"The book was beautiful," Sansa gasps – like the memory of the gift has left her guard down. "The red hair… My mother’s - I - It's the same."

Daenerys hummed and closed her eyes, peaceful. Sometimes hearing Sansa speak was easier than breathing. Was it insanity? The fact that it was so simple to exist by her side?

"Is that so?" She had imagined as much.

"Yes," She continued, and Dany noticed she sounded excited and happy. It made her giddy. She wished she could see her. "I have the same shade of hair as well, and so do my brothers. Not my sister, though. She's more wolf than anything."

"Your hair is beautiful," Dany confessed, in a moment of pure elation.

AU: the targaryens were overthrown by the starks during aerys i targaryen's reign, and are forced to exile. the targaryens escape to sea, where they become pirates. after the deaths of rhaegar, rhaella and aerys ii, viserys becomes the new heir, and to seize the throne he kidnaps princess sansa stark and intends to force her into marriage. meanwhile, daenerys finds that her cabin's walls are thinner than expected.
Daenerys is running through a field of flames. Her feet burn with the heat and her pale skin feels like it's going to melt as soon as she stops, her pretty silver hair feels like its disappearing on her scalp thanks to the flames. At the end of the field, there's a silhouette – yet it's so dark, and even if there was moon or sun to light her way, she can't make out the face of the person clutching on the dirt, hands covering its face. Dany still runs, she wants to help, but the person is so far away, and she can't reach them -

"Get up," Her cruel brother shoves her awake by throwing her robes into her bed with an all too cheerful command, and Dany wakes up with a surprised yelp, "We have a guest, and royal one at that!"

Dany almost doesn't get up when Viserys walks out of her room. Her limbs are sprawled comfortably on her bed, and the soft breeze of the sea feels like home to her. But she doesn't want to spark up her brother's anger, not when it usually costs her some bruises. Besides, the promise of meeting the 'royal guest' was stinging her curiosity.

She knew, of course, of Viserys plans to take the princess away during the Wolf Prince's wedding. She had known for a while, even if her brother had been very reluctant to talk to her about it for weeks. She needn't to press much – her brother was all impulse, all talk when it came to something he was especially filled with pride over. His plan prided him no less than any other, but he couldn't speak of it, not even to his sweet sister. He had managed, to Dany's misfortune, to only confess to be planning on taking the princess. She hadn't dared to ask why, yet she knew it must had something to do with taking back the throne.

That was the family ambition: taking back the Iron Throne and with it, restoring the Targaryen Dinasty along with the Seven Kingdoms. Her grandparent had tried to (And was murdered by Lannisters when he had tried to raid Casterly Rock when he forgot pirates are only good for the sea and they drown on air, and thrown into the sea after being burned mocking his ship name, the "Black Dragon") her father and her brother Rhaegar as well. All dead – either from fighting or giving up.

Dany did not know if Viserys was any different. He was as cruel as her father, and as mad as her grandfather, but in his voice a tingle of sadness could be heard. She could remember a time when he ran around the ship, dreaming of commanding it and laughing with her. She could remember him telling her stories of great Captains at sea and princesses, and Dany loved him. Now, with Rhaegar...
gone, Viserys was a shadow, a dark shadow that loomed over her and only knew how to love a golden crown.

He had been planning this raid for a long time now – she had started hearing of his plans as late as months ago. He would wait for Robb Stark's (the heir to Westeros) wedding day to Margaery Tyrell to sweep through the feast and take princess Sansa as a hostage. She could not make out the details of how he was exactly planning to break into the castle through the hoard of guards that would be waiting there. Viserys had strong forces, yet even though Dany had never set foot on hard land she could imagine strong, big guards making sure no harm came to the royal family. Or maybe the guards and knights weren’t as gallant as the songs her mother used to sing went, so she tried to listen harder, almost always hearing naught.

She could hear her brother's screams alright, though. He was spoiled as any royal prince would be, even if he owned ships and no land. His screams full of dreaded impatience sometimes kept her awake at night, waiting to see if on his fury he tried to enter her bedroom door and…

But his counsel kept him at ease. Jorah Mormont, an exile from the North of Westeros, had a particular dislike for her brother, but stood with him anyway. He kept King Viserys at ease and controlled of his worst tantrums even better than Dany could sometimes. Daenerys was grateful for him, and she found his company somewhat paternal.

Dany took hold of her robe made out of white silk over her small clothes. She slipped into her boots a little clumsily out of anxiousness. She had never met a true princess, even if Viserys was very keen on calling her one (In this ship one could never feel like a princess, not even with the slaves his brother smuggled in the tribulation to serve them. Not like the ones her lady mother used to sing about). She hurriedly left her cabin, where a slave girl was waiting for her with a tray of food for breakfast.

"I'm not hungry today, Irri," Dany passed by her side quickly. Irri stood there, looking a little shocked and Dany managed to go back and take a bite out of some bread, and then smiled a little bit, "Finish it for me please," and continued to run.

She was greeted by the scent of sea. The salt was everywhere, and Dany almost wished she had the time to stay like that, hearing the waves crashing against Dragon, her brother's favorite ship, feeling the slight and soft swing of the ship. It was magical, and comfortingly familiar. But she knew time stopped for no one, especially not her, and she continued walking hurriedly toward her brother.

There was a girl laying on the dirty and creaking wood that Dany had grown to love. Viserys was standing in front of her, and he was smiling ear to ear. There were two men holding the girl down, yet she didn't seem to be much of a threat – she looked so tiny, standing there, a fragile porcelain doll, like the ones her mother used to gift Dany. Her hair was down, and it was such an intense type of red that reminded her of fire. Her purple dress was ruined, torn on the skirt and the sleeves even had some blood on them. The princess was silent. Dany approached, a little doubtful.

"Sister, you are awake!" Viserys exclaimed, and greeted her with a long and excited peck on the cheek. Daenerys didn't feel as giddy, and it was impossible for her to match her brother's joy. You woke me, Viserys, of course I am awake, she wished to snap back. "We have a guest, Dany. A princess - A royal princess!"

The girl looked anything but. Up close, she just looked as pale as the moonlight that bathed the sea at night, filled with scratches and dirt, her lips torn and bleeding. Her hair was a mess, decorated with undone braids and tangles, ruining her pretty red hair. The princess kept her eyes glued to the floor, refusing to respond to the mention. Her clear blue eyes were red and filled with tears that didn’t seem to stop spilling – if it was because of the cruel salt of the sea or the anguish, Dany could not say.
"She's our key, Dany," Her brother said as she studied the princess, throwing his head up to look at the sky as he roared with mad laughter that made the princess tremble, "My key to the throne!"

The girl said nothing, and Dany simply smiled a small, sweet smile that showed no teeth and refused to reach her eyes. She knew better than to anger him, she had learned over the years. "Is she the Usurper's granddaughter?"

Viserys looked like he was about to hug her, and it almost sent a shiver down her back. He looked a ghost of his grandfather and his father himself when his eyes glinted like that.

"Yes. The bitch's name is Sansa Stark."

Ned Stark's daughter, of course. Princess Sansa visibly winced at the insult. Daenerys found that she had gotten used to the word over the years, and she tended to forget his brother was as careless with her as he wasn't supposed to be.

Of course, Dany already knew her name. She had heard it being whispered between meetings, sometimes as the "pretty bitch", others as the "red haired whore". Sometimes it was hard to determine whether they were talking about Sansa or the Queen herself, Catelyn, though Viserys fancied calling her the "Tully cunt" better than anything.

"I am glad of your capture, Your Highness," Dany mumbled, not letting her eyes falter from her brother. Her smile did not fall, either. "Yet I fail to understand why you have brought her to us?"

"Of course," Viserys, said, and chuckled almost darkly. Of course she knew. She wasn't as stupid as Viserys liked to make her think she was. "I will marry the bitch, make her my queen. My hostage. We'll see what Eddard Stark thinks of that."

She remembered a promise whispered during the night, suddenly. A promise made between whispers, between beatings, between tears - I will make you queen, Viserys had told her. His queen. She was so glad when she heard his plan of marrying the Stark princess she cried tears of joy once she heard it out of his brother's lips during a quiet meeting she eavesdropped, but now she felt a small twist on her gut for the girl. Besides, her being married to him wouldn't change much. If Viserys wished to have Dany, he would have her. Her brother, Rhaegar, had taken two wives of his own, the Captive Queens, they would call them: Elia Martell and Lyanna Stark.

The princess's eyes shot up from observing the wood along with her head, almost violently so. Her nose had dripped with blood and now it looked like a dried painting, cascading down until it reached her upper lip. Her face was beautiful, so beautiful it made Dany ashamed of her own beauty for once. Her blue eyes where still bloodshot, and even afraid they held a spark. The Starks were strong, according to the stories, and rumored to be half wolves too - it seemed the princess was no different. Many couldn't believe the Starks still prevailed in King's Landing, all being best fit for cold. Viserys made jokes about them melting occasionally, though he hadn't stepped on hard lands more than ten times.

Sansa looked panicked, and Dany's heart twisted at the sight, feeling silly over the small tingle of jealousy she had felt moments ago, "No!"

Viserys' head shot to look at his new plaything, and as he lowered himself on her level as she fought the guards off of her shoulders. Dany could see his dark smirk making an appearance on his face.

"The bitch has a tongue," He sounded excited.

"And an ugly one, too," One of the guards sneered and then chuckled, an ugly thing to match his
ugly face, "She called us sea slugs while we dragged her out of King's Landing. Bit one of me boys, too."

Dany tried to contain her distress for the girl, but she let out a gasp of horror. For the princess, of course. Her brother was a mad man, and she feared what he could do to a girl like that. Daenerys wasn't one to oppose his threats with any force. She found that she had none most of the time. Sansa's blue eyes had not calmed, and Dany thought they looked very much like the ocean during a storm. She wanted to silently pray there was a calmness to that storm, fearing for this princess's life already - Though Viserys only threw his head back and laughed.

"I would very much enjoy taming this wolf bitch."

After that, the princess was forced to stand up and taken to her cell. The Targaryens weren't known for taking prisoners anymore. Her family mostly destroyed and ravaged whatever they could find, but they were forced to build something akin to cells once her brother had kidnapped the princess of Dorne and the royal princess Lyanna. Once them and Rhaegar had perished, Viserys took the King's cabin and gifted Dany Elia's room. The princess was forced to sleep on the abandoned cabin next to Dany's, the one who belonged to Lyanna, the most daring of the hostages. As the walls were as thin as skin, Daenerys figured it wouldn't be hard to try and talk to her during the night, while everyone was asleep, and to bring her some sort of comfort. She was relieved to have been rid of Viserys' hungry looks, but she feared for the girl.

Dany supposed it was rather cruel to call her a girl – the curves of her hips weren't very sensual and the princess' breasts weren't as plumped as hers, but she was not a girl. She was probably the same age as Dany, eighteen name days, though maybe more. She wondered if her brother was going to take the princess before marriage. He liked humiliating, so it would be no surprise if he would have her against her will in front of the whole ship crew. The thought made her feel sick.

