Margaery, naive, innocent and adorable; while Margaery is more TV canon (mostly because there’s too little of book canon)

Tommem really wanted to go up there. He had tried to get Robin’s support in this mission, but he was being all awkward and weird, so he left him alone near the food, and marched on.

Margaery was on the other side of the room, looking beautiful and sexy as ever. She had broken off with his brother two years ago, but she was still living in the city, working against his mother most of the time, while Tommen was still finishing high school.

“Hi,” he greeted. “You look…”

“Amazing, mindblowing, fuckable,” she said with a smile, with her lips strongly making the last word.

“I was gonna say beautiful,” he said. ”But definitely those too. I’m Tommen.”

“Joffrey’s younger brother, I remember. You used to love cats.”

“I still do,” he answered immediately, but maybe that made him sound too young. “I like when they scratch, you have nice nails.” She laughed at him.

“That may not sound as good as you think. You sound like you’re into animals.”

“I’m not. I was trying to…”

“I know. But I’m a master flirting, and you’re cute.”

“I can be more than cute.”

“Sure, you can,” she smiled. “But maybe try with girls your age, first,” she said, giving him a kiss on the cheek, before walking out.

“Wait…” she turned. He tried to think of something to say, witty, smart, and sexy, like he had seen his uncles do; but instead he stayed there as the floor swallowed him whole. At least he made her smile.
Her mother was always saying that she ran everywhere, while Arya liked to deny it - it was mostly true. This time she was actually running for a reason, since she was late for her hip-hop class. And then some stupid person just showed up in front of her, and who was hard enough to be an actual wall.

“I’m so sorry,” the stupid person said giving her his hand. “Can I help you?”

“Stupid,” she muttered. “I’m late already.”

“I’m sorry, lady. I didn’t mean to.” She finally looked up to see this giant of a man, with black hair and the bluest eyes, but still with a stupid look on his face.

“You can at least help me up.” He did as she said, and he helped her up, he pulled her entirely body up alone. “Fuck,” she swore when she realized she had landed with her foot in the wrong position. “I can’t walk.”

“I’m so sorry… I should take you to a hospital.”

“No, I have an important dance class. I can’t miss it.”

“You can’t dance,” he told her.

“I know, stupid. But this is nothing - a bit of ice and I’ll just connect the foot. I just need to get to my class.”

“If you’re sure?! I can carry you there, it will be quicker than anything else.”

“It’s better than nothing.” Arya didn’t particularly liked being carried by some stranger, but she got to the class much quicker - the man had long legs.

Someone immediately went to get the first-aid kit while the guy stayed with her, trying to look at her foot.

“You can go now if you want. I’m okay.”

“Right,” he said. “I’m Gendry, by the way.”

“Arya,” she said. “Sorry for all the ‘stupid’.”

“No problem. I would feel better if I could get your number, just to know if you’re healing well.”
“Sure,” she said with a smile, taking his phone.
Arya/Gendry - Long Phonecalls

Chapter Notes

This is a response to a prompt on tumblr by miladyaryastark (Lucy1234 in here) (24/August/2016): "gendrya, 39 or 2 (or both lol) !!!!" - Yeah!!! Thank you for asking!! I’m going with both, 2 for childhood best friends au, and 39 for long distance relationship au :D

“Shut up,” she exclaimed to the phone. “Jeyne did not do that,” she said laughing.

“She did. The guy was a jerk, he deserved the slap - I wanted to smash him to the floor.”

“You should,” she told him. “It feels quite good,” she said, reminding him of the time she beat up Sansa’s asshole former boyfriend. That had been around the time Arya first met Gendry, she had only been ten and he had been thirteen - it had been five years now, and they were still friends, even if they lived far away from each other (she had only spent three months in the same city as him).

“Jeyne wouldn’t let me. A bad example for Willow or something - no using violence or something.”

“Violence is awesome!!” she exclaimed, and Gendry laughed from the other side of the phonecall.

“Yeah… yeah… How are things there? You had a game, right?”

“Yes!!! I scored three goals, but we were still almost loosing, but Mycah really saved us!!” she said, mentioning their goal-keeper and one of her best friends. “Bran is back in the game again!!”

“So his leg?”

“He’s much better. You’re coming if we get to the finals, right?”

“I’ll try… I’m even making friends in my classes in case I have to miss some.”

“Really!” she said with a laugh. Gendry was awful with people, he had been lucky to meet Jeyne in highschool and she actually handled his moods, and she had introduced him to Willow; he also had Hot Pie and Lommy - Arya had been friends with them first and she introduced them to Gendry (she still talked with them, not as much as with Gendry, but still talked). Arya was the opposite of him, she made friends with everyone, or almost everyone (sometimes Sansa’s friends could be a bit stupid).

“It’s not that hard to believe.”

“Yes, it is. You look like you’re mad at everybody.”

“Do not!!”

“I bet you’re doing the face.”

“I’m not.”

“Facetime me. Prove it!!”
“Shut up,” he said back to her. Gendry changed the subject back to Arya’s game and she told him everything about it, and how the training was going on, and then she moved on to her classes. Gendry never shared much about his work - at the mechanic shop - or about his first college year - unless he needed to freak out about everything, and not being smart enough to being there.

“Shut up!! You are smart and you deserve to be there. Tell your classmates to take the stick out of their ass, or I will come down there and beat them up.”

“You think they are threatened by a fifteen year old.”

“They should!! You know I can kick ass,” she told him, as she got up and pumped to punch someone, she punched the punching bag, that she had stolen from Robb’s old room. “I need to tell you about the next prank I’m planning - Rickon and I–”

“Rickon and you, that should be good!! But I need to go, the teacher is at the door,” he told her.

“You’re talking to me in a classroom. What a bad boy?!?” she said with a laugh.

“Ahah, shut up. I’ll call you later, I need to hear about the prank. Bye, Arry.”

“Talk to you later,” she said, turning off the call.
“Dad, Jaime has one of the best records in the precinct,” Arya reminded her father. Dad had been working with Jaime for years now, and he still didn’t trust him, since he was a Lannister. “And Dad, you promised me that you would treat me like any other cop when I took the job here.” Arya loved her family, but she hadn’t planned to work in the same place as her father.

“Arya…”

“Dad…” There was a long stare contest between the two, before her Dad gave in and told her she could go. “Thanks, chief,” she said leaving his office.

“Lannister, you’re with me,” she said walking by Jaime’s table.

“I work with Tarth. And don’t think you can give me orders just because you’re the boss’ kid.”

“Don’t you have the new drug case down in Flea Bottom, you haven’t started that with Brienne.”

“I’m not leaving Tarth alone.”

“Payne, do you have a new case you can work with Brienne?” Arya asked Pod, who nodded. “So problem solved, Lannister, let’s go.”

“You’re a pain in my ass, kid,” he said, getting up.

“So where are we going first?” she asked him as they boarded his car.

“I’m going to check with Bronn,” he told her. He drove her deeper into Flea Bottom and stopped at some bar. “Come on, Stark. And don’t look too much like a cop, or no one will talk to us.” Arya flipped him off, she couldn’t believe he had to ask - she was great at being undercover.

Jaime went in to talk to some man in the corner while Arya took a place at the counter and ordered a beer. Sitting at the counter always let her listen to everyone around her, but nobody seemed to have any relevant information.
“Let’s go,” he said as he walked by her.”

“Thank you,” she said, dropping some money on the counter, and taking the bottle with her.

“Drinking on the job, I may like you better than your father already. But let’s hope your weight handles the licor.”

“First I can handle my licor quite well. Second I’m not drinking, I was blending in,” Arya had learned it was quite suspicious to be in a bar and not drink, so she always asked for a beer, it was easier to just pretend with a bottle instead of a glass. “So what did you got?”

“Nothing, he said he was only selling to children.”

“Fucker, I hate guys like that,” she swore. “Let’s go, I know where we should go.” They got back into his car and she gave him the directions to the shop. “You should really think about bringing another car to Flea Bottom - it kind of gives away you’re not from here.”

“And right now?!”

“It will do.” They stopped in front of the mechanic shop, and she got out of the car and entered the shop. “Have you heard of the Mountain?” she asked, and someone immediately answered her; Jaime couldn’t believe she had gotten an answer like that from these guys, he had never seen anything like that.

“Good job, mini-Stark. I can’t believe they gave it up so easily.”

“Right. Pass the information to the chief, we’ll need backup if there are as many men as Lem says. I can go in. I can play twenty somethings.”

“Yeah, with that height. I will call your father,” he said, expecting her to follow him, but when he turned back she was talking to some dirty guy that was coming out from under a car, and kissing him and talking with him.

“Who’s that?” he asked when she came back. “Does your father know you’re kissing dirty boys under cars?”

“Sure, just like he knows you’re fucking Tarth.”

“I’m not.”

“Right, you’re not. Just make the call, Lannister.” Jaime was starting to like mini-Stark, maybe she wasn’t that bad, at least she wasn’t a square like her father.
Elia wasn’t sure about the news her mother had given her. Elia had always thought she would have more to say about her marriage - she was dornishwoman after all - but they had talked very little about it.

She had liked Prince Rhaegar when they had gone to court, he was beautiful, and could hold a conversation, and played harp beautifully. But marriage was a completely different thing, to give her life to someone, in this case to give her life to the Kingdoms.

Her mother assured her he was a good boy, that he was her friend’s son, but so were the Lannister twins and they could be quite cruel - mother reminded her that they had just lost their mother.

“Dear, they have been looking for a betrothed for a long time,” her mother informed her. “They will want you to get married soon. You are of age.”

“I know, Mother,” she knew. Elia wasn’t as young as most southern ladies when they got married, so it would be expected of her to marry soon.

“Prince Rhaegar will come here to visit you.”

“And take me to King’s Landing.”

“Yes, you will have to get married in the capital; your brothers and I will go with you.”

“Thank you, Mother,” she nodded at her mother and stood up; she left the room and the house, to find her brother, and her closest companion together outside.

“What did Mother want?” Oberyn asked.

“I’m to be married to the Prince.”

“He was a bore,” her brother complained, and Ashara agreed.

“But she will be Queen,” Ashara said,” You’ll make a great Queen, everyone will love you.”

“I’m an outsider, Ashara,” she said. “With my Essos blood and darker skin.”

“Targaryens have married Martells before,” Oberyn said. “And we are a Great House after all.”

“I know, brother. But I still fear it.”

“Take me with you, Elia,” Ashara offered, “I’ll be there for you ever step of the way.”

“I couldn’t ask you that,” Elia argued. Ashara wasn’t like Elia, she liked to enjoy her freedom - a freedom she wouldn’t be allowed in court, or anywhere in the South. “Ashara, they won’t let you be
“My dear, I’ll always be myself, and I know and I’ll always be careful,” Ashara said, “But Elia, you come first, and knowing that my company will make things easier, it’s enough to convince me.”

“Thank you, Ashara,” Elia said, hugging her.

“Now, tell us what you know about this Prince.”
Jaime had woken beside her many times before, he always had looked for Cersei, and she was always a comfort to him. But today was different, they were naked - they had before, but not for many years now.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispered, as he touched her back. He had dreamed of this for so long, not that he had admitted it before last night. They had decided to get drunk on their last night home, and their last night together - today he would travel to the West Coast, while Cersei would go to New York - they would be apart for the first time.

“I happen to know that,” she said, turning to kiss him. “Thank you for tonight,” she thanked him with another kiss. “I hope you enjoyed yourself.”

“I did,” he said eager to kiss her again and to make love to her again, Cersei seemed to appreciate it, and she kissed him back.

“I would love to continue this,” she told him. “But father will be up by now, and he’ll send the maids up if we’re not down for breakfast.”

“But I need you,” he whispered.

“I need you too, but now is not the moment.”

“When there will be a moment again?! We’re leaving today. We’ll be apart for the first time.”

“This is not the end, Jaime,” she told him. “I’ll come see you, and you will come to see me. We belong together, Jaime, and we always will,” she told him with another kiss, before getting up. “Now go, we need to get ready.”

Jaime agreed, sure that she was right, they belonged together, and the future would bring them together once again.
This is an anonymous response to a prompt on tumblr (21/September/2016): "Yearning for Rickeen? :D" - Thank you so much for asking :)

It had been too long. It certainly had. Shireen missed him everyday, their holiday in Winterfell had been so good - she had never had that much fun before - and now back in school in Storm’s End - she missed him. She was glad to see Devan again, since he hadn’t gone up with her, only Edric had gone, but she had someone new for the first time in years.

“Shir, you need to do something. You’ve been in a mood since you got back,” Devan said as he got out of his bedroom.

“She misses little Rickon…” Edric sang laughing.

“I can’t believe I lost Shireen’s first love,” Devan complained. “I want to meet him so badly.”

“You will, I’m sure…” Edric whispered with a mischief look in his eyes.

“What do you mean by that?” Shireen asked.

“Nothing,” Edric answered, still smiling. “You should go it’s almost time for your call with him.”

“Shut up,” she complained, but her cousin was right, so she got up to leave for her room, as both boys laughed on the couch.

For all the insufferable mocking from her friends, they were right - she really missed him. She wanted the Winter holidays to start, so she could go visit him again - he had promised her snow, which she really thought she would really like. She had always liked the cold, at first because the clothes she got to wear covered her skin, and then she had just started liking it over all.

Shireen couldn’t take her eyes of the phone, waiting for it to light up with the call. She just wanted to hear his voice and his words - he was always so much fun, and he spoke the most daring things.

Prince no talk nw. call l8r

Shireen was sad at the message, and a bit annoyed at his spelling - he did it mostly to annoy her.

Probably not the best idea to annoy you with poor spelling when I’m giving you bad news

He texted quickly after and she smiled.

You’re smiling now :D (I hope) And I really miss you.

Please answer

It’s okay, she wrote. I know you’re busy

I miss you, Shir. I’ll find you soon
Rickon texted her and she smiled again. She really hope was right, she needed to see him soon, and he really wanted to introduce her to everybody and show him her home.

*You promise?* she asked.

*I promise. I'll call soon. Go read or watch TV*

Shireen took his advice and went to join the boys, ignoring their comments and jokes, and with Rickon still on her mind.
Arya/Gendry - Amused

Chapter Notes

This was prompted by clevercloudpoetry on tumblr (21/September/2016): "7 , 17 or 92 . Thank you :D" - Thank you :) You didn’t give me any ship, I looked over your tumblr and found a few great ships - Kabby, “Mayo”, and Gendrya :) I decided to go with the last, but if you had anything else in mind, let me know :D

I decided to go with 7, which is “Amused” (the others were “Breathless“ for 17, and “Sorry“ for 92)

Gendry was a very serious man most of the time. Ohh… he could be fun and happy with her, but around other people, with a few exceptions, he looked a bit glum and mad. Not today.

But today she was going out with him to a club for the first time - he didn’t like them, too crowded, he said, he had enough crowds during his childhood - but Lommy had gotten his first real DJ gig and he wanted support (this was sure a step-up from the children’s and church parties).

“Prepare yourself,” Willow whispered in her ear with a laugh. “You have never seen him truly drunk - he gets super jolly.”

“He rarely drinks.”

“I know, that’s why it’s so good. He hates crowded spaces, so he always hides behind drinks.”

“You’re serious?”

“She’s pretty serious,” Hot Pie commented. “It’s gonna be awesome,” he said high-fiving Willow.

“What are you talking about?” Gendry said.

“Nothing,” Willow said.

Arya wasn’t sure if she believed them or not, but before long she knew they were right. First, Gendry started drinking, and more than beer - his normal drink - and then after awhile (not long - his drink limit was much shorter than she imagined) he was actually dancing and jumping around with Jeyne, not strangers, of course, that would be going too far.

“It’s good, right,” Willow said, bringing Arya a new drink.

“Yes, thank you, Will. This is awesome.”

“Babe, come dance,” he slurred coming close to her and she smiled once again.

“Babe, really?!” Jeyne asked with a laugh, taking Arya’s drink and bringing Willow to dancefloor, and then Hot Pie as well.

“You’re smiling,” Gendry commented as he tried to dance.

“You won’t believe it when I tell you tomorrow,” she told him with a even bigger smile. And she
was right, the next day when she told him all about it, he denied it with a smile, and an awful hangover, and he said,

“I’m glad I amuse you, my lady.”
This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (1/October/2016): "I asked for your help getting a book off the top shelf and you laughed at my taste and called me a nerd so I shoved you into a table of nonfiction best-sellers and that’s how we both got banned from the quirky community bookstore AU" Gendrya?" - It was actually hard for me to come up with a scenario that would work with both the prompt and ship… but I really hope this works…

Why did the stupid people have to put the book on the top shelf? Stupid people - she had wanted the book for really long, she had been saving money for awhile (it was always being going to some other thing, until today).

Arya started to look around for a bench, or something, and then she found someone.

“Sorry, can you help me get the book from the top shelf?” she asked the tallest guy in the store, and pulling on her politest voice, that would make her mother proud.

“Sure,” he said. “Which one?”

“It’s the fifth one on the left.” He took it out from the shelf easily, and then he laughed when he read the cover. “Hey!! Why are you laughing?!” she asked, now with her normal voice, and getting angrier by the moment.

“Nothing I was just… I didn’t think you would like this… this just…”

“Just what?! This is the story of the Warrior Queen Nymeria!! But with a modern twist.”

“This is not just YA…” he smiled, “But a bit nerdy as well,” she said pushing him away, and taking the book from his hand; she wasn’t sure how, but the guy lost his footing and fell against the table.

Before they knew it, they were expelled from the shop, and Arya was yelling at the door, “I was going to buy that book. Come one, I just want the book.”

“Sorry…” the boy tried to speak up.

“Stupid, I just wanted the book. I had been saving, and I was really excited and you had to fuck it up.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to insult you. It looked cool. I’m not much for reading.”

“Really just Nicholas Sparks,” she said with a laugh, she had recognized the cover from one of Sansa’s books.

“Yeah, and now I’m down a birthday present. And I’m supposed to go meet them in one hour,” he complained. “I told Willow I could handle it.”

“Really, getting a present one hour before, that’s pretty mature.”
“I have three jobs, a sick mother, and not really free time - I got the time today,” he said, and this time he was the one sounding frustrated.

“Sorry,” she said. “What if we get some wigs and go back in?”

“That won’t work. There’s a clothes’ store down the street, I’ll find something there. I was just really hoping to get her the book, since Lommy is already getting her a dress.”

Arya decided to follow the guy as he walked up to the store, and she asked him about this party. The guy wasn’t the most forward with information, but he finally told her about his friends: Jeyne, Willow, Lommy, and some guy called Hot Pie. It seemed they had all been friends for a very long time, and today was Jeyne’s birthday.

He was able to find her a top and a jacket - Arya hadn’t been much help, which made him complain again, wondering why she was following him. But they ended the hour with a change of numbers.

__________________________________________________________________________________________________________

Arya didn’t hear from him during an entire week, until she got a text out of nowhere.

*Jeyne works in a bookstore two towns over and they just got your book*

And right after the text, he sent her a photo of the book.

*I work @ Tobho’s Car Shop all working hours. Text me when you can stop by*

*She was getting the book, she thought with smile. And she was going to see Gendry again, she thought too with a smile.*
This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (2/October/2016): "Rickreen: I take my grades very seriously and you’re the lazy asshole who asks a ton of off-topic questions to distract the professor and I might be a foot shorter than you but I swear to god I’ll fight you AU"

Shireen was getting more annoyed every class. This first year guy had signed in for this class, and he always interrupting the class asking things - yeah, sometimes they were interesting, but they were not about the class - and then the teacher got very easily distracted. So for the last three classes, they hadn’t learned any new stuff.

Myrcella, Devan and Edric had all told her to just go and talk to him, even if neither of them understood her problem. So after class, Shireen took three deep breaths and approached the guy as they walked out of the classroom.

“Sorry, could I speak with you?”

“Sure,” he said and stepped away with her. “What’s going on?”

“Could you please stop asking off-topic questions to the teacher? He hasn’t taught anything new since last week, and I don’t care if you’re lazy but I need this class and I want to actually learn.”

“But there’s already so much shit that I can’t deal with,” he told her, “we don’t need more stuff. And I’m not lazy, but my band got our first really big gig for the weekend before the test, and I won’t be able to study shit, so I’m trying to cut it down.”

“Yeah, but I work really hard and this class is important for me.”

“And my band gig is important to me,” he told her. He looked pretty sure, just as she did, so she knew he wasn’t going to back down, but she wasn’t either - but since she was smart she could negotiate.

“What if I help you study for the test? I’ll make sure you pass, and you stop your questions.”

“How can you make sure?”

