Every Piece of Me

by EternalFangirl

Summary

Jonsa and Pol!Jon rewrite of 8x04, where Dany is not only emotionally but also physically abusive to Jon after the feast. Sansa sees the signs, and realizes what is happening. We see the girls react to R+L=J, and we see Jon heal when surrounded by his very stubborn pack. With the end of the world abated, and everything he has ever loved in the balance, he talks. About Daenerys and what waking the dragon actually means. Why he will gladly stand in the line of fire to save his pack.

And then Sansa takes care of it.

Notes

Trigger warning for mentions of physical abuse (mild) and also dubious sexual consent (Jon
doesn’t see it as problematic, but me and Sansa both do).

Thanks for the reading this through and giving it the thumbs up, meerareads! I love you babe!! Kick ass in your last exam <3
The Dragon Demands

There was a new bruise on Jon’s face.

Sansa wondered if anyone else had noticed it. There were so many reasons not to, after all. His beard covered nearly all of the angry red mark, and bruises were so common in Winterfell right now. She had a keep full of wounded people, scarred and broken from a fight with their worst nightmares. Why should anyone look at Jon and see anything less than a hero? Why shouldn’t they assume he got that bruise in the battle? Who would dare harm him, the greatest living swordsman of Westeros?

She shouldn’t even have noticed, truth be told. But she had spent the better part of the morning staring at his face, at the way he talked to his queen, the differential way he was standing, making himself even smaller than he already was, less threatening, arms dutifully behind his back. She was trying to see, to figure it all out. Something was wrong. She saw the furtive looks and the careful platitudes, and she knew.

No, maybe no one else noticed. But she did.

Bile rose up in her throat, with the burn of angry, impotent tears that she was all too familiar with. She set her jaw, raised her chin, and willed her tears back down. Now was not the time. Jon was talking of laying a siege, and the dragon queen wanted to set sail with all her tired and wounded soldiers. All of Sansa’s, too.

“The men we have left are exhausted,” she said. Jon turned to look at her, his shoulders stooped and defeated. He missed the icy glare his queen sent her way. “Many of them are wounded. They'll fight better if they have time to rest and recuperate.”

The dragon queen did not like that, she could tell, but Sansa did not care. The men—including the Dothraki and the Unsullied—were under her care, eating from her stores and healed by her maester. She would not let them march off to another war when they could barely stand for the most part. She had seen the vacant looks and exhausted emptiness in their eyes, had helped them learn how to care for their wounds. Had the dragon queen even visited her men to raise morale? They are not pieces on a cyvasse board, she wanted to tell her. The long march South will kill them.

But Jon spoke up, glaring her like she was committing some crime by speaking up for the men who had suffered for them. His words were firm and brooked no argument, but she could not look away from the red bruise blooming on his cheek. She could not feel any anger, just a mounting discomfort. What has she done to you? His queen was smaller than he was, delicate as an exotic flower.
A dragon screeched outside, as if reminding her of its mother’s strength. She wanted to scream.

“The men will fight better if they are rested,” said Ser Jorah gently, waiting patiently for his queen to look at him. “We have too few numbers to leave men behind, your Grace. A few weeks of care, of warm food in their bellies… It might make all the difference in the battle to come.”

The queen didn’t say anything for a while, and Sansa began to hope. She was the breaker of chains, was she not? Any woman who had compassion enough to show to slaves had to be able to see to the welfare of her own men, surely. She might not trust Sansa, but she would have to trust her own advisors.

“I don’t need them complacent and well rested,” the queen finally said in the voice she perhaps thought sounded tough and commanding. To Sansa, it always felt like the voice of a petulant child. “I need them ready to battle, to win me the throne they owe me.” She looked at Jon, and he looked at the ground in a somewhat haphazard imitation of a bow.

_We don’t owe you anything_, thought Sansa. _This is your kingdom that you protected, against death itself_. She took a deep breath. _Who manipulated whom?_

“We will wait a couple of weeks,” the queen said finally. “In that time, I need reports on the men, on how many will be ready to march with us, and how many we will be leaving behind.”

And just like that, they were done. When Arya stood in Jon’s path, when she told him they needed a word, Sansa realized that she wasn’t the only one who had noticed the bruise.

