Blood of the Dragon

by HouseNaelgyreon

Summary

When Daenerys Targaryen arrived at Winterfell, she hoped to be welcomed as the North’s greatest ally against the Army of the Dead. After all, she was risking not only her life but those of the people who follow her. Instead, she was greeted by stony silence and hate-filled eyes.

As the Army of the Dead came, passed, and the next step must be chosen, a revelation comes to Daenerys: Westeros was never her home. Rather than allow herself to be used by those who hate her, Daenerys declares she’ll return to her true kingdom: Meereen. Begging her lover to come with her, Daenerys’s heart is torn when he decides to stay.

Originally glad to see her back, the North quickly discovers that two great dangers still lurk: Cersei and greater, darker magic rising in the mysterious Frostfang Mountains. Forced to flee to the only person that might give them aid, the Northern survivors discover the Dragon Queen has her focus on something else. Centuries ago House Targaryen was born in Essos and Daenerys believes it’s time for a rebirth, but the arrival of the Northerner’s forces her to make a choice: will she help them or be their destruction?
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
CHAPTER I

Chapter Summary

Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Snow arrive at Winterfell. The Dragon Queen reflects on her journey.

Ice bit into the Northern Boy’s toes as his feet splashed in a half-frozen puddle. He breath exited his mouth in small clouds, but he couldn’t stop.

Running as fast as he could, the Northern Boy shoved people aside as he neared Winter’s Road. People were already assembled on either side, blocking the Boy from seeing because of his short stature. From his spot, the Northern Boy could only see the tips of spears, moving in an orderly pace, but that was all.

Frowning, the Northern Boy ran to a nearby tree, climbing among its branches to get the best view.

Lines of men dressed in black armor and strange-looking helmets walked in uniform formation, their spears held high, and their shields in front of them. Among their ranks were men with copper skin and hairy faces, dressed in thick furs riding on horseback. These horsemen held weapons that the Boy had never seen before, bizarre curved swords that looked dangerous.

These lines stretched out for as far out as the eye could see, black lines of soldiers marching towards Winterfell.

Then, the Boy saw a flash of silver hair. The silver hair was on the head of a woman dressed in black and red furs, her horse’s coat the same as her hair. At the side was a man with dark-brown hair, he too was dressed in thick furs but it was more brown, the same color as his horse.

The Boy knew who the brown-haired man was, it was his King, Jon Snow of course. But the Boy’s heart quickened as he watched the Silver Lady ride by, transfixed by how beautiful she was. She didn’t look to be that old, the Boy figured, yet he had heard the whispers in Wintertown.

That woman had to be Daenerys Targaryen, daughter of the Mad King. The Boy knew the Mad King was a bad man, yet surely his daughter could be, right? After all, she had brought her armies to help them defeat the Dead; at least that was what the Boy had heard.

The Silver Lady looked quite confident on her horse, her back was straight in the saddle and she had a smile on her face. The Boy considered waving to her, doing something to catch her attention. That smile just drew him in, it made him want to do anything to make her happy, yet the silence and stony faces of the people around him are what stopped the Boy.

The people watching the Silver Lady and Jon Snow were silent and stiff. They said nothing, didn’t move; they just… stood there.

The Boy thought that perhaps it was because of the threat that loomed over them, maybe that was why no one smiled or waved. After all, the Dead were rising, and they needed to plan how to defeat them.

Suddenly a great roar filled the air.
Everyone’s eyes went to the flies, horror filling them as two massive figures flew among the clouds.

Panic erupted.

Northern men, women, and children all scrambled to find a place to hide at the sight of the creatures. The sound of the roar terrified the Boy, freezing him in place inside the branches of the tree.

Dragons.

That’s what those creatures were.

The Silver Lady had brought living, breathing dragons to Winterfell!

The Boy watched as the Northerner’s continued to run and hide, although the people serving under the Silver Lady did not seem bothered. In fact, they ignored the dragons and continued marching.

When the dragons roared again, the Boy finally hurried to get down from the tree and ran in the direction the dragons were flying too: Winterfell.

Inside the great walls of the castle, Sansa Stark’s heart froze within her chest as she took in the sight of dragons flying over her home. The Lady of Winterfell took a deep breath to steady herself as the realization of what was about to happen came upon her. She was about to meet the daughter of the man who had murdered her Uncle and Grandfather.

The ride to Winterfell had been long for Daenerys Targaryen.

Then again, the Dragon Queen had gotten used to long voyages since she crossed the Narrow Sea. Yet one thing made it wonderful, and that was her lover, Jon Snow.

Every night on the ship they spent in each other’s arms, each night more wonderful than the last. As long as she was with Jon, Daenerys could forget her titles and her responsibilities. With him, Daenerys felt as if she was just a normal woman, and he a normal man. Jon's cock wasn't the largest, and Daenerys would know because of her past relationships with Drogo and Daario. But size didn't matter, as Jon used it masterfully, although Daenerys had to teach him a couple of tricks or two.

Daenerys’s heart clenched at the thought of her former lover in Meereen, but it wasn't out of longing for him. No, Daenerys didn't long or hunger for Daario, she just felt sad she had broken his heart. She felt no true feelings for him during their time together, it was nothing like the burning inferno she felt for Jon and Jon alone. No, she did the right thing by leaving him to rule in her stead. She trusted Daario and hoped he would rule well until she made her way back.

If she made her way back, that is.

However, being with Jon hadn’t been completely like a dream as of late. When their fleet had landed in White Harbor, Daenerys was dismayed to learn from her lover that they had to sleep in separate quarters. Jon explained that it was for appearances only, and he would find ways to be with her, but their time together wasn’t half what it used to be. Jon was still passionate, loving, but he always left before sunrise. Then, on Winter’s Road to Winterfell, their intimate relationship became virtually nonexistent. Jon all but ignored her, but Daenerys believed it was because he was busy overseeing their trek to his home.
Now that they were almost to Winterfell, Daenerys felt as if Jon would continue to give her the cold shoulder. At least… she hoped he wouldn’t.

Daenerys had held her head high as her armies marched down the Winter’s Road, traveling to Jon’s home castle. As people lined the road, the Dragon Queen thought they would clap and cheer, after all, she was coming here for them. But no, they just stared at her in frozen silence.

This confused Daenerys.

She had come to the North for them, she had come to the North to help them against the armies of the Dead. Daenerys had stopped her own campaign against the hated Cersei Lannister so that she would help save the world. And yet the men, women, and children she was here to help only stared at her with silence and… perhaps a little hate.

“I warned you,” Jon whispered to her as they rode alongside each other. “Northerner’s don’t much trust, Outsiders.”

Daenerys said nothing and tried to give the people a smile, hoping that would stir them. She wasn’t expecting them to worship at her feet or anything, but she did want… something.

As if sensing her conflicting emotions, Drogon roared in the skies above. The Northerner’s all screamed, scrambling to run and hide from the massive beasts that claimed the skies.

Daenerys couldn’t help but smile at that.

At least her Children were there for her, she could trust their support. Well, Daenerys had other supporters as well, but at least her dragons wouldn’t turn on her if something else caught their fancy. She remembered the one-time Drogon had snapped at her, it had frightened her, yes, but never again had she done that. Daenerys chalked it up to ‘teenage dragon nonsense’, but she knew that dragons could never be fully tamed. She was going to have to keep them on a tight leash during their stay. The last thing Daenerys wanted was the charred bones of another child placed at her feet.

As the outline of Winterfell loomed overhead, Daenerys took a deep breath to steady her nerves, she had arrived.
Men carrying the Stark banners rode into the main courtyard of Winterfell, followed behind by two Unsullied carrying the Targaryen ones. Jon was right behind them, his eyes lighting up the moment he saw who was waiting for him.

Sansa was there, standing in the center of the assembled Northern Lords and Ladies; but at her side as the best sight for Jon. Bran. Dressed warmly in furs, his hands crossed simply over his lap, Bran gazed at Jon with a cool expression. Rather than going to his younger brother calm and collected, Jon urged his horse faster. A Northern man took the reigns of his horse as Jon jumped down from the animals back, rushing to his brother with a beaming smile.

Behind him, Daenerys was helped from her horse by one of her bloodriders, the Dragon Queen watching as Jon pressed a kiss to his brother’s temple.

“Look at you,” Jon said, tears of joy shining in his eyes. “You’re a man.”

“Almost,” Bran replied.

The smile on Jon’s face slowly began to die as he gazed into the eyes of Bran. At least he thought that this was Bran. This… this person looking back at him looked like Bran, but he seemed so… so distant. Jon remembered Bran of the past would have leaped up and down with joy to see him, but now, he just looked at Jon with a blank, passive expression.

Sensing Sansa watching him out of the corner of her eye, Jon stood the embrace his sister. Sansa put on her brightest, warmest smile as she wrapped her arms around Jon, hugging him tightly. While Jon closed his eyes in her embrace, Sansa’s blue eyes were on the woman standing behind him.

So, this was the infamous Daenerys Targaryen. The so-called ‘Mother of Dragons’.

The woman stood between Jorah Mormont and a man with olive skin dressed in black armor. Around her were men wearing matching outfits, and Sansa knew from their body language that they were tense, ready to protect ‘their Queen’ at the first sign of danger.

Sansa looking to Daenerys’s violet eyes, trying to find some hidden evil or slyness; but it could not be seen. The Targaryen Queen stood calmly between her guards, her hands crossed in front of her, a small smile upon her lips. Daenerys had a cocky air about her, that could easily be seen, but there wasn’t any radiating evil that Sansa could see… at this moment.

“Where’s Arya?” Jon asked.
Sansa blinked, her train of thought broken at the sound of her brother’s voice. “You know her,” Sansa finally said, still looking at Daenerys. “Lurking somewhere.”

Jon chuckled to himself, then followed her line of sight.

Daenerys was standing next to Jorah, allowing the Stark siblings to catch up. When Jon turned to her, she looked to Jorah briefly before taking a deep breath and walking forward.

She moved with a calculated slowness, rather than rushing to join Jon and his sister. Daenerys was a Queen, she was the person in charge here, although she would be respectful to Jon and his family.

Sansa Stark was a pretty young woman, Daenerys had to admit. Her red hair was a sight of beholding, as red a carrot or burning coals. Although her small mouth was upturned into the tiniest of smiles, it was Sansa’s eyes that really told Daenerys how the Northern Lady was feeling.

Long story short, Daenerys would see the suspicion inside those eyes, along with a lot of mistrust. Daenerys knew were most of it had come from, wild stories crafted on this side of the Narrow Sea by the Usurper to make her look bad. Daenerys just hoped that Jon wouldn’t be turned.

Daenerys ignored the glacial stares of the Northern Lords and Ladies as she stood next to Jon. Everyone was studying her, watching her, waiting for her to make the strong move.

‘I am the Blood of the Dragon,’ Daenerys told herself as she lifted her chin. ‘I am the Blood of the Dragon.’

Jon cleared his throat, knowing he had to speak sooner or later. “Allow me to formally introduce Her Grace, Queen Daenerys of House Targaryen. Please allow me to introduce you to my sister, Sansa Stark, Lady of Winterfell.”

Daenerys ignored the lack of a crusty or even a bob of acknowledgment from Sansa as she crossed her hands before her, smiling with true warmth. “Thank you for inviting us into your home, Lady Stark. The North is as beautiful as your brother claimed.”

That wasn’t a lie, Daenerys couldn’t help but marvel at the beauty of the land. While she was used to sand and heat, this frozen water called snow really did have an ethereal look about it. This was also the home of Jon, her true love, and if Jon could love it, then Daenerys believed she could as well.

Sansa’s tiny smile grew only a slight amount as she listened to Daenerys speak. She didn’t know what to say at the moment, what to think. Part of her wondered if this Targaryen Queen was just saying this to be kind, but her eyes said the opposite. The warmth was genuine, as were her words, but that didn’t mean Sansa would roll over and be her friend. This was the daughter of the man who had killed her uncle and grandfather, she was grown up listening to the horror stories of the Mad King; these were crimes that Sansa could neither forgive nor forget. Yet, Sansa could not rail against this woman, she needed her and her armies... for now at least.

“Thank you, Your Grace,” Sansa finally said, as a proper lady should. “Winterfell is yours, Your Grace.”

Daenerys smiled even brighter, she looked to Jon briefly before turning back to Sansa, her mouth opening to thank the young woman, but a small voice in a chair interrupted her.

“We don’t have time for all this,” Bran said, bluntly.
Daenerys turned her head in the direction of the person who had spoken, confusion on her face. The smile that was on her face began to die with every word he spoke.

“The Night King has your dragon,” Bran continued. “He’s one of Them now. The Wall has fallen. The Dead march South.”

Daenerys’s heart and stomach felt like lead as they dropped to her feet. Breathing became hard as she looked behind her to Jorah, then Missandei, then finally to Jon.

Jon held her gaze, conflicting emotions swirling in his mind as he turned to Bran. “I do believe we should go inside and talk.”

“Yes,” Sansa said lightly, having not missed the looks between the two. “We should.”

The warmth of the fire was welcome to Daenerys as she was placed to the right of Jon, Sansa upon his left. To be on the right side of anyone in power was the seat of honor Daenerys knew, but she felt so… odd here. While the Young Woman was used to being on display in Meereen, it was in front of people who didn’t burn holes into her.

Daenerys, Sansa, and Jon sat at the main table within the Winterfell Great Hall, all the Northern Lords and Ladies were there, as well as the most senior and important members of Daenerys’s household. A invisible line had been drawn, the Northern side on the left—Sansa’s side—and the people who followed Daenerys upon the right—Daenerys’s side. Only Jon sat in the middle as if he was the great mediator between these two tense parties that could go to war at any moment.

Sansa cleared her throat to speak. “As soon as we heard about the wall, I called all our Banners to retreat to Winterfell. Lord Umber, please step forward.”

Daenerys turned from watching the flames of the fire as a boy, most likely no older than twelve years, slid down from one of the benches on the Northern side.

“When can we expect your people to arrive?” Sansa asked.

Ned Umber walked nervously down the center of the Greathall, coming to stop a couple of feet from the main table. “W-We need more horses and wagons,” the child said. “If it pleases you, my lady.” He looked to Jon then Daenerys. “And you, My Lord. And… my queen.”

Daenerys could stop herself from giving the small boy a smile, children were always her weakness. No matter who there were, rich or poor, the easiest way to Daenerys’s heart was through a child. She took notice though that Sansa’s lip tightened into a thin line, and several of the Northern Lords grumbled angrily among themselves.

She didn’t care. This child was kind to her, and Daenerys would repay it when she could.

“You’ll have as many as we can spare,” Sansa ruled. “Although I am not sure at the total amount.”

“Allow me to help then,” Daenerys interrupted.

All eyes turned to her as Daenerys looked for Qhono, the leader of her Dothraki forces. The copper-skinned man rose from his seat on Daenerys’s side, the bells in his hair ringing as he slowly walked to stand at the side of the boy.

“How many horses and carts can we spare?” Daenerys asked in Dothraki.
“However many you desire, Khaleesi,” Qhono replied.

Daenerys nodded and looked to this Ned Umber, smiling at him once again. “I have told him to give you whatever you need.”

Ned Umber trembled. “T-Ten carts would do well, Your Grace.”

“Then ten carts it shall be,” Sansa interrupted. “Go back to Last Harth and bring your people here.”

Ned Umber nodded and bowed at the waist to Sansa, then Jon, then he smiled at Daenerys and bowed before backing away, followed by his men.

Able to breathe easier now, Daenerys left the fire and took her seat, her back straight as an arrow. “We need to send a raven to the Night’s Watch, as well,” Jon said. “There’s no sense in minding the castles anymore. We’ll make our stand here.”

The links on Maester Ludwin’s chain clinked as he bowed to his king. “At once, Your Grace.”

“Your Grace?” a sharp voice said on the Northern side.

Daenerys looked in the direction of the voice, her eyes meeting a Northern girl with a scowl upon her lips. She inwardly groaned, she knew this was coming, it’s best it get over and done with. So she said nothing as this Northern Girl stood from her bench and walked to the center of the Great Hall, her narrowed eyes upon Jon.

“But you’re not, are you?” the Girl asked. “You left Winterfell a King and came back a…. a…” she dramatically shrugged her shoulders. “I’m not sure what you are now. A Lord? Nothin’ at all?”

The Northern’s all began to murmur louder, nodding as this Girl spoke.

Daenerys couldn’t help but be impressed. She wondered who this Girl was, who spoke with courage beyond her years, and held the respect of men more than twice her age, maybe thrice her age. She looked to Tyrion, to Jorah, hoping that one of them might know.

Tyrion was clearly uncomfortable right now, but Jorah… Jorah’s expressions were different. He gazed upon the young girl with admiration almost, respect as well. Daenerys wondered if it could be because he too was from the North, or perhaps it was something closer?

Jon meanwhile shifted uncomfortably in his seat, holding up his hand for silence. “It doesn’t matter now. It’s not important.”

“But important?” the Girl repeated with a scoff. “We named you, King in the North.”

The Northerners ignored Jon’s request for silence and loudly acknowledged their agreement, pounding their fists on the table. Jon looked to Sansa, but his sister didn’t look at him, instead of staring straight ahead before turning to look at him a couple moments later. While Sansa’s lips said nothing, Jon could read her eyes: she knew this was going to happen. Jon had caused this mess, so he was going to have to get out of it.

“You did,” Jon said loudly, his voice rising above all others. “Lady Mormont, you did. It was the honor of my life, I’ll always be grateful for your faith in me.” He stood up, taking command. “But when I left Winterfell I told you that we needed allies, or we would die. I have brought those allies home, as I promised, to fight alongside us.”
His grey eyes traveled down briefly to Daenerys, staring into those wonderful, beautiful violet orbs. Jon could get lost forever in them, but he forced himself to tear his gaze away to continue his speech.

“I had a choice,” Jon continued. “Keep my crown, or protect the North. I chose the North. A ruler puts the needs of his people over his own, no matter his personal desires. Like my ancestor, Torren Stark, I have done what I believe is right. I’m sorry if I offended you, my Lord’s and Ladies, but I refuse to apologize for what I have done.”

Once again, people began to talk over themselves. The people loyal to Daenerys were nodding in agreement with Jon’s speech, and even some of the Northerner’s were as well. Lord Manderly and his people were nodding, as were members of the House’s Cerwyn, Tallhart, and Glover. However, several of the other House’s were not so easily convinced, and their thunderous faces spoke of their displeasure.

Daenerys looked to Tyrion for help, hoping her Hand might be able to deescalate the situation as best he could.

Tyrion gave her a small nod and pushed his chair back from his table, the Lannister Dwarf walking to stand in the center of the room, clearing his throat for silence.

“If anyone survives the war to come, then you’ll personally have Jon Snow to thank,” Tyrion said loudly, his voice rising over all others like the roar of a lion. “Your King risked his life to show us the threat is real. Thanks to his courage, we have brought with us the greatest army the world has ever known. Along with our combined forces, my Queen has brought with her two full-grown dragons, the greatest weapon to use against an ice demon.” He took a deep breath, readying himself for his next words. “And soon, the Lannister army will ride North to join our course.”

Chaos erupted then, men and women arguing over themselves, shouting to be heard.

The Lannister Army marching North was a nightmare for everyone in that room, save for the literal undead demons. For all anyone knew, these Lannister’s were coming to murder them all once the dead were defeated, or maybe before.

“I know that our people haven’t always gotten along!” Tyrion shouted. “But we must fight together, or we will die!”

Sansa had been listening to all of this in silence, and finally spoke when she believes Tyrion to be finished.

“ Might I ask something?” Sansa asked sweetly. “How are we meant to feed, the greatest army the world’s ever seen?”

Tyrion turned to look at her. “What do you mean?”

“I insured our stores would last through winter, I didn’t count on… what do you call them again?” Sansa asked. “Oh right, Dothraki. Unsullied and two fully grown dragons.” She leaned forward in her chair. “What do dragons eat, anyway?”

“Whatever they want,” Daenerys said.

The Dragon Queen had had enough. She had listened as Jon and Tyrion had spoken, dealt with the icy stares of the Northern Lords and Ladies. She even was silent with Sansa’s passive, aggressive small-talk; but no more.
Daenerys’s violet eyes turned to the Lady of Winterfell, her gaze hard. “Do not worry about my people, we have brought plenty with us. In fact, we have so much, I’m sure that we’ll be more than glad to share with you if you do happen to run out.”

Sansa’s lips were a thin line. “That’s quite the… offer, Your Grace.”

“And don’t worry about Drogon and Rhaegal either,” Daenerys continued, her tone cool, yet firm. “My children know how to behave, they only hunt when they are hungry. Lucky for you, I’ll make sure that’ll never happen.”

Sansa’s face went pale with fury. Normally, she’d hold her tongue in situations like this, but she refused to let this… this… outsider, have the last word. “What’s the stop them from ‘hunting’ in the village?”

“Me,” Daenerys replied.

Jon slammed his fist on the table between the two women. “Enough of this,” he barked, his wolf blood coming out. “I do believe that us all should retire for the night. I am sure we’re all tired. In the morning we can plan our strategy.”

Daenerys rose to her feet, her side of the Great Hall doing the same although her eyes were on Sansa. “Yes, I do believe that is best.”
Daenerys settles into her new chambers. Jon and Sansa talk. Daenerys dines with the Stark siblings and their allies. Jon makes it up to Daenerys for ignoring her.

Daenerys and Sansa walked side-by-side through the halls of Winterfell. Sansa was half-a-step behind the Targaryen Woman, but she was still leading her. A heavy silence hung between the two women, neither wanted to pretend to be happy to be in the presence of the other, so they said nothing.

Sansa came to a stop in front of a pair of thick double doors and nodded for a Stark servant to open them. “You will be staying here, Your Grace.”

Daenerys looked at inside the massive chamber, much larger than her rooms on Dragonstone. Then again, Daenerys had heard that Winterfell was the oldest, as well as one of the largest castles in Westeros. The insides had been hastily stripped, no doubt, as Daenerys knew that Sansa must have slept there while Jon was gone.

“It’s the Lord of Winterfell’s chambers,” Sansa said in a patronizing tone. “I hope it’ll up to you… royal standards, Your Grace.”

Daenerys forced a smile on her face as she turned to the red-headed woman. “I’m sure that it’ll do perfect, Lady Stark. Thank you.”

“Normally we hold a feast to celebrate an important guest coming to Westeros,” Sansa said. “But I’m sure that you’ll understand that we do not have it.”

“Of course I understand,” Daenerys replied. “In fact, I have an idea. Why don’t I host a meal for you, Jon, and your siblings to dine in my chambers? You can meet my Small Council and we can get to know each other.”

Sansa wanted to say no. In fact, the words were already on her tongue, but she knew that she couldn’t. The etiquette lessons her mother had drilled into her head, prevented Sansa from refusing this invitation.

“I know Jon would be glad too,” Sansa said, her voice high. “But I’m not sure if Bran will, he… doesn’t eat much now of days. I also don’t know where to find my sister…”

“I don’t mind if it’s just you and Jon,” Daenerys said, still smiling. “I do hope we can become… quite acquainted, during my stay.”

“Yes, quite acquainted indeed,” Sansa said.

Silence hung between the two a moment Daenerys turned to Missandei, her closest friend and confidant stepped forward without question.

“This is Missandei,” Daenerys said. “She’s the head of my household as well as my closest friend. If I need anything, she will be the one to talk too.”
“Welcome to Winterfell,” Sansa said to the brown-skinned woman. “Where are… you from?”

“Naath,” Missandei replied shortly, turning to Daenerys. “We will see that everything is set up, Your Grace.”

Daenerys smiled and patted her friend's arm. “Thank you.”

Sansa watched as a small army of servants filed into the chamber: her parent’s chamber, her chamber. Her stomach was twisting itself into knots as Outsiders entered the room. That was the room she was born in, slept in with her family during winter, played with her siblings, learned how to sew. That chamber had so many memories for Sansa, and now a Foreign Queen and her servants were taking it from her.

Unable to watch anymore, Sansa turned on her heel and walked away. She ignored the Northern Lords and Ladies that sought her out for conversation. There was only one person she needed to talk too right now, and that was Jon.

Jon was unpacking in his new chambers down the hall from the main one. It was the second-largest in the castle, which meant Sansa would have to be given the third; another blow against her. Jon had taken off his thick furs and was still wearing his light armor under it.

“Need help?” Sansa asked.

Jon looked up from one of his crates. “No, it’s alright, I have it. But a raven came earlier with a letter, could you read it for me?”

Sansa picked up the small scroll on the desk and unrolled it, her eyes scanning over the paper. “It’s from Lord Glover. He wishes us good fortune, but he’s staying at his castle.”

Jon’s shoulders sagged as he sighed heavily. The young Lord straightened his back, pinched the bridge of his nose. “What were his words? ‘House Glover would stand behind House Stark as we have for a thousand years.’ Isn’t that what he said.”

Sansa gripped the letter tightly in her fist. “No, he said that ‘I would stand behind Jon Snow. The King in the North.’”

Jon grit his teeth, hearing her sharp tone. “Not you too… I told you, we needed allies!”

“You didn’t tell me, you were going to abandon your crown,” Sansa snapped.

“And I told you that I never wanted a crown!” Jon argued. “All I’ve ever wanted was to protect the North. I’ve brought two bloody armies! Two bloody dragons!”

“And a Targaryen Queen!” Sansa hissed, leaping to her feet to stand before him.

“Do you think we can bet the Army of the Dead without them?” Jon bellowed. “Without Her? I’ve seen them, Sansa, so has she. We know that danger that looms over us, you don’t. You’ve never seen them! I went North to capture one for her to see, and I got in trouble. She came to help me without a thought of herself!”

Sansa took a deep breath to speak but Jon wasn’t finished.

“You want to worry about who wears what title, and I’m telling you, it doesn’t matter,” Jon continued. “Without her, we don’t stand a chance!”
A heavy silence fell upon the Stark siblings, their eyes narrowed as they stared at each other. Sansa had never seen Jon so riled up about something unless it was in defense of something he cared about.

Something he cared about… Or… someone…

“Do you have faith in me, at all?” Jon asked, breaking the silence.

“You know I do,” Sansa said. “It’s just…”

Jon held up his hand for silence. “I’ve watched her Sansa, seen how she interacts with people. Yes, she might be haughty at times, but I know she’ll be a good queen. For all of us. She’s the furthest thing from her Father, Cersei. She’s good, she’s empathetic, and will only show you her bad side if you insult her people or her honor.”

Sansa took a deep breath, knowing better than to argue with Jon right now. “No…” she sighed. “She’s much prettier.”

Jon cracked a small smile. “I would hope so…”

Sansa looked into his grey eyes. “Jon, tell me something, please, be honest with me.”

“Of course,” Jon said.

“When you bent the knee,” Sansa said slowly. “Did you do it to save the North? Or because you loved her?”

“The former came first,” Jon replied easily. “She flew to the North to save me, flew into a danger she didn’t know, to save me because she knew it was right. Slowly… the love came. I watched how those who followed her interacted with her. They didn’t serve her because of some forced duty or she was the daughter of some king they never knew: they chose her.”

“They chose her?” Sansa repeated.

Jon nodded. “Aye. That was what her closest confidant said, ‘She is the Queen we choose’.”

Sansa was silent as she thought over his words. It appears that this Queen was more of a complex figure then she thought. Sansa originally planned to slowly push this Queen out of power by any means possible, but now that she had such a connected web of supporters around her, it was going to be much more difficult.

“She has invited us to dine with her,” Sansa finally said. “I was going to invite Bran and Arya… but I doubt I could find her and Bran doesn’t each much of anything now.”

“What happened to him?” Jon asked.

“He… claims he’s something called the Three-eyed Raven now.” Sansa replied. “I don’t know what it means but his visions… they are true.” She gripped Jon’s arm. “I’m sure you’ve noticed Littlefinger isn’t here, anymore?”

“I thought he was just hiding,” Jon remarked.

Sansa shook her head and told Jon everything that had happened in his absence.

Daenerys sighed as she helped up one of her silk dresses. “I doubt I’ll wear this during my stay.”
“You don’t know that,” Missandei replied, watching couple Dothraki handmaids fix the bed. “This winter won’t last that long if we defeat this army of the dead.”

“I still doubt Westeros would allow me to wear something so… loose,” Daenerys said.

“When you’re queen, the fashion will be whatever you want it to be,” Missandei teased. “If you want to sunbathe naked the other ladies in the country will do it as well!”

Daenerys couldn’t stop her laughter, Missandei joining in. The two women had been through quite a lot together and were closer than most queens and servants would/should be. The only person in the world that Daenerys could be informal with, was Missandei.

“What do you want the cooks to make for dinner?” Missandei asked.

Daenerys frowned. “I never… really thought of what to serve…”

Missandei tapped her chin. “Why not… give them a taste of Essos? I’m sure this… interesting region doesn’t have much to do in terms of seasons and spices.”

“I doubt they know what a season or spice is,” Daenerys chuckled. “I trust you, I’ll leave it in your hands.”

Missandei bowed with a smile and walked to the Dothraki and Meereenese girls, pointing to a dozen of them to follow her. They walked her down the halls of the castle, the Naathi woman following the signs on the walls until she reached the place marked as the kitchen. It was filled to bursting with people, mostly cooks, and servants, all wearing different color livery to match the House’s they served.

“Excuse me?” Missandei called over the loud clang of pots and pans. “Who’s in charge here?”

Silence fell over the kitchen as all eyes turned to the members of Daenerys’s household. Just like their masters, these servants didn’t trust or like this new Dragon Queen, and they made it know when their heated stares.

“I’am,” a fat, Northman said, his clothes covered in food and drink stains. “What’ya want wit me?”

“My name is Missandei, and I work for Her Grace, Queen Daenerys,” Missandei said. “My Queen has sent her servants and I to prepare her dinner.”

The Cook scoffed. “I know no king, but the King in the North whose name is Stark. What type of food do ya want?”

“We don’t really need your food, we have our own,” Missandei replied. “Bur rather, just need your pots and pans to cook it in.”

The Cook jerked his thumb in the direction of a small corner in the massive kitchen. “Ya can use that set of pots and pans over there.”

“The fireplace and stove will do perfectly for us,” Missandei said. “Thank you.”

Turning to the Girls that had come with her, Missandei instructed them on what type of dish to cook. The main course would be spiced-honey chicken served with grilled vegetables and boiled eggs coated in butter and spices, laying upon a bed of steamed wild rice. For dessert, there was citrus-fire cakes, Daenerys’s favorite sweet. It was a simple, but tasty dish, that she knew Daenerys would love. The Dothraki and Essos maids got to work quickly, showing their mastery in the skill.
As the girls worked through, Missandei took notice that several of the Northern Lord’s servants were watching them. They were smelling the spices and trying to snatch tastes of the leftovers in the pots and pans when Missandei got an idea. She instructed the Servant girls to make small, sample plates, which she then gave to the Northern servants.

“Tell your lords that these are gifts from Her Grace,” Missandei said. “To give you a taste of her lands beyond the Narrow Sea.”

The Northern servants thanked her profusely as she and the girls left, arriving at Daenerys’s chambers with their miniature feast.

“About time you’re back,” Daenerys sighed. “I was so worried!”

“We were fine,” Missandei chuckled, nodding for the girl to put the food down on the table. “Come, let me help you dress.”

Daenerys looked through her outfits, unsure what to wear. She wanted to look regal, but she also wanted to tempt Jon. After weeks of him not touching her, Daenerys was craving him, but she didn’t know if he’d come to her… not this not. She straightened her back, she shouldn’t be moping, if Jon didn’t come to her tonight, then that was on him. She would look every inch a queen, while also being clearly forbidden.

With the help of Missandei, Daenerys looked exactly like that. Over a simple silk sleeping robe, Daenerys wore a much thicker and regal over-dress made of midnight-black wool, with red fur along the neckline and sleeves. Under the dress, for warmth and modesty sake here, Daenerys wore a pair of thick tights, although she found such garments restricting. For her hair, Daenerys decided on a simple braid, nothing elaborate like she normally wore.

“Grey Worm and the other commanders are coming, right?” Daenerys asked. “As are Jorah and Tyrion?”

“Lord Tyrion regrets to say that he cannot make the meal,” Missandei sighed. “Something about… being challenged by the Northern guards in a drinking contest?”

Daenerys rolled her eyes with a scoff. “One day I’m going to outlaw wine… never had a taste for it myself, why can’t they drink other things such as fruit water, or cider?”

“When you’re queen, you can do that, Your Grace,” Missandei chuckled, smoothing back a couple loose strands of hair. “And yes, Grey Worm and the other commanders are coming, as is Lord Jorah.”

Daenerys sighed with a smile. “Good. Good.”

A knock on her chamber door announced the beginning of this political meal, and Daenerys looked at herself one last time in the mirror before nodding to the Meereenese Servant Girl to open the door.

Jorah, Grey Worm and Qhono stood on the threshold, all three men entering, bowing to their Queen as they waited for her to tell them to rise. Daenerys quickly did so and gave them all warm smiles, although Grey Worm went to Missandei and gave her a small kiss.

“Hopefully this evening won’t go up in flames,” Jorah joked.

“Lucky for me, I can not burn,” Daenerys replied, the response earning a chuckle from everyone.
There was another knock, and this time when the door was opening Jon, Sansa, and three other people stood on the threshold. When Daenerys turned, Jon’s heart leaped into his throat at the sight of her beauty, the young Lord forced himself to not groan with desire. She looked regal, like always, but also wonderful forbidden; which Jon knew Daenerys was going for.

Jon leads his group inside the chambers and gave a small bow, Sansa and the others following suit.

“Welcome,” Daenerys said, clasp her hands in front of her. “I hope you enjoy the meal we have prepared for you, tonight.”

“You are too kind, Your Grace,” Jon said, taking her extended hand and kissing it as a gentleman should.

Daenerys was grateful that the flickering candles hid her burning cheeks. Her lover was dressed like a king tonight. Over a simple grey wool shirt, Jon wore a black leather jerkin, the stark sigil upon the collar, tight black breeches, and boots. Sansa was dressed in a simple black dress, and behind her, the members of their party were dressed similarly in outfits of grey and black. Daenerys took note of the young girl with them was the one who had spoken out in the Great Hall, there was also an elderly man in a large breastplate, and another Northern man.

“Please,” Daenerys said, withdrawing her hand. “Allow me to formally introduce my commanders: This is Grey Worm, the general of my Unsullied. Qhono, the lieutenant of my Dothraki, and Jorah Mormont, the leader of my Meereense soldiers.”

“Jorah Mormont?” Sansa repeated, looking to the girl at her side.

“Hello, Uncle,” the Girl said, crossing her arms. “Never thought I’d see ya on this side of the Narrow Sea.”

Jorah smiled ruefully. “I never thought I’d ever return to Westeros, my Lady Niece.”

“Niece?” Daenerys repeated, confused.

“Lady Lyanna’s mother is my sister,” Jorah explained. “Was, my sister.”

Daenerys nodded, fully explaining why Jorah had that look on his face earlier.

“This is Lord Yohn Royce, Commander of the Knight of the Vale,” Sansa said, introducing the older man. “You have met Lady Lyanna Mormont, our strongest supporter. Lastly, this is Ser Hyland, he is the General of our Northern Armies.”

“It’s an honor to meet you all,” Daenerys said, smiling. “Please, have a seat, I hope you enjoy our food.”

Daenerys sat at one end the table and Jon on the other, and just like in the Great Hall the invisible battle lands were drawn here. Jon’s people sat closer to him, and Daenerys’s people sat closer to her. The places were sat before the noblemen and women, and at first, the Northerner’s looked at this food in confusion. The smell was different then what they accustomed too, as was the color. In the North, brightly colored objects normally meant something was poisonous, and they refused to touch the food at first.

Jon, however, took his fork and knife and began to eat, Daenerys breathing a sigh of relief.

“This tastes wonderful, Your Grace,” Jon said, accepting a glass of fruit water. “I’ve never had something like this before.”
“Yes, neither have I,” Sansa said, taking the smallest of bites of her chicken. “What type of flavor is this…”?

“The spices are from Meereen, but it’s covered in a honey glaze,” Daenerys replied. “It’s a simple dish, but one of my favorites. Missandei jokes I eat it so much, that I’ll grow fat.”

“I do not, Your Grace,” Missandei chuckled. “Not openly, anyway.”

The Northerner’s looked at each other in confusion. They were used to their kings and queens being so… aloof with their subjects. They had expected this Targaryen Queen to be haughty, believe herself better than any one of them; this familiarity was a shock to them all.

“What type of name is Grey Worm?” Lord Royce asked, turning to Grey Worm.

“Unsullied are given different names every day of their servitude,” Missandei explained. “It’s… to make them feel as if they are less than, nothing more than slaves.”

“But Queen Daenerys allows us to change our names to whatever we choose, when she freed us,” Grey Worm interrupted, speaking the Common Tongue slowly.

“So, why not change it?” Sansa asked. “If you were free?”

“Because, it was the name, that This One chose, when his Queen freed him and his people,” Grey Worm replied.

“Slavery is still legal in Essos,” Daenerys said. “At least… it was until I conquered Slaver’s Bay. Now, no man, woman, or child will be forced to wear chains.”

“You freed slaves?” Lyanna asked.

Daenerys nodded. “I gave them the option to choose: stay with me and help me rebuild their nations; or they could leave and I’d give them money to wherever they desired.”

“So, you ride dragons, free slaves and conquer cities,” Lord Royce remarked.

“Is there anything you can’t do?” Sansa mumbled under her breath, taking a sip of wine.

Daenerys said nothing and instead turned back to her food.

Jon glared at his sister. “Sansa, that wasn’t very nice.”

“I’m sorry,” Sansa said dramatically.

The rest of the dinner went quickly, for which Daenerys was grateful. They all made small talk, but the awkward tension was still quite thick in the air. It had to be around midnight when the table was cleared, and when Daenerys stood to signify the end of the meal, everyone looked relieved.

“Thank you for having us, Your Grace,” Jon said, bowing. “It was a night I’m sure we’ll never forget.”


Sansa and Lady Mormont curtsied while Lord Royce and Ser Hyland bowed, the four of them following Jon out of the room.
“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Missandei asked.

The two women sat in Daenerys’s bedchamber, the Dragon Queen preparing to go to bed. Daenerys looked at her friend, her violet eyes beginning to fill with unshed tears. Tonight was... a tense evening, and once again that feeling of loneliness swept over her. She didn’t want these people to worship her, but she wanted some... some type of respect; was that too difficult to ask? She had risked her life, her dragons, and now her people to help them; and yet all she felt was hate.

Then there was Jon...

Closing her eyes, Daenerys covered her face with her hands, her shoulders trembling as she quietly began to sob.

“What’s this...?” a familiar voice whispered soothingly behind her. “What’s with all the tears?”

Daenerys opened her eyes and found the grey orbs of Jon staring into her violet. Quickly she stood up, her breath catching in her throat. “Jon...”

Jon reached out, his large hand cupping her cheek, his thumb brushing away her tears. “I hope you are not sobbing because of me.”

“No,” Daenerys said quickly, rubbing her eyes. “It’s not... It’s not like that. How... how did you get in here?”

Jon gave her a wicked smile. “Winterfell is the oldest castle in the realm. Growing up, I remembered my father showing me the various secret tunnels and passageways. This is the Lord of Winterfell’s chambers after all.”

Daenerys’s heart leaped to reach the clouds before she could stop herself she pressed her lips to his. Jon’s fiery kisses ignited the fire within her groin, a fire that Daenerys worried would burn out. His hands went to her dress, yanking at the ribbons, tearing them to get the silk off the body he worshiped.

“Wait...” Daenerys whispered between kisses. “M-M-Missandei...”

“Left the moment she saw me,” Jon revealed, pushing the silken gown off her shoulders.

Jon stepped backward, his eyes darkening with desire as her bare body became visible to him. Bending down, Jon lifted Daenerys in his arms and carried her to the bed, yanking the sheets back and laying her among the blankets and covers. He pulled his shirt over his heart, tossing it to the side, kicked off his boots before joining her. Jon pressed his lips back to his lovers, their tongues dancing as Daenerys fumbled briefly with his belt, untied his breeches, and finally got him close.

The moment Jon’s cock entered her body, the couple moaned deeply in unison. After so long, once again their bodies had been joined together as one.

Daenerys’s head tilted back with pleasure as Jon began to move, his strokes deep and deliberate. Jon took the opportunity to latch onto her neck, his teeth scraping her white throat as he gripped the bed under them. Daenerys’s breathing quickened, her nails dug into his muscular back, red marks appearing on the skin as her moans urged him deeper, faster.

Gripping her waist, Jon rolled them over so that she was on top, remembering how much Daenerys loved to be in control. Her hips moved with the fluidity of a dancer, her breasts bouncing before his eyes. Reaching out, Jon gripped one of Daenerys’s breasts, gently massaging the pink nipple between his fingers. Sitting up in the bed, he began to thrust up into his lover, bouncing Daenerys
in his lap, pressing his lips back to hers.

“J-Jon…” Daenerys panted, feeling the pressure building within her groin. “I… I have too…”

Jon rolled them back over so that he was back on top, slowing his thrusts. “I know…” he said with a deep groan. “So… So, do I… but not yet…”

Leaning down, Jon pressed his lips back to Daenerys’s, his muscles rippling as he made love to her. Anyone could fuck, but only a rare few could make love, at least that was what Daenerys believed, and Jon was one of those rare few. She had been fucked before—Daario, Drogo—but neither man make love to her; only Jon did, and that was why she loved him, and only him.

Jon’s pace quickly began to pick up again, the Northern Lord wanting to bring his lover to her release. It wasn’t hard for Daenerys to reach her peak, her back arching as her head tossed back with a gasp. Jon’s body tensed as he pushed into her deep, he uttered a low groan as he poured into her before collapsing at her side. Both were covered in sweat, but Jon wrapped his arms around Daenerys none the less, pulling her close.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“For what?” Daenerys asked.

