Summary

Jon Snow is the stranger that paid for a single night, a night unlike any other. It was a night oddly unsatisfying, filled with conversation and a get-to-know-you game she hadn't been a part of since her days in school.
Very short summary because I have no idea how to summarize this story.

Notes

I do hope you like this story, I haven't posted in about... a year in a half...idk. This is my first Fan-Fic for Game of Thrones and Jonerys. I don't know how you guys will take to it, but I do hope you enjoy. I would really appreciate feedback, and I am working on a second chapter but that all depends on how you guys like or dislike this story.

P.S. the idea for this story popped into my head while watching a music video, (Tocando Fondo) by Kalimba. It follows the idea that a John calls up a lady of the night. She expects the usual from a client, but he doesn't want sex from her, just her time, to connect because he is heartbroken. I do make it my own while borrowing Jonerys as the medium. Also... (Dirty Diana) by Michael Jackson.

P.P.S Idea was birthed by a music video and GOT Characters and world are not mine.

Also...hope you liked the moodboard I created for the story. I am slightly proud of it not going to lie. (Photographs are not mine)

See the end of the work for more notes.
The young man played on his guitar, beautiful fingers plucking the silver strings, one by one, emitting a beautiful tune. He sang a sad song, sad eyes staring her down and though she wore little
else than a black brassiere a size too small and matching panties, his eyes remained stuck to hers. He was a weird one, she could tell—possibly a closeted homosexual. She wasn’t judging, not someone like her—a harlot—a lascivious woman whose vices were paid off well by this particular line of work. She would be lying if she were to say that she hated this job when one of her more difficult vices to indulge just so happened to be sex. Her sexual appetite was rather high, and at the moment she was starving, ravenous one might even say.

The petit, silver-blonde—disguised under a dark brown crown of curly hair, violet eyes, hidden beneath thin plastic covers of blue—pressed her wet heat further against the cushion of the worn leather seat she was currently occupying. This man was slightly infuriating with that melodic melancholy that stormed within his eyes, clueless he was, and utterly uninterested in her; sexually. She had practically jumped on him the moment he’d opened his door and paid the fee, but he had pushed her back, tore her hands from his warm skin and awkwardly apologized for his abruptness, “I don’t usually do… this…” he’d said, “but you came highly recommended by a friend.” Now she wished whoever had recommended her had slipped him another name.

He was a handsome young man, but she had never been made a fool by a pretty face, especially one with sad stormy eyes. She didn’t do sadness, and with a quick note of her surroundings, she could tell he was grieving for someone that had been quite important to him. A fantastic paramour—wife—perhaps, one that was framed on top of the chimney mantel—he had forgotten to remove that one it seemed—with wild red hair and green—no, blue eyes. That photo was small—maybe the reason he had overlooked it in his haste to remove any memorabilia—surely he must have an entire trove of moments captured in time, protected behind smooth glass and a metal border. She wondered why he had felt compelled to remove his memories, his life…? It was her, she was the reason. He was attempting at a detached relationship with his new found friend.

She was a lady of the night, child of the always-changing moon, she didn't need a new relationship. Hopefully, he hated her enough to never contact her again, prompting her with a fool's requests for his cash. He had paid her in full; green, hard cash now dwelled in her wallet, streaks of arching rainbows and golden butterflies hovering over her purse every time she opened it at the moment. It was always like that after she fed the worn leather. It had been her brother’s wallet for years before the cops handed over his bag of belongings. He had been shot, “Freak accident!” they’d said, but it hadn't. Viz had been shot at point-blank because he wouldn't hand over his tattered wallet. This trinket she held so dear to her heart had taken his life.

The reason he hadn't handed it over always managed to produce a lump within her throat. It was the money he’d been saving to feed them, the last family photo, her last milk tooth, a list of movies he wanted to take her to, it was his life all wrapped in leather, and he wouldn't give it up. She’d lost him that day, and at fourteen-years-old, all she could manage to do was acquire his last belongings and hightail it out of there. King’s Landing was a big enough place for one to hide.

It was a man dubbed the Spider by King’s Landing’s underground life, who had placed the reality of life at her feet. She had become one of his many “little birds,” and after a time under his manipulative claws, she’d known enough of knitting her own web and stroking the thread to capture the lies and wait for the vibrancy of a juicy secret to become her own mistress. She still held his contact information saved on her cell under his well-known moniker.

The doleful sound, though sweet and agreeable to her ears was finally over. The last cords strung, his last words sung, and a regretful look in his eye made her want to stand and clap with much enthusiasm. It was finally over. “What do you think?” Of course he wants your bloody opinion! She wanted her head to explode at that very moment.

She smiled sweetly, “It was regretfully beautiful…” she began.
His brows furrowed, head twitched in incomprehension “Regretfully?”

“It’s very sad,” she stated. “Was it...her?” she didn’t dare ask, but she wanted to, very much wanted to. She rose from her seat and made to remove the guitar from his lap to take it as her own, but he was quick to push himself back. She huffed in frustration and looked to the clock. Only 9:30 pm. You still have a while before his time’s up. She sat beside him on that very couch, the nicely worn cushion springs were the Stranger himself against her bare ass.

Making herself comfortable once again, laying back against the armrest and stretching one of her legs out to place behind him, allowing the other to sit on his lap and rub at his thigh with her wicked foot, “You don’t seem very comfortable...” she eyed him through hooded eyes, biting the slim arch of a perfectly manicured thumb-nail.

The man huffed in frustration, pushed her leg off his thigh and stood abruptly, “I didn’t pay you for this.”

No! You're right. You didn't! "Of course not," she was half excited as she said this, sitting back up on the couch and reaching out for him. He made to move back, but she stood, keeping him from fleeing her claws, pulling his lips to hers as she ate her fill of his wonderful breath. She pushed him down on the couch, straddling his lap and kissing down his neck. She wanted him to fuck her, she wanted him to take his money’s worth of her body. But he wouldn’t, finally grasping at her shoulders only to push her back.

“This is not what I meant...” he held her firm as he spoke. She wanted to roll her eyes, and she would have, had he not vomited a sky of thunderous, weeping clouds at her feet. Emotions were not her thing, and he had doused her with the loneliest shade of blue.

The silver woman spends the rest of her night adhering to his very well paid wishes. Having a night of playful banter and false backstories—on her part—as they cooked a meal, listen to somber music from his very own dreary playlist, watch an episode of some crime-solving show that almost makes her fall right asleep, and she curses her life as she sits beside him. A large cushion of space between them on the three-seater-couch. She observes the dark-haired stranger from her spot, studying his breathing, guessing his next move, then returns her eyes to the clock—his time is up—she stands then, “It was nice meeting you, but it’s time for me to head out.”

He looks up at the clock and grumbles frustrated as he reaches a hand to scratch at the back of his neck with harshly cropped nails. A question arises within the woman—would you like me to stay? — But she lets it hang in the air, uninterested of what it could mean; for her. It's not your job to care, it's your job to fake it. The silver woman makes her way to the pile of clothes at the foot of the bed, takes her phone from the nightstand and studies the list of numbers that pile on the lock screen. The name at the top of the list makes her roll her eyes, “What do you want now, Robert?” she asks at nobody in particular as she scans over the beginning sentence before its cut by three little periods, suggesting there’s more to the detailed bubble.

The man—Jon Snow, he said his name was—came behind her, wallet in hand with his fingers stroking the sheet of dull green, “Is there any way you could stay longer?”

Of course! If you promised me sex. But she knew he wouldn’t, he was one of those guys who believed they were doing you a favor. And they were—don't get me wrong—but it took a particular kind of lady to appreciate his gallantry. “I have another client. And I wouldn’t want to rob you blind, taking your money to just stand around and... talk.”

He looked confused, “You wanted more?” his brows knitted together in a —hysterical— frown.
She swiped a thin slip of gum from her purse, unwrapped the foil and shoved the blue-raspberry flavored piece into her mouth. She stared at him, unimpressed. “You paid for more. Don’t waste my time.” She began to dress, slipping the tight miniskirt over her thighs, pulled her lose tank over her head and pressed her toes into the hollow of her pumps.

She let herself out, Jon at her heel to pull the door open for her to unburden her petite self. The silver woman turned round to face him at the threshold, scavenged through her purse for her personal business card to press it to his expecting hand, “Look, I can get you someone worth your time. Someone that can value the… free cash…” she pressed herself close, voice low and seductive as he hung to the door. She eyed his living room for the last time, outstretching her index to point at the forgotten frame on the mantel, “A redhead perhaps…” he stiffened as he made to look back to her point, cringing as he did so.

“She was…she…” he began to explain.

The woman hushed him with a finger to his lips, “You don’t need to explain. I’m not here to judge… but if for some…unexplained or…odd reason you enjoyed my company and would like for me to return… you have my number.” *Hopefully, you never call again, Lover Boy.*

She backed away from the door and shed the façade she had conceived at his door, becoming once again; “*Daenerys Stormborn Targaryen. Always remember that, Dany,*” her brother’s voice echoed throughout her blood. Dany stashed the cash and makes her way out of the apartment complex. Heading for an elegant hotel on the wealthiest side of town were Robert Baratheon waits for their usual exchange.

“It’s a good thing you keep your collection of wigs stashed in your trunk, Dany.” The woman snorts, a mocking tone clear in the taunt as she praises her innovative thinking through her reflection in the rearview mirror while fixing the dark strands that make up the bangs of the new wig. She plays with her look for a bit before patting the hair into place, combing her fingers through the slight undulate locks of brown hair. It’s slightly itchy on her scalp, but she makes no move to remove the authentic crown of brown.

Dany parks her car—it had been giving her problems lately, likely the transmission, it was always the transmission it seemed—touching up on her lipstick before exiting the vehicle. She quickly removed her clothing and scuffled about the backseat to find a dress she had thoughtlessly thrown at the foot of the seats earlier and pulled her frame through. The woman made faces at those pretentious pricks that gossiped as they walked by her car, scandalized at her lack of shame. She smiled mischievously, locked her car before clicking her way to the suite, expecting the lavish room she acquired every time she met with the Politician. She followed his cases closely in order to make small talk, and seem interested in his daily life; something he asked for in exchange for the tripling of her more expensive fee.

“How was your night, Lya?” the clever buck quickly indulges in the pretense of their role-play.

They’re seated in the elegantly decorated table; freshly steamed lobster the color of polished rubies under the light of a few tall, pearly-white candles. Strawberries bathed in a thick coat of silky brown, milk chocolate. Glasses of gleaming diamond filled modestly with a deep-plum colored wine, another with the purest water ever gathered from the rarest pools of the Red Waste. Lyanna found her belly rumbling at the sight of the expensive dishes all laid out in shiny plates of silver; all for her amusement. *You are one lucky whore, Dany.* A contented smile blossomed at her full lips, “Thank you, my Love,” she beams.
The man chuckles, cheeks flushed with a perfectly smeared sunburn. Robert stood from his spot to locate a well-wrapped box of glossy black and golden bows, "I was in Essos…"

"How did that go?" she followed. Robert smiled, pleased to find her well informed of his whereabouts.

He pressed the gift to her disbelieving hands, watched her face light up with well-performed surprise, “It went as anticipated. Cunts! All of them.”

“But they found their match…” she smiled up at him. His big, fat hand stroking her smooth cheek, his forehead coming to meet hers before he dipped his head to steal a kiss from her lips.

“You always know what to say, Lya,” he pressed a kiss to her nose. “Go ahead and change into the dress,” he commanded. Lyanna was quick to obey, moving over to the bed, playing it coy as she removed her dress to replace it with the one Robert had gifted her.

In truth she did feel giddy as she unraveled the pale blue dress, the smooth fabric seemed to melt within her hands. She slipped the gown over her head, loving the deep cut at her chest as it exposed her breasts, the flowy, see-through sleeves that clamped at her forearms and wrists. The man was behind her suddenly, hands skimming over the shape of her, squeezing her breasts, mouth pressed at the veil of thick brown hair over her ear, “What’s the use of role-play when you can’t wait ‘till after dessert to get me all hot?” he made to press his stiffened sword to her arse but only managed to meet his thick gut to her back.

Lyanna giggled while Dany seethed with a wave of heat, her cunt weeping at the prospect of a well-awaited session. She craved to throw the towel of this timely pretense and plead for him to rip her apart with his thick ego but refrained from breaking character. Dany played along, holding on to the sweet yet feisty Lyanna Stark he so wished her to be.

The man lifted the length of her dress with frenzied hands, keeping it out of the way with one while slipping the other behind the waistband of her soiled panties. “You’re so wet for me, Lya…” he clicked his tongue in light scolding while squeezing her cunt and stealing an enthusiastic moan from her lips.

She knew what to do from there, it was almost always the same. A light scuffling here and there as she took on the role of a modest, well-behaved, prudish woman from a wealthy family. One who valued virginity a little too much for her liking. In the end, she was like every other woman—this Lyanna woman—screaming, moaning, pleading with wanton joy like a common whore, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" she grunted with every thrust of his hips.

Here was a man who knew how to take his money's worth, and with Robert, there was no ill-feeling bubbling in her stomach for taking advantage of him. He was a corrupt politician that was well sealed within her pocket for later use.

The dark haired man had an ex-model for a wife—Cersei Lannister—two well-rounded kids and a single spoiled brat to torment his days. He had no need for a whore to warm his bed, yet here she was, enveloping him in a well-developed fantasy where she was his wife—a girl named Lyanna Stark—and he her faithful, love-smitten husband.

Dany laid herself beside the man—thoroughly fucked and basking in the afterglow—playing with the dark strands of his black hair. She didn't do cuddling, but he knew that; cuddling and kissing were an extra fee she was never shy to demand. She hated it but the musky scent of cash came calling, and she was none to dismiss such a request. And she smiled as she witnessed her night end with a literal—well received—bang.
Dany allowed “Smooth Criminal” to play its end before killing the engine. She was exhausted from her long night on the road. Dawn was already peaking through the horizon with the promise of a well heated morning. She hummed, blissfully pleased with the ache between her thighs and the impregnating smell of every delicious meal Robert had gifted her with. She hopped off her car and cleared the backseat of every extravagant luxury, smiling happily as she did so, and clicked her way to her apartment.

The housing situation in Flea Bottom was terrible, houses were sitting upon houses, cars upon cars on the streets, blocked in apartment suites. Yeah right! More like four walls—if you’re lucky—a floor, and perhaps a ceiling with its own built-in skylight. Of course, you would have to be careful and hope no one fell through.

Once she burst through her door she sighed in relief. Another good night accomplished. She thought to herself as she winced at her living arrangements. She could do a lot better, especially with the money she was making, but she chose to stay nonetheless. Dany smiled at the sight of her best friend’s sleeping form. She had fallen asleep on the couch once again—this makes three nights in a row, Missy. The silver woman placed their soon-to-be meal on the kitchen table, set everything in recycled bins before putting them in the fridge, "FUCK!" she yelled, startled. Missy let out a loud snore while Dany fought against the worst roach she'd ever seen in her life.

“FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!” she cursed, hearing the crunch of the roach’s tough shell bursting. She heaved in absolute fear, pressed her hand to her heart, overplaying the entire situation.

Managing to calm down, Dany walked to the living room to kneel beside her friend, having abandoned her pumps and quickly affirming an earlier debate, deciding that she did—in fact—need new heels. The woman nudged her friend to move her to bed, but when she did not wake she had to conform to sleeping on her own. Dany kissed her friend’s temple goodnight before heading to their shared room for a well-needed nap.
Chapter Summary

This is a little peek at home life with Daenerys and Missandei, a little bit of their dynamic; it also shows Dany as Missy sees her colder persona. Lots of drama.

Chapter Notes

***P. S. there is a girl mentioned in this chapter, it's mildly described or depicted, but she lives with an abusive spouse and is filled with bruises. It's at the beginning of the second scene. The scene doesn't describe the abuse just mentions that it's not a rare occurrence to see a woman with bruises. just wanted to let you guys know.***

Also, I wanted to give thanks to all the support and interest this fic has gotten. I know there are a lot of things to stomach within a story that bases its roots in the taboo. And I know some scenes will definitely be uncomfortable to read with the whole Dany/Others tag, just hang in there if this story interests you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
The oppressive heat of Flea Bottom's mid-day was soaked with a thick fog of humidity, and it clung like a cloud of flies to a cow's backside.

It was Missy who had woken the fair-blond from her hibernation with a joyous pounce on the bed. Her wicked fingers digging into Dany’s sides like a butcher’s knife to a pound of meat. The silver woman startled awake, sleep deprived limbs fighting with the strength of a teddy bear to rip the other woman from her pain-filled attack. The curly-haired woman was none the wiser to the fine point of her Catwoman-like nails.

Missy was excited; a tumbling, tail-wagging, ear-peeking excitement that made the woken woman growl in annoyance. *She’s seen the treats.* That could be the only explanation to her incessant yapping. Missy was like one of those children, waiting for the centimeter of snow when Winter decided to claim the South. And Dany would not be able to remain in bed, not even for half a second as the other woman yanked her sweaty form out of the stuffy room. Their living room was a refrigerator compared to the wet heat waiting for them in their room.

Missandei was one to bombard everyone with unhinged questions, adoring the juicy-sweet details over their nights of conquest. Dany wasn't one to openly gossip about such things, her instinct to keep everything tightlipped and out of mind always keeping her from unveiling such things on her own accord. But, of course, when Missandei began to poke her nose for any leaking detail, the silver woman relented, enough to keep her springy friend from a dangerous toxin withdrawal. Gossip was her drug, and like many other women, she needed her fix of delicious insight. It was a way to connect— Dany had found— to string up an emotional attachment to another person. So she gave in; as much as she could.

At the moment, she was pestering, with queries Dany had no clue over how to answer, “What did he say?” The younger woman had taken everything out of the fridge, opening each recycled bin and laying them unceremoniously at the table’s surface. She was now pressing a chocolate covered strawberry into her mouth, “mmmmmm!” she declared, face scrunched in protesting pleasure. The luxurious luster of last nights’ presentation had tarnished, wilted to an unimpressive joke. “Why can’t I get a man like Robert?” she half-joked.

“You’ll find your Robert.” Daenerys chuckled popping a moon-tablet from its enclosed packaging and tossed it into her mouth. She chewed the tablet slowly, wincing at the sour tang then drowned her mouth with a swig of warm water.

"We're running low on those," Missy informed, staring at her friend as she popped another into her mouth. “We need to remember to pick some up at the clinic;” was all that was left to be said at the oddity of her friend's actions. It wasn't rare for a girl to end up carrying down here; an unwanted child from an unknowing father. But Dany seemed obsessed with the idea of a childless life. Missy could only guess that her friend's life was perfect as it was now; a guy to fuck every night, obese wallet filling the girl’s back pocket or the stomach of her purse. Missandei didn't understand though, a child brought so much light to their eclipsed world. She could remember the birth of both her children. Those were the happiest moments of her life until homes were found for each. But those were other times, those were dark times, and if she were to grow with life once again, not one person would be able to wrench her child from her arms.

Dany pursed her lips, eyes focused on nothing in particular as she drowned in a bubble of thundering thoughts. “*Right. Well, we can always steal Doreah’s stash—*"
“I think the kids destroyed those again,” Missandei laughed at Dany’s perplexed expression. *Of course, she would laugh at something as important as them growing low on forms of contraception. Again?* The silver woman mouthed. “Danyyyyy! What did he say?” she whined, repeating her earlier puzzlement. “He sounds like a really nice guy. All alone in that apartment. Wanting your company… I can see him brooding in my mind.”

Daenerys rolled her eyes, “Trust me, it was nothing but annoying. Besides, I felt like a complete arsehole as I took his cash. He wouldn’t take it back.”

It was Missy’s turn to roll her eyes in irritation, “YES! But what EXACTLY did HE SAY?”

“He didn’t say ANYTHING, Missandei. I gave him the rules as I do every new client: always have your results at hand, date highlighted. Payment upfront, you want anything special between sessions you have to pay first. I don’t kiss—or cuddle—that’s an extra fee. I didn’t expect him to have me sitting there like a mannequin, talking and hanging out as if we were long lost friends or something.” She took a cracker, stacked a slice of harsh cheese and popped it into her mouth, savoring the sharp tang of the cheese and the soft, salty taste of the crunchy cracker before resuming the conversation, “I honestly hope he doesn’t call back, but in case he does I have to find a good replacement.”

Missy chomped on another juicy strawberry, placing a hand below her chin to capture the hardened shell of the chocolate, “You said he likes redheads?” she prompted. Dany nodded her head.

"That was the hair color of the girl in the picture.”

“You think she died?” Dany shrugged, seemingly uninterested. “Gods! You are heartless.” The woman broke into a fit of mock laughter. Dany could only scowl at her friend, irritated with her friend’s lack of restraint at the prospect of taunting the already fuming Daenerys.

Missandei managed to cease her ill-placed laughter, thinking long and hard over an excellent replacement for her friend, “How about Ros?” she proposed through a light chuckle.

The silver woman prodded the exposed white meat of the shiny red lobster Robert had gifted her before looking up at her friend. Everything had looked so beautiful, displayed on buffed silver platters, and wine glasses that gleamed like the rarest of diamonds, all lit by thin, long candles that shone like polished pearls. "Maybe. You know Ros likes the easy cash.”

Missandei gave her a worried look, “Girl… you have to snap out of it. You can’t spend your life pretending to be THIS! A… shallow bimbo.”

Dany shot up from her seat, “Here we go again…,” she grunted in annoyance, eyes rolled to the back of her head as she made her way to the sink.

“You cannot displace your emotions—,” The curly-haired woman continued.

Dany ran the faucet, rubbing her fingers clean of any residue under the passive fall of water, "Are we done?” she inquired tactlessly. Last night had been great after she had left the gloomy man’s residence, ending on the best note as she walked home with expensive trinkets halfway to falling off her arms from the number of them. Now she was harshly judged for her lack of emotions. *Judged by one who should not be opening her mouth.*

“Dany!” Missandei scolded, “Here is this poor man that only wants your company for a few hours. You blew him off because you knew Robert had more to offer—what does he pay you? Twice your price?”

“Three times my price, plus the free gifts—and the coddling fee,” Dany informed her friend; a smile
on her face as she thought back on the previous night.

“It was a rhetorical question— do you understand what I'm saying?” the woman was mad, frustrated that her best friend had become so cold, so manipulative, egotistical, and materialistic. Daenerys did not respond verbally, but Missy got the message ‘BACK OFF’

“I'm only trying to help, Dany. I'm your friend, and I love you with all my heart. But this— this has to stop. If he asks for you again, you better get back there with the biggest fucking smile you can manage. And buy yourself some fucking manners! The gods know you have enough money to pay for them.”

Dany was aghast, unprepared for her friend’s stark words. She turned in a heap, hand slapping against her friend’s cheek like a whip. Missy gasped in insult, slowly rising from her seat for dramatic effect, "You really want to do this, Dany? Again?" Daenerys only glared at her friend.

Both women clashed in a spiteful brawl, throwing angry fists in the air, kicking, clawing, biting. Ending bloody on the harsh floor. There were curses hurled at the other, racial slurs; their once painted words for familiarity, becoming tarnished, used for hurt. But both had needed this, they had gone a while without a good tussle. Missy stopped, noting the familiar ring of her friend's cell. The other woman took advantage of the interference and harshly yanked at her friend's naturally wild-hair, "Stop you...bitch!" Missandei bit out through clenched teeth, slapping the other woman harshly.

Dany thrust her hips into the air, to throw her friend off balance, "What is it now?" the words were angry, irritation setting in as they hadn't drawn a satisfying amount of blood from the other.

“It’s your cell, dumbass.”

They pulled apart, one helping the other to stand off the dirty floor. Missy was quick to swipe the cell off of the roundtable— one of its legs held high by a stack of stolen library books, and a couple boxes of lousy porno films thrown in the mix— stealing a look at the caller ID. "Doesn't say a name," she stated, handing over the borrowed cell.

“"I'll let it go to voicemail…” silencing the ring with a click to the side power button, Dany pressed her cell to her back pocket with the heel of her hand, “...last thing we need is to be found again.”

Worry was the most insistent plague either woman had ever known and experienced throughout most of their life. Dany saw it consume her friend's beautiful face in an instant. "You think it's Littlefinger?" The woman's question was always persistent, nagging. The silver woman had heard it about a billion times over, and she was growing tired of its presence in their life.

“If it were we would have gotten word from Varys, and Robb is always on the lookout,” she assured, taking a swipe of her thumb over her left nostril to collect a gathering of red. She studied the blood before smirking at her friend, “good brawl.”

Missandei chuckled, allowing the blanket of tension to fall in a heap at their feet, “I think you loosened one of my teeth,” she japed, a hand in her mouth, feeling up on her canine as a demonstration. She came close, hovering over Daenerys' right shoulder as a distraction, to snatch the cellular device from her back pocket, and running into the living room for a private look at the voicemail. She placed the speaker to her ear, allowing the grim voice of an unknown male to fill the silence, “Hello…” the voiced tripped, tongue probably tied. Daenerys swore she could see the man sitting on his couch with a massive blush slapped on his face, embarrassment nipping on his toes like the tiny ghostly puppy he had stowed away within his bathroom as to not bother them. “…Umm…I was trying to contact Deana…” Daenerys rolled her eyes, calling for a harsh slap on her arm from her friend.
“Be respectful, he’s tearing his heart out here!” the copper woman flicked her mocking words to the other. She listened intently, brows pinching upward, mouth drawn with a silent, “awwwww!”

“…I just...if you could call me back. Thanks...oh and have a good day…” the call ended, and instead of returning the phone to its owner Missandei played the recording once again.

“He is so delicious. Tell me— is he as hot as he sounds?” Daenerys snatched the phone from her friend’s unsuspecting hand. “And what’s with the new name, Deana? As in Diana? You dirty girl!”

So she had a bit of an obsession, “Oh hush!” She spanked the woman, trying to settle her down. But of course, that wouldn't work.

“Are you going to call him back?” Missy inquired, eyes shining like a sunbeam to honey; clear, molten, and sweet.

“I don’t own any orange wigs…” she informed her friend.

“Then we are going shopping.”

Flea Bottom was never a place of judgment, it was never rare to see a beautiful woman walking in daylight with shiny jewels of purples, reds, and greens over her face and around her body. Some onyx, at times, swallowing a girl’s eye and both Missandei and she had to feign ignorance as the girl showed them around the shop.

The golden-haired female smiled, hands holding tightly at the plastic bag that contained the wig, "Is it synthetic hair?" Missy asked, looking over the price tag that dangled in the air. The woman nodded.