She walked towards Jorah Mormont, who had watched the whole ordeal from afar, and stood next to him.

"What do you make of all this?" She asked, softly watching the ocean rock the ship they were on.

"I think your bother is a mad man," Jorah shrugged, "Yet it's not unheard of. Your brother did the same to Elia Martell, the princess of Dorne, and later to Lyanna Stark."

"My brother was foolish," She could barely make out her brother's image. She remembered the dornish woman, sad and beautiful, and her big pregnant belly, but she could never make out her brother's face. It did not matter now, he was dead, killed by Lannisters, just like his wives.
"Kidnapping two princesses was the stupidest thing this family has ever done, especially a Stark from the royal family. Yet now my brother is doing the same."

"Ned Stark will not be pleased," The knight concluded, looking out into the sea, nodding at Dany's words. His own seemed reluctant. "I fear for their wrath. But mayhap this is not the worst decision."

Dany eyed him, skeptical, "What do you mean?"

"The Starks won't do anything while we have Sansa here," Jorah concluded, turning his body to stare at her, "The princess is far too precious. The Westerosi love her, which will make revenge taste sweeter, but also the more distant. They will risk nothing to harm her. They say the day Princess Sansa was born, the sun shone down upon the Seven Kingdoms and painted her hair red as the sun's fire."

Daenerys' heart leaped on her chest. The legends of the Westerosi had her heart fluttering with
excitement every time she heard them, and she could not help but wonder what stories they might
tale of her birth – Mayhap she was bathed in moonlight? Blessed by the moon, the ice, the snow, the
winter? She felt her pace quicken at the thought, yet the feeling of sadness in her gut grew. She
wished for Westeros on another way, never the same as her brother, or father, or grandfathers before
her. She wished for a land to call home.

Jorah’s smile did not quite reach his eyes, and he turned back around to face the sea once again.
"They would sing songs of your beauty as much as the sing of the princess’, of that, I'm forever
certain."

That night, Dany dared lay her ear on the thin wall separating her cabin with the princess’s. She
could feel nothing but soft sobbing at first, distant muffles and sniffs. She felt sad for Sansa. After
all, being taken from her home as if it were nothing must’ve deeply hurt her, much more than the
visible scars could ever show.

Dany whispered softly against the wall, "Princess," and when the sobbing didn't stop, she whispered
a little more clearly, "Princess."

The princess quieted.

If Dany was honest, she was very much intrigues by the girl. She had never met a princess. She was
everything her mother made out princesses were in songs and stories, yet there she was, tangled fiery
red hair, ruined dress, with no gallant and beautiful knight to save her from the villains that her and
her family were to her, stripped of her voice and royal festivities; of songs. She shivered at the
thought – she didn't realize the princess might think of her as a monster, just like her brother was. She
probably thought she would maybe report back to her brother if she responded, or that maybe she
was going to hurt her and –

"Hello?" A sweet voice spoke back. A wave of relief washed over Dany’s body. The thought of the
princess being afraid of her, to ever consider her something remotely similar to what her brother was;
it almost made her eyes water.

"Yes, hello," She breathed against the wall, now frantically looking around and setting her eyes on
the door, not wanting her brother to burst in and catch her exchanging conversations with his captive.

"Who are you?" She heard back. It sounded like she was coming closer to the wall, as to hear better.

"My name is Daenerys," She whispered to the wall. She felt almost mad, whispering to walls.
Maybe the princess wasn't even responding, and she was imagining all of this, on a feverish dream.
Sometimes she had visions in her sleep. Or maybe Viserys had killed her in her sleep, and she was
on a different afterlife, imagining all of this.

The princess gasped.

"You are one of them!"

Dany quickly hushed her as she tried not to visibly wince, "Do not be so loud, princess, or they
might hear us."

"You are one of them," She repeated, though this time she whispered. It seemed it was more to
herself than for Daenerys, but she responded all the same.

"I am," Yet sometimes I wish I wasn’t, "But I'm more friendly. I know all that happened must be very
sad for you."

The princess took time to answer. Silence filled the air, and Dany considered going to bed during those minutes of impatience. Maybe the princess had changed her mind, and decided to not talk with her anymore. Dany couldn't blame her. She was, after all, part of the crew that had captured and hurt her, and blood of the man who had claimed her and was now forcing her to become his wife. She was standing up to leave for bed, when a soft voice interrupted her.

"It is," The princess whispered back after a lifetime. Daenerys froze on her spot, and the princess cleared her throat as Dany settled back onto her little spot by the wall, "It is very sad."

Daenerys wasn't very good comforting people, never was, even if her soul was gentle and soft, so she just whispered back, "I'm sorry, princess."

Something on the princess' voice made Dany shiver when she spoke.

"My name is Sansa," She sounded sad, and distant, and a bit lost, "And I am a princess no more."

Sansa didn't want to be on her chambers. Well, she didn't want to be on the ship, either, but she hated her chambers the most. Dany knew as much – her sobbing grew larger by night, when she was forced to enter that dark room. Dany wanted to make her feel better, and she had tried speaking to her once again through the thin walls separating their rooms, but to no avail. Sansa didn't want to speak, neither to her nor to anyone.

Viserys didn't mind. He liked parading her around the ship, showing her to the crew and to Dany as well. She knew he was playing games on her. He was mocking her, trying to intimidate and belittle her. It was his way of saying, you will never be queen.

It seemed he wasn't planning on marrying the both of them, at least for now. The thought made her almost content… and being content brought her sadness. How could she relish on the fact her pain was being assigned to someone else?

The fifth night of the princess' stay on the ship, Dany woke up to screaming. It was Sansa, from the other room. Dany quickly got up from her bed without any care, and clutched to the floor until she was face to face with a dirty wall that smelled of humidity. The screaming had stopped, and turned to breathless sobs. Daenerys' heart felt sad for the girl, and her own eyes threatened to water. She didn't understand why she felt so connected to this girl, this princess, but her tragedy made her heart hurt.

"Sansa," she whispered frantically to the old white wallpaper, "Lady Sansa."

The sobbing calmed a little, but it was still there. If this were any other night, Sansa wouldn't respond to her many attempts at holding a conversation. But Dany wasn't going to give up this time; her pain clawed the walls and slid into Dany's room with no remorse… Hearing her soft sobs brought the Dragon Princess to her knees. Her pain was almost unbearable. When she called her name again, her tone sounded caring and comforting, almost motherly.

"Sansa?"

A snifflle.

"Yes?"
Dany swallowed her surprise. She felt so glad she finally spoke to her she felt her heart dance inside her ribcage.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"It's just..." Sansa breathed, and then she sniffled again while it sounded like she was moving around, "It's just so bloody dark in here."

"Is that why you don't like it?" Daenerys inquired. It was a dumb question. Of course she wouldn't like the room she was being help captive in.

Pause.

"How do you know that?" Her voice dripped with confusion, and something that sounded very close to suspicion.

"It's quite obvious," Daenerys said, then winced at her own words. "You never want to get back. You'd rather be with my brother than to spend the night or day there. You'd even let him parade you around the ship, or even let him touch you," Dany winced once again, and cursed herself for her choice of words. "I meant, touch you so forcefully."

Sansa was silent. *Talking to Sansa might be more of a failure than a victory*, Dany thought, *I just seem to be making her sad.* Finally, Sansa started forming a reply.

"Does he ever...?" But then she trailed off.

"What, Sansa?" She didn't care what the other girl had to say. She just wanted to keep her talking.

"Does he ever touch you?" Then she seemed to shy away, because her words felt smaller, and weaker, and sad all over again, "The way he touches me? The way he's planning on touching me?"

Dany swallowed.

After a screaming match on the second day of Sansa's stay, Jorah Mormont and her brother had gotten into a heated argument on whether Viserys would have Sansa deflowered before their wedding. Jorah tried to defend the princess's honor and convince the Dragon King that it would not be a sensible thing to do, since it was tradition after all, and they should honour them as much as they could. The same way he had defended Daenerys' honor when Viserys had tried to have her during his coronation before having a proper wedding. He found a way of making sense out of Viserys not to do so with either of them in both instances, and Dany could've kissed his feet and the ground he stepped on until the end of time.

"He touches me whenever he pleases," Daenerys replied, a little bit sad of her own, but quickly recovered. It was automatic. Viserys was her King, her superior, and she had no say in what he wished to do with or to her. "But if you're asking if he has deflowered me, no. Jorah managed to convince him not to, as he did with you. I cannot say much for the poor slaves of the ship, though."

The crew did whatever they pleased with the slaves. Dany would never forget the day the poor slave looked at her dead in the eye – violet clashing with deep dark brown, holding so much sorrow Dany had to hold back a sob – before the young girl jumped off to the sea. Sometimes, if she closed her eyes and tried, she could hear the cries for help of the slaves, the screams, the silence of their misery.

Dany quickly cleared her throat. "Though it is not my place to complain."

Sansa's silence felt like confusion, so she tried to explain.
"It would be my duty. As his sister and a Targaryen." She concluded.

"How?" The wall whispered to her.

"Well, the Targaryen take sister-wives," She explained, "To keep the bloodline pure. He is King. And he has the blood of the Dragon inside of him – I would not want to awaken it. If he asked me to give my flower to him, I would, because I must. As much as it…" As much as it what?, Dany reprimanded herself, Disgusts me? Am I allowed to feel disgust? Am I allowed to feel? Would I be open enough to speak of feelings with Lady Sansa, after meeting her for barely nine moons? She did not complete the sentence.

Sansa didn't even hesitate before speaking.

"That is horrid."

"It is the way it should be," Dany replied. She didn't mean it to come off as sad as it sounded, but it was obvious how miserable the thought made her.

"I'm sorry," Sansa whispered.

And Dany wanted to laugh. Sansa was the girl in chains, locked in a dark room, with no lights, and she found it in herself to feel for the girl with the master bed, servants and silk gowns.

The next day Dany managed to have Missandei and her sneak into Sansa's cabin. And it was a nightmare, just like she thought it would be: the room had all its windows covered with wooden boards, and there was only a mattress on the floor, right next to the place Dany supposed was where she crutched and whispered back to her. Sansa was outside, with Viserys, who had her in chains while they were talking about something that Daenerys wanted to eavesdrop, but couldn't without being obvious.

The room was filled with spiders and and other insects, and it reeked of abandonment and abandonment. There were spiderwaves, falling from the ceiling to the floor like mockery. Missandei squealed at the sight of a dead rat in the corner, right next to Sansa's now rotten plate of untouched food. The ceiling was of dark wood, the same color as the brown that was used for the floor, and the walls were a sad grey. The room felt like a cell - and it was one. Dany could not blame the princess for not wanting to come back to this every night, not even to get away from her brother.

Quickly, she made a decision. She'd have to get something to remind Sansa of home; something to help her feel more at ease, maybe. She wanted to make Sansa happy; she wanted to help her find release the way she sometimes wasn't able to find her own. The thought of even bringing a smile to the Stark princess brought Dany a motivation she didn't know she had in herself.

