A Just Woman and Honorable Man

by chiquislover25

Summary

Arya had not seen her brother since his exile to the wall and decides to go look for the rightful king but what she finds is beyond her imagination.

Notes

Hi y'all! Sorry for not updating my other stories but life won't let me sit down and write (and a bit of writer's block does not help). This story came to mind for some unknown reason (probably because I still can't get over it). I'm not sure if this story will be a one-shot or a story so I'll keep it open. I hope you enjoy it!
It's been years since she last saw her brother since they forced him to once again take the black.

She had spent years traveling the world, but she had missed her siblings.

But both of her siblings south of the wall had changed. They had become disconnected from the people, ruthless against those opposing them, corrupted. The realm suffered under the wheel.

Ser Davos had even mentioned to her in a dark tavern on their way to the wall that he still regretted not getting the just woman and honorable man that he had seen at Winterfell on the Throne. He felt he had failed them both.

And maybe she had too.

Her brother had asked her to trust his queen to give her a chance and, after months of thinking about it on the way to the wall, she can’t understand why she didn’t.

The dragon queen had done nothing wrong up until that point. She had fought for them and had saved her home. She sacrificed a lot coming to fight her brother’s war.

And she loved her brother.

She hated how left out her brother had been growing up, how much love he lacked, how he barely smiled. Yet when she had seen him with the dragon queen, he had everything he never had. But it doesn’t matter now.

The dragon queen is dead, by her brother’s own hand.

When she arrived at the Wall, she was shocked her brother had abandoned his duty and had gone beyond the wall to live with the Wildings.

She told Ser Davos that he could wait for her at Castle Black, but he refused, saying he had to apologize to the rightful king.

But upon finding the Wildings, they discovered that years prior, her brother had decided to leave them as well and live his life in solitude.

“He came as a broken man. Killing the woman, you love will break anyone. It’s best for you to leave him be, he made his life.”

She remembers Tormund telling her to leave him alone, but she and Ser Davos continued anyways.

They have been traveling for days with no sign of her brother.

Suddenly she sees a familiar white direwolf standing in the snow.

With one look towards Ser Davos, they both agree to hop off their horses and approach the direwolf with caution.

However, instead of seeing her brother, she sees a little girl playing with the wolf. She has dark brown curls and her laugh for some unknown reason fills her with joy.

The wolf seems to sense their presence and looks up from the little girl. The growling the wolf
begins to do surprises her. Never once had she seen the wolf hostile towards a Stark.

“Ghost?” she hears the little girl ask and then she seems to realize there are people approaching her and fear fills her face.

The little girl quickly climbs on the horse-sized Ghost and the wolf runs away.

Ser Davos seems to react faster than she can and quickly hands her the reigns of her horse so they can follow her.

“Wait! Stop!” she yells out, trying to stop the little girl, but it’s in vain.

She sees a small house in the distance and sees the girl approaching it.

As she gets closer to the house, she can hear the little girl yell out “Papa!” as a man quickly rushes out.

The sun seems to darken, and their horses manage to throw them off as a giant beast that she had last seen in King’s Landing lands and roars before them.

She hasn’t felt fear like this in years and she can feel Ser Davos having a similar reaction. The dragon’s mouth begins to open, and she sees the beginning of flames building from deep within the beast when she hears a voice, she thought she heard the last of in King’s Landing.

“Drogon, keligon!”

The creature immediately stops but does not move nor relaxes its posture.

She risks a glance past the dragon and sees, standing there with a regal and dominant posture, her lost brother, holding the little girl she and Ser Davos had chased down, and next to him with the same dominance and power the Dragon Queen who held a sling in front of her body from which a little arm threatened to escape.

The sight before her leaves her breathless.

These are the King and Queen that Ser Davos had spoken about. The ones that had presented a united front upon their arrival at Winterfell all those years ago. Even out here in the lands of always winter their royal status is hard to hide and the power they both radiate is perhaps even more frightening than the dragon standing between them.

“Jon?” she somehow manages to ask, and she sees some recognition in his features as he takes a moment to look at them. But his guard does not drop even as the dragon moves away from her and her companion and closer to the household.

“You shouldn’t have come here, Arya.”
Hello everyone! So I had most of this chapter done already but I was not happy with it so I started from scratch. Still not sure where it's going but hopefully more ideas continue to come to mind and I'll write the story. Hope you all like it!

They’re sitting at the modest table eating dinner in silence.

After the demonstration of power from both Drogon and Ghost, her brother had refused to speak to her or Ser Davos. Banging on their door only caused Jon to lose his temper and disown her as his sister along with the rest of the Starks.