“We needed her,” Jon said stubbornly, staring at the red leaves of the weirwood tree, and Sansa tried to feel the anger she usually felt when he said such things. But there was no anger, only pain. He had been laughing last night, grinning at Tormund’s drunken antics. What had happened? She remembered her own dark bruises, mapped out on her body like a gruesome painting, and set her chin. The ones he had gotten in the battle against the dead were likely gone by now. The Dragon Queen did not get to give him more.

_This is my home. It’s ours. And Jon belongs to us too. No amount of dragons will make him truly hers._

“Jon,” she said, her voice quiet. “Why did she hit you?”
Jon reared back as though she had slapped him too. He looked ready to argue, to tell her she was wrong, and she understood that need, to deny you were in pain, to deny the lack of control over your own body. She understood it all. How far had the dragon queen gone, then? Was there a new map across his body too?

Jon didn’t insult her by denying it. Instead, he said something worse. “It doesn’t matter.”

Before she could think of what to say, Arya had grabbed his arm. “But this is her doing?” Jon was frowning, but she shook him by the arm, pulling him down till she could look him in the eye. “She did this, didn’t she, Jon?” Her tone was colder than the snow that surrounded them, colder than the long night had been. It promised retribution, not with fiery bluster, but with quiet, cold, certainty.

Still, Jon would not answer. Was he afraid to, somehow? The Dragon Queen would never know if he let them know the truth. Was he afraid for her, then? Afraid of what Arya would do to his beloved queen if she knew for sure?

“Arya,” he said, and his voice was so soft and so broken that Sansa wanted to weep. “You shouldn’t worry about me.”

His smile finally made tears spring to Sansa’s eyes. It wasn’t the sadness in his expression that bothered her, it was the weary resignation of a man who believed he deserved what was happening to him. She stepped forward, willing him to look at her. “How can we not? We’re family, Jon, the four of us. The last of the Starks.”

Jon started to say something, stopped, then started again. “I’ve never been a Stark,” he said finally. He wouldn’t meet their eyes.

“You are just as much Ned Stark’s child as any of us,” she insisted.

“You’re my brother,” said Arya, stepping forward to stand next to Sansa. “Not my half brother or my bastard brother. My brother.”

Good, thought Sansa. Let Arya’s words penetrate that thick skull of his. But something was wrong, and Jon was shaking his head, and... there was something eating away at him. She could tell. It was in the way he closed him eyes, the way Bran urged him to make his own choice.
And then he made them swear never to tell any other living soul his secret, before changing their world forever.

_No_, thought Sansa absurdly, as Bran told them of a secret wedding and a prince born with the weight of the world on his tiny shoulders. _This is nonsensical, a dream, a myth, a misunderstanding_. But it wasn’t, she realized as Bran continued. She could feel Jon shifting behind them, could feel the agony coming off of him like heat off the hot springs, but she couldn’t look away from the inappropriately calm face of the boy who had once been her brother. He broke her worldview with calm, measured words and cold, hard facts. It was true, all of it. Only the truth could have so much detail.

Arya turned away first, when Bran was done, when the world had splintered into a hundred jagged pieces only to stitch itself together with a threatening secret hiding in the folds. Sansa turned too, her mind both blank and too full of thoughts.

Jon was looking at the ground, his shoulders bunched, his gaze shifting on the snow. _Waiting to be told he’s not a Stark, not worthy of us. The fool._

“Do you want to summon a dragon and melt me where I stand?” Arya asked, her face serious, her head cocked like she was asking Jon on his preferred form of refreshment.

“No!” Jon hadn’t been looking at them, but now his head whipped up, his face shocked. “I… Arya, I would _never—not_ --”

“Gods, Jon, you’re stupid enough to be a Targaryen, that’s for sure,” said Arya with an eyeroll. “I was joking.”

“Joking?” Jon didn’t seem to understand the word.

“You’re a trueborn Stark,” said Sansa. “Born to a Stark, in wedlock. You’re not a bastard.” _Instead, you’re the heir to the iron throne, the man who can end Daenerys’ reign before it even begins._

“I… I’d much rather be Jon Snow.”

“Good,” said Arya, rushing forward to hug him. His arms clasped around her as if she was the only thing tethering him to the world, as if his very life force sprouted from that connection. “As long as you finish my sentences with me, you’re my brother.” This time when Jon’s face crumpled into near
tears, Sansa’s own tears slipped free to flow down her cheeks.