“Everything,” Jon replied. “Ignoring you, letting Sansa talk to you like that… she’s… um…”

“I understand,” Daenerys said, smoothing back his hair. “She’s going to have to get to know me…”

“She’s being overprotective, and I’ve spoken to her about this,” Jon said firmly, intertwining their fingers. “No one is going to take me from you. No matter what, I love you Daenerys Targaryen, for now, and forever.”

Pulling her close, Jon pressed his lips back to hers, positioning himself on top of her; the couple making up from the lost time.

Meanwhile in the corner of the room sat the small bundles of linens that Daenerys used when her moonblood came upon her. However for the last three moon cycles—the length of time for the trip from Dragonstone to Winterfell—the linens had been unused.
CHAPTER IV

Chapter Summary

Cersei meets the Golden Company. The Lost Son of the Kraken makes his move. Daario meets a Harpy’s claws. A Martell comes home.

AN: Martel is OC character.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Cersei Lannister watched from the main balcony of the Red Keep as the black, gold, and red sails of Euron Greyjoy came into view.

“The trip from Essos took longer than I thought,” Cersei remarked to her Hand, Qyburn.

“Indeed it did, Your Grace,” the disgraced Maester said. “However, I assume that the man will want some sort of reward, now that he’s done this.”

Cersei tried to not roll her eyes or grimace in disgust.

Euron Greyjoy was many things, but her lover was the last thing she desired of him.

‘Still though,’ she thought. ‘I’m going to have to figure out a way to keep him interested… The only reason he’s with me is because the Dragon Whore has that wolf-bastard as her pet.’

The thought of lovers made Cersei’s hand go briefly to her stomach. It was still virtually flat, thankfully, but Cersei knew any day now it would begin to swell.

Three months had already passed, and Cersei was nearing her fourth. Her mind went to her previous pregnancies, and Cersei remembered that she never actually began to show until she was in her fourth or fifth month. All of her babies were relatively small, yet healthy.

Cersei’s lip quivered ever so briefly at the thought of her children, of how they were stolen from her.

First Joffrey was murdered by that Rose Bitch. Then her sweet Myrcella was murdered by those Snake Whores. Then Tommon abandoned her after she blew up his ‘beloved’ wife. Cersei didn’t see what the fuss was about anyway for that last little problem, Margery was nothing to them, yet Tommon loved her than his own mother; so logically she had to go.

“Make sure that Euron is shown into the throne room, as soon as he arrives,” Cersei commanded. Qyburn bowed. “Yes, Your Grace.”

Cersei turned from the balcony and walked back into the halls of the Red Keep, these empty, quiet halls.

She remembered when these same halls were filled with laughter and music.
She remembered when nobles from all over Westeros came rushing to her, begging for her favor. She remembered when she was spoiled and petted, people, going out of their way to appease her. Not any more.

Now the nobility in Westeros hid in their castles, hiding from either her or his absurd threat from the North.

Cersei didn’t care what the Wolf Bastard and his Dragon Whore did up North, let them freeze their asses in that wasteland. If they were killed, good for her, if they weren’t, then her Golden Company would do the killing for her. Either way, it was a win/win situation.

‘How do you like me now, Father?’ Cersei thought bitterly. ‘I’m the one who carries on our legacy, not the sons you thought would do so.’

Cersei stopped at the base of the Iron throne, her throne. No… this wasn’t right. She wouldn’t be here alone. There would be someone next to her, the only person worthy of being at her side: Jaime.

Jaime was her lover, her other half, and in the end, he too had betrayed her for that Dragon Whore.

‘If Euron ever captured her, I’ll let the Mountain have his fun with her,’ Cersei thought bitterly. ‘Then, after he’s satisfied, I’ll give what’s left of her to Qyburn to experiment on. Her people claim they are so-called ‘blood of the dragon’. Perhaps Qyburn will see how special her blood actually is.’

The sound of nearing footsteps made Cersei hurry up the stairs of the dais and sit on the throne, straightening her back as Qyburn lead in Euron and a golden-haired man that Cersei did not know.

The golden-haired man was quite handsome, Cersei thought. Much better looking than Euron would ever hope to be. He looked like a warrior, and the fire in his blue eyes reminded Cersei of a young Jaime.

“Allow me to introduce Commander Harry Strickland,” Qyburn said, gesturing to the man. “And of course, Your Grace knows of Lord Euron Greyjoy.”

Euron Greyjoy and this Harry Strickland both bowed deeply, although Cersei saw a hunger within Euron’s eyes.

She forced herself to not groan in disgust and instead kept her face calm and regal. “Welcome to Westeros. I trust the journey was not too difficult.”

“We are soldiers, Your Grace,” Commander Strickland replied. “Nothing phases us too terribly.”

“How many men and horses have come with you?” Cersei asked.

“20,000 men,” Commander Strickland replied. “And 2,000 horses.”

“But no elephants?” Cersei asked. “I thought we paid for them.”

“We would have brought them, but elephants do not travel over water well,” Commander Strickland said. “So, that wasn’t included in the contract.”

Cersei nodded. “I see. Well then, Commander Strickland, my Generals will help you with anything you need, and my servants will direct you to your quarters.”
Commander Strickland bowed deeply. “Thank you, Your Grace.”

Euron waited until the Golden Company Commander had left before sliding his eyes to his Queen. “Once again, I have done what you’ve asked.”

“And the Realm is thankful for your support in keeping it safe,” Cersei said.

“But I can’t fuck the realm, can I?” Euron asked.

Cersei wrinkled her nose. “I’ll ignore your use of such language before your Queen, just this once.”

Euron took a step onto the dais of the throne, the Mountain took a step forward but Cersei raised her hand to steady him.

“I’ve done nothing but help you,” Euron said, walking up the dais. “And every time I come to you, you turn me away. How else must I show my loyalty to you?”

“If you want a whore, go buy one,” Cersei said through clenched teeth. “If you want a Queen, earn her.”

She stood from her throne and turned to leave, only to stop by Euron’s next words.

“I wonder how much the Dragon Queen would pay for my help. She is, after all, unmarried as well.”

Cersei looked at Qyburn, her Hand giving her a small shake of his head but Cersei knew what had to be done. She was going to have to scrub herself raw in the morning, but it was time for her to use the greatest weapon anyone would possess.

Slowly, Cersei turned to Euron and gave him a single look that the Iron Islander knew all too well. That night, Cersei was forced to close her eyes and think of Jaime, wonderful, sweet Jaime as she allowed Euron to take his pleasure. Thankfully it was over quickly, and to help her frayed nerves she did the one thing she never did during pregnancy before: drink wine.

But as Euron spent the night in the Red Keep, figures moved in the shadows upon his primary ship. Armed with weapons, they cut down any man that came their way, although it helped that Euron’s men were mute and thus couldn’t shout for help.

The primary figure came to Euron’s cabin and after killing the guard, broke the lock and kicked it open to reveal the captured Yara Greyjoy. Standing over the body of the guard was Theon, an axe in his hand, his face covered in blood.

Hurrying to his sister, Theon untied her and held out his hand, only for her to punch him hard in the stomach then headbutt him. Spitting out blood, Theon looked at her in confusion, but Yara wasn’t angry, not anymore anyway.

“What is dead may never die,” Yara said, holding out her hand.

“But rises back again, harder and stronger,” Theon said, clasping her arm tightly.

His sister smiled and bent down, picking up his axe as a wicked grin spread over her face. “Let’s give Uncle Euron some… trouble…”

Daairo Naharis groaned deeply as he emptied his seed into the Meereenese Servant Girl under him, chuckling softly as the copper-skinned girl giggled.
“Did I please you, Your Radiance?” the Girl asked.

“Never once have you let me down,” Daario replied, rolling off her.

He landed in the silken sheets of his bed, his hand sliding over her hip, resting upon her thigh.

Being the Regent of Meereen had its perks, that was true. Daario had all the food he could ask for, all the women in the world to fuck, the best clothes.

And yet, it wasn’t enough.

When Daario sat upon one of the steps of the Throne of Meereen, he could tell the petitioners didn’t care about him. The same went for the men guarding the Great Pyramid, and the former slaves working in the kitchens or scrubbing the floors. Everyone who worked for him did it not out of love, but out of duty. They were commanded to do so by one woman: his former Lover.

Daario sat up from his bed with a growl of anger, the covers sliding away from his necked body.

No, no he wouldn’t think of Her. She had made her choice when she abandoned him. She told him that she didn’t love him, She didn’t need him. So why couldn’t he get Her out of his mind?

Rising from the bed, Daario walked to pour himself a goblet of wine. He needed to drown his sorrows in drink and women, that’s how he did it in the past, that’s how he will do it now.

‘And yet I find myself wondering if or when she’ll be back,’ Daario thought himself. ‘She was the true ruler here, no one could ever—’

The scream of the Servant Girl ripped Daario from his thoughts. He whipped around, raising his hands for protection as a masked man slashed down with his dagger.

Daario’s arm burned from the pain of the thick gash, but his battle training kicked in. Grabbing the bronze tray, the Sellsword bashed it over the head of his attacker with all his might, smirking as he watched the man crumble to the ground.

Snatching a sheet, Daario wrapped it around his arm to stop the bleeding before grabbing the fallen man’s dagger. The door burst in mere moments his hand wrapped around the blade, no less than a dozen men wearing golden harpy masks poured into the room.

Outnumbered and underequipped for a fight, Daario knew he had to flee if he was to survive. Grabbing one of the braziers, the Sellsword threw it onto the ground, using the distraction to charge from the room as fast as he could.

Thankfully, Daario didn’t stay at the top of the pyramid as Daenerys did, but was on the lower floors. Running out into the city, Daario almost slid into a river of blood.

It was like a nightmare from the past.

Men wearing golden harpy masks were slitting throats and stabbing anyone they could come across that wasn’t them.

Once again, the Son’s of the Harpy had risen and this time; Daenerys wasn’t anywhere near them to stop it.

Nymra Martell inhaled the salty scent of the sea as she gazed upon her homeland. It had been years since she had stepped foot in Dorne, and so much had changed.
Almost three decades ago Nymra had left with her older brother Oberyn to explore the world. Together, they vacationed in the Free Cities of Essos, explored the jungles of Sothoryos, and even visited the mysterious Ulthos a couple of times.

Nymra remembered their mother teasing she was a fusion of the serious and calculating Doran, and the free-spirited yet sensual Oberyn. Unfortunately, she was nothing like her older sister, Elia, the two never truly had a chance to bond as their older brother did. Now everyone except for Nyrma was dead and gone.

“Where do you wish us to go, My Lady?” asked the Commander of Nymra’s men asked. “To Sunspear?”

The Dornish Princess nodded. “Yes, to Sunspear, and we must arrive with haste.”

Nymra will never forgive herself for being so remote that word just now reached her of the dire state of her country. As the only surviving Martell left in the world, she was now Princess of Dorne and the leader of her House.

It didn’t take them long to reach Sunspear, and as Nymra walked the halls of the villa memories of the past came rushing back.

She remembered playful spear-sparring with Oberyn, sitting in on Doran’s council meetings, listening to Elia playing the windflute. Now, everything was abandoned to be filled with the sands of time. So many ghosts haunted these halls, and it was quite the thought that Nymra now was all that remained of the Great House of Nymeros-Martell.

“Summon all the Dornish House’s,” Nymra commanded, running her hands over the smooth walls. “Tell them, their Princess wishes to speak with them.”

Summons were sent out to all the House’s, and before long the halls of Sunspear have filled with people again.

Dressed in the colors of her House, Nymra sat upon the Throne Of Dorne, accepting the oath of loyalty of those who came. However, a white-haired figure stopped in front of her, his wrinkled face twisted into a frown.

“I did not know when you would come back,” Harmen Uller grumbled. “Or even, if you would.”

“What makes you think we will follow you,” the Lord of Hellholt asked. “You abandoned us for years. You were safe on the other side of the world as my daughter, your brother, and their children were slaughtered by those damned Lannister’s.”

Nymra knew of whom he spoke. It was of Oberyn and his most beloved paramour: Ellaria Sand. Nymra had heard of what had befallen her brother, of Ellaria, of his older daughters.

“All Lannister’s must pay their debts, Lord Uller,” Nymra said. “And I will not let them get away with their crimes. I have brought with me spies to worm their way into this so-called ‘Lion Queen’s’ court. They will find her weakness and bring it to me. At the same time, I will look for allies to bring her down.”

“Ellaria said she had allies, the last Targaryen,” Lord Uller said. “But before they could work together, the Lion Bitch’s captain of ships captured and killed her.”
“Then we will plan on how to overcome them,” Nymra said firmly. “But first, I must be crowned in the Water Gardens, and I must locate the remaining members of my family. Do you know if your daughter’s younger children are safe?”

Lord Uller’s lips curved ruefully. “Yes, I do. In fact, when I heard of her capture, I had them all brought to Hellholt to live with me. Sarella, Elia, Obella Sand, Dorea and Loreza all are alive and well.”

Nyrma nodded and smiled slyly. The Lioness thought she had won, but House Martell’s words were Unbowed, Unbent, Unbroken. They would rise from this, and drown all who thought to destroy them in the sand.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone!

First, I want to say thank you for your support. I made this FanFiction about 4 days away and it's gotten almost 4k views, I'm overwhelmed and happy you have liked the story. I hope you've enjoyed the 'chapter marathon' that I've been posting for the last four days. These last 4 chapters were to set the scene and were relatively short. However, that 'marathon' is over and I will go back to my regular schedule of posting updates every other week.

These updates will be much longer to hopefully tie you over for the long wait. When I get more free time, more updates will come. I have a LOT if ideas for this book, and I hope you'll be happy to know that we won't stay in Westeros for long; Daenerys I mean. I want to say we're only going to be spending about 15-20 chapters in Westeros before she leaves, but those chapters will be a good foundation for the chapters to come, as I picture this book being quite long.

Anyway, thanks again!
Daenerys makes a wonderful discovery. Jon spends time with Arya. The War Council has their first meeting.

Daenerys awoke with a start as Quaithe’s words echoed in her mind. The mysterious words of the mysterious woman from Asshai still rang in Daenerys’s ears after all this time. The masked woman had said more, but for some reason, that section of words always stuck with the Dragon Queen.

‘Could it be a warning?’ Daenerys thought. ‘About my future here in Westeros?’

Daenerys stretched out her hand, reaching for Jon but only grasping air. Her lover was gone, only his imprint remaining upon the sheets and even that was fading. What was left though, in Jon’s place was a winter rose, it’s blue petals illuminating in the low morning light.

Smiling, Daenerys picked it up, inhaling its sweet scent as she sighed. Memories of the night prior came rushing back, all those wonderful, sensual, delicious memories. Whatever her anger for Jon had been easily erased, although Daenerys made a mental note as to not let him use sex was a way to worm his way back into her good graces. Still, though, they had made amends and for that Daenerys was grateful.

The Dragon Queen rose from her bed, humming softly to herself as she went to her vanity, Her hair was a tangled mess after her wild night, yet Daenerys tried to comb it smooth with her fingers so that she would put the rose in her hair.

“Are you awake, Your Grace?” Missandei called, knocking on the door. “Can I come in?”

Daenerys grabbed her discarded sleeping silk and wrapped it around her body, tying the ribbons before calling out, “Yes, come on in!”

Missandei pushed the door in with her foot and carried the meal tray for her Queen to break her fast. “I hope you like this, according to the Star Cook it’s supposed to warm you both inside and out.”

Daenerys looked at what her friend had brought for her to eat. It was a simple bowl filled with hot meat soup and vegetables, thick bread, and watered wine. Curious, the Dragon Queen gave it a quick sniff.

Instantly, Daenerys realized her mistake as nausea rose within her. Covering her mouth, Daenerys rushed to the chamber pot and emptied the contents of her stomach into it, once, twice, thrice.
Missandei ran to her queen and held her shoulders, giving Daenerys support as she dry-heaved. When Daenerys finally stopped, Missandei grabbed one of the clean linen clouts by the chamber pot for her to wipe her mouth.

“I’m sorry,” Daenerys coughed. “That wasn’t… that wasn’t very queen-like.”

“Everyone gets sick, Your Grace,” Missandei said. “From the highest king to the lowest peasant.”

“But not me,” Daenerys said. “I’ve never gotten sick in my life, except for…”

Daenerys’s eyes went to the linen strips, then the chamber pot, then the food, then to Missandei’s eyes. “How… How long was our trip from Dragonstone to White Harbor?”

Missandei frowned as she counted in her head. “Around two or three moons. Why do you…?” Her hazel eyes widened as she too looked at the linen strips, chamber pot, then the food. “Y…Your Grace… Are you…?”

“I… I don’t know!” Daenerys said quickly. “I don’t think…”

The room was spinning as Daenerys tried to stand to her feet, only to fall back on her knees. Missandei grasped her securely with a soft cry, holding her tightly to make sure she didn’t land on her stomach.

Daenerys didn’t want to believe it, it didn’t make sense for it to be so and yet… all the signs are there. Her hands even went to her breasts under the thin robe, the Dragon Queen almost jumped out of her skin at the sharp tenderness.

‘This was how it was with Rhaego…’ Daenerys thought. ‘I know my body, I know that I’m… I’m…’ She couldn't bring herself to say it, out of fear she’d curse this great miracle.

“Your Grace… is with child,” Missandei whispered.

“I…I can’t be…” Daenerys stammered. “It’s… It’s impossible!”

“How?” Missandei asked. “You are a woman…”

“But this never happened with Daario,” Daenerys said quickly. “And he and I shared a bed for over a year.”

“Then it sounds like, Your Grace, the fault was his then,” Missandei said. “I heard sometimes, my Old Master, speak of a friend of his who loved to lay with the slave girls in his manse. Yet they never became with child.”

“It could have been they were taking what the Westerosi call Moontea?” Daenerys suggested.

Missandei shook her head. “Such items were too expensive for slaves to buy. Instead, it was revealed that the man couldn’t produce seed, and was infertile. In Naath it’s believed that a man’s fertility is just as important as a woman’s to produce a child.”

Daenerys nodded, all the puzzle pieces clicking into place. It made sense of course that Daario, an infamous Sellsword, and Captain of the Second Son’s, would know ways to prevent a child. Perhaps it was his own fertility problems or he took a herb, Daenerys did not know. With Drogo, she became with child almost immediately.

‘And now… I carry Jon’s,’ Daenerys thought, a slow smile creeping upon her face.
This was her greatest dream, to be carrying the child of the man she loved. But then, almost as quickly as her joy came, as did worry.

‘When the sun rises in the west and sets in the east,’ said Mirri Maz Duur. ‘When the seas go dry and mountains blow in the wind like leaves. When your womb quickens again, and you bear a living child. Then he will return, and not before.’

Just like Quaithe’s words, the words of the Witch who had killed Daenerys’s first husband still haunted her. Back then Daenerys was so innocent, and her hunger to finally have a family caused her to make a rash and stupid decision that had dire consequences. Not again.

“Will you tell him?” Missandei asked, interrupting Daenerys’s thoughts.

Daenerys looked into Missandei’s eyes. “No.”

“B-But, Your Grace…” Missandei protested.

Daenerys shook her head. “No, I don’t want to hear it. I’m not going to tell him, not yet. We can’t win this war if Jon is worried about me the whole time.”

“And what if you lose it?” Missandei boldly asked. “What will you tell him?”

“I’ll cross that bridge when I get to it,” Daenerys said, lifting her chin. “Until then, only you and I know this secret, understood?”

Missandei frowned. This was a bad idea, she knew this was a bad idea, but she couldn’t refuse her Queen. “Yes, Your Grace.”

Daenerys nodded. “Thank you. I didn’t have morning sickness for much of my first pregnancy, so I can hide it.”

“And when you’re stomach begins to swell?” Missandei asked.

“As I said, I’ll cross the bridge when I get to it,” Daenerys said firmly, standing up. “Now, I want to explore Winterfell before it’s time for the War Council meeting. Can you bring me my clothes?”

Missandei sighed and nodded, going to go what her queen said.

Already wide awake, Jon sat in the godswood, sitting upon a boulder next to the heart tree as he cleaned Longclaw. At his feet at Ghost, once again reunited with his Master.

The Northern King hated to leave Daenerys’s side before sunrise, but he couldn’t risk someone finding him in her bed. The way the Northern Lords and Ladies acted when Jon merely introduced her as his Queen, he knew they’d all have a stroke if they knew of their relationship.

‘It won’t be always like this,’ Jon thought to himself. ‘After all, this is over, I’ll figure out what to do.’

Jon could see a future with Daenerys, he wanted a future with Daenerys. If they were just two normal people, Jon would have married her long ago; but they weren’t. They were the Dragon Queen and the White Wolf. Their marriage was going to be a political one, and Jon knew people would try and find ways to tear them apart.

‘Sansa most of all,’ Jon thought angrily. ‘Why can’t she see what I see in her?’
Ghost suddenly sat up, his ears perking as out of nowhere a voice broke the silence.

“You look so much like Father, doing that,” a familiar voice said.

Jon raised his eyes, the grey orbs lighting up with joy at the sight of the young woman standing mere feet in front of him.

“Arya!” Jon gasped.

Arya’s lips curved into her signature, cocky grin, although she smiled at her older brother. “You’ve gotten taller.”

“You’ve gotten older,” Jon said, putting aside Longclaw and rising to meet her.

His sister wasn’t a little girl anymore. Arya was a woman, yet Jon took note of the sword and dagger on her hips, and how her body language showed she was ready to use them without a second thought.

“How did you do it?” Arya asked.

Jon arched an eyebrow “Do what?”

“Survive a dagger to the heart?” Arya said.

Jon’s smile slowly melted from his face as he sighed. He knew that Sansa must have told her what he told her, but unlike Sansa, Jon had a feeling Arya believed it had happened.

“I didn’t,” Jon replied, his voice low.

He expected Arya to question him further, but Jon wasn’t sure if he had the answered she would want. How would he explain some ‘Lord of Light’ was the one who brought him back? The North worshiped the Old Gods, it wouldn’t make sense to her.

Yet, Arya didn’t question him. Instead, she merely nodded and took a deep breath. “I saw you, on your way to Winterfell. But you didn’t see me.”

“You did?” Jon said. “I’m sorry, please forgive me. I wasn’t really looking for anyone. If I’m being honest I was trying to plot out the conversation between Sansa and Daenerys.”

“I’m guessing she doesn’t like her?” Arya asked. “The Dragon Queen, I mean.”

“You’re right in that,” Jon sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

“And I’m guessing she doesn’t approve of your…relationship?” Arya asked.

Jon once again arched an eyebrow. He didn’t know how Arya knew of his relationship with Daenerys but didn’t rebuff it. “You can say that.”

“As much as I hate to say it, you might want to listen to her, “Arya said.

“Oh?” Jon asked, a small smile curving his lips. “How’s that taste, saying that?”

“Like vinegar,” Arya quips with a shrug. “But it’s the truth. You should trust Sansa, she’s the smartest person that I know.”

“Just because someone is smart, doesn’t make them always right,” Jon replied.
Arya’s lips curved into an almost-smirk, although she didn’t rebuff him.

“I know that the North hates outsiders,” Jon continued. “But… it doesn’t always have to be like this. Daenerys herself has done nothing against us, unlike others who have constantly turned their backs on us. I trust her Arya and I love her, and I’m not going to turn away from her, just because my little sister doesn’t trust her because of some prejudice.”

Again, Arya didn’t rebuff or agree with his statement, and instead, she turned the subject onto him. “I sense there is a personal connection for how you feel towards how Sansa is acting towards your queen.”

Jon sighed, running a hand through his hair. “It wasn’t that long ago she hated me, Arya. I remember how she hated, ignored, and even bullied me a bit to gain favor with your Mother. You remember how Catlyn despised my very existence, now, because I’ve defeated Sansa’s personal enemies, I’m in her favor. Daenerys is helping to stop a threat against all of mankind, and yet all Sansa can see is the daughter of the Mad King. Daenerys wasn’t even born yet when our Uncle and Grandfather died. But Sansa holds their deaths over Daenerys’s head; that isn’t right.”

“No,” Arya said, finally choosing aside. “That isn’t right, and you are right. I remember those days, in our youth, watching Sansa try and bully you because you were ‘just a bastard’, to the delight of Mother.” She sighed. “If you believe this Targaryen Queen is worth the chance, then I will give it to her. But know this brother: I don’t give second ones.”

Jon’s face cracked into a small smile. “You will?”

Arya nodded. “The lone wolf dies, but the Pack survives. If you love her and trust her, then Daenerys Targaryen is apart of our pack, and I will defend her as I shall defend you, Sansa, and Bran.”

Jon couldn’t stop himself from embracing his younger sister, the lone wolf back among its lifelong pack.

Daenerys clasped her hands in front of her thankfully still flat stomach as she stood around a large map, the image painted to reflect Winterfell. Inside the self-appointed ‘War Room’ stood all the most important people in this region of the world. Besides Jon and his family, all the Northern Commanders were there as well as several Northern Lord’s, and Lord Yohn Royce of the Vale. Daenerys’s supporters were there as well, from Grey Worm and his main commanders to Qhono and his Dothraki commanders, Jorah, Tyrion, Varys, and lastly Missandei.

“Thank you for coming here for this meeting, my Lords and Ladies,” Daenerys said, her voice regal as always. “I hope you weren’t awoken too early?”

“Northerner’s are all early risers,” Sansa replied haughtily. “Unlike some, we know days aren’t meant to be wasted, lounging in bed for hours.”

Daenerys’s face was impassive, although she knew an insult when she heard one. “I’m glad to be in a region after my own heart then. I always rose with the sun, dragons love warmth and fire, remember?”

Jon cleared his throat to put an end to this battle of wills. “We are here to discuss our plan to fight against the Armies of the Dead. I do believe…”

“I have spoken with several of the Northern Lords, while you were away,” Sansa interrupted. “And we have come up with a battle strategy. If I may, Jon?”
Jon sighed but gave a tired nod for Sansa to speak.

The young woman stepped forward eagerly. “First, we should begin with where the women and children will be kept,” Sansa began. “We believe the best place for them to be is in the crypts.”

“The crypts?” Daenerys repeated. “Where… the dead are kept?”

“That is the definition of a crypt… Your Grace,” Sansa replied, trying to keep the venom from her voice.

“But is that… smart?” Daenerys asked.

“What is your problem with this first stage of the plan?” Sansa asked.

“It’s just that we’re going up against a creature whose main… ability is to make people rise from the dead,” Daenerys explained. “Don’t you think a crypt is a… beacon, for him? You’re placing another weapon in his hands to use against us.”

Sansa ground her teeth behind her perfect smile. “Where do you suggest then, Your Grace, we put the men and women?”

Daenerys shrugged. “I do not know, I’m not from Winterfell. But is there somewhere secure and safe, you know of?”

“The Great Hall,” Arya said abruptly. “Its doors are made of Ironwood, the strongest wood in all the realm. It is said to be semi-impervious to flame.”

“And you believe this place will be a safer place?” Daenerys asked.

She had met Jon’s youngest sister mere minutes before the war meeting, and she had to admit that she liked this one rather than the redhead. Arya seemed like a female version of Jon, although she had a freer spirit, but was more quiet. While Arya didn’t smile when she met Daenerys, there was something in those grey eyes that told Daenerys she could trust this one.

Arya nodded. “The doors are also bolted with iron, to add to their security. There aren’t any windows either, so there isn’t a risk of these wights getting in by accident.”

Sansa turned red in the face. “You forget one very important subject, Arya. There are only two sets of doors: one in the front, leading to the main hallway; and one leading to the kitchens. It would be easy for the people inside to be overwhelmed! No, the best place is the crypts, as there is one way in, and one way out!”

“What do you think, Jon?” Arya asked.

All eyes turned to Jon, the Northern Lord looking from Sansa’s face to Daenerys’s.

“I believe… we should do what Queen Daenerys says,” Jon ruled. “We can place barriers of dragonglass in front of the doors, for added protection as well.”

“And, I’ll place some of my Unsullied within the Great Hall as well,” Daenerys volunteered. “They have been trained for situations like this.”

She turned her violet eyes to Sansa’s blue, daring the Lady of Winterfell to counter-argue her. The line had been drawn in the sand, and it was clear to all that while the Stark’s all claimed to be wolves, there seemed to be the forming of a new pack. A new pack was forming in which Sansa, a
girl born and raised in Winterfell, was becoming the lone wolf and that was something that Sansa, in her pride, could not allow.

The rest of the war meeting wasn’t as tense as the beginning, although they didn’t get much done. They could only agree at the moment that battlements and protective barriers had to be built around Winterfell, but they argued on how thick they should be as well as their location. The Northerner’s favored making a tight circle of dragonglass covered barriers, then drawing the wights into Winterfell to be overwhelmed at once, but Daenery’s group thought this was suicide.

In the end, though, Jon and Daenerys were able to make a compromise. Several trench rings were going to be dug around the castle, each creating a circle of protection around the main castle. These rings would then be filled with pitch and dry twigs, and be lit when the wights, white walkers, and Night King were spotted. The only way over the rings would be several bridges, but with a simple tug of a rope the bridges would collapse, and dragonglass-tipped spikes would be jutted out. At the same time, catapults were going to be built, to launch flaming balls of tar at the wights; some would even be covered with spiked pieces of dragonglass.

It was going to take some time to do it, but if they all worked together, then it could be done.

Sansa flounced out of the War room in a huff, her small group of loyal followers following her.

“I think I’ve made your sister hate me more,” Daenerys teased to Jon.

Jon’s lip curved into a small smile. “Just give her time. Sansa’s used to always being right.”

“At least that’s what she believes,” Arya said, appearing at Jon’s side. She gave Daenerys a nod. “Your Grace.”

“Please,” Daenerys said, holding up her hand. “It’s… It’s alright for you, to not call me that. Titles and formality doesn’t really matter when you’re facing down possible death and destruction.”

Arya’s lips curved into a small smile, although she nodded in agreement.

“You are skilled in the sword?” Daenerys asked, pointing to the sword and dagger on Arya’s hip.

“Of course,” Arya said, tilting her head. “Why? Are you one of those people who believe a woman’s place belongs in the castle?”

“Of course not,” Daenerys said, giving her a smile. “I believe a woman can do anything a man can do, if not better. Aegon didn’t conquer Westeros alone.”

Arya’s face broke into a real smile at that, as memories came flooding back of her youth. “I used to dream I was them. I believed I was Rhaenys or Visenya, riding dragons into battle. It was something I’ve always wanted to do!”

Daenerys’s smile grew wider. “That is what you want, to ride a dragon?”

“Growing up, more than anything,” Arya confirmed.

“Then how about we make a deal?” Daenerys suggested. “You train me how to use a sword, and, when this is all over, I’ll take on a ride on one of the backs of my dragons.”

Arya’s face became as bright as the sun as she looked to Jon with excitement as if she was a little girl again. However, neither Jon—nor Missandei—looked excited at this suggestion.
“Y-Your Grace,” Missandei blurted out before she could stop herself. “A-Are you sure that’s… that’s wise?”

“I’m going into battle against a hoard of undead corpses,” Daenerys replied, ignoring the true meaning of Missandei’s worry. “I will need some way of defense or protection if I find myself knocked off Drogon’s back.”

Jon opened his mouth to retort but Arya spoke first.

“Wonderful, it’s settled then. I will give you, your first lesson later today.”

Daenerys smiled, nodding. She turned to go, only for a large white mass to block her way. A creature the size of a small horse looked at Daenerys curiously, trotting over to her, sniffing her body before nuzzling her stomach, whining and wagging the tip of his tail.

“Ghost!” Jon barked. “Bad boy. Stop that.”

“No, no it’s alright,” Daenerys said. “He’s not hurting me. What… What is he?”

“A Direwolf,” Jon replied. “Think of them as large dogs.”

“That can rip a horse’s throat out,” Arya added, rolling her eyes as Jon’s sharp look.

Daenerys held out her hand for this ‘Ghost’ to sniff and made sure to not make any sudden movement. Ghost sniffed her hand, licked it, then went back to nuzzling her stomach affectionately.

“Seems like he likes you,” Jon said, his eyes shining with approval. “He doesn’t normally doesn’t just take to strangers.”

“Maybe I’m special,” Daenerys suggested, stroking the direwolf’s white coat.

‘Yes,’ Jon thought. ‘You most certainly are.’

Chapter End Notes

I know I said that I wouldn’t be updating for a while, but I couldn't wait to post this! I would like to know what you guys think of what's going on so far in the story. I'm trying to apply actual common sense that D&D refused to put in Season 8.

I want to be clear about something though: I don't hate Sansa. Like besides Dany she's one of my fav characters (TV Sansa I mean, Book Sansa is still a brat...) and I hate what D&D did to her character. I'm not trying to make Sansa look bad, but am setting up for her to have a humbling situation that'll knock some sense into her. However, that won't happen for some time.

Also, what do you guys think of Arya? Of she and Dany's 'deal'? Is Dany wrong for keeping Jon in the dark about her pregnancy? Ghost likes Dany (although we all know why ;). I want to learn what you guys think!

Anyway, thanks for reading!
CHAPTER VI

Chapter Summary

Daenerys trains with Arya. Jon takes to the sky. The fragile peace between the two armies begins to crack.

Jon watched with an amused smile as Arya knocked Daenerys flat on her bottom in the snow, for what seemed like the thousandth time.

The young women were in one of the many training grounds that were in the castle. Two days ago, Daenerys had offered dragon-riding sessions with Arya, if the young she-wolf would train her in swordsmanship. Arya, in her excitement, had wanted to begin that very day. However, planning for the upcoming war took precedence, and they were just now able to get to the agreed-upon lessons.

Jon would freely admit that he didn’t like this idea. In fact, Jon had spent these last two days trying to convince Daenerys to not go through with it. He had brooded, begged, argued, then tired her out in bed; all in an attempt to get his lover to change her mind. But in the end, the Dragon Queen was unshakable.

It wasn’t that Jon didn’t believe she could do it, Jon believed Daenerys could do anything she put her mind too. Jon knew the dangers that came with carrying a sword. He allowed it with Arya because that was who she was, he gave her Needle. But if Daenerys went riding into battle wielding a sword, it put her in even greater danger.

Jon wasn’t even supposed to be watching her. The King in the North was supposed to be overseeing the digging of the fire rings, as well as the building of a dragonglass battlements. But he couldn’t, his mind would always be on Daenerys.

Movement out of the corner of Jon’s eye made the young man look across the training arena to see Varys and Tyrion talking. The two seemed to be into a deep conversation, casting glances at Daenerys and Arya in the ring.

Jon couldn’t help but wonder what they were talking about, although he had a feeling it had to be about their Queen. No doubt they supported Daenerys learning to fight with a sword, as it cast her into a better light in the North. The North followed strength, as well as tradition and firm loyalty to blood-ties. Daenerys looked like one of the first Queens of Westeros, the silver-haired Sister-wives of Aegon the Conqueror who helped him form a united realm.

It only made Jon fall even deeper in love with her.

“Jon?” said a familiar voice. “There you are.”

Jon tore his eyes from the sparring women to see Sansa striding to him. Dressed in her warm cloak and dress, his sister had half a dozen scrolls tucked under her arm.

“I’ve been searching the whole castle for you,” Sansa said.

“I’ve been here,” Jon replied, taking a deep breath. “What can I do for you?”
“I want your opinion on something,” Sansa said. “One moment please.”

She put the scrolls on a nearby table before picking one up. Unrolling it, she held it out to Jon for him to inspect.

It was a sketch of him, Jon saw, dressed in regal winter robes and crown upon his bow.

“I can’t decide on the style of robes and crown, and would like to know what you think,” Sansa explained. “Thank the gods I got books of drawings that had the Old Stark Kings in them, or else I wouldn’t know what to do.”

“Sansa,” Jon said, confused. “What is this?”

“I’m trying to plan your coordination, of course,” Sansa replied. “After all this is over, we need to crown you officially.”

Jon frowned. “Sansa, I’m not going to be King of the North. I bent the knee to Daenerys.”

Sansa sighed. “Yes… about that. Jon, we have to talk about your… Queen.”

“She’s ‘our’ Queen,” Jon corrected her.

“I’ve been speaking to a couple of the lords,” Sansa continued. “And we believe you should crown yourself our King. Then… renegotiate your allegiance to her.”

“Renegotiate?” Jon repeated. “What is there to renegotiate? I bent the knee, took the oath, she is my Queen.”

“How do you know that she will have our best interests are heart though?” Sansa asked, choosing her words carefully.

“I know because I trust her,” Jon said tightly.

“Trust isn’t good enough,” Sansa replied. “Jon, the wounds are still fresh for what the Man King did…”

“That was over two decades ago,” Jon pointed out. “Besides, House Targaryen has ruled peacefully and justly over the realm for three centuries before then.”

“The point is, the North is not going to willingly bend the knee to someone that is an outsider, and who’s father killed a Warden of the North,” Sansa argued.

“Sansa…” Jon said through gritted teeth.

Sansa held up her hand. “… Unless she has someone with a… level head at her side.”

Jon arched an eyebrow. “What do you talking about, Sansa.”

Sansa turned to look at Daenerys and Arya at the ground below her. The Dragon Queen managed to block a swipe by Arya, spin to dodge another strike, then deliver a quick a hit on Arya’s leg.

“I’m talking about marriage, Jon,” Sansa said, not pulling her eyes from the two. “She’s single, you’re single. The North knows you, wants you as their King. If you are crowned, Jon, you are the same rank as she. You can make your demands without being seen as less-than. You don’t have to play by only her rules, Jon. You’ll have a voice, and you’ll use that for the North.”
Jon opened his mouth to retort, only to close it. This was the last thing he would expect to hear from Sansa’s mouth, and yet… it was all that he wanted. If he married Daenerys, Jon wouldn’t have to hide his relationship with her. In fact, as King and Queen of Westeros, they could openly flaunt it.

They could grow older together.

They could rule together.

Their children would rule a united realm, once the Armies of the Dead and Cersei were taken care of.

It was his greatest dream.

And yet…

In the back of Jon’s mind screamed a tiny voice of caution. There was a reason that Sansa was suggesting this alliance, and it put him on edge.

“I’m guessing she’ll have to agree to give the North it’s independence, and have no claim upon it?” Jon asked.

“Of course,” Sansa confirmed. “You hold the North, she controls the South. Your child controls it all when it comes of age. It’s the perfect plan.”

Jon frowned, turning away. A united Westeros was what Daenerys want to do yes, but she pictured herself being that uniter. In her eyes, Westeros would still be fractured of Jon held the North and her only the South. But he was ignoring the primary problem here: Daenerys couldn’t have children, she had told him this.

A Dothraki warrior hurried up to Daenerys and said something to her in their language. Daenerys’s morphed into one of worry as she looked up to Jon, nodding for him to come down and follow her, before turning to talk to Arya.

“You’ve given me much to think about,” Jon said to Sansa. “Much to think about.”

Turning away from her, Jon didn’t see the tiny smile curve on Sansa’s lips as she watched him walk away.

“What’s wrong?” Jon asked as he reached Daenerys and Arya.

“It’s the dragons,” Daenerys said. “They’re blearly eating.”

“We should go see them,” Arya said quickly, putting Needle into its scabbard on her hip. “Check to make sure they’re alright.”

“Her Grace and I will go see the dragons,” Jon ruled. “You, Arya, are going to oversee the forge and make sure the weapons are rightfully stocked, stacked, and ready.”

Arya scowled at her brother but didn’t refuse him. Turning to Daenerys, the young Stark gave her a small bow of respect before going to do as Jon had said.

“She’s working for those dragon-riding sessions, isn’t she?” Jon asked as the two walked to a pair of horses two Dothraki was holding for them.
“Yes, and I must say, I’m learning a lot,” Daenerys, smiling with pride. “She isn’t teaching me like how I thought knights fought. She calls it… Water Dancing? I believe that’s what she said. Where could she have learned that?”

Jon helped his lover into her saddle before going to his own horse. “According to her, she somehow ended up in Braavos, where she learned to fight from a society called the Faceless Men. I don’t know how much of it is true or not, but I’m not one to question her.”

The couple rode to where the dragons had made their nest, a good couple of miles from Winterfell. Three times a day, Daenerys accompanied a small group of Dothraki to deliver food to the dragons, although that morning she didn’t get the chance too. She didn’t know why they wouldn’t want to eat, as it was mainly their favorite: sheep.

Jumping down from her horse, Daenerys hurried to where her Children were. Drogon and Rhaegal were licking the charred bone of their most recent meal. The biggest pile of bones was on Drogon’s side, as he was the dominant one.

At the sight of their mother, the dragons became excited. Drogon stretched out his long neck in greeting first, purring affectionately like a massive, scaly cat; rubbing his head against Daenerys in a clear demand for attention.

Jon stayed back as Daenerys inspected her Child, clear worry upon her face. “What’s wrong with them?” he asked.

Daenerys rubbed Drogon’s nose, connecting their minds once again. She wasn’t physically in his mind, but Daenerys knew—although she couldn’t explain how—that something was wrong. Drogon seemed… anxious about something, this icy weather did not agree with him.

“They don’t like the North,” Daenerys said aloud, pressing her forehead to her Child. “It doesn’t agree with them… they also think I’ve been neglecting them, as of late.”

“That’s not true,” Jon protested. “You’ve just been busy, that’s all.”

“Still,” Daenerys said. “That’s no excuse.”

Drogon lowered his shoulder, clearly telling his Mother what he wanted. With a soft smile, Daenerys obeyed his request and climbed upon his back, settling herself securely between his spines. Drogon rolled his shoulders with a low rumble, purring with content.

At that very moment, however, Rhaegal turned his massive head to Jon. The green-scaled dragon looked upon this man with curiosity, tilting his head side to side before opening his mouth and flicked his forked tongue to lick him.

Jon stayed absolutely still, although he was trembling in his boots. He had faced Drogon on Dragonstone, surely, he could face his younger brother. Rhaegal’s slobber burned like fire upon his skin, but still, Jon did not move. When the dragon pulled away, he too lowered his shoulder in clear invitation.

Jon looked to Daenerys for an explanation.

“Go on,” Daenerys said, trying her hardest to not laugh as she nodded to Rhaegal.