Missandei had managed to get some silk sheets that were supposed to be for Dany's bed, cleaned up the spider waves and dead rat, and quietly the Dragon princess sneaked two books she had about Westeros history, where they mentioned the Stark family and bloodline, including drawings of Winterfell and their Old Gods. She hoped it would be enough for Sansa to at least make her feel a little bit less alone.

After that, Missandei and Daenerys escaped the prisoner's room and headed to the ship for a quiet afternoon. Luckily, Viserys seemed too engrossed in whatever he and Sansa were discussing that he never noticed she hadn't been there most of the day. Yet Dany felt eyes on her back whenever she turned around, and when she looked behind her she could see Sansa's ocean eyes staring at her.
She didn't know why, but she smiled at her, softly. She wanted to let Sansa know she could trust her, even with secretive smiles.

But the princess looked away, to the north, thinking of snow and crowns.

That night, Dany heard no sobs or screaming. Instead, she was woken up by a knock on the wall communicating her and Sansa's room. Dany jumped off the bed, almost falling in the process of getting rid of the satin sheets hugging her body. She ran to the wall and fell to her knees with a thud that was almost comical.

"Lady Sansa", she breathed to her wallpaper, "Is that you?"

"Yes," Her wallpaper responded, and Dany smiled with all of her teeth. Her cheeks hurt slightly. "Yes, Daenerys, it's me."

Listening her name out of Sansa's lips was like a melody, a sweet song that a village sang to celebrate after a long hard winter of survival. It was a recognizing her as a friend, almost. It made Dany all the more happy, her smile all the more wider and her heart all the more jumpy. She didn't even know what to respond.

"Hi, Sansa."

"Hello," the wolf princess responded back. There was a content silence from Daenerys as she waited for Sansa to speak some more. After a few minutes, it seemed both were through with the silence, and spoke at the same time. Daenerys left a giggle escaped her.

"Apologies, I was just wondering how you were." She informed, "Continue."

Sansa sounded amused, "No worries," Dany wondered if she was smiling. "I wanted to know if you… if you were the one who cleaned my room."

"Well, yes but I didn't do it alone," She confessed, playing with her fingers. She found that she was nervous for some reason, and that made her wonder why… was she nervous she didn't like it? Maybe having her room look horrible helped her. A fuel for her hatred for her family and this ship. Maybe the books had just made her sad. "My friend Missandei helped me."

Her voice broke when she spoke next.

"Thank you." And Sansa spoke no more.

"You're welcome, Lady Sansa," Dany said, softly to the wall. Her hands shook with emotion, for some reason. Dany realized her eyes were watering slightly. The princess sincere, honest gratitude resonated throughout her very bones. She couldn't imagine what she was being put through. All of her life, everything she had known was Viserys cruel japes and madness, but Sansa had known kindness once. It must be so hard for her, she often thought.

"The books," Sansa said, clearing her throat. "The books were lovely."

"I thought they would remind you of home," The Targaryen explained, "They are about Westeros's north history, so it says a lot about Starks. Maybe then you wouldn't feel so alone -"

"I miss my home," The princess said suddenly.
Dany thought of songs, crowns, dragons and battles - of blood, royals, snow and the sea. The sun and the moon. Dany thought of silver hair and fire, of red hair and ocean eyes, of wolves and lions and dragons and fish; of jumping off of ships; of a girl so kind and sweet she melted hearts. A princess and another princess holding hands - of timeless things and the death of innocents. She thought of land, and grass, and better things. She thought of a mother.

And then, Dany thought about Sansa.

She didn't know what to say. She had known no home.

"I know." She settled in saying, but she didn't know of the ache Sansa felt.

The dragon princess wondered if Sansa was thinking of her home, of her mother and father, waiting for her to come back. She wondered if the Stark thought of wolves and brothers. Maybe, she even wondered if she thought of her violet eyes.

For some minutes, Dany could only hear the soft breeze of the sea. The sway of the ship beneath her, swinging and swinging and swinging, and the life that swam through the ocean. There was quiet, but not peaceful silence.

"Daenerys," Sansa called, snapping her back to attention, "What is the story about those dragon eggs your brother caries around the ship?"

"Did he not tell you, Lady Sansa?" She quipped. Her brother was a show off – he liked to display his power. Those old, dead dragon eggs where some of his most cherished relics.

"Yes, he did, but I'm not sure I believed him," She answered shyly. Dany couldn't blame her, just like she couldn't blame herself for the smile it brought to her lips.

"Ah, that is what he was telling you about today, is it not?" She wondered out loud, but she didn't need Sansa to answer.

"They gifted them to my brother, Rhaegar," She explained, "after he married your aunt and his second wife, Lyanna. As you know, Dragons have been dead for ages, and these eggs were given to him by a merchant to wish him luck. He thinks them useless and he uses them for the story, mostly. They are dead and most likely fake… Or that's what everyone thinks," She finished, shrugging even though she couldn't see her do so.

She felt Sansa come closer to the wall.

"And what do you think?"

Dany was glad to have captured the princess's attention and curiosity, and the fact that she had even asked for her opinion made her stomach do something she couldn't quite place. She paused.

"Well… I think they are real, for one thing. They just… They seem real to me."

"Why?"

"I can feel it," Daenerys stated, simply, finding no better way to put it. "There is a fire inside of them. They are waiting for the blood of the dragon to wake them so they can arise to the flames."

"Isn't your brother the blood of the dragon?" Sansa questioned, "Don't you think he is?"

"I don't know," She responded, truthfully, and shocked herself with the level of honesty she had
reached with the prisoner.

As Daenerys explained the Targaryen bloodline and customs to Sansa, they spent the night leaning to their walls to whisper into the starred sky, and both slowly fell asleep in the hard floor they were in, sliding down until their bodies were too tired to get up and walk to bed. It was the most fun either of them had had in days.

One night, the wall knocked for her again.

"Daenerys," It said, her voice sweet and low, it seemed like she were calling her in a dream, yet she was not asleep.

"Daenerys," It called again.

Dany climbed off her bed and laid herself down on her knees, as she pressed her ear against the hard damp wallpaper, and asked for Sansa to continue.

"Your brother - " She started, but then huffed. "I remember what you said to me. That day. How as a Targaryen, you are destined to be his wife and marry him eventually."

"Yes," Dany responded, slightly confused and impressed Sansa even remembered such a thing.

"I've been thinking about destiny, and…" She sighed. It's obvious she had a hard time putting her ideas into words, which Dany finds odd, because she's normally very good at speaking, so she does not interrupt her. "I do not think that's true."

"What?" She asks, confused, tilting her head slightly and frowning. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I think that things do not go the way we plan them," Sansa Explains, "And that you should give your own freedom a chance. You deserve better than this tradition of yours and the pain it brings you."

Momentarily, Dany is frozen. She hadn't expected Sansa to remember their previous conversation, or that she would even care enough to remember what she felt, or that she would even consider her pain when she was locked up and paraded wearing chains in her arms and neck like a beast that needed to be caged.

It baffled Daenerys that someone would ever care because no one's ever had. Jorah had always been there for her, but he was there for her brother. He served for him. Ultimately, he would always come first to Jorah, even if he did not want to admit it to her. It was a small gesture but... Daenerys wasn't used to small gestures.

"I know it hurts you, Dany," The wall whispers, "And it shouldn't. That is not love."

It wasn't. Dany did not love her brother. Yet she loved the memory of him all the same. When her mother was alive and so was her brother and father, how he used to hold her and play with her, how he used to tell her tales of dragons and princes and castles and gowns and land... she loved that. Sometimes she wished she was but a young child again.

"He was kind, Lady Sansa," She sighed, "He was kind and then he was not."

"How come?" Sansa whispered in a rush. "How can someone be kind and then become such a monster?"
"My mother used to have a crown," She explained, holding back tears that for some reason were too stubborn to fall as well. And she did not want to weep, either. It had been such a long time ago that her mother’s face was a blurry of purple eyes. "It was the most beautiful crown, as silver as her hair. She would barely wear it, though, but Father forced her most of the time. After the Lannisters murdered Rhaegar, my father, your aunt and Elia Martell and sunk several of our ships, my mother died of illness shortly after. The slaves said it was heartbreak – not over father, but Rhaegar. She loved him the most.

We did not have much more after that. Viserys was but a young boy of ten and he was King, and Willem Darry, our second in command, did everything he could, but we were going to lose all of our fleet…" She sighed, saddened by the memory. "Viserys sold mother's crown and bought more ships and salves, but he was changed. He became a storm of anger."

"What was she like?" She inquired after seconds, softly. "Your mother."

"My mother sang me songs of princesses just like you, and told me I would one day become one, and that people would love me," Dany remembered, with a small smile. Her mother always brought her happiness and a weighing sense of melancholy that made her heart heavy whenever she spoke of her, "She was beautiful and kind, but mistreated by my father. I could hear her sobbing from my cabin every night."

Dany remembered her dresses. They were beautiful gowns, of deep rich reds, hardened greens, sapphire blues. She remembered her silky voice, her deep purple eyes and the kindness of her words. She wished she could remember her face, to put one to the voice who recalled the stories and songs in her head, but she couldn't. In her dreams, when she reached for her, she was already dust. She felt weak for it.

"My mother loves me," Sansa sobbed from the other side. He voice was hurt and it made Dany ache, "She liked to brush my hair. She liked to read to me and let me sing songs to her… She must miss me so much… Daenerys… Please. Help me escape."

She took a deep breath. She wanted to help the princess so much, but there was very little she could do with only herself and Jorah, and maybe even Missandei. Viserys had twelve ships and dragon eggs… She stood no chance. She'd only get herself killed, and Sansa would be alone.

"Please," She sobbed again. "My mother…"

Sansa remembered her mother. Her smile was as clear as day to her memory. It almost made her feel bitter.

"I wish I could, Sansa."

She brought her a book about the Tullys the very next day. It had drawings of the Riverlands, of ancient family members with fiery red hair that reminded Dany of Sansa's own; of greens that left the dragon princess shaking. She had realized that the past few days she had been dreaming of lands and swamps, no water to be seen. When she woke up and felt the ship sway beneath her feet, she felt disheartened. The ocean could drown you even when you were not swimming on it, she found.

"The book was beautiful," Sansa gasps – like the memory of the gift has left her guard down. "The red hair… My mother's - I - It's the same."

Daenerys hummed and closed her eyes, peaceful. Sometimes hearing Sansa speak was easier than
breathing. Was it insanity? The fact that it was so simple to exist by her side?

"Is that so?" She had imagined as much.

"Yes," She continued, and Dany noticed she sounded excited and happy. It made her giddy. She wished she could see her. "I have the same shade of hair as well, and so do my brothers. Not my sister, though. She's more wolf than anything."

"Your hair is beautiful," Dany confessed, in a moment of pure elation.

It was. Sansa's hair was orange almost, and it reminded her of fire, insatiable and consuming everything in its path. It was more dragon than Dany could ever be. Dany was a coward after all.. never like Sansa.