“I’ll study with you until the test, or until you have to leave for your gig.”

“Really??”

“Yes.”

“Okay. But I can still make a question if I’m really tired.”

“Not more than one in two weeks,” she agreed, “And you won’t keep the teacher on it if he has finished answering it - maybe we can still get half a class.”
“If we get half a class, you loan me the notes from that class.”

“Okay, deal,” she agreed.

“I’m Rickon, by the way.”

“Shireen.”

“I’ll find you on face,” he told her. “But I have to go. I’m late for band practice,” he said before running away. Shireen smiled, glad that the problem was solved.
Sansa had always thought she would be married some day, she dreamed of her wedding many times, she dreamed of a husband that would love her as much as her father had loved her mother.

Sansa didn’t have that, but she had something so good - her little boy Theon, and her girl Cat. Just like the old Theon, who had saved her life more than once, her young Theon was very close with the Lord’s son - her nephew, Ned.

“How’s my beautiful niece?” Jeyne said coming to sit beside Sansa who held her daughter, as they looked over their boys training. Sansa felt for Jeyne, she had lost more children than anyone should in a lifetime, after having her Ned.

“She’s happy as always. You should hear her, I think last time she spoke a full sentence.”

“That’s good,” she said, kissing the top of her head, “And just in time for Theon’s visit. Robb just got a message from the Islands, he’ll be arriving soon.” Sansa couldn’t quite read if Jeyne knew the truth or not.

“It will be good to show my little Cat to the lords.” She couldn’t wait for Theon to see little Cat - he hadn’t seen her since before she was one year old - and her Theon had grown up so much as well.

Sansa sometimes told them stories about their father at night when they were in bed and asked about him - they loved those stories and moments. She liked sharing about their brave father, who got her away from King’s Landing and gave her back to her family, the man who sailed the sea as an envoy from the Queen of the Iron Islands.

The next fortnight passed quickly with the preparations for the heir to the Iron Islands (at least until his sister decided to marry or at least have children), and all the lords than came to receive him.

As he came through the gate, she remembered of another time they waited in line for a man. Theon pulled Robb for a hug, just as Robert had years before, but as he continued and finally looked at her, she knew everything was different.

“How is my little namesake? You’ve grown up so tall and strong, we’ll have to spar soon - I’m sure you’ll beat me,” he said, and then turned to Cat still on her arms, “This can’t be Cat - she was--”

“You’ve been gone to long, my lord.”

“Lady Sansa,” he whispered, taking her hand to kiss. “You grow more beautiful every time I see you,” he told her, and she blushed.

“Come on, Theon, let’s go. Stop bothering my sister,” Robb intervened, taking him way.
Sansa only saw him again at the evening meal as he took the seat next to her and the children, he even offered to help keep them in line. He helped feed Cat, and kept Ned and Theon from starting a food fight, and she told him about the children, trying to make up for lost time.

“He’s nice to help isn’t he,” Robb commented with his wife. “But maybe I should pull him away, he doesn’t need to feel obligated to play with the children.

“Leave him be,” she answered. Jeyne couldn’t believe how oblivious her husband could be sometimes; she was sure most people in the castle and village knew the truth and that they all cared too much for Lady Sansa and her children to mention it to Lord Stark.

“I wish her children’s father paid them that much attention,” and Jeyne had to keep herself from laughing.
Margaery/Tommen - Masquerade Ball

Chapter Notes

This is a drabble that mr-europe asked for on tumblr (3/February/2017): "Margaery and Tommen i got masquerade ball" - sorry for the delay and I’ll get to the other prompt hopefully soon

The Tyrell balls were legendary, but neither Tommen or Myrcella understood why they were being invited, since the break-up between Margaery and Joffrey wasn’t that amicable. Maybe the invite had gotten sent by mistake. But Myrcella had insisted they still went, and since it was a masquerade ball, they wouldn’t have to reveal themselves.

Tommen was dressed in a back suit, with a white shirt and a golden tie, and finally a lion mascara to cover his face - it was confortable and the lion hair looked really good. He walked into the party with his sister in his arm, dressed in a red dress, with her blond hair up and a classic and simple red mask.

After awhile in the party, he got separated from his sister, since she got to talking and dancing with other people. And then Tommen was left alone, he got two cupcakes and was eating them slowly.

“I hope those are good,” a girl in a green dress said, sitting next to him.

“They are,” he said, offering her the uneaten cupcake.

“Thank you,” she said, taking a bite out of it. “Do you want to dance?”

“Uhhh…” Tommen didn’t know what to say. He wasn’t good at dancing, really not good, and he had seen her dance before and she was amazing - way to good for him. “I don’t… I really don’t know how.”

“Of course, you do,” she said with a beautiful smirk and taking his hand. Tommen barely had time to get a napkin to at least clean his hands. “All done,” she said to take his hands again.

“I don’t know—” he started, but the woman took the lead immediately, taking his hands and putting them on her own waist, and she put hers on his shoulder.

“You’re my height, I like that,” she said. Tommen was still hoping to get a bit taller.

He moved with her more than danced, but he did it for the entire song, before she disappeared with another girl. Tommen was left alone again and sat at the table again, waiting to catch a glimpse of the girl again, and wishing that he would have the courage to speak with her.

He didn’t have the courage, even when he saw three more times that night. But luckily next week, his sister called him to show him a photo of him and the girl…

“The girl is Margaery,” she whispered, and Tommen couldn’t say anything, but look from the ball’s photo and the small profile photo.
For the five days Elia was in that hospital room, every day she woke up to a new bouquet of flowers. Not just any flowers, dornish flowers, just like the ones outside her childhood home, the only flowers that didn’t aggravate her allergies.

The first day, she thought it had been Rhaegar, but she talked with him and he wasn’t coming here and he wasn’t bringing the kids – she didn’t want the kids to see her here, but she wanted to see them too, they always made her happier.

And then she thought it was her brothers, but again they weren’t coming. Oberyn was still in Essos, and Elia wouldn’t make Doran travel.

There wasn’t anyone else. Before when this hospital visits started she had a lot of people here. But divorce and kids kept Rhaegar away, and she didn’t insist on her brothers coming here anymore.

It wasn’t like the stays in the hospital were that long or bad. Elia would have some shortness of breath, strange skin reactions, and then she needed help – a ventilator sometimes (which was awful having something stuck on her throat) and meds for the eczema.

Now at the end of the week, Elia felt better and ready to leave the hospital, she got dressed on her own clothes – some jeans and a blouse – before picking her things to check out.

“Hi,” Elia heard a voice as she was about to leave the hospital, and she immediately turned finding a woman with dark hair, purple eyes and in purple scrubs.

“Hello,” Elia greeted her, finding her holding a bouquet of the dornish flowers she had found in her room every day.

“I’m Ashara,” she said, with a strange smile on her face.

“You brought the flowers?” Elia commented the obvious, and the girl smiled.

“I thought they could keep you some company,” she said.

“I’m allergic to flowers,” Elia said and the girl seemed immediately worried, “n oo… don’t worry… you picked the ones that don’t get me sick.”

“I’m really glad I chose the right ones, Elia.”

“You know my name…”

“Yes. I hope you don’t mind,” Ashara said, “I work here, I cleaned your room a few times.”
“Thank you. I hope I didn’t get my room too dirty.”

“You didn’t…” she answered, “I noticed that you like to read.”

“Staying in bed does give me time to read. Do you like to read?”

“Not much,” she admitted, “But I like movies, and I wanted to ask if you would like to go with me. You get to choose the movie.”

Elia hadn’t been asked to go anywhere for years, she couldn’t be sure if this was a date or a friends hang out, but she like the woman’s smile and her purple eyes, so Elia smiled back.

“I would love that,” she smiled, looking for her phone. “I can call you after next week. I need this week to be with my children, and I really miss them.”

“I saw the photo. They seem cute,” Ashara adventured saying.

“They are, but not that young anymore,” Elia said as she gave the other woman the phone, “Thank you for the flowers – they brightened up my hospital room. They made me feel better, they made me think of home.”

“I’m glad,” she said with a smile. “Promise you call me,” Ashara asked happily.

“I will,” Elia said, offering her her pinky, and Ashara took it in stride. “I’ll see you in a week.”

“We will. See you,” Ashara said a goodbye, and then moved to give Elia a kiss on the cheek.

“Bye,” Elia said, before leaving the hospital with a smile on her face.
Jaime was getting too old, and he could no longer defend the kingdom - he could no longer be the Kingdom’s Knight, a title held only by the best of their generation. Jamie had dreamed of it since he first saw Arthur Dayne fight, and when Barristan stepped down with his white beard, Jaime stepped up to the Kingdom’s knight, but today with his own hair and beard with barely any traces of gold and his reflexes too slow to properly defend the royal family.

So Jaime organized a challenge to pick the next one. For a moon now, he had received between one to three knights every day, and for the last fortnight he had extended the challenge to any men, but no one worth it had come yet.

“Someone is here,” his squire announced, “he won’t say his name. He says he’s No One.”

“Let him in,” Jaime said, expecting no one special, but the man answered his stroke of a sword immediately, and Jaime sprung to action. He kept the conversation as they fought, but the man wasn’t very forward, only giving that he was from the North and not a knight, which wasn’t surprising since the North didn’t have many knights.

He fought well, better than most, and Jaime regretful thought that this man could have had a shot with a young Jaime as well. Today the man must be more than twenty years old his younger, so a bit older than Jaime had been thinking - but Barristan had come to be the Realm’s Knight pretty late in his life too.

The fight ended with Jaime having a blade against his neck, and he couldn’t help but consider this man for the role.

“Thanks for the fight,” he said. “And you could be the next Knight of the Realm, but you would need to be knighted first.”

“If you’re can knight a woman,” he-- she said, taking out the helmet, and the face was suprising familiar, and looking down at the clothes he hadn’t noticed before, he knew who could she be.

“The She-Wolf...”
“Below the Neck, I’m No One,” she said.

“What would you want to join?”

“You should know that my niece is about to marry into the royal family, she needs family here.”

“You job will be to protect the royal family, not your niece.”

“I can do both. Can you knight me?”

“Come to the tourney and we’ll find out,” Jaime said, letting the woman step out, and he knew he was going to knight her - the Realm would be in good hands.
Catelyn/Ned - Canon with a Little Bit of Magic

Chapter Summary

This was written for Ashley's birthday on March 29th, 2017!! I wish SomeEnchantedEve (starkfish on tumblr) an awesome year :D
I’m awful with canon, and I LOVE AUs, but I’m keeping away from modern AUs, so I thought of a little magic AU in canon-world :) It's set in what be the beginning of AGOT, while Ned is already in King’s Landing, but there’s a small magic change :)

It was late, Ned had already gone to see the girls before Septa Mordane took them up to bed, and now he was back at the table going over all of Jon Arryn’s papers - nobody had organized anything after he had passed, and he was still finding new papers everyday.

“My lord,” he heard a voice on his mind - the most familiar voice, “Are you free?” she asked. Catelyn always called for him when she was already ready for bed - brushing her hair, or already lying down.

“Still have things to read, my love. Put they can wait,” he told her. “How’s Bran?” his son had woken up less a bit over a week ago, and Ned still worried about not being there for him.

“He says he’s okay. He’s leaving his room now, and helping Robb, which both of them appreciate. But I actually need to talk about Robb, they caught a man today that had been stealing from farms, and he needs to judge it tomorrow, and—”

“I remember the first time I had to pass my judgement,” Ned wished he could be there for Robb. He never thought he would, because this would only fall on Robb when Ned died, but now he was alive and he wished he could be there. But Ned knew he had taught him well. “Tell him to trust himself, and to talk and trust Luwin’s word.”

“I’ve been telling him that, but he can’t rest. He’s still in the Godswood - he looks so much like you,” Catelyn whispered, and Ned could visualize her smile and unfocused eyes, remembering young Robb who was just learning to walk or speak. “I should probably let you go if you’re still working,” she whispered, with her voice betraying her words, “I just wanted to have something of you to say to Robb tomorrow morning.”

“Please don’t,” Ned pleaded, he had already put his things down and rested back on the chair. “How are you?”

“Tired. It was a long day. But I guess not as long as yours…” Ned was tired too, like she guessed, being with Catelyn could always calm him down, talking helped but not as much - he missed Catelyn’s touch, and touching her.

“Tell me about your day,” he suggested. He didn’t want to speak about the non-ending meetings, or how everyone in King’s Landing wasn’t who they seemed to be…

Catelyn told him about her day, everything she had to arrange and fix in Winterfell, and the new things Rickon was doing, which was interrupted with her laughs and her saying that she wished she could see Ned’s face, and then how Bran was doing better and smiling more.
The moon was very high on the sky, when he started noticing Catelyn’s voice getting drippy, and he could feel how tired she was getting, and they said goodbye and promised to speak again tomorrow night.

Ned still tried to work a bit more, but Catelyn sleeping on the other side of his mind, gave him no will to work anymore. And with sleep, he knew he would quickly find Catelyn again.
“Dad, are we there yet? Are we?” A bumbling redhead six year old asked from the back seat of his car.

“Alice, please, we’re almost there,” Jon told her. He hoped they were close, his daughter could be quite impossible during car trips, she never slept or played with something, she just sat and asked a lot of questions.

“You promise, Dad?”

“I do, Alice.” And thankfully he wasn’t lying, and on the next turn, he saw the farm.

“It’s there!!” she exclaimed, as Jon parked the car a few meters from the door. “J… G… e… r…”

“Gerion,” Jon said, helping his daughter, since it was a hard name, and waited for her to read the other word.

“Gerion’s,” she started by repeating what he had said, “Farm. Gerion’s Farm.”

“That’s right, sweetie,” he told her as he helped out of the car. Jon made sure to take her hand, so she wouldn’t run away, and walked them to the big building with the name.

Inside he noticed that it wasn’t as empty as it seemed from the outside. He gave his name to the man at the front table, and he quickly found Jon and Alice’s appointment.

“Someone will be with you shortly. Our owner likes to personally meet with the students for their first class. She’s just finishing up a meeting,” he told them. “You can go pet the donkeys if you want, they are quite docile.”

Jon took Alice to see the animals, she immediately patted the head of the donkey, between laughs and giggles, she told her father how soft the hair was.

“You can feed him a carrot,” a woman said approaching, and giving his daughter a carrot. “I’m Joy. I run the farm.”

“I’m Jon,” he said shaking her hand, “and this is Alice,” he said, ruffling the hair of the young girl.

“Is it her first time riding?” Joy asked, but before Jon could answer, Alice interrupted them.

“Daddy, look, the donkey is eating, it tickles my hand.”

“His name is Miguel,” she told them. And Alice started talking to the donkey as the adults continued talking.
“She sometimes goes riding with my cousin, but she always shares the horse with her.”

“Aunt Arya has the best horse!!” Alice exclaimed.

“What if you come with me and I show you so equally awesome horses?!?” The girl smile at that and they started walking towards the back, with Alice running ahead when she was told she could.

“It’s good she already has some experience sitting on top of a horse, thats normally what we focused on in this first class. But maybe we’ll get to walk a bit too.”

“She’s very excited for it.”

Joy got Alice ready, with a helmet and some other protective gear, as she explained her what was going to happen. And then finally Alice got on the horse.

Jon watched from the bench the smile on his daughter’s face - her smile was exactly like her mother’s. Ygritte would have liked to see this, she would have definitely approved of her daughter riding.

The class went for almost one hour, and he had to admit he got distracted a few times, and not just by his phone, but by his daughter’s instructor as well - she wasn’t just great with his daughter, but she was also beautiful, and funny, from the way Alice was laughing.

When the class ended, Alice went to meet a few other children that were also learning, as Joy came to talk to him.

“She’s a natural,” Joy said, “if she would like to continue, we offer group classes, which have more affordable prices, and I think she would have a lot of fun.”

“I think so too. I can call to sign her in later, right? I work weird hours, so I need to check schedules and everything.”

“Of course. You have the farm’s number, and here’s mine, feel free to call me with any question,” she said, after scribbling on a piece of paper what he guessed was her number.

He thanked Joy for the help, and then got Alice to the car. Alice didn’t stop talking for a second during the drive home, retelling every moment of the horse riding class.

And later than night, just when Jon retold the story to Robb, did Jon realize that may be that paper with a phone number could mean something more…
**Catelyn/Ned - Warlock!Bran**

Chapter Summary

I read the introduction of blue Max to the Shadowhunter Chronicles - “Born to Endless Night“ (I’m being vague on purpose, but if you know, you know). And I just felt this incredible need to write a short follow up to The Moon and the River

I’m still planning a bigger sequel (the beginning it’s written, still trying to come up with a plot - suggestions are accepted), that will explain better what happened after the end of the previous fic

This one it’s just a drabble with Bran and other members of the Stark family :) It’s still pretty vague about what happened

“Mom!!” four year-old Sansa yelled.

“Sansa is calling for you…” Ned murmured, turning on his bed, to kiss his wife’s back.

“I don’t hear anything,” she said.

“Who has enhanced hearing here?” he asked her, smiling into her neck.

“So you go,” she murmured, but she got up with Ned, after throwing some more clothes on, they went to meet Sansa downstairs, now joined with her brother Robb.

“What’s wrong, sweetling?” Catelyn asked, coming down the stairs, and noticing them in the entrance of their home.

“Baby,” Sansa said.

“Someone left a baby at the door,” Robb said. And Catelyn knelled down to pick up the little bundle, pulling the blanket off, to look at him, and there was a noticeable Mark - the baby had a third eye.

“Eww,” Sansa complained, jumping away.

“Hey, don’t do that” Ned said, catching her and stopping her from moving further away. “Is he okay, Cat?’’

“Breathing. Ten fingers and toes,” said Catelyn, making faces at the child, and tickling his belly.

“And three eyes,” said Robb with laugh. “There’s a piece of parchment in here.” Robb pulled it from the basket and gave it to his father.

“‘Take care of him’,” Ned read. “Nothing else, but I recognize the letters. There aren’t many people who can write in the village. I’ll check it out.”

“I can go with you,” Robb said, excitedly.

“I think you have training with Jon and your aunt Lyanna.”
“Ohh,” Robb whispered.

“I’ll wait until you get back from training,” he told his son, ruffling his hair. “Arya is waking up,” he told Catelyn, and they went back inside.

Ned could see Sansa looking confusingly at the child, but Robb quickly caught up with her, and Ned could hear him tell his sister about the child and warlocks, like Old Nan.

“Hello, Arya,” Ned said picking up their daughter, and Catelyn laid the baby on Arya’s crib and checked if he was okay. “Are you hungry?”

“I am!!” Robb exclaimed, and Sansa whispered the same.

“Robb, go get dressed, and get a cloak for your sister. Then take her to go break your fast in the Institute. Your father and I will eat later.” The kids argued for a bit, but then they got them out of the house, of the Godswood.

Ned got some food from the kitchens for Arya, some bread and milk they kept with them; while Catelyn kept playing with the baby and trying to feed him some milk.

“So we have a fourth child now?” asked Ned, as he fed Arya.

“I think that’s probably what the child’s mother wanted,” Catelyn answered. “He’s a good baby – quiet, and he’s eating without a problem.”

“And that’s normal for a baby? We haven’t taken in anyone as young.” Robb and Sansa had been around one year when they came to live with them, and Arya, they had just taken in less than a moon ago.

“From what I’ve heard it’s not normal, but Jon was this calm too,” Catelyn reminded him. Ned remembered how he and Brandon commented that their nephew was nothing liked their sister Lyanna.

“And warlock needs?”

“I’m not sure. So he’s ours?” Catelyn asked.

“Would you like to be our son, boy?” Ned asked, coming closer to the baby, tickling his belly, as he kept his eyes as well on Arya. The baby laughed, with his two blue eyes tickling, and his third eye barely opened, but he seemed happy with the idea.

“I think he would like to be our son,” she said, kissing his forehead. “But check with the man in the village, he may have something else to add.”

“I will when Robb comes back for training. He and Jon are getting really good. Lyanna is suggesting I up my training with them. Training with a real Downworlder would be good for them – they will have to fight people like me.”

“And me too, Ned. I will train them to read between the truths and tricks of Seelies when they are older. They will be the best Shadowhunters in the world.”

“I know. Robb is great boy, and so is Jon. And so will you be, won’t you?” he asked kissing the child again.

“We need to talk with Sansa. She was a bit freaked out with the eye,” Catelyn said.
“Robb talked to her. And she has wings, Catelyn.”

“I know. And they will come to love this boy too.”

Catelyn and Ned spent the rest of the morning with Arya and Bran, with Arya touching the child’s face, but with her parents making sure she didn’t hurt the boy. Her changing was still too fresh, and she sometimes couldn’t control and she would change. The worst was at night when she got scared, and her emotions would take over.