A lump formed in Jon’s throat. “I-I don’t know how to ride a dragon!”

“No one does,” Daenerys replied. “Until they ride a dragon.”
When Rhaegal moved suddenly Jon jumped, only to see that the dragon was preening his wings. It was as if the dragon knew they were talking about him and wanted to make the best impression upon his new rider.

“B-But what if he doesn’t want me too?” Jon protested.

“He’s clearly presenting his shoulder to you in clear invitation,” Daenerys countered, a giggle escaping her lips. “If he really doesn’t want you too, then I’ve enjoyed your company, Jon Snow.”

Jon looked at the dragon, then his lover, then the dragon again. ‘I just had to fall in love with the Mother of Dragons,’ Jon grumbled to himself. ‘Why couldn’t I have fallen in love with the Mother of Hounds? Or the Mother of Roses? Dragons? Fucking dragons!’

Walking to Rhaegal, Jon tried his best to copy Daenerys. He climbed upon Rhaegal’s back as best he could, although he was in an awkward position.

“Alright,” Jon wheezed. “What do I grab onto? There aren’t any reigns or anything?”

“Whatever you can,” Daenerys replied. “And hold on tightly.”

Jon looked to the closest spines on Rhaegal’s back and grasped them tightly. The moment he touched them; a powerful static surge shot through his body. Everything within him tingled, from the hairs on his head to the tips of his toes. Jon’s eyes itched and watered, but the Northern Lord quickly wiped them away.

This time, when Jon grasped Rhaegal’s spines again, the dragon began to move.

After getting a running start, Rhaegal began to flap his great wings and took off into the sky. Daenerys smiled with excitement as she watched Jon and Rhaegal in the sky, and quickly urged Drogon to join them.

It was impossible to fully explain the power of being upon a dragon, but it could be described in a single word: freedom. There, among the clouds, it gave one a sense of unparallel freedom and power that could only be rivaled by gods.

Daenerys watched as Jon struggled to stay onto Rhaegal’s back, but was proud he was trying. It only made her love for him surge, her desire for him and him alone. In Meereen the dragons wouldn’t let Daario get within meters of them, here they accepted Jon as if he was one of their own.

‘Perhaps he is, one of their own,’ Daenerys thought as Drogon followed Rhaegal. ‘Jon’s mother is a mystery… perhaps she was a Dragonseed?’

Daenerys’s train of thought was ripped away when Rhaegal flew at Drogon’s side, Jon in a better position on his back. He looked at Daenerys with a fire in his eyes, as well as a smirk on his lips.

Daenerys knew a challenge when she saw one.

Leaning down to give Drogon her head, the two dragons began to race. They soured over the icy trees, glided over half-frozen lakes, and flew around mountains taller than anyone had ever seen. Once, both dragons broke through the thick layer of clouds, the warm sun reflecting against their scales.

Daenerys snuck a look at Jon, only to see that he was watching her with unbridled and unfiltered love and admiration. However, before she could say something Rhaegal dipped back down again,
Drogon following. Jon seemed to direct him to a landing spot, to which Drogon quickly joined him. The two riders dismounted, their boots crunching against the virgin snow.

“You’ve completely ruined horses for me, you know that?” Jon asked, pulling Daenerys close.

“You make that sound as if that’s a bad thing,” Daenerys said, looking at him from under her lashes.

Jon chuckled and wrapped his arm around her slender waist, the two of them walking. “It was as if he knew what I wanted… where I wanted to go. I… I have a connection with Ghost, you see, but it’s nothing compared to that. I could feel the… the power within Rhaegal.”

“I know,” Daenerys said. “I know what you mean. I feel the same way with Drogon, but at the same time, I know our relationship is built upon trust and respect. A dragon is not a slave.”

A low rumbling caught the attention of Daenerys, making the Dragon Queen turn. It was a frozen waterfall, the sunlight reflected against the various icicles causing them to glitter like diamonds.

It was the most beautiful thing that Daenerys had ever seen before in her life.

“We could stay a thousand years…” she breathed. “And no one would ever find us.”

Jon smiled and pressed against her, gazing into those violet orbs that always kept his hostage.

“We’d be pretty cold,” he whispered, cupping her chin. “But I’d be old with you… my greatest dream.”

“Is that what you want?” Daenerys breathed. “To grow old with me?”

“More than anything,” Jon said. “Besides, you’ll need me… it’s cold up here for a Southern girl.”

Daenerys grasped the front of his cloak. “Then keep your Queen warm.”

“Gladly,” Jon said, finally pressing his lips to hers in a firm, passionate kiss.

Daenerys couldn’t stop the moan that escaped her mouth as she held him close. She could feel his rising hardness, the thrill of a dragon-ride and excitement from being alone with her, clearly arousing him.

“Jon…” she whispered between kisses, sliding her hand toward his breeches.

A loud snarl behind the two made Daenerys and Jon turn around. Drogon and Rhaegal were both looking at their riders with a mixture of expressions. Rhaegal seemed intrigued, but Drogon’s red eyes were narrow with anger.

Daenerys turned back to Jon with a challenging smirk. “Don’t be afraid, my Lord. He’s only a dragon.”

Jon chuckled and pulled her back into his embrace, pressing his lips back to hers with a low groan of desire. Drogon too let out a low groan, his red eyes narrowing into tiny slits.

Missandei and Grey Worm walked down one of many seemingly endless hallways of Winterfell, hand in hand. The two had wanted to explore this ancient castle, as well as spend time together. Normally, Grey Worm was ridged, composed, silent, stiff; but not at this moment. The Unsullied General has a small smile on his face as Missandei looked at everything with wide, curious eyes.
She looked almost like a child, running her hands over the rocky stone, poking her head into empty chambers, trying to translate the ancient North text carved into the walls.

“This place must hold so many mysterious and secrets,” Missandei said, looking to her lover.

“It yields some… curiosities,” Grey Worm said, nodding.

“I couldn’t live here though,” Missandei said. “Too cold, I miss the sandy beaches of Naath and the heat of the sun.”

“Do you desire to return one day?” Grey Worm asked.

Missandei at first did not know how to answer. She was stolen from Naath as a child, she barely remembered it. Yet the hunger to return, see perhaps her parents if they were still there, had always lingered in her soul. There was also the butterflies, Missandei wondered if she was still immune to them, or if being away from Naath for so long made her able to get sick if she returned.

“I do not know,” Missandei finally said with a sigh. “I cannot imagine leaving, Her Grace. Not now… especially not now.”

Grey Worm arched an eyebrow. “What is wrong with the Queen?”

Missandei bit her bottom lip. “Nothing,” she said quickly. “Nothing is wrong is her.”

Grey Worm stopped and turned to her, looking into her hazel eyes. He watched her from afar for years, only to finally proclaim his love during a time of war. If he were a normal man, then he’d be able to love her properly, perhaps give her children. But that wasn’t what had happened for him and his Brothers. It didn’t matter to her though, Missandei loved him no matter the scars he bore.

Cupping her face, Grey Worm began to pull her close, desiring to kiss her; only for movement to make the Unsullied freeze.

One of the doors behind the couple opened and a man stumbled out of it. He was fixing his clothes and staggering as if drunk, yet he didn’t reek of wine. From the way he was dressed though, Grey Worm pegged him to be a Northerner.

“Oh,” the Man said, almost jumping out of his skin at the sight of them. “I—Excuse me.”

He hurried down the hall as if an ice demon was on his heels. Grey Worm and Missandei looked at each other, confused, then to the room he had come out of.

“I wonder what that was all about?” Missandei wondered aloud.

“Perhaps he was late to work on the fire rings?” Grey Worm suggested.

Missandei looked back to the door, a sinister fear creeping up her spine. “No,” she whispered. “It… It’s something else…”

Slowly, she pushed open the door.

The chamber behind the door was dark, Missandei believed it to be an abandoned sleeping space that wasn’t be used. Yet, it didn’t really look abandoned. There was a desk, a candle and it’s holder, a pallet… and a naked, dead woman.

Missandei had to do a double-take, the hairs standing on the back of her neck as she slowly entered the room. “E-Excuse me?” she whispered.
The ‘dead’ woman jumped, almost scaring Missandei out of her skin. The woolen dress that the woman had been wearing was ripped off, her copper skin was covered in bruises, and her scalp was bleeding from a fistful that had been yanked out.

She had been raped.

The woman’s copper skin told Missandei that the girl was one of the many Dothraki women who had come with their families. As Missandei crept closer, her stomach sank as she saw the golden armband with a three-headed dragon stamped onto it. This girl personally served Daenerys, and Missandei quickly recognized her as Igi, one of Daenery’s favorites.

“Grey Worm…” Missandei whispered.

Grey Worm had always vanished.

Igi opened one of her blackened eyes, only to whimper and try to scramble away at the shape looming over her.

“It’s alright,” Missandei whispered in her tongue. “It’s alright… it’s alright.”

“He said… He said…” Igi stammered. “He wanted to show me Winterfell…”

“It doesn’t matter what he said,” Missandei said, taking one of the blankets on the bed and wrapping it around her shoulders. “Come… We… We must see the Queen.”

Daenerys was not going to take this assault of one of her personal servants lightly. Someone was going to die for this, and if they weren’t careful it was going to be a lot of people.

Grey Worm pounced upon the Northern man before he could far. Using his training, he swiftly brought the man to the ground in the middle of the main courtyard, pressing a dagger to his throat.

“Get your filthy hands off me!” The Northerner yelled.

Grey Worm pressed the dagger closer, ready to slice his throat where he stood.

“Let go of him, right now!” a feminine voice demanded.

Grey Worm looked up to see Jon’s eldest young sister, Sansa, storming in their direction. A small group of Northern soldiers was on her train, but Grey Worm ignored her. Instead, he turned to several Unsullied who had appeared among the commotion and shoved the man into their arms.

“Hold him until Queen Daenerys comes!” Grey Worm commanded.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Sansa shouted. “Let go of him right now!”

“You do not command me!” Grey Worm snarled at her, his thick accent preventing him from being easily understood.

Sansa glared at him. She didn’t know what he had said but understood enough to tell he wasn’t going to listen to her. “Get him,” Sansa commanded of her soldiers.

The Unsullied instantly locked shields, forming an impregnable barrier between Sansa’s men and the Northerner in their custody. The tension between both groups was a thick as butter, hands were on swords, bodies were tightly coiled. All it would take was for someone to make the wrong move.

“What’s going on here?” Jon demanded, his voice booming across the courtyard.
Grey Worm saw Daenerys and hurried to his queen, dropping to his knees before her.

“What’s going on here?” Daenerys asked in his tongue. “Grey Worm, explain yourself.”

“He forced himself upon one of your Dothraki handmaids,” Grey Worm said.

He nodded to Missandei, who had her arms wrapped around a shivering Igi. The Dothraki-girl’s bruised eyes were filled with tears, her body trembling with fear and the cold wind.

Slowly, Daenerys began to change. The light-hearted woman that Jon knew became rigged, her eyes blazing with a fury he had never seen before.


Jon watched as Grey Worm and the other Unsullied began to drag the Northern man away… in the direction of the dragons. He grabbed her arm. “What are you going?” he whispered.

“He raped one of my handmaids,” Daenerys hissed, yanking her arm free. “I will not let this stand.”

“Please, Daenerys, think about this,” Jon pleaded. “In the North we have trials, we have to prove him guilty.”

“The girl he raped is right there,” Daenerys snapped. “She deserves justice and I will deliver it to her. Do not believe yourself able to stop me.”

Jon watched as she stormed in the direction of the Unsullied and dragons, her boots crunching in the snow. The feeling of gloved fingers digging into his arm made Jon turn to Sansa, her blue eyes looking at him with a mixture of horror and confusion.

“What is going on?” Sansa asked.

“That man has raped one of Daenerys’s handmaids, she’s going to burn him,” Jon said.

“You have to stop her!” Sansa exclaimed. “We have too…”

“What do you expect me to do?” Jon hissed. “The proof is there!” he pointed to the Dothraki girl.

“Dracarys!” Daenerys suddenly cried out.

Jon and Sansa watched with horror as a column of dragon flame encased the Northern man, consuming him instantly. Within moments, the only thing remaining was a small pile of charred bones. Daenerys and her group let the flames to extinguish themselves as they marched into the castle, people parting to get out of their way.”

“Still think it’s a bad idea for you to not be crowned?” Sansa asked.

“Sansa…” Jon said.

Sansa held up her hand. “No, Jon, you have to listen to me. She just… just… executed someone! By dragonfire! Just like that!”

“She had a reason to…” Jon argued.

“It doesn’t matter her reasonings!” Sansa argued. “That was a power mover, and you know it. She is unchecked, and she needs something, or someone, to balance her out. She can’t be trusted with making decisions that concern the North! Why can’t you see this is the better option? You crown
yourself King, then marry her and be her equal! If you don’t do this Jon, then you’ll always be under her thumb and at her whim. How long until you do something unfavorable to her, and you’re the one standing before her dragons?”
Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

The new chapter is here! I hope you guys like it! Quick announcements!

We are spending to much time in Westeros! Alright, so I OG started the book in Westeros to set up Daenerys leaving for Essos. I thought the chapters would be like 5 max, but I didn't expect these characters to take on plots themselves, and make me change a lot of my plan. SO, to get Dany the hell outta Westeros (and quicker) I'm going to write these 'mega chapters'; longer chapters that cover more story. Think of them as 2 or 3 chapters put together.

With this plan, I picture Dany officially leaving Westeros in like 5 more chapters, so around chapter 10 or 11. These chapters will take me longer to write, so wait-times between chapters might be longer, but worth it.

That's all! Enjoy your chapter!

Jon’s head pounded as the roars of the various Northern Lords and Ladies’ grew deafening. They had been shouting for the past hour, fighting and arguing among themselves; all in the name for demanding ‘justice’ for the Northman that Daenerys had executed.

“Enough!” Jon bellowed, his first crashing against his table. “Enough! I can’t think with all this fucking arguing!”

All eyes in the Great Hall turned to Jon, Northern eyes as well as a couple servants that Jon knew worked for Daenerys. He didn’t know if they were spies, or just people curious about what was going on. He didn’t truly care, he was furious at the predicament that Daenerys had put him in.

“Your Grace, I must protest this!” A Northern Lord shouted, standing to his feet. “What that… that… that woman did, was murder! She killed my son!”

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“You son raped one of her personal handmaids,” Jon countered. “He would have been beheaded with Longclaw if it were my choice.”

“How do we know the girl was even raped?” Another Lord protested. “I heard those foreign whores like it rough!”

“Were her black eyes and bruised body not enough evidence of the crime committed against her?” Jon argued back. “You all know our laws, rape is a capital offense! I’m not saying how Queen
Daenerys went about this was right, but as Queen, it is within her rights to carry out punishments as she deems fit.”

“But how long until one of us commits a so-called ‘crime’ against her?” Sansa argued. “I do not want to die by dragon fire.”

Jon turned to his younger sister, his grey eyes narrow. “If I recall, Sansa, you fed your rapist to his own hounds without trial. How is what Daenerys has done, any different than what you did?”

Sansa’s face turned red as she turned away, biting her tongue to keep from giving a sharp retort.

Jon turned back to the Northern lords. “My ruling stands as followed: you can all mourn him if you want, but I refuse to mourn a rapist. Queen Daenerys’s justice will stand.”

He stood to leave, but a sharp voice made Jon pause in his tracks.

“So, it’s true then,” the Voice said.

Jon looked to the Northern lord who had spoken. “Is that true?”

The man smirked. “That the Dragon Whore wears your cock around her neck!”

Jon’s face turned red, his gloved fingers itched to draw Longclaw, but he forced himself to stay calm. “I will forgive your crass tongue, only this time, my lord. But my Lady Sister is present, and her ears to not need to be defiled by your tongue.”

“If there is any ‘defiling’ going on, it’s between you and the Dragon Whore!” the Northern Lord bellowed. “It is clear she is the one pulling your strings!”

This was to close to the truth for Jon. He knew that he was constantly watched, but told himself that being formal with Daenerys would be seen as nothing wrong. Clearly, though, he was the wrong one. He was being too friendly with his lover, he had to take a step back.

“I am no one’s puppet,” Jon said through gritted teeth. “But unlike you, I see the clear picture, of what we will face. You do not like Her Grace, that is as clear as day to me. But you don’t get it, we need her and her armies! If you insult her, she will abandon us, causing our fate to be that of sheep herded for the slaughter. Is that what you want? Women, children, your families, all gone?”

The Great Hall slowly fell silent, men and women murmuring among themselves as they listened to their king.

“You placed your trust in me because you believed in me, but recently things seemed to have gotten out of control,” Jon continued. “I’ve done what a king must put his people first, no matter what my personal feelings. But I’m not a king… not truly,” He took a deep breath. “When the Army of the Dead is defeated, I plan to formally crown myself as thus. The North will become independent, and we will govern ourselves, outside of the political games of the South.”

Sansa’s head jerked up in surprise. This was completely unexpected. They had only recently discussed him being formal crowned. Sansa didn’t know why Jon brought it up so quickly, but looking at the Northern Lords and Ladies told Sansa that it had the desired effect.

They all began clapping to Jon, some there even cheering for him. This was exactly what they wanted.

“And the Dragon Queen?” a Northern Lady asked.
“Will now have to heed my words,” Jon said, feeling himself betraying Daenerys with every syllable. “By crowning myself King of the North, I will make sure that something like this never happens again. That man was a rapist, but he should have had a trial first.”

The Northerner’s all nodded, murmuring in agreement.

“And I shall not wait to tell Queen Daenerys my wishes,” Jon said, bracing himself for the storm he knew would come. “I shall tell her tonight. She’s a smart woman and will acknowledge it. The North will be, from this day forward, independent!”

Applause and cheers erupted from all within the Great Hall, even Sansa clapped. Although Jon forced himself to smile and wave, he felt sick to his stomach. He was betraying the woman he loved and now had to face her wrath.

Daenerys was in her chambers, having dinner when a knock came upon her door. Missandei answered it and was surprised to find Jon standing on the threshold.

“May I come in?” Jon asked.

Missandei glanced behind her nervous before nodding, leading Jon into Daenerys’s inner chambers. The Dragon Queen almost dropped her fork at the sight of her lover, her violet eyes filling with worry. Jon too was confused, as he saw Ghost sitting at her feet. The direwolf never seemed to be far from Daenerys these days, something that stuck Jon as odd but he knew that no one could explain it.

“What are you doing here?” Daenerys asked, standing up. “Why are you here?”

Jon took her hands in his, clasping them tightly. “I’m here… to beg your forgiveness.”

“My forgiveness?” Daenerys repeated. “Why… Why do you need that?”

Jon took a deep breath. “I need you to promise me, that you won’t get angry with what I’m about to say.”

“Jon, you’re scaring me,” Daenerys said. “What is going on?”

It was now or never. Quickly, Jon told her all of that had happened in the Great Hall. He told of what the Northern Lords and Ladies thought. He told her about his previous talk with Sansa. He told her of his declaration of being formally crowned.

Daenerys’s face was blank as he spoke, and when Jon finished he held his breath, waiting for her reaction. Silence hung over them for what felt like hours, before Daenerys finally spoke.

“You… You broke your word…” she whispered. “You’ve betrayed me…”

“No, Dany, I haven’t,” Jon replied. “I… I’ve changed my original oath, that is true, but I have not betrayed you.” He put her hands to his heart. “Don’t you see? This is better. If I am crowned King of the North, and you as Queen of the South, when we will be equal, and our power will be balanced. No one will accuse me of hiding behind your skirts. No one will insult your honor before me. With this… Dany we can be married.”

Daenerys said nothing, which prompted Jon to continue.

“We can get married, and after a little time, join our kingdoms together,” Jon said. “Think of it, Dany… We can be together, without fear of what people think.”
“I’m not saying that this isn’t a bad idea,” Daenerys said. “But you did not think to speak to me before you decided this?”

“I wish that I could,” Jon said. “But… in the North, things move quickly and I could tell I was losing their support.”

Daenerys yanked her hands from his grasp. “Then they are traitors! Just as you are!”

Jon watched as she turned her back from him, her violet eyes filling with tears.

“I am not a traitor, Dany!” Jon protested. “But you cause this! If you would have allowed that Man to have a trial, he would have been found guilty and been beheaded.”

“It was my handmaid that he raped!” Daenerys countered. “His life was in my hands!”

“I’m not saying that it wasn’t,” Jon said. “But you acted foolishly by acting so rashly!”

“Is that what you think of me?” Daenerys yelled. “A fool?!”

“Aye! At that moment you…” Jon yelled back, taking a large step forward as the two glared at each other.

Ghost leaped up from where he laid and got between the two. Barking at Jon, the direwolf slowly pulled his lips back with a snarl, his hackles raised. Jon had seen Ghost take this stance only a couple times before when he was protesting someone at the command of Jon. Now the direwolf stood protectively in front of Daenerys as if she were some precious treasure, and Jon couldn’t be trusted with her value.

The sight of the direwolf between them made the couple stop their argument. They looked at each other, their bodies slowly losing the tension.

“I’m sorry,” Jon whispered. “For calling you a fool. I did not mean it, nor did I wish to upset you. But what you did, while I know was the right thing, was wrong. You can’t go around, burning people because they wrong you. You have to hold yourself to a higher standard. Give them a trial, and if they are found guilty, then allow their punishment to match the crime.”

Daenerys’s shoulders sagged. “You… You’re right.” she turned away, walking to the window to gaze out among the snow. “I thought that by burning that man, I’d get the justice my handmaid deserved, that I’d get the respect I deserved. But when I returned and saw the horrified faces of the Northerners, I saw that once again I had messed up.” A silent sob escaped her throat. “I don’t belong here, Jon. This place… this place will never be my home. Everyone hates me here!”

Jon walked to his lover—carefully sidestepping a still growling Ghost—and wrapped his arms around her. “I love you,” he whispered, kissing her temple. “And right now, that should be the only thing that matters. I’ve seen the true you, and soon they will as well. By crowning myself king, we can finally be together and no one can tear us apart.”

Gooseflesh rose on Daenerys’s skin as she felt Jon press his lips to her neck.

“I love you, Dany,” Jon whispered, his hand pawing between her legs although her gown acted like a barrier. “And nothing, I swear it, will change that.”

Daenerys turned around, cupping his face in her hands, their eyes staring unblinkingly into each other. “I believe you, Jon,” she whispered.
The feel of Jon’s lips could only be described as fire upon fire. Daenerys moaned as he packed her up against the window, lifting her into his arms and spreading her legs. Together, they worked to undo his belt and push up her gown, deep groans of pleasure rolling off their tongues when Jon entered her body.

“What if… some comes… looking for you?” Daenerys asked, her breathing coming fast against his rhythmic thrusts.

“For all they know…” Jon groaned, gripping her bottom in his large hands. “I’m here to discuss… our new alliance…”

“Keep this up, and I’ll allow you to be crowned King of the World,” Daenerys sighed, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

Jon smirked and picked up his pace, thrusting faster and deeper. He always knew the right angle of his hips for his cock to stroke against her special spot. Jon also knew how to latch onto the right place of her neck, which would make her scream in ecstasy.

Whimpering in pleasure, Daenerys pressed her lips back to his, her thighs quivering as he pushed deeper within her velvety walls. Whenever they were together the whole world just melted away until it was just them that remained.

‘Sansa is wrong about her,’ Jon told himself as he felt Daenerys’s walls begin to tighten, signaling she was close to climaxing. ‘They all, are wrong about her. One day, they will see her worth as I do.’

Burying his face into her neck, Jon’s breathing became heavier. He could feel the pressure building with him, until he finally burst, pouring into the woman he loved with a low groan. Daenerys had to bite back her own scream of release, but the vice-light grip of her cunt told Jon that she had reached her peak.

Jon looked into her violet eyes, the eyes of the woman who held his heart hostage and saw them shining… but then a terrible thought seized him. She had just burned a man… and they had sex afterward… just as it was rumored the Mad King did…

Quickly, Jon put Daenerys down and turned away, bowing his head as if in shame.

“Jon?” Daenerys said, lowering her gown. “What… What’s wrong?”

“I shouldn’t have done that,” Jon said, his voice low. “I shouldn’t have…”

“Fucked me?” Daenerys finished. “Why?”

“Because it’s what… it’s what…” Jon bit his tongue, not daring to say the words. “It’s what…”

“It’s what my father did whenever he killed an enemy,” Daenerys said, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Dany…” Jon said, turning around.

He reached for her but Daenerys slapped his hands away, hot tears pouring down her cheeks. “Get out. Now!”

“Dany…” Jon pleaded.
Ghost once again got between them, snarling at his master to protect Daenerys.

“GET OUT!” Daenerys yelled again.

Jon knew better than to fight her on this and did as she commanded. But with every step, Jon’s heart sank deeper and deeper into his boots.

The next couple of days felt as if Jon was walking on the thinnest of ice. After his… ‘argument’ with Daenerys, he formally announced his crowning in the Great Hall the following day. Everyone looked to Daenerys for her reaction, but rather than have an outburst as Jon expected her to do; Daenerys merely smiled. She proclaimed herself happy to finally have a royal in Westeros that she could trust, and said that she was still staying to fight the dead.

However, since Jon had formally declared himself King of the North, there was a stiffness in Daenerys whenever she spoke to him. She regarded him with a cool regality, her tone sweet in war meetings, although Jon knew the fire that lay beneath them.

She was never going to forgive him for comparing her to the Mad King. Jon didn’t want to say it, he didn’t mean to insult her, it just came out. He tried his hardest to make it up to her, leaving winter roses on her pillow while she slept. But he always found them tossed away as if they were nothing.

When Daenerys trained with Arya, Jon could see that she was getting much better. However, she attacked one of the training dummies with a ferocity that made Jon wonder if she imagined the dummy as him.

Most likely.

Jon couldn’t blame her for being angry.

A thankful distraction came on the day Tormund, the Free Folk, and the remaining members of the Night’s Watch arrived at Winterfell. Jon was happy to see the carts and wagons coming through the Winterfell gates, all bearing the sigil of House Umber.

“Lord Umber!” Jon called, walking to where the young Ned was being helped down from his wagon. “You and your people made it.”

“Yes, we did, my Lord,” Ned said, smiling in relief. “We managed to…”

A bellowing roar filled Jon’s ears as a mass of fur pelts slammed into him. The Northern soldiers all tensed, their hands going to their swords as this wildling knocked their king to the ground.

“Tormund!” Jon coughed, the wind knocked out of him.

“King Crow!” Tormund bellowed, laughing. “Finally, we meet again!”

Jon couldn’t help but grin at the wildling chieftain, at least that’s what Jon believes Tormund to be. All the tribes followed him, yet Tormund refused to crown himself ‘King Beyond the Wall’.

“Yes,” Jon laughed, the two men standing. “We finally meet. I hope you’re alright?”

Tormund shrugged. “The Ice Demon and his fucker’s tried to swarm us, but we put up on hell of a fight.”

“I’m glad you made it,” Jon said, slapping him on the back.
“As if we’d like your Kneelers to take all the glory in this battle,” Tormund said, puffing out his chest. “So, where are ya putting us?”

Jon had thought about this exact problem carefully. Most Northerners didn’t like the Free Folk, and they couldn’t risk a fight breaking out over something minor. So, Jon decided the best place to put the Free Folk was with the only people close enough to their culture: the Dothraki.

“So, has the Big Woman been talking about me?” Tormund asked.

Jon tried to snort in laughter. The last thing in Brienne’s mind was Tormund. The she-warrior had been given her own regiment to command, and spent most of her time with them, or hovering over Sansa like a protective hen.

“Not… exactly…” Jon confessed. “We’ve been quite busy, preparing for the battle.”

Tormund smirked. “No worry then. After this is over, her cunt will be dripping for me!”

Jon once again fought the urge to laugh. He could sooner see Brienne running Tormund through with her golden sword, then sleep with him. Then again, war changes people, anything was possible.

They approached the Dothraki camp to find a large crowd gathered, shouting at something. Fearing a fight had broken out, Jon pushed himself through with Tormund behind him, only for both men to see an astounding sight. In the center of the group was a Dothraki woman, fighting against a man almost twice her size in unarmed combat. While the man tried to use his strength to bring her down, the woman used her speed, and before long pinned her opponent down.

The crowd erupted into applause, bellowing with praise as the woman leaped to her feet, tossing her head back with a shrill shriek of triumph.


“I don’t know,” Jon said with a shrug. “We can always find out.”

His eyes searched the crowd, before falling upon Qhono, Daenerys’s Dothraki lieutenant.

“Qhono!” Jon called out, thankfully no butchering the Essosi name. “I need to speak with you!”

Qhono glared at the Northerner who he knew had upset his Khaleesi. It would be easy for him to gift her this man’s head, after all, it was the Dothraki way. But now was not the time, later perhaps.

“Iron Man,” Qhono answered in heavily accented Common Tongue.

By order of Daenerys, the higher-ranked Dothraki was learning the language, although they did not see the point in it. Still, anything for their Khaleesi.

“I have someone, I want you to meet,” Jon said, gesturing to Tormund. “This is a friend of mine. I was hoping that you would allow him and his people to lay camp near you.”

Qhono looked to the red-haired monster of a man with an arched eyebrow. “You, Iron Man?”


Qhono’s lips curved, understanding Tormund’s words. He opened his mouth to speak, only to be silenced by a smooth voice at his sister, who appeared at his side.
“Who are they?” Asheffi asked in their tongue.

“Iron Men who serve our Khaleesi,” Qhono replied. “They want to bed near us.”

Asheffi looked to Tormund and Jon, her cool gaze falling upon the wilding. “That one shall bed near me, whenever he likes.”

Jon, who had been listening to their conversation but not understanding a word of it, looked to Qhono for an explanation. “What did she say?”

“My sister says, your friend and people may bed near us,” Qhono replied, although he refused to repeat her words for Tormund.

“Wonderful,” Jon exclaimed, sighing in relief. “I must go, but Tormund, please don’t pick any fights.”

“Spoilsport…” Tormund grumbled, turning his blue eyes to the woman he had seen in the wrestling ring.

She was breathtaking. Standing almost the same height as her brother, her limbs were long, and her hands large. The skin on her oval-shaped face was quite dark, yet her eyes were the color of molten gold. Her long midnight-black hair was bound in a simple braid accented with small bells that made music with she moved. She moved with a cocky swagger of someone quite confident in themselves and even carried a strange curved sword at her side that Tormund had never seen before.

Forget the giant blonde woman, Tormund wanted the ebony-haired horse warrioress.

With the rest of their armies arrived, the final plan for fighting against the army of the Dead could begin to be planned. The North was still waiting for Cersei’s army to arrive, but that was a river that could be crossed over another time.

Jon hated the formality of being seen as ‘King of the North’, but in his heart, he knew that it was the right thing. With him as King, he would be seen as Daenerys’s equal and thus the two of them could marry. Daenerys herself agreed to it, but at the same time her anger against him still burned strong; and she wasn’t the only one.

Even Ghost seemed to turn against him. His formally loyal direwolf preferring to spend his time in Daenerys’s chambers, never leaving her side when she moved about the castle. He growled as anyone expect for Daenerys’s closest advisors, and a couple times Jon himself. Arya seemed also slowly defecting to Daenerys’s side, acting as if she knew something about the Dragon Queen that Jon didn’t. It didn’t matter, Sansa was always close by, telling Jon that some minor lord needed him, or a letter needed his seal for something.

Settling into the duties of a King was something Jon never thought he’d do, yet here it was.

One evening, Jon found himself in the Winterfell crypts, lighting a candle for his father, Eddard Stark.


“He would be proud of you, I know it,” a familiar voice said behind Jon.
Jon whipped around, his hand on his sword, only to relax when he saw Sam approaching him. The two former-Night’s Watchmen had hardly spent time together since Jon returned. Both had their separate duties, duties that hardly ever had any cross over outside of war meetings. Still, Jon greeted his friend with a warm smile and a tight embrace.

“I’m sorry,” Samwell said, his face red from the many stairs. “I know I’m not supposed to be down here.”

Jon grasped his friend tightly. “It doesn’t matter, you’re one of my oldest friends, Sam. You’re more than welcome here.”

Jon smiled at his friend but Sam’s gloomy face made the smile melt away. “Sam? What’s wrong? Gilly? Is she alright?”

Tears began to spill down Sam’s cheeks. “Did… Did you know?” he stammered.

“Know what?” Jon asked, confused.

“D-Daenerys…” Sam said, his lip trembling. “She… She executed my father… and my brother. They were her prisoners, and she ordered their execution.”

Jon’s hand slowly dropped to his sides. Yes, he knew this. Daenerys told him when she returned from attacking the Lannister and Tarly forces back in the Reach. He understood why she did it, of course, they were at war.

“Yes…” Jon said slowly. “I… I know… How did… how did you find out?”

“I just came from talking to her, and Ser Mormont in the library!” Sam exclaimed. “And you didn’t think to tell me!”

“I’m so sorry, Sam,” Jon whispered. “Really, I am…”

“My… My Father, I might understand,” Sam said. “But my brother?!”

“Sam, she was at war,” Jon pointed out. “They no doubt were trying to kill her… Listen to my Sam, we need to end this war.”

“Would you have done it?” Sam blurted out, his eyes shining with tears.

“What?” Jon asked.

“Would you have killed my father, and my brother?!” Sam demanded.

“If we were at war?” Jon argued back. “Yes! I would have! If they were fighting to kill me, then yes, I would have! What would you have wanted, Sam? They kill her in return? I’ve executed men who’ve disobeyed me.”

“And you’ve also spared men too!” Son argued.

“Daenerys gave them the choice,” Jon said. “She asked them to take the Black. She asked for the younger Tarly to live, and his father takes the Black. Both refused, Sam. She did not wish to destroy another House, yet she had no choice.”

“You spared thousands of wildlings when they refused to kneel!” Sam argued.

“I wasn’t a king then!” Jon snapped. “I wasn’t fighting a war then!”
“But you’ve always been a king!” Sam exclaimed, finally letting out the secret he had been struggling to hold in.

Jon took a step back as if the words were a physical blow. “What?”

“You’ve always been a king, Jon,” Sam continued. “And I’m not talking about the King of the North. I’m talking about the king of the blood Seven Kingdoms!”

“You’re mad!” Jon said.

“I’m not mad, you can ask your brother, Bran,” Sam said. “I found a High Septon’s diary when I was in Old Town. Rhaegar annulled his marriage to Elia Martell and married Lyanna Stark. They are your parents. Not Eddard Stark and some random woman you don’t know. You, Jon, are the rightful King of the Seven Kingdoms. Your name is Aegon Targaryen.”

Jon felt as if the air had been sucked from his lungs as Sam’s words settled upon him. This… this couldn’t be… all his life Jon was the ‘great wolf bastard’, the single stain upon Eddard Stark’s blinding honor. This… this couldn’t be true.

“I don’t believe you,” Jon whispered.

“You can ask Bran,” Sam pressed. “He ‘saw’ Rhaegar and Lyanna on their wedding day. They loved each other, the war that killed your House was built on a lie, Jon. I… I mean Aegon.”

“My father… Eddard Stark was the most honorable man I have ever met,” Jon whispered. “Are you telling me, that a man like that, lied to me all my life?”

“Eddard Stark promised your mother that he’d always protect you,” Sam said. “And he did. If Robert found out, he would have murdered you the moment he saw you. You’re… You’re the true king. Daenerys is the fraud.”

The insult upon Daenerys is what snapped Jon out of his daze, and he looked to his friend with glazing eyes of fury.

“What did you just say?” he growled.

“Daenerys… her claim for the Iron Throne is built upon nothing,” Sam explained. “You, you are the true king. You’re older and you are the son of Rhaegar. That makes her the usurper.”

“I… I am the King of the North,” Jon stammered. “Daenerys is the Queen…”

“Sh… She shouldn’t be,” Sam said, his voice trembling through his tears.

“You’re speaking treason!” Jon exclaimed.

“It’s the truth!” Sam argued. “You gave up your crown in the beginning for her. Do you believe she would do the same for you?”

“Are you soft in the head, Sam?” Jon asked. “She is risking her armies, her dragons, her own life; to save ours. I would think that you, of all people, would see her worth.”

“J-Jon… Sam stammered, only for Jon to raise his hand for silence.

Jon shook his head. “T-Tell no one, what you just told me. If you believe that I’m the true king of Westeros, then I command you to do. Tell no one.”
He turned to leave, only for Sam’s voice to make him stop.

“Will you tell Her?” Sam asked.

Jon bit his tongue to stop the words forming on it, before he gathered his dignity, and left.

Meanwhile, in a hill overlooking Winterfell, the full moon reflected off the golden hand of Jaime Lannister. The former Lannister General sat on his horse, his begrudged sellsword ally, Bronn. Behind them were no more than two hundred men, Lannister soldiers Jaime had managed to ‘steal’ from under the nose of Cersei.

“I hope you know what you’re doing.” Bronn grumbled, taking a long swig of wine from his skin.

Jamie took a deep breath to gather himself. “Too late to turn back now… We’re here. Hopefully, they won’t kill us.”

“Yet…” Bronn added.
CHAPTER VIII

Chapter Summary

Jaime gets a chilly reception from the north. Tormund tries to impress Asheffi. Daenerys learns the truth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was as if Jaime was looking at Rhaella reincarnated.

The silver-haired woman sitting before Jaime, her violet eyes burning with hatred and anger, was the spitting image of his beloved queen.

‘I was a poor excuse of a Kingsguard,’ Jaime thought to himself. ‘I claimed to hold my oath to heart, yet I could protect the woman who needed me most.’

Every one, high and lowborn, Northern and Essosi, man and woman; all had been crammed into the Winterfell Great Hall for this.

Jaime stood in front of the main table, Daenerys taking the primary seat of honor, Jon to her right, and Sansa to her left. For once both parties weren’t divided but instead were mixed. Dothraki sat next to members of House Manderly, Wildling was with Unsullied and Meereenese. Even Arya and Bran sat nearby. Everyone wanted to hear and see this.

“When I was a child,” Daenerys began, her voice loud and clear, cold as ice. “My brother would tell me a bedtime story. About the man who had murdered our Father. Who stabbed him in the back and cut his throat. Who sat down on the Iron Throne and watched as his blood poured onto the floor.” She gripped the armrests of her chair so tightly that her knuckles turned white. “He told me other stories as well. Such all the things we would do to that man when we returned to Westeros and took back the Seven Kingdoms and had him in our grasp.”

Jaime felt a lump form in his throat, his green eyes looking down to the cobbled ground, then back to Daenerys Targaryen. Even in anger, she was so much like Rhaella…

Jaime had never seen Rhaella ever become angry or cross. He only saw her happy, and then later, very, very sad. Growing up at court, Jaime remembered being in love with Rhaella since he was a small boy, and how he took pride into knowing he’d be a Kingsguard; which meant he would be with her. But no, after all his years of service, Jaime couldn’t protect his Queen from the one person in the world he had no power over Aerys.

“When your sister promised her armies to our cause,” Daenerys continued, then spread her hands. “I recall you bringing no more than two hundred men, maximum. Along with one man, with one hand. What happened to the thousands that House Lannister boasted to have at its command? It appears your sister lied to me. Lied to us.”

Sansa couldn’t stop herself from looking at Daenerys out of the corner of her eye. This was the first time she had heard Daenerys use that term. She had always thought Daenerys thought herself above
everyone, but in her icy words to Jaime Lannister, she grouped herself with the North.

‘As if she viewed herself apart of it…’ Sansa thought. ‘Or… as if it belonged to her.’

Jaime took a deep breath before answering. “That’s because they aren’t coming. My sister isn’t sending her armies North. She lied to me as well. The men I brought with me, are whom you could consider as ‘stolen’. They left, knowing that they’d never be able to show their faces in King’s Landing or Casterly Rock ever again.”

Daenerys turned her burning eyes to Tyrion, the Dwarf hanging his head to not look into them. Both Lannister brothers knew that their heads were on the chopping block here, together.

“She has Euron Greyjoy’s Fleet, as well as 20,00 fresh troops, right from the Golden Company,” Jaime continued. “Combined they’ll be more than enough to pick off whoever survives. Even if we defeat the dead.”

“‘We’?” Daenerys repeated, scoffing. “There is no ‘we’ here, Ser. Why should we, the North, believe you?”

Once again, Sansa snuck a look at Daenerys. There it was again. The Dragon Queen had included herself with the North.

‘Maybe it’s because she is thinking of us as her own… not just an object.’

“I promised to fight for the living,” Jaime retorted. “And I intend to keep that promise.”

Daenerys face was a sharp as flint. “You are a Lannister, your promises have the same value as cow dung.”

The assembled masses as chuckled at her cheeky retort.

Jaime looked to Tyrion, desperate for help. The Dwarf already knew from the look in Daenerys’s eye that he was on thin ice, and if he stepped so much as an inch out of line then he would be executed just as his brother might be. Still, Tyrion owed Jaime his life and took the risk.

“Your Grace, please,” Tyrion said, standing to his feet. “I know my brother and…”

“Like you knew your sister?” Daenerys hissed.

Tyrion flinched, seeing the burning rage of the Dragon before him, but still pressing on.

“He came here, Your Grace,” Tyrion continued. “Knowing how he’d be received, knowing that everyone would demand his head…”

“And why shouldn’t we?” a Northern Lord demanded. “House Lannister would be more than happy to murder us, our wives, and our children if they got the chance!”

“They’ve already done much worse!” another Northern Lady yelled out. “We already have two of their heirs! Best send their heads to their bitch of a sister!”

The crowds all murmured with the agreement, nodding as well.

“Why else would he come here, unless he wasn’t telling the truth?!” Tyrion asked, shouting to have his voice heard.

“Perhaps he’s waiting for his little brother to vouch for him,” Daenerys asked. “Make us believe
he’s an ally. Right up until the slits all of our throats. End the war quite easily for your sister.”

“You’re right,” Sansa said aloud, surprising everyone. “We can’t trust him. He attacked my father in the streets. His son murdered our father. He actively worked to destroy my House, just as he did yours.”