"Do you have wigs made from real hair?” Daenerys queried, looking around. It was a quest to find something close enough to what she remembered seeing in the photograph. She had seen the woman clearly but hadn’t paid much attention to detail, and the shade of orange had slipped her mind. The search ended up a goose chase as the friends battled the last round of who will pick the closest shade of hair, lifting the wigs up in the air and comparing it against a fragmented memory. They quickly decided on one, more orange-copper than the dark auburn she later found atop the girl's fiery head.

Ros was at her side, laughing her ass off as the silver woman showed off her new mane of hair; Missy was at her back, crowning her with a set of twin fish-braids.

They sat around a shared vanity— something they had acquired off the lawn of one of their neighbors a few houses ago. “Let me get this straight; you...are dying to get fucked by this — obviously sweet and kind, gentle-knight-of-a-man — by copying the look of his dead girlfriend?”

"A hundred dragons she's his wife," Missy placed her bet.

“Dead…” Daenerys reminded them, “that makes her his ex.” Missy popped her upside the head with the back of her murky-silver hairbrush. “Oww!” the woman mourned the few dead neurons her friend had managed to take out in a single blow, and with the soft pads of her fingertips began rubbing soothing circles over the affected area.

"Fifty dragons says she's not dead but ran off with a lover," Ros interjected.

“Awww. Personal issues coming out to the surface.” Dany half mocked with an exaggerated pout
and excessively-blinky eyes. She knew she was harsh the moment another hit landed over the back of her skull, “The FUCK, Missy!” the woman cursed. Painful glass tears forming at the outer edge of her eyes.

The woman was angry. Anyone could tell by the killer expression she held, “Why you such a bitch?”

“Why you such—”

“Both of you are childish as hell— and yes, I get it. I ran off with my lover and ended up a whore at his brothel with two other idiots who sold their life for a couple stacks of cash. One is looking for a long lost child that was taken from the birthing bed, and the other is trying to figure out what became of her— I’m a put quotation marks around this because nobody believes that story you keep telling everyone— dead brother.” Daenerys’ eyes turned vicious, a pair of amethyst daggers, inflamed and unparalleled in their ire.

We all have shit we’re dealing with. Some people don’t even mention it again...” she looked at Missandei with a thankful expression on her face then directed a glare towards the offender, “… while others like twisting the end of the knife.” Daenerys rolled her eyes at the redhead.

“I don’t understand your reasoning for a speech, so I'm a huge bitch and backstabber. I like people to hurt as I do, so what? Are you going to do something about it? Walk out of this shit-hole for a better life? News flash—!” Daenerys stood from her seat, a thin layer of sweat like bubble-wrap about her forehead and over her upper lip from the lack of air-conditioning in their apartment. “We're a couple of whores, living like rats off the shit and grime that's thrown at us by our own neighbors. You want a new occupation, good luck! You'll need it when you walk into the fancy condo to clean the filth from former clients, and their wives, and their snobby kids. We're in this for a single reason, a purpose all our own. I don’t have to explain myself to either of you, you know what its like. And the money? We can't make the cash we get here by a nine-to-five job at a fast-food restaurant. Not with the lack of schooling we received.

All we know we learned off the streets. We learned to beg, to steal, to play the game of survival, and we learned to whore.” Both Missandei and Ros stayed silent, knowing the truth in her words. None of the girls had been blessed with the gift of knowledge, all having a 6th-grade education and at a low-income school.

It was an oddity that any one of these girls hungered for knowledge on their own. And their "lack" of funds prohibited them from the thick, fat books that dripped with sacred information. They had to blow the librarian or plan a hustle to come home with stacks of books.

“Now… you stop popping me upside the head, and you…” she pointed at Ros, “are you coming with or not?” the woman nodded her head with a face that conveyed a slow swallow of pride. She was coming around to accepting her past, to keeping it glued to her back like armor.

The silver woman sat back down, a few seconds of silence trailing behind her harsh words before she fizzled out and flipped the lid to her peace, throwing every single item on their vanity to the ground. She was huffing loudly, cursing the life she had been lead to live. "Get this fucking braid out my wig. I'll curl it old-style through the night, and wear it as is when we meet the Jon's." the woman settled, and her partners did as she ordered, raking their fingers through the braids to loosen the hair.

When the wig was removed and the curls prepared— tied around cut plastic straws— the women got ready for their evening of eventful work.
I really want to know your thoughts, I have the third chapter written, I just have to go through and spellcheck. I do have to mention that people don't change drastically within a span of a couple chapters unless there is like a HUGE time gap. So Dany will remain cynical and cold, though next chapter the girls get themselves in some trouble. It's a slow process.

Again, if you guys liked, leave a comment leave a kudos, if you didn't, I would like to know why.

thank you guys for your time, and have a great day/night XD
Chapter Summary

Dany wakes up to a nightmare after a night in the town and suspicious occurrences drive her to break, snapping at people who are not at fault.

Chapter Notes

Hope you guys like this chapter, it's more filler than anything to get a better sense of the girl's life, their dynamics and I do bring in the very infamous Drogo. Rheago is mentioned here as well, but that isn't until the end.

XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
The night prior had been a blast; eating, drinking, partying until Dawn’s glorious pink fingertips stretched out to touch the soft hues of deep blues, a freckling of stars staining her nails as she raked white lines through the sky. It was the sun winking with golden lashes that finally drew them to their stuffy, cockroach-infested home. Now, they napped lazily, one draped over the other, limbs tangled, though their bodies still vibrated with the heat of past movement. Arms, legs, chest, all soaked in labored nectar. Faces smeared with the works of an abstract painting, their lips puckered, raw from the nibbling kisses, bodies tattooed with hundreds of unique fingerprints, lashes stacked and glued with the sticky, dark seed of mascara. It was the rumbling a tummy makes; a mopey cry for its delectable fill that finally provoked the stir that woke Daenerys.

A splitting headache sunk deep into her skull, making her blood run cold, teeth grinding, molars to molars in an excruciating scrape that could cause the ears to shatter in discomfort. It was impossible to halt her hands from searching for the pulsing extremity, pressing stressed palms against both temples in an attempt to keep her head from splitting open, allowing the mush of her brain to fall through the cracks, and leaving her lifeless. Dany stumbled over the heap of bodies, pressing hot at either side of her and ending on the floor, where tiny brown specks zoomed away in fear. The woman yanked on her friend's limp arm, "Missy…" she called, pressing her face to the sticky extremity. Neither woman woke, and Dany was too tired for their bullshit to continue pressing them.

Dany climbed on wobbly legs, not caring for her state of undress and allowing her breast quality time in the open. She was quick to note the slight pain between her legs, the uncomfortable dryness that could only be explained by one single factor. She rolled her eyes, ground her teeth, cursed her senselessness, I can't believe it! You were drunk enough—stupid enough to allow a Jon full range without a rubber. If a graceless tumble to the floor hadn't woken her up entirely that knowledge surely did, pushing her towards their safety cabinet, in a box, under the kitchen sink. But there was none. Not a single tablet left un-popped under the thin sheet of silver foil. She was freaking out, shaking with sharp desperation. Dany took to an old habit, one she'd long allowed to rest, one that now threatened to break the surrounding skin of her thumb as she chomped down on her expensive nail.

She was quick to shower, pushing both index and middle finger within the tight sheath of her cunt, washing away the cement that now coated her walls. Soaping up her temple, from the sole of her foot to the crown of her head with a handful of watered-down shampoo. The sweet scent of apples was faint as she stared at the single pair of bubbles within her palm, floating carelessly at the water's edge. She could only stare at the empty bottle in pure frustration before refilling it with a few seconds of the harsh spray of water. Dany huffed, shaking the bottle a few times, forcing a few tiny bubbles to form before dowsing her scalp with the liquid.

Daenerys began scrubbing at her skin with blunt nails and leaving behind a blossoming of furious red in their rouse. It was a wonder, with her thoughtlessness in full blast, how she hadn't already bloated with the tiniest parasite, swimming within her womb. She had been so reckless the night prior…though there were worse things than your life being threatened by the birth of another. The first thing she had to do was cancel all her appointments for the day, then head out to the clinic for examinations and hopefully, a refill on those life-saving tablets she was hooked on. The contraceptive pill wasn't exactly what she was hooked on, no, it was the piece of mind they gave once a night of play had come to an end, the music concluding to allow the song of wild cicadas to buzz in the distance. She could barely take care of herself. What would she do with a kid?

Stopping short at the front door to stare at the massive form of her baby daddy. The boy wasn't her
biological child, but at the time of delivery, she had been the one at the door to sign for the package. The intensely pale bitch dropped the little nugget in her lap, not giving a single skeptical glare at Dany's equally pallid form, and rapidly scurrying away like a frightened mouse—felonious rat more like! The nerve of that cross-eyed bitch! The silver woman had seethed, becoming a bubbling, hissing puddle of lava as she stood there in shock. Her eyes had twitched as her blood pressure rose to exceedingly, deadly heights. "Drogo," she hummed, pleased. It wasn't like her to forget a pressing issue...who the fuck are you lying to, Daenerys? Your panties soak through every time your eyes land on him.

Her smile was cryptic though her eyes gleamed with mischievous play, her body purred at his presence. The clinic could wait another hour or so, it wasn't like she would get pregnant right on the spot. But she couldn't, as she couldn't recall who all she fucked the night before, and allowing that sort of danger to her most beloved friend was something unfathomable. “I can’t, Drogo. Not now.”

“I know. I was there last night.” Nothing was popping up; the little receptors in her brain weren’t fully aligned, missing the offered information. She didn’t question it though; Drogo was their muscle.

"You three were picked up by a handful of college kids wanting an assorted orgy. I had to follow you guys in the van to make sure nothing went...wrong."

“Something went wrong?” he was shaking his head, a dry, humorless chuckle escaping his thick lips. Maybe she had nothing against kissing...maybe...maybe she didn’t mind it when they came from him. “I’m here as your hired bodyguard.”

One end of her lips turned up in taunt, “Why would I need you?” her head lulled to the side in one swift, sharp movement, eyes teasing and wicked. That drew his attention; one thick brow lifting in question.

“I’m your ride.”

He was being serious, not falling victim to her playfulness, “Of course.” The most pressing question was what in the fuck happened to my car? She stayed motionless, mouth aghast, eyes blown in horror as she held the keys to their van in one hand; booty-shorts working as hard as ever to remain short, cropped and out of the way, tight, hot pink tank clutching at her chest, and a pair of cheap, black flip-flops at her feet. Her thrift-wear was horrific, but she wasn’t a model in a forgotten catalog at a doctor’s office. Her car though! Her car was her pride and joy with its butchered black paint, duck tape covered seats, Lego embedded fans. It was ruined, trashed, left at the side of the road like a mangled buck.

“What happened?” The horror in her voice—for once—was genuine.

“So what are you going to do?” Came the dreaded question.

"What the fuck am I supposed to do about this, Missy! I can't go to the cops! I was soliciting—whoring myself out! They're more likely to cage me up than help me.” It was her frustration that finally made her snap at her friend, and it wasn't something they needed. Not this time.

Her face was a fright, her mouth gasping like that of a fish, free of all words. “You can go to Robb...” she began, that dreadful stutter had returned, taking hold of her words. “I can’t go to Robb. Not with this.”
“What of Daddy Stark?” Drogo’s little mindless comment only managed to piss her off, even more so than before. His arms crossed over his chest as he leaned in, hovering over her seated form at their roundtable.

“I am not talking to Mr. Stark about this. He’s already helped me enough throughout the years…are you sure you didn’t see anything, Drogo?” She was questioning him, hesitant to trust the first man to offer her friendship instead of pushing her to her knees for a blow. You were a lot more trusting back then, easier to befriend, but now…?

“You were a lot more trusting back then, Babe. It was fine and dandy when I carried all y’all to bed.” It was all so frustrating, so mysterious. The agitation causing her to scrape her mangled nails into the soft wood of their table, drawing dark build-up of grease and filth that had layered the surface for however many years the table had lived, trapped against the same browning wall.

This had to be planned, targeting her specifically. Could it be…? No. He hasn’t given a shit about you since before your mother died, and if it had been, why would he be tormenting you? What have I done to him to deserve such a statement?

"Dany?" The woman whose name had been called darted her eyes towards the spoken trigger, ripping her from the place her thoughts had swallowed her into. She hadn’t thought of that problem in a long time, her conscious mind had forgotten him, yet he still haunted her slumber. He was a virus, stroke to wake by the darkness of her room, by the peace in her mind. Though, when she woke, the trace of him was gone. “Do you think it’s him?” terror invaded her smooth face, the sweet golden-honey of her eyes becoming frozen, a wax-like lid covering the view of those precious jewels.

Drogo’s brows pinched in anger, “No,” was her response. “It wasn’t him, Missy.” The silver-blonde stood, head shaking in affirmation but her friend would not listen to a single word that stumbled out of her mouth. Dany had to cup the girl’s face, forcing golden eyes to her own fake-blue. It was all she was capable of doing to keep her friend from breaking, "There is no way in all of the seven hells Petyr found us. I know this."

"What did the Doctor say?" Ros questioned. Her entire being was void of all emotion, soulless eyes studying the title of one of the books that kept the table from plummeting. It was she who would be most affected if Petyr found them alive for she was the one who helped him recruit. Ros had been a girl of twelve when Petyr came upon her; seduced her, and stole her from two negligent parents. They had been one; a couple in love, they would die for one another, but they were ignorant. When Ros was born to a pair of dark-haired parents, the drawn conclusion was that her mother had fooled around with one of her father's buddies. That was a lie. She and her mother suffered for their ignorance. It was her father who had left, her mother had taken to the drink, to the men that bought her alcohol. Soon she found profit in lending her body, in lending her daughter's slowly-developing body.

Daenerys stared into blank eyes, allowing the conversation with the good Doctor to flood back into the headlight of her mind. "He asked questions. I couldn’t remember shit from last night, so Drogo filled in. He said we were probably drugged, not that I give a shit at the moment."

"Can we still fuck?" It seemed as if the redhead was leagues away, all while standing a few feet from the group. Missy sobbed louder, pressing her head to the crook of Dany’s damp neck. The silver woman hugged her tight, her body screaming in protest as it detected the needy emotion with which her friend clung to her consolation.

Daenerys shook her head, “He said no. We have to give it time. He gave me antibiotics, the pill, condoms, but what else could he do? Any test he makes now would most likely come out negative,
and he said he needed to see both of you as soon as possible."

“What of your Jon?” her words were heavy, with what, Dany didn’t know. Though, the woman seemed angry—at her.

The silver woman turned, away from her moping friend. Missy was the gentlest of them all, her heart made of pure gold and it made the silver-blond wonder whether Missandei’s mom had stolen it from the gods, to place within her child’s beating chest. “What do you mean—what of my Jon?” He was just a man; a sulking, depressed, dark man that played a beat-up guitar. Who knew what strange shit he was into.

Her words were curt, poison was what she spat as the little monster of envy poked its head behind her eyes, “He likes to hand out, doesn’t he?” he was a one-time client. Daenerys didn’t understand why she would bring him up out of the blue. He was a nobody. Not important to her cause. “You’ll be fine because you get men that can pay your bills, just for having you sit around and chit-chat. You just sit there all pretty and unbothered by the rest of us!”

The vile and hate that pushed its way into Dany's heart was incomparable, it was white-hot, it was the sting of a rose's poisoned thorns. She wouldn't have been able to stop herself, even if she had tried; gifting her friend with a forceful kiss to her cheek with the palm of her hand. Daenerys regretted it after, but she would not let that show. She wouldn't allow the remorse to be displayed on her face, not even after Ros gifted her with a twin to her cheek, the cheap metal ring placed elegantly on the redhead’s middle finger slamming hard against the silver woman's high cheekbone.

A looming silence fell over the group, though Daenerys swore there to be an abundance if high-pitched static ringing close to her ears, hovering over her head. It was Ros who, in her anger and humiliation, stomped out the front door without another word. Not a soul muttering a sound, Missy quieting down to a suppressed muffled as she covered her mouth with a forceful hand. Drogo had stepped close, ready to pull apart the fight that threatened to break their peace. If a pin dropped, the world would have shattered around them, and so, the ringing of Dany's phone, incessant and loud like the first cry of a babe. It made her jump out of her skin; her heart exploding within her chest, it was an icy-blue balloon, pushed against the fine tip of a needle.

The number was foreign to her mobile device, but she recognized the last four digits of the personalized code. It was a war within herself to not roll her eyes but decided that stepping away would give her more privacy to vent. And it was in the confines of their single bathroom that she managed to form a bubble of privacy after the door was closed behind her, "Who's this?" the question was pointless, she knew who it was on the other side, but affirmation was needed for her to continue.

The voice was mellow, shy as he spoke through his own phone, “It’s Jon— Jon Snow.” She cursed under her breath, having mixed up the numbers with that of another.

“What do you want?” Plain and simple, she thought, it's not his fault Ros is a hurt Cunt.

“I ugh…” Dany rolled her eyes, “I-I just wanted to know if—”

She didn't allow him to continue, she couldn't hear him speak a minute longer, even if he'd only been granted a couple mumbled vowels. “If what? If your charity was well received? Look, buddy, I don’t know what game you’re playing at, but you have to stop! I can’t help you! I can’t even give you what you want. And I don’t need your fucking money, so don’t call this number again!” she slaps her phone shut, allowing her body to fall back, butt landing on the lidless toilet seat. It takes a second for the dread to invade her system, like snake venom, making one realize what little time they have to make things all better. How could you be so stupid! Maybe Ros knows what she's talking
about, and you've just fucked up what could have been an amazing opportunity. But she can’t think straight now, not when her head is filled with the dark smoke of her rage.

*You could call him back, you could plead forgiveness. No! you will not bend to a fucking stranger!*

The days’ fade into oblivion, one day melting into the next like bright paint on a pallet, a finger stroking through them to create a dullness so great one wonders what that finger was thinking when it decided to abolish such color and unifying them under one flag, a flag of uniformity and lifelessness. It’s been a dull three weeks, filled with visits to the Doctor’s office, tests, cockroaches with ample wingspan. They hadn’t gotten as low as begging on the streets thanks to the little cash they’d been saving.

Dany lay beside Drogo on the rooftop of their little living unit, Rhaego was nowhere in sight, perhaps in school, perhaps ditched school to run behind the skirts of a little sweet that had caught his dark eyes. The boy was restless, and Drogo had no idea what to do with him, the boy was five and ditching school—*what a pain in the ass*. Dany’s rage hadn’t given yet, and she lashed out at the gods that looked down on her from their unattainable heights. “Fuck! I can’t believe I can’t even—fuck!” it was a frustrating situation, having to give up your livelihood for stupidity, but having to give up your vice, for over three weeks! It wasn’t only mental frustration; it was sexual as well. And nobody other than Drogo understood, not Missy, not Ros.

“Maybe I can go down on you,” he offered. *The sweetling.*

“I think that kind of defeats the purpose of this required celibacy,” was her humorless retort.

"I could use my fingers." Gods, does she wish she could accept such an enticing proposal. She shakes her head over the powdery asphalt that covers the flat rooftop, tiny rocks lodging themselves between the strands of her new golden head.

“I don’t want to risk it.” He makes a face, scrunching his nose and squinting his eyes as he too dislikes the position she is in at the moment. "What can I do, Drogo? I need to get fucked, for me and for the cash." She could recall little to nothing of her last night of freedom, but she didn't care, she wanted more of it, more of the rough sex, more of the booze, the drugs.

“Don’t you have money saved up?” the man looked up at the sky, eyes squinting at the shameless beams of blinding sun, a hand cupping his sweaty brow to shield those dark jewels from hurt. The golden woman stays silent at the question. “You don’t have *anything?* Do you give everything to the Detective?”

If she had a single copper stag for the times she’s rolled her eyes at stupid questions; Dany is as certain as her one-way ticket to hell that she would be linking arms with royalty from the wealth. It's a shudder-inducing thought. "No, of course not!"

He chuckles at the falseness in her tone, “Well then…what about the detective, you’ve blown him for cash, right?” the golden woman’s laugh is humorless, dry.

“There are only a handful of men I fuck for my pleasure; you and Detective Stark are two of them.” Drogo chuckles, easing her rage, easing her tension. She can finally breathe, relax under the scorching sun of the south.

Drogo’s laugh dies, leaving behind an uncomfortable silence, one filled with much alarm as he asks, “You don’t work for them do you?”
The world is silent now, the world is dark though the sun still shines beside a sea of cotton-candy-blue.

“No.” is what she answers.

Chapter End Notes

Well...? I do hope that ending leaves lots of questions XD also there might not be a chapter next week, I do have it written but I think it is too early for groundbreaking revelations, so I might set that back a couple chapters. If there is a chapter next week than awesome, I've probably resolved the issue lol, I just don't want to rush anything and give ya'll shit content ;). I have to put love into my work, you know?

Anyways leave a comment, leave a question, Kudos. Whatever ya'll need to do to convey your support! and have yourself a wonderful day/night ;P
Back To The Night

Chapter Summary

Dany is back in the game, dining in luxury when a long-lost friend appears with a hound in tow. She makes an enemy, and a night of partying turns sour.

Chapter Notes

Robb appears in this chapter as a way to introduce him to the audience. They will have a talk next chapter that will show a little more of Dany's past with the Starks an then hopefully Jon's story arch will come in with chapter 6.

I do need to address the tension in the comment section from the last chapter with the Robb/Dany Tag. I am quite a stubborn person, and quite cryptic when it comes to what will happen next. I like to keep people in the dark but it was causing a lot of fuss. I never meant to imply a romantic or sexual relationship between both characters, so I apologize for that. But I did want the audience to understand that they were more than any two friends so I did not think that the Robb Stark & Daenerys Targaryen tagging fit quite well since they are like siblings, having grown together for some years in the same household. So, thank you Phillip and any other commentator that brought that to my attention for the manner in which you brought that up; I respect that very much.

I also wanted to add that this is just a story guys, don't take it too seriously. It's just for fun and for the entertainment of those of us that enjoy darker and more serious issues tied to our stories. If for any reason you do not enjoy my writing or storytelling, feel free to tell me, to stop reading, avoid my works at all costs but do not harass each other in the comments. Let us be respectful of the other even if we are all, in some way, protected by anonymity.

Thank you all for the support guys! and again this is just a story so relax, calm down, breathe. And have yourself an amazing day/night

See the end of the chapter for more notes
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE;
YOU WERE RIGHT
The sun was setting behind the tattered roofs of Flea Bottom. The grubby shingles flapping under the flow of passive winds, but Dany wasn’t in Flea Bottom at the moment— though she had witnessed the surge of happiness fill her girlfriend’s eyes as the sun set, painting the powdery, plaster walls with a hue of vibrant blood-orange. They had all laughed at a joke Missy had learned from the cute doctor at the women’s clinic after their last appointment. The handsome Dr. Turgon had a sweet spot for the Naathi, as she did he, but she wouldn’t allow herself any real relationship with the young man that was not platonic or business, "There always has to be a transaction between a man and a woman. Women like us cannot afford anything but." She would often say. Indeed— Daenerys thought— She is correct. We are not women that can afford such relationships. Though, Dany already knew to keep clear from the soft-spoken, sad-eyed men who came crawling on broken limbs, to find a love that could fill the void of their past, cruel lovers’ afflictions.

It was the harsh, vile women that kept her stomach fed, back clothed, and a fat wallet in her pocket. She should be thanking them for the work they provided, but instead, she cursed them for their malicious way of tormenting those men with fragile hearts, weak minds. Dany tried her best to ignore the goopy love that puddled at her feet through the eyes of the gentle soul at her front. He was nervous, with a pliant smile twitching at the ends of his lips. Nimble hands at work, twisting a knot of springy spaghetti between the sharp teeth of his fork. At that moment she felt like swiping the damn fork from his hand and stabbing him in the eye to make him stop looking at her as if she was some sweet, pliant little thing that would find hurt in the cruel and unforgiving world of Westeros.

She refrained, from gritting her teeth, rolling her eyes and— yes— she refrained from swiping his fork and stabbing him in the eye with the pointy ends. She smiled, instead, and suppressed the itch to frown as he responded with his own insufferably, sugar sweet smile. Dany wondered what kind of man he would be in bed, but sweet? She doubted that very much. He was more likely to beat her than to whisper words of love during sex.

The golden woman pressed a firm trio of fingers to the side of her neck, massaging the spot from the odd tingle that vibrated under her skin. She had to turn her head to find a pair of dark orbs staring back at her in question. A question answered by the familiarity of her face, though both eyes and hair were of different color today. She had decided to try out the red hair paired with a film of deep brown for eyes as her employer had requested. The slight touch of his fingers over the smooth skin of her hand caused her to jump, a quirky smile on her lips, and with a quick look over his plate, she confirmed that he had indeed finished with his appetizer.

She leaned in to whisper in his ear, the same phrase she often used with first-time clients. A cliché little sentence that drew his attention to his ride that directed his mind to the bed they’d share in a few minutes. “For the love of the gods!” she exclaimed through gritted teeth as the entrance bell chimed and in walked a uniform and his partner.

She was quick to cover her face with the back of the man's head as she pressed a kiss to his lips, gagging internally at the foul taste of rancid coffee that lingered on his tongue. She held his face to hers, hoping, praying that the uniform hadn't seen her through the window; the cause for his unwelcomed visit to the douche infested restaurant that the wealthiest Casanovas frequented.

The deep throaty chuckle of the detective caused her body to tense, Fuck! She turned to gift him with an unimpressed smile, telling of her annoyance at his presence. The blue-eyed man only smiled back, allowing himself a seat at her table. "I really hope this gentleman here isn’t a client of yours, Alaeyssa," he gave her a skeptical brow as he took a sip of her drink.
She hummed a breathy laugh that warned of her annoyance, “Of course not Detective Stark and, it’s Deana now.” Naharis scoffed in mockery. She stood firm with a distasteful grimace on her face. "You have something to say, Naharis?"

“Of course not,” he shook his head like a spoilt child, lips stretched in a pout, brows scrunched half past touching his eyelashes as he stared at the stolen plate of food he was currently stabbing with a clean set of utensils.

Stark was looking over at his partner, an eyebrow drawn up in question then shook his head and turned back to the prostitute’s scowl. “I saw you through the window.” He pointed at the gleaming crystal with evasive curtains drawn at its sides with elegant bows.