For days she and Ser Davos camped a few yards away from the little family, observing them. Her brother seemed happy. His face would light up whenever he saw the Dragon Queen or the little girl they had chased after. She watched how he would help carry a tiny babe whenever the Dragon Queen would seem tired or had her hands full. But the entire time she and Ser Davos were ignored. It wasn’t until the Dragon Queen came to them and offered them shelter for the upcoming storm that she got any form of acknowledgment.

Still, she didn’t have any answers. But as always, she will have them no matter what.

“You should be dead,” she states finally breaking the silence.

The temperature drops in the room and she knows it's not due to the storm. Both Jon and the Dragon Queen stop eating. Jon is glaring daggers in her direction. Ser Davos gapes at her trying to figure out how to salvage this situation. But her eyes don’t leave the Dragon Queen’s face. She doesn’t give anything away as her face remains as cold and emotionless. Their eyes stare at each other, neither willing to concede.

“I assure you it wasn’t from lack of trying,” the Dragon Queen answers coldly. In her peripheral vision, she sees the way her brother grimaces as if he had been struck by that comment.

“Then my brother didn’t try hard enough. Maybe he lied to us and sent you up here to the North. Maybe he isn’t as honorable as we thought. I mean he did break his vows…” she tries baiting her but it doesn’t work, on her at least.

“ENOUGH!” Jon yells standing so abruptly that he knocks over the chair he was sitting on. “Don’t you DARE come here questioning my honor! I have done nothing but follow my cursed honor my entire life! Do what’s ‘right’, do what’s best for the people, do what’s best for everyone else but myself! You have no IDEA what I have done Arya, what I’ve sacrificed, what I’ve suffered,” her brother growls out in anger but also a hint of sadness at his last statement.

The fire in his eyes scares her. It’s the same burning that she once saw in the Dragon Queen and she knows that she may have crossed some line questioning his honor, but she still didn’t understand why or the Dragon Queen is here if he swore he killed her.

A cry from the crib next to the fire draws everyone’s attention away from each other.
“He must be hungry,” the Dragon Queen says, placing a hand on Jon’s arm.

She watches as that fire slowly dims but continues to simmer behind his eyes as he turns around to pick up the crying babe. His face softens as he takes his son in his arms and carefully hands him over to his mother. The Dragon Queen coos at her son before she begins to remove her furs to expose her breast. She’s confused as to why Jon grimaces as she begins to expose herself and its not until she hears Ser Davos’s gasp of horror that she glances towards the Dragon Queen. And she, just like Ser Davos is left gasping.

There, right where her heart is, above where she is feeding her child, is a ragged scar that does not seem to have healed at all. A scar that only a corpse should be able to carry. But here the Dragon Queen sits, saying sweet nothings to the small child in her arms as he eats contently from his mother’s breast.

“And now you see it,” she hears Jon’s haunted voice speak as he looks at the scar until he can’t no longer. “Proof of my unfaltering honor, of my need to do my duty,” he says, guilt and disgust painting his face. “A constant reminder of what I did, of what I became. Oathbreaker. Queenslayer. Kinslayer,” he lists off with pure self-hatred. “I killed the woman I loved because honor and duty demanded it of me. Because I had a sister who betrayed her vows and wanted nothing more than to be a queen; because I had a Lannister who wanted to maintain power and have the queen for himself; because I had an all-knowing brother who did nothing to prevent this and wanted to be king. But not only did I kill her, no, that would have been too kind of the gods, I killed my child as well, a daughter she never had an opportunity to tell me about because I was made to push her away.”

Her mind turns to the little girl sleeping on a small cot a few feet away. An innocent little girl that reminded her so much of her brother, Then her mind turns to the little boy suckling at his mother’s breast, ignorant of the world, who should also not be here with what her brother was manipulated to do. The idea of neither one of these children existing hurts.

“But for some unknown reason, she was given back to me, they were both given back to me, by the same god that sent me back. And I found some happiness knowing I had my family back and that they still loved me. But now as punishment, anytime I make love to her or she feeds our child I am forced to remember what I did. How I failed her, how I failed our daughter, how I failed my REAL family just because of my honor and duty,” he then turns to face her and stare her down. “So please I beg you, don’t ever question those two things or ask me to follow them again. I have sacrificed enough and will continue to suffer because of the choices I made for the rest of my life. The last thing I need is someone to come and tell me it wasn’t enough.”

He walks away then, walking to a separate room and shutting the makeshift door behind him. No one else speaks, even as the Dragon Queen finishes feeding the babe and follows Jon to the room. She and Ser Davos simply stare into the flames trying to process everything but being unable to do so.

That night she hears the screams, the sobs, and the words of comfort that the Dragon Queen gives to her brother as he’s wracked with nightmares throughout the night. And as he hears his agony, she vows to herself that she will not let anything or anyone take away the small bit of happiness that her brother has recovered.