Sansa paused and Daenerys blushed like a little girl, feeling stupid over her own comment.

"Thank you," She said, quietly, in a tiny voice, but then her voice rose again. "Yours is beautiful as well. More than mine."

Without thinking it, Daenerys hands shot up to her silver long hair. Missandei had combed it, braided it and left it to trace along her shoulders, cascading like a waterfall. Next to Sansa's, she felt almost like snow. For a wild second she wondered if Sansa's fire would melt her if she ever let her hands rest on her skin, and she thought she wouldn't really mind it if it meant Sansa could touch her – just once. That scared her a little bit.

"Thank you," Sansa said all of a sudden after a long pause, pulling Daenerys away from her fantasy. "Again - for the book."

"It's no problem," She brushed it off. "I've read them all hundreds of times. I know them like the back of my hand, and I wished to make you happy. The wetlands, the rivers, all that green... I have never seen so much green in my entire life..."

Her own voice wonders off as does her imagination and Sansa is quiet for a second.

Sansa's voice sounds a little sad, and a little petrified when she speaks next.

"Have you - " She asked, then interrupted herself to clear her throat. "Have you ever left the ship?"

"I've never touched land." Dany explained shortly and simply, because there is not much to it. Her feet had never tasted sand, or dirt, or mud. Grass, though – she dreamed of feeling grass between her toes, her bare feet tinting green. She did not care for titles in her dreams, she just thought of trees, flowers and mud. "Viserys won't have it. It is too risky."

"Dany," Sansa told her quickly and sadly, as if the realization had just struck her. "I think you're as much of a prisoner as I am."

Dany goes to bed after that, thinking.

The next following days, both girls fell into some sort of routine – while Sansa was spending time with Viserys on the ship, Dany would sneak into Sansa's room and leave books for her to read, and then they would speak all night long about Westeros, family and sometimes they would even dare to mock the King. Sometimes Dany thought she felt a smile in Sansa's words and sentences, and those were the best nights they shared.
Daenerys found that talking to Sansa, or even making eye contact with her was the best part of her days. Sansa was everything a lady should be, nice and sweet and polite, but she was smart and kind, and she made Dany giggle. She made her days brighter, and that made her a little bit scared, because she had never felt that way before. When she saw Viserys holding, humiliating or hurting her friend, she wanted to push him off of her. She started dreaming of flying dragons and escaping with Sansa, to some place filled with snow, where they would grow old and they would never talk with a wall separating them ever again; where the only sea to be seen was Sansa's blue sapphire eyes. She had never hated and loved her room more than she did now… and she had never hated her brother more than she did now.

Viserys noticed that she was different, as did Jorah. People noticed Dany's moodiness, yet they all assumed it was out of jealousy. After all, she wasn't to be queen anymore, and it was obvious Viserys would never marry off his sister if he ever got the Throne – he liked toying with her too much. When he tried to speak with her, she was indifferent and cold, which made Viserys mad as a bull. Jorah didn't comment on the glances he saw her make towards Sansa, but he warned her after the third time he caught her trying to catch Sansa's eyes.

"Be careful, princess," He said, with half a sad smile. "What is done in the dark shall come to light in the end."

It was cryptid and senseless, and Dany had rolled her eyes at him and left.

Dany leaned against the wall, smiling and clapping quietly, after Sansa's singing voice quieted down.

"You have a lovely voice," Dany praised, pleased, smiling peacefully. She could listen to her signing all day, yet she only could in secrecy. It was a shame, she should sing for entire courts and not just for Daenerys and the moon.

"Thank you," Sansa responded, sounding almost shy, but appreciative of the compliment nonetheless.

"I have not heard that song," Danenerys added.

"It is from the North," She confessed, and Dany felt her nod. "I know of it only thanks to my father."

Dany hummed, peacefully preparing to fall into slumber, her mind pondering on Sansa's voice, hoping to listen to it once again in her dreams. She closed her eyes.

"There is -" Sansa started, but then shut her mouth.

"There is what?" She opened her eyes.

"There is a song," Sansa spoke after a minute of thinking, and she sounded quite nervous. "A song that reminds me of you."

That made Dany's stomach do something she did not know how to name.

"Oh," She said, because she was speechless.

"There is a verse," Sansa started, anxious, and then chastisied herself for even bringing it up. "It is silly, I'm sorry -"
"Please," Dany interrupted. "Please."

She did not know what she was begging for.

A beat passed, perhaps. Maybe it was years. Centuries.

"I'm sure you know of it." And then Sansa started to sing, a little shaky at first.

_I loved a maid as red as autumn, with sunset in her hair,_

_I loved a maid as white as winter, with moonglow in her hair._

On her thirty-eighth day at the ship, Sansa whispered to her.

"Does my family not care for me? Is that why they have not come for me?" It was rhetorical, it seemed, because Dany had never met Sansa's family and didn't know how they were even after hearing Sansa's stories, but she didn't want to leave it unanswered, because it would only make her upset.

"I'm sure they do, Sansa," She reassured her, "The ship is hard to locate, probably. From what Jorah told me, we're leaving to Dragonstone, yet Dragonstone has been lost for centuries. He says we're going in circles. He doesn't believe we'll ever get there. And we don't go too north or too south, for it is too dangerous."

And then, Daenerys wondered what would happen if they ever did find and rescue Sansa; If the Young Wolf Robb Stark were to find them and he saw his sister in chains and silks leaning against a wallpaper, crying to be heard. Would she die? Would they kill her mercilessly for her silver hair and her blood? Would they hurt Missandei, or Jorah, or the slaves? Would they lock her up where she'd never see the sun, away from the dragon eggs, from her silks, from hot baths, from Sansa? Would they take that away from her?

"Do you think your family would hurt me when they find you - ?" She voiced her doubts to the princess, almost shyly.

Sansa responded even before she finished her question.

"No, Dany. I would never let them. You're my friend."

The dragon princess took a shaky breath. Those words moved her deeply, for some reason. She had known they weren't strangers anymore, as she knew she was her friend, but listening to those words was a different thing. They were in the air, flowing, and Dany inhaled them like they were perfume. Her heart jumped in her ribcage. Suddenly she found her eyes were filled with tears and she blinked them away.

"You're my friend too," Dany admitted, "I would never let Viserys hurt you."

"It's okay," Sansa reassured her quickly, because she knew Dany couldn't really do anything if it ever came down to it. She didn't have the power to do so, but Daenerys had her mind set. She would never let him hurt her even if that meant he would hurt her instead… She wouldn't let her brother taint Sansa's soul no longer.
"Your family will come and help you," Dany said, after a few heartbeats of silence, "I know they will. They care about you, it is impossible not to."

There was an insecure pause of silence from Sansa's part. For some reason, she lifted her hand and laid it upon the old, dirty and white wallpaper that smelt of mold and dampness, her hand open, waiting for another to come and close it for her. She liked to imagine Sansa did the same from the other side of the room, that if the wall seemed to magically disappear out of nowhere, they would be holding hands. She pictured herself gazing into her deep blue eyes without any fear of being caught. She wondered if the princess ever remotely felt the same thing – if she dreamt of being with her the same way she dreamt of being with her.

"They will save us both," Sansa whispered to her wall, and somehow Dany believed it.

"Do you like lemon cakes?" Sansa asked one day, while Dany was reading from her room, while they were quietly listening to each other's breathing.

Dany hummed.

"I have not tried them."

Sansa dramatically gasps from the other room, and a fond smile slips into Dany's face.

"How come you have not!" It is more of a shocked statement than a question, but Danerys answered anyway.

"As you can see, we do not have a large variation of food," She shrugs. She was happy at least Sansa did not have to sit with her and her brother at the dinner table and that instead Sansa had her meals brought to her room. "It is not a priority to my brother. We eat fish mostly, not many fruits. Though my mother mentioned a lemon tree outside the castle back when my grandfather ruled -"

"They are delicious," Sansa interrupted, suddenly sounding a bit excited. "They are my favorite cake, maybe even food."

Dany closed the book.

"What do they taste like?"

"Oh," Sansa said, surprised.

"I'm sorry," Dany shook her head, "It is a stupid question."

"No!" Sansa exclaimed, then cleared her throat, embarrassed at her outburst. "I mean, it is not stupid. It is hard to describe, but... they are acid yet sweet. But not too much so. And they are not dry, they feel airy and light. They are very pretty as well."

Dany felt herself hum.

"I would like to try one," She confessed.

She could practically hear Sansa's frown whe she spoke.

"When my family rescues us, we are eating every lemoncake in the land, until we are fat as Lord Robert Baratheon, except our bellies will be filled with lemon instead of wine." She sighed, as Dany felt her cheeks redden slightly, her mind still pondering at how Sansa felt hopeful of a future
together. "Oh, how I miss my precious lemoncakes..."

On her second month, Viserys had tried to kiss Sansa in a private meeting. She hadn't been there to see it because she was not invited to such things. During the day, Dany was expected to have meetings with her Septa, a kidnapped lady from King's Landing, where she was taught how to sew and stitch. She was at the bow, sitting quietly and listening to the wind and sea mix together, when she heard Sansa yelling.

The crew had stopped in their tracks, and so had she, standing up quickly in worry. Out of a cabinet came out Viserys holding Sansa, dragging her by her arm while she was fidgeting like a fish out of water.

Sansa sharply inhaled. This was a fear of hers coming to life in front of her very own eyes. She started to walk towards them in a hurry, but she felt Jorah suddenly grab her arm and hold her back.

"Don't, princess," He begged, looking at her with his grey, sad, old eyes. She was so desperate she wanted to punch him in the gut, and she wordlessly glared at him.

Viserys dragged Sansa until they reached the center of the bow, where he kicked her until she was in the ground, gasping at the sudden blows. All eyes were on them, no one noticed Dany trying to escape Jorah's grip.

"The Stark bitch - " Viserys announced, circling Sansa's body and looking at every crew member, making sure everyone was staring. "The Stark bitch tried to strike me!"

The crew members booed, insulting Sansa and sneering at her. Daenerys felt a breathless sob of worry escape her. She knew what her brother was capable of doing... but he was also so volatile. A furious fool with power. Predicting what he would do as punishment was like counting every strand of hair in Dany's scalp. Uselessly, she struggled to escape Jorah, but he was too strong.

"When I tried to reward the bitch, the cunt tried to bite my lip off!" He exclaimed, as they kept throwing insults at her. She hadn't noticed, but Viserys had droplets of blood falling from his lips. Oh no.

This wasn't supposed to be this way. Sansa was calm and sweet and polite. She would never do something as stupid as that. Dany was the one who made those mistakes – Dany was the one who snapped and hit and fought back. Sansa was supposed to be careful.

"And as the crew of this ship knows, I am the blood of the dragon," He explained, looking down at Sansa, an ugly sneer of a smile on his lips, his eyes shaking with madness, "Deadly, dangerous. This is what happens when you wake the dragon!"

