**Onward and Upward**

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**Onward and Upward**

by acropclis

**Summary**

"So you were hiding here, all this time? You're a wanted criminal!"

"I am."

"You killed thousands of innocents!"

A pause. "I did."

"You're- You're supposed to be dead!"

"I wish I was."

Or the one where Daenerys was revived by Kinvara and is living in Volantis, and Arya decided to travel east, not west. They eventually meet again, and, through hardships and a lot of problems, manage to become friends, and heal.
Void (Arya I)

Chapter Notes

hello everyone! i'm may, and i'm one of the million people that was very disappointed by season 8 of game of thrones. so i decided to write this. it's arya and dany centric, because the show ruined an amazing opportunity to have them bond, and form a friendship. arya and dany would've been powerful and they knew it. dumbasses.

so, here's a retelling of the events, from another perspective. what if there is more to the story of Daenerys "the Mad" Stormborn I of House Targaryen?

also, i have a tumblr!, so you should go check it out, because i post story updates there, short exclusive scenes (mainly fluff with arya and drogon) and aesthetics made by the one and only alee, who also is also my beta! ily

finally, the title of the story is inspired by the song "Onward & Upward" by Tommee Profitt (feat. Fleurie). you should definitely check it out, it's amazing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Arya Stark was never one to settle. She had had the chance to, at the House of Black and White, Braavos, but the thought of staying tied to that place, serving a god she wasn’t sure she believed in, had left a bitter taste in her mouth.

She had bolted as soon as she had gotten the chance.

Then, came Winterfell. Her home. She was finally back, reunited with her family. It was supposed to be her last adventure. She was supposed to stay up north, ruling alongside her sister, and maybe Jon, if all went well with the War for the Living.

How did everything go so wrong, so fast?

How was she the one who killed the Night King?

She still vividly remembered how the monster was standing in front of her brother, preparing himself to kill him. She saw his icy blue hand go up to his spear, and she felt something inside of her snap.

The next thing she knew, she was suspended in the air, with that monster’s hand around her throat. She had really thought it was the end then.

‘Not today.’

She thought her little parlor trick wouldn’t work on a creature who was older than the seven kingdoms, but it did.

He burst into shards of ice, some of them slicing at her skin, and opening bloody paths on her face.

She couldn’t really remember what came in between that, and the feast, just the fact that Jon and Sansa had hugged her so tight she thought they might crack some bones, and the Dragon Queen looking at them with a soft smile on her face.
She vaguely remembered thinking that she was way too bloodied for someone who was flying above the combat scene, not actively participating.

Then, she had crashed and slept until the feast.

The feast.

What a party that was.

Singing, drinking, dancing and laughing, until the first rays of sunshine broke through the clouds. Everyone had stayed up to watch the sunrise, like it was the first time it ever had.

Well, seeing that the last time it did could’ve been the last time, everyone thought the moment precious and to be savored.

She didn’t think she could have so much fun alongside drunk fighters, her siblings, and the Dragon Queen’s guard and entourage.

She noticed the Mormont knight was missing, but she didn’t say anything about it.

The Queen herself was looking rather down, sipping on her wine, staying silent in her seat.

Arya had spent a good portion of the night observing her. She wasn’t very happy and cheerful for someone who had just won a war.

She had heard that the Queen, upholding a Dothraki tradition, never cut her hair, and always braided it, as long as she won her battles. Looking at the intricate tresses made into a bun at the back of her head, she wondered if Daenerys Targaryen had ever lost a battle.

Tormund had made a toast to her name and she had smiled radiantly, all the darkness making way for sunshine, and stood up, raising her own cup.

“To Arya Stark, the Hero of Winterfell!” she cheered, and looked at her with a happy, proud smile, and Arya couldn’t help but smile back.

The men cheered, and she noticed her sister’s eye twitch slightly.

Arya didn’t understand where all the hatred stemmed from. The Queen had just saved their home, and from the glances she and Jon were giving each other when they first arrived, she may be their future sister-in-law.

Arya had shrugged it off and downed her ale.

She chanced a second glance to the Queen, who had sat back down, listening to Tormund praise Jon for riding one of her Dragons into the battle.

She winced internally, when Tormund clapped her brother on the back, boasting how only a king would ride that kind of beast into war. Her eyes immediately went to the Queen after the comment.

She had her eyes cast to the floor, an empty expression on her face.

She excused herself a few minutes later, and no one even noticed.

Arya’s heart had twisted painfully, but she didn’t comment on it, and it escaped her mind soon after. Why would she care about the Dragon Queen anyway? It’s not like she understood how being a woman would get her undermined in any conversation she had. It’s not like she understood that,
despite being better than men, they would always be the ones to get the praise, the merit.

Mindlessly, she followed the woman outside and watched as she made her way into the Wolfswood, just west of Winterfell.

Daenerys seemed to walk on for hours, and not tire. At times, she would look up at the skies with her eyes closed, as if listening intently to the sounds around her, then continuing onward, like she knew exactly where she was going.

Arya didn’t completely understand how it happened, but soon after, they found themselves in a small clearing, where Daenerys’ dragons were napping soundly.

She saw the Queen’s facade break into unfiltered sadness, as she looked at her two dragons.

“Drogon, my love, wake up,” she coaxed gently, as she approached them.

Her speaking the common tongue with them surprised Arya, who kept watching intently. She had never seen the Dragons up close before, and she wasn’t intending on getting caught. She wanted to observe them as long as she could, without being interrupted or burned alive.

The dragon in question opened an eye lazily and cooed at its mother. It sounded… in pain, oddly enough.

Daenerys breathed in sharply, then gulped, trying to get her face, and apparently, emotions under control.

“I know you’re hurting, love. Please, let me help.”

The dragon gently lowered its head, not once suspicious or hesitant, and Daenerys approached, and started lodging out arrows from the Dragon’s hide, and cleaning particularly nasty scars with supplies she had gathered back at Winterfell.

Arya had stayed and watched the Mother of Dragons tend to her children for hours, and honestly, she could have stayed there for a few more. Daenerys’ connection with the three mythical creatures was undeniable, and of a strength that could rival a human mother and her children.

Drogon would howl, pained, and she would soothe him with a hand to his muzzle, her forehead against his scales, gentle words echoing hollowly around the forest.

Rhaegal would chirp something, and Daenerys would laugh, and answer him in Valyrian, giving him a quick scratch under the chin.

Arya had never been more mesmerized by a sight before.

It was all over as soon as it had started, though, as the Queen found herself tiring after a long night.

“I’ll be leaving now, my loves. Will you be alright?” Concern was obvious on her tongue, but she seemed weary, too tired to convey the full extent of her emotions.

The dragons chirped, and Drogon gently nudged her forward towards the entrance of the clearing. The Queen laughed.

“I love you, little ones,” she whispered, kissing each dragon on the muzzle, before making the trek back to Winterfell.

Arya had wanted to walk ahead, since what she followed the Queen for was clearly over, but she
found herself following the woman carefully.

What if she was attacked on the way back? Wolves were rampant in the area.

The Queen had walked in the snow slowly for what seemed like hours, occasionally stopping, and leaning against a tree, breathing heavily. Arya didn’t understand what was wrong until she saw droplets of scarlet fall onto the snow.

The Queen was injured.

All of Arya’s instincts were screaming at her to help the woman, but she silenced them, for some unknown godsdamned reason, though the ‘reason’ sounded quite a lot like Sansa in her head.

The Queen eventually made it back to her chambers and collapsed on her bed, not bothering to change out of her heavy white furs.

Arya had gotten a fire started in her hearth, and had slipped out of the room, as silently as a shadow.

She never spoke to anyone about what she saw, or noticed that night, not even Jon. She had kept it to herself selfishly, hugged tightly against her heart.

She had gained a new respect for the Silver Haired Dragon rider.

Then, came the Battle of King’s Landing.

She didn’t know exactly what happened, but miraculously, in an instant where the entirety of the city was holding its breath, in a moment where the fighting was frozen, and Dragons stopped roaming the skies, the city’s bells finally rang, signaling the surrender of the Capital.

Arya had internally cheered. The Queen had won. Cersei was defeated. Maybe, if she asked the Dragon Queen nicely, she would get to kill her herself.

She had looked up at where the Queen had positioned herself with her dragon, atop a broken defense tower, with a grin stretching her sooty, dirtied face.

She had expected a speech of some sort— she had heard that the Queen was quite good at those— but the silence stretched on for a bit too long to be natural, a bit too long to be reassuring.

Then, Drogon flapped his wings once, twice, and took off flying towards the Red Keep, his flames engulfing everything in his way, and the silence made place for absolute chaos, a deafening cacophony of screaming, crumbling buildings, dragon roars, and her own heartbeat hammering her ears.

She had never been more scared before in her life.

Maybe not for herself, but in the heat of the moment, everything was jumbled, and she was scared, for what she didn’t know, but she was scared.

She had run for her life, trying to rescue as much of the people as she could, in vain. The fire soon had eaten at all of the Capital, and nothing was left of it but ash.

She couldn’t quite remember how she had gotten to the Red Keep herself— she was in shock, as, she was sure, was everyone.

The city had surrendered, and yet the Queen had burned it down, regardless of the innocent lives lost.
Arya had felt an immense sadness that she couldn’t explain bloom inside of her. She had thought…
She had thought.

And she shouldn’t have.

Her sadness made place for anger. She could already see Sansa’s smug face, smiling but not quite, when she hears of what the ‘Mad Queen’ had done.