No one will harm her family ever again.
So I did not intend to write another chapter so quickly but after reading through the comments and seeing JonandDanypostseason8 request this chapter just happened. As much as I wish I could write lovely Jonerys smut for us all to enjoy I just can't. But hopefully, this will make most of y'all happy. Enjoy and thank you for your comments, I do try my best to read through them all and even answer some of them.

She's waiting for them to start.

She lays here in their bed, Jon's arms wrapped around her, his breathing still steady, but she knows its a matter of time.

The argument with Arya earlier was bound to bring them back with force. Arya's arrival alone has made them come back almost nightly for them both.

Since she awoke in the temple at Volantis, she’s had nightmares of what occurred in Kings Landing. She sometimes sees the flames, the destruction, the ashes. Other times she hears the screams, the bells, Drogon's roars. In them all, however, she remembers the voices in her head, the pain, and pressure that built until she lost control of what she was doing. But most of all, all the nightmares end with her death by Jon’s hand.

She feels Jon tense behind her, his breathing beginning to pick up and she knows it's happening.

From what he's told her, Jon’s nightmares are only about her death. He relives it over and over in a continuous loop until he nearly loses his mind in pure grief. If she hadn’t come to him, they would have driven him mad.

His arms tighten around her as the first “no's” are muttered and she turns herself to hold him close. The screams start, full of grief and agony, and she fights off the tears that always gather in her eyes at hearing her beloved in such a state.

She had hated him at first for what he did, for ending her life and that of their child. When she had flown on Drogon to find him, it was with every intention of burning him alive. But when she had seen the broken shell of a man that he had become, she couldn't do it. It had taken time and the birth of their daughter for them to forgive each other’s sins and move forward, to trust each other, to be a family. But not to love for neither of them ever stopped loving the other.

She tightens her hold of him as the screams continue to grow until he awakes with a gasping breath. He struggles to breathe, to orient himself, to realize that it was just another nightmare. But she knows what’s coming next and how she wishes she could spare him the pain of it. His hand seeks the scar right above her heart and as always, he finds it.

When they began sharing a bed again, she had noticed how much the scar affected him, especially during the nightmares. She had even tried leaving him alone so he wouldn't see it but it made things worse. The scar was his grounding point, it proved to him that she really was laying next to him, that she really had returned to him. But it served as his reminder that he truly did do what his nightmares
had just shown him.

And that always leads to the gut-wrenching sobs that shake her love’s entire body in agony. He clutches on desperately to her and all she does, as her own tears begin to fall, is pull his head above her heart letting him hear it beating.

“I’m s…ss…sorry. I… I’m s… sss…sorry,” he sobs into her chest.

“Shhh… I know, my love, I know;” she says kissing his head gently.

She runs one of her hands up and down his back, the same way she soothes their children. The other caresses his hair as she places more kisses upon his head.

It takes a while, it always does, for him to settle down. His breaths begin to settle, his sobs become small hiccups and his tears begin to stem their flow.

She feels a soft kiss being placed upon the scar and she knows her Jon is fully back.

“I love you,” he speaks.

“I love you, too,” she answers back, placing another kiss upon his head.

“Every time you say that to me I always wonder why,” he admits as he tightens his grip on her, afraid that she’ll leave him at any moment. “Since you met me all I’ve done is make you lose everything. Because of me, you lost two of your children, you lost your armies, Ser Jorah, Missandei, the throne you fought so hard to obtain… your own life,” he practically whispers that last one as he once again gently caresses the scar once again. “You’ve only known loss with me,” she hears the tears in his voice, the slight shake of it as he speaks these words.

“No I haven’t,” her voice answers with a similar shake. “I found you. The one person in the world who saw and loved me as Dany, not the Dragon Queen,” she gives him a gentle kiss upon his lips. “You gave me two wonderful babes when I was sure I was destined to never hold a living child.”

“And yet I killed one of them,” he chokes out

“We both know it wasn’t you. We both know what happened in Kings Landing was out of our control, that neither of us knew what was going on. We felt him there moving us as his little pawns,” she argues. She watches him shake his head and she knows its useless to try to make him see it as not his fault when she can’t except when he tells her the same thing.

“You’ve given me a home,” she turns back to telling him what he’s given her. “The one thing I’ve wanted since I was old enough to want anything. Regardless of all the bad, all the losses, your love is the greatest thing that happened to me in my life.”

He kisses her then and she feels all the love he has for her through that kiss. All she does is answer him back with her own love. She can feel it building and she knows where it’s going to lead, how much they both need to be one. But she needs to tell him one last thing before they lose themselves in each other.