"Are you charging us with something, Detective?" the man at her side asked indignantly. Stark shook his head, and Naharis scoffed once again. “This is harassment—”

“Shhh,” The golden woman quieted. “Let us allow these fine men to explain themselves since we are not doing anything wrong.” She batted her eyes at both men, smiling sweetly.

“Right,” the man sighed, rubbing his tired eyes with a firm hand. “Look, Dee, we need to talk—” Naharis half choked on the steak that had— at one point— been hers.

“Yeah right,” came the hissy retort from the detective. Naharis wouldn't look up, busied by the juicy steak at his plate, gushing red at his heavy-handed butchery. The woman frowned, confusion burrowing deep within the confines of her thick cranium. Naharis never acted in such a way. He was never aggressive, always shy and could never keep eye contact while stuttering responses to her demanding questions. Both detective Stark and she directed a warning glare in the direction of the overconfident officer currently inhaling the rest of her expensive meal.

“We’ll converse…once I’m done here—”

“—Once you’re done?” Naharis scoffed, eyes glowing red within the membrane of her mind as he shook with prominent rage. He was efficient in his cycling of character, playing both Jekyll and Hyde with great ease. “We don’t have all day, Sweetheart.”

“Don’t call me that!” she spat back with bite. What the fuck, Naharis? Something was provoking the aggressive behavior she was not familiar with, especially coming from him. Though, she could care less about his reasoning. There was no doubt in her mind that he kept a woman to stroke his ever growing ego when night came. Making him feel a man-grown with a submissive slut waiting for him at home.

“This is quite important…” was what he responded with, “…this one has been hunting for your vehicle through all of King’s Landing. No way are we waiting for you, Sweetheart.” His sweetened hate did not fly incognito around a wolf’s trained snout.

Robb gave her a questioning look which Dany quickly ignored, directing her own set of questions towards the man himself. Distraction, she was good at, it was her day and night job after all. “Is this about my wallet?”

He nodded his head, slow rise and fall of affirmation with a grim look on his face, "Yup.” Yup. He'd gotten that from her curt replies. It was a southern thing, something northerners wouldn't regularly use as a form of response, but this wasn't usual, their relationship wasn't usual and very much frowned upon by those who caught a whiff.

They had found each other again during a bust, a massive roundup of criminal activity that foul
people found accelerating. She was young, stupid, and childish. He was his own ticket into law enforcement and falling into the deep imprint of his father's well-marked footsteps. Eddard Stark was now retired in the field of action but held his head high as the most honorable man to practice politics. She had met him on numerous occasions, saving her life at every turn. Now Daenerys hid from him, feeling shame under his glorified morality. She and the pack of Starks had a history that was best kept in the past, it's never good to dwell on something that never yielded fruit.

“Civilian, ten o’clock,” Naharis murmured, ditching the now stained utensils with a loud screech as they hit the glass plate. Dany closed her eyes tightly and huffed in displeasure, gathering an idea over who it was that approached their infuriatingly crowded table.

She wanted to turn her head, take a peak an earn a pat on the back for calling it, but she stayed perched over her throne, regal as ever, allowing the young man to approach. His voice was soft, melodic, deep, yet entirely depressing to her ears. Perhaps it was her knowledge of his sensually emo side that kept her at a constant eye roll, knife clutched in her hand and pressed to her jugular as a way of an escape. The man severely lacked a session or two with a psychologist, drop onto their lap all the shit he was currently dealing with. Instead, seeking her out, borrowing her time as a way to cope with his loss; his grief driving him to need the warmth of another in an attempt to heal. The only problem was his fear. Fear of losing someone as important as that girl in the picture. Fear of that unhealed wound to open once more and have to relive that agonizingly sweet trauma that placed him right at her doorstep. An uncommitted relationship that gave him the interactions, keeping the more emotionally dependable— for him— exchanges at a safe distance from their budding relationship. Though all of that hysteria was now placed on hiatus because she couldn’t keep her mouth shut; which makes total sense for one currently in her profession.

Robb turned his head to the ticking dial, eyes widening, frown shifting to a handsome smile as the man took his spot at her side; rooting his feet to the turbulent ground. "Robb,” the man greeted, her mind frozen in sheer confusion. What the fuck?

Their greeting was familial, warm as Robb stood to clasp hands, bump shoulders and pat each other on the back. She needed out, but she couldn't move from her spot, a conversation was pending, and Naharis' heavily booted foot had accidentally landed on her bare-toed heels. Setting her jaw and swallow her anger was all she could do as the detective stared at her with a warning glare, “Don’t you fucking move, Slut. Or else…” was the threat his eyes conveyed. She stayed put for her own safety. No rush to be the hair that broke the camel's back, and with his current attitude, it seemed that even a single, gentle word would be the rock thrown that finally caused the damn to burst in full force.

She gave him a smile, as nonchalant as she could manage before tuning out the trio and focusing on her Man. It wasn't unlike her to forget a client's name, though she had taken precautions to keep that from happening too often. At the moment though, her mind was drawing a blank, but that wouldn't stop her from giving him a show of her breasts as she set her head on his slim shoulder. It appeared that she hadn't been entertaining her client solely as the men around her stopped their chatting to stare at her dignity.

Robb brought the man in with an unneeded introduction of his name, “This is Jon.” Jon. He wasn’t lying then. “Jon Snow” what an odd name…what an oddity to find you here. The man was a nobody for all she knew, possibly related to the Starks in one form or another. She's met him on his own, in a dingy apartment with walls of a browning nature such as her own; ferocious termites settling within its paper walls. He had a beat-up guitar on his lap... beat-up, though the strings were new, high quality and the pick made out of some sort of bone. Now, he rubbed elbows with the rich and tidy, suited up like a man ready for a funeral; perhaps two.
Giving her most innocent smile she took the offered hand, "Deana. Nice to meet you." A last name wouldn't be given, she hadn't made one up yet, and she couldn't use her old one either. The look he gave her was pensive, worried. She could hear his mind buzzing with pestering questions all directed at her and her affiliation with both detectives seated at her table. The whole of it looked troubling as a lady of the night— one who you so happen to have hired a few weeks back— is seemingly having an encounter with a client, when two uniformed detectives walk in and very cautiously approach her table, deciding to bombard her with distrustful conversation. The word BUSTED clear on their faces and acting like two hounds hot on their meal's tail. She gave his hand a gentle squeeze, reassurance was definitely needed with one like him.

Deana made a show of awkwardly shrugging her shoulders— stealing her foot from beneath Naharis' boot— and pushing her legs out from under the table to stand, silver-glittered wallet in hand, "This has been a very nice encounter but, my fiancé and I have important business to take care of." She knew for a fact that at least two of the three prying men that was not her current fiancé knew full well of her deceit. It wasn't as if she cared for their thoughts on her impulse to lie, but she needed this parting to fit with its lush surroundings. She had no need, no want, to draw unnecessary attention.

“Fiancé…? How odd. A beautiful woman such as yourself deserves— at the very most— a blade of grass to decorate her finger.” She was fuming as she glared at the sudden boost of confidence that seemed to take hold of Daario Naharis. Dany glared; thin glass of plum wine clutched at her hand before instinct forced her to toss the thin liquid into the air, watching it crash and soak the detective’s freshly ironed uniform. Her thoughts burned a blinding shade of heat. She might be a whore, a wicked woman, but she had never, not once given this brazen man a reason for such treatment. Robb had to hold back his partner to allow Daenerys escape. The posh, finely perfumed snobs of society staring wide-eyed and lips-puckered as she pulled her client towards the doors.

“Don’t stay too far from home, Dee. We still have unresolved matters to discuss.” Stark gave her his best authoritarian voice before she marched out with her Man in arm. Good luck paying that bill, she thought to herself, working against the satisfying grin that threatened to shape her lips.

Tonight was their night off, and their time to hit the town's paved streets filled with mountains of glistening tin cans, wrappers, soiled food; enough to feed the starving city. They could have worked tonight. She could be making bank off her favorite clients tonight; instead, she was making line past the heavy wooden doors of her friends' favorite pizzeria. They were all dressed for the occasion; short tight skirt, barely-there blouse with a deeply cut V-neck, heels, and a full face of makeup. She hadn't bothered showering after her last romp when Missy came ringing. Instead, she quickly invited herself to his lavish bathroom, wiping her thighs and scrubbing her flesh to water down the filth on her skin. Scented her body with an expensive perfume she had found on his counter, sitting beside a shell-shaped soap and other luxuries like skin ointments and creams. His wife wouldn't miss a spray or two of the aromatic fragrance, so she didn't think twice about borrowing a puff.

Missy had noted the scent, pressing her nose to the other woman's jaw to inhale the formal sweetness. “Wife?” it was always an assumption after one of her client’s wives came knocking on their hotel door with a full beard, suit, tie, ready to kill a bitch. Most awkward day of her life and not because her client was married to a man. It was the familiarity of her client with her body that genuinely left her dumbfounded. It wasn't unheard of, merely rare, especially to her.

“Yup. Swiped a couple of sculpted soaps from her personal stash.”
“Won’t miss ‘em,” Missy stated pleased.

Dany smiled, shook her head, “Nope. She will not.”

Inside, the place was homey in a rugged, broken-down, trashy sort of way, but expecting more of Flea Bottom would be a grand mistake. The location was small, packed with people up to its ears but fun, refreshing, with a single pool table at the far side, next to the sex-separate restrooms. Shapely graffiti decorated the high walls and the dim lighting added to the underground vibe the place gave off. There were TV’s all stuck to each one of the four walls, the volume muted to allow the hipster tunes full range. But the excitement came from the demos the employees gave by handling the dough, throwing it in the air to shape the colossal pizza the place was well known for.

Pizza half the size of a plastic kiddy pool, the upbeat chatter of excitement and a good time, the hustle and bustle of life after eleven at night. The shop wouldn’t close tonight until three in the morning and neither would the rest of the town. An all-night party enveloped Flea Bottom on those last three days of the week.

They were halfway to the ordering booth when Missy caught the eye of the nice doctor a few people up the line. Flagging her down with a wave of his experienced hand and drew them close with a draw of his fingers. Dany was happy they were able to cut the line a few people, uncaring of the eye rolls and snickering. “Didn’t think I’d see any of you here tonight.”

"Feared we were working the corner?” Ros teased. The man knew what they were and Ros hated the odd little game most men they knew liked to play, asking a million questions beside the most obvious ones. They feared an imminent backlash from them, it was absurd, but if they had been any other— glorified hookers, perhaps—backlash would positively follow.

Dany had been waiting for Missy to come to his defense, as she always did, and as Daenerys predicted, “Leave him be,” she pushed Ros’ uncovered shoulder playfully, a threat sweetened by her golden eyes. “You should respect the good doctor. He takes care of us.”

“He prescribes our birth control, and hands us free condoms so long as we don’t come back pregnant or ill,” Ros snickered. She had a resentment towards doctors and staff that neither Missy nor Daenerys could explain, both were in the dark.

Daenerys took hold of Missandei's arm and gave it a squeeze, hoping she would drop the subject and allow her bustling words to fizzle out on her tongue. Playful banter soon followed between Dr. Turgon and Missy while Ros and Daenerys made their timely escape to search for an abandoned table or cramped booth.

They were able to capture a table as the previous patrons began to stand from their seats, leaving their mess of crumpled tissues, spilled cheese and pepper, bits and pieces of half-eaten pizza right on the table top like a feast for kings. “They could have at least left us some unopened packages you ASHOLERS!” Ros spat angrily, only the one fellow close enough to hear allowed himself an annoyed chuckle as he walked away half drugged. His eyes had been the only indication since the whole building excreted the scent of weed through its vents.

“Stop,” the golden woman nudged her friend playfully as they started to clean up the mess those ingrate imbeciles had left behind. People were losing their touch of humanity, manners dissipating as if words to the wind, crumbling to nothing like all Great Houses of Westeros.

They quickly sat, Ros, touching her ass to the grimy chair before belching out the most recent gossip to kiss her ear. She was a strange woman, slightly hypocritical, slightly materialistic, slightly hateful. She was everything Daenerys wanted to be, that and more. Ros was the kind of woman that could
whisper shit into the hollow of your ear and make it sound like the gods were speaking gospel; one tiny word, a complete revelation. Both women were not on practical terms as of yet, and Missandei with her pure heart decided to stand by the petite serpent that shared her bed, while the sly vixen fretted on their filth-diseased, checkered couch. But they played nice, sharp claws hidden under the fluff of paws, slits for pupils now dilated by well-acted love; they were the epitome of a healthy relationship.

Dany smiled, enjoying the playful chatter between her friend and the Doctor. Grey was a good man, professional, kept their health above soaring even if they couldn’t pay. A kind soul that volunteered at the women's clinic, and a man with gentle hands. Missandei was smitten with his heart, and Dany was happy to see that the feeling was reciprocated.

“It seems we’ve caught work starring at us across the room, she says we're not off today at all,” the redhead’s voice was hungry though she’d eaten half the pizza. Her stomach swelled with flavorful cuisine but her wallet seemed to win this round, it wasn’t sated yet. Making her eye the meal of pale-gold hair and sapphire eyes sat across the room, beside the pool table.

“No guys, c’mon. We said no work tonight!” Missy wept for the loss of her friend’s toxic attention.

The redhead smiled, eyes spearing the man whose hand filled with an ice-cold beer. “I’ll only play,” she promised; she lies. But Missandei new that, and at her side, the doctor seemed uncomfortable with the consuming topic. "We'll only play, right, Dee?"

She was stuck between two walls of razor-sharp points, painful, threatening but she couldn’t help smile like a feline, it was dangerous. Dany purred in delight, “One game can’t hurt.” Can't, that was the word with which they often played. They could have fun; laugh, play, fuck, go on with their lives after their bodies cooled from the harsh thrust of toxins released into their bodies. Or they could wake up in a ditch, bodies mutilated, purses empty, have nothing but the life that warmed their bodies to mock the consequence they allowed entrance.

They shared a glance between their shattered friendship and smiled at the sweetness, their bodies yearned touch, and they went for it. "The couple needed privacy anyway," Ros excused while tangling her arm around Dany's small waist.

It didn't take long, not with their expertise, to earn a spot within a man's strong embrace. The men played pool, guiding their conquests to do the same beneath their weight on the table. Their mouth settled beside their sensitive ears, hands absorbing their form as they taught the game to the bashful women.

Dany was settled above the pale-gold man’s thighs. The man who'd waved Ros over only to grasp at the golden goddess with plastic covers of aqua for eyes. She had straddled his hips the moment he'd pulled her close, sitting on a dented metal chair, plastic cup of cheap beer in hand. He'd offered a drink, but Dany knew better than to accept right off the bat, allowing him to take a few deep gulps and letting time pass before allowing herself a sip. The taste of beer was as repugnant as accepting a kiss from one of her clients, but she made due with what she got, never allowing her clients to feel judged or belittled by their unique choices in life. She had learned long before her time as Night’s mistress that men enjoyed the notion of centrality so, she indulged.

The young man, Willem was his name, held her close, pushing his denim covered hips between her naked thighs, swiping his hand over her sides, touching her face before pinching the flesh of her chin. His smile was sharp, witty; he knew he was handsome and he enjoyed himself more for it.

“Fucking hells!” were the words that drew the woman’s attention back to the pool game, noting the fuck me look one gets after a bust, attaching itself to the outline of the multitude of guys faces that
pressed around the game, with sharp claws digging in, piercing the soft flesh of human skin.

Her eyes were on their way to meet the attention whore when the words, "Excuse me, Miss," alerted her to the identity of the culprit. She stared daggers into deep pools of blue as he— stereotypically—extended out his hand to wave her close with the soft motion of his fingers. The flexing was distasteful, his presence a bother as he took out his cuffs. "Now if you'll turn around."

“Is this really necessary, Detective?” Ros interfered, voice acidic as she hoped to save the day from the only cop doing his job. Daenerys only rolled her eyes as the cold, glossy-silver metal enclosed around her wrists. Jumping at the sharp bite of the hard clasp as it pinched her skin, drawing out a hiss from her lips. It was an experience to push past the staggering bodies within the crowded pizzeria. There were too many chairs being pulled around, rusty legs screeching their pain as they scrubbed the floor, happy chatter like the blast of a speaker through mouths filled with pizza, beer, or any sweet thing they could find. Missy had caught her eye, face pinched in confusion, but Dany ignored her friend as the detective stood behind her, pushing them past the doors with their heavy layering of perverse decals.

The night air was waiting for them, and an unresolved conversation to be had…

Here’s a small preview of chapter 5…

Ned would bring them here sometimes, before the sun drowned beneath the water’s depth causing it to boil from its vicious heat, white smoke turning into clouds, flying overhead like hungry seagulls. He’d found her here the last time they saw one another, when he finally accepted her life’s choices, though shattered and wicked they may have been, he accepted them. The man had thought to change her mind when he’d come in search of her; she had just lost her brother and had rapidly descended into a spiral of bad decisions.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked this chapter, and I know there is so much filler, but it is important for the story’s progression. I want to, slowly introduce different aspects of Dany’s life; get a bigger picture, though, little by little. She isn't much different here than at the beginning, which is why I have to bring in the remaining of her humanity through the form of the Starks which explains why she is not very happy to see Robb.

Anyways...kudos if you liked. Comment your opinions, and again let's be respectful. :D
Chapter Summary

Dany has a few words to say to her captor, a few family ties revealed, and a past shared.

Chapter Notes

Soooo... This chapter took longer than previously anticipated, especially with the little to no free time on my hands, but it's out and about now and I really hope you enjoy. This chapter is a biiiiiiit all over the place, but it's Dany so...that makes sense. There are some revealed secrets, some backstory, and a lot of emotional trauma. There are hints and tags that will make more sense, or maybe you'll just end up confused since I am giving backstory but it's not all there... idk, just read it and tell me what you think. If there is anything that doesn't make sense, just ask, I won't hesitate to answer.

Also, my work schedule has been getting quite insane so if I miss a Friday or two...or three, that is the reason. Isn't work just awesome :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE; YOU WERE RIGHT
The unprecedented scenario currently in its works earned its own sign of blinking neon. They were the highlight of the moment with intrusive eyes of gossiping onlookers darting after them. Their faces were unsurprised as they speculated over the reason for the presence of a suited detective pulling along a troubled woman with—practiced—force. His car was easy to flag-down, between two rundown buildings in high need of personal space. No light entered the small gaping besides the low glow of orange from the tall streetlamps on each corner, framing the entrance of the abandoned alley. There the man finally removed his offensive shades before unlocking the cuffs at her back.

The moment one wrist was unbound was the moment her hand took it in for care, massaging the strained tissue of her slim wrist. “You had to be so fucking forceful?” she handed him her most displeased scowl, annoyance clouding her senses, but she stood firm as he unlocked the other cuff. As soon as he unbound her other wrist, pocketing his tools, she threw a punch to the side of his face; he’d been expecting it and grasped her tightly bound fist in one hand.

“What the fuck, Dany?” his question was harmless, tone soft and unsurprised as he pushed her fist from his face. He was working against a blossoming smile, pursing his lips and pushing them to one side as to remain unfazed. “You’re such a child. I told you we had to meet, and you weren’t exactly paying attention, so I took a few liberties.” He’d been moving backward as he spoke, a pleased smile worming its way to his lips, hands searching for his keys as he unlocked the door and granted her access.

“I’m sorry you had to see that,” she apologized, hoping to deter attention from the ride but he ogled her on his perched position over the glossy framing of the door.

Robb chuckled, shaking his head, feigning displeasure, “That’s twice in one day, you owe me, Dee.”

Shaking her head while conveniently folding her arms in a sort of sync she stated her answer before replying with firm words, “I’m not getting in your car.” Under the blanketing darkness of night, it was almost impossible to read the thought that enveloped his eyes. He was nothing but a shadow to her here. Tiny fragmented color buzzing with movement as if her eyes held firm on matching him up with an earlier image of the man before her, one under the light of day.

The man huffed in exhaustion, closing the door to the copilot with the weight of his body. His fingers immediately taking hold of the one lone key, bound to a hook with its own metal link, scraping the bulky point against the tarnishing dirt over the hood while his mouth turned to a sullen frown. Robb was organizing his thoughts, ready to confront the issue that had been bothering him for who knew how long.

The golden woman waited for his accusations patiently, though anxious for him to allow his lips open and free his words from the tangled web that was his mind.

It was a rare occurrence to frighten the living hell out of either person currently waiting for the damn to break but they startled under tight skin as Missandei rounded the corner, screaming the golden woman’s name in fright, “Dany—!” huffing and out of breath, Missy was dowsed by a layer of sweat.

She halted suddenly, eyes scanning the pair with a wicked smile before nodding to whatever crossed her mind and slowly turned back. Dany could only smile at her friend, biting her lip awkwardly once the Naathi slipped back behind one building.

Robb was at the tip of her ear, lips murmuring his question, “Does everyone think we’re sleeping
together?” Her brows pinched with confusion, everyone? It's unspoken, but he'd heard her loud and clear, "Well, Lya hopes anyways." That wasn't surprising. Lyarra Stark was the most mischievous thing she'd ever encountered; a sweet soul she was, but wicked.

“Perhaps it’s best they keep thinking that.” A smile shaped her lips, it’s small, but it conveys her ease against the glossy metal of Robb’s squad. The paint on it is pristine, catching the little light left for them to share, though cold against her back. She holds her arms crossed when she looks up at him. “You kids were always like that…”

The amusement in his tone is evident as he settles next to her, “Like what?” his arms and legs crossing to find comfortability against the cooled metal. The simple question earned him a scoff for he knew exactly what she meant by the comment, though as far as she can remember a Stark, they had always been a curious bunch; he wants to hear you say it.

“Inclusive,” she finally states, throwing her arms out as her body communicates the emphases of the word.

The smile he gifts is toothy, but it is rapidly swiped from his lips by the detective taking his place, the one who came in search of a conversation. Robb was a lot more severe as a detective; the persona leaving little of the man she knew behind, and she felt it, the moment he opened his mouth, she surmised the news he was bringing.

“I’ve heard talk, Dee…” The man beside her was cryptic, scratching the back of his ear, crossing his arms as he folds forward in a slightly hunched position. She didn’t say a word, instead, turning her head to study the inebriated bodies tripping over the thick slab of concrete that bordered the sidewalk. “One man found dead…” he rubbed the back of his neck forcefully, massaging the tense nerves that kept his head erect, “…five in the hospital. The reports say that these kids hired a group of prostitutes. Descriptions are very…revealing. Do you know anything about that?”

It was one thing to lie, another to keep quiet, so she held quiet, staring at an actor across the street playing at a beggar. He'd leaped off his brand new four-by-four left in an alley much like their own and began pursuing the weakest of heart. “Dany, this is important!” He was angry, though not particularly at her, perhaps at himself for needing a woman’s help to do his job.

"It was Drogo, wasn't it? Those guys took advantage of you!” his voice broke. He IS mad at himself, but not for the reason she’d assumed.

“You’re speculating now. That’s not like you,” she taunted as a way to keep her composure. "Besides, Drogo wouldn’t hurt a fly.” That part was true, Drogo would never bother wasting energy on flies. Her mind burned with memories that scorched her thoughts, it was painful to look back; they were like a screeching kettle over a live flame, water bubbling and steaming beneath the tightly sealed lid, ready to explode.

“Dany—!”

Robb was so much like Mr. Stark, though the elder wolf was a lot swifter and sneaky, almost cat-like. The man would have been smoother with his approach, though he could always get any information needed right from under her. Robb lacked in that aspect, and she reveled in that fault, “Let it go, Robb. This doesn’t concern you.”

“It doesn’t concern me?” She'd overstepped, missed a wrong turn somewhere with her words. Now he was hurt; she could see it through the blinding darkness, “When Artie was being bullied in school, did that not concern me? When Lya was dealing with her abusive ex, did that not concern me? When I find that my baby sister got raped? Does that not concern me? Look at me when I’m talking to
you!” her eyes had drifted, not able to withstand the weight of his angered gaze, the shattering of his heart she could see through the invisible film playing within his eyes. It was his heavy breathing, the sound of that precious muscle beating within the ample space of his chest; he could fit the whole world in there while she could only provide space for a numbered few.

Dany chewed on the meaty line that ran horizontally across the inside of her cheek; she hoped he would drop the subject. The curly haired detective was beginning to get to her as he had become efficient in his approach, though lacking authority with her since they'd known each other since childhood.

A pain stacking silence was all he gave as he pushed off the side of the car to open his trunk, looking through the mess of— what she could gather— tools, bottled waters, dirty clothes, settling on a tightly sealed plastic bag. The evidence was shocking as he threw the bag her way, the weight heavy in both her small hands. Her eyes studied the shapely mask as if new to her eyes. “I don’t recognize it.”

It was with annoyance that he took back the mask, chuckling humorlessly as he chucked it back into the trunk and slammed the lid. He was before her again, heading towards the copilot door to open; it was a demand now. “I recognize it. Get in.”

“Robb!” Her tone was firm, but the look in his eye stated his unwavering position.

In a sense, Robb had found courage since the last time she'd seen him. Of course, she had been avoiding him as much as one could manage when both parties share the same playground. Dreading to find herself swallowed by the addictive warmth of family. “This is not up for discussion; we need to talk. As I said before, you owe me, Dee. Now get your ass in the car.”

“Where are we going?”

“Get. In. The. Car.” With a sharp grinding of her teeth, she did as he bid, pushing her frame into the low ride, settling her purse between her thighs before he closed the door at her side.

The golden woman eyed the silent detective all the way to his seat at her side, “Where are we going?” she asked once again, expecting an answer though he gave none except the twist of his keys in the ignition and a press to his stereo for a low hum of tunes to fill the silence.

They were out of downtown Flea Bottom in seconds, heading away from the city's shit eaters, criminals, violence, and whatever else ran rampant on those streets. It wasn't until the coastline filled her eyes with its dark waters and vibrant foam that she knew where they were headed. She hadn't seen the ocean in so long, though she lived so close. "You're taking me to the beach." It was a statement rather than a question, and with his smile came the confirmation. It was with a silent smile with which she thanked him; she hadn't realized how much she missed the beach.

Ned would bring them here sometimes, before the sun drowned beneath the water’s depth causing it to boil from its vicious heat, white smoke turning into clouds, flying overhead like hungry seagulls. He’d found her here the last time they saw one another, when he finally accepted her life's choices, though shattered and wicked they may have been, he accepted them. The man had thought to change her mind when he’d come in search of her; she had just lost her brother and had rapidly descended into a spiral of bad decisions. One after the other, until she’d kissed rock bottom with teeth shattering force.

