Rhaegar Targaryen and Robert Baratheon kill each other on the trident, Jaime kills the Mad King as Tywin sacks the city. Queen Rhaella survives the birth of Daenerys and reclaims the throne on behalf of House Targaryen. Ned Stark finds his sister's body and Rhaegar's son, but refuses to give the future king to his Grandmother. Now sixteen years later Jaehaerys 'Jon' Targaryen struggles to fulfill his duty as King of the Seven Kingdoms when all he has known is fighting, and Northern Politics.

Hey everyone, this first chapter is a lot of World building with the spar with Loras going to be a large part of the second chapter. This is not like my previous pics where it is all smut, this is a serious toned fic that I am doing so that I stay working on something, although I am in between exams and throughout the summer.

I wanted to create a self assured Jon in such an unfamiliar setting where he struggles mentally
and with his identity, creating a bit of a personal crisis while he has to manage an entire kingdom. I am not entirely sure of the relationships yet, but I have some ideas in my head.

More Life,

Btw, I was listening to Drake while I wrote this and if anyone can pickup on the lyric I fitted in they'll get a fist pound from me. lmao
There was a nervous buzz around the city of Kings Landing today, the end of the Regency of Queen Rhaella as her Grandson; the mysterious Northern Prince, had seemingly finally come of age to take up his position as King of the Seven Kingdoms.

There was to be the unofficial meeting of the great families of Westeros today, as the Northern party had arrived silently in the night, with little to no fanfare, no one really knew what the King looked like, or how he had arrived.

Yet, there was notes sent to each head of the great families assembled in the Red Keep, to meet after breaking their fast to converge in the Great hall, with instructions that the future King would be making his appearance.

Margaery couldn’t help but feel a nervous excitement within herself, a new refreshing start for Westeros meant that new impressions and new relationships could be developed with the King and his family. Since the King was such an unknown variable it seemed like a blank slate for Westeros, where it felt like the beginning of a new era, and hopefully a new era for House Tyrell.

After the actions Father had taken during the rebellion, a lot of the other Great houses seemed to look down on the Tyrell’s, with father being rather naïve in his siege of Storms End, maybe then the Dragon Prince would not have perished, even if Rhaegar’s death did end the Rebellion with him and Robert Baratheon killing each other.

And when Ned Stark and Jon Arryn continued South with the Targaryen forces lead by Ser Barristan to depose the Mad King, Jaime Lannister then stabbed old King Scab in the back, and the Lannister’s sacked King’s Landing, to “prove their loyalty” killing Elia and Aegon, in the process. The entire ruling family of Westeros was in ruins, with a two hostile armies within the capital.

Until Queen Rhaella arrived, baby in her arms, with her son and granddaughter and ensnared the Lords into renewing their loyalty to the Targaryen’s. She sent Ned Stark south, to embarrass her father, and to find his sister.

When Ned Stark returned, with Rhaegar and Lyanna’s son, Westeros was once again thrown into turmoil. Ned Stark refused to give Rhaella her Grandson, not wanting to lose another family member
in such a short period of time, Rhaella gave her consent to him raising the young King until he turned 16 name days and would take up his position as the future of House Targaryen.

As Margaery woke, she stripped herself of her clothes, standing in front of the mirror in the bedchambers she had received when House Tyrell was accepted into the Red Keep, she knew her duty, if she could influence herself on the King with her beauty, then the standing of House Tyrell would be increased.

Margaery knew she was beautiful, her long flowing hair reaching past her shoulders, her big blue eyes and thick lips made for a beautifully innocent picture. Her large shapely breasts lead down to a flat stomach with a patch of dark brown chestnut curls above her mound, reaching her hands she cupped each teat, perusing her body, searching for any imperfections, then turning and doing the same with her small but perky arse, giving herself a quick sense of confidence would surely be an anxious day, she called in her handmaidens to help her dress.

As her handmaidens, began doing Margaery’s hair and helping her dress the topic of the new King inevitably came up.

Elinor being the eldest of her three handmaidens and the one she was closest too was careful to voice her thoughts, “What do you think the King will be like?” she spoke meekly, but curious for Margaery’s opinion.

“Based on the rumours of his prowess in battle, and we know of what he looked like as a babe, I’m sure he’ll look the part of a warrior. Eli, are you concerned for me?” Margaery looked up at her cousin who was twisting her hair into a braid.

“Yes Marg, your family expects much from you, but he is an unknown, do you really believe he let the Wildlings south of the wall and then defeated the Others?” Elinor was always a skeptic, someone who questioned everything around them, despite her good upbringing, it just seemed second nature for her to question what she is told in rumour.

Margaery had to pause and ponder her thoughts, but answered assuredly “you must remember Eli, the Starks are the most honourable family in Westeros, Grandmother always liked and respected Ned Stark, and what Ned Stark says he means. Maybe, it is true, but we will never know for certain until we hear the story from its source.”

Elinor went quiet after that, pondering her words, until Megga spoke, “I just hope he is handsome,” causing all of the girls to giggle, the heavy conversation now passed.
Margaery arrived into the Great Hall, her arm through Garlan’s out stretched elbow, they were both dressed incredibly, expensive materials, expensive jewelry and expensive perfumes. There would be no expense saved for their first impression on the new King.

Margaery was wearing a light green dress, that had short sleeves, that had lace on the end. Her upper body was a darker green then the skirt, that had swirls of roses and plants decorated on it, but the long golden necklace with a blue pendant to match her eyes drew attention to her low cut neck line showing her generous cleavage.

Garlan was dressed in a doublet and breeches, all darker green, he was the simpler of her three brothers, with Loras dressed as frilly and fancy as his name of the ‘Knight of Flowers’ foreshadowed.

Her and her two brothers followed behind her father and mother, and Grandmother, all dressed similarly to her siblings. As they entered the hall surrounded by Tyrell guards, Margaery noticed the other families that were already there. There was a small Northern party, the smallest of them all, with Ned Stark and his wife, Catelyn Stark sitting with a few lords, as well at what looked like their two daughters. They looked bored and were dressed simply, they were probably only here to support the new King, as they were his family first and foremost.

Next, Margaery noticed the Martells, Prince Oberyn was in front with his paramour and his daughters. The smaller buxom woman who was dressed like a harlot could only be Arianne Martell, the heiress to Dorne, with only one of her two brothers. Prince Oberyn looked casually impatient, like he was trying to remain relaxed but was tense with the history he had with the new king.

The Lannister’s caught her attention next, Tywin Lannister’s balding head looking tense and calculating as always, his daughter Cersei and her Husband Addam Marbrand were sitting together, their three children in between them. The young girl in the middle of her siblings she knew to be Myrcella Lannister, and blatant competition for her in the attention of the king.

And lastly, Margaery noticed the Stormlords, Stannis Baratheon, his wife Selyse and his little Brother Renly could not be further opposites, Stannis and his wife were sitting cold and serious while Renly was dressed as fancy as Loras and was smiling, joking with the men and women around him.
Once they reached their seats, which she noticed were the seats closest to the throne, Margaery noticed two men sitting on the steps before the Iron Throne.

One of the men had black hair, that was long, just past his ears, but cropped short, he was devilishly handsome despite the smaller scars on his face. He was dressed like a commoner, a simply beige tunic and dark breeches with black boots.

The other man was sitting a step down, with reddish curly hair that had been clipped very short on the sides of his head, he was wearing a nicer doublet than the other man, with wolves sewn on the shoulders. Why a two random men were sitting there, one with the Stark sigil confused Margaery, what was going on?

both men were very handsome, but the darker haired men had sharper features and a beard that suited him well, clearly making him the better looking of the two. Her careful appraisal did not go unnoticed as she felt an elbow from Garlan.

Her brother merely smirked back at her, and she pinched her eyebrows in annoyance, then looked back up at the two men.

The black haired man, had a Valyrian steel sword between his thick legs, and was slowly polishing it, the other man was seated with his legs stretched out, gnawing on an apple by the looks of it.

One step below where the Reddish haired man was sitting were two beasts, they were almost as large as a horse and were definitely not hunting dogs as Willas bred, the two animals were facing each but lounged lazily, chewing on what looked like pieces of bone.

What on earth was going on?

This was the Red Keep, where the Iron Throne sat, where the most powerful family in Westeros ruled, how were these men simply lounging in front of it, bringing beasts into the hall, and not acknowledging any of the noble families in front of them.

It seemed so……. nonchalant in a place that was known for its trickery and treachery.

Margaery was taken from her thoughts by the herald’s horn being blown, announcing the royal family entering the hall.
As Queen Rhaella, Princess Daenerys, Prince Viserys and Princess Rhaenys entered, there was certainly someone missing, and it caused quite the nervous murmur to erupt from the people in the hall. Everyone here was expecting to see the new monarch, the King, and he was not present.

The herald, went through the official titles of all of the Targaryen’s present. And when he finished, there was a complete silence.

Queen Rhaella stepped forward into the awkward silence, “and May I introduce, Jaehaerys of Houses Stark and Targaryen, Second of his name, The White Wolf, The Slayer of Others and Friend of the Free Folk, King of the Andals and First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm.” She finished gesturing towards the man, who had not stopped rubbing the whetstone up and down his sword.

Rhaella then stepped towards the other man, “and his… companion, Lord Robb of House Stark, Heir to Winterfell.”

Well, that answered Margaery’s questions as to who they were, but left many others unanswered.

Robb Stark had a big smile on his face, and he quietly murmured something to the king, the King snorted then with his head pointed at Ned Stark, indicating Robb to move back to the Northern Party.

Robb Stark stood, turned and bowed slightly to the King, the whole time smiling, before walking away, the large grey beast at the bottom of the steps stood and walked with him, but the white one stayed where it was.

Queen Rhaella, then spoke again, “When I asked you to be in the main hall after your morning meal, I did not mean this.” Quietly scolding her Grandson.

The man smiled, and Margaery knew right there that he was a charmer, his smile lit up his face, and he looked as handsome as any man she had ever seen. Margaery felt desire running through her veins, going from a handsome man disrespecting the crown, to the future king surely changed her opinion on him.

The man merely shrugged before saying, “I am here, am I not?” The Queen could only shake her head fondly.
The future King then addressed the rest of his family with simple greetings, before turning and facing the crowd.

He took a few moments to stand and take an appraisal of the room, he was shorter then Margaery expected but that did not deter her from the physical attraction she felt for the man.

“Thank you all for coming, I am here against my will, just the same as all of you,” This statement was met with a few chuckles, but the future King remained serious.

“All of you have been asked here today because I personally have not met you, if you are wondering where the Riverlords and the Vale Lords are, they do not need to be present because I have already met them, due to their relationships with House Stark. They will be here for my coronation in the near future.”

He spoke soundly and clearly, a Northern accent that was not unpleasant, but seemed to deepen his voice. He clearly was a no nonsense type of man, straight to the point and direct.

“You may know me as Jaehaerys Targaryen, but I prefer Jon, my Northern name, Prince Jon, or Prince Jae, are fine until my coronation.”

That was a good thing to note, do not call him by his full name, he prefers something simpler. Margaery could do that.

Jon looked up towards his Grandmother after that, expecting some guidance, she nodded her head towards the beast in front of him.

“Oh, and this is Ghost, he is a Direwolf, Him and his littermates will not attack unless they or any member of House Stark are threatened, any acts against him or any of the direwolves are an equivalent to an act against me.”

This was a fierce statement, he obviously loved that wolf and the Starks as well, he would be willing to kill a man if they harmed his wolf.

“Now, I would like House Martell to step forward, I have some things I would like to say to them.”
Margaery noticed that Jon steeled himself before saying this, but he does not seem to shy away from problems or conflict, rather he would address it blatantly, as Jon himself surely knows the Martell’s feel turmoil towards him.

Oberyn Martell lead the Dornish group forward, his Paramour stood with him and his daughters behind them. Princess Arianne stood to his left, along with her little brother next to her. They made a unique picture, presenting bastard Sand’s in front of the new King, without their House’s leader could provide some offense.

Jon stepped down, sheathed his sword and stepped over his Wolf to stand directly in front of the Prince. Jon had no guards around him, with the most hostile of his lords within killing distance, yet he did not balk.

“Prince Oberyn, I do not know if my Grandmother has said this but on behalf of House Stark and Targaryen, I want to humbly apologize and recognize the actions of both Houses that costed the lives of your sister and nephew, my brother.”

There was a loud silence in the hall, no one had been expecting that, and judging by the way Prince Oberyn was blanching, neither was he. The lack of recognition for the actions of House Lannister was noticed as well.

Jon continued, “I want you to know I am not saying this as your monarch or someone looking for your retribution, I am saying this man to man, my birth costed you unfairly and I do not want this to hang over our heads.”

More Silence, Margaery could not help but think what type of man Jon was, what type of King he would make. Some people would see this as weakness, while others could see it as it was, an act of complete sincerity.

Prince Oberyn collected himself and seemed to regain his confidence. “Thank you, My Prince, that means more than you can know,” Jon reached his hand out for Oberyn to shake which he did, Oberyn’s eyes seemed to be glazing over with tears, finally receiving some closure for the sister he so greatly loved but lost.

Jon then introduced himself to the rest of the Martell group, kissing the back of Ellaria’s hand and treating her with the respect of a highborn lady, despite her surname being Sand.
Next was Arianne and her brother, Trystane. The heiress to Dorne had her hand kissed but she leaned over to give the King a greater view of her cleavage, she was smiling devilishly when he rose and he seemed to be slightly smirking at her as well.

Hmmph, looks like more competition for the King’s attention, Margaery would have to be in full flirtatious mode if she was to compete with the busty Arianne.

Jon and Trystane simply shook hands without saying anything, after that Jon stepped away, and gestured for them to retake their seats.

Next Jon called up the Stormlords, their greeting was simple and effective, shaking the hands of Renly and Stannis and kissing Selyse’s hand before having them return to their retinue.

The King seemed entirely comfortable with the exchange, but the next family in line for him to greet was the Lannister’s. With the close seats the Tyrell’s had Margaery could see the minute tightening of the muscles in Jon’s neck, tensing in displeasure, clenching his fist beside his sword, as if wanting to grab it but preventing himself from doing so.

This was something she did not expect, the disdain he felt for the Lannister’s must have been instilled in him early as he looked like he was readying for a fight. Margaery heard a quiet shuffling and noticed the Queen slowly walking towards her Grandson as well, placing a hand upon his shoulder to quickly calm him.

The Lannister’s approached and Lord Tywin stood daringly across from Jon, but Jon refused to put his hand out to shake the man’s hand. The two stood staring at each other for a long moment, before Tywin slowly put his hand out, to which Jon quickly and roughly seized it. Giving it a firm shake and moving on. The battle of wills ended with a victory for Jon, his first as King.

Next was Addam Marbrand and Cersei, a handshake for Addam and Jon kissed Cersei’s hand as if it was a limp fish. He then moved onto their children, Myrcella blushed heavily when he kissed her hand, and he smiled brightly at the woman, at ten and four she was the youngest of Margaery’s competitors, but was still beautiful, her slender figure, green eyes and blonde hair made her almost as beautiful as her mother. Jon seemed to like the way she looked as he appraised her the longest of the Lannister’s before moving on.

As Jon turned and looked at her father, Margaery felt her anxiety rise, this was the time where she had to show the King her beauty and that she could be a big part of his future. First impressions were everything and she was keen on making a good one.
Jon gestured for her father to rise, and approach, so they did, Margaery quickly gave herself one last appraisal, making sure she looked perfect before accepting Garlan’s outstretched arm.

“If he does not find you radiant then he is blind sister,” Garlan whispered as they walked to their places, Margaery smiled back at her brother, “thank you,” giving his arm a quick squeeze as well.

Once they all reached their places in front of the future King, Margaery noticed that neither the Queen nor Jon looked impressed. Margaery’s father spoke and she nearly rolled her eyes. “It is a pleasure to meet you, My Prince, House Tyrell has always been loyal to House Targaryen, despite the recent trying times, we will be loyal to you as well.” He finished with a large smile, while Jon and the Queen pursed their lips clearly preventing themselves from stating the obvious.

Jon shook her father’s hand, but did not say anything, he wiped his hand on his pants after he finished shaking though. He then kissed Margaery’s mothers hand, and complimented her beauty which made her blush sweetly. Next was her Grandmother, and Grandmother Olenna was not known to be the Queen of Thornes for nothing.

“So, are you as cold and brutish as most Northerners?”

Margaery felt Garlan tense next to her, and she was sure her reaction was the exact same, but judging by the King’s reaction it was the right thing to say as he seemed amused for the first time.

“And are you one of the soft simpering Southern woman we are supposed to want to make sweet love to?”

The king retorted smiling as he spoke, his words caused Grandmother to laugh fully, gripping Jon’s hands as she did, even the Queen seemed amused with the interaction. Garlan leaned over and whispered in Margaery’s ear, “leave it to Grandmother,” with mirth, which caused Margaery to chuckle again, laughing at her brother and the bizarre situation her Grandmother created.

Jon seemed charmed by Grandmother, and he kissed both of her hands before he moved onto Loras. His Grandmother interrupted before he could continue, “Jaehaerys, Ser Loras is one of the best knights in the realm and would like to join the Kingsguard.” Jon then looked at Rhaella in confusion, “I was planning on swearing Ghost in, would he not make a better guard then a person?”

Rhaella blatantly blanched at her Grandson before she recognized the mirth in his eyes. She then
looked over at the Wolf, who must be named Ghost, as Ghost continued to lounge lazily on the steps. “Right, he seems inclined to train squires and win tournaments.” Jon let out a deep chuckle, as did the rest of the Tyrell party, Jon then reached over and gave his Grandmother’s hand a quick squeeze in appreciation before turning his attention to Loras again, judging him.

“How old are you Ser?” Jon asked,

“Eight and ten, Your Grace” Loras replied,

Jon’s eyebrows pinched, he looked towards his Grandmother then back at Loras, “Why have you not been sworn in yet, even I see the benefits.”

Jon’s Grandmother replied, “Only a king can swear in a Kingsguard, it is why we’ve only had six since the Trident.”

That made sense, and it looked like Jon knew it too, but he also looked to be thinking about something, before deciding upon it. “Tomorrow morning you will meet me in the training yard, I would like to spar with you before you are sworn in.”

Loras smiled and nodded in deference, “Of course, My Prince.”

The two shook hands, then Jon moved onto Garlan so Margaery moved away so the two could greet each other. Jon stepped forward and put his hand out, but then surprisingly spoke, “Willas, correct? You are the one who breeds the hunting dogs?” Garlan did not take offence to the simple mistake, “No, your Grace, I am the third son, Garlan, our older brother Willas is the one who breeds the mutts.”

Jon calmly tried catch and rectify his mistake, “My apologies Ser, I was hoping Willas could help with the Direwolves,” he turned back to look fondly at his wolf, still lounging lazily on the steps, “Direwolves should not become as few as they once were.” Garlan took Jon’s outstretched hand but looked at her, “You should ask my Sister, she often helps Willas with his work, she might be helpful,” giving her a look that said “You’re Welcome”

The Prince looked at her then, and she was taken off guard by how handsome he really was, the mix of the Targaryen exotic features and the Stark long features made him look like someone painted him, his long hair framed his face, and his dark violet eyes had hidden depths. He was a man who some would do stupid things for, as men often did with pretty women.
Margaery curtsied as custom, and then Jon took her hand and kissed softly, looking up at her through his eyelashes made her breathe catch, the desire hitting her in full force. She would not mind putting her hands in his hair and kissing his pouty lips.

Jon’s eyes did a quick perusal of her body as he stood straight again, pausing briefly on her cleavage, then on the pendant before meeting her eyes once again. Good, the necklace had worked.

Jon spoke softly, “My Lady, do you really think you would be able to help breed the direwolves?” The way he spoke proved he had great love for the wolves, making Margaery feel slightly guilty that Garlan had fibbed to earn some respect from the King.

“Perhaps, I will have to contact Willas, and see how they act and interact before I can decide on something certain My Prince.”

Jon seemed disappointed in those words, his face falling slightly. Accepting what she said, he nodded, and took a step back, then gestured to her father to lead their party back to their seats.

Jon then rose back up the steps to the throne, escorting his Grandmother, as they went. The Queen then stood in front of the throne, “That is all for today, there will be a feast tonight which you are all invited to, I expect to see you all there.”

The two then walked over to rest of the Royal family, sharing a few words, then Jon turned and walked towards the Northern Party, clicking his tongue to call his wolf over to him.

Jon, spoke to Ned Stark for a moment, before Jon, Robb and the two Stark sisters all headed out the front doors with their massive direwolves next to them, Stark guards in tow.

The Royal family, did not look displeased, but not exactly happy with that state of events either, and were escorted out by the Kingsguard.

Margaery and the Tyrell party were escorted back to their rooms for the remainder of the day, where her handmaidens where waiting for her, as her cousins began to do their duty, Margaery suggested they go to the gardens for a walk, she did not feel up to having to listen to her mother and Grandmother scold her on what she must do for the family today.
As her and her three cousins left the keep, Margaery noticed the Tyrell guards that followed but also the mindless chatter that they kept while they were walking. Margaery was distracted by her thoughts on what had just occurred.

The King seemed so Northern, and entirely like he was forced into the situation but did not want to let the people who expected things from him down. From what she could tell, he was a warrior and did not care much for rules or frivolities, much of what she heard of from people of the North.

Northerners were supposed to be brutish savages, not handsome warriors with what seemed like a personality of humour despite the severity of the situation. Robb and Jon were both not what she expected, yet she still felt a mild apprehension regarding her task. She knew she would have to try and entice the King into her thrall, but she had never learnt to attempt this on someone who did not care how polite or well-kept she was. He seemed more impressed that she did not look down on helping her brother with his Dogs then her beauty and character.

This was something she was not expecting, she had been trained to wear a mask and to please her husband to be, to seduce and treat his needs, not allow him his own autonomy. Jon seemed like the man who would appreciate being alone, more than anything else, usually she had men begging for her hand or her beauty, urging to be consistently be closer to her.

Margaery was brought out of her thoughts by Elinor grasping her wrist, “Everything ok Marg?”

Happy that she was cared for and loved, Margaery smiled, “Yes, the future King was just not all I had expected,” she clarified.

Megga chimed in saying the same thing as before hilariously, “Well, was he handsome?” before breaking out in giggles.

Margaery sighed dreamily, “Yes, extremely so, but he was also very blunt, honest and …… independent, like he did not need anyone else.”

Elinor pinched her eyebrows in thought, “A challenge then?” she spoke rather determined since it was Margaery who would be doing the wooing.

Margaery had to pause to think for a second, Elinor made a good point, it certainly was a challenge, but would the outcome outweigh the effort? She had a duty to her house that was certain, but would she be able to control Jon, or at least have a mutual respect. Then she remembered the interaction between Jon and Grandmother, the smiles and jokes slipped easily between the two, and that made her certain.
“A challenge I will relish Eli, this shall be fun.”

Jon

As Jon left the keep with his Stark cousins, his mood improved drastically. Having to weigh every single one of his words in his head before speaking was something he was not used to. As well as having to not be able to say something displeasing to someone who clearly deserve it.

Having to hold his tongue when Tywin Lannister tried him was one of the hardest things Jon had to do, the man literally ordered the killings of his brother and step mother and got off for the price of loyalty. It made Jon mad just to think about it.

Jon was taken out his brooding by Robb giving him a slight shoulder bump, “Stop worrying about it ‘Jaehaerys’” saying his Targaryen name was a sarcastic voice.

Jon smiled at his cousin’s theatrics, “I hate it though, I do not want to be King nor have to deal with all of this southern horseshit, but I have to for the sake of the family I barley know.”

Robb could only smile softly at Jon’s word’s not sure how to reply to his statement. The four Stark cousins were walking down the streets of Kings Landing, they had received permission from Uncle Ned to peruse the shops of Kings Landing before returning for the feast. Ghost, Grey Wind, Lady and Nymeria walked besides their familiars, which made the citizens of Kings Landing to give the group a wide berth. They were followed by a few Stark Guards as well, for the extra protection if needed.

Sansa spoke up her optimism always something that Jon admired. “Jon, you are a part of the Targaryen family, you merely have to get to know the other side of your family as you do us.” At ten and five Sansa always was wise beyond her years, and she was recently growing into her Mother’s beauty making it harder and harder to keep a familial distance with his cousin. A proper Lady who held affection for the Prince in her home increased the love she had for Jon. It would certainly not be a hardship to wed and bed his beautiful cousin.
“Sansa, I grew up with all of you, The Targaryen’s are strangers to me, my Grandmother told me yesterday that we must act like we love each other already, I’ve never been told something so strange in my life.”

Arya chimed in from where she was walking, “What do you mean act?” clearly not understanding the weight of the situation.

“She said we need to show a united front, or the lords and ladies will prey upon discord in the Royal family.” Jon replied, reaching over to pinch Arya’s ear, only for her to swat his hand away. Jon continued, “I do not want to have to deal with this common treachery, life was much simpler in the North.”

In truth, Uncle Ned raised Jon as a Northerner, one who was honest and straight forward with no time or patience for lies and deceit. Yet, Jon knew the Red Keep was filled with that exact thing. It infuriated him that he was forced so unwillingly into this position that everything he has done so far in Kings Landing has been out of reluctance.

Jon would much rather be in the North with his free folk friends, or in Winterfell with the Starks, or spending time fucking the Free Folk Princess Val, that secret relationship needed to stay secret or else the courts of Kings Landing would despise him as a lustful savage.

Jon was a savage, the fighting in the North between the Free Folk then eventually the others made him into a weapon of the highest of qualities. Jon and Robb had been formed into warriors faster than anyone previously had, the two leading their own infantry units into Long Night, honing their skills with battles against supernatural enemies and not ones of flesh and bone.

Jon was looking forward to beginning that Tyrell twat’s ego down tomorrow morning. What fucking knight was as frilly and wore flowers on his doublets. The only Tyrell that impressed was the Grandmother, that insult was the first time he had seen someone act real in Kings Landing, not as if they were wearing a mask. Even the beautiful daughter disappointed, her reputation did not lie she was very beautiful, and easy to lust over yet she blatantly lied regarding her knowledge of breeding the hunting dogs. And Mace Tyrell was as fat and stupid as his reputation said.

The Martell’s were the only family that actually made an impression on Jon as a whole, Oberyn seemed genuine yet lethal, while his paramour seemed surprised that Jon would even address her, which was something he intended to change within his reign. Arianne was sex reincarnated but seemed daring, and Jon liked that in woman, a woman who would challenge him in his opinions and not be shy in her affections.

Jon was not looking forward to the feast later, where he would have to turn on his kingly persona once again. And the meeting today was only the great houses, the minor houses were also attending the feast tonight, more men to schmooze and more women to charm.
Jon was taken from his thoughts at Sansa turning into one of the shops they were walking past, seeing a dress she liked, her and Arya went inside while him and Robb waited at the door with the wolves.

“So which one of those Southern Flowers do you plan on having?” Robb said once his Sisters were out of earshot, one of the guards watching them gave a humorous snort. Leave it Robb to bring Jon out of his political thoughts with a solid distraction.

Jon looked overly thoughtful for a few seconds really playing into Robb’s statement making his cousin chuckle, “Why? Which one do you fancy?”

Robb looked confused for a moment, “I may want but I cannot have, you have the pick of them all, they’re going to be throwing themselves at you tonight.”

“You do realize that if you fuck a Southern woman not one Northerner is going to mind? Just make sure not to take a maiden,” Jon said pushing Robb in the shoulder. Jon continued, “You do know you’ll have to marry a Northern woman right? Your mother being Southern forces my hand.”

Robb smiled sweetly at Jon, “I know cousin, the Northern Lords would go mad if you didn’t, you going to let me pick my bride?” the last part he said teasingly, knowing full well Jon would say Yes,

“Shut up, of course you arse.” Jon retorted just as Sansa and Arya exited the shop, Sansa immediately pounced on Jon’s poor manners

“Jaehaerys it is not very kingly to swear, especially at another high born Lord.” She said coating her words in sweetness so it was abundantly clear she was jesting.

Robb and Arya laughed at Sansa, and Jon smiled back at her sweetly, reaching an arm around her shoulders to give her a quick but wet kiss on the cheek, as she squirmed away from squealing his name “Jooooooonnnnn!” as she tried to pry him off of her.

This caused all of the guards to laugh along as well, and Jon felt content, for the first time since he returned to Kings Landing. The Stark’s continued going through the shops, Sansa buying some fabric and a dress that was ‘secret’ from her brother and cousin. While Arya bought herself a smaller sword belt and a new quiver for her archery lessons. Jon and Robb purchased some treats for the wolves, stopping at a stall that was selling meat and letting the wolves gorge on the massive hunks of
boar the man was selling. Jon and Robb did not need to buy anything, as they were not one for frivolities and Jon had received Longclaw from Jeor Mormont when he saved his life while Robb was waiting for the honour of wielding Ice.

Once they finished their shopping, one of the guards let them know it was nearing time to return to the keep, and prepare for the feast.

They headed back into the keep, and Jon needed to request for a page to send them to their rooms as they did not know the way to Robb’s amusement. “This is your castle” he said laughing.

As they proceeded back to the Stark’s quarters all of the servants and guards bowed or curtseyed as Jon passed, making him slightly uncomfortable as he was not paid that much respect in the North.

Jon and Robb split with Sansa and Arya as the girls naturally took a longer time to get ready and headed to Robb’s bedchamber. The two cousins were simply relaxing, lounging waiting for the beginning of the feast when the Lady Catelyn came storming into the room. “Robert Stark! Jaehaerys Targaryen!” the two boys quickly looked at each other knowing they were in trouble because she had used their full names.

“I will not be having the boys I raised go to this feast without dressing accordingly!” Jon felt like he was a child again being scolded but he could not help but feel for his Aunt. Him and Robb were a reflection of her and House Stark and she wanted to make a good impression. What was more important was that they needed to raise a King, and Jon was a reflection on whether or not the Stark’s had been rightly trusted in their raising of the future King.

“I do not even want to go,” Jon mumbled, but Catelyn heard and her face dropped. “Jon, you are to be the King, I know you did not ask for this, but we Stark’s do our duty, do we not?” she said as she strode forward and wrapped Jon up in a motherly hug.

Jon returned her embrace and nodded at her, Jon refused to allow any shame to befall on House Stark on his behalf, they had done so much for him when they did not have to, and he would forever be in their debt.

Robb had already left with his Mother’s instruction to get cleaned up, but Catelyn and Jon were interrupted by soft knocking on the door, as Princess Rhaenys made herself present in the room.

“Lady Stark, Brother, Grandmother wishes for me to dress you for the feast as she did deem what
you wore earlier appropriate for tonight.” Jon smiled down at his Aunt, chuckling at the timing,

“Aunt Cat just came in here to scold Robb and I for not preparing well enough for the feast, you must have just missed him.” He told his sister, to her surprise.

Rhaenys was breathtakingly beautiful, her and Daenerys were two of the most gorgeous women he had ever seen. The violet eyes on both, Dany’s platinum blonde hair and pale skin, while Rhaenys’ darker skin and darker hair contrasted incredibly. The two standing next to each other made for men to feel weak in the knees but by themselves they were as independently beautiful as the stories say.

Aunt Cat gave Jon another quick hug, before quietly lecturing him for his manners, “Be polite and respectful, and be good, these people are your family, just like we are.” Before bidding him farewell and directing a curtsey in his and Rhaenys’ direction.

Rhaenys watched her leave, then gestured for Jon to follow. As they walked through the keep together Jon could not help but notice his Sister’s physique. The dress she was wearing accentuated her violet eyes as the dress was a light purple, but it also made for her arse to prove shapely and her bosom to be slightly displayed. Jon took a deep breath through his nose, asking for patience tonight. His Targaryen blood shining through momentarily.

Rhaenys seemed to notice his inner turmoil, but did not acknowledge it just continuing to lead him through the keep. She broke the silence by asking “So where did you find him?” giving Ghost a quick appraisal.

Jon smiled at the topic she chose, there was extreme tension between her family that neither of them wanted to speak of at the moment so she settled on something safe. “We found them after a battle at the wall, we were returning from the greater North recruiting the Free Folk south of the wall when a pregnant Direwolf strayed onto our path. She was bleeding and clearly dying, but we took her to Castle Black and she gave birth, unfortunately she passed or I think she would have been Uncle Ned’s but there were six pups, two girls and four boys for the Stark children.” Rhaenys was listening intently, seemingly actually curious about the topic instead of just making idle conversation which Jon appreciated.

“He won’t hurt us… will he?” She asked nervously,

Jon replied quickly to reassure her, “No, no, he recognizes our shared blood, he knows you are family.”

Rhaenys turned pensive, before stopping and facing Jon directly, “…… and how do you know that?”
Jon brightly smiled at her but said nothing continuing the walk to his rooms. He entered his rooms and immediately went for the tray of food sitting on his desk, he hadn’t eaten since breakfast and the food in Robb’s room was split between them both. Rhaenys entered behind him and loudly sighed shaking her head. “If you will not tell me about Ghost that’s fine, but please tell me why you have not eaten.”

As Jon continued to munch of the food on the tray he said “not hungry” before going back to his snacks. As he ate he could hear Rhaenys going through his chests, there was nothing of his that had any value in them so he was fine going through his clothes. Ghost came and nudged his hand as he went to eat some slices of boar and he fed another piece to Ghost, the spoiled wolf that he is.

“Jon,” Rhaenys called out getting his attention, he turned and looked only to catch a doublet that was tossed at him. “Put that on, I want to see it on you,” Rhaenys went back to his chests so Jon shrugged and stripped himself of his tunic, sliding on the fancy doublet she had tossed at him. When Jon put it on he stretched his hands out to test the length of the sleeves he realized Rhaenys had stopped moving. He looked towards his sister to see she had a surprised look, one of despair and anger.

“Where did you get those scars?” Ah, so she noticed his torso. She spoke fiercely, with a tone of violence and possessiveness.

“The fight, against the Free Folk then the Others? I am sure you heard of it,” Jon spoke humbly, and quietly, continuing to fidget with the doublet.

“Yes I heard of it, yes I thought it was rumour and heresy, you really fought against Others and Wildlings?” she continued in the same tone, with a slight disbelief towards the end of her sentence.

“Yes, why would I lie to you, and its Free folk, they are a part of the Northern Kingdom now, you must respect that.” Jon said to her annoyed at her ignorance.

Jon then went over to another chest, taking out a doublet he liked and a pair of breeches he had worn in but were still considered dressy enough for a feast like today.

He stripped of his shirt again, making sure to turn away from his sister this time, but when he turned around Rhaenys came over to him and pushed his shirt up his torso, Jon took a firm step back, pushing his hands in front of her, “Wow, what are you doing?”
“I want to see,” She spoke again, forcefully, expecting to get what she wants.

“Rhaenys, I would like you to leave.” This was met with silence. Rhaenys realized she had pushed too far too fast and made it obvious she regretted her actions but Jon could dress himself, he did not need his Sister to babysit him and pick out his clothes while making him uncomfortable.

“I do not mean to be rude, but what I do not want to speak of I will not speak of until I am comfortable with you, do you understand?” Rhaenys nodded, looking very sad for the moment, “I will see you at the feast,” Jon finished, ending the conversation and dismissing her presence.

Before she left, Rhaenys turned back and looked at Jon, “I expect a dance!” and Jon was happy to smile at her and accept her peace offering.

Rhaenys his room and he heard her and her guard’s footsteps departing. Jon quickly dressed himself to Aunt Catelyn’s standards, a nice grey and black doublet all the way buttoned up, clean leather breeches, the nicer pair of his two boots, cufflinks, a thin black cloak and his hair pulled back out his face. It only took him a few minutes but he was already irritated with having to dress this way, Kings Landing propriety was annoying.

Jon lied down on his bed and lied back, not believing how much his life had changed over the last few months. He always knew that he had a duty to the realm but having such a small amount of time between defeating the Others and having to fulfill his role as King has him in a headspace that is not the healthiest. Jon was simply tired, and he knew his attitude would need to change if he wished to complete the changes he wanted in Westeros within his reign. The next few days would be some of the most important during his reign, and he was not mentally prepared for it. He did not want to be a King who had to wear a mask to be able to gain trust by being true to himself. Even if that did eventually lead to him putting himself in danger, he would take that risk for the sake of his sanity.

Jon seemed to nod off for a moment, and was awoken by a loud knock on his door, an unfamiliar voice loudly calling out “My Prince, the feast is to start soon, you need to arrive with your family.” Jon rose and opened the door, only for Jaime Lannister to be the voice on the other side of the door, his annoyingly handsome face looking at him.

Jon gestured for Jamie to lead the way, he was deck out in his full Kingsguard armour, Targaryen breastplate and long white cloak, looking like a real prince charming Sansa used to speak of in the songs.
Jaime led him to where his Targaryen family was waiting to enter the feast for themselves. His grandmother looked rather annoyed, “You are late,” she said, scolding him, “My apologies, I fell asleep.”

Jon then ignored the herald and his family and walked forward to sit at the head table, of the great hall. A larger seat set out then the rest that was reserved for him.

He sat down, and his family followed, the Herald announcing them as they walked. Jon then ordered for the food to be brought out and immediately filled his goblet with wine, ignoring the looks his family were giving him. Jon knew his family would be skeptical of him during this feast but he would not embarrass them.

Jon then looked out at the families in the hall, the Stormlords and Northern Lords were mingling, their familiarity through the late Robert Baratheon and Uncle Ned’s friendship created more relationships. The Dornish were as far from the Lannister’s as possible, but remained social and seemed happy. Across the way the Westerlands party was quiet, and seemed introverted, likely due to the awkwardness of their situation. And the Reach Lords were jovial and looking as fancy as usual, Mace Tyrell looking like the moron he is with food in his beard.

Jon felt Ghost brush up against his shins under the table, and lied down on his feet, his boy probably sensing his rising anxiety and providing some physical comfort which he expected.

Jon was pulled out of his observation by Daenerys speaking to him. “Jaehaerys, what are Northern feasts like?” another innocent question to get to know one another better, perfectly polite for the setting.

Jon looked around the room another time before answering, “Happier, louder, more social, less political posturing.” He said bluntly, he heard his grandmother’s angry “Jaehaerys!” as Daenerys hid her smile behind her hand. He heard a deep chuckle from his uncle Viserys as well.

“Uncle, you up for some wrestling? It is a Northern tradition during a feast!” he chided towards Viserys, Viserys blanched, but realized Jon was joking when he saw his smirk. Viserys then chuckled again, “Does it require us to strip of our shirts and flew our muscles Jaehaerys?” he jested, making Jon laugh as well.

This time, Rhaenys, Daenerys and Rhaella all laughed too and the strange topic of conversation mixed with the bluntness of his uncle made them seem like a family for a moment. Jon took another bite of his meal but Rhaenys quickly chimed in.
“Do you actually wrestle?” genuinely curious,

“Aye, only on special occasions though, Aunt Cat disliked the act as she deemed it improper, so we came up with that compromise. Maybe after my coronation we will.” Jon replied, partly jesting towards the end, but more or less testing the waters.

His Grandmother replied quickly, “Absolutely not Jaehaerys, I will not have you embarrassing the Targaryen name in this hall.”

This was met with silence at the table, his Grandmother more or less rejecting his Northern roots was displeasing, but he remained impassive. Once he was King, he would simply order it during a feast and there would be nothing his Grandmother would be able to do without going against him.

The silence was broken by Viserys thankfully directing the conversation to clearer waters, “Are you really going to fight Ser Loras tomorrow?” he inquired, Jon saw no reason not to, “Of course, I will not swear in a knight who cannot defeat me in a spar, I will not trust that man to guard my back.” Jon paused before looking at the whole table, “You are all welcome to come watch tomorrow, I am sure there will be a crowd since it is a Tyrell I am fighting.”

Daenerys smiled, “I was hoping you would ask, but are you sure you’ll be able to defeat him? He has a reputation of being very skilled.”

This was where the Southern reputation of Knights differed from warriors of the North. Loras had never fought before, only in tournaments and spars, under no circumstances has he actually been in a battle and a battle will train your skills better than any teacher, especially if you are fighting supernatural ice monsters.

Jon did want to come across as overly cocky and arrogant so he simply said “We will have to see, Auntie.” Giving her a quick wink.

Jon then noticed his Grandmother whispering to one of the serving girls who she called over, and about a minute later the band started playing, the bard crooning out some notes. He looked over at his Grandmother who gave him a small smile.

Jon stood, and the crowd silenced, but the band kept playing lowly, “Thank you all for coming today, I hope the food was good and your company better.” A small round of applause, before Jon
continued, “As you can hear, the band has started playing so let the dancing, drinking and flirting begin.” More applause and laughter but Jon raised his hand to ask for Silence once more. “as first dance, I would like to invite my Grandmother to begin, she has ruled well in my stead, and she deserves all of the recognition she gets for her strength.” A louder round of applause as Jon reached his hand out in front of his very surprised Grandmother, she had her mouth slightly open with a look of awe and gratefulness on her face, and as she rose and followed him to the area reserved for dancing she looked ethereal, a true aging beauty.

They took their dancing position and slowly started swaying, Jon noticed some other couples getting up and joining them and it created a soft atmosphere compared to the awkward one when the families were eating.

His Grandmother quietly spoke up “Thank you Jaehaerys, I was not expecting that.” She had a small smile on her face that made Jon smile as well.

“I know, that was my intention. I do not want us to have to pretend to be family, I want to build a loving relationship with all of you.” Jon said, looking into her eyes to express how serious he was.

Jon saw some tears forming in his Grandmother’s eyes at his statement which made him happy and sad at the same time, Jon never really thought about it before but Rhaella had a Grandson taken from her right as soon as her son died, and other Grandson died, she dealt with the mad king, then all of this despair, then carried a kingdom on her back for ten and five years. Truly, the strongest woman he had ever seen.

Jon wrapped his arms around her, giving her a firm embrace, pouring the love he felt for her in that moment into his actions. Her tears slowly fell down her face and Jon wiped them away with his thumbs, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“That means the world to me, thank you Jae.” As she returned his hug firmly.

The song ended, and Jon signalled Ser Barristan over to escort his Grandmother back to the head table, and Jon looked around to find his sister for a dance, as he promised.

Rhaenys was dancing with her cousin Trystane, and he was ugly. Looked like a fucking frog, luckily for him the Dornish were open with their sexuality or he would not be getting any high born sex from any other kingdom. For some reason that comforted Jon, as his sister and her cousin’s relationship was clearly platonic.
Jon walked over to where Rhaenys was and Trystane noticed him before Rhaenys did, giving a slight bow of his head, which made Rhaenys turn and look at him as well. Jon put his hand out for Trystane to shake then said “Prince Trystane, I was hoping for a dance with my sister, she promised she would teach me how to make scars look pretty.” Prince Trystane looked confused with the statement but Rhaenys laughed, then wrapped her arm around his, Trystane smiled at them both then acquiesced to his request, heading back over to where the Dornish party sat.

“I pray I was not too harsh with you earlier, I do wish for us to have a sibling relationship, despite the tension of our families.” Jon said as he led Rhaenys through the steps, his hand on her hip felt different than it did for his Grandmother, as he was currently remembering what his sister’s perky arse looked like earlier.

Rhaenys smiled bright, tucking her body closer to his torso so she could talk quieter, “You do know what Targaryen siblings do right?” she said flirtatiously.

Jon swallowed, trying to compose himself quickly which Rhaenys noticed and began giggling at, she continued “Relax Jae, I was jesting, thought that would not be something I would be opposed to.”

Jon smiled at his sister, Rhaenys was only slightly smaller than Jon, so her eyes were in line with his lips, which she was looking at. Jon dryly said “Duly noted sister, you do look beautiful tonight,” and that was no lie, he never got to voice it to her earlier but Rhaenys appreciated the compliment based on the kiss she placed on his cheek after.

“Thank you brother, you look handsome as well,” smiling again, she continued, “what you did for Uncle Oberyn was extremely noble today Jae, you may not have intended it but those words applied to me as well, and I appreciate you caring.” She finished sobering the conversation,

Jon could only smile back at her, before the song ended and he felt an arm on his shoulder. Jon turned and was faced with Robb and Sansa, Robb began “My Prince, Princess, I was hoping we could trade partners, a sister for a sister.” He finished with a charming smile in Rhaenys’ direction.

Jon looked at Rhaenys and she seemed comfortable with the notion so he nodded, “Don’t step on her toes Robb or her Dornish temper may run over.” Sansa hid her laugh behind her hand while Robb openly chuckled, Rhaenys turned and looked at him with a stunned expression on her face.

Rhaenys hooked her hand into Robb’s arm, then turned to look at Jon again, “Well, Robb is handsomer than you anyway.” Before leading Robb away, who turned back to smile at Jon.

Jon stuck his arm out for Sansa and the two began to dance.
“It is nice to see you getting along with the other side of your family Jon,” she said as they gently swayed. Jon and Sansa had danced hundreds of times before so it was second nature to them by now, knowing each other’s movements.

“When they are not overly serious they are fine to be around, even had them laughing at the table earlier.” Jon felt some pride seep into his voice, proud that he did that now that he looked back on it. Sansa smiled at him too, beaming for him. Sansa looked fantastic tonight, her grey dress with red accents made her hair look bright, which she had braided into a fancy style. The dress was conservative, showing her curves but not overly displaying them. She looked like the perfect Northern woman who was good enough for the South. It will break Jon’s heart when he has to give consent to who she will marry, as the possibility for marriage was always there and she is very close to his heart.

Jon continued, “Is this the dress you purchased today?” he asked noticing her blush she nodded, “It was a good thing you kept it a secret, it is a lovely surprise to see such a dress on such a beauty.” Sansa’s blush deepened, tucking her head underneath his chin to hide her embarrassment.

She composed herself briefly removing herself from his embrace then looked up at him, “Thank you Jon, but you do not need to lie just to please my Mother.” Jon was stunned, that was not his intention at all.

“Sansa you cannot believe that, I sincerely think you look beautiful tonight, the dress makes your hair shine and your eyes brighter, these southern Knights will know true northern beauty after they see you.” He said sincerely, trying to dispel the self-conscious thought from Sansa’s head. Maybe the south made her compare herself to the other woman here, yet Sansa was just as beautiful or more beautiful than the Southern flowers.

Jon rubbed his hands up and down her arms, trying to display the absolute certainty he wanted with that statement, and the way Sansa looked down, then up at him through her eyelashes she took his compliment to heart. She softly said, “Thank you Jon,” as the song came to an end.

Jon gave Sansa a quick hug which she returned, then tucked a piece of hair of hers back behind her ear, smiling brightly she curtseyed and then looked over Jon’s shoulder. Jon turned around and was face to face with Garlan Tyrell, he quickly bowed then said “My Prince, I would like to request a dance of your cousin, Lady Stark, may I?” Sansa smiled slightly happy that a gallant knight was requesting for her, Jon turned to Garlan and said “My cousin looks lovely tonight, does she not Ser?”

Garlan eagerly nodded, causing a slight blush to redden Sansa’s cheeks, “Of course my Prince, she looks every bit a Northern Princess,” Jon shook Garlan’s hand, then watched them leave, only to be
pounced upon by two ladies who were waiting for him to finish.

Myrcella Lannister was standing with her brother Joffrey, he had an arrogant look on his face looking past Jon at Margaery Tyrell who was standing by herself. Joffrey stepped forward, and just by the way the man stepped forward screamed ‘I'm a cunt.’ Jon already did not like the man, he felt like he could fuck his sister just to brag to him how good she was. It would certainly not be a chore considering how good looking Myrcella was.

Joffrey began, “My Prince, my sister would like a dance, she was a little bit shy to approach you, but she has her duty.” He said as he looked his sister up and down, then stared directly at Margaery. Myrcella looked extremely uncomfortable, her body language saying anxiety attack while she fought to keep her polite mask on.

Margaery stepped forward though, taking the bait. “I, too would like a dance, My Prince” before Jon could reply, Joffrey retaliated, “I asked first, it would be improper for you to take this ‘Tyrell’ for a dance before a Lannister.” The way he said Tyrell was if he was spitting in their faces, and it infuriated Jon as no one should be mistreated that way without reason. Jon stepped forward in front of Margaery before she could reply, asking for her silence which she gave. Joffrey smiled as if he had won, but Jon had other plans. “Myrcella, do you mind if I have a word with your brother before we dance?” smiling charmingly, Myrcella nodded happily.

Jon turned quickly to Margaery quickly, whispering to her, “I will handle it, he’s making her uncomfortable so I am going to dance with her and then you, he will be scolded for insulting House Tyrell, you have my word.” Margaery gripped his arm in thanks, and nodded, silently stepping back. As Jon strode over to Joffrey he heard Margaery say to Myrcella, “Your dress is lovely, where did you find it?”

Jon stuck his hand out in front of Joffrey and the smug bastard took it as if he had won a prize. Jon gripped firmly then tugged the man close. “It would be improper for me to embarrass House Lannister by knocking you on your arse right now.” Jon paused to let his words sink in, and he noticed Joffrey swallow deeply, nervous. “Next time you insult one of the families of Westeros, I will not have this much self-control, do you understand?” He nodded, “Good, now you are to leave the feast and go to your rooms, you are lucky I am doing this silently, do not let me find out that you went against my wishes.” To add further embarrassment to the man, Jon gestured for Ser Jaime to come over, with instructions to his Kingsguard, he escorted the young Lannister out of the hall.

Jon turned and saw Margaery and Myrcella quietly chatting, “My apologies, My Lady,” sticking his arm out for Myrcella to take, nodding at Margaery who stepped back towards her family.

Jon guided Myrcella in a dance, her slender form felt nice in his arms, her shapely bottom on display through her red dress. Her green eyes shone as she was wearing a gold choker with green colouring.
“you look beautiful, My Lady, truly, the necklace brings out your eyes.” Sliding a hand up so his thumb could run along the side of her neck, touching the choker.

Myrcella shivered, and leaned into his hand. Odd. He was not expecting her to be touch starved. “Thank you, My Prince, you look very handsome as well,” she paused but clearly wanted to continue. “What did you say to Joffrey?” She did not call Joffrey her brother, strange as well.

Jon firm in his words said “I told him to not insult a Great family of Westeros, and that the next time he did I would publically shame him. He is lucky I did not do it today. You understand that right?” Jon was looking down as he said his words but when he asked her the question his eyes met hers, and her eyes were burning with relief and respect.

“Of course, My Prince, Joffrey deserved to be punished, the quick conversation I had with Margaery was pleasant, she did not deserve his disrespect.” She seemed of a quick mind, and clever with her words but understood that her words had consequences.

“Truthfully Myrcella, I chose to dance with you first because you seemed uncomfortable with your brother. I would gladly dance with someone as sweet as you if it kept you from him for the night.” Here, Myrcella’s breath caught when he called her out for being uncomfortable but then grinned widely how he finished. She gave his arm a squeeze in thanks, and her smile made his heart flutter.

“That is very noble of you, My Prince, as for my brother, he——— believes he knows what’s best for me, even when I know my duty.” She steeled herself as she said the second part, but Jon appreciated her honesty.

Jon couldn’t help but smirk, his next words would either make or break his relationship with Myrcella. “Right, your duty to try and fuck me to bear my children.” Myrcella gasped, then snorted and began giggling. Jon laughed with her and he enjoyed it when she wrapped her hand around his waist to control herself.

“My Prince, I am not sure if you were loud enough, you must say it again so I can hear properly.” She retorted, proud of her joke. Jon smiled down at her, Myrcella was sweet and honest, and her mask was something she could easily remove. He enjoyed her, yet she was a Lannister, and at only ten and four, Jon knew he should wait before committing to anything further.

Yet, she was sweet and kind, and Jon did not want to see her uncomfortable if he could do something about it. “Myrcella, I want you to know that, if your brother or your family are ever troubling you, I will be there for you, what type of King would I be if I did not care for my subjects?” Myrcella’s eyes widened, taking in the weight of Jon’s word. He was not only offering
her safety and sanctity but peace of mind. Jon watched as she unconsciously covered her hear with her hands, clearly grateful with him. She then leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, very close to his lips, and blinked a few times to cover her tears.

A daughter was not the sins of her mother, or father, of brother, or Grandfather and Myrcella was proving that she was different. Myrcella settled back into Jon’s embrace, continuing to sway to the song but it ended just as soon as they began. Jon gave her a kiss on her hand, and she curtseyed, eyes bright with happiness as she turned to seek her family.

Jon smiled, watching her leave, her small arse claiming his attention for a moment until he felt a hand slip into his elbow. He turned and Margaery was standing next to him smiling up into his eyes. Jon smiled back at her, “My Lady, shall we?” as he gestured towards where the other couples were still dancing.

As they strode over, Margaery made sure to brush up against Jon as much as possible, allowing Jon to feel her curves as they walked. She was outrageously good looking, the blue eyes and brown hair turned out to be a weakness of Jon’s as he found Margaery to be the finest of the woman he had met so far, it was rather too bad that she had lied within their first meeting. As they began dancing, with Margaery standing a little too close to still be considered friendly. She was wearing the same necklace with the blue pendant from earlier which brought attention to her eyes and generous cleavage, she had changed dresses from earlier and if it was possible even more of her teats were on display for the feast.

“If I may be so bold, My Prince, to ask how you scolded Joffrey Lannister? I am very thankful for you intervening, and appreciate you defending our house.” Margaery was blatant with her answer, not coating her words in sugar like Jon expected from her.

“I told him that I would make him an embarrassment for House Lannister after telling him under no circumstances he was to insult one of the great houses.” Margaery gave small smile at that, gripping his wrist and giving him a chaste kiss on the cheek in thanks.

Jae let out a huge smile, as he remembered something that Maester Luwin said the first time he saw roses in the glass gardens of Winterfell, Margaery noticed his grin and raised an eyebrow in question, “Is something funny, My Prince?”

“Yes, actually, your kiss reminded me of when I learnt what a rose was, and our Maester told me ‘a kiss from a rose can seal your whole fate’ speaking of the poisons in the flowers but your kiss was actually quite pleasant.” He said cheekily, making her laugh slightly at his words.
Margaery’s smile was large and lit up her face, it made her look carefree which was nice to see. “I promise you, that my kisses will never poison you, your Grace.” She said teasingly.

Jon replied in kind, but in his typical Northern manner boldly and honestly “I think we should test that theory, we can never do enough research on whether or not we can actually poison each other with kisses.” Smirking slyly back at her.

Margaery had a pretty blush on her cheeks now, and was smiling meekly, she seemed unfamiliar with someone being so blatant in their affections. The South was strange.

Jon was pleased to see her blush ran down her neck and down into her cleavage, gave him an excuse to look at her tits again. “Even your blush is pretty,” taking a hand and rubbing his thumb along the muscle in her neck, touching where she was blushing.

Margaery composed herself, but refused to back down from the flirting that was going on, Jon may have seemed like someone who was blunt and brutish, but he knew how to flirt, with hundreds of Northern woman seeking the pleasure of a Targaryen prince in their lands. Margaery continued “I am looking forward to furthering the research Prince Jae,” smiling seductively back up at him.

Jon smiled down, looking at her lips momentarily, thinking that he would not mind kissing them, nor would he mind them wrapped around his cock, but kissing would be nice to start with. “Well, I would not mind researching how far down your blush really goes,” Jon said then removed himself from her embrace slightly so he could make a show of looking from her temple to her toes. When Jon met her eyes again, they were filled with an undisguised lust.

This felt like the first time he was seeing Margaery without her political mask, she was feeling something she genuinely wanted to feel and it made her all the more attractive for Jon.

Just as Margaery looked ready to risk it all, the song ended and Jon took a step away, she nearly followed his embrace but remembered where she was and stayed put. Jon could see her mask going back on, and she curtseyed perfectly. Jon bowed his head in her direction, “until tomorrow.” Reaching out to grasp her hand to place a soft kiss on.

Margaery turned and found her brother, hooking her hand in his elbow and walking off, Jon turned and walked towards the head table where his Grandmother was overseeing everything. Jon refilled his goblet and drank some more wine, letting his body relax as he took a seat.

“How much longer must I stay here?” he asked his Grandmother, eager to find his bed after a long tiring day.
“I will cover for you Jaehaerys, you must announce you are leaving before you go.” She replied, reaching over to grip his hand.

Jon shot straight up out of his seat, putting his hand in the air so the band could see he expected silence. Once they stopped and he had everyone’s attention. He began “Thank you all for coming, I have a tiring day and wish to retire, but do not retire yourselves on my behalf, there is still plenty of food and wine.” A cheers went up, with many of the party goers raising a glass to which Jon reciprocated. “Good night my Lords and Ladies!”
Hey everyone, I'm excited for the premiere tonight, hurried to get this chapter out before it starts :)

Hope everyone enjoys,

More Life :)

Myrcella was dressed for the day, and along with her handmaidens was walking towards her Mother and Fathers rooms where their Grandfather had asked to meet for breakfast. Apparently Grandfather had heard what had happened with Joffrey, and was wishing to get to the bottom of the situation, and since the only witnesses were her and Margaery her honesty and truthfulness would determine how badly Joffrey would be punished.

As she walked she thought about what the King had provided for her last with, with a few words and within a couple minutes of meeting her, he had determined that Myrcella’s family could possibly toxic towards her, with the way Joffrey treated her and his insult to the Tyrells, she felt that Jon had been quick yet fair to Joffrey, considering what he told her he said and did.

Myrcella appreciated Jon offering some refuge from her family, but did he only do it because he needs to fix ties between the Targaryens and the Lannisters? There was still conflict that was buried because of her Grandfathers actions during the end of the rebellion. With such little known about the Prince, no one other than the Stark’s know his views based on those actions. Does he despise House Lannister, yet is willing to make amends with her because of her family’s wealth?

The Starks were known to be noble and honourable, and the Prince seemed of that sort, but can a new monarch really show that much favouritism to a high born lady such as herself, without doing the same to Sansa Stark or Margaery Tyrell?

Myrcella knew that the relations between House Targaryen and House Lannister would depend on whether or not she believed the king to be honest in his words. She trusted her Grandfather to see the truth of the situation while she expected her Mother to see the worst. Her opinion being set on the King based on Joffrey’s tale.
As she headed into the room, opening the doors, Myrcella dismissed her handmaidens, turning to see her Grandfather, Mother, Father, Brother and Uncle all there breaking their fast. Her uncle noticed her first.

“Myrcella, you look like a princess today.” Her uncle Jaime said smiling softly at her, it was a surprise he was there, often when Kingsguard were off duty they were sleeping. It was a restless job guarding the royal family.

Myrcella gave her uncle a hug, “Thank you, uncle,” then took a seat next to him, greeting the rest of her family as she got comfortable.

Myrcella heard her Grandfather’s deep voice rumble her name as she started to fill her plate with food, “Myrcella, I see you shared a dance with the Prince last night,” but before she could chime in with her answer her Mother beat her to it.

Cersei smiled at her softly, “Of course she did Father, my daughter knows her duty.” Myrcella saw her father’s eyebrows pinch slightly, a small showing of his displeasure with the way she was being forced into this, it made her feel a tiny bit at ease.

Myrcella turned and looked at her Grandfather “Yes, Grandfather, He was very kind and polite,” she said, knowing sooner or later she was going to be confronted about the Joffrey situation, she would try and remain meek and uncertain in the face of her elders.

Myrcella noticed her Grandfather very obviously quickly glare at his daughter, Cersei looking down at her plate, until Joffrey spoke up “She’s lying Grandfather he was rude and leered at her. Even threatened me when we went to ask for a dance.” Myrcella heard a snort come from her Uncle, who looked towards her father, their eyes meeting as her father rolled his eyes.

Hm, seemed that they knew the truth of things, or they had predicted what Joffrey would say. The two friends obviously having met to speak before the breakfast. Grandfather gave a harsh look to Uncle Jaime, then softened slightly but still a firm look in the direction of Myrcella’s father.

There was a charged silence for a few moments, until her Grandfather spoke again. “Seems there is a difference of opinion…” he was interrupted in the middle of his sentence, which Grandfather seemed immediately irritated about, Myrcella’s mother speaking swiftly, cutting through his firm cadence.

“Myrcella is young, she is infatuated with the handsome Prince, he was kind to her because he wants
to put his grubby Northern paws all over her.” She paused and looked at Myrcella here, then continued “Myrcella is beautiful and he is young and full of hormones, Joffrey did the right thing by trying to defend his sister.” She finished with a smug smile towards Joff.

Myrcella could not believe it. And Judging by the disbelieving stare her Grandfather was giving her he did not either.

Jaime then spoke for the first time, “Right, sister, Ned Stark’s boy would not be able to control his hormones when near a beautiful lady…” he finished dryly, her Grandfather giving a wry smile.

Joffrey smiled widely, and loudly cut through the joking saying “I was only protecting my sister Grandfather, the king punished me for standing in his way.” Joffrey was such a stupid little shit sometimes, and he got away with murder because he was Mother’s favourite. It irritated Myrcella to no end that he was this blatantly stupid, yet thought himself able to control her.

Myrcella saw her father look at Joffrey in disbelief as well, Jaime taking the most casual bite of his food, he looked like he knew there would be a resolution to this conflict soon. As her Grandfather was still staring at Cersei irritated.

Her Grandfather raised his voice, letting his anger and annoyance show, “Right, so if go ask,” he paused and raised his voice “our future king” then returned volume to his normal bellow “what happened he will corroborate with this story!?” speaking to the entire table then giving a firm look at his daughter.

Myrcella knew her Grandfather would cut through the lies, but she did not expect the lies to be as so differing to what really happened. She thought that Joffrey would try and alter some aspects of the what happened, not create an entire new narrative.

Her Grandfather continued, “That boy had the intelligence to challenge me in front of most of the high lords of Westeros, I would not expect him to be so stupid to firstly, punish a man for protecting his sister and two to openly lust at a highborn woman!” he finished, his voice quiet but threatening at the same time.

Her mother and brother both looked equally scandalized. Both of them looking meekly down at their plates. “The boy was raised as a Stark and the Starks are known for their honour, do you expect me to believe he would create an unnecessary problem with the highborn family he dislikes the most on his first day in Kings Landing?” Myrcella could not help but agree with her Grandfather’s logic there, Jon seemed clever, cleverer then what he looked or what you expected from him.
Myrcella knew she should intervene, but she thought why not let her Grandfather snuff out the truth for himself while disciplining her brother even further for his stupidity.

Joffrey still looking down at his plate, gathered some courage and then sneered at Grandfather, “Fine, but he did threaten to hurt me,” leaning towards Tywin. Myrcella’s father immediately jumped in, wanting to create a peace.

“Joffrey, what did you say to make him threaten you?” He spoke firmly, then continued “He should not have threatened to hurt you but there still must have been a reason for him to do it.” Myrcella forced her face in a mask as she wanted to smile, leave it to her father to cut through Joff’s bullshit while bypassing her Mothers bias.

Joffrey was confident in his words, “I made sure that Myrcella would dance with the Prince before Margaery Tyrell, telling him that Myrcella was shy and that she had her duty.” He smiled at his Mother, Mother smiling back at him, he knew that what he said was true but he was leaving out details.

Cersei started, “See Father, Joffrey was doing what was right for House Lannister, The Prince was rash in his judgments.” And she sneered as she said ‘the Prince’

Myrcella could not help but think that Jon did not deserve this. The hate that was being brewed at this table for the King was the complete opposite of how Jon treated her yesterday.

Myrcella could feel her blood boiling, but kept her mask on, not wanting to give away her thoughts yet. Joffrey continued, “The Prince should be reprimanded for how he threatened me, if we allow the King to go unpunished a Mad King may come again!” he said wearing his typical sneer.

Myrcella was beginning to shake with anger, the dishonesty of her brother infuriating her. She looked across the table, her Grandfather looked pensive but annoyed, her Mother and Father were opposites, her Mother smirking devilishly while her Father just look demoralized. Uncle Jaime just looked on like this entire conversation was boring. After it was clear no one would speak, Myrcella decided she needed to intervene, “Grandfather, I would tell you of my impression of the Prince if you wish to hear it.” She spoke cleanly and articulate, expecting her Grandfather to hear the hidden request behind her words.

The reaction was immediate, Joffrey turned at her angrily, while her mother pinched her eyebrows in anger at her. She looked at her Father and Uncle Jaime and they both looked proud. A warm feeling
spread across Myrcella’s chest.

Grandfather’s commanding voice cut across the table. “Out, all of you, Myrcella come here.”

Pulling out the chair which her Mother had just vacated. As she stood and walked around the table, Joffrey gripped her wrist, hard, and as he went to say something Uncle Jaime grabbed his arm, twice as hard, pulling him away from her. “Out.” He said firmly, eyes blazing at his nephew.

Myrcella turned and showed her gratefulness in her eyes to her Uncle, Jaime smiling softly and nodding, pulling Joffrey out with him.

Myrcella sat next to her Grandfather, and he looked pensive, like he knew what she was going to say before she said it.

“Grandfather, the Prince is a good man with a kind heart.” She started, her Grandfather’s eyebrows raised in question, before he spoke, “you had one dance with him and came to that conclusion already?” he said gently, not reprimanding or suspicious, just…kind.

Myrcella nodded. “Joffrey insulted the Tyrell family in front of Margaery Tyrell and instead of letting her make a scene, the Prince calmed her, then took Joffrey aside to dismiss him from the party.” Myrcella paused, looking down at her hands which she had not noticed were nervously clenched.