“I love you and no matter what comes next or who else shows back up in our life we will face it together,” she vows breathlessly.

“Together,” he vows as well, guiding her above him before they let themselves be consumed in their love.
Hello again! Sorry for taking so long to update this story but I've been busy with my other story Second Chances. It also didn't help that after I had written half a chapter for this story I really did not like the way it was turning out so I scrapped the idea and wrote this instead. A comment left by one of the readers in my other stories recommended that I label my chapters to let you all know who's point of view we're in so that's what I'm going to start doing. Hopefully, you all like it and enjoy reading!

He awakes the next morning, his eyesight blurred, and it takes quite a few blinks to try to clear it. They burn and he knows it’s from the tears shed in the middle of the night. His heart aches as he remembers what had caused those tears, but he knows he can’t dwell on it, not now. He turns his head and instead of the silver tresses he usually finds laid out beside him, he finds a set of dark brown curls with a familiar yet distinct set of violet eyes, looking at him as if he himself had walked out of a burning pyre unburnt.

“Good morning, love,” he can’t avoid the slight choke in his voice or the tears that slowly build. He gently caresses the little cheek with his fingers, afraid that the vision before him might disappear if he doesn’t. But as always, his fingers meet flesh and cause a small giggle to come out.

“Good morning, Papa!” his little girl answers, excitedly back.

Papa.

Throughout his life, he had been given many different names, many different titles, most of which he never wanted. And yet hearing this little girl, his little girl, call him this always causes his heart to swell before a hint of guilt and regret hits him.

Because he listened to the wrong people and did what honor and duty demanded, this little person who had become the center of his world almost never had the opportunity to live. She had died with her mother because of him and part of him always broke at the thought of it. Over the years, his daughter had begun to pick up on this, on the sadness that would consume him or the way he would need Daenerys to remind him of the truth they were living. And being the bright girl that she was, she quickly learned what she needed to do.

“Papa, please don’t cry. Mama and I are here,” his daughter says in her attempt to soothe him.

She doesn’t really know what that means, how much those words mean to him especially coming from her but hearing them makes all weight of guilt fall away. He smiles at her and she crawls over to hug him tightly which he eagerly returns.

‘What is honor compared to a woman’s love? What is duty against the feel of a newborn son in your arms?’

Maester Aemon had been right. Nothing compares to this. Having Daenerys by his side, holding his daughter and son in his arms are the greatest things he’s ever had in his life. Duty and honor were not worth losing this, not having this, and there was no way he was ever going to put those two things
before his family again.

He kisses the top of his daughter’s hair before letting her go. She smiles brightly as she sits up and begins jumping on the bed.

“Lya, you know you’re not supposed to jump on the bed,” he tries to reprimand her but doesn’t really have the heart to fully mean it.

“Sorry, Papa. But its TODAY!” she says in pure excitement and he remembers why his daughter is so excited.

“Urgh, I forgot today is hunting day,” he answers teasingly, and her face goes completely serious. It takes all his strength not to laugh at the look on her face which Dany swears is the same look he has whenever he “broods”.

“Papa, you can’t forget,” she whimpers with a slight pout, which Dany also says is from him. He decides to stop teasing her.

“Allright. Go get your furs and boots while I get ready,” he says. Her face immediately brightens again as she quickly moves to get off the bed and run out the room.

He lets out a soft laugh at his daughter’s antics and quickly gets ready for their hunting trip. He hears a knock on the door as he finishes lacing up his boots and Lya quickly enters with her laces undone and her furs put on wrong.

“Did your mother not help you?” he asks as he walks over to fix his daughter’s dressing.

“Mama left to collect things with Ser Davos and Jae,” she explains and he’s a bit surprised at hearing this.

Well, at least she’s getting along with Ser Davos.

“Allright let’s get these things fixed,” he says, kneeling in front of her. When she’s ready she gives him a beaming smile, quick hug and takes his hand to drag him out of his room.

He almost misses her because of the shadows, but he sees Arya leaning against one of the walls observing them. He stops walking to look at her but the owner of the little hand currently holding his begins to tug impatiently.

“Papa, can we go, please,” she begs with the same pleading eyes her mother has.

He takes another look at his sister and says.

“Would you care to join us? It’s hunting day.”

He can see the surprise on Arya’s face at his offer, but she agrees with a nod of the head and follows them out of the house. Lyanna quickly runs ahead of them towards the horses, excited to get the day underway.

“She’s an eager one,” Arya points out as they too make their way towards the horses at a much slower pace.

“Aye, she is. It tends to be her favorite day and she’s always very excited,” he answers with a smile.