It was at a rundown pub at the outskirts of the city where a faceless boy and his bud had found her months later. Her body beaten bloody, displayed on the piss-flooded floor, fractured tiles stained with muddy shoeprints; stained with her for she was the same as the very scum that fills the grooves of
ones’ shoes. An ambulance had been called, but it had been Mr. Stark who'd arrived first to the scene.

Dany had woken in a hospital bed, wires attached to lifesaving needles pumping the IV's liquid through whatever vein they'd been injected to, and a stranger at her side.

The young girl hadn't seen his face for he'd fallen asleep, head lulling foreword from the possible weight of his hair. It would be quite impossible now to remember much about him as his chin pressed against the flat plane of his chest. She’d ducked tail the moment she’d healed, slipped out of the hospital and found herself on the beach, hating the world.

Her brother's departure had left a massive hole in her heart, and one Man’s hatred towards them had come alive within her blood. It IS what sustains her now.

The car finally ceases movement a few feet from shore. They don’t speak a word, not even after they’ve slipped out from the vehicle’s doors and walked the distance to the playful shoreline where waves become foam. No sun being pushed beneath the waves by the weight of the dark sky, only vast darkness that separates where the stars begin to peak their head beyond the waves. This is all she gets now, the death of what once was. "Mom's been asking about you like crazy," Robb finally speaks up.

His words bring relief to her tightly wound body, but she chuckles, ignoring the sting that accompanies their simplistic information. “You had to bring me all the way here to tell me that?”

Robb knows her, though little it might seem to her, he knows her enough to laugh, finding her indifference rather amusing. “I know you die to be with the lot of them. Mom, Lya, Alys, Arya, Artie and Ben, even Dad.” It was easy for him to list off the people that bring his life light, but his eyes grow heavy, glossing over with torment before looking away. “You know I hated him, with all of my heart, for robbing us of both of you…” his voice goes quiet, only the waves crashing against the zillions of glass particles that make up the beach. Through the calmness of the night, she can hear him weep. The golden woman can only clear her throat, turning her frame away before those severed strings within her heart could be jostled with the gentleness of his pain.

"You were family, and when he left, he took you from us."

Robb blamed Viserys for their return to those filthy streets, but she would deny his fault, always and forever. “It was my choice! I followed!” and it has been glorious; she lies to herself most days, jotting everything down in her book of lies in case she was to forget.

What was truly glorious had been to live once again without a care in the world; a child at play. All had seemed to bloom, as the winter had ended and spring had taken root. She was finally safe, with a mother, father, and siblings all around. It was Life that was determined to teach her a lesson on living; you can't have it all, so she chose Viserys over her new family. She chose to grovel, licking the boots of those with most fortune in life. Those that Life had chosen to whip the others into the best shape of vulnerability, pliancy, and discord. Vulgarity is what she chose; a life without penance, for she resolved never to apologize for her actions. Life is a bitch, Dany, and her name is Chaos.

“And what did he leave you with? This?” he pointed out to sea, his hands outstretched, limitless as he turned with a message, "Look at your glory. Your kingdom is a pile of shit." Those long arms of his fell to his sides, hands searching for a home within the cave of his pockets while kicking at the sand for added emphases.

The emotion that whipped at her insides like a devilish tongue of brazen flame, it was all anger, all directed at the man before her. “You don’t get to be angry, Robb. You don’t get to feel this way. He
was my blood!"

“No. I am not going down that rabbit hole with you, not again.” Those words were raw, and he shook his head in denial. “I hate him still. And I hate myself for that because I cared for him.”

Cared, it was the most hateful word she’d ever heard; as if he had spit acid at her face. “Care,” she corrected. Dany was losing her grip on the tightly bound ball of emotions that would otherwise spring and fizzle like silly-string bursting out the seams of the metal container that once enclosed its liveliness.

“That’s the other reason I insisted us meet. We found a body, Valyrian boy around Vic’s age when he disappeared. They have it in the lab now, testing it against your DNA sample.”

Robb was not to blame for the urgency in which he wished to see this case solved, he’d been working it with his father since the moment he graduated from the academy, since vice; working the streets on his free time to gather whatever information she had withheld from him. “That’s not him.” It couldn’t be, it wasn’t Viz. Within her gut awoke a feeling so raw that caused the information he’d given her to sound dishonest. ”You're wrong. It cannot be Vic."

Those blue eyes, existing only to thrive within the sockets of his skull seemed broken at her words, and his massive brows fell heavy with worry. ”You would rather have had him abandon you at fourteen, pregnant with your only child than to know that he was taken from you? That it wasn't his choice?” how could this man know? How, if he’d never lost someone that hung the moon and stars for him as Viz did her?

“I would much rather have him alive!” she shouted at the top of her lungs. All she ever did was to find him alive and well. It couldn’t be her brother, the boy they’d found, for if it was, her time groveling and selling her soul to any Jon worth shit had been for nothing.

Denial had pushed her to do so many things, things most would find atrocious. She had basked in sin for the sake to pursue his everlasting life.

Tears began to seep from her pores, drowning her eyes in a sting of salt, her sinuses prickled with pinching needles as she held her face with both her hands. ”I wouldn’t care if he’d left me to fend for myself! I just want him alive!” it was done, her falseness had shriveled under the glow of the moon, though little light it gave, it gave it to destroy her carefully crafted mask of indifference.

The brother that she’d chosen to love was at her side, pinching at her arm to draw her into his warmth. “You need to come clean, Dany. I am the only one there who cares for this case. Give me a reason to keep looking for a man I grew to hate for what he did to you.”

It was salt that flooded her mouth, tears that spilled over the thin wall of her lower eyelid as she clung to him. ”He didn't mean it, Robb. He didn't.” Still, the man was not convinced. It would require a lot more than a few repeated words to persuade him into action. Perhaps if he knew the whole story…? No, he wasn’t ready to hear it all. Not here, in this place that once filled her with such happiness. The sad, pathetic life she carried before crossing the Narrow Sea would undoubtedly tie her to people she would rather see dead. But Robb wasn’t one of those few who deserved to never see the light of day again. He was a man meant for extraordinary things; he was a good man, without malice, without ambition. He deserved better than to look after a wayward sister, one that did not even share his blood.

His chin was rough, pressed against the side of her face, sanding the tip of her ear as her frame convulsed in weakness, “You have to give me more than that,” he pleaded. And though he swore his hate for her brother was real, was great, Dany could make out his longing. Perhaps that tender
emotion was not meant to be for Viz himself, but the notion soothed her prickly heart.

“I’ll recount everything I remember, Robb. I’ll go to the station.” You’re so pathetic, she heard echo within the thick walls of her cranium, but she didn’t care to listen.

His hands cupped her face, warm, callused palms holding her gaze. "There's no use in that. Dany, I don't even know your real name." Her fingers were in pain, smothered by the odd angels in which they clung to his sweat-drenched shirt. A pained sob escaped her lips; it would be so easy to spill every secret she held at his feet as her senses clouded by the agony pulsing against the bow of her ribs. Give him something, you fool!

"I can't, Robb. I can't!" the stressing in her knees gave way, her weight pushing her to sink to the cold sand, taking Robb with her. "I'm so scared!" came the confession. "I don't want to do this anymore, but I don't think I'm capable of telling the truth."

Her brother held her close, though he did not realize that his arms were the only thing keeping her together at this moment. He was the rope, the string, the glue, that which aided a broken thing to continue on its path. “Tell me what you remember.”

With her lower lip pinched between aggressive teeth she stared out to sea, her face tucked under his bold jaw. "Vic and I came to Westeros in search of someone we thought would help us. After our mother passed, we were left with nothing. My father was a drunk who beat us. I was very young, so I don't remember much of anything or anyone. I don't remember much of our time in Essos..." that last part was a lie, she remembered it all. She remembered the guitar Viserys claimed to play for money, the one their mother had worked hard to gift him with. That guitar was lost now; lost to the little time they had left in each other's company. Viz had pawned it, "I don't want this baby to grow up on dirty money," he’d said, but all money was dirty money in truth. Stacks of ashen paper left to soak in a jar of human filth; people bartered with this luxurious green, stroked by the many passing hands that claimed it for their worth. Money was the slut of all paper, but it wouldn't complain or cry or agitate. It voiced no worry for it was as lifeless and dull as she. But now she complained, and she hated herself for allowing such a gift to tear at the weight on her shoulders.

“We spent a lot of time in search of the greatest city in the world; King’s Landing. We stumbled along the way, living like rats in the gutters...once...we hid under the seats of a public transport bus to have a place to sleep. It was during one of those short winters that lasted about three years.” A troublesome scoff erupted from her trembling lips as she recalled the frost that had eaten her tiny fingers. It had been a short winter, but for an Essosi who’d never experienced even the change of color above the blossoming canopies of vibrant green to the sharp deadly-crimson, it was death coming to claim her in her bed of smoking metal. Her ears and nose and fingertips, even her toes could hardly bear the soft and gentle caress of a single strand of icy hair against frozen flesh; they were numb, but they were in such agony. "We thought it would never end," she confessed, her heart hammering like a striking blow of a hammer against soft bone and flesh, tearing her chest to pieces.

Robb’s soft lips pressed to the side of her face, arms tightening around her and like a constricting snake around its prey it frightened her, to feel his chest pound against her own as he heard of her pain. Yet, the love that soaked into her bones from his gentle heart were enough to soothe that ball of pumice that ruptured her ribs with every blow of work. It was with her greatest effort she was able to push him back, removing his warmth from her rapidly deteriorating corpse. She understood the pain that ripped through him as the cold settled between their chests, and voicing his defiance at their separation through the gleaming crystal dome that framed the outer sphere of his eyes.

It wasn’t ideal for him to see her like this, after all the things she’d endured throughout the years, her childhood memories were the deadliest to revisit; it was a fresh wound every time. “After many years
of searching, Vic was finally able to locate this… help that my brother foolishly thought would be our salvation. He denied us; I saw everything through his mansion's tall windows. He'd said that we deserved what we got. That I deserved to get raped under Vic's care because of who he was. Because we would never amount to anything,” she sniffled, attempting to containing the liquefying mucus building up in her nose as fresh tears spilled from her weakest eye.

“To him, we were a part of a past long lost, long forgotten, and he didn't hesitate to put his hands on my brother, booting him out with the help of his hired guard. He got my brother killed, I know it! but he messed with the wrong bitch.” Her words were ice against the cool breeze gliding against their upright stance. Her hair was in her face as the wind played with its length, tossing it about with an erratic finesse that tickled her nose.

“To him, we were a part of a past long lost, long forgotten, and he didn't hesitate to put his hands on my brother, booting him out with the help of his hired guard. He got my brother killed, I know it! but he messed with the wrong bitch.” Her words were ice against the cool breeze gliding against their upright stance. Her hair was in her face as the wind played with its length, tossing it about with an erratic finesse that tickled her nose.

“Tell me who he is, Dany, and I will make sure herots in a cell for the rest of his life.” His promise was genuine, though forced by the indignant anger that swallowed his chest and mind.

Her tooth-bit nails raked through his stubbly cheek, allowing her fingers to uncoil before settling her warm palm to cup the side of his handsome face. This is not your war to fight, Robb. It never has been. And it never will. “I could never ask that of you, my sweetest brother,” she smiled small at her furious prince. A cell is too good for Him, and this world is too good for you.

All her anguish and despair came tumbling like a load of bricks over her softened shell. She lost it, snapping with an audible CRACK! Bending over her wounded belly. A wave of salty perspiration obscured her vision with their prickly temper. The inner corners of her eyes bleeding from the sharp irritation. She was sobbing as a cureless anxiety erupted within her blood, and a need to resolve such a helpless feeling grew within Robb's gentle hands, guiding her rocking form to fit within his embrace. "I'm so tired, Robb! And I hate myself so much!"

The blue-eyed man was without words, helplessly aiming to reach her with his trembling words, “Tell me what to do, Dee! I’ll do it; anything, just give me something.” Shaking her head weakly she resigned to living within his arms. The night went on, laughing at her gruesome shame, mocking the track she'd trekked. And Robb, he'd pleadingly queried for more of her to give. She answered, whatever else she could.

They'd ended in the cooled water, their eyes absorbing the large amber ball, emerging from the water's stilled depth over gently swaying waves at the farthest corner of the world. Their eyes blinded by the residual negative imprinted at the back of their minds. “You can come live with me,” he’d offered after her fevered words. She was tired of having to lie to Missy about Littlefinger, though she'd spoken the truth; whoever had smashed her car to bits hadn’t been him, she would have known if the little man had gotten word out through the wide gapping between the bars of his prison cell. Dany had promptly shaken her head, stating that, "I can’t leave Missandei behind, or Rhaego.”

His brows had creased in confusion, “What of Ros?”

What of Ros, Dany? “She’s collateral. I need her by my side if Petyr goes free.” Ros was anything but trustworthy.

His head shook in annoyance, “Baelish won’t go free. And I will find Missy’s girl. He’ll give us the names, I’ve been working him hard, keeping the guards close behind him. The questioning won’t stop until we find all those missing kids.”

“You don’t know the system like I do, Robb. It's so easy to slip through the cracks. I would know.” The cracks were the reason Viserys and she had made it across the Narrow Sea, after their wandering across Essosi soil.
“That will not be the case with Baelish, I won't let him hurt you or Missy or Rhaego…trust in the Starks, we'll always be there for you.”

“It's what I fear most, Robb.”

They were two dark shadows against the bleeding horizon, stood atop the quickening sand that began swallowing their feet, an excess of gentle, salty water drifting to reach their naked toes. Dany did not miss a beat of the slowly rising sun as it danced, golden arms outstretched to melt between a sky of inky blue, the sight was magnificent, vibrant. "Mom says you're welcomed home anytime you feel like returning,” he finally said, breaking their little match against the undefeated ball of fire.

Her now violet eyes pierced him bloody with the many insecurities that filled her eyes. They revealed themselves behind engorged corneas. Her eyes swollen, red, and they pained to close, so she kept them trained on him as a way to distract from the itchy displeasure. "She hasn't lost hope yet?"

He smiled in disbelief, huffing out an unamused puff through his nose, “Don’t do that…” he pleaded.

She bit back the feelings that shot through her most tender organs. “Sorry. reflex.” His face seemed sharper, one side of him dowsed in the harsh glow of amber that seeped from the warring sun, the other within the palling darkness.

“Dad told her you’d dyed your hair again. She was so mad.” His words gave more than a superficial tattle, he’s been watching you. Stark senor was headstrong, possessive, and protective of his young; especially his girls.

“He’s been watching me.” Her eyes stuck on the white light the waves cradled while rocking back and forth. This is more than a simple catch up between lost siblings.

“You have no right to get mad,” the young Stark almost wagging his finger to scold her muted annoyance, “you do the same, taking advantage that the folks placed your name on the list of people who are able to take the kids out of school.” He smiled arrogantly.

“I do no such thing,” was her response at the accusation, keeping her sticky, blotchy eyes on the horizon.

"Arya overheard my conversation with mom, she thought you were coming back. I had thought she’d been too young to remember you all together; the boys as well. So you can guess my surprise when hearing about your little trips to amusement parks or fancy dinners on their birthdays.”

"I have no clue what you're talking about." The man huffed, breath pushed out his mouth in a heavy puff of visible humidity. He smiled, nodding his head in comprehension. The night had cooled some, the morning chilling her bones, nipping her with frozen teeth. They were shivering, but they were content in that blessedly quiet moment.

Robb's single hand had been playing with a jingling bell that he'd hid within dark pants, the ends folded in crumpled knots as to not soak in the salty sea. "I guess I don't know what I'm talking about..." he'd taken it well, the small glimpse of horror she'd lived, though she guessed he'd been trained well, not asking too many, bottomless questions that would most likely gift him with a black eye. For as long as she can remember, she had always resorted to violence. Her Bio-Father had been an excellent teacher, calling her ailing mother a whore until her last breath.

The sharp ringing of metal bells caught her interest, eyes darting towards Robb's extended hand. His
long, handsome fingers entwined within a metal ring where a few silver keys swayed from one side
to the other. "He was there. He told you about the mask to try and draw me in. You have them,
don't you? They're in custody?"

He wouldn't waver, arm extended as if she hadn't pieced it all up. "Dad needs you to find your
worth. He wants you three to give a statement, if we play it well, this won't affect any of you."

"I can't have you lie for me."

"Take the keys." Those silver bells that hung just below her nose could set her free, give her a fresh
start. Dany couldn't resist the temptation to shake her head. She would not take their help if it meant
pulling them by the straps of their boots, all the way to the murky bottom, where light was sparse,
and hunger filled your every cell.

Realization struck her like a flick of a finger to the side of her head. "What do you do with the
money?"

"Dany, take the keys!" his arm was shaking, a painless gesture to tempt one's future it was not. The
weight of life hung at the end of his fingers, and his arm was beginning to lose the will to hover
aimlessly.

"You're going to stop looking, even if that boy you found isn't Vic." Worry filled her eyes, her
brows pinching in the most unfamiliar alarm she'd ever plastered on her face.

His face contorted; no guilt, no remorse, only hurt. "I will never stop looking. I made you a promise,
Dany, and I intend to keep it! Now take the fucking keys!"

His hand finally dropped, exhausted with its will to remain, and though his resolve had crumpled to
become extinct, he still found the last of his hidden love for her to push her mistrust of him aside. "I
don't intend for you to use them now, but that thinks you're ready to leave this all behind. He has
faith in you, and though he wishes you'd allow him to be by your side, he respects the deal you've
made. When you are ready, this is all you'll ever need. You can go back to Essos if you wish it, and
leave this shit pile behind. Or you can go back home..."

The golden woman sobbed, like a child, scared to show vulnerability. "You won't leave me will
you?" Her brother broke his stance, reaching for the silent weeper. Taking her soft face in his hands
to witness her unique violet jewels that were, for once, out in the real world.

"Oh, Dany. I will never leave, not even if you wished it." They hugged tenderly, allowing to bask in
the soppy sweetness of family before she was able to accept her father's rustic gift.

"Be careful." Were her last words to him, urging him to keep to the shadows when dealing with
Petyr. He was bound to have a few dealers on the outside, searching for the couple that successfully
incarcerated the villain. She had an awful feeling about Robb's work and her insight, those two
combined could have catastrophic consequences, ones she'd rather not think on. It was inevitable to
worry when each second of every day was lost in the chase without knowing what followed close
behind.
Plz tell me what you think, and give me any theory you might have on the mask... if you have any, or on anything that popped out at you ^^

Anyways....comment, Kudos if you liked and like always have an awesome day/night!!

And thank you guys so much for all the support! that really means a lot XD
Winter Is Here - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Jon gets bad news and finds himself surrounded by Starks.

Chapter Notes

So, it's been a few weeks... guys I am so sorry, I did not realize it would take this long, but with work, school, and the pesky writer's block that sat by my side the whole time I was sat writing this...time just slipped my hands and I'm so sorry for that. As promised you get a little glimpse of Jon in this chapter, and hopefully, the next three will be all him, and his beautiful mind that gives us another point of view plus the much-needed information that the writer seems to not want to give up (what is up with that?)

Anyways, I want to thank y'all for the patience and the support, and to Dark1624 ;) just wanted to shout you out since your comment was kind of a wakeup call to hurry along, push dear Ol' writer's block to the side, and continue this; thanks, pal. Again, a billion thanks to all y'all for your patience-- with both me and Dany-- hope you guys enjoy and continue intrigued with this very slow ride :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE;
YOU WERE RIGHT
It was with disdain that the young man observed the first snow stick to the icy ground of King’s Landing. It had been so hot and humid the past couple of months that the first chill had completely evaded his senses. He’d been in mourning, black shirt hiding beneath the soulful cry of his heart. It covered him, protected him as armor would. His mother was dead and buried. Resting beneath the ancient castle of Winterfell. The cold crypts now preserved her memory, while her ashes remained blended to the earth of her resting place. They fed the land the memory of her, and the North cried at the loss of one of her children, as he did. His divorce had been meaningless to the hollow his mother’s death had created, a giant crevice dug deep with bare hands and feet at the center of his world. Now his chest ached with a mighty force that left him trembling with the aftershock.

Jon had been waiting for a call while alone in his apartment, well not alone, Ghost had been yapping at the door; scratching incessantly as if his tiny paws could do more than clean the lint and dirt from the corner he’d taken to. He couldn’t allow himself to dwell on the last few memories of Lyanna Stark that floated beneath his pupils, beneath the live fire of heavy eyelids. Her death hadn’t been something that popped out of thin air, he’d known it was coming, and that was what had pained him most; the inevitability nearly killed him. But she made him promise to move on. She made him promise to find and look out for her, “She is your father’s secret,” his mother had said; that had only affirmed the suspicions brought by the many years living between homes. His father was a bad man, running from his past, and he’d hurt many people. There, in the count of the people Rhaegar Targaryen had hurt, resided his mother, who he had enveloped in a web of lies, lies that she had willingly absorbed like the most delectable fruit.

The son wasn’t ignorant to both parents’ faults, yet he chose to ignore his mother’s blame. The woman who wore her own, shining heart on her sleeve. The woman who never feared death, but sought everlasting life for her loved ones. He would never blame her; it could never be possible. His phone had rung then, as he’d leashed his puppy and had begun the descent of the intricate stairway. The shocking news from a frightened Lyarra caused him to trip off the concrete steps. Ghost had yipped as he’d yanked the pup down with his numbing meat-suit. Robb had been shot. And it was then that he’d noticed the chilled temperature kissing the heat of his bleeding knee. Winter was here, ready to rip them to shreds.

It was with deep anguish that he began to cry, bearing down the chaos that lived within his dark soul. He allowed it time to play and mingle, drawing out a few of his neighbors to glimpse at his pain. They whispered with murmuring lips, but none helped, none but old man Seaworth.

“C’mon, Lad. No time for drowning in your sorrow, not in front of these hens.” He’d helped him to his feet. Jon was halfway to kissing the man when his cousin’s sorrowful voice, loud and petrified called for him over his cell.

Placing the melancholy over his ear, “I’m here.” She gasped, relieved.

“What happened? Are you all right?” Her own hurt sounded clear on the waver of her voice, yet she prioritized him over her own deep cavern of looming depression. So many things had happened in rapid succession, one after the other; a tormenting series of events that could easily interrupt the steady ticking of the delicate time bomb of dejection.

It all seemed to have stemmed from his seemingly passive ignorance towards the fraying relationship with his then wife. Her betrayal had come as a shock, and he had not understood the reason she preached. Listing off his faults as if her own hadn’t finished tearing them apart. Ygritte blamed his obsession with the silver shadow of his past, the one thing he’d often compared her to. He’d
completely disregarding her dwindled self-esteem. It wasn’t a flame of a past lover, no, he hadn’t known the tiny girl who’d gifted him a thornless rose, over the brim of the car’s blacked-out window. He’d obsessed over her like a lovesick pup, wondering—even in his youth—why she resembled his father with every fiber of her being.

Even Ygritte knew of the silver cryptid that had left behind the stem of her bloom over the hollow of his throat, where his pulse felt the sharpest. Then, with Life’s mocking laughter, his mother had passed. The strongly willed woman had spent years battling an intrusive disease. It was the malignant bundling of cells that had invaded her system, starting at the breast. She’d fought it and won, never truly defeating the invisible evil that made its way up her spine, taking hold of her mind. She’d perished with a noble selflessness that often made him sick to his stomach. Lyanna Stark worried for that same girl he’d obsessed over; in his years of boyhood, adolescence, and now adulthood. She had taken his promise and last kiss to her cheek as a sign of his acceptance, and her freedom from the carcass that homed her soul for many years.

And though his mother’s illness had taken many things from her, it had strengthened the bond between his mother and her brothers. It had united the Starks and their selfless love, and for that he was grateful.

Now he stared out the large windows of the hospital’s waiting area. Snow was sticking, and the cold was here to stay. “How is he?” he heard the question like a flick to the muting bubble that surrounded his extinguishing presence. Jon had left Ghost with old man Seaworth, knowing full well that the greying man would care for the pup like he did his own grandchildren.

His uncle Ned cleared his throat, “He’ll be fine, Jon—” there was a sharp gasp that left his aunt’s mouth, and he couldn’t help turn his head to the direction he noted their eyes had targeted. The shifty, hooded figure made her way with rapid steps towards his aunt, Ash. They embraced passionately and unashamed as her hood fell to reveal the disheveled nature of golden hair, the ends curling in imperfect coils.

Ashara held the girl as they broke down in sobs, taking her face between loving hands and kissing the pale forehead. It was a mother consoling her child what he saw before him, and her father wasn’t too far behind. His uncle had left his side, allowing the cold gush of air to rest beside him, Loneliness stroking Jon’s arm and kissing his shoulder as he observed his uncle welcome his pup with a warm embrace.

“Dad,” she called out to him, voice a broken sigh, “I warned him to stay away. I told him to be careful!”

“Shhh,” he pleaded, silencing her between his arms. Jon wondered what it was about horrid situations that drew even the most unlikely person into their circle.

It was stupid of him to forget the reality of her as she’d shared her space with him within his apartment. She wasn’t solely a fragmented energy within his mind. She lived and breathed and kept most warmth and familial love behind a barrier she presented, appearing cold and uncaring. He knew this; he’d seen this, and yet he’d erased her from reality. Hoping she’d reside only within his clouded mind, thriving, with that warmth he’d seen presented on her smile as she’d lay broken, within his arms. She’d only been a frightened girl then, stupefied by a little sticker that had been placed on her tongue. Jon jumped, brought back to the present by the broken squeal of his cousins as they surrounded the golden blonde.

She hugged them all tightly, kissing their cheeks and foreheads like a long-lost relative. For as long as he’d know the Starks he’d never heard her mentioned, but he’d seen her in their dreams. They kept her hidden as if a secret all their own, but that secret had been shared with him once. The sweet
gossip had been given by his Uncle's actions, as he'd stormed through the door leading to the filth
riddled restroom. Ned hadn't even acknowledged his presence or chose to blatantly ignore him as a
sign to keep discretion. The bold man had ripped the silver song from his arms, cradling her body,
hiding her behind his KLPD jacket as he pushed his friend Pyp out of the way.

Jon had felt her heartbeat lag, her body cool, dampened by the uncleanness of a human kind. Then
she'd left an uncomfortable cold between his arms and the image of a sapphire rose hanging heavy
over the lip of a car window entered his mind. But it shouldn't be sapphire, it should be red, and it
shouldn't be a rose, no, she was much too rare.