Myrcella looked at her Grandfather, and he was smirking slightly, the smallest of upturn in his lips but it was there, and that was the most affection she had received from her Grandfather since she was a child.

Myrcella continued, “Joffrey made me uncomfortable with the way he approached the Prince and implied that I was going to whore myself out to him because it was my duty.” Myrcella noticed her hands clench after she spoke that words, her voice rising slightly in spite.

Myrcella thought about what she should say next, should she tell her Grandfather how the Prince offered her safety and sanctuary from her own family? Would he see that as a weakness and try to exploit that? She knew her Grandfather had a reputation of a ruthless man and thinking about the toxicity that was stemmed from her family earlier, she firmly believed he did not deserve that.

“Grandfather, the Prince….” Myrcella paused and looked up, seeing her Grandfather’s open yet calculating face, and made her decision “told me that he would help me if I ever felt uncomfortable around my family, because he noticed I was uncomfortable with Joffrey, He then said ‘What type of
King would I be if I did not care for my subjects?” Myrcella finished looked up at her Grandfather as she finished, and he seemed angry at first, then his face morphed into one of thoughtfulness and relief.

Myrcella put her hands on the table to unfurl her fingers and calm her nerves, and her Grandfather gripped one of her hands in comfort. “I knew your brother was lying, little brat that he is.” Myrcella let out a surprised chuckle at her Grandfather’s insult which made him smirk again.

Myrcella smiled, her chest fluttering at feeling some type of approval from her generally unemotional Grandfather.

“Your relationship with the Prince is important to House Lannister, Myrcella. I do expect you to do your duty.” Tywin spoke firmly, but softly.

Myrcella sobered and nodded, “I know Grandfather, I do not believe the Prince will mistreat me anyway,” sliding her mask on again, to show her seriousness with the situation.

Her Grandfather smirked, and gripped her hand again in a rare sign of comfort, still smirking he simply said, “Go,” and she curtseyed then turned to leave, content with the way that situation was handled, believing what she did was right.

Jon

Jon awoke with a start, the unfamiliar furs and unfamiliar environment scaring him momentarily. Flashing back into the depths of battle where the environment was never comfortable.

Jon looked around, spotting a sleeping Ghost next to a burnt out hearth, Longclaw and his crates at the base of his bed. He lied back into his bed, spreading his arms out across the feather mattress, lying there for a minute to catch his bearings. Then accepting the fact that he would not get anymore sleep, rose, planting his feet on the ground and running his hands through his hair.

Jon went over to his crates, and took out some relaxed training gear. He knew he would be working up a sweat this morning and went without washing his body, giving his face and hands a wash, grabbing a waterskin and filling it, gripping Longclaw, slapping Ghost on the behind to wake him
knowing he would follow Jon headed out of his chambers.

He opened the doors to find Ser Arthur Dayne standing guard, the man leaning against the wall across from his doors looking bored but very awake.

Jon looked at him questioningly and Ser Arthur unsure of his charges intent said “My Prince?” to which Jon replied “You seem very awake for standing outside of my door all night,” striding off towards the training grounds. Ser Arthur and Ghost quickly following.

“Ser Oswell switched with me at first light, which was a short time ago,” Jon simply nodded in acceptance to that statement.

As he walked, Jon was thinking about last night, it had certainly been a success, he charmed some ladies and made sure to push his authority on three different Lannisters if Ser Jamie counted. He also had a spar set up in the morning, his first in Kings Landing that would surely bring some spectators and would also determine whether or not he would deem a knight to be good enough to be accepted into the Kingsguard.

Jon turned towards his guard, sinking a hand into Ghosts fur, “What do you know of Loras Tyrell?” Jon knew that Loras was skilled, rumours about prowess in battle did not seem carry false confidence.

Ser Arthur paused to consider his words, he was surprised, not expecting the question from his Prince. “He’s pretty, enjoys the attention when he fights, but is quite skilled,” he paused, his mouth pursed in thought, “and he is a Tyrell, very rich, and they may take an offence if you do not swear him into the Kingsguard.”

As Ser Arthur spoke they kept walking, Jon knew that Ser Arthur was being truthful, but in all honesty he expected the man to highlight the man’s strengths and weaknesses so Jon could create an opinion based on both sides of the man. Every person had strengths and weaknesses, even himself. Either Ser Arthur was trying to create a positive bias for Ser Loras or he simply did not mean to shine the man in a negative light to his new prince.

Jon stopped walking, Ghost pausing as well, Jon turned to look at his guard, “You only said positive things, is there anything else I should know Ser?” Jon said firmly, he noticed that Ser Arthur was apprehensive, questioning whether or not he said next would be necessary for someone in the Kingsguard.

“Ser Loras…” Arthur paused, then steeled himself, “prefers to keep the company of men. I did not
deem this necessary when telling you whether or not he would be a good Kingsguard. My apologies, My Prince.”

Ah. Jon was not expecting that, but did not change his opinion on the man. Jon reached out to place a hand on Ser Arthur’s armoured shoulder. “There is nothing to forgive Ser, being attracted to men does not mean you are not a good fighter.” Resuming his long strides heading towards the training grounds.

Jon arrived to the grounds to find them empty, the hour being too early for anyone to be training yet, Jon put down his waterskin and stretched his legs before taking off in a mild jog, Ghost matching his every step.

Jon enjoyed running, it cleared him mind and allowed him to remain fit while knowing most of his newer duties would involve him sitting in a chair. One very large uncomfortable throne in fact.

Jon was looking forward to this spar, he figured that his Grandmother would have somethings for him to do later in the day, but starting out with a good fight would be a good refreshing start to the day.

It was still rather early, and Jon did need to warm up his strike patterns for his spar, so he jogged over to where the sparring weapons were stored. Grabbing two of them he walked over to where Ser Arthur was facing the other way.

“Ser Arthur,” the man turned to look at Jon and Jon tossed him the sparring sword hilt first, “I would like to learn somethings from you, no hits just tweak my patterns.” Jon finished, gesturing the man into the yard.

Ser Arthur smiled, and nodded his acceptance, each of them spinning their swords around in their hands getting used to the new weight. Jon lunged first and they started swinging.

Jon focused on Ser Arthur’s movements, he was fluid, possibly one of the smoothest movers he had ever faced, yet when Jon had fought against creatures that were literal frozen water it did not get more fluid than that.

Jon kept up with Ser Arthur, both of them concentrating, Ser Arthur quietly critiquing Jon as they each landed strikes or Jon’s footwork was sloppy. Once in a while he would compliment Jon, which had Jon silently ecstatic.
The two men must have lost track of time as they were interrupted by Robb, calling out to Jon,

“My Prince, have you even eaten?” Jon paused and looked over to where Robb was calling out to him, Robb was standing with Arya and Sansa, and as Jon looked around he saw that the crowd of high borns had amassed in the small stands beside the ground. His Sister and Aunt sitting at the top, the Martells, Tyrells, Starks, and Renly Baratheon all in attendance.

Robb knew Jon and knew that when he awoke and trained he would often forget to eat as he zoned out, concentrating on his actions. Jon looked at Ser Arthur, each of them sweating slightly, the cool morning changing to a warmer noon. Jon nodded at Ser Arthur in thanks, which the man returned, then headed over to where the Stark siblings were standing.

As he moved over, he realized how hungry he really was, and was thankful for the interruption. Robb handed him his waterskin, while Sansa had a servant come over who had some different fruits and vegetables as well with some bread and bacon.

Arya was the first one to say anything, “Is that the sword of the morning?” she said in awe. Making Robb and Sansa chuckle as Jon finished drinking the water, swallowing and wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

Jon smiled at Arya, “Yes, he was standing guard outside my door this morning.” Jon looked over to where Arthur went, and he was speaking to another member of the Kingsguard, one Jon had not been introduced to yet.

Sansa then spoke up, “Make sure you eat Jon, you still need to spar with Loras, and you have been training hard already.” Jon looked over at his cousin, smiling softly at her in thanks, he reached over and grabbed an apple, banana, some bread and some bacon. He then looked over to where Ghost was, seeing him lying in the shade off the grounds, with Lady, Grey Wind and Nymeria, all four wolves gnawing on some type of meat.

“Thank you for bringing food for Ghost,” Jon said to Robb, knowing he would be thoughtful enough to bring extra for Jon’s wolf. Robb replied humbly, “No problem, it was worth bringing some meat to watch you spar with Ser Arthur.” He finished with a hint in awe in his voice as he said the Sers name.

The greatest knight in Westeros certainly had a reputation.
Jon smiled at Robb, looking over to Ser Arthur, “Ser Arthur!” Jon called, getting the tall knights attention, “Make sure you get some food as well.” Ser Arthur nodded in appreciation.

When he looked back at the Stark’s each one of them were looking at Arthur with eyes of appreciation, and it made him chuckle. All three Starks looking back at him in amusement.

It was Arya who chimed in again, “When do you fight the flower knight?” she asked bluntly, looking eager to watch a good spar.

Jon was confused about that, he told Loras to be here in the morning, it was near noon and the man had not shown, yet his family was in the stands.

Jon looked up into the stands, and gestured for Garlan Tyrell to him. Garlan looked confused, but did as asked, saying a few words to his sister, before walking to greet Jon.

Garlan bowed his head saying “my Prince,” Jon shook the man’s hand, and introduced him to the Starks where the regular greetings were traded. “m’Lord I asked your brother to be here in the morning, it is near noon and he is not here, do you happen to know his whereabouts?” Garlan looked a mix of nervous and anxious answering, “the last I saw him he was getting ready my Prince.”

Jon was confused, who needs the time to get ready for a simple spar?

It was when Jon had that thought, did Garlan speak again, “Ah there he is, my Prince,” Jon turned to look and Loras was coming from the keep.

Jon could not believe what he was seeing, Loras was wearing full armour the entire set bright with flower decals, he was grinning at all of the people he walked past. As he got closer, Jon heard Robb snort, looking over to see Garlan had escorted Sansa and Arya up into the stands, Stark guards following the girls. Robb was looking at Loras, and he said “he looks like he’s about to try and charm the queen not have a spar.” And Jon agreed completely.

Jon was dressed in simple clothing, a dark grey tunic and breeches, his hair was dishevelled from his early bout, while Loras looked like he was ready to be painted. Jon looked over to Robb and rolled his eyes as Loras entered the field, Robb nodded to Jon, “good luck cousin,” snorting once more before turning and joining his sisters.
Jon watched as Loras, played to the audience, gesturing loudly, all smiles and charm for the spectators. He was treating this as if it was something to be laughed at, not as a serious evaluation on whether or not he would be suited for the Kingsguard. Jon was unique to the south and knew that Kingsguard were mostly tourney knights during times of peace, but this felt extremely excessive.

Jon was frustrated as he had other things to do today, not watch Loras Tyrell be a fucking attention seeking pretty boy. Jon took a deep breath through his nose, and shut his eyes for a quick moment. Re-entering a calm state of mind, as King he knew he needed to remain level headed and not make decisions based on his emotions. He could showcase his ability to do this right now.

As Loras continued to preen to the spectators, Jon called out to him, “Ser Loras,” making the man turn and walk into the training field. Ser Loras greeted him bow saying “My Prince,” in the most overly dramatic way Jon had ever seen. Jon took the sword that Arthur was wielding and tossed it hilt first to Loras, who fumbled the sword until it fell to the ground.

Jon shook his head, then remembered where he was and schooled his emotions once again. Loras picked the sword up and started swinging it back and forth, Jon asked “Do you need a warmup Ser?” to watch Ser Loras shook his head in the negative.

Jon set his feet and got into his posture, but Loras still hesitated, “My Prince, you aren’t going to put armour on?” Jon got out of his posture and looked at Loras with a blank face. “I haven’t worn armour to a spar since Robb and I were 8 namedays, my patience grows thin Ser, let us spar.”

Jon lunged first, in the same manner he did Arthur, and Loras struggled to deflect. It took nearly one move for Jon to realize that Loras was skilled, but not nearly on the same level as himself. Time after time Jon swung and Loras either struggled to read Jon’s footwork or was too slow to retaliate for himself.

Jon gave him the benefit of the doubt, believing him to be slower because of his armour, but even then the misreading of many of Jon’s strikes just meant his mind wasn’t as fast either.

Loras was skilled, that was for certain, but when your entire adult life has been fighting supernatural ice monsters then your training is vastly superior to normal knights. Jon kept swinging though, and Jon allowed Loras on the offensive for a few minutes. Jon spoke this time “Who trained you Ser?”

Loras replied, not pausing in his movements either, “The master of arms of Highgarden trained me until I was ten and two my Prince, then Renly Baratheon after I squired for him since.” Jon did not know he had squired for Renly, seems Arthur forgot when they discussed that this morning, or Arthur just assumed he already knew.
Jon took the offensive again, thrusting near Loras’ wrists, shoulders and neck, targeting the areas where his armour did not fully cover. “Ever been in a battle?” Jon continued,

Loras hesitated but replied, certain in his words “No, my Prince, only tournaments.” Jon faked a thrust to Loras’ left side but as he shifted his weight to block, Jon kicked his shin, knocking him off balance, then slashed his sword out of his hand quickly. The pause allowing Jon to relax his posture but speak again, “so you have never killed a man?”

Loras bent over to pick up his sword again, taking his time to reply, but when he stood again, sword in hand he replied meekly, “no, my prince,” Jon nodded, then paused to think, making Loras sweat for a second. His next question would determine whether or not he would make a good Kingsguard.

“but you would be prepared to kill or be killed for my family?”

without hesitating, Loras replied, the most emotion Jon had heard in his voice, a fiery determination in his words. “Of course, My Prince.”

Jon smiled, “My decision has been made.” Jon paused, thinking, “We are to dine tonight, your sister and brother will attend. I must speak with the three of you before I have one of the knights swear you in.” as Jon finished a massive grin broke across Loras’ face, Jon shook Loras’ hand in congratulations.

Jon handed his sword off to Loras’ squire, and walked towards the exit, only to be intercepted by the white cloak he did not know, but the one he recognized Arthur was speaking with before.

“My Prince, the Queen wishes for you to join her small council meeting after you have washed.” The white cloak started. Jon grabbed the waterskin and took a drink, then looked at the man, “I do not know your name Ser,” and the white cloak grinned devilishly, like he knew a joke that you did not. “Ser Oswell Whent of Harrenhal, My Prince.” He said oozing charm. Jon shook his hand, but walked to the stands to where the Starks were seated. Jon noticed the presence of Oswell behind him, and whistled for Ghost to come.

Reaching the stands, the first person to greet him was Arianne Martell, who despite the morning chill still slightly in the air, was showing more skin then he had ever seen. “My Prince, that was quite the spar, it was most visually appealing.” she gave Jon an obvious onceover and she spoke, lust dripping from her eyes. Jon guessed that Loras and him fighting did make a pretty picture, he got teased enough by Robb to realize he really was pretty.
“Thank you Princess, I am sure if you and your cousins were to spar it would be equally as appealing.” Jon said smiling charmingly, not giving her body a once over in case he did not have the self-control to remove his eyes from her cleavage. Jon’s words make Arianne laugh brightly, as she laughed, Robb, Sansa and Arya came to Jon’s other side.

“My apologies Princess but I must go, greet your family on my behalf,” bowing his head towards Arianne, and gesturing to the Starks to follow Jon headed back into the keep.

As they walked Robb asked, “So, is he Kingsguard material?” and Jon replied bluntly, “No, and I am to tell him that but he is to be sworn in anyway.” Ser Oswell made a noise from behind him, Jon stopped, forcing the small group all to stop, “Something to say Ser?” confronting Oswell.

As Oswell looked from Jon to the Stark’s then to Ghost, he swallowed and said, “No, my Prince,” Jon began walking again, but continued speaking, “He is to be sworn in because I am poor at frivolities and festivities while that is where Loras seems to thrive in, he is willing to kill or be killed for my family, yet he will most likely just fight in our honour in tournaments.” He finished, giving an explanation to Robb and Oswell.

Arya spoke then, “So, where are we going now?” looking suspiciously up at Oswell.

“I am to go to a small council meeting, I need to ask you something in my rooms,” Jon answered, but kept striding.

They went the rest of the way in silence, the wolves taking off in favour of the Kitchens then following their charges. Oswell and Stark guards stood outside the doors when Jon closed the door to his bedchamber.

Jon made for the washing basin in his bedchambers as his cousin took seats for themselves. “I am not one to force anything on anyone, but I understand if you do not want to do this,” Jon was interrupted by Sansa, “Jon, we’ll help you anyway we can,” smiling at him which Jon returned grateful for her interruption. Jon continued, “I am to dine with the Tyrell children tonight, I want to have all three of them accepting why Loras is being accepted to the Kingsguard and I may need your help convincing them.”

There was a pause after this, each of the Stark children taking in what Jon had said, Jon spoke quickly “I am not forcing you, I can do this on my own, I just wish for some support.” Then stripped himself of his shirt, taking up the wash basin to clean himself while they made a decision.
Arya spoke first, which he expected. “I would not help you in this situation Jon, the Tyrell’s seem stuck up and I am worse than you with manners and preening.” Jon nodded at her then reached over to grip her hand, showing he accepted and no hard feelings.

Jon reached into the wash basin, and with the soap washed his underarms, he turned to look at Sansa, who was looking directly at him, swallowing slightly when he noticed she was looking. Robb spoke up then, “I will help you Jon, I always will.” Jon smiled over at his cousin, his brother in all but name, giving him a grateful smile, then Sansa spoke “I will as well Jon, it would also be nice to meet another highborn woman.” Jon smiled at Sansa, before continuing, “Margaery is very kind, you will enjoy each other’s company.” This seemed to sober Sansa, realizing she just volunteered for a politically charged evening.

“I have to go, but if you see Ghost…” Jon was interrupted by Arya, “Yes, we will take care of your big baby,” she said teasingly, standing from where she was stretched out, Jon grabbed a new shirt, a dark blue tunic that Sansa had made for him in Winterfell and she smiled when he put it on. Jon fixed the sleeves, then gestured for them all to leave as he made for the small council chambers and the Starks went to their rooms.

As Jon walked, he heard Oswell fall into step behind him, Jon immediately asked “Ser, who is on the small council?” and Oswell replied, taking a moment to think of the different people.

“Monterys Velaryon, your Grandmothers old friend is hand of the king, Varys, the weird bald Essosi is the master of whispers, the Lord of the fingers in the Vale, Petyr Baelish serves as Master of coin, Lord Mace Tyrell is Master of Ships and Tywin Lannister serves as Master of Laws, I forget who the Grand Maester is, the man is useless, and Ser Gerold Hightower is the Lord Commander of the Kingsguard.” He finished, his summary was quite good, but he probably has stood in hundreds of these meetings before when he was guarding the queen.

Oswell lead him to the chambers, and Jon opened the doors, realizing he was one of the last to show up, the maester the only one who was later than him. The room stood when he walked in and bowed, his Grandmother gesturing to the chair at the head of the table, next to where she was seated.

Jon sat, and his Grandmother put faces to Oswell’s descriptions. Baelish just simply looked slimy, and he was certain he had heard the man’s name from Winterfell. The ‘weird bald Essosi’ was surprisingly an accurate description of Varys, while Monterys looked like an older Valyrian, near the same age as Grandmother. Ser Gerold looked like your typical tough aging knight that was passed his prime but was clinging onto it. He still looked like a man you did not want to fight.

Jon’s Grandmother led the meeting, with the problems that were brought she would resolve or seek advice to resolve, a short time after Jon arrived, did the Maester, an older man named Pycelle who nearly fell asleep at the table. Jon vowed to replace him as soon as he possibly could. He would not
have this mad taking care of his family any longer with his deliriums.

Jon sat there and took in what happened during the meeting, since he technically was not King yet, he could not make any decisions over his Grandmother, but any of the decisions she made based on the topics that were discussed he agreed with, but he was sure there would be some conflict while dealing with the council members in the future. Baelish only seemed to care about himself, and his wealth. Tywin cared about legacy, and Mace cared about reputation, Monterys had moon eyes for his Grandmother which she did not return. Ser Gerold was a surprise though, the man gave good political advice and had a firm grasp on the morale of the Red Keep.

Jon knew that Kings Landing was a city full of poisonous snakes, and as he looked around the room he realized that the people in this room counted as most of the powerful players in the city, he took note of their tells, their body language as different topics were discussed. Having this information would be a huge advantage for his reign.

After the meeting ended, and the members were dismissed, he had a moment with his Grandmother where he explained his logic in swearing Loras into the Kingsguard. She smiled, rubbed her thumb on his cheek and simply told him “you’re learning my sweet,” she then invited him for a late night glass of wine where they could lay out his next few days with his aunt and sister. It was not a request, so Jon accepted, he was to have a busy night.

Sansa

Jon’s scars made her sad.

Jon was practically her brother, they had grown up together grew together and learned to love each other. From what she had seen after the battles in the North, Jon was hurt much worse than Robb, being in the middle of the fighting as the Night King had the supernatural ability to target Jon’s Stark and Targaryen blood.

Jon was so good looking, so kind and gentle, yet firm and fair, he reminded Sansa of her father, Ned Stark was the fairest most noble man she had ever known yet softened when it came to her, Arya and her brothers. Jon sometimes included in that sentiment. Her father was often harder on Jon then he was on the rest of his children, Sansa was sure that was due to the extreme expectations that had been placed on Jon since he was a babe. But Sansa had never seen her Father happier after Robb and Jon returned to Winterfell after ending the Long Night.

Even that was a testament to Jon’s nobility. The man, at only ten and five had slain the night King saving the entirety of Westeros from disaster and remained mostly silent on the topic. Either he was
dealing with some serious mental demons or he wanted it to remain hushed in the south.

Sansa could only imagine what a Southern Knight would be saying if they had the same achievements of Jon. They would probably hire a herald to follow them around and announce it to every room they entered.

Sansa’s thoughts made her smile slightly, and she was walking with Robb, heading to the dinner with the Tyrell’s. A Red Keep servant, Grey Wind, Ghost and Lady leading them. Robb noticed her smile and reached over to nudge her with an elbow. “What has you smiling?” he inquired.

Sansa still smiling, looked over at Robb and explained her mirth, making him smile as well, Robb, took her hand and hooked it into his elbow, then he continued “I could see the people we’re dining with tonight doing that,” he jested, Sansa let out a rather un-lady like snort, then giggled along with her brother’s chuckles.

Sansa was ten and five, her brother ten and seven, yet they were walking through the Red Keep giggling like children. Life changed very quickly sometimes.

The servant directed them to a large set of double doors, Robb stepped passed the wolves and opened it, then gestured for the Stark guards who were behind them to stand outside.

They walked through the doors, and it lead to a large dining set on a veranda that had a small set of steps that had a grassy outdoor area with fountains and flowers, the wolves immediately took off to the grass, finding a spot they deemed comfortable and laid out.

Sansa and Robb approached the table, where the Tyrell’s were seated, there was small plates full of snack sized foods for them to snack on before dinner. The table was not overly large but served as a small intimate area, there were three chairs on one side, two on the other then a chair on the end serving as the head of the table. The Tyrell’s occupied the three, Margaery nearest to where Jon would sit, Loras in the middle and Garlan on the end.

They stood as Sansa and Robb entered, giving each other the regular curtseys and bows, before Robb shook hands with both the men, while Sansa took her seat.

Robb broke the ice, “I was not expecting for you to be here, with Loras being late this morning and all,” he jested. Robb was charming in that way, he could talk to a room with ease and comfort, while using a topic that would not offend.
The Tyrell’s smiled sweetly, Garlan answered before Loras could defend himself. “That happens all of the time Lord Stark, Loras spends more time in the mirror then Margaery.” He jested back, causing the Stark’s to chuckle.

Loras looked offended but took the insult well, Robb spoke again, “for this dinner, I am Robb and this is Sansa, Jon wishes for us to be friends, let us forego titles if that is appropriate for all.” As Robb spoke, the Tyrell’s nodded, and Sansa smiled, they were friendly and open, they seemed the exact same as Robb, Jon and Sansa.

Margaery spoke, “We were not certain who else would be joining us this evening, but now that you are here I am happy it is you,” she smiled charmingly at both of them, Sansa smiled back while Robb’s face was a surprise. Margaery continued, “I do wish for us to be friends.” She then reached across the table, to grip Sansa’s hand giving her a sweet smile.

Sansa appreciated the gesture, gripping Margaery’s hands back in thanks. Robb spoke over the moment the two women were having, “Jon did not tell you we were joining tonight?” he inquired.

Loras answered simply, “No, he only told me after our spar that he wanted to dine with us,” he paused then, “Forgive me if this is forward, but you call him Jon?” he pinched his eyebrows, obviously looking for an explanation.

Sansa looked to Robb who was smiling widely, she smiled back and began, “Yes, when we were but a few name days, one of the……” Sansa looked to Robb for help, and he filled in with an adjective, “Louder” then Sansa continued, some mirth in her voice at Robb’s assistance, “Lords of the North told our Father that he would not call a Northern son a name that was longer than he is tall.” And the entire table broke out into laughter.

Robb proceeded, “So when Father called him Jon, it stuck and as children it was much easier to say then, Jaehaerys.” Robb jested, continuing the laughter.

Garlan then spoke, “so, what does he prefer? I do not think I’ve heard anyone but his Grandmother call him by his full name…. Even if he does have all of those titles.” He added with a jest.

Sansa smiled but replied seriously, “Our mother is the only person I know who still calls him Jaehaerys, despite Jon telling her otherwise.” Robb imitated his Mother’s voice, “but you are a Prince!” making it high and whiny to showcase his annoyance. This was met with more gentle laughter, and Sansa continued “He prefers Jon…” Sansa was cut off with the doors opening, and Jon
striding through, still wearing the shirt she made for him, still looking handsome.

The table immediately stood, and Jon smiled at them, “good you’ve met,” curtseys, bows, handshakes and hand kisses were exchanged and Jon settled into his chair, looking out into the courtyard, his first sentence directed towards Robb, “Have the wolves eaten?” Robb nodded, “We found them in the kitchens after you left,” Jon nodded back at him, then very bluntly said “What were you speaking of before I arrived?”

Sansa remembered she was speaking of his names, and said “We were speaking of which name you prefer, as you seem to have five or six now.” She teased.

Jon smiled back at her, then spoke towards the Tyrells “I prefer Jon, but if you would rather stay formal then I do not mind,” he paused for second, “May I call you by your names” when all three Tyrell’s nodded Jon continued, “The small council meetings are boring,” he said exasperatedly.

Robb laughed, Jon being improper and impolite in front of the Tyrell’s was quite funny. Sansa felt her own lips twitch upwards, but took a look at the Tyrell’s faces and the all looked either deathly confused or deathly serious.

Margaery spoke up quickly, but slowly trying to not come off as condescending. “Our father is on the small council,” Jon looked at her with pinched eyebrows, “Yes, and he is Master of Ships, discussing the amount of ships that are docked at Dragonstone is extremely entertaining.” He replied dryly, making sure to show his sarcasm, as to not offend the Tyrell’s nor their father.

Garlan spoke, clearing the air, “I can see how that would be very boring.” Very proper and diplomatic.

There was a lull in conversation as a few servants came in, setting out plates full of food, as well as handing out utensils and personal plates for each person. They poured wine, served the food, set napkins and then once they were done swept out nearly as fast as how they came in. Jon must have summoned them when he came from the meeting.

The food was delicious, and the boys dug straight in, her and Margaery shared a look, knowing they would have to be much more proper or else they could cause offence.

Jon spoke, in between bites, hitting the topic of the dinner on its head. “Loras,” getting the man’s attention, Sansa took a deep breath as she knew things may get tense. “You were late to our spar,
why?” Sansa noticed Loras blanch, not expecting to be confronted on that fact, Garlan looked less
surprised while Margaery looked to be thinking of a way to get her brother out of trouble.

Sansa knew what Jon was doing, he was setting up for when he tells Loras why he is being sworn
in. Loras spoke quickly, much calmer then he looked, “My apologies, My Prince, I was only getting
ready.” Margaery intervened quickly, “My brother has a lot of hair, it takes quite long for him to get
it to sit correctly because of the curls.” She finished with a charming smile in Jon’s direction.

Jon looked back at her as if she had grown a new head. “My hair is just as long and just as curly?”
completely shutting down her argument. “Margaery, I would like to hear it from Loras.” He then
stated, Margaery looked humbled but nodded in deference.

“My Prince, I had thought we were to wear armour,” Jon interrupted before he could finish, “For a
simple spar?” Loras then surprisingly smirked slightly, “There is no such thing as a simple spar in
Kings Landing.” Jon looked contrite for a second then nodded.

“Even when you did show up late, you made sure to play to the crowd, to try and charm the
spectators, instead of immediately reporting to me.” Jon sounded firm and fair, a true leader and king,
Sansa smiled slightly seeing him fill the massive shoes he was left with.

Jon then prepared himself for what he was going to say next, Sansa noticed him steeling himself, and
she reached a hand out to grip his in comfort.

“truthfully, Loras you are not skilled enough to be a Kingsguard,” Loras looked immediately ready
to protest, with Garlan and Margaery taking on looks of anger and irritation. Jon spoke before they
could interject, “but you are to be sworn in because you were late and liked the attention.”

Sansa could only describe the next few seconds as a loaded pause, when it was clear that the Tyrell’s
were not prepared to reply, she spoke “I am sure you have noticed, Jon is not the best with the
frivolities of the South,” she felt Jon grip her hand in thanks, “Loras being in the Kingsguard will
raise the morale of the people, it will create an alliance between House Targaryen and House Tyrell
and it will give Jon some freedom in his lack of splendour.” By the time she finished, all three
Tyrell’s looked different, they seemed content, not exactly happy, but not sad either.

Robb spoke, some mirth in his voice as usual, “One of Jon’s titles is friend of the Free Folk,” Jon
snorted and Robb looked at him smiling, “he has that because the Wildlings are people who do not
believe in any titles or rules, Jon was the first one to make friends with them, and he fit in perfectly.”
Robb finished.
Margaery spoke then, looking at Jon, “I was actually wondering about that title, thought it strange.” Jon smiled at her, but continued, “Loras, I am not one to force someone to do something, but despite the difference in our intentions for you to join, the Kingsguard place is still there.”

Loras’ actions were about what Sansa expected, he stood, speaking to Jon, “An alliance between our two houses is something my father has been trying to achieve for most of his life,” he paused here to look down at his sister, a not so obvious marriage hint for Jon, “it would be an honour to be sworn in, my Prince.” He rounded his sisters chair and bent the knee to Jon.

Sansa could only describe the way Jon looked as uncomfortable, but he told Loras to rise and gestured to his seat. Once Loras sat, his brother and sister congratulated him with love. Sansa smiled at the display.

Garlan then spoke “I understand your other title, ‘White Wolf’” he turned his head to look over at Ghost, then continued “but where does ‘Slayer of Others’ come from?” Sansa cringed internally, she was not entirely sure Jon was comfortable speaking about this, but the topic was in the air.

Jon looked at Robb, and Robb looked back at him, they were having a silent conversation, and Robb began, “During the battles in the North, Jon was the man who killed the most Others, so he earned his title.” Robb finished simply.

The Tyrell’s had expected Jon to speak, and when he made it clear that he would not expand on what Robb had said they dropped the topic.

The dinner went on for about another hour, the wine being consumed made for some easier conversation. Loras seemed to be the happiest man in the world, while Garlan and Margaery shared his enthusiasm. Jon was the only one who had not gone for third, fourth or fifth cups of wine. Sansa was feeling a little loose lipped and chided him, “Jon, drink, you have no duties tomorrow morning,”

Jon looked down at his glass, almost willing it to be full. “My Grandmother expects me in her rooms soon, I am to dessert with her, my sister and my aunt,” then smiled sadly at her. Sansa felt silly, no wonder why he was not drinking, he had other things to do.

Sansa’s embarrassment must have shown because Margaery spoke from across from her, “Do not worry Sansa, I, too was hoping Prince Jon would have some more wine,” judging by the way Jon moved suddenly, Margaery had placed her hand on his thigh. Sansa noticed and she felt some protectiveness flare in her chest, how dare this Southern flower make advances on a Northern Prince.
Sansa had noticed Margaery slowly shifting her chair closer and closer to Jon, and her body language was for Jon’s attention only. Twisting her body when she would go to grab food that would show her curves off for Jon. Sansa thought she was making a bit of a fool of herself, but Jon did not reject her hand from his thigh, nor did he looked overly uncomfortable, so Sansa felt mildly better.

Sansa watched as Margaery would gently flirt with Jon which he would reciprocate, only to be polite though, Margaery did not seem like the girl Jon would want. The table was sort of split at this point, with Robb, Garlan and Loras conversing, leaving Jon, Sansa and Margaery to speak quietly.

Sometime later, a servant knocked on the doors, pulling the group out of their conversations. “My Prince, the Queen requests your presence.” Jon nodded at the boy, who closed the door behind him, Jon then whistled for Ghost, and stood, making the rest of them stand with him.

Sansa watched as Jon leaned down to kiss Margaery’s hand, and overheard her say something about poisonous kisses, but judging by Jon’s smile it was in jest. When he came to do the same for Sansa she asked “Will we see you tomorrow?” gesturing to her and Robb. Jon shrugged. “My Grandmother is creating a schedule for me tonight, for the near future, I will send a servant if I have free time,” smiling softly at her, then kissing her hand. Jon shook the boy’s hands, gave Loras some instructions then gave Robb a quick embrace then was off, Ghost following at his heels.

Daenerys

Daenerys was not expecting a Stark when she met her Northern nephew for the first time. She knew he had black hair and purple eyes, but almost everything else about him, other than his bone structure screamed Stark. The way he walked, talked, and fought was Northern.

Daenerys had not had much time to speak with him or get to know him, at least compared to Rhaenys who shared a dance and conversation with him, her mother spoke of him highly, saying that he has “deep intelligence” behind his eyes. Whatever that means

Daenerys just wanted to know if the man was to be a good king. Westeros desperately needed one, after the Mad King. The trust of the people was in her Mother’s hands, not the Crown’s where it should be. Daenerys hoped he would be able to change that.
Jaehaerys was also handsome, it was impossible to deny, he was impossibly pretty, a warrior with scars of his own that only made him more attractive. Daenerys was always told she was to marry Rhaegar or Rhaegar’s son, maybe that was what he had planned. If he truly did turn out to be kind, then marriage was something she would consider.

Daenerys was sitting across from her Mother, two other cups of wine on the table, waiting for her Niece and Nephew. Rhaenys was always late, and Mother had mentioned that Jaehaerys had set up a dinner to break the news to the Tyrell’s that Loras would be sworn into the Kingsguard. Daenerys thought that was sweet, if not a little bit overkill.

Daenerys was taken out of her thoughts by a knock, followed by Jaehaerys striding into the room, then taking a seat heavily next to Mother, only once he sat did he look at them, he said “Good evening,” then grabbed his goblet of wine.

Daenerys’ mother hit him on the shoulder, “manners Jaehaerys.” Jaehaerys looked at Rhaella, then Daenerys herself, “but it’s only family here, who cares?” Daenerys could not help but laugh, Jaehaerys’ pout made him look so whiny.

Her mother tsked, but did not say anything else. Once it was clear silence would reign, Daenerys spoke, “Jaehaerys, how was dinner with the roses?” without looking up from his glass, Jaehaerys said. “Call me Jon, or if you like Jae better call me Jae,” Daenerys interrupted before he could continue, “Dany, then” that made him look up at her, he had a really nice soft smile, was her first thought, then he continued. “Good, Margaery is sweet but is also calculating, she has a keen political mind and wants to wed me, Loras is to be a Kingsguard but he is attracted to me, I hope that will just further his loyalty as I am very much appreciative of women but do not mind his preferences, and Robb and Garlan are friendly.”

Dany’s eyes opened in surprise, same as her Mothers, “you learned all of that through one dinner?” Jon was still looking into his glass, looking like he wanted to bathe in the wine. Yet he replied, “yes, they are easier to read with some wine in them,” he paused then looked directly at Dany.

“I am sorry we have not had much time to speak, it has been a trying few days, I promise you will be at my side over the next few days.” Dany was not expecting that, nor was she expecting the absolute sincerity of the statement. Jae seemed to really mean that, he said it so determinedly that she felt she had to believe it. Dany nodded in appreciation, and Jon reached over to grip her hand quickly. She noticed her mother had a small smile on her face, looking lovingly between the two of them.

“So, where is Rhaenys?” Jae asked, looking between the two. Her mother replied, “Rhaenys is always late, you will soon learn of this Jaehaerys.” Jae smiled, before saying, “Sansa was always late as well, wanting to look perfect all the time.” Dany thought this would be a good opportunity to get to know Jae and the Starks better.
“the Starks are close to your heart?” she asked innocently. Jon nodded, “Yes, they are my brothers and sisters more so my cousins, I do not know a time without them, it will be weird when Robb has to return to Winterfell.” Before Dany or her mother could ask any more questions, the doors opened once again, and Rhaenys walked in, Dany noticed that she had changed into a different dress from when they dined.

Dany looked at her suspiciously as she greeted them all then took her seat. “you changed dresses? Why?” she questioned her niece, Rhaenys’ reply was immediate and defensive, “No reason!” for some reason Jae started laughing, his laughter was contagious and a few seconds later her Mother and Dany were smiling too.

Rhaenys was looking at him in disdain, and when he looked at her, she said angrily, “What is funny Jaehaerys?!” and Jae smiled fully, before saying, “You sound like Theon after Aunt Cat would figure out he was dressed up and going to the Brothels.” Before chuckling again. Dany laughed with him this time, and she heard some quiet laughter from her Mother, even Rhaenys deflated from her anger, smiling at Jae.

Just as soon as the laughter stopped, did her mother start, “Jaehaerys, her are your duties over the next four days,” she handed him a slip of paper which he took, then glared at. “Daenerys, Rhaenys, you are to accompany him on the public dates, we must show our strength as a united family and the three of you are key to that for the future.” What her mother said made sense, it would also allow the three of them to bond.

Jon passed Rhaenys the sheet of paper, the schedule looked fairly full, with some free time at night and during meal times, but other than that they had multiple different commitments. Most of them looked to be just simple meetings where they had to schmooze and appeal to some lords or some lady, but she did not voice that.

Jon looked crestfallen, and Rhaenys nudged him, “that upset to spend some time with us?” she jested, Jon half smiled at her jest, “Just going to miss the times where I was not a Prince or King, able to spend half my days training and playing with my cousins,” he had a melancholy look on his face, and Dany’s mother looked shocked.

She spoke, “I think that is the most you’ve sounded like my son since I met you.” She chided, reaching over to run her fingers through Jon’s hair, looking lovingly at her Grandson. Jon melted into her touch, smiling sweetly back at his Grandmother.

Daenerys wished she knew her Brother, the stories of Rhaegar were grand and gallant, Viserys just did not live up to that with his drinking and whoring. He was probably at a brothel right now.
Maybe, Jae really could fill the whole Rhaegar’s death left in hers, her Mother’s and niece’s hearts.

It felt good, the four of them bonding, Jae seemed determined to duty his duty for House Targaryen but remained good hearted. Rhaenys looked to have a slight crush on her brother, the only reason Dany could think of for changing her outfit to something prettier than before. Her Mother looked happier than Dany had ever seen her, she may not have noticed it but she fluttered around the keep like a butterfly when Jae returned. Her family was complete once again, and she was finally able to have some peace.

Daenerys just wanted to get to know Jae better, the next few days would be testament to that, and Dany was silently looking forward to it. Once Mother had finished explaining to Jae what he had to do over the next few days, the meeting was calm and relaxed, the wine helping the flow of conversation.

It felt good, felt like a home for the first time in a while, and Jae fitted right in. Dany could see this meeting becoming a regular occurrence. Eventually Jae looked like he was going to fall asleep, he was leaning over on his chair is head on his hand, as his elbow was planted on the armrest. Rhaenys had a hand wrapped around his neck, the two seeking comfort in each other’s warmth. Mother’s eyes were smiling so bright, and Dany felt hers reflecting her Mothers, two of Rhaegar’s children together was a sight that warmed the heart.
Hey Everyone,

Was anyone else sort of disappointed in the first episode? it seemed like they rushed certain things and forced others. IDK let me know!
There are some important things to the story happening in this chapter, I really like how some of the moments in Jon's POV turned out.
More Life,

Jaime

Standing guard while someone slept must be the most boring task a guard could have. Standing outside of a door where a man who had titles based on how good of a warrior he is, with a massive Direwolf inside his bedchambers with him, seemed extremely irrelevant, yet Jaime did his duty.

The Prince had barely said anything to Jaime, yet he was a friendly man, was polite and a good conversationalist with whoever he met. Myrcella certainly thought he was a good man. Jaime wondered what the Prince could have said to his niece to make her so defensive of him after only meeting once.

That was something that surprised Jaime. The breakfast with his friend and family yesterday, just furthered his belief that Cersei fully had her claws in Joffrey and that both of them together would not make for the brightest of futures of House Lannister, but Jaime trusted in Addam to see his nephew true. Cersei could enforce her will on her husband, but Addam was always one for doing the right thing, and during the meeting the signs for his disappointment with his son were there, hopefully Father could see it true.

Myrcella was clever, asking to speak with his Jaime’s father privately, that way Joffrey or Cersei could not influence her, but when Joffrey grabbed Myrcella, Jaime saw the way Myrcella flinched and it broke his heart to realize that it was not the first time. Whatever the Prince had said to Myrcella, she rated him highly, and she felt more comfort speaking to her Grandfather when she almost never would before.

Jaime can see why he would be friendly to Myrcella and not him though, Myrcella was a beautiful girl and Jaime killed his grandfather and the Prince’s uncle hated him vehemently. Still the Kingsguard was for life, and Jaime was not one to forsake his vows despite his reputation.
Jaime wondered if the Prince knew why Ned Stark hated him, or why he killed the Mad King. Jaime could not help but think the Prince may be appreciative if he learned the truth from his perspective.

Jaime realized quickly that footsteps were approaching, and quickly stiffened his posture, his right hand falling comfortably on his sword hilt.

The Princess Rhaenys approached, shadowed by Ser Jonathan Derry, Jaime bowed to the Princess then nodded to his brother, receiving a curtsey and a nod in return.

“Any noise from my brother Ser?” Rhaenys asked, looking at the doors leading to Jon’s chamber.

“Afraid not, Princess, I will go wake him if it pleases you?” Rhaenys smiled at him, then nodded gesturing for him to go into the doors.

Jaime passed through, closing the doors behind him to save any of the Prince’s modesty in case he was not dressed. He walked through the small outer chamber which served as the Prince’s solar. The Direwolf was sleeping in front of burnt out hearth, looking like a puppy and not the vicious animal he was.

The Prince looked distressed, Jaime went to examine him and the Prince had his covers pulled over his shoulders tightly, wrapping himself in them. Jaime looked at his eyes, and saw they were closed, but active. The fluttering of the eyelids proved his mind was there, just sleeping.

Jaime reached over, surprised that the noise his armour was making would not wake the Prince, and shook his shoulder.

The Prince reacted immediately, Jaime felt a hand wrap around his throat, then a knee of his chest as he fell backwards, there was a large bang as his armour collided with the floor. Jaime gripped the hand gripping his throat, looking up to the Prince who had a vicious glare in his eyes, but he was not fully there. His eyes were glazed over and he was seeing something that was not actually there.

With Jaime’s freed hand, he punched into the arm the Prince had pushing down onto his throat. Jaime felt the lack of oxygen, and his throat burned but he punched again to no avail. On the third try, Jaime punched into the Prince’s elbow forcing him to bend his arm, and as soon as that happened the Prince’s wolf came flying over his vision, knocking the Prince backwards.
Jaime got onto his elbows, taking a few massive gulps of oxygen, letting his lungs expand once again and watched as the Wolf buried his nose into the Prince’s neck, pushing the man to the floor. Jaime reached up and grabbed his throat, noticing the tender marks, and heat of his skin.

The wolf moved silently, turning and pushing his weight into the Prince’s body which was still on the floor, the Wolf facing Jaime, while the Prince’s feet were towards Jaime. Jaime could physically see the Prince trying to ground himself, his fists were clenched brutally, and his chest was heaving, his eyes pinched shut.

So Jaime spoke,

“you are in Kings Landing, your name is Jaehaerys ‘Jon’ Targaryen, your Direwolf is guarding you. You are in Kings Landing, your name is Jaehaerys ‘Jon Targaryen, you are a prince, you are safe, you are protected.’

Jaime stopped once he saw the Prince raise a hand, asking for silence. Jaime noticed for the first time that he was only in his small clothes. The Prince rose so he was leaning back on his hands and was looking straight at Jaime’s throat.

The Prince reached over and settled his wolf, giving him a few comforting scratches before speaking lowly, quietly, “My apologies Ser Jaime,” it was the first time the Prince had used his name.

Jaime nodded, then spoke, “it happens to us all, I should not have woken you up in such a way.” The Prince’s eyes snapped to his when he began, then looked down in thought when he finished.

The Prince looked sullen for a moment then looked over Jaime’s shoulder, watching as a shocked Rhaenys and a serious Ser Jonathan stood by, Ser Jonathan blocking Rhaenys’ path.

The Prince looked angrily at Ser Jonathan, some anger seeking into his voice, mixed with exasperation, “Ser, you just watched me nearly kill a Kingsguard, why did you not intervene?” Jaime already knew the answer to this question, feeling anxious.

Ser Jonathan replied simply, “We do not question, we do not order, we protect and obey the Royal Families wishes.” Keeping an unemotional mask on his face.
The Prince let out an impatient sigh, muttering something to himself that sounded like ‘Kings Landing’ he stood then, reaching out to Jaime to help him stand as well. They both stood, and Jaime noticed for the first time the scars that the Prince possessed.

There were three across the top of his chest, two were rather faded and cut across his shoulders, one leading towards his nipple, while the other spread towards his neck. The third was fresher, and was near the center, it looked as if someone had stabbed him shallowly. There were two more on his front, the deepest one, was right below his rib cage, where it looked like someone stabbed him deeply, the other looked like claws, gripped his side and ripped outwards, four scratches leading from just outside his abdomen around his hip bone. Jaime thought the ones on his face were serious, these were much worse. Jaime noticed two more on his front, one on his thigh, it looked like some of the muscle around it had died but the muscle was still there, thick as can be. The last scar was on his left foot, it was small, the smallest of them all, someone probably tried to break his foot in battle.

As Jaime was looking the Prince took a step back and spoke, “I am fine Rhaenys, Ser Jonathan, please escort my sister to the dining room, I will be there shortly.”

Ser Jonathan nodded, and Rhaenys looked scared, anxious and angry all in one, but she looked like she knew now was not the right time to push the prince, and walked in front of the knight.

As the door shut, Jon spoke immediately, “Why did you kill the Mad King?” to say Jaime was surprised would be an understatement. Jaime took a few seconds to get his bearings, watching as the Prince went over to his wash basin.

“Excuse me, My Prince?” Jaime asked, wanting to ensure that the Prince really did just ask him that question.

The Prince paused as he washed himself, “What Ser Jonathan said implies that you are to let the King do whatever he likes, something the Mad King must have done or said made you snap.” He clarified, simply, so chillingly like he was not speaking of his Grandfather.

Jaime had just nearly been choked to death by this man, this scarred warrior woke thinking he was in danger due to a memory, and he was now being confronted on the day that haunts his dreams. Ironic.

As Jaime continued to blanch and think, the Prince cut through his thoughts, “The truth Ser, no half-truths or lies,” there was no doubting he was Rhaegar’s son.
“The Mad King….” Jaime paused thinking of the best way to explain this, and the Prince headed over to his wardrobe to pick some clothing, Jaime continued “he ordered me to take my Father’s head…. then ordered his pyromancers to blow up Kings Landing using the Wildfire they had been secretly creating for some time.” As Jaime finished, the Prince dropped the clothing he was holding, turning to look at him severely.

The Prince’s eyes were on fire, the dark purple blazing in anger, Jaime nearly cowered.

Jaime watched as the Prince calmed himself, the deep breaths and twitching hands signals of his anxiety. Jaime’s throat was hurting, and his head hurt, but he needed to know what the Prince was going to say.

The Prince looked ready for a fight, but continued to work through his emotions, Jaime could scarcely see them as they passed over his face, the Wolf moved then, almost sensing his familiar’s anxiety and pushed his nose into the Prince’s abdomen. The Prince physically relaxed, the wolf grounding him once again.

As the Prince was looking down at his wolf, running his hands through its fur, he spoke “We should be thanking you, not calling you Kingslayer.” And Jaime was confused once again, not sure how to react to the statement the Prince continued, “You saved Kings Landing from catastrophe, saving nearly half a million lives in the process. There is no debt I could repay you for your actions.”

Jaime felt like jumping for joy in relief, but he smiled at the prince, then bowed humbly stating “Thank you, My Prince,” The Prince slid a shirt on, then shook his hand smiling. Jaime could see why Myrcella thought so highly of the Prince, straight forward in his thoughts while seeing a problem and seeking an explanation, then he had the looks and smile to charm. Jaime took the Prince’s hand, but the Prince asked “The Wildfire has been dealt with? correct?” and Jaime answered hurriedly, “Yes after the rebellion, it was drained into the Blackwater bay.” Jon smiled and nodded seriously, heading back over to his wash basin to run his fingers through his hair.

Jaime felt his blood coursing through his veins, the adrenaline from the charged moment fleeting his body, and giving him a serious wave of fatigue, the Prince probably noticed him sway slightly, but asked one more quick question “I can trust in your discretion Ser?” to Jaime nod, the Prince then quickly dismissed him, telling him he would send the Maester to his rooms.

As Jaime headed out of the rooms to find his bed he could feel just a deep sense of relief and happiness in his bones. The Prince was not mad, nor was he angry at him. Jaime expected Ned Stark to raise an honourable intelligent man, but he did not expect just that much goodness. Jaime had killed his Grandfather and watched as his other Grandfather and Uncle burned, but he was thanked for his actions.
The Prince realized he was in an impossible situation and dealt with it the best he could, his opinion may change when he learns of where Jaime was when his brother and step mother were killed, but hopefully he believed that Jaime could not be in two places at once, when the timing of both made it so he would've been able to save Kings Landing and save the Royal family. Half of the weight on his shoulders was lifted, and he would take that relief with happiness for the future.

Rhaenys

Her brother was a warrior.

A man who had been absolutely brutalized judging by the vast amount of scars that traced across his body.

When she heard crash inside Jae’s room, she had immediately panicked and surged through the doors, only to be apprehended by Ser Jonathan, she fought momentarily but realized she had no chance to win the battle and settled for watching the events transpire.

Jae’s nearly naked body pressing Jaime to the floor, had her surprised, but when she saw Jaime fiercely hitting out at Jae’s arm it had her concerned, Rhaenys watched as Ghost woke and without looking knew Jae was in a poor state of mind and rushed to him, effectively saving the Kingsguard.

Rhaenys knew her brother had battled, and had demons, she was not expecting him to be unable to control them at all times. Jon seemed conscious of it, and so did his wolf, but it still scared her that her brother, the future king will suffer because of his past fights.

Jae could have just asked for some Milk of the Poppy to help him sleep, or at least let them know that he had nightmares, but he wanted to suffer in silence. She could only assume it was because he did not want to show vulnerability in front of her and the Kingsguard.

That was not how she wanted her relationship with her brother to continue,

Jae was family, family always helped and supported each other, and Rhaenys was willing to do
whatever she needed to make sure Jae was comfortable, and she need to make sure he knew that he was loved and supported, even if their relationship still needed to grow.

Rhaenys was not paying much attention after she saw that Jae was alright, as well as Ser Jaime. Jae said some words then sent her on her way, but she would talk to him and soon, Rhaenys just needed to make sure she would not force the situation. He seemed uncomfortable with his scars the first time, this time she learned her brother’s scars were both internal and external.

The schedule for today was to break fast as a family and then Jae would hold court for the first time, with the entire Targaryen family united while Jae dealt with the problems of the small folk.

His first time serving court would bring a crowd, with their highborn visitors as well as people just wanting to see their future King rule, Rhaenys was expecting a stressful morning for her brother, and after how it started this morning, she thought there would be some turbulence.

Rhaenys arrived to the dining chambers and found her Grandmother, Uncle and Aunt already seated, the three having arrived by the time she went to fetch Jae. Rhaenys schooled her emotions, hoping to not give away her distress, but her Grandmother had always been able to read her, and immediately asked “Rhaenys, what has happened?” in a voice that commanded obedience.

Rhaenys was not sure how to reply, she wanted to protect Jae, so that he would not be interrogated or pitied when he came to eat, but Rhaenys did not want to outright lie either. A half-truth would probably be best. Just until Jae felt comfortable enough to tell the rest of the family himself.

Rhaenys answered her Grandmother “Ser Jaime, picked up an injury that was more…. mysterious than expected, and it shocked me, that is all Grandmother.” Rhaenys thought that she kept her voice steady, but the way her family’s eyes remained locked onto her she must’ve not as done as well as she thought.

Her Grandmother cut through the tension once again, “Right, so if I ask Ser Jonathan, who is honour bound to tell me the truth, he would say the same thing?” she said, her curiosity and certainty showing in her voice.

Ser Jonathan stepped forward, ready to serve if needed, and as Grandmother began to speak, Rhaenys cut her off “No!” her Grandmother was annoyed with being interrupted but let her continue, “it is not my secret to tell Grandmother, but I will deal with it how I see fit,” she reached over and gripped her Grandmother’s hand trying to make sure her message got across, “If the situation persists then I will ask for your assistance.” Silently pleading with her Grandmother, her eyes displaying her need to do this.
Her Grandmother paused, she must have assumed it had to do with Jae, but knew she did not want to have her Grandson distance himself from their family because of this. Her Grandmother took a few seconds to decide, and it felt like hours for Rhaenys but when she nodded her assent, Rhaenys felt relief and joy, hoping this would eventually bring her close to her brother.

Rhaenys stood and gave her Grandmother a hug, wrapping her arms around her softly, whispering thanks. Her Grandmother smiled back at her but gave her a soft warning, “If this becomes out of hand I want to know Rhaenys.” And Rhaenys nodded her assent, completely serious.

Viserys broke the silence afterwards, inquiring about the happenings of the day since he was not present for the meeting last night.

The conversation flowed freely from there, until Jae arrived opening the doors and walking in looking serious but completely fine, not like he had almost killed a man this morning without knowing.

Jae greeted the family then sat piling food onto his plate, and he looked completely fine, Jaime was not with him so he must have dismissed his guard but other than that, he looked…. Steady, like he was fine with what happened…… As if it had happened before……

Rhaenys realized then, that this was not something new for Jae, it was just the first time he had dealt with it in Kings Landing. Rhaenys’ heart felt for her brother, he has been dealing with this for a while, and then she felt guilt, not being able to be there for him when he desperately needed his family. The Starks had that responsibility and she hoped they took it seriously. Judging by the relationships they had, they did.

Daenerys pulled Rhaenys out of her thoughts with a simple statement, “Are you ready for your first court today Jae?” Jae’s eyes met Dany’s and he had a questioning look, “I’ve held court many times before Dany.” That was surprising and unexpected.

Viserys replied, “In the North?” he questioned, Jae nodded, “Aye, when Uncle Ned or Robb were unavailable it fell to me, and since they had to take care of Winterfell during a time of war it was fairly often.” A time of war?

It was Dany who voiced the obvious, she spoke incredulously, “A time of war? What exactly happened in the North Jae?” the reaction was immediate, Jae closed up, his eyes going back to his plate and his body language changed less open, folding into himself.
“A story for another time,” Jae replied simply, then quickly changed the subject, “We are to dine with the Martells tonight, Viserys I wish for you to be king and friendly to Princess Arianne.” Viserys’ head shot up, looking at Jae with wide eyes. There was a bit of shock around the table as well, this was the first Jae had spoken of this.

Viserys spoke calmly, “you wish for a betrothal?” his voice becoming higher towards the end of his statement showcasing a small sign of anxiety.

Jae nodded but reassured his uncle, “Relax Uncle, nothing is set in stone, you cannot disagree and say it would be a poor match.” He reached over to grip his Uncle’s shoulder, giving him a small gesture of solidarity.

Viserys did not look displeased, but he did not look overly happy either, “but what about Dragonstone?” it was a good question and one that Jon obviously expected. “I am to marry soon Uncle, I will pump a baby,” here Jon was interrupted and scolded by their Grandmother, “Jaehaerys” but he continued without acknowledging the interruption, it made Rhaenys smile, and she saw Daenerys hold a hand over her lips to hide her own. “into my queen and he or she will be the Prince of Dragonstone, if you marry Arianne, your blood will be the future rulers of Dorne, where there is no other Kingdom in Westeros that allows for a woman to rule. It makes sense.” There was a pause here, Viserys looked to be thinking while Rhaenys, Dany and Grandmother all were pleased with Jae’s thinking.

The Jae continued surprisingly, “and she will certainly be a good fuck.” The crudeness of the words had Rhaenys, Dany and Viserys bursting out in laughter, while Grandmother once again scolded her Grandson with a high volume, high pitched, “Jaehaerys Targaryen!” Jae only smiled smugly back at her.

Coming down from their laughter, Viserys nodded at his nephew, “I will do as you say Jae.” Which made Jae reach over and clap Viserys on the back in a brotherly fashion.

Before any other questions could be asked there was a knock, a servant letting them know that the court was ready for them.

They all stood, but Rhaenys took Jae’s arm immediately, wanting to speak to him before they were forced into public. Rhaenys did not notice before, but Jae was armed, he had his sword and a dagger attached to a sword belt that wrapped around his hips. He was wearing a thick Northern shirt, with thick leather breeches, and a light Northern cloak. He was making a statement with his clothing, there would be no guessing where the new Prince resided.
As they left, Ghost the Direwolf fell into step beside Jae, rubbing up against him. The Direwolf was much smarter than she thought, and had an undeniable connection with Jae, Rhaenys was not sure if she was comfortable with the thought.

They rounded a corner, and Rhaenys whispered to her brother, “I did not tell Grandmother,” and Jae immediately wrenched his eyes to hers, surprised and gratefulness in his eyes.

His eyes looked torn for a moment, but he did not speak, he wrapped an arm around Rhaenys, bringing her closer, planting a kiss into her hair. Showing rather than voicing his appreciation. Seeing the small smile on his face afterwards had Rhaenys’ heart fluttering, so she jokingly reached up and pretended to fix her hair, which brought a wider grin to her brother’s face.

Rhaenys felt some sort of peace knowing she had done well, but knew she must continue to help her brother with his demons.

When they arrived to the Great Hall, Jae did not pause for the herald again, Grandmother tsked at him, but he smiled back at her, there were small seats set up for herself, Dany, Viserys and Grandmother and the throne for Jae. Jae escorted her to her seat, then took the steps to the throne, Ghost had already laid out in the same spot as before a few steps beneath the throne. Jae unsheathed his sword, and took out the same whetstone from his belt, sat on the top stair and began polishing his sword once again.

He looked so strange, so Northern, it was something that had never happened before in the history of Westeros and the people there seemed to be thinking the same thing, as they were not speaking. It was silent, Rhaenys noticed all of the Great Houses currently in Kings Landing in attendance, noble lords and ladies from the Crownlands, and some of the wealthier people in Kings Landing.

Jae looked over towards the doors, gesturing for the guards there to open them, allowing the people waiting to voice their concerns.

There were a few simple problems for Jae to solve, some Lords wishing for more lands, some repairs happening in the capital, and some minor fiscal issues Lord Baelish had made know. Jae dealt with all of them simply, saying few words but deciding the matter immediately, and fairly, it was when the Commander of the City Watch, Janos Slynt, made himself known then did Jae have a real problem.

Janos declared that the City Watch was undemanned, and needed more men as well as more money. Rhaenys noticed her Grandmother gripping the edge of her seat, the City Watch was known to be
corrupt and whose loyalty was easily purchased. Everyone knew that the City Watch needed to be fixed but no one expected Janos to confront Jae today, his first time in court.

Jae remained calm, and surprised everyone when he stood, Ghost rising with him. They made a scary picture, and judging by Janos’ nervous swallow he was fearful of Jae. Rhaenys smiled slightly.

“Lord Commander, the Master of Whispers tells me that the City Watch is corrupt, and has been effectively useless for years.” Jae walked down the steps as he spoke, sheathing his sword, Ghost prowling beside him.

Janos was sweating, his bald head dripping, he looked so nervous and slimy that Rhaenys was surprised Jae had even gotten that close. He replied shakily, “my Prince, we have been ineffective because of our lack of men.” Rhaenys knew he was blatantly lying, and he did not even acknowledge that the Watch was corrupt.

Jae noticed the lack of acknowledgment for the corruption as well, he raised an eyebrow, “So, the City Watch is corrupt?” not exactly polite or articulate but the point was made. Janos replied, calming himself slightly, the lack of anger of Jae’s face must have made him not as fearful as before, “The lack of funding means that my men need more to remain loyal, if someone were to pay them more, then their loyalty would change.”

Rhaenys saw Jae’s eyebrows raise even further, the corruption in the City Watch was worse than he thought clearly. Janos’ argument did not even make sense. Jae took a second to think, then spoke, “I have a proposition for you,” he started simply, Rhaenys recognized that look to when Jae was being clever, usually happened after he made a funny jest or got a smile out of someone, “You will have the men,” he paused, watching for Janos’ reaction.

Janos smiled easily, relieved, but Jae continued “but you and your men will take a pay cut to cover their salaries.” And Rhaenys saw Janos’ eyes widen in disbelief.

Janos immediately protested, “My Prince, you surely…” but he was cut off fiercely by Jae. “Why should I reward you, when you are not loyal to the crown!” he bellowed. Then continued, “you even admit your loyalty sways, yet you think you will find some cheap relief from me!” Rhaenys had never seen Jae this angry, she figured he must have known this was a ploy and did not appreciative the blatant attempt at manipulation.

Rhaenys looked over at her Grandmother, who looked smug, she looked so proud of her Grandson that she was beaming, Rhaenys could not help but smile at her reaction.
Jae was waiting for Janos to say something yet the man was embarrassing himself in front of everyone, blanching, looking around for help but receiving none.

Jae continued, “you will either take more men and receive a pay cut, or do better with what you have now.” His voice firm and intimidating. “If the City Watch does not improve, I will easily have you replaced, I am giving you one more chance Lord Janos, do not squander it.” Jae spoke ending the confrontation, and the joke of a request from Janos.

Rhaenys looked around and saw some impressed faces, but also some surprised ones, Jae had dealt with the problem swiftly, with a reasonable solution, then when the man denied the solution he scolded the man, then made very clear what his directives were. It was a showing of strength from Jae, and one that set the mood for his reign. Jae was cleverer then people first believed and judging by the surprise on the court’s faces they quickly figured that out.

Once Janos was escorted out, Jae went back to his spot, Ghost settled in and Jae took care of more simple matters for the Kingdom, remaining stern and fair. This went on for a short time, before Jae called a halt, and for everyone to break for the day.

Rhaenys, Dany, Viserys and Rhaella were approached by multiple different people wishing to speak with them, some complimenting Jae while others just wanted in their good graces. When Rhaenys had a second to look, Jae was surrounded by people, his wolf behind him, but he looked comfortable and was smiling charmingly, Rhaenys smiled seeing her brother thrive in her role.

Rhaenys was speaking to her cousins, Prince Oberyn’s daughters, when she noticed the Lannister’s approaching Jae. Rhaenys immediately strode over, pushing her hand through Jae’s elbow so he would take it, showing her silent support.

Tywin Lannister approached first, and he paused in front of Jae. Cersei and Joffrey stood to Tywin’s left, while Addam Marbrand, Myrcella and Tommen stood to his right.

Tywin spoke first, “My Prince, Princess, it has come to my attention that my Grandson caused offense during the feast.” Rhaenys was surprised but remained silent, Jae only nodded at Tywin. Tywin only looked over to his Grandson, prompting him to speak.

Joffrey cleared his throat then meekly said “I apologize for any offence I cause to you or the royal family,” Jae raised his eyebrows in surprise, but nodded, “Thank you m’Lord, and I deeply appreciate the gesture but you should apologize to Lady Margaery, it was you her family you
insulted.” That was quite daring of Jae, to forcibly push another a family that was known for their pride, to apologize to a family that they thought was beneath them would be humbling. Joffrey looked embarrassed further but nodded when he saw his Grandfather still looking at him. Tywin looked back at Jae, and Jae spoke “that was a recommendation Lord Tywin, I am not forcing you to apologize to the Lady, but it would reflect well on you and your family if we learnt that you did.”

That was perfect, there was nothing else that Jae could have said that would have had the same effect.

Lord Tywin nodded at him and looked like Jae had earned himself some respect, they shook hands, and Jae did the same with Joffrey and little Tommen, giving a kiss on the hand to Cersei, but when he kissed Myrcella he remained for an extra second, making the girl blush sweetly. Rhaenys smiled at the exchange, Rhaenys silently hoped Jae would dishonour Cersei’s precious daughter, just to spite Cersei the stupid Lannister cunt.

Thinking about the Lannister’s just infuriated her, the price of having their ‘rogue’ soldiers who killed her Mother and Brother, simply be executed did not feel like enough. Her Grandmother told her that she had no choice, but Jae was not forced into anything, maybe she could influence him to wage war with the Lannisters. Judging by his scars he certainly was a good fighter.