“Jon,” Arya stops walking and he follows suit. “I wanted to apologize… I shouldn’t have said all the things I said last night.”
“No, you shouldn’t have,” he agrees, some anger still lingering within him.

“I… I want to get to know them… your family,” she reveals, surprising him. “I can see how much they mean to you and no matter what happened you’re still my brother. And if they’re your family then they’re my family too.”

He’s still weary toward his youngest sister but he decides to give her the last opportunity.

“Alright. But I have to warn you, Arya, this is the last chance. If it comes down to choosing them or choosing you, they will always come first,” he tells her. “And if at any point I feel they are in danger because of you I will not hesitate to protect them. Do you understand?”

She nods with some fear in her eyes and he knows why. He’s never spoken this harshly to her. To her, he had always been the big brother who chose her and protected her above all others. But that brother had died in Kings Landing and only traces of that man remained in him and it was those traces that were giving her this opportunity. He had chosen the Starks before and that had been a mistake, now he knows not to make that mistake again.

“Papa!” Lyanna’s voice makes him break eye contact with Arya and return his focus and attention back to his daughter.

She’s mounted on Ghost again, a bright smile on her face matching to look of content the direwolf has on his.

“Ghost! I’ve told you, you’re not a horse or dragon for her ride on!” he repeats for gods know how many times, marching towards them. The direwolf just lets his tongue hang out of his mouth, seeming to ignore him.

Since Lyanna’s birth, it had been a battle between his direwolf and Dany’s dragon for the affection of his little girl and as she’s grown it seems to have only gotten worse. Neither had ever attacked each other and they have proven to be able to work together to protect their family but there always seemed to be a rivalry between them.

“But Papa, he wants to be like Drogon,” Lyanna argues as he picks her up and takes her off Ghost.

“Aye but he isn’t a dragon,” he says the last part directly to the direwolf who whimpers in sadness. “Besides if we’re going to have a successful hunt, he needs to be able to move without you on his back,” he explains as he places her on his horse, before climbing up behind her. In the corner of his eye, he can see Arya also mounting her horse.

“Can I ride him after?” she asks as they begin riding out and he sighs. He wishes he could say no, that he could resist those pleading eyes, but he just can’t.

“We’ll see.”
Ser Davos

Chapter Notes

So I guess it's time to get some plot in this story? I'm still not entirely sure where this is going but I think I'm finally taking the first step. I'm sorry if it's not that good, my confidence has dropped a bit when it comes to my writing but I hope you all enjoy it.

When he had decided to travel north with the she-wolf that is Arya Stark to find the rightful king of the Seven Kingdoms he expected it to be a quick trip to the wall.

But instead, he finds the man he viewed as a son with a family of his own. The last thing he expected.

Well, not the last... the last would have been to see the Dragon Queen alive and with him which is exactly what he got. The gods must be laughing at him.

You thought you were done Davos? Just you wait.

After the Battle of Kings Landing, he thought he was done. He served under the chosen king but as the years passed he saw the flaws in the new king. The lack of human empathy, the lack of mercy, to name a few. But what disturbed him the most was the lack of free will the people now had. Before they even committed a crime the king would sentence someone and no one was able to keep their thoughts or actions quite.

How they had managed to make it all the way North without him knowing still confused him.

They had come North to ask Jon to take his place as King. He knew the lad never wanted to rule or to be king but there was no other choice. Sansa Stark was no better than Cersei in the Northern Kingdom and together with her brother, they were killing the realm. They planned to play on his sense of duty but seeing the truth and hearing how others had used that same technique and how much it had cost the man made him sick to his stomach.

I'm no better then them if I do the same.

"Thank you once again for offering your help, Ser Davos," a voice draws him out of his thoughts as he turns to look at one of the last Targaryens.

"It's the least I can do, Your Grace," he says noticing his slip too late. He sees how the woman before him grimaces at her former title before trying to cover it up.

"If last night's conversation made something clear it was that I was no longer Queen," she says turning back to the stream where she was collecting water.

"My apologies," he says taking the bucket the former queen has filled, while she carefully leans down to fill the other. The little boy in her sling begins to squirm and babble causing her to laugh.

"Gīda ilagon, ŋuha dōna riṁţos," she says, in a language, he doesn’t understand, with a giggle as she adjusts the little boy.
This morning had been enlightening, to say the least.

He saw the Dragon Queen, not as the ruler that arrived at Winterfell, or the mad woman who burnt down Kings Landing but as a loving mother and partner. This is the woman he watched Jon fall in love with. The woman who the translator from Naarth had spoken so highly of.

“I’m assuming that the awe in your face Ser Davos is because you’re seeing that I’m not the monster you all assumed I was?” the former Queen once again pulling him from his thoughts.