Daenerys’s eyebrows shot up, she could believe what she was saying. Was Sansa… agreeing with her? Truly there were gods.

“So,” Jon said, speaking aloud. “The main question is, what will we do with him?”

“The same as he did to Ours,” Sansa suggested. “Execute him.”

Jaime frantically turned his eyes to Tyrion, who then looked to Daenerys, desperate for help.

Daenerys looked at Jaime. It was as if all the rage and suffering of her youth was in a physical form, standing in front of her. It would be easy, commanding for Jaime’s head to be separated from his shoulders. No, it would be better if he burned, that would really send a message. And yet…

Under the table, Daenerys’s hand went to her stomach, where her child was growing. Hidden under her thick robes, no one could see the small curve of her stomach and for that she was grateful. She was officially four moons, and Daenerys knew she couldn’t hide her pregnancy for much longer.

‘I need to build a better world for my child…’ Daenerys thought, sneaking a look at Jon. ‘For our child.’

“It would be easy to do…” Jon was saying, interrupting Daenerys from her thoughts. “I will be quick and…”

“No,” Daenerys said aloud.

All eyes turned to her, Sansa arched an eyebrow. “What did you say?”

“I said, no, we aren’t going to execute him,” Daenerys repeated, looking to Jaime. “Yet. No one deserves his head on a platter more than I. As the rightful Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, I command that you, Jaime Lannister, will be placed on trial for your crimes. I, His Grace Jon Snow, and Lady Sansa Stark will be your judges. We will weigh what you have done, and in the end, shall pass judgment for your fate. Does anyone disagree?”

Of course, no one disagreed with this. Who wouldn’t want to see a Lannister placed on trial for his many, many, many crimes against all who wasn’t a Lannister? Some of the lower born Northerner’s wondered if he would meet his death by dragon fire. A sword was too good for him.

“I do not,” Jon said, looking to Sansa. “Sister?”

“Neither do I,” Sansa said. “We will hold the trial at fight light.”

“Until then, put him in the dungeons,” Daenerys ruled. “And his men locked in their barracks with the Unsullied keeping guard.”

She stood to her feet, signaling the end of this meeting, and everyone else followed. Daenerys turned to Jon but the Northern King wouldn’t meet her eyes, and walked quickly away, pretending as if she wasn’t there. Daenerys hid her hurt and instead put on a blank face, giving a small nod to Sansa who left with her ladies.
The look of pain upon Daenerys’s face was like a stab in Jon’s heart, but the King of the North steeled himself. He couldn’t be distracted from where he was going. A servant had slipped a note into his hand before the meeting in the Great Hall, telling Jon that a certain silversmith wanted to talk to him. Jon wanted to get to this silversmith before anyone knew he was missing.

After changing into plainer clothes, Jon got a horse and rode down to Wintertown, arriving quickly at the silversmith’s shop.

“Do you have it?” Jon asked, leaping from the horse’s back.

“Yes milord,” the Silversmith said, nodding.

He went into one of the back rooms and reappeared with a box, handing it to Jon. Opening the box, Jon’s face lit up as he inspected the silversmith's work, nodding with approval.

“And our agreement?” Jon asked, looking to the silversmith with an arched eyebrow.

“I shall not tell a soul,” the Silversmith swore. “A Northern always keeps his honor.”

Jon nodded and took a small pouch, giving it to the man before going back to his horse, tucking the box into his pocket.

Tormund’s boots crunched against the icy ground as he smoothed his beard and tussled his hair. He wanted to look his best. The Free Folk Chieftain was casually walking through the Dothraki camp with a fresh deer kill draped over his shoulders. He was taking to Qhono, as a ‘gift’, but really it was nothing more than a way into Qhono’s inner camp for Tormund to see Asheffi.

Qhono sat in front of the largest tent, a bronze-skinned woman sitting behind him, unbraiding his hair. Tormund thought it weird that a man would grow his hair so long. Yet, Tormund was not one to question anyone’s culture. Anyone who wasn’t a Kneeler was a friend of his.

Dropping the fresh deer in front of Qhono, Tormund beamed with pride and said, “For you.”

Qhono looked at the deer with an arched eyebrow, then looked to Tormund. Originally, the Dothraki bloodrider didn’t know what to think of Tormund and his people. He thought that they would look at him and his people with disdain and mistrust like these so-called ‘civilized people’ did. Yet, the Free Folk almost felt like they could belong to a brother tribe, Qhono felt.

Despite the language barrier, the two groups had a similar culture built on similar values of strength, violence, and respect. It didn’t take long for respect and understanding to form between them, although Qhono tried to keep Asheffi away from this… Tormund.

It was apart of the Dothraki culture for men to steal the women they desired to be their wives. Some of which Qhono realized was the same in the Free Folk culture. Already there had been two ‘kidnappings’, one when a Dothraki man took a Free Folk woman; and the other when a Free Folk man took a Dothraki woman. Their Great Khaleesi had arrived, worried that war would break out between the two groups; but instead, the opposite happened and both couples seemed to be happy.

Qhono almost chuckled to himself at the thought of this Tormund trying to kidnap his little sister. Asheffi would most likely kill him, not on purpose of course, but because she was expected to fight. The young female Dothraki was a highly skilled warrior in her own right, trained by Qhono himself, who in turn had been trained by his father. His father was so skilled, the only Khal who could defeat him was the infamous Drogo.
“You… have our… thanks…” Qhono said slowly, still getting used to saying ‘thank you’, as there was no such word in the Dothraki language.

“It’s nothin’,” Tormund said, puffing out his chest, looking around. “I was hoping… to see Asheffi.”

“She is with her herd,” Qhono replied. “A mare is with foal.”

“Where is this… herd?” Tormund asked, trying to sound casual.

Qhono frowned, considering his next words. While he didn’t care who his sister normally fucked, the protective older brother part of him was coming out. Normally all men who desired to lay with his sister had to at least as his permission. This Tormund, Qhono believed, wouldn’t do it. Still, he had to do everything in his power to prevent Asheffi from being carried off.

“At the southern edge of the camp,” Qhono replied, nodding his head in the direction.

Tormund grinned and quickly rushed in that direction. The Dothraki nodded and gave him the casual glance, but no one really bothered him. It wasn’t long before Tormund found this corner of the camp, his eyebrows raised when he saw that this herd wasn’t a small number of horses. There looked to be hundreds, all casually eating hay, sleeping, mind their own business.

Horses were rare Beyond the Wall, only the strongest chieftains had them because of the amount of care that went into them. For a woman to have hundreds of horses, clearly showed her worth and status in this tribe of people.

It wasn’t hard for Tormund to find Asheffi, the Dothraki woman kneeling next to a clearly pregnant mare, whispering to it in her language. The mare was charcoal black, with a white star upon her forehead and matching ‘socks’ on her legs.

“She’s beautiful,” Tormund said, starting the conversation.

Asheffi didn’t look up, but her lips curved into a small smirk. “She is mine. In khalsar, horse must match rank of ridder.”

Secretly, Asheffi had been learning this Westerosi language known as ‘Common Tongue’. Her brother hated it, as he did not see the point in her doing so, but Asheffi had her reasons…

“And… what does yer horse say about you?” Tormund asked.

Slowly, Asheffi stood up, her sliding from her made to the giant in furs before her. “What do you think?”

Tormund looked to the mare, then back to Asheffi. He wasn’t one for flirting. Hell, the Free Folk way of flirting was to go hunting together, then fuck in celebration if it was successful. Tormund had been with plenty of Free Folk women, and even a she-bear, as he so boasted; but for some reason this Dothraki woman made him trip over his words.

“I think… she is as wild and untamable, as her rider.” Tormund finally said.

Asheffi tossed her head haughtily, laughing. “Clever answer.”

Tormund grinned. “I have been called many things. Clever… that’s a new one.”

“What would you like me to call you?” Asheffi asked.
Tormund took a step forward. “How about calling it out instead?”

Asheffi’s eyebrows quirked. “That invitation to your tent?”

“No, it’s for you to have my cock,” Tormund said.

Asheffi’s lips twitched. She knew exactly what he meant, but wanted to continue this game. “I come to your tent… if brother gives permission.”

Tormund’s expected face dropped, his stomach feeling as if it was tying itself in a knot. Truthfully, just standing so close to her was getting him hard, uncomfortably so. He expected her to be hungry for him, just as he was hungry for her; but instead, she shut him down.

“I… I see…” Tormund stammered.

Before turning away, Asheffi threw him a sideways smirk and wink, before giving her mare her full attention.

Tormund’s shoulders drooped as he walked back to the Free Folk section of the camping ground. This was going to be harder than he thought.

“I don’t see why you’re doing this,” Sansa grumbled.

Arya rolled her eyes, her boots silent as always upon the cobbled halls. Unlike Sansa’s which clicking loudly and grading Arya’s nerves. “You didn’t have to come, you know.”

“Why wouldn’t I want to spend time with the daughter of the man who killed Uncle and Grandfather, and if having a relationship with our Brother?” Sansa commented.

Arya frowned. “You are still going to hold that over her head, even when you know she personally had nothing to do with it?”

“You’re right…” Sansa sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “I need… I need to stop thinking that… saying that…”

It seemed at times the worst of Littlefinger and Cersei’s lessons would appear in Sansa’s mind, making her believe in the worst of everything. Littlefinger even told Sansa to do so, think of anything and everyone, think of what their intentions would be. After years of watching Cersei, Sansa believed herself a master of this… ‘game of thrones’.

But that was before Littlefinger sold her to the Boltons.

That was before Jon saved her.

That was before they reclaimed their home.

That was before this Daenerys Targaryen had come.

Sansa knew she should be grateful, all the North should be grateful for this Dragon Queen and her armies. After all, she came when the current so-called ‘Queen of the Seven Kingdoms’ would rather stay in her castle and let her kingdom be overrun by the living dead.

But the North was stubborn, and they always remembered. Daenerys’s father had killed a beloved Warden of the North, as well as his heir. Daenerys’s brother had kidnapped and raped that same Warden’s only daughter.
The hard truth was that they would never accept Daenerys, no matter what she did. When this was all over, when the army of the dead was defeated, Sansa knew that chaos would once again reign. The Northern Lords would refuse to help Daenerys take her throne, to stop Cersei, as they wouldn’t believe it was their problem. They would push and push Daenerys until she unleashed her dragons upon them all.

At least… Sansa hoped that wouldn’t happen. Who would want to rule over ashes?

What were Littlefinger’s words? ‘Chaos is a ladder,’ of which he planned to climb upon and end up sitting on the Iron Throne. The fool had no real chance of that, Sansa knew, but still, his words and lessons echoed in her mind.

Arya stopped in front of Daenerys’s chamber door, four Unsullied standing at attention, their eyes fastened upon the Stark sister.

“We need to talk to the Queen,” Arya said.

“What do you want with Her Grace?” one of the Guards asked.

“I want to give her a gift,” Arya said, gesturing to the object under her arm.

The Unsullied looked at each other, weighing the danger the two women possessed. The short one had an open sword and dagger at her hip, while the taller one appeared to not be carrying anything. Still, they did not trust these Westerosi with their Queen.

Talking among themselves in their tongue, one of the Unsullied disappeared inside of Daenerys’s chambers. Moments later he reappeared with Missandei, Daenerys’s closest and most valued friend.

“Her Grace is not here, at the moment,” Missandei revealed. “But I can take the gift, and give it to her when she returns.”

Arya clutched the object close to her chest. “No, I want to give it to her.”

“You’re not going to convince her otherwise,” Sansa sighed. “She’s stubborn as a mule.”

Missandei frowned and looked to the Unsullied who had summoned her. “Find our Queen,” she said in their language, before turning back to the Stark girls and switching to Common Tongue. “Then, I shall invite you inside. She should return soon.”

Arya nodded and walked casually within the chambers, although Sansa was slow in her steps. Her body was tense, her eyes sharp for any sign of danger. There would never be full trust before both parties, Sansa knew, although it was Jon’s hope it would eventually. However, Arya seemed perfectly calm and took a seat next to the crackling fire.

“Where did your Queen go?” Sansa asked to Missandei.

“To inspect her soldiers,” Missandei replied, although Arya caught the way her eyes shifted at the question.

Unlike Sansa, Arya could easily tell when someone was lying. After her training with the Faceless Men, it was a simple task. Missandei was lying to them, but it wasn’t malicious, Arya could tell, but it was a lie none the less.

“Might I offer you some tea?” Missandei asked.
“Tea?” Sansa repeated. “What is that?”

“It’s a type of drink… think flavored water, that has either a calming effect or energizing,” Missandei replied. “It’s mostly found in Essos, so I’m not surprised you wouldn’t have it here.”

“Anything other than watered wine,” Arya said, nodding. “Thank you.”

“I’ll have some as well,” Sansa said, knowing she couldn’t refuse without it being deemed as impolite.

Missandei nodded and turned to her task.

Meanwhile, in the dungeons of Winterfell, Daenerys took a deep breath as she nodded to one of the Unsullied soldiers she had brought with her. The Unsullied held a torch in his hand and lead his Queen into the small, cramped cell. Daenerys clasped her hands protectively over her pregnant stomach, ready to defend both herself and her baby if any harm came.

Finally, they saw Him. Jaime sat in the corner, casually eating the rations brought to him mere minutes before. At the sight of the torchlight, Jaime leaped to his feet, his eyes taking in Daenerys. For a moment a heavy silence laid before them, neither speaking, neither seemingly breathing until Jaime couldn’t hold himself back anymore.

“I’m guessing you’re here… for my execution?” Jaime asked.

“No,” Daenerys said softly.

“You’re here… to have me smothered in my sleep?” Jaime asked.

“No,” Daenerys repeated.

“Then what do you want from me?” Jaime asked.

“I want to hear it from you,” Daenerys replied. “I want to hear it from you… on why you murdered your king.”

Jaime sighed, sitting down in the uncomfortable chair in the corner. “I’m sure you’ve already heard this story a thousand times.”

“And I will hear it a thousand and one,” Daenerys retorted. “From the man who slit his throat.”

Jaime didn’t have any choice. Besides, what was the harm he figured? She was going to have him killed after his so-called ‘trial’ anyway, what was the harm in telling this story one more time?

“I remember hearing the clanging of swords, the screams of women, the smell of smoke,” Jaime began, leaning his head against the wall. “My father had begun his Sack of King’s Landing and was heading to the palace. Your… Your Father saw this as well. He commanded me, to go and prove my loyalty to him by bringing him my father’s head.”

“And you couldn’t do it?” Daenerys asked.

“He was my Father,” Jaime replied. “No matter how terrible he was… he was my Father.” He took a deep breath. “I pretended that I was going to do as the King had said, and as I turned a corner I heard him speak with his Pyromancers. He ordered his men to ‘light them’.”

“Light them?” Daenerys repeated.
“Wildfyre,” Jaime said. “He was obsessed with it. He loved to watch people burn. And when they died, he ‘paid a visit’, to your Mother. The last time this happened was seven months before the Sack after his Hand at the time had displeased him. I remember hearing your mother’s screams, and feeling the lowest of the low, as I could not help her.”

“Why didn’t you?” Daenerys asked, her voice catching. “She was your Queen. It was your duty as a Kingsguard to protect her.”

“But not from him,” Jaime replied. “I had vowed to protect your Mother from anything… but not her own husband.”

Daenerys’s lip quivered, but she steeled herself, nodding for Jaime to continue his story.

“I listened,” Jaime continued. “As your Father commandeered his Pyromancers to light the barrels of wildfire he had ordered to be hidden, all over the city. Under the Sept of Baelor, in the slums of Flea Bottom, under houses, schools. Even under the Red Keep itself. The words he said to his Pyromancer haunts me to this day. ‘Burn them all,’ he said. ‘Burn them in their homes, burn them in their beds. They dared to wake the dragon, let them taste my flames.’”

Daenerys’s cheeks were wet, although the Dragon Queen didn’t remember allowing her tears to fall. She wanted to turn away, she wanted to turn away and shut her ears, she wanted to believe Jaime’s words were lies. But they weren’t. She knew that.

“Continue…” Daenerys commanded.

“I had to make a choice,” Jaime said, doing as she ordered. “Protect hundreds of thousands of innocent people, all for the price of one man. It was not a hard decision to make. As your Father turned to walk back up his throne, I drew my sword and plunged it three times in his back. Then, I took my dagger and slit his throat for good measure. Just as I had finished, I turned my attention to the Pyromancers and hunted down each and every one. I had killed the last one when I heard screams coming from one of the towers… Elia Martell’s screams. My Father had sent in the Mountain and… you know the rest.”

“He raped and murdered her, then murdered her children,” Daenerys whispered, her arms wrapping even tighter around her waist as if to shield her unborn child from the same fate. “Why did you come here, tell me the truth.”

Jaime looked at her. “Because of you. You look so much like your mother, you even have her inner strength that I always admired. She was helping him, you know, Rhaegar, to overthrow your father. Rhaegar had grown up seeing his father abuse her, once they almost came to blows over Rhaella’s blackened eye. I admired both of them… and in the end, I failed in my oath as Kingsguard. I am without honor.”

“You… You don’t have to be,” Daenerys whispered. “You can regain it.”

“How do you suggest I do that?” Jaime scoffed. “Are you going to knight me again?”

“No,” Daenerys said, shaking her head. “You are going to regain it, but helping us in the battle against the dead. You brought two-hundred men, that is more than your sister has done.”

“She isn’t going to give up the throne, you know,” Jaime said. “The one thing that Cersei has wanted all her life, was the ultimate power. Now that she has it, she isn’t going to just let it go. She believes the Iron Throne is hers.”

Daenerys glanced away, then back to him, weighing her option. “I just… I just might let her have
Jaime sat up, his jaw-dropping. “What?”

“All I’ve ever wanted is a home, a place to live and for people to love me in return,” Daenerys confessed, her lip trembling. “But I don’t have that here… everyone hates me for something that isn’t my fault and refuses to see past it. All I want is to be accepted. I don’t belong here.”

“My father once told me, ‘The Lion does not bother itself with the opinions of the sheep,’” Jaime said. “Are you a sheep, Your Grace?”

“No,” Daenerys said, wiping away her tears. “I’m a Dragon.”

“Then be a dragon, and inspire both fear and awe by those you wish to rule,” Jaime said. “When the Dead come, unleash your fury upon them. I remember reading the tales of Aegon and his sister-wives. You’re the last of your House. Make them proud, Your Grace.”

Daenerys let his words wash over her, remembering the words of Olenna Tyrell. She was the Dragon’s Daughter, it was time she acted like it. An Unsullied rushed over and whispered in her ear, Daenerys nodded to him before turning back to Jaime.

“Thank you, to the conversation, Ser Jaime,” Daenerys said.

Jaime nodded. “Before you go, tell me, are you going to tell him.”

Daenerys froze. “Tell who?”

“The ‘King of the North’ that you are carrying his child,” Jaime replied, only to chuckle when Daenerys opened her mouth to retort. “I know when a woman is with child. It’s a good thing, a child conceived out of love. I wish you the best, Your Grace.”

Daenerys said nothing, but instead turned on her heel, her Unsullied marching behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

So this chapter was originally much longer (like It was pushing double this word count) but I decided to split it into 2 chapters, as to not overwhelm.

Now! Time for theories! What do you think Jon got from the silversmith? What did you think of Daenerys deciding to give Jaime a trial, rather than outright killing him? What do you think of Sansa, she's warming up to Daenerys & admits she was wrong to hate her, but fears what'll happen after the dead are defeated. Sansa is still going to be the primary cause for Daenerys leaving, but she's not going to do it maliciously; however, I'm not giving you guys any more spoilers!

Also, what do you think of Daenerys and Jaime talking? Their convo was one I was disappointed in not seeing in the TV show, as it didn't make sense on why they didn't. What do you think Arya's gift to Daenerys us? How cute are Tormund and Asheffi?!  

Anyway, hope you guys loved the chapter! The next one Jaime stands trial, some other
minor stuff happens, then the Dead arrive! After the dead arrive we get 1 or 2 more chapters in Westeros, then Dany is leaving! Question though, what do you want? One mega chapter of the Battle of Winterfell or split it into 2?

Toodles!
Daenerys made sure her face was calm, cool and collected when she returned to her chambers, forcing herself to smile when the doors opened. Sansa and Arya stood to their feet the moments they heard the doors move. Sansa giving a respectable curtesy, and Arya bowing at the waist.

“I’m sorry for keeping you waiting,” Daenerys said, raising them from their bows. “I didn’t know time had passed that quickly.”

“No, the fault is ours,” Sansa said. “We didn’t schedule this meeting with you. I’m sure as a queen you’re very busy.”

Daenerys kept her calm mask, although she knew biting words when she heard them. “What can I do for you?”

“I wanted to give you this,” Arya said, holding up the object she had been clutching as if it was her very own baby.

Daenerys took the package and unwrapped it carefully, her eyes widened at what lay inside. It was a sword. Daenerys believed the style was called a long sword, with a slender blade meant for a woman’s hand. The hilt was made of thick black leather, with a red cord wrapped around the grip, giving it the distinct colors of House Targaryen. The crossguard was made of dragonglass, but what made Daenerys’s heart stench the most was the pommel. A large red stone decorated it, and she could see a rough outline of her House sigil.

“I… I don’t know what to say…” Daenerys stammered.

“You’ve been doing well enough in your lessons for me to believe you responsible enough for a real sword,” Arya said proudly. “No warrior should go into battle unarmed.”

“It’s a… interesting gift, I must say, Your Grace,” Sansa said, not knowing what else to say.

“I am forever grateful,” Daenerys said, looking to Arya. “Did you make it?”

Arya’s face grew red as she took her head. “No… a friend of mine made it.”

“A friend?” Daenerys repeated? “Then who is he? I must thank him myself.”

Sansa looked to her sister, enjoying her clear discomfort. “That’s going to be a bit… complicated, Your Grace. The man who made this… is one of Robert Baratheon’s bastards.”

Daenerys’s heart froze in her chest, her eyes snapping to look at the Stark Sisters. A muscle jerked
in her cheek as she weighed in this information. She hadn’t expected the Usurper to have children, after all, it was known all his offspring with Cersei were products of her relationship with her brother. It wasn’t that long ago that Robert Baratheon had called for her head, as well as Rhaego’s… her innocent, innocent child. It would be within her rights to demand this Bastard’s head, but Daenerys knew she wouldn’t.

“I do not hold children accountable for the sins of their parents,” Daenerys said softly. “If this Bastard is loyal to me, then that’s all that matters.”

“He is,” Arya said quickly, only for her face to turn red. “I mean… He is, he is loyal. He’s been overseeing the forging to weapons and the battlements. He even melted dragonglass into your sword, so you could kill wights if they come upon you.”

Daenerys looked down at the sword, noticing for the first time the swirls of silver and black in the razor-sharp blade. It almost mimicked the look of Valyrian steel, although Daenerys knew it wasn’t.

“Tell him thank you for me, please,” Daenerys said, looking to Arya. “I’ve never… gotten a gift before.”

“But you’re a Queen,” Sansa commented sharply. “Surely you’ve been spoiled with presents all your life.”

Daenerys looked into those calculating blue eyes. “I wasn’t always a queen. Never before has anyone given me a gift without waiting for a chance to snatch it back. Nothing has ever truly been mine…”

“Which explains why you believe Westeros belongs to you,” Sansa mumbled under her breath, although it was loud enough for them all to hear.

Arya shot her sister a dark look that would strike fear into any man, and opened her mouth to chastise Sansa, but Daenerys shook her head.

“No, no, let her speak her mind,” Daenerys said, putting the sword aside. “Tell me, Lady Sansa why do you hate me so?”

“I don’t… I don’t hate you…” Sansa replied, her eyes hard.

“Then why don’t you like me?” Daenerys asked. “Or at least, desire to get to know me? I heard the North was a cold wasteland, but I heard its people were supposed to be among the most honorable. Yet all I’ve seen and felt is nothing but hatred.”

“It’s because we know you are manipulating everyone!” Sansa blurted out.

Arya’s eyebrows shot up, her jaw-dropping.

“Who said… I’m manipulating anything?” Daenerys asked. “Why… why should I?”

“Because you want the North,” Sansa replied. “Such as believing in that foolish alliance with Cersei.”

“I thought Tyrion knew his sister,” Daenerys retorted. “I thought her hatred of us would be minimal until we the dead were defeated.”

“Families are also complicated,” Arya said, looking between both women. “Ours currently have
been.”

A heavy silence fell over the three of them. Neither wanted to speak first, then again neither of them knew what really to say.

“We have a lot in common, all of us,” Daenerys whispered. “We know what it’s like to lead people who believe themselves right… only to not be so. Let alone hate the thought of accepting a woman’s rule.” She gave them a small smile. “But we’ve all done a damn good job of it, from what I can tell.”

Sansa couldn’t stop herself from smiling back a bit at the praise, no one could resist the stroking of their pride.

“And yet…” Daenerys continued. “You still hate me. I understand your hatred because of my Father. But I am not him, and I don’t know how many times I have to prove it to you, and your people. Please, tell me, what have I personally done to make you hate me so.”

Sansa looked down to her boots, then to Arya, then to the crackling fire, then back to Daenerys. Those blue eyes swirled with emotions and secrets, but when they flickered, Daenerys suddenly knew what the true matter was.

“It’s Jon…” Daenerys whispered. “Isn’t it?”

“I’m sure he’s told you about his desire to marry you,” Sansa said. “Yet you haven’t given him an answer.”

“Because I haven’t gotten time to think about it,” Daenerys replied. “I have to talk to Tyrion about the political side of it all and…”

“You mean, you desire to fully figure out how much power you’ll have,” Sansa said sharply.

“Sansa…” Arya whispered warningly.

“No, Arya,” Sansa said, turning to Daenerys. “You desire the truth, Your Grace? I’ll tell you. He loved you. He has told us, and we can see it. But that’s exactly the problem. If we can see it, then so can the other Northern Lords and Ladies.”

“Why should they matter?” Daenerys asked. “If we marry, then Jon will still be king.”

Sansa shook her head. “You’re not understanding me. They want Jon, King of the North. They don’t you, as our Queen. All they want is Jon. They won’t recognize you as anything… but his wife, never the queen.”

Daenerys’s fingers curled in her lap. “And… if we have children?”

“Then they will recognize the child,” Sansa said. “But you… they’ll never accept or recognize you as anything. The North is tired of wars, they are tired of being told what to do by the South. Jon and I made an oath when Winterfell was ours again. We agreed that no matter what happened, the North would be independent and we’d never lose it again.”

Daenerys was struggling to keep her inner emotions hidden from the Stark sisters, her queenly mask was threatening to slip. Jon hadn’t told her this. Jon had made it seem as if by crowning himself King of the north, they would be seen as equals and rule together. She didn’t know that the North’s hatred of her as this deep, that they could exclude her from everything in favor of Jon and the child she carried. They would erase her from history itself if possible.
“And... if Jon commands them otherwise?” Daenerys asked. “If Jon commands them to show me respect.”

“They will show your respect to your face,” Sansa said. “But in their hearts, it’ll be the opposite. The South has left a blackened stain upon us, who knows how long it’ll take to be fixed?”

Daenerys felt a lump form in her throat but refused to let the tears that were filling her eyes spill. “Well then,” she said. “You’ve given me much to think about. I believe it’s time for you both to leave. I must sleep and think about the trial in the morning.”

Arya stood to her feet and tossed Daenerys an apologetic look. “Sleep well, Your Grace. Also, now that I’ve finished my end of our bargain...”

Daenerys gave Arya a small smile. “After we defeat the Army of the Dead, I promise you that I’ll take you for that dragon ride.”

Arya’s face beamed with excitement as she gave Daenerys a respectable bow, followed by Sansa’s curtsy. The two sisters left Daenerys’ chambers together, but the two hadn’t gotten far before Arya turned on her sister.

“You going to tell me what the fuck was that?” Arya hissed through clenched teeth.

“Our old Septa would box your ears if she heard you use such language,” Sansa sassed.

“The bitch is dead, what’s she going to do to me?” Arya asked, tossing her head. “You were such a bitch back there, you know.”

“You call it being a bitch, I call it speaking the truth,” Sansa replied. “She had to know how the North sees her. They are never going to accept her, no matter how hard she tries. She’ll do us all a favor if she just... left us all alone.”

Arya crossed her arms. “She makes Jon happy, Sansa, he loves her, and she loves him. I swear if his heart gets broken, and she leaves before I get my dragon ride; I’ll never forgive you and neither will Jon.”

Daenerys picked at the food that Missandei had brought her, although she knew that she should eat it. Her babe was growing every day and needed nourishment. But after her ‘talk’ with Sansa and Arya Stark, Daenerys couldn’t raise her fork to her lips.

She knew that the North hated her, but Daenerys thought it wouldn’t matter as long as Jon loved her. She thought that they would accept her once they were married, once she gave Jon and heir. But no... she was wrong. The only thing the North saw her as was an Outsider, some new conqueror who wanted their allegiance, who wanted to use them, to abuse them.

‘Isn’t that who I am?’ Daenerys thought as she picked at her chicken. ‘Aren’t I just a conqueror who wants them to bend the knee...?’

Her lips quivered as a tear slid down her cheek, falling into her tea. This baby was making her emotional, Daenerys remembered when she wouldn’t ever cry about something like this. And yet the thought of the people of the man she loved hating her, and possibly her child, was enough to make rivers flow down her cheeks.

‘What if this child comes out looking like me? Would they hate it because it doesn’t look like the Northerner? What’s to stop them from believing it’ll be ‘mad’ like it’s grandfather...’
The theories were endless, yet they always came to a singular revelation: Westeros would never be Daenerys’s home.

That’s all she wanted. That’s all Daenerys ever wanted. A home. A family. Someone to love. Someone to love her. She deserved it, didn’t she? Yet it seemed, time and time again, this dream always escaped her grasp.

‘Westeros will never be my home. I need to stop… I need to stop pretending that it might be. I never belonged here.’

But the question then came on where could she go? She couldn’t go to Valyria, although in a way it rightfully belonged to her as the Freehold’s Last Heir. But it was destroyed, nothing but ruins, so where then could she go?

The soft whisper of a door opening made Daenerys look up to see Jon’s gloved hand pushing open the secret passageway. She said nothing as he closed it behind him, standing mere feet in front of her. An awkward silence laid before them, as neither of them had spoken informally since their argument a couple of weeks ago. Finally, Jon broke the tension and took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “For what I said… for ignoring you for so long… I shouldn’t have compared you to your Father, you’re nothing like him. I understand if you want to feed me to Drogon, I deserve it. What I said was foolish.”

“No, you don’t…” Daenerys sighed. “And I forgive you, Jon. We… we both have been acting foolishly if I’m being honest. We need to stop acting like children, we’re adults, we’re rulers. People look up to us Jon, so we have to be a unified front, or else this relationship isn’t going to work.”

Jon’s eyes flicked briefly before he took a deep breath. “Speaking of our relationship… Dany… I have to tell you something.”

Daenerys stood up, her brow wrinkled with confusion. “What’s the matter? Did… Did something happen?”

Jon bit his bottom lip. He couldn’t beat around the bush, it was best that he told her the truth here and now. “Not… Not really.” He took her hands in his. “But I want you to promise me, that no matter what I tell you, that you’ll never look at me differently. Alright?”

“Jon, you’re scaring me,” Daenerys said.

“Promise me, Dany!” Jon begged.

“I promise!” Daenerys said quickly. “What’s going on?”

Jon took a deep breath. “It was all a lie,” he began.

“What was all a lie,” Daenerys asked. “Jon, what are you talking about?”

“Robert’s Rebellion,” Jon said. “It was built on all a lie. Rhaegar didn’t kidnap or rape Lyanna. They ran away together, they loved each other, they married.”

Daenerys was confused. “Jon… Jon, what are you talking about? You don’t know that…”

“But I do know that,” Jon pressed. “I know it to be true. My brother saw it, and Sam has a High Septon’s private diary. He annulled Rhaegar’s marriage to Elia Martell, and married him to Lyanna
Stark.” He pulled her close, wrapping his arm around her waist. “They loved each other, Dany. Lyanna… Lyanna died giving birth to his son…”

Daenerys stiffened. “His… His son…? How could she…?”

Looking into his eyes, Daenerys finally grasped what Jon was telling her.

“You…” she whispered.

“Me,” Jon said, nodding. He could feel he try to pull away, but he held her close. “Please…” he begged. “Don’t… don’t pull away from me.”

Daenerys froze in place. “That means that you and I are…”

Everything as clicking into place. The destruction of her family wasn’t caused by her evil brother, but rather a Man who had lost and hated loosing. Rhaegar had stolen both the heart and body of Lyanna Stark, and Robert Baratheon was nothing more than a selfish bastard who had lost his favorite toy.

“Why didn’t they tell anyone?” Daenerys asked. “Why didn’t they tell anyone they were in love?”

“They most likely were afraid,” Jon said. “Rhaegar was already married and Lyanna betrothed to another. I believe Rhaegar thought he could easily put down the rebellion, then he could come out and explain everything. But when he died, Lyanna was all alone and she knew Robert would murder me if he knew.”

“So, she gave you to her brother to raise,” Daenerys finished.

Jon nodded. “Exactly. Eddard Stark raised me because his sister asked him too. He endured the shame and ridicule of others believing he fathered a bastard for almost two decades. But in truth, he was the most loyal of men.”

“What… what does this mean for us?” Daenerys whispered.

Jon looked down at her, seeing her violet eyes filled with tears that she had fought to hold back, now falling freely. “What do you mean?”

“I mean… what does this mean for us, our relationship?” Daenerys asked. “Am… Am I alone again?”

Jon froze, Maester Aemon’s words ringing in his ears. ‘A Targaryen all alone in the world is a terrible thing…’ No, No Jon couldn’t abandon her, he couldn’t leave her alone.

“No,” he whispered, cupping Daenerys’s cheeks, staring deeply into her eyes. “My love, you are not alone. I will admit that at first, I did not know what to do. But then I remembered my oath to you when we first got here. I swore that I’d never leave you, Dany, no matter what happened. And I will keep that promise.”

Slowly, Jon pulled his hands away as he lowered himself, dropping to his knees. Reaching inside his pocket, Jon took out a small box and opened it, holding out to her. Inside laid a small ring, made of silver. It was carved into the form of the three-headed Targaryen dragon, but the middle head was replaced with that of a wolf, signifying Jon’s stark heritage.

“Daenerys Targaryen,” Jon said. “I have loved you since we first met. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife.”
Daenerys’s heart leaped into her chest. Never in her life did she think this would happen, that a man would ask for her hand. It’s always been the other way around, with people telling her what to do. But now…

“Jon…” Daenerys breathed. “What… What will the North say? You’re my nephew?”

“They’ve married within themselves to an even greater extent,” Jon retorted. “I don’t give a damn what they think Dany, all I want, all I will ever want, is you.”

Daenerys wiped the happy tears from her eyes. “I… I don’t know what to say…”

“How about yes?” Jon chuckled.

“I want too,” Daenerys said. “I really want too, but can… can I think about my answer…”

Jon was secretly saddened that she didn’t immediately say yes, but he knew that it was logical for her to think about this big step. Still, he placed the ring in her hands and closed Daenerys’s fingers over them. “Take all the time you want, my love.”

Daenerys put the ring on the table, before pulling Jon to his feet. Her lips pressed to his passionate, her fingers combing through his glossy black locks. He loved her… he wanted to marry her… he was her family… she wasn’t alone in this world…

Jon began to yank at Daenerys’s clothes, but the Dragon Queen chuckled softly and pulled away.

“I want you as well,” Daenerys said. “But… tonight, I am a bit tired. Can you just hold me? Please?”

Jon’s hardened cock was painful in his pants, all he wanted at that moment was to be inside her. But, he respected her wishes and nodded.

The couple undressed and climbed into her bed, Jon’s arms wrapping protectively around Daenerys as he held her close.

“Jon?” Daenerys whispered in the darkness.

“Yes?” Jon said.

“If it comes to a choice between me… or your kingdom… which would you choose?” Daenerys asked.

Jon looked at her, being pulled into those violet eyes. “Why do you ask such a thing?”

“I… I’ve been thinking,” Daenerys confessed. “What if the North doesn’t accept me… Could you… give it to your sister—I believe she’s your cousin, not your sister—and come with me, where I go?”

Jon hadn’t thought of that and stopped himself before promising something he might not be able to keep. “What is making you ask this?”

Daenerys quickly looked away, she had her answer. Jon would no doubt do the honorable thing, and that would be to put his people first. After all, it was what Daenerys would do. Yet a part of her wondered, if some way, for once Jon would be selfish and do what he wanted.

Jon felt as if his heart was being ripped from his chest, but decided to let the problem lay unanswered for another day.

However, as he held his lover close, Jon’s hands absent-mindedly slid further down Daenerys’s body. He froze. At the lower part of Daenerys’s stomach, Jon felt it, the unmistakable curve of early pregnancy. Jon had seen Catelyn Stark with child enough to know when a woman was pregnant, and from the shape, Jon figured Daenerys had to be around four months.

“Daenerys?” Jon whispered.

Daenerys didn’t move, and her soft snoring told Jon that she was fast asleep. Rather than wake her, Jon continued to gently stroke her belly, silent tears sliding down his cheeks.

She was carrying his child… The woman he loved, the woman he loved in all this world was carrying his child.

Jon remembered the boat ride back to Dragonstone after she had saved him in the North when Daenerys told him that she could never bear a living child. The witch who had murdered her first husband and child clearly didn’t know what she was talking about.

‘I’m going to be a father,’ Jon thought, kissing Daenerys’s cheek, still stroking her belly. ‘I’m going to be a Father…’

The morning of Jaime’s trial came faster than Daenerys wanted, but even she couldn’t control time. Jon’s place by her side was empty like normal, but like always a single winter rose laid upon his pillow. Slowly, Daenerys took it into her hands, a smile forming on her lips. Now it all made sense on why Jon was leaving them.

Oh, how Daenerys loved him… but she knew deep down that Jon would never choose her over his people. He was a king, it was his duty.

But that didn’t mean Daenerys couldn’t try and sway him to come with her when she left Westeros.

“Missandei?” Daenerys called out, rising from her bed.

Her Chief Advisor poked her head into Daenerys’s bedchamber. “Yes, Your Grace?”

“Can you help me get dressed for the trial?” Daenerys asked. “We need to hurry.”

Missandei nodded and went to summon Daenerys’s handmaids. Igi was among them, although the Dothraki handmaiden still was shy and frightened of the world after her attack.

Today, Daenerys wanted to look every inch a Targaryen Queen. She was done trying to convince the North to like her. She was done trying to play nice. For Jon’s sake, she would try to give them one last chance. But if they didn’t accept her as a Targaryen Queen, then Daenerys knew what she had to do.

Rather than dress in the white furs she had been wearing since her arrival, Daenerys decided to wear her House colors. Missandei took out a thick black woolen dress, embroidered with glossy red thread. Over it when a formfitting black overcoat slashed with red leather, and black fur around the neckline, hem, and wrists. Her black high heeled boots were thickly padded and tied with red laces, on her hands were red gloves. Over her right shoulder was Daenerys’s classic red cloak, the fabric of which mimicked dragon scales, and it was fastened with her silver three-headed dragon chain.
Missandei pulled Daenerys’s silver locks back into elaborate braids, looping them together and fastening them into a ‘crowned’ bun at the top of Daenerys’s head. However, she did leave two long ringlets to cascade down the side of Daenerys’s face. At top of Daenerys’s bun was another silver three-headed dragon hairpin, but at the same time, Missandei managed to weave in the blue winter rose.

“You look amazing, Your Grace,” Missandei said, admiring her work with pride.

Daenerys gave her a small smile. “Thank you, my friend.”

Her hand went to her stomach, still hidden for now, but Daenerys knew it wouldn’t last for long.

‘One more chance,’ she told herself. ‘One more chance… before I make my choice.’

Her Unsullied formed a protective circle around their Queen as Daenerys walked down the halls. Her head was held high, her hands clasped formally in front of her, she looked every inch a queen.

The doors to the Great Hall were flung open, startling everyone inside as the Unsullied marched inside, moving apart to reveal their Queen. Daenerys’s violet eyes swept the Great Hall, taking in all the Northern Lords and Ladies that would dare and try stand between her and Jon.

‘One more chance,’ she told herself again. ‘Just one more chance…’

Jon and Sansa were already in their chairs, although both stood when Daenerys arrived. Sansa looked at the Dragon Queen’s attire with a mixed expression, while Jon was doing everything possible to keep from getting aroused. He loved it whenever Daenerys dressed like the queen Jon knew she was, it was one of the main reasons he loved her. Thankfully, his long overcoat hides the hardening of his groin.

“Your Grace,” Jon and Sansa said together, bowing respectfully.

“Your Grace,” the assembled masses said in unison, Northerner and Essosi together.

Daenerys nodded to them and took her center chair, Jon and Sansa then taking their seats next to her. Once the highest rank among them had been seated, all others sat down. The Great Hall was crammed to bursting, as once again no one dared miss the trial of the infamous Jaime Lannister.

“Bring him in,” Daenerys commanded.

The Dothraki guards standing by the main door nodded and went to do as she said, returning moments later with a shackled Jaime Lannister. He wasn’t beaten or broken, as most prisoners would have been. Jaime had only been inside his cell for only a day, but Daenerys had given strict instructions for Jaime to not be abused.

“You know why you are here, Ser?” Daenerys asked.

Jaime nodded. “I do.”


Jaime took a deep breath. “I am guilty.”

Daenerys nodded and looked to Sansa.
“Those who wish to speak against, Ser Jaime, you may now do so,” Sansa said.

A Northern Lord raised his hand, and Sansa nodded for him to step forward and speak.

“I was at the Red Wedding,” the Northern Lord began. “I was there when His Grace, King Robb was murdered by Roose Bolton. I remember hearing Lord Bolten say, ‘Jaime Lannister sends his regards.’ Then he stabbed, His Grace.”

Sansa turned to Jaime. “What do you say to that, Ser?”