Just as soon as the Lannister’s departed did her cousins join her and Jae. Rhaenys spoke, “Jae, these are my cousins, Obara, Nymeria and Tyene. Uncle Oberyn’s daughters.” Obara shook his hand, while Nymeria and Tyene curtseyed, Nymeria’s much more deferential then Tyenes which Rhaenys was expecting.

Jae smiled at them, “I recognize you from when I met all of the Martell’s, you are the Sand Snake’s? correct?” Obara and Tyene smiled at the nickname, while Nymeria maintained her mask.

It was Tyene who spoke, “You did well today, my Prince.” Jae seemed surprised but nodded in thanks, Tyene continued, “So are you always so blunt or is that a Northern trait?” Rhaenys nearly smacked her cousin, Obara snorted and Nymeria looked angry as well, but Jae’s smile was large.

Jae gripped her arm, urging her to relax so she did, then he spoke “I do not mind being insulted, but there is a time and place m’Lady,” Jae then paused dramatically, “the time being tonight, and the place being your bedchambers.” He finished, his face completely deadpan. Tyene broke out into giggles, her sisters joining her in laughing. Rhaenys smiled wide, and looked at Jae who looked proud of his joke.

Rhaenys then noticed Jae really take in the three Sand Snakes, Obara was dressed like a warrior but
unarmed, her thick frame and big shoulders showcasing her fighting ability. Obara had big brown eyes that always had daring and bravery shining in them, while Nymeria’s were more analyzing always looking to think through a situation. Nymeria was dressed like a diplomat, similar to Rhaenys, where she was thinner then Obara she was no less deadly. Lastly Tyene was dressed more daring then what was normal for court. Her Dress was see thin and covered little, her blonde hair and blue eyes were enticing for any man. Jae certainly took more time to study Tyene then he did Obara and Nymeria.

After quiet chatting and Rhaenys accepting an invitation for some family time, the three left, leaving just her and Jae standing at the steps.

Jae spoke quietly, “I apologize if I scared you this morning,” he said, no signs of any distress about the situation. He continued, “and Thank you for not telling Grandmother.” This he said sadly, like he felt he should not be putting Rhaenys into that type of situation.

Rhaenys smiled recognizing his intent, “it was no problem brother, we will speak about it when you are ready.” Jae looked at her then, a grateful smile on his face.

The pair were then approached by Margaery Tyrell, obviously looking to get into Jae’s good graces. She curtseyed. “My Prince, Princess,” smiling sweetly laying it on thick, “I was hoping that you and your family would be inclined to come join my family for our regular luncheon out in the gardens.” Jae looked pensive for a second, Rhaenys was silently hoping he would decline, Rhaenys had already accepted the invitation from the Sand Snakes, maybe Dany would be able to go and make sure Margaery would not sink her claws into Jae.

Rhaenys spoke first, “I already accepted to have lunch with my cousins, I appreciate the invite all the while, my Lady.” Rhaenys knew this made Margaery silently happy, Rhaenys smiled tartly back at her. Jae was still looking pensive when he looked back at her, but he turned and addressed Margaery “I would really love to,” Rhaenys saw Margaery’s face brighten, then drop as Jae continued “but I cannot have a dinner with you, then lunch the next day, showing favouritism could create some problems, my apologies m’Lady.”

That was smart of Jae, what he said was true, and Margaery looked to be accepting of that. Margaery nodded but spoke again, “Some other time then my Prince?” and Jae smiled charmingly at her, “Of course, m’Lady, it is certainly a pleasure to spend time with beautiful ladies,” he said charmingly, then continued giving Rhaenys’ arm a quick squeeze, “they are definitely in abundance in Kings Landing.” Causing Rhaenys and Margaery both to smile.

Jae was surprisingly charming, the rumours of the North were poor, men who were big bearded brutes and spoke without thinking, Jae was the complete opposite, he was polite and clever, and always seemed to know what to say. Rhaenys was pleasantly surprised by her brother every day and
it felt good to be proud of him after losing her other brother at such a young age.

Margaery Tyrell said her goodbyes, making Jae promise to call upon her the next day, which Rhaenys thought was rather persistent but she admired the girl’s courage.

Most of the hall had cleared out at this point. Viserys was nowhere to be seen, Grandmother was speaking to who Rhaenys believed to be a crownlands Lord, so Daenerys joined them, siding up to the other side of Jae.

Daenerys spoke first, “either of you have any plans for the rest of the day?” Rhaenys quickly intervened, “Do not forget we are to sup with the Martells tonight Dany.” Dany nodded, “I know Rhae, I just meant until then.” Before Rhaenys could tell Dany of her plans Jae spoke, “Rhaenys is to meet with her cousins, I was planning on going to the Godswood.” Dany looked at Rhaenys as Rhaenys looked at Daenerys. Jae was a follower of the Old Gods?

“We did not know you followed the Old Gods Jae?” Rhaenys spoke for her and Dany’s curiosity.

Jae gentled assuaged their worries, “I follow both, Aunt Catelyn is of the seven and Uncle Ned of the Old Gods, it was how we were raised.” He paused, “I seek the Old Gods for peace, and the Seven for guidance, I always found the Godswood more peaceful than the sept.” that was a relief for Rhaenys, the royal family had to follow the Seven.

Rhaenys was surprised when she noticed Daenerys take an interest in what Jae had said. Dany quietly spoke “I have not seen the inside of the Godswood.” Giving Jae a subtle hint that she would like an invitation.

Jae realized her intentions and gave her elbow a small bump, “I would happily escort you Auntie.” Daenerys smiled but gently nudged Jae back stating, “I told you to call me Dany,” Jae laughed, “It was just some gentle teasing Dany,”

Rhaenys knew she should be leaving, but she did want to miss out on the small bonding moments between family, especially with Jae. He was still so new and unknown and such a pleasure to be around that she could not help but want to spend time with him.

Rhaenys noticed that Grandmother had finished her conversation and was walking towards them. She simply said, “Go, be back by dinner,” and all three of them were off, Dany and Jae heading towards the outside, Ghost and Ser Arthur on their heels, while Rhaenys headed towards her rooms, she needed to change before she met with her cousins.
Jon

Jon’s balls were sticking to his fucking legs.

Why did he think it was a good idea to dress in such thick clothing in Kings Landing? He needed to really reconsider his options the next time he decided to go out in the sun. Like tomorrow, he had already accepted a lunch with the Tyrell’s.

Another day of schmoozing with Lords and Ladies. At least Margaery was beautiful, and Loras and Garlan good companions. Jon blew air through his nose thinking of how insulted they would be if he decided to nap instead of attending.

Daenerys noticed his displeasure and questioned him, “What has you stressed?” Jon looked at her with an incredulous face, his life was beyond stressful right now and Daenerys clarified “I mean right now, you’re thinking.” She blushed slightly, embarrassed at how she worded her question.

“Nothing serious, do not worry your pretty little mind Dany,” smiling down at his aunt.

Jae was nearly a head taller than his aunt, he was slightly older only a few moons separated them but her physical size made it seem like he was much older. Her size certainly did not take away from her curves, and Jon had to contain his thoughts as he was heading into a Godswood.

Dany’s not so subtle request to join Jon in the Godswood surprised Jon, but it made him happy as well, it showed signs that the other side of his family was accepting of him and his habits, even if they were of the religious kind.

Rhaenys not running and telling their Grandmother what happened this morning was fortunate for him. He was not looking forward to being completely bombarded with questions when he arrived for breakfast, but Rhaenys had kept it secret, for his privacy. Jon appreciated that immensely. He knew as King that his privacy would be limited, but the privacy he did have, he would value in spades.

As he escorted Daenerys into the Godswood, he ordered Ser Arthur to remain outside, Ghost jogged in front of them and then they had their own privacy. Ironic.
Jon took Daenerys to the heart tree, which in Kings Landing was a large oak true with different
coloured roots and branches but it made do, the Old Gods provided in miniscule ways but also
expected less than the Seven.

Daenerys was looking at the heart tree as if it would provide her answers, and he was happy to see
that she was enjoying herself. Jon noticed that Dany thrived in silence. She would rather not speak
and get lost in her thoughts then speak about trivial matters. Only when she was curious or forced to
she would speak, they had that in common.

That was why her next words did not surprise him, “What do we do?” Jae looked over to her, and
gestured to the tree, he walked over and knelt, then closed his eyes and began to pray. He prayed for
the simple things, safety, guidance, peace of mind and for some restful sleep.

As he rose out of prayer he noticed Daenerys had knelt next to him, giving her own silent prayer and
it put a smile on his face. Jae walked silently to the tree, and sat, leaning so his back was pressed
against the oak. Taking a moment to just rest and have some peace.

Daenerys opened her eyes and noticed him sitting there, she smiled softly, walking up to sit next to
him. Jae jested “how was praying to the Old Gods for the first time?” Jae said it in jest but Daenerys
replied seriously, “I did not realize how peaceful it was here, Kings Landing is so Seven dominant
that this place is mostly empty, but it is beautiful.”

Jon could not help but grin at his Aunt’s words, he knew she was being genuine and it warmed his
heart. “How are you with physical affection Dany?” Dany looked at him confused, “What type of
physical affection?” she said skeptically.

Jon settled in front of her then spread her feet apart, he then laid back, so his back was pressed
against her front, the back of his head was pressed just below her neck. Jon could feel Dany’s smile,
and she reached to run her fingers through his hair.

The small physical intimacy felt good, Jon closed his eyes and calmed his breathing. They sat like
that for a few moments, simply enjoying the peace and quiet, but Jon knew it would not last, as
Dany’s hand stilled in his hair.

“You did very good today Jae,” Dany said softly, Jon appreciated the sentiment and gave her leg a
small squeeze in appreciation. Jon turned to look at Dany and she looked so open and peaceful, it
made his heart clench, this was the most relaxed he had ever seen her.
Jae hated to break the peace but he knew he would get more answers now then he would later. “When I am king….” He began, and he felt Dany tense slightly, so he reached for her other hand gripping it in both of his, urging her to remain relaxed. “I want you, Grandmother, Viserys and Rhaenys to be able to tell me when I am wrong, to argue with me.” Jon felt Dany relax more, her body sagging back into the tree.

“you wish to argue?” she inquired, Jae hesitated before answering, “Not exactly arguing, more…. Productive disagreements.” He then laughed at his words, “If you understand my meaning?”

Jon felt Dany’s nod, but she spoke again, “Jae, I have always voiced my opinion when I see something that I think is unfair or unjust.” Wow, Jon was surprised but overjoyed with that. Daenerys disproving of his actions would bring him to be a better person and King.

“When I am King I would like to make some major changes to Westeros Dany,” he paused here, turning to look into Dany’s eyes to portray how serious he was, “to ensure that someone like the Mad King will not rule again.”

Jon watched as Dany’s jaw dropped, she seemed at a loss for words for a few moments, but then launched herself at Jon, wrapping her arms around his neck, pushing her nose into his neck. Jon was surprised but quickly wrapped her into his arms.

Jon did not intend to, but he may have just reassured one of Dany’s major fears, that a Targaryen, someone of their blood was to repeat what her father did. The deep shuttering breaths she was taking were evening out, as Jon rubbed her back.

Dany whispered her thanks into Jon’s ear, but Jon kept her pressed close. Jon could not help but think that today only showcased how great of a wife Dany would make.

Her willingness to speak her mind, mixed with the guilt she had over her father’s actions would ensure Jon would not turn into a mad king himself. Her otherworldly beauty also helped, but if Jon were to marry Dany, then he would be eliminating the chances to make another alliance with a Great House. Maybe he could be like his father and take two wives. That would be a dream.

Dany calmed down, still pressed into Jon’s neck, she spoke “you are a good man Jae, and a better King.” Jon smiled sweetly at her words, pulling away from Dany, then smoothing his hand over her hair. He planted a kiss on her cheek, “thank you auntie,” he jested, and they both laughed.
Their mixed laughter danced through the trees a song of peace and solidarity, where the Godswood represented something new to the both of them now, they seeked the Old Gods for peace today, but found goodness instead.

Jon’s thoughts on the different dynamic his relationship just took on. Dany has been nervously waiting for her nephew, the future king to come South, having never met him and barely spoke with him save for a few ravens, and was completely unsure on whether or not he was even suited for the Throne.

Jon certainly did not want the Throne, nor did he want to be in Kings Landing, but if he was able to change millions of lives for the better through his actions, then he would be a coward not to fulfill his duty to the best of his ability.

Jon and Dany remained in the Godswood for some time after that, sharing innocent stories about their childhoods, with Jon telling funny stories about living in Winterfell while Dany told her stories about the shenanigans her and Rhaenys would get up to in the Red Keep.

At one-point Ghost came trotting over, some blood on his teeth so he must have caught a Rabbit or Squirrel. Dany tensed when she saw, but when Ghost was panting and attempted to rest his big head on Jon’s legs, he pushed him aware urging him to clean up first. Ghost looked put-out and Dany laughed heartily.

They were eventually interrupted by Ser Arthur, who came into the Godswood to remind them of their supper with the Martells. He was clearly surprised with how close Jon and Dany were, as well as the environment around him.

Jon stood, helping his aunt to his feet, then taking her hand and placing it in his elbow, escorting her from their refuge. They travelled back up to the Red Keep, with Ghost and Ser Arthur in tow, continuing their easy conversation from before.

Daenerys looked quizzical for a moment, then with her purple eyes looked up at Jae, “you never told me what your plans were the changes you intend?” her eyes were open and honest, and Jon had plans and he had ideas, but he did not want to voice them entirely yet, especially right now where the walls and streets could have ears. Jon replied simply, coyly, “I plan on redistributing the balances of power.” Daenerys reaction was thoughtful but she looked like she wanted him to say more, but accepted the answer nonetheless.
Jon escorted Dany to her rooms, and Dany gave him a firm embrace stating, “Thank you for showing me the Godswood Jae, I do not think it will be the last time I seek refuge from the Old Gods,” Jon smiled, leaned down and gave his aunt a kiss on the cheek, then kissed her hand, when he looked back into her eyes she was blushing.

Jon’s smile grew at the reaction, but he turned and left, heading back to his own chambers, to ready himself for another politically charged dinner.

Oberyn

The Queen had invited him and his family to dinner the night before, to get to know their future king better. The Prince had impressed him, he showed balls approaching him in such a way on his first day in Kings Landing, but Oberyn was taken off guard by the apology. He never would have expected for the Prince to immediately try and make peace with him, his very birth was an insult to the Martell’s yet he recognized that and wanted to maintain a relationship anyway.

When his family arrived, the Targaryen’s had not yet arrived yet, Rhaenys had actually spent time with her cousins, so she was there, she came to the dining hall with them, Ser Oswell following behind.

There were multiple chairs set out, enough for both families, as he had his daughters, Ellaria, Arianne and Trystane with him. The table was crowded but intimate, The Prince having the most space at the head of the table. Arianne sat herself directly next to that chair, which Oberyn openly smiled at.

“Aiming for something tonight Arianne?” he teased, he felt a wack on his shoulder from Ellaria, but there were smiles on everyone’s faces. Arianne shrugged, unashamed of her behaviour.

Oberyn knew that was a Dornish trait in her, she probably got it from him, the desire for someone and putting themselves in the best place to get what they intend from their target. The rest of them merely sat themselves sin the empty seats, leaving spaces where they thought appropriate for the other Targaryens.

Just then the doors opened and the big white wolf trotted in, not paying them any attention it went and laid out in the grass, across from them. The Targaryens followed, the boy Prince was escorting his aunt while Viserys escorted his mother.
The Prince stopped when he saw they were all seated, an expression of thought on his face. He escorted Daenerys to her seat then exchanged greetings with them all, but before he could sit he said “Viserys, do you mind sitting here?” he gestured to the head of the table, “I wish to speak with Prince Oberyn about some different matters in Dorne.” It was surprising, but not at all unwelcome, Viserys nodded, then handed off his Mother to the Prince, who then escorted Rhaella to the other end of the table.

It was an odd sight, their future King giving up his place of power in an evening where he would need to show he was capable of leading, but it also showed he was humble, so did his greetings of all of the Sand’s in attendance. He did not look down on them as bastards, and treated them all as if they were high born ladies, which Oberyn was happy about.

Once they all were settled it was obvious the conversation would not involve the entire table, there were too many people for that. They made conversation in small groups, which made it more intimate. Oberyn noticed that the queen had Rhaenys, Nymeria and Trystane to speak to, while, the Prince, Ellaria, Daenerys, Tyene, Obara and himself mostly spoke. That left Viserys and Arianne at the end of the table.

Oberyn almost felt like he had been manipulated, but when he looked, Arianne seemed to be enjoying her time with the elder Prince, the two speaking softly. The Prince noticed where he was looking and spoke, “It was not my intention to fool you, my Prince.”

Oberyn nodded his head, thinking about it, he replied, “It would be a good match, I am not at all displeased my Prince, maybe just a word of warning next time?” he finished with a wink, which made the boy smile. Not boy, man, cause judging by what Oberyn had seen when the Prince sparred against the frilly flower knight, and the scars on his face he was a man.

The food came out shortly after, and they all dined, sharing small conversations between bites. There was not much of anything pressing to discuss so it was a more relaxed affair other than to build ties between the families.

Oberyn was happy, the food was good, the Prince was kind, his daughters certainly seemed to like him, he was unsure of when they had spoken before this supper but they were on familiar terms.

But when Oberyn looked at the Prince he could only see the features that he shared with Rhaegar, and Rhaenys and not so much baby Aegon. It comforted him, every time he looked at the Prince he did not feel rage as he expected, only a longing for the love of his sister, but he had been without that for years, and he could not place the blame on the Prince for being born into these circumstances.
Oberyn was brought out of his thoughts by Ellaria’s hand rubbing his arm, his lover he appreciated so. He thought Ellaria was simply just seeking physical comfort from him but when he looked at her she had a questioning gaze, Oberyn looked around and the small group he was conversing with were all looking at him. “What was the question?” he asked puzzled, and gentle laughter followed, causing him to smile as well.

Ellaria leaned towards him and said “Prince Jaehaerys invited the girls to train with him in the morning, they were asking if you would join.” She stated, smilingly lovingly at him.

Oberyn smiled “It would be my pleasure,” Oberyn said excitedly, “have you ever fought again a spear before my Prince,” genuinely curious.

Surprisingly the Prince nodded before replying humbly, “Aye, the Free folk often would make their own. Some became fairly skilled with them as well.” Oberyn was surprised that the Prince had even fought against a spear, let alone seen someone skilled with them.

Tyene the more curious and daring of Oberyn’s daughters asked “Is that how you got those scars my Prince?” then she gestured to her own face, the same places were the Prince had his scars.

The Prince seemed in a good mood, and replied almost instantly, “It is a rather unbelievable tale m’Lady,” Oberyn noticed then that most of the table was listening. After Tyene voiced her question, it seemed it got the interest of everyone at the table, Jon’s reply just adding to the curiosity. Oberyn looked questioningly towards Rhaenys, who was paying rapt attention. She noticed his look and replied with sass “What? I have not heard this story either!” making the table collectively chuckle.

Rhaenys urged her step-brother on, “Go on Jae, we are waiting now,” she said teasingly. The Prince smiled, then began. “Before we had made peace with the Free Folk, they were climbing the wall and scaling down, pillaging some of the lands just south of Castle Black. Robb and I were to lead some Stark men past the wall to treat with the ‘King beyond the Wall’ Mance Rayder, there was only about five hundred men because these were peace talks. The group of Free folk pillaging the land were at about one hundred fifty in numbers. It was our duty to protect the Northerners from them so we fought.” The Prince paused as if he was trying to remember his tale, and how the story played out.

“Robb and I ordered our men to take prisoners unless it was an absolute necessity, hostages would make for more…. Successful peace talks,” Oberyn chimed in quickly, “Clever” and the Prince smiled back at him, “When Robb and I went to speak with the Prisoner’s one tried to kill me,” Oberyn heard an audible gasp from Daenerys, she quickly asked “Were you alright?” and the Prince reassured her quickly, “I was fine, but I had to kill the man, what I did not know was that the man
After the Prince said that there was some confusion at the table, Oberyn knew from his time studying as a Maester to know what a skin changer was but he guessed no one else did, so he explained, “It is when a person can entice the mind of multiple different animals and control their actions, they are only of descendants of the first men.” The curiosity around the table was sated, many nodding their heads in thought. Daenerys gently pushed the Prince to continue, “That still does not explain your scars Jae.” She said seriously.

The Prince nodded at her smiling, then continued, “I wish it was more exciting, but the man skin changed into his eagle as he died, We did not know, and the bird attacked me. The man, in the bird’s body, used the claws to try and get my eyes, but I threw it off of me. Then one of the Stark men killed it,” he paused, the awe around the table set in, but the Prince went to continue, “it was quite funny afterwards because as I threw it off me, the Bird shit everywhere, and it ended up getting all over Robb’s boots and breeches.” The table erupted with laughter, the Prince smiling at widely.

Oberyn had to admire the man, he was charming, knew how to work a room, and was comfortable being a leader in almost all social situations. Oberyn approved of him, so far.

There were some questions for the Prince after he told his story, but nothing that Oberyn paid any attention to.

The Prince was humble, and judging by the match he was pushing, he was clever. His Grandmother looked at him like he was a gift from the Gods and any woman that came into his company was immediately charmed.

All three of his daughters looked to admire him in their own ways, Obara respected his prowess as a fighter, Nymeria for his intelligence and Tyene for his charm. Not to mention both of his nieces had certainly given him a fair share of lustful looks. Even Ellaria looked as if she liked the man.

The thing is nobody was perfect. Despite how close the Prince seemed, he had to have something that made him flawed. Did he keep whores in his bed? Did he rather keep company of men? Oberyn knew that these were some of his own vices but maybe he shared some with the Prince? That thought made him smile, and Ellaria looked at him quizzically. Oberyn leaned down to press a kiss to his lover’s cheek, “I will tell you later.”

After that the dinner passed by rather innocently, nothing of any weight was discussed, the Prince inquired about the political landscape of Dorne which Oberyn and Arianne answered, with some help from Trystane and Nymeria when they saw fit.
At one point the wolf came trotting over to push his nose into the Prince’s shoulders, making the table laugh and coo at his antics. The Prince brushed him off then asked for a servant to bring some raw meat for his wolf.

Eventually the Prince made excuses for him and his Grandmother, citing their need to speak privately, and for her to turn in for the night. With them departing, so did everyone else, making their own excuses.

Oberyn was pleased to see that Viserys escorted Arianne to her rooms, but with his Kingsguard, Ser Barristan following him Oberyn was comforted knowing that nothing would be afoot.

Oberyn and Ellaria went to their rooms, and they spoke quietly, Oberyn learnt that Ellaria approved of the Prince, stating that he was a handsome man. But as Oberyn explained his thoughts on the Prince, Ellaria could not help but agree with him.

As Oberyn lay in his bed, listening to Ellaria’s even breathing, He was just trying to think of an answer to his questions.

He pondered an answer, either the King was a very well rounded man with only small flaws, or he very good at hiding them. Oberyn was not sure why it mattered so much to him, maybe he was comparing Prince Jaehaerys to who the man he wished Prince Aegon to be.

Oberyn scolded himself for such thoughts, the Prince had flaws, he was sure of it.

It was just a matter of how well he kept them hidden.
Hey Everyone,

I'm not one to complain much but that second episode was pretty underwhelming as well, I know it is all set up but I feel like they needed to add comedy because the drama was not exciting.

This week I have an exams, Monday, Tuesday, Saturday. I have a job interview on Wednesday, and I am seeing Endgame Thursday night, so it might take me a minute to update, but I promise I will.

Thank you for all the comments and lovely messages, as well as the constructive criticism, I have enjoyed writing this so much and I wish to improve as a writer, and constructive criticism is how you learn.

More Life,

Jon

Jon awoke by himself today, his sleep was peaceful as he had a long and trying day, the constant working and being the Prince he strived to be was making for some very mentally charged situations, but he knew it would level out, and he would get used to his days being longer and more trying then when they were in Winterfell. At least mentally.

After he left the dinner with the Martell’s his Grandmother reminded him that he was to greet the Vale and Riverlords that were arriving today, and that “if he were to accept invitations from people she must know so she can plan accordingly.” Aye, Jon was still getting used to having his days be so meticulously planned.

Jon had some peace for the moment now, he knew he would be needed soon as he was to train with Oberyn and his daughters, then lunch with the Tyrell’s. He hoped Rhaenys or Daenerys would be joining him for the prior because he was going to fail at making sure his manners were correct.

Having some peace, lying in his bed, Jon reached down and cupped his manhood, his stones feeling heavy from so many days of foregoing release. He spread his legs and stroked his cock, softly stroking the skin, his blood filling it up making it hard.
So many days without pleasure then jerking off felt good, his cock leaking pre-cum quickly, slicking his hand and making his strokes more pleasurable. Jon closed his eyes, and pictured Margaery Tyrell’s pretty lips were wrapped around his cock, struggling to take the girth down her throat, his hands in her hair, pumping in and out of her mouth.

Margaery’s face quickly morphed into Myrcella’s her tongue lolling out of her mouth to wrap circles around the tip of his manhood. Jon groaned aloud, Jon’s hands in Myrcella’s long blonde hair creating a beautiful contrast.

Jon came quickly after, his hand speeding up his release. He turned and sprayed his cum on the floor, then quickly grabbed a rag from his wash, cleaning up the mess he made. It felt so good, he did not regret the mess he made when some of his cum landed on his sheets.

Jon then strode over to the wash basin, he stripped naked, cleaning around his face, hands, and flaccid cock before looking at himself in the mirror set out in his room.

Jon hated his scars, they only told stories of violence and hardship, and the patchwork on his torso was certainly a gruelling sight, not something that a southern woman would appreciate. He gave himself a firm appraisal, gripping the scars on his thighs, pushing his thumbs into some of the muscles that felt sore or tense. Then pushing his fingers into each of his scars, making sure they were closed, feeling the stiff skin and reassuring himself that he was here, and alive and had many responsibilities now.

Jon took comfort in knowing that his face was largely unhindered, other than the luckily handsome scars around his eyes. His Stark colouring with Targaryen features made for a face that people naturally trusted, and the scars took away from that.

Jon ran his hands under his arm pits, sniffing them, then quickly grabbing some soap and washing because he fucking stank. He would be doing the same thing after he trained he was sure, but he would not want to attend smelling like shit.

Jon was torn from his perusal by a knock on the door, a voice he recognized to be Ser Barristan’s calling out for him, “My Prince!” Jon called back, “Just a moment,” and then hurried over to his wardrobe, grabbing some small clothes and some training wear. Once he was dressed he called for Ser Barristan to enter.

Ser Barristan came in, followed by some maids, the knight looked to give Jon a quick evaluation before speaking once again, “your Grandmother sent a servant to wake you, she does not want you to be late.” He said formally.
Jon smiled, “good thing I am already ready Ser.” Jon grabbed his waterskin, his sword belt, whistled for Ghost then gestured for Ser Barristan to lead the way.

As Jon walked behind Ser Barristan, he noticed the knight kept peering over his shoulder to examine Jon and Ghost. Jon, who was certainly not fucking blind to his looks asked rather annoyed, “Something the matter Ser?” his voice perfectly even.

Ser Barristan kept walking, but looked like he was steeling himself. “How did Ser Jaime end up with hand prints wrapped around his neck yesterday?” he spoke softly, then continued, “when he was supposed to be guarding you, my Prince.”

Well, that explained the quick examination this morning, Ser Barristan was concerned for his sworn brother. It still irked Jon slightly that Ser Barristan was questioning him on a matter that was not his business. “Firstly, Ser Barristan, if you wish to ask me a question I do not wish for you to posture, I will not kill you for speaking your mind.” Ser Barristan nodded his understanding, “Secondly, did Ser Jaime tell you anything?” Barristan nodded negatively, Jaime kept his mouth shut.

Now, Jon knew if he lied, Ser Barristan would feel pushed away, Jon did not want one of his protectors to be distant. Ser Barristan was extremely loyal to the Targaryens and a great man, telling him the truth would not hurt. “Ser Jaime woke me yesterday in the middle of a night terror, I woke thinking he was a White Walker.” Ser Barristan gasped, then stopped and looked at Jon, Jon continued, “I attacked him, luckily, Ghost knocked me on my arse before any real damage could be done.” Putting a hand deep into Ghost’s furs beside him.

The two men were facing each other now, and Jon saw a deep respect settle into Ser Barristan’s eyes, he must have related to what Jon was going through, he was there during the worst of his Grandfathers reign.

Ser Barristan was struggling to find the right thing to say, so Jon spoke again. “Ser, I am trusting you with this information because of your loyalty to my family,” Ser Barristan nodded seriously, his eyes still shining with respect and a little bit of fear, Jon continued in jest, “and to not wake me up like a cunt like Ser Jaime did.”

Ser Barristan’s smile was meek, but he spoke certain in his words, “I vowed to protect you by all means, if that includes yourself then I will continue to do so to the best of my ability, my Prince.” Jon smiled sadly at his words, he would have to speak to his Kingsguard, he wanted them to alter their duties, no longer being forced to be so blindly loyal.
The two continued on their path to the training yards, and on their way they actually crossed paths with Oberyn and his daughters, the four of them all heading in the same direction. The group went from three to seven including Ghost, and they chatted amicably as they went to train.

Jon and Oberyn settled at the back of the group, Ser Barristan keeping slight step behind Jon, with Ghost leading the entire group. Jon saw Ghost look back at him, and knowing his intention Jon nodded at Ghost knowing he would be dashing to the Godswood to hunt like he did yesterday.

Jon gave the girls a firm examination of their arses in their leather breeches, He could not help it, he had just jerked off and his sexual drive was on high, being ten and six certainly sped up his hormones. Jon felt slightly guilty at his inspection of the women in their leather training breeches, after he felt an elbow in the ribs from Oberyn, who smiled teasingly at him. Oberyn spoke then “Stay away, or I will have to defend my daughters honour.” He said jesting. Obara heard it and quickly turned around, “Who says I need you to defend my honour?” pointing her spear threateningly towards her father.

Oberyn smiled but remained unfazed by his daughter’s threat. It was Nymeria who questioned Jon. “Why would our father need to defend our honour, my Prince?” Jon heard Oberyn laugh as Jon was blatantly caught admiring their beauty. Having all three Sand Snakes staring him down wishing for an answer was an intimidating sight for some, but Jon was unfazed when he said “your father wishes to protect you from some ugly Northern Prince’s advances,” Jon paused when he saw their confusion, “he simply wants to protect you from the man who was admiring your beauty.”

Loud laughter followed, Jon even heard Ser Barristan’s slight chuckles from behind him. Oberyn gave Jon a familial clap on the shoulder, and the group all continued their trek to the yard. They all settled in to warm their muscles, swinging lightly with a partner, Jon asked Ser Barristan to join as well, so each person would have a single partner to face, instead of group fighting.

It turned out to be very enjoyable, Oberyn was over exaggerated in his fighting which Jon had never seen with a spear before, so it was a challenge. Obara was so adamant in proving herself to be a warrior to Jon that she was deadly serious, making her movements sometimes seem mechanical. Nymeria was swift and clever, using her lower center of gravity to land some harsh blows to Jon’s legs. Tyene was the worst of the four, but she told Jon that her specialty was in stealth, where she was sneaky and not much for one on one fighting.

Jon thought that each of their fighting styles matched their personality fairly accurately. Oberyn the Flamboyant father, Obara the soldier, Nymeria the intelligent political mind, and Tyene the sneaky seductress. One spar with the Martell’s had him learning more than an entire dinner.

What Jon was not expecting was Nymeria, Tyene and Oberyn speaking while they fought, often taunting or saying something outrageous to throw Jon off. Oberyn would insult him, “I thought
Northerner’s were meant to be good fighters?” Nymeria would have him off kilter, “I wonder what would happen if I killed you accidentally,” and Tyene would flirt, “my Prince, you could take a paramour, I volunteer.” But for everything they said Jon would have a reply, and it irritated them, as during a fight Jon was in tunnel vision, not letting anything distract him. It was one of the first lessons Ser Rodrick taught him.

For Oberyn, Jon simply insulted him back, “I have fought Free Folk with spears made of branches that are more skilled than you.” Nymeria took a little extra effort, her remarks were of a subject where if a Prince were to reply he would be shunned, which Jon thought was her intention but Jon always remained civil yet rebutted. “I am sure Ser Barristan’s sword would open your throat faster than you could act.” And for Tyene he would simply flirt back, and judging by the smirk’s he received from her she enjoyed that he did, “with you as my paramour I’m certain all of the other Lords would be green with envy.”

The spars were good and entertaining, but by the end Ser Barristan’s entire face was red and not from physical exertion. A halt was called and Jon was annoyed that he noticed a crowd had gathered, it was to be expected from his life from now on, but he was still not used to it. Jon passed his waterskin around, each fighter taking eager gulps.

Jon saw a servant start to approach him and sighed exasperatedly, Nymeria saw his reaction and chuckled, “More duties to attend to my Prince?” Jon nodded at her sadly, before replying, “Trust me I would much rather be here m’Lady,” The servant approached and before the man could speak, Jon interrupted him.

“I know, I know, give me one second to collect my belongings,” the servant nodded in deference. Jon grabbed his stuff, collecting the water skin from Oberyn, then said his goodbyes, calling softly for Ser Barristan that they had to leave as the Ser had seeked his own drink.

Jon dismissed the servant and headed to his rooms, but when he got there he was surprised to see Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell both waiting outside his doors. He looked at them confusedly and they shrugged, not knowing why they were there either. Jon opened his doors to find Rhaenys and Daenerys both going through his wardrobe and chests.

Jon exclaimed “What are you doing?!” and his Sister and Aunt both froze, faces looking guilty. They remained frozen, holding onto what looked like some letters Jon had stored in his chest, and some of his clothing, until Jon spoke again, “Answer me!”

They shared a look, and Daenerys spoke first, “Jae, we were only going to get rid of some of your clothes so that we can replace them.” That was a blatant lie, why would they not send servants to do that? The maids easily could have answered that question.
Jon growing more and more frustrated bellowed “The truth! Now!” and he could see the girls share another look, still looking guilty. When they did not answer, Jon strode over, taking the letters from Rhaenys’ hands and taking the clothing from Daenerys. Putting the clothing back, he looked at what letters they had seen, and he was relieved to see they were just the missives between him and the Starks.

Rhaenys and Daenerys snooping through his room was a blatant disrespect of his privacy, but Jon had not exactly been open to his family about his past. Especially after what Rhaenys had seen him do yesterday morning, it was only reasonable for her to want to know why that could have happened since he still did not want to speak of it.

They both remained still, watching Jon, and Jon felt ashamed when he saw they had some fear in their eyes. Jon sighed, then took a few deep breaths to calm himself. Not looking at either of them he spoke, “I am angry you breached my privacy but you will not be punished, so the truth, now, please.”

Rhaenys stood, speaking softly as if Jon was a beast who was cornered, “We wanted to know more about you Jae, you have so far refuted our attempts to get you to tell us more about yourself.” Daenerys strode over so she was standing next to Rhaenys, creating a united front. “Even when you speak of your past it is to make a show of it, like you did with the Martell’s last night.” She pointed out and Jon agreed with her.

Jon knew he had a reputation, his defeating of the Night King and his bonds with the Free Folk gave him more titles, but it was still largely unknown in the south. Jon did not want for people to look at him differently because of his past exploits. He had done some great deeds at only ten and six, then took the highest ranking position in Westeros. Jon feared that people would be scared to disagree with him, scared that he would have absolute power which twisted his Grandfather into the man he became.

Jon stood, looking at both his Aunt and sister, two people who would be tied to him through blood for their entire lives and made his decision. “I will ask you to make a promise,” he paused when he saw their confusion, “That you do not treat me differently after you have learnt of my past.” He finished, trying to not let his emotions show but failing, knowing that they noticed. Daenerys flew forward, wrapping him in an embrace, Rhaenys following suit, the three hugging each other tightly.

Rhaenys spoke first, caressing Jon’s face so their eyes met, “I promise Jae,” she said resolutely, Daenerys speaking up after, repeating Rhaenys’ words. Jon pulled them both close, probably holding them much tighter than he should have but they did voice their displeasure if they felt it. Jon continued, “Tonight, after the feast, I will answer any questions you have.”
Margaery was excited, the Prince had accepted her invitation to spend some time together today. It was quite nerve wracking approaching him with his sister and wolf with him, the three of them close to the Iron Throne, but Margaery did her duty, and it paid off in spades.

When she told her Grandmother of the meeting, her Grandmother was ecstatic, telling her that she was destined to be queen, and Margaery could not help but agree. Her Father had pushed the Tyrell name into a pit of embarrassment, where other Lords could look down on their family. That would not persist if Margaery was to be queen.

Margaery made sure that she looked her best today, having her handmaidens dress her hair in a Northern style, wearing a dress that showed off her body which the Prince would appreciate. He certainly was not afraid to admire her beauty, the memories of the dance and dinner they shared springing to her mind.

The Prince admiring her figure and flirting with her had her cheeks heating up again. She could not help it, the Prince was so handsome and kind, it was hard not to think of him with lust in her mind when her thoughts inevitably turned to him.

Margaery had arrived early to the gardens, her Grandmother already seated in her regular veranda, there was food and drinks laid out, where their household and other citizens of the Reach were eating.

Margaery walked over to her Grandmother, she had not noticed Garlan and her father sitting with her, as their figures were behind a large bush. Greeting her family, she sat, waiting for the Prince to arrive before she began to eat. She had invited him so it was her duty to see to his needs, and she certainly was eager to see to his needs.

Her Grandmother took her away from her thoughts, “Margaery, darling, you look splendid,” she then reached over and smacked her son over the shoulder, “Doesn’t your daughter look splendid Mace?” Margaery let out a light giggle, her father had been looking at his food, when his mother interrupted. Margaery’s father spoke, “you look delightful daughter, the Prince will be stupid not to think so.”
Olenna reached over and smacked her son again, “Do not call the Prince stupid!” where Mace let out an exasperated “Mother…” Margaery shared a look with Garlan, both of them smiling slightly.

Olenna then spoke again, “Shoo, both of you, I need to speak with my Granddaughter.” Margaery’s father quickly picked up his plate and strode off, Garlan leaned over to give her a quick kiss on the cheek before he too departed.

Grandmother reached out to grab Margaery’s hand, before speaking softly, “Do not be nervous Marg, my sources have only been saying good things about the Prince.” Margaery smiled softly, happy that her Grandmother was concerned for her well-being. “The Prince is kind Grandmother; I am not as much nervous as…. Apprehensive.”

Olenna pinched her eyebrows, “as you should be with that idiot father of yours.” To which Margaery smiled coyly, silently agreeing. Olenna continued, “You must entice the King today Marg, make him lust for you, then he will be under your influence.” Margaery did not think that the Prince would ever be under anyone’s influence but his own, but she did not speak her mind, she would listen to her Grandmother but do as she saw fit.

“I will do my duty for House Tyrell, Grandmother,” Margaery said simply, diplomatically. Her Grandmother squeezed her hand in understanding, before nodding her head in the other direction. Margaery turned and looked and saw the Prince arriving, he had Ser Barristan and Margaery was surprised to see his wolf with him. He was walking and speaking with Garlan, Loras and her Father. Her father looked to be dominating the conversation unfortunately.

Her Grandmother gripped her hand again to get her attention, then urged her on, “Go, save the boy from your father.” Margaery smiled, then hurried off hoping her Father had not caused any offence.

As she approached she could see the Prince’s eyebrows pinched together, and her brothers looking irritated. That was not good.

Margaery stepped next to her father, greeting the Prince with a curtsey. She then spoke, “so what were we talking about?” hoping to find some way to assuage the situation. Garlan spoke, his voice short and stilted, “Father was just reminding the Prince of the actions of House Tyrell during the rebellion, and that he should keep this in mind when he decided on marriage prospects.”

Halfway through the sentence Margaery already knew that this meeting would be for naught. The Prince had lost his Father, his Mother, his good-mother and brother, one of the reasons being her Father’s stubbornness. Margaery could punch her father for his stupidity. Before Margaery could even think of a reply, the Prince cut through the tension.
He stepped forward then spoke simply, “I am quite hungry, I skipped breakfast, if I may?” gesturing towards the tables. Margaery could kiss him for the topic change. Well, she hoped she would kiss him later anyway, but Margaery’s training kicked in and she immediately took the Prince’s arm, “Of course, my Prince, all of the food from here was brought from our home. It is the best in the realm.”

Margaery lead the Prince to the food, where he picked up a plate and piled more food on it then she had ever seen. When the Prince caught her look, he laughed slightly, “’tis not all for me, I have a Direwolf to feed as well,” as he said that, he realized that he also had a guard following him, and spoke to Ser Barristan, “you may take a break Ser, Ghost is here, and I do not think I shall be poisoned if the lady is trying to influence the crown to purchase more food from the Reach.” He spoke to Ser Barristan, but side eyed to Margaery when he spoke of her, his words caused her to blush, it was a rather shameless plug.

Ser Barristan only bowed his head to the Prince, then went over to collect some food for himself. That was then Loras approached the two of them, “Marg why don’t you show the Prince the gardens? I am sure he has not had time to see them?” The Prince looked confused for a moment, looking down at his food, but then Loras presented a picnic basket and blanket he must have specifically asked for.

Loras had planned this, and it helped because it would afford her and the prince some privacy. So she pushed, “That sounds like a great idea!” she turned in the direction of the Prince, using her eyes to plead with him, “Please, I really enjoy the peace and quiet of the Gardens.” The Prince did not seem as opposed to the idea as she thought, he must have just been wanting to eat first. That made her silently amused.

The Prince shrugged, then said, “Aye, that sounds fine,” then took the basket from Loras wrapping the food he had picked up into some napkins and began placing them in the basket. He did the same for the food Margaery had picked out, he then reached across the table and grabbed two goblets, and a bottle of wine, giving her a subtle wink. He then placed the basket on his left arm and held out his right elbow.

Margaery was surprised at how…simple it all felt, but she was getting what she wanted, and that was all that mattered. The prince turned and clicked his tongue, the big wolf trotting towards them. Margaery slipped her hand in his elbow then they bid goodbye to Loras who smiled at her smugly. He probably felt like the cleverest man in the world, and it made her chuckle.

Her chuckle caught the Prince’s attention, they were both walking towards the entrance of the Gardens when he asked, “Something funny m’Lady?” she looked up and smiled at him, and said, “I was just thinking about how Loras acquired that basket.” Nodding towards the said basket in his hand. “Must have been an awkward conversation, my Prince.”
The Prince smiled at her, softly laughing. He then said “it is just the two of us, can we drop the formalities?” then added a “m’Lady” as an afterthought, “Of course, Jaehaerys” giving his arm a quick squeeze. Then he said, “Jae” shortening his name even further. It was a sign of familiarity and comfort, so Margaery took comfort in that.

Margaery lead him deep into the gardens trying to afford them as much privacy as she could, as their chaperone was a Direwolf, she was looking to take some liberties with the Prince, and the more privacy they had the more likely he was to return her affections. They found a spot with thick shrubbery surrounding it where you had to walk around a large fountain. The small spot’s entrance blended in with the shrubbery behind it, it was as perfect as she would get.

Jae put the basket down then pulled the large blanket out of it, spreading it all the way out, then taking her hands to help her sit. She noticed Jae looking down at her cleavage as he helped, that helped her confidence and her desire. Margaery looked up at the Prince through her eyelashes. From where she was seated and he was still standing, the positioning of them both was not lost on her, nor Jae judging by how his eyes widened.

Margaery smiled as he quickly turned, unpacking the food, then laughed fully as his wolf butted his head into the basket to try and get some of the food. Jae pushed the wolf, then tossed a bunch of the food towards the entrance. She was not sure if he intended it but she was pleased. Anyone who thought about coming into their little bubble would run into a hungry Direwolf, that was probably enough for anyone to change their route.

Jae handed Margaery her plate and utensils, then placed his beside him, then divided the food up as they saw fit. He then pulled the wine out, pouring her a healthy glass, pouring his own, then clinking their cups together in a small cheer.

Margaery then began to eat, a comfortable silence settling between them, she ate at her food daintily, and by the time she looked up from her plate, Jae had already finished, his plate empty. Margaery’s face must have showed her surprise as Jae looked slightly embarrassed. He then justified his actions, “I told you I was hungry….” He said as if he was apologizing.

Margaery did not know why but she began laughing, her mirth making the Prince smile softly at her. The Prince spoke, “I am not sure I like being laughed at,” his smile softening his words. Margaery replied laughing still, “I did not know you ate like a wolf as well.” This caused Jae to laugh too, it was a sweet sound, one that Margaery did not hear often, but definitely wanted to hear more.

Margaery watched as Jae took a swig of his wine, and she looked down at her plate to continue eating. The sounds of birds chirping, Ghost’s chewing and the Blackwater bays waves bouncing
through the air.

Margaery hurried her eating and finished quickly, when she looked up, Jae had laid back on the blanket, his eyes closed, his Goblet was upright on his chest and his hands secured it there.

Margaery took a minute to just simply look at him. He was not asleep, that she was sure of, his breathing was not even enough, and his eyes were not as relaxed as ones would be when they were sleeping.

Margaery gave him a firm examination, from his hairs to his toes Jae was handsome. His long silky black hair, his angular face, violet eyes, and pouty lips made for the prettiest of pictures. Margaery was interrupted by her appraisal by Jae speaking, “Do you approve?”

Margaery was surprised by the question, and seeked clarification “Jae?” He rose so he was sitting upright, looking into her eyes, “You have just been staring at me for a few minutes, Do I meet your expectations?”

Margaery immediately blushed, “How did you know?” she asked, Jae nodded towards her plate, “I could hear the knife hitting the plate, then it stopped.” He smiled softly at her. Jae then gestured to her wine glass, “drink,”

Margaery grabbed her glass and took a long sip, then jested, “trying to get me drunk Jae?” The prince shook his head, then flirted, “Can I not just offer some wine to a beautiful lady?” giving her a wink. Margaery felt like swooning.

It seemed like Margaery was constantly blushing by Jae’s words. He smiled when he saw her cheeks redden, so Margaery took another long pull of her wine to settle down.

When she looked back up, Jae was still smiling softly at her. He spoke, “is this the first time you’ve been to Kings Landing?” Margaery appreciated that he was making some conversation, she did not like when conversation was forced or stilted, it showed he was interested.

“Yes actually, we travelled here as a family when Rhaenys turned ten and six. Your Grandmother invited us to her name day to build some friendships.” Margaery paused then asked her own question, “I believe this is the first time you have been here?” she lifted her voice towards the end of her statement to make it a question.
Jae smiled at her, “does being here as a babe count?” and then Margaery nearly face palmed, everyone knew the story of Jae being brought to Kings Landing but his uncle refusing to leave him here. “My apologies Jae, everyone knows that story,”

Margaery was embarrassed but Jae was fine with it. Margaery then thought to herself, she has been blushing and embarrassed for most of this conversation. She was Margaery Tyrell of Highgarden, and she was to make men want to kiss her toes and not be a swooning lady.

Steeling herself she reached over and grabbed one of Jae’s hands, she noticed the callouses and rough skin due to his training and settled his one hand into her lap, pushing her fingers into the soft spots.

Doing this caused them to be in physical contact, Margaery shifted closer adjusting her body so she was pressed to Jae’s side. He took his arm out of her lap and wrapped it around her hips, pulling her even closer to him.

If Jae was surprised by her closeness he did not show it, he looked into her eyes and asked, “Is this alright?” and flexed the arm that he had around her. Margaery nodded then said, smiling warmly “If I was uncomfortable then I would not have taken your hand in the first place Jae.” Jae smiled back at her.

Jae reached around her and grabbed her goblet, handing it to her, “how about we play a drinking game?” Margaery looked at him confusedly, “a Drinking game?” Jae nodded, “Aye, I learnt a few with the Free Folk.” Margaery could not see any harm in playing an innocent game with the Prince, if the game made them drink more wine then all the better.

Margaery nodded at him, “We will play truth or lie, we take turns saying something about ourselves, it could be the truth or a lie, the other person has to guess what they think is right. Understand?” Margaery nodded her understanding but questioned, “What happens if they are wrong?” Jae smiled wide, “They drink,” he finished simply. Margaery liked this.

Jae nodded to her, “New players start.” Margaery pondered what to say, she did not want to say anything too brazen so she settled on something simple. “I am ten and seven name days.” Jae replied instantly. “Truth” Margaery looked at him questioningly, Why would he be so quick to know that? Her eyes were imploring him to answer. “My Grandmother told me some facts about all of the people I would be meeting.” He looked smug, then said simply “you have to drink.” So Margaery took a long pull of her wine.

Margaery was happy, she really liked this game, she pushed furthered into Jae, “your turn!” urging
Jae on. Jae smiled at her and looked smug once again. “The scars on my face were from a Raven.”
Margaery looked at him as if he was crazy. Jae saw her reaction and laughed. Judging by Jae’s smug
look before he said his fact, Margaery figured it was the truth, as weird of a truth it was. “Truth,” she
said, and watched Jae’s jaw drop.

Margaery laughed further at his reaction, but she reached over him to tap his goblet. Jae was looking
at her as if she had betrayed him, but took a long drink anyway. Margaery was feeling the wine get
into her veins now, she felt the effects and was a little loose lipped. So the next ‘fact’ she said was “I
have never kissed a man.”

Jae looked nervous, there were certain standards for woman to be completely pure when married in
Westeros, but she was certain that Jae would not mind. He came to a decision and said, “Lie,” and
Margaery remained completely deadpan. Then she slowly took a drink from her wine.

Jae’s laughter was sweet, and relieving. When Margaery looked back towards him there was an
undisguised lust in his eyes. He looked at her lips, then down at her cleavage, not even disguising it.
Margaery felt her cheeks heat up again, but did not shy away from returning the lustful look.

Margaery gave Jae a nod, urging him to take his turn, and her jaw dropped when she heard him say,
“I have lain with a Wildling woman.” Margaery knew that is was fine for a man to sleep with a
woman before marriage and honestly she preferred that Jae had some experience before her, but a
Wildling woman?

Margaery knew that he had united the Free folk with the Northerners so she was sure it was possible,
she was close to attacking Jae’s lips anyway, might as well take another drink. “that is the truth.”
Jae’s eyebrows raised, but he slowly took a drink as well. Margaery looked at him sultrily, “it is good
to know you have some experience,”

If it was physically possible, Jae pulled her closer, they were nearly nose to nose, and Jae was
looking at her lips, he spoke so softly that Margaery nearly did not hear it, “I very much wish to kiss
you,” and at her nod, Jae brought his other hand up to her cheek, then attached their lips.

His lips felt good, their plump and pouty shape made for a comfortable kiss. Margaery kept her lips
pushing into his, settling one of her hands in his hair, she peeked her tongue out of her mouth and
was pleased that Jae accepted it into his mouth, their tongues beginning to duel. Margaery was
pleasantly surprised when Jae pulled her hips over his, so she was straddling him, their lips never
separating.

Margaery felt a moan rise through her throat as Jae cupped her arse through her dress, his big hands
settling on each of her cheeks and started squeezing. Jae seemed to like her moan as he separated from her lips to give wet kisses onto her cheeks, chin, behind her ear, he then he went further down her body. Giving soft licks and nips to her neck and collarbones. Margaery began to grind down on his hips, feeling his manhood poking up through his breeches.

Margaery’s skin felt like it was on fire, but she was enjoying every second of it. She felt Jae kiss down towards her cleavage, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, encouraging him to delve deeper into her bosom. Jae started kissing the tops of her breasts and Margaery continued grinding onto his hips, the feeling of his manhood against her core felt incredible. Margaery’s cunt was starting to get wet.

Eventually Jae pulled her arms through her sleeves so that Margaery’s upper body was exposed to him. He immediately dipped down and began sucking on her rosy pink nipples, beginning with the right one, blowing air on it then bringing it into his mouth, making it harden to a peak. Margaery looked down, her hand buried into Jae’s hair, his lips around her teats, she was ecstatic.

This was where Margaery wished to be, she felt so much power, this was what she had trained all of her life for. The most powerful man in Westeros, was currently nuzzling and sucking on her teats like a babe, and Margaery knew this was where she was destined to be. At this current moment she was the most powerful person in Westeros and if that thought did not make her want to explore further then she would be lying to herself.

Letting out a large moan because Jae had plucked her left teat between his teeth, one hand pinching the other teat while his other hand was still cupping her arse. Margaery slid a hand between them, feeling Jae’s cock and rubbing the tip of it through his breeches. Hearing Jae’s deep groan edged Margaery on further, beginning to prop open his breeches so that his cock could be freed for her to stroke.

As she began to finger at the buttons, Jae pulled his head away from her chest, and she could feel him physically tense under her as he told her “Stop, please,” quietly.

Margaery panicked, fearing she had done something wrong but Jae seeing her reaction pulled her to him once again, “no, no, no, sweet girl, you are fantastic, you feel great and you are so beautiful,” she met his eyes and she could see the different emotions flowing through them, lust, apprehension and fear. Jae continued, “If we continue, I fear I will not be able to withhold myself.”

Fuck.

Margaery was hoping he would lose control, but it turns out his Stark honour is strong. Margaery
sighed disappointed but told him sweetly, “Tis alright Jae,” she then continued to probe, “Let me take this off, you feel quite warm,” she said gripping at the bottom of his tunic. She pulled it up slightly but Jae was quick to stop her, he then looked at her, and she tried to reflect all of the lust and acceptance she was feeling and as he looked into her eyes he seemed to make a decision.

Margaery knew this would be something that meant a lot to Jae, he had never been fazed by anything she had said or did before, nor did he ever seem fazed by anything really, but he seemed anxious now.

As he lifted his shirt off, the first thing she noticed was how strong he was, the muscles in his chest, arms and abdomen made her cunt wetter, but then she noticed the scars and gasped slightly at the sheer amount of them. She looked up at Jae, who had never looked so vulnerable so she placed her hand on the largest of the scars, then leaned into him to give him a sweet kiss. The happiness in his eyes after she pulled away was worth the small rejection, but she felt that they had passed a large barrier intimately with him baring her scars to her.

Margaery made sure Jae knew that she did not care about his scars, “you are beautiful too Jae,” and Jae’s bright smile was worth all the hardships she had ever faced.

Jae then pulled her down on top of him, they’re chests pushing into each other, as she practically laid on top of him, she could feel his hard cock against her stomach, but he pulled her face down for a slow kiss, their tongues beginning to duel once again.

Jae seemed content to slow things down, he flipped them over settling himself between her legs, and rested his head on the top of her chest, pushing his nose into her neck. Margaery was running one hand through his hair, while the other ribbed circles on his back. Her tits were squished beneath his chest, his weight pushing down on them. It was not exactly comfortable but Jae seemed so at peace at this moment that she would not dare to ask him to move.

Margaery knew these small intimate moments were the type of times that would make a husband love a wife, this usually only came after fucking, but Margaery thought this would do. She was taken out her thoughts by Jae’s soft voice, “Am I going to die soon?” and Margaery’s hands froze.

Jae set his arms across her chest, then rested his chin on his arms so he was looking into her eyes. He continued a slight smile tugging at his lips letting her know he was jesting, “you never told me whether or not your kisses were poisonous.” And Margaery let out a rather unladylike snort, giggling along with Jae’s deeper chuckles.

Jae then dipped back down, kissing her right teat again, giving her nipple a small suck, and Margaery
held his head there, enjoying the Prince’s intimacy but told him “Do not start something you do not plan to finish Jae.” And that seemed to sober him.

Jae then pulled all the way off of her, sitting back on his haunches while she rose on her elbows, he just stared at her for a moment. Lust and infatuation in his eyes. Margaery felt beautiful, the way he looked at her, it looked like he wanted to eat her, like he wanted to bury himself inside her and never leave. He then said, “I hope I see more of this,” and Margaery’s heart soared.

Margaery reached her arms out gesturing Jae to come back to her, and he did, giving her a few sweet kisses, wrapping her in an embrace, but he then reached behind her, helping her arms back into her dresses sleeves.

Jae found his tunic and put it back on, then adjusted his breeches which made Margaery giggle, he scowled at her, “Not funny, I’m going to be uncomfortable for the rest of the day.” Which only made her giggle more.

Jae packed the basket full of the stuff they brought, then stood and looked at her again, he reached up and smoothed out her hair, trying to make it look like they had not nearly just fucked in the Red Keep gardens.

Margaery smoothed out his hair, then she stole one last breath taking kiss, where she pushed her tongue into his mouth, and that kiss turned to a few more, where they ended up standing there just content to be kissing for a little bit longer.

Margaery had to push Jae away in the end, as he began to kiss down her neck again, and he smiled sheepishly but shrugged, unashamed of his advances. It made Margaery smile bright. Jae’s comfort in her presence was such a positive for her and her family, she really hoped Jae would remember this fantastic lunch when he thought of her in the future.

With one last kiss, Jae offered Margaery his elbow, and when she went to take it, he reached down to pinch her bottom again, and she yelped, clapping him on the shoulder. Jae's smile was ear to ear, and he was looking at her so sweetly, that Margaery stole one last kiss, before she really did take his elbow and they left their secluded garden.
Jaime

Jaime was guarding the Princess Rhaenys, well the entire family right now. They had just greeted the newly arrived Riverlords, House Tully and some bannermen arriving only a short time before they would feast. Jaime, Ser, Arthur, Ser Oswell, and Ser Barristan were guarding the five family members as they made their way back into the Red Keep.

Jaime had gotten some weird looks with the bruising on his neck, but no one dared ask him how he got them. He was a Kingsguard, it was their job to fight.

Ser Barristan had been in a poor mood when him and the Prince arrived earlier, while the Prince was beaming, it was an odd contrast because both men were usually so evenly tempered. When questioned the Prince smiled at Barristan which made the knight scowl further. “The Prince left my guard for a long period of time earlier without telling me where he was going.”

The Prince was scolded by his Grandmother but told her that he had Ghost with him stating, “What guard could sense danger to me faster than Ghost?” that made the queen relax slightly but she still looked wary.

The Prince had his Grandmother’s hand in his elbow, escorting them to the keep. Jaime was surprised by the friendship that the Prince already had with the Vale and Riverlords. Jon Arryn called him his grandson, referring to him as his “namesake” which could be true based on his Northern name.

The Prince seemed to get along better with Brynden Tully rather than Edmure Tully, the Prince greeted both politely but was a little less formal with the elder knight.

It was still weird to Jaime that a Stark was next to sit on the Iron Throne, he never thought he would see that in his lifetime. At least the Stark’s had strong ties, that was certain, it just made for a more sustained peace in the future.

Jaime was torn from his thoughts when the Prince spoke, “Ser Barristan, you are to guard Rhaenys, I wish to speak with Ser Jaime,” Barristan nodded in deference, so Jaime turned and nodded as well. They split from the group and headed in the direction of the Prince’s chambers.

On the way the Prince looked over at him, his eyes open and honest, “I would like to apologize again for the neck Ser.” Just the fact that he was apologizing for something he could not control showed Jaime that the Prince was already a better man than his Grandfather.
Before Jaime could accept the apology, the Prince spoke again, “That is not all I wish to speak of,” he opened the doors to his chambers, gesturing for Jaime to follow him inside.

The Prince paced over to his wardrobe, he took his shirt off as well as the breeches he wore, then pulled out two fancy articles of clothing, looking at them as if they had kicked his shins.

Jaime heard him mutter, “I fucking hate this shit,” but began to unbutton the breeches. He then turned and looked in his direction. “I wish to know your opinion on a few things Ser Jaime.” He then paused in thought, looking towards his clothes, then looked towards him again, “the questions are about your family, if you feel uncomfortable answering any of them feel free to refuse to answer.” The Prince paused again but never took his eyes off of him, “There is nothing more important than family.”

Jaime nodded at his sentiment, he could not help but agree, yet his vows were important, if the Prince were to ask him any questions that could be traitorous to his family then he would have to refuse. Jaime also recognized that the Prince was allowing him to refuse his questions, he wanted to protect Jaime’s honour, and Jaime appreciated that.

Jaime replied to the Prince, “I will answer to the best of my ability.” To which the Prince nodded at, he had begun to pull his breeches on. “What is your opinion on your nephews?” Jaime gulped.

It took him a few seconds deciding whether or not he could answer that question without betraying his family. “My sister tells me her sons,” but was cut off by the Prince, “I asked for your opinion Ser, not your sisters.” The Prince held a hand up urging Jaime to continue to be quiet, “you were raised to be the heir of Casterly Rock, you are more intelligent then you let people see.”

Jaime pondered his answer once again, “Tommen is just a young boy, loves cats, loves games, does not have much of a care for his duties or any politics that go with it,” Jaime paused, how was he to describe Joffrey? “Joffrey is…. Arrogant, he sees himself to be better than others because he is a Lannister.” The Prince nodded at his answers, pleased.

The Prince had picked up his shirt and went over to his wash basin, cleaning himself up before the feast. But he spoke again, “and do you think either them would change with a fostering?” Jaime was confused, asking “you wish to foster them somewhere, my Prince?”

The Prince looked pained momentarily, which meant Jaime would not like what he would say next. “I do not believe that your sister and her husband are doing an adequate job at raising my future
Jaime’s heart rate jumped, the Prince was concerned for his kingdom, he could not fault that in him, but did he really think that Cersei and Addam were slacking in their duties? Jaime thought back to the last few times he had spent with them, they certainly were friendly but not in love, but then he thought of Joffrey’s actions.

The boy had insulted the Tyrell’s in his first true meeting with the Prince, and Jaime had to escort him back to his rooms. Then during the meal, he shared with them, Jaime noticed that sweet Myrcella feared him, and even put his hands on her. It made Jaime angry just to think about.

Jaime heard the Prince splashing in his wash basin, but he allowed Jaime the time to come up with a suitable answer. Maybe some time away from Cersei would help Joff? Tommen was too young and Cersei did not favour him as much as she did Joff. Cersei had certainly tried to poison himself during their early years, in some ways the Kingsguard was a fantastic escape from his sister.

Jaime thought about and came to a decision. “Tommen is too young to be fostered yet, my Prince, but I think if Joffrey had some time away from his mother and father than it would benefit him.” When Jaime looked back at the Prince he was smiling, “good, that was the same conclusion, I came to.” He paused then filled a glass of wine and handed it to Jaime.

“Uncle Ned says that the time he spent in the Vale was some of the best in his life, Lord Arryn will not refuse my request.” He paused here and gestured for Jaime to drink, Jaime was not supposed to drink on guard duty but if the Prince said to do it he would not say no.

“Do you think your father would be more likely to accept if it came from me or you?” the Prince continued, no wonder he was forcing him to drink. Jaime pondered the question, his father could take some offence if the Prince were to ask. Tywin may believe that the Prince does not think he was raising his heir well. Where if Jaime were to ask it would be coming from someone with the best interests for the family in mind.

“I will make the request of my father, my Prince, I believe it will be more likely to be accepted if it came from me.” The Prince nodded at him, then smiled, “See, I knew you were smart,” he said smugly. Jaime snorted but could not but help but smile as well.

The Prince put his shirt on, then looked down at his feet, in a much softer voice, “and what do you think of your niece?” Jaime smiled at the Prince, “I think you have already had an influence on her my Prince.” At that the Prince’s eyes shot up, a questioning glare had him speaking further, “Myrcella spoke only good things about you to my family, my Prince.” The Prince smiled softly but
he still looked like he wanted some answers.

“What do you think of your niece Ser?” the Prince questioned further. He had walked over and poured himself his own goblet of wine now, fully dressed looking like a real Prince. “I think Myrcella is clever, and hides her strength in her beauty and courtesies.” The Prince nodded at him, “thank you for your honesty Ser,” and with Jaime’s nod, there was a knock on the door. Jaime went over to answer and found Robb Stark standing there.

Jaime let Robb in and assuming they wanted some privacy, taking up his vigil at the Prince’s door.

That was the first time in a long time where Jaime was needed for something other than his fighting prowess. It felt good, to be valued for something other than being a good fighter or a Lannister, it showed that the Prince thought a lot of his Kingsguard. The Kingsguard were some of the people who had seen the worst during the reign of the Mad King, it would be intelligent of him to use their past experiences as actions to learn from.

Jon

Jon and Robb were walking to the feast; they had just been hanging out in Jon’s chambers before they needed to be seen. Jon told Robb about he spent his afternoon and Robb clapped him in the shoulder, the two had always told each other about the woman they had been with, and Jon was not about to stop trusting Robb with that information. It was what young men did, and he and Robb were no exception.

They were walking through the halls, Ser Jaime trailing them, Ghost and Grey Wind leading them. They came around the corner to the entrance of the great hall and Jon saw his Grandmother and Uncle waiting.

Jon groaned aloud, “I hate waiting,” he whined, Robb bumped his shoulder, “Can’t be worse than waiting for Sansa for ten and five years.” He joked. Jon looked over at Robb, “there’s two of them Robb,” Robb looked at him, his face saying ‘point made’, then Robb spoke again, “You are the ruler, just go without them.”