“Actually I never thought you were a monster, even after Kings Landing,” he watches as she recoils at the memory. “I understood that people do terrible things in grief and anger.”

“What I did was inexcusable,” she starts bit he interrupts.

“You’re right and I’m not trying to excuse you from it. I just wanted you to know that I understand is all.”

She nods but whatever had been building between them feels broken. He can feel the tension that previously wasn’t there as she continues to work and decides to attempt to break it.

“Besides. If you were a monster, I never would have proposed a marriage between you and Jon back at Winterfell,” he admits in a light tone but is surprised by her reaction as she drops the full bucket onto the ground spilling all its contents. She turns to look at him pure disbelief in her features.

“You did what?” she asks.

“I spoke to your advisors and proposed a proposal between you two,” he explains and he sees the fury building in her eyes. But as he gives a soft coo, a single look down at the babe in her arms all that fury dissipates and she’s back to the loving mother. “I’m assuming they didn’t tell you.”

“No they didn’t,” she says in a numb tone. “It would have solved so much,” she mutters to herself and turns away from him before walking away with the babe.

He wonders if he did right by telling her that. He regrets that he never told the two monarchs of his proposition and instead relied on two men he now knows betrayed their Queen. He gives her some space before deciding to go after her. He finds her by a tree sitting in the snow and joins her.

“I’m sorry, Your Grace,” he offers.

“No need to apologize. You did your duty to your King, it was my advisors who failed their’s,” she says, not bothering to correct him.

“Even a blind man could see you two loved each other. I thought it was time the seven kingdoms had a just woman and an honorable man leading them and protecting them. You two were that and you still could be,” he presses but she shakes her head.

“As we told you before Ser Davos, neither of us will rule anymore. We both lost that right and want. We have two children that need to be protected,” she answers but sighs in what sounds like yearning. “We’re happy Ser Davos but I would have loved for my children to know what warmth is.”

They sit there in silence as he lets her think of a life that might have been. Suddenly they hear a rider approaching and instead of being worried Daenerys seems to instantly recognize the rider. She stands and walks towards him and he watches as Tormound Giantsbane dismounts from his horse and hugs the former Queen.
“Ah Dragon Queen! I see they found you. I tried to stop them,” Tormound says as he puts her down.

“Thank you Tormound but I think we know Arya wasn’t going to stop,” she answers the Free Folk.

“Aye, too much like King Crow,” he says teasingly and Daenerys laughs.

“But what brought you all the way out here? It's not the time you usually come,” she asks.

The Wildling goes uncharacteristically serious.

“A rider came to the camp, he was acting strange, wouldn’t answer any questions. He gave me this but none of know how to read,” the redhead explains, handing over a sealed scroll.

He watches as Daenerys opens the scroll and upon reading it goes pale. She drops the scroll as Tormound moves to keep her on her feet. It takes her but a moment to compose herself but as soon as she does the fury and fierceness he had caught a glimpse of before returns. She quickly begins to move towards the clearing and he hears a loud roar coming from a distance. Tormound follows and he’s about to as well when the scroll catches his eye. He picks it up and there’s a single sentence is written in familiar handwriting.

*I found you.*

Translation: Calm down, my sweet little boy
They had been hunting for a while now and besides a few rabbits nothing much had turned up. Talking to Arya still felt strange and uncomfortable. At one point in his life, she had been the person he cared and trusted the most in the world but now he might as well be hunting with a stranger.

Thankfully Lyanna had made everything a bit more tolerable. Her excitement is contagious, and she nearly talks the entire time.

“Lya, you’re scaring the animals with all your talking,” he chuckles and places a kiss on the back of her head.

“But Papa, if I don’t talk won’t Ghost get bored?” she asks and he hears Arya give a small laugh and Ghost give a huff of confirmation. He just sighs.

His daughter and son are nearly night and day.

Lyanna had kept her mother awake all throughout the pregnancy as if proving to them that she was alive that she too had been brought back. She was born screaming; her cries were heard throughout the Free Folk camp as she came into the world. Since then, she’s been a none stop force of nature, keeping them up at night, running around their small home, climbing on Drogon and Ghost.

Jaehaerys was very still inside the womb, only kicking on occasions, enough let them know he was alive. He did not cry when he was born either. Both he and Dany had panicked when they heard no cries and it wasn’t until the midwife placed him into Dany’s arms that they realized that their babe was fine. He rarely cried and was overall a happy calm boy. Dany constantly joked that their son had inherited his broodiness, especially when you looked into his eyes, the same as his own.

His daughter still hadn’t stopped her talking when Ghost halts and begins to growl. Both he and Arya stop the horses and Lyanna goes quiet. Ghost's growls don’t cease and he quickly dismounts the horse and hears Arya follow suit.