She made herself smile. There would be time enough to worry about him and his queen later. “Well, it has a lot less syllables, at least.” Jon looked at her over Arya’s shoulder, and nodded. There was a quiet acknowledgement of the fact that this was complicated, that there were questions and problems to tackle. Soon. But not now. Right now there was only one thing she wanted to make clear. “You’re one of us, Jon. We are the last of the Starks.”

This time he didn’t argue.
She could not sleep.

In a way, she was glad for the busy day she had endured, because she hadn’t had time to think about Jon, or his queen, or his secret. She hadn’t seen him since their meeting in the godswood. He had left, hastily wiping tears, to talk to the Northern captains, and she had left to meet Lord Royce and discuss the supply of grain that was supposed to arrive from the Vale a week ago. She hadn’t seen him after that, and hadn’t had time to wonder how he was feeling with the weight of this new truth.

But now, there was nothing to distract her from the enormity of this problem. There was only the gentle sound of the fire, and the pretty play of firelight on the ceiling, and her thoughts scrambling from one realization to the other, jumbling up and tumbling around till sleep became a distant memory.

*He bed his aunt. She hit him. Jon is trueborn. She knows who he is. Jon is our cousin. She didn’t want us to know. She doesn’t care about his birthright. No, that’s not right. She is afraid of it. Afraid of what he might do.*

*She is afraid of what I might do.*

Sighing, she rose and reached for her night rail. There were far more important things than a good night’s rest, and staying here was driving her crazy. A walk might help clear her mind. Her boots were freezing, and she wondered if she should put another pair of socks on, but shrugged it off. She wasn’t going outside the keep, after all.
The dragon queen was a problem, she knew that for certain. Any action that Sansa could have taken against her was obviously curtailed by the presence of her dragons, her children, that could cause devastation in a single breath. She understood now why Jon had done all he could to bring her here, to make sure they had dragons in the fight against the dead.

But, as always, he hadn’t thought too far ahead.

Or maybe he had. Maybe there was a plan somewhere in that thick skull of his, something she could help with, something she could plan for. Was he really in love with such a dangerous woman? All these years away from home, he had only fallen in love with one woman, a woman he left when duty called. The dragon queen was beautiful, granted, but--

She nearly laughed out loud when she realized where her feet had carried her. The one man that could answer all her questions was probably sleeping on the other side of the door. She knocked even before she could think about the inappropriateness of the hour, before she could let herself wonder if he was warming a different bed tonight. But barely a few moments passed before Jon’s scratchy voice asked who it was, and Sansa opened the door to slip into his bedchamber.

She gasped when she realized her folly. Jon wasn’t exactly dressed for company. He stood in the middle of the room, wearing only his breeches.

*There’s too much skin,* was her first absurd thought. His chambers were colder than hers, and she wondered why his sleep tunic was lying at the foot of his bed. She met his startled gaze, color rising to her cheeks.

“Sansa, I was just--” he started at the same moment she absurdly stated, “I had questions.”

They both paused, and she saw the color rise in his cheeks too. The light from the hearth was making shadows move on his face, and for a moment she stared. You could hardly see the bruise in this light... She looked away, silently scolding herself for staring, and noticed the pot of liniment lying open on his mantel.

Jon broke the silence. “The pain, my shoulder is too stiff… I--I couldn’t sleep, so I--Sansa.” He waited till she looked at him. “What are you doing here?”

“I had questions,” she repeated. He nodded, and began to reach for his tunic. “You can care for the shoulder in my presence, Jon. I have seen you in less clothing than this. Do the wounds on your leg
still bother you as well?"

He flushed. “No.” Slowly, his gaze gauging her reaction, he dipped the fingers of his left hand into the small pot of medicine. She stepped forward, trying not to watch as he gingerly coated his shoulder. “You had questions? It’s the hour of the wolf, Sansa.”

“I had questions I have been thinking of all night long,” she said. His bruises looked better. “I have been thinking about… about what--”

“About your father lying to me all my life?” Jon said in a carelessly flippant tone, turning around to get his tunic. She wondered if he really thought she didn’t notice the pain in those words.

*He was your father too, certainly more than Rhaegar ever was.* Sansa wanted to say those words, but they fled her tongue when she noticed the new marks on his back. She ruthlessly stifled the gasp that wanted to leave her lips, not wanting to alert him to his folly in turning his back to her.