“Jon.” It was his uncle’s voice calling. He saw it in the man’s eyes as he saw it within hers; keep
discretion. Though, a pulsing flame of anger hid behind hers as well. Jon’s presence had answered a
question of hers it seemed, and she didn’t like the answer.

Jon stepped close to his family, besides the tall form of his uncle. "This is your cousin Dany." Dany,
but he’d known that. He’d heard his mother mention her name once, before the inevitable split
between his parents, but he couldn’t recall the length of it.

“Nice to meet you…” his voice wavered; ‘Dany,’ was he allowed to call her that?
He didn’t think
so. And it was then that Jon felt his mistake, heavy on his conscious. He should have approached her
properly, he should have asked her questions, he should have made himself know. But he had
foolishly thought to keep himself a shadow, like his uncle, like Robb; grave mistake. “…I’m Jon.”
Yeah! No shit, Sherlock! But for all anyone here knew this was only their first meeting; third meeting
for her.

Jon Snow was the name he’d given her, and he hadn’t lied; not entirely. His name was Jon; Jon
Aegon Targaryen. And for most of his life, he had always been Jon. Most people he knew called
him Jon as they lacked the understanding to his father’s reason for naming him Aegon, as his elder
brother’s name was also Aegon. Jon became his only name, and his surname, the one he had
renounced within his personal life became an old, almost forgotten last name; Snow. Snow, Sand,
Waters, Rivers, Pyke, Stone, Hill, Flowers, and Storm were all bastardsly names of an era long
forgotten, and with that era pushed to the past, those names that had shamed men and women alike
had withered away like time, like ash.

The young, dark-eyed man had formerly stuck out his hand, out of instinctual formality. He
wondered if she would take it within hers, share the intimate warmth she gave willingly to the rest, or
ignore it altogether. The petite blonde gave him the warmest smile she could muster— he could tell
by the twitch in her jaw— and took his hand with a bone-crushing squeeze that made him swallow
the yelp he’d otherwise allow into the air.

“Pleasure,” she spat with a lull to the hostility in her eyes. He noted the number of times she made to
blink, a late night then, he guessed, and he deducted that her lively-brown contacts were giving her
issues. Jon pulled his hand from her grasp, spouting a string of silent curses while compressing his
pained hand within the other as she turned her back to place her undivided attention back to her
family. Specifically, the soft swell of aunt Ash’s protruding abdomen. The young woman’s doe eyes
turning soft, gently asking for permission to rest a reverent hand over the protective dome laying
overtop a blooming life.

It was a mix of contradicting emotions; on the one hand Robb— a brother figure, and seemingly a
vital person in her life— lay motionless on the operating table. The young detective walked a
tightrope without a safety harness, and the only item keeping him from plummeting to the place of
no-return was an unbalanced beam he kept clutched with both hands. Jon prayed for his cousin’s
miraculous recovery, but there were no miracles in Westeros, only unanswered prayers and the hope
that they would one day reach their destination. As dark and unsettling as this made everyone feel, there was also light, it shone within each of their eyes as Deana— no— Dany, as Dany caressed and kissed his aunt’s bloating belly; in the other hand, there was an innocent joy.

She seemed at ease for once, and he took it upon himself not to bother the unwind of her mind, the lowering of her barrier. Jon found comfort in his cousins’ presence; Lyarra, though worried for her brother's health and the dreadful uncertainty of his life's safety during the risky procedure at hand, kept busy with the thought of her two-year-old daughter and the prospect of her release from daycare. She didn't want to upset her girl with the horrifying news of her uncle's cruel fate. Jon didn't know what had happened to Robb on his late patrol, and upon further questioning, it seemed that neither did the rest of the Starks. The only two souls in the room that could have any idea kept close to the other; father and daughter; one feeling guilt and displaced remorse, the other silently accepting an inevitable outcome.

Either way, Jon felt disinterested of their secretive life; he could only assume the deep exhaust that slumped their shoulders and ate away at their essence. So, he stayed put by Lyarra’s side, conversing like he would his sister Rhaenys in times of turmoil, adhering to her every sorrowful cry. Then there was Alys—a copy of her mother in all but a slight shift in hue of skin—she’d taken the task to pick up little Raya from daycare, taking both Artie and Ben to eat and rest. She would have taken Arya if the little scamp wasn’t so thick-skulled. The blossoming teen, much like her eldest sister Lyarra, held the Stark likeness in full, though paler than the latter.

The sixteen-year-old took the uncomfortable mint-green seat at his side, a few stray tears spilled over reddened cheeks. Arya was quick to wipe away her distress with the sleeve of her mustard-yellow sweater that was cropped over her midsection. Her words were almost silent to his ears, but he knew what she'd said once the familiar word registered within his ears, “You never met Dany, so I understand why you might be wary of her, but she and Robb are the closest.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Jon countered, not fully understanding her reasoning for the brief overview.

The girl glared at him, “She is our sister, Jon. Your cousin. You shouldn’t judge people based on their profession!” her voice raised to a prickly fume, grey eyes as sharp as a steel blade.

“Arya!” came the hushed scolding from Lya, her form bent a little further than his own slouched posture to paralyze her youngest sister with her own sharp eyes of smoky grey.

Though, the younger girl's eyes never strayed from his own deep and dark stare, finding only confusion. Her shield and blade dropping at the lost expression he gave, creased brow smoothing over at her relax, “I thought… Robb said you were in the academy, that you want to be a detective. I’m sorry, Jon.” The young man was intrigued, mind reeling at the possibilities of whatever had crossed the young girl’s mind. She had been on to something, caught a whiff of something she did not like, bearing her teeth to protect her pack, her sister.

"What Arya means to say, Jon is that we noticed the…more than stressed greeting, so she thought…” Lya looked lost, eyes searching for words that could explain but never give light to something he already knew. "Dany is a fighter, she needs help from no one but…on occasion…she finds herself…” lush lips parted, words trapped within her throat.

“Promise you’ll look out for her, Jon. She is your cousin,” Arya prompted as a way to steer the conversation from her oldest sibling’s misguided words. “She is too trusting, and dad thinks he’s slick, that he can keep things from Artie, Ben, and me, but I know that Naharis can’t be trusted, and by his lack of presence here I can only assume that he was nowhere near Robb. Naharis is an ass, and he’s been trying to get in Dany’s pants for years, that's why we created that cover story of them being a thing—"
“Arya, can you please shut your mouth! Dad is only a few feet away; he can definitely hear you.”

“This is all very confusing.” Jon confessed, earning a few pats on his back from Lyarra.

“Don’t think too much on it, Sweetling.” Though, only a few years older than both Robb and he, Lyarra had always been sweet and motherly towards them all.

The hours passed, slowly but surely as if stranded on the tide of a lazy river, and the worry ate at them all as Robb remained in surgery. "They can't have him in there for too long can they?" Jon heard Dany ask her mother as she chomped on the only nail she had left. Ashara was quick to remove the young woman's fingers from her mouth, steadying her jitters with a firm squeeze to her hand, a reassuring smile pressed small dimples on the planes of her cheeks.

The woman looked tired as ever, violet eyes shining through dark circles that hollowed the underside of her eyelids, hand rubbing softly at her growing belly. “Everything will be fine.” There was consolation in her voice, but grief tainted the bright words, dulling them out.

It was in that peaceful moment— when darkness wished to assault their sky, but the bright white snow that had covered the grounds basked in the glow of the moon, leaving their world in the soft caress of pallid darkness— that the rest of the family started to file through. It was his uncle Brandon, aunt Cat, and their line of children; Rickon, Bran, Sansa, and Minisa, Torrhen— Brandon's eldest from his first marriage— had stayed home as the Stark in Winterfell. Out of all his aunts, Catelyn was the most…overbearing. She liked him least of all, and so he cared not to converse or even exchange glances with the woman as she had expressed her dislike for him and his Valyrian blood.

Jon was shocked at her distasteful sneer as her daughters embraced the golden-haired woman with fake plastic eyes that hid the beautiful violet. She spoke not a word, instead, whispering a few lines to her husband, ones he ignored completely as he embraced his brother. He couldn't understand the plain hate of the woman at such a time of grievance, as they waited for any news on the finalization of Robb's surgery.

The family grew with the joining of his uncle Benjen, who clasped his hand and embraced him fully for they hadn't seen one another in a while. Soon the waiting room overflowed with Starks and Daynes alike, all worried, all a family, and it was in these moments where he wished his mother were here. She'd be at her brothers' side, hosting a gathering for the little ones in her home. He guessed it was time to return home, open the doors for the few children that would need rest from the grief that was captured within their parent's faces.

"Uncle, I think it's time for the kids to rest up, for you both to rest up.” He locked eyes with his aunt Ash, her violet eyes holding heavy beads of salty tears, just barely keeping the shining droplets from toppling over.

“Jon is right, Mom, Dad.” Lyarra backed him up, brushing a stray strand of curly ashen hair from her daughter's floppy shoulders, her tiny body sagging overttop her mother's strong form.

Arya's ears perked at the news, stepping into their circle with defiance, “I'm staying here, I'm not leaving this hospital until the bloody doctor says Robb is out of surgery!” Alys tugged her young sister's shoulder, purple eyes coded with a silent threat that could only be deciphered by the sullen girl's storm-riddled peepers.

The older girl shook her head, “This is not about you, Arya—” but the wild girl pushed her sister's firm hand from her sleeve.

She is defiant, she is unruly, and she is there to stay, "We're his lucky charms, he says this
constantly. Robb needs us here—all of us, he needs all of us here!” His uncle's face falls with the weight of his grief, it is heavy upon his aging shoulders. He presses both lips together as he looks at his teen, cupping her shoulder to take her aside.

The older man drawls the reclusive blonde who'd been guarding the furthest wall of the waiting room, needing her assistance. They whisper small secrets, her fake eyes affirming an order he's given to them both, and soon Dany and her sister join Lyarra, Alyse and he with the news.

"Dad wants me to take Arya for a little while." she presses a kiss to Lyarra, whispering words that only reach his closest ear. "I'll bring her to you in a little while."

“I heard that.”

“If I wanted it to remain a secret I would have whispered it better,” Dany counters, eyes set on Lyarra’s affirming grey ones. She turned to the teen, finger tapping on her nose, “I do recall your excellent hearing.”

Arya chuckles, grey orbs peeping joyously through blotchy lids, “Good,” she says.

Chapter End Notes

Guys, Gals, plz express your thoughts down in the comment section, I would really appreciate it, and if you guys do not want me to reply just tell me since I seem to want to reply to everything (that doesn't cause conflict XD) so go ahead and comment with your thoughts, questions, emojis (if ya want), kudos, and have yourself a wonderous Day/Night!!

Also, we're heading towards lots of drama, so... !!Warning!! XD
Chapter Summary

Dany is harsh and a bitch, but Jon knows better.

Chapter Notes

I don't know how to feel about this chapter, you get all Jon, some- if any- new info, a little insight on Alys' thoughts on Jon since she is the more calculating of the Starks (in a good way of course), and a slight convo between Jon and Dany. No Drama yet, but it's coming for sure.

All I can say is that Jon kicks my ass so much, he just wants to give everything up! And it's probably because he is such a straightforward person, while Dany matches my own secretiveness. I keep having to fight him for control, I even had to rewrite this chapter like three or four times!

All in all, this is an okay-ish chapter, honestly not my best, and it seems quite short to me...IDK why lol. Just tell me what you think. Also, did not want to give a shoutout for this chapter since I don't feel very confident in it, I just wanted to give you guys something.

And here's some info on the Stark children (Not really relevant to this chapter, Just wanted to put it out there.
Brandon + Catelyn have 4 kids together: Rickon 20yrs, Bran 18yrs, Sansa 17yrs, Minisa 11yrs.
Also, Brandon had a wife before Catelyn (it didn't work out) but it gave him Torrhen 29yrs.

Ned + Ashara have 6 kids 1 on the way: Lyarra 26yrs (she has Raya who is 2yrs with Unknown), Robb 24 yrs, Alyse/Alys 19yrs, Arya 16yrs, Arthur/Artie/Art 14yrs, Benjen/Ben 10yrs.

Lyanna + Rhaegar have Jon/Aegon but Lyanna has a second child named Lysara 14yrs with (unknown at the moment).

Benjen + Myriame (OC) have 3 kids: Serena 13yrs, William 8yrs, Lyanne/Anne 6yrs.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE; YOU WERE RIGHT
He observed her as she went, out the automatic doors at the hospital's entrance with the Mischievous Wolf trailing close behind. It brought back the memory of her as if reliving that day, where she'd clung to him in his apartment before tiring of his taxing presence. But she had been kind, enough to withstand the open chasm of pain and exhaust that hid beneath his shirt, all the while looking pleased and proper, a few steps from complete undress. And she strode, with unwavering confidence, all the while bleeding through the gunshot wounds that had perforated her brother's chest. She blamed herself for it. They blamed her for it, he could see it in their eyes. It was disgust and vile hate that burned within a few pairs of blue-hued eyes.

Jon looked towards his uncle's face to witness a passive, comely smile that hid his body's exhaust. Though his eyes betrayed his true sentiment towards the silent vile directed towards one of his daughters. "It will pass, Jon," the man pressed a heavy hand over his nephew's back, patting him in confidence. "They don't understand what it is to love a child truly, not one that is not your blood. But they love their children fully, and like mine, they weigh heavy on their thoughts, always." Jon believed him, and how could he not when Ned Stark too wore his feelings on the hem of his sleeve? His mother held that in likeness to his uncle; her brother. They both loved unconditionally, even if that love caused them great pain. Though, his uncle had been the one to claim a faultless love at the side of his wife, while his mother had claimed misfortune.

"Shall they accuse you of loving freely, then?" The young man inquired with a low burning fire fueling his ire.

His uncle chuckled at his rage, suffocating the flame with a tussling of the young man's curly head, "It will pass, Jon. Let them be. And take care of my children, of all my children," he stated in critical seriousness.

"I will. I promise." He hugged his uncle goodbye, kissed his aunt on the cheek before rubbing the soft swell of her abdomen. "And please call me as soon as Robb is out of surgery." His uncle accented in affirmation, waving him off with a forced smile. Ned Stark was running out of pleasantry for the day, his son's health weighing heavy on his mind, though heavier on his heart.

This was it; the freedom to grieve the news of his son's disaster in full, without alarming his children; without laying down his armor to be seen bare and scarred, and left a shell of a man by his son's selfishness. Robb was a great man but he was a fool to have allowed his guard down. He had begun to embrace the danger that surrounded him, begun to find comfort in the rot and decay within the streets of King's Landing.

Jon could have easily found solace in pressing full blame for Robb's attachment to King's Landing to fall heavy on the Prostitute's back. It was because of her that Robb was pushed into Law Enforcement, but then, that would not be telling of the entire truth. Ned Stark would also be to blame then, for the man was a detective in his day; before his battling with a group of human traffickers left him with a bad knee, and the perfect excuse to kick an honest man off the Force. And then, Lyarra would also be of blame, for it was her affliction of first love that had sent him to the Academy.

In truth no-one but he was to blame, for no-one but Robb held his life within their hands. It was his life to chose, to do as he pleased; Jon only wished his cousin would have been smarter to foresee the indefinite outcomes of his greed for the taste of sweet knowledge. This placated Jon as well, settled the beast within its rattling cage for Jon too had caught wind of a meal to delicious to pass up. The young man yearned to know the secrets his uncle held within white-gloved hands for years, as it seemed that every time Jon tied two ends together, two more came undone. This left one thing to be
true; he, in fact, knew nothing.

It was when he stepped out of the hospital with a six-year-old Lyanne sitting on his hip that a second ambulance zoomed into Emergency. The blast of the siren wailing like a thousand screeching banshees. He held little Anne close, covering her ears with his free hand before walking a group of four towards his car. Jon was to lead the way to his mother's home and for once, he was elated with a choice of his own making. "There ain't no rest for the wicked," Lyarra quoted.

"Not tonight," he affirmed with a frown.

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Stepping into his home was strange, stranger still had been parting from something that had previously tied your soul to its very structure. There were a thousand, a million, a billion ties of precious string that had encased his body, mind, and soul to this one building; his home. This house had harnessed joy, laughter, a new beginning. Though, in the end, it had seen his mother wilt away to dust between his arms. All he could do now was mend the broken walls her departure had left behind, bind them with the spark the Starks had woven in their coding. He allowed them entrance—the Starks—to the silent tomb he'd allowed of his home, with a tentative hand on the doorknob. She won't be waiting inside, and maybe that's why he could never bring himself to return, not until he'd heard word of Lysara's homecoming.

He promised his baby sister she’d meet her in their mother’s home, with the warmth that had always dwelled within its walls. So, he would allow the lease on his apartment to expire. Waiting out those final few months while he turned his mother’s house back into the home it once was.

With a steadying hand, Jon was able to push the door open, holding its weight behind his back while Lyarra guided the pack indoors. She held little Raya’s crown of ash upon her shoulder, held Ben’s pliant hand within hers as she ushered the rest inside. It was Brandon’s more childish side that began to chase after William; the blue-eyed Brandon had started a spar with his youngest male cousin—and uncle Benjen’s second child. The eight-year-old had—accidentally—been pushed a little too hard. Alyse had broken his fall, but fear was worse than pain, and the child erupted into a spurt of viscid tears and loud sobs, waking Lya's only baby from her light dreaming.

Jon was quick to snatch at Bran’s hood, pulling him back before he could do more damage. “Calm down,” he stated steadily, “Robb has just been shot, he lies in the operating table as we speak, and you’re in a stranger’s home. It is not the time, nor the place to jump from wall to wall. Do you understand?” The room had gone silent as he stared into blue eyes with firm authority.

The boy nodded, at a loss for words before swallowing thickly, "I'm sorry, Jon. I won't do it again."

The lights were quickly turned on by an unknown Wolf, and the pack headed toward the dining room to scavenge through the empty pantry. They were a handful—this lot of wolves—but he loved their spirit, the savagery by which they cared for the other. Jon was fascinated, reliving vibrant memories of a past long gone when he caught a pair of amethyst gems directing their silence at him. Alyse; she was a quiet one, much like her father in that aspect; A silent She-Wolf with the skin of a Dayne.

The girl kept her distance from him mostly, and not because she disliked or did not care for Jon, but because she could sense the darkness that lingered within his chest. She was the only Stark that did. The only Stark that could whiff out the sour scent of his rotten core, or at least that's what Jon told himself.

In reality, the girl was just unsure of the new face. She had not dealt with Jon much, not like Lya or
Robb, and she did not cling to the man with dark coils for hair like the over-exuberant whirlwind that was her sister Arya. But Alys had heard her father's words clear enough to bind them to her banners, "When the snows fall and the white winds blow, the lone wolf dies but the pack survives." It was his incentive to pledge protection to any one person Ned Stark called his family, and by whichever means.

Jon was not a Stark by name, but born by a She-Wolf he was, and wore their pelt of a shining, golden heart. That, she could not say of every Stark present, but it was all she needed to accept him into their circle.

She tore her eyes from him, leaving Jon to thinking the worst of her calculative silence as she soothed William, cleaning his sticky tears with the end of her sleeve.

"I can call for a pizza," Artie piped up, holding his phone out.

"Go ahead then, Champ," Rickon encouraged. Lyarra wasn't having any of their shenanigans.

The brunette pushed out her hand, palm up, asking for the distracting device, "You know how Mom feels about take-out. No pizza. Alys and I will run to the grocery store to buy food to make supper, that way, when the grown-ups need to refuel, we'll have a warm meal waiting for them." The women did as needed, ordering the boys to tidy up the rooms, dust the covers, clean the table, all before they arrived with heavy paper bags that crinkled deliciously on their way to the counter.

The older boys—Jon included—took to emptying out Lya's SUV of the remaining brown-paper bags that weighed heavy with produce. "Fuck," Rickon spat under his breath. "Here comes the plague." He tossed his head over Jon's shoulder, directing his attention to a pair of figures that exited his uncle's Crew Cab Truck.

"Jon!" Arya exclaimed through a set of shaky pipes. It was plain on both their faces that they had been crying, their eyes holding a glimmer of warm jelly stuck behind bulbous eyelids. It was a wonder how they could even touch their eyelids together, from how painfully irritated they seemed.

"How can I help?" The woman of tousled blonde curls asked, her words seemed forced as the white winds did as they dared with her uncovered legs. Rickon chuckled at her initiative, rolling his eyes as he stepped away, walking into the home with an angered Arya jabbing at his heels with every step he took.

"We're just carrying the last few bags of groceries..." his sentence was lost as he stared at her uncovered eyes. They were blue no longer, or brown, or gold, or green, or any other color she might have wished them to be. They were a vibrant violet, wild as the storm that sprinted past them, piercing him through that aggressive pulsing at the hollow of his throat. "Dany," he began, hoping to explain the oddity of their circumstances.

"No." She was loud and clear. "You don't know me enough to call me that. You can call me Dee, not Dany."

You just keep shortening it, don't you. Does it make you a different person, when you butcher your name?

He was tired of this particular game for the moment, he didn't wish to fight, he didn't wish to lose another member of his family, so he allowed the exclusion to slide. "This is the last of it," was what he said instead, excluding any semblance of name from his sentences for the time being.

"I'll help you then." Her hands were on the bag, hoping to take it from his hands but he pulled away,
allowing a breathy chuckle to leave his lips.

He shook his head in retraction, "No, I'm fine." Their eyes met once more; his holding defiance that crumpled to dust once he caught sight of the film of horror that hid beneath a locked vault in her memory. It was a muted spark, one passed for a twinge of hate, a spark of anger, the rebuke of belittling. It was fleeting as the acute arch of a shooting star, but it had caught his attention nonetheless. *Gods, Jon. You can’t even interact with her.* He had spent most of his life observing the fleeting image of her, through the muddled glass of a spectator. She had been a dream to him, but now here she was, defying the sweetness he knew lived within her chest, negating the horror of a past conquered obscured by the brightness of her eyes. “You can go inside, help Lya with…” the door slammed by the force of her hand, the last bag of groceries she held to her chest in the nest of her arm all while staring at him in annoyance.

“I don’t cook,” a flattened statement that held power by the almost monotonous drawl of her tongue, “but I am good with hard labor.” A cynical smile tugged at the ends of her fleshy lips. She definitely knew who he was, and she cared not to hide it when they were pressed together, accompanied by the lonesome solder that was Loneliness.

Huffing out a puff of white smoke, Jon observed her with question pulling at his thick brows, “They know what you are.”

“I’m not ashamed, Jon Snow, or is it Stark? I haven’t quite figured out who’s kid you are. Though, I’m quite certain you’re not Benjen’s. Most definitely not Ned’s, but Brandon…he has a sketchy past, a sketchy present, and perhaps he’ll continue with a sketchy future.” Her eyes played, the colors dancing within the iris of both globes.

She only seemed enthralled with the act of confusing the hell out of him, “Uncle Brandon doesn’t like you?” Jon was almost confident that his uncle Bran cared not for her affiliation with the more exotic side of the labor wheel.

That cynic smile returned, splaying fully overtop the peach that bled behind the puffed flesh of her lips. “Oh, *he adores me,* Jon,” was what came out of her mouth. The meaning behind her words could only be a thousand different ones, but of course, his mind settled on the one that dare upset his stomach, leaving on his tongue the foul taste of bile.

Jon shook his head, face scrunched up in displeasure. “I don’t care to know that bit of his life—or yours for that matter.” His words earning him an amused chuckle and obscene roll of her eyes.

“You don’t care to know that bit of my life? you seemed eager enough to harass me with your numerous phone calls, and popping up out of nowhere during one of my interviews with a new client.” It was hard to tell where her words were headed as she accused him. And she was in her right to do so as he had practically hounded her as the loneliness and desperation hounded him daily. “Don’t worry, uncle Bran is not one of my clients. That would be beyond disgusting, plus it would be *terrible* for Catelyn Tully’s pride if I were to take her husband from under her feet; the poor sow. She actually thinks she’s the only one—

“Don’t.” Jon hoped to conceal the hurt currently piercing the soft flesh of his fitful heart. He understood what a betrayal felt like, and he wished for no-one to feel as he had when he’d found of his wife’s dagger, as it impaled him, right under his nose.

“She doesn’t like you either, that much is apparent. But you’re a good boy, aren’t you? I could tell from the first time I laid eyes on you. I couldn’t remember before, from where, but then I saw that girl. The one that decorates your mantel.” Her eyes pierced him through as they moved, searching through the looking glass of his soul. “I saw her with her new man. He is one wealthy man, even has
her wearing real furs and precious jewels all around her neck. That’s when I remembered her.” The kiss of a lavish life was what Ygritte really yearned for, and when he wouldn’t give it to her—his love, his attention fully placed exclusively on her, she turned to the money he wouldn’t take from his father—so, she left. “It was at a gala I was fortunate enough to attend, because of my work. Some rich Valyrian man and his brood. I forget his name. It’s quite hard to pronounce…Targ-something.”

“Targaryen,” Jon elaborated with a heaviness to his heart. It played in his mind, the memory of that day, when his father had recognized all his children, only Jon had made sure to hide in the shadows, as he always had.

“What a douche,” ridicule sounded in the obscene moniker she placed for his father. “What man names two of his sons Aegon. Most horrible name I have ever heard.”

“Aegon is a good name for a king.”

“Yeah, sure. And what differentiates one Aegon from the other, a nickname, a middle name, a second name before his true name?” eyeing him she was, from the tip of his shoes to the ends of his curly head and down again, trying to analyze him. “You’re rich, Jon. So, why would she leave you for another rich man? He’s handsome too, but you’re handsome-er I would say. It has to be something else then.” The click of her heels sounded for the broad step she took to close the whistling gap between them. “Was there something dark and twisted you wanted to do to that whore you brought as takeout to your apartment? Did my familiar face shatter the offensive request you would have given me had I been of some other cuisine? You don’t like Essosi, Jon?”

It seemed simple to fake disgust with the words she allowed escape with such ease. Simple it would have been to take advantage of the woman before him, if he had been any other heartless stranger, with no inkling of her tormented past, Jon would of easily sway the whore to a room upstairs. He would have fed off of her suffering, drinking the cloudy cup of sweet wine, not realizing the hook of her taste until it was too late. But she was diverting—Deana was good at that— and he could only imagine what film played behind the pair of blooming irises.

Jon knew what it was, for he too had replayed the news that had ripped open a void between the hard press of his chest. It was pain. Cruel, guttural, pain that shreds the heart to pieces. Pain that leaves a body scarred and ugly, torn to bits by its bloody war. So, she played a role to keep her thoughts occupied. One she used daily. One that earned her good coin.