Sansa joined them mid-morning and she sat on the floor to play with her siblings; she was excellent at telling them stories, and she was already learning to play with the truth, so she could entertain them.

Robb entered the house later on, after lunch, and he immediately asked Dad to leave. They left, but only after Robb got to sit and play a bit with siblings, and kiss each of their cheeks.

“So how was training, son?”

“Good. I beat Jon twice!! And Aunt Lyanna let us draw runes on her arm – it was so much fun!! When can I get marks?”

“In a few years, Robb. Now, behave.”

The village mundanes knew about the Shadowhunters in Institute and knew about the danger of most Downworlders. And they knew who they were as they walked through Wintertown, and stopped at the healer.

“I thought you would come, m’lord,” the healer greeted him. Ned no longer had any right to the title “my lord”, but mundanes and smallfolk still called him by that.

“I suppose you saw the baby warlock,” Ned said.

“Yes, the mother stopped with the child wanting to know if I could do anything about the eye.”

“You couldn’t, of course,” Robb said, who had been studying Downworlders.

“No, child. I told her the same, and she didn’t want the child – she couldn’t keep the child. She had heard about you, taking on the werewolf girl. She wanted you to take him, will you?”

“Yes, the boy is with us. We wouldn’t abandon him. Is there anything we should know? A name?”

“Ohh, she didn’t give the child a name. But she said that if the child had been normal, she would have called him Brandon after the Starks,” the healer said with a sly smile. And Ned quite liked the name – they had a new child, a baby boy, Bran Stark.
Arya/Gendry - Wedding

Chapter Summary

This was written as a birthday present for TiredRazzberry (habitualfacepalmer on tumblr) on 26/July/2017

Arya was actually getting married, she couldn’t believe it – Arya didn’t want to get married when she was young, but she knew she would; and then her life was thrown upside down, and maybe faith had intervened and she believe she wouldn’t get married anymore – it would be a privilege if she lived.

Arya lived. Arya came home – Winterfell, even if broken, still stood through the winter. Arya found her family too, scattered, but part of it was alive – Jon, Sansa, Bran and Rickon were alive and then they came home too.

And then Gendry came to Winterfell too, and he brought Nymeria with him, and Arya had them again too. Gendry became more than a friend, he was a family and her pack, and then between kisses and touches, he became something she couldn’t really understand.

She understood when Gendry came with a proposal for marriage. Arya said no many times, but soon she understood how important marriage was for Gendry, that it meant a future for him, that was the only way to guarantee that he wouldn’t bring bastards into the world; and even with her telling him that any children they would have would be love by both of them, marriage was still important. So Arya said yes.

Arya and Gendry wanted something small, but Sansa took over. She thought that a wedding, a party, would help the North, after the destruction it had been put through – with attacks from the South and the North, some celebration would be good. And Arya couldn’t deny it when people started to arrive – it lifted the spirits of the North – and Arya would always do what she could for her people.

The day came and she had been convinced into a dress by Sansa, a simple one at least, but with Needle strapped to her waist. And while she didn’t know what Gendry would be wearing, she knew Sansa had handled that too – so at least Gendry was going to be as uncomfortable as her.

“You look beautiful, Arya,” Sansa said, looking at her sister, “But I can fix your hair.”

“But that’s like your day-to-day hair,” Sansa argued.

“And that’s why it’s perfect,” Arya said, “now Sansa will you walk with me.” Sansa walked with Arya outside, to the Godswood, and at its entrance, Sansa gave Arya a last kiss and retired to her seat. Jon and Bran had offered to walk her down the aisle, but without her Dad, she decided to walk down to the Heart Tree and to the Old Gods, alone.

Gendry waited at the end, and Arya laughed at how uncomfortable he looked, pulling on his collar, but he immediately smiled at her and put his hands behind his back. Even if this party made the North happy and hopeful, she was doing this for Gendry, because it was important for him that any
future family they could have would be legitimate. But he also didn’t care where he got married; he just wanted to be with her, so they had chosen her Gods.

In his time, Gendry had followed many Gods, and while none ever gave him much, he still prayed, more often to the Seven since they reminded them of his mother. So as Arya walked down to the Hear Tree, she noticed seven little figures in front of it. She knew Sansa had put them there, they were hers now, she had found it between some of Mother’s old things – Sansa had said that Mom had prayed to These before Dad had the Sept built for her – and now with the Sept destroyed was the only memory of the Seven in Winterfell.

“Lady Arya,” he greeted her and took her hand, and then the ceremony started. Bran spoke the words as the Lord of the House, and through the Gods, Arya and Gendry were made husband and wife.

Gendry who had never had a surname became a Stark – he still couldn’t believe he had been given this name, he still thought he wasn’t worthy of it (he hadn’t even thought himself worthy of the name Waters when this one was offered, since it was acknowledge by most that he was a Baratheon bastard child). But Gendry having the Stark name would make sure that any children he would have with Arya would be named Stark too. So he gave in, and they took advantage of Jon being the brother of the King of the Seven Kingdoms.

“I have something for you,” he told her, after they shared their first kiss as a married couple, and just before everyone started to congratulate them. “I made you a sword. I know, Arya, that you will always fight with Needle. But I thought you could use a new one, a stronger one – you deserve one of your own, instead of always borrowing for the armour.”

Arya took the sword from Gendry’s hands, and looked at it – Valyrian steel, and the pommel had a beautifully carved wolf, but also the names of her family, all of them: Mom, Dad and all her siblings. But she noticed that one family member’s name was missing – Gendry himself.

“It’s beautiful, and strong. The blade… the blade can cut…”

“Anything, Arya. It can cut anything,” he told her.

“But there’s something missing here,” she told him, “Gendry, your name, why didn’t you? It’s a wedding present after all.”

“I made it, Arya, I’ll always be with that sword. And now you can have your family with you too.”

“Thank you for giving me this,” she said, taking his hand and squeezing it.

That single moment alone was blown away quickly after. Arya and Gendry were taken over by her family and all the people of the North that had travelled to Winterfell. They barely had a moment alone that entire night, always with someone joining them to congratulate them or just talk, and only when they left for the bedchamber – alone, Arya would not put herself through the bedding ceremony.

“Thank you for this, Arya,” Gendry said, as they stopped near the door. “I know you did it for the North too, but…”

“Gendry, I did it for you. It is important to you,” she said, before kissing him, this time more freely, since they were finally alone. “And so it’s important to me. You’re my pack, my husband,” she said, taking his hand and walking into their bedchamber, for their first night together.
Chapter Summary

This was written for IndigoRaysofLight's birthday, a bit late, so posted on 20/August/2017

Chapter Notes

Once again her birthday fell on my holidays and I was in Spain, and once again the weather was not that good that day either, but instead of writing a rainy fic again (and since it was not actually raining), I decided to write a beachy fic, inspired by the few days I spent in Sanxenxo (Galiza, Spain) ;)

“Come on, Ned, let’s go.”

“It’s too hot,” he said, laying on their hotel bed, right under the air conditioning that he insisted on keeping at the minimum temperature.

“Ned, we can’t spend our holidays in an hotel room,” she argued.

“Why not? I can think of a few fun things for us to do,” he told her with one of his rare smiles. “Tomorrow we’re going to Santiago de Compostela and it will not be as hot there.”

“But there’s no beach in Santiago, Ned. You’re not going to make me go alone,” she told him. “Back in Westeros, there are no good beaches unless we go to Dorne, and I know we’re not going there.”

“There’s no way for me to win this, is there?”

“Not really,” she smiled the way she knew Ned wouldn’t resist as he got out of the bed and Ned let her take his arm.

The moment they stepped outside the hotel, Ned started grumbling about the heat and luckily their car had AC. Twenty minutes down to the beach, and another ten to find a parking spot, before they even made it to the beach.

Catelyn had gotten a beach umbrella and a chair, so Ned could sit comfortably under the shade, as she laid a towel next to him. She dropped down to her bikini and laid down with her back facing the sun.

“So how is it?” Catelyn asked, looking up at him - Ned was still with his shirt on and with shorts that showed off his white as snow legs, covered with dark hair. Really Ned didn’t tan even with their days in Spain, while Catelyn had already tanned a bit from these few days.

“The shade is good. But give me your sunscreen, so you don’t burn again.” Ned left the shade so he could put it on her back.
“Thanks, Ned,” she said, taking her book from the bag as Ned got a comic as well. She read through two chapters, before getting up to go to the water; she asked Ned if he wanted to go, but he said he would watch her from there.

Catelyn dipped her feet in the water and stepped back immediately, and she went back to Ned.

“You need to come to the water,” Catelyn said. “It’s freezing, Ned, it will be like you’re home.” She didn’t convince him at first but with a few more pushes, Ned took off his shirt and went into the water with her.

Catelyn couldn’t go in, the water reached her knees tops, before she stepped out, but Ned dove into the cold water and stayed there - swimming and floating - as Catelyn went back to her towel and the sun, with her eyes darting to the man she loved.
Lyanna/Robert - Run

Chapter Summary

This was written as a response to zip00198704 on tumblr (30/August/2017): "hi hi! for
the vague prompts, if you are so inclined, 6: Run for Robert/Lyanna. Thank you for
considering this and have a wonderful day!"

Chapter Notes

Thank you!! Thank you so much!!! You’re awesome and I adore you for asking for
this!! I was feeling this need for Robert and Lyanna so much, so thank you!!! :)

I decided to even make this canon compliant, supposing that Lyanna visited Ned at the
Eyrie, around when they were just promised to each other or they were about to get
betrothed

“Haha, I can’t believe you couldn’t catch me,” Lyanna said laughing.

“If I had my own horse you would see,” Robert reminded her.

“So why don’t you?!?” thirteen year-old Lyanna asked.

“You’re feisty,” Robert said with a laugh, sharing a look with her brothers.

“But I’m also faster than you,” she sang, smiling and shaking her head.

“Come on, here,” Brandon pulled her for a hug. She was still small and barely reaching her brother’s
chin, but none could deny that she was becoming a woman (she was now older than Lady Catelyn
had been when she had been betrothed to Brandon).

“Don’t hold me back, Brandon,” Lyanna complained, “I challenge you for a race, Lord Robert,” she
said.

“Another one?”


“I can run,” Lyanna argued and Robert just laughed.

“I’m much bigger than you.”

“I can beat you,” the girl continued arguing.

“Okay, girl,” Robert said, “Ned, set the rules.”

“I’m not sure this is a good idea,” Ned said.
“Just set the rules,” Brandon said.

“If you go straight ahead, there’s a huge tree. You touch, you come back. Get it?”

“Yes,” they both agreed, and took off running.

Robert took the lead immediately as expected, after all in one step he covered what Lyanna could cover in two or three. Lyanna relented quickly that Robert had an unfair advantage over her, so she changed her strategy; and when she was close enough, she jumped on the back of the bigger man, holding him off.

“That’s cheating.”

“Your legs are too long - that’s cheating.”

Robert still sed through with her on his back, there was no slowing him down, and Lyanna knew she would lose, so she just kept herself on his back, and when they were coming back around, really close to her brothers, Lyanna jumped. She didn’t just jump, she kicked Robert and then ran ahead.

“I won!!!” she yelled celebrating, arriving just a bit before Robert.

“That’s cheating,” Robert argued, but he still smiled at her, and said, “But I have to give you, you’re a smart girl, Lyanna.”
This was written as a response to rabbitbaratheon on tumblr (paperheart on here) (30/August/2017): "2. Gendrya" - Thank you :) Two is “Lavender”, and to me this makes me think of my grandfather who used to do and use a lavender cologne, so I was inspired by that :) And I decided to include Steffon :)
Aegon’s half brother had actually invited him for a party at his apartment and since Aegon was free he didn’t waste the opportunity - he never got many chances to spend time with his younger brother. Aegon was also bringing his girlfriend, but he was awfully regretting it - it seemed Myrcella used to have a huge crush on Jon’s cousin/best-friend/roommate, Robb. Aegon wasn’t jealous, he knew Myrcella loved him, but he was pretty sure she was going to torture him the entire night.

“Cella, please promise me you’re going to behave,” he pleaded.

“I’m not doing nothing wrong.”

“You’ve been scrolling through Robb Stark’s Instagram all day, and talking about his abs.”

“They are great abs, Aegon.”

“You’re so annoying,” he said, knocking his head on the elevator wall. She laughed at that.

“I promise not to kiss Robb Stark.”

“I know you’re not going to kiss him.”

“I promise not to ask him to take his shirt off, but–”

“You were going to ask hi to take his shirt off?” he asked as the elevator reached Jon’s apartment floor.

“I won’t. But I’ll look if he takes it by his own accord.”

“You’re impossible,” he said, reaching the door and ringing the bell.

“I promise I love you,” she told him with a cocky smile.

“Aegon,” Jon called, opening the door, before he could say anything else.

“It’s great to see you, brother,” Aegon said as he entered the house. “You remember Myrcella.”

“Of course,” he said greeting her and kissing her on both cheeks. “Arya and Sansa are here, they will
be excited to see you.” Myrcella had had many sleepovers at the Stark house - her father had always wanted her to be close to the Starks.

“I’m happy to see you again,” she said, “I think as a kid I didn’t even realize you were a Targaryen. You don’t have any of the weird family names.”

“Hey!!” Aegon complained.

“My mom and the Starks raised me mostly. And hey, we can’t all have the same name,” Jon said.

“Yeah, just think how stupid would it be if we were all called Aegon,” Aegon said with a laugh.

Then Robb came in, before Jon could answer or Aegon say anything else, Myrcella smiled her boyfriend and prepared herself to be reintroduced to Robb.

“Myrcella!!” he exclaimed, “I haven’t seen you in years.”

“Hi, Robb,” she said, “You look great,” she said as he hugged her.

“You too.”

Aegon cleared his throat at this.

“That’s my stupid boyfriend, Aegon, also Jon’s brother. He’s jealous.”

“So he knows you had a crush on me?” Robb asked.

“You knew?!” she asked surprised.

“Everyone knew, Cella,” Sansa said with a laugh as she came into the room, followed by Arya and someone she knew to be Robb’s wife. And Aegon was laughing too, as he stepped over and introduced himself and then whispered to Myrcella.

“I promise you can hide your red face behind me.”

“Thank you,” she whispered as she hid her red face on his shoulder, before being dragged away by the Stark sisters.
This is a response to an anonymous prompt (1/September/2017): "21 + Ned/Cat" - YEAH!!! Ned/Cat!!! And 21 is “sleep” :D

Catelyn was trying to sleep, but she couldn’t, knowing that Ned was still up. Ned wasn’t only up, he was pacing the room, Catelyn opened his eyes and saw him in the dark, holding a piece of paper.

“Ned,” she whispered, getting her robe from the back of the chair near their bed.

“Cat,” he said surprised. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“I wasn’t sleeping, I was waiting for you,” she answered. “What happened Ned? Is something wrong?”

“I had fallen asleep on the couch, and then the bell rang and woke me up.”

“Who was it?”

“This was outside,” he said, handing her the paper in his hands. She looked at it and read over it.

“Aegon Targaryen’s certificate, why does that matter?”

“Read down.” And the words came to her, familiar names were on that paper.

“Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark…”

“The date.”

“October 8th. You think this is Jon’s?”

“How could it not be Jon?”

“If I remember right Rhaegar had another son called Aegon. There’s no sense for him to call his second son by the same name.”

“Look at Jon’s birth certificate,” he said giving her an older paper. She could see the drawer where she kept all the children’s birth certificates open. All the information about the baby was the same, only the names changed.

“Lyanna never talked about this?”

“She just wanted to spend her last days with Jon. I didn’t pressure her about the father.”

“This is our Jon?” she asked.

And now Catelyn wouldn’t be able to sleep either, she was pacing with Ned now, a million questions going through her head.
“Gods, I think I read that a girl - Daenerys, I believe - is taking back the Targaryen business.”

Some freak accident (that could have not been an accident) killed most Targaryens around 20 years ago. A girl and a boy survived but too young to take over the business, the boy died during his teenage years, and the girl was now of age, ready to take over the business.

“This could destroy her chances if this is true,” Ned said.

“We need to call a lawyer to protect Jon, Ned,” she said, reaching for her phone.

“Catelyn, it’s too late to call a lawyer now. And we need to speak with Jon first.”

“We need to. This is his father… Gods… Ned, he has an all other name.”

“Catelyn, calm down,” he said holding her down. “We will talk to him in the morning.” Catelyn disappeared after that, searching for something, her agenda.

“Not this week, after next Wednesday. He has exams.”

“Catelyn, Jon is a college student. Do you actually have his exam dates?”

“I sometimes sent care packages to him and Robb. I’m still their mother, or aunt, and I won’t stop worrying about them just because he no longer lives at home.”

“I know,” he told her. He was finally relaxing now - he still had questions on her mind. “He will wait to tell Jon and discreetly I will search for a bit.”

“I’ll talk with Uncle Brynden - he’s discreet. We need to know who sent this - it could be dangerous,” Catelyn promised, letting her be pushed to bed by him, ready to sleep.

But the truth was that neither Ned or Catelyn slept very well that night or for any of the following, knowing that this news would shake Jon’s world.
Myrcella/Aegon - Enamoured

Chapter Summary

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (2/September/2017): "Hi would it be alright for you to do a vague prompts 23: enamoured for aegon / myrcella"

Chapter Notes

YEAH!!! Myrcella and Aegon!! I’m always happy to write them!! I tried a bit of canon AU but it wasn't properly coming out, so modern AU, here it is

Aegon was the main singer of the Golden Company - he was a beautiful and handsome man by anyone’s standards. Myrcella wasn’t an outlier in the situation, looking up at the stage, Aegon was the best thing about the band - the music was way too loud for Myrcella’s liking, she was there to try to make good with her new sister, Mya.

“Too cute for my style,” Mya whispered with a laugh.

“He is handsome,” another one of the girls sitting with them said.

“He’s not dating anyone,” Myrcella said - she had researched the band before coming here, that research has turned to just a research about Aegon Targaryen.

“Go talk to him then,” Mya suggested.

“I can’t just go in there,” she argued and the conversation ended there, or at least she thought.

The minute the band ended their set, Mya got her hand and pulled her across the room. Myrcella didn’t know where she was going until she was by the backstage - Mya quickly handled the bodyguard.

“How did you…?” she asked.

“I’ll introduce you to him later. He’s your brother too, I’m pretty sure, he’s just not know to your father,” she said, “Now come on.” Myrcella didn’t have any time to process what she had just been told, because then she was in front of Aegon Targaryen.

His hair looked less blue right now, there were traces of blond or white or silver strands of hair. He was now shirtless and she couldn’t stop looking at his chest - he was very well built, but it wasn’t that that got her attention - it was the names and family crest on his chest.

She looked up, thinking that she had already spent too much time looking at him, but she found him observing her as well - he had probably looked up and down, but now he focused on her hair.

And then Mya laughed.
“Ohhh… boy…” she said, “she’s Myrcella, by the way. She thought you were cute and handsome. You obviously think the same,” she said to Aegon. ”So I’m gonna go. Just get Gendry, the bodyguard when you want to leave,” Mya said, before disappearing, leaving a speechless Myrcella alone.

When Aegon finally spoke, a coherent sentence didn’t really come out, but both of them laughing broke the ice.
Ned could see into the bathroom from his place in bed as Catelyn got herself ready for bed. She had cleaned the make-up from her bed, she had brushed her hair and pulled it up (Ned would probably pull it down when she came to bed), but she was now looking closer to the mirror, with her worried look.

She looked sad and worried as she came into the room and Ned pulled her into bed.

“What’s wrong, my love?” he asked.

“I’m getting old,” she whispered.

“Not as old as me,” he said with a laugh. “You look as beautiful as ever,” he said.

“I have bigger crow’s feet right now,” she said, pointing to her eyes, “and new wrinkles.”

Ned didn’t say anything, but he didn’t see anything new. But he wondered why Catelyn was noticing it now.

“And Sansa just got her first boyfriend today. My baby girl is dating.” There it was, the kids were growing up.

“You’re not old, Catelyn,” he told her, “You’re still the most beautiful woman in the room.”

“This one? That I know of, I’m the only woman here.”

“Any room. And the kids will grow up, but you’ll never get old.”

“You’re saying that when I’m 93, I’m not old.”

“No. I will always be the oldest.”

“That doesn’t make me not old,” she said with a confused face.

“Sure, it does,” he said as he brought her for a hug.

“Ned!! Let me go!!” she said with a laugh.