She knew what nails felt like, tearing through your skin, the long gouges they could make, the way the wounds could sting for days afterwards, splitting open with every step, every action. Myranda’s nails had been sharp, nearly as sharp as the bastard’s blades. She stepped forward without thinking, anguish seizing her throat. Jon’s back looked like he had been mauled by a wild animal, bite marks nearly hidden by his hair where his neck met his shoulder.

He stiffened before he turned, shoulders tensing, nail marks bunching together before splitting apart with his quick exhale. “Sansa,” he pleaded when he saw the anguish in her eyes, though she didn’t know what he was asking for.

“Your queen did this,” Sansa said as Jon laced up his tunic. “She… marked you.”

He flinched, then nodded, even though it wasn’t a question. “I… She--She was…” He looked at his bed, then away, his cheeks aflame.

*Bedding you, thought Sansa. Fucking you. Claiming what is mine.* That thought surprised her, but she embraced the anger, hot and roiling inside of her. “Did you...” The words wouldn’t come. She swallowed, stepped closer, and spat them out. “Did you enjoy it?” She tried not to let his scandalized expression deter her. “Some people like… that.” Myranda had certainly enjoyed the pain that Ramsey bestowed upon her. She cocked her head. “Did you?”
“Sansa.”

“Jon.” She was going to back down.

They stared at each other for several moments before he exhaled and sat down at the foot of his bed with a defeated sigh. “No,” he said to the rushes beneath her feet. “I don’t… I don’t particularly like-”

“Being treated like a cheap whore?” Why was she mad at him? She wanted to gentle her tone, but the anger was red hot and fresh, and it bubbled over into her words. “Being marked by the dragon queen? You’re letting her do it. You’re letting her hurt you.”

There it was, that sad smile once again. She wanted to embrace him, love him, support him, but her treacherous mouth was filled with angry words that demanded answers. She took a deep breath, swallowing them back.

He looked at her now, the smile disappearing. “She… gets angry sometimes. I can distract-- She likes it if I-- Her anger… Sansa.” His sigh seemed to come from deep within. “If she doesn’t have me, she will hurt you.” Even to speak of it was agony to him, it was plain to see. “You, and Bran, and Arya. It doesn’t matter what she does to me. I have scars enough that a new one here or there makes no matter, and if she sometimes gets overzealous when we-- in bed, I can handle it.”

And just like that, her anger was gone. She stepped forward, reached out, and cupped his face. His beard was too long, and it felt scratchy on her palms. She could trim it for him… “Jon.” She waited till he met her gaze, till she was certain he was listening to her. “You are a Stark, you know that, right?”

“That’s kind of you to say,” he said, but she scoffed, and he stopped. He leaned into her touch, probably surprised she had made such a sound.

“It’s not kind of me. I am not bestowing a title on you, you pigheaded idiot. I am saying that I see what you are doing, how you think that since you are not a true Stark-- in your stupid peasized brain-- you should be the one to tackle this dragon bitch, to protect us from her. You complete oaf!”

Jon’s mouth was hanging open. She was kind of surprised herself, because she had never used such language before. It felt wonderful to finally yell at him, however. “I… have never heard you speak like that.”
“I have never heard me speak like that either.”

“You’re my responsibility, Sansa.”

“And you are mine.” Her words were soft now. When she moved her fingers to grip around the back of his neck, he leaned into her touch, drawing comfort from where her thumbs cradled his jaw. “You’re important, and definitely not as expendable as you seem to think.”

“Why not?” He stood up, and now they were standing to close. But his hand had grabbed her wrist, and she wasn’t ready to shrug off his warm touch. “The Night King is dead, Sansa! It’s done. That’s why the fucking Lord of Light brought me back, right? It’s why my mother died, why Uncle Brandon and Grandfather died, it’s why the Rebellion happened. If it weren’t for me, they would all be alive! I killed— I killed her. My mother. I killed them all. And now I have brought her here, and she’s going to take all that I love from me… One word, and you are aflame. One word, and it is the end of House Stark.”

She didn’t contest his words, didn’t tell him that he did what he had to, that whatever happened all those years ago was not the fault of a newborn babe. She understood what he was feeling, to some extent. He didn’t love himself anymore, so she would just have to show him that he was still loved. Still worthy of them, of their care, of their love, of their name, of their pack.

She took her hands off him. “Take off your tunic.”

He jolted and stepped back, blinking at her in confusion. When she tugged at the hem of his sleepshirt, he hastily took it off, his eyes gaze still set on her. “What are you—?”

She ignored him and got the nettle paste from the mantle. “Turn around.”