Jon looked over at Robb, who was looking back at him with a challenge in his eyes, Jon was not one
to back down from a challenge no matter how petty it was. When he stepped forward with purpose he heard Robb snort behind him. Jon greeted his Grandmother and Uncle, then turned and opened the doors to a half empty hall, Robb and the wolves following after him quickly.

Jon heard his Grandmother and Uncle’s footsteps behind him, and knew he was about to get scolded by his Grandmother. To his surprise they both simply took their seats beside him, Robb sitting to the other side of him for the time being, Ghost and Grey Wind lying down in the middle of the hall.

When Jon took a look at his Grandmother, she was looking at his exasperatedly but fondly, so he said, “You’re not going to get mad at me?” She looked at him, then looked past him to Robb, and leaned close so both of them could hear, “What? I did not want to wait for them either.” Giving them a cheeky wink.

Jon and Robb shared a laugh, his Grandmother’s jest making them chuckle. His Grandmother called over some servants so that they could eat some snacks while they waited. So Jon asked his Uncle, “Viserys, you and Princess Arianne appeared to get along quite well.”

Viserys nodded, looking back towards him, “Yes, she is not like other woman I have met, I enjoy her company.” Jon smiled, pleased with his uncle, he saw his Grandmother reach across and grip Viserys’ arm giving her son a smile, it made him content, that he was able to bring some happiness to his family.

Slowly the great hall started to fill, the assorted Great Houses filling up the tables that had spread. When Robb saw his father enter the hall, he went down to sit with them. Shortly after Robb left, Rhaenys and Daenerys came in, they both looked radiant, obviously late because they were both preparing themselves.

They strode to the table, looking questioningly towards him, then smiled softly at Grandmother. She spoke before he could, “Jaehaerys decided to not wait for you two so we took our seats early.” Rhaenys and Daenerys looked like they were about to refute but Rhaella raised her hand asking for silence. “I am not mad, Jaehaerys just does not like waiting, do not make us have to be waiting for either of you again.” Rhaenys and Daenerys both nodded in understanding, but Jon thought that they were going to be late again anyway.

Once Jon took note that all of the Great Lords and their ladies had settled in, Jon stood, asking for silence. Silence quickly reigned in the hall, and Jon raised his voice, bellowing across the hall, not quite yelling, but loud enough that everyone would hear. Perfectly Kingly.

“First off, I would like to thank everyone for coming, despite all of the differences between the
Kingdoms of Westeros, they are all represented here, sharing a meal in peace and harmony,” he paused then jested, “Mostly” soft laughter filled the hall, and when it finished Jon continued “Secondly, my coronation will be in a few days, I expect you all to be there to swear fealty.” He paused again, “Let us enjoy the feast!” he then signalled for the food to be brought out, and some light applause ringed across the hall.

Jon took his seat and felt his Grandmother’s hand grip his, he looked over and she was looking at him proudly, he squeezed her hand in gratefulness, then turned and filled his plate. As he was eating he made some light conversation with his family, nothing overly serious so that people would be able to sense any discord within the royal family.

Jon then confirmed with Rhaenys and Daenerys to meet in his rooms after the feast for some wine and honesty. They seemed eager to find out more about him, and were quick to accept his invitation.

Once the food was finished, his Grandmother had the band begin to play, the soft music lulling across the hall. Most people seemed scared to dance, as Ghost and Grey Wind were still lounging in the large open space in between the tables, so Jon rose, took Daenerys’ hand and hit Ghost on the behind, then gestured for Grey Wind to follow, and both wolves made their way around the royal table, lying down in the space behind it.

When Jon turned from making sure the wolves were not going to cause any trouble, he saw that most of the eyes in the hall were on him, and he smiled to himself, he did just command two massive Direwolves without any care for his own well-being.

He then put his hands in dancing position, and began to sway with Daenerys, now that the Direwolf threat was dealt with other couples slowly began to join.

Jon was content to just hold Daenerys close, her curves feeling good against his body, but she spoke softly, quietly, “How was lunch with the Tyrell’s today?” and Jon swore there was a bit of judgment in her voice.

Jon replied, his voice void of emotion. “It was nice; Mace Tyrell is a rather bit stupid but his children are pleasant.” Daenerys was looking into his eyes to detect any lies or exaggerations and Jon was relieved when her face softened.

“You’re right, but you have not met Willas yet.” Jon knew he was the Tyrell heir but was paralyzed by Oberyn Martell in a tournament, it made it hard for him to travel. “What do you think of him?” if Daenerys was surprised by the question she did not show it.
Daenerys spoke clearly, but still quiet, “Willas is intelligent, and obviously rich. He is handsome for someone who would not mind their husband having to use a cane for the rest of his life.”

Daenerys’ opinion was sound, everything that he had heard about the Tyrell heir was confirmed by her. It would do well to make a good marriage for him because of the sheer amount of food the Reach provided. Margaery may have said it was the best in the realm, but it certainly was plentiful.

Daenerys spoke again, “You are plotting in that handsome head of yours aren’t you?” Jon smiled devilishly at her, “Aye, plotting on how fast I can ship you out of Kings Landing.” Daenerys’ face dropped, but when she realized he was jesting she chuckled with him.

Daenerys then continued, “You have a small pinch between your eyebrows when you are thinking.” She reached up and rubbed her thumb between his brows, causing him to go cross eyed. Daenerys laughed at his silliness, then she slapped his arm. “What would the people of Westeros think if their future king was really just an incompetent fool?” Jon jokingly pinched his eyebrows together in thought, and Daenerys knew he jesting when he said “they would think that his Aunt had him under her thrall.” And Daenerys’ sweet laughter was a song to his ears.

Unfortunately, the band had finished their song, and they were forced to switch partners. Renly Baratheon requested Daenerys’ hand for a dance, so Jon handed her over, comforted it was Lord Renly and not some other overzealous lord.

Jon was surprised when he saw Myranda Royce waiting for him, he had not seen her for a few years, and as they danced they caught up, telling stories about the times each of them had in Runestone and Winterfell respectively. Their dance ended, and Jon kissed her hand politely, it was nice to see her, and he told her that if she or her family needed anything while they were here to not hesitate to ask.

After he escorted Myranda back over to her group, Jon was approached by Myrcella and smiled widely seeing her looking so beautiful, yet entirely comfortable asking him for a dance. They greeted each other, and Jon took her hand to lead them back towards the middle of the hall to dance.

Jon settled in, placing a hand on her hip and the other in her hand, and they began their steps. Jon broke the silence, “your uncle speaks very highly of you m’Lady,” and Jon felt Myrcella’ hand clench in his. She spoke quickly, a bit of suspicion leaking into her voice, “you asked Uncle Jaime about me my Prince?”

Jon smiled down at her, reassuring her, “I wanted his opinion on some different matters and the topic of your family came up.” Myrcella looked nervous for a moment so Jae continued, easing her
concerns “There was not a negative word spoken about you m’Lady, do not fret.” As he spoke, Jon took their connected hands and placed a few kisses along her knuckles, Myrcella’s blush was alluring, her cheeks heating up and carrying down her neck.

Myrcella looked up at him curiously, and then steeled herself, asking “May I know what you were speaking of, my Prince?” and Jon took a second to ponder her question. It was certainly not to be a secret, and he was sure that Myrcella would appreciate him asking her opinion of it. Jon liked Myrcella, and her Uncle’s praise had him confident she would give him good advice. “I was under the impression that your elder brother would benefit from a fostering.” He paused here to take in Myrcella’s reaction and it was not a negative one, she smiled slightly.

Jon continued, “I asked your uncle on whether or not that would be a good idea and he agreed, he is going to approach your Grandfather with the request tomorrow m’Lady.” Myrcella’s smile was so wide, it looked like Jon had just told her that he loved her for the first time. She squeezed his hand, then spoke, “I agree with you my Prince, Joffrey could do with some time away from Casterly Rock, Grandfather wished for him to be fostered by the Westerling’s but Mother would not let him go.”

Jon was surprised that Tywin let Cersei control her son to that extent, before he could voice his thoughts Myrcella spoke again. “I assume he is to be fostered under Lord Arryn?” Jon smiled, Myrcella was proving to be more and more intelligent the more he was in her presence.

Myrcella took his silence as him denying her claim, so she hurried on trying to save her embarrassment, “I say that because you were raised in Winterfell, and your Uncle Ned Stark must have told you plenty of stories about how great his fostering at the Eyrie…” and Jon interrupted her by beginning to laugh.

Myrcella did not understand nor appreciate his mirth, and scowled at him, Jon recovered gently cupping her cheek, “you are correct Myrcella, I was just admiring your intelligence.”

Myrcella blushed again, her scowl lessening to one of thought, but the reddening of her cheeks and ears was prevalent. Jon continued, “I will need your discretion until we formally speak to your Grandfather, m’Lady.” And Myrcella nodded quickly, quickly accepting his words.

Jon noticed that Myrcella then tensed slightly, the muscles in her hands squeezing his involuntarily, and she made a small mistake in their steps. She had an anxious look on her face, and spoke quietly. “Did you do this for me?” then added quickly afterwards, “my Prince.”

Jon would be lying if it did not cross his mind, Jon truly believed that Myrcella would thrive when she was not under her brother’s influence. He did not do this for her, but for the Lannister’s and the
crown as a whole, if it benefitted Myrcella as well, then it only made him more certain in his decision.

Jon reached out to cup Myrcella’s face again, bringing their eyes together, “I did this for the Crown and for House Lannister, but I would be lying if whether or not this decision would benefit you came to my mind,” he paused, “It certainly helped me make my decision, but it was not the main reason, m’Lady.”

Jon was not expecting Myrcella to wrap her arms around him, grabbing him in a firm embrace, right there in the middle of the hall. Jon returned the embrace lightly, scoping over Myrcella’s head to see if anyone was paying them much attention. He was relieved when everyone looked to be minding their own business.

Myrcella had tucked her head beneath Jon’s chin, her nose pressing into his throat, and it felt nice, the embrace was intimate, and probably the first time that a man had shown Myrcella care out of their own good will. Jon felt Myrcella press a kiss to his throat, her teats were pushing up against his chest, and Jon knew he had to pull away from her lest he get hard in the middle of the hall.

His excuse was made when the band stopped their song, Myrcella automatically took a step back, hearing the song switching, and Jon could see some unshed tears collecting in her eyes. “you are too kind, my Prince,” she said that so full of awe that it broke his heart, had Myrcella never felt the common decency of a man caring for her for something other than her name?

Jon pulled her close as he went to kiss her hand in goodbye, and he said “my offer still stands from before, do not hesitate to call on me if you need it.” Her curtsey was rushed, as she said “I thank you, my Prince,” and then hurried off. She looked like she was going to cry and it hurt Jon’s heart even further.

Jon looked around the room and found Ser Jaime, gesturing him to come to him. Jon quickly ordered for him to care for his niece, as they saw her and her handmaidens rush out of the room. Jon wished he could go after her but knew he still had duties to see to.

After watching Jaime strode off, Jon went back to the head table, taking a seat and grabbing his wine goblet, his Grandmother was looking at him questioningly. She asked him about what had just happened so Jon explained it to her. She was pleased with Jon’s idea of a fostering, and having council from Ser Jaime, but when he told her about Myrcella’s reaction to the news she only stated “I always knew Cersei was a cunt.” Which made him burst out laughing, the two sharing a moment of mirth by themselves.

Jon overlooked the feast and saw multiple couples dancing. He had spotted Viserys and Arianne dancing earlier, and they were still in each other’s arms which pleased him. He saw Rhaenys taking a
turn with Renly, Daenerys with Robb and Joffrey with Sansa. Jon spotted Lady and Nymeria sitting not far from the pair so he was comforted that if Sansa needed it, Lady could provide some intimidation for her.

Jon was surprised to see that he saw no Tyrell’s dancing, they were usually socializing with anyone they could while they spun ladies on their arms. He looked at their table and saw them all looking comfortable but only speaking amongst themselves. Jon must have been obvious in his perusal as he spotted Loras giving him a wave, which made him smile. Loras then said something to his sister and the next thing Jon knew the two were approaching the head table.

Jon stood, Loras bowed and Margaery curtseyed. Jon spoke before they could, “A dance? M’Lady” and Margaery smiled at him. She looked incredible, she was wearing a different dress than the one Jon had stripped her of earlier, and her hair was done in a more intricate upbraid.

As Jon rounded the table, he grabbed onto Margaery’s hand, tucking it into his elbow and he was pleased to hear Loras ask his Grandmother for a dance. Jon stopped, forcing Margaery to stop with him and turned to see his Grandmother’s reaction, she was surprised and a little off kilter, but stood and reached for Loras’ outstretched hand.

Loras took his Grandmother’s left hand, so Jon took her right, he had Margaery on his other side, but escorted them both down to the floor.

As they split, his Grandmother pulled him close, giving him a kiss on the cheek, “Thank you dearest,” before she allowed Loras to pull her away. Jon was so happy seeing his Grandmother happy, it made him feel warm all over.

He must have been standing for a few seconds too long as he felt Margaery’s hand pull on his elbow, and he turned to face her and she had a smug look on her face. He spoke quietly, “my apologies, m’Lady, my Grandmother is dear to me.” The look on Margaery’s face could only be described as affectionate.

Jon lead her to the dancing area, and as they walked she leaned over to whisper in his ear, “my Prince we are back to the formalities?” Jon reached over and squeezed her hand, “in public yes, m’Lady, I must keep the same standards for all of my subjects,” he then leaned closer and whispered, “even the ones I have certain affections for.” And Jon could see her blush spread. It really did make her even prettier in his eyes.

Margaery had calmed her blush by the time they got into position to dance, Jon daring to place his hand a little further down her hip, nearly at her arse but not quite, just teasing the boundaries.
Margaery began, “Are you excited for your coronation, my Prince?” and Jon had a hard time answering that question, he really had not processed his emotions regarding the crowning yet, but he answered honestly, “I am excited, but also dreading it, m’Lady” and Margaery looked confused, she asked “Dreading?” demanding clarification. “Aye, m’Lady, dreading. I just feel as if when I finally put the crown on, that this will all be real, it is all still so new that it feels…. Fake to me.”

Margaery nodded her head in understanding, she could not possibly understand what he was going through, Jon had just met the other side of his family for the first time, then a few days later would be pushed into the most powerful position in the realm, and Jon was certain Margaery had never gone through something even remotely similar to this.

Margaery’s expression turned into one of thoughtfulness, then daring and lusty, “My Prince, if you ever need a reminder of what is real, I am here.” Pushing her body closer to his, obviously remembering what they had done earlier today.

Jon smiled charmingly at her flirting, “I appreciate the sentiment, m’Lady, but that is not what I meant,” when Jon saw her face drop slightly, he felt her try and step away from him, but he wrapped his arm around her keeping her close. “I am not saying it does not help, Margaery,” and Margaery smiled wide, she wrapped her hand that was placed on his shoulder around him.

They were nearly hugging now, but there was no harm in it, people would just think that they were young and flirting, which they were. “May I say that you look beautiful tonight, m’Lady,” Jon added, coating his words with lust.

Margaery smiled at him, replying “you look dashingly handsome my Prince,” she paused but squeezed Jon closer to her so that she may whisper, “but I think I prefer looking down at you while you sucked on my teats.” Her voice full of desire and alluring.

Jon physically swallowed, then took a deep breath. The images from earlier flashing through his brain, Jon unwillingly took a step back from Margaery, separating their bodies. He then spoke, “These breeches are uncomfortable enough, m’Lady, please do not make them worse for me.” The meaning behind his words not lost on Margaery has he heard her lovely laughter.

Jon gave her a firm look which sobered her, “behave,” and Margaery nodded, a big smile on her face. Jon put his hand on her hip, connecting their other hands again, and recommenced their dancing.
As Jon settled back into his steps, he kept a respectable space between him and Margaery, he certainly did not want to have his cock get hard in the middle of all of these different Lords and Ladies.

Margaery remained civil as well, but she was silently pleased the entire time, Jon could tell because she was fighting to hide a smile for most of the dance.

Margaery sobered herself quickly though, obviously about to bring up a more serious topic of conversation, It was when she said to him “my Prince, I hope you do not let the words my Father spoke to you earlier affect your decision.” That Jon knew that despite Margaery’s desire to fulfill her duty to her family, she needed some coddling when it came to her self-confidence. She could appear to be the most charming, beautiful, intelligent lady but she needed that reassurance beneath it all.

Jon figured that the decision she was asking about was for marriage, but Jon wanted to make sure before he said something that could possibly harm their relationship. So he made sure to question her, “my decision, m’Lady?’

Margaery replied blatantly a little bit of annoyance in her words because she knew Jon knew exactly what he was doing, “about a possible betrothal, my Prince.” Jon needed to be careful how he replied, the Tyrell’s had made it clear that they wished for a betrothal, but he did not want to the realm to see it as them receiving a marriage from him when they’re actions during the rebellion were mediocre at best.

Jon also could not isolate one of the Great families, the best thing for him to do would be to delay his decision while playing to their needs.

Jon took his hand, and placed his thumb underneath Margaery’s chin, displaying an open yet serious expression. “Margaery, it would certainly be no hardship to have you as my queen,” she smiled here, but still looked rather anxious, “but I will not commit to anything of that proportion when I have not even received my crown yet.” Margaery looked sad for a second but quickly nodded her acceptance.

Margaery gripped his hand in hers, “your need for heirs is a rather large problem, my Prince.” Jon knew she was tempting him, but could not resist when he replied, “Aye, and the making of heirs will certainly be no hardship either,” and Margaery’s stunned expression that turned into light giggles had Jon relieved, an awkward topic but he passed the test.

After that the song ended, and Jon and Margaery went their separate ways, their eyes displaying the lust and affection they held for each other as they split.
Jon was pulled into multiple dances, with different ladies. He met a few nobles from the Crownlands, and shared simple dances with Daenerys, Rhaenys and Sansa before he knew it, it was time for him to depart the feast.

With a quick goodbye announcement, he was then cornered by Daenerys and Rhaenys, Jon smiled happily at them both, escorting both of them out of the feast to his chambers where he knew he would have to spill some of his secrets.

Jon was happy Ghost was with him, he would provide some comfort and assuage his anxiety with his presence. He was also grateful that when he opened the doors to his chambers, the maids had set out a new jug of wine. He took a deep breath and settled himself.

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Daenerys

Daenerys was relieved to finally be rid of the feast, she disliked have to give attention to men who were more focused on her dress and her beauty than her actual opinions and thoughts. She was content in seeing her brother and Arianne spending some time together though, they seemed like a good fit and Jae was clever to push Viserys in that direction.

Daenerys was more excited about where she was heading to now, Jae had her on one arm and Rhaenys on the other, and he had promised them earlier to answer their questions based on his past, and the events that shaped him into the man that he is today.

As Jae opened his doors, Daenerys watched as he walked with a purpose over to the wine that some of his maid’s had set out. He poured three goblet’s filling them the top, then handed them to her and Rhaenys.

There was a small breakfast table in his chambers, so they sat there, each of them taking a chair and sat, Jae looked like he was about to sit then paused, and turned in the opposite direction. “I am going to change out of these clothes, look the other way if you must.” And Daenerys saw Rhaenys’ eyes widen.

Daenerys looked over at her niece, who had not taking her eyes of Jae, and their eyes met. Daenerys had her eyebrows raised in question, but Rhaenys nodded in Jae’s direction urging her to look.
They were treated to a side profile of Jae, his sharp jaw, slim nose and thick beard on display. When he took his shirt off, Daenerys managed to prevent herself from gasping, the amount of muscles and scars that adorned his body were obvious.

Daenerys looked over at Rhaenys again, wanting to see her reaction but Rhaenys only looked sad. That explained why Rhaenys was more curious about Jae then she was, Rhaenys had already seen his scars. A wave of jealousy and possessiveness shot through Daenerys, why had Rhaenys seen them first? She hoped she would find the answer soon.

Daenerys was still looking at Rhaenys and she saw her niece’s face morph from sadness to surprise, so she quickly turned her attention back to Jae.

Daenerys was also surprised, Jae had stripped himself of his breeches as well, he was only in his small clothes, and was rummaging through his wardrobe. Daenerys gave him a careful examination, his strong thick thighs, and firm calves had her surprised, seeing the dead muscle in his left thigh where a large scar was just made her feel even sorrier for her nephew.

Daenerys felt some shame when she took a good look at his cock through his small clothes, but when she saw the large imprint, she looked away feeling like she was invading his privacy further. Daenerys took a drink of wine, then looked back over to Rhaenys who had not removed her eyes from Jae. Rhaenys’ eyes were half lidded, and she was not shy in her attraction to her brother.

Daenerys reached over and gave Rhaenys a slap on the arm. Rhaenys looked like she had been pulled out of a trance, looking unashamed, she spoke, “What?” and Daenerys signalled with her eyes to where Jae was, and Rhaenys narrowed her eyes at her then continued, “Do not lie and say you did not look.” And Daenerys shrugged. Why would she lie?

The girls were brought back from their small argument from Jae taking his seat, he had put on some sleep pants and an older tunic, Daenerys felt very overdressed in her fancy dress but did not voice her thoughts. Rhaenys spoke her mind though, “Hey, how many of those do you have?” pointing at Jae’s shirt.

Jae looked confused but answered, “I have a bunch, why?” Rhaenys turned and smiled at her, “Want to get out of these dresses Dany?” and Daenerys’ surprise must have shown on her face because Rhaenys started giggling.

Daenerys really did want to get out of her dress, but she was not about to force Jae to give them clothing. Daenerys made a good point in asking, “What about sleep pants?” and Rhaenys shrugged, “his tunics will be long enough to cover us,” Rhaenys clearly wanted to get out of her dress more
Jae spoke then cutting across the tension, “I will be a complete gentlemen Dany, if you really would like out of your uncomfortable dress then just go grab anything you want from my wardrobe.” He paused then added dryly, “not like you didn’t ransack it earlier,” making Daenerys shoot him a glare.

Rhaenys gripped her hand, pulling her around Jae to where his clothing was, Daenerys turned and saw that Jae had remained true to his word, and continued to face the opposite direction. Daenerys swore she heard him mumble something that sounded like “what is my life,” but she ignored it in favor of changing.

Rhaenys quickly rummaged through Jae’s clothing and grabbed a large sleep shirt for herself, next thing Daenerys knew her niece had stripped of her dress, her shit and small clothes on display. Rhaenys simply just put the shirt on, and to give her credit with Jae’s height it did cover most of her body. A small bit of her thighs were showing, but it was still not nearly appropriate.

As Rhaenys got comfortable, Daenerys went through Jae’s things, she grabbed herself a pair of sleep pants and a sleep shirt, then took a look over her shoulder. Rhaenys and Jae were speaking as Rhaenys had retaken her seat at the table. Daenerys then stripped herself quickly, laying her dress across Jae’s bed so it would not wrinkle, then put on the much too large clothes for her.

Daenerys thought she looked like an overgrown child, and as she made her way over the table, Rhaenys snorted, so Daenerys gave her another glare. When she sat down, she had to roll her sleeves up, so she could grip her goblet, and when she looked up Jae was looking at her sweetly. She raised an eyebrow at him, and he answered her silent question. “You look adorable Dany,” he said softly, and Daenerys thought he was being ridiculous. “I look like a little boy.” And Jae’s answering smile was one of affection.

Jae then took a large gulp of wine, but he broke the silence, “so, what do you want to know?” and before Daenerys could even think of a question Rhaenys blurted out, “Tell us about the war.” And Daenerys nearly dropped her goblet.

Jae looked like he knew the question was coming when he did nothing but give his sister a meek smile. Jae then talked, the most that Daenerys had ever heard from him.

He told them about how the Nights Watch had sent dozens of Raven’s needing help. So his Uncle sent him and Robb to the Wall to ‘gain some leadership experience’ only that they had unknowingly been pushed into a full blown mystical war. He spoke of going with his Uncle Benjen to a place
called Craster’s where he saw a White Walker for the first time as well as their thralls. That was where he learned that only fire, dragon glass and Valyrian Steel could kill them, it was also how he was gifted Longclaw, after he saved Jeor Mormont from a White walkers’ blade.

Jae looked proud of his accomplishments, but also melancholic while speaking of the Free folk. He said him and Robb decided that the Free folk were not the true enemy, and treated with their King. Jae described Mance Rayder as a good king, whose people followed because of his intelligence and bravery, and when they made a deal to allow the Free Folk south of the wall over half of the Free folk came with them, just not all and they perished, which where Jae’s regret lies. “I just wish they had not been so firm in the beliefs and traditions. They would have survived.”

Jae then told them of how the Free Folk Princess, a woman of twenty and one had seduced him a boy of ten and five. He jested when he said that she ‘stole’ him and it was equivalent to marriage.

He then told them of the different clans that had crossed the wall. Over sixty thousand settled on the neck, with a couple of clans of Giants settling in with them. Rhaenys voiced her disbelief but when Jae began to tell the stories of the time he spent with the Giants it became more and more believable.

At this point the Northern Lords were enraged that he brought the Wildings South, so when he asked his Uncle to call the Banners, they refused to come. He travelled to Winterfell to try and persuade all of the Lords to help, even bringing his Free Folk lover along to try and ease the tensions, but they still were stubborn.

Jae headed back North with only Stark men, adding about ten thousand to the Free Folk number, totalling forty-five thousand fighting men. Here, he led different missions past the wall, collecting dragon glass and killing White Walkers and wights as they went. Any time he went past the wall, he would be attacked while Robb, Mance and their men were left unscathed. It was Mance who figured out that the Night King was able to track him because of his Valyrian blood.

He had Longclaw, and enough Dragon glass to field an army of ten thousand. When they planned, Jae and a few of his most trusted men were to be bait, about a hundred of them went to do a normal scouting mission past the wall, and when the Night King and his walkers showed themselves, Mance and Robb would double around each leading nearly four thousand men into the groups. Jae and his men were to retreat to the wall, then bring out the remaining two thousand.

Despite Jae’s faith in his plan, it went awry within a few minutes, Mance was cut down, leaving his men disorganized. So Jae, doubled down and lead his men on an angle, trying to crush the Others from both sides despite losing a major part of his plan.
They cut through the wights, and they were winning, but when Jae doubled down, so did the Night King and Jae had to watch as he cut down men, then immediately raised them back up to fight for him, men Jae had been leading for months, would involuntarily turn traitor.

Jae told them that he made a decision, that he needed to die there a Martyr, or live and win.

Daenerys felt like she had trouble breathing, her nephew was that close to perishing beyond the wall because of Northern Lords stubbornness and his own reckless abandon. The air in the room was tense but Jae still looked comfortable, like he had rehearsed the story he would tell.

Jae went on, striking down Others and wights with Longclaw, when him and the Night King faced off. Jae said he had never felt anything so cold in his life, he watched the creature’s spear cut through men with ease, but when it met Longclaw the blade held true. He said the fight went on for a short while, but he did not know of it at the time.

Jae said that the Night King over extended on a swing, and he cut into his chest, Longclaw sticking out of the beast’s chest. Jae said with one last effort, the Night King swung his spear, which left the large scar on his abdomen, which then came down and took a chunk of his thigh.

Daenerys shuddered at the image it put into her head. Jae continued, telling them that as soon as the Night King fell, so did all of the others, creating a complete silence on the battlefield, but he describes it as the greatest silence he had ever felt because it meant peace.

He then explained afterwards how the Wildlings have a free passage to and from the wall, and that the Northerners had actually began to treat with them.

Jae then told them he spent about a moon at Castle Black just recovering from his injuries, spending time with his Uncle Benjen and Uncle Aemon as Robb handled all of the Free Folk.

Jae finished and let her and Rhaenys take in all of his words, and the first question out of Rhaenys mouth was “What happened to your lover?” and Jae looked at her crazily for a moment then began laughing. He spoke through his laughter, “I just told you I defeated an ancient enemy of Westeros and your first question is about who I fucked?” continuing to laugh.

Daenerys had to admit, it was a rather funny situation and she began to giggle as well. Rhaenys even ended up finding the humour in it, joining their laughter. Jae continued, “She is fine, living on the Gift. I do not know if she still considers me her husband though.” He jested.
Daenerys asked a question that was in the back of her mind for a while now, “Jae, what was Ned Stark doing the whole time?” her question caused Jae to grimace slightly, “Robb and I wanted to prove ourselves, so we did not tell him everything until Val and I went to Winterfell. When we got there, Aunt Cat had just had Rickon, so he was needed at Winterfell. He trusted us with his men, and it was good enough.” He shrugged afterwards, making it seem so simple.

Rhaenys’ next question was one that Daenerys wanted answered as well, “does Grandmother know?” and at Jae’s nod, he continued, “Uncle Ned said he sent her a messenger before we returned, she has not said anything about it so I assume she thought the man was crazy.” And that had them bursting out into a small laughter.

There was then a comfortable silence for a few minutes, each of them pondering what had been spoken, each of them had refilled their glasses a few times, so they were all red cheeked yet comfortable.

Daenerys felt that she now knew her nephew much better than before, at least now she knew the reasons why he had his titles, as well as his fighting ability. She wondered if he had trouble dealing with the different things he had seen, she knew that some men needed to be cared for after war, because they would see threats where there was not one.

Daenerys wished to voice her concerns but was not sure how to word it without offending Jae, “do you…. Seek help with the…. Memories?” she spoke awkwardly, but her point was made.

Jae looked over at her, he was not angry, but disappointed? What could he be disappointed about? Rhaenys spoke through her thoughts. “tis alright Jae, Dany will not judge,” and Daenerys saw Rhaenys reach over to grab Jae’s hand in a sign of support. This only confused Daenerys further.

Jae nodded, then spoke in her direction, “Night terrors have been plaguing me ever since,” he paused then looking ashamed, “the bruises around Ser Jaime’s throat were because he woke me during one, Rhae saw me do it.” To say Daenerys was surprised would be an understatement. She was surprised but also angry, angry for Jae.

Jae must have thought her anger was directed at him, so he quickly spoke, “I apologized to him Dany, and he told that it happens to most warriors. He then apologized for how he woke me.” Daenerys let him finish but she quickly spoke to reassure Jae, “I am not angry with you Jae, I am angry that you have dealt with this alone.” Jae looked relieved, then reached over to grab her hand, and intertwined their fingers, “I am not alone anymore, am I?” he said smiling sadly.
Daenerys saw the hidden pain in Jae’s eyes, and she silently vowed to be there for him in the future. “Dany and I will help you Jae, anyway we can.” And Daenerys watched as Rhaenys reached over to grip his arm, the familiarity between the two visibly comforting Jae further.

Daenerys wanted some transparency “What do you need from us? Will you be ok when we are not together?” Jae nodded quickly, “As long as I am not woken up by someone physically I am normally fine, the Kingsguard know now not to.” Jae paused in thought then continued, “physical contact grounds me though, it is why I bring ghost with me into high stress situations.”

Daenerys had forgotten about his wolf, she glanced over Jae’s shoulder seeing the big wolf lying in front of the hearth. She smiled when she saw Ghost look over his shoulder towards them, obviously hearing his name. His tongue was lolling out and he looked more like a fluffy pet rather than a vicious wolf.

That made Daenerys curious, “How did you get the wolves?” and Jae’s smile was bright. “We found them in the Wolfswood, their mother had been killed by a boar. There were six baby wolves, and six Stark children, it was meant to be.” Then entire time, Jae had his eyes locked on his wolf, the fondest of expressions on his face. It was the fondest Daenerys had ever seen him look at someone. He really does love that Wolf.

Daenerys felt a massive wave of fatigue hit her, and she looked out the window, realizing that they had spent more than a few hours talking and it was nearly midnight. When she looked over to Jae and Rhaenys they both looked tired as well, Jae must have sense her thoughts “you two can take my bed if you do not feel like walking back to your rooms.” That was sweet of him, but “where would you sleep?”

Jae looked down, then looked at Ghost, “we spent many days keeping each other warm at the wall, what’s one more night?” Daenerys heard Rhaenys scoff, “Jae, if I have to walk down the hall for you to sleep in your bed, I will.” There was no arguing with her words, and when Jae looked defiant, she huffed, and stood walking over to collect her dress.

Daenerys noticed that Jae took a peek at Rhaenys’ behind as she walked past him, and she could not blame him, her arse really did look good in Jae’s tunic. They watched as Rhaenys slid the bottom of her dress on but left the shirt, she looked funny, but it was for comfort and the only people that would see her like this would be the Kingsguard.

Rhaenys walked over and gave Daenerys a kiss on the cheek, then gave Jae one, then necked the rest of her wine, causing Jae to chuckle. They both whispered a soft good night, as Rhaenys headed out to sleep.

Daenerys and Jae were alone now, and Jae was just simply staring at her softly, his voice matched
how he looked, “Thank you, Dany, for everything,” his Northern burr resonating.

Daenerys looked confused but made a jest, “I am not sure why you are thanking me, but I accept.” Jae just continued to look softly towards her.

“For supporting me and accepting me,” he paused looking serious “but I ask that you do not see me as some hero Dany, I need to know that you will continue to argue with me and humble me.” As Jae said that, he looked down ashamed, but then met her eyes his voice becoming passionate towards the end.

Dany matched his fire, ‘I will always be there for you Jae, you’re family. There are so few of us we have to be there for each other, no matter the odds” Daenerys could see Jae’s shoulders sag slightly in relief. He then spoke again, this time back to his charming self, “We slept together once in the Godswood, how about a real bed this time?” gesturing over to his bed which looked oh so comfortable.

Daenerys nodded, she really was tired, and she would never be ashamed to provide her nephew some comfort. If that meant them sleeping together then so be it.

Daenerys stood, her too large clothes sagging on her, but she walked over to Jae and gave him a hug. Wrapping her arms around his torso, which he eagerly returned. This was an embrace of gratefulness, of family, of love.

The two settled into the bed, keeping their distance, but when Daenerys heard Jae’s breathing completely even out, she could not help but be happy that she helped her nephew find some semblance of peace.
Hey everyone,

Battle for Winterfell tonight is gonna be crazy, I really feel like the Night King will not die tonight, it will be another episode for sure.

This chapter is the shortest one yet, and I feel like it is not my best, this is because of my exams but my exams are done so i’m going to be writing more again.

Endgame was unbelievable, if you have not seen it I highly recommend it.

btw, my exams are done yet I have a stress headache so I could not be asked to edit this extremely precisely. Apologies for any mistakes.

More Life,

Jon

Jon awoke slowly, he was relaxed, with a warm body beside him which aided his relaxed state. In the night he had turned over and laid an arm over his Aunt. Daenerys was now tucked under his right arm as she had tucked her nose into Jon’s chest, searching for warmth herself.

It felt good, Jon had not shared a bed with anyone since Val and having the warm body curled up into him was pleasant, and it certainly did not help that Daenerys was extremely desirable. The perfect Targaryen Princess.

She had taken out her braids while he spoke the night before, so her hair was flowing down her back, it was the first time Jon had seen it down, and he appreciated the way it made her skin look darker, the pale white hair settling along her neck and cheeks. Jon’s eyes were barely open, still in that soft mood when you awake, and he just simply stared at his Aunt.

His regular morning hard on was prevalent, but it was tucked up into his belly, and the only place him and Daenerys were touching were their heads and arms, so she would not take offense if she woke pressed up against his cock. Despite how good that did sound, Jon knew it would be shameful for him to do such an act, and made sure to shift his hips a little bit further, in case Dany decided to move in her sleep.
Daenerys looked so peaceful, it was the most relaxed and open he had ever seen her, it was eye opening for Jon. Daenerys was always serious and in thought, she never really let go for anyone, but she made herself vulnerable enough to sleep with him last night, and Jon recognized that deed for what it was. Daenerys trying to reach out to him, to grow their relationship.

Last night, opening up to Daenerys and Rhaenys had felt good, the weight of his past being lifted off of his shoulders. Having two of the closest people in the world to him knowing everything about him was the right thing to do, even if he would have rather kept it to himself a little bit longer.

Jon without realizing had been running his hands through Daenerys’ hair, his right hand simply sliding through the soft strands, repeatedly. Daenerys liked it as in her sleep, she pushed herself further into his chest, her nose now pressed into Jon’s neck, carefully nuzzling into his throat. Jon smiled, looking down at her.

Jon felt slightly guilty looking at her while she slept, her too large of shirt affording him a view of her breasts through her shift, Jon tried not to ogle, but it was difficult to pull his eyes away.

Jon then felt Daenerys breathing shift, and he knew then she was awake, he looked towards her face and her eyes were still closed, but she still looked relaxed. She was obviously still shaking of the vestiges of sleep and simply did not want to wake up yet.

Jon seized his movements, bringing his hand down to rest on Daenerys’ back innocently. Daenerys then moved for the first time, very cat like, she gripped his wrist, and put his hand back into her hair, then mumbled something that sounded like ‘more’. Daenerys had never moved from her spot, her lips tickling Jon’s neck as she spoke, and it made Jon grin. He continued his movements, this time beginning at her scalp, scratching and massaging, slowly sliding his fingers through her hair.

Daenerys’ little hums were sweet nothings in his ear, and he found smiling. Jon leaned forward and placed a kiss on Dany’s temple, his hand not stopping and neither did her hums. The pair simply enjoying each other’s presence for a few minutes, before Daenerys broke the silence.

“I could get used to waking up like this,” she said sleepily, breathing out a large sigh, the warm air pushing onto Jon’s neck making him shudder. Jon knew that he could have said something charming or witty but he did not want to break the mood that had formed, so he simply said “me too.”

At this point the sun has risen further, lighting up Jon’s chambers where to keep your eyes closed you would have to do it forcibly. Jon noticed that Daenerys’ eyes were slightly open and she looked so at ease and comfortable with her situation that it had Jon ecstatic.
Jon began placing soft kisses along her scalp, temple, eyebrows just being physically affectionate, and judging by Dany’s mewling she was enjoying the attention. Jon felt Dany’s hand slide over his shoulder, and began to rub his back slowly.

Jon thought that Daenerys’ movements were so cat like, and she was snuggling up into him the same way the feline does. The parallels made Jon chuckle, a deep chuckle that reverberated throughout the room. Jon noticed Dany’s eyebrows pinch together in annoyance, and she softly spoke, “if you’re going to laugh whenever I touch you than this is the last time I will be doing anything of the sort, Jaehaerys.”

Jon’s chuckle’s resumed, and he did not miss the underlying message within her words. The added steel to the soft delivery of the statement was not missed either, making Jon quickly give an explanation. “your movements were so feline, you reminded me of a cat, I pictured your face with whiskers and paws.” Then beginning to chuckle again, Daenerys looked up at him exasperatedly but began to laugh along with him, their combined laughter shaking the bed.

Daenerys’ sleepy softness mixed with the mirth on her face had Jon pausing in his laughter, Jon really could see himself waking up to this for the rest of his life, the thought hitting him hard and fast. The affection for his aunt sinking into his gut and settling, he would never forget how incredibly beautiful Daenerys looked right now.

Jon must have been staring for too long, as Daenerys spoke again, “Jae?” her voice questioning, yet gentle. Sweet Daenerys, his aunt was in his bed, looking so comfortable and open, Jon could not help himself when he leaned down to place a soft kiss on her lips.

Daenerys returned the kiss, but it was not one that was hurried or heated, they were soft and simple, just their lips connecting and shifting against one another’s, the mood they set as they woke affecting their kisses.

Jon knew then that he would forever hold a deep affection for Daenerys, the intimacy between the two so private and relaxed, as if they could simply stay there forever, just relaxed and embracing each other’s affections.

When Daenerys pulled back from his lips with a small sigh, then looked up at him a small yet happy smile on her lips, Jon knew Daenerys could demand the world from him and he would do anything to provide it.
Jon knew this moment could not last though, the sun was bright coming through his windows, Jon leaned forward to place a final soft kiss on his Aunt’s lips, then turned to move away from her, Daenerys settling further into the bed.

Jon began to get dressed for the day, going through his wardrobe, pulling out training clothes, but peeking over his shoulder to give small smiles to Daenerys as he worked. He felt like a little boy mooning over a woman, that was mostly true, he just was no longer a little boy.

Daenerys rose so she was sitting up on his bed, still wearing his clothes, he still thought she looked adorable. “What do you have to do today?” she asked, settling her bottom at the top of the bed, so she was pushed into the pillows and leaning on the headboard. Jon looked at her as he went to wash. “I have to speak to Jaime about his meeting with his father, then I will train, and Grandmother has me in a small council meeting to conclude the planning of my coronation.” Jon paused making a realization, “I wish for you to come to the Small council meeting, I will be terrible at planning something so fancy.” Jon paused again considering, “If you wish, I do not want to ruin any plans you have.”

Daenerys smiled, “I appreciate that Jae, but you need not ask, I will be there for you.” Jon looked back down to the wash basin, silently relieved that Daenerys would be there to help, but his attention was once again pulled to his Aunt as she spoke, “Why do you need to speak with Jaime?” looking at him curiously.

Jon spoke clearly, “I wish for him to speak to his Father about the fostering of Joffrey, I wish to send him to Jon Arryn, he has shown erratic behaviour that is not representative of someone who will be my Warden of the West.” Daenerys looked surprised but also proud, “and Grandmother agrees?” she questioned further.

“Aye, Jaime tells me that Tywin wished for him to be fostered by the Westerling’s, but Cersei prevented it.” Jon walked over and sat on the bed next to Daenerys, the two facing each other. Daenerys looked at him seriously, “and you wish Jaime to speak to his Father alone?” at Jon’s nod, she continued, “That is not good Jae.”

Jon was surprised, but raised an eyebrow, wanting her to explain her thoughts, “If you send Jaime then Tywin may see it as weakness, you will directly not be telling him something that is unpleasant to his family. That could make them think that you are scared of them.” She spoke truthfully but softly. Jon looked at his hands then pondered over her explanation and he realized that everything she said makes sense. He was only viewing the situation as to soften the blow of bad news, that softness, and humility could prove to be weakness.

Jon looked to Daenerys who was looking at him nervously, this was the first time she had gone against him, and Jon could tell that she was anxious over his reaction. Jon gripped her hand, then
kissed the knuckles, “Thank you, I completely missed that. I will do as you say,” Jon then felt Dany grip the back of his head, pulling him close so that she could plant a soft kiss onto his lips. Jon felt the relief in her kisses and her movements, and smiled into the kisses.

Jon separated from her smiling, her bruised lips making her look so desirable. Jon took her hand and gave it another kiss, then turned and walked to the door, he opened it and found Ser Arthur standing guard, “Ser, summon Ser Jaime, I need to speak to him.” Ser Arthur merely nodded, then headed off to fulfill his request.

Jon turned back into the room, and spotted Daenerys pulling on her dress from last night, he raised an eyebrow questioningly, and she explained, “It will be better for me to leave the chambers with an empty hall, the less people that know I slept in your bed the better.” And Jon nodded at her thoughts. As she passed him to head to the door, he gripped her shoulder, giving her one last kiss, “See you in the small council chambers?” and at her nod he let her go, watching her as she left.

Jon then settled into his breakfast table, noticing it was empty he called for the maids, who brought food, drink and cleaned up.

Jon was not expecting to have to meet with the Lannister’s today but if it meant showing them that he was not weak then he would change his plans. He could always train later.

Jaime knocked on his door a short while later, and at Jon’s call for him to come in, he entered and bowed, Jon gestured to the chair across from him, where Jaime sat. “Have you spoken to your father yet?” and at Jaime’s shake of the head, Jon nodded preparing himself for the meeting.

Jaime looked confused so Jon explained, “It has come to my attention that if I were not to be there when the news of the fostering was shared then it may come across as me not wanting to be there for an unpleasant conversation. That would make me look weak.” The comprehension in Jaime’s eyes was obvious, Jon continued, “When were you going to tell him?” and Jaime replied quickly, “Now, actually, my family breaks their fast together, my Prince.”

Jon stood quickly, “Good, let us go,” he quickly strapped on Longclaw, then whistled for Ghost, Jaime leading him out of his room. Ser Arthur was surprised when the two emerged together but quickly fell into step.

As they were walking, Jaime looked extremely anxious, his shoulders were tense and his face was serious. Jon placed a hand on his arm, “Ser Jaime, relax, we are not heading to war.” Jaime looked back at him, grateful for his words, but spoke again, “They are not your family, my Prince,” smiling sadly.
Jon realized then that Jaime was not good at these type of things, and his family was a spot of bother for him, but he was willing to do this for Jon by his lonesome for Jon when he needed it. “Do not worry Jaime, we are here, together.” They reached the doors, the Lannister guards bowing as he passed.

Jaime steeled himself, then looked back at Jon, nodding at him, “Together,” and he pushed the doors open.

Myrcella

Myrcella could not believe that she almost cried in front of the Prince yesterday. It was the first time someone in her life had genuinely went out of their way to make Myrcella feel cared for beyond obligation, and it came from the Crown Prince. His actions were so kind and noble, that it caught Myrcella off guard, and her emotions got the best of her. She was lucky that the song ended or she would have cried on the Prince, but she managed to get away before she could embarrass herself even further in the great hall.

Her Uncle Jaime, checking up on her to make sure she was alright being a surprise, she thought that Jaime had come to her rooms because he had seen her flee, but when he told her that the Prince ordered him to come she realized that Jaime would have rather stayed, and did not really care that his niece was upset.

What a twisted life she lived.

Myrcella was currently breaking her fast with her family as usual. Grandfather liked to have this time to settle disputes between the family, and to grow closer with one another as Kings Landing demands for them to be apart. Myrcella thought he liked having this time to simply judge, there was never much bonding but the conversations they had were always full of information, and Tywin Lannister was always searching for new information.

The conversation went as it had the past few days, with Joffrey speaking of his happenings, Tommen speaking of his explorations and Myrcella being forced to tell them about her days. It was all very mundane and simple, but sometimes the finest of details would need to be repeated, her Mother or Grandfather picking up a small tidbit of information that they could use to exploit. It was obvious to Myrcella, but neither of her brothers picked up on what they were doing.
They’re regular routine was interrupted by a knock, and without anyone answering the door opened, and the Prince’s big white wolf strode into the room first, followed by Uncle Jaime, the Prince himself and Ser Arthur Dayne. Myrcella and her family all stood quickly, evidently surprised by the visit.

The Prince watched on as they bowed and curtseyed, then spoke, “My apologies for interrupting, but I was hoping we could speak?” there was not one person he was speaking to as his eyes traversed across every face at the table. Myrcella’s grandfather spoke, “Of course, my Prince, please join us.” Tywin then gestured for some servants to add some chairs and plates for the Prince and the Prince requested one more for Jaime, leaving Ser Arthur to stand guard.

Light conversation was made, and Myrcella was dreading what the Prince would say. Was he disappointed in her actions last night? Was he here to tell them about Joffrey’s fostering? She hoped it was the latter as she hoped she would not be under her family’s attentions.

Uncle Jaime was seated next to Myrcella and the Prince was at the head of the table, across from her Grandfather. The atmosphere was charged yet it was not tense, Myrcella assumed that would come when the Prince explained his reasoning for being here.

Myrcella watched as the Prince and Jaime shared a look, then with a nod, Jaime began. “Father, we are here to request something of you.” And as soon as Jaime finished Grandfather spoke, “We? You were involved in this decision?” it was a fair question, usually Kingsguard were not used as advisors.

The Prince answered for Uncle Jaime, “Aye, Ser Jaime is a Lannister, why would I not seek advice from a Lannister about his own family?” he answered calmly, very non-confrontational. He then continued, “Jaime tells me that you wished for Joffrey to be fostered, but it never happened. Why is that m’Lord?”

Myrcella blanched, and she watched as Joffrey looked surprised as well, he did not think his name would be mentioned clearly. Mother looked furious, but Grandfather looked the exact same, just his regular coldness. “I do not think you need to take interest in the happenings of my house, my Prince.” Her Grandfather spoke, a slight edge to his voice. It sounded like annoyance but Myrcella was not sure.

The Prince remained calm, and spoke clearly again, “It does when it regards my future Warden of the West.” The Prince paused, but made it clear that he wished to speak again. “Jaime and I both believe Joffrey would be greatly influenced by a fostering, and at his of ten and five it is long overdue.” Myrcella knew that her words last night had influenced Jon’s decision, and she was grateful that he did not mention her name. IT would only bring her Mother’s wrath onto her unfairly.
Cersei made her wrath evident when she angrily stated, “You will not take my son away from me!” her voice low but her anger evident. Myrcella looked around the table, Joffrey still looked to be in a state of shock, Jaime had a look of annoyance, but the two heads of the table were both eerily calm.

The Prince looked at Grandfather, he raised an eyebrow, “So her anger is why he has not been fostered yet?” nodding towards her Mother. Myrcella looked at her Grandfather who remained unfazed, but simply nodded. Mother looked enraged, she was completely ignored by the Prince and he did not even acknowledge her statement.

The Prince spoke again, “Lord Tywin, as the head of house Lannister, do you consent to having your heir fostered?” and her Grandfathers answer was nearly instant. No sign of hesitation, there was even a slight uptick of his lips. “Of course, my Prince,” and Myrcella Mother’s glare in direction of Grandfather was one of betrayal.

The Prince remained completely unfazed, he looked towards Jaime, who held a small smile. He then turned to Joffrey who snapped out of his surprised trance. “When you return to Casterly Rock, you will then travel to the Eyrie. Jon Arryn will foster you the same he did my Uncle Ned Stark and Robert Baratheon.”

Myrcella watched as Joffrey got angrier, she could see it in the veins in his forehead, but the Prince continued, “There you will learn to be a leader and learn the ways of honour, as Lord Arryn taught the same to my Uncle….” The Prince looked like he wanted to continue, but was interrupted as Joffrey quickly stood, “I will not go, I am a Lannister and I will not go to a Kingdom that is full of stupid fake knights and fucking brother owners.” Myrcella watched as if time was slow, Joffrey grabbed his glass full of juice and dumped it on the Prince’s head.

There was shock around the table, but Joffrey only remained sneering at the Prince, she heard her Grandfather bellowing an angry “Joffrey!” but did not look away. Myrcella then heard the unsheathing of steel and saw Ser Arthur in motion, but an arm raised from the Prince stopped his Kingsguard.

Myrcella’s heart was in her throat, she could hear it pumping, and time seemed still. Ser Arthur had his sword unsheathed, looking infuriatingly at Joffrey. Myrcella heard the growling of the wolf as well, Joffrey was in a lot of trouble, and a simple gesture from the Prince could have him killed.

The Prince stood, and grabbed his napkin, he cleaned his face, and then before Myrcella could blink, he had swung his arm towards Joffrey, but stopped right before it could connect, and watched as Joffrey turned from a sneering brat to an absolute coward. He had fallen over, and had his hands over his head, Myrcella could hear quiet words coming from his pleading voice, saying “please” and
“stop”. When the Prince looked towards Grandfather he had a face of disgust, and her Grandfather was one of absolute disappointment, directed towards his daughter and his heir.

The Prince spoke again, this time firmly, angrily, spitting in the direction of Grandfather, “Are these the actions of the heir of House Lannister?” he then turned towards Mother, and father, “You have babied this boy,” pointing towards Joffrey who had now broken into sobs. “to the point where I am unsure if he will ever be fit to be my Warden of the West.” His words resonated with her family, and Mother went to speak but the Prince cut her off, “He has now disrespected two great families, and refused to apologize to one, he acts entitled and brave, but is really a coward, and he has now completely disrespected me.” He then gestured to the liquid in his hair and face.

Myrcella saw her Grandfather get angrier and angrier but it was in the direction of Mother and not the Prince. Mother was looking down at her lap, unable to meet the eyes of Grandfather. The Prince continued “I could have him killed.” There was a sharp intake of breath from across the table, her Mother gasping, “but I will not.” That was not surprising to Myrcella, there was no way the King would have begun his reign with the death of one of his Wardens, he was too kind to do such a thing.

The King looked directly at Grandfather and spoke calmly once again, “He will be fostered in the Eyrie, but while he is there he will be stripped of all titles and wealth, he will be treated like a commoner, hopefully that humbles him.” The King looked down towards her Brother, who had stopped crying but had curled up into the foetal position. “The fostering will last two years, and when he returns I will evaluate whether or not he will be fit to remain the Warden of the West.”

Wow, Myrcella was not expecting that. It was fair to her though, the King wanted Joffrey to not be entitled, and to learn to be a man. She looked at her Grandfather who looked to be thinking, Myrcella also noticed her Mother had gone to her knees to comfort her brother. The Prince looked at Grandfather then gestured to the two as if saying, “just look”. Myrcella felt like laughing but held it in, it was definitely not a good time.

The King then gestured for Ser Arthur to put his sword away, and looked at his wolf, the wolf then relaxing once again. He then spoke, “I am in need of washing, I will leave you to it, m’Lord,” he did not care for their proskynesis as he departed, Jaime, Arthur and Ghost following, leaving a shocked and angry mood in the room.

Grandfather had remained standing, and now that the Prince was gone, she could see he was fuming, he was shaking in anger, she had never seen him this mad before. He spoke harshly. “Get up!” and Mother stood, hooking a hand under Joffrey’s so they both stood. Joffrey was still slightly hunched over, his face blotchy red from crying, he looked pathetic.

Myrcella watched as her Mother steeled herself and spoke, “Father you cannot let this stand!”
Grandfather snapped. “Let this stand!” he bellowed, “If the Prince did not act like he did, then I would have disinherited him completely!” Mother and Joffrey both flinched, Myrcella’s father just remained dejected looking down at his food. “For the duration of the stay in Kings Landing, Joffrey is confined to his rooms, he will attend the coronation and that is all!” at Joffrey’s slow nod, Grandfather continued, “now get him out of my sight!” and in her Mothers anger, she dragged him out of the room.

Grandfather then sat, and went directly back to his regular calm yet cold expression. Myrcella was surprised when he turned his attention to her. Myrcella quickly slid her mask in place, this was a test and she was determined to pass. “Myrcella, you must gain favour from the Prince.” At her nod, he continued, “Joffrey has ruined our standing amongst the Royal family, it is now your duty to raise it.” He paused, thinking, then continued, “in any means necessary. Understand?” Myrcella hesitated, the words he chose were very open to interpretation but she understood the message. Grandfather wanted her to whore herself for the King. Myrcella bit her lip, then nodded shamefully. She then heard a chair scrape, and watched as her Father grabbed Tommen, then strode from the room.

Myrcella looked up at her Grandfather again, and he nodded towards the door, wanting her to leave, she stood then bowed, and turned to leave. What did she just agree too?

Her Grandfather had just asked her to fuck the King, to dishonour herself for House Lannister. She would be considered dishonoured and sullied for the rest of her days, but someone would surely jump at the chance to marry Tywin Lannister’s granddaughter. Someone in the Westerlands would jump at the chance, but Myrcella was not sure about any other Kingdom. Myrcella was more certain of the King rejecting her advances to not dishonour her than her actually being able to seduce him. She needed to speak to the King, soon.

The King? When did she start referring to the Prince as the King?

Daenerys

Daenerys was on her way to the small council chambers, she was slightly nervous for this, she had attended Small council meetings before but only as a spectator for her Mother. Never before had she been someone who would speak on the council, it excited her and scared her at the same time. She was excited because Jae saw her as someone whose opinion was worth trusting, and he valued her intelligence. It scared her because she did not want to make any mistakes.

Daenerys smiled as she thought of the morning she had, waking up in Jae’s arms was wonderful, and
the soft kisses they shared were even better. Her nephew was handsome and had was a good kisser, but he also listened, he took her advice and met with the Lannisters, Daenerys cannot remember a time when Mother or Viserys had ever listened to her to that extent.

The way Jae was just so consistently…. Good surprised her, and it made her feel much better about herself, if Jae had this much faith in her, then why should she not be confident in herself as well? Even without his influence, Daenerys was always opinionated and strong minded, his affection made her feel that much better.

Daenerys walked into the room, and the men that were there immediately stood, some of them had expressions of surprise, but they all bowed when she walked in. Before she could speak, her Mother came in behind her, “Daenerys?” the men bowed again, but Daenerys was focused on her mother, who was looking at her questioningly. “Jae asked me to be here, said he wished for my opinion on the planning of the coronation.” Rhaella smiled softly, nodding her acceptance. Mother than gestured for a servant to place another chair at the table for Daenerys.

They all sat, and waited for Jae to come, and it was not long when the doors opened again, Ghost striding through the doors first as usual. Jae came in, and Daenerys noticed that he had changed his clothes from this morning, also his hair was wet and his neck had traces of colour. To say Daenerys was confused was an understatement.

Nevertheless, they all stood bowed and curtseyed, and Jae took his seat at the head of the table, the overwhelming smell of fruits hitting her nostrils. “My apologies for arriving late, m’Lords, ladies, I was otherwise indisposed.” Before Daenerys could question him, her Mother did, “Otherwise indisposed? Is that why you smell of fruit?” she said suspiciously, obviously just as confused as Daenerys herself.

Jon nodded at her, then gave a quick glance to Lord Tywin, before speaking not at all clear or concise like his regular timbre, “a maid was carrying juice and spilled a lot on me as I broke my fast, I was cleaning myself.” There was a silence at the table for a few seconds, not one person had believed what he was saying. Jae was a terrible liar. Yet, they continued on as if they were not suspicious themselves.

Daenerys sort of tuned out the boring bits, letting Jae and Mother take the lead, they settled some smaller issues, such as food surplus’ and some complaints from the faith about mundane things, Jae looked annoyed through most of it but remained calm, and settled the issues while delegating the responsibilities.

It was when the coronation came up when Daenerys began to pay attention once again, this was why Jae asked her to be there. The council asked different questions, Rhaella had organized most of the coronation herself, seeking help when needed, but she had yet to decide on some of the smaller more
politically…. Influential things. Such as the seating, or where Banners are placed, simple things that would matter greatly to Lords. Daenerys knew that Jae did not care about these things, so she made sure to make her opinion known, gently making sure that the decisions that were made would appease everyone.

It annoyed her when the men would obviously approve of her idea, but then seek confirmation from either Jae or Mother, she was a Princess! She could make decisions too! Her Mother had been doing it for years, why should her opinions be discounted because she is a younger woman?

After the third time, Jae noticed her getting annoyed, and he simply stated, “Any decision Princess Daenerys makes has my approval, I trust her, you all should too.” And that had her looking at Jae in gratefulness, looking to him and gripping his hand in thanks, nodding in her direction, confirming his decision.

After that, Daenerys enjoyed the meeting, she was able to make decisions and practically had the men eating from her palms. As the meeting ended and all the decisions were made, it was decided that the coronation would take place two days from now, giving everyone attending a good amount of time to prepare or change their schedules if needed.

The men dispersed and Daenerys was left with her Mother and Jae, the three Targaryens still sitting at the table. Rhaella immediately spoke, “So why did you really have juice all over you?” and Jae’s face instantly switched to one of annoyance. “I went to speak to the Lannisters, and I told Joffrey he would be fostering with Jon Arryn and he dumped his drink over my head.” Mother immediately look enraged, but Daenerys saw that Jae looked calm, so she waited for him to explain further, “for punishment I stripped him of his titles for the entirety of his fostering, he will be a common servant for the Eyrie, and if he remains a self-centred idiot then he will be completely stripped of his titles.” Daenerys saw her Mother’s anger ease, but she still looked displeased.

Jae reached over and took her Mother’s hand, “do not fret Grandmother, I threatened them accordingly, and explained my reasoning, they can have no reason for taking insult.” And Mother looked slightly more assuaged, but remained wary.

Jae then stood, “I’m going to go train, is there anything planned for me later?” he directed towards Mother, “Yes, I have invited the Stark’s to dine with us as a family,” and Jae smiled large, he gave Mother a kiss on the cheek, then leaned over towards Daenerys. His smile was flirtatious as he leaned down to give her a kiss on the cheek, his lips were a little bit too close to hers though, and it cause her to smile at him, he was having trouble not kissing her.

As he left, Daenerys’ mother got her attention, she was smiling at her smugly, as if she knew something that she did not. “Ser Oswell told me that he was guarding your room this morning when you came walking down the hall.” Daenerys’ heart jumped into her throat, but Rhaella quickly spoke
again, “Do not worry Daenerys, Targaryen’s have always married each other.” That confused Daenerys, how did she know that she slept in Jae’s bed?

Daenerys thought over her words, not wanting to give anything away, “I slept with Rhaenys, Mother, I do not know what you are talking about.” And her Mother simply smiled, “Right, because Jae told me that he going to send Jaime to speak with the Lannisters, not go with him. Who would have told him to go to the meeting?” Mother looked at her with love but continued, “and when would he have invited you to come to this meeting?” Daenerys knew lying was useless but tried to save herself anyway, accepted to her fate she tried to make sure that her Mother knew nothing untoward would happen, but as she went to speak Mother continued, “and he just nearly kissed you as he left, I have seen those kisses before Daenerys.”

This time, Daenerys blushed, but her Mother reached across the table and grabbed her hand, gripping her hand between both of hers, she continued, “It is a good sign Daenerys, he sees a queen in you.” And Daenerys gasped, she had not even entertained the thought that she was being appraised to be his queen.

The thought of being queen became more and more appealing now that she thought about it, Jae would be a good king, and Daenerys could picture little Dragon babies with her blonde hair and his dark violet eyes. The thought made her heart warm, and the emotions must have shown on her face as her Mother gripped her hands again.

Mother’s smile was bright, as was Daenerys’, Daenerys then spoke “We slept together but nothing happened, in the morning we kissed and that was all, I promise.” Mother smiled, “I trust you Daenerys, and Jae is not the type of man to dishonour someone who is close to him.” Her smile was soft and full of love.

Daenerys rounded the table to give her Mother a hug, they embraced sweetly, just simply happy. Daenerys could not help but think that having Jae back in their lives brought them each some more happiness. Just his presence brought a sense of completion to the family, and if he decided to make Daenerys a queen, then all the better.

Sansa

It had been a few days since she had last been in the same vicinity as Jon, the feast last night, she wished for a dance, but he had been dragged away by his Aunt and Sister before she had a chance to ask. She missed their closeness when he lived in Winterfell. Sansa, Robb, and Jon had become close, and now it felt like she was missing a piece of her.
So, Sansa was pleased when her Mother told her that the queen had invited their family to dinner and just her family. Sansa had been doing her duty to House Stark, spending the last few days with her family and other noble ladies. Mother wished for her to become close with some of the Riverlands families she was friends with and father wished for her to be friends with some of the Vale families that he was family with.

Robb had it easy, as the first born and heir to Winterfell, the men and woman would approach him first. As the second born woman, she was less important and it was wearing on Sansa the amount of forced conversations she had been in the past few days. Having a night to just spend with her family and Jon was something that she was excited about.

She was on her way to said dinner, she was walking beside her sister, Arya who Sansa thought looked funny wearing breeches underneath a dress. They each had a Stark guard with them, and their wolves leading them, they were going to the same dining room where Sansa had dined with the Tyrell’s the courtyard and seating space perfect for the occasion.

Sansa and Arya walked in, and was surprised to see her parents already at the table, they had been meeting with her Uncle Edmure, to discuss trade between the North and Riverlands and Sansa expected for them to arrive after them, but Sansa guessed the meeting ended early.

Greetings were exchanged with her parents, and her and Arya took their seats, Arya immediately complaining about how the South was soft and too hot. Her father only looked on fondly as Mother reprimanded Arya.

The door opened again, and Grey Wind and Ghost came through, the wolves immediately going to their regular spot in the courtyard, Jon and Robb coming in after, looking to be joking around as usual for them. They all rose as Jon entered but he immediately told them to not bother, giving a quick hug to Arya, then mother, then greeted Father with a manly hug, loud claps on the back. He strode over to Sansa with a big yet gentle smile, he embraced her, then gave her a big kiss on the cheek, so Sansa smacked him on the arm, making them all laugh.

Jon took his seat at the head of the table, and it was odd as this was the first time they had dined together where Father was not sitting at the head of the table. Sansa leaned over the table to ask Jon, “Kings Landing keeping you busy my Prince?” and Jon’s audible groan amused the table. “Sansa, you need not call me that, and to answer your question, aye, I have had more meaningful meetings over the last few days than my entire time at Winterfell.” Despite the busyness Jon looked to be in good spirits. He was probably excited for this dinner the same reason she was; it was practically a regular dinner with family.

As soon as Sansa finished her thought, the Queen, and both Princesses came through the doors, they all stood, but again were quickly ushered back into their seats. Before they could sit, the Queen
spoke again, “my son Viserys will not be in attendance tonight, he wants to pass along his apologies.” Jon immediately questioned her, “Where is he?” he was not mad or suspicious just curious. The Queen gave him a look, one that said ‘not now’ but Jon shrugged then looked around, “These people are my family as much as you are Grandmother, I do not mind if they know.” Sansa watched the Queen put on her mask, her face retaining no emotion. “He told me that he would rather dine with the Martells tonight,” before anyone could even begin to think of that as an insult Jon intervened, “Good!” he then looked across the table explaining, “I wished to secure a betrothal between Viserys and Arianne, they enjoy each other and are well suited politically.”

Sansa thought it was fine, but the Queen looked annoyed at Jon, who only smiled back at her. In the end it was his decision on who to tell, but Sansa guessed that the Queen just did not want to cause any insult. Robb then spoke aloud, simply curious, “How did you know they would be well suited?” he questioned Jon. Jon turned and looked at Robb, with no emotion on his face. “They both enjoy fucking.”

Sansa had to hide her smile behind her hand but she heard the laughter of Robb, Daenerys, Rhaenys and Arya. She even heard her Father’s deep chuckles. It was the loud scolding “Jaehaerys!” that came from her mother that surprised her most.