Arya didn’t know why, but she had desperately wanted to prove her wrong after her night following Daenerys into the Wolfswood. She had seen a side of the Queen that she was sure no one had ever seen before. A human side. Daenerys Targaryen’s problem was that she seemed above everyone. Above the northerners and above the southerners, like she was a being deserving of her own plane of existence, a goddess deserving of worship and devotion.

Arya had never felt particularly drawn to her leadership, to her command, until that particular night.

And she had wished other people had witnessed it with her.

But now, standing amidst broken pillars, charred bones and remnants of what was once people, she wasn’t quite sure she was right about the Queen.

The Unsullied were standing in neat rows in the court of the Red Keep, always in formation, always at the ready, always disciplined.

Their leader, Grey Worm, she thought his name was, was standing atop the stairs leading inside of the Red Keep.

Then, the woman of the hour herself appeared. The Queen had somewhat of a vacant look on her face like she was feeling everything and nothing at once. A pair of wings unfurled behind her, and for a second Arya thought she looked of another world—a winged goddess, here to bring chaos and rampage to the Land’s already fragile state.

Then the wings flapped once, twice, and Drogon took off from behind the Queen, circling the Keep, before positioning himself on a broken pillar, beside his mother.

Of course, she wasn’t winged, Arya chided herself. But, seeing her atop the stairs, and hearing the speech she delivered afterward, Arya thought she might as well have been.

She saw Jon look heartbroken. She saw Tyrion Lannister take off his pin and throw it on the ground, therefore resigning from his position as Hand of the Queen.

Daenerys’ face had remained impartial as she had ordered him to be taken away, and Arya, for the life of her, and using all of her training, could not make out a single emotion in the Queen’s demeanor, or on her face.

It was like she was void, and Arya’s blood chilled at the thought.

What had happened in that head of hers, when she was flying over the city?

Had she thought about Tormund praising Jon about riding her dragon? Had she thought about her advisor—Missandei?—getting murdered? Had she thought about how isolated she had felt in that feast, up at Winterfell?

What could possibly warrant a human to do such a thing?
Suddenly, the speech was over, and the Queen was retreating back inside the destroyed Keep.

She saw Jon look to the ground, pained, then as she had predicted, he made his way inside the Keep as well, following the woman he loved.

Arya debated following as well, but she had a growing hollow feeling, in the pit of her stomach, that forced her feet to stay rooted to the ground. She opted on staying where she was, waiting for Jon to finish his business with the Queen, so they could finally return to Winterfell.

Her heart twisted at the thought of staying cooped up there for the rest of her life. It was not like she had any other choice, right? She had to protect Sansa from the Queen, who had shown how merciless she could be, just hours before. She couldn’t leave her sister defenseless in good conscience.

She didn’t know how much time had passed before she heard a heartbreaking screech, the already fragile walls of the castle threatening to crumble down to dust.

She heard the winged beast shriek louder, then she heard him breathe fire—a sound she had become quite accustomed to. Her heart tore in half, knowing it was her brother being roasted alive by the Queen’s beast. She swore to kill her, right then.

Leave one wolf alive, and the sheep are never safe.

How does one convert a dragon to a sheep?

She ran inside the Keep, trying to keep her breathing under control. He couldn't be— he couldn’t be 
—

She bumped into Jon as he was making his way out, his face empty, dried tear tracks visible on his dirtied cheeks.

She breathed a sigh of relief, though a knot tied itself in her stomach.

“Is she-”

“Yes,” he deadpanned, broken and quiet, and the knot in her stomach tightened.

She would not feel sad about the death of a madwoman.

And yet—

Jon stood there for a long time, looking at nothing ahead of him, or maybe at what was left of King’s Landing, Arya didn’t know.

He had to kill the woman he loved. He deserved a few moments of mourning.

“Go,” Jon said after a while, his eyes not leaving the horizon.

Arya looked at him curiously, and opened her mouth to ask him what he was talking about, but one look from him stopped her.

“I know you weren’t going to stay in Winterfell. I... I understand. Go, Arya. You deserve to discover the world.”

Arya’s eyes filled with tears. She hugged her brother as tight as she could, grateful to have him back in her life. She could not believe that he had changed in Sansa’s eyes. That she had started calling
him cousin as if a Targaryen was all he was.

To Arya, he would always be her big brother, the one who believed in her, the one who gave her the first push forward to be herself, to not conform to anyone’s expectations or traditions. Unknowingly, Jon Snow had started the creation of the Arya Stark she was today, and she would be forever grateful for him.

But, he was right. As much as she loved her family, Arya knew her place wasn’t in Winterfell. ‘A wanderer,’ she called herself secretly. ‘A voyager.’

The next day, she was on a boat and had decided to go southeast, seeing where the current would take her.

Her journey was uneventful, in a good way. She had opted to pay a merchant to ferry her across the Narrow Sea, and honestly, that was one of the best decisions she had made in her life.

The man in question was a wine vendor, so her cup was never empty. The crew and she became quick friends, bonding over throwing knives, drinking games, and telling stories from all over the world.

She had made a list of places she wanted to visit, solely because she wanted to put a face to the places the men had named.

At night, she would lay down on the deck, in a makeshift bed the sailors had fashioned for her, nothing but a sheet attached to two masts—the sailors had called it a ‘hammock’, and quite frankly, she found that it was more comfortable, and more fun, than her own bed in Winterfell. She would look at the stars, and imagine all the places she would go to, and all the ways she would recount them to her brothers and sister.

Would she have someone draw the places for her? Would she attempt to draw them herself? Would she send them trinkets and gifts from each place she visited?

The possibilities were endless for Arya Stark, and she had decided that she loved that life for herself more than anything else. More than living in a castle, more than being a lady, more than being a faceless assassin.

She was Arya, Voyager, Explorer, Wanderer.

She wanted to know everything there was to know about the world. She wanted to see everything there was to see, and she wanted to discover places no one has been to. She even intended to go to Old Valyria, just for the sake of adventure, to see for herself where the Dragonlords used to live and fly their dragons.

Her first stop was Volantis.

She had hopped off the boat, after profusely thanking the merchant, and bidding goodbye to the crew.

Her first few days of exploring the city had brought her a sense of liberty she didn’t know she needed. It was the kind of feeling that was addictive; you would taste it once, and crave it for the rest of your life.

Fortunately, Arya was young and had all of her life ahead of her, and all of the world to see.

She wandered along the Long Bridge, peering into the Rhoynar and even taking a dip in it. She
drunk in the taverns and shopped in the markets, buying all kinds of gifts for Jon, Sansa, and Bran.

By her third day, she had decided to stray from the typical touristic locations and go explore the deeper, more private areas of the city. She found that she enjoyed that even more than the public places.

She liked the thrill of staying hidden in the shadows, the excitement of being there in secret.

It was about noon on her third day. The young wolf had decided that she was starving, and began making her way back from the lemon orchard she was walking through, enjoying the sunshine, and the crisp, clean smell of lemons, mixed with the earthy scents that came after the rain.

She closed her eyes momentarily, breathing in deeply, and already imagining the feast she was going to buy herself for lunch when a sound she thought she would never hear again echoed in her ears.

A flapping of wings, once, twice, before a powerful takeoff into the blue sky.

Her head snapped up, trying desperately to find the source of the noise. Was it possible? The Queen’s dragon had disappeared after her death, and it was said that he was seen flying east, but was it really him, just flying contently above the city? Weren’t the citizens terrified?

And, with a smirk, ‘do they need a knight in shining armor to slay the beast for them?’

Just as her cocky thoughts took the best of her, the dragon appeared just above her in the sky, casting a gigantic shadow over the orchard.

Arya was so distracted, looking at the majestic beast, that she didn’t notice the person sitting on the ground, leaning against a lemon tree.

She tripped over said person, falling face first into the still moist dirt.

She grunted in pain, rubbing her face clean, exasperated.

‘Seriously, Arya? Seriously?’

She began to stand up, ready to apologize to the person she tripped over when the word caught in her throat painfully.

Staring back at her were startled, glistening violet eyes.

Chapter End Notes

i hope you liked this. honestly, those characters deserve better and i hope i did them justice.

don’t forget to check out my tumblr!

do tell me what you think :) see you soon!
hi everyone! thank you for the surprising response regarding chapter 1! i’m so glad you liked it! i would've liked to answer each and every review, but when i reply, it counts it as a comment, so i felt it would be misleading for future readers, sorry! anyways, i just wanted to say thank you, and to announce that i’m accepting requests and prompts! all you have to do, is go onto my tumblr ask, and request whatever you want, or just ask me questions that are weighing on your mind. also, you can now submit headcanons or aesthetics about this fic, also in on my tumblr, right here. thanks again to alee for the gorgeous aesthetic, and the betaing! now, without further ado...

The huge, sparkling violet eyes blinked once, in surprise, snapping Arya out of her daze.

She found herself staring unashamedly at the person in front of her, disbelief slowly heightening her senses in alarm.

The woman in front of her was small, with a beautiful heart-shaped face, startling eyes, and short, haphazardly cropped silver hair that barely passed her chin.

The woman was a copy of the late Queen.

… Nothing but a copy. Maybe this was someone who looked like her a lot? Maybe even another faceless man, with the Queen’s face, somehow? Arya refused to believe otherwise.

The person who looked like the Queen raised an eyebrow. “Arya?”

The young wolf gulped. She had told the Queen not to call her Lady Stark in one of the few exchanges they had back at Winterfell. Could it be that she still remembered? Arya felt oddly honored.

‘Are you mad, Stark?’ she chided herself, hoping with all her might to wake up from this horrible nightmare. ‘The Queen is dead.’