Sex was her toy. Sex was her weapon. It fed her well, dressed her in the expensive cologne of her current playmate. It gave her comfort— and that was why she kept it close— it never failed her for she needed only flip a switch and her problems would turn to bubbling foam.

No, he thought, *I wanted to make love to you, but when I saw you...* he took a breath, hoping his words could shift whatever thoughts she had grasped to make sense of him. "No," he began, heart pounding against the fragile cage of his chest, jumping overtop of his stomach and inducing nausea that almost kept him from speaking as he feared the mush that could erupt so easily from the faucet of his mouth. "I wanted to make love to her," he had to change the last bit, for he hadn't known it was she who he had hired that day. "But when I saw that it was you I knew I had no need to take you to bed to make me feel whole, for I only needed your company." The smile that had carved her lips had sunken, leaving a displeased frown.

She rolled her eyes easily enough, tsked at his words like an upset child, "You're worse than a woman," she stated in offense, walking away from him and his thumping ears. "How 'bout you call me when you're feeling murderous. This time, Cousin, I'll answer your call."
Guys, guys, guys!!! Plz, tell me what you thought. I know there wasn't much to the revelation factor in this chapter, and it is cut short, a simple chapter really. Hopefully, the next chapter will bomb, and if you have any guesses to whom will throw the first rock in the blame game, please leave it down below XD. I am hoping for some punches or maybe a tackle hehe, and there will definitely be a mention to an incestuous relationship, any guesses as to whom, hmmm?

As always, leave a kudos if you liked the chapter, comment your thoughts (mostly mocking how badly my ass got kicked by Jon ugh!!) and have yourself a wonderful day/night

P.S. In regards to the update schedule...I am SO SORRY, I feel like updating will remain complete wack all through the holidays. I tried so hard to finish this by yesterday but that was a no-go since, again, the battle was a harsh one (smh!!).
A Beautiful Lie

Chapter Summary

Viz finds a shattered dove. Viz has a talk with the third head. Dany pleads with Robert and talks in the lioness' den. And a wolf should not mess with the Stark-Dayne pack.

Chapter Notes

OH MY GOODNESS! I know I had promised to get this out before Christmas, and I really have no excuse other than lack of time and my indecisiveness to what version to post. I wanted to give you guys a bomb and I hope that I delivered. Though I would say it's more of a sandwich of past and present scenes that explain a few things further, and or opens doors for possible scenarios. I do want to give a few shout outs, HoffyPhoenix, I owe you one man ;)

Again I am sorry. And to Fenixx and AKV, it took longer than expected, I truly apologize. Also wanted to say that Fenixx wrote his first fic called "Swear to Me" and if y'all haven't read it y'all really need to go do that now, show some lovin' plz. And I adored your suggestion, It was really really good "Never Gonna Change" by likeporcelain, I also recommend that fic, just FYI.

I feel really bad that I wasn't able to post before the Big Birthday but I have it now, I'm posting it today hahahah and to Ghost_is_dope happy holidays to you too bud :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE;
YOU WERE RIGHT
“I'm scared, Viz. I'm so scared. All the time.” She whispered, over and over, hoping to grasp his ears to provide the underlined fear with the tremor of her tongue. But, she didn’t know how scared he was, in truth. He had stormed into a room of chaos and bloodshed with the help of The Spider and his hired body. Into the hellish nightmare of an infamous horror scene, in which the now maroon carpet had once been white, browning paper walls had been of a floral print, and the smell of decay had been clean and sweet like candied plums.

The muscle had pushed back against a group of hungered monsters as they’d eaten their fill of a broken dove. He remembered the first time he’d been as frightened as that day; the day he’d found his princess gone from her spot behind a few dented trash cans. Only to find the shredded tatters of a ragdoll, laid fraying on top a table with a living spurt of blood that soaked her thighs.

He cursed the day he'd been thrown from his home, with only a pair of sagging denim hanging low on his hips. He no longer held protection over his head for his mother was dead. His father found in a ditch after he’d signed his life away to the kiss of a cold, tall drink of poison. The Wayward Son was his mission now; find him; get Dany back home.

Now, he had a sister missing; a sister dead, no, dying from the wound between her legs. And he found one; a scared child. His little princess had been unresponsive as her body began to spasm from the loss of blood, and though her mind was held prisoner within a thick fog her body lived, rocked, and he clutched at her; his tiny, silver dove. He had cried for her to wake, pushing a brow, damp with sweat, oil, and rust over the sour perspiration that pebbled over her own, thick, dark brows. And he remembers his tears, like a syrupy jelly, pooling within the hollows of her face. She was a goddess— at only a few days past her fourteenth nameday— a shrined, pearly-white statue that a group of butchers had tied sinful, stringy rope, to yank her from the root. They’d smashed her into bits of night terrors, tremors, and soft whispers that only ceased when she’d wake in the night, drenched in sweat, yelling for a Mother Star she’d run from. Shouting for a Father Wolf he had led her from. All because of him, and his stupid revenge.

Perhaps if he had pushed her harder from his side, towards the Starks. If he had disappeared, run towards Essos, maybe just maybe she would have... no. He needed Dany like a cage needs a bird. The cage— a strong structure of shiny metal— needs the frivolous bird to feel useful, and Dany; the bird. The bird needs the cage to feel safe. Dany would always need the cage to feel safe.

But he swallowed past the rancid vile, pain, and shredded courage to gift her with the only comfort he could manage. Tying her to him with the strength of nubby-nailed fingers, clutching at her face as he tucked her head beneath his chin. And he shushed her, “Shh, my sweet princess,” but that only made her realize what all she had lost. Her fingers tugged tight, around the fistful of leather from the only leather jacket his father ever wore, “Here, you can have it, son,” he’d said with a small smile on his face, but gloom drenching in his eyes, “I know you’ve been eyeing it.” But who hadn’t? Who wasn’t— at any given moment— eyeing the coolest, black-leather jacket a man could wear. He had met him wearing that jacket, a six-ish-year-old Daenerys strapped to his hip.

Ned had found her first, ducking under the belly of a junkyard car in the midst of winter. Her bare feet had left an impression, melting the snow with the warmth of her life. It was the breeding of white and red that had left a pinkish string as a trail to her lair. It was from her odd fascination with the seagreen bottles of broken glass that she had earned herself a fresh wound. Having stuck a sharp shard within one of her soles. Dany had explained to him how the Northman had kneeled down to find the car’s belly gone. Only a gaping hole where she'd climb onto the back seat, laying in the fetal position
with a bite of a moldy sandwich being pushed into her mouth.

Ned Stark had been off duty that day, heading home from the supermarket with a bag of groceries in hand; it was diapers for his youngest child—a Mischievous Wolf of a few pairs of months—food for the rest of his pack, a heating pad for his wife. Stark had seen a flash of silver as he'd walked home, but she had been muddled, searching through imperfect cans of tin. Her eyes had been set on a half-eaten sandwich that her belly had treasured once she'd gulped it down. And he had followed, baffled at her undress through the prickly cold of the south.

Violet eyes had caught his deep grey, and a spark ignited within the powerful protector, the worried father, the honor-bound fool that The Quiet Wolf was.

“I don’t want it, Viz.” She whispered back, tears smearing her face. “I don’t want it.” She tore him from his mind, placing him back into the lonely room of heavy shadows. It was the motel room he had rented for the night, where they shared the single bed, clinging to the other for warmth.

Viserys hushed her again, quieting her distress in hopes to make her see past the horror. “I will do right by you, Dany. I promise I will do right by you.” She nestled her face within the crook of his neck, shaking her head as she tucked her eyes against the pulse of his veins. He would do right by her, this he vowed, to be by her side in her time of great strife, hold her hand through malignant intent, but he had to make her see his way. “This babe can buy us our freedom, Dany,” he whispered sadly. “It can set us free.” His voice broke as tears drowned the sight of his eyes.

“I don’t want it. Please, Viz. Don't make me have it.” Her words were raw, voice breaking mid-sentence as she gasped for the breath she had been denied during those few critical moments of complete rupture. It was a lie that he would have to sing, pressing the beautiful tune to the shell of her ear, and he knew that once she’d accepted the foreign life of the little parasite attached to her womb, it would be the beginning of the end for her mental health. Because Viz knew that they would never allow her to keep it.

Her body would nurture and protect the sinner's curse, that had been bestowed upon her with cruelty. And she would weep and cry for the life of it, nurse it as a mother would a child, and once she' cradle the tiny human, sharing her warmth. The acting doctor would rip it from her arms and hand it over to a pair of strangers. Strangers who had paid a good sum for a newborn babe to be ripped from its mother's arms. One who had no voice to consent or negate the damage to her aching heart. Then, she would look his way and hate him for the artistic license he had gifted himself, as to conjure up the most heinous lie imaginable and sell it as a spell of purest magic. But she would forgive him soon enough, as that tiny tear in her heart had paid for their freedom. So, he shushed her once again, pressing sweet fables of an innocent kind to her ear, "It's not the b…” he ground his teeth, attempting to spit out the word of her pain, "not the baby's fault, Dany.” It wasn’t the baby’s fault, but it wasn’t her fault either. It was his own stupidity that had pushed her in harm’s way.

After the attack, her body had been resting in unconscious bliss, in an off-the-grid clinic, dealing with monsters in the depths of her mind, healing her wounds that had left her legs like jelly out in the sun. When she'd woken to the discomfort between her legs, stitching holding her complete, and nausea exploding from her mouth as a clear liquid, it was then that she'd been smacked with the most dreadful news one in her state could possibly receive. "You are with child," Viserys had repeated the sentence as Varys had whispered to him. She had been in tears, chest heaving with a sentiment so alien it had frightened him to the core.

And now, here they were, wrapped in each other's arms at the foot of the bed. Clinging to the other for a chance to calm the raging storms of terror that played beneath each set of violet eyes. He had to protect her from the wicked world he had submerged her in. Kiss the hurt from her eyes. Sing away
the incessant sniffling that kept her body from relaxing fully. He spoke the words of a cheerful tune with the mellow mood of his heart, a song his mother would sing to him when he was but a child; and she calmed. Smoothing away the sharp intakes of breath that could never be frightened away.

That boy, he had seen that boy; and the boy waited. Like clockwork, after his school let out, he'd wait for an hour, standing under the sun. Standing before the tall gate that surrounded his home. Viz had only seen him by chance, taking the road less traveled. Adding this street to the usual route he would take to work. It was after the humiliation he had faced when confronting the Wayward Son of his deceased father.

Viserys had taken a chance to drive past the pearly gates of luxury life in hopes of redemption. Not for himself, for his life was a waste of precious white space, with an insignificant stick-man penciled within the center. A waste of precious paper really. But it was for Dany’s sake that he’d ditched his hatred for The Man, swooping so low as to share a final secret that his mother had revealed to him upon her fall into a hospital bed.

To Viserys’ surprise, The Man had known this truth, had hoped to take his sweetest sister from the silver boy. But Dany was his salvation, Viz couldn’t let her go, not into His arms. And when he’d denied Him this, The Man had angered, tossing the silver boy to the curve and vowing to take the sweet dove from Viz’s hands.

Rhaegar had not fought for her when in need she’d truly been, but now, once the toilet training had been done with, dippers turned to kitten printed panties, chubby limbs elongated to thin, wobbly legs of lightning fastness. Now he wanted her; when she’s blossomed to the faint image of the woman she would become; when her vocabulary became extensive, and her mind hid the demons to share an arch of a thousand colors, that is when he wanted her. Viserys, the pack of joyous Starks, they had brought her up, aided her development, and now He wanted the masterpiece she would become.

But instead of daddy dragon lurking out of his cave, it was the hatchling of a Stark cape that waited for Viz’s return. Viserys had spotted him, hiding behind the grand staircase of embedded gold marble as the silver boy demanded sanctuary from the Boldened Dragon. The dark-haired boy had captured some of the conversation both men of silver had shared, conjuring up a story of his own mind, filling the blanks that would never be filled by his or his father’s voice.

It was the estranged nephew with twitching hands, long limbs covered in sophisticated uniforms that stitched their high education upon his left breast. He was the one who waited under pearly gates, to share a few words that would placate the distress of the mystery unfolding around his curly head. Viserys snatched at his arm, causing the uniformed boy to startle, dark eyes like saucers as they took in his uncle’s face. Except he would never know of the bond shared between them, a bond of blood.

“Y-you-you came!” His voice was squeaky, all highs and lows sounding within those two words. “I-I am so sorry for how my father treated y-you.” He’s only a kid, Viz. Will you really take advantage of him? He would; if it meant to tear away at the bond the boy shared with The Man.

“Your father. He took advantage of her.” Viz spoke with a slight twitch to his bony fingers, removing his wallet from the only good back-pocket of his jeans. Viz had a picture of their family; his mother, his father— whose face had been scratched out with the dull edge of a scissors’ blade— himself, and a baby Daenerys all swaddled up in his mother’s arms. But he had a recent one. Public schools would often gift ID cards after picture day. Though the plain, frame-sized pictures were costly, the IDs were gifts for the kids.
She was ten at the time, they still lived with their pack, and she’d come home happy as a cat toying with a rat. Showing off the ID to her little boyfriend Robb, to her Mother Star, and her Father Wolf. Gods! Do those two multiply like rabbits.

Viz pulled out her ID, blocking out her name with his thumb, and he shared her beautiful face. Aegon recognized her, Viz knew he did, for he had seen her before through a curtain of blacked-out glass. He was the Aegon little Robb waited for patiently. The curly haired boy with deep blue eyes had numbed his ear as he’d chatted incessantly over his cousin’s arrival to Winterfell. But the hatchling had never made it out of the car once Rhaegar had spotted two silver persons running around with a pack of wolves. His wife had questioned him. His wife had angered, and she’d bolted from the car, hoping to take her son from the monster she shared a bed with.

They had stormed out of the car leaving behind an unknowing child, well seated in the backseat. Dany hadn’t questioned it, she had seen plenty of silver persons throughout their travels, and she never spooked when one came so close as to demand her name. Ned and Ashara had been on them in seconds, with Viserys trekking behind them with a heart full of fright. The adults fought for what seemed like hours, and his sweet little dove had disappeared from under his nose.

Viz had found her with a pair of bloodied hands, black tipped thorns stuck snug over her patterned fingers. She had been playing with the roses again, the frostbitten winter petals of the winter rose were her favorite, and she had gifted a thornless one the reason of her mate’s excitement; the boy named Aegon.

The silver boy’s violet eyes speared the pair of dark obsidian of his nephew’s deep orbs. Wondering if the boy would speak a word, but he remained quiet, eyeing the silver dove of his dreams.

“She’s my sister, my sweet little sister. She’s about your age. But she’s broken.”

“Broken?” Worry filled the dark eyes of the uniformed boy. “My father took advantage of her,” he repeated the earlier statement.

“She’s...” Can you really take advantage of this boy, Viserys? The silver boy blew out a puff of hesitation, shaking his head as he stole the image of his princess, hiding her back in his wallet. “She’s pregnant.”

His eyes filled with horror, “It’s a girl. I heard you tell my father that she’s his.” He shook his head, eyes filling with syrupy jelly. “He always wanted his Visenya.”

“So did you?” Came the dreaded question. She knew he was dreading to answer such undisclosed query. He’d gone and treated it as if a polite request, but that was not her intent when she’d demanded this of him. And Lyanna knew the anger that could peak at the reminder of it, but she cared not to see him fret, stir, and boil over with the fury of a crowned stag.

Though he hadn’t reacted as she had hoped, he— instead— had turned from her, with the staggered mumble of a scorned child, saddened by her disinterest in his messy love. "I told you. I've gone and lost the bloody thing!"

She flipped her switch, losing interest in Lyanna's mask and grasping at Deana's courage; her toughened shell like that of a dragon's scaly hide. "Your only job was to give it to him— give it to his son so that he could hand it over to the Man."

The man turned to her, anger flickering within blue eyes as if a dancing flame were to be held only
inches away from his shimmering cornea. “Are you to run away from me again, Lyanna?”

She reached for him, hoping to nurse his wounded pride as she climbed on his lap, “You called me your love, Robert. You said you would help me if I showed you, do you remember?”

“There’s no need to run away, Lyanna. I’ll help you. You called me your love, didn’t you?”

“Those cunts!” He spat in the cruelest irony, and he groaned with anguish, taking her face in his hands, cupping her cheeks as he rubbed a fat thumb over the swell of her bottom lip. “How could they have hurt you in such a way. How dare they!”

“Don’t mind them, Love. It was a long time ago, but now, I need to know if you will help me. You will, won’t you, Robert?” Deana pushed her face through the grip of his hands, pressing the furrow of her brow to his own, pressing her nose to his, sucking in the firm line of his lips with an aggression that demanded blood. “You will do this for me, Robert, won’t you?” It was the desperation by which he loved her that she squeezed through his chest— and his heart that beat within her crimson drenched palm— seeped the nectar of his devotion for her cause.

“What is it with women and fancy, pretty boys? Is he all that handsome?”

“I want Him, Robert. I want to see Him bleed. I want revenge for my brother, I know He was the one that made him disappear.” Her brother, her Viserys had walked out of their shared motel room in the late hours of the night with an idea blossoming within his mind. He had something that had kept him smiling for weeks. “I have an idea, Dany. I will get us out of this, I promise you. And you will keep your baby, this I swear to you. We will be one happy family.” And then he had stormed out of the room, caped in a thousand stars, but he had never come home.

A cell rung then, Robert turned to the nightstand and stretch towards the beeping device. “Talk of the devil.” He looked up from the bright screen that held His name, “I’ll give him the bloody card. I just need a new one.”

“Perfect, Love.” She kissed his lips before dismounted his lap, taking to the floor to search through her discarded clothing where she had tucked away the worn leather wallet of her first love. Pressing the soft leather to her lips, inhaling the rich scent of the decaying hide which was used to shape her money’s home, and slipped Robert her newest call card. One she had redesigned with her newest brand. The sophisticated swirl of crimson letters— of a matte finish— pressed at the center of the glossy black card were the same as the ones used with her previous business card, but the lettering had been grey.

“Deana Storm,” he read. “You didn’t change the surname,” Robert noted as he flipped the card to find her information on the back; black letters over a field of grey. “Is the Naathi still taking your calls?”

“She takes the calls; sets my appointments,” she answered cautiously through an almost perfect smile, but he accented with his head, nodding at her answer before taking the call.

Daenerys bit her lip, watching as the puffed man walked shamelessly towards the bathroom. Robert was never a man to shy away from his nakedness, enjoying his state of undress while in her company. And she rolled her eyes with a sly smile pressed firm on her lips as she jumped on his marriage bed, finding comfort in its kingly size. Though she tossed the sheets to the ground when finding them soaked with the fruit of her labor.

She was counting the petals of Lyanna’s favorite rose, nails clipping the fleshy mass of frost-blue before taking the flower in hand and crushing its velvet form when Robert stepped out of the restroom. Dressed head to toe in fancy, posh suit-wear overtop the scent she had left on his skin.

“You heading out, Love?” Tortured petals escaping from her unclenching hand.
The man didn’t even flinch, and dawning on her mind the idea came, it had remained hidden after the last few occasions they’d shared, but this reaffirmed her earlier assumption. The man saw her, not for Lyanna Stark—the missing link in an extensive chain—but for her; Dany Stark; his best friend’s daughter. Which only made their situation all the more...sticky.

“Work has got me busy, and I have a card to deliver,” he smiled smug as he pulled his lose tie under the folded wings of his collar, urging her to play his little game.

The roll of her covered eyes made him smile, prompting the stiff, tall stature of his body as he waited for her to abandon the bed. She slid off the naked mattress to yank on the ends of his tie, “You know I’m useless with these sorts of things, Robert.” A chuckle rang freely from his lips, blue eyes observing the futile work of her hands before she willed herself to lose the game. Tying the single piece in a tight knot, one that he would struggle to untie. I want to see you laughing at that, Robert.

He kissed her forehead nonetheless, finding her incapability amusing. “You have the house to yourself, make yourself at home.”

"I can’t stay long, either way, I have another—"

“Appointment.” His face had grown grim as he finished her sentence. She nodded her head, taking his face between her supple hands, kissing him violently. “I’m going to have to explain the bite-marks.” His words causing her to smile.

“A tussle with a kitten.” she gave as explanation causing him to throw a harsh belly laugh.

"I think she's more a deranged lioness," he confessed. "Well the house is yours like I said, and if you do come face to face with the she-lion, feel free to push her out the front door." The man joked, about his wife, about his kids that looked least like him and most like the pair of lions that had stemmed from the same cell.

The woman smiled a golden smile, observing the buck retreat out the door with a rough puff of breath, a rumbling to his throat which was cleared after the timely annoyance, and all through the plastic film of brown that covered the iris of her eyes. It was never in her plans to witness the thick syrup of emotions that she brought to his eye. And it was fascinating at first glance like a new toy in the hands of a child. But that thick goo had begun to file around the base of her seat as it seeped out beneath the soles of his feet. It would be dangerous to twist and turn a buck of his breeding if the buck found the falseness by which her heat called to him, for she was no doe of award-winning size, she was only a dragon-star-wolf under a sheep's hide. And though she had allowed him a glance of her vulnerability, she had never meant to find that spurt of vivid light to shine behind bright blue eyes. She wondered how that look might suit a pair of piercing almost-black eyes, and she laughed, hating the image her mind conjured up as she fell back into bed in complete undress.

After a few minutes of almost nothing at all, the dragon-star-wolf tired of the muted silence that filled the room, it was worse than filing through a heavy crowd with an explosion of music that thrummed through her lungs like a paddle at work over the waves of a wild lake.

Dany hummed, eyeing the new line of gifts Robert had set to the side for her, and she wondered how the man had time to offer such blessings every time they met. It was more likely the pretty little eye-candy that guarded his office in the position of his secretary, he had denied any fornication with the sweet little thing when she’d asked the gruff stag—not that she cared much for his sex life, but she was always ready to try the exotic sweets of Essos.

The golden woman strayed from the bed in her suit of flesh and bone, satisfied with the wrapped presents of shiny wrapping paper. And she tore at the perfect fold of it with gentle fingers,
disregarding the hard work put into the pleat to find her gift enclosed within a new layered surprise. She sighed, deciding instead to change and head downstairs to ask the butler for a drink of wine, a plate of fresh fruit since the hour was late, and anything heavier than natural produce would surely keep her up at night.

"So, this is Robert's whore," came the call from an aggravated lioness of natural golden fur. She held a cup of wine in hand, her twin, the one with a shorter golden mane stood before her moody form.

"A prostitute is not the same as a whore." Came Deana's speedy reply, mouth pressed in a smirk as she descended from the roll of a grand staircase. The twin brother chuckled, raspy and breathy, snapping the ex-model's attention to his great joy. "It's nice to finally meet you, Mrs. Baratheon." It wasn't, but she played at awed for the woman's fraying fame.

The woman of true gold heaved, bubbling in anger as she squeezed the neck of her empty hourglass, the brim stained in rouge lipstick from her countless kisses to the lip. Lannister green was all the whore could see as the woman of golden fur moved closer towards her smaller height, eyeing her from the point of her red-bottomed pumps to the single hair, standing erect from the dark brown wig that hid her brows. "Lyanna Stark." She spoke the name of her character. "Even in death, he wishes for her." It was malice that stained the she-lion's words, hoping to pinch a reaction from the working woman. "How do you feel to have the pig fuck you while calling her name?"

“I don’t find it anything at all, seeing as I am the winner in the end.” The Lannister had made a horrible assumption towards the relationship held by her husband and his paid amusement. She had wanted to claw at the emotional string that could tie two people together. A wishful thought that could give away a weakness to fragment her husband’s heart, and fracture a nightingale’s sweet song as a cause of her lover’s sorrow. But Dany could care less for the buck and his fantasies, she only needed the connections he could bring.

"That you are," She accepted finally. "When my husband should be with his children, with his family, he is with you." Dany could hardly believe that the woman truly cared for her husband's absence in their home. The woman wasn’t jealous of the young, supple call-girl that tangled her body in the fine linens and silks of their bed sheets, which they had possibly picked together at some point at the beginning of their marriage. Cersei Lannister was terrified. To be once again pushed to the side for another, and reminded that she was only ever second best to the alternative younger woman. Though she had nothing to fear from the golden whore as she cared not for the man and his millions, she only ever needed a few hundreds a few times a week, to make her day extraordinary.

“Well if you ever decide to figure out why he prefers my company…” The young woman searched her bag to slip her fingers within her wallet’s tight pockets, and slide the slippery cards out the rotting hide to hand over to the lions. “Don’t be afraid to call. I’ve been craving a threesome.”

The ex-model took the card, eyes caressing the glossy finish, teeth biting the fleshy edge of plush lips. “Deana Storm; You still have the same surname.”

The young woman thought it odd— her brows pulling together in wonder— as she had never properly introduced herself to the wife. But before she could voice the oddity to the other, her phone began, its tuned cry drawing her attention. She wished she had ignored the call, fingered the little side button to hush the sobbing device, but she hadn't.

She had answered the call, and she had swallowed Dany's emotions to lock them within a golden cage, taking Deana's thick hide as an escape from both emerald eyes that wished to rape her vulnerability. "Dad told me not to call you, Dany. He doesn’t want you to worry." The words were bold, but the owner of them seemed ready to shatter with their excruciating pain being held at bay.
He finds a world unlike the one he'd left behind as he enters his home. The lively warmth is thick and cozy like a hug, melting the frost that kissed his cheeks and causing the cool flesh to tingle in delight. But there's a war raging within a pair of globes of a Tully-blue-hue. They are fuming, placed hot and heavy overtop the bare length of legs belonging to a golden Empress. And she is unbothered, removing the dark hood from her shoulders to reveal bare breasts under a flimsy shirt that never extends past a pierced belly button; which he had failed to note during their first—official—encounter. Jon finds himself starring for a little too long, catching himself immediately and turns his head over to see a boiling Rickon. But the boy is shameless, looking her up and down as she leans over the kitchen counter, sharing a few words with the Silent She-Wolf.

Agitated at Rickon for the hard press of his eyes over the perfect curvature of the golden Essosi, Jon heads the boy’s way, leaving the bag of groceries over the coverless, mat-less table. He rounds the boy, standing overtop Rickon’s chair, drawing his attention with a few pats over the young man’s shoulder, but his stare never wavers. “It’s impolite to stare.” Jon holds his cousin’s shoulder, hoping to snip the line of sight with a sense of propriety.