“Stay on the horse, Lya,” he orders as he takes out Longclaw.

“Yes Papa,” she whispers, quietly.

He takes a few steps away from the horse and he hears Arya draw the bow he provided. As they round the bushes they don’t see a large beast or threat just a single bird.

“It's just a Raven, Jon. Maybe Ghost is losing his touch,” Arya suggests but Ghost does not stop growling at the raven.

Raven…
It dawns on him who it is just as the raven caws.

“Found… Found…”

He turns around to get to Lyanna when he sees the eyes of the horse turn white.

“Lyanna!” he yells as he watches in horror as the horse bucks his little girl off it’s back.

He runs to her, sliding onto the ground. He takes her unconscious body into his arms as the horse rises onto his hind legs to stomp onto them.

Just like years ago, flames blaze down before them, burning the horse that harmed his daughter and the surrounding area, forming a wall of flames before the scaled beast that unleashed its fury lands. He turns his head looking for his sister and direwolf and sees them both bloodied having taken down the other horse.

But his attention to anything else leaves within a second as he looks down at his daughter who has yet to open her eyes. He sees blood tainting the white snow where she landed, and he feels his world crashing down.

He can’t lose her. He can’t.

“Lyanna!” he hears Dany's voice call out and she’s soon at his side.

“Dany? You? Jae?” he asks concerned for the rest of his family.

“We’re fine. Tormund came to warn us with a written message,” she quickly answers but her full concern is their daughter. She sees the blood as well and her breath catches. Her hands tremble as he transfers his daughter into her arms. He sees his hands covered with his daughter’s blood and tears fall from his lover's face as she cradles their daughter.

He hears the raven caw once again and his vision darkens. Fury and anger that he had learned to control throughout his life, consumes him, like the dragon fire that surrounds them.

*You’ve woken the Dragon.*

“I’m going to kill you,” he growls to the bird, knowing who is watching. “You hurt my daughter and you're going to pay with Fire and Blood.”

The bird caws again and his blood boils. He turns to Drogon who’s anger seems to match his own.

“Dracarys,” he orders, and the dragon burns the raven.

“How do you feel my sweet?” Dany asks.

“My head hurts,” she says, her eyes filling with tears as she seems to finally register the pain.

He feels a presence beside him and he’s about to draw his dagger when he sees its Arya.

“We need to see how hurt she is, the wound might need stitching,” she explains calmly but he can see tears in her own eyes as well and he nods standing to let Arya take his place. Dany lifts Lyanna
gently as Arya looks for the wound. “The bone feels fine but she’s going to need stitching to close the wound.”

He watches as his little girl clings even more to her mother. Tormund walks closer and hands Arya a waterskin.

“Here the ale should help numb the pain,” he says before stepping away.

Arya gives him a warning glance before she starts. He walks away turning his back as he hears his daughter’s cries of pain as Arya pours the ale and begins to stitch her head. His eyes fill with tears as his little girl’s cries get louder.

“Jon,” he turns his head and sees Ser Davos standing there holding his son. “She’s going to be alright lad, they’re all safe.”

“I failed her. I failed my daughter,” he mutters as he takes Jae into his arms. “The first time I held them I vowed that I wouldn’t let anyone hurt them. That they wouldn’t have to pay for the mistakes their mother and I made.”

“And you’ve done that Jon,” Tormund adds, using his actual name. “I can think of no better man or father than you.”

He shakes his head, refusing the believe those words. But decides to change the subject.

“We have to leave. Bran now knows where we are, and that Dany is alive. It’s a matter of time before Sansa sends her troops to come to kill us all.”

“Then where do we go?” Davos asks and he looks up at the man. “I abandoned you once, I'm not doing it again.”

“Neither am I,” he hears Arya behind him and he turns to see her standing protectively next to Dany, who has Lyanna in her arms.

“I'll join you too,” Tormund says.

“Tormund, I can’t ask you to abandon the Freefolk,” he says but the redhead shakes his head.

“You're not asking, I'm offering. I care for you and your family and I'm not going to let those Southerners harm you. We Freefolk owe our lives to you both.”

He nods accepting his friend’s support, but he turns to Dany to see if she approves. A small nod is all he needs before he asks.

“Where do we go, my Queen?”

He can see the same fire running through his veins burning in her eyes. He knows that with her at his side they will have their revenge for all the wrongs committed to their family. This time they will conquer together.

“Naarth. We’re going to need an army to defeat that thing that rules Kings Landing.”
Hello again! I apologize both for the time it took to update and for the chapter (it's not my best) but as I said in my other story I've been busy making peach jam. I'll try to update again soon.