‘Then, how do you explain this?’ she countered, and she found that the Arya in her head had a point.

Her silence had apparently stretched on too long, since the queen was looking at her with concern now.

“Are you well? Did you hit your head?” she asked, leaning closer to Arya, squinting at her, trying to find a wound.

“I think so,” Arya mumbled to herself, standing.

How else was she going to explain the miraculous survival of Daenerys?

The Queen followed her lead, standing up herself, dusting the dress she was wearing, self-
The dress in itself was something the Queen she knew would not be caught dead in—the irony was almost funny—with its flowing sleeves, and light design. It was pink, with golden swirls and flowers decorating its sleeves and bodice.

She looked absolutely stunning in it.

She was holding a stack of yellowed papers, and a piece of… was that charcoal?

Was the Queen *drawing*?

“How… How are you alive?” Arya asked when she finished staring down the woman, and belatedly realized that Daenerys was doing the same to her.

She anxiously brushed a hand through her unruly hair and cursed herself for not actually combing it that morning.

Daenerys looked oddly uncomfortable with the question. She played with the papers in her hands, folding and unfolding the edges. At that rate, she was going to ruin whatever she was drawing.

“I was… brought back,” she answered back in a clipped tone, her eyes warning Arya not to prod further.

The wolf was a bit pleased to see the old Queen manifest herself, taking the place of that… that *fragile*, young woman that was there before her.

But Arya Stark was never one to back down.

“Brought back how? Like… like Jon?”

Daenerys visibly flinched at the name, taking a step back, her shoulders hunched to her ears. She started ripping small pieces of the corner of her paper.

Arya’s eyebrows were almost touching her hairline. Who *was* this person in front of her?

“Yes,” she finally conceded, not offering any other details.

The silence between them stretched on, awkward and heavy.

The wind picked up, lifting Daenerys’s hair gracefully, while Arya’s tangled and got into her eyes. Typical.

“So you’re just staying here?” Arya asked, her voice rising slightly. The sheer *enormity* of the situation was catching up with her, and hitting her full force.

The woman before had burned thousands of innocents, unashamedly and mercilessly.

Arya remembered walking through the streets of King’s Landing, bruised and battered, the smell of rotting and burnt flesh overwhelming her nostrils. Reminiscing that memory always came with the urge to empty the contents of her stomach on the ground, then to cry herself to sleep.

She remembered the doll she had found in front of a house, singed around the edges, and still glowing a mean red. She remembered the tiny socks she found aflame on the corner of the street. She remembered the *screaming*—*gods*, she still had *nightmares* about those hellish screams, that still echo around her head every time she closed her eyes. Her sleep had been troubled ever since that
day, and honestly, she didn’t see that changing any time soon.

All of that was caused by the woman standing in front of her. She had thought she had gotten what she deserved when Jon killed her, but apparently, dying didn’t stick with those two.

‘Maybe the second time’s the charm?’

It took all of her mental restraint to stop herself from pouncing onto the woman and ripping her to shreds, especially when she uttered her answer to Arya’s question.

“Yes, I am. It’s… the only place I feel safe.”

Arya lightly fingered the dagger strapped to her side. ‘Not for long, Mad Queen.’

“What brings you here?” Daenerys asked finally, apparently desperate to change the subject.

“Adventure,” Arya answered lightly, her hand now fully resting on her dagger.

Daenerys’ eyes dropped to her hand, then she looked up at her Arya’s face again, as if completely unfazed.

“I’m glad you’re getting to see the world. You didn’t strike me as a Lady when we first met,” Daenerys replied with a small smile, and Arya almost thought it was genuine.

Arya hummed distractedly, her thoughts swirling with smoke, fire, and ash, destruction piling up on the streets, bodies unrecognizable—

“You killed them.”

Daenerys physically startled at that. She took another step back, bringing her papers closer to her chest.

“They had surrendered, the bells of the city were ringing, and you-” she had to pause for a second, to gather herself.

She couldn’t break down, not now, not in front of her.

“You killed them.”

Daenerys gulped, casting her eyes to the ground. Arya sensed that she wanted to say something, but she stayed silent.

She decided to continue on. “I saw a child missing half of his torso. I saw a woman with her face so mutilated, so burned, that she was unrecognizable. She didn’t even look of the living.” Arya stopped, watching for the effects of her words.

Sure enough, the Queen’s breathing had gotten heavier, her hands clutching the papers so tightly, they were trembling.

“Do you know how much Jon tried to convince us to trust you? Do you know how much time he spent with Sansa and I, cooped up in father’s office, talking about you? The disrespect,” she sneered, “the blatant disrespect to his memory, now that I think about it. Talking about trusting a Targaryen, right in his home.”

The silence that reigned for a few seconds was only interrupted by the Queen’s even heavier breathing. She sounded physically in pain, and for the life of her, Arya couldn’t understand why.
“Your father burned my grandfather and my uncle alive! And yet, your crimes are even greater. I’m sure that your father must be very proud of you, from wherever he is watching.”

The Queen squeezed her eyes shut as if trying to block Arya’s voice away. The young wolf went on, unfazed.

“I can’t believe Jon trusted you. What did you do to him? Did you seduce him into your bed?” Arya paused, taking her dagger out of its sheath, and twirling it expertly between her fingers.

The Queen eyed her movements, her eyes becoming less and less afraid, and more… hopeful?

‘What in the-’

She continued on, nonetheless. “Then again, Jon always was the… simplest Stark.”

The fire in the Queen’s eyes seemed to reignite at that. “He’s anything but simple,” she snapped, angry and defensive, like a cornered dragon snapping its jaws at its attacker.

Arya was stunned for a second. “You’re defending him?”

That was seemingly all it took for the Queen’s fire to be extinguished, and for her resigned, sad silence to come back. Arya didn’t know if she liked being listened to, or if she hated the fact that she wasn’t getting a reply. She didn’t want it to be that easy. She needed that godsdamned monster to be the monster everyone knew she was.

Not this… scared, sad looking creature.

“I just want to know,” she continued on, softer, despite herself. “How could you do it? I saw how you treated the children at Winterfell. I… Jon fell in love with you. There must be a reason.”

‘I admired you… I looked up to you, I wanted to be like you. A strong, powerful woman that made men and women alike cower in her wake. You inspired respect, authority. You inspired.’

Daenerys seemed to ponder her question for a moment, all sadness disappearing from her gaze, making way for that terrifying void Arya saw when the Queen was giving her infamous speech—she had picked up some Valyrian from her stay in Braavos, but it wasn’t practiced enough for her to fully understand what the Queen was saying. Breaking the Wheel, was one of the few phrases she had understood. But, as far as Arya could see, the only thing the Queen managed to break, was herself.

Also, was Arya imagining things, or was this expression practiced? It didn’t seem natural, it didn’t seem like something the Queen actually felt, rather a mask she forced onto her own face.

“For the throne,” The Queen simply stated, not even deigning to acknowledge all the hurt and chaos she caused.

“For the throne?” Arya repeated incredulously.

Secretly, in her heart, she was relieved. That was the Mad Queen. That was someone she could kill without remorse.

Still, ‘Something sounds wrong.’

Daenerys nodded, her eyes hard as steel, her grip on her papers even harder.

Arya’s fingers froze, the dagger perfectly ready to kill in her hand.
“You destroyed people’s lives,” she stated nonetheless. She couldn't allow the vision of the scared Queen to get the better of her. She would not let it disturb her faith in herself, in her beliefs. In her sister’s beliefs.

No reaction from the other woman, who continued to stare at her vacantly, as if she did not fully comprehend the horror of her actions.

“You burned innocents alive, for a chair.”

Still, the Queen did not deign to answer.

“You broke my brother’s heart.”

‘You broke mine.’

Daenerys’s face broke a bit at that, wincing and slightly angling her body away from Arya like she was conflicted about wanting to turn her back to her.

“He pierced mine with a dagger,” she muttered, a hollow, haunted ring to her voice.

“After you did what you swore you wouldn’t do! You said you were different from Cersei!” Arya’s anger got the better of her, and she took a few steps forward towards the Queen, who jumped three steps back.

She was more terrified than she let on, and Arya found herself very smugly pleased.

“Are you going to kill me?” The Queen whispered, her eyes fixated on her dagger.

Arya chose not to answer but instead got even closer to the other woman.

"So you were hiding here, all this time? You're a wanted criminal!” Her grip on her dagger tightened. She would not kill her, not yet. She needed her to repent first. Beg for forgiveness, cry for mercy. Then, Arya would slit her throat. That would prevent her from coming back to life, certainly.

‘Do you really want to do it?’

The Queen took a deep breath and straightened her posture. "I am." Her voice was forceful, but not quite as majestic as when Arya had first heard her speak, as the Queen, not a guest at Winterfell.

She remembered the words she had spoken then, as clearly as if it was a few minutes ago.

“Whatever they want.”

She took another step closer, but the Queen stayed firmly rooted in place this time. "You killed thousands of innocents!"

A pause. The Queen nodded her head once, solemn. "I did." But not at all regretful.

Finally, Arya spoke what has been on her mind since the beginning. "You're- You're supposed to be dead! You deserve to be dead!"

A smile that bared the Queen’s shattered soul to the young wolf stretched her lips. "I wish I was."

Everything seemed to stop then. The slight breeze, the trembling in the Queen’s hands, and Arya’s breathing.

The Queen barked out what could’ve been a laugh, Arya wasn’t certain. “Well, then, all those
theatrics, and you’re not going to kill me, Lady Stark?” She taunted, a mad glint in her eyes.