Almost immediately after she said it, Mother looked in deference to the Queen, “My apologies, your Grace, I spoke out of step.” But the Queen smiled at her, then shot Jon a glare. “It is quite alright Lady Stark, it is good to know that my Grandson knows better, he just chooses to ignore propriety.” Her words caused a blush to rise on Mother’s face, it was a sort of backwards compliment? The Queen insulted Jon and complimented her Mother and Father for good parenting in one sentence. Kings Landing definitely had different speech than the North.

Sansa was surprised when she heard her Father speak up, he was usually the quietest one at the table, only ever speaking when needed, so when he offered, “It’s the Wolfs Blood, Lyanna had it in abundance and she certainly passed it on to Jon.” The table looked towards Father, but it was Rhaenys who spoke first, “The Wolfs Blood, Lord Stark?” and at her question it pleased Sansa to see her father slightly smile. Whenever he spoke of his siblings, the last thing you expected was for him to smile.

“Aye, us Starks have blood of the first men in our veins, it makes our blood thicker and what gives us a connection to the Wolves.” He nodded towards the direwolves that were seated nearby, then continued, “I am sure you have seen the connection Jon shares with Ghost?” he raised his voice towards the end of his statement making it a question, Rhaenys nodded. “It is the wolves recognizing our blood.”

His explanation was short but simple, but the Targaryens at the table all looked to accept his words, Daenerys chimed in, she looked towards Jon, then towards Father, “I wondered how Ghost knew your instructions without you speaking. Now I know.” She continued to look towards Jon curiously, but there was some fondness on her face as well. Jon gave her a face that said, ‘I’ll tell you later.’
Dinner passed rather quickly after that, but Sansa remained observant. She wished to determine whether or not the actions between Jon and his Targaryen family were genuine, or if they only cared for him for his position. Sansa saw that Jon was more familiar with Daenerys than with Rhaenys, but Daenerys was less outspoken than Rhaenys. Rhaenys was talkative and bold, even jokingly flirting with Robb at times. Daenerys seemed to rely on others to make conversation, but when she did speak it was something with purpose, or taking a point of view that no one had thought of yet.

Sansa was happy to know that all of the interactions were truthful and genuine, and she did not detect any false smiles or lies from the pair. Sansa then observed the Queen, and it was no secret that the Queen possessed a celestial beauty, but she was as charming and sweet as she was beautiful. She worked the table effortlessly, even having Arya interested in some of the topics she would speak on. Father was happy and at ease, Mother was perfectly polite but also indulged in some wine which was a good sign.

Sansa was not expert on Kings Landing or lying and deceit but she did care for Jon’s well-being, and if she was being over critical of the people around him then she was only doing what she thought was right, and she would never feel guilty for such a thing.

Sansa was surprised that towards the end of the dinner, Jon and his family had been having small meetings in his chambers, where they would drink wine, converse and plan their days. The Queen proposed that the younger children should go and have fun, so the Queen could speak to Mother and Father about the happenings of the North. Sansa suspected that she wished to speak of Jon’s upbringing, but that remained a silent truth. As they all stood to depart, Arya stood with them, and Mother was having none of that. Arya was only ten and two, so she was not yet old enough to drink wine, so Mother ordered her to her rooms, knowing she’d likely end up anywhere but her rooms.

They walked from the dining room, Ghost leading them, Robb immediately took Sansa’s arm, while Jon had both of his family members on his. Robb leaned over as they were walking to whisper to her, “You ok? You were quiet at dinner?” Sansa appreciated his care, but nodded, replying, “Yes, I am fine, just wanted to let things play out tonight.” Robb nodded, obviously understanding her perspective. “I hope you have some wine now, we’re Jon’s family and that makes Daenerys and Rhaenys family too.” Sansa smiled at her brother but continued on.

They were walking in the halls towards Jon’s rooms when they happened to run into the Tyrell’s, Loras, Garlan and Margaery were dressed nicely walking somewhere. Sansa was surprised but did not let it show. What were the Tyrell’s doing in these wings? Jon seemed to think the same thing, and immediately greeted them, then asked, “I am surprised to see you, I was not expecting you in these halls.” And Loras immediately took the lead, “My apologies, my Prince, I got lost, unfamiliar castle and all.” His smile was charming, and made him look innocent, but Sansa’s suspicions were confirmed when Margaery stepped forward.

“This is a happy coincidence! Why don’t we join you for some wine and celebration?” her voice was
high, and she projected it so that she made it seem like she was speaking to the entire group and not just Jon. It was Rhaenys who questioned her, “Celebration?” the one word was critically suspicious, which the Tyrell’s seemed to notice.

“Yes, Prince Jae will be a King soon, and my brother Loras will be sworn to the Kingsguard, these are times for celebration!” Sansa took a look at Robb, and Robb was always terrible at masking his emotions, so his pinched eyebrows had Sansa stifling a giggle. Rhaenys looked to speak again, likely to cut through the falsities but Jon quickly intervened, setting a hand on Rhaenys’ arm, “peace Rhaenys,” he then looked towards the Tyrell’s, “you will join us, there are always reasons to celebrate.” Then continued walking, he gestured for the Tyrell’s to lead, and they turned and began the other direction.

Robb leaned over to her again, “that was strange,” and Sansa nodded, whispering back “they were waiting for Jon, I think he knew but does not care for their games.” Robb simply just continued to look straight.

They proceeded into Jon’s chambers, and only the way Jon asked a servant to bring some more chairs into his room, to accommodate for the amount of people. Once they were all settled, Jon poured everyone wine, and an awkward silence set. Sansa looked around, the Tyrell’s all seemed completely relaxed, while Rhaenys and Daenerys looked tense. Jon and Robb were both looking into their cups, and they spoke quiet words, probably just discussing the choice of wine.

Margaery, in her typical social butterfly fashion, broke the silence. “Sansa, I really like your dress, I must know where you got it” she smiled charmingly in her direction, Sansa was wearing just a typical Northern Dress that she had made, “Thank you, but you will not find it anywhere,” she was interrupted by a loud snort coming from Jon, and she turned to shoot him a glare. “I made this dress, and Robb’s doublet, and I think I patched the breeches Jon is currently wearing.” Sansa was proud of her craftsmanship, she liked making clothing for herself and others. Margaery looked surprised but looked at Robb’s doublet, and her dress again. Sansa was distracted by Jon kicking his right leg up on the table. The inside seam of his right thigh was clearly patched with her neat stitches.

Sansa glared at Jon, “nobody wants to smell your ugly feet Jon.” Jon looked at her but she did not relent, and he very slowly took his foot off the table again. Robb then made a noise that was the word ‘coward’ disguised with a cough. Jon laughed, the rest of the table joining him once they realized there was no insult.

Rhaenys spoke up next, she looked very bored, but also wanting to be alone, she was the most irritated with the Tyrell’s joining. It was obvious that Rhaenys wanted to pry some embarrassing stories from Sansa and Robb today, but she was denied that opportunity. “Why don’t we play a game?”
Sansa watched as Jon leaned forward in his seat, raising a questionable eyebrow, Robb started and did the same. Sansa saw their exchanged look and immediately tried to intervene. “no! no! no! you two are not…..” but her voice was unheard as she watched Jon and Robb move to the centre of the room and take up a fighting posture. Sansa groaned, then saw the entire table was looking at her.

“This happened whenever Mother let them play Northern games,” she paused as she watched Jon try to take Robb down. “They always wanted to wrestle, they have a competition, and they are both annoying with it.” The people left at the table still looked confused so Sansa continued further “They would brag and brag and brag about the last fight, whoever won the most would hold it over the others head.” That was when the table began watching them as well.

Sansa saw the two scrapping and grappling, and turned to look at Loras and Garlan. “You should join them, they will insult you, but they will respect you more if you fight well.” The two brothers shared a look then went over to wrestle, leaving the girls at the table.

Rhaenys, without taking her eyes of the match, asked “how often do they do this?” and Sansa had to think, “Only on special occasions,” she paused then saw how enraptured each woman at the table was with the fight, she wanted a reaction. “we are lucky today, they usually fight shirtless.” The reaction was immediate, Margaery and Rhaenys whipped their heads towards Sansa while Daenerys’ eyes stayed on Robb and Jon but she was clearly listening. Margaery stated the obvious, “they would fight shirtless during feasts in Winterfell?” there was judgment in her voice, as well as some arousal. “Yes, all of the Northern boys would fight, the winner usually got some coin for their victory.” Rhaenys and Margaery both looked assuaged, but Sansa thought she heard Rhaenys say something that sounded like ‘lucky girl.’

It was silent for a few moments as they watched the boys, Loras had taken Robb to fight, and Jon and Garlan were off to the sides speaking, probably giving advice and explaining the rules to the inexperienced Tyrell. Daenerys got Sansa’s attention, “You probably have some funny stories about Jae, Lady Sansa.” That made Sansa smile, she thought back to the fun they used to get up to in Winterfell.

“Yes, but I am not entirely sure they are my stories to tell, Princess.” Daenerys looked to accept Sansa’s words, but Rhaenys did not. “Come on, anything?” and when Sansa shook her head no, she called over to Jon, “Jae!” that got his attention, and he came over to the table, took a drink of wine and raised an eyebrow.

“We want Sansa to tell us embarrassing stories about your time in Winterfell.” Rhaenys’ voice was fond, yet also sort of predatory at the same time. Jon smiled at Rhaenys then looked to Sansa, “Tell them what you wish Sansa, I trust you to keep my secrets.” He then gave her a wink and a sly smile. Sansa tried to keep a straight face but failed, and Jae smiled at her breaking face.
The women at the table looked at Sansa expectantly, and she racked her brain for a good story. She decided on the one where Jon put flour on his face and acted like a ghost in the crypts, while Robb lured her and Arya. That story had the girls laughing fully, “Any stories about any of his girl crushes or anything?” Rhaenys requested, and Sansa knew a couple.

Sansa explained that Jon actually had a crush on one of the much older Kitchen maids when he was younger, and would go to the Kitchen as often as he could to speak with her. They thought that was cute, but they still did not seem satisfied. So Sansa began, “There was the time that Jon brought the Free Folk to Winterfell.” Sansa took a large gulp of her wine, and Margaery questioned, “Is this about his lover?” they all looked at Margaery questioningly, “What? He told me during the lunch we shared.”

Sansa was still mildly confused; Jon does not normally just tell people these types of things but he must have felt some trust in Margaery. “Yes, actually. Her name was Val.” Sansa smiled thinking back on the Free Folk princess. “She only ever called me Princess, but she had every single Northern Lord angry when she claimed Jon was more of a man than any of them.” Sansa was interrupted by Rhaenys who inquired, “She was brave enough to do that?” Sansa nodded, “She fought alongside Jon and Robb during the war, but she made sure to tell the entire Great Hall of Winterfell, that was full of Northern Lords that Jon, at the age of six and ten was a better fuck than any of them ever could.”

This was met with loud laughter, the girls all sharing her mirth, Sansa continued, “you should have seen my Mother and Father’s faces. It was something I will never forget.” The laughter continued for a few moments than settled. Daenerys reached over to grip Sansa’s hand, “thank you, you are a very good story teller.” Daenerys gripped her hand again, “and I appreciate learning more about my nephew.” Sansa smiled at the Princess.

That was something that Sansa knew of Jon and that Rhaenys and Daenerys were struggling to come to terms with. Jon already loved her. The family connection they had since they were children trumped any type of beauty or flirting that any of these women would inflict on Jon. Sansa figured Margaery already had done so judging by the information she already knew about Jon. Sansa was not exactly judging, but it simply was not in her to have a man fall in love with her simply for her beauty. If Margaery wanted to seduce Jon by simply taking her clothes off, then that would work to an extent. Sansa firmly believed Jon would wish for something deeper in a relationship, but he was not stupid enough to take her maidenhead.

Sansa was pulled from her thoughts as she noticed the boys returning to the table. Loras spoke first, “next time I’m winning.” And Robb replied without missing a beat, “Good one, come to Winterfell and you’ll never win a match,” his insult was softened with the smile he held. Daenerys spoke next questioning them, “and who did win?” Garlan spoke before the others boy could, “to be fair, it was the first time Loras or I had ever done such a thing.” And Daenerys smiled slyly back at him, “That was not my question, was it m’Lord?” and Garlan’s surprised face had the group chuckling.
Jon had taken a large few drinks of his wine, then he grumbled unhappily, “Robb won,” and Sansa smiled at how dejected her looked. Rhaenys reached over to fill his drink up some more, but he stopped her, “I need to train tomorrow morning, I have been slacking.” and Rhaenys took his cup and filled it anyway, giving him an annoyed look.

“So Sansa, what did you tell them?” Jon stated, taking another swig of wine. Sansa smiled wide, “I told them about the Flour Ghost, Mary the Kitchen maid and Val’s announcement to the Lords of the North.” Jon was smiling innocently when she told him of the first two, but when she said the third his face dropped, he looked up to the ceiling and let out a loud groan.

When he finished, he looked at her as if she had killed Ghost, “How could you? I trusted you?” he stated very over exaggerated and over dramatic. Sansa snorted at him, his performance not moving her at all.

The rest of the night passed by slowly, the conversation was not awkward but it definitely was forced and a short time later, Jon requested some time with his Aunt and Sister as they needed to plan for tomorrow. Jon made sure to say his goodbyes, kissing Sansa on the cheek and giving Robb a brotherly hug. Sansa even received hugs from Rhaenys and Daenerys. The Tyrell’s were more formal, the less familiarity but Margaery looked to pout when Jon did not do anything other than be polite and formal, which obviously frustrated her for some reason.

Robb escorted Sansa out, and as they walked to their rooms they spoke, “That was not as bad as I thought it would be,” Robb said, it was less difficult for him as he spent half the time wrestling, but Sansa did find she enjoyed the company of the girls, despite their obvious awkwardness, she liked them well enough that she would do it again.

Robb said goodbye to Sansa and set her in her rooms. Sansa greeted Lady who was resting by her hearth, and began to change into her sleeping clothes. Sansa thought about the miniscule things she noticed throughout the night. She had been analyzing Jon’s behaviours for years now, and she considered herself an expert at reading him.

Jon preferred Daenerys to Rhaenys, but still enjoyed the ore talkative of his family. Rhaenys was strong willed and opinionated, where Sansa was sure Jon liked when people would speak their mind, Rhaenys seemed to do too much at times. Daenerys was mostly silent but made her words count, and Sansa thought she was similar in that regard, and she knew Jon appreciated that quality in her.

Margaery had the greatest political upside for Jon to marry. The Tyrell’s were rich, and she certainly wanted to be queen. It irked Sansa that they may be manipulating Jon into something, Margaery definitely was alluring, and men often did think with their cocks, Jon not being an exception to that regard.
Sansa wished that she could just marry Jon and be queen, that way she could be by his side and cut out the lies and deceit that will surely be coming to him soon, if it has not already. Jon was a sweet, thoughtful, good looking man, and Sansa already knew of all of his weaknesses and vices. The more she thought about it the more suited they would be.

Sansa imagined Jon between her legs, pumping into her, his thick cock pulsing inside her cunt as they tried to produce an heir. Sansa could feel her cunt getting wetter at the thought but she was uncertain if Jon could ever view her as something other than a sister. He was a Targaryen, but Targaryen siblings married Targaryen siblings, Stark siblings did not marry Stark siblings.

Either way, she would need to speak with Jon soon about her concerns, and to remind him that his cock should not think for him, even if he does not appreciate her advice. That would be funny, but Jon would rather deny that truth than face it.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Hey Everyone,

Hope everyone is doing well this Saturday, I really hope tomorrow’s episode isn't as fucking trash as the battle of Winterfell was.

This is the last chapter before the coronation, and I think each perspective is important in their own way, Jon's probably being the most important so far.

More Life,

Margaery

Margaery woke with a slight headache, she may have had too much wine last night when her and her Brothers joined the Targaryens and Starks in the Prince’s quarters. Margaery was fairly disappointed with her night. She had wanted to spend some time with the Prince, hoping to try and spend some additional time together, she made a plan to try and run into him in the halls, she just was not expecting him to have a large group with him.

Margaery felt clever, she had convinced the Prince to allow them to come with them, but she also showed the other woman in his life that she held some of the Prince’s affection. She shared some of the information that the Prince had told her, some of the things that even his aunt and sister did not know.

Margaery had not expected the Prince to be so familiar with Sansa Stark, but that was to be expected. She expected them to be close, like cousins, but they were close like a brother and sister. Sansa seemed so secure in that affection as well. She was confident that Jon loved her, and did not worry about his affections ever swaying. Margaery was already unsure if the affection the Prince had for her had waivered.

The Prince seemed entirely unaffected last night, his normally wandering eyes never strayed, nor did he flirt with anyone really. He jested and laughed, but he was largely focused on the games with Robb and her brothers. Even when they said goodbye, he remained largely civil.

Margaery did not want to seem bitter, but he kissed Sansa on the cheek and did not extend the same courtesy to her. It was if they had not been intimate with another only a few days prior. Margaery understood that he needed to be fair and not be overly affectionate with anyone, but Margaery felt that she at least deserved some recognition.
Margaery sat up in her bed and ran her fingers through her hair. The Prince was holding court for the second time today, but seeing as his coronation is tomorrow he will not be sitting on the Iron Throne.

Father told her and her brothers that he wanted the family to attend, although sitting in court was boring, it was good to show the Targaryen’s that they were present and loyal. If she was able to speak to the Prince again today than she would consider it a success.

Margaery had her handmaidens come in and help her dress. They chatted amicably for a while, the chattering of the girls soothing Margaery’s mind. She felt so stressed regarding her duty, when only a few days ago she was completely at ease with her relationship with the Prince. As she pushed her stress and anxiety down, she had to reassure herself who she was. Margaery Tyrell, and she had been trained her entire life for these moments, and she was going to find a way to make the Prince want her.

Margaery knew that she needed to somehow gain the Prince’s interest in a way that went further than her beauty. Judging by the stories for learnt of last night the Prince liked strong willed, fearless woman. Margaery was not exactly fearless, but she could certainly be strong willed when she needed it. Her Grandmother had taught her that.

Margaery really wanted to prove to not just the Prince, but everyone that she was not just some fleeting beauty. She had a quick mind, and was intelligent politically. She knew that she was a tool for her family and thrived in the role, but everyone else knew that of her already. She needed to try and exceed expectations, she would use her beauty to get her metaphorical foot in the door, then use her mind to stay.

That was the catch too, Margaery found that she actually wanted to stay. The Prince had done less work in seducing her but had actually succeeded further. She really, really liked him, and not for the purpose of his position or the position he could give her. He was someone that Margaery just genuinely wanted to spend time with, his personality, kindness and genuine respect for anyone that he came into contact with was a breath of fresh air in the pit of vipers of Kings Landing. The Prince was the most important person in the realm, yet anyone who approached him was treated the exact same way.

Margaery was always told to make the man fall in love with her, and to make certain that she would not love him until after they had married, as soon as she was carrying an heir then the possibility of the man dishonouring her was small. Margaery was afraid she may be compromised in that regard.

The court was to begin soon, so Margaery dismissed her handmaidens and walked to her Mother and Father’s chambers. She went to pass through the threshold but nearly walked into Garlan. She had
timed it perfectly and arrived just as her family was leaving. Exchanging greetings with her family, they all headed towards the great hall to attend court.

They arrived at court and were one of the last families to arrive, the same reserved seating was set for the Great families and Margaery gave a quick wave towards Sansa and Robb Stark who smiled back at her and her brothers. Margaery noticed that they had combined the families today, with the Northern, Vale and Riverlords all conversing together.

Margaery then looked to the other families, who all were sitting by their lonesome. The alliance between those three great families was a scary prospect. Especially with the Targaryen and Martell family tied through Prince Jae and Princess Rhaenyse it made the Targaryens nearly untouchable. They would have a completely unified realm if they were to marry the Tyrell’s, Baratheon’s and the Lannister’s into the alliance. It was a prospect that was certainly appealing.

Then Margaery thought about it, what about the Greyjoy’s? the Stark’s still had Theon the hostage in Winterfell but why weren’t the Greyjoy’s present for Jon’s coronation? I mean not that she cared at all for the Greyjoy’s it just was odd that they were not there, maybe Jon just assumed he had their loyalty through Theon, the two did practically grow up together.

That raised some interesting prospects though, did The Prince have any plans for the heir of the Iron Islands? He certainly was a unique political piece; Margaery could think of a few ways to ensure his loyalty. The thought of marriage even crossed her mind before she nearly gagged at the thought. Her and a Greyjoy? She’d rather fuck the creepy Lord Baelish.

Margaery was happily pulled from her thoughts by the Targaryen’s making themselves present. Prince Jae led them, he had Rhaenys on his arm and Margaery was surprised to see that Viserys was escorting Arianne Martell, that most likely meant that their betrothal had been agreed upon. The Prince escorted his sister, then helped his Grandmother and Aunt take their seats as Viserys escorted Arianne to the Dornish party. They were all smiles when Viserys kissed her hand, then took his seat.

The Prince rose to the top of the steps, his wolf following, then settling. Prince Jae then turned and faced the crowd, and began to speak. “Tomorrow is my coronation.” He paused and looked around, “As King, I will be making several changes that may go against tradition and norms but will be for the betterment of Westeros as a united realm.” Margaery was surprised, the Prince rarely did address entire rooms like this, but he was clear and concise and was so certain in his words that you did not want to doubt what he was saying.

After he finished that statement he took a few seconds to observe the room, he then broke into a smile, “as of tomorrow, the betrothal between my Uncle Viserys and the Heiress of Sunspear Arianne Martell will be confirmed.” Margaery looked over and saw Viserys smiling, the Queen reaching over to grip her son’s hand. “Viserys will live in Sunspear, and oversee the reconstruction
of Summerhall.” The Prince then looked towards the Stormlords party, “I wish for this to be a project
done with the Stormlords help, the crown will pay, but I wish for a relationship to be built.”
Margaery watched Stannis give the Prince a firm nod.

The Prince then looked extremely joyful, but he was looking towards his Grandmother, “The tragedy
of Summerhall will be replaced, it will once again be a place of peace for Targaryen’s and friends of
the Targaryen family.” His Grandmother looked confused, as she had given birth to Rhaegar as
Summerhall had been blown up by Wildfire, but the Prince continued to smile, “Which is why I will
make the heir to Summerhall the eldest member of House Targaryen.”

Wow, Margaery was not expecting that, and neither did the Queen for the look of shock that came to
her face. “Since Maester Aemon Targaryen of Castle Black has forfeited his right to the castle when
he spoke his vows, it will be Grandmothers.” Margaery thought she saw some unshed tears in the
Queen’s eyes. “I believe my Grandmother deserves some time for relaxation and peace, she has done
tremendous work for the realm over the past fifteen years,” he then looked to the families again, “do
you not agree?” and he then began clapping.

Within moments then entire hall was thundering with applause, and the Queen had turned to her son
Viserys, who was smiling smugly at her. They had obviously surprised her, and by the looks of it,
they surprised the Princesses as well.

The Queen rose from her seat, and the Prince met her halfway, she was teary eyed as they hugged,
and as Margaery looked around, there were few people who were not smiling at the scene. When
Margaery looked back the other Targaryen’s had surrounded the pair, Viserys was rubbing his
Mother’s back, while Daenerys and Rhaenys stood by. It was a very sweet scene. The ruling family
of Westeros has been suffering for a long time, and now they are finally back where they belong.

The Prince doing that for his Grandmother just further proved how thoughtful the man was. He was
so appreciative of her work, that he is literally rebuilding a castle so that she may retire in peace. The
scenario was strange, yet creative and the intent was so wholeheartedly genuine that it was well
appreciated across the realm. It was even further intelligent with Viserys being the eldest of the next
generation, and his children with Arianne will most likely be able to go between Sunspear and
Summerhall.

The Targaryen’s separated, and they once again took their seats, the Prince then spoke again, “When
the construction is complete, Grandmother will live in Summerhall, but until then, I could think of no
better person to be my Hand.” He smiled down towards her again, and she did not seem surprised by
this request so they must have discussed her taking on the role of hand of the King. “Once again, this
order will become official tomorrow, as I need the crown to finally confirm these decisions.” Makes
sense.
The Prince, then gestured for the Guards to open the doors to allow the petitioners to come in and speak. Margaery watched as he once again sat at the top of the steps, leaning forward so his elbows were on his thighs, and did his duty.

There were not very many meaningful petitioners, and despite it being quite boring, Margaery made sure to pay attention, any type of additional information could prove to be something that could influence someone. It was hard to pay attention when Prince Jae would barely speak though.

The Prince would have the petitioner come forward and present their problem, and it would often take one or two very simple questions before he would decide on an appropriate solution. His words were also so simple and straightforward that the petitioner would have no problems interpreting his instructions.

It was so basic and simple; it was so different from what she had learnt about Kings Landing her entire life. It was supposed to be a pit of cutthroats who would twist words and thrive on lies and deceit, yet the Prince made everything seem so …. Normal. The just general lack of words coming from the Prince is strange. It was something he did consciously while ruling because he was not at all shy or timid in private.

Margaery watched as the Prince handled one last subject, then called an end to court. He walked to the bottom of the steps, Ser Arthur standing over his right shoulder, and was swarmed by people wishing to speak with him. Margaery looked over and saw Arianne and Viserys also receiving quite the crowd, most likely people wishing them well in their marriage.

Lastly, the Queen had a sizeable group around her, obviously receiving congratulations for her new position and her future as the heir of Summerhall.

Margaery saw that the two Princess’ were conversing with one another, and saw an opportunity to try and build a relationship with the pair. Margaery figured that they may see her as someone who was already trying to take Jae away from them, and her attempt at spending more time with him last night was fairly blatant. She would expect that regular cold politeness of Kings Landing from them, but would try anyway.

Margaery approached them slowly, and she noticed that Daenerys saw her first, she gave a small polite smile, and Rhaenys turned with a poorly disguised annoyance. Margaery curtseyed perfectly, then spoke, “Princess Rhaenys, Princess Daenerys, it looked as if the both of you were surprised about the reconstruction of Summerhall.” Daenerys continued to smile, while Rhaenys softened slightly.
“Yes, m’Lady, it is a very sweet gesture for Grandmother and for the future of House Targaryen, I just hope he knows how to sort out the finances for the project.” Daenerys spoke, and she made a good point, the crown was notoriously still trying to cover costs from the rebellion, there was still some reconstruction and funding to repay. Rhaenys spoke before Margaery could reply, “He must have a plan, Jae is not stupid enough to announce it if he does not have it planned out.”

That was also true, Jae would not have done something of this magnitude without being certain in his actions. Margaery voiced her thoughts, “He must have a plan to improve the economy in its entirety, his first words tonight proved that.” She spoke simply, and very politely, but Rhaenys had that tick between her eyebrows again, showing her annoyance. “Plans that he seems to be keeping to himself.”

All three of them looked over to the Prince then, and saw him struggling to keep up with the crowd around him. He looked like he was trying to keep eye contact with multiple people at once and it looked strange on him. Margaery heard Daenerys’ slight giggle, and she joined in, it really was an odd sight.

Rhaenys then spoke boldly, completely cutting through the fragile peace that had formed. “Is there any particular reason you are here Lady Margaery?” Margaery turned to Rhaenys, and she had that annoyed look on her face again. Margaery was unsure of why the woman disliked her so, but she was not about to be petty about it. “I was only trying to be friendly Princess. Did we not drink wine and converse just last night?” she raised a perfectly arched eyebrow.

Rhaenys looked to be further annoyed, but Daenerys cut across her niece’s mood with a firm, “Rhaenys!” and that sobered the Dornish Princess. Daenerys then spoke in Margaery’s direction. “m’Lady, my niece and I just wish to protect Jae, and we are…. uncertain in your intentions towards him.

That was strange, she and her family did not exactly keep it a secret that they wished for her to be queen. Before Margaery could reply Rhaenys spoke again, “We know you are trying to be Jae’s Queen, but we do not wish for him to be manipulated into a relationship.” Ah, so that is where their problem lay. “Do you really see Prince Jaehaerys as someone who is easily manipulated?” Margaery paused to look at them both, and they both looked to be taking in her words, her words were resonating though. There was a small moment between the three, where an understanding settled in the air, each woman knowing that Margaery’s words were true.

Daenerys looked to come to terms first, and spoke, “That is true, but men often do think with their cocks.” And that had Margaery laughing, Rhaenys’ laughs joining hers. Hearing the crude words coming from the quieter of the two Princesses, made it funnier. Daenerys looked smug with her joke. Margaery really did need to clear the air though.
“but I will not apologize for seducing a man that I find attractive, and have taking a liking to.” Her words sobered the girls once again, but they did not look displeased at her words, her words only made them look more determined, Margaery was unsure if she was to be scared or emboldened by them both.

Daenerys then looked at her again, it was the first time that Daenerys had made firm eye contact with her, her face was schooled so no emotions were showing, “We are all just trying to do our duty.” And she remained staring at Margaery until Margaery nodded. She understood where Daenerys was coming from, but with that statement Daenerys also displayed that she understood what Margaery was doing. The eerily unemotional way she said it scared her more than the actual words.

The threesome was then approached by the Queen, Margaery wished her happiness in her new position and congratulated her on being the new heir of Summerhall. The Queen accepted with grace, then asked for some time with her daughter and Granddaughter which Margaery of course obliged.

Margaery then looked over to see the Prince had a few people left to speak to, and the Queen mother gave some instructions to Ser Arthur for after he was finished. Margaery wished to speak to him before his coronation tomorrow, so she went forward.

The Prince was simply speaking kind simple words to anyone that approached, but he treated every person with the same respect, when it was Margaery’s turn, he had a small upturn of his lips and bent down to kiss her hand sweetly.

Margaery spoke sweetly, trying to portray some lust in her words but not overdoing it. “I just wanted to wish you well in your coronation tomorrow my Prince, and that your decision to rebuild Summerhall for your Grandmother was very sweet.” The Prince smiled at her words, he looked so proud of himself for what he was doing for his Grandmother that it made him all the more attractive in her opinion.

“Thank you, m’Lady, I will see you tomorrow?” he stayed smiling, but his voice rose towards the end making it a question. Margaery looked at him coyly, then realized that she wished to push him, so she said “Of course, my Prince, it will bring me great pleasure to be the first to bend knees for you.” And she watched as the Prince’s eyebrows raised slightly. She was quiet with her words so only he heard all of them, and she watched as a blush made it to his cheeks. The underlying message of the words not lost to him.

Margaery smiled smugly, and watched as the Prince blanched momentarily, it was certainly bold of her to say something of the sort in such a place but she was happy, the Prince reacted well, and no one else heard her desire. The Prince swallowed fully before he replied, “I will be looking forward to it, m’Lady.”
Margaery left the hall feeling proud, both conversations she had with the royal family went well. She practically had permission from the Princess’ to pursue the Prince, and she surely left an impression that would make the Prince think of her in the future.

Rhaenys

Rhaenys was silently fuming, after Jae held court, Rhaenys was sent by her Grandmother to get her clothing sorted for tomorrow. She had to be fitted for the dress she chose to wear for the coronation and needed to finalize all of the different articles of clothing and jewelry she would be wearing.

Rhaenys was fuming because she wanted to speak to Jae. She was mad because he did not tell her about the announcements that he was going to make. She could understand wanting to surprise Grandmother about the reconstruction of Summerhall, but why could he not have told her as well? Did he not trust her to keep the secret? She also needed to speak to him on how he will pay for it.

It made no sense, he could not just announce these different projects without counselling from her and the family. Rhaenys was certain that he had some counselling from people, but he should find the right advice from people he trusts, not others who could be trying to manipulate him.

Speaking of manipulation, the fucking Tyrell girl is so blatantly trying to manipulate Jae into a marriage that she is shameless in its obviousness. Her attempts so far looked to have succeeded as well, judging by the trust Jae showed her in telling her different things about himself, that nor Rhaenys nor Daenerys had known of.

Rhaenys could not give a fuck about what she would wear tomorrow right now, and quickly picked the jewelry, and urged the seamstress to speed up her measurements. Rhaenys was not going to wait to see her Brother.

Rhaenys quickly changed her clothes, and stormed out of her chambers in a huff, she heard the clinking of armour behind her, but did not bother to look back. Jae’s rooms were not far so she arrived quickly, and without knocking she charged in.

Jae was having a tailor go over his clothing for tomorrow. His doublet was unbuttoned down the centre so his torso and scars were on display. The shirt being tightened in some areas by the tailor’s needles.
Rhaenys noticed that Robb Stark was sitting behind Jae, in nearly the same state of undress, Robb was wearing breeches where Jae was not. Rhaenys noticed behind where Robb sat was Jae’s breeches, where the measurements were clearly already done. She was pulled from her observations but Jae groaning loudly.

“Rhaenys, please fucking knock.” He stated rudely. She heard Robb snort, and Jae shot him a look. Rhaenys was in no mood for banter and came straight out with what was on her mind. “How is the crown going to fucking pay for Summerhall?!!”

An awkward silence settled, and Jae looked at the tailor. The tailor saw the look and put his tools down, heading out and closing the doors. Jae walked over to his wardrobe and picked out a loose fitting pair of pants, and slid them on.

Rhaenys had crossed her arms and waited angrily, she expected for Jae to order Robb out, but Robb just turned and poured some goblets of wine, handing two to Jae when Jae made his way over to him, Jae then turned and offered the second one to her. Rhaenys took it, but was still glaring.

“Do you really not trust me sister?” Jae said simply, he looked calm, eerily calm, but also confident. Like he had the answers to her questions. “I do not know brother,” she spat back at him, “The crown is not in great shape fiscally, and the reconstruction of Summerhall will be expensive.”

Rhaenys watched as Jae looked to Robb, who shrugged his shoulders. “You do not care about the finances; you care that I did not consult you.” And Rhaenys was annoyed with Jae’s intuitiveness but softened. How did he know? Her question must have shown on her face because Jae continued, “you have never once mentioned money to me before, yet you seek information from me all the time. It was an easy guess.”

Rhaenys supposed that was true, and he did make a good point about her not caring about money very much. Targaryens were rich and royal, why did it matter? Rhaenys conceded, “Fine, I wish to know why you did not tell me and how you are to pay for it.” She then watched as Jae and Robb shared a smile, they clearly had spoken about this already.

Robb spoke for the first time, “my Princess, the Martell’s agreed to pay for a dowry. They recognize how valuable a Targaryen Prince is and as the third wealthiest family in Westeros, it was a fairly large fee.” Rhaenys knew that the Martell’s were wealthy, and they had saved a lot of money since the rebellion, practically isolating themselves as an independent nation. Jae then continued, “The economy in the Stormlands will rise because of the construction. The men and woman will be paid, and when they pay their taxes it comes back to the crown. It is a long term investment.” Fine, that and a dowry made sense, but Jae had not negotiated a dowry.
“Viserys negotiated for a Dowry?” and at Jae’s nod, Rhaenys was further angered. “Why did you not ask me, a Martell to try and negotiate with my family!?” and Jae closed his eyes in annoyance, she could see them role beneath his eyelids. “I did not wish for you to have bad blood between your family. A negotiation can turn sour very quickly.” Jae looked to be asking the Gods for patience, maybe Rhaenys was pushing too hard. Robb then spoke again, “Also negotiating with family does not always bring results, you are easier on your blood than others.”

That made sense as well. Fuck, they really did plan this out well. Rhaenys was feeling petty though, “Alright, but I’m still mad you did not tell me.” And now both boys looked annoyed, Jae responded exasperatedly, “I wished for it to be a surprise, my apologies for trying to bring some happiness!” raising his voice to show how annoyed he was with the whole situation.

Rhaenys softened immediately, he really did have good intentions, and did not go out of his way to not tell her about it. Rhaenys still felt petty so she took a drink of wine and said playfully “Fine, but I’m still mad at you.” Jae smiled when he saw her accept his reasons, and recognized her being playful in her last sentence. He softened fully, and asked gently, “For what?”

And Rhaenys did have a certain reason why she was still mad but she knew she wanted to try and remain mad at him. So she spat out “For giving affection to the Tyrell girl.” Jae and Robb both froze at her statement. Jae looked at Robb, and Robb nodded, “Take the tailor if you wish.” Jae said, Robb turned to leave then stopped to look at Jae, “I’ll be back soon” and Jae nodded. Robb left, leaving the two siblings alone.

Rhaenys did not wish to cause distress for Jae, she just wished to confront him on his decisions, and to make sure that he would make decisions with her consent in the future. Rhaenys was still standing and Jae gestured for her to sit, as he took the seat Robb had previously occupied.

Rhaenys sat, and Jae’s face was cold, it was the firmest she had seen him look at her. She felt like she was about to be lectured. “You cannot come in here in the manner you did and question all of my decisions.” Jae’s voice was cold, yet straight forward. Rhaenys was unhappy with what he said, “So I cannot question your decisions?” and Jae’s jaw tightened.

“Of course you can!” he spat, “but you do it privately and without creating dissention.” He continued his voice raising in anger. Rhaenys thought about what he said. It was rather inappropriate what she did, and his answer did soothe her. “I wish for you to tell me when you make decisions Jae,” she reached across to grip his hand softly. Rhaenys was relieved when he gripped back.

Jae nodded at her words, “no more surprises, I understand.” Rhaenys was happy with his words, so she smiled, gripping his hand again she spoke with mirth, “and no more sharing affection with
“and why not?” he spoke with fire, then continued, “If you had walked in today and I was fucking Margaery Tyrell what would you have done?” Rhaenys blanched completely, she was not expecting Jae to feel so passionately about this. He continued, “I am not stupid enough to take her maidenhead but I do need to choose Queens Rhaenys, that decision is mine, and when I make the decision it will be with the realm in mind.” Rhaenys just continued to nod at his words. He was right, and there was nothing that she could say that would change Jae’s mind.

Jae’s next words scared her, “You should remember that as well for when you have to marry.” And Rhaenys could feel her pulse beating. This was something that she felt strongly for. She did not want to marry against her will, she believed in doing her duty for House Targaryen but if Jae wanted her to marry some gross unfamiliar Lord than he would have to think again.

“I will not marry some sleazy Lord for your schemes Jae.” Jae looked at her surprised, he leaned back in his chair, taking a good look at her, he then gestured to her, silently asking her to explain. “I wish for the best of our house, but I do not want to be tied to someone I do not like nor have any attraction to.” Jae nodded at her words. “I can accept that Rhaenys, but ultimately it is my decision to make, and Uncle Ned and Aunt Cat were not familiar when they married and I have not seen a more loving relationship.” Jae made a good point, he grew up with an example of an arranged marriage that worked well.

Rhaenys nodded, but Jae got her attention when he shifted in his seat, he looked hesitant. He looked unsure of himself, and it was something that Rhaenys was not used to. “Do you wish to be queen?” Ah, so that was why he was acting odd. He wanted to know if she wanted to marry him. Rhaenys smiled charmingly, reaching over to grip his hand again, “Every woman wishes to be Queen, brother.”

Rhaenys watched as Jae swallowed, and it was funny to see the affect her words had on him. Jae acknowledged her words with a nod, but there was a knock on the door, and Robb poked his head in. Jae waved him in, and the tailor followed Robb. Rhaenys watched as Jae got up and gestured for Robb to retake his seat as the Tailor went back to work. Robb raised his eyebrow at Rhaenys, “your brother being an idiot Princess?” and Rhaenys smiled, Jae turned to Robb and said “I can hear you Stark.” But Robb looked like he could not care less about Jae’s words.

Rhaenys looked towards Robb, “Yes m’Lord, my Brother tends to have his head up his arse at times.” And Rhaenys saw Robb guffaw, Jae smiled over at the both of them fondly, but shook his head in exasperation. Rhaenys looked towards Robb and saw that his breeches still looked baggy, the Tailor obviously still had work to do for both of them. Rhaenys necked the rest of her wine, “I still have to get my hair fixed for tomorrow. I’ll leave you two to your bonding.”
Rhaenys stood but heard Jae snort loudly, he looked at Robb and Robb was still looking at her. “Right, because when Robb and I have free time we ask for clothes to be made for us.” Jae spoke dryly, but Rhaenys did not acknowledge it heading towards the door without looking back.

As Rhaenys walked to her own chambers, she reflected on what happened, she was a bit rash in her actions, and Jae was right to reprimand her. He would need to do it as head of the house in the future. Rhaenys perhaps could have done some more explaining and further explored her want to be Queen with Jae, but the timing of Robb’s arrival was fine. Looking back and what scared Rhaenys the most was Jae not denying the affection he held for Margaery Tyrell. He even went further to push thoughts of him fucking her into the conversation.

That gave Rhaenys some concerns, what if Jae did not want her as Queen? Or even chose Margaery over her? Rhaenys was certain that the reasons for the choices Jae would make would be sound and planned but she could not deny the hurt if she was pushed away for someone else. She hoped Jae would be able to overcome the brother-sister relationship they had since he was raised by a Stark if she were to be queen.

The obvious attraction he held for Sansa Stark was a good sign, but they were cousins and that was different. Either way Rhaenys wished the best for her brother, and ultimately the decisions came down to him. She just hoped he would make the right ones.

Myrcella

Myrcella had attended court this morning, she sat with her family and observed the Prince going through the regular tidings of court. The announcement of the betrothal and the reconstruction of Summerhall was a surprise but nobody seemed outwardly displeased about it. It made for a sweet moment, and Jae taking care for his Grandmother was just another thing that made Myrcella admire him even more.

After court Myrcella was forced to spend some time with her Mother. Cersei only continued to reiterate her Grandfather’s words, the need for Myrcella to try and make the Prince like her for House Lannister was stressed and made central to all of their conversations. It was tiring and boring, and Myrcella knew she had a duty to her house, but even her Mother pushing her to whore herself to the Prince left a poor taste in Myrcella’s mouth.

The Prince told her that if she needed to she could seek him out to simply have an escape from her family. After the afternoon she had, she found herself heading to his rooms. Myrcella was anxious
walking over, but she figured that the Prince would be true to his word, even if he was busy he would be able to make a few small moments for her.

Myrcella gave a quick sigh of relief as she rounded the corner to the Prince’s chambers and saw a Kingsguard outside of his door. That meant he was actually there and not out doing something else. The Kingsguard, Ser Oswell, raised an eyebrow at her, but bowed anyway. Myrcella gestured towards the door silently asking if he the Prince was there, and Oswell nodded but he had a small smile on his face, for a reason that Myrcella could not understand.

Myrcella saw the Lannister guard who followed her move forward to knock on the door then took his place across from Ser Oswell, there was an audible groan from inside the room, then she heard Jae call out, “What now Rhaenys?” The words were muffled through the door, and she could not make them out so thinking that was consent to go further inside, she opened the door to see a rather odd sight.

Robb Stark was standing in front of a mirror while a tailor worked on his doublet, and Jae was standing shirtless, trying to adjust the waist on his breeches. The first thing Myrcella noticed was the size of the Prince, he was muscular, they were defined on all parts of his torso, which made him look thick. She then noticed the scars, there was a multitude across his torso and back, many of them looking old and new but also looked like they hurt very much.

None of the men noticed it was her, so she must have thought it was the Princess Rhaenys still. Myrcella just kind of kept watching, it was funny seeing the look of concentration on the Prince’s face as he pulled on his leather breeches, and the annoyed look Robb Stark has on his face as he looked into the mirror.

Myrcella thought she had done enough peeking and cleared her throat loudly. Instantly, their attention was on her. She curtseyed to the Prince, and watched as he grabbed a shirt to pull on. Myrcella heard Robb’s quiet laughter, “Can we not get fitted without being interrupted?” And Jae smiled back at him, the two sharing a soft chuckle.

Jae turned to face her, and Myrcella was happy to see the ease in his smile when he looked at her. “My apologies m’Lady my sister was bothering us earlier, we thought you were her.” Ah, so that is why Ser Oswell had smiled secretly at her. He easily could have warned the Prince who was entering but decided against it, he probably found the humour in the situation if the rumours about the jovial Kingsguard were true.

Myrcella felt slightly off kilter being there, she was expecting the Prince to be alone, but now that she thought of it the only time he would ever truly be alone is when he slept, or made privacy for himself. The Prince noticed her anxiety and poured a goblet of wine, handing it to her. He took her other hand and kissed her knuckles, before gesturing for her to sit. He sat across from her, but kept
his hand in hers, his fingers rubbing slowly along her knuckles. Myrcella was grounded by the physical comfort and she slowly relaxed. It was odd how the Prince could do that, within a few moments she was more at ease with him then she was with her family.

Myrcella spoke quietly, “the reconstruction of Summerhall on behalf of your Grandmother was very sweet.” And the Prince smiled softly at her, he looked so proud of himself. “Thank you m’Lady, it means a lot that my Grandmother will finally be able to relax.” Myrcella agreed with him completely, but she was not here to speak about the happenings of court.

Myrcella steeled herself than pushed through her nerves, the Prince noticed her steel herself and leaned backwards in his chair, almost like he was expecting bad news. “I wish to apologize on behalf of House Lannister for my brother’s actions, my Prince.” The Prince immediately shot her a confused glaring, he then schooled his face, “you should not have to apologize for someone else’s actions. That is the duty of the head of the house.” He spoke carefully, but inquiring at the same time. Like he was puzzling something together.

Myrcella nodded at the Prince’s words, “I know that, but it still does not excuse the actions of someone who is tied to me and my families name, my Prince.” He then looked in thought, he paused to look towards Robb, who the Tailor had finished working on, and Robb was not paying attention, he was either carefully avoiding the Prince’s eyes, or completely ignorant to his movements. Considering how close the two looked to be, he was just letting Jae handle the situation without butting in, but also providing some privacy within the chambers.

The Prince continued to look in thought, and he looked carefully at her when he asked, “do you believe my punishments for your brother to be fair? Harsh?” Myrcella was not expecting him to ask but did not let her surprise show. She pondered the question for a few moments, it was an odd punishment, but in Myrcella’s opinion it would only further groom Joffrey into being worthy of the position of Warden of the West. “I think you were fair, my Prince.” She stated steadily.

The Prince raised an eyebrow, then gestured for her to explain. Myrcella looked towards Robb and the Tailor, then side eyed the Prince, displaying her want for privacy before she explained. The Prince quickly looked towards them both, Robb saw his look and rolled his eyes, “I’ll see you later?” He questioned. Jaehaerys nodded, but spoke as well, “if not today, then for the gathering tomorrow!” He called after his friend as he left. The Tailor went to ask, but Jae held up a hand, “You are dismissed.” And he quickly exited.

Myrcella thought that was confusing as his clothes were unfinished. “My Prince, who will fix your clothing?” He looked annoyed with the question, like he could not possibly care less, “I will have Sansa do it, she loves these sort of things.” It was not Myrcella’s decision to make nor question so she let it go.
The Prince urged her on, “your explanation, m’Lady, please.” He took a sip of wine, and Myrcella watched him swallow. He really was incredibly handsome. Myrcella had the urge to lick and bite at his adam’s apple, wanting to claim and love. She pushed her nails into the palms of her hands, forcing herself to focus. “You are correct in your observation of my Mother babying Joffrey, he was always the favourite.”

At this, the Prince’s face softened, he looked pensive for a moment, but once again gestured he to continue. “The fostering was extremely necessary, but then stripping his titles while he is away from home will humble him and embarrass him accordingly. It is an intelligent punishment, which I believe benefits all parties.” Myrcella was looking down as she explained, she had her eyes trained on a spot on the floor in thought, but when she finished she looked up at the Prince and saw him smiling. His smile was big, and it gave Myrcella a firm sense of relief. The Prince obviously wished to test her, and judging by his smile she passed swimmingly.

The Prince continued to smile, but he asked “and I am to assume that you were sent here to apologize on behalf of your House?” there was some added suspicion is his voice, as if he was questioning the real reason why she was here, and not simply to apologize. Myrcella could easily lie, but she trusted in Prince Jae.

Myrcella hesitated briefly, she was uncertain how the Prince would react to her words, but is that not something that she wanted? To make him falter? “After spending the afternoon with my Mother, where every other sentence was her trying to tell me different ways to seduce you.” Myrcella paused to look at Prince Jae, his only reaction being a slight widening of his eyes, Myrcella realized he was not going to speak so she continued, “I simply wanted to escape, my Prince.”

Myrcella noticed the Prince’s face turn almost sad, like he was upset on her behalf. His voice was steady, but Myrcella noticed a slight waver when he stated. “I would never wish that for you Myrcella.” He shook his head in the negative, the curls of his hair shaking as he looked down towards Myrcella’s hands, which were clenched tightly.

The Prince reached across the space between them, taking both of hands in both of his, “You are a very sweet, intelligent young woman, not to mention your beauty,” he paused, squeezing her hands to display his need for her to understand what he said next, “I wish for you to know that you are worth more to me, than a highborn woman used as a pawn in someone else’s game.” They were looking into each other’s eyes, Myrcella’s green meeting Jaehaerys’ violet. The overwhelming anger and distress coming from Jae’s eyes were matched by Myrcella’s thanks.

The two just continued to look to each other, neither wanting to be the first one to look away. Myrcella watched as Jae’s eyes displayed his regret for her, while Myrcella made sure to show her gratefulness. Eventually Jaehaerys simply pulled on her hands, urging her to stand, he stood with her then wrapped her in an embrace. Tightening his arms around her shoulders as she wrapped hers around his back.
Within that embrace, in these moments Myrcella realized that they had come to an understanding. The future King of Westeros saw her as something more than what her family did. That meant he would do whatever he could to help and protect her. Myrcella should have realized his intent when he told her that during their first dance. He was half Stark and weren’t Starks always true to their words?

Myrcella was unsure how long they stayed in the embrace, she was lost in thought until she felt the Prince subtly shift his hips away from her. Myrcella smirked, there was only one reason why he would have moved like that. Myrcella feeling comfortable in his embrace, dared to tighten her arms around his torso pushing the entirety of their bodies together, and she giggled as the Prince tried to resist her hold, but she felt the beginnings of his cock pressing into her belly. Myrcella felt desire after that, she had not realized she had that effect on the Prince, but now that she did, she felt truly beautiful, as if his compliments before were not empty.

Myrcella lessened her hold, but continued to giggle, and the Prince’s chuckles were deep, his chest shaking against her face. Myrcella then felt kisses being pressed into her hair, so she retaliated by pressing some kisses to the Prince’s throat and chin, the two continuously laughing as they did. It felt good, Myrcella felt adored, she was thriving in the affection, despite how innocuous it was.

Eventually Myrcella felt the Prince pull away slightly, she watched as he raised his hands to either side of her jaw, then placed a soft kiss directly on her mouth, their lips connecting for a few moments before he pulled away, a smile in his eyes. Myrcella grinned, she had not come into the room expecting to seduce the Prince, but it turned out she was doing it anyway. She pulled him down for another kiss, slotting their lips together again, Jaehaerys smiled then looked at her questioningly, “What was that for?”

Myrcella looked smug, but jested, “It is my duty to try and seduce you. I am just doing my duty, my Prince.” And his deep chuckles had Myrcella smiling, their combined laughter soothing Myrcella’s mind.

The pair was interrupted by a loud knock on the door, the Prince gestured for her to take her seat again, then handed her the goblet of wine he had poured for her earlier. He went to the door and Myrcella could hear the quiet talking of him and his Kingsguard. She watched as he nodded, then headed back towards her.

“Apologies m’Lady, but I must go, My Grandmother has scheduled a dinner with the Baratheons.” Myrcella nodded, mildly disappointed that their time together was ending, but content with the moments they spent together. Myrcella stood, but watched as the Prince quickly swapped shirts, she got a peak of his back, and the scars that adorned it, but was careful not to show any reaction.
When he turned back, he had the shirt in his left hand, and reached his right out for her to take. He opened the door for her, then called for a page, “Give this to Sansa Stark, tell her it’s mine and I need it done by tomorrow.” The page nodded, but looked extremely confused, and slowly walked off. Myrcella heard the Kingsguard snort.

Once they reached the hallway where they needed to split, Myrcella gave the Prince one last squeeze on his arm, then curtseyed politely. “I will see you tomorrow m’Lady?” and she smiled charmingly, “Of course, my Prince, we will be in the assigned seats.” At his nod, Myrcella turned and headed towards the direction of her rooms. She found herself unable to contain the small smile she held, she had kissed the Prince! And he was so kind and understanding, even when she came to him feeling insecure he made sure to tell her that she was appreciated for more than her surname and her cunt. No man, had ever made her feel like that before, and she felt herself swooning by just thinking of him.

Jon

Jon sat at the head of the table while his family and the Baratheons shared a meal. He was in a reflective mood, and not exactly a talkative one. During dinner his Grandmother brought him into the conversation but much the same as Lord Stannis he did not provide to the conversation unless directly spoken to. Rhaenys gave him a few looks, probably wondering if his mood had to do with her anger from earlier, he did not acknowledge her looks with anything of any weight. His mood was just one of melancholy, he was thinking of tomorrow. It was to be a huge day, he would be crowned King and the expectations on his shoulders would increase drastically.

Jon mostly observed the conversations throughout dinner, young Shireen the sole heir of Storm’s End was kind, but had a large patch of greyscale on her face. It was unfortunate for her and her family, she was a pretty girl, her Mother’s sharp features mixing with her Father’s slim nose and brown eyes.

Renly was nearly the complete opposite of Stannis, he was jovial and could hold a conversation nearly as well as Grandmother. Jon was surprised when he saw that him and Rhaenys got along quite well, the two often speaking to each other for long moments throughout the dinner.

Jon was also surprised when Viserys decided to join them tonight, he was not expecting him to attend with the Baratheon’s not exactly being an entertaining family to dine with. Viserys asked a few questions about the Stormlands and Summerhall, so he was probably here just to get some advice from Stannis on the construction. It was intelligent of him to ask; Stannis could provide some names that would help Viserys begin the project.
Daenerys was almost as quiet as himself, she did have some curiosities regarding some of Renly’s stories, and she asked the Baratheon Lord about his squiring of Ser Loras. Jon noticed then the love Renly felt for Loras, he spoke of the man in the highest of regards, while trying not to give anything away. His eyes sparkled, and his face softened, Jon had seen that look many of times when Uncle Ned spoke of Aunt Cat, or Aunt Cat spoke of Uncle Ned. Jon knew Loras and Renly were lovers but he did not know that they were deeply in love. This only confirmed it.

Daenerys seemed to realize Jon’s mood early, and shortly after they finished eating he felt her hand reaching under the table to grip his, she gave his hand a quick squeeze then a patient smile. She understood what he was going through, and the way is mind was racing because of the huge day he had tomorrow. Her silent show of comfort and solidarity made Jon relax minutely, he gave her a grateful closed mouth smile, but for her, he attempted to ease his mind.

Once dinner was finished, Jon asked for some privacy and his Grandmother jested that he was just like Rhaegar in that regard. Caught in serious moods of melancholy. Jon excused himself politely, and headed back to his rooms alone. He arrived to his tunic perfectly fitted on his bed. A note from Sansa only saying ‘you owe me idiot’ which made him smile. Jon went to pour himself a glass of wine, he then stripped of his clothes and dressed in sleepwear, leaving his torso bare.

He went over to his hearth, feeding it some wood, Ghost came up behind in and nuzzled his nose into his ear, then settled next to him. Jon leaned his back into his wolf, then simply watched the flames, the heat feeling good against his skin.

Jon needed to make some large decisions soon, and he knew the realm would be displeased with some of the decisions he would make. He needed to remain level headed and logical, not letting his emotions getting the best of him, but he also needed to be firm and strict. Despite how much Jon loved jesting and making people smile, he knew he needed to set rules and guidelines early in his reign.

One of the first things Jon wanted to do was to change the education system in Westeros. Maesters, Septons and Septas were often corrupt, and influenced children in certain directions that would set the child’s point of view for the rest of their lives. If there was an unbiased system, then the seven would not be as dominant and children would be able to make decisions for themselves with the information that they learn from an unbiased teacher.

Jon hoped that would end the never ending hate between certain houses, but also create an open slate of new relationships to be built by the generations in the future. He would make it a requirement for all children under the age of ten to learn to read, write and arithmetic. In the long run, that would only further develop Westeros’ economy. This would be detrimental for the reign of his heirs, and if he had to deal with dissent between Lords now, he would rather it be him than his children.
Another one of the decisions he would need to make soon was for alliances. Or marriages were more like it. Jon still had to wrap his head around the fact that he was now the man who would be controlling the entirety of the relationships of the realms future. He had the last say on marriages and alliances that would control people’s lives in the future. He needed to be so careful in his planning, but also sooner rather than later he needed a queen that could provide an heir and secure his reign.

There were many prospects for a Queen, and to be honest Jon felt like following in his Father’s footsteps and taking two wives was the way to go. Not thinking with his cock, it made sense politically for him to take two wives, the more people married to him, the more heirs, the more alliances. It also would make him deliriously happy to have two beautiful women in his bed at all times.

The potential wives were rather clear, but Jon was more concerned on what would happen with the women he would scorn. Would they become volatile and hate the situation he put them in?

Jon felt that if he spurned Margaery in favor of another woman, then their relationship would become non-existent. Her entire life’s purpose was for her to be Queen. If Jon took that away from her then she would be lost, her family would be lost. Despite the excuse he had of their lack of help during the rebellion, he could not alienate the Tyrell’s so simply. The Tyrell’s would bring food, money and power to the crown, denying Margaery would feel like denying his subjects food. It certainly would be not hardship to marry Margarey, she was perfectly crafted to be queen and Jon enjoyed her company. Margaery was very beautiful as well, not as beautiful as his aunt and sister, but Jon desired her anyway. He was certain once he finally was able to bury his cock in her he would find her more desirable than now. It also helped that she would fit in perfectly in his life, and he was certain she would be a good mother. Margaery would be a marriage for an alliance, not that it would be terrible to marry her. Jon just knew the realm really needed the wealth and food of the Reach.

If Jon were to distance himself from Myrcella, there was a perfect excuse in her Brother being volatile and the actions of her Grandfather during the rebellion. The Lannisters would bring power and gold, but Jon was unsure if he could forgive himself for rewarding a crowd to the family that butchered parts of his family. Not only that, he would lose respect from Lords and Ladies for cowering to the Lannisters, but he would lose the respect of his own family as well. Jon was unhappy with himself while even considering these thoughts. Jon was rattled because he really appreciated Myrcella. He really liked her, and saw potential in her from the go, it irks him that her toxic family will make them separate. Her Brother’s fostering could provide an excuse for him to elevate her into a high position, maybe even bringing her to Kings Landing more often than normal. He would never put a bastard in her, but he would be lying if he told himself he did not want to fuck her.

Next was Rhaenys, and it scared Jon how little it mattered the woman was his sister. Did that make him sick? Or just his Targaryen blood coming through? Jon could already feel the developing love for Rhaenys, but she was a force to be reckoned with. Jon deeply desired his sister. She was so
beautiful, curvy and when her eyes lit up in happiness it made his entire body vibrate in want. Her fiery attitude made her angry often and when she was in one of her moods she could push and push, until she got what she wanted, the only people who were ever able to deny her were himself and Grandmother. Jon noticed that Daenerys never really even bothered to try and prevent Rhaenys from doing something that she had set her mind to. These were not good qualities for a queen. Rhaenys was someone who could thrive in any situation with her fiery personality though, and despite the unlikeliness of her becoming queen, Jon knew he needed to keep her close, and assuage her with a type of freedom that no one else would have. He had some ideas, and he may need to do some convincing, but Rhaenys would eventually agree. Once again, Jon did not want to part from her though, Rhaenys brightened up his life, she made it more interesting, and Jon really wanted to fuck her. Jon lost count the amount of times he has stared at his sister’s arse as she walked, or felt the need to bend her over the nearest table when she went against him. Their shared blood obviously creating an unnatural attraction for him.

Even Sansa could be considered a queen for him, Jon never viewed her that way, but Sansa was perfect. She was already one of Jon’s best friends, and was not shy in denying or arguing with him. She was intelligent and absolutely beautiful. Yet, Jon already had the loyalty of the Stark’s, he did not need an alliance with them as he would always have Uncle Ned’s loyalty. Still Sansa pregnant with his heir was something that appealed to Jon, they got along so well and he would really miss her when she left. His desire for Sansa certainly was there as well, he established that when he hit puberty at ten and three, and Sansa seemed to have at least some attraction to him too. It would be a good marriage, one to be proud of but Jon was unsure if it would ever come to pass.

Lastly was Daenerys. Daenerys was literally and figuratively perfect to be queen. Jon desired her as much as he desired his sister. Daenerys was the perfect Valyrian princess and had an ethereal beauty, yet she was precise in her words, and was intelligent when she spoke and that was more valuable as a queen then an unstoppable force in Rhaenys. Not only that, but she was not a push over, she demanded respect wherever she went, people often not wanting to get on Daenerys’ bad side for her glare and silence was as powerful as her words. It warmed Jon’s heart that she accepted his religions as well, her coming to the Godswood to pray was what made Jon feel accepted in Kings Landing, truly for the first time. He knew then after they were so at peace and so comfortable while she was in an unfamiliar place, that Jon would really love her forever.

Jon had not realized how long he was sitting in front of the fire, he felt like he had made some progress in some of the larger decisions he would need to make, but as he was sitting he felt Ghost, who had been relaxed and content with their physical comfort, completely tense. In an instant, Ghost had stood, and set up in a defensive position beside Jon. Jon leapt up, and somersaulted towards his sword and dagger, Ghost altering his position so they stood side by side.

A wall panel then opened, it was a few spaces from his breakfast table, and the door slowly slid open, Jon postured so he could see the assassin, but when he saw the white blonde hair of his Aunt peek her head past to look at his bed, he relaxed, setting a hand on Ghost to have his familiar settle once again.
Daenerys looked around his room, and when she settled on him, her eyes widened in surprise, the look of fright on her face had Jon laughing. “I did not know of any secret tunnels leading to my room.” Jon watched as her face morphed into one of apology. She looked hesitant, but asked “Did I wake you?” as she spoke, she stepped fully into the room and Jon had to forcibly keep his jaw from dropping. She was only wearing a slip, and a robe that stopped at her mid-thigh. She looked incredible, and Jon could feel his desire stirring.

Jon pulled himself out of his appraisal of her and said, “No, I was scheming with Ghost here,” he patted Ghost, and the wolf headed over to give Daenerys a sniff, then settled himself down next to the fire once again. Jon had not realized but he was very tired. His fatigue hitting him quickly now that the slight adrenaline rush had drained from him.

Daenerys still looked hesitant, and she was clearly waiting for him to say something. “Come,” he said and then gestured to her, then his bed, she clearly came to share his bed once again, and he certainly was not opposed to it. Jon climbed under the sheets, then lifted the blankets so that Daenerys could climb in with him. She immediately snuggled into his warmth. He wrapped his arms around her, one of his hands settling over her lower back, then other under her pillow. Daenerys set her arm under Jae’s neck, and her other folded up into his torso. The bare skin touching felt good.

Jon felt Daenerys shift, his eyes were closed and he opened them to see her face inches from his, she pressed a kiss to his lips, which he returned, then smiled softly. She leaned in again, and Jon was surprised when he felt her tongue split his lips, he opened his lips and shared in her passion. As they kissed, Jon ran his hand down Daenerys’ back and cupped her bottom. Daenerys then pulled out of the kiss and gave him a heated look. This was dangerous territory; he would not dishonour her before wedding her.

Jon tried to cool the situation, saying something that would calm Daenerys down, “Hmmm, my Auntie.” But he was caught off guard by Daenerys’ eyes widening, she leaned forward again and kissed him hard, she then pulled her leg over top of his, their hips notching together, and Jon could feel the heat of her cunt on his stomach. Jon was not expecting for the mention of their shared blood to turn on Daenerys even further, but her reaction was the complete opposite of what he expected. Daenerys certainly was not shy in showing her desire, and Jon was no longer in the frame of mind to stop.

Jon felt Daenerys reach down and slide her hand up and down his cock, he took the hand that had previously been cupping her bottom and did the same to her cunt, dipping his hand into her robe, and feeling it through her small clothes. The pair continued to rut and rub at each other, soft moans coming from Daenerys and Jon’s heavy breathing filling the room. Jon was as hard as he could be, and he felt a release coming on, so he doubled down his efforts on Daenerys, feeling around her cunt so he could locate her clit, and pushing down on the button. Daenerys’ other hand came down to grip Jon’s wrist pushing his hand further into her, Jon was surprised when he heard her voice, it was full of pleasure, and breathily audible. “Yes Jae…. my Nephew…. Make me come Nephew…… make me come;,” and he watched as she came, her face opening in pleasure, the heat in his hand become warmer and warmer.
Jon waited a few seconds for Daenerys to catch her breath, to say Jon was surprised about her mentioning their shared blood in the midst of her pleasure would be an understatement, it was surprising but not at all unpleasant.

Daenerys was still breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling, making her breasts look incredible. Jon reached over to bring her close to him again, burying his face in her chest, she immediately wrapped her arms around his head, clinging onto him. Jon placed some kisses atop her cleavage, he was enjoying himself, and was happy to wait for Daenerys to recover before they would speak.

Daenerys took a few more moments to settle, but when she began running her fingers through his hair. Jon knew she had settled. She felt her press some kisses onto his temple and the top of his head. Jon was fine with falling asleep right now, he was content in Daenerys’ arms, and so tired, that his own release was not important right now.