“She’s practically begging for it,” He counters as if his words were correct. It was because of men like him that the world fell into the hands of discord. And it all starts with a moment such as this, and an indulgent parent who could give two shits about compassion. But Jon isn’t Rickon's parent, no, Jon was his authority at the moment.

Jon tightened his hand over Rickon’s shoulder, harsh enough to pull a slight wince from the redhead, and lowered his head to facilitate the voyage his words would make to his cousin’s ignorant ears, “Stop this bullshit now, before it gets you into trouble.” And like a good swat to the head, Rickon lowered his eyes, though his fight wasn’t over.

The home went silent as the young man of red curls pushed his chair back, smacking Jon with the force of the solid, carved wood of his seat, forcing him back as Rickon stood. “You just let her stroll right in here.” Not a second went by before the entire Stark-Dayne clan held their loaded sight to the curly-head of auburn. “As if she was one of us.”

“Watch your words, Rickon.” Arthur was the closes, He and Arya had been eyeing them for a second. No doubt eavesdropping on the few shared sentences that had erupted into this; and whatever this was, it did not seem to be headed in a good direction.

“You stay out of Big-Boy conversations, Art!” The young man growled, drawing a succession of disapproving “Heys!” from all Stark-Daynes, and the intrusive Jon.

“Don’t fucking talk to my brother like that!” Alys spat.

“Watch your tongue, Alys,” Lya scolded her sister’s for her use of ill language, then turned to the problematic youth. “And, You! You, don’t talk to my brother like that!” She pointed no finger at the young man of auburn curls, but she held his eye before turning to Arya. “Arya, Sweetheart, can you show the kids upstairs please.” It was a gentle nudge, one that the Mischievous Wolf resented.

The girl’s round orbs of powdery grey doubled in size, her brows knit, pressed one to the other as she protested, “Wha—? I’m not a kid anymore!”

It was Dee’s turn to try and coax the stubborn girl into accepting her eldest sister’s authority, “C’mon, Arya. You have to listen to—”
“No! I’m tired of having to sit back and watch all of you fight or defend each other. He just called out one of my own, and I’m sick and tired of stupid shits like him, questioning my family!” The teen is ferocious, eyeing the aggressor of curly red hair, hoping that the sharp point of her piercing eyes could puncture through the glossy river of Rickon’s blue depths.

“Your family? I think uncle Ned’s idealistic way of thought has screwed with your definition of family. ‘Cus that Bitch isn’t your blood, I am, Jon is, your full-blooded siblings are your family, not some adopted cunt and her dead brother!” The young man pushes past the dining table, finding himself trapped between Jon's calculating eyes and the angered shift between clouded greys, stormy violets, and the single pair of Dayne-violet-blue belonging to Ben. "Are we all going to pretend that what happened to Robb is not her fault! This manipulative little slut has Robb hooked on her skirts, protecting her from the Big-Evil that might hurt her. But she’s a slut—"

"Shut your freaking mouth!” Little Ben screams through high-pitched pipes, thrusting an accusatory finger at the bad man with the foul mouth.

It’s Sansa who immediately grabs her young sister, pushing the younger kids out of the dining room to head upstairs. Alys follows her practice, stealing a bright-eyed Raya from her mother’s feet before yanking a raging Arya from her rooted spot by the handle of her upper arm. The girl tugs at the fierce protector that is Arthur, and nudges a tearful Ben to lead them upstairs.

The golden blonde had been quiet for the most part, allowing insult after insult to leave her offender’s lips. But now the kids were gone, and her eyes had grown a spark of mischief as she taunted her enemy, “Now you don’t have a young, impressionable audience, Big-Boy. How about you tell me what’s truly on your mind. I don’t want to hear Catelyn’s bitching, so how ‘bout you talk for yourself this once.”

“Dany.” The warning that rides Lya’s words is caring, concerned, and it matches the emotion that shines in her eyes.

Rickon chuckles, all humor missing from the dry burst, and he eyes the woman of imperfect coils that tangle over the swell of her breasts, biting his lip as he attempts at swallowing his pride. But the boy sired by Brandon Stark shares that vice with his father, they both fail at laying down their pride for peace to be birthed. “You want to hear what I think? I think you’re a cheap slut. I think you are poison, and you’ve lead Robb to his grave!”

Jon finds the will to move as Rickon takes a step forward, and he fists his hand with the layering of thick cotton of the young redhead’s sweatshirt. He grips his shoulder well enough, yanking him back with a warning on his lips, “How about you two stop this. Now!”

“What? Are you going to defend her as well? Do you even know what she is, Jon? She’s a fucking prostitute,” his words hold a tone of bewilderment as he questions Jon’s sanity. “You know this, right? Are we just going to pretend that this slut wouldn’t show you her cunt for a pretty copper stag?” And he’s consumed with hysteria, laughing like a madman, clapping his hands like a fool before he coaxes a breath that calms his madness. “Oh, gods! If uncle Ned knew the men you take to your bed, the habits you teach your children. Isn’t it your lot— the Valyrians— that fuck around with their siblings? Sister to brother, cousin to cousin, aunt to nephew?”

Jon was taken back by the sharp CRACK that forced Rickon's face to look his way. The young man’s words had been venom, but it was something said by the end that had broken Dee's reverie. She had been posh, eyeing him with serenity before a speck of flint flew through the mask of calm, shattering the porcelain in half as vile hatred burst through the cracks. Jon had to think fast, tearing the ball of furry that sprinted the woman's way, slipping his foot in front of violent, jerky steps of speed to throw Rickon off balance, and tackling him to the ground.
“You can’t know that! Who told you this?!” the golden woman was a flame, so hot, the mere proximity melted flesh, and she had pushed forward, hoping to hurt the man with stormy blue eyes. It was Lyarra’s tight embrace that circled the woman's waist, pulling her back as she kicked, clawing at her sister's arms in hopes to snap the brace that held her firm. "You say a word, Rickon, and I'll fuck you up!"

Jon’s ears burst with the force of his jaw, as he clenched his mouth, pressing molars to molars. He was losing his grip on his cousin’s flailing arms which he had bound by pure force, “Get her out of here, NOW!” was the order he gave, managing to straddle his cousin as to find his hands and press them over his back. “Brandon, help her!” the frightened man-child, which had been a statue of fright for most of their conversation, managed to pull himself from whatever trance he’d been in.

Bran was quick to press himself to Lya's side, taking charge of the warring blonde as they pushed her outside. "Fuck!" the dark-haired man sighed, taking the handcuffs Robb had gifted him as a misguided joke from his jacket pocket. I've learned to always carry a pair, Robb had winked at him, never know when I'll need them next, he had been on to something.

The cuffs snapped into place after hooking them to each individual wrist behind his cousin’s back. "Fuckn’—Really?" Rickon spat as Jon tightened the hold of each silver link.

Jon said naught a word as he yanked the other Stark up by the skin of his sweatshirt, sitting him down on a dust-covered couch. There wasn’t a single thing that could be said to excuse the golden woman’s behavior, none that could explain the redhead’s charge of anger. The only thing they could do is try and maintain calm.

“Where’s Lya and Dany?” Alys voice yanks Jon’s attention towards the stairs, a line of Starks all filed behind her, poking their heads out the entryway of the second floor.

Bran enters the house, hair windswept and cheeks flustered from the raging winds outside. The man says nothing as he sits beside his older brother, shocked at what had transpired. "I can't believe you did that," he states, looking Rickon's way. "Dad has never, not once, tried to hurt our mother in such a way." The eldest Stark-Tully allows a sigh to leave his lips, head falling forward as his body calms.

"I just…I was so mad…" Jon can't stand to hear it, whatever false explanation he's about to give. It's like a sedative; a capsuled pill with nice, soothing medicine tucked within the thin plastic. He'll feed that to his siblings like he fed that to his parents, and they would all see him as this tortured kid that requires more attention, more love, but Jon knows Rickon well enough.

The dark-haired man can see Rickon playing his favorite trick, as he’d played it over and over when he was but a child; Robb had shared those childhood stories with the Targaryen. The young man was not a fractured child, he held no sorrow more significant than being second in line for Winterfell.

Jon stormed out of his home to find both sisters discussing what all had happened through whispers. His mind reeled, body shivering at the state of the woman's undress, yet she did nothing to cover her body from the wind's powerful tug and push. She settled over the shiny grey metal of his truck, one leg resting over the high rubber wheel that hid under the truck's long bed. It was hard to tell if either had noted his presence as he'd guided the doorknob behind his back, the frozen handle clicking as it sealed. Both women looked up, mouths halting their spray of words. Words that seemed too spicy for him to handle. What had she said? “I know, I know. I panicked. How could he have known that? I was so shocked! But I shouldn’t have done that.”

Something Rickon said had set her off. That much was clear to the few sets of eyes that had witnessed the confrontation.
"Jon. Everything's fine," Lyarra lied. Everything was not fine. Everything was kept a secret in this family.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked...I know it is probably confusing as heck, and I won't confirm a thing here buuuuuuut shit just hit the fan!! I hope, I really REALLY hope y'all understood the bombshell I was trying to deliver, and if y'all didn't it's all ok ;) I still have a lot of things to tie or snip, like Dany's car being smashed to bits, the mask, and... I know I'm forgetting something but it will come to me :D

So, I hoped y'all enjoyed XD kudos if you did, comment any questions, concerns, or if y'all just want to say hi (I'll say hi back. I promise!) And or tell me how y'all holiday was.

Anyways have yourself a great day/night and I really hoped y'all had an amazing holiday with lots of food, lots of love, lots of family and friends, and lots of puppy kisses (unless you don't like dogs, in which case y'all I hope y'all had lots of kitten kisses (^3^)
Winter Is Here To Stay

Chapter Summary

Dany sees a Spider and contemplates a plot. Jon gives himself a migraine with a load of heavy thoughts. And a woman delivers a package.

Chapter Notes

Slow, slow, slow...I know, but I couldn't just zoom over this one. It would have been impossible! But I promise a rise in pace in the coming chapters. Plus, I'm not going to lie, this one did kick my butt, especially since I wanted-- very badly-- to have Jon's little memory of the diner included, amongst other things; you'll see what I'm talking about...

Oh and thank you AKV for reminding me that Robert B. is related to Dany, all though I don't know how that would have worked since the idea is that Valyria was reconquered and colonized at some point which drew back a branch of the Targaryen dynasty, then some members moved around Essos which brings us to Aerys and Rhaella and their three children... I guess some might have migrated back idk. It's not really important at this point since there are a few deaths to come *smiled wickedly* not too close now, but they'll come eventually. (Neither Rhaegar nor Viserys nor Daenerys are or were ever even remotely aware of this, and probably will never know if what I'm planning goes down)

On to the next issue...I finally-- after a few months of having this fic out-- realized I had been spelling Petyr's name wrong, so I went back to butcher every Peter I could find to replace with the correctly spelled Petyr. R.I.P. Peters' R.I.P. (if you guys see any discrepancy plz tell me guys lmao, I won't get mad, just tell me hahaha. I don't think I ever gave the disclaimer but this work is unbeta'd so all mistakes are most definitely mine XD)

Angelo! You were as close as close got, pal ;)

Also, HoffyPhoenix, "Friday is the day!" I kept my promise lmfao XD.

Okay, now I will place an HBA = Huge Bomb Alert in this chapter :D!!!! Plus some suicidal contemplation as well as murder contemplation by the end of the first pov/section.

Now you may continue!

UPDATE: the first scene occurs after the fight, I will touch on that in the next chapter. And the last scene is in the past...like about 22-23 yrs in the past.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE;
YOU WERE RIGHT
“How could you, Varys?” Rage filled her completely, it had been untapped, that amount of pressure from the steaming hot fire of her ire. She had been told once that there were only three emotions that existed in truth, and that the rest were merely subcategories of those three. Perhaps they were correct, and her anger, no matter how real it felt as it pulsed within her veins, was only a subcategory to the genuine emotion that filled her heart. It was fear, at its worst, and she hated herself for even acknowledging the sentiment. But she felt it prickle her skin, like a ball of needles being rolled over the lively flesh. She could have lost her brother again, for her carelessness and selfish detachment.

But the anger raged true and through her system like wildfire, and yes, it was fear. The fear of losing Robb, and never seeing him again. She couldn’t lose him, her brother, no matter how curious or stupid he could be at times— and annoying, gods was he annoying. She had cried through a burst of blossoming laughter as her father had brought her the news through her cellular device. Robb was safe and sound, and mom was with him in the ICU. He had woken slightly dazed, with a string of curses spilling from his lips before falling into sleep once again. “He asked for you, and he asked for…”

“I know. She is his love, Dad. And he will fight for her, even if that means stepping away…” there was no need to allow the rest of her sentence presence and space, her father understood the pull Stark men had for violet eyes. There was no need to hurt her parents further by voicing the actions her brother would take if they shunned him and his love for their blood bond. She had been the first he had confided in, as they were one and the same, telling his truth over the bearer of his heart. She could recall the stream of tears as she had cried, believing him to have pushed her aside for another’s time. She loved him so much, as he was her heart, and another brother the gods had gifted her; but he preferred another sister over you, she had thought. The sweet boy explained to her the impact she had made in his life, and that no matter whom he loved, Robb would always hold his silver sister within his heart; always and forever.

Robb had always been a kind boy, a kind young man when the time came. And Rickon’s words to her were an awakening, bucket of ice and water over the warmth of her head as he had revealed to her the cruelty in which she treated her brother; her family. The Starks were not blood to her, he was right, but she had chosen them as they had chosen Viserys and herself. And she had— unintentionally— denied Viz to them, to Robb with mimicking words that now filled her with dread. “You don’t get to be angry, Robb. You don’t get to feel this way. He was my blood!” She had stated this, sharing her pain for her brother. But he was their brother as well. Viz had bonded with Lya, Alys, even Robb and Arya, Art, but Ben was just a babe. A babe who had won over the silver boy’s heart. It had crushed him to leave them all behind, but he had been on a mission to someplace in his mind, someplace unbeknownst to her.

And now she stared at the man who carried faults as if feathers on his person; bright and pretty, weightless, and many more than one could carry if they had been true burdens. ‘I’m working the streets in your name, giving you more than half of my wages, and my girls’ wages. We made a deal, Varys! And I expected you to keep your side of the bargain!’

The Spider was without remorse, dressed in beautiful silken garments, robes embroidered in gold. The sphere of his head shone; as it had been buffed and polished to a sight-killing glint under the gleam of candlelight. She had thought herself rid of him after her brother’s debt had been paid, but when Robb began poking his head into shadows, searching for ghost and ghouls, she signed her name away once again.
“Part of that bargain was to keep that cop away from this side of King’s Landing. He’s a nosey one, that lover of yours, and a weakness, Daenerys. All my girls here are strong, have no loose ends. And do you know why that is?” The woman held her tongue with the sharp point of sugar-sweet teeth, tasting the iron-rich flood of crimson within her mouth. Her hands clenched under the length of black sleeves, hiding away from Varys' enigmatic eyes. Eyes which kept steady on her person, studying the tightness of her limbs, the anger in her eyes, the freshly pulled scab on the utmost part of her left knee.

It had been a while since she had heard the length of her name. And never would she have guessed it would fall onto Varys to beckon her with its call, for she had hoped to hear it pierce the air from the pipes of a loved one when the time came. But in the end, it was her pimp who owned the lengthy phrase, along with the price on her head.

“It’s because they don’t have weaknesses, my Stormborn…” he owned her, that much was being laid out on the table. “They don't have a family; they don’t have friends. Only the purpose in life that allows them to continue with this. This life that is filled with hardships and pain.” Dany held no love for this man, which had scooped her up and given her a purpose in life when she thought she had none. It was Drogo who had found her in an ally, jumped by a local group of hustlers for laying business on their turf. Drogo had led her to Varys, The Spider in need for young kids like herself; The Spider, her brother's former employer.

It would be wrong to hand Drogo all credit. When it was Varys, who wished for her the moment he'd laid eyes upon her at Viz's side.

Varys sang a song of gallantry and valor for her brother's wellbeing, as the man had saved Viserys from Baelish. Thus her drive to work with the police force, to incarcerate the man that had brought pain and suffering to many, especially those she loved most.

“Was it Petyr? Was the Detective going after Petyr's dealers?” It was useless to try and hide Robb’s name from a man known as The Master of Whispers, but the detachment was necessary especially when her curiosity had peaked; allowing the Spider a glimpse of the traitor she was.

But he shook his head, pressing an index over his lips. “None of that, Silver Dove. Already, we have talk of a mole amongst us.”

A single thick brow raised high against the other to show a hint of surprise, and a drop of question erased any suspicion he may have had within his eyes. "A mole?” Dany restated in question. It would be a lie to say she wasn't a little alarmed, and she allowed that slip, to further her act of innocence.

“You don’t worry about that, my girl,” he took her hands in his, patting the backside as if she were a mangy dog. “And don’t worry about your informant, he will have the best care. I will make sure of that.” his smile was sweet, sincere one could even say, but that never deterred her from keeping a pistol at her bedside. One with three bullets tucked in its hold, one meant for a spider, one for a dragon of silver, and the last gave her debate; should she steal another to hold in her glory the death of Petyr as well as her own, or should she keep it as is, for her mouth to swallow? Either way, she hoped to use the first two bullets before choosing an option on the third. Hopeful that with either option, the world would be rid of them all, as well as taste death by her own hand.

“Now bathe, change, regain your strength before heading back to the streets.” Of course, she thought. Nodding her head before stepping back, bowing in reverence to the hand of help before she got to step over his corpse and laugh.
A puff of vapor the cold air birthed, from the warm breath of a singular man, and it was visible to the dark eyes of Snow, white, see-through, wet against his skin. His mind clouded with the thought of her, his sister’s perfect blue eyes, and mane of chestnut brown. Her skin, unlike his, was hued not in ivory but tinted in a peachy-beige that glowed like the morning sun upon the horizon. It was painful to touch back on memories of a past life in which she did not exist, but the most painful memories lived without her, and the more pain attached to a memory, the harder it was to forget.

Through the constant cloud of darkness, Jon learned to live life upon the small waves of joy his mother created. They were a spiral of bad situations shadowed by the joyful moments created by the one, Lyanna Stark; as she never took his father’s name.

He can recall his mother’s laughter; loud, boastful, and contagious, ringing within his ears, echoing throughout the cavernous spacing within his skull. They were tiny ripples at first, of such joyous mirth, but it built up the hurricane of bliss within his chest nonetheless. And he remembers the moment the damn broke completely, the moment her laughter became wild and untamed. It had been right after the divorce papers had been signed by his father; Rhaegar Targaryen. It had been an occasion, of what? Perhaps of sorrow from his part, though he remembers his mother’s content smile as she held the proof between her hands. And after, Lyanna Stark had taken him— her only child at the time— to a dainty diner with pale, mint walls, and bright-red leathered booths. With the occasional patch-up of silver duck tape.

She’d treated them both with congratulatory meals of Root beer floats, and hot fudge covered sundaes with multicolored sprinkles. An artificially-rouged cherry atop a bed of whipped cream for their sweet-teeth to sink, below the wave of sugar. He recalls the way his feet kicked, his body swaying with the force of it, as he chewed on the sugar-gloss covered fruit; his fingers sticky with fudge. He had been a boy of three days past his ninth nameday. He knew things, and his heart ached. But he hid his tears well, under the cloyingly sweet rush of cold that filled his mouth. It was a rainbow of flavors, causing his jaws to clench in discomfort, but he had enjoyed it enough to smile at his mother, who had caught on to his sadness. She had wiped a straying tear from the warmth of his cheeks, promising him everlasting happiness for them both.

Lyanna Stark had kept to her promise, as much as one person could, but a mother knows not of the world bustling under the tight light of their child’s cranium. And what a world he built for himself. His father would have plucked the entire patch of silver hair atop his head from misplaced anger, as the Dragon usually did. Mr. Targaryen wouldn’t have been able to take the heat. He never could. Not when it truly mattered.

Jon shut his mind from the past that seemed framed, fronted and centered, under a beam of an eternal spotlight. Eyes catching a flash of silver, wrapped in amber heat as it heads in the direction of his Jeep. The young man prepares for the flurry of heated words, rushed as if in a blur, hurried to dispel the slight shock of having him parked outside, waiting for her safe return from the gates of hell. "I told you to leave right after you dropped me off. You want to get Robb into more trouble than he’s already in?" She demands with fire upon her tongue and a searing bolt of lightning within her eyes of amethyst.

The question sat upon his tongue, pinching the muscle, and though he knew the answer in a more-or-less manner, he voiced it anyway. "Who was that in there?" Her head shakes, and he knows that the silver wolf is no longer listening to him. Too busy she is, with the invisible grip she wishes to hold upon the explosive anger that bubbles and steams beneath the lid of silver hair. Both her hands ball up around his methodical insubordination, and she hurries inside.
He finds it strange, to see her so uncomfortable. Her eyes flickering between the shadows of abandoned buildings and a group of children at play on the streets. It’s quick, but he sees the way she freezes, violet eyes cemented over a group of kids upon their stage of pre-pubescence, pedaling close, mounted upon bicycles with stomped aluminum cans that have been strategically placed between the fork arch of the front wheel, as to elicit noise. And on the back pegs of each strolling bike stands another child, looking about the groups of children that fill the streets, and shadows cast by abandoned buildings.

The woman turned to him suddenly, hair drying from a rejuvenating shower that has managed to steal away the gold. Her eyes wide as if an outstretched sky of twilight. The catch light of her violet globes a shooting star reaching for infinity. The silver woman moves quick, upon him without warning, straddling his thighs, stealing his breath. And he can’t help the urge to push her away as a scorching bolt of shock invades his nervous system. But she’s strong, whispering— through the suckling of his lips— for him to keep still. All the while forcing her hands from his grip to entwine them both around his neck.

Jon can feel his heart explode within his chest, sticky, thick blood coating the inside of his ribs. And he doesn’t think himself capable of cleaning up the mess of mush dripping from his bones. “What are you doing?” he manages, though his eyes have already sealed shut, lulled by the flood of gentle caresses upon his flesh.

But the closeness lacks the aroma of sour-sweet, green apples and blossoms of said fruit that would otherwise excrete from the soft locks of finger-combed hair that presses a cold sting upon his cheeks. Her tongue cold from the spice of peppermint, and swift, warm lips sweetened by an overlay of strawberry lip balm. And though he finds the new scent of coconut milk and jasmines appealing, he also finds it heavy and unfitting to the child trapped behind aggressive violet eyes.

“Fuck…” the curse is gently expelled from her lips, warm steam tickling his whiskers as the offensive word faces the trapped, frosty air within his Jeep and clouds the windows. It’s the pull of her body that strikes a blow of realization upon her captivity, finding both his hands fisted upon the grey hoodie she now wears, and keeping her seated upon his lap.

"What?” It’s hushed as he finds her staring intently through the back window. Still, one of her hands finds his mouth, pressing four fingers to the raw flesh of his lips. Once her eyes land on his, he perceives the answer to a question he did not wish into existence, it had just appeared, and he hates that the kiss was purposeful. And he's sulking when her hands tug on his hoodie to cover his hair, fingers drawing on the drawstrings to enclose his face behind the scrunched edge of the hood.

What was he doing? What are you doing? His subconscious mind challenging the spatter of a ruptured heart. How could he allow an attachment to form between himself and the girl of peachy-pink lips that shaped the petals of the Psychotria elata. The girl whose eyes held dusk and dawn, with a net of fiery stars, and The Moon, full and heavy with her lover’s child. And though many thought The Moon danced around The Sun, it had, for a while. But The Moon’s lover was not The Sun, it was The Night Sky, and he could see all of this in her eyes.

It was hard not to stare at the milky-white baby hairs that sprouted along the rich hairline. And her heart-shaped face, as it faired well with the mane of mid-back length hair. It was hard to believe that her brother once sought him out, with news that still made his entire jaw tremble. His hands shaking, eyes prickling with the memory of the disheveled boy of silver, before his dreadful disappearance.

The young man’s loss shook the Stark-Daynies to the core, and soon the entirety of the KLPD searched for the boy— under his uncle Ned’s command— until all of King’s Landing had been upturned, scavenged clean. Dany had been recovered— a little too late it seemed— yet it still
surprised Jon when he’d found her; in the midst of a blood bath, and belly bloated with her rapist’s child.

But the young man’s words made no sense to him now, while so sure of them in his youth, now they seemed a burden, a blockade to her world. Had she really been his father’s prey? He couldn’t believe that…could he? It could explain Rhaegar's reaction to the call card of the one Alaeysa Storm, Jon had received from Cersei Baratheon. The young man could only speculate the reason, the why, a Baratheon had Deana’s call card. Deana Storm; a cover name for Dany Stark, Robert Baratheon’s best friend’s daughter.

But there was something else Jon had discarded completely. Perhaps he hadn't noticed this before, or maybe he had, but the contemplation had evaded him completely. Though now, as Jon held her firm, face inches from his, he could see the likeness she held to that of another. The silver woman whose roots were ripped from Essosi soil was tainted by the blood of Old Valyria, so her likeness to another Essosi of Valyrian nationality was not odd, though he feared that blood, did in fact, bond them as family; not closely related, but still linked by a drop of blood in a sea of crystal. This could explain the slight resemblance to an old photograph he once found between important files belonging to his father. It was a photograph that held a pair of young Valyrians in their early teens, his father was one, and his aunt was the other.

His father had explained that his aunt Shaena had visited them once, a little before he was born, and had stayed with them for a season; left before the false winter had taken over the sweet blossoms of spring. She was hot-blooded, temperamental, and fleeting, ‘like a gypsy,’ Rhaegar had compared. The eyes his aunt Shaena and the girl before him shared were but a statement to the blood they shared with the motherland of all Valyrian people. It was a coincidence that they shared a likeness, a coincidence that they both were the younger sibling of a duo. But Jon believed in no coincidence. No; the girl atop his lap shared his blood, and however thin that blood ran, it unified them under a single tree.

Jon allowed all the buzzing thoughts within his head to fade, as it had already avalanched into a nasty migraine, as well as uncomfortable in its contemplation. He observed Dee tug on her own hood then, pulling on drawstrings once again before settling back. Violet blooms staring at him expectantly, before speaking up. “Jon…I need you to let me go.”

It’s his brows that he feels scrunch up, his mouth slack as he stares at her in disbelief, but it’s true. He has her fastened— still— to his lap for safety, “Right— sorry,” the words tumble from his lips, his claws unclasping her waist as to allow her escape.