“No, my beautiful and young wife, can you give your old husband a kiss?” he asked.

Catelyn smiled at that and kissed him, and forgotten were her worries as Ned kissed her back.
Chapter Summary

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt (16/September/2017): "94. Lyanna & Elia" - Lyanna and Elia, I’ve never written them and now I’m very excited!!! 94 is “Last Hope” :)

Chapter Notes

Okay, I had another idea at first, but it included too much Rhaegar, so I changed my mind. I’ve also been rewatching The West Wing (which I’m accepting prompts for) and I’m going down the rabbit hole, so it’s a bit inspired by that, and sorry if I get all the politics wrong…

“You want me to go speak with the junior congresswoman of Winterfell,” Jon Connington told Elia.

“Yes, we’re missing two votes. Arthur is at the Hill trying too get another one, and I need you to go talk with Congresswoman Stark - she’s our last hope.”

“Her father would never support this law.”

“She’s not her father, Elia - her platform is more liberal than her Father’s. It’s still a wonder she was elected by the same people.”

Elia took off after that and asked Bonnie to call the Congresswoman to the Red Keep. Elia went back to working on the speech the President was giving on Tuesday when he visited the Brotherhood.

“Elia, Congresswoman Stark is here,” Bonnie said, knocking on the door.

“Send her in.” Congresswoman entered right after, and Elia introduced herself. “Elia Martell, welcome to the Red Keep, Congresswoman Stark.”

“Lyanna, please,” she said, taking Elia’s hand, before taking a seat on the couch. “So why was I called to the big House? I haven’t been here since I was a kid.”

“We need your support.”

“Right to the issue, are you? No courtship,” Lyanna commented, “My dad always said that was a very important part of the job.”

“Congresswoman Stark—”

“Lyanna. And what are you working in?”

“Lyanna, I need you to pay attention.”
“This is a beautiful office. Are these your siblings?” she asked.

“They are. But—”

“I’ve three. Everyone thought Brandon and Ned would run - they are both older than I am. Benjen is youngest. I think I’m the youngest member of the Congress, I’m not taken very seriously.”

“But you still have the right to vote.”

“They believe I was not elected democratically - they call it a monarchy. But I really didn’t know I was a royal or anything.”

“Lyanna—”

“Do you know I’ve been approached by a comity that wants monarchy back on Westeros? They thought they would get my support.”

“You’re not…”

“Of course, I’m not. I haven’t accepted any meetings.”

“Lyanna, we should talk about the upcoming vote.”

“Tell me about your siblings.”

“Doran is older, Oberyn is younger.”

“Oberyn caused a bit of problems during the campaign.”

“He did. He wouldn’t be my brother if he hadn’t.”

“That sounds like Brandon. I think he would have punched half of the congress if he was there.”

“It doesn’t sound so bad to me,” Elia said, “Don’t quote me on that,” she immediately added.

“I wouldn’t dare. So tell me about Oberyn and I’ll tell you about Brandon.”

“Lyanna—”

“Tell me.” Elia gave in. She told Lyanna one story and listened to one of Lyanna’s, one that had happened right here in the Red Keep when they came here with their father.

“Lyanna, can we now talk?” she asked as the story ended.

“Elia, don’t worry, I’m voting with you in this one.”

“Couldn’t you have said that earlier?”

“I wouldn’t have gotten this conversation out of you if I had. Here’s my number if you ever need anything else, or you just want to share a drink,” Lyanna told her with a smile, before leaving the room. Elia had just lost half an hour of work, but for some reason she didn’t mind, she had a smile on her lips and a desire to call this woman back.
Catelyn/Ned - Breaking the Rules

Chapter Summary

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (18/September/2017): "Ned, Catelyn, 50 (breaking the rules). You are awesome, I like the fact that you give us the chance to request a fic!"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much :) I’m really happy you like being able to request fic - always feel free to do it :D

And once again, the only thing coming to mind with this prompt is The West Wing related, totally not the same administration as the Lyanna/Elia drabble (the previous drabble), but I’m just really having fun with this AUs

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ned didn’t know what he was doing. He was supposed to be working on the speech the president would have to give in Meereen, but instead he was sitting here with the Riverrun News reporter, Catelyn Tully.

“I can’t speak on that,“ Ned answered.

”I know that. I wasn’t asking,” she said. Catelyn wasn’t sure what she was doing there either, questions should be handled with the Press Secretary, but Ned, the communications director had something - something that called to her.

“Catelyn…”

“We shouldn’t be here,” she said what she knew he was going to say. In this dark bar, sitting across from each other, their legs touching, but their hands as far from each other as they could.

Ned nodded at that.

“You’re a senior adviser to the President. I’m a Red Keep reporter… I’ve dreamed of this since I was a child, and I’m finally here, I can’t…”

“I know. This isn’t the campaign trail anymore. You should go to the Press Secretary with questions not me.” Catelyn had first came to him when they were campaigning in Sunspear, and Howland had been occupied with other reporters and trying to spin a story that Ned couldn’t even remember anymore. And Ned continued continued being Catelyn’s go-to-person when she needed a comment (and while he was not good in front of a camera, he was good with reporters).

“I know, I will,” she promised, and then touched his feet, for one minute she held him there without speaking. “I should go…” Catelyn said, getting up, opening her wallet.
“I can pay,” Ned said, letting her get up, she was ready to leave and he called her again, “Catelyn…”

“See you Monday, Ned… or don’t if… I’ll be in the press room,” she said, she turned again to walk away, but then turned back, one more time and kissed him, on the cheek, but even that was too close to breaking the code.

Chapter End Notes

It's been fun to write this The West Wing drabbles, so if you want another - feel free to prompt something of that sort :)
All of Rickon’s siblings had gone to college, both his parents had graduated college as well; and after taking a gap year, Rickon still wasn’t sure if college was right for him.

His parents wanted him to go. But wanted was the key word. Rickon knew that they wouldn’t make him go. His siblings told him it would be a great experience – Sansa and Bran talked about learning, Robb talked about the girls and partying, and Arya talked about being independent and finding yourself.

Arya’s reason didn’t sound so bad, so he let her convince him to go with her to meet a college friend of hers that now worked at the University. Arya picked up Rickon from their parents’ house that morning on the bike she shared with her boyfriend – Rickon loved that bike, he was trying to convince Mom and Dad to let him ride alone, he had already been able to convince Arya and Gendry, with the latter promising him lessons.

“Okay, come on, kid,” Arya said, parking the bike. “Now you need to behave, but ask her any questions you want. You know you have no interest in history or theology or literature, so her studies won’t help; but she knows college life and what you can get out of it.”

“Does she know anything about the sports/PE college or whatever is called?”

“She has worked in admissions for the university, she can direct you to people who know the thing better,” Arya answered. “So you’re thinking sports?”

“I don’t know,” he said, shrugging his shoulders. “But it seems more interesting that the alternatives.”

“Kid, just figure out what you wanna do, no pressure.”

“I already took a year off.”

“You were working in restaurants and doing sales things. That’s more than we had done by that age.” Somehow that made him feel better; none of his siblings had held a real job before they were
done with college. “That gives you experience.” Arya finished the sentence as she pushed him into a rather large building that combined both older and newer architecture.

Arya looked through her phone and soon after a girl came down the stairs, who Arya ran to and picked up and that way brought her up to Rickon. After Arya put her down, the girl was immediately familiar, that black hair and blue eyes, and Rickon couldn’t help but point out.

“Ohh, she’s Gendry’s cousin, by the way, forgot to tell you. So Shireen, this is my baby brother, Rickon.”

“Nineteen, so not really a baby anymore.”

“He will always be the baby of the family,” Arya said, bumping her brother’s arm. “Okay, I’m going to leave you two, because I’m already late,” she said, already ready to run. “Rickon, you, behave. Shireen, stop by the apartment any day; your cousin is impossible and I could use the help,” with that she disappeared.

“Your sister is a ball of energy.”

“I’ve been said to share that with her,” he told her with a smile as he looked at her once again, besides the memorable eyes and hair, she had prominent ears and scars that covered half her face, down to her neck; she also seemed to be taller than Arya, she reached past his shoulder which Arya didn’t (he should have noticed when they were both here).

“So should we go, Rickon? What do you prefer – history department office or to just go to one of the school snack bars?”

“School bar, definitely.”

“Okay, there are five. That’s one there,” she said, pointing to a door on their left. “But I will take you to the new one; it has some tables where we can sit and talk outside. I hear you like the outdoors.”

“I hate being cooped up inside. If I’m playing videogames, I can handle it, but if not, I’m outside.”

“I love the inside,” the girl told him, “curled up with a good book and movie. The Black Keys playing in the back.”

“That’s a good band.”

“Your sister introduced me to them and Artic Monkeys, and– your sister has good taste.”

“I know. I stole most of her CDs. Nobody told her to leave them at home on the first move.”

“Where have you gotten them hidden?” she asked as they got to the bar and she asked for an apple juice and toast, and gave him time to look at the pastries before ordering as well.

“Can’t tell you. Need to protect them,” he answered as they found seats outside.

“I won’t tell,” she promised.

“Maybe another time.”

“So what do you want to know about college?” Shireen asked, finally moving to the issue in question.

“No freaking idea, that’s the point, really.”
“What do you like then?” And then Rickon went on about music and sports and as they talked, he also found himself talking about languages, which did help with the tour. After they ate, she took him to see some of the languages departments, they even stopped by a few classes.

Languages sounder interesting to Rickon, even the culture classes wouldn’t be bad, but with each language would come literature and that wasn’t him – he could have Sansa’s notes for English and French, so that would be good. But he didn’t imagine himself studying those, more like Spanish definitely, maybe one of the eastern European languages, also Turkish sounded interesting.

“Really? You know some of those languages don’t even open every year. Most people go for French or German.”

“The others seem more fun.”

“So languages is with you? Anything else sounds interesting.”

“The sports college. Do you think I can still study languages?”

“There’s a course that lets you take classes in multiple colleges. I have a friend that studied something in sports, I’ll give him a call. He’s not here now, he’s travelling, because his brothers are all over the place, but he’ll let me know when he comes back and I’ll arrange something.”

“Can you still come with us?”

“Sure, Rickon.”

“And are you still interested in knowing where I’ve hidden Arya stolen CDs.”

“Of course. Are you going to tell me?” she asked him excited with the same face as when they had been in the romanic department.

“If you go out with me tomorrow or some other day. This is kind of a seven date thing.”

“Seven dates, then,” she said as they approached the exit. “I have school things to go over this week, but I should be free in the weekend.”

“Weekend then.”

“I should go, work keeps me busy. I’ll find you on facebook or get your number from Arya and call you.”

“I may call you first, but knowing Arya she’ll probably want something out of getting the number.”

“That sounds like your sister,” she said with a laugh. “It was a pleasure meeting you, but now I really need to go. Talk to you soon.” Squeezing his arm before disappearing back into the building, while Rickon was left alone to make it to the subway station.
This is an answer to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (9/November/2017): “Hi thank you for replying :) I was so pumped when I came across your blog. I don't have a specific prompt as such write whatever catches your fancy❤️ ”

I had started something else, but this ended up being this, a post-canon drabble, King Aegon and Queen Myrcella!! I hope you enjoy!!!
“Thank you, boy. What’s your name?”

“Renly, Your Grace. My mom like the King’s brother— the fake king Robert. She doesn’t— she supports you. She wanted me to work here…” the boy mumbled nervous.

“My wife tells me Lord Renly Baratheon was a great man. It’s a good name, Renly.”

“Thank you, Your Grace;” he said, blushing, before disappearing.

Aegon moved to the kitchens, finding his wife sitting with the cook and the steward.

“Your Grace,” multiple people in the kitchen said as they stopped what they were doing and stood straight in front of him.

“My King,” Myrcella said with a smile looking at him. “I heard you’ve been going crazy looking for me around the castle,” Myrcella said, leaving the cook and steward to step back a bit with Aegon.

“I have not,” he said, feeling attacked.

“The feast for Rhaenys is soon. People are coming here, Aegon. I need to prepare dinner for all the Great Houses. You can be alone for awhile,” she said with a smile.

“You’re mean,” he whispered, but squeezed her hand, wishing he could kiss her but there were too many people around (in Dragonstone he would kiss her anywhere).

There wasn’t much to do as he left the kitchen. He had spent the evening in the solar, finishing answering letters and going through the books, so he left for their bedroom. He lay on the bed, wanting to wait awake, but he fell asleep soon after; only to be woken when Myrcella dropped on him

“Hey!! Hey!!” He woke up startled. “Ohhh… hey… darling…” he said, pulling her in for a kiss.

“You feel asleep.”

“I didn’t,” he said. “You’re dressed for bed,” he whispered, finally looking at her.

“I could be tempted to get out of the clothes.”

“I think I can tempt you,” he said, with a smile, as he kissed her cheeks and pulling her hair away from the scarred side of his safe. “Did Rhaenys go down well?”

“She did and I think I have the food finally decided for the feast, as well as the guest rooms.”

“Good.”

“Now my King, put the crown away, and be my Aegon,” she pleaded. “I think someone is wearing too many clothes to bed.” He smiled as he undressed.

“You could take of your shift too.”

“I’m tired. You do it,” she smiled as Aegon jumped on top of her, biting her neck and making her laugh, as she held her husband close.
Chapter Summary

This was written on November 26th, 2017 for theelusiveflamingo (myrishswamp or wetwasteofagirl on tumblr) birthday, even if I was a day late!!

Chapter Notes

It's a story about Cersei as a mother to her children - as always things set in modern AU change a bit of who she is and also this fits where I told you it would :)

Also since this may be a bit confusing, because I couldn’t really explain it in the story in a way that flew well, here’s a small explanation. So I had a problem with the age difference between Myrcella and Tommen in this story/world and I finally figured a solution – so they are were a case of superfecundation when two eggs were fertilized in two different situations (I think Cersei would also like to be part of a special medical case)

I really hope like it!!! I hope you have an excellent year, I wish you all the happiness on the world!!! :D I hope you enjoyed your birthday and also Thanksgiving!!! :)
new intern to put it in the car.”

Myrcella changed into her clothes before she asked the dreaded question, the reason why she only had a weekend to see her father.

“How’s Joffrey?”

“He–.”

“Mom, you said you would–” Myrcella was interrupted by a knock on the partition of the car and the voice of the motorist telling her that they were at the school.

“It’s your stop.”

“Mother…”

“I love you, dear,” she said kissing the top of her daughter’s curls, “Find your brother, he has missed you.”

“He will talk later, Mom,” Myrcella told her and Cersei felt like she was in for a spanking – only her daughter could make her feel like that.

“Back to the office,” she told the motorist as she caught up on emails on the back of the car. She had two meetings this morning (one of them with an infuriating client – all were but this one was one of the worst cases).

Cersei worked non-stop during the day. Meeting after meeting, papers to go over, people she need to yell at and probably some she should fire. Lunch came and went and she didn’t even have a moment to leave her office for lunch – she ate her salad between phonecalls and emails.

She was one of the best in her business in New York for a reason, people looked for her expertise everyday, but she still made sure to never stay in the office too late. Her children were grown and the motorist would take them home and the maid was home to make their food and clean their rooms, but she was almost always home to spend the evening with them.

She made the last phonecalls of the day as she had one of her interns pack up the things she needed to take home, and she got her bag before leaving the office, telling them that they could find her on her phone. She had a call with one of her clients from China sometime tonight.

The motorist took her home more quickly than expected with the awful traffic of New York (no traffic was one of only advantages of Westeros), and with the car parked, she left to her 5th Avenue penthouse, to find her oldest son in the couch.

Things had been complicated with Joffrey since he had gotten arrested almost one month ago. Cersei didn’t know what to do with him now – he had been expelled from University, from Yale (which hadn’t been cheap or easy to get him into – not that money was a problem) and he had been home since then. Cersei still found it hard to believe that her sweet son had done what he had. (Myrcella argued she should have known, after everything that had happened in high school, maybe Cersei should have believed the teachers and not always believe in her son’s word… but he was her boy).

“Hi, mother.”

“Son,” she greeted him, with a smile as he looked on from the couch. “Did you go to your appointment?”
“I did.” He had three appointments with a therapist a week, court mandated, he would start community service next week – she finally found something appropriate for him (she was not going to have her son cleaning streets).

“How was it?”

“I don’t need this, Mom. I did nothing wrong.”

“Joffrey… you had a janitor fired for a lie and you had been having classmates do all your work, you–” These were the things in college, there were more, and there were so many more accusations from high school, some she would probably have to address soon.

“You fire people all the time, Mother.”

“I’m the boss,” she told him, “I fire them with cause,” she lied. “Son, you know I worked double as hard to get where I am today.”

“Because you’re a woman, bla… bla… bla… I know.”

“This is serious, son. Nobody wanted to make me partner, even when I got better numbers that my male coworkers, because I was a woman and had decided to have you as a single mother.”

“Maybe if you had me the normal way…”

“You’re mine and that’s what matters,” Cersei answered, irritated with her son, but she wondered if there was something from his father that could lead to violent acts – she could sue the sperm donor company. “And Joffrey, I’ve always been here for you, your sister and brother, so don’t you dare blame this on me. We’ll need to talk about this.”

“Sure, Mom…” he said, turning back to the TV and she couldn’t really fight with him today – she was going to talk to Myrcella tonight and hear what she had to say (the only child she knows the father so she’s pretty sure all the smarts are hers).

Right now, Cersei went to her office, hoping to find her brother available to talk with her. He was currently filming in London, so it was always hard to find him on the same time schedule. They got through the pleasantries, before moving on to the recent main topic of conversation – Joffrey – Jaime had been telling her that maybe he should come home and give him some male influence. Cersei argued that there was no need, she had always been both figures (with the exception of Myrcella, who had Robert, but with him living in Westeros, their time together was limited).

“I know you’re enough parent, Cersei, I’m not questioning your parenting skills,” he answered. “I’m just saying I could come to New York, help around.”

“You’re never much help, love.”

“Hey!!” he complained. “You get to have fun when I’m there and I can stay with the kids.”

“They can stay alone, Jaime. By the way, are you coming to Tommen’s birthday? He’s been asking. He’s doing something small, just close friends.”

“I can make it. But you’re saying I missed Myrcella’s cool party for Tommen’s small one.”

“Yes, and don’t you dare complain. They’re different kids, they’re not your typical twins – they are not us.”
“I know, I know… you got yourself published on medical paper – you can never shut up about it.”

“You shut it, Jaime. But they’re different. Myrcella went to Robert this weekend.”

“How’s the oaf?”

“She had fun, her siblings on her dad’s side came home – all of them. It seems the oldest boy – Gendry – got tattoos for his siblings this year, and he got a lion for Myrcella, she was really happy with that. Hopefully this won’t give her any ideas for tattoos.”

“There was a time you wanted to get one. Around the time you got that piercing–” It had been a weekend during their college years when she took a flight to California to hang out with Jaime and he took her to a tattoo parlour.

“Shut up!! ‘Cella doesn’t know about that and she doesn’t need to know.”

“I need a reason not to tell her.”

“I won’t kill you the next time you come here,” she reminded him. “I need to go and so do you, so talk to you later.”

“Yeah, later, sis,” he said, turning off the phone and ending their call.

Myrcella and Tommen had arrived by them and they were sitting with Joffrey in the couch, sharing a snack. She had barely seen the three of them together before – she should have known about Joffrey, based on the fact that he sometimes scared Myrcella and Tommen. They had been better now, Cersei didn’t know what happened in therapy, but he was trying with his siblings – he hadn’t exploded or gotten mad at them, he hadn’t even mocked Myrcella for her party, or made comments when she left for her father; hopefully he would behave at Tommen’s party.

“Mom,” Myrcella said, getting up from her place on the couch. “I wanted to talk to you.”

“Later, darling. After dinner, I promise,” said Cersei, holding off for a bit longer for this hard talk. “Can I just sit with you for a bit and watch– what are watching?”

“CSI,” Tommen answered. “It was on. Don’t you have to work?”

“I can continue later on.” Cersei followed Myrcella and they sat back down. Sitting down, she felt Joffrey’s hand on her leg and looking at him, she got a simple apology that she gladly accepted.
Catelyn/Ned - Star Wars

Chapter Summary

This was written for Darla’s birthday (DKNC here and dknc3 on tumblr) on January 16th, 2018

Chapter Notes

I knew I wanted to do something Star Wars related for you as a present, still including Ned and Catelyn too, of course :) I thought of going full on and doing a crossover, with them as Jedi or in the Rebellion or Resistance; and then I reread this very cute short story, Kindred Spirits by Rainbow Rowell and I planned to do them meeting in line to see (probably) Phantom Menace; but then I went with this!! Also, I have no idea if this is how early screenings happen or critics invitations, so sorry if that’s completely wrong…but I just wanted to do something fun and cute and very Star Wars related!!!