His outburst seemed to have made Jon obedient, and he dutifully turned around to present the nasty scratches to her.

“They hurt more than they should,” she told him conversationally. “I hated the nail marks. Such tiny things, not even worthy of a scar, but still painful beyond belief.”
His shoulders tensed, and he instinctively jerked away with a hiss when she began to apply the salve. “Sansa--”

“It will not do,” she interrupted. “Your plan, of placating the dragon queen… it won’t work, for starters. She believes that she is owed the entire world.” She smoothed some of the green paste on the bite mark that was nearly hidden by his hair. “And even more importantly, the cost of this is too high.”

“It’s not,” he argued. “I can--” He hissed when she dug her finger a little too deeply into an angry purple bruise.

“It’s not up for discussion, Jon.” His skin was warm and soft, and she carefully avoided touching any more purple skin. “I won’t hear it. Do you… do you love her, Jon?”

His laugh surprised her, and she smiled, watching his shoulders jump with his mirth. “I… no, definitely not.”

“Do you want to go South?” A single, smooth glide down the gash that ran down most of his spine.

“I don’t have a choice. I gave my word.”

She simply hummed. “You can put your tunic back on.”

He turned, his smile crooked and soft. “Thank you, Sansa.”

“Well, you’re very welcome, Jon.” She said it formally, wanting to see his smile grow, but instead he moved forward and hugged her, his breath leaving in an anguished whoosh. She carefully placed her hands on his shoulders, trying not to smear her handiwork. “Jon?”

“I…” He started to move back, but she didn’t let him. He just collapsed into her, his face buried in her hair, and she imagined all the roiling thoughts in his mind quieting down, letting him finally breathe. He was holding on to her like he had held on to Arya in the godswood, like she was his only tether to life, to sanity, to himself. Her heart was breaking for him. “Thank you.”
“Shh,” she soothed, running her hand down his back, ignoring the fact that he hadn’t put his tunic back on. He needed her. “It’s alright, Jon. Everyone needs a hug sometimes. Even men who returned from the dead.” She smiled when he huffed a laugh into her neck.

They stayed still in the comfortable silence for a while, Jon breathing deeply and Sansa staring at the fire roaring behind him. The colors looked pretty, and cast his skin in shadows of red and gold. She hit a patch of salve along his spine, and adjusted the path of her hand.

By the time Jon moved, she was lulled into a sort of stupor. When was the last time she had felt this calm, this content? He was strong, and kind, and she was going to help him. They were going to be alright. She smiled when Jon moved, but all he did was turn his face further into her neck, his nose slightly cold where it rested against the side of her throat. She tilted her head to the other side before thinking, giving him some more room. Then he moved again, and again, his nose carving a smooth, cool path on her throat.

This is wrong, she thought through her calm haze. She should stop this. Her hand moved to cup his nape, her fingers sifting through his hair, but she didn’t move back, didn’t tug him away. He was so warm, and strong, and hers. The thought thrilled her instead of disgusting her, and she let him slide his nose in a meandering path down her throat. We aren’t doing anything wrong, she thought when he reached her collarbone. He’s family, and in need of a little comfort. Jon’s hands were wrapped around her waist now. I have had far worse stolen from me than I give him readily.

Was he in his right mind, though? He’s been emotional today, she thought as Jon nuzzled the hollow of her throat. Maybe he wants… a different type of company. She frowned at the bed, trying to imagine some girl in there, moaning as he moved in her, the play of firelight on his sweaty skin... But then Jon moved even further down and breath and thought left her instantly.

For an instant, when he hit the barrier of her neckline, she wished it hadn’t been there. His breath was hot and wet, and his beard left a delicious tingling behind on her sensitive skin. She wondered how it would feel on the swell of her breasts, had she not been wearing her night rail. He nosed at it, nuzzling like a babe seeking comfort, and her fists clenched in his hair without conscious thought, imagining his soft lips elsewhere.

Jon moaned then, and that seemed to snap him out of his daze.

He stiffened, and suddenly there was no hot breath on her. No, wait! He was already moving away, breaking out of the circle of her arms, taking all his warmth with him. Come back... His eyes looked wild, hungry in a way that thrilled her, but Jon’s expression was somewhere between horrified and guilty. She could feel nothing other than loss at the way he put distance between them. It felt so good. “Jon--”
But he was already out the door, leaving her standing in his chambers, her panting breaths loud in the empty room.

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