That… was not expected.

“What?” Arya asked, her heart squeezing painfully. She couldn’t stop and ask herself exactly why that happened, because she feared that she may break going down that line of questioning.

She elected to ignore it, as she did many of her feelings towards the Queen.

Sansa was right. Sansa was right. Sansa was right.

… Right?

Arya wasn’t dense. She knew the Queen was trying to trick her into killing her. The question was, why? If she went through all the trouble of being revived, why would she willingly ask Arya for death?

Things were starting not to add up, and Arya did not like that.

The Queen seemed to take her silence as something it was not. “Are you… hesitating?” She said the word as if it was worse than burning thousands of innocents to their deaths. “The mighty Hero of Winterfell, hesitating to end the miserable life of a criminal who deserves it?”

Another one of those laughs that sent shivers down Arya’s spine.

“I thought you were better than that, Arya of Winterfell. Will you still be called that, when word gets out that you had the chance to kill the Mad Queen and you didn’t? Will you still be accepted into your home, by your precious siblings?” She spat the last word out with all the disgust she could muster, making Arya’s skin bristle.

She tried to calm herself down, repeating her reasoning over and over in her head, that the Queen just asking for death like that was not logical, that things didn’t add up, but the other woman was making it rather difficult to root for her.

“What would they say, if I got up on Drogon’s back, flew back west, and burned down your precious Winterfell with all its inhabitants in it, including your ‘family’? You would have had the chance to kill me and save them all.”

Arya’s grip tightened further on her dagger, biting her lower lip, absolutely torn.

“You’re lying,” she said because all her instincts were screaming at her that it was the case.

“Are you willing to take that chance?” A smirk. “I did say I was going to Winterfell next.”

That was all it took. Arya threw herself on the Queen, her hand closing around her throat, pouring all her anger into her deathly grip.

The Queen’s cocky and mad demeanor seemed to have melted away, leaving behind only a ghost of what she once was. The dark circles under her eyes were even more noticeable now that Arya was up so close, and her cheekbones were more prominent than before, her chubby face more skeletal than Arya had ever imagined it could become.

She raised the hand that was holding her dagger, screaming at herself that it was the right thing to do, that it was the only thing she could do, when a terrible, monstrous screech echoed from the skies above.
Arya let go of the queen reflexively, turning her head around to look at the source of the noise.

All was quiet for a few seconds, then the Queen’s biggest dragon appeared out of nowhere, his form getting bigger and bigger with every passing second.

Arya realized with horror that he was zooming down on her.

Her mouth opened to scream in terror, and the dragon’s opened to scoop her up, but at the last second, she was pushed to the ground, a heavy weight falling on top of her.

The dragon flew by just above her, so close she could almost touch his scaled chest.

That was more than a close one. Her survival was almost a miracle.

She heaved a sigh of relief, then grunted when the weight resting on her felt heavier.

She looked down and found the Queen clutching tightly at her, sprawled out on top of her.

Did she… did she just save Arya’s life?

‘Why is everything going so wrong?’

She tried dislodging herself from under the older woman when she felt something wet and sticky touch her fingers. She raised them up to her face and gasped when she saw the scarlet staining them, almost an accusation.

‘She deserves it.’ The reasoning that sounded like Sansa echoed in her head.

‘She just saved my life.’

‘That doesn’t absolve her-’

‘There is more to the story.’

She pushed the Queen off of her, laying her down gently in the grass beside her.

The dagger she was previously holding was lodged in the queen’s shoulder, the wound oozing blood faster than what Arya would’ve liked. At that rate, the Queen would be dead in an hour, if not less.

Cursing all the gods she knew of, Arya kneeled beside the other woman, trying to shake her awake.

The weakened, bleary violet eyes opened, and all the tiredness and self-hatred the Queen must have been feeling suddenly became as clear as crystal.

The knot in Arya’s stomach, the one that hadn’t untied itself since King’s Landing, tightened further, and she gulped, trying to get ahold of her panic and concentrate on Daenerys.

The Queen was breathing heavily, her hand going up to her shoulder. She touched the hilt of the dagger, almost reverently, before smiling at Arya, the first real, genuine smile Arya had ever seen from the Queen.

“Thank you, Arya,” she breathed, not more than a whisper. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and onto the grass, and a drop of water splashed right under her left eye, making Arya wonder if it was raining.

Was the world mourning the loss of Daenerys Targaryen?
She then realized that it wasn’t the world at all, rather her own tears dripping down on the Queen’s face.

Her eyes slowly drifted shut, and Arya choked on a sob. “No,” she whispered, trying to shake her awake again. “No, no, no…”

Her choked sobs turned into full-on wails of anguish, as she clutched the Queen’s body tighter to her chest. “NO!”

She took a breath, trying to calm herself down, to think logically. All wasn’t lost. Maybe she could still save her, somehow?

Her thinking was interrupted when she heard the familiar bubbling of fire inside a certain dragon’s throat. Apparently, the beast had turned around and come back for her.

Terrified, and still hugging Daenerys firmly to her chest, she looked up and stared into Drogon’s fury-filled gaze.

‘I just killed his mother,’ she thought. ‘Fuck.’

Chapter End Notes

that was it! i really hope this lives up to your expectations!
by the way, comments are moderated because i won’t accept Daenerys slander on my own story. NOT ON MY WATCH.
but constructive comments do help a lot and are really appreciated :) i love you guys!
don’t forget to follow the tumblr, and especially like alee’s art because she deserves it!
see you!
hello! i’m back with a new installment of this story!
beware the angst.
in which: how daenerys is alive and residing in volantis+a look inside her head during
the war of king's landing.
don’t forget to check out my tumblr!
without further ado...

Daenerys’ awakening was anything but gentle. It was while screaming in pain that she opened her
eyes, only to be met by pitch black darkness. For a second, the fear of having become blind flashed
in her heart.

She stayed still in the eerie silence of the room (was it even a room, or was it just another phase of
the afterlife? One that accommodated criminals and monsters like her?) she was in, heavily breathing,
images flashing before her eyes in a succession that wasn’t necessarily in order. She didn’t even
know which event came before or after the next. She was disoriented and felt as if her mind itself had
stayed in that hollow she was in before, only her heart and conscience starting up again.

What if she became like that rumored guard of Cersei Lannister? The living-dead one, who
mindlessly followed the former Queen’s orders?

She hesitatingly put a hand on her cheek, testing for scarring, or rigid ice blue skin, and was relieved
when she found none. Just her smooth, wet cheek found her palm. It was then that she noticed she
was crying.

She still couldn’t remember what had happened back in King’s Landing.

How was she here now? How was she not still bleeding on the Throne Room floor, or better yet,
thrown in a ditch to be forgotten and hated by everyone and all generations to come?

She smiled weakly at the thought of herself being called the “Mad Queen” by everyone in the
coming centuries. The irony was slightly maddening in itself. She had worked so hard not to become
like her father.

All in vain, now.

She remembered being perched atop her dragon on that broken defense tower. She remembered the
utter joy she had felt when she heard the clanks of swords against the ground, a sign that the
Lannister Army had surrendered.

‘No Bloodshed,’ she had thought to herself, her tears almost spilling over.

There was bloodshed, though, wasn’t there? Bloodshed of her second son, who had screamed for
her in his last moments, falling into the sea.

‘Mother, it hurts.’
She remembered what he had shrieked when the first spear pierced his chest.

‘Mother, what is happening?’

The second spear had come through his wing, and he had shrieked louder.

‘Mother, I’m scared, please help me.’

She had concentrated, as hard as she could, on top of that broken tower, on the connections that tied her to her three children.

Before, they used to feel like three strings tied to the bottom of her spine, that would pull every time she felt her children need her, and that she could tug on every time she needed them.

She only felt the gentle pressure of the one string, connecting her to Drogon. The other two, their places forever marked on her spine, had disappeared, leaving behind nothing but light scarring.

She remembered the time where the Sons of the Harpy had overrun the fighting pits and encircled her, her army and her friends.

The connection hadn’t been as strong back then, it was just a pressure she felt on the base of her spine, like she had slept wrong, or spent too much time hunched over.

It wasn’t an ache, per se, but it had hurt in the beginning. Then, it just became natural. A connection, a bond she had with her sons. It had quickly become one of the only reliefs she had in her complicated life.

She had pulled on Drogon’s string as hard as she could, screaming for help in her head. She heard her two other children, her poor, chained children wail for her from under the pyramid, wanting to come to her desperately, but Drogon had remained silent, still the wild force of nature a teenaged dragon could be.

Then, he had swooped down from the heavens, let her ride atop his back, and burnt every single one of her enemies.

That was when she had known, she was as much a Dragon Rider, as any Dragonlord of Old Valyria.

When she had first gotten her dragons, she had contemplated training them to burn her enemies, but it hadn’t occurred to her that she would be able to ride them herself. Maybe it was the voice of Viserys whispering in her head that he was the dragon. Maybe it was childish self-doubt that she couldn't rid herself of. She didn’t know.

Then, after her return from her… surprise trip to Vaes Dothrak, she had spent endless amounts of time training her children.

She had sat with them, given them attention, ridden them, and played with them. At some point, she had even started to hear their voices echo in her heads. They were nothing but chirps and roars at first, but she had slowly learned to understand them like her mind had unlocked a bank of information she didn’t know she possessed. Their words had started coming to her as easily and naturally as the common tongue.