“Roose Bolton was acting upon my Father’s commands,” Jaime argued. “I did not tell that slimy eel to say anything.”

Sansa scowled at him but said nothing. None by one people came forward, telling of Jaime’s crimes. They spoke of when he led the Lannister army against Riverrun. They spoke of when he led the Lannister army against High Garden. They spoke of when he poisoned Olenna Tyrell. They spoke of his relationship with Cersei, and how they plotted to seize the Iron Throne. They spoke of his father leading the Sack of King’s Landing and killing the innocent Elia Martell and her children. Lastly, they spoke of how Jaime had murdered his own kin.

After all of Jaime’s crimes were declared, Jon then called for people to speak up in defense of Jaime. The Great Hall fell silent, as no one had an answer. Of course, Tyrion spoke, but everyone chalked it up to brotherly loyalty. Once Tyrion finished talking, the Great Hall once again fell silent, as no one else wanted to speak.

Except for one.

Brienne stood to her feet and walked to the center of the Great Hall, and bowed before the three people on the dais. However, Brienne’s eyes were on Daenerys.

“You don’t know me well, Your Grace,” Brienne began. “But I know Ser Jaime. He is a man of honor, I know this to be true. I was his captor once, and when we were both taken prisoner and the men holding us tried to force themselves upon me, Ser Jaime stopped them. His reward for defending my honor was the loss of his hand, by those wicked men.

“Without him, Lady Sansa, you would not be alive. Your Lady Mother made him promise to save you and your sister,” Brienne continued, now looking to Sansa. “To bring you both to Winterfell, to bring you both back home. He armed me, he armored me, and sent me to find you to bring you home.”

Sansa looked down at her hands, then to Jon and Daenerys, before turning back to Brienne. “You vouch for him?”

“I do,” Brienne said, nodding.

“As do I,” Daenerys said, surprising everyone.

“What?” Sansa gasped.

“I talked to Ser Jaime, while I was in the dungeons,” Daenerys revealed. “He told to me the truth of what happened during the Sack of King’s Landing. My father was going to burn it all to the ground, leaving nothing but rubble and smoldering ash. If it wasn’t for Ser Jaime hundreds of thousands would have been slaughtered.”

An uncomfortable silence settled over the Great Hall. The Northerner’s couldn’t believe the Mad
King’s Daughter was vouching for the man who had murdered him. Sansa was flabbergasted, although Jon didn’t seem that surprised. Something was changing in Daenerys, although Jon didn’t know what was causing it.

“We need all the men we can to fight the dead,” Jon said to Sansa. “He had brought two-hundred men when his sister, the so-called ‘queen’ hasn’t sent a single soldier. He knew the risk in coming here, knowing our rage but came anyway.”

“I say then it’s time for us to pass judgment,” Daenerys said, sitting forward. “Your Grace, what do you say?”

“I say we let him live,” Jon said.

Daenerys looked to Sansa. “My Lady?”

“I say we let him live as well,” Sansa replied.

“As do I,” Daenerys said, turning to Jaime. “Ser Jamie, it is by our command that we grant you mercy and allow you to live. The men you brought with us will help us fight against the Dead. But, before you lead them into battle, you must swear the Oath of Loyalty to House Targaryen, and bend the knee.”

The Northern Lords and Ladies all began to whisper among themselves. They considered it sacrilege that this Southern Queen would dare order someone to bend in the knee in their Great Hall, but what could they do? Jon did not rebuff her, although Sansa’s lips pressed themselves into a thin, tight line.

Jaime however, did not have to be told twice. He held out his arms so that the shackles could be removed from his hands, then, he slowly bent the knee before Daenerys.

“As the eldest living son of House Lannister, I pledge my sword, the recourses of my House, my men and armies to you; Daenerys Targaryen. I declare you my Queen from this day, until my last days.”

Daenerys nodded in satisfaction and looked to Grey Worm, the Unsullied General walked stiffly to Jaime and held out his sword. Jaime slowly took it, looking at the second half of Ice, the ancestral sword of House Stark. After the execution of Eddard Stark, Tywin had Ice melted down into two swords. Now both pieces were back in the North, where Jaime believed they belonged.

“Lady Brienne,” Daenerys called out.

Brienne stood to her feet. “Yes, Your Grace?”

“Since you believe so much in this man, I am putting him and his men under your command,” Daenerys ruled. “That won’t be a problem, would it?”

Brienne shook her head. “No, Your Grace. I would consider it an honor.”

Daenerys nodded. “Then it is settled. The winds are growing colder, and the snow is rising higher. We must prepare for the Battle heading our way.”

Chapter End Notes
So a LOT happened in this chapter.

Sansa told Daenerys the harsh truth about the North. Arya gave Daenerys a sword. Jon told her the truth! Daenerys's reaction here, I believe is truer to how I believe she'd react. Of course, she'd be shocked, but I believe Daenerys would mostly be happy she has another family member in this world & isn't alone.

So Jaime stood trial for his crimes, what do you think of what happened? This is a Jaime/Brienne story so he has to live... for now at least. The next chapter is it! We get a brief calm before the storm then the Battle for the Dawn comes! You guys voted and I plan to make it a MEGA chapter, so that means it's going to take me longer to write. It might be a week or two for me to post it, as I have to put actual wartime logic into it, rather than that pathetic mess we got in S8E3, so please have patience.

Let's place a bet though. If I get 30 comments (on this book) within the week then I'll post the next chapter much faster, because after the Battle we have 1 more chapter in Westeros then Dany is leaving.

Good luck guys!
CHAPTER X

Chapter Summary

Theon arrives. The armies prepare themselves. The Dead arrive at Winterfell. The Battle for the Dawn begins.

Chapter Notes

I was bored. I really wanted to put out this chapter. Here you go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An uneasy and tense peace settled upon Winterfell after Jaime’s trial. Just as Daenerys had commanded, he and his men were out under command of Brienne. Brienne already had been given command of a small group of men, so by adding Jaime and his men it doubled her company’s size.

Allies thought dead also arrived, as several Ironborn led by Theon came to Winterfell two days after Jaime’s trial. Daenerys was happy to see that he was still alive, and was gladdened to know that Yara was free as well. Theon explained that Yara was taking the Iron Island’s in Daenerys’s name, and also could provide a way of escape if this battle went south. However, while Daenerys greeted Theon with genuine kindness, although it was with a regal coolness; Sansa was the complete opposite. The Lady of Winterfell’s face crumbled as she rushed into his arms, holding him close as she sobbed into his shoulder. They had been through so much under Ramsey, he had saved her, now he was back. After that, Theon never seemed far from Sansa’s side, in fact, he and his Ironborn formed a sort of ‘guard’ around her; as Brienne was busy with her men.

“I wonder is Theon is in love with Sansa,” Jon said casually to Daenerys one night.

The two laid in Daenerys’s bed, slowly bathing in the afterglow of their recent lovemaking. It was becoming rare for them to find time like this together, as both could feel the day of doom creeping closer.

Daenerys’s bare thigh gleamed in the moonlight as she rested her head on Jon’s chest. “What do you mean?”

“I never told you the whole truth of what happened to her,” Jon said, stroking her back, her skin feeling as if it was made of fire. “About what Ramsey did to her…”

“You don’t have too,” Daenerys said, looking up at him. “It’s not your place to tell me. Perhaps she will. But what does it matter if he loves her?”

Jon shrugged. “I don’t know… perhaps it’s the protective older brother coming out of me. Or… is it cousin?”
Daenerys sat up, her silver hair falling over her breasts. “You’re their brother Jon, you were raised with them, the same was as Theon is.”

Jon cupped her face, brushing his thumb against his cheek. “When Sam told me the truth I felt so lost… I did not know how I could be both a Targaryen and a Stark. But then, I remembered my words to Theon. I might be of Rhaegar’s seed but it was Ned Stark who raised me, I am his son.”

Daenerys smiled softly and leaned close, pressing her lips to his as Jon spread her legs, both moaning in bliss when their bodies joined once again as one.

However, as the snow began to fall heavier and heavier over the next couple of passing days, the final preparations began to be put into place. Just as Daenerys had suggested, all the women, children, elderly, and sick would be housed in the Great Hall. Unsullied and Northern soldiers would be placed in front of the sealed doors, to prevent the Dead from getting inside. With the help of a Maester, it was agreed that all children younger than the age of 10, were to be given a light draft of Milk of the Poppy to put them into a light slumber. Sansa was the one who had suggested this, as she did not believe it right for children to go through the battle terrified out of their minds. Everyone in the War council agreed, and the offer to have a Milk of the Poppy draft was also extended to anyone in the Great Hall who would want it.

The seven rings around Winterfell were also close to being finished. They were designed in a way that would make them both easy to light, and easy to extinguish with the snow. The Dothraki would be split and placed at the two of two hills, for which they were waiting and watch for the signal to charge. The Dothraki were the mobile cavalry, and it was their style of battle to swarm and overwhelm. They were to thin out the wight herd, attacking the sides and driving them into several plotted out bottlenecks.

On the top of the towers were large vats of boiled oil, that was to be poured down upon anything who tried to scale the walls. There were also dragonglass covered spikes and logs that would be dropped down, or rolled upon those below. The catapults were finished and were placed between the wings. The spaces between the wings were about the same with ten men standing side-by-side, as the main goal was to prevent Winterfell from beginning overrun.

Lastly, the escape tunnels within Winterfell were also cleaned out and prepared for an emergency evacuation if need be. They wouldn’t have a lot of time for an escape and had to make one as quickly as possible if the threat came upon them.

“All of this will amount for nothing if we do not kill the Night King,” Tyrion pointed out, one day in their war meetings. “Not only does he had a dragon…. He can keep raising our dead, increasing his numbers until we are snuffed out.”

“We just have to figure out a way to bring him out into the open,” Arya said.

“Use me,” Bran said, startling everyone.

Daenerys blinked. “Y… You mean to be used as bait?”

“No,” Jon said firmly. “Bran, that’s an impossible suggestion.”

“He’s coming for me, Jon,” Bran said. “He wants me.”

“Even if we did this,” Jon said. “Where can we put you that can be protected in case he personally comes for you?”

“In the godswood, where I belong,” Bran replied. “I have been watching him, Jon. He will be here.
on the full moon that is in two days. We do not have time to argue.”

Jon braced himself on the table, his hands slowly balling into fists. This was a terrible idea, he wasn’t going to use his little brother as bait. A warm, gentle hand upon his shoulder made the tension leave Jon’s body, the King of the North raising his eyes to look into Daenerys’s violet ones.

“It’s going be alright,” she whispered, before turning back to the assembled crowd. “We need someone to watch him, we need our best soldiers. My Unsullied will…”

“No,” Theon interrupted, causing everyone to look in his direction. “Let me do it.”

“What?” Sansa gasped.

Theon looked into her blue eyes. “Winterfell is my home, just as much as it’s yours. Allow me to regain my honor and defend it, as well as one of Ned Stark’s sons.”

“Theon…” Sansa whispered, placing her hand on his. “Please… don’t do this.”

“It’s an honor to defend you and your family,” Theon said, grasping Sansa’s long fingers. “I promise you, that I won’t let you down.”

Jon didn’t like the way that Theon was gazing at his sister, and cleared his throat, getting a slightly selfish pleasure when the two broke away, startled. “It’s settled then,” Jon sighed. “Theon and the Ironborn will protect Bran in the godswood, and draw the Night King there.”

“We’ll help too,” a young girl named Alys Karstark said, nodding to Theon. “We’ll give him back up if he needs it.”

Jon pushed up from the table, his grey eyes sweeping over the map. “Then it’s time we prepare. You heard Bran, we have two days before the Night King comes to us, let’s make sure we’re ready.”

As the Lords and Ladies filed out of the war room, a Northern Lord slipped a note into Sansa’s hands. It wasn’t until Sansa returned to her chambers to open it, and the words chilled her:

_We know no King, but the King in the North whose name is Stark. We will never follow a Targaryen Queen. The North Remembers…_

Sansa took the letter immediately to Jon, her brother reading it over before crumbling it into his fist.

“Who wrote this?” Jon growled.

“I don’t know,” Sansa said.

Jon’s grey eyes were as hard as steel. “Don’t know, or won’t say? Tell me, Sansa, are you encouraging this… this… treason?”

Jon’s words were like a slap to Sansa’s face, her cheeks grew pink in fury as she glared at him.

“How dare you ask me this?!” Sansa demanded through clenched teeth. “Me! Who’s been the most loyal! While you were out cavorting with that… that… ‘Queen’, I had to oversee preparations for your war!”

“It’s not my war, Sansa!” Jon shouted back. “This is the war against the dead! If we don’t win,
then we’ll all be slaughtered! But you didn’t answer my question, have you been encouraging this? I know you hate Daenerys.”

“I don’t hate her!” Sansa yelled. “I don’t trust her! And unlike you, I am forced to look at the bigger picture of what’ll happen after this ‘war’! The North is never going to follow her. They would sooner see her dead, then fight her battles.”

Blood roared in Jon’s ears at Sansa’s words. The uncrowned King in the North never wanted to punch a wall or smash a table more in his life. He would never strike Sansa, putting hands on a woman was the most dishonorable thing possible, Jon believed. But he couldn’t deny that hearing her speak thus made his blood boil.

“I’ll command them,” Jon said. “I’ll command them to respect her. We’re going to get married Sansa when this is all over. She’ll win her war against Cersei and Westeros will be united again.”

Sansa shook her head. “Jon… Jon, you’re not listening to me. Whispers of your possible marriage to Daenerys has reached everyone’s ears, I’m sure. If you marry her, then it’ll start another war and this time you’ll be fighting your own people.”

News quickly spread throughout the castle of Bran’s words. The Night King would arrive at Winterfell in less than two days, and they had to be ready.

The campgrounds of the Freefolk and Dothraki were stripped and stored away, in their place were dragonglass barriers and fortifications. The Great Hall was cleared away, and instead, beds were placed there for the people who would stay hidden during the battle. The two days forced all to live within the castle, although the men patrolling the towers were increased. Daenerys hardly saw any of Jon during this time, and he her, as both were with their separate armies. Jaime spent his time with Brienne, Sansa spent her time with Theon, and Bran spent his time in the Godswood. The Three-eyed Raven couldn’t help but feel as if this battle was just the precursor for something, but he did not know exactly what.

As the sun began to set on the second day, it finally hit everyone that today could very well be their last day upon this earth. The mood upon most was somber, yet in various parts of the castle, everyone had different important steps forward.

Missandei and Grey Worm were walking down one of the halls, talking to each other when a small group of Northern Women was heading towards them. The Northern Women looked at Grey Worm with fright, and Missandei with pure disgust, before hurrying away, one bumping her shoulder hard into Missandei.

“Are you alright?” Grey Worm asked his lover, checking her over for any sign of injury.

Missandei nodded. “I’m fine. They… They hate all of us.”

“I know,” Grey Worm sighed, wrapping his arm protectively around her, the two of them continuing their walk. “Do you remember what I asked you, a while ago? When Our Queen sits upon her throne, do you still desire to stay with her?”

Missandei bit her bottom lip. She had been reconsidering her answer to Grey Worm’s question before. She remembered when she had said she could never leave Daenerys, now Missandei wasn’t so sure.

“I… I don’t know…” Missandei confessed. “I would love to see the beaches of Naath again. To see if my family is still there…”
Grey Worm took her hand in his, staring deeply into her hazel eyes. “When Our Queen takes the throne of her father, I shall ask for her permission to take you home.”

Missandei smiled and kissed his cheek, resting her head upon his shoulder as the two continued their walk.

Inside one of the chambers, Brienne, Jaime, Podrik, Tormund, Tyrion, and Davos sat around a crackling fire; talking among themselves. It didn’t take long for the group to get quite drunk, and Tormund dramatically turned to face Brienne.

“My golden beauty,” Tormund said, his words slurred. “I regret to inform you, that I have found another.”

Brienne’s eyebrows shot up, as did Jaime and Tyrion’s. “I… I’m sorry, what?”

Tormund held up his hand. “Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find someone. But my heart has been seized by another. I’ll never forget ya, but it was never meant to be.”

Tyrion and Podrik were struggling to hold back their laughter, and Brienne shot them a dark look before turning back to Tormund.

“Thank you… I’ll try to not be too heartbroken…” Brienne said, struggling to keep the relief from her face.

Tormund smiled and took a long drink from his horn. The conversation then turned to knights, and when Tormund asked why Brienne wasn’t one, the young woman replied it was because of tradition.

“Fuck tradition,” Tormund said, taking another drink from his horn. “You’ve done more than most so-called knights. You deserve it.”

“Yes…” Jaime said, an idea dawning on him. “You do.”

Jaime revealed that a knight could knight other people, as long as they were deemed worthy of it. Brienne was more than worthy, and although it took some convincing, Brienne of Tarth finally achieved her greatest wish. She knelt before Jaime a simple woman and rose back up a Knight of the Seven Kingdoms.

Inside another room, Sansa and Theon were sharing a bowl of soup, the two smiling more than either ad done in days prior. Inside the forge, Arya found Gendry, the two’s heavy flirting and steamy glances finally coming to a climax as Arya pressed her lips onto his.

Lastly, in the Winterfell crypts, Daenerys found Jon, standing in front of a statue of a woman, a direwolf at her side. Hearing footsteps, Jon’s tense face relaxed at the sight of his lover, as well a Ghost at her side, for which Jon now understood why his direwolf was so loyal to her. Giving Daenerys a small smile, Jon held out his hands for her, and Daenerys took them. Jon wrapped his arms around Daenerys, holding her close to share their warmth as they looked at the statue together.

“Who is she?” Daenerys asked.

“My mother,” Jon answered. “This is, Lyanna Stark.”

Daenerys took in the chiseled face, roughly carved in a way that no doubt didn’t do her justice. “She looks a bit like you.”
Jon chuckled. “Thank the gods it’s true. If I came out looking like Rhaegar…”

A heavy silence fell over them at his words, at what would have possibly happened if that was true. Robert would have murdered him, and Daenerys would truly be alone.

“I’m glad that I know,” Daenerys said. “All my life I thought my brother was my only family member living. Living with him… was the most terrible thing you could imagine, Jon.”

“He was that bad?” Jon asked.

Daenerys sighed. “When I voiced my objections on being married to my first husband, his words were, ‘We go home with an army. With Khal Drogo’s army. I would let his whole tribe fuck you, all forty thousand men and their horses too, if that’s what it took.’”

Hot rage poured through Jon’s veins as he listened to her. “He was a monster.”

“Sometimes I wonder if that’s my future,” Daenerys confessed. “To be like him… like my Father.”

Jon clutched her closer to his chest. “Don’t say that, Dany. You’re nothing like them.”

“Aren’t I?” Daenerys asked, looking into his grey eyes. “I am constantly walking on a tight line, Jon. People here judge me based on rumors, lies, and the history of my father. What if it’s my destiny to go mad?”

“Then I’ll stop you,” Jon said, taking her face in his hands. “We are in this together, Dany. We are the last remaining members of our House, whatever your dreams, whatever your belief, let them be mine too. I’ll check your wildest impulses, you’ll prevent me from spending hours brooding.”

“Which will be the real struggling in this relationship,” Daenerys teased.

Jon chuckled. “Yes, us Northerners are born to brood.” He slid his hand to the small of her back. “But I love you, Daenerys Targaryen. No matter what tomorrow will bring, I want you to know is that I’ll always be by your side.”

Daenerys’s eyes were swimming with tears of joy, the Dragon Queen’s lips curving. “Jon… I love you so much… But you really are quite oblivious to the obvious.”

Jon blinked. “Huh? What do you mean?”

Daenerys chuckled. “We’ve been talking all this time, and never once did you notice I was wearing your ring.”

Jon’s heart stopped, his eyes traveled down to her right hand and saw that she indeed was wearing his ring. “Dany…” he breathed.

“My answer is yes,” Daenerys said, smiling.

Jon let out a whoop of joy loud enough to wake the dead before sweeping her in his arms. Spinning Daenerys around, he pressed his lips to hers in the deepest kiss he could give.

“Easy there, Your Grace,” Daenerys giggled. “Keep kissing me like that, and our clothes will be on the floor.”

Jon chuckled, forcing himself to pull away as he gazed deeply into her eyes. “Afterwards then. We are going to survive this, Dany, I know we are. All three of us.”
Jon’s eyes traveled down to her stomach and Daenerys’s heart stopped. How long had he known, she wondered. Her mouth opened to speak only to be silenced by the bellow of the horn.

Movement had been spotted by one of the watchers on the wall, coming from Winter Road. It looked to be a small caravan, although the archers nocked their arrows anyway.

It was seven horses and on top of them were seven people clothed in thick red furs. The leader of them pushed back her hood to reveal herself to be Melisandre. The gates of Winterfell opened as Jon and Daenerys exited the castle to greet the Red Priestess.

“Lady Melisandre,” Daenerys said.

“You Graces,” Melisandre said, bowing her head to both of them. “I see that we arrived just in time.”

“We?” Jon repeated, arching an eyebrow.

Melisandre gestured to the men and women behind her, each one pulling back their hoods to reveal themselves as Red Priests and Priestesses. “We have come to help you, in the Battle for the Dawn. If you will let us, of course.”

Jon’s jaw was set, but Daenerys nodded in approval. “Thank you, for coming to our aid. We need all the help we can get.”

Melisandre nodded and turned to her followers, each one bowing their heads in respect. A loud shriek in the darkness made everyone freeze, followed by howls and screams of the dead finally nearing Winterfell.

After a brief conversation, the final preparations were put into place. With the help of Sansa, the Maesters within the Great Hall administered the Milk of the Poppy draft to the children and ill, the Unsullied taking their positions in front of the doors. The various armies took to circling Winterfell, the different waves taking their positions in the various rings, but then they hit a major problem. It was snowing heavily, and it would be hard for the archers to see the rings to light them.

Lady Melisandre was a way to help. Her Priests and Priestess took their positions on the different rings and began to pray to the Lord of Light. One by one, the rings began to flicker, flames dancing as the seven rings all sparked with fire.

“They will burn as long as we stay alive,” Melisandre told Daenerys and Jon.

“As long as you stay alive?” Daenerys repeated. “But if you die then…?”

“We are glad to lay down our lives for you,” Melisandre said. “The night is dark and full of terrors. But fire burns them all away. You two are that fire, the union of Fire and Ice.”

Daenerys looked at Jon then back to Melisandre, nodding. “We can do this Jon, all of us.”

Jon nodded, his hands going to his sword. He looked at the sword at Daenerys’s side, remembering her telling him that Arya given it to her. He wasn’t sure how he felt about her going into battle while she was carrying his child, but neither of them had time to talk about it.

Everyone took their final positions around Winterfell, and the Dothraki upon the two large hills. Jon and Daenerys stood next to their dragons, both finding comfort near the massive beasts.
The screams in the distance grew louder, the ground began to shake. In the darkness above, Daenerys could hear the flapping of wings… it was her Child, she knew it to be. At that very moment the clouds parted from in front of the moon and the full mass of the undead army could be seen. They seemed endless, rows upon rows of them, all waiting for the command of the Night King.

Bronn, who was in charge of the catapults in the front of the lines raised his hand. The large balls of pitch were set aflame, then when Bronn lowered his hand, they were launched forward.

And so, the Battle for the Dawn began.

When children were told of the battle centuries later, the story tellers would dramatically say that it lasted for days, weeks even. However, in actually it only lasted for a single night.

The children would be told of the King of the North who rode a dragon.

The children would be told of how armies lead by former enemies, came together to fight against the living dead.

The children would be told of the wolf pack that arrived from the wolf’s wood, appearing out of the blue and at the command of two direwolves: one white as a ghost and one brown.

Lastly, the children would be told of the Silver Queen. The Silver Queen who fought for the North as if it was her own. Who fought with a sword in her hand and riding a dragon, slaying all the dead who dared lay in her path.

But even with these odds, these primary factors on their side, the balance of power began to tip on the side of the dead. An undead giant broke down the main gates, charging in and killing all it could find. The courage Lyanna Mormont found herself in it’s hands, but just like her sigil the Little Bear was not one to be underestimated. Seizing a dragonglass dagger, as Lyanna felt her ribs cracking she used the last of her strength to plunge the dagger into the giant’s eye.

More casualties fell for the living that day.

Edd of the Night’s Watch was killed. As was Ser Beric, fighting to protect Arya and Lady Melisandre inside the castle walls, not that Arya needed much protecting. After all, it was believed she put down more wights than anyone. Podrik, squire to Brienne also fell, leaping in front of Brienne to prevent a wight plunging a dagger into her chest. Screaming in fury, Brienne pressed on, fighting in memory of her fallen, loyal squire.

Countless other Unsullied, Dothraki, Northerners, Knights of the Vale, and others died that day; but it would not be for naught.

Inside the skies above Winterfell, Daenerys and Jon fought the Night King upon their dragons. Daenerys’s heart felt as if it was getting ripped from her chest as her Children fought, but she knew it had to be done. Eventually, the Night King was knocked from Viserion’s back, and Daenerys commanded Drogon to unleash all of his flames.

Only for the Night King to not burn. Instead his lips curved into a small smile, and he bent down to pick up another ice spear.

“FLY!” Jon yelled to Daenerys. “FLY!”

Rhaegal and Drogon quickly turned away, just barely missing getting turned into undead dragons themselves. However, it caused the two dragons to collide, Daenerys was knocked from Drogon’s
back, although thankfully the ground wasn’t that far down. Landing on pile of fresh snow, Daenerys’s landing was soft, but she landed right in front of Viserion.

Her Child stared at her with unseeing blue eyes, half his jaw was gone, his throat was ripped open, his entrails trailing on the ground. And yet, it was still her Child. Daenerys remembered that Viserion was the calmest one out of his brothers, and would much rather spend hours curled around her shoulders, than hunting with the others.

“Viserion…” Daenerys whispered. “My baby…”

Viserion blinked, then opened his mouth and unleashed a collum of flame that encased Daenerys.

“NO!!!!” Jon screamed, watching as his lover was coated in the blue flames.

Jon closed in eyes in horror, tears sliding down his cheeks as Jon believed himself to have lost both his future wife and child.

But was was wrong.

When the flames died away, Daenerys still stood there, alive but smoking. Her clothes were smoldering, but she was alive.

“Go save Bran!” Daenerys shouted to Jon, picking up a sword and holding it in front of her. “I know what I must do.”

Jon did not want to leave her, as he feared what would happen if he did leave; but her words spoke true. The Night King was heading to Bran, and he had to do save his little brother.

Daenerys turned her attention back to Viserion, a tear sliding down her cheek as she gripped her sword in her hand. Never in her life did she believe that she would have to put down her child, but Daenerys knew she had no choice. She was the only person who could withstand Viserion’s flames, it had to be her who fought him.

She danced around Viserion, using her small stature and speed to her advantage. Daenerys knew that she couldn’t let him pin her down, as all it would take was a snap from his mighty jaws and she’d be finished. Drogon, who was near by, launched himself at his undead brother, giving Daenerys she opening she needed. Hot tears poured down Daenerys’s cheeks as she delivered the final blow after their long battle. Viserion let out a shriek loud enough to wake dragons from stone, as he fell back, crumbling into nothing more than a pile of bones.

Daenerys tossed the sword away and dropped to her knees. Her wails of anguish echoing in the darkness as she held the head of her child in her lap. It was here where Ser Jorah found her, covered in blood and badly bruised, but still alive.

However, the Night King was still making his way towards the Godwood. His White Walker Generals with him, they cut down any that stood in their path to get to Bran. Theon saw this and grabbed a spear, charging at the Night King with a bellow. He had promised Sansa he would protect her brother, he could not go back on this promise.

The Night King easily broke the spear in two and grabbed Theon by the throat. Lifting him in the air, he tossed him aside as if he was a mere child’s toy. Theon both heard and felt several bones in his arms and legs break, but he wasn’t dead, not yet.

Slowly, the Night King approached Bran, the two surveying each other for the second true time. No word passed between them, nothing could or needed to be said. The Night King reached for his
sword, ready to do what he believed needed to be done…

Suddenly chaos behind him erupted. Wolves lead by Ghost and Nymeria burst into the Godswood, launching themselves at the White Walkers and other wights. While their wolf brothers attacked the White Walkers, the pack-siblings used this distraction to go after the main target: the Night King. The Night King turned in a fury, his eyes glaring hard as he lifted his Icesword, ready to cut both direwolves in half, only to stop.

Something sharp was buried in his chest.

Looking down, the Night King saw that a dagger was buried deeply into his chest and attached to that dagger was gloved hand.

“Winter has come for you,” Arya hissed into the Night King’s ear, her Valyrian steel dagger the object in his chest.

The Night King’s head tossed back was he exploded into millions of shards of ice. One by one his Generals exploited as well, the wights falling over and crumbling into nothing more than piles of bones.

It was over.

The Battle for the Dawn had been won by the living.

However, while people began to cheer and emerge from their hiding places, Bran’s soul was bothered. Before the Night King had been destroyed, words were said in Bran’s mind, words that sent a chill up his spine.

“I am... just the beginning...”

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so a LOT happened in this chapter.

1. I’ve set the groundwork for the Theon/Sansa love story I promised from the beginning.

2. Everyone got their moment in the spotlight one way or another, I believe.

3. The North is already considering war after this war is finished, so that shows they can't be trusted.

4. Jon and Daenerys have fully accepted his past, which is great!

5. I applied LOGIC to that damn Battle for Winterfell (Battle for the Dawn) as best as I could.

6. As you noticed I didn't go into much detail in this battle, and I did that for a reason. We have like ONE more chapter in Westeros (next chapter), and after that we spend most of our time in Essos & Daenerys rebuilding House Targaryen (*cough cough* Targaryen Empire *cough cough*); so I decided to spend most of my time & energy in new battles & stuff, rather than putting to much time and energy in this one. I hope that
makes sense.

7. RIP the following main characters - Edd. Bronn (died off-screen but will be revealed next chapter). Podrik. Lyanna (RIP LITTLE BEAR), Qhono.


The next chapter is our last in Westeros, and that one's going to take a LONG time to write. So much is going to happen in that chapter, so bear with me. Also, ya'll beat my challenge in like a DAY and I'm so grateful! Let's see if you can beat it. How about... 50 comments? Yeah, 50 comments and I'll post the newer chapter much sooner.

Toodles!
The soft wind gently blew Daenerys’s silver curls over her cheeks, causing the Dragon Queen to lift her head up. Daenerys tried to not sigh in pleasure at the feel of the warm sun upon her face, but she couldn’t help it.

Finally, the sun was out.

Finally, there was warmth to be felt.

For the first time since Daenerys arrived in the North, she didn’t feel cold. The Night King was dead, the snow should begin to melt, roads would become unblocked. Everything would slowly go back to normal. At least… that was what Daenerys hoped. For the last two days, everyone had worked to gather the bodies of the fallen.

Large funeral pyres were hastily built, as they were to be given the highest possible honor, at least that was what Daenerys believed. They were to be cremated via Dragonfire, as the Targaryen Kings and Queens of old were, as well as their families. The North burned their dead, it only seemed right to Daenerys to give the people battling for the living this honor.

Bodies of Unsullied, Dothraki, Northmen, Knights of the Vale, and lastly the Red Priests laid together. People put mementos upon the bodies of fallen family members, commanders marked their favorite soldiers. Several Unsullied and Dothraki fell, with the highest rank being Qhono, Daenerys’s leader of her Dothraki forces. His sister Asheffi was weeping as she pressed her lips to his cold cheek, making sure the bells in his hair were placed perfectly.

With her brother gone, Asheffi knew that there would be infighting once again. Men would fight to become the next leader under their Great Khaleesi, it was the greatest honor.

‘No,’ Asheffi thought with a frown. ‘I shall not let our tribes be torn apart by war again. I shall continue my brother’s legacy, and become Blood of Her Blood.’

Tyrion and Jaime also placed a Lannister pin on Bronn’s collar, the semi-faithful sellsword had fallen in the battle. When all the mementos were placed, Jon walked to the front of the pyres and delivered a rousing speech for all to hear. He spoke of the courage of the fallen, he spoke of how they’ll live in legends for thousands of years to come. But most importantly, Jon spoke of how everyone fought as one.

“… On that battlefield,” Jon was saying. “It didn’t matter what you looked like, who you served. What mattered was that you were fighting for the living, and they did that. They laid down their lives for us to all life, and we can never repay that debt.”

Jon looked to Daenerys and gave her a small nod. The Dragon Queen stepped forward and looked to her Children, giving the command for dragon fire.
Everyone watched as columns of flame shot out from the mouths of Rhaegal and Drogon, lighting the pyres and consuming the dead bodies.

Later that evening a celebration unlike any other took place within the Great Hall. Everyone knew that they should save the food, but after facing down the living dead, a little indulgence could be had for this single night. Families that had survived feasted together, wine overflowed in goblets, people laughed and joked. The dawn had come, the darkness was forever banished.

At least that was what was believed.

Bran watched all of the feasting and celebrations with his normal blank expression, but his mind was working.

He had heard the Night King speak. The Ice Demon had declared that he was the only the beginning. But the beginning of what, Bran did not know. His eyes traveled to the main table, where Daenerys was toasting Arya, much to everyone’s excitement and pleasure. His dark-blue eyes then moved down to her stomach, to the secret so perfectly hidden behind her furs.

As the night began to wane, lovers began to slip away, desiring to celebrate in another way.

Jaime followed Brienne to her chambers, where the two finally gave in to years of sexual tension. He wasn’t that surprised to know that she was a virgin, but he didn’t care. Jaime was finally with the woman he loved and who he knew could love him back.

Arya went to Gendry, needing to talk. The Stag’s Bastard declared his love for his Wolf Princess and asked her to marry him. Arya smiled, told Gendry that she loved him back, but marriage was not in the stars for her at the moment. However, that did not stop the couple from partaking into another session of the sensual, vertical dance of the flesh.

As for Jon and Daenerys, the emotions between the two proved to be as hot-blooded and passionate as the dragonblood within their veins. Both had managed to slip away to Jon’s chambers this time, for which Jon quickly locked the door and pulled his lover into his arms. The two fumbled around his bedchamber, ripping off clothing, touching and kissing. When they were naked, Jon lifted Daenerys into his arms and carried her to his bed, laying her among the furs.

They made love three times, each one different than the last. The first time was hot, quick, lustful and passionate; needing to burn away their internal hunger. Daenerys rode Jon as hard as she would ride one of her horses, only to be gripped and flipped over to be ridden herself. The second time was more sensual, slower, a cooldown; a more of an afterglow. The third and last time was also slow and sensual, but it was filled with fiery kisses and thigh quivering touches. Their fingers moved over each other with a desire to map out the other’s body, to imprint it into their minds.

As they lay in front of the crackling fire, catching their breath, Jon finally spoke about the issue sitting on his mind.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Jon asked. “About the child?”

Daenerys lowered her eyes, biting her lip. “I was afraid.”

“Why?” Jon asked. “Did you think I’d abandon you?”

“What? No, of course not,” Daenerys said quickly. “I know you’re too honorable for that. I was afraid… that I might lose it. After what happened with Rhaego, I’ve done nothing but long for a child of my own. I did not know if I could carry this child to term. Not only that, but we are fighting a war, Jon. I could not have you worrying about me when you should be focusing on the
enemy.”

Jon nodded. He understood her reasoning, of her fears, but it still hurt that she didn’t trust him to keep this secret. “So, what are you going to do?” his hand roamed over her round belly. “You’ll be showing soon…”

“Now that the war is over, I can think to the future,” Daenerys replied.

“It’s not over, not yet,” Jon said, looking down at her. “Or did you forget about Cersei?”

A heavy silence hung over them before Daenerys spoke again. “I haven’t forgotten about her. But… apart of me is wondering if I should go about this another way.”

“What do you mean?” Jon asked.

“I’m considering… waiting,” Daenerys said, speaking hypothetically of course. “Maybe… I should wait until we are married and our child is born?”

Jon cupped her chin, staring deeply into those violet eyes. “No matter what you decide, you know that I’ll be right by your side. You’re my family Daenerys, just as Bran, Sansa, and Arya are.”

At the mention of Jon’s siblings, a thought suddenly came to Daenerys. “You’re going to tell them, aren’t you?”

Jon sighed, falling back among the furs. “I need too… I really should.”

“Are you sure that’s wise?” Daenerys asked.

“I have to tell them, Dany,” Jon replied. “We can’t build the future of our House on lies. They deserve to know the truth, that their aunt wasn’t kidnapped and raped. But instead was loved and valued.” He intertwined their fingers. “You trust me, do you not?”

“Of course I do,” Daenerys said.

Jon smiled and kissed her forehead. “Then I shall tell me, but only when I believe the time is right.” His hands then traveled back to her stomach, where the union of their love was growing.

Slowly, repairs upon Winterfell began. Several towers had to rebuilt, as did walls and other sections of the castle. The ashes of the dead that were burned were to be gathered and disposed of. But as the repairs began, the tension between the Northerners and Daenerys’s people returned, and it returned with a vengeance. Daenerys had spoken with Tyrion and Varys, and agreed it was best that her armies rest before continuing their march against Cersei. However, there wasn’t a day that gone by in which a fight had to be broken up, or accusations thrown around.

Jon tried to defuse the situations as best he could, but since he wasn’t crowned, his position was shaky at best. He did not feel comfortable in commending people to do things they did not want, yet that was what rulers did all the time. Sansa, on the other hand, pushed for Jon to finally step up.

“You have to be crowned,” Sansa told Jon, one day. “And don’t you try to slither your way out of it. The North needs a king, Jon. So, man up, and take the bloody crown already!”

As much as Jon did not like the idea of ‘stealing’ the North from Daenerys, deep down he knew that it had to be done. He kept telling himself that he was doing this for them, for their allegiance, for the North, for their unborn child. So, the date was set for his coronation, which would take
place within the next full moon.

The downside to this, however, was that it kept Jon away from Daenerys, much to enjoyment of the Northerner’s and the sorrow of the Dragon Queen.

One day, Daenerys was walking to a meeting with Tyrion when a servant in unmarked livery stopped her. A small packet of letters were placed into her palms. Daenerys looked at the servant, confused by the lack of livery colors, but before she could question them the servant seemingly vanished into thin air. Daenerys looked at the letters, her eyes widening at the seals before hurrying to Tyrion’s chambers.

Her Hand was doing what he normally was doing, drinking and reading. Tyrion almost dropped his goblet of wine when Daenerys burst in, and looked to her in confusion.

“Your Grace? What is wrong?” Tyrion asked.

Daenerys put the letters onto the table. “These just came to me, today,” she said. “The sigils bare the sun and spear of House Martell, as well as the chained harpy from Meereen and the other ‘Great Cities’.”

Frowning, Tyrion took the letters and cut open the House Martell one first, his eyes scanning over the words.

“I thought House Martell was extinct?” Daenerys asked, pacing the floor.

“I thought so as well,” Tyrion said. “but according to this letter, there is still an heiress. She claimed to be called ‘Nymra’, and swears House Martell and Dorne to you and your cause. She begs your forgiveness for not sending troops to save us, as she only recently arrived. Your Grace, this letter is dated almost a month ago.”

“Then how did it just now get here?” Daenerys asked.

Tyrion shrugged. “The melting snow must have freed up the roads. To know that House Martell still survives is good, Dorne was one of our most important allies. Do I have your permission to look at the other letter?”

Daenerys nodded and Tyrion cut open the second letter, this time his jaw dropped.

“Oh no…” he whispered.

“Tell me what is says,” Daenerys commanded.

Tyrion swallowed the lump in his throat, knowing the wrath that was about to come his way. “It… It is sent by the hand of Daario Naharis, at least it claims to be. He writes that Meereen, Yunkai and Astapor are struggling to keep from falling to the former Slave Masters. They are executing all of your Unsullied and the men you left to oversee the cities. He says that they are hunting for him, and he would come to Westeros himself if he wasn’t so well known.”

Daenerys froze, her lip trembling as this wave of information washed over her. She had fought to end slavery in the Great Cities. Slavery was a blight upon this earth that needed to be wiped out in its entirety. Now, it was back in her City. He beautiful, beautiful, Meereen.

“What is the date, upon that letter?” Daenerys asked.

Tyrion checked. “Two days before the one from Dorne.”
“For all we know, Daario is dead, and the ‘Good Masters’ have all three cities,” Daenerys whispered, her body trembled. “I have to return.”

Tyrion put down the papers. “Your Grace, I must object. We have a war against Cersei and…”

“I DON’T CARE ABOUT CERSEI!” Daenerys exclaimed, her emotions finally exploding.

Tyrion flinched. “What… What do you mean?”

Daenerys struggled against tears she felt threatening to fall. “I… I carry, Jon’s child,” she confessed. “All I want is for this child to be raised in a loving home, to be safe, to have what I never could, growing up. But that’s not here, that’s not Westeros. I thought I could make it into what I wanted, but I can’t, Tyrion. Westeros is not my home, and it never will be. I don’t care about Cersei, I don’t even care about that fucking Iron Throne anymore! All I want is a home, that’s all I’ve ever wanted. They don’t love me here, they only fear and hate me. That’s no way to rule. What will they do to my child when I’m not here to protect it?” Daenerys took a deep breath and lifted her chin. “I want to return home: to Essos.”

“B…B… B… But…” Tyrion stammered. “All your plans, all your armies. You said you wanted to break the wheel.”

“I still plan to do so,” Daenerys said firmly, her voice hard in a way that Tyrion knew better than to argue with her. “But not here. Westeros was never my home, and I don’t want to force it to be. We will return to Essos.”

Tyrion wanted to shake her, to try and talk some sense into her, but part of him knew she was right. Westeros would never accept her, not the woman he knew she was right. Westeros would only see the daughter of the Mad King, not ‘Mhysa’, as those in Meereen saw her. Not the ‘Great Khaleesi’, as the Dothraki saw her. Essos was where Daenerys had a legacy, Westeros would never let her build a foundation for herself.

“Have you told Jon, about the child?” Tyrion asked.