Jon felt sleep hitting him, and he pressed the last few kisses onto Daenerys’ collarbones, he was falling asleep in one of the most beautiful woman in the realm’s tits, and he was unsure if he would ever find a more peaceful sleep.
Hey Everyone,

Coronation day!
This is the first chapter that did not last a full day, I have the first feast as Jon as King next, it was necessary to split them. It's also the first chapter as one perspective in Jon. and a Queen is decided.

As for GOT, lost all faith in DxD, episode 4 was ass, and made no sense at all.

Btw my DP is a tweet Stormzy had the other day, "you think if I had 3 big rasclart dragons you could even chat to me about war i'll burn the whole fucking gaff down what are you on about" seems pretty fitting right now.

Let's all collective watch Peaky Blinders Season 5 and Witcher when it comes out. Deal? deal.

PS. Thank you so much for over 400 Kudos, i'm humbled beyond belief people enjoy my writing. This is genuinely the first time i'm doing a serious creative writing project in a long time. so thank you all.

More Life,

Jon

Jon woke slowly, his eyes opening to take in his surroundings. His face was currently pressed into Daenerys neck, his nose pushed directly under her chin, practically nuzzling his aunt. He felt Daenerys’ arms around him, and he moved his head off of her to see if she was awake, and was relieved when her eyes were still closed.

Jon settled back into his position, his head resting on Daenerys’ chest, his nose nuzzling into her throat, and he relaxed again. Judging by the lack of sunlight in his room he had some time before he was needed, and thrived in the time he was afforded to unwind.

Jon could feel his morning wood making itself a problem, it was poking through his small clothes, as his cock was sitting nicely on Daenerys’ inner thigh. He knew he should adjust but he could not be asked after the intimacy they shared the night before. Jon smiled into her neck, Daenerys got excited when Jon mentioned their shared blood. It was something rather erotic coming from her. Jon was expecting her to be a good bedwarmer, but finding something like this so early in their relationship was promising in Jon’s eyes.
Jon knew he could wake her up pleasantly, sliding upwards and planting some kisses on her face and lips, but Jon just wished to continue to relax. He did not want to push Daenerys at all, and he would allow her to set the pace in their relationship if that made her feel more comfortable. She would definitely know that he desired her, but she would set the terms and Jon was fine with arrangement for the time being.

Jon continued to nuzzle into her, her skin was soft and warm, his torso being bare made their skin touch. His entire body felt warm where she touched him, but where it was skin to skin only made it more pleasurable. She had her arms loosely wrapped around his neck still, one of her hands was placed in the middle of his back, as if she had been rubbing it then fell asleep mid movement.

Jon thought about how she came to be here tonight, and Jon desperately needed a map of the Red Keep. He needed to know all of the tunnels. He would have to make an excuse for how he managed to find the tunnel Daenerys arrived in but he needed to know if an intruder could so easily make it to his room, or how easy it was to spy on him behind closed doors. Jon wished he could have any semblance of privacy, but once he knew of the tunnels he could close some off for his own benefit.

Daenerys woke as Jon was thinking, he felt her breathing shift, and the sly minx that she was decided to press her thighs together, his cock trapped between them. Jon moaned in pleasure, his cock now surrounded by her soft skin and her warm thighs. He looked upward to see Daenerys’s eyes slightly open but a smug smile on her lips. “You’re the devil” and her sleepy giggle was music to his ears.

Daenerys leaned down to kiss Jon, their tongues quickly getting involved, their lust from the night before having not cooled off after their rest. Daenerys slowly moved her thighs back and forth, Jon beginning to thrust slowly into the chasm they created. Jon moved up her body, so the kiss was no longer awkward and his cock was pressing further up into her, he could feel the heat of her cunt seeping through the layers of their underclothes.

They continued to kiss heatedly, but Jon was surprised when Daenerys dipped her hand into his small clothes, she gripped his cock and he moaned into the kiss, she then pulled it out of it’s confinement and notched his cock against her cunt, the two slowly grinding against one another. The only layer separating them were her own small clothes, the thin layer not doing much to hide her wetness.

The pair were both breathing heavily now, but kept their lips pressed together as they slowly thrust into each other, Jon reached up to cup a breast, and Daenerys nearly ripped her slip in her urgency to get his hands on her bare tits. He opened his eyes, and the burning desire in Daenerys’ eyes inflamed him, making him grip one of her pink peaks, pinching it as he continued to thrust.
Jon made sure to take a long look at Daenerys, her teats were incredible, and Jon could not resist leaning down to take one between his lips to suck on as he continued to thrust against her core. Jon felt Daenerys hands settle in his hair, pushing his entire head further into her. Jon recognized the same signs of her orgasm coming as last night, the heavier breaths, gasping moans and knew she would release soon. Jon double down on her tits, sucking firmly on one while he gripped the other, then continued his thrusting, the middle of her thighs wet with their combined juices making a slick surface for him to push.

Jon knew Daenerys was about to come, and he pulled backed slightly to say, “My Auntie….” And watched as her eyes opened in surprise then immediately shut again in pleasure. Jon felt his cock get wetter and wetter with her release soaking her small clothes, but he did not stop sucking on her tits. If she asked he would do this all day for her, she was a goddess with the most perfect breasts he’d seen. He’d spend days worshipping her if she would let him.

As Daenerys recovered Jon just simply continued to nuzzle and play with her breasts, he stopped thrusting, his cock still hard as iron but he did not want Daenerys to suffer from over sensitivity. Eventually, she caught her breath, and pulled Jon by the hair so they could make eye contact. Her desire was still there, and she brought him in for a soft, light kiss.

“Good morning Jae,” as she said that she reached down, pinching one of his nipples making him flinch, but she continued down his navel and gripped his still hard, still very wet cock. Jon’s eyes must have fluttered because he heard her snort, as her hand slowly worked over his cock. She was experienced that was clear, but it also comforted Jon some that he knew he was her first.

She stroked and stroked, bringing Jon in for kisses as she went, bringing Jon closer and closer to the edge. Right as soon as he was about to hit that point of no return, where he would come, there was a loud knocking on the door and Daenerys pulled her hand away.

Jon groaned, then looked at Daenerys pleadingly, she only looked apologetic. Jon stood put his hard cock away, and pulled on a pair of pants, striding to his door, he opened it a sliver to see Rhaenys there, still dressed for sleep. Jon was surprised, and still slightly horny. “Rhaenys? What?” and she opened the door letting her past. Glaring at the Guards posted who dared look at his sister. She was clad in a slip as well, and a similar robe to what Daenerys was wearing. Rhaenys immediately strode into his room, and spotted Daenerys who had thankfully put her clothing back together, laying in his bed.

Rhaenys said nothing, was not surprised with Daenerys’ presence and had no qualms climbing up next to her. Judging by how familiar their movements were they had done this often, Rhaenys settling beside Daenerys, the two cuddling.
Jon was dumbfounded, did he just get kicked out of his own bed? He was so close to release, and now he must deal with…. Whatever this is.

Jon was angry he had not come, and annoyed with her presence so he probably could have been more diplomatic, but what came from his mouth was a “What the fuck is going on???” And Daenerys immediately shot him a glare of warning, Rhaenys did not even bother to move from her position.

Daenerys signalled for him to come closer, and he saw Rhaenys had fallen asleep again, that quickly. She was in Daenerys’ arms, and had snuggled up into Dany’s warmth. It was adorable to look at but left Jon extremely confused.

Daenerys signalled for Jon to come closer, and when he did she whispered, “Rhaenys has trouble sleeping sometimes, so she comes to sleep with me.” Jon nodded his head, but then adjusted his breeches, his cock was still throbbing hard, he was so close to coming that his stones are now hurting that he got denied.

Jon heard Daenerys snickering at his predicament, so he glared at her, “If I pulled down my breeches, my stones would be blue.” But his words had the opposite effect as Daenerys continued snickering quietly. Jon looked over to see Ghost still sleeping and let him be. Lucky beast.

Jon sighed exasperatedly, then turned and grabbed a tunic, he slipped it on then walked out the doors, annoyed he was losing sleep and time to himself. He was in a poor mood as he opened his doors, and Ser Barristan was standing there looking tired.

“Take me to Lord Varys’ rooms Ser.” Barristan simply nodded then proceeded down the halls. As they walked Jon thought of how fucking weird that was. Daenerys must have told Rhaenys that they had slept together the other night, and when she had sought out Daenerys for some rest, she could not find her and assumed they were sleeping together. Jon hoped Rhaenys would not know what they were doing right before she came in, she seemed sort of out of it in fatigue so Jon hoped that helped.

They arrived at Varys’ door and Jon banged on the door loudly, he heard some noises from inside, and Jon was hit with the smell of Varys’ perfume as he opened the door slightly wearing one of his robes. “my Prince? For what can I do for you?” he was smiling as if Jon had not just awoken him in the midst of sleep. Such a weird person.
“My Wolf found a secret passage into my room last night, I want a detailed map of every secret tunnel, crevice, and passage in the Red Keep.” Jon made sure to be firm in his words, this was important and Varys was the only person he knew that could possibly create such a map.

Varys nodded, “Of course, my Prince,” Jon turned to leave, but looked back at the last moment, “I want it by the end of tomorrow, are we clear?” and once again Varys nodded in deference. Jon then strode off, Ser Barristan following, he was heading to the training yard as the tension and frustration from his morning had not yet worn off and he believed he would be able to work out some of his anger by striking at a training dummy.

Jon did just that, he took a training sword and without any real form and finesse just began fucking whacking the thing. Jon simply let his body tire, he worked up a little bit of a sweat, it was still morning so it was rather cool, but Jon just lost his mind in thought as he struck let his anger release.

It took a few moments but Jon was interrupted by a whistling, it was to a tune, and Jon turned to find who was making the noise. Prince Oberyn was leaning lazily on the fence that was around the training area, he was holding a training sword of his own and flashed Jon an understanding smile. “a light spar, my Prince?” and Jon saw that Oberyn’s body language was very open. He had realized that Jon needed something to take his mind off of things and had provided a solution.

Jon gave Oberyn a grateful smile, then nodded, the pair starting to lightly swing at one another, neither landing any strikes just comfortably connecting swords. Oberyn spoke quietly and softly, “My sister would get into these same moods, when too much was happening so quickly and it overwhelmed her. I cannot imagine what you are going through my Prince.” Jon was surprised, it was well known that Oberyn did not often voice experiences with his sister, the love he had for her forcing him into poor moods when he thinks of her. Jon was grateful that Oberyn was doing this for him.

“What did she do to get away from it all?” Jon spoke quietly as well, he wanted to ask something fair and innocent, nothing that would make Oberyn not want to share more information. Oberyn held a small smile, and Jon was relieved as he knew he got the question right. “Elia would take time to herself with friends, she made sure to surround herself with people she liked and trusted. Your Uncle, Ned Stark, was quite taken with one, the Lady Ashara Dayne?” Jon nodded, he knew the name, but Oberyn’s advice was good, the time spent away from ruling would have to be times of peace and happiness for him, he would need to control that in his life if he wished for a lengthy reign.

Jon took Oberyn’s advice to heart, he would need balance.

Regarding Oberyn’s words, Jon responded, “Thank you for the advice Prince Oberyn, I will always remember it. As for Uncle Ned, he rarely spoke of the Rebellion, brought too many bad memories
for him.” Jon remembered times when Uncle Ned would have trouble simply looking at Jon, the resemblance to his sister coming to be too much sometimes. Oberyn probably related to it well.

Jon then noticed Ser Barristan coming towards them both, they had been sparring and conversing for quite a while, and it was past time he goes get ready for his coronation. Jon took a deep breath, closed his eyes then tilted his head to the clouds, taking the last moments of peace he would have for the day. He felt an arm rest on his shoulder, and opened his eyes to find Oberyn looking at him with a calm expression. Oberyn’s calm, had Jon calming slightly, and Jon reached out to place a grateful hand on Oberyn’s shoulder, the two sharing an air of understanding, before Jon quickly strode off, heading to the keep.

Jon quickly reached his chambers, hoping Daenerys and Rhaenys had vacated them but Jon was familiar with the route from the training yards to his rooms so it did not take long. His Grandmother was waiting for him outside. She did not look irritated but more… impatient, she clearly did like to be kept waiting. “good you are here,” her face turned to disgust, “you smell of sweat,” she rolled her eyes, “you must bathe and dress. We need you to look perfect today, I know you do not care much for it but it is important. There must be no flaws today, your first as King.” She then smiled brightly, and placed her hands on Jon’s shoulders, “You will be great today, my Dearest, do not fret. I will be with you the whole time.” Those words reassured Jon. He gave her a weak smile, and she looked to want to hug him but she spoke again, “I would hug you but you smell and I am already dressed.” Which caused Jon to let out a watery laugh, his emotions getting the best of him for a moment. His Grandmother cupped his cheek, then gave him a look that oozed strength and power, and Jon nodded, understanding her silent words.

Jon headed inside to clean up and found a bath waiting for him, he quickly bathed, washing all the sweat, dirt and overall grime from his body, cleaning out his hair thoroughly. He then dressed quickly. His dark grey dress breeches, Black leather boots that matched his black sword belt. His tunic was black with red threading, a Targaryen dragon on one shoulder, and a Stark Direwolf on the other. He fastened it all together with a pitch black light cloak.

Jon then sat down, and poured himself a goblet of wine, he knew he had sometime before he was needed, but he was immediately anxious. He hated waiting and needed something to do to pull him out of his thoughts.

Jon was relieved when he saw his door open, and Viserys’ head poke through, Viserys saw Jon was dressed and opened the door fully, he then waved back into the hallway. Viserys was followed by Robb, Oberyn, Loras, Garlan, Renly and to Jon’s surprise his and Robb’s old friend from the Vale, Harrold Hardyng.

Jon greeted all of the men, pouring wine and gathering chairs, he gave Viserys’ a brotherly clap on the shoulder in thanks, and Viserys gave an understanding smile. The conversation between the men was easy, they spoke of past experiences and the different types of drink they liked, but when eight
men and alcohol were mixed the conversation usually turned towards lovers.

Oberyn began, immediately boasting about how Dornish women made the best lovers, there was not very much argument put up regarding that subject because no one else there had ever had a Dornish lover. It was when Oberyn questioned Harrold did things get more interesting. “I heard that you got a bastard on a serving girl?” and there was a quick silence, before Oberyn spoke again, he shrugged “I will not judge, I have seven bastard daughters myself.” And Jon snorted, which made Oberyn look towards him with a smile.

Jon would not judge Harrold either, he had come inside Val enough times for her to get pregnant, but it simply never came to be. Harrold replied slowly, “Yes actually, her name is Mya, she’s just over a year old.” And Jon, held his glass up in a cheer, giving him congratulations. Harrold acknowledged Jon’s celebration, but Oberyn spoke again, “Good for you! Daughters are better than sons,” and Jon could only silently laugh at that, leave it to Oberyn to want the complete opposite of all Lords of Westeros.

The conversation took a different turn when Renly spoke in Viserys’ direction, “my Prince, I do not believe I have congratulated you on your betrothal, your children will rule Sunspear and Summerhall someday.” That was most likely true, the heir to Summerhall was a circumstantial position and Viserys recognized it. “Thank you, My Lord, but Jae, Rhaenys or Daenerys could have a babe before me if Arianne and I have trouble birthing. It is not unheard of.” There was a general acceptance of his statement, and Jon raised his glass again, “To happy marriages and healthy babes.” The men around the table repeated, before they each drank.

Garlan then spoke up, the opportunity of marriages and babes being the topic of conversation, he quickly asked, “Made any decisions about a Queen yet my Prince?” and Jon shot a dry look in Garlan’s direction, “Aye, I actually have.” This caused the table to all look confused in Jon’s direction, all of the attention was on him. “There is a serving girl, here in the Red Keep, I believe she is a Frey,” there was some awkward silence, but Jon looked around the table, then continued, “She goes by the name of Gatehouse, you’ve all heard of her surely?” Jon stayed completely deadpan the entire time, but when he finished his sentence he let out a big smile, the rest of the men in the room laughing along with him.

Jon then shot Garlan a look when the laughter stopped, “You will know when I decide, when I decide m’Lord.” And Garlan sent a nod in deference. The conversation after that flowed easily, laughs and insults were shared. Oberyn often on the end of both, it was a good atmosphere and the men were being open and honest. Jon knew that if he asked some questions regarding the future, he would get honest answers.

Jon took a deep breath, then spoke, “In the future during my reign, if I were to enforce a law, where all children under the age of ten were to be educated in reading, writing and arithmetic, how would I do it and what would the reaction be.” He took in the reactions of his friends. They all looked to be
thinking, caught a little bit off guard from the question. Robb spoke first, “it is a good idea, it will help our future heirs.” Then Harrold chimed in, “It will help feed the economy as well. Smarter people means more efficient work.” Jon was happy with those two opinions; they were positive reactions.

Renly then took a turn to chime in, “it would be expensive, but how would you enforce it?” another good point, an obstacle to climb, and then Oberyn spoke his words cutting through the idea. “How would you have every child travel to their teachers? Broke farmers in the middle of the country would be unable to afford to send their children anywhere.” And that was Jon’s largest problem, disregarding his intent to alienate the Seven, he needed a way to make the place to learn accessible to everyone.

Jon noticed that neither Tyrell had spoken and they were having an unspoken conversation between the two. Jon looked towards Loras, and raised a questioning eyebrow, Loras responded quickly, “Our sister actually had a similar idea in Highgarden,” Loras paused to look at Garlan again, “she spends a lot of time with the commoners trying to improve their lives whenever she can.” That was a surprise to Jon. He expected Margaery to think the commoners beneath her. It was pleasing to hear, even if Jon suspected they were speaking of their sister to influence Jon. Either way, it was a good thing, anyone who tried to change the lives of others for the better was a good person in Jon’s eyes.

The boys were then interrupted by a knock on the door, Jon called for them to come in, and Daenerys and Rhaenys stepped through the entry way. They were dressed extremely fancy, and each looked absolutely magisterial, like two Goddesses had taken human form. Jon felt his heart clench with happiness at the sight of them, he made sure to smile bright, showing his appreciation of them both.

Jon also noticed the appreciation they were receiving from the other men in the room. Jon cleared his throat loudly, and the guys looked at him. With a nod towards the door, they all stood, exchanging greetings with Dany and Rhaenys and goodbyes with him. Jon saw Oberyn speak some quiet words to Rhaenys, they’re niece-uncle relationship explaining their closeness. Once the doors were closed again, Jon gestured for them to sit, he poured two more goblets of wine, and was surprised when Rhaenys sat right in his lap, side on, so her face was pressed into the side of Jon’s neck.

Jon widened his eyes in Daenerys’ direction but she looked fine with the exchange so Jon relaxed some more. “I cannot possible describe how beautiful the both of you look, truly,” Jon began, he saw a slight blush cover Daenerys cheeks, but Rhaenys replied “Thank you Jae, we have to look the part today as well,” she tapped his cheek with two fingers, “just like you do.” Jon had to give her that, they had to play the role of perfect princesses today, the image of all of them was important.

Jon then asked Daenerys and Rhaenys the same question he asked his friends, he wished for their opinions on a new education system in Westeros. Something that would be expensive but help everyone in the future. Rhaenys replied first, “it is a good idea, future heirs will have less problems.”
Jon agreed with her on that front.

Daenerys’ words soothed him further, “It will work if you make it the Lord of each castles responsibility, the more specific the better.” That was something Jon had not thought of yet, Daenerys really was extremely intelligent. She continued as well, “is this what you meant when you said you would be ‘redistributing the balances of power’, you wish to give more power to commoners?”

Jon shook his head, “No, in order to prevent another Mad King, I wish to implement council’s with voting rights. No longer will one man make all the decisions; the leaders vote will just hold the most weight.” Daenerys and Rhaenys took in his words, he had not spoken of his plans as of yet, but he felt comfortable setting some plans in motion with his family before he would wear his crown.

Once again Rhaenys was the first to reply, “that will take some time Jae, Lords will not like their power being taken away.” Jon knew that, it was something he would have to consistently work towards, but Jon felt that if he was able to influence the newer generation, people of his age, then it would work further in his favour when they would rise to become Lords and Ladies respectively.

Daenerys once again took a bit longer than Rhaenys to reply, but her words were concise, “it is smart Jae, but that would mean for alliances to hold power over others. It would not be an unbiased vote if the people making it would be open to other influences.” Jon accepted her point, but countered it, “Would that necessarily be a bad thing? It would just mean the majority would be doing the best possible thing for their people?” And Jon noticed Daenerys nod, then hold a small smile at his point.

Jon wished to create a Westeros where there would be no wars, no greed, only peace, if he was to have a representative from each Kingdom, vote on his council, while each Kingdom had their own specific council, it would only create a Westeros that would emphasize the quality of life for all people.

If some councils of other Kingdoms would become corrupt and unjust, then Jon could step in, but he really believed this would be a good solution. He would have to speak about it to Grandmother, hopefully she was not firm in her ways and would think clearly on the situation. She was the only person he could really turn to with advice for ruling the Kingdom, she had not changed anything during her reign as regent, but all that was required of her was to stabilize. Jon did not wish to stabilize, he wished to mold Westeros to a better place in the future.

A silence settled over the three of them, Rhaenys and Daenerys clearly taking in what Jon had said, they did not look to be completely against or for the ideas, but their neutral silence was a good sign for Jon, it just meant that they were thinking through the propositions.
They were interrupted from their thoughts by a loud knock, Jon recognizing the voice of Ser Gerold, “It is time, my Prince, Princesses.” Jon sat still for a few moments. He felt Rhaenys rise, but Jon closed his eyes and took a long deep breath, centering himself and ensuring the anxiety of the day would stay rooted. He felt a hand grip onto his left, and he reopened his eyes to see Daenerys looking down at him, her soft understanding smile giving him strength.

Jon smiled back, then rose, offering Dany, then Rhaenys his arms, then strode out of his chambers, ready to finally become King.

Jon opened the doors to his room, holding it for Ghost, Daenerys and Rhaenys to step through, then followed the pair, he was greeted then by most of the Kingsguard, four knights dressed in their finest armour, all of it perfectly polished and shiny, Jon smiled, as soon as he set his crown on, these knights would be his Kingsguard, and he was unbelievably grateful for these men who have dedicated their lives to him. Jon still needed to speak to them in altering their vows, but he would be making other changes to the Kingsguard as well, Jon needed his family to grow, and having only seven knights covering more than seven Targaryens would be inadequate.

Ser Gerold gave him a quick appraisal then nodded, while Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell held a large smile. Rhaegar was one of their best friends, it only made sense for them to be happy to see his son on the throne finally. Lastly Ser Barristan took vigil next to Daenerys and Rhaenys. The four, taking their positions and walking with the three of them and Ghost towards the Great hall.

Daenerys and Rhaenys walked in front of him, and Jon really could not believe how good each of them looked, it certainly took his mind off of things, as the overwhelming responsibility he would be stepping into would be his as soon as that crown was placed on his head. Jon just focused on the sway of each of their arses, not even really bothered if he was caught looking. He felt Ghost’s fur in his fingers, and grabbed it, grateful that his loyal companion was by his side for these tense moments. Ghost would ground him.

The group quickly reached the entrance to the hall, and Grandmother and Viserys were waiting. Grandmother quickly rushed forward to bring him into an embrace, Jon hugged her back, but took a moment to school his emotions before facing her again, he needed to be strong.

Grandmother separated from him, and Jon took her in, she looked ethereal, and Jon voiced his thoughts, “you look beautiful Grandmother, there is no one else I’d rather have by my side today.” And he saw love reflected in her eyes, and it made Jon smile which she returned.

Viserys came over and clapped him on the shoulder in a brotherly fashion, Jon then brought him into a hug, Viserys then jested, “Is there something going on today that I do not know about?” and Jon laughed. He was grateful for his Uncle, but Viserys seemed grateful for him as well, Viserys also held a sort of nervous energy, like he was more excited than Jon was. It made sense as his betrothal
to Arianne would be official today.

Jon took one last look at Rhaenys and Daenerys, Rhaenys came and hugged him first, and she whispered into his ear, “I’m happy for you brother, let us rule,” and then stepped back. Daenerys came forward and said, “I have faith in you Jae, you will make a Great King,” and Jon appreciated both of their words, but he knew it was time.

Jon took Grandmother’s arm, and walked behind Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan as they opened the doors for them. Jon was met with a massive crowd of people, there was no seats, so everyone was standing but the Gold cloaks kept order. Targaryen banners were everywhere, and to Jon’s delight there was some Stark ones as well.

Jon listened as the herald introduced them all, and silenced persisted in the hall. Jon looked over the crowd to see all of the Great Families in attendance, and was comforted that his Stark family was at the front, seeing their faces brought some needed relief, Daenerys had decided accordingly. Jon passed the throne, and saw the High Septon waiting, he then escorted Grandmother to her spot, and saw Viserys, Daenerys, and Rhaenys settle next to her.

Jon took the steps to the throne, and paused at the top, he clicked his tongue for Ghost to come, and waited for his wolf to settle next to him. Ghost did without problem, but the High Septon was surprised to say the least, his eyes widened to the amount it was comical, and Jon smiled at the man, as did most of the people in the crowd.

Jon took his knees in front of the throne, facing the crowd, and he looked into the faces that were present. His Targaryen and Stark family was to his right, the Vale, and Dornish lords behind them. Then on the other side he spotted the Reach, West, Storm and towards the back Crown lords. In front of him, were people he had learnt of and respected by the Maester in Winterfell, but now he would be leading them.

Jon turned to look towards the high Septon, and he was holding the crown of Jaehaerys the first, the simple gold band, with the seven coloured gemstones placed within the band. He had simply assumed he would take the same crown as the Mad King, but it seemed his Grandmother had changed plans. He looked over at her, and she was beaming in pride, he would have to speak of the crown to her afterwards.

Jon felt the High Septon come behind him, he held the crown over top of Jon’s head, and spoke some words of prayer and encouragement. Jon kept his hand buried in Ghost’s fur, but largely ignored the High Septon, as nice as his words probably were, Jon did not care for the encouragement of a person he did not necessarily appreciate nor care for. Jon kept his eyes closed and said his own prayer, one he had learnt from Uncle Ned, a prayer of the Old Gods, the Old Gods had always represented peace to him, and right now peace of mind was needed.
Jon felt the crown touch his head, it felt good, settling nicely around his head, his thick head of hair filling it out. He started listening again to hear the High Septon speaking the titles, “Jaehaerys of the House Targaryen and Stark, Third of his name, King of the Andals and the First Men and Lord of the Seven Kingdoms.” There was a pregnant pause, and then the High Septon called out, “Long may he reign!” and the resounding roar from the crowd repeating the sentiment was genuine. It was then followed by a loud applause.

Jon stood, and Ghost stood with him, the applause continuing, he looked towards his family and saw his Grandmother shedding tears of happiness, he looked towards the Starks and saw them all smiling bright, but his Uncle Ned was the most emotional he had ever seen him, his face contorted in a happy yet reflecting smile.

Jon smiled widely at them both, then accepted the applause for a moment, merely taking it all in. After a few moments he turned, and walked to the throne, giving the High Septon a nod, and urging Ghost to follow.

Jon reached the throne, but turned to look at his Grandmother one more time, but when he turned to look his eyes met Daenerys’ and she gave him a firm nod, as if saying ‘go on’ and Jon knew right then that his life was about to change, but he would have his family with him the entire time. Daenerys’ actions only confirmed it.

He put his hands on either side of the Throne, feeling the rough edges of the swords, but he then turned and sat, gesturing for Ghost to lie down at his feet, Jon took his first look at his great hall from the throne, and everyone in the room simultaneously took a knee, their loyalty once again being reaffirmed to the crown. It was a big moment and Jon now had the loyalty of the Great Houses of Westeros officially.

Everyone then stood when Jon gestured for them to rise, and the people in the hall had started mingling, they were speaking and chatting with one another, some more animated then others but most of the people were just genuinely enjoying themselves. He looked to his family and saw that the Starks and Targaryens were actually speaking to one another, Sansa, Arya and Robb speaking with Daenerys and Rhaenys while Viserys and Grandmother were speaking with Uncle Ned and Aunt Cat.

The first person to reaffirm their loyalty personally was the Grand Maester. Pycelle hobbled up the steps his links clanking as he walked, and gave Jon a slight bow. Jon barely acknowledged it but the man walked off. A few more people did the same, Jon recognized a few of them but had never spoken to them, they simply bowed, and went on their way.
Jon was then approached by his Grandmother, she smiled bright, she looked so proud and prideful it made Jon’s chest squeeze in happiness. She then took up her position as hand of the King next to Jon. As she took her position, Jon noticed Ser Gerold make his way over to her, and he watched as he presented Grandmother with the badge of the Hand of the King.

Jon was uncertain why the Lord Commander of the Kingsguard would have it, but he watched as Grandmother’s jaw dropped, she quickly composed herself, and thanked Ser Gerold, then slid the pin on over her collarbone, Jon grinned widely at her and she gave him a smug one back. It was a lovely moment, and Jon would not forget her face when she saw the pin again for the first time.

Jon turned his focus back to the people approaching him, some more blank faces came forward to bow, Lord Varys and Petyr Baelish, then a couple of lords of the Crown lands. Jon looked over the crowd and saw Viserys with Arianne as they should be, while Daenerys and Rhaenys were mingling with multiple people. Rhaenys was with Renly, the two looking to be getting along swimmingly, while Daenerys was speaking with Myrcella and Tommen, and that made him smile, hopefully Daenerys would get along with the Lannister pair.

Jon was then approached by the Stark family, Uncle Ned came first and bowed, but Jon did not want to let him leave without acknowledging him. “Uncle Ned, I cannot begin to display my thanks for you, you raised me to be the man I am today, and without you and Aunt Cat, I would not be sitting here.” Ned looked to be holding in his emotions, but he smiled, “Thank you Jon, I know your Mother would be proud.” And that made Jon smile bright, seeing his vision blur slightly, trying to hold in his happy tears. He felt his Grandmother grip his hand, and he looked up at her, but she was looking at Uncle Ned, she looked back towards him and said “I know your father would be proud too,” and Jon could not stop himself from standing and pulling her into an embrace, quickly brining Uncle Ned into the hug as well.

The three of them certainly made for an odd sight, the three of them emotional and openly showing affection in front of all of the people in the room but Jon could not find himself to care. Jon had a gaping hole in his heart regarding his parents, both dying before or as he was born, he never really had the love of a parent the same way others did. Uncle Ned and Aunt Cat did their best, and loved him plenty, but he was not one of their own, they would always love a son or daughter more than a nephew.

Jon had to come to terms with that, and it hardened him emotionally, but whenever his parents were mentioned, he simply wanted to live up to the noble Prince Rhaegar and the Wild wolf of Winterfell in Lyanna.

The three of them separated, and Jon was holding back his tears, he took a few deep breaths and settled. He saw that the eyes of both his Uncle and Grandmother were similar to his. He wiped at his eyes, making sure they were clear when he stepped away from them.
As he stepped away he noticed that a small hush had taken over the hall, most of the people looking up towards them. Jon sent the crowd a glare, annoyed.

Jon quickly schooled his features, taking on an unemotional mask, he gripped his Uncle’s arm, and kissed his Grandmother’s hand before he sat back on the Throne, the small moment between the three of them ruined.

Jon remained completely unemotional the rest of the time, his face was set into an icy mask. No matter who stepped towards him, Jon remained impassive, nodding and giving gentle words when needed. The need for him to stay unemotional was important because of everyone seeing him show emotion with Uncle Ned and Grandmother, he could not show favouritism and he could not show weakness. It was weird treating people he would consider his friends or people he had grown close with since he arrived to Kings Landing so indifferently but it was necessary.

After sitting on the throne for almost two hours accepting the loyalty from all of the great Lords in attendance, Jon called a halt, his arse was hurting and he could not give a fuck if people wanted to continue to gossip. Jon left with his Grandmother, escorting her out, Ghost, Viserys, Arianne, Daenerys and Rhaenys following.

Once they stepped through the doors Jon immediately stretched out his muscles, him doing this forced everyone else to pause behind him, and they created a small group, Jon look towards Viserys and Arianne, “Go, be back in time for the feast,” Viserys bowed and Arianne curtseyed and they left in the direction of the Gardens.

Jon then looked towards Daenerys and Rhaenys, “you two can go as well, I am tired and planning on napping, I was awoken very early this morning.” Rhaenys nodded and surprisingly said nothing as she headed towards her rooms, she must have planned something. Daenerys remained for a few moments, shooting Jon a look of concern. So Jon continued, “If you wish to speak come with me to my rooms,” and she nodded, with a gentle smile. Jon then looked towards his Grandmother, but she spoke before he could, “Any orders for me my King?” smiling sweetly. Jon smiled back at her, “Of course not, but I do wish for you to rest as well, you stood by my side, go and rest your feet.” She leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek, “A very favourable order my dearest,” she then turned and walked in the direction of her chambers, Jon put his elbow out for Daenerys, she took it and Ghost lead them to his chambers, Ser Oswell and Ser Arthur in tow.

Once they made it into his chambers, Ghost immediately went towards the food that was set out and Jon fed Ghost whatever he wanted, eating some food to ease his own hunger as well. He offered some to Daenerys and she ate a few bites citing she would eat more at the feast. Jon then stripped himself of his cloak, but as he went to take his cloak off, he realized that his crown was stuck in his hair and it cause for a painful tug. Truthfully he forgot his crown was on, the weight becoming
nothing but an afterthought after a while.

Daenerys chuckled at him, but came over to help him, she pulled his hand until he sat in a chair, then stood in front of him as she began to untangle the crown from his hair. Jon leaned forward and rested his forehead against her stomach, closing his eyes and breathing in Daenerys’ soft perfume. It was a rather intimate moment, and these were happening more and more between him and Daenerys, it was so domestic that Jon could see it happening again and again and again.

Jon then remembered the look they shared when Jon was about to sit on the throne, he may not have done it purposefully but he sought Daenerys’ eyes, and Daenerys’ approval when he was about to sit himself down on the throne. Thinking back on it, he pictured her standing there beside him, looking regal and royal in a crown of her own. It was something that deeply appealed to him.

Jon felt Daenerys move the crown from his head, but she did not move him, she cupped the back of his head, bringing it closer and just continued to run her fingers through his hair, scratching at his scalp.

Jon looked at the situation in a careful way, Daenerys had proven herself to be someone intelligent and smart, with the realm as a whole as something she cared for. She was quiet and thoughtful but was unafraid to speak her mind, and even spoke up when she thought Jon was doing something wrong. Daenerys had just watched him sit on the throne for the first time, and she was immediately concerned for him, not fake congratulating him or requesting something from him. She came with him to care for him, to help him remove his royal persona and then looked to comfort him. Jon knew as she continued to run her fingers through his hair, her very presence calming him that, Daenerys was to be Queen.

Jon turned his head up, so his chin was pressed against her stomach, instead of leaning into her, he pulled Daenerys so she was standing between his spread legs. It was an odd angle, with the underside of her bust blocking the bottom half of her face, but Jon could see her eyes, and they were looking at him with a gentle awe. She leaned down and placed a sweet kiss to his lips, she stood up again but continued to look at him, then spoke, “How are you feeling?”

Jon was feeling fine, he had just sat on the Throne for the first time, his life had completely lead up to this point, but the moment he shared with his Grandfather and Uncle was ruined, so he was slightly bitter about that but he had just been made certain that he would accept Daenerys as his queen and he was ecstatic for the future they would share, the overwhelming joy sparked through his blood and he could not hold back the biggest smile.

Daenerys saw his happiness and his white teeth and looked at him with pride and love. Jon was overwhelmed with the mix of positive emotions flowing through to him, and he could not come up with a proper way to tell her, so he hugged her close, still looking up at her, she wrapped her arms
completely around his head, and once again trying not to shed tears, in a deep voice full of emotion he stated, “My Queen.”

Jon watched the emotions cross Daenerys’ face, but the last one that she settled on was confusion, “Jae?” prompting him to explain. “When I took the throne, our eyes met, you were standing to the side, but in that moment I knew that you should be standing beside me.” Jon paused, he reached up to wipe away some tears that had fallen from Daenerys’ eyes, “I am certain within time I will love you,” Jon paused again to swallow, his emotions getting the best of him, “you will make a perfect queen.”

Daenerys reaction was to nod fervently, her emotions getting the best of her as well, she then began placing kisses all across Jon’s face, Jon was smiling so much his cheeks hurt, he reached up to wipe the happy tears from Daenerys from her cheeks. Daenerys spoke for the first time and she jested, “Now I feel even guiltier about this morning,” letting out a watery laugh afterwards, Jon laughing along with her.

Jon then pulled her down for a kiss, and it was a soft slow kiss, their tongues meeting and dueling, as they kissed, Daenerys went down onto her knees, she was kneeling between his legs as he leaned down to kiss her now.

Jon separated from the kiss and cupped her face, he had not gotten a specific answer from her so he smiled bright, “Do you accept your new position?” and Daenerys hit him on the arm. “Of course, Jaehaerys, now kiss me.” And he did just that, reconnecting their lips to continue their affection.

Once again, Jon’s mind began to race, he should definitely tell Daenerys of all of his plans before she formally accepts, she would probably have to share him, and without the influence of his own parents he would need a lot of help when it came to parenting their own children. It was to be a complicated life, and to have a complicated husband, Jon had more faith in Daenerys handling it then he did in himself.

Daenerys seemed to notice his mind was elsewhere while they kissed and separated, she looked insecure for a moment but steeled herself, “Already having second thoughts?” she jested, but Jon recognized that he needed to reassure her, he would not have her doubting herself because of him. “Absolutely not, but we really need to speak before you formally accept. There are a lot of caveats to marrying me.” Daenerys nodded seriously, and she looked to speak again but Jon shushed her with a kiss, then spoke again, “We can handle that later, let us enjoy the moment.” Daenerys nodded and smiled, Jon leaned down to reconnect their lips. The view Jon had of Daenerys was incredible, she was on her knees between his legs, her hands settling high up on his thighs, but he looked down and her breasts were nearly on full display, he was looking down her dress, which was already rather low cut, and Jon had the burning desire to kiss and lick and suck on her fleshy orbs. She looked glorious.
Daenerys must have noticed where he was looking, and she gave him a heated look, then pulled the straps down off of her dress, letting her tits free, and Jon pounced. He kissed her hard again, then put his hands under her arms so she would stand, keeping their lips connected, kissing passionately, Jon reached for her teats, cupping them, then pinching her pretty pink peaks.

Daenerys moaned into his mouth, and Jon reached around her with both hands, he cupped her arse, then slid his hands lower, picking her up off of her feet, Daenerys yelped, but as Jon walked the both of them towards his bed, she began to untie the tunic he was wearing, attempting to pull it off as they walked.

Jon unceremoniously dumped Daenerys onto the bed, he took a second to take her in, Daenerys’ kiss bruised lips, her neck, ears and cheeks red with beard burn. Her creamy white neck, leading down to her torso, her perky breasts capped with pink peaks. The thing that had Jon feeling so happy, was that her violet eyes were showing lust and love, Jon wanted to paint her, and hold this picture of her next to his heart for the rest of his life.

Jon pulled off his tunic, but left his breeches on, he then kissed up Daenerys body, he started at her feet, then planted wet kisses up her calves, shifting the skirt of her dress out of the way, he kissed up her leg, and saw a wet patch on her small clothes, she was wet. Jon could feel her impatience, her body vibrating with sexual want, but Jon continued to kiss up her inner thigh, then removed himself from her skirts, kissing along where her dress had folded over. Jon heard Daenerys moan, but her impatience was felt when she clawed her hands into Jon’s hair, pulling on it roughly.

Jon chuckled heavily, liking the effect he had on her, but he continued to take it slow, planting a few kisses around her belly button, then running his nose along the underside of her breasts, the soft skin there feeling good against this face. He carefully avoided her peaks, then placed wet kisses in between her breasts, then doing the same across her collarbones. When he pulled away from her, she was breathing heavily through her nose, her cheeks, neck and ears were bright red in arousal, the buildup proving to be much for her.

Jon chuckled, the teasing had worked, she looked about ready to burst. He planted a quick kiss on her lips, but then pulled away as she chased. She then spoke determinedly, “Jaehaerys if you do not touch me you will be losing a Queen.” The fierceness to which she spoke had Jon surprised, he leaned down to place a firm kiss on her lips, this time staying and accepting her plunging her tongue into his mouth, returning the affection. Jon pulled away, but stayed close, “now you know how I felt this morning,” leaning in to kiss her again, but he felt her exasperation through a huff against his lips.

Jon then quickly, dipped down her body and licked along her teat, then latched his lips around the pebbled peak, his hand reaching over to pinch the other, Daenerys moaned loudly, finally getting some relief. He stayed to suck on her teats for a few moments, reveling in how her breathing settled and her moans continued. She had a hand in his hair, directing his mouth, where and how she wanted to be sucked, and Jon obliged.
Jon then pulled away from her, and began kissing down her body, he dipped under her skirts, and immediately pushed his fingers along her cunt. Jon was so hard, with his other hand he reached down to palm at his own cock, finding some relief for himself, but Daenerys’ hands raking along his back had him refocusing on her.

Jon pulled her small clothes aside, the flimsy material sliding out of the way, and for the first time Jon was seeing Dany’s perfect cunt. It was pretty and pink, the same colour as her lips, she was well trimmed, just a small patch of hair at the top of her pussy. As he parted the outer folds to slide his fingers onto her, Daenerys moaned loud, and sank her hands deeper into his back, and hair. Jon focused his attentions on her clit, leaning in to lick and suck at it, tasting his future Queen’s cunt.

Jon kept sucking at her clit, Daenerys’ moans growing in volume, he then pushed a finger inside of her, and her pussy sucked it in, the warm wet heat pulling him deeper. He proceeded to eat at her and finger her, but when Daenerys’ moans stopped for her to say, “Another nephew…. Another finger,” he added a second, and it was moments later when Daenerys peaked, her cunt leaking fluids in to his mouth and hand as she moaned as loud as he had ever heard her.

Jon pulled himself out from her skirts, watching her chest rise and fall, Daenerys met his eyes, and smiled tiredly, Jon smiled back, then wiped off her essence, meeting her eyes and bringing his fingers into his mouth. Daenerys’ eyes widened when he mmmm’d, showing his like of her taste. She tasted sweet and tart, a tasty treat.

Jon then settled on top of her, making sure to keep his weight light on her, their bare torso’s touching completely, her tits squished up against his chest. They shared some soft kisses as she recovered, her breathing still not settled. “you taste good Auntie.” Jon said, lust coating his words.

Daenerys’ eyes hooded in arousal, she then spoke lust dripping from her words as well, “turn over, I wish to taste you.” And Jon hurriedly obeyed, wondering what she would do. Jon laid on his back, and Daenerys lied on top of him, she began placing kisses on his face again, then his lips. Jon quickly spoke, “you better not tease me, this morning was torture,” Daenerys only nodded.

Jon’s cock was confined in his breeches, it was straining the leathers, and Daenerys palmed at it, rubbing along the length of it. Jon repositioned himself so he was no longer lying flat on his back, he scooted up the bed, so his back was in the pillows, sitting nearly upright against the headboard. He wanted a good view of whatever his Aunt would do to him. Daenerys then pulled at his waistband, undoing the buttons, she pulled his breeches over his hips, his small clothes coming with them. Jon let out a sigh as his cock was freed, and Daenerys immediately settled her hand on it, stroking slowly.
Jon moaned, and felt Daenerys place one last kiss on his lips before she kissed down his chest, placing wet kisses across his torso, he settled a hand into her hair, just waiting for her to act. Daenerys continued to stroke his cock, her hand taking up about a third of the length, some pre-cum leaked out the top and she used it as lubricant, running her hand across the head to wet her hand further.

Daenerys then pushed his thighs apart, settling between them, Jon watched as she ran the tip of his cock across her face, planting soft kisses on the underside of it, continuing to stroke. Jon was not one to brag, but he had a fairly large cock, it easily covered about a third of Daenerys’ face in thickness, and the length nearly reached from her chin to her hair line.

Daenerys continued to kiss it, stroking his foreskin, she added her tongue, sliding it up and down the sides of him. Jon moaned loudly, she was very good at this. This was made further evident when Daenerys took him into her mouth, she sucked in the head, the wet heat of her mouth making Jon moan again.

Daenerys then went to work, taking more and more of Jon’s cock into her mouth, sucking at it as she wanted, and Jon was in heaven. If this was what he was getting with her as queen he’d marry her tomorrow. Daenerys bobbed and bobbed her head, using her spit as lubricant as she continuously sucked and licked at Jon’s cock.

Daenerys then pulled all the way off, gave Jon a filthy smile while meeting his eyes, “How am I doing nephew?” and Jon could have come right there, but he gripped her hair, directing her back onto his cock. She immediately took as much of it as she could, and Jon watched as she swallowed, pulling him further down her throat, deep throating him a few extra inches, while she continued to stroke the extra few inches with her hand.

Jon could feel his balls boiling, the beginnings of his climax beginning, Daenerys held him in her throat for a few moments, and then pulled off, saliva connecting between him and her lips, as if Daenerys could read his mind, she dipped beneath his cock to pull one of his stones into her mouth. Still stroking his now very wet cock.

“Dany… please,” Jon was very close, and he needed his release. She looked up at him, and seeing the impatience in his face, she doubled down on his cock, working both hands, one fondling his stones while the other stroked him along with her mouth. Within seconds Jon was on the brink of release, and he let her know vocally, “Fuck Dany… I’m…gonna come.” And to Jon’s surprise, instead of pulling off so he could come on his sheets, Daenerys took him back into her mouth, and Jon exploded.

Jon came and came, shooting probably six or seven heavy bursts of come into her mouth, the entire time their eyes were connected, and Jon had not thought he had ever been a part of something so
erotic in his life. He watched as his thick cock, spurted his seed into his Aunt’s mouth, as her eyes displayed the lust and affection she held for him.

Once he finished, he lied back, breathing heavily, and Daenerys rose above him, and let out a large swallow, the sound making Jon’s eyes connect to hers once again. Daenerys opened her mouth, to show that she did indeed swallow his seed, then fell on top of him, both of them breathing heavily, but catching their breath. Daenerys’ wildness sexually surprised him, but it was a pleasant surprise, one he would certainly not complain about.

Jon wrapped his arms around her, and shifted so that they would be lying side by side, and once they were face to face again, she leaned forward and kissed him, Jon made sure to keep his mouth closed, as her lips had just been on his cock and she huffed at him, pouting adorably.

Jon then thought about it and asked, “where did you learn to do that?” his Northern accent coming through. Daenerys shrugged, “Rhaenys is Dornish and has Dornish cousins, they tell stories.” Jon accepted her answer, truthfully he did not mind if she had been with a man but he had confirmed her being a maiden when he had his fingers in her cunt, he had pushed against her maidenhead.

After getting crowned and sitting on the throne for the first time, then receiving the best blowjob of his life, Jon almost immediately fell asleep as he settled into the pillows. Daenerys’ eyes had similarly been drooping, but Jon reached across to cup her face, he let out a deep hum to get her attention, and her hooded eyes connected with his, “My Queen,” he spoke softly. Daenerys reached up to grab his hand, a soft smile gracing her lips before she closed her eyes. Jon doing the same.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hey Everyone,

Hope all of you are having a good Saturday,

I'm not looking forward to the episode tomorrow at all, i'll watch, but probably have others things going on at the same time.

I saw a real quote from GRRM on Instagram the other day, "One Dragon in recorded History has been brought down from the air by a projectile, and it was a one in a million shot.... a mature dragon in the air is virtually invulnerable." great job DxD, makes total sense.

Either way, this chapter is finishing up coronation day, I plan for one or two more chapters, then a time jump.

More Life,

Jon

Jon awoke alone, he had expected that, the feast was soon, and Daenerys’ internal clock probably had her waking so she could prepare to get ready. Jon looks over across his bed and sees a note on the pillow Daenerys was sleeping on. ‘Had to go get ready for the feast, see you soon, my King.’ It was nice of her to leave a note, but Jon would have figured it out if she had not.

Jon turned over onto his back, letting his arms stretch out, his back and neck muscles stretching as he spreads out. He then lies back on his pillow, looking straight up at the ceiling, Jon sank deeper into his plush mattress.

Jon had just committed to a Queen, and it felt good, he was further securing his reign, and securing the future of House Targaryen when he eventually pumps a baby into his Aunt. Taking Dany as a wife was perfect, but he knows the Lords and Ladies will be upset that they are not securing an alliance with the royal family. It’s not like Jon had a lot of people to work with, the Royal family that are able to have children are at four, and with Jon needing to take a Targaryen wife to continue the Targaryen bloodline it changed to three. Including himself.

He might be able to use their small numbers to his advantage though. If he were to marry Rhaenys off to a second son, then he could possibly convince them to have their children’s name be Targaryen.
That had Jon thinking, his sister was strong willed and overbearing, but she was not stupid. Considering how well her and Renly Baratheon got along, they would be able to be husband and wife without a problem, with Rhaenys likely controlling the relationship. Jon would only have to send Loras as the Kingsguard to protect Rhaenys, Then Rhaenys would practically run the castle herself. An extremely loyal sister in a castle that he chose would be a massive boon for Jon.

The more Jon thought about it, the more it made sense. The Targaryen name would grow, the only problem was that Renly and Rhaenys were unlikely to conceive considering Renly would rather have the company of a man then a woman. Jon could solve that problem with his own cock, but he was uncertain on whether Rhaenys would want that. Jon would do nearly anything to have her be happy as he sent her away but it would be necessary for his reign and to further secure the Targaryen family. Being King required making tough decisions, but Jon certainly did not want sending away his sister to be one of the first.

Jon could do other things first, like fixing the Kingsguard, or fixing the corruption in Kings Landing. That was actually something that could go together. Jon wished to expand the Kingsguard a good amount, but if he were to assign these knights to double their duty as part of the City Watch he would need to have one of the Kingsguard to lead the fight against corruption in the capital. That would be moving in the right direction, someone whose loyalty could not be bought in charge of the City Watch? Perfect.

Having Loras sworn in as Kingsguard tonight at the feast would be a good thing, the Kingsguard would once again be seven and he could immediately take on his new role. Jon stood and slid his small clothes and breeches back on, he noticed that there still was a lot of time before the feast would begin, so he went and opened his door. He spotted Ser Jonothor standing guard. “Gather your brothers and bring them here, I would like to speak to all of you, have other Targaryen guards, guard my family in the meantime.” The Ser shot him a look of confusion but asked, “and who will guard you? My King” Jon shrugged, “Ghost is here, go”

And Ser Jonothor nodded and went to do his task.

Jon went back inside and cleaned himself up in the wash basin. Wiping off his face and navel, the dried sweat and left over release of him and Daenerys being washed off. He put on a new tunic, then put on his sword belt, taking Longclaw and then putting on his cloak again, taking on the Kingly persona once more. Within a few moments, there was a knock on the door, and the Lord commander called out, “my King, you wished to see us?” and Jon called out welcoming the men inside.

The six of them walked in bowing, Jon gestured for them to take seats, and they did. Jon spoke, “At tonight’s feast, I need one of you to swear Ser Loras into the Kingsguard.” Most of the men nodded but Ser Gerold looked confused, “Your Grace, you can swear him in?” and Jon shook his head, “I am not knighted, it would make me feel better if one of you did it, so nobody could question his oaths.” A unanimous acceptance from the men.
“I do not care which one of you do it, so decide now.” Jon looked across the table, and there was silence. The silence held for a few seconds, but then Ser Arthur spoke, “your Grace, as none of us squired him, it is ultimately your decision,” Jon knew that, but he wanted someone to take initiative. “Good, this is something I wish to speak on.” He paused so his words settled. “No longer will the Kingsguard be blindly loyal, the six of you were present during the worst of the Mad King, I wish for each of you to speak up if you see me making similar mistakes or behaviors to him.”

Silence was held, the men looking between each other, before Ser Barristan found his voice. “your Grace, the Kingsguard must be completely loyal to the King, our lives our yours as you see fit.” That was unacceptable. “I expect your loyalty Ser Barristan, but if one of you had not stepped in during the Mad King’s reign would my Father not have been alive? Would Rickard Stark?” Jon paused letting his words sink in, “Thousands of lives would have been saved and I am not placing the blame on any of you, you were only following your vows but I will have you swear new ones if you will not do as I say and tell me when my impulses are wrong.”

There was a thick silence after that, a stunned silence, Jon was asking them to alter their vows and to speak when they were only supposed to be guards. He would have to explain further but all of the men looked to accept his words. Jon then spoke again, “Ser Jaime you will swear in Ser Loras,” and watched as Jaime nodded.

Jon had tackled one problem but needed to settle another. “That is not the only reason why I have brought you here. I wish to expand on the Kingsguard and give new responsibilities.” This had them all turning to face Jon, they were all wearing similar questioning expressions. “The six of you, including Ser Loras but not including Ser Gerold, will personally choose four fighters to serve under you. These men will be sworn in for five years, they will report to each of you, and they are under your responsibility. They will help guard the royal family as it grows but also to serve in the City Watch.” Jon paused again, letting them take in his words, he then continued, “As we all know the City Watch is fucking pathetic, and crime in Kings Landing is high, we need to rectify that, as the second most experienced man in the Kingsguard the responsibility of working with Janos Slynt and heading the operation will be Ser Barristan.” Ser Barristan’s face took a look of shock, and Jon smiled at the man. Ser Barristan stood and bowed, “I am honoured, my King.” Jon smiled at the man, then jested, “it will not be much of an honour when you begin to work with Janos.” Then men chuckled.

“Ser Barristan, you have full responsibility to use any of the Kingsguard, you will have to speak to Ser Gerold, as he will be overseeing all of you, and all of you will report to him how your four knights are doing. Ser Gerold will then report to me, schedule shifts and attend Small council meetings.” Jon then thought about it, “your role largely stays the same Ser, more people to manage but less guard duty.” And Ser Gerold nodded, a small smile on his face showing he was pleased with his new role.

Jon then looked across the table, all of the men looked content, there was not any displeasing
expressions so Jon continued, “Good, this new format forces each of you to use your brains… you too, Oswell, which includes telling me when a highborn lady knocks on my chambers.” Shooting a glare at him, bringing up when he allowed Myrcella to enter his chambers unannounced. The other men shot Oswell a glare, but he smiled, “my apologies, my King.” Jon nodded at him.

Jon stood, the others standing with him, “Now do any of you have any questions?” and Ser Jonothor spoke for the first time, “When do you require us to choose four guards? your Grace” and Jon shrugged, “I do not care, I will announce the changes at the feast after Ser Loras is sworn in, have them come to Kings Landing at any point.” And then Ser Jaime spoke, “Do they need to be knights? My King,” and Jon looked at him dryly, “No, if you trust they are honourable then we are fine.” Jon then gestured for the men to leave, he watched as they all bowed, and headed out.

Jon settled back into his chair, and slumped into his seat for a moment, he ran his fingers along his temples, trying to soothe the slight ache that had formed. It was strange delegating responsibility to men who were decades his senior. These men were sworn to him and his family, so he would have to get used to ordering around the six most lethal men in the realm.

Jon knew he had to speak to his Grandmother about some things, he had to talk to her about his ideas and what was going to happen at the feast tonight. He was dreading this conversation as he did not want his Grandmother to pick apart his plans, and she was the person who was most likely to.

Jon went over and to his door, whistling for Ghost, and headed towards Grandmothers rooms. She was still in the largest room, the Kings room, and Jon had no intention of forcing her out. Jon knocked on her door, “Grandmother, it’s me.” And the door was quickly opened, his Grandmother waving him in.

Jon quickly went to her table, pouring two goblet’s of wine, he noticed that she had sat down, and kicked her shoes off, allowing her feet to breathe. She looked calm and relaxed, probably just taking the time since his coronation to rest.

Jon settled across from her, handing her the second goblet, then spoke, “I wished to speak, just the two of us about ideas I had and different rules I have already begun to implement.” Grandmother looked surprised but nodded, she looked impressed actually, she must have not expected for Jon to begin to work so quickly after receiving his crown.

Grandmother spoke before Jon continued, “I am sure that whatever you choose to do will be with the betterment of the realm in mind.” And her words had a calming effect on Jon. It reassured him of her support.
Jon then told her of his ideas for an education system, the council changes and the Kingsguard change he was already implementing, as a solution for the poor City Watch. Grandmother was impressed, but raised mostly the same flaws with his plan, she made sure to tell him that Westerosi were very stuck in their ways, and it would take little bits of change at a time, and not all at once. Then when Jon spoke of the Kingsguard, she got rather emotional. Jon did not want to ask to bring up memories, but it appears that Grandmother’s mistreatment by the Mad King was known by the Kingsguard, and they were unable to do anything about it. That infuriated Jon, and just made Jon even more certain about his changing of the vows.

Grandmother’s sadness was quickly switched to one of gratefulness, and from her seat she reached her arms out, her face open and earnest, Jon slid over to her, kneeling in front of her so they were eye level, and pulled her into a hug. Grandmother wrapped her hands around his head, pulling him so they their chins were resting on each other’s shoulders.

Jon loved these moments with Grandmother, the way he was able to change Westeros to make sure that the bad things that happened to her would never happen again. Not only that but just bonding with her by speaking, going over ideas, and basking in the physical affection. He was growing to love his Targaryen family, and it made the connection between them feel even better.

Eventually, they pulled away from each other, and Grandmother once again planted a kiss on Jon’s cheek. “Thank you, my dearest.” And Jon smiled at her. Then Jon remembered that he should probably speak to her about Daenerys and his relationships. He stayed close to her, and took her hand in his, “We should speak about marriages and alliances.” And with Grandmother’s nod, Jon spoke, “I asked Daenereys if she would be my Queen today.” There was a quick pause, but then Grandmothers face lit up, with the brightest smile he had ever seen on her. Jon hated that he had to break it, “I feel like I need to take a second Queen as well.” and she immediately sobered.

Jon raised his eyebrows questioningly and Grandmother spoke. “Why?” she said simply, so Jon explained, “I feel that with Daenerys I am securing the Targaryen bloodline, but not an alliance with other families, this is desperately needed in the volatile political climate of Westeros.” Jon was very straight forward in his words, trying to remain completely neutral on the issue so that his bias would not show and influence his Grandmothers opinion on the idea. Jon watched as she took a few moments to think about an answer and the small moments felt longer than they were. Jon felt like he had been staring at her for moons, when she finally looked him in the eye and nodded slightly. Jon let out a breath of relief, but she spoke quickly, “Does Daenerys know your intentions?” Jon shook his head no, but explained himself, “I told her we need to speak, and that there will be caveats to marrying me, but the position is there if she wants it.”

Grandmother looked relieved, then spoke again, “I am fine with the idea of you taking two wives, you are killing two birds with one stone.” She paused to send Jon a glare, “Make sure Daenerys knows everything, she will be annoyed if you hide something from her when she has already been married.” Jon nodded seriously. Then listened once again, ‘you’re two queens’ first borns will marry, there will be no Dance of Dragons again, that is an order Jaehaerys.” Truthfully Jon had not even thought that far, but the advice was sound, he smiled thinking knowing that Grandmother technically
could not order him to do anything, but he would respect her advice all the same. “So who will be the second Queen?” and Jon shrugged, “I have yet to decide, but it will not be Rhaenys, she will be needed elsewhere.”

Grandmother looked at Jon suspiciously but then eased, “I had thought the same, Daenerys would make a better Queen while Rhaenys would thrive wherever you send her.” Good, they had agreed on almost every topic, despite the complicated nature of each. Grandmother continued again, “Your second Queen needs to bring wealth and resources Jaehaerys. I trust you to pick, but if I find you with someone whom I do not deem fitting then I will step in.” Jon nodded seriously at her words, he actually appreciated that, Jon could possibly make the wrong decision, but it was good to know his Grandmother would catch him if he did.

Jon and his Grandmother were then interrupted by a knock on the door, Jon called for the person to come in, and Ser Jonothor made himself present, “The feast is soon to begin, your Graces.” Jon felt his Grandmother gripping his hand, so he turned to look at her, she stood and he stood with her, the two embracing once more. She planted a kiss on the cheek, then slipped her hand in his. “You are likely to receive your gifts Jaehaerys, make sure you are grateful and polite, even if you dislike the gift.” And Jon nodded, it would be rather inappropriate if he shunned a gift from a Great family.

Jon escorted his Grandmother out of her chambers, Ghost leading them, while Ser Jonothor and Ser Barristan followed them. Outside the doors to the great hall, Viserys and Arianne were waiting, conversing between each other quietly, they held small smiles, and it was fulfilling to see the two enjoying each other’s company so.

Jon and Grandmother strode over to the pair, Arianne quickly curtseying. “m’Lady, I realize we have not had much time to speak, but I do wish to know my Uncle’s wife better soon.” Arianne smiled, as did Viserys at Jon’s words, but Jon continued, “unlike my sister, and aunt, you being on time also makes me like you better.” This cause a light laughter to settle between the four, Arianne spoke then, “Thank you, my King, my cousin is almost never on time, so you must get used to it.” Jon took an overdramatic sigh of exasperation, and Grandmother gripped his arm fondly, his actions brought a smile to Arianne and Viserys. It was probably an odd sight, seeing their King acting this way but it was more humorous then it was serious.

The four of them chatted amicably for a few more moments, Arianne and Viserys had spent their time having a picnic in the garden, then retired to rest together, the small smile they shared when they mentioned resting implied that their time was likely spent the same way Jon and Daenerys spent theirs. They were just allowed to show it.

Jon then heard the clamoring of armour behind him, and turned with his Grandmother to see his aunt and sister approaching. They had their arms linked, with Ser Arthur and Ser Jaime following them, they looked incredible once again, but Jon did not let their appearance stop him from speaking dryly, “you’re late. Again.”
Daenerys looked mildly offended and Rhaenys immediately looked to respond but Jon put his hand up asking for silence. Jon softened and spoke “I do not care for your reasons, make sure it does not happen again.” And that effectively stopped Rhaenys from speaking. Jon felt his Grandmother grip his arm again, and he looked at her, she gave him a look that said ‘well done’ and then turned so that they were facing the doors once again.

Jon signaled for Ser Jonothor to open the doors, and when he did, he heard the noise of multiple different conversations, the families had already arrived, and the herald then asked for silence. Jon strode forward with his Grandmother, the herald announcing their titles as usual, Jon’s added titles as King announced.

They proceeded to the table, and Jon waited for his family to be seated, but instead of taking a seat himself he stayed standing, filling his goblet with wine. He then spoke, “All of you may stay seated. Before we begin, I would like to say some things.” Jon paused and gestured to the Tyrell family. “As we all know there needs to be a Seventh Kingsguard. After careful consideration and multiple discussions with my current Kingsguard, we have decided that the honour shall go to Ser Loras Tyrell.”

Jon was happy to see that Loras was rather surprised it was to happen so quick, but he was smiling bright, and his family were all congratulating him, there was a light applause from the rest of the families. “If Ser Loras was to step forward, and the honour of swearing in his new brother will go to Ser Jaime Lannister. The youngest Kingsguard swearing in his newest brother.” Ser Loras stepped forward and kneeled in front of the head table, as Ser Jaime left his post to stand in front of the head table.

They spoke the vows, and Ser Jaime did the knighting, once they had finished the crowd erupted in applause, Jon joining in, he smiled bright seeing how happy Loras looked, then side eyed the Tyrell party and saw all of them wearing similar smiles to Loras. It was nice to see. “Ser Loras you may enjoy your night, your duties begin tomorrow, where you will report to Ser Gerold.”

Jon let the applause expire, then spoke again, “On the topic of the Kingsguard, I am going to be making some changes to their vows and to their responsibilities.” Jon paused, letting his words ring out. “Ser Barristan will now work with the Lord Commander of the City Watch, He requested help, and he will receive help from the Kingsguard.” There was a round of applause, acknowledging the order but Jon continued, “With new roles, means more responsibility, this responsibility will need to be spread out, which is why Ser Barristan, Ser Arthur, Ser Oswell, Ser Jonothor, Ser Jaime, and Ser Loras will each pick four men to serve under them, and under Ser Gerold. These men will double as Kingsguard and City Watchmen. It will be a short sentence of five years, but it will be an honour to serve.”
This time heavy applause was heard, Lords already were looking around as if plotting for the new positions. “If anyone has any questions regarding the new positions they may speak to one of the Kingsguard, myself or my Grandmother,” as he listed off each he gestured to them, smiling at his Grandmother when his eyes met hers. “but for now, let us eat!” gesturing for the servants to bring the food out.

The food was brought out, and Jon took his seat. He felt a hand grip his arm, and turned to find Daenerys giving him a soft smile, he smiled back, he then took her hand, giving her knuckles a kiss, “you look splendid tonight,” he spoke normally, then whispered, “my Queen.” And she shot him an affectionate look. The food was then placed on the table, and he made himself and Daenerys a plate, handing her plate to her with a grin, Daenerys thanked him, but then very carefully and deliberately wiped her fingers around her lips.

Jon’s eyes widened, then hooded in arousal, he could feel his cock stirring but watched as Daenerys smiled devilishly, Jon had to quickly look away else he leans in to her further then he already was.