Viserys lifted his leg and started kicking Sansa in the stomach, strongly and without remorse, never missing a beat. Dany started screaming, grabbing Jorah's arm and fighting to break free, kicking and screaming – but over all the screaming and yelling the crew was making, her screams were never heard. She had promised, she promised, she promised, she promised...

Viserys did not stop until Sansa started coughing blood, and the floor of the bow was tainted scarlet. It was obvious she could barely breathe, and she barely even moved besides clutching her abused stomach and crawling into fetal position, to try and protect herself. She had tried to fight back - Sansa did not let him hit her blindly. She tried standing up, yet her arms failed her everytime. Once she lay motionless, her brother smirked.
He turned to stare at one of the crew members.

"Bring me my sword," He commanded, and the crew erupted in cheers.

Daenerys felt a rush of adrenaline kick in, and she finally managed to free herself from Jorah, and she ran to her brother in a hurry.

"Viserys! Viserys!" Daenerys screamed at the top of her lungs, and finally the crew turned around to stare at her. "Viserys!"

That seemed to stop her brother for a second. But he glanced at her once and rolled his eyes in annoyance. He huffed.

"What do you want now, whore?" He asked, impatiently.

"You cannot kill her!" She exclaimed, clearly agitated, breathing like a maniac, clutching his arm almost desperate. "You cannot kill the princess!"

Jorah stepped up.

"She's right, Your Highness." He agreed. "She's your ticket to the throne."

Yet Viserys smiled all the same, shrugging out of Danys' grip. That same smile he used to let you know you were in danger. That same smile he used on Dany to make her vomit. That same smile he used to inflict fear. He's a maniac, Dany thinks in passing, but it's the most truth she'd ever allowed herself to think.

A crew member places his sword on his hand, and his grip around it tightens and he stares at Jorah to answer him.

"Who said anything about killing?"

And as he dropped his sword in Sansa's hand, the world screamed.

The wall does not whisper in days. Dany feels like slipping away.

After a week, Sansa knocks on her wall. It's quiet, and it's barely there, but it makes Daenerys' heart swell and she could almost cry just from hearing her knock on that old, dirty, disgusting wallpaper that had grown to mean so much to her in the last few months.

"Sansa," She breathed, kneeling down so fast her kneecaps end up bruised the morning after. Her lips were so close to the wall she could almost kiss it. "Sansa, are you there?"

"Dany," The wall said. Her voice was hoarse, but it brought tears to Dany's eyes that she wanted to blink away but they just fell. "Dany."

"Are you okay?" She asked, concerned as she sniffled. "We haven't talked in a week, I was so worried - "

"Tell me a story, Dany," Sansa pleaded from the other side, "Tell me about my aunt, Lyanna, and that Elia girl."
Dany quieted her rapid breathing and her rabid heart... The request was odd. She hadn't spoken to her for weeks and she was now asking questions about family. But Dany did not want to make her wait long, so she quickly recovered.

"Yes, of course," She responded, nodding as if she could see her, "What would you like to know?"

"Did they ever love your brother?" Sansa sniffled. She didn't seem like she was crying. She sounded... dead, almost. Cold and distant – away, as if she wan't even in the cabin next to hers, but in another world, maybe in those crypts of Winterfell she had read about in stories, with her uncle Brandon and grandfather Rickard. "Maybe not at first, but did they grow to love him as a husband?"

Dany frowned, "I'm afraid not, Sansa. They never loved him. I think Elia might've wanted to... but there never was love between them, except maybe between Elia and Lyanna. That is what I have heard."

"Whatever do you mean?" Sansa questioned, her tone confused.

"There were rumors," Dany shrugged. "Viserys told me about them when I was of age. That my brother would have them separated because they loved each other more than they loved him."

She could barely recall her brother by now, but she could never forget those women's faces. Elia's brown skin and her black eyes, and Lyanna's own scared greys. She remembered Elia's big, round, pregnant belly, and felt like throwing up. Many questioned his decision when he kidnapped the Stark, and they ended up being right. After sinking their ships, the Lannisters had murdered them all, even the pregnant princesses, though she doubted they told that to the Starks.

Sansa seemed to have whispered something, but Dany hadn't been able to catch it.

"Sorry, Sansa. I didn't quite get that." She frowned, folding her hands in her lap.

"Would that be us?" Sansa asked again, this time louder so she could hear. "If Viserys were to marry me and then took you as a sisterwife... Would that be us? If Viserys took me as a wife, and raped me and if I carried his children, would you still be my friend? Would you stand by my side?"

Dany did not even need to think.

"Of course, Sansa. I would never leave you."

Sansa took a liking to stories after that. She had asked more about the great Targaryen Dynasty, and Dany was more than pleased to teach her about dragons and her ancestors. She recited them as clearly as she remembered, never forgetting to leave her a book in her room afterwards so she could read them herself. Dany didn't want Sansa to forget about reading, either. She was sure that if Viserys found her leaving the captive presents he would have her beaten, but by that point, she hardly cared anymore. Anything to make Sansa feel better about her hand - she did not want to speak about it, and Dany never asked, but she hid the small bump on her arm however she could, and it made Dany's blood boil everytime she heard them mocking her.

"Dragon eggs," Sansa asked one day. "Tell me about the dragon eggs."

"I've told you before what I know about them," Dany giggled sightly. "I don't know anything more."

"No, no – " The princess corrected herself. "Tell me about what you feel. You never really told me. I want to hear about the fire inside them."
It was odd, to be asked such things, but Sansa often made her feel odd in ways she could ever imagine feeling. She could not explain it. The fact that she cared about trivial things – such as her feelings – it made her head spin. She tried not to think about it too much.

"When I lay my hands on them," She said after a heartbeat, thinking, "Which is, admittedly, not often... There is something inside of them. I can feel heat radiating through them. Their heartbeats, as if they were my children. It's insane really; they have been dead for centuries."

"Maybe you're the blood of the dragon. Maybe you'll awaken them."

That made Dany laugh.

"As if." She dismissed.

She heard her moving, as if straightening herself and adopting a more serious stance.

"No – Dany," Sansa started, completely serious, "What if you're the blood of the dragon? Would it be insane?"

"Yes!" The Targaryen exclaimed, baffled at the suggestion. "It would be! What you're implying - It's... It's madness!"

"Listen, Dany," Sansa interrupted her, "Viserys is not the blood of the dragon, he's not strong and he'll never be. Your other brother is dead. You – you have fire inside of you. I know you're strong enough. Your eyes, the way you speak about dragons... It's all there, Dany."

Dany should've told her that she knew virtually nothing about Targaryens or dragons for that matter; That there was no way of her actually knowing sufficiently enough about the blood of the dragon to lecture her and be so sure, only based on the few books Dany had gifted her and the stories she had told her. But she realized she couldn't and more importantly, didn't want to.

There was silence, heavy. Dany did not know what to say.

"Do you truly believe all that of me?" She asked, shakily.

Sansa didn't waste a heartbeat, "Do you not?"

Daenerys didn't know how to tell her that before she came into her life, she had dreamed of falling off the ship and drowning, of Viserys beating her too harshly and to never see the light of day again. Sometimes she had wanted to weep to the sound of the ocean, and dreamed for it to take her away. Some mornings she wished her eyes wouldn't open, and she'd live in a dream for the rest of her life to never see the ship ever again. She didn't know how to tell Sansa she had thought about opening her throat with a kitchen knife until she bled to death in front of her brother. She didn't, so instead she told her this:

"I did not."

After three months at sea, Viserys started to get nervous, and started to question whether they would actually get to Dragonstone. If Viserys got nervous, that usually meant trouble for Dany, and she wouldn't normally mind, but now she wasn't alone. Now that Viserys was on edge all the time, it meant Sansa was in danger all the time, which made Daenerys slightly jumpy. Fortunately, after advises from Dany, the princess knew how to handle Viserys’ mood and to bite her tongue and keep her comments to herself, even if they were hurtful and mocking. She didn’t even dare to look him in
the eye anymore, not after what he did to her the last time.

That wasn't the life she wanted for her, though. Dany wanted Sansa to smile and to sing, to see Sansa with flowers in her hair and her satin gown flow behind her as she laughed. She wanted Sansa to be free as a little bird, to fly away even if it meant leaving her behind.

It got to the point where Viserys had told Jorah he wouldn't wait no more and he'd marry Sansa there, in the ship, without waiting until Dragonstone, as he had informed Dany. It made her shake with rage so much she marched towards his cabin to confront him deep in the night after dinner. The stars and the moon illuminated her way.

Yet when he opened his door, she froze.

It was him. He made her so scared he turned her into a coward, a weakling. He had taunted her with sneers, insults and fears that he had broken her bravery, and right there and then, she closed her eyes and forced a smile.

"There are whispers you are planning to have your wedding right here, in this ship, brother," She commented, "May I ask why is that so?"

He eyed her from the side, "Are you upset?"

Of course she was upset, she -

She hadn't meant to, but Dany found truth in his words. Of course she wasn't upset because of Sansa, which person in their right state of mind would ever be jealous of her luck? But she found she was upset because of Viserys. She was rotted and furious, because he had taken her and hurt her, but he also had her. He was going to marry Sansa, and Dany realized she loved Sansa with passion.

It was a striking confession, even for her. She had known, always, deep in her soul, that she had loved the princess fiercely for a while. How could she not? She was kind and gracious, and sweet like a flower, and beautiful like the songs her mother used to sing for her. But she was also smart, and strong like a shield. They both loved songs, stories, they were both hurt and pained. Sansa was so many things that Dany wished she was more of. Where Dany was impulsive, Sansa was cautious; where Dany was insecure, Sansa was confident. She lifted her up like no one had ever dared to, and most of all, she had seen the pain inside of her when Daenerys herself was too afraid to admit there ever was.

Sansa had taught her that she was allowed to feel hurt. And Dany loved her for that above it all.

Viserys noted her silence, and smiled. He circled her, like a predator after his prey, eyeing her up and down like meat. His teeth looked like blades when he smiled, like a shark. But not a dragon – never a dragon.

"Don't worry, little sister... There's always room in my bed for another woman." He leaned down to whisper in her ear. "I could take you and your cunt right here, right now. Nothing would stop me, little sister."

Dany excused herself when he grabbed her arm and ran to her room, locking it behind her.

She couldn't keep the secret for long, and found herself that same night down on her knees, comforting a crying wall frantically.

"I won't ever let him touch you, Sansa. I promised you that."
"I don't want to marry him, Dany," she whispered, and Dany laid her forehead against the wall. "And I'm so tired... Sometimes I wish I just died in my sleep, to never wake up again."

"Then I would die myself," Daenerys confessed, clutching at the wall desperately and breathing heavily as she reached for her hand and rested it in the wall, hoping Sansa somehow sensed her desperation, her need to touch her and comfort her. "I could not live with that. I would never let you die, Sansa."

"I know you wouldn't," She replied, from the other side of the wall, "And I love you for that and much more, Dany," the crying wall whispered to her between sobs.

To her and to her only.