One of the biggest fantasies growing up in Winterfell was flying on dragon back. She would imagine being Visenya Targaryen, flying into battle upon her dragon Vhagar. She thought if she ever had an opportunity to ride a dragon it would be one of the greatest joys of her life.

But now being on Balerion the Dread reborn, all she could feel was dread.

Dread because she had put her brother and his family in danger. Because of her need to find him, she had led the three-eyed raven to them and nearly got Lyanna killed.

Lyanna.

The sweet little girl who just days ago had been a nonstop talkative bundle of energy was now reduced to a scared little girl who clung to either of her parents and only answered in single words. It broke all their hearts to see her that way but her parents tried their best to keep their composes.

They were in Essos, that much she knew. According to Jon, the dragon had to take a longer route to Naath to avoid being seen and possibly attacked by Bran. The furs they had worn had been discarded as all but the Targaryens struggled with the heat. Poor Ghost and Tormund were the ones suffering the most.

That had been and continues to be a sight. A direwolf riding a dragon.

Jon had explained that he and Dany, that’s what he calls her, had made contingency plans in case they ever needed to leave. That plan included harnesses for both children and direwolf that would keep them secure on the dragon. The dragon himself showed no complaint to the extra people on his back.

They’ve been flying for a few hours but she finally sees a small island appearing in the distance.

“That should be Naath,” she hears Jon yell out, probably after hearing Daenerys confirm it.

The dragon soon arrives at the island and begins its descent. Immediately they are surrounded by Unsullied, who do not hesitate to point their spears at them. She turns to look at Ser Davos and Tormund and neither one wants to be the first one to dismount.

Jon, however, does not hesitate. He’s quick to prepare himself to dismount but the Dragon Queen grabs his arm to stop him.

“I’m going first,” Jon says firmly but the Daenerys shakes her head.

“You’re supposed to be up North. If he sees you, he’ll kill you,” she argues.
“It’s the least I deserve,” Jon answers.

“No!” Daenerys nearly shouts, grasping on to Jon’s hand. “No, you don’t. I can’t and won’t be able to do this without you. You’ve paid for your mistakes, we all have, no more punishing yourself.”

Her brother nods with some resignation and both Targaryens turn to her and Ser Davos. She and the Onion Knight quickly receive both children as the two monarchs climb off the beast.

As they step away from the dragon and towards the soldiers, one of them steps forward and she immediately recognizes him.

It’s the commander who wanted Jon dead.

She has the urge to jump down to defend her brother but the weight in her arms reminds her that she needs to stay on the dragon.

She can see the shock on the commander’s face when his eyes land on the Dragon Queen.

“Grey Worm,” she hears Daenerys answer in Valyrian

“My Queen… you’re alive,” the commander seems to struggle to hide his surprise and joy at seeing his beloved queen. However, when he sees Jon standing slightly behind the Queen, he barks out orders and a few Unsullied move to seize her brother.

Jon doesn’t even attempt to defend himself as two soldiers grab his arms and one hits him on the back of his head, knocking him to his knees.

“Papa!” she hears a small cry behind her and watches as Ser Davos struggles to keep a hold on Lyanna.

“He’s fine little one, settle down,” Davos tries to talk to the wiggling girl in his arms but its no good and the little girl escapes his grasp and begins to make her way down the dragon. As she runs towards her parents, she yells out again but one of the soldiers grabs her as well. Pure anger appears on Daenerys’s face upon seeing both Jon and Lyanna in custody.

“Stop! Release them!” she hears Daenerys order, with a growl in her voice.

“But my Queen,” Grey Worm tries to argue.

“Now!” she barks out and the soldiers follow. Lyanna runs towards her mother who picks her up and holds her tightly. She can see Daenerys saying things into Lyanna’s ear but she can’t hear what it is. Jon stumbles trying to stand up and Daenerys is quick to move to his side to steady him.

“Are you alright?” she hears the Queen ask Jon.

“Yes. Your soldiers are really good at making someone dizzy,” he answers swaying a bit.

“My queen. What is going on? This man…”

“He killed me, yes I know, my friend. But there is much that needs to be discussed and he will not harm me,” Daenerys answers and a look crosses the commander’s face.

“You love him,” Grey Worm states.

“I do, as you loved her and as he loves me. He’s taken care of me and has given me two beautiful children,” the Dragon Queen admits, and she watches as the commander softens as he looks at
Lyanna.

“You’re happy, my Queen,” Grey Worm says.

“I was until things changed,” she answers. Grey Worm finally looks towards the dragon and sees the rest of the passengers.

“We must talk. You and your guest may come to my home.”

With a nod from Daenerys, they all climb off the dragon and follow the commander of the Unsullied to explain and plead for help.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!