Jon turned to his meal and began to eat, completely focusing on his food as Daenerys turned out to be a welcome distraction. He quickly finished his meal, and the servants cleared his and the rest of his family’s plates away. Jon then noticed, that there were people approaching the table, it was the Vale Lords, with Lord Jon Arryn leading them. They all bowed, and Jon smiled at Lord Arryn. He then spoke, “my King, I wish to bestow a gift, it is not one of great expense but I hope it holds some sentimental value for you.” Jon smiled, “Lord Arryn, I am sure that what you chose will be greatly appreciated.”

Lord Arryn smiled again, and he stepped forward, pulling a shield out from behind his back. It wasn’t so much, the quality of the shield that surprised Jon but what was painted on it. He heard his Grandmother gasp next to him, and saw her mouth slightly open. The design on the shield was a white Weirwood tree, the red leaves and white trunk painted beautifully. In the centre of the trunk, was a highly detailed picture of a laughing face, the exact same design that Jon’s mother had used during the infamous tournament of Harrenhall.

It was a rather bold gift, coming from a man who had rebelled against the crown, but judging by his Grandmother’s face no offense had been taken and Jon immediately accepted the gift. He was holding back emotions trying to remain strong, but the memory of his mother was a creative and sentimental gift. Jon immediately thanked the Vale Lords, stating how deeply he appreciated the gift. It felt good coming from Jon Arryn because Jon and Uncle Ned’s relationship. He would have met and known his Mother well, so the gift was one of pure sincerity.

Even as they settled back into their seats, Jon could not stop staring at the shield, he had set it onto the table, and just kept looking at it and rubbing his hands over the painting. It was very high quality, and Lord Arryn was right when he said it would have sentimental value. It was not his Mother’s very shield but the piece of her was worth more to Jon then almost anything else.
Other great lords bestowing gifts came next, the Tully’s gifted some armour, the Lannisters some gold and jewelry for him and his family, the Martell’s thoughtfully gifted Jon a well-crafted spear. Oberyn remembering his words about them. They then added to the gift by providing some clothing for Jon and there was less material on the clothing provided then Jon would expect in Rhaenys’ wardrobe. Oberyn had a sordid smile as Jon accepted that gift, it was mostly meant to tease and Jon accepted it with grace nonetheless. The Baratheon’s came forward and gifted Jon some Northern Ale which he chuckled at, but appreciated. Lord Stannis must have asked Uncle Ned what to get him.

The next up were the Tyrell’s, as overly grand as they were, Mace Tyrell gestured for the doors to open as he and his family made their way to the front. Tyrell soldiers and servants then rolled in five carts of food, it was definitely a symbolic gesture because as they came forward Margaery stood next to her father, and everyone in the room knew what the real gift they were giving was, as Margaery was wearing next to nothing on her body.

Jon would not lie and say she did not look phenomenal, there was only fabric in places where it was absolutely required, thin strands over her shoulders covering her teats, while the skirt was split so that as she walked her bare legs were showing up to her lower thighs. The dress was mostly white, with green accents and gold threading. Jon could not imagine how long they had taken to do her hair, as it was perfect. Not a hair out of place in a delicate upbraid so that her entire neck and face were showing.

Jon thought she looked angelic, but the ugly sight of her father on her arm quickly denounced that thought. Instead of Mace Tyrell speaking, it was Margaery who stepped forward, “My King,” she deeply emphasized the word ‘My’, “House Tyrell sends food a plenty as a gift to the crown, we wish to establish a burgeoning alliance between our two families, and the food a symbol of the greatness this alliance will bring. “as she spoke she was gesturing and waving around, showing off even more of her body. Jon could sense from beside him Daenerys’ anger and tension, but could not acknowledge it without creating offense. Margaery paused there dramatically, then continued, “we hope that House Targaryen recognizes the beauty of this relationship, and acts upon it.”

Jon literally had no idea how to reply, they were baiting him to accept, which accepting would practically be an agreement to take Margaery as Queen. Jon took a few seconds to think, but made a decision. “Your gift is greatly appreciated, but I fear I would grow quite large if I ate it all myself!” the jest had people smiling, some light laughter. Jon then looked around the room, spotting Ser Janos, “Ser Janos!” the man came forward and took a knee, “You are to take two of these carts and distribute the food throughout the city, bring some of your men and keep order, but make certain the food is given to men and women who need it.” Ser Janos quickly bowed, then called for his men to help. Jon’s actions got a loud applause from the Lords and Ladies, people always liked to see others give to the poor but never give themselves.

Jon then spoke again in the direction of the Tyrells, “Thank you for feeding the capital for a night, but the other three carts will be taken to the Kitchens, so that these feasts are not as hard on us during
Winter.” Jon signaled for a few servants to take the carts, which were quickly taken away. Jon then addressed the Tyrell’s again, “We can speak on this alliance you speak on the morrow in a more official capacity.” Giving a quick nod in Margaery’s direction.

As Jon leaned back into his seat, Daenerys’ hand gripped his hard, and he looked towards her, she was wearing an expression of jealousy and possession. This whole two queen idea might be more difficult to convince then he originally thought. Daenerys’ nails were digging into his hand, and Jon eased her hand by rubbing her knuckles with his other hand. She looked over at him, and his gentle look forced her to soften, Jon noticed that she shifted her focus back to the front of the hall, and Jon looked over to see the Stark’s approaching.

Jon let go of Daenerys to face his Uncle, and smiled seeing the entire Stark family there. Uncle Ned was carrying a large wooden crate. It looked old, and had the Targaryen sigil detailed on the sides. “My King, our gift to you is something of your parents.” Uncle Ned took a quick look towards Grandmother and then Rhaenys. “This crate was found when you were born, I have not opened it, I wished to save it to give it to you when you became King.” Jon nodded, confused about the gift, but accepted it and thanked them as Uncle Ned set it on the table.

The box was locked shut, and Jon pulled at it trying to open it to no avail. He unsheathed Longclaw and with the butt of his sword, he smashed it open. As he sheathed Longclaw again, he felt his Grandmother side up next to him, this gift was nearly as much hers as it was his, Jon’s Father and her son’s possessions.

Jon looked over to Uncle Ned, and he was smiling sadly, looking at him confused, Jon then reached to open the lid of the crate. Inside the crate was a marriage cloak. With the Targaryen and Stark sigil combined on the back. Jon’s eyes widened, then he gestured for Uncle Ned to come forward, he deserved to see what was in the crate as well.

Jon pulled the cloak out and everyone around looked at it, knowing exactly the origins of the item. The cloak alone was an incredible gift, but the rest of the crate had old notes and letters that Lyanna and Rhaegar shared. Grandmother picked up several of the ones Rhaegar had written and read them over, while Uncle Ned picked up a few of Lyanna’s. Jon watched as each of them reminisced over the letters but continued to look around the crate, there were small trinkets, gold dragons, a Direwolf figurine, and a dagger. Jon picked up the dagger, and it had a dragon bone hilt, and Jon immediately recognize it to be Valyrian steel. This crate had more information on his parents then he ever would have dreamed of. Judging by the way Daenerys, Rhaenys, Viserys, Grandmother, Uncle Ned, and Robb were going through it, they realized just how much the crate actually held.

It was a lovely moment, having both sides of his family going through this box full of sentimental treasures. There were letters addressed to him, that were simply titled ‘My child’ that no one had touched, and he yearned to be in private to open them.
Jon was startled slightly as his Grandmother gripped his arm, bringing him closer to show him the words of love his Father had written for him. Jon was then pulled the other direction by Daenerys, she was running her hand along the marriage cloak, her hand settling on the Targaryen dragon. Jon gave her a quick smile, but looked back into the crate again.

Jon then looked around again, and noticed that everyone at the head table was completely distracted, but the people in the crowd were looking bored and impatient. Jon quickly called a halt, he looked across the table and gestured for everyone to put their letters back into the crate, as they needed to proceed with the feast. Jon, sealed the crate, then looked over to Uncle Ned, “you are welcome at any point to go through it with me, Lord Stark.” And he saw Uncle Ned smile and give a firm nod. The Stark family then headed back to their place.

Jon then stood and gestured for the band to start playing, the music started playing softly and Jon watched as couples slowly took the floor. Jon sat back down, and filled up his goblet again. He was not surprised when the first people to approach the head table were the Tyrell’s, Garlan escorting Margaery, and frankly it was difficult to not stare at her as she walked the steps again.

As the two settled in front of the table, Jon heard Daenerys huff, and shot her a quick glare. Jon looked back towards Garlan and Margaery, they bowed and curtseyed then Garlan spoke, “my King, we were hoping for a dance, you for my sister, and if I could have the pleasure of sharing a dance with your sister.” Jon smiled, a sister for a sister. Jon then looked over to Rhaenys who had already begun to stand, then looked in Daenerys’ direction. Daenerys did not look overly pleased but Grandmother quickly gripped Jon’s arm, forcing them to make eye contact. She gave him a slight nod, meaning ‘go’ and Jon understood that she would speak with Daenerys.

Jon walked around the table, escorting Rhaenys over to Margaery, as they walked Rhaenys whispered in his ear, “try not to bend her over in front of everyone,” she jested. Jon only shook his head, giving her a smile.

Jon and Garlan then traded sisters and they each walked down to the dance floor, joining the other couples. Jon noticed Oberyn and Ellaria immediately make their way towards him and Jon groaned internally, this would be embarrassing.

Oberyn slid right next to Jon, bumping shoulders as Ellaria spoke to Margaery. “Careful my King, you do realize her intentions, correct?” And Jon was surprised by how serious Oberyn sounded. Jon looked at him but nodded, “I understand, my Prince,” and Oberyn smiled, “good, because if I was you, We’d already have been heading to my bedchambers.” And then he laughed at his own joke. Jon could feel his face reddening but smiled too.
Jon gave a quick greeting to Ellaria, but Oberyn quickly whisked her away, claiming Jon wished to ‘seduce his Tyrell fairy.’

Jon rolled his eyes, but took Margaery’s hand to begin their dancing. Jon could tell that Margaery had some questions and he spoke, “speak freely m’Lady, I will not lie to you.” And Margaery looked surprised that she was so easily read, but continued on anyway. “You and the Prince Oberyn are friends?” And Jon had a hard time answering that question to be honest. Oberyn was not exactly his uncle nor his friend, the man just liked teasing Rhaenys’ brother, Jon assumed.

“Uhh. I do not quite know how to answer that…. he sees me as someone he can jest with. I think…. Prince Oberyn is unpredictable.” Margaery’s giggles surprised him. “I think that is the first time you have been scraping for an answer when speaking with me.” And Jon smiled Prince Oberyn had that effect on people.

Margaery then continued rather boldly, “Do you like my dress, my King?” And Jon looked at her funny, “of course m’Lady, every man in here likes your dress.” He replied smiling. Margaery moved her hand from his and placed it on his chest. “I did not ask about every man, I asked about you.” Jon was unsure where she was going with this, but he was not about to lie. “My apologies, your beauty is unquestionable, you truly look angelic.” And that brought a large smile to Margaery’s face.

They continued to sway for a few moments, it was strange that Margaery only wished to confirm his like for her dress, but saying he liked her dress he might as well have said he liked her body, there was so few fabric on her. Even now while dancing, Jon could feel her hip bone through the thin layer of her dress and small clothes.

Jon then remembered of what Garlan and Loras said earlier about Margaery helping the poor in Highgarden, now was a good opportunity to ask. “I heard from your brothers that you help the unfortunate in Highgarden.” He paused and saw Margaery was holding a slight smile, then Jon continued, “it pleases me greatly to hear that, any person that strives to improve the life of another is a good person.” Margaery’s smile brightened, her grin stretched ear to ear. “I appreciate the kind words, what my brothers say are true. I truly enjoy giving back, I wished I could have gone with the City Watch to distribute the food earlier.”

Jon smiled, “your gift was rather unique, it is not like I need food.” Jon looked straight into her eyes, “I am entirely certain that your dress was the true gift, a representation of an alliance, I presume?” Margaery blanched slightly, she looked like she had not been expecting to be confronted on their show. “Of course, my King. An alliance between our two families would be extremely beneficial to the realm.” She paused then took her hand and placed it over his heart. “And if you were to take me, it would only create more goodness for us and for others.” Jon could not find a reason to disagree with her words, what she said was absolutely true, and the food they brought today was only a small portion of it.
Jon knew he had to make decisions to secure his reign soon, “You and I will speak privately tomorrow, I will send a servant to fetch you,” and Margaery held the largest smile of the night.

Within a few moments the song had ended, and Jon watched Margaery curtsey then walk away, she swayed her hips as she walked and Jon could not take his eyes off of her backside.

Jon then turned to walk towards the head table to grab a drink but an angry looking Daenerys stepped in his way. He sighed, this was not going to be good. “Auntie, a dance?” And she silently took his arm, and wrapped herself around him close, so that their conversation would not be heard.

“I do not like seeing you dance with other ladies.” Jon scratched at his head, this was not a good time for this. “Dany, my position dictates me to dance with ladies, could I really have declined?” And he saw Daenerys shake her head no. So Jon continued, “what did Grandmother say to you?” Daenerys met his eyes but looked confused, “she said I must be open minded about things you will say.” That was good, Jon hoped she would be open minded.

“Dany now is not a good time, but you cannot show your jealousy, I think that’s what she meant.” At least partly anyway. Daenerys nodded, but moved away from Jon slightly, tilting her chin in his direction, she mimicked the same actions she did earlier, wiping her lips and swallowing loudly.

Jon took a deep breath through his nose, this woman would be the death of him. Jon knew he needed to put an end to her possessiveness and teasing so he quickly spoke, “Dany, have you perhaps thought that you may not be my only Queen?” and Jon felt as Daenerys pulled away from him, their eyes met and the hurt and confusion in her eyes felt like a stab to the gut. She then let out a very loud and brash, “What?!” looking at him incredulously.

Jon looked around and noticed that her outburst had gotten the attention of others, everyone around was looking in their direction, and Jon quickly took Daenerys on his arm, leading the both of them back to the head table. Jon escorted her to her seat, and took her hand to kiss it, she still looked hurt and annoyed, but Jon spoke, “This is what we need to speak of, come to my room later.” and then Jon was further hurt by her hesitation to agree. Seeing her simple nod, Jon spoke again, “Speak to Grandmother.”

Jon then took a large drink of his wine, and turned to resume his participations in the feast.

Jon then charmed and schmoozed Lords and ladies where he must, but he was not suited for this, and he was quickly losing his patience with the whole feast. Jon was very close to just leaving, when
he felt a hand quickly latch onto his. Jon was close to ripping his hand out of the grip, but he saw long red hair, and immediately knew it was Sansa.

Jon was instantly comforted, and as she nodded her head towards the space where the couples were dancing. Jon settled into Sansa’s arms beginning to sway. Sansa took one good look at him and said, “Jon, you look as if you are heading to war, relax.” She then rubbed her hand up and down his back, giving him some physical comfort. Jon knew he could look vulnerable in front of Sansa, so he closed his eyes and took a few deep calming breaths, letting the stress and anxiety leave his body.

Sansa merely held him, until he opened his eyes again, her face was open and honest, and she held a small close lipped smile, and Jon could only smile back at her. Jon spoke “Thank you Sansa,” and she smiled with her teeth this time, but then they simply settled. There were no words shared, Sansa just recognized that Jon needed some respite and provided a solution, and that was why Jon loved her. She understood him better than anyone else.

Jon separated from Sansa when the song ended, just her presence had calmed him, but when Jon turned to leave, Rhaenys was waiting for him, looking at him seriously. He turned to see Sansa looking at him humorously, she curtseyed, and mouthed, “good luck.” And Jon shot her an impatient look.

Rhaenys came forward and grabbed onto Jon’s shoulder, pulling so that he was completely facing her, she then took his hand and wrapped him into a dance. Jon could not tell what she was feeling as she was trying to mask her emotions with her royal mask. She spoke quietly, “What did you say to upset Dany?” and Jon could smell the wine on her breath.

That was a rather loaded question, Jon needed to keep his relationship with Daenerys discreet while coming up with a good enough reason to make her shout like that. “I told her that I was going to marry you off to one of my Wildling friends, she was devastated.” Rhaenys gave him an exasperated look and then smacked his arm. “Fine, don’t tell me.” She pouted at him, then spoke again, “but I know that she has been in your bed.”

Jon was surprised by the question, but would not deny his sister. “Aye, you somehow ended up between us.” Rhaenys smiled devilishly, leaning in close, her words coated with arousal, “Dany and I in your bed? Does that sound appealing to you brother?” Jon was slightly stunned by her words, the wine clearly influencing her speech. Rhaenys spoke again before Jon could reply, “Two Targaryen queens just like the Conqueror, must be a dream for a King like you.” She paused to slap his chest, settling her hand there.

Jon let her be affectionate, but made a mental note to ensure that Rhaenys would be escorted to her rooms after their dance, he did not need her speaking to anyone else in this state. Jon then replied “Rhaenys, as good as that sounds, that does not look to be in either of our futures.” And Rhaenys
gave Jon an overly shocked look, so overly shocked that it was obvious she was jesting. She then spoke, “Not for you, your future is right here, it is up to you where I have to live the rest of my days.” She spoke very dejectedly, the mood switch from her jesting about sex, to this was drastic and it sent Jon for a loop as he did not know how to reply.

Jon remained silent for a few seconds, but seeing the way Rhaenys was disheartened with her own words, Jon made sure to reassure her, “Rhaenys, you speak truthfully, but I will do everything in my power to see you happy, you understand that right?” seeing Rhaenys not hesitate to nod was comforting for Jon. He appreciated the trust his sister was showing him. He’d have to make sure she was well taken care of in her future.

Jon heard the song about to end, so he escorted Rhaenys back up to the table where his family had sat, it was empty, and Jon looked around only finding Viserys in the crowd, Grandmother and Daenerys must have left to speak. Rhaenys tugged on his arm, and reached across the table to grab some wine, Jon merely chuckled at her antics but gestured for Ser Arthur to come forward. He instructed the Sword of the Morning to escort his sister to her rooms. Jon needed to announce his departure from the feast.

After quickly saying his goodbyes, Jon strode to Grandmother’s rooms, he assumed that was where her and Daenerys would be speaking. He heard his Kingsguard behind him, and he realized that he did not know where Ghost was. When he arrived to the family wing, Grandmother’s door was vacant of Kingsguard, he was surprised, but quickly walked to his door, spotting Ser Barristan and Ser Oswell waiting outside.

Jon went into his room to see the pair sitting at his table drinking, Ghost was underneath Grandmother’s feet. That had him surprised but Ghost probably realized he was anxious for her and Daenerys and went where he saw fit.

The two woman looked at him, Jon looked and saw Daenerys was not as distraught as she appeared earlier, Grandmother must have explained and had Daenerys wrap her head around the topic. Jon slowly walked forward, and leaned down to place a kiss on Grandmother’s cheek. He walked over to Daenerys and she turned her face away so he could kiss her cheek, but Jon gently turned it back towards him and placed a chaste kiss on her lips. The small smile she held afterwards was promising. Jon sat and poured himself a glass of wine, he looked over the rim of his glass to see Grandmother smiling fondly at him.

After Jon set his goblet back down he turned his body to Daenerys and saw that she was already looking at him. “Mother told me, I will need some time to completely come to terms with it, but if you continue to be open with yourself, with me, then I do not see a problem with being one of two queens.” Jon let out a huge sigh of relief. He had not realized that he was holding his breath as she spoke, and the exhale was hefty.
Jon hopped out of his seat to bring Daenerys into an embrace, he went down on one knee before her so they were eye level as he hugged her. Placing kisses across her face. Daenerys made a disgusted face and pushed him away, “Jae!” and she looked directly at Grandmother. Jon heard Grandmother chuckle, and then speak, “Do not be embarrassed Daenerys, it is not as if I have not seen a man and woman kiss before.” And that for some reason had Jon fully laughing, loud laughs coming from his belly. He was unsure why it made him laugh so hard, she only spoke so straight forwardly about her daughter and Grandson kissing that it was funny. By the end he was tearing up, and Grandmother was looking at him lovingly and Daenerys was trying not to laugh with him.

Jon reached over to grab Daenerys’ hand and placed kisses across her knuckles, “take all the time you need Dany, not like we are being rushed to wed.” And she nodded.

Jon settled back into his seat, and he had an idea. “Daenerys, maybe you could help me choose who my second Queen will be.” Daenerys did not look pleased by the offer but neither did she look annoyed. Jon continued quickly, “you should get to know the other high born ladies, from there you can tell me who you think it should be.” Grandmother quickly spoke after him, not letting Daenerys reply “he is right Daenerys, you can find out their true intentions, it will benefit the family, and your relationship.”

Daenerys looked at both of them suspiciously, as if they were teaming up on her, but Jon reached a hand across to grip hers once again and she softened slightly. “Fine, but wait for me to get used to this whole ordeal first.” And Jon nodded, then shared a sly smile with Grandmother, both equally proud of their actions.

Jon then stood, picking up some food off the table to feed to Ghost, “lazy arse” he said to his wolf, which earned him a petty huff. That was when Grandmother spoke again, “I still do not fully understand your relationship with this beast here.” And Jon immediately retaliated. “He is no beast!” He realized that his words were rather harsh and Grandmother looked guilty so he softened, “he is my familiar, we can see each other’s minds, and I can enter his.” This time Daenerys spoke. “Enter his?” And Jon nodded.

“I’ll demonstrate. I am not going to die or lose my mind, so remain calm.” Jon sat down in his chair again, and leaned back. He looked to each woman and they looked intrigued rather than scared. Jon warged, feeling his eyes rolling backwards, then he saw Ghost’s meal in front of him, and Grandmother’s feet in the background.

As Ghost, Jon stood, then kicked his front two paws up on the table. With his right paw he gave a wave to Daenerys. “Jae?” She said confusedly, in Ghost’s body his senses were heightened and he could sense Daenerys’ rising pulse rate but also her fatigue.
As Ghost, Jon nodded, then went over to her and licked at her hands, “Jae, stop it,” and he heard Grandmother look between his human body and Ghost. “You can comeback now.”

Jon left Ghost’s mind, and took a deep breath when he arrived back into his body. Scaring Daenerys and Grandmother. Jon chuckled at their reactions.

Once they each settled again, Jon stood, “Grandmother, May I speak to Daenerys alone?” And she shot him a suspicious look. Jon escorted her to the door, but she paused before she left. “Behave, Jaehaerys.” And then kissed his cheek, before she walked away.

Jon closed the door again, then went back to the table, settling into his chair again. Daenerys was immediately curious, “what did you want to speak of?” And Jon looked at her, then moved closer, “nothing, I just wished to kiss you without you being uncomfortable.” And leaned in to press their lips together.

They shared soft kisses that tasted of wine, but eventually Jon pulled her to his bed, stripping of his clothes, leaving his small clothes, while Daenerys stole one of his long shirts for herself. It felt so domestic that it felt weird. Jon had not had much domesticity in Kings Landing but this was becoming regular with Daenerys and he found that he liked it.

They settled into bed, facing each other, they spoke quietly and shared kisses some more, but eventually dozed off, the long day getting the best of them.
Hey Everyone,

first off, fuck DxD, but if they got instructions from GRRM to actually make this the ending of GOT then fuck GRRM, guys a psycho.

secondly, the lack of logic in so many different aspects of that last episode have me mind boggled, Bells really ruined Daenerys. Tyrion knew of an entryway in the Red Keep the whole time. How many times did Arya die only for plot armour to save her. Why did she travel to Kings Landing if she just turned around last minute. (yes know Sandor said to leave but when has she ever listened to him.) Why did that fucking horse get more screen time than Ghost?? Cersei and Jaime's death was TERRIBLE, I was yelling for him to choke her. Cersei sent an assassin for Jaime like two episodes ago then when she saw him she goes "OmG yoU'RE BlEDinG?!>?" Why did Davos listen to Tyrion and not tell Jon about the secret path when he put the boat there? How did Euron swim up to that exact beach where Jaime was at the EXACT same moment he made it there. Jaime was stabbed 4 times and then made it all the way to the keep and back down without even showing pain. what was the point of Euron GreyJoy's character????????? Why was Jon Snow a main character through the entire show only for his ending to be complete ASS. Varys' death was awful too.

As you can tell i'm infuriated, frustrated and just genuinely annoyed by it all. Can't believe the actors actually somehow did not just leave the fucking set.

I'm a Toronto Raptors fan, I saw Kawhi hit the buzzer beater in game 7, then watched Daenerys burn down KL, what a fucking contrast of emotions within 15 minutes.

Either way, this is the last chapter, next chapter will be one year in the future. this is the end of Part One, THIS PART WAS LARGELY WORLD BUILDING. The flaws and happenings of Jon's politics will be more relevant coming up.

Idk what to say other then we need to stay creative with these characters and to keep plugging with our writing. I've been thinking of it like this, 'Be motivated to write because if you aren't then DxD will finish your story for you.’ so this chapter is 12k words I think.

Either way, hope all is well with everyone, hope that this season is not affecting anybody too negatively, like mental health wise. Remember to stay relaxed and to drink water,

More Life.

Myrcella
Myrcella woke to her shoulder being shook by someone. She slowly opened her eyes, slightly irritated to be taken from her rest earlier than normal, but when her Mother’s face appeared in her sleep addled vision, Myrcella was surprised. “Mother?” she questioned immediately.

Cersei held a small smile, “Good morning my love, up you get, the Queen told me that you are to break your fast with the King today.” And Myrcella felt the shock travel through her body. What? How did Mother manage to secure a breakfast with the King?

Myrcella quickly got out of bed, beginning to panic slightly as she had not known of this prior to now, she needed to look her best, and she could still feel her body waking up. Mother looked like she always did, impeccable in a red Lannister dress, and she immediately began combing through Myrcella’s hair.

Why was Mother even here? If this were to happen in a regular circumstance then she would simply have maids and servants dress Myrcella, not be here herself. Myrcella felt her Mother braid her hair into the simple Northern style that Sansa Stark normally wore. That was clever, the King would appreciate that. Myrcella then noticed that her Mother had already picked out her dress, and there was a picnic basket full of different foods on the small table next to where the dress was laid out.

Myrcella felt her anxiety rise, why was this so sudden? “Mother, why did I not know about this until now?” and Myrcella felt her Mother’s fingers freeze in her hair. She quickly resumed her work, but Myrcella noticed the small pause, Mother replied very flatly, “I spoke to the Queen when we crossed paths after the feast last night, I did not want to wake you.” What were the chances that Mother simply crossed paths with the Queen?

Myrcella was suspicious, but she was not in the position to question her Mother and continued with getting ready. Mother finished with her hair, and Myrcella went over the wash basin to wash herself. She changed her shift to a new one, and when she turned she spotted Mother already holding onto the dress she had selected, looking sweetly at her. Myrcella smiled back, she truly did pick a beautiful dress, and Myrcella felt the quality of the material as it settled onto her skin.

The dressed show off her body, it was form fitting, and Myrcella knew the reason why Mother had chosen this one, it certainly showed enough skin, but then rounded her bottom rather nicely. Myrcella raised an eyebrow at Mother as she gave her body an examination, but once she was satisfied pulling the dress fabric across different parts of her body, she then smiled bright.

Mother picked up the basket and walked to the doors, Myrcella following. She paused before she opened the door, “Have a good time, sweetling, and remember House Lannister is counting on you.” She gave Myrcella a quick kiss on the cheek, then opened the door, handing the basket to a guard and pushing them in the direction of the family wing.
Myrcella’s anxiety ratcheted up, this was such a strange situation, and it was still rather early in the morning, so she was still not fully awake. Either way Myrcella had to do what her Mother said and walked over to the King’s chambers. There was not a lot of noises or any real action going on in the Keep yet, and it was rather eerie going through without the usual noises from the day.

Myrcella quickly arrived at the King’s rooms, and saw Ser Oswell standing guard, at her approach he quickly stood to attention, and wore a look of confusion. “Good morning, Ser, I am to break my fast with the King.” Oswell’s expression did not change, but he nodded. He then strode over to the door, and knocked loudly.

Myrcella heard noises coming from the room, it took a few moments but she heard the King’s voice, “Oswell, now you decide to do your fucking duty, knobhea….” He stopped speaking when he opened the door and spotted Myrcella standing there. A look of shock came on to his face, he was in sleep pants and a sleep shirt, and quickly stepped out of his room to close the door.

“My apologies, m’Lady, I was not expecting you.” He was not expecting her? Myrcella’s shock must have shown because he quickly spoke again, “not that I am unhappy to see you, I just did not know.” Myrcella appreciated the gesture but spoke again. “We are to break our fast together, my King.” And she watched as the King’s eyebrows shot to his hairline.

The King looked towards his Kingsguard, and Myrcella watched as Ser Oswell shrugged. The King looked back towards Myrcella with kind eyes, “I am fairly sure I do not take orders from you, m’Lady.” And Myrcella blanched, she then put it together, her Mother had sent her here on a whim, Mother had not spoken to the Queen nor had spoken to the King, she merely wished to push Myrcella to the King on behalf of House Lannister, that was what she meant by what she said when they parted. Myrcella immediately flushed in embarrassment, “My King, my apologies, my Mother….” He raised a hand to silence her and he continued. “Do not worry Myrcella, this is an order I will gladly follow, I do need to speak with you, just give me a few moments to wash and dress.” He sent her a nod, and she nodded back.

He then looked to Oswell, and they shared a look before the King huffed at him and went into his closed doors. When Oswell look towards Myrcella he was smirking. They then waited for a few moments, Myrcella could hear the soft noises of the King getting ready, but she felt so stupid and humiliated. Her Mother had sent her here blindly, just hoping something would succeed. Myrcella wished her Mother was not as scheming as she was, she probably felt so clever, yet she was sending her daughter to possible humiliation, just to impress Grandfather.

Myrcella was relieved when the King came out, his face and hair looked like he had gently washed them and he was smiling in her direction. The openness in his face was an even bigger relief, he was not mad that she had woken him, and gone against propriety, he was just accepting of her erratic appearance.
"Are you ready, m'Lady?" he approached and held an arm out for her, he then gestured for the basket to be passed to him from her guard, and he immediately pushed it into Oswell’s arms. “Do your duty Oswell.” He jested. Oswell shot the King an exasperated expression then spoke dryly, “As you say, your Grace.” Myrcella giggled at their jest, but then linked her arm in his, and he led her towards the Gardens.

They chatted easily as they walked, and they headed towards the gardens with a peaceful air, the King was relaxed and open, and Myrcella was further relieved that he had not rejected her invitation. “Truthfully, m’Lady, I have only been out here once, I am not entirely sure where to go.” Myrcella had barely been out to the Gardens as well, and it was Ser Oswell who spoke to them, “There is a nice area by a fountain to the East, your Grace. It will be well suited for your breakfast.” Jon turned and looked at Oswell suspiciously, Myrcella was trying to figure out the type of relationship Jon shared with his Kingsguard. They seemed friendly but Jon was always shooting Oswell questioning looks. She would have to pay attention when he spent time with a different Kingsguard.

The King gestured to Oswell as if saying ‘lead the way’ and Myrcella noticed that about the King, he was a man of few words and would rather gesture or alter his expression to speak for him. Oswell strode forward and the King continued to walk beside her, they settled into an anxious silence, where neither Myrcella nor the King knew what to say. It lasted for a few moments but they quickly made their way to where Oswell was leading them.

The area had a large fountain with clear water that spurted out of the top of a statue which Myrcella thought was the Maiden. Oswell lead them to a metal table that was recently cleaned. It was perfect for what she had intended this morning. An isolated meal with the King where they could speak.

The King pulled out her chair for her, and took the basket from Oswell, looking inside to see the contents. He was surprised by what he saw as she saw his eyebrows raise slightly. Myrcella actually did not know what was inside, but when the King pulled out a bottle of wine, Myrcella flushed. She heard Ser Oswell, who was standing by snort, and she quickly spoke “I did not pack it!” Myrcella looked down in embarrassment, she was mortified, why did her Mother do this to her? “my Mother had it ready this morning.” And Myrcella felt the King’s hand settled on her shoulder, Myrcella looked up to meet his eyes. “Relax Myrcella, I was hoping you were trying to get me drunk.” He jested. Myrcella smiled and the King winked at her, then proceeded to pull out the bread, fruits and meats her Mother had packed into their basket.

Once they settled and began to eat, the King spoke, “so is this breakfast you doing your duty?” he held a smile with a secret, and Myrcella remembered the last time they had spoken, where she described seducing him as doing her duty. Myrcella returned his smile with a secret one of her own, she looked at him through her eyelashes, “I am quite dutiful, your Grace.” The King smiled, but then spoke again, “Please while we are here, call me Jae.”
Myrcella nodded, then gave him the same courtesy. The silence became comfortable as they ate, and Jae ate quickly, Myrcella was barely halfway through her meal by the time Jae had finished his. Myrcella sent him a questioning eyebrow, “you eat like that wolf of yours.” And then quickly immediately realized what she had said and covered her mouth with her hand in embarrassment. She pulled her hand away when she heard Jae’s chuckles. Myrcella looked towards him and he had a large smile, he looked so handsome when he smiled. He then spoke, assuaging her doubt, “you are not wrong Myrcella!” and she laughed along with him.

This was good, this was what she was meant to do, try and make the King like her even further then he did, so that he would favour House Lannister. Jon then spoke, “So is there any particular reason why I did not know about this meeting this morning?” Jon looked at her inquisitively, he looked like he had figured it out, but simply wanted some confirmation. “It is very rare when my Mother wakes me, but she did and immediately told me that she had scheduled this meal with the Queen dowager last night while I slept. She hurried me to your rooms, and I think that was her attempt at being clever.” Jon accepted her answer rather plainly, and then shrugged his shoulders, “What are mothers for other than using their children to further their political agendas?” He spoke rather oddly, like it was a joke but the joke held a certain truth to it and he was bitter about it.

Jae had grown up as the single most important person in the realm, without parents he most likely had never been pushed to do the tasks they wanted. Myrcella was sure that his Uncle Ned has pushed Jae to do tasks, but he probably was not as hard on Jae as he was his own son. On the other hand, Jon’s entire life is going to be dedicated to the realm, and he has to be the one to make decisions for other people as well as act when people need certain things from him. From here on out he would be doing tasks for others, he practically has the realm of Westeros as parents.

Myrcella replied dryly, “there is nothing like the love of a mother…” and Jon smiled slightly at her, “something I have never felt.” And Myrcella felt herself flush completely, she could feel the blood rising to her cheeks. Why was she so flustered around him? Why would she speak so stupidly? “my King, I am so sorry, I did not think. Everyone knows of your birth and I forgot, my sincerest apologies.” Jon was smiling fully now, Myrcella realized that he was looking at her fondly, and letting her ramble. She pouted at him. “Peace, Myrcella, I do not mind.”

Myrcella felt the tension leave her body, she looked over at Jae again and saw that he had not truly taken any offense and so Myrcella was comfortable settling again. Myrcella hurried up her eating, and made sure to be clean and precise in her munching. She listened as Jae conversed politely with the Lannister guard, and jested with Oswell as she finished.

Myrcella was about to ask Jae about the new Kingsguard regulations when she heard a loud bustling coming from the bushes nearby. The sound was loud and growing louder, as if it was coming closer. Myrcella looked scared for a moment but looked at Jae and he was still relaxed, he was even smiling in the direction of the noise. Myrcella flinched when Oswell postured in front of Jae, unsheathing his sword, Myrcella’s guard doing the same a moment later.
Myrcella looked towards Jae, and she saw he was still relaxed, he was smirking, he met her eyes and
she could see the laughter in his eyes, despite the possible imminent danger. The sounds became
louder and louder, Myrcella saw Oswell tense, and Jae smile widely. It was a surprise when Jae’s
wolf came bustling through, his tongue lolling out his mouth in happiness. The wolf bundled over to
Jae, Oswell and the Lannister guard stepping to the side. Jae’s laughter was pure as he accepted the
licks and kisses from his wolf, he then spoke “great job Os, protecting me from great danger.”

Myrcella’s laughter joined his, and Myrcella watched as Oswell shot Jae a glare, which only
increased his laughter. Jae knew the entire time that It was his wolf coming for them, and he decided
to withhold that information instead of telling his Kingsguard. It was something that he should not
do, but judging by Oswell’s reaction it was not exactly unwelcome. Myrcella was curious as how Jae
knew that it was the wolf?

Myrcella watched as Jae fed his wolf, the big white mass face to face with Jae as he was sitting. The
wolf was taller than Myrcella where she sat. Jae and his wolf looked to be done bonding so Myrcella
asked, “the changes in the Kingsguard were rather sudden yesterday.” And Jae looked at her
suspiciously. “Do you not approve?” he replied testily. Myrcella looked at him questioningly, this
was possibly the first time he had addressed her without kindness in his voice. Myrcella would not
think that Jae was an insecure man, but he looked it right now, apparently questioning a decision that
he firmly believes in has him think twice. It was the sign of a good ruler, but he needed to not let
other people’s doubts anger him. If he continued this way, he would live an entirely unhappy life as
the King is constantly judged on whatever he does. The Seven knows the Lords and Ladies judge
him enough on his Northern upbringing and lack of ceremony.

Myrcella made sure to shoot Jae a soft look, one full of affection to soothe him, “I thought it was a
good solution for the City Watch, I was just curious why you mentioned your family. There are only
five of you, seven Kingsguard have done their duty for tens of Targaryens before.” Myrcella spoke
truthfully and Jae noticed that, she was just curious and had no ill intent. Myrcella watched as the
small worry lines in his face lessened, then spoke, “I plan on growing the Targaryen family.” He had
a determined look in his eye. “It also just lessens the burden on the current Kingsguard. Some of
them are walking in their sleep during guard duty at times, I would much rather have aware and alert
guards.” Myrcella nodded, all of his points made sense, Uncle Jaime sometimes complained about
the amount of guard duty when he did not even have Jae in the capital.

Myrcella was surprised when Ser Oswell stepped forward, “my King?” and they both looked
towards him, Jae gestured for him to continue so he did, “Some of us are getting older as well, my
Lady. It is physical work for Ser Gerold, and Ser Barristan, the more difficult tasks can go towards
the new guards.” Oswell seemed like someone who spoke very often, but when he did in seriousness
it was usually of some weight. Most of the time he spoke was in jest.

Myrcella thought Oswell words were kind though, “Do you ever regret joining the Kingsguard?” she
found herself asking, she knew her Uncle did not but she wondered about others. Oswell’s reply was
instant, but he grimaced as he spoke, “Never, but I regret that I could have been a better provider for
my family and was unable to do so.” Myrcella nodded again, she assumed Uncle Jaime felt the same.
“I have a plan for Harrenhall Oswell, one that I am sure you will appreciate.” Myrcella watched as Oswell’s eyes widened in surprise, but accepted the words.

Jae then met Myrcella’s eyes again, “Myrcella, your Mother, with guidance from your Aunt Genna control Casterly Rock while your Grandfather serves on the small council correct?” and Myrcella was slightly thrown by the quick change in topic but replied, “yes, grandfather makes sure that he stays informed, Aunt Genna runs the Kingdom while Mother runs the castle.” Jae nodded, “With your brother heading to the Vale, it will be important for you to be visible in Casterly Rock and the Westerlands as a whole.” Jae paused, then spoke, “Do you understand what I am saying? About being visible?” Myrcella thought she understood but would do better with some clarification, “I am slightly confused, I think you mean for me to stay with Mother and Aunt Genna?”

Jae nodded, but then explained further, “As sister to the vacant heir, you will able to push your influence on the citizens of the Westerlands.” Jae paused, to reach across and grip her hands, a sure sign that what he would say next would be serious, “your brother does not exactly inspire a lot of loyalty, and the Westerlands need to be loyal to the Lannisters, or the economy of Westeros could be destroyed.” He took a deep breath, “you need for everyone to see you Myrcella, your beauty alone will inspire loyalty, but when your Mother or Aunt are to hold court or announce bylaws, you need to be there as well, understand?” Myrcella almost blushed with what he said about her beauty, but she made sure to keep serious as his words held a lot of weight.

Myrcella knew what Jae was saying was true, but why was this duty falling to her? Tommen was the spare heir. She knew she had to accept the task as it was an order from the King, but still she could not help but think about these type of things. “I understand my King; I will do what you ask.” Myrcella felt a burning determination in her blood, she would succeed for the King.

Myrcella was then distracted by footsteps, she pulled her hands from Jae’s and watched as a page boy came strutting up to them. “my King, you are needed in the keep.” Was his dry order. Jae sent the boy a confused look, but then shrugged, thinking better on not questioning it. He then sent her an apologetic look, and Myrcella was mildly disappointed that their little refuge was broken, but she now knew what the King wished of her, and she felt a purpose for once.

Jae stood, then leaned over to plant a kiss on her cheek, “Until next time, m’Lady.” He then pointed at her guard, “take care of the Lady!” before he strode off, the page and Ghost leading with Oswell following.
Margaery was surprisingly nervous. It was a weird situation when the King wanted to speak to you, but did not give you a time, so Margaery was stuck in this anxious state where at any point throughout the day, she could be called to a meeting where her entire Kingdom was counting on her.

Margaery was currently having a lunch with her handmaidens, her younger Tyrell cousins providing a much needed distraction from her anxieties about the meeting. There was a lot riding on her shoulders today, and she needed to be perfect if she wished to convince the Northern King of her and her families goodness.

Margaery had been doing some thinking lately, after the show her father wanted to do in front on the Lords and Ladies, proving that Margaery would be the best queen for the King, that she genuinely enjoyed striving to please the man. She was unsure if he simply had that effect on all woman but Margaery found herself liking the thought of caring for him, and pleasing him with her mind and body. It became less of a goal that her family had set for her, to just genuinely enjoying the thrill.

Margaery had thoughts and dreams of having the Kings children, loving, doting and caring for him and their children, and it made her smile. She also very often thought about the making of children. Margaery knew that he was no green boy, having taken a Wilding lover, and if he had somehow tamed a Wilding girl, then he was certainly to be good in bed.

Still, sometimes Margaery wished differently, that she and Jaehaerys could just be two people getting to know one another, and not forced upon each other for their families. Margaery truly felt that if they were to spend a lot of time alone then they would get along fabulously, the one picnic they had alone being evidence. Ever since then they never had been alone, it was explained by how busy the King was, but she wished he had made time for her.

The small meetings and conversations she has had with the King were leading up to this meeting, she hoped that she had done enough convincing to have him create a tentative alliance, even if he could not commit to a marriage. Margaery would never try to force herself on him, to try and get him to dishonour her so they would be wed, that was just simply wrong. Margaery’s moral compass was too strong for that. She could not let herself do something of the sort and then look in the mirror or look at the King without feeling shame.

Looking around, she noticed a servant striding towards her table, she had been largely silent for a few moments and her cousins were looking towards her for guidance. “Do not worry ladies, he is to take me to meet the King.” And they all started asking questions simultaneously.

Margaery stood and walked off, giving her ladies a wave as the servant turned and lead her to the Keep, she heard a Tyrell guard fall into step behind her and steeled herself for the nerve wracking conversation.
The servant led her to unfamiliar halls, it was not the family wing, but her brother Loras was standing outside of a door, his new white cloak complimented his hair. Margaery strode forward and gave him a smile and a hug. “I’m so proud of you brother, you look dashing.” And he smiled, “you looked lovely as well Marg, the King’s jaw will drop.” And she smiled back at him.

The servant then cleared his throat rather rudely, then gestured to the door. Loras jumped slightly then knocked on the door. “My King, you have a v....” but he was interrupted by the King’s voice, “it is your sister, I know, let her in.” Margaery smiled one last time at Loras, taking strength from his faith in her and walked passed the corridor.

Margaery was surprised as the room they were in was a writing room. The King was sat behind a large desk, paper and quill in front of him, there was an abundance of chairs and books laid about the room, but he was the focal point. It looked to be a room for relaxing, reading books and writing letters but he was using it in an official capacity, that or just wished to meet her here.

The King was writing as Margaery walked in, he did not look up when she curtseyed, only gestured to the chair in front of the desk. Margaery sat and waited, he took a few moments, but eventually put his quill down. “My apologies m’Lady, this is a letter to my Uncle Aemon at the wall, we converse through Raven.” Margaery nodded, she was not going to be upset about him finishing a sentence on a letter while she waited.

Margaery’s first thought was to ease the tension between them, so she asked “why are we in here, your Grace?” And she watched as the King scratched his head then shrugged. “I asked a page for some place quiet, he took me here, I like it here though, might take my official meetings here instead of my rooms.” He looked over at her, and she could see the attraction in his eyes. It was a good sign. “I like it in here as well, very cozy.” The King gave her a sweet smile.

He then spoke again, his smile widening. “I got some reports back from the City Watch last night, your gift fed over a few thousand citizens of Kings Landing last night,” and Margaery made sure to smile bright as well. “That is great to hear! Just goes to show what a Targaryen - Tyrell alliance could bring to Westeros.” And then she watched as his smile faltered.

The King looked serious when he spoke next, his words surprising Margaery. “The Tyrells are loyal to the Targaryens? Correct?” And Margaery answered with haste. “Of course, Aegon The Conqueror gave us Highgarden.” It was a rather stupid question; everyone knew the Tyrell’s became prominent because of the Gardeners burning in the Field of Fire. “Right, so it is my right as King to demand, food and gold from the Tyrells?”

Oh, Margaery saw what he was doing now. He was trying to prove why it would be irrelevant if
they had an alliance or not. “It would, your Grace, but it would also be drastically unfair, if you were
to demand food and gold from us, then it would need to be paid for, and the same would need to be
said for the other seven kingdoms.” Margaery paused to bite her lip, “everyone needs to provide their
fair share.”

The King had a firm look on his face, and it was unmovable for a few seconds, but Margaery refused
to be cowed. After a few more moments she watched as it stretched into a smile, and she smiled with
him. “Well said, m’Lady.”

He then stood and walked to a different table, Margaery had not noticed before but there was wine
and goblet’s there, he poured two glasses and handed her one, then sat back down. He was so
handsome; it was genuinely hard to look anywhere else when his hair fell over his face in that way.

He looked down into his glass for a few moments, but then looked over to her, this time he was
biting his lip slightly, “do you genuinely care about the small folk of the Reach?” And Margaery was
cught off guard. She nearly spat the mouthful of wine she had, but quickly swallowed, and spoke
“Yes, my King, I have gotten to know many of them. Just because they have names that we do not
know does not mean they deserve less of a life then we do.” Margaery must have said the right
words as the King smiled again.

“Well said, m’Lady,” he stayed smiling, but then spoke again easily, “what are the logistics of this
alliance?” Margaery had the figures in her head, but she gestured for the quill and some paper so she
could write it down clearly. The discounted prices on nearly all products, food deliveries monthly
and their absolute loyalty in all aspects. The Reach wished for the right to house some of the Royal
Navy, to have Targaryen loyalty in Reach matters and obviously for Margaery to become Queen.
The numbers were interchangeable with some negotiation, but at the bottom of the page she made
sure to write the sizeable sum her father had put aside for a dowry the King would need to look twice
at.

Margaery felt herself smiling as she passed the document over, it was a tremendous alliance, one that
could provide advantages to both sides, in terms of Gold, food and prestige. It was just a matter on
accepting what he thought was right.

Margaery watched as he read it over twice, he then turned the document towards her, using his finger
to tap the part about the dowry. “This was clever, well done.” But he spoke again, “if you were my
Queen, our families would be loyal to each other, why write added clauses about loyalty?” Margaery
had a quick, yet unappealing answer. “That is for if you accept the offer without taking me as
Queen.” He snorted in jest, “That is an option?” And she giggled along with him.

The King read through it a few more times before staring at her. It felt as if he was looking to her
soul, his violet eyes locking with hers. “I need to speak with Grandmother, no promises about the
marriage but a trading alliance looks good.”

Margaery breathed out a sigh of relief, she had done her duty well, but still the King was hesitant about marrying which was fine. It was a difficult decision.

Margaery was surprised when he kicked his feet up on the desk, asking, “would you mind being one of two Queens?” Margaery was shocked by the question, she was not expecting that at all, the King was someone of straight forwardness and honour, why would he need to take two wives? That would only complicate things. Margaery felt a deep pit settled into her stomach, telling her that she would have to share the King’s attention, and that she could very likely be his second favourite. Margaery would be Queen though! Her entire life goal was to become Queen, it would bring so much to House Tyrell, and knowing how good of a man the King was he would not bring her dishonour. “Do you promise to be a good and faithful husband?” she jested slyly, and she had got her words right as the King smiled.

Jon held a hand to his heart and smiled, “I promise.” He then looked pensive for a moment. “you should speak with Daenerys; the Gods know she’ll be controlling my life in a few moons.” Margaery smiled at his words, it was rather odd that he would just reveal to her that his aunt would be controlling him but she was sure he meant it in jest. Either way she would do what he said, if he recommended she get to know Daenerys better then she would take that instruction to heart. It might have been a tip, maybe his family was protective of him and Daenerys was the most influential voice in the family?

Margaery looked towards the King and he had closed his eyes, then spoke again, “or Sansa, if you get the both of them to like you then I am sure you’ll be Queen of the World by next year.” He opened his eyes to look at her, Margaery was unsure if he was being serious or jesting, and the King must have noticed her confusion. So he chuckled deeply then spoke again, “I’m mostly jesting, but there is truth in every jest.” And she nodded. She felt as if the meeting was concluding, it had come to a natural conclusion but the King had not dismissed her, so she stood. “Whatever your decision your Grace, just know that House Tyrell stands beside house Targaryen.”

The King pinched his eyebrows together, “Very well, I wished to tell you that I apologize for not being able to spend more time with you, I regret that after the time we shared in the Gardens. I was too busy to be able to continue that connection.” Margaery’s breath caught, he regretted not being able to spend more time together? Margaery felt her face flush slightly thinking back to the time they spent in the Gardens but she felt ecstasy flow through her veins, the King regretted not being able to spend more time with her, if it was for her beauty, her personality or for her family Margaery could not help but grin at his words.

Margaery then slowly walked around the desk, the King smiled as he watched her walk towards him, he kicked his feet off the desk and stood, Margaery reached for him, putting her long arms around his neck. His hands settled on her hips, and Margaery pushed some of his hair behind his ear,
she really did have a fierce attraction to him, it hit her whenever she saw him with his hair framing his face.

Margaery waited, she made the first move, but she would not be the one to lean forward to continue their affections, that would have to be him, Margaery was willing to wait. They stayed like that for a few moments, just staring into each other’s eyes, Margaery watched as the King smiled knowingly, he knew what she was doing in waiting, but he was being stubborn himself.

Margaery was sure she would win this battle of wills, she knew her beauty, knew how irresistible she was to men, the King being no different as proven before. Before either of them could truly act there was a loud knock on the door, and the King removed his hands from her waist.

The King called out, “Yes, Ser Loras?” and Margaery watched her brother enter the room. “your Grace, Lord Renly Baratheon is here,” and Margaery watched as the King nodded. He turned to address Margaery, “Go, find Dany or Sansa,” and she curtseyed, then saw Renly approaching. Margaery curtseyed to him, watching him bow, then watched as Loras looked towards her suspiciously. He was obviously nervous about his lover and the King conversing. As Margaery went to take Loras’ arm to walk out the King spoke again, “Ser Loras, come here.”

Loras shot her a nervous look, but Margaery turned and left, she walked out the doors feeling better about the relationship with the King, the alliance between the two was on the table and Margaery had a good strategy going forward to become Queen. Overall she was content, but there was still some work to do, and she set out to find Daenerys.

Rhaenys

Rhaenys was late as per usual, Jae asked for her to meet with him but Rhaenys took her time getting ready and heading to her meeting with Jae. She was a Princess of the Realm and if she wished to be late then she would. No matter what her little brother said. That’s what he always would be to her as well, Jae maybe King now, but Rhaenys could only ever see him and reference him as her little brother.

Rhaenys was currently following a page, she had Ser Arthur behind her, but the page was taking them to one of the quieter halls in the Red Keep, she knew that the library was somewhere around here, not that she would often go. Most times she would find Viserys or Dany in the libraries but was unfamiliar with the other rooms.
The page walked over to a door and then knocked, Rhaenys heard her brothers voice, “come in.” and she pushed the door open, spotting Ser Loras and Renly Baratheon, Ser Loras looked rather nervous but Renly looked calm. Her brother was sitting behind a large desk; she was confused but curtseyed politely.

Her brother did not spare her a look, “Lord Renly, are we in agreement?” and Rhaenys watched Renly stand, then reach his hand out to shake Jae’s outstretched one. What was going on? Rhaenys saw Loras hold a small smile, and then him and Renly shared a heated look. What the fuck was going on?

Jae stood, handed Loras a scroll, gave him a nod which he returned and then gestured to the door, Renly and Loras bowed to him, then her, and then the two of them walked out together. Jae had placed his elbows on the table and set his head in his hands, it was the most vulnerable she had seen him look, his black hair settling around his face like a protective cloak. Rhaenys thought a jest may help, “did you just settle a lover’s quarrel?” and she heard Jae let out a large sigh.

Rhaenys felt like something large was about to happen, “Sister, please sit,” he gestured to the same chair Renly was sitting in. Rhaenys slowly sat, “Jae, what is going on?” he looked at her sincerely, “I have made a decision regarding your future.” And Rhaenys felt her stomach drop, “I need you to wait until I am finished explaining everything before you react.” Rhaenys knew then he was doing something she will not be pleased with.

He began. “firstly, do you wish to have Targaryen children?” and Rhaenys looked at him confused, of course she did, “That is a stupid question, of course Jae.” And he nodded. “You and Renly Baratheon are to marry,” before Jae could continue, Rhaenys stood angrily pointing at her brother, “you are to marry me to that sword swallower!?” Jae held up a hand to silence her, “your children will bear the name Targaryen.” Rhaenys stayed standing, anger flowing through her veins, but slightly settled when Jae continued. “The pair of you are to have Harrenhall, where Ser Loras will be your guard.” Harrenhall was well known around Westeros to be a largely vacant castle, with the Whent family not having any male heirs. Rhaenys would be moving to the Riverlands?

Here, he paused, then opened his eyes further, “do you understand what I am saying?” he rounded the table, and the sat on it, gripping her hands in his, their eyes meeting. Rhaenys was infuriated, no she didn’t understand! Through her anger she gritted out an “explain!” and ripped her hands out of Jae’s. His face morphed into one of pain, but he continued, “You and Renly are to have Harrenhall, I gifted him Harrenhall to take the name Targaryen....” He paused then tilted her chin so that he was looking into her eyes. “I gave him Loras so that I could have you.”

What?
Rhaenys did not understand. The confusion on her face must have shown so Jae looked to the heavens, and spoke again, “Rhaenys, legally you will be married to Renly, but in reality I will father your children while Renly and Loras can live together in peace.” Oh. Rhaenys was not sure how to react, her brother had plotted this since he had decided to bring Loras into the Kingsguard. Being with him and making Targaryen children would bring her happiness, but people would question their genetics. She wanted to slap him, and kiss him at the same time.

Rhaenys settled for punching him, raining punches into his chest as she felt tears forming in her eyes. She was so torn, and was annoyed that she was showing such emotion, but it was her brother, and Jae would not judge. Jae just let her punch him and punch him, he remained pliant and relaxed, letting her take out her frustrations on his body.

She pulled back slightly to slap him in the face, once, then twice. She paused, and let out a raspy, “Do something!” her frustration colouring her voice. Jae looked at her, and then pulled her directly in between his legs, hugging their upper bodies together and pushing her head into his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around her, then rubbed her back soothing her. Rhaenys let her emotions out, and cried for long moments. She eventually wrapped her arms back around her brother and settled herself, but she felt weak and pathetic.

Rhaenys pulled away from Jae, keeping her head down, she wiped her tears, squared her shoulders then looked up at Jae. Her eyes met his and she noticed the love and affection held in his. It comforted her enormously but she was still unsure on how to process this entire ordeal. She needed some questions answered. “when Renly and I go out in public?” Jae shrugged, “You’re friends. Be friendly, it is not as if people ask for affection between their Lords and Ladies.” Rhaenys was skeptical but nodded, “and when the children look nothing like Renly?” Jae looked unsteady but spoke honestly, “I am worried about that, I hope they have your features and my dark hair, but it is important for the Targaryen bloodline to thrive,” Jon reached out to cup her face, “Rhaenys, I want you to know that if you are unwilling to go through with this then I will call it off, I can figure out something else with Renly.”

Rhaenys had not thought that Jae would do that. She figured that she was being ordered into this situation. It made her feel better that Jae was giving her the option to bail. Rhaenys took a few moments to think about it, the situation was not exactly one of great pain. She was to be rich, Harrenhall one of the largest and wealthiest castles in Westeros, she was to have children with her brother doing her duty to House Targaryen and she was to marry someone she enjoyed spending time with, allowing him to have love as well. The nagging thoughts in her brains had her thinking about what people would think, what Jae’s Queen would think. “Would your Queen be comfortable you fathering your sister’s children?”

Jae grimaced slightly, “Rhaenys, Daenerys is to be my Queen.” He paused, seeing the hurt come across her face, “As well as another……” Rhaenys reached out to slap him again, her anger rising. This time he gripped her wrist before she could strike him. “Rhaenys, please.” She wrenched her hand away, “You are better suited for this, you thrive anywhere you go, you are the attention of everyone in any room you walk in, and then you control the entire room with a few looks and
gestures.” He took in a deep breath, Rhaenys felt her anger calming slightly with his words. “Daenerys is level headed and would rather stand behind someone then stand in front, it was not an easy decision but the relationship between Daenerys and I grew quickly and honestly. It was meant to be.”

Jae put his hands out, an offer of truce, Rhaenys placed her hands in his. “Daenerys will accept this, as will my other Queen. I am only trying to do what’s best for the realm, and for our family.” Rhaenys looked in Jae’s eyes, the weight of the family legacy and the realm reflecting in the set of shoulders. At six and ten he was looking decades older, Kings Landing’s stresses taking its toll on her brother already. Not only that but he just looked weary, as if he had not wanted to argue but was resigned to it.

This entire deal had so many positive and negatives, the negatives could possibly ruin her reputation, but the positive, well the positive could bring happiness, for her, Renly and for Jae. She would also have Targaryen children, she did not care much for the wealth of Harrenhall, but she did care for her happiness in life, as well as her children’s.

Rhaenys looked at Jae, their hands were still interlocked, he pulled her hands to his lips, pressing soft kisses across her knuckles. Rhaenys felt raw, her emotions crashing along with her anger and adrenaline, she knew the decision she should make, but she wanted to think it over. Just to be certain.

Rhaenys placed her hand on Jae’s face, cupping his cheek in her hand. She watched as he looked down dejectedly, expecting her to refuse and his hard work would be for naught, but this time she tipped his chin up to meet her eyes. “It pleases me very much that you have done this to make me happy, you stayed true to your promise to me when I was drunk.” She watched as a big smile stretched across his handsome face, “It pleases me very much to have Targaryen children with you,” here, his hands settled on her waist, she shot him a dry look and his smile turned into a smirk. Rhaenys could not help but smile at his reaction, it made her feel good that he was so attracted to her.

Rhaenys continued, ignoring her brother, “I will need time to come to terms with this, I do truly believe that it is a good idea and will benefit us all but do not expect me to accept it right now, at least allow me a few nights before I decide.” Rhaenys saw Jae nod, accepting her words before he replied, “that is fair, you do plan on accepting though?” with Rhaenys’ nod, Jae sagged his shoulders in relief, then wrapped his arms around her, bringing their torso’s together.

Rhaenys felt some sort of relief as well, she was still anxious and nervous about her future. She was certain Jae would do anything in his power to make her happy. Recognizing it now, Jae was to be the father of her children, and that had her smiling bright. There was no better man than her brother to raise children with.
Rhaenys pulled back, looking into her Brother’s eyes the violet eyes that matched hers, the love and adoration she saw in his eyes had her pushing her lips against his, kissing her little brother for the first time, loving the way he instantly reciprocated the kiss. It was a sweet kiss, the two of them just getting familiar with one another, it was not sweet when she felt Jae reach around her to greedily place both of his hands on her arse. Rhaenys pulled away from the kiss but Jae did not move his hands, palmimg at her as she looked into his eyes. He did not look guilty nor shamed by his actions, so Rhaenys spoke “Jae.” And he replied pleading innocence. “Yes?” widening his eyes to give her a pleading look.

Rhaenys shook her head at his antics, this was the King of Westeros, yet he was unwilling to take his hands off of her bottom. Jae leaned towards her to kiss her again, and she rolled her eyes at him but leaned in as well, this time the kiss was a little more heated, Rhaenys wrapped her arms around Jae’s neck once again, pulling the two of them together, but Jae continued to palm and grip at her arse, Rhaenys could not help but smile into the kiss.

Rhaenys pulled away, “How long have you wished to do this?” she asked, her voice was slightly husky with arousal, and Jae did not look or sound any different, “Since I first saw you.” The sincerity in his voice was rather flattering but she wished to tease. “you thought about squeezing your sisters bottom the first time you saw her?” Rhaenys giggled as Jae nodded vigorously, he then pushed his nose along her temple, “Aye, had trouble taking my eyes off of you.” Rhaenys’ giggle continued as she pulled Jae’s hands away from her.

Rhaenys placed a kiss on Jae’s cheek, then went over to the wine that was nearby, pouring herself a drink, then pouring one for Jae. Making her way back over to him, he was still sitting on the desk, his legs spread and Rhaenys immediately settled back between his thighs, leaning into his thick torso. “Have you told Daenerys about this yet?” Rhaenys watched as Jae shook his head, “I have only spoken to you, Renly and Loras about it, did not think it would be important unless you all accepted.” Rhaenys pulled her head back to look at Jae incredulously, “You did not think telling your Queen that you wished to breed your sister was important?” Jae returned her look, “No, why would that matter?”

Rhaenys gaped at him like a fish, that was very stupid of him. “You have a lot to learn about woman Jae.” Being as close to him as she was, she felt more than saw Jae’s shrug, Rhaenys had just gripped her goblet again to take a drink when there was a loud knock on the door. Before Jae could answer, Rhaenys pulled his face down to hers once more, kissing one more time before she moved away, smirking at him.

Jae rolled his eyes, but then called out, “Yes?” and Ser Loras came through the door. “Lord Varys is here; says he has a map for you?” Rhaenys watched as Jae nodded in Loras’ direction. “I’ll be just a moment Ser,” Loras then exited, closing the door behind him. Jae turned towards Rhaenys, “You should speak to Grandmother, you can tell her but allow me to be the one to tell Daenerys.” Rhaenys nodded, his orders made sense. Rhaenys finished her wine, and then went over to Jae. Placing the goblet on the table, she gave him a quick peck on the lips, and felt him give her bottom a firm pat as she turned to walk away. She shot him a glare as she walked but made sure to sway her hips as she
Loras and Varys both bowed to her as she walked past, and she asked a servant to lead her to where her Grandmother was. Rhaenys found herself smiling, her brother had really tried to make her happy, by offering to fuck her himself. That was such a twisted way to look at it but it only made her smile. Considering how obsessed he was with her arse he had been hoping this plan of his would work, Rhaenys knew that Jae had went through all of this to further the Targaryen bloodline but she giggled thinking that he went through it all only so that he could have her.

That made her laugh, but also made her feel desired at the same time, it felt good to be wanted, and right now Rhaenys wanted to be wanted.

Jon

Jon watched his sister leave this new working room of his, she swayed her hips to tease him and Jon could not wait until he was seeing her without clothing. Rhaenys made his blood boil with want, she was just so beautiful and her fiery personality was so attractive to him that he found himself just getting lost within her at times.

Jon smiled to himself just thinking about the day that he has had. Waking up next to Daenerys with Myrcella at the door, explaining to Myrcella what he needed from her in terms of power balances in the Westerlands. He then met with Margaery to discuss an official trading alliance between the Reach and the Targaryens to further pursue their want for Margaery to be queen. Next he met with Renly and Loras to make the deal for Rhaenys and him, and now he was meeting with Varys to learn about all of the ins and outs of the Red Keep.

Being King was turning out to be hectic as he expected, but he also felt a sense of fulfillment, he was doing good things for his family and the realm. Jon was exhausted though, all of the different emotions of the day getting to him. It was getting past time to eat dinner, he would eat in his room and then go to bed after this meeting with Varys.

Varys walked into the room, wearing his robes and perfume as usual, his smell floated into Jon’s nostrils and he had to hold his face to stop from grimacing. Varys bowed and “My King, this Is as good as I could do on such short notice.” Jon did not appreciate the subtle insult, but let it slide, the eunuch was harmless. Varys would probably end up dying in some extremely unsatisfying way after he inevitably speaks to the wrong person at the wrong time………………….
Either way the man was useful to him now, and judging by the map he was holding the map would be very useful to him. Jon took the map and spread it out on the desk, it took nearly the entirety of the desk, that paper being patched together in different parts to add rooms and tunnels. The Red Keep’s outline was clear and the floor plan was clear but the tunnels and secret entrances were an entanglement that looked like a spider web. Ironic.

Studying the map, he recognized the tunnel leading into his room, then the others around his noticing that each room except for the one his Grandmother currently resided in had tunnels and entrances within them. He followed the map and tracked the lines until he noticed the room he was in right now. Jon looked up towards Varys, who was standing there unassuming. “That is all Varys, Thank you for your work.” Varys only bowed and floated off.