Drogon was the wildest, but the one most attached to her. Their connection was the strongest, at first, since she had ridden him, but soon after, her connection to his brothers became just as strong.
Drogon had seen just how *fragile* his mother was. She was not a dragon like him and his brothers, but rather a small, weak-looking creature that didn’t have any scales, and that couldn’t breathe fire. His protectiveness of her had tripled at the realization.

Viserion was the most affectionate. He liked pats on the head, scratches under his chin, and soothing, loving words uttered to him by his mama while resting his head on her lap. He loved to take her flying, but only for fun, not for war. He especially enjoyed small rides over the sea, at sunset. He liked twirling and making figures in the sky, just to hear the crystalline laugh of his mama.

Rhaegal wasn’t as affectionate as Viserion, or as aggressive and big as Drogon, but he loved his mother just the same. He had quite the protective streak, especially towards her and Viserion. Her favorite thing to do with Rhaegal was reading to him, especially about the history of the old Targaryens, and their feats and their dragons. Rhaegal enjoyed the stories greatly and had expressed his wants to become as ‘heroic’ as the dragons of old. Daenerys had found him adorable.

Her children were all she had, and two of them were *ripped* from her, killed without mercy. She had gotten revenge for Viserion—thank god for Arya Stark. If Daenerys could, she would have killed the Night King with her bare hands.

But *Rhaegal*...

‘*Mother, will you ride me into battle? Will people sing songs about our victories?’*

She had choked on a sob and tried to reason with herself, to *stop* those thoughts from taking over. She *couldn’t* do that. She wasn’t going to be the Queen of the ashes; she *wasn’t*—

Missandei’s face had drawn itself in her mind, smiling and laughing, braiding her hair gently, trying not to tug on the silver locks.

Her favorite memories with Missandei were of her brushing her hair, then putting it up in intricate designs. She had called Missandei an artist once because her hair was a *mess* in the morning, yet somehow Missandei could make it into a sight for sore eyes.

Then, she was killed because of her. Dany remembered getting the news of her capture. She had just seen a spear pierce her son’s neck, making him tumble into the sea. She remembered wanting to burn the entirety of the Iron Fleet. She wanted to hear them *scream*; she wanted them to feel every ounce of her anger.

‘*I'm not here to be Queen of the ashes.’*

She had screamed, screamed all her anguish and pain, and turned Drogon around, to Dragonstone.

She had arrived ahead of her fleet, or what was left of it, so she took the opportunity to lock herself in the War Room and *cry* all the tears she had in her.

A few hours later, Tyrion had found her, her head resting on her arms, sleeping against the War Table. He had woken her up and told her the news of Missy’s whereabouts.

She had dismissed him and cried for a few hours more.

Her eyes were red-rimmed, their violet twinkling in the sun because of the sheer film of tears covering them, when she stood in front of the walls of the Capital, trying to bargain the return of her advisor and dearest friend.

Missandei had looked at her and smiled at her with all the softness and love she always showed her.
Daenerys had known then that this was her way of saying goodbye. She knew she wasn’t coming back.

She could’ve silently pressed Drogon to burn down “Queen” Cersei where she stood before she had even a chance of touching a hair on Missý’s head, but Tyrion had looked at her, pleading, begging for a chance to talk to his sister.

She loved Tyrion. She truly did. He was the brother she never had. Their quiet nights in, drinking and laughing at Tyrion’s bizarre adventures — “and then they locked me up in a cell with three walls.”

“Three?”

“There was no fourth wall, only a cliff and a river a hundred feet underneath.”

“How do you always manage to get yourself imprisoned?”

A grin. “It requires talent, your Grace.”— were some of her fondest memories. So, she had allowed him the courtesy. She had put Missý’s life into his hands. She shouldn’t have.

Missandei’s last words were ‘Dracarys,’ a testament to how much she truly loved, and admired her Queen.

Missandei had told Dany before, once when she was braiding her hair, that she had been ready to ‘end it all’, back when she was serving under that… monster of a slave owner.

Then, she had seen the foreigner queen with silver hair and three dragons come marching in, demanding an army.

Missandei had thought that she was just a pampered Westerosi back then, nothing more, but when she acquired the Unsullied, freed them of their chains, and ordered them to kill every master they could see, Missandei had felt her opinion shift greatly.

The Silver Queen had offered her a position by her side, and how could Missandei refuse a person like her? She was the hero every song and every story spoke of. She was a liberator; she was a godsend.

Missý had died in chains. Her head was cut off, sending it and her body tumbling down the ramparts, onto the sun-kissed sand.

They hadn’t been allowed to go gather the body.

Dany wondered if it was still there, withering under the warm sun, or had been burned unintentionally when she had destroyed those… contraptions Cersei’s people had created to kill her dragons.

Daenerys sat atop her Dragon, thinking about Missý’s smile, and Rhaegal’s soft chirps every time she would read him an exciting passage of a book he liked and willed herself not to cry.

The bells rang. Once, twice, then, everything went blank.

“I see you’re awake, my Queen,” she heard a voice say in the darkness. A smile was obvious in the words, and also some pride, though Dany couldn’t fathom why.

The room was suddenly visible, the candles she hadn’t been able to see before having lit up, as if by
In the doorway, stood a beautiful young woman. Her long, dark hair reflected the candles’ soft, warm light, giving it a red hue that Daenerys couldn’t help but envy.

‘If only I wasn’t born with silver in my hair and purple in my eyes…’

Her eyes were a light green color, and Dany had a hard time pinpointing this woman’s origins. She could’ve been Westerosi, Essosi, or from anywhere else, and Dany wouldn’t have known.

Her long, red robe, a bit too open on the breast, and her distinguishable necklace told Daenerys exactly who she was.

A priestess of the Lord of Light, just like the Lady Melisandre, back at Dragonstone.

‘The prince or princess who was promised will bring the dawn.’

‘That was obviously not me. I don’t think the princess who was promised was supposed to burn everything to the ground.’

“Who are you?” Daenerys asked, sitting up in the comfortable bed she was in.

The sheets were a bit too light for her taste — she liked being hot when she slept — but the mattress made the ache in her back diminish. She wondered where it even came from.

“My name is Kinvara, Your Grace. I am a humble servant of the Lord of Light,” the woman named Kinvara answered, her hands tucked in her sleeves, bowing to her deeply.

Dany felt thorns of bitterness dig themselves into her heart. “I’m not a Queen,” she muttered, trying to stand up from the bed.

A sharp pain shot up from her ribs, and she had to stifle a scream, falling back on the mattress.

“Please, don’t move too quickly, your Grace. You’re still healing. The wound is deeper than I originally thought,” Kinvara had laid a hand on her shoulder, pushing her back into the plush covers.

Daenerys sighed and let herself lie down, taking a deep breath. Even that hurt, so she opted to stay as still as possible instead.

“You’re not a ‘humble servant’. Speak the truth.”

Kinvara smiled lightly at the sharpness of the Queen, even in her state of weakness. “I am the High Priestess, my Queen. I consider myself a humble servant, still,” she calmly answered.

Daenerys had noticed the regal way Kinvara held herself, the jewelry and the silk robe, but she hadn’t expected her to be that important.

“What… What happened?”

“I think you know.”

Dany squeezed her eyes shut, trying her hardest not to relive that memory. She would rather have the image of Viserys being ‘crowned’ playing on a loop in her mind than watch what had happened in that wretched Throne Room once more.

Her Jon... her love. He had betrayed her. He had killed her.
His expression had been filled with grief as he did so, but Daenerys’ tired, terrified mind had twisted the memory so wrong, it only made her remember his face being horrifyingly vacant like her death was as insignificant as that of a mere bug annoying him.

She remembered him standing over her body, glaring at her like he was screaming ‘you deserve it’ over and over again. She remembered her life draining from her body slowly. She had thought death would be a quick, easy affair, that one didn’t feel it so strongly, but every single inch of her body was aware of what was happening. Her hands were trembling yet frozen at the same time, her limbs felt like snow under her, giving away only seconds after the knife embedded itself between her ribs. Her breathing had quickened, not as a symptom of her dying, but out of fear.

Not of death. Of Jon Snow. Of the one man that was supposed to be by her side through everything. Of the one man who should prefer to kill himself rather than betray her. Of her future betrothed. Of her love.

Nothing had terrified her more than Jon Snow, in that fateful moment.

‘He only manipulated me to get to the iron throne.’
‘He never loved me.’
‘He’s the true heir, he only got closer to me to gain the advantage of having my army to himself.’
‘He wanted to marry me to have my army for himself.’
‘He never loved me.’
‘He never loved me.’
‘No one loved me.’
‘I… I am unlovable?’

“How did you bring me back?” She asked Kinvara, who had let her wander in her mind silently. The priestess knew the Queen needed a moment to collect herself before she told her the news.

“The Lord works in mysterious ways,” Kinvara smiled. “He couldn’t let the Princess Who Was Promised perish that easily.”

Dany winced, pinching the bridge of her nose. “After everything that happened, you still think I’m the Princess Who Was Promised?”

Kinvara looked at her with a strange intensity in her eyes. “What exactly happened, Your Grace?”

Daenerys recoiled as if she had been slapped. “I… I burned King’s Landing to the ground.”

“You started with the Red Keep, didn’t you? You made sure Cersei was killed, roasted by your flames, then continued on to the city. Isn’t that right?”

Daenerys averted her eyes for an instant, barely noticeable, but Kinvara was quite perceptive.

“Yes, yes. That’s what I did. That’s what happened,” the Queen stated, though the slight trembling of her lower lip spoke otherwise.

“Your Grace. You don’t even remember burning the city, do you?” Kinvara asked softly, putting a hand over Daenerys’ own.
The trembling of the lower lip intensified, and the Queen soon broke down into sobs.