Catelyn was positively giddy. She had been waiting for this since it was announced five years ago and Ned couldn’t hurry up – if they were late, she was going to honestly kill him. When Ned finally appeared, she couldn’t help but laugh and forget all thoughts of killing him.

“It still fits!” she exclaimed, surprised. She hadn’t seen that one since they waited in line, for five days, for the premiere of *The Phantom Menace*, after dropping their children through their various uncles and aunts (and sadly that had been the last line they had made it too). They thought about doing it this year, only Rickon lived at home and he could have stayed home alone, but neither Ned nor Catelyn really believed they could survive five days sleeping on the street.

“Actually, Sansa redid it a bit,” Ned finally answered, showing her the fixed seams.

“You went to see our daughter without me,” Catelyn complained.

“I wouldn’t dare to do that. It was back in October when she was home.”

“She kept it a secret for two months,” she murmured to herself as they moved into the room.”

“A surprise,” he reminded her.

“You still look great as Luke,” she said tracing her hands through his hair and beard that threw off a bit the boyish looks of Luke. But the beige clothes were still the same.

“Probably going to look more like nowadays Luke than the one from back in the eighties.”

“It premiered in 1977,” she said and he smiled at her with a knowingly smile. “I still can’t believe he wasn’t in the trailers,” she said.

“We all know that Han and Carrie were everything you needed,” he told her with a smile.
“Han is Han,” she said.

“I remember your vows, Catelyn.”

“Shut up,” she said with a laugh. “Come on, before we lose anything.”

“How do we get in?” he asked her.

“We need to sign something about not talking about the movie, about not posting anything online.”

“Do they know I can’t even do facebook or that tweety thing?” Ned complained.

“I told them that, still need to sign it. And now they are confused about what we’re doing here – you will be the oldest in costume.”

“The kids call it cosplay now,” Ned said, having learned the word from Sansa as she fixed his clothes – she told him she had helped Arya with a few.

“Come on,” Catelyn said, pulling on his hand, and avoiding the weird looks from the other people around who didn’t understand how these two non-critics had made it to an early showing of *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*.

Arya had gotten them the tickets. Her roommate did some things on the youtube, with reviews and had been offered tickets – he had already taken others, Arya couldn’t take them since she had a test tomorrow, so she sent them to them. Arya would go see it with her boyfriend, Gendry, on the day it premiered – Thursday night. Catelyn had also another viewing booked for then; she was going with Elia, who was the first girl she ever met that love *Star Wars* as much as her, back in college, before they could imagine themselves working together – they were going with a few more gals from work, a true girls night.

Then another viewing in the weekend, all the kids were coming home, some with friends. Arya still wasn’t sure if she was bringing Gendry (he was a Star Wars virgin before this month that Arya spent showing him *everything*), Sansa still had to confirm how many people she was bringing, and Bran was definitely was bringing the Reed twins (Catelyn was sure they probably have had watched it before the weekend – Howland did some of the lines with Ned back in the day).

“Aegon Targaryen, the ‘Young Griff,’” the kid in the entrance of the viewing asked, checking his papers and what they signed.

“He’s my daughter’s roommate,” Ned said through greeted teeth – he still didn’t like his daughter living with a guy. Catelyn still thought it was better than living with her boyfriend – she didn’t want Arya into something too early, even if she and Gendry seemed to be in for the long haul, especially if he ended up liking the *Star Wars* movies.

“Okay. Go in, lady, Luke,” he said, showing them in.

Inside the theatre, they found most people still talking to each other, seeming that everyone knew one or the other, hopefully they would be quiet when the movie started.

Ned and Catelyn took some of the last free seats, too close to the screen to be the best, but they were still watching it earlier. As it didn’t start, they talked about their hopes for the movie – they had been heavily debating about who these new characters were (Sansa kept pleading someone is related to Obi Wan Kenobi, but it may be because she loves Ewan McGregor – he and Princess Leia were her favorite things about *Star Wars* and what kept her watching), but they weren’t as sure as their oldest daughter.
Catelyn was in the middle of her rant about how she really needed to see Leia using a lightsaber like she did in the books that are no longer canon, the lights went off and the epic musical started. Catelyn squeezed Ned’s hand, and for a few minutes she thought she totally should have dressed as Mara – Ned was definitely her Luke.
Myrcella/Aegon - Political Pregnancy

Chapter Summary

This is an answer to a prompt by ghostglowlight on tumblr (27/January/2018):"Hi Joana^^ I was wondering if you could make a Aegon X Myrcella One-shot/Drabble or something where they have a one night stand and then she gets pregnant OR The one where Myrcella brings Aegon to meet her family ^^ Thanks ^^"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for asking :) And sorry for the delay… I went with the first option and I hope you like it :D

She totally shouldn’t have slept with him and this definitely shouldn’t be happening. If the days were right, this would be very visible, 6 months visible, on Election Day.

Myrcella was still not sure how this happened. Stupid winter storms in the North, Mom had a interview in Winterfell around the same time as Rhaegar Targaryen, and then they were closed in the airport. Different parts of the airport, but Myrcella ended up in the same bar as Aegon and having sex in some small room.

This pregnancy is Aegon Targaryen’s fault. The son of the opponent of her mother’s run to the presidency of Westeros. And besides her Mother her Father also had something against the Targaryens (some ancient thing that she didn’t and didn’t want to understand).

She had call him to meet her at a neutral place, they found a secluded place and sat in front of each other.

“So you want a repeat of the night at the airport? Or to concede your mother’s run?”

“I do not talk for my mother. And that night brought us enough trouble. I’m pregnant, Aegon - it’s yours. I’ts not a stunt, it’s going to hurt both campaigns, only Greyjoy is going to win with this, but I’m not sure he can play the family value cards when he still believes in salt wives."

“How are you feeling? Have you gone to the doctor?!

“I’m fine and no.”

“And we’re keeping it?”

“Yes. I am.”

“We are. Have you told your mother?”

“No. I wanted to talk to you first to see where we stood.”
“We should announce together.”

“Don’t want to be a deadbeat parent…Your father is already fighting that image,” Myrcella shot back.

“Myrcella…”

“I’m still not sure if our parents should be present, I guess the campaign will decide… But if one is, the other will be too, I guess,” she told him, “The question is also when - I want to wait three months, but I fear that they will say that we kept this from the public.”

“Three months is acceptable, Myrcella. People will understand,” he said.

“Okay, I’ll talk to my mother and then I’ll call you,” she said.

“Call me before that,” he asked. Myrcella didn’t promise him anything, but the smile she gave him before leaving told him that maybe there was something else.
“So you talked to Dad?” Myrcella asked her mother on the phone as Aegon drove them to the Stormlands.

“I talked to him, as much as I could. And then he yelled. And I asked your uncle to talk to your father’s girlfriend.”

“Jaime talked to Lyanna?”

“Yes,” she said, “Yes. Your uncle is saying he did.”

“And what did Lyanna say?”

“She will handle your oaf of a father,” she heard her uncle yell from the back; he had been living with mother since the divorce more than five years ago.

“Jaime is right. Lyanna can be a– not someone I actually like, but she handles your father better than most people.”

“Yeah,” she whispered. “I should go. We’re approaching Dad’s house.”

“Call me if anything goes awfully wrong. Love you. And tell Aegon to behave,” her mom said before she turned off the phone.

Mom had already met Aegon last month and she liked him – as much as she could like someone who was dating her only daughter – but Aegon was always charming (sometimes to an annoying degree).

“How high is the possibility of your father shooting me?”
“30%.”

“That’s not bad…”

“Punching you is about 90%, 99% if you dare call Lyanna stepmother.”

“She was my stepmother,” Aegon argued, they had been married for a few years when he was little. “And she’s probably about to be yours.”

“Don’t say it like that. It sounds so weird that we share a stepmother – too incest like…” she murmured and noticing his eyebrows raising, she added, “Don’t you dare.” She really didn’t want to think about her mother and uncle and the suspicions she and her siblings shared about them, especially since he moved into their mom’s penthouse.

Aegon parked the car a few houses away from Robert’s and then they walked together to the door, taking deep breaths. It was going to be a quiet evening, even if she wished her siblings were around today.

Myrcella rang the doorbell, taking Aegon’s hand, and Lyanna threw the door opened, breathing hard – she suspected he had run to the door.

“Myrcella, dear,” she said pulling her in for a hug. “Aegon, darling, you’ve grown.”

“Since you changed my diaper, I would hope so,” he answered. “It’s good to see you, Lyanna.”

“You too, child. Past and future stepchildren…” she whispered with a smirk.

“Did Dad purpose?” Myrcella asked immediately as she entered the house.

“Too many times to count, most time in the throes of passion. Not that I would say yes…”

“Don’t tell me that. And second, don’t make that joke in front of Dad. I’m trying to keep Aegon alive.”

“I’ll contain myself. Now come on, before your father starts worrying and comes here himself.”

Myrcella took Aegon’s hand as they had dropped them, to take off their jacket and greet Lyanna.

“Robert, your daughter is here.”

“Myrcella!!” Robert exclaimed, pulling his daughter for a hug and spinning her around. “You changed your hair.”

“I didn’t think you would notice.”

“It looks less like your mother’s.” Myrcella decided to ignore her father’s comment, which probably wasn’t the right thing to do, because he moves his attention to Aegon.

“You’re a copy of your father.”

“I’ve been told I have my uncle’s face. Uncle Oberyn. And I don’t think my father ever had blue hair.”

“He didn’t,” Lyanna answered, that won her two death glares, one from Robert and one from Myrcella. “Sorry.”
“And I’ve never been as smart as my father either and I’m much better in social situations than he ever was.”

“Are you a cheater like your father too?”

“No. But do you want me to follow your example?! That I know off, Myrcella has at least three-four half siblings, half born while you were already married to her mother.”

“I like him,” Lyanna whispered as Robert started fuming and was rendered speechless. And Myrcella wasn’t much happier with her boyfriend either. “Aegon come help me in the kitchen. You, Targaryens, are great at carrying hot plates.”

“You’re really not helping, are you?” Aegon asked as they moved to the kitchen.

“It’s fun playing with Robert, but he will come around. But you didn’t help with your outrage.”

“It was true,” he told her and she pushed two hot plates to his hands.

“I know, but not something great to point out right now. Behave.”

“I will behave if you behave.”

“You’re impossible like your father. Just so you know Myrcella can be very vindictive.”

“I know… she’s deadly.” He said with a smirk as they walked in to the living room, finding Myrcella and Robert deep in conversation.

“Let them talk, Aegon, come on,” Lyanna said as they put the dishes on the table and walked back to the kitchen, sitting around the bench. “So how you and your sister been? Jon has told me a few things, but you know how much your brother talks. Your sister is still in Oldtown?”

“Yes, residency in pediatrics. And you know, I’m in art school with Arya.”

“With a business degree already,” she said, proud of the boy.

“I didn’t really like it and with Dany taking the business, I don’t need to worry.”

“It’s still something to fall on.”

“Let’s hope not. I’m actually working on something with Arya – these collection of portrays of her dancing; it’s looking cool.”

“So you spend a lot of time with her?”

“Yes, she wants to get an apartment next semester, and we’re actually thinking of doing that together.”

Lyanna laughed at that, “I don’t see my brother liking that idea.”

“She said she would threat them with moving in with Gendry.”

“Why isn’t she?”

“Have you gone to his house?” Lyanna shook her head, but Robert had told her about his house, but he didn’t go very often. Most times Gendry met with them at a diner or restaurant; a few times he came over to the house. “He has like four roommates and with their plans to start the inn, they are all
trying to save money by still crashing together.”

“An inn?” Lyanna asked confused.

“Fuck, he didn’t mention it… he may not want Robert’s money – things are messy– Don’t mention it to him…”

“I won’t. If Gendry wants to tell him, he will… I won’t get into it.”

“Barra is living with Gendry!!” their conversation was interrupted by Robert yelling.

“At least he isn’t mad at me anymore,” Aegon said, following Lyanna as she got up and they moved into the living room, as Myrcella tried to explain the situation to her dad.

Aegon came forward to stand next to her as she explained that Barra’s mother had to leave for somewhere in Europe because her own grandmother was sick and she needed help.

“Robert, Gendry can look after his sister,” Lyanna said, pulling her partner back to Earth. “We’re here to get to know your daughter’s boyfriend.”

“Right, so tell me, Targaryen, what are you doing? I’ve heard you’re wasting a business degree.”

“I’m studying art. But yes, I’m not using my degree, but I guess it only counts as wasting for me because I finished my degree with a grade much higher than yours, even if you didn’t use your either,” said Aegon, leaving everyone speechless, before adding, “sir.”

“Okay, let’s eat,” Lyanna said, trying to defuse the tension. “I made pasta – shrimp.” They followed Lyanna’s suggestion to the table, and all sat around it.

“Aegon, tell them about your project,” Myrcella suggested.

“I’m working with Arya,” Aegon said and that seemed to interest Robert – he liked the Starks. “A lot of drawings, with different materials, of her dancing.”

“You trust him around a girl who spends the time dancing in short clothes… I know–” Robert started saying, but Myrcella stopped him.

“Dad, that girl is dating your son.”

“Targaryens are known to steal Stark girls,” he murmured eyeing Lyanna.

“First thing, Robert, I wasn’t stolen. I am not property and neither is Arya. Leaving you for Rhaegar wasn’t being stolen. And you’re sleeping on the couch.”

“Secondly,” Myrcella took over, “Gendry is a better boyfriend than you were when you were his age. And he pretty much would never like anyone more than Arya, with the exception of his family – us and his foster siblings.”

“Thirdly, I love your daughter,” Aegon said, finally talking seriously, which annoyingly sounded more like his father than he usually did. “I know you don’t like my father and that he loved Lyanna. I don’t like that either, because he hurt my mother. But their relationship was complicated; their relationship is not mine and Myrcella. I love your daughter.”

“Aegon, your father loved your mom…” Lyanna said, lower, looking directly at Aegon.

“Lyanna, we don’t need to…” he started and Myrcella immediately took his hand. “I’m here as
Myrcella’s boyfriend. Can’t you just threaten me for normal reasons, like having sex with your daughter, instead of being your nemesis’ child?”

Myrcella coughed at hearing that, dropped her hand from Aegon’s, and turned completely red, trying to hide her face behind the hair she had now cut short.

“My beautiful daughter is a virgin, isn’t she?”

“Daddy,” Myrcella whispered.

“Cella, you are, right?”

“This is one of the moments you can lie to your father,” Lyanna whispered and she saw Robert nod.

“Of course, Daddy. Aegon and I only hold hands.” Aegon smirked at that, finally looking more like himself (that looked remarkably like his uncle Oberyn).

“Good,” he said, “But okay, Aegon, I’ll try to ignore your last name.”

“Call me Griff then, it’s probably easier than Aegon.”

“So Griff, tell me what are your intentions with my daughter? How do you plan to provide for her?” Aegon laughed at that, but started his answer.
This is a response to a prompt by jeynewesterling on tumblr (15/February/2018): "Hey there! You said you're taking Valentine's prompts? Could I request Robert/Lyanna - first exchange of 'I love you's? please and thanks!"

Sure you can :) I LOVE Robert and Lyanna so much!!! And thank you for all the likes on the last few days :D Also I decided to go modern AU, with the classic “making fun of Ned and Catelyn” :D

“You’re so strong and smart,” Lyanna said, mimicking Catelyn’s voice and looking directly into Robert’s eyes.

“Your hair… is there hair more fair than you,” Robert answered, wrapping her hands around her hair. “Kissed by fire.”

“I don’t think Ned has those many words,” Lyanna said in a normal voice.

“Don’t you see them whispering with Catelyn,” Ned said, pointing at the couple.

“They are so nauseating,” Lyanna murmured, dropping her legs on Robert’s lap as he massaged her legs.

“So much… how much do you bet they are whispering ‘I love you’ to each other,” he said.

“Of course they are,” she answered, before putting on Catelyn’s voice, “I love you. I love you.”

“I love you too, my love,” Robert said with Ned’s voice, before Lyanna dissolved into laughs against his chest. His laugh soon overpowered hers, loud and clear heard by all, and then he stopped when he felt her kiss his chest; he looked down and she looked up.

“You know, I feel it too,” Lyanna murmured, “that awful feeling.”

“Me too, girl, me too,” Robert answered, before pulling her up for a kiss and onto his lap.

“Guys, don’t do that, she’s my sister,” Ned said, coming to knock Robert on the head. “And we’re late.”
Chapter Summary

This is a response to a prompt by jeeundo on tumblr (19/February/2018):
"Lyanna&Robert in college..Lyanna love Robert but Robert likes her like 'a little sister'(she think like that) Actually Robert love her too..."

Chapter Notes

This prompt makes me think more of Arya and Gendry, since I always see Robert being obvious about liking Lyanna, but I'll try… but you feel a bit of Gendrya vibe in here that's the reason…

Lyanna was not supposed to fall for him. He was loud, stubborn and so cocky - she had told that to her roommate with had answered with a look that said 'so are you'. He was also an asshole.

Lyanna could honestly make a list of everything wrong with Robert - she had done it… But he also made her laugh and if she ever needed anything, he would be there. How many times had he come over to pick her up when she got plastered? More often than not he was drunk too and he would keep her company until he sobered up enough to take her home.

And after a disastrous date with a teacher, not one of hers, but he taught in the university, she started thinking of Robert more seriously as an actual love interest. Now there was the point in which she wasn't sure if Robert saw her that way…

Robert flirted with her, that was for sure. But he also flirted with every other girl, including Catelyn, who was pretty much Ned's wife (in everything but paper), Maege, who threatened to kill him everytime, Cersei, who was super hot but not ever interested in dating anyone, and also every other girl on campus and outside of it.

He had also known her since she was a kid, being best friends with her older brother since elementary school would do that. She had seen her still going and playing in the pool half nakes, he had seen her through both of her highschool phases - sports maniac and the punk phase. He had also been to help through the few break ups she had already suffered.

But Lyanna wasn't one to wonder for long, so after getting a six-pack with the fake ID Robert got her, she took off to his apartment, hoping that her brother wasn't home.

"Lya!" he exclaimed, opening the door, "What are you doing here?"

"I brought beer. Is Ned home?"

"No, so bring it in."

They seat on the couch, each with a beer on hand, they at watching the game that was on TV.
Robert immediately pulled her legs up and held them, and Lyanna was getting ready to speak.

"So I'm about to ask you something which can probably throw our relationship to shit, but I've never been one to be quiet."

"I know that. And nothing can really throw this relationship to shit."

"So yeah, you're hot," she said, and Robert nodded, sure of himself. "Do you think I'm hot?"

"Yeah, haven't I told you that before?" he asked.

"So if I would ask you out, you would say…"

"I would sure, Lya, I would be happy to go out with you," he said with a smile. "Also can this count? I know you're doing this seven dates before sex thing."

"You're an ass," she said. "Also I would say we have had seven dates already," she said, before pulling him on for a kiss.

"I don't think your brother would like to see us doing it," Robert said, between kisses.

"Not now, Robert. I want to watch the game," she said pulling away, and sitting back to her previous position. "So we're on for the movies tomorrow?"

"We already have the tickets for Black Panther."

"I know, but now it's a date and you have to let me drink out of your drink."

"You wish..." he said.

"I can put on the seven dates rule again. Or seventy."

"You wouldn't last seventy..."

"Shut up," she kicked him. There were some disadvantages of him knowing her so well.
Catelyn/Ned - Unexpected Pregnancy

Chapter Summary

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (25/February/2018): "This is for the shipping meme. Ned/Cat: 5"

Chapter Notes

So number 5 is “one night stand and falling pregnant au” and I felt like this one was a hard one to write for these two… But I hope it works :)

Catelyn didn’t do this. She didn’t and from everything she had heard about Ned, he didn’t do this either. She knew him superficially from when he had dated Ashara Dayne, her roommate’s bestfriend, for a few months during freshman year, and he knew that he didn’t do this.

So that was why it's was such a surprise when they found themselves in bed together. Catelyn couldn’t even speak when they woke up since she was already late for her shift in the library. Ned tried to make her stay for breakfast, but nothing went through, and then she never remembered to call him - she thought about it but never actually did it, at least until now.

She didn’t think she would be making this call. She never thought this would happen this way. A little voice in her mind, which sounded remarkable like her septa, said that it was happening since she had strayed from the plan.