“Yes,” Daenerys said. “And he still wants to marry but… I doubt his people would let us be happy. I love him too much to let us be torn apart. It’s best that I make the clean break myself, get it over with.”

“You’re going to break his heart,” Tyrion pointed out.

“Kings and Queens rarely marry for love anyway,” Daenerys replied. “I have his child, so, that’ll make me happy. I belong in Essos, where my House was founded, not here where it was destroyed.”

Tyrion sighed and nodded. “I’ll talk to Varys. Although, I do suggest you to not make a scene until after Jon’s coordination. It would ruin it all for him.”

“I know,” Daenerys whispered. “I know…”

Later that day she found Theon, heading in the direction of Sansa’s chambers, and pulled him aside.

“How can I serve you, Your Grace?” Theon asked, bowing deeply.

“Can you send a raven to your sister, and ask her to gather her fleet?” Daenerys asked.
Theon arched an eyebrow. “Of course I can. Might take a couple of days to hear back from her, of course. Why do you want them, I must ask?”

Daenerys took a deep breath. “My armies and I are leaving Westeros. Because of the threat of your Uncle, I can not travel to White Harbor and leave through the Narrow Sea. We must take the long way, heading past Dorne. The nearest port city I believe is…Seaguard, am I correct?”

“W-Well, yes, My Lady,” Theon stammered. “But that… What’s going on? Has Jon done something?”

Daenerys shook her head. “No, he hasn’t done anything. But I need to return home, and my home is not here. Please, Theon, will you help me?”

Theon felt himself once again be torn. He was finally back home in Winterfell, where he believed he belonged. Yet, Daenerys was his Queen, he had sworn an oath alongside Yara to do whatever Daenerys wished. Theon’s eyes traveled to Sansa’s door, then back to Daenerys, the Ironborn Prince pressed his lips tightly together, but he knew the choice that had to be done.

“Yes, Your Grace,” Theon said, bowing deeply.

Daenerys breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, Theon. I will not forget this kindness. I also do not have to mention that this is to not be shared…?”

Theon nodded. “Yes, Your Grace. I understand.”

Jon frowned as he looked at the man before him.

The man staring back at Jon was dressed in the richest of winter furs, boiled leather, and thickest woolen breeches. His hair was washed and pulled back into the half-updo that was the Northern fashion. His mustache and beard were trimmed. He looked like a king.

‘But why don’t I feel like one?’ Jon wondered to himself. ‘Why do I feel so… so out of place?’

A knock on his door made Jon turn around to see Daenerys standing on the threshold. She was dressed in her best furs, her hair pulled back into a simple braided bun with winter roses weaved into it, no doubt by the skillful hands of Missandei.

Daenerys walked to him, Jon taking her hands in his, pulling him close and pressing his lips to her deeply. Under her thick furs, Jon could feel it, the swell of their child. It could be easily seen now when Daenerys was naked, but he calculated she had a couple more weeks before she couldn’t hide it under her clothes anymore.

Slowly, Jon broke the kiss, but instead of seeing Daenerys’s eyes shining with excitement and joy… he saw only sadness.

“What’s wrong?” Jon asked. “Did someone say something to you again?”

Daenerys shook her head, but Jon wondered if she was telling the truth. Today was the day of his coordination under the weirwood tree, and all the Northern Lords and Ladies were to be there to bear witness. Daenerys and several high-ranking members of her court, much to the disdain of the Northmen and women. They proclaimed that it ‘wasn’t right’ that southerner was to sit in on this sacred event; let alone the daughter of the Mad King.

Jon hoped and prayed to all the gods that such words would never reach Daenerys’s ears, but a part
of him knew it already had.

“I just… want to take a very good look at you,” Daenerys said, putting on a smile that was clearly forced. “A very good look at you.”

“You’re making it sound as if you’re leaving me forever,” Jon joked, only to freeze, frowning. “You… You aren’t… right?”

Daenerys neither confirmed nor denied his question, and instead pulled him down for a deep kiss before stepping away. “I must go, see you at the weirwood tree.”

Jon’s fingers tried to grasp her ones last time before Daenerys pulled away, leaving his chambers. Jon looked down at his hands, then turned to look at himself in the mirror.

Love is the death of duty… Maester Aemon’s words rang loud and true in Jon’s ears. Love is the death of duty…

‘I don’t care,’ Jon thought bitterly. ‘I love her, she is carrying our child, that is all that matters.’

Leaving his chambers, Jon traveled to the section of the castle that had the weirwood. The gathered crowd ceased talking and split into two, waiting for him. Sansa stood in the front row, along with Arya and Bran; Daenerys too stood in the front but on the opposite side. Once again it was like both parties had split, the Northerners on the left and Daenerys’s people on the right. They had fought against the living dead together, and still, there was tension as wide as an ocean between them.

Taking a deep breath, Jon slowly walked between the groups, nodding left and right to all who formally bowed to him. The Northern all bowed deeply and respectfully to their king, while those who were with Daenerys gave small, yet respectable nods. Daenerys herself didn’t bow, but her violet eyes shined with only love. Jon couldn’t resist but give her a naughty wink before coming to a stop in front of the Maester that waited for him.

“Who stands before the gods to be blessed tonight?” The Maester asked.


“Why do you stand before the gods, Lord Snow?” The Maester asked.

“I stand before the gods to ask for their blessings and guidance,” Jon replied. “So that I may be crowned as the King in the North.”

The Maester nodded and turned to face the assembled crowd. “Does anyone object to this man being crowned King?”

A heavy silence well upon all who watched. The Northerners all glared at Daenerys’s people, Sansa even looked worried that the Dragon Queen would have an outburst. But Daenerys didn’t. She stood as still as a statue, her eyes upon the man she loved.

When no one said anything, the Maester continued. “Is it by the will of the people that you are here?”

“It is by out will,” the Northerners all said in unison.

The Maester nodded and looked to Jon, the Northman slowly lowering himself to his knees as he bowed his head. Reaching to a servant who stood at his side, the Maester took a crown from upon a
pillow and placed it upon Jon’s dark curls.

The crown was an open circlet of hammered bronze incised with runes of the First Men, surmounted by nine black iron spikes in the shape of longswords, and howling wolves in the front.

“I crown you, Jon of House Stark, the First of Your Name, the King in North; from this day until your last day,” the Maester proclaimed. “Arise Your Grace, and face your people.”

Jon slowly stood to his feet and turned to face the assembled crowd.

The Northmen all drew their swords and raised them high, chanting together, “The King in the North! The King in the North! The King in the North!”

Jon’s eyes sought out Daenerys’s and he held out his hand to her. Briefly, Daenerys hesitated, not wanting to ruin Jon’s moment, only to be almost shoved forward by Arya who had appeared at her side out of nowhere. Slowly, Daenerys’s feet moved seemingly on their own until she stood in front of him. Jon grasped her hand and raised it to his lip, kissing it, before turning her around and raising it high, their fingered intertwined.

Most of the Northmen were too caught up in the excitement of the crowning to care, but a pair of blue eyes saw the ones who weren’t. Sansa could see the hatred and fury burning behind the eyes of several Northmen and women as if they could picture one of these swords plunged into Daenerys’s chest.

They celebrated Jon’s crowning with a feast of course, but it seemed as if Sansa was the only one who could see how uncomfortable everyone was. North Lords and Ladies brought gifts to Jon, and every time Jon nodded for them to speak to Daenerys they spat out their greetings as if it was poison.

This was not going to end well for any of them, Jon least of all. He was so blinded by love that he didn’t see the barrels of war that threatened to explode at any moment. But not Sansa. She had fought too hard to gain Winterfell back, she’d be damned if her lovesick brother was going to ruin it for them all.

Daenerys surprised everyone by standing to her feet, clinking her fork against her goblet for attention. The Dragon Queen looked into Jon’s eyes one last time before she turned away to make her speech.

“I’ll try and make this short, my lords and ladies,” Daenerys began. “I’m sure you all have much
feasting to return too. We have done what most did not believe possible, defeat the living dead and save all of humanity. The battle, however, had given me some clarity about the future, and what I desire to happen in Westeros.” She took a deep breath. “I would like to announce that my armies and I are leaving and returning to Essos within the week.”

A heavy silence fell upon the Great Hall as the news slowly washed over them.

“I thank you for your hospitality,” Daenerys continued. “But my kingdoms in Essos are in danger and they need me. As their queen, I can not abandon them.”

Jon’s mouth flapped like a gasping fish as Daenerys gave him a small nod before leaving the high table. He stood to his feet to go after her but Sansa grabbed his arm.

“Jon, no,” Sansa said.

Jon yanked his arm free and rushed after Daenerys, shouting her name. Wither Daenerys ignored him or didn’t hear him, Jon did not know, but that did not stop him from chasing after her to her chambers.

“All of you, out!” Jon bellowed, shouting to Daenerys’s handmaids and servants.

Missandei looked to her Queen for instruction, and when Daenerys nodded all of them left, leaving the lovers alone.

“When were you going to tell me?” Jon asked. “When were you going to tell me that you were leaving? Did you plan to slip out while I slept?”

“Of course not,” Daenerys replied. “You think I’m some common criminal, sneaking off in the middle of the night?”

“You are if you think you’re going to steal my child away from me,” Jon said through gritted teeth. “You don’t belong in Essos, Dany. You belong here, both of you belong in Westeros!”

“No, I don’t!” Daenerys yelled back, feeling tears rising once again. “I don’t belong here, I never have! Westeros is not my home, and I can’t force it to be! In Essos was where I built my legacy, and I need to return there.”

“Then I’m coming with you,” Jon said quickly. “We can ride for White Harbor when you’re packed and…”

Daenerys shook her head. “No, Jon, you’re not. Your people need you here, you belong here. I don’t!” she cupped his face. “We need to stop pretending we’re normal people and come into reality. I’m a queen, and you are a king. We must do right by our people, no matter what our desires.”

“And our child?” Jon asked, pulling her hands from his face. “What will happen to our child?”

“I’ll raise it as my heir of course,” Daenerys replied. “When I retake Meereen and…”

“So you expect me to not be in its life?” Jon exclaimed. “Do you know how far Meereen and Winterfell are from each other? I’ll never see you or it ever again!”

Daenerys turned away as she fought against her tears. “If that’s what has to happen… then so be it.”
“No, it’s not going to happen,” Jon said, storming from her chambers. “It’s not!”

He burst into his own chambers and began to tear it apart, looking for a trunk to stuff clothing and his personal objects into.

“What are you doing?” Sansa asked, appearing in the doorway.

“Packing,” Jon retorted, not looking up. “I’m leaving with her.”

“Jon, stop being a lovesick fool and think about this!” Sansa blurted out. “You can’t go, and she can’t stay!”

Jon raised his head. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve been spending so many of your nights with the Dragon Queen, that you haven’t been listening,” Sansa replied. “I’ve heard everything that the Northerner Lords have said before, during, and after the battle against the dead. They will never accept her, Jon, even if you marry her nothing will change! The wounds of the Mad King are too deep!”

“She’s not the fucking Mad King!” Jon bellowed, slamming his fists into the table. “I don’t know how many times do I have to tell you all that?! She came here, fought for us, fought with us, risked the lives of her people and her own! Yet you all still hate her!”

“You can’t change the past, Jon!” Sansa argued back. “What’s done is done! We need to look out for ourselves, rebuild the North. The last thing the North wants to do is march for the Southern Queen that they despise.”

Jon ran his hands slowly over his face, his grey eyes shining with unshed tears. “I love her, Sansa. She makes me happy. For the first time in my life, I’m happy and I can’t give that up. I’ll give the crown to you or Arya, but I’m leaving with Daenerys and nothing you guys will do can stop me.”

Sansa looked into his grey eyes and she saw the fire behind them. Jon meant every single word that he had spoken, there was no changing his mind. “Arya will miss you, you know,” Sansa whispered.

“I know,” Jon said. “She can always come and visit if she wishes. You will be a good queen, Sansa. I know it.”

Sansa looked to a small flagon of ale and two goblets. “Can we at least share one last drink together?”

“Of course,” Jon said, nodding. “Why don’t you pour? I have to find my thinner breeches, I believe it’s quite warm in Meereen.”

Sansa nodded and filled the two goblets, but she didn’t turn to give one to Jon just yet. Instead, she reached into her pocket and took out the small vial of leftover Milk of the Poppy that she hadn’t given back to the Maester.

‘The North needs you, Jon,’ Sansa told herself as she took a deep breath. ‘This is for your own good.’

After glancing one last time at Jon’s back to make sure he wasn’t looking, Sansa poured the contents into his goblet.
Sansa watched as Jon slumped in his chair, the Milk of the Poppy working quickly, just as the Maester had said it would.

‘But he never told me to use it like this,’ Sansa thought. ‘I was supposed to give it right back after the battle, yet I kept it.’

Jon’s head tilted back, the young wolf sighing in his sleep as he whispered, ‘Dany…’

There it was again. The main trigger in all their problems. Daenerys Targaryen. The North would never follow her, they needed to be their own kingdom, survive on their own wits and values.

‘We can build a better kingdom then she could ever dream,’ Sansa told herself. ‘We’re larger than any other nation in Westeros. It’s time we put our size to use.’

Turning on her heel, Sansa marched out of Jon’s chambers only to stop in front of the guards.

“No one enters or exits the King’s chambers,” Sansa commanded. “Only me, am I understood?”

The Northmen nodded, snapping into attention, their hands on their swords. Sansa then went to the last person that she thought she would visit: Daenerys. The Unsullied and Dothraki guards looked at Sansa with a puzzled expression, although the Northern Lady managed to play cool.

“I need to speak with the Queen,” Sansa said, giving a small, lady-like smile. “I have a message from my brother.”

The Unsullied Guard disappeared into Daenerys’s chambers before reappearing, nodding for Sansa to enter. Daenerys’s chambers were in transition of being pack up, yet still being livable. After all, the so-called ‘Queen of Westeros’ couldn’t sleep on the floor.

Handmaidens and chamber-servants flitted about, chattering in their musical, foreign language, unlike anything Sansa had ever heard. Part of Sansa wanted to sit there and listen to them, to learn about these new cultures that their Dragon Queen might bring to Westeros. But, at the same time, the other part of Sansa knew that Westerosi would never accept them. They would be outcasted, used and abused until more war broke out, scarring the land in an endless cycle of death and destruction.

No.

No, Sansa would stop this before it ever began. Only she could prevent this from happening.

Missandei appeared, looking at Sansa with the same puzzled expression as the other people in
Daenerys’s court. She knew that Sansa never came to Daenerys’s chambers unless it was with her siblings or other Northern Lords. For her to show up unannounced and alone was quite suspicious.

“How can Her Grace help you?” Missandei asked.

“I need to speak with her,” Sansa said. “Now.”

“Her Grace is bathing,” Missandei replied. “You can come back later.”

Sansa shook her head. “No, I will wait, we need to talk right now.”

Missandei arched an eyebrow as Sansa’s forwardness but knew these Northerners were stubborn fools. With a sigh, she said something to the Handmaidens before turning to disappear into one of the chambers next door. A couple moments later, Daenerys appeared, wrapped in a thick robe, her hair wet from her bath. Steam radiated off her skin, Sansa noticed, as if Daenerys was boiling herself alive in her waters.

‘Wouldn’t surprise me if she did,’ Sansa thought. ‘Her kind claim to be ‘blood of the dragon’, wonder if she bathes in lava?’

“Can I help you, Lady Sansa?” Daenerys asked.

“Yes,” Sansa said, clasping her hands in front of her. “I wanted to make sure that you were actually leaving, and not using it to trick my brother into supporting your claim to the throne.”

“I am leaving Westeros, Lady Sansa,” Daenerys replied coolly. “Do not worry. I’m sure that Jon will miss you, and your family but…”

Sansa arched an eyebrow. “Miss us? What are you talking about? Jon is not leaving with you.”

Daenerys’s heart sank to her toes. “What… What do you mean? He was just here not too long ago, claiming he’ll go with me to Meereen and…”

Sansa shook her head. “Jon is of the North. Jon belongs in the North. Jon will stay in the North. He is our King.”

“Then he’ll give you the crown and be free to leave with me,” Daenerys said.

“The North is stubborn, with a rigid belief system,” Sansa said, the words tasting on her tongue like vinegar. “Females can not rule unless there are no brothers. Jon was crowned King in the North. He will rule as King in the North from this day, until his last day.”

Daenerys’s hands clenched the front of her robe. “B-But…”

“I was trying to be nice with my words,” Sansa said, her words biting. “But it appears that I must be forward with my meaning. You are not wanted here. You do not belong here. The North will fight against you, never will it fight for you. This is our kingdom, and you need to get out. Jon knows this, and commanded me to tell you.”

Not too long ago, Daenerys would have pulled herself up to her tallest height and put this Northern Lady in her place. She would have become the Dragon; she would have unleashed her flames against these icy lands. But the fear for the safety of her unborn child and desiring peace overcame these fiery emotions. This child was making her malleable, easily manipulated when in the past she could see her own course in life.
Not anymore.

Daenerys was carrying a child born out of love, as well as the future of her House. Her instincts were telling her to protect it, no matter the cost.

“I need to hear those words from Jon,” Daenerys whispered.

“He won’t see you,” Sansa said. “He’s shut himself in his chambers for the next two weeks, planning the best course for our new kingdom.”

“Two weeks?” Daenerys repeated. “He won’t… he won’t see me off?”

Sansa shook her head. “I have told you all that you need to know. Now, I will let you go back to packing.”

With that Sansa swept out of Daenerys’s chambers without so much as a bow.

“Don’t listen to her, Your Grace,” Missandei said to Daenerys the moment Sansa had left. “She’s wrong.”

“I have to hear this from Jon,” Daenerys whispered. “I have to…"

Hurrying to the private door that Jon always used to enter her chambers at night, Daenerys followed the path Jon had showed her went to his. She tugged on the door handle, only find it was locked, so she knocked on it, but no answer came.

“Jon?” Daenerys whispered. “Jon… please answer me.”

Inside his chambers Jon was fast asleep by the help of the milk of the poppy, dreaming of his Beloved and their child.

“Jon?” Daenerys whispered. “Please… Please answer me. Sansa came to me, she said that you wanted me gone… Please, tell me that this isn’t true.”

Again, no answer.

“Jon,” Daenerys said, quiet sobs coming up. “Please… Please answer me. Tell me that this isn’t true, that you want me here. I feel so alone here Jon, but you helped me, you and our child are the only bright lights in this world… You give me strength Jon, you and our child. Please… say something.”

Again, no answer.

“Jon, please!” Daenerys exclaimed. “Talk to me! Speak to me! I command you to speak to me!”

Again, no answer.

Hot tears poured down Daenerys’s cheeks as she stood to her feet, returning to her chambers and Missandei.

“Hasten our packing to leave,” Daenerys commanded. “I want us gone within three days.”

Missandei nodded, hurrying off to do her Queen’s command.

Sansa quickly spread her lie that Jon was in deep thought and refused to be disturbed. Only she was
allowed to go in and out of his chambers, and she used the opportunity to slip him more Milk of the Poppy to buy herself more time. All she needed was for Daenerys to leave Westeros, or at least get far enough away so that Jon couldn’t follow her. However, there was only one person who could ruin this plan, and that was Arya.

Sansa remembered how easily Arya saw through her when she first arrived, through her lies. So, she decided not to lie when Arya asked her why Jon hadn’t appeared for almost three days.

“He’s resting,” Sansa said, her face cool. “A lot is on his mind and he wants to make sure his next step is the smart one.”

Arya arched an eyebrow. Jon was an infamous brooder, that was one primary that he inherited from their father. But no one brooded for three days.

“I don’t believe you,” Arya said. “There is something else going on.”

Sansa kept her face calm as she pulled Arya into a corner. “Alright, I didn’t want to tell you,” she whispered. “But Jon is considering leaving with the Dragon Queen.”

Arya’s jaw dropped. “That’s impossible. He wouldn’t abandon the North.”

“Exactly,” Sansa said. “When I talked to him last, I begged him to not go. The North needs him, and he promised that he would think over what the do next.”

Again, not a lie. It was the truth, yet twisted for Sansa’s own agenda. However, in her heart Sansa believed that this was for the best. The North needed independence, she refused to bow down to another ruler, no matter who they claimed to be. She was doing this for the North, as much as for herself.

Arya seemed to buy this lie because she didn’t bring up the subject again.

When the day came for Daenerys’s forces to leave, the Northern Lords and Ladies all were tense. Several held onto the swords at their sides or clutched their loved ones close, as if they were afraid this was a trick.

Daenerys saw the fear in their eyes, and once again nothing but sadness filled her. She had risked everything for these people, her life, her dragons, her armies; and yet they still looked at her like an abomination.

Upon the back of Drogon, Daenerys looked to Rhaegal, now healed from the battle. Her Child looked said, sorrowful and upset that they were leaving. He kept looking back to the main tower of Winterfell, where Jon’s quarters were. The bond between dragonrider and dragon was supposed strong, Daenerys knew, but Jon had only ridden Rhaegal a couple of times; so the bond wasn’t fully forged. Even Ghost was clearly upset, whining and whimpering, jumping from leg to leg, his ears flattened as he looked at Daenerys with his large red eyes.

What was even worse, Jon wasn’t there.

‘These aren’t my people anymore,’ Daenerys told herself. ‘I owe them nothing. I owe them nothing.’

Jerking her head around, Daenerys whispered the word to fly for Drogon, the dragon spreading his wings and took off into the sky. Daenerys circled Winterfell one last time, taking one last look, before leading her army to Seaport.
Jon’s mouth felt as he had stuffed it with sand. His eyelids were heavy as lead, his limbs unresponsive. Slowly, Jon’s grey eyes became unclouded, the King in the North groggily sat up, groaning as he held his pounding head.

Jon hadn’t felt this drunk in… in… Jon couldn’t remember the last time he had been this drunk in his life. Rubbing his temples, Jon carefully rose from his bed and walked to a basin nearby. Splashing the cold water upon his face, the droplets were dripping down Jon’s dark-brown curls when he noticed something.

If Jon recalled correctly, there was a basin that wasn’t near his bed. Instead, the basin was closer to his vanity, on the other side of the chamber. The position of the basin wasn’t the only thing weird, that Jon noticed. His chamber was much larger then he remembered, in fact, I seemed to have doubled in size. It also wasn’t a singular chamber, like Jon remembered, but rather several joined together.

Jon knew where he was.

He was in Daenerys’s chambers but… there was no Daenerys.

Grabbing a shirt, Jon pulled it over his head before pulling open the door of his bedchamber. Northern servants buzzed about like bees, straightening things, organizing his personal items, the like. Ghost lay next to the crackling fireplace, his direwolf didn’t raise his head when Jon called his name. Instead, Ghost just laid there, staring into the flickering flames as if he was pouting.

A servant girl finally noticed Jon and let out a small squeal. Everyone stopped what they were doing and dropped to their knees, bowing to their king.

“Your Grace,” a male servant said.

“What…” Jon rubbed his temples. “What time is it…?”

“Around noon, Your Grace,” the male servant replied. “Shall I bring you your noon meal?”

“No,” Jon said, shaking his head, wincing at the sharp pain. “I’m not hungry. “Can one of you ask Queen Daenerys to come here, we need to talk.”

The servants all froze, casting nervous glances at each other.

“What?” Jon asked, frowning. “Have the Others got your tongues? Speak, where is Her Grace?”

The male servant bit his bottom lip. “Um… H….Her Grace—The Dragon Queen—has been gone for almost half a fortnight.”

Jon’s heart froze in his chest. No… No, this man was lying. He was lying. Dany wasn’t gone, she couldn’t be gone. She just was on the other side of the castle, yes, that was it. She just moved chambers.

“Can you tell me where she has gone too?” Jon asked. “Where her chambers might be?”

Again, the servants all cast worried glances among themselves.

“She… She isn’t in the castle, Your Grace,” the male servant replied. “She and her armies are gone. Setting out for Essos, she said. You… You don’t remember?”

No, No, Jon didn’t remember. Not fully. His mind was nothing more than a haze, a cloud. Bits and
pieces of the past Jon could remember but, they never formed together.

When a servant brought Jon a goblet of ale, the King in the North stared at it. The light-brown liquid reflected Jon’s on face back at him, triggering a memory. He remembered Daenerys saying something… something about leaving for Essos. She didn’t want him to come but Jon planned on going anyway and even went to his chambers to pack. There was a knock on his door. Someone had given him a cup of ale that tasted… off. Someone… with auburn hair.

Sansa.

“Where is my sister?” Jon asked through gritted teeth.

“In her chambers,” the male servant replied. “Shall I summon her for you?”

Jon didn’t answer. Ignoring the biting sting of the winter winds Jon stormed down the halls to Sansa’s chamber, the second largest in the castle. Bursting open the doors, Jon didn’t care that Sansa leaped to her feet in surprise, her blue eyes wide with fright. Then, they changed into large orbs of confusion.

“J-Jon…” Sansa stammered.

“What did you do to me?” Jon asked.

Sansa held up her hands. “Jon… listen to me carefully…”

“What DID YOU DO TO ME?!” Jon bellowed, launching himself into the room.

Sansa yelped, moving quickly to the side as Jon leaped at the table. “I did it for your own good!”

“My own good?!” Jon yelled, swinging around to face her. “Where the hell is Dany?!”

“She left Jon, remember?” Sansa said. “She returned to her kingdom.”

“I’m going after her,” Jon said. “I’m getting a horse, and I’m going after her.”

“It’s too late Jon,” Sansa said. “She’s most likely halfway to Essos by now.”

“I’m going after her,” Jon declared. “I need to after her!”

Sansa glared at him, unable to hold back her true feelings any longer. “When are you going to get it? The Northern Lords would never accept her! They’d never accept her as your wife, nor would they accept her as queen!”

“Then all the more fools they are,” Jon growled. “She sacrificed everything for them, for us, and what did we do? We used her and abused her when all she was trying to do was the right thing.”

Sansa sighed. “It doesn’t matter, Jon. I’m grateful for… what she did. But Arya was the one who killed the Night King.”

“With her help!” Jon countered. “If it wasn’t for Daenerys, we’d all be dead! How many times do I have to say that?”

“She wasn’t one of us, Jon!” Sansa exclaimed. “She wasn’t of the North!”

“And neither was your mother, yet she was accepted,” Jon pointed out. “And that woman made my life a living hell!”
“She wasn’t apart of our family,” Sansa yelled.

“But she was apart of mine!” Jon yelled back.

Sansa faltered and frowned, looking at Jon with a puzzled expression. “What do you mean?”

Jon sighed. This wasn’t how he wanted to tell his siblings about his true background, but he couldn’t hold back the secret any longer.

“I’m not the bastard of Eddard Stark,” Jon began. “But instead of Rhaegar Targaryen and your aunt, Lyanna.”

“What…” Sansa whispered.

“I’m also not a bastard,” Jon continued. “Bran saw Rhaegar and Lyanna wed, and Sam has a High Septon’s private diary. I’m trueborn, my name is Aegon, according to them.”

“Jon…” Sansa gasped. “Do you know what this means? Your claim to the throne is greater than hers… you could rule the Seven Kingdoms!”

Jon slammed his fist against the table. “Fuck the Seven Kingdoms, Sansa! Is that all you want, all you can think about is power?!”

Sansa swallowed the lump in her throat. “I refuse to be powerless again. I refuse to be at the whim, the beck in all of the others. I’m finally home, I’m finally in the North, and I refuse to bow down to another queen.”

A realization dawned upon Jon. “That’s what this is all about…” he whispered. “This hatred of Daenerys, this internal war you have… it’s all about you.”

“What are you talking about?” Sansa asked.

“All of the chaos you have been causing, the soft war you’ve been waging between the Northern lords and Daenerys’s people,” Jon said. “It’s all because of you…”

Sansa looked away, biting her bottom lip. She had expected Arya to see through her lies, but not Jon, not so quickly and easily. He was right in everything of course, but he didn’t understand, no one understood.

“I did what I did for the North,” Sansa said softly. “And now that She’s gone, you have to serve your people.”

“You don’t know what you’ve done, Sansa,” Jon said. “When Cersei comes after us, who will help us stop her? Who will prevent her from burning everything in the North to the ground? We also needed the food that Daenerys and her people brought. Who knows when the snow will melt? Did you think any of this through??”

“I did what I did for the North!” Sansa repeated. “You’re our King, so act like it!”

Jon slowly raised his head, his grey eyes as hard as steel. “You want me to act like a king? Fine. I will. I’ll play your game, Sansa, I’ll rule the North. But know this, I’ll never trust you again.”

Sansa’s face grew pale. “You…You won’t banish me… Will you?”

Jon laughed bitterly. “If I would act on my true feelings, I would have to executed for treason. But I won’t. The North needs a unified House Stark as its face, and that’s the mask we shall wear. I’ll
listen to your advice, might even act on it. But like I said, I’ll trust you again Sansa.”

With that, Jon spun on his heels and stormed away, slamming the door behind him. Once he was alone, Jon collapsed in a corner and wept for his love and his unborn child.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so a LOT of you are going to hate Sansa. I know it's easy to do so with her current actions. It's easy to jump down my throat and say that this book is far from a Pro-Sansa book; and yeah, I can see how it appears that way. But I stand by my tags and refuse to change them. Sansa is getting a redemption arch, it's going to be later but it's going to happen.

The next chapter will be mainly from Dany's POV but we'll get a little section from Westeros. After this, we'll have a short time jump. I'm conflicted on how long to make the time jump: 1 year or 5? Like I don't want to make it too long, but at the same time, I want the people of Westeros to feel 'comfortable', so then they'll be caught unawares when the big threat comes.

Also, bets on the name/gender of Jon & Dany's baby shall begin now! Do you think she's having 1 baby? 2? 3? A boy? A girl? What do you think she'll name them? For me, names have symbolism, and knowing Dany she'll give them names that mean something. So, I'd love your input.

Until next time everyone!
Cersei loses something close to her heart. Daenerys is called home. House Martell begins its war.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Wake up my love…”

Cersei’s green eyes fluttered open as warm hands pressed against her cheek. When they did, Cersei inhaled sharply as she gazed into the face of her greatest love.

Jaime.

“Jamie?” Cersei whispered. “What… What are you doing here?”

“Waking you up, of course,” Jaime chuckled. “The children are all waiting for you in my solar, so we can break our fast together.”


Jamie’s golden locks shined in the low morning light as he tossed back his head in laughter. “Our children of course! Come to my love, your ladies are here to help you prepare for the day.”

Slowly, Cersei rose from her thick mattress, her emerald eyes taking in her chambers. These weren’t her chambers back home as Casterly Rock… these were the royal chambers at the Red Keep.

At the snap of Jaime’s fingers, ladies-in-waiting all appeared, rushing forward to help Cersei dress. Her gown was of red velvet and glittered with gold thread, Cersei’s long golden hair was pulled back into her signature crown-shaped style. From the bright light to the rich furnishings, it was as if King’s Landing was alive again.

A beaming Jaime smirked at Cersei and pulled her into his arms, wrapping them around her waist.

“Delicious like always…” He purred. “I think I’ll have a taste…”

Cersei froze when Jaime pressed his lips to hers, his hands slowly sliding down her to rear, grabbing two handfuls.

“J-Jaime…” Cersei stammered. “What… What are you doing?”

“Kissing you,” Jaime replied, not pulling away.

“B-But my ladies…” Cersei stammered again. “T… They’ll tell Robert!”

Cersei blinked. “My... My husband.”

“My love, I’m your husband,” Jaime said. “Unless you turned into one of your Targaryen cunts and took another.” He put his hand on her forehead. “Are you ill, my love?”

Cersei blinked. “N-No...” she said. “Just...” she sighed, shaking her head. “Can you... take me to our children?”

Jaime nodded and took her hand. As he leads her down the halls, Cersei’s eyes ranked over the House Lannister banners that hung from the ceiling. Servants wore the red and gold livery, nobles bowed as she and Jaime walked arm-in-arm; their relationship in public view of everyone.

The room that Jaime claimed was his solar, Cersei recognized as belonging to Robert. Or... at least it should have been. Rather than running trophies and naked women decorating the chamber, there was House Lannister banners, armor, and other memorabilia.

“Mother!” two girls squealed.

Cersei was almost knocked back as a pair of golden-haired twin girls rushed into her legs. Wrapping their arms around her, the girls both began to talk at once, each one trying to get their mother’s attention. Cersei’s eyes went from the twin girls to three boys sitting at the table, and unsummoned tears began to well in her eyes.

The eldest was Joffrey, alive and well, his handsome face glowing and showing signs of beard’s stubble. Sitting next to him was Tommen, plump and young, along with another boy that Cersei did not know. She looked back down to the twin girls, both of which shared Myrcella’s face.

“You’re alive...” she whispered. “You're all... you’re all alive...”

“Good morning, Mother,” Joffrey said, standing up to greet her. “You look well today.”

“Your mother is glowing,” Jaime said, his own face beaming. “She always glows when she is with child.”

“We best hurry up and eat,” Jaime said. “The Court is waiting for their queen.”

Cersei’s eyes instantly went down to her belly, a gasp ripping from her throat as she looked at its roundness. She was with child, just as Jaime had said. All three of her children, plus two extra, were alive. Jaime was here with her, openly showering her with his love.

This was her greatest dream. This was all that Cersei had ever wanted to be queen, to have Jaime at her side, for her children to be the golden lions they were born to be.

Cersei didn’t eat anything more than a grape but instead pulled the youngest of her sons into her lap. Their family laughed and told jokes, with Joffrey being the primary source of joy; rather than the gloom he used to have hovered over the family. After everyone had finished their morning meal, Jaime once again took Cersei’s hand.

Together they walked into the Throne Room, where all the nobles had assembled. They all bowed to the regal lions, Cersei taking the seat upon the Iron Throne as Jaime cleared his throat.

“Her Grace, Queen Cersei of House Lannister shall now hold court.”

The first of the day went by like a blur for Cersei. She couldn’t help but marvel at how the Nobles both cowered before her and respected her. They bowed low enough to kiss her feet, keeping their
eyes cast to the floor unless spoken too.

As was their place.

No one overcame a Lion.

Later that night, as Jaime and Cersei laid in bed together, she pressed against him, hungering his touch.

“This is all I’ve ever wanted…” Cersei whispered.

Jaime smiled, his hand reaching out to cup her face in his palm. Cersei closed her eyes as she felt his thumb brush her cheek lovingly… Then, she let out a sharp gasp as his fist clenched around her throat.

Cersei’s eyes flew open, her hands slapping and pushing at Jaime to loosen his grip, but her lover only tightened.

“You’re no queen,” Jaime said, his voice echoing, growing demonic. “I follow the true Queen… the Dragon Queen…”

Suddenly Jaime disappeared, all the candles in the room extinguished themselves causing Cersei to be surrounded by darkness.

“Jaime?” Cersei called out. “Jaime, where are you?”

A single candle lit itself, revealing the glowing face of Daenerys Targaryen.

“I am the queen you’ll never be…” Daenerys whispered. “People love me… respect me… worship me… Who is a lion to a dragon?”

Cersei grit her teeth and lunged at Daenerys’s laughing face, only for the candle to extinguish and Daenerys into thin air. Cersei whipped around as a hand grabbed her shoulder, the burnt face of Margery Tyrell looming over her.

“Murderess…” Margery hissed, her sizzling fingers pointing Cersei in the face. “Murderess!”

Cersei screamed and tried to turn and run, only to let out a sharp gasp at a pain in her lower stomach. Whimpering softly, Cersei looked down to see a dagger buried into her belly, right where her child would be growing. A small, gloved hand held onto the dagger, gripping it tightly as they sharply jerked the blade to bury it deeper.

Slowly, Cersei raised her head to look into the eyes of her attacker. The face staring back at her was Jaime’s, but it was rotted and flaking, hanging loosely over the face of someone else. The person reached up and took off Jaime’s face, revealed themselves to be a girl with dark-brown hair and grey eyes.

“The last name off my list…” the Girl said, yanking the blade out.

Cersei jerked herself awake screaming. A cold sweat covered her body was the Queen looked frantically around her empty chambers. The lady-in-waiting sleeping at the foot of her bed woke up at the sound of her Mistress’s screams, rushing to see what was wrong.

“Your Grace!” the Lady-in-Waiting gasped. “Your Grace, what’s wrong?”

Before Cersei could answer a sharp pain stabbed her in her lower stomach, where her child was
growing, wetness growing under her thighs. Yanking back the sheets, Cersei let out an inhumane howl as scarlet greeted her.

The Lady-in-waiting went running to find Qyburn, but by the time the Hand of the Queen had arrived, it was too late.

The Golden Lioness had lost her cub.

Daenerys breathed in the salty sea air, standing on the bow of her personal ship with her hands supporting her rounding stomach, now proudly displayed for all to see. She had reached the fifth month in her pregnancy not too long ago, the day marked by her fleet passing through the Dornish Sea.

It appeared as if the gods were on her side in Daenerys’s quest home. Because the normal three-month trip from the Northern port-city of Seaguard to Dorne was completed in a fraction of the time. Now, they were the Summer Sea, getting closer by the day to Meereen.

But first, Daenerys had a surprise for one of her closest friends.

“We aren’t far now, are we?” Daenerys asked Jorah.

Jorah looked up from his conversation with the captain of the ship, the two of them standing in front of a large map. “No, we aren’t Your Grace. We will arrive in the morning.”

Daenerys nodded, struggling to stop herself from smiling. Supporting her belly, Daenerys walked below deck to her chambers, where she knew she would find Missandei. Her advisor was reorganizing Daenerys’s wardrobe, as she normally did. No longer were they in the winters of the North in Westeros. No longer did Daenerys have to wear those constricting, thick furs. Now, she could wear looser, thinner dresses and outfits, Missandei’s personal favorite choice in clothing.

“Missandei?” Daenerys said, opening the door. “Can I talk to you?”

Missandei instantly bowed deeply. “Of course, Your Grace.”

Daenerys beamed at her long-time and closest friend. She did not know what she would do without Missandei at her side, without her guidance and warm spirit. Yet, her next words might deliver her worst fear, but Daenerys knew she had to speak it.

Gesturing for the both of them to sit down upon her bed, Daenerys carefully slid into place. Reaching out, she clasped Missandei’s hands in hers, taking a deep breath.

“Missandei, when I tried you so long ago, I did not know your value,” Daenerys began. “I did not know that you would be a lifelong friend to me, and the woman I would want to be the goodmother of my child.”

Missandei tilted her head, confused. “What is a goodmother, Your Grace?”

“A godparent is like a second parent to the child they are bound too,” Daenerys explained. “If anything happens to me, I know that you’ll be there to guide them.”

“B-But nothing will happen to you, Your Grace,” Missandei stammered

“No one can predict the future,” Daenerys said. “I have asked Ser Jorah to be the goodfather for my child as well, but that is not what I am here to discuss with you.” She felt the tears prick her eyes,
although Daenerys blinked them quickly to prevent the droplets from falling. “When the sun rises tomorrow morning we will be off the shores of Naath. I will give your food, money, and clothing to build a life there if that is your wish. I will also allow Grey Worm to live with you if you desire.”

Missandei’s jaw dropped. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Growing up, all Missandei ever wanted was to return to Naath, to return to her home. She wanted to return to her family, to see if anyone from her childhood was still there.

But those were the dreams and hopes of a child, of a slave. Those were not the hopes and dreams of Missandei, a Freedwoman. Those were not the hopes and dreams of Missandei, the Chief Advisor of Queen Daenerys Targaryen.

“I thank you, Your Grace,” Missandei said. “Truly, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. But I must respectfully decline.”

Daenerys blinked. “What?”

“While I would love to return to Naath, to see and live with my family, it is not my home anymore,” Missandei said. “My home, Your Grace, is with yours. With your child…” she affectionately rubbed Daenerys’s growing belly. “To help you, to guide you, to work with you to achieve the greatness I know you have within you. When you freed the Unsullied and I, you gave us a choice, and we chose you. You are the queen we choose, and we will never abandon you.”

Daenerys lost the fight to hold back her tears. The fat droplets slid down her cheeks, dripping onto the blankets and sheets. “I’m sorry,” she said, wiping her face. “Queens shouldn’t cry…”

“No,” Missandei said, brushing away Daenerys’s tears with her thumb. “It shows that you’re human, just like we are.”

Daenerys smiled. “Thank you, my friend. I would name you my Hand if the position was not already filled.”

Missandei chuckled. “Lord Tyrion might become jealous if you named me your Hand, Your Grace. You’d always take my advice and only my advice. It’s not a bad idea though, Your Grace. To have two Hands, it helps the balance of power to be evener.”

Daenerys tilted her head, thinking it over. “No… It’s not a bad idea either but… Missandei, can I be honest with you?”

Missandei nodded. “Of course you can, Your Grace.”

“I fear what’ll happen, once I take Meereen,” Daenerys revealed. “Although is the largest and richest of the Great Cities, it’s still a single city. I will still be threatened by those in Astapot and Yunkai, not to mention the other slave cities. Slavery is an abomination, Missandei, and I swore many years ago to fight so that no man, woman, or child will know it’s crushing weight.”

Missandei frowned, thinking it over. “It’s not as if you are the Queen of all Essos. If you were, then you could make the laws that you desired, Your Grace.”

Daenerys’s eyebrows shot up. “Can you explain what you mean?”

“Well, Essos has never truly been unified before, Your Grace,” Missandei explained. “Its lands are being constantly fought over by the ‘Free Cities’, Slave Cites, and other minor Lords in command. Each one has its own set of laws and rules, each one conflicting with the other. Not to mention the different cultures, each one constantly at war with each other. Blood runs in streams in Essos.
Unlike in Westeros—Your Grace if I might be so bold to say—you have an unadulterated claim there. You are the Blood of Old Valyria. Essos was where your family was born, perhaps it’s where you can return it to its former glory.”

Later that night, as Daenerys laid in her bed, her arms protectively wrapped around her belly, she was seized by a dragon dream. She hadn’t had a dragon dream since she was a young child, newly married to Khal Drogo. It was the dragon dreams that filled her with strength in the early days of her marriage, and it was the dragon dreams that filled her with strength now.