Jon traced the room he was in right now with his finger, the secret entrance was wedged into a small panel on the wall. Jon walked up to the panel and pushed his weight against it, the panel shook slightly, but Jon noticed the crack behind it. Jon went back over to where the desk was and gripped Longclaw he unsheathed his sword and then slid it in between the crack, using the sword to prop open the door from the tunnel’s side.

The door opened quickly and banged against the wall, the tunnel behind it was skinny and old, it smelled of must and looked like it had not been used in a very long time judging by the amount of spider webs and mouse droppings. These secret tunnels were another thing that he did not want to have to deal with right now, but it was certainly something that needed his attention.

Jon sat back down at the desk, kicking his feet up, he liked this room. It was perfect for doing Kingly work while keeping his bedchamber as a place for comfort. Jon felt like that separating work from comfort was important, being able to turn his mind off when he went to sleep would be key for the balance that Oberyn spoke about.

Jon reached for the goblet that Rhaenys had poured for him, he had only had one sip before he had put it down in favor of kissing her some more. Jon settled back into his seat, consuming some of the wine, Jon quickly felt it going to his head, he would need to eat soon or else he would be feeling the effects of the wine soon.

Jon had only been King for one day, yet he felt like he had done more political work in the time he’s been in Kings Landing then the entirety of his time in the North. It was different work in the North than here, that was certain. Everything in the North was simple and straight forward, especially the Free Folk. Coming to Kings Landing had Jon needing to see the complexities of things, as well as compromise his morals. In the North he would never have thought about sleeping with another man’s wife, but now with Rhaenys and Renly, taking two Queens of Daenerys and likely Margaery, he was uncertain of how to proceed with things. War was easier than women.
Jon was certain on how to proceed politically; it would take some time but he would succeed eventually.

Jon finished his wine, leaving the room, giving Ser Loras a nod as he walked past him, hearing Loras’ new armour squeak as he walked behind him. Jon walked over to his rooms, stopping a servant on his way, requesting some food to be brought to his rooms. As he walked, Jon could feel the stresses and the tension of the day leaving him, the wine helping him to unwind. Jon walked into his rooms, and began to strip out of his more formal clothing, switching into some sleep wear. It was still rather early to go to bed so Jon just lit a fire in his hearth, settling a chair in front of it.

Jon heard a knock and he heard Loras let the servant in with his food, the boy set it out on Jon’s table, bowed then left wordlessly after Jon thanked him. Jon quickly ate away, the food feeling good hitting the bottom of his stomach. He quickly made up a large plate and sat in front of the fire, taking comfort in the warmth. Jon sat, feeling the weight fall off of his shoulders as he relaxed.

Jon heard another knock on the door, but did not move, “My King, your…. wolf is here,” Ser Loras’ confused voice amused Jon but he quickly called back. “Let him in.” Ghost padded into his room, he had left after Jon settled into the writing room, probably not liking the small space, but Jon knew he would return eventually. Ghost came over, licked Jon’s hand, and then settled in front of him, his bulk laying across Jon’s toes.

Jon even felt Ghost relaxing, his weight getting heavier and heavier against the bulk of his ankles, settling his big head between his paws. The overwhelming need to re-center himself after a few tricky days was prominent, and doing this was perfect for his own mental health right now. He had been feeling the gnawing pits of anxiety in his gut, Ghost’s presence largely helping him, but now that Jon had finally settled as King, he felt more comfortable and confident in his responsibilities. It was finally hitting him; he was the King of the Seven Kingdoms. He was the most powerful man in Westeros, and it killed him to even think about not succeeding in his role.

Jon just stayed relaxed in his seat as he watched the secret door open slightly, he knew it would be Daenerys and when she poked her head into the room she held a soft smile seeing how laid back Jon was. Jon gave her a loving smile back, she had obviously come to sleep with him, as she was dressed in sleep wear, but instead of climbing into bed together, Daenerys climbed over Ghost and settled into Jon’s lap. Her legs were sideways, over his hips, her warm weight across his thighs and torso feeling good. She tucked her face right into Jon’s neck and he felt her release hot breaths of air across his Adam’s apple, relaxing along with him.

Jon had Ghost at his feet, and with Daenerys across his body, he felt warm and loved. He smiled to himself, Kings Landing was working out to be pretty good.
Jon placed a kiss to Daenerys temple, then settled back into his chair, succumbing to the fatigue and feeling the cover of sleep enclosing him as he shut his eyes. Falling asleep thinking of how different his life was a moon ago, but not wanting to change it for anything.
Hey Everyone,

I have no words for how awful the finale was. Literally 90% of it did not make sense. I have kind of put GOT from my mind, other than this fic and other fics of course. In my mind, Jon and Daenerys are making their way to Winterfell to fight the great war.

I read some leaks before the episode, so this chapter is full of Dany/Jon love and affection, the year we missed had them growing together, hope everyone enjoys their relationship dynamic. This chapter takes place a full year after the last one, it is Daenerys' nameday tournament, so everyone is coming back to Kings Landing after a year apart. Something happens that will shake Jon completely.

Anyone see the interview Isaac Hempstead did? he said, "I thought the script was a joke." well, turned out it was.

I've also seen that some people are abandoning stories, I understand if you are having trouble coming to terms with season 8, but I feel like that is the exact opposite of what is needed. We can't just give up on the story. GOT is one of the best fictional worlds ever created, the writing was just awful, does not mean we cannot continue to use this world for our own creative needs.

Hope everyone is doing well,

More Life,

One Year later….

Jon

Jon awoke in his chambers; he could hear the soft breathing of Daenerys as he slowly opened his eyes. The sun just barely climbing over the horizon had his eyes getting used to the light quickly. Jon swung his legs over to the side of the bed, glancing up towards the Laughing Weirwood shield hanging on the wall, the memory of his mother forever living on.

Jon stood, dressed only in his small clothes, he stretched out his stiff muscles, going over to his table for a cup of water. Jon took a large swig and saw movement in the bed. Daenerys had swung her arm towards where he was supposed to be lying, but remained asleep, her movement jostling the blankets so that her bare back, leading right to the middle of her bottom was showing.
Jon smiled, even after all of this time he was still not used just to how ethereal Daenerys was. The beauty in his bed often humbling him, just thinking that he did not deserve her loving nature. Jon could not resist walking towards his bed again, he leaned over Daenerys, planting soft kisses across her hairline, temples, leading down to her cheeks, lips and chin.

Jon saw the small smile she held as her breathing shifted, signaling her awakening but wanting to revel in his affections for the meantime. Jon smiled to himself, Daenerys loved his small moments of softness. Jon kissed towards her neck, then placed wet kisses along each nock in her spine, he noticed her body completely settle, relaxing fully into the pillows.

Jon got to the bottom of her spine, bridging the small gap between her tailbone and arse cheeks. He pulled the covers over her perky mound, then without any of the gentleness or reserve he had just displayed, cupped her left cheek and took a firm bite, making sure he was soft enough not to pierce her skin, but leaving a reddening mark.

Daenerys yelped in surprise, shooting up out of the covers as Jon ducked behind the bed, the fire in her eyes only making him laugh harder then he already was. Daenerys was completely naked, her breasts heaving as she took in breaths, Jon peeked his head over the bottom of the bed frame and Daenerys lunged towards him but Jon somersaulted towards the middle of the room laughing, “Jaehaerys!” He narrowly dodged a pillow being thrown at him, before he was hit in the shoulder with another.

Jon held his hands up in surrender, smiling brightly and laughing coolly, he watched as Daenerys settled back into the bed, pouting adorably. Jon made his way over to her, climbing on top of her so that his hips were notched between her thighs, their naked torso’s pressed together, and when he went to place a kiss upon her lips she turned away at the last second.

Jon smiled into her neck, “my love….” And Daenerys gripped his hair. Hard. “Do not ‘my love’ me,” she spat at him then softened completely, “that hurt Jae,” her voice taking on a whiney tint. Jon pouted adorably, looking into her eyes, “I could not resist, I am part wolf, and your bottom looked delightful.” He smiled at her, and then leaned in again, this time Daenerys did not turn away and their lips connected.

These moments with Dany were some of Jon’s greatest joys, the easy love they shared was one of the reasons he was often in a good mood throughout the day, knowing that he would just simply fall into Dany’s arms at the end of each day. Jon enjoyed teasing her as well, he would tease her with silly jests and actions, while she would tease him with her beauty, Jon would often feel her feet climbing up his calves during meetings, or at the dinner table when she would lean into him, placing hands on his thighs, brushing her breasts against his arms.

Jon had announced their betrothal six moons ago, mostly because he could not handle another day
without taking her maidenhead. The teasing and constant limiting himself to oral sex had him frustrated, so he announced it, making it abundantly clear that if he wished, he would be taking a second queen, much the same as his father.

Daenerys and Rhaella had been angry about the deal Jon made with Renly, fuming mad for weeks, where he barely had any opportunity to speak with either of them. Jon had fallen into a sorry state quickly, and it took some words from Sansa right before the Stark’s left for Winterfell for Jon to snap out of it. He had firstly cornered his Grandmother, speaking kind words as well as firm ones, but she had quickly forgiven, recognizing his inexperience and lack of foresight. Grandmothers were often much easier on Grandchildren then siblings.

Daenerys had fumed at him for weeks after, but after Jon had left his Mother’s maiden cloak on her bed with a note that told her that the cloak would forever be hers, Daenerys sought him out. She told him it would take some time, she had barely accepted his second queen before she learnt of Rhaenys and Jon, but Jon accepted again, telling her to take as long as she needs. Nearly three moons after he had told her of his intentions she came to terms with it, calling him an idiot but seeing where his mind was. Jon had made her come on his tongue six times that night, so extremely grateful that he had her in his life, and their relationship began anew.

With the betrothal, the realm blatantly accepted Daenerys as their queen, outpours of Ravens came to Kings Landing congratulating her, the potential of a second Queen enticing many as well. The ravens filled with congratulating words but also grasping for Daenerys’ friendship, knowing she would have influence on who the new Queen would be.

Daenerys was Jon’s partner in everything that mattered, his exact equal, the perfect supporter and perfect lover, Jon had received some jests from Robb about him marrying his aunt but quickly told him to piss off as Daenerys was the perfect match.

Taking Daenerys’ maidenhead was as natural as breathing for the both of them, Jon had refrained from coming inside of her for a while, stating that he did not wish for them to bring a baby into their lives if they still had minor issues with one another. Daenerys had quickly put that out of his head, telling him that an heir would bring them further together. After she said that he had dumped his seed into her as often as he could. Often taking her aside during the day just to enjoy each other’s bodies, fucking with the sole purpose of pleasure and not duty.

If fucking Daenerys would bring them closer together then Jon would. he would do anything to be closer to Daenerys, he eagerly waited for when he could marry her.

For now, Jon pushed his tongue into Daenerys’ mouth, dominating the kiss which she eagerly accepted. She pushed her tongue against his, the two nipping and biting at each other’s tongues and lips. Jon felt Daenerys’ hands run up and down his back, and she then notched her ankles around her
back, lifting her hips so her cunt grinded against his now hard cock. The only layer between them his small clothes which he quickly removed.

Jon pulled away from Daenerys’ lips to look upon her face, her cheeks flushed, lips bruised from his kisses, her eyes returning the love he knew was in his eyes. Jon ran the underside of his cock through her cunt lips, her wetness making his cock glide through her petals. “Quit teasing nephew, fuck me.” Jon shivered with arousal, whenever either of them mentioned their shared blood it would only push them further into depravity. Jon reattached his lips to Daenerys as he gently slid his cockhead into her.

Jon swallowed Dany’s moan, but he smiled as she rotated her hips to pull more of his cock into her. Jon pulled his hips away from her, his cockhead the only inch of him inside her. This was a game he liked to play with her, he would slide into her the smallest amount just to tease her further, and Dany would always become more wanton before she eventually goaded into him sliding deep.

Today, Daenerys was feeling especially stubborn as she moved her hips away from his, his game being turned against him. Jon pushed forward to stay within her but she quickly and abruptly stopped all movements, so Jon slid deep into her warm cunt. This time Daenerys swallowed Jon’s moan, and he could feel her smile against his lips. His cock was fully buried in her, and he pulled his face away from hers to smile brightly at her, she was smiling back, pride in her smile as she had fooled him. “well done, my love.” Jon said, Daenerys’ eyes softened completely, “I love you Jae,” Jon’s heart clenched in happiness, seeing the sincerity in her words, he displayed the same sincerity when he replied, “and I, you Auntie.”

Jon then began to slowly thrust back and forth. Just savoring the way Daenerys’ cunt felt around his cock. He dipped his head down to take one of her peaks into his mouth, sucking and licking at her teat as he continued to lazily thrust. Early morning sex was a fairly regular thing between him and Daenerys and he knew in the mornings that she liked it slower, gentler, just easing the two of them into their day after basking in love and sex.

Daenerys tilted her hips sideways, altering their position, Jon pulled her leg over his shoulder and began to really stroke in her nice and deep, just the way she liked it. At this angle Daenerys was definitely feeling the full length of his cock, as Jon felt his cockhead pushing against the back of her cunt.

Jon could feel himself getting close, so he brought a hand down to Daenerys’ clit, strumming it with his thumb, Daenerys quickly peaked, her moans growing in volume as she clenched around him, Jon lasted a few more strokes before he too fell into orgasmic bliss. He did not bother pulling out as he came, and remained inside her afterwards, simply shifting her hips underneath him so they could cuddle once more.
This was Jon’s favourite part, he had settled into Daenerys’ embrace, his nose pressing up under her chin, they each a sheen coat of sweat and she was running her hands through his hair. Jon’s cock softened slightly, but he was still buried in Daenerys’ cunt, so his cock had not gone completely flaccid.

Jon must have fallen asleep for a bit, as he was woken by Daenerys gently shaking his shoulder. The first thing Jon noticed was Daenerys face and neck covered in beard burn, the second was that he was still inside her. Jon’s sleep addled brain paused as he shifted his hips slightly, causing Daenerys to moan. She spoke before he could continue, “Jae, we must get up, you are to meet with the small council.”

Jon sighed, he sagged back into Daenerys’ body inadvertently pushing his cock deeper into her. This time it was Jon who moaned, Daenerys took on a small smile, but physically pushed him off of her, “no more play, we have work to do today.” Jon stood and stretched once again, giving Daenerys a good view of his body and his hard cock bobbing between his legs.

Jon went over to the wash basin, cleaning off his face, cock, navel and thighs, then went over to his wardrobe to find some small clothes and clothing. Jon had just finished putting on his breeches when he saw Daenerys rise from the bed herself. She stretched too, and Jon could not help but watch as her curves shifted beautifully. She saw him blatantly staring and gave him a soft smile.

Jon had to take a few deep breaths to calm himself lest he bend her over the nearest table.

He settled on a tunic to wear, taking his sword belt, bringing Longclaw and the Dragonbone dagger with him. When Jon turned Daenerys had put a robe on, and he strode over to the table to drink some more water. “What do you have to do today?” Daenerys had taken a wet cloth to her face, then dipped into her robe to clean between her legs. “I will be greeting the people arriving for my name day tournament.” Daenerys then walked over to Jon, leaning into him, “While you are busy playing politics, I must charm Lords and Ladies.” Jon looked down towards her, wrapping his arms around her, and he stated “On the bright side, Rhaenys comes back today.”

Jon had announced the betrothal between Rhaenys and Renly shortly after they had made the decision. The Tully’s had quickly pushed back, but when Jon highlighted the benefits of having a fully functioning Harrenhall, as well as reassuring them that Renly and Rhaenys answered to them, they were slightly assuaged. Jon was quick to remind them that the Tully’s had only become the Great family of the Riverlands because of House Targaryen, and that during the rebellion they only fought to further their houses position. Jon did not wish to hold these facts over their heads but he did what was needed.

Jon’s quick mention of Rhaenys had Daenerys’ expression darkening slightly, this was the first time that Rhaenys had come back to Kings Landing, so it would be the first time Jon would need to split
his attention between his sister and aunt. “How is this going to work between Rhaenys and I, Jae?”

Jon knew that Daenerys was apprehensive going forward, but he needed to make sure that there
would be no resentment growing between the two. “Dany, my love,” Jon gripped her hand and
placed it on his heart, “truthfully, I am uncertain of how to proceed, but trust me when I say that you
are the single most important person in my life.” Jon felt Daenerys’ breath hitch, but he continued,
“No matter what happens with Rhaenys, I need you to keep an open mind, this whole deal might not
workout, but she still is family.” Daenerys nodded into Jon’s chest.

Jon then cupped Daenerys’ face, giving her a kiss on the lips. “I’ll come join you and Grandmother
when I finish with the council.” Daenerys pushed her lips to his once more, but then bodily pushed
him away, “Go,” she said with a smile.

Jon whistled for Ghost, his big Direwolf trudging along behind him as he opened the door. Jon
entered the hallway, finding Ser Arthur, young Edric Dayne, Ser Barristan and the large lady knight
he brought into the City guard, Brienne. Jon smiled at them all politely, but Ghost quickly pushed
past him to head towards the council chambers. Jon walked along with Ghost, Arthur and Edric
following.

Most of the spots for the City guard had been filled, there were a few that still needed occupancy, but
the Kingsguard did a good job choosing men and for Ser Barristan’s sake women to fill the spots.
Now at all times there was at least two guards with the royal family, and allowed more time for the
five true Kingsguard still in Kings Landing to rest. Ser Jonothor and his four City guard went to
Dorne with Viserys, while Ser Loras and his chosen four went to Harrenhall.

Jon chatted amicably with the two knights charged with following him today, both Dayne’s were
excited for their family to come. As the tournament was going to be a large event, the Dayne family
decided to attend. Edric’s father and lord of Starfall, Ulrick was bringing most of the household, but
Arthur was excited to see his sister’s again. Edric was just excited to see some family as he had been
homesick joining the city guard. Eventually the three men and Ghost made it to the small chambers,
the entire council was already there, except for Grandmother and Pycelle. Grandmother was
obviously greeting people so she would not be attending but Pycelle was just a moron and was late.

The men stood, and bowed as Jon walked in, “Edric, ask a servant for some food for Ghost please.”
The Dayne heir nodded and walked out as Arthur took his position over Jon’s right shoulder.

“Good morning, m’Lords, I hope you are all faring well,” small nods, and words of agreement
followed, “Lord Varys, reports on the travelling parties?” Varys nodded, then spoke, “The
Riverlords are to arrive soon, they were spotted coming down the Kingsroad, the Tully
and Targaryen banners flying. The Dornish contingent should be here sometime after the Riverlords, they
were spotted in the Kingswood from the Roseroad.” Varys was meant to continue, but was
interrupted by Tywin, “The Westerlands should arrive before the feast tonight, my daughter sent a messenger ahead.” Jon nodded at the both of them.

“As for the other Kingdoms?” Mace Tyrell spoke first, “Willas sent a messenger as well, the Reach should arrive by tomorrow afternoon.” Next was Baelish, “Unfortunately, Lord Jon Arryn has taken illness, so he is sending an emissary from the Vale. Your friend, Harrold Hardyng and his household.” That was a good choice from Lord Arryn. Joffrey Lannister has been a squire/servant for the Blackfish, serving him at the bloody Gate. Blackfish had a reputation for being a hard man, and he would surely be coming to Kings Landing with the Tully’s and to serve Harrold. Joffrey would see his family again, and Jon would need a report from the Blackfish. Despite their lack of friendliness Jon trusted that the man would be honest.

Jon spoke again, “the Stormlands?” Varys spoke quickly, “Stannis’ wife took ill, they are sending a party.” Jon shrugged that was fine, and perfectly reasonable.

Jon looked at Varys again, “Any word on the North?” Varys grimaced slightly, “that I am unsure about, there has been reports that only a small party has been sent, but there has been no official confirmation. My apologies, my King.” Jon shrugged, he was sure Uncle Ned had it covered.

“Ser Gerold, how are the City Watch under Ser Barristan’s tutelage performing? Also how has the City guard settled in to their new positions?” the door opened behind them, Edric carrying two plates of food, he settled one in front of Ghost, then placed the other on the table in the middle of the council.

Ser Gerold spoke simply, “The City Watch has found much success, my King. Crime and theft has significantly lessened since the added men, as well as Ser Barristan’s leadership.” Gerold paused to think, “the City guards are settling in well, your Grace, just need the last few positions to be filled.” Jon nodded, he knew about the need for filling the positions, but he was happy to hear that Ser Barristan was straightening everything out within the City Watch.

Jon then looked to Littlefinger, “Lord Baelish, I am certain that this tournament will bring added economy to the capital, but how much will it be costing the crown?” Baelish smiled devilishly, “the added population to the capital will bring coin to my brothels. That is certain.” Jon snorted, Baelish was a fucking strange man. “The tournament will cost a good chunk of money, but the added economy to Kings Landing should have repaid the cost over the next six moons, with taxes ever incoming.” Good, Jon was stressed thinking that they may be adding to the crown’s debt. “How much is in the crown in debt?” Jon asked, “Around one and a half million dragons, your Grace.”

Jon let out a large exhale. He wished to begin the education protocols during this tournament, announcing it to the Great Lords. He needed to have more gold if he wished for his plans to be seen though. That dowry for Margaery was looking more and more appealing every day. Jon had spoken
to the council for moons about his ideas, Varys had agreed right away, stating he would always support anything that would help the smallfolk. The others were more difficult to convince, Ser Gerold took it with his mind for security, stating it would be easy for slavers to steal children away if they were all gathered in the same place. Baelish just told him it would be costly, but the idea Daenerys came up with, making the Lords responsible aided his opinion, they compromised saying the Crown would pay for 25% of the costs, but he predicted that it would take over a decade for the crown to make their coin back. Jon was not worried about that; he was doing it for the future of the Kingdom.

Jon felt like he would always have the support of Mace Tyrell, but when Jon spoke of wanting to limit the influence of the Seven on children is when the man balked. The Tyrell family was known to be devout followers of the Seven, and with Jon stating that he only wanted to allow children to choose their own religions, not completely dissolve the Seven, did Mace become more comfortable with the idea.

Tywin looked to be completely uncaring for the idea, he had never cared for small folk, even in the Westerlands. Jon had found out soon enough that all Tywin cared about was the future of House Lannister. Jon mentioned the education system would make it simpler for the heirs of each house to become great, and Tywin changed his tune, almost immediately backing the idea completely, even offering advice on how to create an atmosphere in each Kingdom where the schooling is drastically important. Tywin changed the atmosphere of the Lannister armies, so his advice was very helpful.

The council then spoke about different issues around the realm. Varys typically had his reports on different things, but the council mostly talked about the tournament and how the certain specifics of it all.

The council had lasted a long period of time, and the time it ended Jon knew he would have to hurry if he wished to be there with Daenerys. Hopefully he could make it to the welcoming of the Dornish as he was sure the Riverlords had already arrived. He would have to check in with Rhaenys and Renly afterwards.

Jon swept out of the room, he had not noticed Ghost be let out, his wolf was not there, but he still had Arthur and Edric tracking him. Jon strode through the keep, heading towards where he expected Daenerys and Grandmother to be. He expected them to come through the King or River gate, so Jon went to the Western halls of the Red Keep, spotting Daenerys and Grandmother waiting outside.

Jon spotted the Dornish contingent coming up the River row, so he quickly made his way out. Grandmother was looking very handsome, her hand of the King pin on her chest. Protocol made Jon greet Grandmother first, “Grandmother, you look wonderful today.” Smiling charmingly. She was surprised to see him, but stayed regal, gesturing for him to come stand beside her.
Jon made his way over to Daenerys first, giving her a loving look, taking her hand and placing a kiss, Jon was slightly worried for her as she had greeted Rhaenys and Renly earlier, she had slight stress lines along the outer parts of her lips, but overall she was upbeat. She returned his loving smile, but Jon had to refrain himself from showing her any more affection. Propriety demanded it and Jon did not want to cause any opportunity for Daenerys’ name to be spoken of in a bad light.

The Dornish party came strolling in, Viserys and Arianne leading the group. They both dismounted from their horses and quickly approached him. Viserys and Jon shared a hug and a smile, the entire group curtseyed and bowed politely. After Jon gave Arianne a kiss on the hand, Oberyn wrapped him up in a hug that rivalled Viserys’. “Jaehaerys!” Jon chuckled, “Prince Oberyn, it is good to see you again.” Oberyn kept an arm around Jon as Ellaria came to greet him, Jon politely kissed her hand, and did the same for the Sand Snakes when they approached.

After, Jon shoved Oberyn off of him, “greet Grandmother and Daenerys, you idiot.” Oberyn smiled but then turned to Grandmother, a big smile on his face with Ellaria and his daughters following him. The next Dornish Lords to present themselves to Jon were the Dayne’s. Arthur stepped forward and placed his hand on Jon’s shoulder. Jon saw Edric settle next to Arthur and Jon shared a small smile with them.

Ulrick Dayne, the Lord of Starfall approached and bowed politely, he was an older gentleman, still very handsome but you could see the age was reaching him. Next to him was one of the most beautiful woman Jon had ever seen. She was so extraordinarily beautiful that she genuinely rivaled Daenerys and Rhaenys. It was strange as Jon had not been as captivated since he saw Daenerys and Rhaenys for the first time.

Next to who Jon assumed was Ashara, was a younger looking Ashara, which Jon knew to be Allyria. Jon might as well have not been standing there as the Dayne’s only really had eyes for their family. He would have to meet them properly at a later time. “It seems our Prince and you are good friends, your Grace.” He heard Ulrick state, Jon met the man’s eyes and he looked resigned to the fact that his sister would often steal the attention from him. “Aye, I would not say we are friends, but Prince Oberyn has a strange way of showing affection.” Jon replied smiling back at the Lord of Starfall.

Jon watched as Ashara and Allyria curtseyed, he looked towards Arthur, and with a nod, Arthur and Edric went forward to greet their family. Jon knew that if any danger persisted then the Kingsguard with Grandmother and Daenerys would cover for Arthur.

Jon did his due diligence, greeting and speaking with all of the Dornish Lords and Ladies, many of them were amused with how Oberyn treated him, but they all seemed used to his antics. After greeting them all, which felt like it took forever, Jon waited for Grandmother and Dany, before leading them back to the keep. He asked for servants to show the Dornish parties where they would be staying.
Jon led Daenerys and his Grandmother to his writing room, but before he could even open the doors Grandmother told him she had to meet with the head of the servants of the Red Keep. She wanted to make sure the small feast that was being held tonight would run smoothly. Jon gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and then he opened the doors and strode over to his seat, there were miscellaneous papers laid about, Jon quickly organized them and stacked them into one of his desk drawers as Daenerys made herself comfortable in the chair across from him.

Daenerys kicked her shoes off, pulling her left foot into her hands to rub the bottom. Jon eyed her carefully, “Would you like to be here when I speak to Rhaenys, Renly and Loras?” Daenerys paused her movements, she took on a look of suspicion, “Is there any reason why I should not be here?” and Jon sighed, he did not like when she doubted his intentions. “I am to lecture Renly and Loras to keep it in their breeches the entire time they are here, then to discuss the rebuilding of Harrenhall.” Jon altered his voice in jest, “I have not even seen Rhaenys yet, it is not as if we are going to fuck as soon as she walks in.” Daenerys snorted, but she put her shoe back on.

Jon looked confused for a moment as Daenerys stood and walked around to him, “I will be in our rooms.” She leaned towards him, placing a kiss on his lips, then spoke softly, “be good.” Jon placed a hand over his heart as Dany pulled away from him, he mouthed, ‘Love you’ she rolled her eyes at him fondly as she walked away. Jon was about to call for Edric but he heard Daenerys already order him to find a servant and summon Renly, Rhaenys and Loras.

Jon poured himself a glass of water in the meantime, he needed to be very articulate in the coming conversation. He need not cause any offence, nor did he wish to aggravate his sister.

Jon did not have to wait long as the doors were quickly opened, Rhaenys striding through with a smile on her face. The moons apart had not changed Rhaenys much. She had more clothing on than normal as the Riverlands were colder than Kings Landing, nevertheless she still looked absolutely radiant. Jon felt a rush of excitement seeing her, but also a wave of possession came over him. Rhaenys was to be his!

Jon saw Renly follow Rhaenys, looking at her fondly as a husband should a wife, and then Loras followed Renly, he looked serious as if he was on guard duty, which was a good sign. Jon stood and rounded the table, meeting Rhaenys’ large smile with his own, Rhaenys bodily hugged him, wrapping Jon into an embrace that soothed Jon’s soul. His sister was finally back in his arms. Jon pulled away from Rhaenys, their smiles still bright, but turned towards Renly. Renly gave him a bow, and Jon put his hand out for the man to shake. They greeted each other politely, Jon doing the same with Loras. “Please, sit, we have much to discuss.” Rhaenys surprised him by rounding the desk and sitting right on top of Jon. She snuggled into his neck, placing a kiss on his throat, Jon smiled at her familiarity, but had her stand, “Rhaenys this will be a serious conversation, this can wait until afterwards.” Rhaenys pouted at him, but sat on the desk in front of him. Jon heard Renly tease his sister, “you’re worse than Loras and I.” Jon snorted but Rhaenys shot Renly a glare, “I have not seen him for many moons, I missed my brother,” Renly nodded in deference but the pair shared an
understanding smile. Good, they were getting along.

“I asked for you all to be here just to straighten out some things for the duration of your visit.” Jon paused letting the three of them take in his words, “firstly, you two,” Jon looked between Renly and Loras. “you must remain civil; no one can know of your relations or that I know of it.” Jon watched as they nodded seriously. “secondly, Renly, you and Rhaenys must act like husband and wife, you seem to already have that well in your grasp, so I will allow you to see it through.” Renly nodded once again, and Rhaenys shot him a soft smile.

Jon smiled, “Good, now how is Harrenhall?”

The conversation went well, Renly and Rhaenys had already begun restoring some parts of the castle, the added men and women working on the restorations were further providing to the economy of the Riverlands as well as taxes to the crown. They believe that no one knows about their relationships, only that Loras and Rhaenys are very close. It was all rather simple, but Jon was happy that they were all happy and thriving. Harrenhall was a good choice. He asked about any tension with the Tully’s and Rhaenys scowled slightly, stating that Edmure Tully was a moron, but everyone already knew that. Renly told him that the Riverlords were mostly happy Harrenhall was being rebuilt, it was only going to provide more security and good people to the Kingdom.

Loras reported to him the guards he had chosen to join the City guard, his own little crew within Harrenhall. Jon did not care, as long as they were loyal to him and did their duty while they were here. Loras ensured that they would, and that they are good people. Jon trusted the man’s judgment for now, but told him that if he needed to intervene he would.

Jon then dismissed Renly, and told Loras to stand guard. Both men bowed to him and Rhaenys, but almost as soon as they shut the door, Rhaenys was back into his arms, she was rather clingy today, Jon was fine with her being overly affectionate, he missed her as well. She settled into the same position as before, legs over his thighs, nose digging into his neck, she sighed, letting some tension out of her body.

Jon spoke quietly, “Are things really going well?” Jon felt more than saw Rhaenys’ nod, “Renly is a good man, it is also very nice being a Targaryen somewhere other than Kings Landing, much more laid back.” Jon could only agree with her words, he missed the simplicity of the North. “I am…… uncertain on how to proceed with you,” Jon spoke simply, Rhaenys tensed in his lap, and she pulled away from him to look into his eyes. Jon continued, “Daenerys is apprehensive as well, we need to make sure she does not feel alienated.” Rhaenys nodded at him, she reached across him to bring his right hand into both of hers. “I think we should let it come naturally, it is not as if we are not attracted to each other.” She paused to place a soft kiss to Jon’s lips. “Daenerys will be there with us every step of the way if she wishes, I will not steal you away from her, I refuse to tear our family apart.” Jon smiled towards her, relief and adoration reflecting in his eyes.
Jon leaned in to plant a soft kiss on Rhaenys’ lips this time. Jon was happy that it had been settled so simply, the two of them should really speak to Daenerys about it but Jon was too comfortable to move at the moment.

Jon settled deep into his chair, and Rhaenys followed him, he heard her mumble into his neck, “I really missed you Jae,” and Jon smiled, planting a kiss to her hairline, “and I, you, Sister.” They remained in a comfortable silence for a while, and Jon made the decision to seek out their aunt.

“Come on, up,” he urged her to stand, “we need to speak to Daenerys.” Jon reached around her to grab his water cup, gulping it down. Rhaenys settled in front of him, and Jon gave her a quick hug from behind, wrapping his hands across her stomach, kissing her softly behind her ear. He made sure to keep it civilized as he did not want Daenerys to be overly jealous, but when Rhaenys grinded her arse into his cock, it took all of his will power to pull away.

Rhaenys giggled at his reaction, “Good to know you still love my arse as much as before.” Jon smiled at her, then gestured for her to take his arm, as she approached he reached around to give a firm pinch to her bottom, and she smacked him, making him laugh this time. He eventually did lead her to his rooms.

Daenerys

Daenerys was in her and Jae’s rooms relaxing. It was an anxious time for her, and she definitely felt the insecurity of no longer being Jae’s number one source of attention. He was going to be torn between people now, Daenerys wished that her own nameday could just be cancelled so that she could have Jon back to herself. They had developed this private love between the two of them, yet duty and Jae’s own pursuit of a better Westeros were going to bring them apart. Daenerys knew it was coming, but only wished that they would be able to sustain.

When Jae betrayed her trust with his intentions to have children with Rhaneys, Daenerys was absolutely furious, what eventually made her calm down after moons of silence was not Jae leaving the maiden cloak, but Mother telling Daenerys that being Queen was one of the greatest things that had ever happened to her. If Mother could withstand being Queen to the Mad King, then Daenerys would thrive as the Queen to a good man. Mother also dryly stating ‘you and Rhaenys shared everything growing up, might as well share a man,’ had Daenerys embarrassed but also helped her to embrace her future.
It took a bit of time for Daenerys to fully come to terms with everything, she had watched as Jae spiraled downwards for a bit and that made her feel slightly guilty, but that was his problem, not hers. She should not have to deal with his sadness when he treated her the way he did.

When Daenerys finally did forgive him, she saw an immediate change, she had never seen him smile as large, and it was as if the greatest of weights had been lifted off of his shoulders. He had dropped to his knees and kissed her hands in thanks, she truly had missed him, so when he wanted to show her love physically she had acquiesced easily. Jae had been a wolf that night, eating her for hours while she continued to rut against his face. Daenerys smiled to herself thinking back to that night, Jae had been so selfless, she had fallen asleep at the end, so she was uncertain that he had even found release himself.

Still, Daenerys may have forgiven Jae but it still made for difficult situations and strange emotions. Growing up Daenerys was always the less outspoken, the less talkative, the Princess that people did not like as much as Princess Rhaenys. Daenerys knew that she was loved, Mother, Brother and Niece all showered her with love but when it came to others Rhaenys was always the one who people picked first. So, when Jae finally showed her the love she had been waiting for her whole life, it felt like Rhaenys was once again ripping it away from her.

Jae proving to Daenerys that she would be his wife first and foremost had eased her mind, but her own personal self-doubts still crept into her mind. The last moons spent with Jae had pushed them to the side, but having other influences come back into her life would surely bring them back.

Daenerys was just relaxing in front of the fire, she had Ghost cuddled up next to her, she was surprised when the Wolf took to her as quickly as he did. Jae said it was because he had marked her, Ghost now knew that she was a mate, and would seek Daenerys out when Jon was not available. She had a goblet of wine in one hand, her other hand running through Ghost’s thick fur.

Daenerys heard a loud knock on the door, but before she could answer, the door opened slightly, she heard Jae’s voice, “Dany?” and she quickly replied, “Come in,” Jae walked in, he had Rhaenys on his arm, but when he saw Daenerys he smiled bright. He made his way over to her, “you look relaxed, love.” Daenerys smiled as he leaned in for a kiss, their lips connected briefly but he pulled her upwards, putting his hands under her arms.

“Come, we wish to speak with you,” Daenerys looked over and Rhaenys had a gentle smile, Rhaney came over and gave Daenerys a firm hug. Rhaenys’ taller frame had Daenerys’ face pressed into her niece’s neck. Rhaney spoke with absolute sincerity, “I am so very happy you found love Dany.” Daenerys could not help but smile at Rhaenys’ words, Rhaenys continued, “you were always more deserving of it than me.”

Daenerys was surprised to hear Rhaenys admit that, Daenerys always thought that Rhaenys wanted
to be the perfect princess, but hearing her speak those words raised some questions. Jon who had
taken a seat at his table, jested, “do not act like we do not love you Rhaenys.” Rhaenys shot him a
glare but smiled after, “you were right Jae, Daenerys would always make a better Queen than I, I
have come to terms with the love that I have and will have.” Rhaenys smiled at the both of them. She
was decidedly certain on the subject, that was clear from her tone.

Jae still looked mildly suspicious of her words, so he asked, “What type of love would that be?” his
voice portrayed curiosity but his face was showing him to be impassive. Rhaenys wrapped her arms
around Daenerys again, pulling the two of them together. “I believe that the love for family will be
all I have, the two of you, Grandmother, Viserys….“ She trailed off slightly then continued in a
softer voice, “and our children.”

Daenerys knew where she was going with her topic of conversation but she was not expecting the
word ‘our’ before children. Daenerys must have shown her confusion, so Rhaenys explained,
“Dany, I am going to love your children as well,” she said smiling and Daenerys felt like a fool for
not understanding what she meant. Daenerys smiled back at Rhaenys, “I will love yours too Rhae.”

Daenerys’ words had Rhaenys smiling brighter than before, “you are truly alright with Jae being the
father?” she spoke quickly but then paused, “It may cause a scandal but I will happily separate from
Renly if it makes you unhappy.” Daenerys appreciated the sentiment but she would not have Jae and
Rhaenys’ name be completely tarnished because she was uncomfortable about something she had
agreed to moons ago.

“I am fine Rhae, Jae loves me, and I know that,” she paused as she saw Jae gave her the happiest of
grins, “but I also know he has a duty to the realm at to our house,” Rhaenys nodded at her words.
She wrapped Daenerys into a tight embrace again, she almost made it seem like she did not want to
let go.

Jae had the most loving smile plastered across his face, seeing the two of them being so affectionate
and comfortable clearly had him feeling great. He then spoke plainly, “Rhaenys and I wished to
speak to you Daenerys,” Daenerys was confused, she had thought they had already said what they
wished to say. Jae gestured for them to sit, so she did, Rhaenys sat on the other side of Jae, pouring a
goblet of wine for herself.

Jae took a long breath to steel himself. Daenerys had noticed him doing this when he was about to
say something he was uncertain about, only if you were very close to him as Daenerys was would
you really notice. “Rhaenys and I wish to be transparent with you throughout the progress in our
relationship.” What? That was rather strange, Rhaenys rolled her eyes at Jae then spoke, “I just did
not want to have you thinking I was stealing Jae from you, I am just going to tell you when we are to
spend time together, or when I will be with Jae for his duties alongside you.” She paused then turned
to look her in the eyes, “it will be important for us to constantly know how each other feelings, I do
not wish for you to resent me Daenerys.” Daenerys nodded again, what Rhaenys was saying made
Daenerys nodded at Rhaenys, accepting her words for what they were and agreeing to share their feelings when needed. Jae reached a hand out towards Daenerys and she took it, he wrapped his hand around her wrist, and bodily pulled her towards him. Daenerys smiled as he pulled her into an embrace, he stood and kissed her hair, then pulled Rhaenys towards the both of them, the three sharing a comfortable and heartwarming hug.

Jon nuzzled into both Daenerys and Rhaenys' temples, he looked like Ghost when he smelled something he liked, and it made Daenerys laugh. Her happy laughter was contagious, and Jae and Rhaenys both smiled bright, laughing along with her. This is what home felt like, she had her family with her, and they were laughing about something only they understood, a silent agreement between the three that happiness is the only emotion they would accept, the only emotion that mattered.

The three were split by a knock on the door, Rhaenys and Daenerys pulled away slightly, but Jae did allow them to go far, wrapping his hands around them. “Come in,” Jae called out, Ser Loras walked in, he looked to share a small smile with Rhaenys after seeing the thee of them so close, but he quickly composed himself and spoke. “The Lannister party was seen coming through the Lion gate, your Graces.” Jae spoke quickly, “Thank you, Ser” quickly dismissing him.

Loras closed the door behind him, and Jae immediately brought Daenerys and Rhaenys back into his torso. Jae reached up to cup Daenerys' face, and pressed a loving kiss onto her lips, Daenerys was not expecting the kiss but smiled up at him afterwards, he then turned and cupped Rhaenys face the same way. Before he leaned towards her, he looked right at Daenerys, raising a questioning eyebrow, Daenerys noticed that Rhaenys was looking at her as well, and her face showed signs of anxiety. Daenerys quickly made up her mind, and nodded at Jae. Rhaenys' face softened, and then Jae leaned down to kiss her.

Daenerys did not even really feel anything, she felt desire as Jae and Rhaenys certainly made for quite the sight, she even found herself somewhat liking what she was seeing, two people she cared deeply about showing affection. This was probably because she had moons to come to terms with this, they were just finally seeing it through.

Daenerys was smiling when Jae and Rhaenys pulled away from each other, and she was especially surprised when Rhaenys smiled at Jae devilishly, then turned and very quickly kissed Daenerys on the lips. Daenerys stuttered quickly and pulled away, but as she came down from her surprise she heard Jae and Rhaenys' shared laughter. Daenerys scowled at the both of them, but seeing them laughing had her softening giggling along with them.

Jae then go of them both, offering each of them his arm so they could go greet the Lannisters. Daenerys quickly wrapper her arm in his, watching Rhaenys do the same. They left the room, Jae
whistling for Ghost as they passed. Jae lead them through the keep, their guards falling behind them as Ghost came to walk in front of them. They made it through the keep to where they would be meeting the Lannisters, Ghost immediately bolted off, striding through the streets to seek solace for himself.

Daenerys noticed Lord Tywin and some of his people standing nearby, they were obviously waiting for the Lannisters as well. As propriety demanded, Jae went over to take his place next to Tywin, Daenerys and Rhaenys stood to his side. Jae greeted the Lannister lord, who gave him a bow, they shared some words, the two had an obvious respect for each other, Daenerys was still wary of the man and hoped Jae kept him at an arm’s length.

Rhaneys leaned over towards her, “We should have just disgraced them and not greeted them.” Daenerys snorted in humour, but quickly said, “Do not say such things when they are near.” Rhaenys pouted at her and Daenerys smiled.

The Lannister party then came through the gate, there was a large man with the helm of a hound who came first, he rode in front of a wheelhouse, multiple other Lannister guards on a horse beside it. Daenerys heard hurried footsteps behind her, and quickly turned to see her Mother approaching swiftly. She sided up next to Jae, forcing Rhaenys further down the line they had made. She spoke quickly to Jae, “my apologies Jaehaerys, I lost track of time,” Jae shrugged, then looked towards Tywin, “as long as Lord Tywin did not take offence,” Tywin raised an eyebrow but spoke clearly, “Of course not, it is an honour for you to be here, my Queen.” Daenerys thought that was rather strange, Grandmother was never late.

Daenerys was then pulled from her thoughts by the wheelhouse door opening, she had not noticed until now Addam Marbrand had ridden behind the wheel house, but he now stood helping the wheelhouses occupants walk down the small steps. The first person to step down was Cersei Lannister unsurprisingly, she looked across the yard with contempt, but when she settled on her husband she gave a small smile. Cersei looked like her regular self, beauty that had sustained over her years, next out of the wheel house was a lady of the same age as Tywin. Daenerys recognized her as Genna Lannister, Genna was of the larger sort, thick hips and a very large bosom. Her long blonde hair and green eyes immediately labelled her a Lannister. Daenerys was surprised to see her as she usually stayed in the West to rule over Casterly Rock while Tywin and his children did their different duties.

An uglier, rather plain looking man sided up to Genna, she looked at him impassively but took his arm as they waited. Daenerys then watched as Myrcella came out of the wheel house. In the year they had been apart Myrcella grew even more beautiful. No longer did she have the small amounts of baby fat that lingered, and she had hit a growth spurt if Daenerys was right, growing four or five inches. She had grown to be undeniably beautiful, Daenerys felt herself slightly envious of the sharpness of her jaw, and the natural shape of her eyebrows, but quickly pushed it down. No one could compete with the beauty of the blood of Valyria.
Daenerys was surprised once again as a dwarf sided up next to Myrcella, he said something to her which made her smile. That must be Tyrion Lannister, the third child of Tywin. He had been kept out of Kings Landing in shame for some time now, but Tywin must have made a decision, allowing the half man to court.

Addam took Cersei’s arm and they quickly walked over to Jae. The rest of their party following. Cersei and Addam bent the knee, and the rest followed, Jae quickly gestured for them to stand, and they then greeted each other. Tywin greeted them as if he was greeting the insect on his boot, but when Genna and Myrcella came forward Daenerys saw he held a small smile.

Genna and her husband, who Daenerys learned was Emmon Frey, greeted Jae and Mother perfectly polite, Daenerys felt that Genna was appraising Jae, she looked at him shrewdly and suspiciously, intelligence shining in her eyes. Next was Myrcella, she approached with an undisguised infatuation for Jae, she looked like he had hung the moon for her, and Daenerys felt her blood boiling. How dare she? She was embarrassing herself and her house in front of many, blatantly lusting after her man. Jae was hers! Stop looking at him as if you wish to mount him right now in front of everybody!

Daenerys felt a hand grip hers, she had not noticed but she was clenching her fists. Rhaenys looked at her, “relax, Dany, Myrcella is no threat to you.” Rhaenys’ words slightly calmed her, but she still did not like the way Myrcella looked at Jae. To give Jae credit he remained largely polite, he smiled slightly, but was as affectionate with Myrcella as he was with Cersei or Genna. Daenerys did not miss the way he appraised Myrcella though, not like Daenerys could really blame him, she did the exact same thing.

The greetings were quickly over, Jae taking Mother’s arm and leading the entire group back into the keep. Daenerys followed Jae and Mother, they were speaking quietly but then Mother gave him some instructions to which he nodded too, and she departed to a different hall. Jae then paused and waited for Daenerys and Rhaenys to catch up, taking each of them on an arm, continuing to walk.

“Grandmother wanted to tell us that the feast will start soon and we must begin to get ready.” Daenerys nodded, but Rhaenys spoke, “I will have to go find Renly, my clothing is with him.” Jae nodded. The three of them kept walking towards the family wing, but as they rounded a corner they nearly ran into Maester Pycelle. He was holding some different raven notes in hand, he quickly bowed, and then spoke “My King, there has been two different notes today.” Then handed the both of them to Jae.

Jae accepted, then continued walking, once they made it to where the Lannisters were to split from them, Jon summoned a page who would lead the Westerlords to their rooms. Daenerys watched as they departed, Myrcella shot Jae a look of adoration, to which Jae smiled slightly at. Daenerys was unsure if it was a smile of laughter or just genuine kindness.
Jae and Daenerys then went to their rooms, Rhaenys split from them to seek out Renly and to change clothing before the feast. They walked into their room, Jae shut the door behind them, and then Daenerys shot Jae a questioning look. He looked confused but asked rather dumbly, “What?” Daenerys shook her head, then spoke, “Why does Myrcella look at you as if you gifted her a million dragons?” Jae smiled slightly, he walked closer to her, “Are you jealous?” and Daenerys immediately pouted.

“I might be, but that still does not explain her actions,” Jae nodded but brought her close to him, wrapping her up in a tight embrace, “She had a rather large infatuation with me a year ago, I did not push her away from it,” he paused, “the year apart must have made her miss me, I am not sure.” Daenerys was annoyed that she had known of this but Jae’s tone reassured her, Myrcella was someone he did not look to for love, she was someone he looked to for his reign. He certainly viewed her highly, but not in the same way he loved Daenerys.

Daenerys reached up to cup his face, bringing their lips together in a firm kiss. “Mine” she said, looking his eyes. He smiled bright, “Yours, love.” Making her smile back. Jae walked towards the table and put the ravens down, “I am sure you wish to pick something for me to wear so go ahead,” he said, while opening up the raven scrolls. Daenerys smiled, he used to fight with her about what to wear but he now knew that she would win the argument and let her choose.

Daenerys walked over to his wardrobe, going through his different clothing, she spoke loudly so he could hear her across the room, “What are the ravens?” she could hear him opening the second one. “The first one was a message from Stannis, his wife took ill so he will not be attending, but some Stormlords……” Daenerys was listening but hearing him stop in the middle of her sentence looking towards him. He had the second one in his hands, she saw the sigil on the wax as a bear, and pinched her eyebrows. “Jae?”

He did not reply, but he kept holding onto the note, Daenerys knew something was wrong immediately, and walked over. Jae had paled slightly, and when she gripped his hand he looked up, his eyes filled with pain and anguish. Daenerys flinched, she had never seen him look that was before. Daenerys took a deep breath then looked at the note.

My King,

I hope my sword is treating you well, but I am very sorry to have to write these words. Unfortunately, your Uncle, Maester Aemon has perished. He died peacefully in his sleep. There are no words I can say to comfort you Jon, but know that he will be passed on with the greatest of ceremony.

998th Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch, Jeor Mormont.
Daenerys had not realized that her breath had hitched. She finished reading and deeply exhaled. She looked at Jae, who just looked lost, the pain in his eyes multiplying. She immediately pried his hands off of the note, then pulled his head to her, wrapping him into an embrace, bringing him comfort.

Daenerys had never met their great uncle; she had shared Ravens with him from time to time but Jae had spent moons with him. Whenever Jae spoke of the man it was with the utmost respect and love, his death was going to affect him much more than her, Rhaenys or Viserys.

Daenerys rubbed his back as he just sat there silently. Jae had not moved, his breathing was slow, and it broke her heart to see him just completely helpless. Jae quickly stood, pushing her away. “I must tell Grandmother.” Daenerys watched him quickly steel himself then head for the doors.

Daenerys quickly followed him, “Jae!” he was about to open the door, his face a mask of impassiveness, “I am coming with you, I want to be with you right now.” Daenerys saw his mask almost break, but he held it in, instead of taking his arm, she slid their fingers together so they interlocked, and she then pushed the doors.

Mother’s rooms were not far from theirs, so it only took a few moments before Jae was banging loudly on the door. They were allowed entry and Jae lead her inside. Mother was sitting, doing some stitching, but when she saw their faces her own face dropped. “What is it?” she spoke quietly.

Jae trembled slightly, Daenerys felt it more then saw it. “I got a raven from the wall…” and before Jae could continue Mother spoke again, “Aemon?” and Jae nodded. The unspoken news obvious to the two of them. Mother shrunk into her seat, Jae strode forward and rested a hand on her shoulder. “I wished to tell you, before someone else.” Mother looked up at Jae, she held a watery smile, “Thank you, dearest.” She paused to sniffle, “I think I wish to be alone Jaehaerys.”

Jae’s own tears were close to making themselves known but he nodded. He leaned down place a kiss on Mother’s cheek, Daenerys strode forward to do the same, Daenerys and her Mother shared a look, an unspoken agreement that Daenerys would take care of Jae. Daenerys’ own eyes were starting to water. There was nothing harder than seeing your mother cry.

Jae took her hand quickly, giving Mother one last look, before they headed back out the doors. Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell shot them questioning looks. Daenerys had not noticed but Jae had the note in his hand, he handed it to Arthur, then walked down the hall towards their rooms.

Daenerys heard the Kingsguard catch up to them, “your Graces, I am sorry for your loss.” She heard
Arthur’s Dornish accent. They made it to their doors where Jae opened them, he turned back at the last second, his eyes overflowing with tears, “Thank you, Ser,” before he paced into his room quickly.

It took all of a few seconds after the door closed for Jae to fall to his bottom. He pulled his knees up so he could rest his elbows on them, then rested his head in his hands. Daenerys heard his sobs and brought him into an embrace, she sat down directly in his lap, uncaring of how her dress looked she wrapped her legs around Jae’s waist, then wrapped her arms around his head, allowing him to cry softly into her bosom. It shook Daenerys to her core to see Jae this way, he was always so evenly tempered and nothing ever seemed to faze him, seeing him broken and crying was upsetting Daenerys as well, she felt her own tears flowing down her cheeks.

Daenerys continued to comfort Jae, he was holding onto her with a desperate need for comfort and she let him, Daenerys just quietly spoke words of love and life to him, assuring him that Aemon would be proud, and that he died peacefully. Through his sobs Jaehaerys stuttered out a few broken, Thank you’s and love you’s.

After a long stretch of time, there was a knock on the door, Jae had settled mildly against her, his tear strained cheeks were prominent, and he looked rather pathetic sitting on the floor. “I can tell them to fuck off.” Daenerys spoke, giving him her protection. Jae smiled sadly, but he called out, “Who is it?” Rhaenys’ voice answered, “It is Viserys and I, Ser Arthur said it was urgent?” she had a scared tone to her voice, her anxiety for them both shining through. “Come” Jae called back.

The door wrenched open quickly, Viserys entered first, but stopped mid step. Rhaenys nearly ran into the back of him, she was irritated but saw Jae and Daenerys’ crying faces and immediately strode towards them, “What has happened?” she went down on her knees next to Jae, Viserys sided the other side of them both. Jae, reached for the note that he had thrown to the floor, and handed it to Viserys. Daenerys watched Viserys react to the news, his eyes scrolling across the note before he mechanically handed it over to Rhaenys.

Viserys’ reaction was the same as Daenerys’, he had known Aemon so he was only upset on Jae’s behalf, Viserys gripped Jae’s shoulder, and Jae looked over at him, gratefulness showing in his eyes. Rhaenys, finished reading and moved slowly, rubbing her hand along Jae’s back, then leaning her forehead onto his shoulder.

The four Targaryens stayed like that for a short while, Daenerys stayed wrapped around Jae, Viserys and Rhaenys eventually moving closer, the three of them boxing in his body. No words were spoken, they just comforted each other with each other’s presence. Despite the tragedy of the death, Daenerys was silently happy that they were being brought together like this.

The four of them were interrupted by a knock, Ser Arthur’s voice was clear, but held a tinge of
regret. “Your Grace, Prince, Princess’, the feast is too start soon.” He almost sounded apologetic. Rhaenys reacted first, “you do not need to attend if you are not up for it Jae.” Daenerys was going to say the exact same thing.

Jae smiled sadly, then looked towards Rhaenys, “I will go, I wish to honour him.” They all shared a small smile, it would be a nice sentiment. Jae then very abruptly stood, carrying Daenerys with him, he set her on her feet, then helped Rhaenys stand as well. “If you wish to go to Arianne, I do not mind, I will see you there,” Viserys smiled, clasped Jae’s hand in his, then nodded at him, which Jae returned, and turned towards the doors. Jae then turned to Rhaenys, “same with you, Rhae, if you wish to leave you may.” Rhaenys scoffed loudly, “I am not leaving Jae.” She said boldly.

Daenerys could not help but giggled at Rhaenys’ face, she looked like a child, it was rather amusing and Jae shot her a soft smile, understanding in his eyes as he looked back towards his sister. Jae then went over to the wash basin, cleaning off his face, and neck, he spoke into the bowl but Daenerys knew the words were directed at her, “Pick out something for me to wear?” Daenerys was in the middle of going through her own clothing, she quickly picked a lovely black dress to mourn Aemon but also to get out of her tear stained clothing. She went over to Jae’s closet and picked out one of the multiple black doublets he has, as well as his favourite pair of black breeches.

When she turned back, Rhaenys had sat down, and poured herself a goblet, Jae looked towards Daenerys and smiled, giving her a quick kiss, “Thank you, love.” He then quickly changed clothing, and helped Daenerys do the same. The mood was somber and depressing, so the heat Daenerys would normally share with Jae when they would see each other’s bodies was muted. Jae gave her a blatant examination. It was nice to see that his eyes were still displaying the attraction to her through his sadness. Daenerys reached up to cup his cheek, rubbing a thumb over his lips, “are you ready?” he cupped her wrist, planting a kiss there, then nodded slowly.

Daenerys watched him take a deep breath, when he finished his exhale his mask has been thoroughly slipped on, an almost rude impassiveness showing on his face. Jae walked over to Rhaenys, taking her arm, then headed out, the guards standing by all looking at them with kind eyes. Jae walked, and spoke as they walked, “Ser Arthur, Thank you for having the foresight to fetch Viserys and Rhaenys for me.” The knight looked humbled, but bowed slowly, “Doing my duty, your Grace.”

They walked to the entrance to the great hall, Mother was standing waiting, she had changed into a black dress, so Rhaenys looked slightly out of place with her wearing a blue dress. Mother was having none of it. “Rhaenys, you will go dress in black this instant.” Rhaenys looked to want to argue, but Mother shot her a glare, she nodded in deference and turned to leave.

Jae went forward and hugged Mother, they shared soft words, but looked to steel themselves together. Jae looked towards Daenerys and held a hand out for her. She took it happily, and then Jae lead them into the great hall. The crowd almost immediately silenced. The black clothing of the royal family obviously getting the people’s attention.
Jae escorted Daenerys and Mother to their seats, and Jae gestured for the crowd to continue, it took a few moments but everyone started speaking again, most likely about themselves. Jae poured them each a goblet of wine, but when he saw Viserys and Arianne enter the hall, both wearing black, and Rhaenys hurrying in behind them, he allowed them to sit, before he stood. Jae gestured for the food to be brought out, and as the servants went to do as he said, he raised his goblet. “Many of you are probably wondering why we are wearing black.” He paused, “There was a death in the Targaryen family today, many of you most likely forgot but my great uncle Aemon Targaryen, older brother of Aegon the Unlikely, was a Maester on the Wall.” Jae’s breath caught, Daenerys reached over to take his hand, giving him strength. “I received a raven from Jeor Mormont, the Lord Commander of Castle Black, that Aemon peacefully passed away in his sleep.” The entire hall was completely silent, they were all looking at Jae with respect, “Uncle Aemon was the oldest man I had ever met, and he was blind, but what he lacked in sight he made up for in wisdom. I spent long periods at Castle Black with him, and he was one of the greatest men I had ever known.” Daenerys rubbed circles on Jae’s knuckles, he stuttered and nearly broke when he said ‘greatest’ but resolved, steeling himself again.

Jae then raised his cup high, encouraging everyone in the room to do the same, once everyone had a glass raised he spoke clearly, very Kingly. “To Uncle Aemon, may he rest in peace.” A sad, “Aemon” followed his words, everyone in the room paying their respects. Daenerys watched as everyone took drinks from their cups, Daenerys doing the same.

Jae sat then, and looked towards her, she saw the whirling of emotions in his eyes, and her heart clenched at him holding it all together. She took his hand again, laying kisses across his palm and knuckles, his eyes settled, the brief respite allowing him a moment to collect himself. Jae mouthed a ‘thank you’ to her and she nodded.

Jae took his hand back to make a plate for Daenerys, and then one for himself. This was something he always did, Daenerys was unsure why, she could make her own plate but it made her feel good seeing Jae fill her plate with her favourite foods, a routine she enjoyed. Daenerys was curious though, and wanted to distract Jae from his sad thoughts, “Why do you make my plate for me Jae?” Jae looked at her confused, his eyebrows were pinched together adorably, and it made Daenerys smile slightly. “Uncle Ned would always make Aunt Catelyn’s plate, I thought it was tradition to do it for the person you loved.” Daenerys’ heart soared, but before she could reply, Jae spoke sadly, “If you do not wish for me to do it anymore, then I will stop.”

Daenerys spoke quickly to reassure him, “Jae, I think it is sweet, and hearing that you thought it was a tradition for the person you love, makes me deliriously happy.” She reached over to place her hand on his arm, “It makes you happy, so it makes me happy.” Jae’s smile was sincere; she had succeeded in her attempt to distract him.

Daenerys then watched as Jae did not really eat, he just pushed his food around his plate. Daenerys looked across the table and saw Mother doing much the same. The sadness was clear in both of their
faces, their food not appealing to them at all.

Daenerys got Jae’s attention, “You should tell Mother to go back to her rooms, she looks worse than you,” and it was true, Mother was paler and her eyes were beginning to water again. Daenerys was uncertain of the relationship Mother had with Uncle Aemon, but they had to have had a good relationship for her to react this way. Jae nodded at Jae, then turned to Mother, he gripped her wrist softly, Mother looked at him, grief and pain in her eyes. Jae said a few words, and Mother nodded, Jae then gestured to Ser Barristan, the man walked over, “Escort my Grandmother to her rooms.” Jae’s tone was firm, Barristan simply nodded, looking at Mother gently. He took her arm and they were off a few moments later, before she left, she gave a small ‘thank you’ to Jae, but Jae told her it was Daenerys’ idea. Daenerys did not expect for Jae to do that, but she appreciated it all the same.

Daenerys watched as Jae handled the entire feast robotically. Lords and Ladies approached to air their condolences and Jae just remained completely impassive. Some felt some type of way about his treatment but others recognized his sadness and let it be. Daenerys heart clenched whenever he would look down to his plate just to push the food around again.

Once it was deemed socially acceptable, Rhaenys leaned over and spoke to the both of them, “Jae, you can leave, I will handle anything that comes up here,” Daenerys shot Rhaenys a grateful smile, Jae reached over to take his sisters hand, kissing the back of it, showing his thanks. Jae stood, and the crowd stopped speaking to listen, “I apologize for my early departure, I am not up for dancing or signing, please continue though, my sister Rhaenys is in charge,” he changed his tone to jest, “and her temper is much worse than mine.” Daenerys smiled, and listened to the soft laughter that echoed through the halls.

Jae leaned down place a kiss on Rhaenys’ pouting cheek, and then reached a hand across for Daenerys to take. Jae was kind of out of it, he was only looking at his feet as he walked, and Daenerys lead him by his hand through the halls.

As soon as they got past the doors to their rooms, Jae immediately waivered, he stuttered his feet, and his entire body language was screaming pain. Daenerys lead him to their bed, sat him down on it, and began to strip him of his clothing. Jae was curled in on himself, his hair falling over his face. Daenerys had him out of his clothing, so he was just sitting on the bed in his small clothes.

Jae did not look tired, but he did look haunted, Daenerys would rather have him comfortable in their bed then sitting on the floor again. Daenerys cupped his face so that she was looking into his eyes, the tears were there again, Jae’s words broke her heart, “he died alone Dany,” he let out a sob, “He was so happy when I came to the wall, his family with him again after decades.” Jae hiccupped, “He healed me, then I left, I should have gone back, I should have stayed.”

Daenerys sighed, leave it to Jae to blame himself for this situation. “Jae, you had a duty to the entire
realm, you had to leave.” Her words had a strange affect. Jae smiled slightly, then snorted. Daenerys confusion must have shown as he explained, “Aemon pushed me towards Kings Landing. I wished to stay with him and Val, but he told me to go be King, and gave me the same advice he gave his brother Aegon.” Jae paused took look into her eyes. “Kill the boy, and let the man be born.” For some reason, Jae’s words had Daenerys shivering. He said them with a certainty and as if they were a promise.

Jae broke the eye contact by leaning down to press a kiss to her neck, he then slid his arounds around her, reaching for the zipper at the back of her dress, helping her to undress. Her dress came down over her shoulders and Jae leaned down to press a kiss to the top of each of her teats, he then reached down to pull the rest of her dress over her hips and down her thighs, his fingers tracing along her skin the entire way.

Instead of taking it further and stripping her of her small clothes as well, Jae just pulled her back to the bed, he pulled her so the entirety of her body weight settled on top of him. This was something Daenerys noticed with Jae, he liked to be grounded by her weight, when he was in a poor mood, he would simply have her lie on top of him, and it would ease him towards sleep.

Daenerys settled herself easily, feeling Jae’s manhood pressing into her stomach was normal, their naked torsos pressed together as she wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing their faces together so they were pressed cheek to cheek. Jae’s hands settled on her lower back, his left one moved up and down her spine, but after a few moments he pulled the sheets over top of them, then his hand resumed its movements.

Daenerys met Jae’s eyes, and they were tearing up still, small tears had made their way down his cheeks, and she gently kissed them away. Jae’s arms wrapped around her not so gently, pulling their bodies tightly together. He held onto her as he let his emotions out fully, he was breaking in her arms and Daenerys was determined to hold him together.

Jae cried and cried, and Daenerys cried with him, the both of them mourning the loss of a man they loved. Daenerys ran her hands along Jae’s arms, his face, his hair, doing anything she could to comfort him. It took a long while, but Jae’s blotchy face settled, and she made eye contact with him. His eyes had dried but were bloodshot, Daenerys placed a soft kiss on his lips, “sleep Jae,” Jae took a deep breath, his chest shifting her as well, “I am not sure I will be able to.” Daenerys felt the same, but she could also tell that Jae was tired. His eyes were baggy, the mess of emotions he had to deal with throughout the day tiring him out.

Daenerys started to hum softly, Jae smiled softly, full of adoration. He then closed his eyes and listened as she hummed. Within a few moments Daenerys felt Jae’s breathing settle. It was easy for Daenerys to close her eyes herself. She had helped Jae through a tough day, her love for him growing, even when in mourning he was still a good person, helping others, before he helped himself.
Jae would not have a good sleep and neither would Daenerys, but waking up in each other’s arms always lead them to having a good start to their days.

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