A soft sob escaped her lips. She wanted nothing more than to break down the wall and kiss her, to put her lips on her lips and taste her tears, and wipe them away, and to run. Maybe if she jumped off the ship she'd grow tails and fins, and maybe then they could live somewhere together, to be drunk in their love. Maybe then Dany could hold her and call her hers. Maybe she could finally meet the snow, see wolves, other animals, all with Sansa by her side. She wanted to hold on to that thought and never let it go wonder off.

And Sansa loved her.

"You have made me weep more times I care to admit," She confessed to Sansa, undressing her pride. She wanted to stroke her fiery red hair, she wanted to melt in her lips, to take her pain away. She sniffed, suddenly furious at heart. "He is a monster, he is no blood of the dragon," Daenerys fumed, clutching her heart while tears stained her cheeks, "I will put a stop to him. I will save you, and I will hold you, and we will escape."

"You're a dreamer, Dany," The wall sighed, "I stopped dreaming a long time ago."

The wall quieted.

As the days went by, Dany found herself thinking of killing her own brother.

The thought did not come to her as a shock. When she first woke up from a dream where she was strangling him, she ealized she wished she had stayed asleep longer, just to watch the life drain from his purple eyes. It made her bitter, and hollow, and Jorah felt scared for her, he told her. There was no life in her gaze.

She wanted to respond she only had light for Sansa, that her sun shone for her alone, that the only sea she wanted to drown in was her eyes, that seeing her old stained wallpaper made her want to scream, that she would give everything just to hear her one more time. That she didn't care whether her brother killed her if it meant she was safe, and away, and happy. Yet Sansa had taught her she was important, and she did not want to give herself up so easily anymore.

It was not the fact that she could not be with Sansa as it was the fact that she was being yanked and forced to marry a monster, to suffer, and that she could not do anything about it.

Sansa hadn't spoken to her since the last time, and seeing her next to her brother made her shake with rage and despair. She understood why Sansa did not wish to speak with her no longer, because if Viserys was truly going to take her, and their hearts beat so strongly for one another, the pain would perhaps be lessened. But even if she did understand, Dany felt her own heart rot and die in her ribcage. In those days she had only grown to feel hate. Behind that anger, her hurt turned into fire...
that made her feel like a weapon. When Viserys would showed the lump where Sansa's hand used to be to the ship's crew to laugh and call her hideous, Daenerys wanted to cut off his.

She told Jorah as much, "I have nothing to live for anymore, yet I seek revenge like a mad king."

_You're a Targaryen, after all._ She thought bitterly. She had grown to resent her long silver hair, her purple irises, her pale skin. Her name most of all. Her family was a rock she had to carry on her back and she wasn't sure she was strong not to crumble.

"You have plenty to live for, Princess," Jorah told her, somewhat calmly. "And she's in this ship still."

Missandei also noticed she was sad and volatile as she had ever been, and she made sure to still deliver and pick the books up from Sansa's room even when Dany didn't ask her to do so. One night, while combing her hair, she felt Missandei shift uncomfortably.

"My Princess," She started, tentatively, "Are you so terribly sad?"

Sansa had taught her that she was deserving of expressing what she felt, and in that moment, she felt like a little girl. As small as a child, who needed someone to speak to. Missandei understood from a mere look to her face. Dany was pale, and thin, and barely alive. With Sansa, she had realized how sad her life had truly been, and without her, she only had Missandei to cling to, and Jorah. Her heart had made room for the princess, and she had left, yet the room in her heart remained, empty, unoccupied, waiting for her return.

"Yes," She settled, and a single tear fell down her cheek. _Alone, just like me._

She wondered if Sansa felt as alone as she did now. She told her she loved her. The memory played in her head like a quote from a song her mother used to sing to her in her sleep. But it just made her feel more alone and dead than before – hearing her voice. She would listen to glimpses of it here and there, and sometimes Viserys would force them to speak to each other just for a moment. Dany didn't want Sansa to see her like the corpse she looked like, but Viserys loved to see her like this – broken, like he wanted her to be. He feasted on her looking like a weak thing, like her eyes would roll and she'd drop to the floor.

Sansa, in those moments, didn't lift her gaze from her shoes as she hid her damaged hand behind her back. She did that all the time - she hid her hand from everyone, but that didn't stop the mockery. Dany searched for her gaze and she found her ocean eyes nowhere.

And she missed her and loved her so much her heart felt like it would burst if her eyes looked at her once more, so maybe it was the right decision, because perhaps she'd kill Viserys right then and there.

"You loved the princess," Missandei said, softly and tenderly, gently tracing her hands through Daenerys's hair. "Sansa. That's why you gifted her books."

"Yes," she answered simply, because there was no point in lying to Missandei. She was too clever, and she had probably always known.

"I think she loves you too," Her friend said, and she smiled at her, softly and shyly. Dany wanted to return that so badly but the thought of smiling made her dizzy.

"She does," Dany nodded, "She has confessed as much to me."

"Then it will work out, my princess," Missandei let her know. "If it is true, if she loves you and you
love her – then it will."

Viserys announced that he and Sansa were to get married in the following two moons. Two days.
It is the night of the announcement when Dany chooses to knock on the wall. A desperate attempt from a desperate woman.
And then - then the wall knocked back.
"Sansa!" She whispered to her, yet it is almost a shout as she clings desperately to the wall.
"Daenerys," The wall whispered back, breathless, as if she cannot believe she would respond.
And Dany wanted to yell, and kick and scream at her for those nights of suffering Sansa has put her through, but she cannot find the energy to do so. Sansa had been so scared, so tortured, so humiliated, there was no space in Dany's heart for bitterness, at least then, just when she had her back after days of not even looking at her.
"I'm so sorry," Sansa sobbed to the wallpaper. "I was so scared, I didn't mean to ever leave you - "
"Sansa..." Daenerys wanted to punch a hole into the wall, to hold her and kiss her and tell her it'd be okay. But she could not, so she does what they always done, and held her hand to the wall in hopes Sansa somehow felt it there, too, that its presence somehow soothes her.
Sansa was frantic though, and she whispered relentless I'm-sorry's to the wall, and it made Daenerys' eyes start to water at the sound. She sounded so scared, so vulnerable, her voice dripping in regret. Dany doesn't ever want to hear her like that again. No, she thought, Sansa is meant to be happy, and to feel safe and sound. For her to ever feel anything else is pure cruelty.
"I love you too, Sansa," She whispered back, feeling powerless. "Please do not cry."
"I'm sorry," Sansa said again, desperately. "I'm so scared, Dany, I'm - "
She cannot bear to listen to Sansa's sobs and pain, so she says the first thing that comes to mind.
"Sansa," Dany said suddenly, like she just realized something. "Imagine me there."
There is a pause, which stopped Sansa from going into hysterics again.
"What?"
"I'm there. I'm with you, in your room. I'm wearing my nightgown, and I'm standing next to you, but then I slide down slowly to sit in front of you."
"I- " Sansa's breathing becomes less frantic.
"Do you see me there, Sansa?" She asked, interrupting her while simultaneously holding her breath. Sansa answers nothing for a couple of seconds, but to Dany they seemed like days. It doesn't matter, she could wait years for her.
"Yes." She said, finally, though she sounded a little unsure.
"I'm wearing my hair down." Dany pointed out quietly.
"Yes," The princess breathed, more to herself than for anyone else. "It's so gorgeous... I - I'm running my fingers through it."

A shiver went down Dany's spine, making her shiver slightly. She could feel, for some strange reason, Sansa's thin fingers exploring her silver hair. It made her ache for the real thing.

"I'm smiling," She lets her know, even if she meant both in their little fantasy and in real life. She can barely make out the wallpaper, her vision blurry with unshed tears. "I'm so happy to see you. Are you happy to see me too?"

"I'm so happy I have tears running down my cheeks." Sansa whimpered. "I wish you were actually -"

"I am there, Sansa, I am," Daenerys said quickly, interrupting her, not leaving any room for doubt. "I run my fingers through your cheeks, and I wipe your tears, and I tell you that I love you, that we are safe."

Dany closes her eyes. She could see it if she squinted hard enough, Sansa's face right in front of her, wet from her sweet tears. They are both smiling, somehow. Dany loves her like she's never loved anything else.

"Hold my hand," Sansa command ed, and it's not even a question.

"Then with my other hand I reach for yours," She complies, nodding as if it made sense.

"I interwine our hands together," Sansa said, and she can almost imagine her blushing. "I - uh, stroke your hand with my fingers."

Dany felt herself smile.

"And I do the same with your cheek," Dany informed, closing her eyes harder, imagining how Sansa's skin would feel in hers.

Sansa's breath hitched.

"Then I lean over..." Sansa said, and leaves the rest unsaid for Dany to continue.

And she does.

"And I lean over too. My breath it – it's against your lips." Sansa sighs from the other side of the room, and Daenerys pauses because she wants to know everything's fine, that she's fully there with her to fully accept to be part of Dany's fantasy. She opens her eyes slightly and realizes she had been leaning over the wallpaper, as if it were the princess herself. "Would you want me to kiss you?"

Sansa's voice was shaky, but sure. "Yes, Dany, please."

In her fantasy, Sansa's lips taste of strawberries, of fire and stories. It's everything and at the same time it's nothing, because she knows in the end her lips are against old, stained wallpaper. But she liked to think Sansa was doing the same from the other side of the room, silly as it sounds, resting her lips against the wall that keeps them apart. It's quick, but so full of meaning.

It has Daenerys's head spinning for some seconds, just by imagining the girl in front of her, in her nightgown, with her fiery red hair. The girl that loves her. It made Dany's stomach do all kinds of things - like her heart was about to burst inside of her chest, and she felt her body heating up.
For some reason, in the next room, Sansa sighs again. "Tell me what else you would do," She whispers. She'd do a thousand things to her, things she dared not even whisper to walls... And yet the wall was in front of her, the princess behind it waiting for answers.

It leaves Dany breathless, imagining her hands roaming through Sansa's pale skin, her small breasts and long legs. It's the first time she has ever imagined such experiences – sexual activities were always linked with suffering. The slave girls crying, scratches, Viserys forcing her... But this was different. Dany wanted to do this. She wanted to hold Sansa in ways people would frown upon – in ways the Dornish touched their lovers. Passion was burning inside her heart. Fire.

When they were done, between her legs she was damp and aching, and Sansa was panting from the other room.

A scream pierce through the night.

Daenerys jumped into a sitting position, blinking quickly in surprise, clutching her chest where her heart was recovering from the initial scare. It wasn't only screaming, the distant sound of war could be heard from her cabin - blade against skin, anguish and death. A battle was breaking out. Missandei entered her room suddenly, looking frightened and small, and they shared a look.

"Close the door," Dany urged her. Missandei did so, locking it in the process, and then ran towards Daenerys' bed. She was shaking, and her eyes were wet with tears. Missandei was a strong girl, but battle was hard on anyone. This wasn't their first encounter with violence, but it always left them shaking. "Miss..." She whispered. Her hand laid on hers in an attempt to comfort her.