Daenerys stood naked above a large pyre, the air around her hot yet dark. Her belly was flat, yet two large dragon eggs laid at her feet. Both were similar, yet different, yet ethereally beautiful. The base color of their scales like was pure, unaltered snow, with violet swirls in intricate patterns. However, the first one, the largest one, possessed dark-silver swirls, while the second one had golden ones.

“To go forward… you must go back…” boomed a deep voice. “Pass through the Fourteen Flames to the Nest of your blood… There, you will find what you need to become the true, Blood of the Dragon…”

Drogon and Rhaegal’s large heads loomed out of the darkness, their eyes glowing. Together, both dragons opened their mouths and bathed their mother with their flames.

Daenerys jerked herself awake, her body covered in sweat but she wasn’t afraid. Outside, Daenerys thought she heard the cry of one of her children as if they knew what she felt.

“Missandei?” Daenerys called. “Missandei, can you please come here?”

Her friend arrived mere moments after being summoned, although her eyes were glazed with sleep. “Yes?” Missandei yawned. “Your Grace? How can I serve you?”

“I need you to bring Ser Jorah and Lord Tyrion,” Daenerys said. “We need to change our course.”

“Where are we going too, Your Grace?” Missandei asked.

Daenerys smiled, rubbing her belly. “The Valyrian Peninsula.”

Nymra smiled as she watched the youngest of her nieces run among the Water Gardens. Little Dorea and Loreza Sand shrieked with laughter, their long braids flying in the air as they played with the Martell servants. When little Dorea scrambled up one of the orange trees, the shaking of the branches caused the scent of orange blossoms to fill the air.

“She’s going to grow into quite the beauty,” Nymra said. “No man in all of Dorne will be able to control her.”

“She is her parents’ daughter,” Lord Harmen said, his voice gruff.

Nymra leaned back in her chair, her head turning to look at the Lord of Hellholt. “Have the spies you have in King’s Landing returned with any reports?”

Lord Harmen nodded. “They have. According to my sources, the Lioness lost her cub.”

Nymra’s eyebrows shot up. “I did not know that Euron got her with child so quickly.”

“That’s the thing,” Lord Harmen said. “Word in the King’s Landing is that the child was not
Euron’s, but instead Cersei’s brother.”

Nymra frowned. “I remember hearing rumors that the children she bore to the Usurper Robert, were the seed of her brother.”

“It’s more than a rumor,” Lord Harmen said. “One of my spies… ‘talked’ to one of Cersei’s Ladies.”

Nymra inclined her head. “She did? What did she learn?”

“She claims that the Lady swore that once, she came to check in one Cersei, and found Jaime Lannister in her bed,” Lord Harmen replied. “And that Cersei asked for ‘clean sheets’, before turning back to her lover.”

Nymra tried to not vomit. Incest was a…touchy subject, in Westeros. It was quite common for the nobility to intermarry among themselves after all the blood pool was only so large. In fact, it was seen as normal. However, no one, save for the Targaryen’s themselves, actually married brother to sister. But the Targaryen’s got away with it because of who they were, and they were loved by the people.

House Lannister did not have that love and respect, least of all Cersei Lannister.

“I wonder what Euron thought about that…” Nymra said, reaching to the platter at her side to pick up a piece of cheese.

“He was not at the capital at the time,” Lord Harmer said. “He’s been scouting for Daenerys Targaryen, traveling up and down the coast to find her. Cersei gave him strict instructions to not her leave from White Harbor alive, or set up camp on Dragonstone.”

“Then all his searching is going to be for naught,” Nymra said. “Daenerys is not in Westeros.”

Lord Harmer arched an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“Not too long ago she docked at the coast to replenish her supplies and walk around the port city,” Nymra explained. “I would have met her myself, but had things to do here, but I sent Sarella in my stead. According to my niece, the Queen was visibly pregnant.”

“Sounds like the Dragon Queen was carrying a wolf pup,” Lord Harmen sighed. “Pity, I was going to offer her one of my sons.”

Nymra tried to not burst out into laughter. “My Lord Uller, I doubt she wants a Son of Sun. Yes, the sun is hot, but fire burns hotter.”

Lord Harmen shrugged, then he frowned. “Wait, you said she was replenishing her supplies? Where was she going?”

“Sarella says that Daenerys said she was returning to Essos. That her lands were in danger, and she needs to protect them.”

“As a true queen must,” Lord Harmen said, nodding. “I assume that we will continue the shadow war here, for her? Readying ourselves for her return?”

“You assume correctly,” Nymra said. “All we need to do is plan our next move.”

✳✳✳
According to Tyrion and Jorah, the Valyrian peninsula was both a beautiful land yet filled with dangers. Jorah told Daenerys about he and Tyrion’s first trip through the shattered peninsula lead to Jorah contacting Grey Scale from a Stoneman. Back then, Jorah feared the infection would spread throughout his body, causing him to go mad. Now, they knew how to cure Grey Scale, so the threat of the Stonemen was lessened but still there.

For the sake of sanity and the safety of her ships, Daenerys commanded that only a handful of longships would travel up the many rivers, rather than the whole fleet. Tyrion and Jorah, of course, protested when Daenerys declared she would be in one of those longships. But they knew by then they couldn’t change her mind once it had been set. So, Tyrion and Jorah made sure that they were the longship that Daenerys chose, as well as Grey Worm, Missandei and several of the highest skilled Unsullied.

As they travel up the various large rivers and water pathways began, the air became misty. Thick vines and overgrowth had taken over the once beautiful homes and architecture that the Valyrian Freehold was famous for. Daenerys had to crane her head back to look at great buildings, structures large enough for dragons to rest upon. In the skies above, Drogon and Rhaegal spread their wings freely, filling the air with their song.

“Where are we going, Your Grace?” Tyrion asked.

Daenerys frowned, trying to think. “I… I don’t…”

She almost said that she didn’t know where they were going, but the words stopped on her tongue. There was a sudden tugging in her gut, and Daenerys looked up to her children.

“They…” she breathed. “Follow them.”

Jorah nodded and gave the command. The Unsullied had to work hard so that they could keep up with the dragons. The great beasts leading the small exploration group to what looked like a palace.

Grey Worm and Jorah jumped down first, followed by several other Unsullied. Tyrion stayed in the boat with Daenerys and Missandei as Jorah and the others quickly scouted the location before returning.

“All clear,” Grey Worm said.

Jorah helped his Queen from her boat and made sure to stay close to her side. At the same time, the Unsullied wormed and protective circle around Daenerys, Tyrion and Missandei, their spears pointed and ready to fight at the first sight of danger.

The palace that the dragons had to lead them to was larger than anything Daenerys had ever seen before. It was larger than Winterfell, Dragonstone, and even the Red Keep. In fact, it looked as if it could swallow all three castles whole.

Carefully, the group began to explore, going from chamber to chamber, as well as walking up countless flights of stairs. The walls were decorated with painted images of dragons, silver-haired Valyrians, mystical creatures, and bizarre-looking runes in a language that Daenerys did not know. As they explored the different chambers, Daenerys saw rotting furniture and sopping wet tapestries. Before the Doom, people lived here, Daenerys remembered, her people. Valyria was home to the greatest civilization on the planet, and in a single day, it was wiped away.

“Grey Worm, search as many chambers as you can,” Daenerys commanded. “Have the Unsullied
to gather any weapons, jewelry, art, whatever you believe will have value. As the last true Valyrian left, all this is mine by rights, and I plan to put it all to use.”

Grey Worm bowed and turned to his men, giving them the order. A handful still stayed with Daenerys, Jorah, Tyrion, and Missandei for protection of course.

The tugging came once again in Daenerys’s gut, the Dragon Queen realizing that it was her children who were calling her. The group walked up again, countless flights of stairs before reaching a large balcony. It was here where they found Drogon and Rhaegal, the two dragons perched on the balcony with complete ease. After all these centuries it was still strong enough to bare their combined weight.

From this location it allowed Daenerys to overlook the once-great city, her violet eyes filling with sadness at what she saw. The land was broken, destroyed, thick rivers running through the nearby close small islands. This was once the home of Dragonlords, now, Daenerys was all that was left.

“Do not be sad, Your Grace,” Missandei said, speaking up.

“How can I not be?” Daenerys asked. “This land… This land was the home of my people. Now, look at it, it’s destroyed.”

Missandei followed the gaze of her Queen and then gave her a small, comforting smile. “Yes, you are right. The land is destroyed. But what is destroyed can be rebuilt, Your Grace.”

Tyrion’s eyebrows shot up. “Wait a second… Missandei, you’re not suggesting that she rebuild this Freehold? There was Stonemen! And not far from here is the Demon Road. It’s too dangerous for Her Grace to even consider doing that!”

“Her Grace said she wants to break the wheel, she wants to help those who have been downtrodden,” Missandei argued back. “The Valyrian Freehold was known for his heavy hand in the slave trade. Why can’t Her Grace, the rightful heir of the Freehold, rebuild it into a nation of freemen and women?”

“Because it’s too dangerous!” Tyrion protested right back. “Her Grace is heavy with child! To rebuild this land would take money that she does not have!”

“Not yet,” Daenerys said, her voice soft.

Everyone turned to Daenerys, not knowing what she meant.

“Look at this land,” Daenerys said, spreading her arms wide. “This is my true homeland, Essos is where I belong, not Westeros. It’s my duty, as the Heir of the Freehold to at least try and rebuild this majestic land, while also atoning for the sins of my forefathers. But Tyrion is right, I do not have the money to do so. That is why we set sail for Slaver’s Bay at sunrise. We will take back Meereen with Fire and Blood if we have too. And Astapor, and Yunkai. Then, a new dawn will rise on Valyria.”

Chapter End Notes

Evening everyone!

Posted this chapter early in honor of us OFFICIALLY GETTING A HOUSE
TARGARYEN SPIN-OFF!! EEEP!! I'm so freaking excited, and I can't wait for it to premiere! Because of that announcement, I decided to introduce Daenerys considering rebuilding the Valyrian Freehold/Conquering Essos earlier much earlier than I had originally planned. I had originally planned for Daenerys to get the idea after an assassination attempt by a Qaathi Warlock, (and might still do that) and it is in retaliation. However, I believe (and hope) that it makes better sense for the idea to be planted in her head now, after visiting the ruins of the Valyrian Freehold.

So, question time for YOU guys. What types of treasures do you think Daenerys will find in this 'Sack'. As she plans to explore more and gathered more information about her family and bloodline.

Next chapter we will catch up with Jon & how the North is doing, and I hope you guys like the change that you'll see in him. Jon's going to be putting his foot down and dropping some truth bombs, so be prepared for that. This chapter was originally much longer, but I decided to split it in half. After the next chapter, we'll have a 2-year time jump, and I'll reveal how many children Jon & Daenerys have, as well as their names & genders.

Won't reveal any spoilers, but I will say that Jon isn't going to let Dany go so easily ;)

Toodles!
CHAPTER XIV

Chapter Summary

Jon takes a stand. Brienne talks to Jaime. Fire and Blood comes to Slaver’s Bay.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Northern lords did not know why their king had summoned them all early one morning. Within days they were supposed to leave for their own castles and regions, so it came off as strange to the assembled masses.

Sansa arrived at the Great Hall to the bowing of the Northern Lords and Ladies, only to freeze in her tracts. At the main table, there was only one chair, not the normal two that used to sit there. She looked in confusion to one of the guards and asked where he chair was, with the guard replying that Jon had commanded only his chair be placed at the table.

Sansa forced herself to keep a calm face in front of the guard, but when he turned away, she bit her bottom lip. Was this Jon’s way of freezing her out? She hadn’t seen much of him recently, and now, when he was to hold a meeting before the Lords of the North, he did not want her at his side?

Arya appeared, wheeling Bran into the Great Hall. Like all of the Starks, they both received bows and nods of recognition, but Sansa watched as Arya pushed Bran closer to the table. It wasn’t at the actual table but it was pretty close, while Arya herself took a seat right next to him.

‘The pack should be united,’ Sansa thought. ‘And Jon is dividing us, all over that... that... that Dragon Queen who used her feminine wills to seduce him. Cersei was right when she said a woman’s greatest weapon was what laid between her legs’.

Everyone rose as the doors opened and Jon strode him. The King in the North was dressed in his regal winter furs, with a braided band of silver low on his brow. Jon preferred to the simple silver band rather than his large wolf crown, as he was truly a simple man at heart. The Lords of the North bowed as Jon passed, walking to the main table and taking his seat, which they all did.

Sansa had to scramble for a seat next to Arya. She looked to her sister for help, only to get an icy glare in return.

‘Jon has told her everything,’ Sansa realized. ‘Great, she’ll hate me forever since I prevented her from riding a dragon.’

“I’m sure you’re all wondering why I called you here,” Jon said, his voice loud and regal. “Before you leave for your castles and fortresses, I needed to speak to you about a couple of important matters.”

The Northern Lords all mumbled and nodded, waiting to hear what their King wanted to say.

“I never wanted to be a king,” Jon began. “Never thought a bastard would amount to much in our world. But you all saw my worth, you saw what I did for you, for the North that is my home, and how I’d die to protect it. For that, you made me your king and I will be forever grateful for it. The
‘North Remembers’ is our motto, and yet we clearly seem to forget what is convenient for us.”

Sansa peaked at the crowd, seeing that they still looked confused about what their King meant.

“Her Grace, Queen Daenerys Targaryen did not have to come here to help us,” Jon said, struggling to keep his anger in. “She could have ignored us, like Cersei Lannister, and left us all to fire at the hands of the dead. But she didn’t. Instead, she risked her armies, her dragons, and her own life to do the right thing. She picked up a sword and fought by our side, and how did the North repay her? How did this honorable land repay her and her people’s sacrifices? We froze them out, we turned out backs on her!”

“But, Your Grace,” a brave Northern Lord protested. “She was not from here!”

“And that makes it right?” Jon snarled, his tone as dangerous as an enraged wolf. “We owe everything to her! She helped us with men, food, horses, and more. And yet she wasn’t treated with respect, but with contempt. You all hated her for something that was not her fault, and rather than letting her shine, letting her in; all you did was freeze her out so that she had no choice but to leave!”

A heavy silence fell over everyone. The assembled Lords and Ladies all looked uncomfortable, shameful, remorseful. They looked at their feet or hands, anywhere but the wolfish rage of their king.

“She was also carrying my child,” Jon revealed. “I would have married her. Together, we could have truly unified Westeros. I found out that during the Dance of the Dragons there was an alliance forged between the Houses Targaryen and Stark. House Stark would bind itself to House Targaryen through marriage. That could have been us, but Daenerys left because she felt unwelcome, and she took our child with her.”

“You should all be ashamed of yourselves,” Arya said icily. “Not to mention she left before I could take a ride on the dragon…”

Jon cleared his throat. “As your King, I need to form my Small Council, as well as consider our next move.” He took a deep breath. “But there would be a layer of trust between kings and their subjects, and reigns should not be built upon lies.”

The assembled crowd began to murmur, looking at themselves confused about what their king had lied about.

“I am not a bastard,” Jon said. “Nor am I the son of Eddard Stark. My father was Rhaegar Targaryen, and he did not kidnap or rape my mother, Lyanna Stark. She loved him, and he loved her. A High Septon annulled Rhaegar’s marriage to Elia Martell and married him and Lyanna. In a way, I guess you believe I am the true heir to the Iron Throne.”

All began to talk now at once, shouting over each other, trying to be heard at this declaration.

“Makes sense if you ask me,” a Northern Lady commented. “No way a Stag would ever satisfy a She-Wolf. Only a Dragon could.”

“Also, it makes sense that he’d choose that Dragon Queen,” a man wearing House Manderly colors. “The Heiress of House Stark at the time married her half-Uncle.”

Sansa listened to all the shouting and arguing, holding her breath to see what would happen next. She didn’t expect Jon to reveal the revelation of his birth to early in his reign, but then again it did make sense.
‘With the Dragon Queen gone, Jon is the true heir to the throne,’ Sansa thought proudly. ‘We can beat Cersei once and for all.’

Jon meanwhile raised his hand for silence. “I know a lot of you have questions, and I will answer them if you would like. But I did not tell you this to confuse you or make you think that I tricked you to consolidate my own power. I wanted you to know the truth and to know that I do not want the Iron Throne. The North is my home, and that is where I still stay and rule from this day, until my last day. That is if you want me.”

Jon’s grey eyes swept the Great Hall. He saw the Lords and Ladies murmuring among themselves, glancing in his direction. He heard the whispers of ‘dragonspawn’ and ‘true heir’ tossed around.

“I still want you,” a strong voice declared.

Everyone turned to see a girl, around the age of eight, standing from her seat. She was dressed in dark-grey furs with a green cloak, a black bear upon it as well as the clasp.

“I still want you, Your Grace,” young Jeora Mormont said. “Just as my sister did.”

The only sister to the infamous Lyanna Mormont, young Jeora was now the Head of her House, as well as the Lord of Bear Island. Just like her sister, she had the fierceness and braveness of a bear, and she would speak her mind.

“Our King has done more for us, in these short span of years then anyone else has done,” Jeora continued, turning to face the congregation. “We crowned him our King in the North because we believed in him, and who are we to turn on him because of who his father was? The North runs in his veins, and that is good enough for me and Bear Island.” She drew her sword, laying it at Jon’s feet. “House Mormont knows no king, but the King in the North whose name is Stark; and that is you, Your Grace.”

She turned her blue eyes to the assembled Lords and Ladies, daring them to rebuff her.

“The King in the North,” a Lord declared, drawing his sword and doing the same.

“The King in the North!” Lady Alys Karstark cheered.

“The King in the North!” the Lords began to chant. “The King in the North! The King in the North!”

“He just won’t be the King in the North,” Bran said suddenly.

He spoke so low that only Sansa and Arya heard him, both sisters turning to look at him in surprise.

“What do you mean?” Sansa asked.

“He will reign over a land many times larger than this Kingdom,” Bran said, before leaning back in his chair.

Sansa and Arya knew that they wouldn’t get any more information out of their mysterious brother. But Sansa looked to Jon with new eyes at this revelation. Could it be he was destined to reign over all of Westeros?

Qaqlh mo Shollhaz reclined in his chair with a sigh of pleasure. He reached down and pushed the head of the slave girl closer, wanting more of her highly skilled mouth. Qaqlh mo Shollhaz made
a mental note to thank the pleasure house in Lys for sending him this girl, as he always made him spill his seed quite easily.

Not far from where Qaqhal mo Shollhaz lay, an Unsullied soldier stood silent, still as a statue. The practice of making Unsullied had been banned by the Dragon Whore, Qaqhal mo Shollhaz remembered, but she wasn’t here. No, she left Slaver’s Bay to try and rule an unknown kingdom, and it was quite easy to pick up the pieces of her fractured lands.

Now, everything was back to where it belonged in Astapor. The slave trade flourished in Slavery’s Bay, as it always had done.

Qaqhal mo Shollhaz sighed and tilted his head back, feeling pressure building with his groin, signaling his release was coming. However, as he looked up, something caught his attention. A large bird flew in the skies above Qaqhal mo Shollhaz’s pyramid, but the way the bird flew seemed… off to the Good Master. It more-so glided, rather than flapped its wings to fly.

Then, the ‘bird’ let our a roar that Qaqhal mo Shollhaz was sure Meereen could hear. The Good Master leaped to his feet as the ‘bird’ dipped down and dived, growing larger and larger in size by the second. Within moments the ‘bird’ revealed itself not as an aviary, but a lizard, a massive lizard with swords for teeth and breath hot enough to melt stone.

It was a dragon.

Qaqhal mo Shollhaz shoved the girl away from his cock and rushed to the balcony. The Good Master’s eyes widened in horror as a sea of endless Dothraki and Unsullied soldiers stood in front of the main Harpy Gate. But that wasn’t the worse of it, Qaqhal mo Shollhaz saw. In front of her armies and seated upon a white horse was the unmistakable silver head of Daenerys Targaryen.

There wasn’t time to assembled the Unsullied inside the city, as most were still green boys who had only achieved half their training. The Astapori soldiers couldn’t go out and fight, as everyone feared the Dothraki and would never face them in open battle.

The best the Good Master could hope for was to parlay, but some part of Qaqhal mo Shollhaz told him that Daenerys would not hear it. Still, it was worth a try.

About an hour later a small caravan of slaves under a white flag exited the Harpy Gates. With them were several large wagons of sold, silver, food, rich cloth, herbs and spices, copper, weapons; anything of value the Good Masters knew would placate the Dothraki from before.

But that was before they followed Daenerys Targaryen, and believed her to be their Great Khalessi.

The Slaves lined up the carts and wagons in front of Daenerys’s horse, while a Good Master who had been carried with the items jumped down. He trembled as he looked up at Daenerys’s fiery gaze, unable to speak or move, and rather just fell flat on his face. Drogon and Rhaegal circled above, flapping their leathery wings and shrieking loud enough to wake the stone harpies Astapor claimed protected it.

“I always knew that you Astapori were the lowest of the low,” Daenerys said, her voice loud and clear. “It appears it did not take you long to slip back into your terrible ways when you believed I had left.”

The Good Master tried to speak, but his words only came out in a strangled gurgle.

Missandei nodded. “Yes, Your Grace.”

Daenerys turned back to the Good Master. “Did you think I was gone?”

The Good Master’s mouth flapped like a fish, gasping for air. “W…We… erm…”

Daenerys silenced him with a look. “I will not waste my breath on inferior men like you. So, I will be clear: the gold, silver, and whatever else is in those carts and wagons, I accept it. But it’s not enough.”

“N-N-Not enough…?” the Good Master stammered.

“Yes,” Daenerys said. “It’s not enough because I know that behind those walls are thousands of slaves. Men, women, and children that you have forced into backbreaking labor and service, against my explicit orders that slavery was finished in this Bay!”

The Good Master flinched at her raised voice. Daenerys didn’t care. In Westeros, she had to dance around the nobles, nobles that didn’t know her and judged her to a background that wasn’t her fault. But here in Essos, people knew her, people feared her, and now that her dragons were fully grown they would know the words of her House.

“Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t allow my armies to sack your city,” Daenerys hissed.

The Good Master puffed out his chest, trying to give out a false sense a bravado. “B-Because we have Unsullied now!” he said. “Behind those walls are the freshest crop of the best soldiers the world has ever known!”

Grey Worm shifted in his spot next to Missandei. The thought of other boys going through the rigorous and painful process of being Unsullied made his blood begin to boil. But then a thought came to him, and he looked to Missandei, leaning over to whisper in her ear as the Good Master continued to talk.

“… the Dothraki knew the reputation of our Unsullied,” the Good Master said. “They will fall here, just as they did during the Century of Blood!”

“Forgive me, Your Grace,” Missandei interrupted. “But this man is lying.”

Daenerys turned to her friend. “What do you mean?”

“Grey Worm says that it takes at least seven years for an Unsullied achieve their full training,” Missandei revealed. “We have been gone for less than a year. And since you took the last large, forgive my language, ‘crop’ of Unsullied, it would mean that…”

“The soldiers behind those walls are nothing more than Green Boys,” Daenerys finished, her violet eyes glittering with rage.

The Good Master gulped, he knew that this lie had been caught. Glancing behind him, he looked to the people lining the Harpy’s Gate, desperate for help. He made a small signal with his hand, a signal of which Grey Worm saw.

Acting quickly, Grey Worm snatched Missandei and Daenerys from their horses as half a dozen arrows shot in their direction. Jorah instantly wrapped himself protectively around Daenerys, just as Grey Worm did the same thing with Missandei. The poor horses, unfortunately, were forced to take the brunt of the arrows. The animals shrieking in pain as the razor-sharp barbed tips buried themselves into their bodies.
Not waiting for the arrows to reload, Grey Worm leaped forward and grabbed the Good Master, putting a blade to his throat. The Unsullied made a protective circle around their Queen, spears, and shields up. Grey Worm then dragged the Good Master into the circle, forcing him on his knees before Daenerys.

No word had to be said. All Daenerys did was give a small nod and the Good Master let out a strangled gasp as his throat was cleanly cut. The Unsullied opened the circle briefly for the Good Masters on the Harpy’s Gate could see the fate of their comrade.

“Bring me the head of every Good Master in Astapor,” Daenerys commanded, her voice loud and clear for her armies to hear. “Strike off the chains of every slave you see, tell them they have been freed. You are to not rape or harm children but can take spoils. I want every image of the harpy burned, the statues defaced, and its temples burned to the ground!”

Slaver’s Bay thought that they had gotten rid of her. Instead, she had returned with a burning vengeance hot enough to turn them all to ash. Fire and Blood were her House’s words, and Daenerys would deliver upon them.

Her armies did as she commanded. The Harpy’s Gate never got the chance to close before thousands of Dothraki and Unsullied burst through. One by one, the handful of Good Masters that ruled over hundreds of thousands were brought down. Daenerys did not discriminate when it came to the Good Masters dying. Men and women both lost their heads, as both genders had profited from the slave trade. Only the children of the Good Masters were spared.

The collars and chains of the slaves were removed, and rather than run away and hide, several picked up weapons to join in the fight. Dothraki swept the city, doing most of the killing, but was kept under a tight reign by Asheffi. Qhono’s sister had managed to seize control of the Dothraki after all, and she would obey her Khalseesi’s commands.

Grey Worm, meanwhile, had his own separate mission on the streets of Astapor. With his most trusted men, they went looking for this new ‘crop’ of Unsullied boys. It wasn’t too hard to find his old barracks, bile rising in his throat at the sight. He would not leave them there.

As the sun began to set and the sack was nearing completion, Grey Worm marched the boys out of Astapor and to stand before his Queen. Several other former slaves had joined them, a large crowd gathering before Daenerys who was still being guarded by Jorah.

“Let me pass,” Daenerys whispered to Jorah. “They won’t harm me.”

Jorah made a face but did as she commanded, slowly stepping aside.

Daenerys straightened her back and held up her head, looking every inch a queen. “Missandei, can you translate?”

Missandei nodded. “Yes, Your Grace.”

Daenerys turned back to the assembled mass of people. “Today, I give you a choice. Life back in bondage, or live as freedmen and women in your city, your Astapor. Legends say that the stones are red because of the blood the slaves poured into building it. Now, I give it back to you. Those who wish to follow me and my armies are welcome, but I plan to march on Meereen and take back my home. The choice is yours.”

The former slaves and Unsullied looked at each other. They knew of her reputation. They knew of her. The Good Masters would use this woman as a weapon against them. They said she didn’t
care about slaves and was just causing chaos where she went. But that wasn’t what they saw. They
saw a woman who had lived up to her promise not so long ago of returning to free the slaves, and
that was what she had just done.

“Mhysa!” a former slave said, remembering Daenerys’s old title.

“Mhysa!” another former slave said, louder this time.

“Mhysa!” they began to chant. “Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa!”

Mother… it was a title that Daenerys held in higher regard than her royal ones. It was a title she
had earned and deserved. A mother took care of and watched over her children, and that was what
she would do here in Essos.

Most of the former slaves did return to Astapor to rebuild it, and Daenerys even left a couple of her
Unsullied captains to oversee it, and keep order. But she had to march toward Meereen, that was
her main goal.

“Missandei?” Daenerys said to her friend.

Missandei turned to face her Queen. “Yes, Your Grace?”

“It takes a good rider about six days to travel from Astapor to Yunkai, and then another six
days from Yunkai to Meereen, am I right?” Daenerys asked.

Missandei nodded. “You are correct, Your Grace. However, since we have an army, then it’ll take
us about a month to reach Meereen, rather than a fortnight. But they’ll know about us, and be
preparing their defenses.”

Daenerys smirked, her hand going to her belly as she felt her child move. “Good. Let them know.
Let them fear.”

They marched for a good day before making camp, the Dothraki and Unsullied making a
protective circle around Daenerys’s tent. After a hot bath, Daenerys sat on her bed, looking through
the various trunks that were filled with the treasured of Old Valyria with the help of Missandei.

While there were really too many ruined palaces for the Unsullied to search, they did find a great
amount of treasure and lore items. Jewelry, pottery, furniture, untouched gold and silver and
precious stones, sketches of clothing, paintings, and armor of various styles. Unfortunately, they
did not find any dragon eggs, but then again they didn't search for everything. They did, however,
find what appeared to be a large forge, but instead of a large fire pit, there was instead a resting
place… a place so large that Daenerys knew what it was for.

A dragon.

It was in this forge that Daenerys believed they found one of the true greatest treasures: untouched
blocks of Valyrian steel. These were valueless, as the making of Valyrian steel had been lost for
centuries. Now, Daenerys had several pounds of the sacred steel, but she still did not know exactly
how to forge weapons. But Daenerys knew that all she had to do was pay someone enough to
uncover the secret, and now that dragons had returned to the world; it shouldn't be that hard to
learn.

“Look at this, Your Grace,” Missandei said.

Missandei held up the skeleton of what appeared to be armor, and from the shape of it, Daenerys
believed it to be made for a woman. The leather normally worn under the armor was well-rotted away, but the chainmail and outer plates were still in good condition.

“I believe with a little cleaning and refitting, this would be for you, Your Grace,” Missandei said.

Daenerys chuckled, her hand going to her belly. “Perhaps after I bring my child into this world, but I do see what you mean, my friend.”

“Then you'll love this,” Missandei said, turning away.

She put the armor down before carefully picking up a long object, wrapped in a thick cloth. Holding it out to Daenerys, Daenerys slowly unwrapped the item to reveal a Valyrian steel sword.

It was a slender, lighter, showing that it was meant to be in a woman's hand. The handle was broken but could easily be replaced, but what drew Daenerys's attention the most was the blade. It was long, of course, dull from decades of unuse, but was still beautiful in her eyes.

It felt so... so... so right, Daenerys left, to be holding this sword. Blackfyre and Dark Sister had been lost decades ago, perhaps it was time for a new sword for her House.

“I claim this as mine,” Daenerys said to Missandei. “After we conquer Meereen and settle the land, I will find a blacksmith to reforge it for me.”

Missandei nodded, grinning from ear to ear. “Of course, Your Grace. Oh, one last thing.”

She dug around in the box and produced a small notebook. The pages were wrinkled and faded with age, but Missandei found what she was looking for. Holding it up to her Queen, Daenerys looked at what laid upon the pages and then grinned.

“Do it,” she said, nodding.

One by one, Jon carefully picked the people he desired to serve on his Small Council. Once everything was finalized and Jon was sure, he summoned the chosen people into his solar for a formal appointment.

The first chosen as the Lord Commander of Jon’s Kingsguard, the man picked for the role was named Larence Snow. The bastard son of the former Lord of Hornwood, Larence was raised and fostered as a squire for House Glover. The former Lord of Hornwood died without any legitimate heirs, with his only daughter married to Leobald Tallhart. Jon learned from this daughter that her father wanted Larence to be raised as his heir, and asked Lord Glover to give Larence a formal education.

Larence had served in the Northern Army against the living dead and had fought well. He was young but quite wise and spirited as well as quick-witted. The only problem with this was that Larence was a Snow, but Jon quickly saw through that problem and offered to legitimize him. Larence accepted Jon’s offer within moments of being asked, and offered to find the best men in the North to serve as well. In the South, Kingsguard were not allowed to father children or hold titles, but Jon ignored this rule. He did not see why they couldn’t nor shouldn't, and the last thing Jon wanted was more bastards misplaced in the world.

Secondly came the appointment of the Lord Commander of what Jon called the Wolf Army, meaning the main group of Northern Forces. This pick was quite easy for Jon, and he selected Dirron of House Dustin. House Dustin was the first House to declare their loyalty to House Stark, even going so far as to openly rebel against House Bolton alongside House Mormont when the
Flayers tried to steal the North. House Dustin easily was one of the major Houses sworn to House Stark, and Jon knew Dirron wouldn’t let him down.

The next appointment was one of the most important, Jon knew, and he had to choose the correct person. After careful consideration, Jon appointed Wyman Manderly as his Master of Coin. Known as the ‘House Tyrells’ of the North, House Manderly’s seat was White Harbor, the only settlement in the North large enough to be known as a city. House Manderly was rich from White Harbor being a port city, and with work, Jon hoped would help enrich the rest of the region. However, Jon knew that he was going to have to keep Wyman on a tight leash, as the Lord was known for being shrewd, calculating and intelligent. However, he was also known for being a staunch supporter of House Stark.

For the next appointment, Jon made with ease, although he did not know how the chosen person would react. For this Master of Whisperers, Jon asked for Arya to hold the title. He had seen her skill in battle and listened to her tell tales of what happened in Braavos. He trusted Arya with his life, and couldn’t help but smile when he gave her the title.

When it came to Master of Ships, there was only one man that Jon could select, and that was Davos Seaworth. The Onion Knight had proved his worth more than enough. In the past, the North never saw a reason to have a fleet, but not anymore. Jon wanted a Northern fleet that would rival perhaps even the infamous Greyjoy fleet. He knew it was possible with Davos’s insight and House Manderly’s money, but it would take some time to be built.

Lastly came the title of Grand Maester. Jon easily gave this title to Sam, but he also asked Bran at the same time to be a loremaster. He didn’t want Bran to be Grand Maester, as Bran was ‘beyond’ a master, he claimed to be, but as the Three-Eyed Raven, he was still quite valuable. Bran and Sam both agreed without question.

“That’s it?” Sansa asked, watching as Sam wheeled Bran out of Jon’s solar.

Jon arched an eyebrow. “What do you mean, Sansa?”

“Aren’t you missing one very important role?” Sansa asked. “You didn’t select your Hand of the King.”

“I did,” Jon said. “He’s on his way here.”

“He?” Sansa repeated. “Who did you choose?”

“Howland Reed,” Jon revealed. “He served Father faithfully, helped keep my secret, was one of my mother’s best friends. Meera kept Bran safe when he wondering the North so long ago. Although I haven’t met him before, I know that I can trust him. Who else would be my Hand?”

“Me!” Sansa blurted out. “Who else could you have chosen?!”

Jon’s grey eyes began as hard as steel. “Unlike you, I trust Howland Reed.”

Sansa’s face flushed red. “You can’t keep on looking to the past, Jon. That position should be mine! How’s it look that Arya and Bran have positions on your Small Council and I don’t?”

“That you have displeased me,” Jon said, standing up. “Which you have. It’s going to take me a long time to forgive you for this Sansa, I’m not sure if I’ll ever forgive you. I sure and hell know that I’ll never forget it. As I said before, I will take you advice on certain matters, but I’ll never trust you again Sansa. Now, if you excuse me, I have a meeting I must attend.”
Jon left a flabbergasted Sansa alone in his solar, not caring if she followed him or not. He had an important meeting that he couldn’t miss.

Walking to the stables, Jon found a Northern man dressed in thick furs and travel clothes. He was strapping bags filled with supplies onto the side of a mule, which in turn stood next to a horse with a furred saddle to protect against the cold.

“Are you ready?” Jon asked.

The Man—Harold Snow—nodded to his king. “I am, Your Grace. I have more than enough supplies enough with me to reach White Harbor.”

“According to Lord Manderly a merchant ship arriving from and then returning to Pentos will reach White Harbor in about six weeks,” Jon said. “After you get there, it shouldn’t take you long to reach Meeren. You know what you must do?”

Harold nodded. “Yes, Your Grace. I will protest the Queen and your child with my life. It won’t be hard for me to pass myself off as a sellsword, just have to grow my hair and figure out to lose my accent.”

“Do not forget to send me reports if you can,” Jon reminded him. “Perhaps see if you can convince Lord Tyrion to help you. I just… need to bide my time until I can reach them.”

Harold nodded again then bowed deeply, turning back to finish preparing his animals.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the castle, Brienne found Jaime instructing several Northern boys how to properly use a sword. Having been given a full pardon by Queen Daenerys and King Jon, Jaime's reputation as a master swordsman attracted eager students to him like bees to flowers.

She chuckled as she watched a little boy trip in his formations, falling down in the snow with a soft plop. Jaime quickly stopped the lesson and hurried to help the child up, his lips curving into a glowing smile as he helped him in his formations again.

It was times like these that made Brienne fall in love with him all over again. This man had come far, he changed from that pompous golden lion and truly became an honorable warrior. Now, it was time for the gods to reward him for all his hard work.

When Jaime finally noticed Brienne he put a pause to the lesson and jogged over to her, his face full of worry.

“What’s wrong?” Jaime asked. “Did something happen?”

Brienne chuckled, shaking her head. “No, no nothing is wrong. I just… wanted to watch you with the children. You’re good with them, you know. You’re quite fatherly”

Jaime’s shoulders sagged. “I never… I never got a chance to be a father to my... previous children. I thought it was because of my sins, sins that I fear I still bear the scars today.”

Brienne took his hands in hers. She never was one for the gentle, sentimental moments, but what she was about to say would change both of their lives.

“Perhaps,” Brienne said slowly. “Perhaps the gods saw your growth and development and decided to give you another chance.” She took a deep breath. “Jaime, I’m… I’m… with child…”

Jaime’s heart froze in his chest. “C-Come again?”
“I’m with child,” Brienne repeated. “I haven’t bled… since the Feast.”

Jaime gasped, his face slowly splitting in a smile a mile wide as he let out a loud whoop. Wrapping his arms around Brienne he pulled her close, pressing his lips to hers in a passionate kiss. The moment was broken however by the giggling of children, causing Jaime to remember that he was in a swords skill lesson.

Bejugdingly, Jaime broke the kiss, but he could see that Brienne was beaming just as much as he was. The gods had given him another chance as life, and this time, Jaime swore that nothing would happen to his child.

Krozlir na Nuaz had waded through too much blood to become the High Harpy in the Son’s of the Harpy. He had done everything to seize power in Meereen, and he was not going to lose it now.

The Meereense Slave Master stood among the battlements of the city, watching as the soldiers of the city lined it with boiling oil and stocked their arrows. In front of the city, lined up and ready for battle, was a sea of Unsullied and Dothraki.

Krozlir na Nuaz scanned the lines for a silver head, for the bitch who called herself ‘Queen of Meereen’ but he didn’t see her. Word had swiftly reached Meereen of the fates of Astapor, and then Yunkai. On how this Valyrian Bitch killed all the slave masters and laid waste to the city, freeing the slaves and then moving on. It took about a month for them to reach Meereen, and now they were here.

A man dressed in steel armor rode out alongside a brown-skinned woman. He spoke something to the woman who then translated what he had said.

“We speak for Her Grace, Queen Daenerys of House Targaryen,” the Brown Skinned woman said loudly. “Open your gates and surrender Meereen to us, and you will be spared. If not, then the whole city will be sacked!”

Krozlir na Nuaz’s lips curved into a smirk as he burst out laughing, tossing his head back. Who did this woman think she was? The walls of Meereen were thick and wide. It would take a team of elephants to pull down the wooden doors, and then it might not break. Not only that but Krozlir na Nuaz remembered the trick this Daenerys used the last time to get in Meereen. The sewer systems were plugged up, so there was no way in or out.

Suddenly a loud shriek filled the air.

Krozlir na Nuaz raised his head to the skies at the sound but didn’t see the source. At first.

Two large shapes were moving in front of the sun, then it seemingly flew into the sun. Frowning, Krozlir na Nuaz covered his eyes with his hands to try and get a better look, only too late did he realize his mistake.

Strapped into a roughly made dragon saddle designed by a sketchbook found by Missandei, was Daenerys. Holding onto the reins tied Drogon’s main spines in one hand, and whip in the other, Daenerys smirked, unfurling the whip, she cracked it hard against Drogon’s side, although she knew that her Child wouldn’t be bothered by it. His scales were thick, and the crack of the whip would be nothing more than a slight nudge to him.

Drogon obeyed the signal and tucked in his wings, dipping his body down and began to dive. At his side, Rhaegal copied his brother’s movements, the two of them falling like eagles diving for prey. Daenerys pressed herself against Drogon’s back so the wind couldn’t string her eyes, and just
as they reached the appropriate height she gave the order.

“Dracarys!”

Flames erupted from the mouths of her Children. The great gate exploded into a thousand pieces, the stone on the sides melting like wax against the boiling hot flames.

At the sight of the dragons, Krozhir na Nuaz tried to run but it was too late. The back of his body caught the lasting effects of the fire blast, but it still enough forces to send the Son of the Harpy flying. Falling tens of thousands of feet on the sandy below, every bone in Krozhir na Nuaz’s body was instantly broken. As the darkness closed in on the man, the last thing he saw was Unsullied marching into Meereen, followed by herds of Dothraki.

Just like with the Sacking of Astapor and Yunkai, the Unsullied and Dothraki knew their orders. All the slave masters, no matter their gender, were to die. Only the children were to be unharmed, as well as all slaves. Blood ran down the streets of Meereen, blood that would take some time to clean; but then again, Daenerys brought she had had always promised her enemies.

Fire and Blood.

When the smoke had cleared and all the dead slave masters were gathered for burning, Daenerys realized that she had a decision to make. It would be easy to handle the slaves, after all, she was their Myhsa, but the children of the former slave masters were a different matter.

Yes, they were children, but in a way, they were slave masters themselves and would become slave masters when they became of age. It was well within her rights to execute them all, wipe the slate clean; but Daenerys knew she wouldn’t do that.

Children were not to pay for the crimes of their parents. She had been judged in Westeros for the crimes of her father, Daenerys would not judge these children. After some thought, the answer became clear.

Now that Daenerys was Queen of Meereen again, she claimed the Great Pyramid as her own. There, she would house the children until they became of age, then they would have a choice: stay in Meereen and help them rebuild, or leave.

“Today is a new era in Slaver’s Bay,” Daenerys declared, standing before the assembled crow of Meereenese. “Once again those in shackles have been freed, and this time I plan for them to stay that way. I swear to you, that I will never leave Essos again. Slaver’s Bay will no longer be called that, but instead, it shall take a new name: the Bay of Dragons. Together we will work to rebuild these three Great Cities into a beacon of hope and renewal. A Queen serves her people and I shall serve you now from this day, until my last day!”

“Myhsa!” the crowd chanted, their roars deafening. “Myhsa! Myhsa! Myhsa!”

