Flirting With the Wild

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Flirting With the Wild

by Mygaythoughts

Summary

Three times three different males failed at courting and one time when they all where happy.

Notes

What the fuck am I doing

See the end of the work for more notes
Arya and the Horrible Gift

Arya was having a great day. The morning she was woken by her own father who then escorted her down to the solar. Apparently her father wanted to break his fast in private with his kin rather in the hall with the court. Lyarra was the one who got us already thoroughly dismissing the septa much to their amusement. With no mother around Lyarra can do as she pleased and if that meant dismissing an incompetent septa then so be it. After being placed into a dress with easy movement with breeches underneath for all three girls that it began the hair. Now don’t get Arya wrong she knows the benefits of proper hair care however that does not mean she likes it. Huffing softly she let Sansa pull her hair back into multiple small braids before into one main one so as to manage her hair. Having thick hair is a curse and Arya was jealous of Sansa’s hair that was neither too thin nor too thick.

Sighing the girl went to go leave before a shy maid approached her with what looked like a gift. Curious Arya was soon stunned when the maid spoke, “My lady a gift from my Lord Edric Dayne.” The youngest she wolf slowly reached forward pulling the package close waving for the girl the follow her. Ignoring her sisters the dark haired girl opened the packaging pulling out the gift. Shaking Arya slowly placed the dress back down. Staring at the dress in disdain Arya was seething. Never in her entire life has she been so insulted, offended, mortifies, or slighted. Looking away from the pink frilly monstrosity Arya turned her eyes to the terrified Dornish maid before hissing out, “Burn this thing then please do give it back to Lord Edric. Please tell him that if I am given another dress I will make sure he himself is placed into the next one permanently understood?” The maid nodded before scampering off with the dress. Soon after she was gone Arya had to deal with her sisters bursting out laughing and teasing her. The whole castle would soon learn that the eldest she wolves has laughter has beautiful as a playful wind going through chimes.
Sansa and the Wasteful Gifts

Chapter Summary

Lord Willas Tyrell forgot a particular trait of the north when he gave Sansa her gifts:
Practicality

Sansa blinked in confusion at what was in front of her. The maid was clearly struggling with her load and Sansa simply grabbed from the top of the pile taking half. Apparently Lord Willas Tyrell thought fit to start courting her but how left much to be desired. A new maid? Expensive but frail and thin fabrics? Flowers? The last one makes sense given Highgarden's ability to produce stunning flowers. That doesn’t mean she thought it useful in fact she thought it was rather wasteful. A life time ago she would have swooned and been tickled pink such a man of high standing was giving her stunning flowers but now the fire haired girl didn’t fully appreciate plucking flowers. The fabric? It’s very thin and frail giving it limited usage thus being shunned greatly in the north. In the north the need for warmth and durability was needed and this was simply wasteful and only used for select things. This made it useless and in Sansa’s eyes another thing that was useless. Now the maid was nearly a insult. A simpering woman meant to be serving her when she had many more capable maids to do such that came from the north. Lord Tyrell sending her a maid nearly screamed that he thought the maids she already had from her father where incompetent in their duties to her house.

Taking a deep breath Sansa turned to the maid named Mia. “It seems we have some work to do. We need to donate the fabric to those who would use it more then me most likely someone of the court or lower court. After that we need to take the flowers and make them into bars of soap to be distributed to the people. Given how many we have we should be able to get a bar of soap for each person in Flea Bottom. After all of this you can go back to the services of Lord Tyrell. I do not appreciate such wastefulness and the near slight he gave to both myself and my father by gifting me you.” The maid stood there stunned causing a small grin to form on the blue eyed girl as she asked, “Do you need me to find the winder key to make you go?” Arya and Lyarra laughed at their sister before getting up to help with the tasks now presented to them.
Lyarra and the Shameful Gifts