Chapter End Notes
	hat's it for now! hope you enjoyed this! i loved loved loved reading your comments on chapter 2! they made me so happy! ^^
i hope this one is up to your standards!
please leave a comment if you enjoyed :) again, check out my tumblr for an aesthetic for this chapter, coming soon ;)
thanks to alee as always for betaing such an intense chapter!
see you!
next up: some more of kinvara and dany+we finally get to see what happened after arya unintentionally stabbed dany.
Chapter Notes

hello! the number of positive responses from you guys overwhelms me every time::; y'all make me cry every time you post a good review. i love you all so much? i could kiss you i swear. that's why i decided to do a little something for you. if you have a certain prompt you want me to write (with our dear dany and arya or jonerys, modern setting, or westeros setting) just send it to me however you can (through the comments, or on my tumblr), and i'll write and dedicate it to you! y'all are amazing and you deserve it and you have all my uwus

Also, i wanted to tell you guys that the amazing @perlalat on tumblr, made 2 moodboards for this story, which are down below! they made me really happy, and i wanted to show them to you guys!

this chapter, as always, was betaed by Alee, who also made an amazing gifset for the last chapter. thanks, my love!

in which: daenerys confides in kinvara, and arya is tasked with a mission.

without further ado...

(put on the song Onward & Upward by Tommee Profitt at the end of the chapter for the full effect!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Daenerys’ chest heaved with sobs that had been too long imprisoned. The tears that streamed from her eyes felt like acid on her skin, and she imagined them burning tracks on her face, just to show everyone her shame. How Daenerys Targaryen was crying like a little girl. How the mighty had fallen.

It took her a while to calm down, to stop having dark thoughts. Thoughts that she was certain she had gotten rid of. Thoughts that hadn’t visited her since Drogo was still alive.

‘All it takes is one good rope.’

She turned to Kinvara, her tears threatening to overcome her once more.

“I… I don’t know,” she whispered, trying her best to control her voice.

‘Can she even hear me? I can’t hear myself…’

“I… After I dismounted Drogon, I was- I was disoriented? I didn’t know where I was. I was on…” she gulped. “On that defense tower. Then suddenly I found myself there in the— in the Keep and—”

She clutched at her chest, trying to stop it from heaving up and down uncontrollably. Her breathing was becoming short and quick, her heartbeat thundering in her ears. She was beginning to find talking difficult, and her vision was starting to tunnel threateningly on the edges.

“People… My people— They were looking at me… Like I was—” she bit her lip so hard it started bleeding. She could taste the coppery liquid, and bile suddenly rose to her throat. “Like I was some monster. And I couldn’t understand— I… I didn’t know why,” she finished in a whisper, looking at Kinvara with pleading eyes.

The Priestess started running her hand on the Queen back, soothing circles that soon enough calmed the girl down. She didn’t need the Queen to faint on her again. She needed to rest and heal, not hurt herself further.
“You can’t remember burning the City,” Kinvara repeated with conviction, and with a sliver of hope in her voice.

When word got out that the Breaker of Chains had burned a whole city of innocents to the ground, Essos had failed to believe it. They still did, convinced that the words were just lies and fabrication crafted by the Westerosi to undermine the Dragon Queen’s integrity.

Kinvara, on the other hand, knew it was true. She had, in fact, watched it as it was happening. She was sound asleep in her bed when the vision came to her in a dream. A nightmare, rather.

She had seen the Queen atop her dragon, her smile of relief and the tears that followed when the Lannister soldiers had lowered their swords. She had seen her squeezing her eyes shut and gritting her teeth, as the bells rang. She had seen her snap, growling as she directed Drogon towards the inner city. She had seen the dragon fire engulfing the innocent.

And all the while, she had seen Daenerys’ vacant violet eyes, staring at nothing in front of her.

That was what had clued Kinvara in on what exactly was happening. The violet of the Queen’s eyes was overwhelming her iris, unseeing and empty, her pupils practically invisible. Only the color was visible, the violet that had reflected a shade of blue for a fraction of a second.

The vision had left Kinvara confused, and intrigued, but most of all certain of one thing: that Daenerys Targaryen wasn’t the one that had burned King’s Landing. She didn't know what had happened exactly, in that head of hers, but she knew the Queen was not at fault.

And now, she had her confirmation.

“I can’t remember,” Daenerys confirmed, wiping her tears with weakened hands. “Tyrion, my hand, asked me how could I have done it, and I… I couldn't tell him that I couldn’t remember. I couldn’t tell him that, for fear of him thinking I had gone mad. I… I think I have,” the girl lowered her eyes to the floor, her tears filling them once more.

Kinvara’s heart broke for her.

‘My sweet, sweet child. Why have you tortured her so, oh my Lord?’

She stayed silent though, only continuing her soothing patterns on the Queen’s back.

“But, he did anyway, didn’t he?” the young Queen chuckled humorlessly. “He thought I was mad, anyway. I even tried asking Drogon what happened, and he told me that I had ordered him to ‘burn them all’,” the Queen took a breath, putting her face in her hands, her eyes open in horror. “What have I done?”

—

Arya Stark honestly did not know how she found herself in the situation she was in.

She sighed silently, wiggling a bit in the uncomfortable chair she was sitting in.

She found her eyes flitting back towards the unconscious form lying on the bed and sighing again.

Daenerys was the epitome of peace when she was asleep. Her lips were parted in a gentle exhale, her face pale, and her hair practically perfect.

‘Typical.’
Her eyelids, bruised purple with fatigue, and the lines that stretched across her face, told her that that peace was only when she slept.

She wondered if she even did sleep. She had bags under her eyes that could fit Arya’s entire closet.

The Queen shifted on the bed with a small moan of pain, and Arya winced, her pushed-down guilt slightly surfacing again.

Daenerys had thrown herself in front of her, to save her from Drogon. Arya was meaning to kill the Queen, yet the woman had willingly thrown herself in front of a ferocious beast, to save Arya’s life. Arya still had trouble believing that it actually happened.

She had mulled the scene in her head over and over again, still finding it wrong, on so many levels. Daenerys had tried provoking her — ‘and it worked,’ Arya thought, ashamed— into killing her. What would drive the woman to do such a thing? She went through all the trouble of being revived, only for her to beg for death again?

The logical explanation to all of that was guilt. Perhaps the Queen was feeling guilty for having destroyed King’s Landing?

Daenerys had tried provoking her — ‘and it worked,’ Arya thought, ashamed— into killing her. What would drive the woman to do such a thing? She went through all the trouble of being revived, only for her to beg for death again?

The logical explanation to all of that was guilt. Perhaps the Queen was feeling guilty for having destroyed King’s Landing?

Her victory speech echoed hauntingly in Arya’s mind, and she thought that no, there was no way the Queen was feeling guilty.

She wanted to continue thinking it over when her mind wandered back towards how she, Arya Stark of Winterfell, had commanded a dragon, and how he had obeyed. She wanted to scream with glee and run around like a child, but she just grinned wickedly, remembering the moment just to feel that swell of pride in her chest again.

It had been quite the scene, honestly, her begging the Queen’s dragon not to kill her, but instead, to tell her where its mother lived.

Arya looked at the beast’s eye, her heart beating wildly in her chest, still clutching Daenerys’ lifeless form in her arms.

‘I can’t… I can’t let her die.’

Arya cleared her throat, almost choking on her own spit in fear. “Please, I… I didn’t mean to. She jumped in front of me! To save me! From you!”

The dragon growled menacingly, looking about ready to roast her alive.

“I don’t mean that it’s your fault! No, of course not. It’s mine. I’m really, really sorry. It was an accident! I was holding the dagger and—” she took a deep breath, then looked the dragon square in the eye.

‘Yep, I’m fucked.’

“Look, if she saved my life, that must mean that I am important to her in some way. So, you can’t kill me. Not yet,” she added, when she saw him snarl, puffs of smoke escaping from between his teeth as if saying watch me. “Your mother is still alive, and she needs your help right now. I need you to direct me to where she lives, and to go get the healer that… that brought her back. Can you do that?” she asked the dragon, pleading, with tears pearling in her eyes.

She wanted to call herself an idiot, for speaking to a beast like he was a man, but she had read that
The dragon roared so loudly, Arya thought her ears would start bleeding. Then his wings flapped once, twice, and he took off in the sky, flying towards a mansion not that far from the orchard. He circled it twice, then flew off north.

Arya thought she might either cry in relief or piss herself. She took off running, with the Queen in her arms, towards the manse in question.

Arya stood up from her chair, deciding to get some air and explore the house. She hadn’t had the chance to when she came in running with a bleeding Queen.

It was modest and homey. It felt like Summer had built a house for Spring to live in. The colors were pale yellows, pinks, and greens; the furniture expensive, yet very comfortable.

It wasn’t very big. It certainly wasn’t something she would expect Daenerys Targaryen to live in. The Queen was used to places as grand and as luxurious as the Great Pyramid of Meereen, or Dragonstone. Not a house with a lemon orchard, and an open terrace that seemed perfect for warm afternoons and cool wine.

The sunrays were like a present fixture inside of the house, filtering in from everywhere: fancy, designed skylights, that made shadows of funky shapes dance on the floor, tall windows that were also seats, filled with comfortable and cozy looking cushions.

The thing that caught Arya’s eye the most was the sheer amount of **books** that were present in the manse. Apparently, the Queen was an avid reader. Arya couldn’t have guessed. The woman she knew didn’t seem to have the patience for reading.