"I'm okay," She said, and smiled a little. "Just a little shaky."

Dany nodded, but held her hand and squeezed it anyway. "What's happening out there?"

"The Starks, they – they have found us," Missandei announced. "There's been a spy all along, Princess."

Daenerys needed a moment to process it all. There was a battle breaking out just outside her cabin, the Starks found them, they were there, and they would rescue Sansa, and Sansa would rescue her. They would escape, and most of all, they would be together, away from Viserys and the dreaded ship.

Daenerys felt herself smile despite everything, besides the men dying just outside her cabin and the girl with tears running down her cheeks holding her hand.

"No, Missa. They didn't find us, they found them." She declared, enthusiasm flowing through her veins.

Missandei tilted her head in confusion, and blinked.

"I do not understand."

Dany laughed, almost hysterical.

"We're leaving this place for good! Me, you and - !" But suddenly she felt panic invade her all of a sudden, and her laughter and excitement died. The room was muffled screams and death all over again. Her tone was frantic when she spoke. "Sansa. Where is Sansa?"

Missandei only looked at her, sadness dancing in her eyes. Daenerys knew what that meant. She
jumped out of her bed in a hurry, and in her night robes and bare feet, she ran to the entrance of her cabin, ignoring Missandei's cries. Dany burst her door open with little care for anything.

The world outside was chaos – axes were being swung, swords were slashing throat open, and people were dying at her feet. Men crawling without limbs, with open chests and cries of misery at their lips. The smell of blood almost made her retch right there, but she kept on running even as her feet almost slipped on someone's insides. The other ships surrounding the Black Dragon were in flames, all raided probably. Her mind wondered briefly to the slaves, and hoped they had made it out alive. They had no place in any of this.

Besides her, a Stark soldier launched himself at one of the crew members, swinging his sword and stabbing him in the heart, killing him instantly. Out of the corner of her eye, a crew member stabbed someone in the eye, and then plucked it out as the soldier shook beneath him. Dany watched this in horror, all the while looking for fiery red hair and silver as pure as snow.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a Stark soldier running towards her, and as she turned to the left to face him in pure fright, with nothing to defend herself, Jorah seemingly out of nowhere, put himself in front of her, battling with the unknown soldier until he managed to injure him in the shoulder, them stab him in the gut making him fall to the floor. He'll bleed out, Dany thought. It made her unexplainably sad. She did not think of them as enemies.

"What are you doing here, princess?" He screamed at her as he shielded her from other attacks. They were like insects, crawling from everywhere. "You should be in your cabin!"

"I –" Dany muttered and stumbled, as she watched men fall in front of her. "I need – I can't. I need to find Sansa."

"Go to your cabin! Stay safe!" He said, cutting open a man's stomach. His insides fell out and stained the whole floor with blood and his scream of pain ran through Dany's ears until they rang.

She shook her head, watching the man bleed out in front her.

"Not without Sansa." She clarified, and didn't stumble.

After taking the last man down, he turned around to look at her in the eye, and she looked up finally. Their eyes met for a brief second.

Jorah was one of her only friends on the ship, and the only one who brought her any kind of comfort. He was like the father she never had, and she loved him like one. In that moment, with men dying at her feet, with sorrowful screaming as their background, his eyes filled with tears for the first time since she had met him four years ago.

"I love you," Jorah tells her softly. His hand twitches, like he wants to touch her, but he abstains himself from doing so.

"I love you too," She says to him without hesitation, because she does. She has never known fraternal love, but she knows that what she feels for him is as broad as that. She finds herself feeling melancholic all of a sudden, remembering the first time they met when she was barely a girl of fourteen, and he had gifted her books from the north, where he originally lived. He had always had a soft spot for her. Right then and there, it could be the last time they saw each other again.

He shook his head, and Daenerys couldn't really figure out why. "They are further down the deck, at the helm. I'll get you there."

Before they took one step forward, Dany had to ask. She grabbed his arm quickly.
"What about the dragon eggs?"

Jorah nodded. "He has them."

They managed to get around the crowd fairly easily with Jorah being capable of handling the soldiers quite well. He was a skilled warrior. Daenerys, through all that murder, tried to think of Sansa's red hair and freckles, or the way she called her name at night, her favorite songs, her favorite books, lemoncakes... anything to relax her and help her forget she was there. Her feet were wet and red, stained and they slid on the slippery floor. Dany did not want to imagine on exactly what she was walking on.

It was truly madness. Hell had broke loose. It was like the gods were punishing them for their centuries of tyranny all over again. Daenerys briefly remembered the attack of the Lannisters... the distant sound of death as she and Viserys hid on their cabin with their mother... The Captive Queens scream for each other...

Jorah fought his way through until they reached the heml, where Daenerys caught sight of Sansa's fiery red hair flowing with the wild and inastible wind - she hadn't realized, but a storm seemed to be forming. Soon it wouldn't be safe anymore, though she doubted this could ever be considered as safe. Sansa was not alone, as suspected, Viserys had a hold on her, his arm gripping her neck. But they weren't the only people there either. A man like a wolf was standing in front of them, his sword ready to strike. His hair gave him away. In front of her very eyes laid the Young Wolf Robb Stark.

Seeing him there made her want to smile until she noticed Viserys was holding something sharp. A knife. Viserys was holding a knife to Sansa's throat. Daenerys quickly thanked Jorah, and climbed the steps to get to where they were as Jorah yelled at her to wait.

"Stay away, wolf boy!" Viserys screamed. His eyes were red, and he was shaking with anger. Right then and there, he looked like the spitting image of his father, The Mad King. "One more step and I cut the pretty princess!"

Daenerys wanted to scream. He hadn't noticed she was there, in fact not even the king had even if she was directly behind Viserys, in his view. He was completely focused on her brother and his grip on his sister. She could hear Sansa's soft cries and it broke her heart once more.

"Leave her alone, Targaryen," he spit her name like a curse.

"Robb..." Sansa cried.

"If I go down, she goes down with me," He yelled. His desperation was clear - he knew he wouldn't win this, not when if came to battle. They had struck them by surprise, and half of the ships were sinking or taken. This ship would be gone soon enough as well.

"Viserys!" She called his name.

Robb Stark looked at her in slight confusion until he saw her hair - silver, like a Targaryen. His grip on his sword tightened.

"What do you want?!" He asks impatiently, not even looking at her. She heard Sansa mumble her name, softly. Dany wants to shed tears for that, but she swallows them down. No more tears. Not anymore.

"Let her go, Viserys," She cries. "We have lost, brother. There is nothing left for us!"

Viserys gives her a stare that is filled with so much hatred it makes her want to shrink down on
"Have they not killed you already, you dumb bitch?" He exclaims, his eyes puffy and upset.

Dany feels herself walking up to her brother without noticing she's moving. She feels... compassionate, in a way. She misses the brother who loved her. Maybe he is still there, if she can dig deep enough.

"Do you not see? Are you blind?" She whispers.

The dagger grows closer to Sansa's throat as the seconds go past, and in his violence the dagger cuts the princess and she sees a small tear of blood fall down her neck. The vein in his neck stands out against his pale skin in pure rage and hate.

"I am the blood of the dragon! I will not fall!" He yells to the whole ship, manhandling Sansa so much he hurts her and she whimpers. "We are Targaryens and we are not yet done! The throne is mine! I am the blood of the dragon! I am the blood of the dragon! I am the blood of the dragon!"

Sansa sobs, and Dany has to struggle not to spill tears. Her voice breaks when she speaks again, in pure fear. Robb Stark watches, astonished. He's a ticking bomb.

"You are!" Daenerys screams. "You are the blood of the dragon! Listen to me, you are the most powerful man on this ship!"

His crazed gaze falls on her once more, as he roars with laughter, "I am!"

"Your enemies!" Dany exclaims, and she approaches him even more, slowly. "You'll make them all suffer! You'll make them all bleed!"

"I will!" He agrees. The grip he has on Sansa weakens.

"You'll turn them into ashes!" She continues. "The wolves will be burnt, the lions will be slaughtered, the fish will be eaten... All the houses will bow down to the dragon once again. You'll - you'll manage what father and Rhaegar could not. You'll bring glory to the Targaryens once again."

Viserys hums and closes his eyes, like he can see it all.

"Let her go," Dany spits. "She is nothing but an animal. A savage. We are dragons. We are blood royalty."

Sansa and Dany hold their breath.

When he lets Sansa go, she falls to the floor with a thud.

Dany keeps walking towards him, silently celebrating her victory when she hears Sansa crawl towards her brother.

"We will rule over the Seven Kingdoms," She continues. It's almost like there is no battle around them, just Dany and the tales she pains them with her words. In Viserys mind, they have won, and they are feasting on the flesh of his enemies. "The most powerful of the houses..."

"I want what was ours," He smiles at her, with his eyes filled with tears. "I want to make them all proud. For mother's crown. We will get it back, Dany. That is what I want."

The silver crown… She can picture it in front of her. The details of stones, red diamonds, how heavy it was. Her mother, smiling at both of them, brushing her silver hair. It looked so long – Dany
remembers pulling it when she were little, but Rhaella would've never yelled at her. She loved them so much... And she remembers Viserys before it all went to hell. She wishes she could be a child again, running through the ship, when she knew what laughing was...

"Do you remember what father used to say? What you used to say to me?" She asks. Daenerys is almost in front of him now, biting back sobs. "We were to be married. Like the great Targaryens before us. Mother and father."

"Yes, little sister," He hums, and opens his eyes as a tear falls down his cheek. They are face to face. "You were to be my wife."

"Am I not anymore?" She smiles, and kisses him sweetly, on the lips. He kisses back, lost in the fantasy, lost in a world where the crown weights heavy on his head, where Daenerys is his wife, and he rules over every house in Westeros, where the scarlet blood of his enemies is his wine.

And then she grabs his hand and stabs him with his own dagger in the stomach and whatever piece of flesh she can find - once, and twice, and thrice and many more - until her tongue is filled with his blood and saliva. She pulls away, just to see his face one more time, just to see the light in his eyes die. She almost wishes he looked like that boy he once was, the one who'd chase her around the ship just to tickle her, the one who loved books and pretended to be a dragon rider with her. Instead he falls to the floor cursing her and he dies a madman.

Her mouth drips with blood that isn't hers. Not anymore. She realizes she's shaking, but she wants to smile. Instead her knees fall to the floor and she sobs.

She hears Sansa murmur something to Robb, and she runs until she's next to her. She can't hear what she's saying because her own sobs are too loud even for her ears, and she still hears screaming and the sound of death and the skies turn grayer and grayer until she feels droplets of water falling to her head, and she can't help but think they are blood, Viserys blood -

She reaches right then and there, and Sansa holds her hair.

After, she looks up at Sansa, pale and trembling under the rain, crying still, and with a single droplet of blood running down her neck, and she can allow herself to look at her with the fondness she had dreamed of.

"We did it," Sansa cries, and she actually smiles at her. She could watch her smile until she dies. "We're free, Dany."