Who were they…?

His thoughts running back to the group of pre-pubescent children mounted atop splash-painted bikes.

“Little fuckers took a pic of the plates…”

“Who was that?” It seemed pointless to ask, but inevitable to keep the words from finding presence amongst their world. He had read the file, had read her file, and he gulped as he watched her mumbling to herself.

The kids playing on the street no longer seemed harmless as every few moments their wary eyes would find a fragment of them through the front window of the Jeep. The kids, the girl, the new clothes; they were spies, little birds that flew too close to a spider's web. He turned to her then, "Just drive!" she ordered, but she wasn’t his superior to demand from him. Though she was his family, and he would do for her what he and Robb had done for Lyarra, what he would do for his sisters, his brother, is cousins; every single one of them.

"It's The Spider, isn't it? You work for The Spider?" It was an ugly feeling that filled his chest, a painful heat. As if someone had rubbed his heart full of chili paste, making sure to coat even the
"Don't get your panties in a twist, Snow, just drive!" her hands reaching for him as he pushed out of the vehicle, raking a hand below the hood to allow the curl of his hair free range.

Her hands grasped at him once she had left the ride behind, slamming the door with force as her mind busied with the speed to reach him. She pushed against his chest, his back slamming against the Jeep, “What the fuck is wrong with you?” she questioned, pulling on her hoodie to cover her face. “And keep your fucking face covered!” her hands grasping, reaching for his hood to cover his head and hide his profile.

“What is wrong with me?” Jon demanded.

“Keep your voice down, Snow. Look, The Spider…” she huffed at the moniker, “he will make sure Robb has the best care.” She took his chin in her hand and yanked his face down, securing his attention, allowing death to any forming plot that began to infect his mind. “What would you have done, if you had pushed past me? Beat him up? That was your brilliant plan, Snow?”

He had to admit she was right; it was an illogical drive to defend something that was not his to shelter. Protect someone that understood her predicament in full, and kept the map to a long-lost treasure on the back burner within her head. Waiting for the moment she would need use of it, to dig up, and work through; the plan to her freedom. “They already have the license plates. They can get a name, your address—” her face falling only in angle, hiding her curious pupils that searched for the edge of her eyes to study the group of wayward children that played on the streets. “We can’t talk here. Too many ears.”

She smiled suddenly, two blossoms of star-filled dusks, glazed in mischief and mockery stared up at him, knowing. “I told you not to follow me, didn’t I? And I told you to scram… you wolves really are a curious bunch, aren’t you?” You would be too, with all this secrecy, he thought. His attention snapping with the sharp force she used to yank on both drawstrings, and tie a handsome bow below his peeking nose. "As long as you keep that nose from my business…” her finger tapping against the soft rise of cartilage, “…you’ll be fine, Snow.”

He heard her step away before he could untie the simple bow, pulling on the edge of the hood to untighten the strings and allow him view of her climbing into the Jeep. And though her quick words and careless attitude swayed his mind from the initial intent to defend her from her demons. He couldn’t help the urge to find the pimp and drive a steel rod through his cranium.

"I have yet to name It, Mother," Her voice trembled, eyes glimpsing the form of her mother as the older woman swayed upon her planted feet. The young woman was scared, her mouth-breathing came with great effort as she stood with a package swaddled within her arms. It was a tiny little thing, round-faced and chubby-cheeked, and though slumber fell upon It like a spell of a thousand stars, swirling around Its tiny head, Its hands remained clenched, knuckles white as snow. And the stars twinkled, the ones that swayed her into rest, the ones that shone within Its eyes when It chose to open the pair of amethyst gems in animated happiness.

"I can't keep It," she said, or perhaps repeated, she couldn't remember what all she had spilled to the mother she had abandoned, just as her brother had. The Wayward Son, they had called him; though her father had used more colorful words to describe the mutinous son that had abandoned their family so long ago.
She never understood how The Wayward son had managed to convince her of such stupidities, filling her head with nonsense. And still, here she was, unable to name It any other name besides the one he had chosen for It. "I can't keep It!" tears filled her eyes, and a pain, greater than the one that swallowed her bones at the time of Its birth, took place within her chest.

“What do you want me to do?” Her mother questioned, tears swallowing both globes of pearly sunsets. But it was her father, who grasped at the nameless child, ripping It from her arms. He shoved at her shoulders with the strike of a clenched fist over the soft line of her collarbones.

She had never felt such pain, not from the strike, not from their disowning, and not from their abandonment at this very moment, but from the likelihood of never glimpsing the child’s face ever again. It had been a pain in the ass, a delicate little thing, but It was hers. The child belongs to her, not for much longer, she told herself, not anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed the tangle of Jon's thoughts. He's been put in quite the predicament if I should say so myself. But how did y'all like that bomb? it wasn't as clear in the last chapter so I shone some light on it. Lots of incest in this, huh? The Bobby B part-- granted it was my fault (I completely forgot Rhaelle is/was his grandmother)-- was necessary for 2 things, a means to an end obviously, and it was ironic because he passes life in GOT trying to kill Daenerys and her baby while he's her bitch in this, so payback basically. She will crush him...although I think she's already doing that. Idk why I feel the need to explain that, my guess, I felt left out of that loop lmao XD.

UPDATE: (The young woman in the last scene. She is a new character that I have just introduced via Jon's thoughts on an old photograph)

Anyways, if you guys liked plz leave a kudos, also, leave your thoughts in the comment section. I feel like the bomb should leave room for convo, right? And if confusion was what the bomb left then leave that in the comment section too as I will be here to answer any questions you might have over the maze (Not future related obviously, but of what has already been placed on the board)

Like always I hope you have a wonderful day/night :D
Snow Sticks

Chapter Summary

Three heads, three dragons, three bullets; Dany wonders over her brother's affliction. A bid sings a song to The Spider. Jon makes a deal with a Silver Wolf.

Chapter Notes

I know it's been a while, and I promise that it hasn't just been because I've been lazy, well there is laziness and procrastination all mixed into one but writer's block has also been that nasty gum stuck to the sole of my shoe. I just haven't been able to shake it off but I'm pushing through. I hope ya'll had a beautiful few weeks, lots of teasers here and there, spoilers too, tho I've been able to stay clear of them. Though I do have to thank Mr. Fenixx, he's been keeping me updated on all the good stuff, and the sad stuff too, poor Miss Clarke she's been through some shit. I feel like we should all just send her some love on her Instagram and or any other platform she might use. I just feel so bad for what happened to her, but so proud that she was able to continue to be the strong woman she is known to be. I just love her.

Also, Mr. Hoffy, yes it is Friday lmao. I also want to thank ValDeCastille cus she was sending me all her good vibes the day before so I could finish this puppy up on time lol, thanks gurl!!! ;)

Now to the chapter...I feel like this chapter is very simple with both the first scene and third scene happening one after the other, the second scene occurs some time after the third scene (Hours apart maybe) Also, the "little Sparrow" that Varys sends after Dany is an OC, might be important, might not, who can really know with me at this point? lmao. I haven't fully chosen a name...so maybe not ;)

Oh and for all of you that are super mixed up on the Stark family tree, I made one for you guys XD there's the more simple one that just has the Starks and their brood: which I have linked at the top of the Mood Board called "Simple Fam Tree" and then the one that shows some of the other characters, some are not really that important but I just wanted to give them faces and that one is the "Complex Fam Tree" I hope ya'll enjoy them, it was just for fun really, and if they seem to not work just let me know, I'll fix them asap.

Anyways I hope ya'll like ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Simple Fam Tree
Complex Fam Tree
YOU SAID I COULD SURVIVE;
YOU WERE RIGHT
“Hey, bud. How are you feeling?” The words escaped her through trembling pipes, her tongue a worm, swimming in heavy, coagulated slime within her mouth. She had to remind herself that he was only sleeping. Look down at his chest to see it fill with sanitized air, read the monitor that beeped with luminous, neon-green light as it traced the voice of his heart upon its screen. Dany only had to see the flutter of his dark lashes, eyes busy with movement under gentle lids. But there was blood, soaking the bandage over his shoulder, wrist, and thigh. Dany couldn’t keep from feeding her fingers into the cavern of her mouth, teeth nipping over the raw edge of her index and thumb. She felt it then, as she lay a hand over Robb’s bare chest; his heart dancing to the beep of the monitor and a relieved scoff parted her lips. She had left Jon behind somewhere, with an impossible task placed within his hands. And though skeptical the young man seemed as she had asked him for this impossible task, he had agreed nonetheless with a shield and a blade and helm. A perfect knight the Stark was, or Snow; whichever he preferred. She would respect his secrecy as he respected hers; with the utmost discretion. Though, she feared that his boldness would need to be disclosed to her father. He ran a great danger, such as her fallen comrade that was now prostrated on a hospital bed, chest rising beneath the soft press of her fingertips.

Her violet eyes swam within itchy pools of salted syrup, lids closed tight, squeezing the last drop of liquid crystal that began to coat the length of her lashes. A whimper escaped her lips then, breath trapped beneath a shield of none-woven material; dyed in the lightest shade of blue. The mask was slightly uncomfortable, grainy to the touch but soft against the smooth skin of her cheeks. She held her breath, scared to wake the man that had taken three bullets; three bullets. Was it merely a coincidence that the bold Young Wolf would take three bullets? One on the right thigh—to slow him down—one that had grazed his wrist—to unarm—and the last on the shoulder—was it, perhaps, executed merely for the delicious malice of such faulty action? For there was no need for the third and final bullet as momentum had ceased, weapon laid to rest on the icy ground. Three bullets, and yet here he was, alive and on his way to recovery.

Where three bullets not enough? And was her aim any good? As it seemed that the culprit behind her brother’s assault had excellent aim. His sole purpose fulfilled as the life of Robb Stark had been left intact. He aimed only to elicit fear within her stoic older brother.

“I have something I need to tell you, Robb.” Her voice seemingly magnified to her ears, partly in cause by the pale blue medical mask secured tightly around both ears by elastic bands. And though muffled to the rest of the world, her words sliced the thin membrane of fleshy drums that hid within the canal of her ears. It was in these painstakingly quiet moments that her hand automatically reached for the old key she’d hung around her neck. Running delicate fingers over the row of dull teeth, though her own teeth still craved the induction of easy pain upon the delicate bone of her fingers. Sharp canines piercing blood-filled flesh with their fine point, it was the crimson carnage that set her straight when emotional turmoil began to take its toll. “Share with you some things I hadn’t thought to ever share… I wasn’t entirely honest that day… on the beach,” she specified, collecting shed tears with the side of her hand.

The mask over her nose and mouth blotched in dampened spots where warm tears soaked through. Her fingers pinching the thin wire that molded around her nose bridge as she attempted to dull the acute pain within her sinuses as her tear ducts flooded her eyes with the clearest, salted water. Her incessant sniffling made it hard for her to talk, hard to breath beneath the mask as her heart accelerated in speed. “I lied about what I remember of my life before Westeros, and though in some instances that could be true, it wasn’t true when I spoke of my father, of my life with my parents and
brother. I grew up in a home where love was scarce, it was a broken home.” She took a pause, heading for the room’s sink to swipe a few films of tissue. Ripping the mouth cover from her ears to blow a few loaded puffs into the soft, fluffy paper.

“It was my mother that pushed as much love as she could into our lives. My father always had it in for Viz and me; he would make us fight each other, made us hate each other, but I could never hate my brother, and he could never hate me. We were all the other had. You know, my father liked to tease us, when I was very young he would call me bastard born, as he claimed my mother had stepped out, gotten herself pregnant with another man's child. That child was me, or so he claimed.” Dany smiled small, balling up the tissues within her palm before tossing it to the trash. “That man liked to work us hard, beat us with whatever he could get a hold of. Mother tried whatever possible to stop it, even getting in the way of the blows. My father was an evil man, but he hadn’t always been like that.”

“Robb, my name isn’t Dany, Dany was a nickname my brother made for me when he was just a boy. He couldn't pronounce my entire name, so something close to Dany was born. It evolved to that moniker, and I’ve been called that ever since. First, because it was cute, a name only my brother and mother would call me, and then it became my identity with the lot of you Starks. My name is Daenerys Stormborn, and my brother Victor, or Vic as you like to call him, his name is Viserys, Viz for short. Your father chose to keep our identities hidden with these names, to keep us protected…”

“Daenerys, that is a mouthful.” Daenerys flinched, eyes hurriedly locking on to the pair of soft blues. A smile widening the wedge of her lips to showcase the line of sugar-sweet teeth behind the flesh of them, and in her excitement, the woman of silver jumped to enclose her brother within her arms. Tears streaming down her face, soaking her skin but her brother’s pain-filled wince halted her joy, struck her to move with exactitude and gentleness.

“I thought you were asleep,” she confessed, drawing a scowl from her brother’s thick brows.

“Shhh, Dany,” he pleaded with her, cupping her mouth to silence her breath. “Even the walls have ears.” But she knew that. “There’s no need for complex backstories, Dee. No longer do I need you to share this with me. Your secrets are yours, and mine, they are mine alone to keep.”

Her chest felt the affliction, her ears recognizing the slight ting of his voice; he sheltered a message, a secret he feared to share. But he kept his hand on her mouth, though her tears trekked the warm skin of him, over the beautiful rise of his knuckles, sharply shaped bones that peaked beneath a film of pale flesh. His hand was muscled, his hand was strong, but gentle when he chose to unseal her lips and cup her face, kneading the soft cheek with his thumb. “What is it, Robb?” It was her heart that stuttered, fear-stricken and heavy with the shiny gloss that coated his blue eyes.

“They said something,” she guessed, noting his fallen face; his resolve close to crumbling. “Robb, what is it? Did the doctors say something?” She demanded, “Tell me what they said,” but he would only shake his head.
bird should have pecked at, as little birds were known for swallowing eight-legged insects. But this insect held poison beneath a crimson belly and a pair of sharp teeth like the thin blade of an ice pick by which it injected its venom.

She found him, the little Scarlet Ibis. Her long, thin legs covered in scratches and a mixture of new and old bruises. Frostbitten toes scrunched as they held the scratchy cord of her homemade flip-flops tightly. The cardboard soles heavily soaked in slimy, grainy mud that ran up the length of her knees. She only wore a pair of shorts that tied around her waist by a thick, yellowish rope. A once white shirt now hung from her torso, slipping over one of her thin shoulders as an oversized, brown dress might, though she held one side of its splendid, fraying length tucked within the tightly tied shorts.

Her hair was fire, curly length butchered by the blade of a practicing barber. Freckles over her nose, and a pair of eyes that held the most peculiar shade of blue. She brought a barter, a whisper for a sweet to fill her belly, and loving words to fill her head. “You brought me a song, little bird?” A hooded spider called, an off-white, web-like net made up the scarf that hid the shine of his bald head. And in his hand, he held a silver stag that shone brighter than the sun's amplified light, reflected off the glossy surface of the Narrow Sea.

“It’s the girl with silver hair, Master.”

“Did you follow her, my sweet Sparrow?” But she wasn’t a sparrow, she was the Scarlet Ibis, a little crimson bird who feeds off insects and small fish. A bird whose legs were long and lanky, beak curved downwards. The girl had no beak though, just a missing front tooth, a wide ribcage, and a dark birthmark that resembled a lonely isle atop the outer part of her left forearm. Her pallid complexion had tanned beneath the Long Summer’s golden sun.

“I followed her just as you instructed.”

“And?” The Spider seemed impatient, though kept his tone sweet and mellow in hopes to draw out whatever secret the little Ibis had sealed behind that curved beak.

“She climbed into a black Jeep with her newest client.” She unfolded a crumpled notebook paper that had been tucked behind the waist of her shorts, brought it closer with a pair of trusting steps and handed the code over to the Master of Whispers. “Our snitch got shot a few hours ago so we couldn’t run the number by him to find out her client’s identity. He’s not a regular though, just seems to be an odd-Jon, but he was waiting for her right outside, after dropping her off a few miles back.”

“He followed her then?” The Spider attentively listen to every word that escaped the girl’s mouth, as she seemed bright; wiser than most.

“Ahnat saw the drop-off, heard the whore ask him to leave right after.”

The Spider lifted a brow as he looked over the lanky Ibis. “But yet he stayed?”

“He stayed—yes, Master. That’s why I asked the boys to take a picture of the plates, and though the device was destroyed, I managed to commit the notes to memory. I scribbled them down immediately on paper, so I would not, under any circumstance, forget,” the Scarlet Ibis paused, observing the sweet smile gifted to her by the fanged insect with eight wispy legs.

“I think you’ve earned yourself a treat…” the swift insect began to disappear beneath an obscured corner. Shifty shadows swallowing The Spider till the point of his nose.

“There’s more,” the bird sang; a nice, round fish in its beak to draw the poisonous beast out from the dark. “He was with her for a while, even followed her all the way into the hospital. It was the family
of her lover that awaited her with such warm embraces. The Cop's family. She visited him.”

The Master smiled; shiny and bright his teeth gleamed though darkness smothered them both. “Did you happen to catch their conversation, sweet Sparrow?” He asked this question, knowing too well that she had, why else would one in such need spout a stream of uselessness?

“He said not a word, but she called him brother.” The Scarlet Ibis deserved much more than silver for this, and Varys would pay her song in kind. The spider drew the little bird with fire for hair with a call of his fingers, a few shiny, silver seeds lay in his palm as to call for its hunger, but the bird shook its head, “There’s more…” and so there was.

She exited the room much too quietly, gifting a smile to the father who waited for her patiently on the outside. Her hand pushing the glossy, wooden door shut with a certain reverence that spoke to him of the love and respect she held for her brother. The father answered her smile with his own, taking a hand to press at the nape of her neck to draw her in, placing a kiss to her pale forehead and wiping away the smear of dried tears upon her cheek. Uncle Ned whispered his, “I missed you,” before his words turned to a whisper. Jon knew not what words were shared between them, he only witnessed a father’s love, unlike his own, and to a daughter that shared not the Stark’s blood. How could one man love a child that was not his own— bore not from his lover’s womb— so unconditionally?

His own father seemed to pick favorites, pushing his brother Aegon out of the will and testament, out of a fortune Jon cared not for. Rhaenys had kept him steady, kept him hushed after their father had kicked Aegon out, ”We only need to wait out the storm, it will pass little brother, I promise,” but it hadn’t passed, his father remained strong and unyielding. A madman he was really, talking of prophecy, of three heads, ”The dragon has three heads, but the heads were not of children,” came his declaration. Jon thought Rhaegar meant to marry Rhaenys to himself, but their father never pushed the subject on either sibling; even blessed the union between Jon and Ygritte. Aegon had always stated that their old man was waiting for something, or for someone. That of course, insinuated that Aegon knew far more than he let on. But he never spoke of it again, not after allowing that sentence to slip from his inebriated mouth.

Jon looked up again, his uncle had disappeared, and so had she. But it never took long to find her. She drew too much attention, especially with that mane of silver hair. In a corner, she stood, beneath shadows that stained her hair a darker hue of steely grey, and struggling with a man Jon had only seen a handful of times. The man of dark hair was always sitting beside or behind or standing on the sidelines, in the distance, but always by his cousin's side. Their interaction did not seem as threatening as he smelled it to be.

A man wounded, Naharis seemed; one arm swaddled within the hardened shell of a neon-pink cast. His arms wrestling within a sling, white shirt soaking in blood at the back of his shoulder. They talked with much heat upon their tongues; he blamed her for much, and she hated his secrecy. They accused each other for the man lying in a hospital bed, but before Jon could react, the man staggered away with a limp in his leg and a hand over his bleeding shoulder.

The silver woman seemed surprised when her eyes caught Jon’s once again, but she was fast, covering up the surprise with a sleazy smile and mischievous eyes. “What draws you to the dark, Snow?” Dark? Jon wasn’t sure what all she referred as he walked into the little five by seven hollow carved into the wall, one that homed a pair of vending machines, yet held no light except the wayward rays coming from the hall.
“I…” but was it smart to question her over the mystery behind her confrontation with Naharis? The brazen man seemed strong enough to pick a fight with a woman, one whom Jon feared was far more equipped than either Naharis or himself at one-on-one combat, and with Naharis’ arm all wrapped and bandaged; the man was playing with fire. “…I couldn’t find your cell,” he settled on the task he’d been unable to complete.

“Right,” a false surprise sparked within her eyes of violet, playing at confusion as his assignment dawned on her, “I must have left it with Missy,” she gave for her explanation. Her thought was to make him believe her a scatterbrain, but Jon had been trained to see beyond the misinformation given from the eyes and body. The girl just wanted him gone. But unlike her, Jon was neither good at plotting or fibbing. This gave him up to her, allowing her to glimpse at what all he had caught as she played her act.

Dee’s exhale was all frustration and annoyance as she studied his face, her patience dissolving into nothing but a few measly rocks of salt within a cup of saturated water, “What is it that you want? Do you really not understand what I am?” but Jon said not a word, eyes studying the fizzing response of the woman before him. All he could see was hate in her perfect-sunset eyes, hate, or a false hate that she’d been known to use to push her loved ones away. And though Robb had never wanted to open up about his silver sister, Jon knew this was true. It was true now, it was true then; in that fancy restaurant he had spotted her with her said fiancé.

“You talk sweetly to me, back me against Rickon’s harsh judgment, shadow me as if I’d get hurt otherwise. I don’t need you, or your protection. Whatever Ned told you, knock it off. I don’t need another babysitter; I already have one too many.” There was venom on her tongue as she spoke with spice and acid. A heated, angry sun, blazing in her eyes and Jon wondered how she wasn’t already sweating with the ardor of it all. She was pure flame, and yet her skin was dry, upper body hugged by the sagging mass of grey cotton that made up her hoodie. Yet he had already started to sweat from the proximity, her heat flicking his skin like the sting of a wasp. He feared the improbability to survive her tempest.

She stared at him harshly, waiting for an answer that never came, only the stunting silence that caused her rage to flare. “You know what a whore is, Snow. You know because you hired me once, called me plenty of times to try and meet up. Most men don’t hire me to have a friend for a few hours. No. No man that has ever hired me has ever, not once done it because I was good at socializing.” There was a second where her eyes strayed from his as he attempted to answer her odd commentary. His attention lost from her words as he began to turn his head in search for whatever it was that had stolen her attention, but her hand upon his cheek stilled him, drawing him close.

Her thick brows pinched in concern, false though it was, he felt it burrowing into his heart like a curious finger digging for worms in the damp earth. Left him feeling like a complete idiot as her gentle touches seemed to always expose him for what he truly was; a man starved. It appeared that none of the two were really all that different from the other, as one seemingly hungered for luxury and fame the other, in turn, hungered for touch and warmth. And she ate his starvation to feed the ego that dwelled within her chest, “Poor, Snow,” she pushed through puckered lips, eyelids heavy with the weight of thick, heavy, black goop that coated her lashes. “How deprived of love did your little vixen leave you?” she taunted.

“What are you doing?” He managed, taking hold of her upper arms to cease her reach of his mouth.

Her stare was blinding, eyes like that of a lizard, fierce, burning, and overall strange with that hue of darkening dawn. “Do you wish to know me, Snow? Know me for what I truly am?” She was acting again, but not for him.
“I want you to tell me what’s going on,” he whispered, tearing away his eyes from the hypnotic set she had living within her skull, and instead focused on the red-rimmed lids that swallowed both universes of purple each time she closed her eyes. Focused on the slight tremble of her butchered-tipped fingers that jittered over the prickle of his bearded jaw.

“Make me. You know the price.” There was something immensely appalling about that specific sentence as she purred the words over the cave of his ear. The familiarity and ease was another nail hammered into his coffin.

Her statement geared specifically for her target audience, audience that he had once—for a single second—been a part of, and it brought life to the same nausea that had plagued the rumble of his stomach, as he had allowed her to sedate him with the spice of her kiss. Her hips cradling the mass of his muscled thighs as they had sat within his foggy Jeep.

He had thought a lot about her hips, her lips, the pair of hands that had brought him to heel beneath her weight, the smell of her hair, even that belly button ring that had caved his world. But her kiss; her kiss was a potent sedative that had not once failed to unarm him. It took him back to that fated day within his apartment, where she had jumped him the moment he’d given her his dues. That day, where her lips were his source of oxygen after he had been abandoned in space, her arms the raft that had bound him in their safety. And she was sound, sweet and mellow; dulcet to his ears the rasp of her breath. All he had left to do was sate his hunger, but he hadn't allowed it, not when the rose of icy-blue bloomed in his mind.

Jon had no idea what to do as he was currently lost for words, this fact brought a smile to the plush of her lips. But he knew what needed to be done, no matter what outburst her hurt pride might bring, “I made a promise. A Stark’s word is his bond, this promise is mine, and I will do as I vowed to your father. I will look after his children, protect his children, all of his children.” Her eyes held hope that crushed beneath a façade of high degree, anger ruptured the sea of her eyes and filled them with a conquering animosity. The woman of silver made to leave, pushing past the form of him that easily molded around her shove, but his hand caught her movement, pulled her steady by the crook of her elbow. “That is why I will pay the price you ask of me.”

“You’re a cop,” she countered.

“And that scares you all of a sudden?” he battled. His eyes, breath, limbs all steady, though his heart felt like that of a buck’s as it faced a pair of headlights head on. He could feel the large truck ram into his body, crushing his bones and snapping his skin to reveal a stream of thick, sticky blood.

“No,” came her answer, “I just worry for a man who tries too hard to seem honorable. You hang with me, and your honor will tarnish, I promise you that.”

“So be it.” So be it, was he insane? He couldn't know this, not yet, not when the pins had yet to drop, not when she snatched his arm and led him out of the dark, ignoring the trail of fresh mud that tracked all along the hall.
I really hope ya'll enjoyed, plz tell me what you think, give me some constructive feedback, or just say hey, I'm never opposed to just chatting with you guys. No sex yet :( lmao, I know that's what ya'll nasties are waiting for lmao, but don't worry, I'm waiting for that too (T_.T)

It'll happen, though not just yet, I feel like they barely know each other, so why not let Jonny boy see for himself what it truly means for Dany to be a prostitute. I feel like she's determined to shatter the image he's made up of her in his mind. Anyways, anyways, I hope ya'll liked, ya'll enjoyed, and if you did plz leave a comment or kudos. And have yourselves a lovely day/night and kisses to all (^3^)

End Notes

To be continued...Maybe...?

Please kudos and comment if you liked. tell me why, tell me why not, and if you want more of this craziness I'll be in the sidelines...listening... :p and don't forget to have an awesome day/night. Thank you for your time.

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