She spent some time running her fingers along every spine of every book, marveling at the rarity of the tomes present. She saw quite a few books about the history of Valyria and the Targaryen family.

She also noticed that the Queen had been reading *‘A History of the Westerosi North’*, since it was on her bedside table, and she found herself oddly flattered.

A knock on the door suddenly resounded, and Arya silently cursed the inopportune timing. She had wanted to continue her sneaky exploration of the place, godsdamnit.

She went to open the door and saw a Red Priestess standing on the other side.

*‘Of course.’*

The priestess seemed surprised by her presence, but Arya just smiled grimly at her, the guilt rearing its ugly head back again.

“I may have accidentally stabbed the Queen?” she began as an opening sentence, and the priestess raised an eyebrow, unconvinced.

“Accidentally?”

“Yes, I swear. She fell on my dagger. Arya Stark,” Arya introduced herself, extending a hand towards the priestess. She tried infusing as much sincerity as she could in her voice, even though she...
knew how guilty she sounded.

The woman looked at her hand and shook it after a second of hesitation. “Kinvara, High Priestess of the Lord of Light. May I see her, now?”

Arya nodded, and ushered the woman inside, leading her to the still unconscious Queen.

The priestess got to work patching the other woman up, leaving Arya standing awkwardly in the doorway.

“So, King Brandon is now sending his other sibling after the Dragon Queen?” Kinvara asked with a sharp edge to her words, and Arya flinched at the animosity.

“No, I’m… traveling. I bumped into her by mistake.”

Kinvara turned to look at her for a second, her eyes mistrusting. “So, you weren’t here to kill her?”

“If I wanted to kill her, she’d already be dead,” Arya deadpanned, crossing her hands on her chest defensively. She was beginning to get annoyed by the woman’s suspicion, though she knew it was well-deserved. After all, it was her brother who had killed the Queen in the first place.

Kinvara hummed distractingly, and Arya saw Daenerys shift underneath her hands, and moan in pain. Beads of sweat were starting to pearl on the Queen’s forehead, and the knot in Arya’s stomach, that had disappeared somehow once she realized that she hadn’t killed Daenerys, reappeared, choking her from the inside.

She hadn’t killed her, yes, but how much pain was she causing her?

“Are you planning on staying?” Kinvara asked after a few minutes, only the Queen’s labored breathing resounding in the room.

“On what?” Arya did a double take. She definitely wasn’t.

“Staying. The Queen will need someone to help her. She was already weak enough as it is, with a stab wound in her chest, and now you added one to her shoulder,” Kinvara glared at her, as she tightened a bandage, making the Queen scream in pain, her back arching as if she was trying to escape the torture. Kinvara brushed her hair back from her face, and whispered a few soothing words to her, which helped calm her down a bit.

Arya gulped, though it seemed like her throat was closed.

“I… I didn’t—”

“You didn’t mean to, yes.” Arya could almost hear the priestess roll her eyes. “That doesn’t mean that you didn’t do it, though.”

She seemingly finished off with Daenerys, and turned fully towards Arya, her hands red with the Queen’s blood.

“Stay with her, Arya of Winterfell. She needs you,” she pleaded, then gathered her things, and went out of the room before Arya could utter a word.

‘Who will lift the sword

And lay down his life for me?’
Maybe everything was falling into place after all? Kinvara had had her doubts, after nothing but the corpse of the Princess Who Was Promised came back to her, but now…

Things were definitely starting to look up.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed this one! it was very important and was the final chapter of 'setting the scene.'

we’ll have the much-anticipated dany/arya dialogue next chapter!

next up: dany wakes up and doesn't really know how to feel about arya. meanwhile, arya tries baking.

spoiler alert: she isn't very good with pies that don't involve human beings.

please leave a comment if you enjoyed it, they really really make me so happy!

don't forget to check out the tumblr! see you!
hey! sorry this took so long, i wanted it to be as perfect as it could be. hope you guys like it!

in which: arya doesn't try baking just yet, but instead, she has an interesting conversation with the Queen.

as usual: please check out the tumblr!

this chapter was betaed by Alee (who also made the aesthetic below, please give her all the appreciation she deserves on tumblr!), but it's almost 3 am, forgive any mistakes!

without further ado...

See the end of the chapter for more notes
The Red Priestess’ visit left Arya a little bit confused. The woman had a mischievous smirk on her face as she left, winking at Arya before going out the door.

She had shrugged it off, deciding to keep investigating the Queen’s house, though she was sure she’ll be overthinking it later that night.

She went to check on the older woman, her worry surprising her, and found her still sleeping, with a furrowed brow, and a tightened jaw.

Arya wondered if she was the kind of person that was perpetually in a bad mood but tried to hide it,
like her sister.

Sansa used to be always annoyed with Arya’s antics when they were children but tried her hardest not to show it to the little girl, in fear of getting an earful from her parents. But sometimes, Arya would do something, and Sansa would snap at her, causing the little girl that she was to run away and hide. She had a corner in Winterfell that no one knew about, a tiny hatch in the castle’s wall where Arya used to go and cry. A place that was just hers, where she could be nothing more than Arya, not little Lady Arya that had to learn how to sew and sing and whatnot. She suspected that her father knew, but he never said a word. Arya was grateful for that. She would’ve hated for Sansa to find her secret place one day, and see her crying. She’d have become insufferable then. Even more so than she already was, as unbelievable as that could be.

Arya moved silently in the house, not used to actually being invited into places. Usually, when she’s stalking around in a mansion, it’s definitely uninvited and under the radar.

But, in Daenerys’ house, being actually allowed inside was a welcome change to her previous life in Essos.

She briefly thought about her siblings and wondered what they would think of her.

If Jon knew that the Queen was still alive, he would probably spend weeks weeping tears of joy. Her brother was deeply in love with Daenerys, that was one thing she knew for certain. She had seen how they had looked at each other at Winterfell, how Jon was excited for his love to meet his family.

‘We didn’t even give her a chance.’

Jon had deserved better. Not a better woman, no absolutely not. Arya didn’t think anybody could do better than Daenerys Targaryen. No, she meant a better family.

If they hadn’t adopted the North’s stupid, outdated mentality, and their hatred for strangers and foreigners, they could have been very good friends and allies with the Queen. Hell, a lot could have been avoided, even.

But, they had been scared. No one would ever admit it, the Northerners being too proud, but as soon as they had seen the Dragon Queen’s massive army, and her three gigantic dragons, they had known that she was much more dangerous than the rumors had claimed.

They had known that should they anger her; she could wipe them out without even blinking.

Even Sansa had felt threatened. Her sister, the most intelligent person she knew, had felt threatened by Daenerys. By her ethereal beauty, by her wit, by her charm, by the raw power she exuded and the unparalleled respect, she warranted from anybody who had a conversation with her.

The talk her sister had with the Queen in the library came to mind, especially, when she thought about Sansa’s opinion of the Queen.

Arya hadn’t admitted it to Sansa at the time, being too embarrassed, but she had been following the Queen around Winterfell, out of sheer curiosity, and suspicion.

She had seen her head for the library, telling the guard that followed her around, the one with the perpetual lost-puppy look on his face, to give her a few minutes alone.

He had reluctantly agreed, and, as soon as he rounded the corner and disappeared, the Queen had breathed a sigh of relief and tiredness, pinching the bridge of her nose.
Arya had wondered if being Queen was as effortless as the woman made it look, but in that hallway, the wolf had realized that it was much more taxing than it appeared.

Then, the Queen had squared her shoulders, all vulnerability melting from her, and had knocked politely on the library door.

As soon as she had gone in, Arya had sprinted to the door, putting her ear against it, straining to hear what the Queen wanted from her sister.

She had heard some uninteresting banter and had rolled her eyes, wishing they could just get to the arguing already.

Then, she had heard Sansa telling the Queen that she was manipulating her brother.

*Oh, yes. Would there be hair-pulling? Would the Queen get upset and just… leave? Oh, would there be dragons involved?*

An excited smirk had pulled at Arya’s lips then, and she had pressed herself closer to the door, hoping to hear some screams.

“*Now, I’m here. Half a world away, fighting Jon’s war alongside him. Tell me, who manipulated whom?*”

Arya snapped out her daze. Those days were long gone.

Now, her sister was Queen in the North, her brother was on the Iron Throne, her other brother was exiled beyond the wall, and the Queen was only a shell of herself, living in hiding.

‘*Who manipulated whom?*’

She got to a locked door, which piqued her curiosity. All the doors of the mansion were unlocked, some were even wide open since the Queen seemingly lived alone.

‘*All the people she was close to have died. Of course, she lives alone.*’

Arya didn’t know if that fact made her feel more uncomfortable, or saddened.

She had truly, genuinely liked the Queen. She had even wanted to get to know her better, but her sister had insisted that she was just after the North’s allegiance, that she didn’t have their best interests at heart.

Arya remembered thinking that if the Queen didn’t have their best interests at heart, she wouldn’t be there, fighting the dead alongside them.

Instead, she would have stormed King’s Landing, taken it successfully, and waited for the dead to come knocking at her door.

Or she would have just sent out her army to meet them halfway.

She would’ve won, with or without the north, Arya knew that perfectly.

She had the knowledge that Dragonglass could kill them since Jon had told her on Dragonstone. She had an island full of the mineral. She had her *gigantic* army and three fully grown dragons. She would have had King’s Landing’s impenetrable walls, and their stock of wildfire. She would have had Cersei’s army, who would have bent the knee.
Daenerys hadn’t needed the North. Yet, she had helped anyway.

And now, she had lost her most precious advisor, her most trusted bodyguard, two of her children, her army, her title, her reputation, and her life.