Catelyn got the number from Elia and Ned picked it up immediately, knowing it was her. The words flew out of her mouth and she couldn’t really remember what had been said, but Ned was coming tomorrow for dinner.

Catelyn prepared food to distract herself for the time she got home and thought of what she would say. She knew what she was going to do with this situation, but she didn’t know where Ned stood. She waited for him to knock on the door and when she opened it, he was on the other side, with a bouquet of daisies and a bottle of wine (expensive wine from what she could see of the bottle).

Catelyn not drinking the wine which would go great with the pasta she had prepared, should have given it away, but Ned was oblivious, so he didn’t even question it. They ate, between silences (some awkward and some comforting), they reached the end of the meal and Catelyn couldn’t hold it anymore, so she said the words.

“Ohh… you’re pregnant?” he asked.

“Yes. I’m taking care of this child.”

“I’m too if you let me,” Ned said immediately, “And will you go out on a date with me?”

“Ned, you don’t need to…”
“I don’t need to, I would like to. And at least I’m not proposing,” he said. “At least you want to.”

“Not now, not now,” she answered, “but a date would be good. Maybe tonight, we could start with a movie.”

“Yes, I would like that.”
Lyanna/Robert - Parents

Chapter Summary

This is a response to a prompt by jeynewesterling on tumblr (6/March/2018): 
"#51 for Lyanna and Robert, please and thank you~!!"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for asking :) 51 is “My parents asked about you.” :D

Robert was lying on her bed, with his arms thrown behind his head, looking at Lyanna as she moved around the room, throwing things on her bag.

“You should get dressed. Ned is going to be here soon to pick me up. I’m sure he doesn’t want to see you naked.”

“He has seen me naked multiple times.”

“That’s exactly what a girl wants to hear about her boyfriend and her brother,” Lyanna said throwing him a look, before throwing him his boxers.

“Oh, shut up. I meant like sports things, or I have no toilet paper, or I’m low of shower gel or shampoo, or there was this weird mole, or–”

“Shut up, Robert. This is sounding like a lot of excuses for you to get my brother to see you naked.”

“You’re awful. And those are real reasons, Lya,” he said, pulling his boxers on. “So how long are you staying in Winterfell?”

“What are you really asking? You know how long I’ll be gone, you live with my brother.”

“I do. So, my parents asked about you…”

“They know me, Robert. They have known me for years,” Lyanna said, stopping on her tracks, focusing on her boyfriend’s face.

“They have but not now.”

“What do you mean? They want to be introduced to you as my girlfriend.”

“They know we’re dating?”

“Sure, don’t you think I called everybody when you finally came to your senses and said yes.”

“Regretting saying yes, right now.”

“Do your parents not know?”
“No, not really. My dad doesn’t want to think of me dating, and probably not with the pig that features in half of Brandon and Ned’s drunken stories. All of Ned’s actually.”

“So your brothers have completely screwed me. Your parents are going to hate me.”

“No, they really like you. They have heard how good you are to Ned, how you stand next to him and how much you love him.”

“So they love me?”

“Yes, just not for their only daughter.”

“I’m screwed,” Robert said, falling on bed again, now with his jeans and sneakers on, but still shirtless.

“I’ll prepare them this weekend. Brandon and Ned are forbidden of telling stories that paint you in a bad way.”

“And you need the entire weekend for that?” Robert asked. “My parents would like to see you.”

“I need this weekend, Robert,” Lyanna answered. She wasn’t ready to meet them yet, but she proposed something else, “Next time you bring Ned home, I’ll go with you.”

“You promise?” he asked, pulling her into his body and onto the bed again, and a kiss sealed the promise.

“Now let me up, because I feel that Ned is close,” she said, getting up, and not a minute later, there was a knock on the door.
Chapter Summary

This is a response to a prompt by jeeundo on tumblr (3/April/2018), who asked for some Robert and Lyanna, with Lyanna meeting Robert’s parents :)

Lyanna was excited for this, from all the stories about Robert’s parents she had heard – they were awesome and fun – and besides she was coming for his kid brother’s birthday, which would mean cakes and presents.

Ned was coming with her because he was Ned. He was still Robert’s first love, but he was helping her be prepared for Robert’s parents. Lyanna mostly ignored him at least until the last ten minutes before they got to the house.

“You think I’m ready? Should I know something else?”

“They will like you, Lya,” he said as he rang the doorbell. Someone opened the door and they walked through the house; in the back garden, they were met with about twenty children probably between the ages of eight and eleven.

Ned went to talk with someone else and after dropping her present on the table, Lyanna went to search for Robert and she noticed him playing ball with Renly and a few other kids.

“You must be Lyanna,” a voice came behind her and when she turned she found who could only be Robert’s mother. “You look a lot like your brother.”

“Haha, yes. Cass-- Mrs Bara--”

“Cassana. Your brother calls me Cassana; feel free to call my husband Steffon – he’s the clown running around.”

“Really?!!”

“Yeah, he still doesn’t like to think Renly is too old for that. The young kids like it.”

“Clowns have always freaked me out.”

“I think Ned said it once. He liked it.” Lyanna laughed at that.

“Now I feel that you probably have fun stories about Ned.”

“I do. I’ll show you the photos.”

“And embarrassing photos of Robert too…” she suggested with a smile.

“Of course.”

“I don’t like you two ganging up on me,” Robert said, finally coming over and throwing his arms around her and trying to sick her.
“Robert, let go. You smell and you’re sweaty.”

“Am not.”

“Robert,” she said throwing him a look and still trying to get away.

“Let go of the nice girl,” his mother said.

“She likes me, Mom.”

“She does not like your sweaty ass,” Cassana argued. “Now get us some refreshments,” she asked.

“And chips, please,” Lyanna yelled too.

“And pigs in a blanket, I know,” he said, disappearing.

“He’s great to bring food,” his mother said.

“If he doesn’t eat it on the way in, which has been known to happen.” Cassana laughed at that and then added,

“You just need to train him well.”

They continued talking about Robert at that, as she gave him hints into how to control him, until he brought the food in, and she took off.

“Your mother is cool,” Lyanna said as they were left alone, still keeping her distance from his sweaty ass. “And she told me she has embarrassing stories to tell me about you and Ned.”

“Ohhh… don’t let her tell you the bath story.”

“The bath story?! What’s that? I want to hear that.”

“No way,” he said, just before he was called off back again by Renly.

“Don’t go, I want to hear the bath story!!” she yelled.

“He can’t tell you that one. That’s just too embarrassing,” a voice came from behind her and she jumped back when she turned to see a clown. “Oh, sorry. Ned mentioned clowns scare you.”

“They do, but that’s a fun costume,” she said. “I’m Lyanna.”

“I know. I’ve seen photos. Now you really can’t ask about that story.”

“Why not?”

“It’s way to embarrassing for any man’s girlfriend to learn.”

“Those are the best stories,” she said.

“You won’t convince me, girl. And I do need to tell my wife not to tell you,” he said, before taking off, luckily he was called by some boys and Lyanna had her chance. She ran off after Cassana, hoping to find her and get to the root of this story.
Myrcella/Aegon - Marriage

Chapter Summary

This is a response to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (8/April/2018): "Hi can you do a fic where there was no Robert s rebellion but myrcella and aegon are betrothed to each other"

Chapter Notes

It took awhile to figure out what to do with the family situation, but here I am and here it is :) Enjoy!!

“Shireen,” Myrcella greeted as she came into the room where she knew her friend was staying.

“’Cella, I was waiting. You took so long.”

“Mom is going crazy. And she’s now in close quarters with Lord Baratheon and Lady Lyanna.”

“Why?”

“She wants to marry me to the Prince. Lord Baratheon wants to offer your cousin, which Lady Lyanna doesn’t want – she doesn’t want her daughter betrothed to anyone.”

“I know. She says her children should choose who they marry.”

“It worked Joy is very happy with Jon,” Myrcella said. Her Mother had been distraught with the situation and her reasoning went if the bastard Lannister could marry into the heir of a Great House, Myrcella needed to marry the Prince. Myrcella had just been happy for her cousin and she was the one to introduce her to Jon, Joy had lived with them in the Stormlands for a bit.

“And you want to marry Prince Aegon?”

“He’s nice,” Myrcella said, “and I like him.”

“Your mom will get you to him. When are they arriving?”

“The royal family is arriving in two days.”

“They are arriving tonight,” a voice said, entering the room. Myrcella looked up to see her cousin, now noticeably pregnant. “Jon was just with his father. Lord Robert told him.”

“I should find my mother,” Myrcella said getting up.

“No, you should hide. And I just got here and I need to sit down.” Joy sat on the bed with Shireen and then they convinced Myrcella to come down as well.
Myrcella lay down with her two friends, just talking about the upcoming visit and about Joy’s little baby. She finally got up when the fact that her Mom was looking for her was too obvious, and she heard people just calling for her.

“Myrcella, I have been looking for you all afternoon. The King will be here tonight,” Mother said as she entered her bedroom – Mom always convinced Lord and Lady Baratheon to give her the biggest bedchamber in the castle (even with the Royal family coming).

“I’m sorry. I got distracted with Lady Shireen and Joy.”

“I’ve told you should try to make other friends. The other Baratheon ladies and the Tyrells are here. You come from a Great House,” Mom liked to remind her. But Myrcella didn’t, she had Lannister blood, but her name was of a small Stormlands house.

“Mother, I like them.”

“And you like the Prince as well.”

“I do, Mom. And I’m looking forward to seeing him tonight.”

“You can go for a walk with him and you know kisses, only chaste.”

“Mother, I know. I won’t do anything inappropriate.”

“But don’t be too chaste. The Tyrells also want their daughter to be Queen, and you’ve heard the rumours about her…”

“Mom, don’t be like that.” Myrcella was pretty sure her mother helped release those rumours.

“You’re too nice,” she said as she finished getting Myrcella ready before calling for one of the maidens to fix her hair.

Mother left with that, probably to arrange a last few things to make sure that her encounter with the Prince was well arranged.

Myrcella didn’t see anyone else until dinner. She had wanted to receive the Royal family in the courtyard, but her mother insisted she made an entrance at dinner, so representing the Lannisters, her brothers with the other Great families went to receive the King and his wife and children.

Myrcella didn’t make the entrance her mother wanted at dinner, she was quickly over overshadowed by Margaery Tyrell, but that didn’t stop Aegon coming to her.

“Lady Baratheon,” he greeted, nodding to both Joy and Shireen, “Lady Myrcella, can I have this dance?” Myrcella looked at her pregnant cousin, wanting to make sure she was okay.

“I’ll keep her company,” Shireen answered.

“I don’t need to be babysat. I promise to let her go when Rickon comes to ask.”

“Rickon?! That’s not…” she complained frustrated. “Sorry, Your Grace,” she then apologized; and Myrcella took the prince’s hand.

“Rickon Stark – isn’t he young?” he asked as they moved to the dancefloor.

“He likes her. He talks of marrying her when he comes of age. It may be a young boy’s fancy or something more. Time will tell.”
“And you, my lady. Marriage, I heard you’re looking at my person,” he said, spinning her around.

“My mother is.”

“And you do not agree with this match.”

“I do not oppose.”

“I don’t either. If you agree, I would like to marry you.”

“I do. But you’re sure, there are women of Great Houses that would probably more suited for the match.”

“Like your mother likes to remember my father, you have Lannister blood.”

“My mother likes to remind me of that too.”

“I’m sure your bannermen don’t like that.”

“Joffrey is taking a more leading position. They appreciate that; as he’s older he can move past my mother.”

“As a Queen, you can help secure that position.”

“I know. I know,” she said, “Now spin me again, because we’ve been talking for too long and you should be enjoying yourself.”

“Now that we’ll make people talk and they will know I always have fun with you.”
“Ned,” Catelyn called as she came into his office. He looked up, noticing it was just her, he looked back down to go back to reading the papers he was reading. “Those are old, Ned. New information came in and it doesn’t look good,” said Catelyn as she dropped a couple of papers on his table.

“I got these ones this morning.”

“They’re old, Ned. I’ve been in meetings all morning and afternoon, I haven’t even eaten since we left home and things look worst than we thought.”

“You need to eat,” he said, ignoring everything else she had said.

“Ned, listen to me.”

“Why haven’t I been told?” he said picking up the papers. “I’m still one of the people running this company, right.”

“People like me better than you or your brother,” she said, “And if it makes you feel better, I’m talking to you before Brandon.”

“So much better,” he said. “I’m going to read this now. Catelyn, please order something to eat and if this is as bad as you say, call Brandon.”

“Okay, I’ll order you something too.”

“I ate lunch,” he told her, but Catelyn mostly ignored him and he heard her order scones, which were definitely for him and Brandon. He read the papers and stole looks at her on the couch, eating the grilled sandwich she had asked for.

“This is really not good, Cat.”

“I told you.”

“Does anyone know where this is coming out of?”

“No. I told Rodrik to look into it, discreetly. He and Jory really think it’s someone in the inside.”

“Stealing money from the company? It needs to be someone on the board, Catelyn. I trust them any of them implicitly – Dad picked them all.”

“I think that’s why they came to me. But it’s too big to just be me.”

“Catelyn,” he said, dropping the papers and running his hands through his hair – she knew he was frustrated. “Why can’t…”
“Hey, hey,” she said getting up, and tracing her hands around his shoulders. “It’s going to be okay,” she whispered as she kissed the top of his head.

“Should I come back later?” Brandon said from the door, with a laugh.

“Come in,” Catelyn told him, “And close the door.” She stood behind her husband, resting her arms around him as Brandon took the seat at the other side of the table. “Read this. Ned underlined the points, just read that.”

“What does this mean?” he asked, after a few moments, as she had moved to seat on Ned’s leg.

“Someone is taking money out of the company,” Ned said, “someone on the board.”

“Fuck, I’m gonna kill them,” he said, getting up immediately, first fuming, before going to the door. Catelyn stopped him before he could get out.

“I’m handling this. You and Ned are too close to this. We will talk here and then if we need to talk to someone I’ll do it.”

“Who knows besides us?”

“Luwin and the Cassels. We all trust them.”

“I trust the people on the board, Catelyn,” Ned said.

“Are you saying I shouldn’t have told Jory or Rodrik or Luwin?”

“No, I trust them. Brandon?”

“Me too,” he said sitting back down. “What’s next?”

“We’re going over each member. Rodrik and Jory are looking into personal finances and…”

“…Things we shouldn’t know.”

“Yes, we will look into all their votes and conversations.”

“And the money in between?” Brandon asked.

“That’s the question. So any suggestions are welcome. I’m not doing all the work,” Catelyn said, as she pulled a chair and sat on Ned’s side of the table as the three of them pulled their heads together to figure out what to do next.
Catelyn/Ned - Swordfighting

Chapter Summary

This is an answer to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (8/May/2018): "If you’re still taking asks, I’m dying for a new NedxCat. I’ll take anything, especially if it’s an modern AU."

Chapter Notes

Does this talk about The 100 to much… Sorry, not sorry… but just the show has been in my head. And if anyone is interested, I’m taking prompts for Kane and Abby (and if you really want I’ll take for other, as long it’s nothing too shippy)

But hey, enjoy!! I think this pretty much still works if you haven’t seen the show, you may just not get a few references. I hope it’s still cute and fun!!

Ned found his wife in the office, but not doing anything he could expect, but he couldn’t help but laugh. Catelyn stopped at the sound of him coming to the room.

“Ohhh, please, Catelyn, don’t stop on my account,” he told her, but she didn’t seem sure.

“It’s stupid…”

“What were you doing?”

“Do you know the show the girls are watching? It’s called The 100 and it’s the first thing they can agree on since Brave.” Ned nodded, they had been talking about it non-stop – from what he understood, there was violence and teenagers in love or something like that.

“I watched a few episodes with them last night and it’s really good. And you know who’s on it, Burke from Grey’s Anatomy – I hadn’t seen him in years, he aged well – also the guy from the first season on Scandal we liked, the hot guy from Lost.” Ned had no idea who the second one was, but he had liked Burke. “So I see why they like it – the boys are cute and there are real friendships between the characters; and then an interesting story, with cool fight scenes.”

“Arya likes those.”

“A lot. She wants to let her hair grow like one of the girls on the show – braids.” Arya had had her hair cut short for years now, Catelyn kept insisting for her to let it grow out again.

“You decided to train a bit of fighting yourself…” Ned said, looking at the sharp sword on her hand, taken from the top of the fireplace – the same blade they had told the children not to play with a million times.

“I’m not any good. I shouldn’t even have tried.”
“Hey, Catelyn, don’t say that,” he whispered to her, coming to hold her face. “Maybe let’s not use Ice. That’s Bran’s size at least.”

“I know…”

“I think Rickon should have a few swords in his room. Wait here and we’ll train.”

Ned disappeared, but he came back not too long after, carrying two plastic swords – one that she recognized as a lightsaber and then a sword from old costume.

“I’m taking the lightsaber,” Ned said immediately and she couldn’t help but laugh, of course, he was taking the lightsaber – that was obvious. He closed the door and then positioned himself in front of her. “You can make the first move, Cat.”

Catelyn made the first cut, she wanted to hit in the leg, they did that often in TV, she did not throw herself down of course, but she ran for the legs. Ned was too late to stop her, but quickly got her on the waist.

“You know according to Bran and Arya’s rules, you need to go to your knees.”

“You lost part of your waist. Do you really want to play by their rules?”

“I guess not,” she said with a laugh, and she tried again with the sword and this time he answered her blow. And they mostly went blow by blow, until she moved quicker and caught him by surprise – on the show the main ones almost always fought against bigger people and she had seen Arya fighting often enough.

“That hurt, Cat!!” he murmured with the sword on his back.

“Really?!” she asked dropping her arm and sword; and then Ned turned immediately, pulling her into the wall, with the lightsaber to the neck.

“Not really, but I’m winning.”

“That’s cheating,” she said.

“I don’t think that really exists in fights on a destroyed world.”

“Really?!” she said, and then pulled her leg up, inside his tight, and now Ned was distracted one, letting the lightsaber off and she stabbed him on the belly.

“Really, Cat?! You just killed me,” he said dropping into the floor, in cries of pain, looking absolutely ridiculous.

“Not yet… Your heart is still beating but not for long…” Catelyn stepped carefully on his belly, on the pretend cut, and plunged the sword into his heart.

“Ahh,” he said, letting his head fall to the side, and then still with closed eyes, pulled her down by the arm. “I think I deserve a kiss after you killed me.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she said, kissing him, “This was fun. Thank you. We should do this again.”

“We should,” he said, holding her down, then slowly taking his hand away, reaching for the weapon.

“Don’t you dare,” she said, kissing him again, between laughs.
“What are you doing?” Catelyn asked as she approached Ned, who was going through his phone, but covering half the screen with his hand.

“Being careful. Avengers came out three weeks ago and things are getting harder.”

“You still haven’t seen it.” Ned had been excited for this movie since forever, Catelyn didn’t care and she was pretty sure she had seen spoilers, that she wasn’t sure what it meant.

From the Marvel movies, Catelyn had only watched Ant-Man, because Paul Rudd was Paul Rudd, and Guardians of the Galaxy, because Andy Dwyer had gotten hot - Ned had taken her to both, knowing she would like those. Also Ragnarok, she hadn’t gone to the movies for that one, but Ned had made her watch it last month and it was a pleasant surprise.

“No, but I have my last test this week, so going this weekend” he told her, “I can hold a few more days.”

“I couldn’t hold myself until I got home yesterday for The 100. I had to watch during our lunch break.”

“I know, I was there when you started crying.

“It was an emotional episode. Also shut up,” she said, giving him a look as she sat next to him.

“I didn’t mean anything by that,” he said, “I don’t like seeing you sad,” he whispered looking down, and Catelyn blushed at that.

Sometimes things were so easy about them, they would tease each other and be able to talk about anything. And then he said things like this that made her blush and made her think that he may like her as more as a friend, but he never did anything. He didn’t ask her to any of the school dances – he didn’t even come to those; and when they went to the movies together he never tried anything like other girls talked about or how Jaime did it on Lysa’s birthday party.
“I mean you have the right to any emotions you want, I don’t want to control that in any way. Crying does not make someone weak or a woman weak.” Ned went on and only after awhile she realized he was rambling.

“Ned, I know what you meant. I wouldn’t want to see you sad either,” she told him.

“So I shouldn’t call you after Avengers?”

“You know that?!”

“What? You know?! I don’t know anything specific, besides that’s really heartbreaking,” he said, “Don’t tell me anything of what you know.”

“I won’t.”

“I didn’t ask yesterday – was the end good?” Ned had to leave, because Robert called, he needed to copy homework and he was on the snack bar across the street.