We are free, she thinks.

Her world turns dark after that.

Daenerys has a dream. She's running across a field of snow, barefoot, and the snow freezes her feet in place. Someone is there, with silver hair and pale skin - she can feel it in her bones, it's Viserys. He has his back to her, and she wants to touch him for some reason, or maybe she just wants to run away from him, but she's stuck in place. He has a dagger in his hand when he turns around and dashes towards her.

She wakes up in a sweat, almost screaming, and she clutches her chest in a panic, her breathing uncontrollable. She closes her eyes, searching for the comforting rocking of the sea, and she looks for her satin sheet with her hands until she realizes there's no satin sheet, and this is not her cabin. She opens her eyes, startled, and finds Missandei next to her, smiling sweetly.
"You're awake," She says.

_I don't know_ she wants to say, because maybe she's actually still sleeping. Maybe she is dead, and this is the afterlife.

"Where am I?" She asks instead.

"Do you remember the Starks Rescue?" Missandei asks, sounding a little concerned.

Oh, the attack, the raid. The death - Viserys' death. Viserys' murder. Viserys' murder by her hands and - we are free, Dany.

"Gods, yes, though I wish I did not," She sighs. Maybe she was dead after all, and this was heaven. Still, she was happy to see Missandei in her heaven. "I am very glad you're safe, Missa." Dany clarifies, honestly relieved. It made her happy to know her friend, who was not to blame for a single thing that went down on that godawful ship, the girl who had come in one night to her as a slave but ended up becoming her best friend, was alive and smiling at her.

"I'm glad you're okay too, Daenerys," She smiles once again, sweeter than honey. "And I am proud of what you did. You're brave. Braver than many."

Daenerys doesn't know how to address the compliment, and she finds she's blushing fiercely, which makes Missandei giggle slightly.

"My dragon eggs…" She whispers, for some reason, because she feels like they're missing.

"In the nightstand, Princess," Missandei smiles. She glances to her left and indeed, there they are, untouched and peacefully sleeping. She breathes a sigh of relief. "Jorah, the King and Princess Sansa will be here soon," Missandei informs her, and at the last name she says she winks at her, like an inner joke.

She has no time to respond because as if on cue, the cabin's door opens, and in walks Jorah Mormont and the Wolf King.

Dany immediately tenses. Maybe Robb Stark is a hostile man, different in every way from his sweet sister, and at any moment he'll want to cut her head and have it as dinner. Viserys and his crew always fancied retelling the time he found his best friend who had been kidnapped and tortured and he had cut his kidnapper's cock with his bare teeth. They talked about him growing fangs and fur and howling to the moon. As she pictured him jumping to her throat like a dog, he smiled at her.

"Hello, Daenerys," The King salutes warmly. "We haven't had the pleasure of meeting."

Right then and there, Daenerys wanted to laugh at her own stupidity. He was just like his sister. _Well, Sansa is prettier._

"Hello, Your Majesty," She responds, still trying to maintain her calm. Him being polite did not mean she wouldn't have to pay for the crimes of her family.

"You must be very confused," He starts explaining. "You're on our ship. You will have to stay with us, since your family's ships have all sunk, and I believe there are very few survivors. This is not as luxurious as your previous cabin but -"

She can't help it.

"Will you kill me, Your Majesty?"
Robb Stark's face hardens for a split second.

"No. I do not believe in punishing people for the crimes of their family. And you've proven that you're trustworthy, according to Sansa. And after what you did... I saw it all. You're brave, Daenerys," He smiled slightly. "You saved her. Sansa. I cannot thank you enough."

"I did not do it for your pardon," She says, quickly and impulsively and it's stupid - he is a King and she's talking back like a child. But for some reason, she needs him to know.

He smiles, again.

"I know."

"What will happen to - ?" She trails off once she realizes. Jorah is there, smiling at her, with his arms behind his back. "Jorah!" She exclaims in shock, stupidly, as if he hadn't been standing there the entire time.

"Hello, Princess," He responds, with a chuckle.

She can barely find the words to speak. Maybe she could find the logic in the fact Robb Stark had saved her (She believed in Sansa and her promise, she had never doubted her rather she had doubted her brother), but what was Jorah, Viserys's second in command, doing on his enemy's ship? It was baffling.

"How…?"

He smiled again at her, with ease, and she remembered. Someone from the inside had given them away. Jorah had saved her, Missandei and Sansa. She was grateful, or at least she tried to be – as much as she was trying to make peace with herself over the fact she had murdered her own brother.

Viserys was not the child that Dany remembered him to be. She tried to force herself to think of him as the demon he was – he was going to rape her. He had tried to, and Jorah had saved her then as well. Yet her mouth tasted bitter, as bitter as Viserys's blood in her mouth. Maybe it was for the better, she reasoned. Maybe it's better to mourn the child he was and not the man he died as. Perhaps if she held on to his smile she'd be able to love him again.

"How?" She asked again, more determined. "How did you manage to do it?"

"Your brother was not brilliant," He nodded. "I wasn't the only one who wasn't pleased with him – I didn't do it alone. The slaves helped me. I stole a crow when we raided King's Landing, but I have always been a spy for the Starks."

She smiled slightly.

"Does that mean the slaves are free?" She asked.

"They are," Robb Stark announced, nodding. "They'll be free once we arrive in King's Landing to live their lives."

Daenerys glances at Missandei, who was smiling ear to ear, and it made Dany feel so relieved she wanted to cry for what seemed like the tenth time since she woke up.

"Those are amazing news!"

The King nods. "You'll be coming with us to King's Landing as well," Robb Stark sees her
immediately tense once again, and he quickly corrects himself. "Sansa insisted. She wants you to live in the Red Keep with us as one of her ladies, at least for now, but that is up to you."

Like she's waiting for her name to be mentioned, Sansa enters through the door, with a tray with food, yet she does not notice Daenerys' awake – she looks straight to Missandei as if she's about to ask her a question when she realizes – Their eyes meet for what feels like eternity.

Dany drinks up her whole existence. Her blue eyes open wide as a plate, observing her as lifetime walks by. Her red hair is messy, tied in a hurry. She's clinging to the tray so hard it might snap, the knuckles of her only hand turning white. There is no one around but them, no one Dany can see at least. She thinks they might be floating. Maybe she's drowned, and she's being seduced by a siren, those Rhaegar warned her about when she was barely a babe. This is hardly the first time she's ever seen her at all, yet nothing is the same.

It is entirely different now. Everything is.

"Daenerys..." She whispers her name like a prayer to the Old Gods. And there's no wall separating them, no old stained greasy wallpaper, no whispers to be had, no secrets to be told. There is nothing to fear anymore, nothing they have to hide.

"We will leave you alone," Missandei says, and urges all of them to leave. Dany wonders if Jorah looks back with sadness, because she realizes what he might've meant by love – but she doesn't care. Not now, at least; not with Sansa in front of her, staring at her like she holds her heart in her hand. Perhaps she does.

Sansa snaps back to reality as everyone leaves, and hurriedly leaves the tray of food in the nearest surface she can find. The door closes behind them. Dany watches, her eyes big, curious, observing her. It is almost surreal.

"You're awake," Sansa states rapidly, more to herself than to her, staring to the floor. Dany notices the scar in her neck.

"Yes," Dany says stupidly. The air feels awkward, for some reason it is strange. Their dynamic - observing each other from afar and having to hide their affections – has shifted dramatically. They are the same people... or perhaps not. Perhaps they are both changed. "Thank you, Sansa. For saving me." She stammers.

Sansa smiles shyly, and looks at her.

"I promised you. I would never let anyone hurt you."

Dany's insides ignite. Her eyes burn as she looks away.

"I promised you as well – and, and look at your neck. And your hand." She had tried to forget the hand, but it was difficult to do so. Dany couldn't bear the thought.

"You have never failed me," Sansa musters. Dany can hear her voice crack. "Do you think I'm hideous as I am?"

Daenerys forces herself to look at Sansa. Sansa had cried about her hand for weeks on end, and she was just as beautiful with it or without it, yes, but she felt guilty for letting her be tainted, and scarred, and humiliated like that. She was sure Sansa would have to suffer for it. People would mock her for it, some would call her deformed, disgusting. Sansa is crying, Dany realizes, tears streaming down her face, and Dany wants nothing but to run towards her and hug her, to dry her tears and kiss every part of her if she'd let her.
And she realized she could, and so she did.

"Sansa," She said as soon as she was by her side. Sansa was avoiding her gaze as tears streamed down her face. "I would never think that of you." At this, she lifts up her gaze to look at her. "You're beautiful, you do not need me to remind you of that."

"I'm damaged," She mentions, out of utter pain and heartbreak. The ghost of a hand that is hiding behind her back twitches.

"I'm just as damaged," Daenerys reminds her. Maybe not physically, not something as open as Sansa's missing hand, yet she has been through just as much.

It dawns on her suddenly. She has scars, and pain, and things that haunt her, and she will never be the princess from the songs her mother used to sing about. She is too hurt and tormented. When she dreams, she will dream of murder, and when she awakes, she will awake because of nightmares.

"I am damaged just as much as you are," Dany says, again. Dany searches for Sansa's chin with her hand, and gently forces her to look at her in the eyes. Puple and blue clash together. "Yet we are warriors."

"I do not know how to weild a sword," Sansa half japes, and it makes Dany chuckle.

"I loved a warrior as red as autumn," She recited, half-singed. "With sunset in her hair."

A tear falls down Sansa's cheek, and she smiles, staring at her with adoration dancing in her eyes.

"And I loved a warrior as white as winter," She continued, placing her forehead against Dany's. "With moonglow in her hair."

They will have to adapt to each other. They will have to learn about each other, what the other loves, what they do during a normal day, what perfume Sansa likes best, what book does Daenerys love the most. And they are ready for it all, now, with each other.

"I believe you have promised me a lemoncake," Dany japes once again, biting back a smile and Sansa gigglessoftly, staring at her teeth caging her bottom lip. There is an unspoken electricity in the air.

"When we get to King's Landing," She promises. A heartbeat passes, where Sansa closes her eyes, peaceful, and she looks happy as she can ever be. "I love you," Sansa whispers. Dany doesn't really need to say it back, but she does anyway.

They stare into each other's eyes once again, like their eyes hold the key to infinity. When Dany kisses Sansa, she has to get on her tiptoes.

Their memories are eerie and hurtful, bathed in violence and sorrow. But right now they're alive, and they will thrive together, and Daenerys's feet will touch land, and Sansa will be with her family once again and they might have nightmares but they will also share dreams and nights of pure bliss, and maybe the dragon eggs will crack open and maybe they won't – but there are no walls, and that is the only thing that matters.

End Notes
LISTEN IM POSTING THIS ON A RUSH BC IM SO EXCITED I'VE FINISHED THIS!!! finally got around to it!! there's probably a thousand mistakes and whatnot, so if u spot one let me know please uwu there's also a bible quote in there hsgsh let me know if any of u found it!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!