Her sanity.

*Who manipulated whom?*

Arya shook her head, her lips turning into a thin line. No use thinking about the 'what if’s' now. The Queen’s atrocious acts could *not* be excused, however weak, guilty, or hurt the woman seemed.

She tried the locked door’s handle once or twice, but it didn’t budge.

Arya smirked. It had been a while since she last put her lock picking skills to good use. Was she as rusty as she thought she was?

Taking out her Valyrian Steel knife, and a scrap piece of metal she took off from a decoration sitting in the corner, Arya got to work trying to jimmy the lock.

She was beginning to hear the tell-tale clinking of a mechanism that was about to give when someone cleared their throat from behind her.

She stood up, frantic, trying to hide her dagger and the piece of metal behind her back, but Arya, being her usual graceful self, ended up *somehow* dropping both the items and herself to the ground.

She looked up, mentally stopping herself from rubbing her bum, her pride absolutely bruised.

Daenerys Targaryen stood in front of her, looking completely unimpressed.

Kinvara had changed the older woman out of her summer dress into a nightgown and had tried her best to smooth down her mess of a hair. Arya was impressed at how unruly it was, given its length.

The bags under the Queen’s eyes were more pronounced than in the orchard, their color only slightly darker than her irises. Her nightgown had a V-shaped collar, that dipped way too low for it to be worn when someone else was in the house with you.

Arya couldn’t help but stare at the ugly, angry-looking scar on Daenerys’ chest, its edges puckered, as if the knife had been pulled out of it only seconds ago.

She was standing tall, regal, and completely straight, too rigid for someone who had been stabbed twice in the span of a month.

“You should be resting,” Arya’s thoughts spilled out of her mouth like usual, her filter absolutely useless.

“And you should not be snooping around my house. Or be’in my house, for that matter,” the Queen answered matter-of-factly, crossing her arms over her chest.

Her eye twitched slightly, the only sign that she was even *remotely* in pain. Arya thought that she should have gone *to her* for emotional control courses, not to the Faceless Men.

“Kinvara told me to stay. She said you needed someone with you at the moment,” Arya stated, standing up, dusting the back of her tunic.

Not that it *needed* dusting. The floor was pristine. She wondered how Daenerys managed to clean up
the place with a stab wound in her chest that still looked raw.

“I don’t need anyone,” the Queen deadpanned, in a bored, emotionless voice.

Arya put back her knife in its sheath at her waist and put the metal scrap in her pocket.

She looked curiously at the Queen, folding her hands behind her back.

“Okay, then. Perfect. I’ll be on my way,” Arya shrugged, already marching past the other woman, heading for the door.

“I don’t think so,” Daenerys’ raised voice stopped Arya in her tracks.

The younger girl immediately cursed herself. How, just how did that woman manage to command so much obedience.

The Queen still had her back turned to her, her shoulders as squared as the day she had first met her.

“I would like you to tell me a bit about… About Westeros. Then, you can be on your merry way,” the Queen turned to look at her with a semblance of hope on her face, the first actually genuine expression Arya had managed to get from the Queen.

She was either Winter—a deadly cold that gave Arya shivers, or just purely mad. It was starting to become confusing.

“Why would I do that?” Arya asked, trying to keep the upper hand in the situation.

What if this woman was truly the manipulator Sansa thought her to be?


The Queen scoffed, a small smirk crossing her lips. “I seem to recall having jumped in front of a massive, bloodthirsty beast to save your life, Arya Stark.”

“I repaid that debt. I got you back here and called the priestess. I saved your life too,” Arya countered, though she was feeling her defenses and arguments weaken. She could stay for a while, right? What was the harm in that?

She really wanted to get to know the Queen. She seemed like such an interesting woman. She especially wanted to know if she had really burned down a room full of generals to get their army.

“You saved my life? I seem to recall that my life wouldn’t have been in danger if you didn’t have a dagger in your hand,” Daenerys sneered, eying the dagger on her waist disdainfully. “What is it with you Starks and your daggers?”

Arya barked out a laugh of disbelief. “We’re much more skilled with a sword, thank you very much. And, weren’t you the one begging me to end your life?”

The Queen sobered at that, and Arya knew she had crossed a line.

She quickly cleared her throat. “I’m sorry, I—”

“No apologies needed,” the Queen whispered, her head bowed, locks of her hair covering her eyes. “The door’s just to the right. You can take your leave if you want.”

She left Arya alone, standing in that hallway. The Stark girl cursed under her breath and made to
follow the Queen.

“Daenerys, please—”

The Queen turned to look at her, hastily wiping at her eyes. “You’re still here.” her voice was full of disbelief as if she couldn’t actually fathom that someone might want to stay with her, even for just a few minutes.

“Westeros is in ruins,” Arya began, as the Queen smiled gratefully at her, and nodded towards a comfortable looking armchair. She sat on a sofa facing Arya, tucking her feet underneath her.

Arya also noticed her subtly moving the cushions, trying to make herself comfortable. Her heart broke a bit at the notion. Did… Did Arya hurt her that much?

Daenerys nodded, gulping with some noticeable difficulty.

“Everything has been destroyed by the fire. People’s houses, markets, crops… Even the Red Keep —”

“I don’t care about the highborn,” Daenerys interrupted her with a choked voice, but still trying to come off as nonchalant as possible. She was failing. “Tell me about the people.”

Arya reeled in her shock. She tried to hide it. “I- They’re not good.”

Daenerys took a sharp breath. Arya didn’t know what the young Queen was expecting.

“The food supplies have dropped. The land is useless. Barren. They’ve lost their homes, their families and their loved ones. Usually, they’d go to the Sept of Baelor for supplies, or even the Keep, but both of those places are not in good shape, either.”

Daenerys nodded again, her brows furrowed. “There are plenty of lands right outside King’s Landing, perfect for plantation. Highgarden might have been sacked by the Lannisters, but I’m sure there are still grains to be found in the castle. They only took the food, after all. They could plant them there, now that winter had gone. I could have Meereen open trade with King’s Landing. The businesses are prospering there, and they have food in abundance, since slaves have been liberated, and have started working independently. I could coordinate everything with Daario,” she explained her strategy as if she had been doing that her whole life, and Arya’s jaw went a bit slack.

Daenerys Targaryen truly lived up to her name.

“Why… why would you want to help them?”

Daenerys seemed to come back to reality, the transition from her Queenly habits to… whatever she was doing in this mansion, whoever she was being, affecting her more than Arya thought it would.

“Believe it or not, Arya Stark, I never intended for things to go the way they did,” she whispered in the tiniest of voices, so much so that Arya was having trouble hearing her.

“What… What were you planning on doing, once you became Queen?” Arya asked, her curiosity getting the better of her. What she had just heard was a testament to just how good the Queen was at her job. That was undeniable.

‘How did everything go so wrong?’

“I wanted to break the Wheel,” Daenerys smiled ruefully, looking at Arya with a tenderness in her
eyes she didn’t think she would ever see directed at her by the fucking Queen. “You would have approved, I think. You seem like the kind of young woman who would appreciate my vision.”

Arya smiled shyly, and uncertain. She wasn’t as sure as the Queen was. If her vision was burning innocents and their homes, then Arya certainly didn’t approve. “Thank you, your Grace. But, what vision was that if you don’t mind me asking?”

Daenerys’ smile brightened a bit. She truly was passionate about her cause, Arya concluded with some degree of surprise.

‘How the fuck did all of… that happen, then?’

“I wanted to liberate the people. I wanted them to live not under a just ruler, but alongside a just ruler because that is exactly what they deserve. I wanted them to never feel the fear of being low on nourishment. I wanted their children to grow up, and get an education worthy of Lords and Ladies. I wanted… I wanted bastards to feel like they belonged, not like they were the bane of society. They don’t deserve to be punished for their parent’s misdeeds,” she chuckled to herself, completely engrossed in her speech. “That wasn’t as important to me before, but my opinion changed greatly after meeting your brother. His life seemed so unjust, being treated so unfairly only because of his Lord father’s mistake. Though, I guess it wasn’t truly the case, was it?

“It doesn’t matter. It was still unjust, and injustice is something I just cannot stand for. It’s in my blood—I can’t explain it. I boil internally at the struggle of children and women oppressed by old, balding men sitting on a pile of gold. A few years ago, I was the oppressed woman. I was the one running for my life, hiding from his Majesty’s assassins. Well, no more. No more oppression. No more hiding. I wanted to… I never wanted someone to have less—or more, for that matter—than anyone else, only because of their names.

“Names are a fickle thing in this world. Look at me. I was born with the highest titles. With the most royal blood. And, I spent the entirety of my childhood begging on the streets. My brother had to sell every last one of our possessions, even our Mother’s crown, the only thing we had left of her, just to survive. Only because of my name. Because of who I was.

“Your brother was hated all his life, treated worse than cattle, just because of his name. Young girls get whipped and screamed at, only for opening a book, just because of their names. Just because they’re not highborn.”

A deep breath. Arya was too mesmerized to interrupt.

“I wanted to abolish the power of names. And, I failed.”

‘How did it go so absolutely, horrendously wrong? Why does a world ruled by Daenerys Targaryen seem better than the one we have, the one ruled by my own brother?’

‘What happened to her?’

Chapter End Notes

yep, this is it for now! hope you liked it! i have finals coming up, so i might not be able to update as often, but i’ll spam y’all in spring break i promise.
next up: our girls get to know each other more.

please leave a comment if you liked, they make me the happiest author on earth!

again: tumblr right here :) see you!

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