“I was still crying,” she said, “but I wasn’t completely broken. Still couldn’t focus on science class,” she said, pulling her notes to show him.

“How many times did you write Marcus Kane down?” he asked with a laugh. “Will I find some Catelyn Kane written somewhere?”

“No, he belongs with Abby,” she answered sure about that, “And I don’t think I would take my husband’s name… I’m not sure, but I don’t think… Do you think that’s weird?”

“Of course not. Tully is a beautiful name. I wouldn’t mind if you kept your last name,” he said. “Not you, you, I meant like a general you, and there’s nothing wrong with…” Ned was rambling again and she was blushing again – this was happening too often.

“Thanks, Ned,” she said, resting her hand on his leg to stop him. “So what are you expecting from the movie?”

“Don’t know. How is the relationship between Captain America and Iron Man now?” Ned had told her about their fall out. “More Wakanda, it looked so great in Black Panther.” Catelyn was also curious about that one – it wasn’t a comedy like the other ones she liked, but everyone was saying good things. “Vision to be okay – he’s great in the comics – we haven’t gotten enough of him.”

“Call me after the film then,” Catelyn told him, “Tell me about it.”

“I’ll be sad,” he told her.

“I’ll make you smile,” she promised.

“You always do,” he told her and smiling to her, either wondering what to say next. Then Elia came around, calling for her, and Catelyn took off after before Ned could say anything, or she could. Really, would any of them speak up.
Chapter Summary

This is a response to an anonymous prompt (25/May/2018): "Can you write a modern royal nedxcat wedding? Like William and Kate’s or Harry and Meghan’s?"

Chapter Notes

Okay, I didn’t watch any of the last royal weddings, only bits and pieces of William and Kate’s, Harry and Meghan’s or Leticia’s… so this may look anything like those… Also not really a royal wedding, but hopefully close enough…

And now having written it, I’m not really a fan of how this ended up, but I hope you still enjoy it

“Tell me again why we’re doing this?” Ned asked to his phone, since he was not allowed to see Catelyn today.

“Because you love me.”

“I know why I’m marrying you, Cat,” he said. “I just don’t know why we’re going through this circus.”

“Because you can’t say no to Robert or your sister.”

“I can.”

“Ned, you hate attention and the press and you agreed to have our wedding made into a political and international affair.”

“Stupid idea.”

“I know,” she said, “but a party will be good for the country,” she repeated the words he had told himself a million times since this all ordeal started.

The wedding was a consequence of being best friends with the new King of Westeros, and after a mess of a succession, everyone had thought that maybe a party could bring the country together after this. The first plan was for Robert and Lyanna to get married already, but none of them wanted, and instead of being pressured into it, they asked Ned and Catelyn to do it.

“I need to go, Ned, people are getting here.”

“Do you really need to?”

“I’ll send Robert,” she said, “Love you,”
“Love you too,” he murmured before closing off the call.

For the next hours, people were in and out of his room, making sure he got ready and then he was brought into the Great Sept of Baelor and then everything was a bit of blur since then – Ned really didn’t want to remember anything besides Catelyn face.

But the news outlets didn’t forget the wedding and there were photos everywhere for the following hours and days – there was Ned almost falling down as he walked down the aisle, news articles about Ned not pronouncing the ‘right’ vows (this after had been announced weeks prior that Ned would address the Old Gods) and then almost no picture that showed his face, since he was permanently hiding behind Catelyn’s hair.

It wasn’t the wedding they dreamed of, but since Ned ended up married to Catelyn at the end of the day, he wasn’t going to complain. And according to Jon Arryn and most news outlets, it helped bring people together and calm after the last hard few months, mostly over how ridiculous Ned Stark could be.
Arya/Gendry and friends - "Stupid Ass Idea"

Chapter Summary

This is a response to a prompt by xv12 on tumblr (24/June/2018): "35, ship of your choice :)"

Chapter Notes

So 35 is “I know that you have reached a decision, but given that it is a stupid ass decision I have elected to ignore it” and it was hard to decide what to go for… So I ended up doing two drabbles and none of them are really shippy, more like friendship. It’s just “stupid ass” screams Arya Stark and the idea itself screams Abby Griffin (The 100) - the Abby one can be found one my tumblr :) (If you want the link, ask in the comments :) )

“Okay, this is not acceptable!!” Arya yelled as she joined them on the courtyard of their school – their school, not hers. Not that it surprised them anymore, she spent her days doing this.

“Arya…” Gendry murmured.

“Oh, shut up,” she said to him, dropping to the floor next to him. “The stupid told me that you guys plan to quit. That’s just stupid, I expect that from the boys, but Jeyne, Willow, you’re suppose to be smarter than that.”

“It’s not about being smart,” Lommy said, “It’s self-preservation and we agreed that it’s not worth the risk.”

“Stupid,” she muttered again, “I know that you have reached a decision, but given that it is a stupid ass decision I have elected to ignore it.”

“Arya,” Gendry warned again.

“No. Come on, you, guys, are smart – I saw your science project is like the best. Second best, I think Bran and the Reeds discovered a way to predict the future,” she muttered, “and he’s my brother. But you made something actually useful together as a team. That’s so important.”

“It’s the Westeros science fair, the rules are that only people that come from a recognizable House can enter,” Jeyne pointed out the rules.

“It’s not right. Joffrey’s invention is stupid and he gets to enter. The Tyrells make cool stuff, but it could never be as useful as what you thought of.”

“I thought of,” Willow whispered with a smirk, “I’m with Arya, we can think of a plan.”

“Willow…” Jeyne warned.
“Come on, big sis. It’s the last year, we can even enter together, since it’s yours and Gendry’s senior year.”

“We can’t enter.”

“And we will never without you. I need you to polish my ideas,” Willow said looking at Jeyne, “we need Gendry to work on the device, Lommy can only handle the chemistry…”

“And I need to work on the story to with the invention. You four need me to sell the thing,” Hot Pie said with a smile.

“Yes, see. So are we doing this? You’re entering the competition and getting second place after Bran.”

“First place, Arya,” Willow said, but none of the other were supporting the younger girls’ decision.

“Gendry,” Arya pleaded, holding on to his arm, throwing on her best smile, the one that worked almost always with him.

“Gendry,” Jeyne warned him, and Arya knew that she had Gendry.

“They need to come up with a plan,” he said. “You two need to, Arya, Willow. We can’t just go in Arya’s faith, there’s too much at risk for us.”

“I wouldn’t put you at risk, Gen,” Arya said, kneeling next to him, holding his face in her hands. “I would not,” she said. “Not any of you,” she said, “Not any of you.”

“That’s why we need the best plan,” Willow said. “Jeyne, you can trust me, and you and Gendry will approve it before anything.”

“What about us?” Lommy complained, referring to himself and Hot Pie, but as usual they ignored him.

“Jeyne,” Gendry shared a look with his best friend, who finally shrugged her shoulders in agreement. “We get final say,” he said.

“How well did that work out until now?” she said with a smile eyeing Arya, still holding Gendry, this time his hands.

“Come on, Arya, let go of Gendry and let’s go. We have to come up with the best plan and then win first place,” Willow said, coming up from next to her sister.

“Let’s do this,” she said, with a final squeeze of Gendry’s hands, she got up and followed Willow.
Ned and Robert - Pregnancy

Chapter Summary

This is an answer to xv12's prompt on tumblr (23/July/2018): "Weeeeell since we were just talking about it, 47 Ned and Robert :D"

Chapter Notes

So 47 is “You got her pregnant?! What were you thinking?” and that’s so Ned and Robert, that’s almost unbelievable

“You got her pregnant?! What were you thinking?”

“It’s not like we planned it. It just happened.”

“It doesn’t just happen. I would know if it did, I have way more sex than you.”

“Maybe it only happens when you love someone very much,” Lyanna threw in from her place on the couch, but they ignored her.

“You know you’re suppose to be happy for me.”

“I am, but I’m not. We had plans, Ned.”

“And like I told you when I was getting married. Cat and I don’t change that.”

“It does,” he said. “We will need to do a lot of travelling to get this thing going and you can’t do it with a pregnant wife at home.”

“We will figure this out, Robert, together,” Ned said, coming closer and resting a hand on his shoulder.

“I don’t know how.”

“We’ll figure it out,” Ned promised.

“I really thought if our plans were to be messed up by an unplanned pregnancy, it would be my fault.”

“You know, Catelyn and I are married. It’s not like this wasn’t in our plans.”

“It wasn’t a thing for now,” Robert argued, still a bit mad.

“What do I need to do to make this okay?”

“Name your first born after me.” But before Ned could answer, Catelyn entered the room, quietly and taking a seat next to her sister-in-law.
“Are they still fighting?”

“Like a married a couple,” Lyanna answered, “And they’ve probably decided your kid is going to be named either Robert or Roberta.”
Catelyn/Ned - Friends Finding Out

Chapter Summary

This is a response to a prompt by strangiousios on tumblr (16/August/2018): "During guy's night out (which Ned was skipping AGAIN) they see a hot redhead sitting at the bar and immediately they start to argue about who should go and hit on her. After awhile they notice that she's moved to a booth and is kissing someone that looks a bit too much like Brandon's brother and Robert's best friend. Can u please write this i saw it and couldn't stop myself from sending it to u"

Chapter Notes

This seems fun!! And it reminds me so much of a revelation for one of my other OTPs - my first big one!! I really hope you enjoy it!!

“I’m going,” Robert said, taking a gulp of his beer.

“No, you’re not. She won’t like you - you have no class,” Brandon argued back.

“What tells you she wants class? She may be just looking for great sex, which I can deliver.”

“But I’m better.”

“No, you’re not.”

This went back and forward for awhile, with them pulling on each other’s arms. It lasted too long, that the redheaded girl ended up leaving the bar. It took them awhile to find her again, and then finally on a booth at the back, they saw her, she seemed alone, they both walked in her direction, almost tripping over each other.

They were again ready to fight each other to see who could speak with her, when they noticed she wasn’t alone, and that it was a very familiar face she was out with - someone who told them that he couldn’t go out, because he had some studying to do.

There was no more fighting then. At least not each other, they had a new victim, and together they walked up to the girl and their friend.

“So that’s what you call studying?” Brandon said, reaching them.

“Really, leaving your friends for some girl, Ned,” Robert commented with a laugh, “Now you can never hold that against me anymore.”

“She’s pretty. We were arguing about who should go and speak with her.”

“She has a name,” the girl said. “It’s Catelyn.” Then ignoring the guys like they had ignored her, turned to Ned, “I imagine these are Robert nd Brandon - they are being as stupid as you described
“Wait, you talked about us?!” Brandon asked surprised. “How long have you known each other? Please tell us you don’t bring us up the moment you meet a girl?”

“Three months,” Ned answered.

“Wait, how could you keep something for me for three months?!” Robert asked, he honestly looked a bit hurt.

“It wasn’t easy,” Ned admitted.

“If you can put aside your desire to get laid,” Catelyn said, “Sit down and we can start getting to know each other.”

They took the other side of the booth, and the night went on, more drinks were consumed, and they got to know each other better and better.
Catelyn/Ned - Football

Chapter Summary

This was written for indigoraysoflight's birthday (IndigoRaysofLight on AO3) - August 16th, 2018
She asked for Catelyn loving football and Ned being very confused about it :) Also this is the third year in the row with Spanish Martells, I think… really the last two times I was in Spain, but now it's just tradition (and Spain fits with the theme of football :) )

Ned felt the bed move, he opened his eyes just a bit to see it was nine o’clock on a Sunday and that Catelyn was getting up. Ned lifted his hand to pull her back down.

“I need to go, Ned,” she told him, touching his face.

“Where?”

“The pub.”

“Why are you going to the pub at 9 am?” he asked, lifting himself off the bed. It wasn’t like her to go drinking this early, or really anytime.

“The pub is the only place that shows the World Cup matches around here. It’s English, but I’ll live with it,” she said, rolling her eyes. It was never good to watch her team play near the English.

“This early?”

“Time difference, Ned,” she answered. “I’m going with Elia. It’s actually France against Spain, so it’s a big game for us.”

“I want to go,” he said, getting up, letting go of her arm.

“Ned, you know nothing about football,” she said, now standing up. “Don’t you dare call it soccer,” she threatened.

“I want to learn."

“Okay, get up. They’re going to kill me for being an American to this.”

“You’re in America. You like living here.”

“It’s the World Cup - this is serious business, Ned,” she said.

He really didn’t believe her at first and got ready like for any other event. Catelyn didn’t, jeans and her hair up were normal, but she had on a football t-shirt with the blue of France and a rooster on it, and then she had her blue, white and red flag over her shoulders.

“I told you this was big business,” she told him, “And at least I’ve not painted my face.”

“You guys paint your faces?”
“I have seen you getting ready with Robert to go to your football games. Why are you surprised?”

Ned didn’t really have an answer for that, so he just finished getting ready to go and walked with her to the pub.

“So what I should know about the game?”

“Still in the group phase. Last game. Spain has already gone through. Greece is probably out, they haven’t won any games, but there’s still Egypt. So France really needs to win this game, and Egypt needs to lose or tie - we’re tied right now.”

“Okay, so this is a big deal.”

“Yes, very big, Ned. Now walk faster I want to get there before the game starts and find a good seat.”

When they get to the pub, Ned is surprised by how full it is - people from every age and background, all ready for the matches. Catelyn was booed when she came in, and she swore back to them in French - she rarely swore but when she did it was always in her mother language.

“Catelyn,” Elia called from a booth on the other side of the pub. She had a Spain scarf on and was hearing a simple red and yellow shirt, while her brother really had his face painted.

“Oberyn decided to come too,” Elia told her.

“We’re gonna destroy you, Catelyn,” he threatened.

“Tie,” Elia said, “I still want France in the cup,” she said smiling. “Sorry he’s here, he’s going to be so annoying.”

“You know Ellaria doesn’t find me annoying,” he complained, knocking his sister’s shoulder. “Colombia is playing tomorrow, so she went to her parents’ house to watch - they are doing a big thing.”

“Colombia is on the fence like France,” Catelyn told Ned.

“Ohh… he’s an American,” Oberyn commented, before saying something in Spanish to Elia, which earned him a slap on the shoulder from his sister.

It was still five minutes before the game started, and they ordered their food, with the waiter promising Catelyn a full English breakfast and a few more friendly teasing based on an animosity that goes centuries back.

“Prepare yourself,” she said, “if today goes well we will be playing each other next game.”

“Haha, you’re not coming here then. We would have to really kick you out.”

The game started before breakfast was brought in, and it started well. France got possession of the ball immediately, but it was a close game. The ball went back and forth, and 45 minutes in and nobody had scored.

Ned kept asking her questions most of the time, whispering them in her ear. He was definitely annoyed to the players always falling down and he really didn’t understand how the patrons kept yelling fault at a bunch of things.

Ned didn’t get those things, but the basics of the game were easy, and it was really exciting when
they were really close to the goal - it was fun for any team, but he kept his celebrating only to France. And he had fun listening to Catelyn yell in French at the screen, with the Martells sometimes yelled in Spanish.

“I don’t believe we’re still tied,” Catelyn complained, “I’m going to walk outside.” Ned followed her, but she was walking fast while ranting in French; he just let her vent, before they walked back into the pub.

“Ready for the second part?” Elia asked.

“Hell yeah, come on, France,” she yelled, before repeating it in French, and taking Ned’s hand, hoping that they would win, and Egypt would still be tied by the end of the next 45 minutes.
This is a response to an anonymous prompt (20/August/2018): "Good Morninggggg What do u think about an alternative ending for the Red Wedding, that Arya and The Hound free Grey Wind and they together save Catelyn and Robb?? I truly need that hahahahaah"

Arya needed to do something. She needed to save them. She couldn’t let them die.

The Hound tried to hit her with a rock, but she ran off, escaping him, running to the sound of the direwolf - she needed him. Arya got to the place he was in and she started on opening the lock - she needed to be quick.

People were going inside the castle now, having done with the fight here - Arya tried not to focus on the deaths here, she tried not to look at the faces she could recognize from Wintertown and from the people who always visited Winterfell.

She almost there, she almost had the lock, and then she heard a loud noise behind her.

“You should pay more attention. The fucker almost had you,” he said, getting rid of the body.

“I didn’t think you were coming.”

“Come on, before I change my fucking mind.”

“I have him,” Arya said. Grey Wind was huge - she hadn’t imagined that he would be that big by now. Arya had an idea and she jumped on the direwolves back, holding Needle, and she rode ahead. The Hound following her, since he had no other choice.

None was prepared for what they found, especially not Arya. Her people were being slaughtered, Robb was hurt, and Mom was there at the front, standing and then their eyes met.

Her mom said nothing, but she could read relief and fear in her eyes. As other eyes turned to her, she did the only thing she could think of, and sent Grey Wind ahead.

“Get him. Get, Frey,” she whispered. He ran ahead, escaping swords and arrows, and jumped over the table, attacking his neck, ripping it apart.

Walder Frey would be dead. And people stopped, none sure how the massacre would proceed.
Lyanna ached for the opportunities to come North, to be home. Five years of marriage had made her appreciate Storm’s End, but she still saw the North as her home.

“We’re almost there, Lya,” Robert told her from his horse, where he held Jon close to his chest.

“I know, I can feel it.”

“Ride ahead then,” he told her. “I would go with you, but someone should keep Jon.”

“I want to go with mama,” Jon spoke from his place with Robert.

“You stay with your father,” she said, before kicking up her horse to speed up, just as Robert yelled at Renly to go with her. Lyanna knew the North, but he still didn’t like the idea of her riding alone somewhere he didn’t know.

Lyanna didn’t mind Renly following her. He often went riding with her in Storm’s End. Here it was different, she felt the wind in her face, the chill deep in her bones, and then she could start hearing the familiar sounds of home.

She was even faster then and soon she was inside Winterfell walls, jumping down from her horse, feeling the snow under her feet - so good and comfortable.

“Ned!!” she yelled seeing her brother in the courtyard.

“Lyanna?!” he wondered, hugging her back, “What are you doing here? Last time we saw you still had time to go. Where’s Robert?”

“ Asking about Robert already. I’m here, you know.”

“I’ve missed you, Lyanna,” he said with one of his rare smiles.

“He’s coming, with Jon.”

“Jon!!” a little voice said behind her brother, running into the courtyard, followed by her goodsister
with a large belly, and holding another baby.

“You’ve been busy, brother,” Lyanna said with a laugh and looking at Ned’s face, “Ohhh… prepare yourself for Robert’s comments - he does them everytime we got a letter about a new niece or nephew.”

“Jon? Where’s Jon?” her nephew asked again.

“He’s coming,” she said, kneeling to his height. “Do you want to ride out to meet them?” she asked him, looking up to his parents.

“Yes!! Yes!!” he yelled.

“Be careful,” Ned warned, getting Robb to put him the horse, as Lyanna greeted Catelyn and kissed Sansa’s beautiful red hair.

Lyanna climbed behind Robb and this time rode slower, with Renly riding next to her, keeping a conversation with Robb, who just kept yelling his cousin’s name, over and over again.

They knew they were close when they heard a voice yell for Robb too, and they rode ahead, speeding up a bit. The moment the boys could see each other, they started talking to each other.

Robb did most of the talking, but Jon kept up with him - Robb was the one that always made Jon talk the most. Both boys wanted to jump out of the horse, but Lyanna and Robert help the kids, smiling at each other over the boys’ heads.

It was good to be home.
Catelyn/Ned - Caught

Chapter Summary

This is a response to a tumblr prompt by maria----soh (3/September/2018): "Sorry to bother you but Can you write an au when hoster catch ned/cat in a ho sex(canon or modern depends on you but canon is better)"

Chapter Notes

Not really caught in the act, but I kept it canon. I hope it works and you like it!!

Catelyn was a married woman. Her father knew that. Catelyn was also a mother of four. Her father also knew that. None of these bits of information made it any easier when her father came to her chamber that morning, planning to walk her to the sept before they broke their fast, but instead finding Ned in her chambers, naked, just as she was, luckily she was under the covers.

“Catelyn, are you okay?” Ned asked, looking at his wife, still in the same position as she had been when Lord Tully had came in. Ned had moved from the window where he had stood naked when her father came in.

“Why did I say ‘come in’?” she asked burying her head in her hands.

“You thought it was Maester Luwin,” he answered. Nobody else came to their chambers this early, only him in cause of emergency. And the man had helped Catelyn birth her children and she no longer had any reservations about her state of undress with him.

“Why did my father have to come here?”

“You can still meet him at the sept, my love,” he said, coming to kneel behind her on the bed, his chest firmly against his back, with his hands on her shoulders. “If he hadn’t come in, you would have appreciated the gesture.”