Chapter Summary

Oberyn may claim to be smart and know what women want but he does not understand what a northern bastard woman wants.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lyarra was curious as to what her gift or gifts where going to be. If it were anything like her sisters she would have fun sending it back to whoever was courting her. However when days passed and nothing came Lyarra was disheartened. Was it because she was a bastard? Was it because she would never amount to her sisters beauty? The black haired girl was distraught when the first week passed before she was brightened. There stood a small nervous squire who was carrying a huge chest the size that you could fit a body in. She and her sisters where stunned however when the squire said, “A gift from Prince Oberyn Martell of Dorne for the Lady Lyarra Snow of House Stark.” Slowly the blue eyed woman reached and opened the chest only to choke on air. Inside the chest was thousands of gold dragons and nestled amongst the gold was a stunned necklace of gold set with rubies in a particular Dornish style of jewelry. Sucking in a gentle breath she softly uttered, “Bring this chest to the orphanage and pass it out evenly amongst the children not the caretaker. The jewels shall be sent up north for my step mother was a gift given I do not deserve to wear such finery.” Arya and Sansa then made sure to make the squire to do as told and not just leave it for her. Besides not even before would she have accepted such a gift. When one has the title bastard it does seem to make ones life hard.

Chapter End Notes

This one is shorter then the rest but it has a heavier feeling then the other if that makes sense?
Wolves in Kingslanding

Chapter Summary

The boys finally got it right and they weren't even trying

Chapter Notes

HELLO YES I AM HERE WITH AGES THAT ARE CANON!!!!!!! And yes this is gonna get creepy but given this did happen in the day its not non-canon
Arya: 9
Sansa: 11
Edric: 12
Lyarra: 14
Willas: 21
Oberyn: 42
Both Willas and Oberyn have not been given canon ages however they where given ranges for their ages. Because of this I went with the youngest that those ranges went. This makes it so between Arya and Edric there is a three year gap. Between Sansa and Willas there is a ten year gap that could have gone to nineteen but I said no. For Lyarra and Oberyn there is a whooping twenty-eight year different with it could have been twenty-nine which I said no to. Again courting and marriage with gaps that big was common in that era and also I didn't look at ages until AFTER stating which ships where happening. Now please enjoy the last installment of this book.

Willas Tyrell, Oberyn Martell, and Edric Dayne where meeting after finding out the others were also trying to court a she wolf. Edric the youngest at age twelve was less restrained in his distress but it was being show in some way by the men around them. “How are we expecting to properly court them if they refuse every gift we have given them?” The youngest lord looked ready to start pacing meanwhile Willas Tyrell patted his arm gently. “Well we can start by thinking about how certain things are viewed in the north compared to here. We know that they do not value gold, finery that is not practical, or in someone’s case finery at all. We know that the north values trades greatly and to marry someone with a trade is highly praiseworthy. Now if only there were trades that we had that we can snow off.” Oberyn finally spoke up for the first time during their meeting, “Well my friend I know you could show off your falconry with the darling Lady Sansa. You Edric could show off possibly that little hobby of yours I know you try to hide. I myself can try and show off my skills with horses with the most beautiful Lady Lyarra.” The males around the prince all grinned at their friend and opened their mouth to speak before shouting got their attention.

The three determined men moved to go check the commotion only to blink in shock. Knights were trying their hardest to prevent three wolves from entering the keep. Going on a limp Willas moved forward and somehow convinced the knights to give the wolves to them. Grumbling they did so before moving off. Blinking down at six eyes that all blinked at them before the wolves moved. Willas found himself with a new buddy for the day in the form of a stunning wolf. Oberyn seemed a
bit disturbed a nearly dead silent albino wolf started to follow him but took it in stride. It was Edric who was most happy to have a companion who was just as hyper as him. Moving through the halls of the keep with their new companions the men were stopped some hours later by three very distinct females. Well it turns out that all three males have given the she wolves gifts that have pleased them finally in the form of returning their direwolves to them. The wolves were left at Winterfell on the orders of Lady Stark despite the girls protests. Apparently they must have gotten loose before making their way down south to their masters. Lots of people began to whisper that the wolves where signs from the Old Gods that the Starks are to be protected. But it also turns out that they weren’t even fully grown yet and where to get bigger. Now that did make all the males pale and the wolves seemed to grin at that.

End Notes

Arya is my favorite because she will beat your ass and make you fear her and its nice.

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