“I can’t face him,” she said.

“You can, You’re an adult, Cat, we’re married. Your father will understand we share a bed.”

“I’m still his Little Cat. He may try to shoot you when you got hunting tomorrow.”

“Not with his grandson close by.”

“You’re taking Robb?”

“Your father asked. Robb is excited by the idea.”

“I should go talk with my father,” she said, realizing how rare it was to see him and have him with her in Winterfell. The effort he was making Ned, and how he was enjoying meeting his
grandchildren.

“Take Sansa with you,” he said, kissing her, “She likes the sept, and her songs with distract your father.”

Catelyn nodded at that, finally leaving her bed, cleaning herself and putting on her clothes. Ned did the same, and then they left the room together, separating at the end of the hall.

“Behave at breakfast, Ned,” she pleaded, before walking to the girls’ room, preparing herself to make things okay with her father,
Chapter Summary

An answer to a prompt by jeeundo on tumblr (3/September/2018): "I always think if Baratheon brothers had a sister(older than them) she could marry Brandon.. :D she is very furious and strong and he is wild and fierce.. This is so exciting me..Do you think write something for them?"

Chapter Notes

Okay, I’m never a big fan of OCs and I don’t really like giving characters extra siblings, so that’s why it took me a bit longer. But I wanted to still do something, because you’re awesome and amazing!! So I really hope this works out… it’s a bit weird…

It was Brandon’s second wedding day, six years after he should have gotten married that first time. He could see the woman who had been his bride to be, pregnant and smiling, she ended up holding the title of Lady of Winterfell in the end as well, now as his goodsister.

Ned caught him looking and gave him one of his rare smiles. The title of Lord of Winterfell suited his brother. Of course, Ned had offered him the title back when Brandon arrived (but not the wife), but he refused it. His younger brother had done a good job during for the five years now that Father had been gone. Brandon only asked for a small holdfast.

But of course, that wasn’t enough, and Ned moved fast this time, no long betrothal allowing him to escape. Lyanna came to Winterfell when hearing that her oldest brother was back from his travels in Essos, she would come with her husband and child, what Brandon didn’t know was that she was bringing her goodsister as well.

Argella was his new bride. A woman who had songs sang about, that song about her having let her first husband drown in the seas of Storm’s End, a song that Robert had told him was a lie, while Lyanna had admitted that it was true - her answer when her husband tried to take to her bed when she didn’t want.

He met her two days ago, tall for a woman, with long and black hair held in a braid and blue eyes, and she was ready to argue with him the moment they met about the merits of hunting on foot versus horseback. The conversation was easy, as she shared her rides in the Stormlands and he told her of Essos.

But no matter how much he enjoyed her, now at the Heart Tree, the wedding was real, and he felt himself choking on the idea of this marriage. But this time he couldn’t run, like he had done in Riverrun, she walked down the aisle with her brother. While Robert was distracted with Lyanna, Argella noticed the fear on his face, and reaching him, she whispered.

“Escape and I’ll hunt you down on foot. And you won’t get out alive this time. I did kill my first husband, you know,’” she said, with a glint in her eyes.
He cleared his throat, but somehow found himself pleased with the threat.
Arya/Gendry - Tourney

Chapter Summary

An answer to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (19/September/2018): "Please can you do a Gendrya story where Gendry is the crown prince and not a bastard and he names Arya the queen of love and beauty after winning the jousting tournament?"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the prompt :) I don’t think I ever wrote Gendry as the crown prince, that changes a lot about him and who he is… I tried to find the balance in that

*The stupid stag was not going to do it. He was not. He was not.* Arya kept repeating to herself. It had been a stupid bet Hot Pie from the Inn had proposed Gendry, with an easiness you normally didn’t see between a baker and a crown prince. Arya had obviously opposed the bet, multiple times, and she told him she wouldn’t accept it, so no, she couldn’t believe he was coming her way.

“My son,” Robert yelled with a laugh, “have you chosen a Queen of Love and Beauty?”

“Yes, Your Grace,” he answered and walked up to her, “My lady,” he greeted her, “I offer this crown to Lady Arya Stark.”

“No,” she answered with a smile to his own, as Mother and Sansa tried to stop her. “No,” she repeated.

“We’re quite in a impasse now, my lady. What do you purpose?” Gendry asked smiling - he knew why she was saying no, to challenge him.

“A competition. You win, I accept the crown; I win, I get the crown and name who I want.”

“Yes, yes, bring on another competition,” the King yelled from the place where he was seeing everything. “Choose, girl. Choose. A fighting spirit like my Lyanna.” Silence followed after that, as it was expected when King Robert brought up Lyanna - he had never married, saying that there would be no one to compare. But without heirs, he had chosen a few of his bastards to legitimize - Gendry had been one of the oldest and one of the closest to him, right here in King’s Landing.

“Prince Gendry, if you need the pick,” Arya finally spoke when King Robert had looked up from his grief.

“I’ll take your choice.”

“Archery, then.”

“Of course,” he said, and now with the hand free of the crown, he offered it to Arya, to walk her down from the stands. As people prepared the camp and King Robert set the rules: “three shots, the one who gets closer to the center wins.”
They chose their bows and arrows and they were ready, Arya offering Gendry the first shots.

“Ladies should go first,” he announced.

“You’re the Prince, the right is yours,” she argued and the King told Gendry to go; and then Arya added in a quieter voice only for his benefit, “And I’m no lady, Gendry.”

He laughed and made the three shots: two on the center and then one on the second ring. People clapped for their prince, sure that he would win, Gendry wasn’t as sure, that arrow on the second ring could be his undoing.

It was. Arya took her time with the bow, but each arrow it dead center, spitting the previous arrows in a half with the second and third turn.

“My prince,” she said with the bow, lifting her now muddy dress like she had been thought.

“My lady, you’re a worthy adversary.”

“You too, my Prince.”

“The crown, please?” she asked and he put it on her hands once again.

“It still counts as winning the bet, correct?” he whispered and she shrugged her shoulders with a smile, before adding to the public, “Here’s the crown. Who will receive this honor?”

“Thank you,” she said. “I name the most beautiful lady in this tourney, Queen of Love and Beauty,” she said walking to where Gendry had walked to previously. “Mother, if you would accept the honor?” Arya asked.

Catelyn, who had been exasperated by her daughter’s behavior, couldn’t help but smile at her daughter’s gesture; Ned helped her stand and walk her down the stalls.

“Can I?” her father asked when they reached Arya and she couldn’t reach her mother’s head, Ned took the crown of flowers, that brought him memories he didn’t want to remember, and placed them on his wife’s head as his daughter announced.

“I crown Lady Catelyn Stark Queen of Love and Beauty for all to see.” Claps were heard through the tourney, none louder than Sansa’s, that was able to forgive her sister’s careless and immature actions for the honor she gave their mother.

“Thank you, sweetling,” Catelyn thanked Arya as she came to take her seat once again, squeezing her fingers. “But you shouldn’t question the prince.”

“Gendry doesn’t mind and you deserve the crown more than I.”

“No, I don’t. You’re more beautiful than I could ever be,” Catelyn said with a smile and kiss on Arya’s forehead, “both my daughters are,” she added, squeezing Sansa’s hand as well. And Arya smiled at her mother’s words, not convinced that she was more beautiful than her mother, no one was, but believing that maybe she could be beautiful too, she could accept it as long as she could fight as well.
Chapter Summary

An answer to an anonymous prompt (23/September/2018): "Hiii, could you write an story that robb have a twin sister, but since she have magic, she was send away to a company that take care of wizards, and this company ask to the mister to say to cat that the girl was born dead after erasing her memory of the baby. Later the same girl saves Ned and her sisters, and together the four saves Cat and Robb from the Red Wedding."

Chapter Notes

I’ve said before, I’m not a big fan of OCs and made up siblings, but I didn’t want to say no and I wanted to do something, and I hope this works out for you :)

River grew up knowing she would have a purpose in life - it had been written in the stars - but she was still surprised the day a bad was thrown over her head and she was sent by ship to Westeros, to King’s Landing, with a simple mission, save the Starks.

The Starks were hers. She was a Stark, she had always known, raised by wizards and taken from her mother the day she was born, like many with magic were if they were unlucky enough to be born in Westeros. Her own name reflected her origins, Riverrun, named after the place where she was born - she had a Tully name for her Stark features, long dark hair with grey eyes, but with the high cheekbones of a Tully.

River arrived to the westerosian capital the day of her father’s judgement, she knew from her visions that she needed to save him before that. The plan was to get Sansa first, they would be looking for her in the castle then, and the confusion would make things easier to get to their father.

She knew how to pretend to someone from the help and she slipped into her sister’s room when she was alone.

“Who are you?” she asked scared.

“I came here to help you. To save your father.”

“My father will confess and the King will pardoned him.”

“He won’t. He will behead your father.”

“He won’t. He told me,” she started, “I’ll scream.”

“Sansa,” she whispered, touching her arm, calming her, showing her those emotions and giving them to her, and then showed her the visions and memories - her all story in that. That was her power, visions and being able to show people or make them feel something by touch.

“You’re my…” she said with tears in her eyes.
“Yes, and we need to get Father.”

“We do,” Sansa agreed and they started their plan. They left the room after than, in servant clothes, and with the call that Sansa was missing through the castle, every guard moved up to look for her, leaving the Dark Cells almost clear.

“Sansa, wait here,” River told her, she walked through the cells and touched the guards, making them fall asleep. “Come in, Sansa,” she called as she got the key from one of the guards.

River opened the door after that, and told Sansa to go in first, and then she ran to her father’s arms, whispering things on his ear. And then he looked up, at River standing there, as Sansa told him who she was.

“You were stillborn,” he whispered, “Your mother said…”

“Nobody knew, she saw an illusion of my body, so did the Maester, when I was taken…” she said, “I’m back now,” she said, offering her hand to her Father, pushing her memories to him, leaving him speechless.

“We can’t do this now, Father. We need to get Arya and leave King’s Landing, before they figure that you’re missing too.”

River led them through the city, pulling for visions of Arya, knowing that she would be in the next corner, and send Father and Sansa in the front. River waited from the back as they hugged each other and celebrated the fact that they were alive. But she knew they were nowhere done - Mother and Robb had already done the deal with the Freys, and it wouldn’t be that long before Robb sent Theon home and then met Jeyne - things needed to be changed now. There was a war to win and a family to keep together.

“Come here, River, come meet your sister,” her father called, putting her worries aside for a moment.
Catelyn/Ned - Back to You

Chapter Summary

Another answer to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (25/September/2018): "Hiiii i just found out your account 😊😊 and I loved your nedxcat fanfics, I was wondering if you could write a song fic with Back To You by Selena Gomez! Thank you so much for the attention"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for asking :) Ohhh… that's the "13 Reasons Why" song, right?! Because of that, I ended up placing this as teens in a modern AU, and a bit angsty and sad…

Catelyn could see Ned sitting alone, he had been like this for the last few days, avoiding interaction - he wouldn’t even talk with Robert. So Catelyn stepped forward and sat next to him.

She said nothing. He said nothing. They sat there for the fifteen minutes of recess in silence. She did the same in all of the next ones for the rest of the week, not one word shared between them.

Eight days of this when she finally heard his voice. After a day of silence, they were leaving the school when he called her name.

“Catelyn…” she stopped and turned to him, walking back to him. “Thank you,” he whispered, “You didn’t have to…”

“I know… How are you feeling?”

“Not good and confused,” he said and Catelyn led them to a bench near by.

“Are your siblings okay? The social services didn’t…”

“Brandon is back. He’s over 18 and none of us is really a small kid, so he thinks he can get custody of us.”

“Ohh…” Catelyn remembered Brandon for when he had still gone to school here, he wasn’t the most responsible, maybe two and a half years in college could have changed but she wasn’t sure.

“I will help him.”

“I will help you if you need,” she promised.

“Why?”

“Because you matter, because you need help. Because that’s what friends are for,” she said, taking his hand, “I’m here.” Ned accepted her hand, believing that maybe they could make it through this…
Chapter Summary

This was asked by jeynewesterling on tumblr (she's bythunder here on AO3) (28/October/2018): "I wish you'd write a fic where Ned and Catelyn get to grow old together, surrounded by grandchildren."

Chapter Notes

Haha, I just wish that was canon!! But so many questions arise from Ned and Catelyn growing old together… Does the war still happen? And the Others, do they come? Ned would have to fight, so would Robb and Jon (does he even join the Night Watch?) and depending on how long they last, Bran and Rickon too

The girls would get married, and while Arya may marry in the North, Sansa would be married to a Great House in the South - how often could she come home? Now it’s making me sad…

But yeah, I think it would be a cute drabble, if I don’t need to think about all those logistical things, and they’ve just came for a feast or something

It wasn’t often they had all their children at home like this, and Catelyn relished on the sounds around her, especially the laughs and little feet of the children running around the hall.

“We should do this more often,” Catelyn whispered to Ned next to her, knowing it was an empty dream, the food was too scarce and the Winter too strong and long for the children to make it to Winterfell too often.

“They are growing so much,” Ned agreed with her. “Rickon is a man now, so we can visit Sansa South.”

“You would go South…”

“Sansa broke the curse - she’s happy in the South. The South can’t hurt Starks anymore,” he told her, taking his hand to the old scar on his leg.

“We’ll visit her,” she said, “Now, I think your namesake is asking me for a song,” she said leaving him for her other Ned, one six years of age.
Catelyn/Ned - Friends with Benefits

Chapter Summary

This is a response to another anonymous prompt on tumblr (31/October/2018): "Hello, how are you? I was watching the movie Friends with Benefits, and I wonder if someone could write a nedxcat fanfic based in the movie! Can you try to write it please? Thank you so much"

Chapter Notes

Hi!! I’m doing fine :) How are you? Ohhh… I know that movie, I had to check it was the Justin Timberlake/Mila Kunis one or the Ashton Kutcher/Natalie Portman one (No Strings Attached), because two movies in the same year with the same plot was such a weird thing…

Now this is probably not what you wanted, but I had such a hard time imagining Ned and Catelyn in a relationship like this, because I really don’t think that they have that “relationship” with sex, I think for them it’s very connected to feelings… So I went a different route, I hope you’re not mad and I hope you still like it :)

Since you’re in anon, I don’t know what other ships you like, but I hope the one I included in the side here works for you…

Catelyn knew this had been happening since their New Year’s Party and she was still scared this was going to end up with Elia being hurt.

“Cat, I know what I’m doing,” Elia told her, “I don’t want a relationship right now. I just got out of a marriage."

“I know, but that doesn’t mean you should throw yourself in bed with the first person you meet.”

“I’m not, Cat. I’ve known Ashara for awhile, and she’s good at keeping feelings at bay, you’ve told me about that.”

“Elia…” she wanted to argue once again, but classes were starting and they had to separate to go teach their classes.

Catelyn was still worried about Elia - this would either end very badly or like in every movie they would fall in love, but according to Ned who had known Ashara for years, she had never fallen in love, keeping each of her relationships casual. While Elia had always fallen in love with the people she dated - some more than others, but feelings were always involved.

“What do you want us to do, love?” Ned asked her, as they talked in front of the tv, now that the kids were in bed.
“Nothing, we can’t do anything, that’s what annoys me…”

“I’m just glad we don’t have to go through this.”

“Sure, what happened to guys being to nervous to ask a girl out at first, so his brother asks her, they date, and then the girl and her boyfriend’s brother bond over good books and crappy tv.”

“It worked,” he told her with a laugh.

“It was a master plan, Ned. I love you,” she told him and he kissed her hand in return. “Do you think you could have had a friends with benefits situation?”

“Maybe if it was someone I already loved and cared about, like a close friend, but more for one night stand than this ongoing thing, this will just be messy.”

“Robert, then. You would be friends with benefits with Robert.”

“Shut up, but yeah, I don’t have close female friends. If I was attracted to guys, I guess Robert - I’ve seen him naked him a million times, so that would be out of the way,” he told her, shrugging his shoulders. “What about you? Would you?”

“No. I don’t think so. I know it’s stupid and old fashioned, but in my head I feel like sex and love, romantic love, are so connected, that I would feel okay with it - I would fear it was a mistake.”

“I know, I see your point.”

“And just Elia and Ashara deal seems more confusing and dangerous than Robert and Brandon making out with a different person every day.”

“They’re going to be okay, Catelyn. You can’t tell them what to do. Just be here in case Elia needs you.”

“I know, Ned. Thank you for having my back.”

“Always.”
Catelyn/Ned - “Wow, you look… amazing.”

Chapter Summary

This is a response to an anonymous prompt on tumblr (3/November/2018): "NedxCat Drabble 2 number 11 please"

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for asking!! 11 is “Wow, you look… amazing.”

Ned was handsome, sure not the most handsome, but Catelyn definitely thought he was very good looking. But today, she couldn’t even think, Ned could pull of a suit better than anyone else - it fitted right with his body, with a clean shaved face and his hair gelled back.

“Wow, you look… amazing,” she said as he stood at her apartment’s door.

“You look beautiful too,” he said, giving her kiss on the lips, coming in.

“I’m still in my robe, Ned. But wow, you really clean up nicely.”

“I really don’t…”

“You do, Ned,” she promised, kissing his again, with a desire to pull him by his ties, but afraid to ruin anything on him. “I’m temped to just take you to my room right now,” she said s her cheeks blushed.

“I would be okay with that,” he told her with a rare smile, and that earned him a slap on his arm.

“Don’t encourage me. We don’t have time,” she said, leaving the living room to go her room, to finish getting ready. “Don’t follow me. You’ll tempt me.”

“I won’t,” he agreed, sitting on the couch, closing his eyes, thinking of what she would do to him tonight, and that he definitely should wear suits more often.
Chapter Summary

This was written for the birthday of myrishswamp/incelhugochavez on tumblr (24/November/2018)!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was the first summer, Cersei was spending without Jaime and she didn’t know what to do without him. He had gone to some summer camp in Dorne with Arthur Dayne, and Cersei had made it to King’s Landing, an internship at the Mayor’s office.

She had dropped her things in her hotel room, and now she was making it into the Mayor’s office, she looked at a phone on more time, to see if her twin had sent her anything - there was nothing.

With a deep breath, she walked into the office, looking straight ahead to the secretary and introducing herself immediately as “Cersei Lannister, daughter of Tywin Lannister. I’m here to work for Mayor Targaryen.”

“Of course. Downstairs. They will have some papers for you to organize.”

“I should–”

“That’s what we need you for, Cersei, go help.”

“Miss Lannister,” she corrected her, but the woman was already ignoring her. Cersei wasn’t used to being ignored, but she got to use to it - it was nothing like she had dreamed off…

Cersei had imagined that she would be having a power to make some decisions, after all she was a Lannister, but she was spending her days filling papers in the basement for the last three weeks and she only had one more to go. She had told Jaime she was doing everything she had dreamed of - she couldn’t tell him the truth when he was enjoying his time with Arthur Dayne.

At night, things were better. Cersei got to go out at night and since people didn’t knew her here, she got to drink and dance, and get into the clubs. And she lived for those nights and time away, and then it was back to work and filing.

It was two more week of that and it was her final day, her last hour, and tomorrow she would be with Jaime again.

“Cersei Lannister, correct,” she heard a voice behind her, and as she stood and turned her head, she was finally eye to eye with the Mayor. “You look so much like your mother.”

“Mayor Targaryen,” she greeted, still standing.

“But you seem to have your father’s cunning mind,” he said. “You know you’re not suppose to read the files you handle or write notes on them.”
“They were in correct, sir.”

“All of them.”

“Yes, the ones I wrote in.”

“You know I wrote most of those correct. Or my chief of staff did.”

“If it makes you feel better, the ones signed Steffon Baratheon were normally worst.”

The man actually laughed at that and she had never seen him laugh before, not even in interviews. His hair moved when he did that, and the long platinum hair fell in front of his chest.

“I’ll let him know when he comes back from the cruise,” he said.

“Do you need anything, sir?” she finally asked, realizing that he had probably come here for a reason.

“How old are you, girl? I think you must be a bit younger than my oldest.”

“I’m 16, sir.”

“Young, then. Sit, sit,” he told her, going around the table and sitting across from her. “You’re Joanna’s girl and she never tricked me before, so don’t do it either. I found out you had a few interesting thoughts,” he spoke and she finally noticed the papers in his hands.

“I can help.”

“Good,” he said, opening the papers, and Cersei smiled as she noticed his red pen writing next to her pencil one - someone was actually listening to her.

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Chapter End Notes

I was asked to make a comment to this fic - you can find that [here](#) :) 

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!