“What about rebuilding Valyria?” Missandei whispered to Daenerys.

“One step at a time,” Daenerys said. “The Bay of Dragons needs to rebuilt first, but we all know the true goal. We aren’t building a freehold, Missandei, we’re going to build an Empire.”

Chapter End Notes
Good evening everyone! So, this is the long-awaited chapter, so let's break down what's happened so far!

1. Jon finally grew a pair and confronted his Lords and Ladies. Jeora is a OC, as I LOVED Lyanna and had to make a miniature version of herself.

2. Dany took Astapor, Yunaki & Meereen, which is good! I've always loved writing Dany in battle, and decided for her to use her dragons. She decided also to use some of the knowledge that she found in Valyria, and I can't wait for you guys to see how she uses it more!

3. Jon made his Small Council, please tell me what you thought of his chosen people. Jon's set on rebuilding the North, and that means putting people in place that he believes will help them. Also, Brienne is pregnant!

4. The next chapter is the time jump! I've decided for a 2-year time jump, so the child and/or children can grow and become more relevant to the story. I do picture this story being quite long, with Dany and Jon having several children before it's over & them defeating the true Big Bad. Another user figured out that the true villains of the story will be the REAL Others, the ones from the books that rode Ice Spiders and who may/may not have an Ice Dragon. So there's so much that's coming up, as I picture this book having around 50-60 chapters before being finished.

5. This will be the last chapter for a little bit, as I need to take a short break for personal reasons, but I'd still love to hear from you! I'll be updating my other FanFics when I can, so be on the lookout for them as well.

Toodles!

P.S. Told you, Jon wouldn't let Dany and their child go so easily *Wink wink* (Don't worry. Neither of them are going to take lovers/spouses during the time jump, their love is too strong for that, even though their advisors will try and persuade them otherwise).
CHAPTER XV

Chapter Summary

Short time jump. A wedding happens in the North. Jon gets a gift. Daenerys celebrates then gets a big surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jon always disliked weddings. He didn’t hate them, he just didn’t like them because it was rubbing salt into an open wound. No one would ever want to marry a bastard, at least that was what Caitlyn Tully drilled into his head. Jon might be considered Eddard Stark’s son, but he was still a bastard.

‘If only Caitlyn knew the truth,’ Jon thought. ‘If only she knew that Eddard didn’t betray her, and I was that stain on his honor that couldn’t ever be removed.’

A soft crunch on gravel behind Jon made the White Wolf turn, watching as Alys Karstark slowly walked down the center aisle.

The red-haired Northern Lady was dressed in thick ivory-colored furs, her tresses bound in a simple braid interwoven with Winter Roses.

Under the massive Winterfell weirwood tree stood a Thenn Magnar named Sigorn. The Thenns were considered by the North was ‘civilized’ Free Folk, as they believed themselves the last true descendants of the First Men. They had lords and laws that were similar to those in the North, and used copper and tin, forging their armor and weapons unlike stealing it.

It had taken Jon and Sansa months to negotiate the terms of this marriage. This union was one of the first of its kind in the North, and Jon hoped that it would be to their benefit. A Magnar was a Thenn title similar to ‘lord’, with the supreme title being called the Magnar of Thenns; making him their king. Tonight, House Karstark would be no more and instead be replaced with House Thenn. The lands of House Karstark would be converted to serve House Thenn.

Currently, Sigorn leads a small force of over 200 Thenn warriors and their families. This would greatly increase the Northern population after much of it had been lost against the army of the Dead.

Sigorn was a man with the muscled body of a warrior, although he stood only a couple of inches taller than his bride. His long, light-brown hair—although pulled back for this great event—was thick and bushy, like a lions mane. His eyes weren’t too large and were a light-stormy grey. His nose was crooked after being broken in numerous fights to hold his supreme title after the death of his father, and there normally was a frown on his lips.

But not today.

Today, those grey eyes were fastened upon the slender woman who slowly walked to stand in front of him. People born with red hair were considered sacred to both Thenns and Free Folk alike, so it
pleased Sigorn to know that he was blessed by his gods. At the same time, Sigorn knew that he frightened her. The young woman was trying to not tremble, Sigorn could see, after all, she no doubt had been told horrid stories about the Free Folk and Thenns in her youth. Now, she was going to marry one. Sigorn also knew that he looked fearsome, frightening with his thick furs over a leather bronze-scaled shirt, red and blue war paint decorating his face.

When Alys reached Sigorn, the Magnar felt himself become flustered the moment her blue eyes settled upon him. She was so small… so innocent… in that second Sigorn made a solemn oath before his gods to protect her, no matter the costs.

The couple didn’t have to be coxed to say their vows before the weirwood tree, although Alys turned bright red when Sigorn kissed her. The Magnar gave her hand a gentle, supporting squeeze, before he pulled away, those stormy-grey eyes softening.

It was easy to see for all that this couple was going to be alright.

A feast was prepared for the newly married couple, although Jon wasn’t one truthfully in the festive mood. He didn’t know how long he could stomach watching Alys and Sigorn share the Bridal Cup. It wasn’t that he had bad feelings toward Alys or Sigorn. Jon thought highly of both. But it was because every time Jon thought of a wedding, he was forced to think about what could have been with him and Daenerys.

They should be the ones married.

They should be the ones throwing a wedding feast.

They should be the ones being celebrated.

But no, the North refused to see her like the Queen that Jon knew her to be. Now she was in Meereen, or some other place in Essos, doing gods knew what with the precious item she carried in her womb.

Nothing could lift Jon’s spirits right now.

Or so he thought.

A servant passing by, filling goblets with wine, leaned close so he could pour Jon’s.

“The spices from Essos, have arrived, Your Grace,” the Servant whispered, their lips barely moving.

Jon’s ears pricked up. He looked from the high table to where Thenns and Northerners were dancing. Alys was trying to pull her new husband onto the dance floor, although Sigorn looked uncomfortable. No one was paying Jon any attention, not even sharp-eyed Sansa. When Alys finally managed to make Sigorn join in on the dancing, Jon used the opportunity to slip from the Great Hall and go to his chambers.

Ghost raised his head, wagging the tip of his tail as Jon locked his chamber door before going to his bed. Carefully, Jon removed a loose stone on the wall next to his headrest. Inside the small crevasse was a package, much larger than the one that Jon normally received. The packages in the past were small, about the size of raven letter scrolls. This one was the size of Jon’s hand, as well as white thick.

Looking over his shoulder to make sure that his door was still locked, Jon removed the package and carried it to the fireplace, so he would have better light. Sitting down in his chair, Jon slid his
dagger under the unmarked seal to open it.

Almost immediately two small objects fell out.

Confused, Jon bent down to pick them up so he could look at them.

They were three portrait paintings. The first one was of a silver-haired girl who had sparkling violet eyes, with a single streak of black among her wild curls. The second was of a dark-brown haired boy, who possessed the same violet eyes but had a single streak of black among his wavy locks. The third and final portrait was of three people, the boy, and girl, in the arms of a woman with violet eyes dressed in violet and white, her silver hair pulled back into a simple braid that fell over her shoulder.

A single tear fell upon Jon’s doublet, the King in the North rubbing his eyes with his arm to prevent more from sliding down his cheeks.

Jon didn’t even know that he had been crying. These portraits were of his and Daenerys’s children. She had been carrying twins, a beautiful girl, and a boy. Jon was curious about how Harold could have gotten them, and hoped the letter they had been bound in, could explain it.

To, His Grace, Jon Snow, the King in the North.

Your Grace,

I ask for your forgiveness for not writing more frequently. The Bay of Dragons is preparing for a great celebration. Their Graces, Crown Princess Rhaenyra and Prince Jaehaeron will be celebrating their second-nameday later next month. However, I suspect that by the time this letter reaches you the event would have passed.

I hope you like the portraits that I provided for you. Her Grace, Queen Daenerys believes in being more connected with her subjects. So, to celebrate the Royal Twin’s nameday, she commissioned thousands to be made. Do not worry, Your Grace, a large original was made, then miniature ones copied and distributed throughout the kingdoms.

Now that the twins are nearing their second nameday, more of their personalities are coming out. Her Grace, Princess Rhaenyra is truly a little dragoness in the making. Her temper is one of living fire, and she frequently throws tantrums if she does not get what she wants. Only Her Grace, Queen Daenerys, can calm her, as only she can stand up to her. His Grace, Prince Jaehaeron is a quiet boy, who loves to listen to music being played or his nursemaids reading him to sleep. According to Her Grace the Queen, he is going to be the hardest to wean when the time comes.

I must end this letter, Your Grace. But know that I will always keep my oath in protecting your children and your Queen. You know what to do with this letter, Your Grace.

Signed, Your Servant, Harold Snow.

Harold Snow sighed as he finished writing his most current report to his king. Folding the letter and sliding it into its envelope, Harold placed it on his desk briefly so he could get grab his helmet. For a moment Harold stopped and stared at the object, and began to reflect.

How the time had flown.

He had done as Jon had instructed, landing in one of the Free Cities then taking a ship to the Bay of
Dragons. On this ship, Harold learned the mimic a Braavosi accent, which wasn’t that different than a Westerosi one. He just had to not speak with such a deep voice and to look people in the eye when he spoke. Before the ship docked at the Bay of Dragons, Harold stole some clothes from a Braavosi merchant and entered the City of Daenerys Targaryen.

Stepping into the city of Meereen was like stepping into another world, for a Northman who hadn’t ever left his country before. There were people of different skin tones, sizes, backgrounds. It was filled to bursting with people but wasn’t as crowded as Harold had thought it would be. The sights, smells, were almost mystical to him.

Then, there were dragons.

Almost the exact time that Harold had disembarked from the ship, did he hear the loud roaring of dragons. A massive shape, with wings large enough to blot out the sun, soured over them, heading to the North of the city. The dragon flew over the biggest structure that Harold had ever seen before, and something told him that there was where he would find the Queen.

However, Harold had to figure out how he would introduce himself to her. And at the time, the Northman didn’t have a plan.

Fate seemed to be on his side, and at that very moment, a small procession was walking through the city streets. A dwarf was chatting with another man who seemed to be of great importance, and an idea came to Harold. One thing led to another, and now the Northman served as one of Daenerys’s Queensguard, with only Lord Tyron, Lord Varys, and Ser Jorah knowing his true identity.

Here, in Meereen, Harold was Horidos Baerryr, a simple Braavosi sellsword turned Queensguard. Inwardly though, Harold knew who he was, and why he was here.

Putting his helmet on, Harold picked up the letter and tucked it into one of the folds of his light armor. Later, when he would find the time, he would meet with Lord Tyrion for it to be read over, sealed, and sent on the first merchant ship to Westeros.

Harold left his chambers and was almost knocked over by a Handmaiden, who was carrying a large platter of food piled so high she couldn’t really see where she was going. He shook his head with a chuckle, knowing that it was best to not disturb her. Today was the day that he had written to Jon about, the celebration of the second nameday of the Royal Twins.

Inside the Royal Nursery was where Harold found Queen Daenerys and her Chief Advisor, Missandei. Both women were clapping their hands in joy at a little silver-haired girl in front of them. Crown Princess Rhaenyra was holding a ball about the same size as she was in front of her with pride, before tossing it back to her mother.

They were playing a simple game of catch, something that even the lowest of smallfolk did with their children. Princess Rhaenyra might be the future queen of her Mother’s domains, but she was still a child, and Queen Daenerys wanted that to last for as long as it possibly could.

His Grace, Prince Jaehaeron, sat in the lap of another Handmaiden, listening as she read to him from a book. The Prince was gurgling, trying to hardest to repeat after her as she pointed to the pictures in the book in front of him.

They all looked so serene, so peaceful. Harold would protect them with his life.

“There you are Horidos,” Daenerys said, noting his entrance. “I was looking for you.”
“Hawy! Hawy!” Jaehaeron chirped, clapping his hands.

Daenerys chuckled. “Yes, my little Love, it’s Horidos.”

Harold bowed, clasping his hand over his heart and the three-headed Targaryen sigil on his breastplate. “Your Grace. Forgive me for being late.”

“No, No you’re not late,” Daenerys said. “I just wanted to ask if I could assign you to watch over the Twins tonight.”

Harold’s eyebrows shot up. This was a high honor. Normally it was the commander of Daenerys’s Queensguard, Ser Jorah, who assigned the men to their stations during an event. For the Queen herself to ask for him made Harold’s heart soar.

Although not many in number, Harold was one of the few in the North who knew he owed his life to Daenerys. Without her and her armies, the North would have surely fallen, anyone else to say otherwise was both an idiot and a fool.

Again, Harold bowed deeply at the waist. “You honor me, Your Grace. I am speechless.”

“Hawy! Hawy!” Jaehaeron giggled, clapping his hands.

“You better say yes,” Daenerys chuckled. “Before the Prince jumps out of his Handmaids lap.”

Harold gave the little Prince a smile. “If it pleases your Grace, then I shall accept this honor.”

Daenerys smiled and stood up. “Wonderful. I’ll tell Jorah. Missandei, I will leave the children with you to play for a little while longer before the party. I need to take the dragons on a quick flight before the party, so they won’t scare our guests.”

“Yes, Your Grace,” Missandei said, nodding.

Everyone bowed as Daenerys exited the nursery, her dress a whisper upon the polished tile.

Dressed in her riding leathers, Daenerys stood in front of the mirror in her chambers, staring at herself. Gone was the frightened, simple girl who wore pink and let her hair flow freely in the wind. In her place was a mother, a conqueror, a queen. Sometimes, Daenerys wished time would roll back, yet she retained all the knowledge she currently possessed.

The first thing she would do is kill Viserys on the night of her wedding, then burn his body so she could hatch her dragon eggs. Her heart painfully clenched. Viserys was cruel. Viserys had spent all their time together abusing her. But he was still her brother. Family meant everything to Daenerys.

She remembering swearing, on the day of their birth, that she would do everything her power to protect them. She didn’t care what it would cost her, her children would always be safe.

‘But what about their father?’ a voice whispered in Daenerys’s mind.

Again, Daenerys’s heart clenched. The only man in the world that she cared for, that she loved, was on the other side of the world. She didn’t know if he knew about the twins, about her. Then again, fishermen and merchants spread stories about far off places, so it made logical sense for Jon to know about the twins.

‘Then why isn’t he here?’ Daenerys wondered. ‘Why hasn’t he sent word?’
Daenerys would be lying to herself if she ever said that a day went by without her thinking of him. How couldn’t she? Every day she looked at the two most perfect objects in the world that they created together. It was an impossible thing for her to not do.

And yet… Daenerys wondered if perhaps this was for the best.

Jon was King in the North, his people needed him. Daenerys was Queen of the Bay of Dragons, as well as the Valyrian Peninsula that she laid claim to. Perhaps they were not fated to be together.

‘But if there are truly gods out there, please, hear my prayer,’ Daenerys begged. ‘Find a way for us to be together. My children need their Father. I need him…’

A loud shriek in the distance ripped Daenerys from her turbulent thoughts, Daenerys turning to walk out to the balcony. Drogon and Rhaegal were dipping and diving in the air, their battle scars gained from fighting the Night King, long gone. In fact, they seemed to happy as of late, that Daenerys wondered if something might be the matter.

Here in Essos, her Children flourished, with Drogon growing so large that Daenerys wondered if he could truly rival the size of Balrion the Black Dread. Rhaegal was growing as well, but not the same pace as his brother. Daenerys believed that it was because her Child missed Jon, but she didn’t know what she could do.

She tried to call Drogon through their connection, summoning both dragons for their favorite time of day; but found herself ignored. Confused, Daenerys tried to call Drogon again, and once again her dragon ignored her. Instead, Drogon flew to where he and Rhaegal had built their nests, in the former Fighting Pit.

When Daenerys came to Meereen the first time, she made the mistake of trying to close the event. Here, it was seen as a source of great pride and honor to fight before the royals of this Bay. So, when she reconquered the Bay, Daenerys knew she had to be smarter this time. The Sons of the Harpy used Daenerys’s soft heart against her, but now Daenerys knew she couldn’t afford for a second uprising.

Rather than closing the Fighting Pit this time, Daenerys ordered construction on a new one. Rather than starting from scratch, the workers used the bricks from the two smaller pits, with the planned grand opening being tonight for the Twin’s nameday party. Daenerys couldn’t deny that it was a sour taste in her mouth, christening the second nameday of her Twins with blood; but it would no longer be the blood of innocence.

There would be no fighting to the death when it came to men versus men, that the primary rule. Anyone who desired to enter the fighting pits had to earn their way there, rather than just being thrown in. They would be well-armed unless they chose otherwise. When it came to men versus animals, that was the only fighting to the death that Daenerys would allow; but even those kinds of fights she planned to be rare.

However, Daenerys was curious about why her dragons were ignoring her. Leaving her chambers, she got a horse and a small company of Unsullied. The group rode to the ruins of the old fighting pit, and Daenerys told her guards to stay and wait for her. Carefully, she slid down from the back of her horse and entered the pit.

Drogon and Rhaegal were laying in the center of the pit, wrapped around each other in and almost… protective manner; Daenerys noticed. They raised her heads at her arrival, and Daenerys held out her hands for them to sniff. Drogon sniffed her before laying his head back among the sands to sleep, while Rhaegal affectionately licked her hand, and then her face.
Daenerys chuckled and stroked his nose affectionately, kissing the large snout when something caught her eye. Drogon was wrapped around Rhaegal, who in turn was wrapped around something that looked to be… large stones? Carefully, Daenerys weaved through the two massive dragons to see what was so precious that they were hiding.

Daenerys’s violet eyes grew to be as large as plates when she saw what laid among the hot sands. It wasn’t stones that her children were wrapped around… it was half a dozen dragon eggs…

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! I know this chapter is shorter than what I normally post, but I couldn't hold back writing it any longer! The next chapter will be longer, as we'll be diving back into the political landscape of Westeros and stuff. Cersei will be back, as will Euron and the Golden Company; she's not going to leave the North alone for long. ;)
Dear Theon,

I wish that you were here, or if I knew where you were. I’ve sent countless letters to you, and have yet to receive one back. Perhaps they have gotten lost as sea, I do not know. But I need you here with me, I need an ally that I can trust. Jon is growing colder by the day, as he still blames me for what happened with him and the Dragon Queen. Why can’t he see that I did that for his own good? She would have never been accepted here, and I couldn’t stand to see another family member die. Arya, Bran, Jon and I are all that remain of our family, and we need to be together. Yet, I can not help but feel as if I was wrong.

Jon was right when he said that I never gave Her a chance. But, how could I? She was the daughter of the Mad King, yet… She had done nothing wrong personally too me, she’s the one that practically saved the North with her armies and her dragons. But I ran her away and I see the internal pain and sorrow eating away at my brother.

I need your help Theon, please, I need your help. I need you to convince Her to come back, or at least to visit us. I… I need to make this right Theon. I can’t face the gods in the afterlife, knowing that I kept my brother from finding true happiness.

I don’t care what it takes, even if I must board a ship to Meereen myself to drag Her here.

Signed, Sansa Stark of Winterfell

My Dearest Dany,

I hope that I am still allowed to call you that, after all these years. Honestly, I do not know if you will get this letter, but I deeply hope that you will. Every day, for the last two years I have written to you, and every day for the last two years I’ve burned them. I couldn’t bring myself to face you, to… take accountability for my mistakes.

But no more.

For the past two years, I have ruled as the King in the North, and for the past two years, I have hated it.

Every day I get up and look at myself in the mirror, despising what I see. I’m not the man that promised you that no matter what I’d stand by you. If I was, I would have gotten on the first boat to

When I served in the Night’s Watch, I met a man who I am proud to claim as a family; as our family. Maester Aemon was the older brother of Aegon the Fourth, our great-great grandsire. When I heard of the murder of Eddard by House Lannister, I wanted to march down and join Robb in his rebellion against Joffrey; but Maester Aemon was able to talk me out of it. He told me that ‘Love was the death of Duty’, and I regret to say that he was right.

I love you Dany, with all my heart, yet I am bound by my duty to my people, to the North. Any day now we fear the marching of Cersei’s armies, ready to lay waste to all we hold dear. She fears nothing, and no one and the only thing keeping us safe is the narrow Neck, where no army can pass easily.

I know that I need to stay here, to be with them, to guide them, but I can not do it anymore, Dany.

Every night when I go to sleep I dream of you, of our children. Yes, I know of our twins, and I must say they are the most beautiful beings I have ever seen. Other than you of course.

I don’t care what it takes Dany, somehow, someway, I will come to you. I will throw myself at your mercy, beg for your forgiveness. If you want me killed, I will not protest. But if you let me live, I swear to you, that I never betray your trust again.

Love,

Jon Snow, the King in the North

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone!

So, I know this is a VERY short chapter, but that's on purpose. This is the set up for a turning point in the story. We have about...3 or 4 more chapters in Westeros before the true BIG BAD makes an appearance, driving Jon and his people from Westeros.

After that, we'll be spending most of the book in Essos, but we will bounce back and forth every now and then.

Now, time to explain these letters. The first one is obviously from Sansa, deciding to try and right her wrongs. We'll go into deeper detail on WHY she wants to do it next chapter, but this is the start of her redemption arch. It's still going to be a slow burn of course (this book will about 50-60 chapters), but everyone has a beginning. For those complaining on my "misuse" of the "Pro-Sansa tags", I did not remove it because I knew where the story is going & the fate of Sansa in this story. So, the tag is staying, I ask that you please respect it.

Second letter was obviously from Jon. He has made his choice, he wants to be with Dany & their children, and isn't going to let anything stop him. HOWEVER, he won't get to Meereen the way he plans too.

Next chapter we'll learn about the state of Westeros under Cersei's rule, for these last two years. Jaime and Brienne will make another appearance, I want to say, and you'll
get a glimpse of the Big Bad.

Good Night everyone!
Daenerys stood upon a balcony within the Great Pyramid, her violet eyes fastened upon a mapmaker and painter from Volantis. The pair were in the room below her, working together on the project that Daenerys had commissioned them to do.

If Daenerys was going to rule, then she had to know the land. Just like Aegon with his Painted Table, Daenerys needed a map of Essos, and that was what she was getting. She needed it extremely detailed and willingly surrendered a whole chamber. Daenerys supposed that it was one of the benefits of being homeless in her youth, she traveled from city to city, engraving them in her mind. The same happened when she traveled throughout Essos when her dragons were mere hatchlings.

The map was about halfway finished, with the pair assuring Daenerys that it’ll be done within the week’s end.

Not far from Daenerys was Varys, watching his Queen from the shadows. At his side stood Tyrion, the two in deep conversation, although Varys always watching the Dragon Queen.

“I don’t know how much longer we are going to be able to keep this from her,” Tyrion was saying. “She’s going to find out sooner than later.”

“It’s better she find out later, then right when she’s in the middle of planning a Conquest,” Varys replied. “She’s needed her. She can’t go chasing her lover across the Narrow Sea.”

Tyrion gave a dry chuckle. “That ‘lover’, you so casually dismiss is the father of her children. All Daenerys has wanted is a family. What do you think she’ll do two the three men who’s been keeping that from her?”

“She’ll rage at us,” Varys replied with a shrug. “Might even banish us. But she’ll know we were right for doing so. She can’t be getting distracted by her personal feelings. I’ve washed my hands of Westeros. Essos was where I was born. Essos was where I learned my gifts. Essos is where I plan to die. Information is power, Tyrion. And right now, we are protecting our Queen from making a terrible mistake.”

Tyrion sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. Occasionally, he thought of Westeros, but those thoughts were quickly chased away. In Westeros, he was the Half-Man, the Lannister embarrassment. Hell, his own sister wanted to kill him. Here, in Essos, he was Hand of the Queen. He helped make the lives of people better, and that’s all he’s always wanted.

The wine here was also much, much better; although every now and then Tyrion would thirst for Arbor Gold.

“Have any more letters arrived?” Tyrion asked.
Varys shrugged. “The next merchant ship from Braavos will be arriving later this month. My Little
Birds know what to do.”

“Tyrion?” Daenerys suddenly called out, startling both men. “Varys? Stop plotting and come here.”

Both men glanced at each other, confused. They had been speaking in hushed tones, yet fear rose
with each step. They didn’t know if Daenerys heard what they had said, but she made no
inclination that she had when she turned to them.

“Your Grace,” Tyrion said, bowing.

“Your Grace,” Varys said, bowing as well.

Daenerys clasped her hands in front of her. “The Magisters of Astapor and Yunaki will be arriving
later today, I hope I’m not in for any surprises?”

She looked pointedly at Varys, causing the Spider to grin.

“No, I do not believe so, Your Grace,” Varys said. “According to my Little Birds, both cities have
been following your strict orders for the order.”

Daenerys nodded, gesturing for both men to follow her. “Good.”

Daenerys would be lying if she said that the road in making Slaver’s Bay free from slavery was an
easy one. All the Slave Masters have put the sword, no matter their sex, but her primary issue fell
upon the children.

Children were innocent, in the crimes of their fathers, Daenerys believed. But, in a way, these
children benefited from slavery. When the former slaves chose their leaders, they called for the
heads of the children, but that was something that Daenerys could not accommodate… fully.

She separated the children according to age, those sixteen and under, and those over. The ones
under the age of sixteen were houses in the various Pyramids where they learned about the horrors
of slavery and were to be taught life skills. As for the children over sixteen, they were given a
choice: stay, and work, becoming honorable members of society; or leave. Daenerys would give
them money, as well as safe passage to where ever they wanted. But slavery would never return.

There was only one rebellion in these past two years, well, Daenerys couldn’t really call it a
rebellion. A former slave master who was over sixteen asked to stay, then tried to gather the
support of the others and in the neighboring slave cities. This small ‘uprising’ captured two of the
smaller slave cities near Astapor and even killed the Magister and his family that Daenerys had
installed.

Daenerys handled this ‘rebellion’ by gathering the leader uprising and his handful of supporters
and put them all to the sword. She was a Dragon after all. She learned in Westeros that a good ruler
had to be both loved and feared. Daenerys did not find pleasure in the act; but, it had to be done,
and it had the desired effect. There were no more uprising, and Daenerys then could work with the
former slave cities to grow into something more.

No one went hungry anymore in Meereen, Astapor, and Yunkai, as Daenerys heavily taxed the rich
and then used it to help the poor. She offered incentives to the rich though, to lighten their taxes. If
they gave out food themselves, built homes for the poor, and offered free education out of their
own pockets then their taxes went down by one-third. However, Daenerys was running into a
problem.
Slaver’s Bay was not built on farming land, and importing and exporting was an expensive business. Daenerys considered taxing the merchants more but knew if she did then they’d just move their trade elsewhere. The only thing more expensive in feeding a city was feeding an army. If Daenerys planned on marching to conquer Essos, she needed a plan on how to make her granaries explode. That was why she needed Tyrion and Varys.

“When the Magister’s from the cites come, they will bring tribute, I know,” Daenerys said. “But I need a way to figure out how to double it in value.”

“You speak of your conquest, Your Grace?” Varys asked.

Daenerys nodded. “You are correct. For two years I’ve trained my armies, all I need now is to plan. But I can not plan anything without the funds or a map.”

“Both of which will be important,” Tyrion agreed. “Without money, you can not pay your men.”

“And without food, your men will lack the stamina to fight,” Varys said, stroking his chin.

“And I refuse to burn everything to the ground,” Daenerys said firmly. “I will not be the Queen of the Ashes.”

Varys nodded. “Allow me to do a little research, Your Grace if you’d agree of course. My Little Birds can do some digging and I’ll tell you what they learn. Essos is a large continent. Are you sure you desire to rule it all?”

Daenerys did not answer at first and instead turned to look outside one of the open windows. “What I desire, Lord Varys is to bring back the legacy of my family. My children and I are the last of our House, how can we face the gods in the afterlife knowing we turned our back on our legacy?”

Varys nodded. “I understand Your Grace. I will give you a full report when it’s ready.”

He bowed, nodded to Tyrion, then turned away to do as he had promised.

Daenerys watched her Master of Whispers leave before she turned to Tyrion. “I trust Varys, but I know that sometimes he lies to me. Tell me the truth Tyrion, have any letters come from Westeros, any from Jon?”

Tyrion forced himself to keep a blank face. “From Westeros, Your Grace?”

Daenerys sighed. “Do not play me for a fool, Tyrion. I just want to know, have any letters come from Jon?”

“No, your Grace,” Tyrion said, not pausing. “He has not.”

Daenerys nodded. “If any come, throw them in the fireplace. I do not want to read them.”

Tyrion’s jaw dropped. “B-But Your Grace… do you not forget what you told me on your children’s nameday feast?”

“I know what I said,” Daenerys replied, turning her back to him. “And I’ve come to a decision. I want nothing to do with Jon, nor do I want anything to do with the North. They treated me like I was some common whore for them to use, then discard when they were finished. But I am not. I am a Queen, and I will not pine after a man who had two years to either visit me or send me a simple letter.”
Tyrion bit his bottom lip. “It… It might not be that simple, Your Grace.”

“I don’t care what his excuse might be,” Daenerys said firmly. “He had his chance, and I am finished with being let down by men. I have my children, and making sure I preserve their future is all that matters to me. I don’t care if a new Night King rises from their snowy wasteland. I’m finished with Westeros.”

“Again, Papa! Again!” little Joanna giggled.

Jaime smiled, holding out his arms as he proudly watched his daughter wobble over to him. “Come on, Jo,” he encouraged. “Come on!”

Joanna giggled louder, moving on her chubby legs as she fell into the arms of her father.

“That’s my girl!” Jaime exclaimed, lifting Joanna in the air, carefully tossing her up and down.

“Dear gods, Jaime be careful!” Brienne yelped, hurrying over to them as fast as she could.

Jaime tried to not chuckle as his wife struggled to run, although her large belly weighed her down. Brienne hated being pregnant, Jaime remembered how much she grumbled and groaned against it when she was carrying Joanna. Brienne was a knight, and she hated the helpless feeling that being pregnant gave her. Yet, she didn’t want to stop having sex with Jaime, so in a way, it balanced out.

“I’m not going to drop her,” Jaime chuckled, tucking his squirming daughter under his good arm.

Joanna giggled and wiggled, reaching up for her father’s beard as she turned her big blue eyes to her mother. “Mama! Mama!”

Brienne’s stone face melted at the sight of her daughter, the She-Knight carefully bending down to take her from under her father’s arm. “My little one…”

It was rare for anyone to see Brienne of Tarth show her soft side, but her husband and daughter could easily bring it out of her.

“How are you today?” Brienne asked Joanna.

“Hungwy! Hungwy!” Joanna chirped.

“Then why don’t we go get you some food?” Brienne said. “I’m sure there is plenty in the Great Hall.”

Joanna grinned, toddling to her side of their chambers so that she could grab her coat. Jaime used this moment of distraction to wrap his arms around Brienne, pulling her into a deep kiss.

Brienne sighed the moment their lips touched, only to pull away and laugh, playfully shoving him back. “You’re turning me into one of those helpless Southern Ladies if you keep on doing that.”

Jaime laughed. “You don’t complain at night. You know you’re the real person in command here.”

Brienne smirked. “And don’t you forget it. Promise me that we’ll take a break from having children after this one?”

Jaime carefully caressed her large belly. “That’ll be up to you. If I recall, you’re the one who turns into a beast at night.”
Brienne’s face turned bright red as she punched him hard in the shoulder. “Don’t push it…”

Jaime tossed back his head with laughter, the sparkle in Brienne’s eyes told him that she wasn’t angry with him.

How these two years had flown by, Jaime couldn’t believe it.

After Daenerys had left, Jaime was at a loss of what to do. Tyrion had asked for him to join them, to travel to Essos, to live for adventure. But Brienne wouldn’t leave Sansa Stark, and Jaime couldn’t leave Brienne or this unborn child. So, they stayed, although Jaime kept in contact with Tyrion when he could.

It was from Tyrion that Jaime learned of Daenerys and her twins, but he did not share this with Brienne. As the Lord Commander of the small guards that protect Sansa, Brienne might let it slip when she spoke with her mistress; and it was not Jaime’s secret to tell. Still, Jaime was happy, Rhaella’s daughter had finally formed her own family, and Jaime knew it meant the world to her.

Jaime and Brienne had married right before Joanna came into this world, as Brienne refused to bare a bastard and have it named ‘Snow’. Since, technically, Jaime was still the heir to his House, Joanna was given the Lannister name; although only a handful knew it. In the back of his mind, Jaime wondered about Joanna’s half-sibling down in King’s Landing… if they had survived that is.

Every day fresh horror stories were coming from the South, no one seemed to mention if Cersei had a child or not. Jaime figured if the child was alive, them Cersei would be proudly showing it off as the ‘pure’ Lannister heir. But, no, nothing. So, the only logical thing for Jaime to believe was that Cersei had either miscarried or there was no child, to begin with.

Jaime prayed to the gods that it wasn’t the latter because it meant that Cersei had played him for a fool. She had used his fathering instincts to protect his children against him, and Jaime would never forgive her for that. However, if it was the former, Jaime knew that his former lover would be even more unhinged. Cersei would have nothing to lose, and with the Golden Company at her back, she’d be unstoppable.

Joanna’s gurgling ripped Jaime from his thoughts. The former Kingsguard turning to watch his daughter playing with her puppy, a gift from Sansa for her second nameday.

It was like splashing his face with cold water.

Joanna was the future, she was the true future of House Lannister. Through her, Jaime knew a new legacy could be forged and prepared; one that he hoped the gods would be proud of.

Westeros was burning.

At least, those that didn’t bend the knee to ‘Queen’ Cersei was.

Everyone thought it would be dragons that burned down Westeros, but in the end, it was a mummer’s lioness who had nothing to lose. The past two years had been nothing but fire and blood to the realm, the words of one House but delivered by another.

The Golden Company marched throughout Westeros, capturing castles and cites for their ‘Queen’, only to lose them the moment they were gone from the lands. Most of the Lord Paramounts appointed by Cersei ended being beheaded by their own people, who saw them as puppets for a tyrant. The only two regions spared were the North and Dorne, as only they could resist Cersei but
all knew it would only be for so long.

“We have word from Lord Strickland,” Qyburn told Cersei one morning.

Cersei lowered her goblet of wine. “What does he say?”

“He says that he’s men seem to be fighting an endless sea of ‘pit vipers’, in Dorne,” Qyburn said. “And he’s lost several generals to red scorpion bites, which mysteriously appear almost every morning after they’ve made camp.”

Cersei threw the goblet across her chamber, the fine glass shattering into a million pieces. “Those Dornish bastards…” she growled.

Qyburn didn’t flinch. He was used to Cersei’s outbursts by now, after two years of them. Still, he was careful as to not arouse her fury.

“What else does he say, in his letter?” Cersei asked, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“That the sun has also claimed several lives of his men,” Qyburn replied. “And they haven’t gotten their monthly pay…”

Cersei grit her teeth at the mention of money. The money she had used to purchase the Golden Company had long since dried up. Taxes weren’t coming in, as Cersei could count on her left hand on how many Houses were loyal to her. Any money that she did get was put right back into the warm front. The Royal Treasury was empty.

‘It wasn’t supposed to be like this,’ Cersei thought to herself. ‘I was supposed to be a Golden Lioness. I was supposed to be surrounded by nobles that worshiped me. By my greatest love. By my children….’

Cersei’s empty womb clenched at the memory of her children… of all her dead children. She had tried. Oh, how she had tried to preserve her legacy. Jaime was the only one Cersei deemed as important enough to give her children. She couldn’t dare lower herself to breed with that Kraken King. Cersei thanked Qyburn for his Moon Tea, or else she’d have given birth to Euron’s bastards a long time ago. No one was her equal, no one… not even Jaime.

“I hope Commander Strickland knows how to handle soldiers that threaten mutiny,” Cersei finally commented.

Qyburn nodded. “Of course he does. However, Commander Strickland warns that if they are not paid soon, then he will tell the Iron Bank…”

Cersei was grateful that she didn’t have anything in her hands, or else she would have thrown it against the wall. The last thing that she needed right now was the eyes of the Iron Bank upon her. She was behind in the payments for her most current loan.

“I need good news, Qyburn,” Cersei said, standing to her feet. “Tell me good news!”

“According to my Little Birds, Lord Paxter Redwyne has seized control of the Reach,” Qyburn said.

Cersei inclined her head, surprised. “Tell me about this Redwyne.”

“Lord Paxter Redwyne is the nephew of the former Lady Olenna,” Qyburn revealed. “And, if rumors speak true, is the Commander of the second-largest fleet in Westeros. It is said that they are
equal too, if not better, than even the Iron Fleet, Your Grace.”

Cersei nodded, liking this more and more. “I see… And this… Lord Paxter, what do you know of him?”

“Personally, Your Grace, I know nothing,” Qyburn said. “But, I’m sure that my Little Birds can look into him for you. Unfortunately, they seem to be singing less and less these days…”

Cersei waved away his disappointment, the wheels in her head slowly turning. She needed to learn about this Lord Paxter, as they had to be away on how to use him. Getting rid of Euron was Cersei’s top priority, after all, he was becoming more and more insufferable by the day.

“Perhaps, this Lord Paxter would feel honored by an invitation from his Queen,” Cersei purred. “Perhaps… even grateful that I’m showing him any interest at all. Send word to him, about my… ‘joy’, of his assertion as my Lord Paramount, and how I await his oath of fealty soon.”

Qyburn bowed. “Of course, Your Grace.”

Cersei watched him leave before she rose to her feet, and walked to the mirror. Gone, was her golden and lustrous beauty. Not long ago, Cersei was the woman that all women in Westeros wanted to be: a Queen. At first only on the name, now by right, and it cost her everything. She didn’t care what people thought of her, all she wanted was their fear, that’s all that mattered.

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**KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**

Jon looked up from what had to be his thousandth attempt in writing a letter to Daenerys. Hearing someone banging on his door, the King in the North tried to toss it into the fire.

“Come in!” he called out.

Sansa pushed open the door, her shoulders sagging the moment she saw Jon’s face hardened. “Good evening…” she whispered.

“Can I help you, Sansa?” Jon asked. “I am quite busy.”

“I wanted… to talk to you,” Sansa said. “Run the reports by you that I’ve gotten from a couple members of your Small Council.”

“You can leave them on the desk,” Jon said. “Then, you can go.”

Sansa’s heart leaped into her throat. “Jon… Please… You can’t keep blaming me…”

“I can,” Jon retorted. “And I do. All you had to do was be nice to Her. But you couldn’t, could you? You saw her as a threat to your own power, so she had to go.”

“Jon… Please, it wasn’t like that…” Sansa whimpered, her tone begging. “Listen to me. I didn’t… I didn’t think…”

Jon stood to his feet. “You’re right, you didn’t think, about me, Daenerys, or anyone else. All you thought of was yourself. Father would be ashamed.”

“I did it for us!” Sansa protested. “To protect us! Jon, you’re the only one that can protect us from Cersei! I’m not a warrior, I can’t lead men into battle. You’ve done nothing but fight to keep us safe!”
“But I never wanted the throne, Sansa,” Jon argued back. “I’ve told you all that, so many times that my voice is raw. You are the reason why I haven’t chased after Daenerys, as I knew that if I left then the North would be at Cersei’s mercy. I’ve worked, tirelessly to protect us, build up our armies, our defenses, hell the first ships of our fleet are almost finished. But I never wanted any of this. Now, because of you, the only woman that I’ve ever loved is on the other side of the Narrow Sea, and I’ll never see the child we created grow up. You took everything from me, Sansa.”

Sansa reached out for him, only for Jon to jerk his shoulder from her grasp and storm from the room. He couldn’t even look at her.

Silence tears slid down Sansa’s cheeks as she watched her brother thunder down the halls, Ghost trailing right behind him.

Once again, the Pack was divided, and it was all her fault. Sansa knew that Jon was right. If she had shown support to Daenerys then the rest of the North would have followed. But no, all she thought of was her own needs and wants. Sansa had her reasons though, she had been used and abused, and once she had finally gotten power and felt safe; she wasn’t going to let anyone ruin that for her. Not even a Targaryen Queen.

But she had miscalculated. She had tried to follow Littlefinger’s example and she ended up with dung on her face.

Now, she had to figure out a way to fix her mistake.

A crumpled up note by the fire caught Sansa’s attention. Looking over her shoulder to make sure that Jon hadn’t returned, she hurried over and picked it up. Sansa’s blue eyes scanned briefly over the paper, growing wide as she realized that this was Jon’s letter to Daenerys. He was planning on leaving, abandoning them all as he traveled to Meereen, and then throwing himself at Daenerys’s mercy when he arrived.

This letter was a cask of wildfire that could destroy them all.

Sansa looked at the fireplace, her blue eyes fastened upon the flames. It would be so easy for her to toss it in, let it never reach Daenerys’s hands… No, she wouldn’t do that. Sansa had caused her brother more misery than she ever intended… now she had to make it right.

Hurrying from Jon’s chambers, Sansa went to the rookery and got a raven. Rolling up the letter, she attached it to one of her own and sealed it, before releasing the bird in the direction of White Harbor.

Now, all Sansa could do was hold her breath. If the gods favored her, then Lord Wyman Manderly would obey her instructions and have it sent on the first ship to Meereen. But, this was a risk of course. Lord Manderly served on Jon’s Small Council, he was loyal to Jon first; not Sansa. It was a big risk, but it was one that Sansa was more than willing to take.
CHAPTER XVIII

Chapter Summary

A new Rose buds in the Reach. Daenerys confronts an old lover. A new danger begins to stir.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“… To Lord Paxter Redwyne… Her Grace, Queen Cersei of House Lannister hopes this letter finds you in good health…”

Young Desmera Redwyne struggled to keep from rolling her eyes as a Herald read out a letter that had just arrived from the so-called ‘Queen Cersei’. The young Redwyne was in the library, pretending to be painting while in reality listened with pricked ears.

Her Father, Lord Paxter, sat not far from Desmera, listening to the letter being read with a blank expression.

Desmera couldn’t help but be curious about why this ‘Queen’, was writing them now, and why the letter was so kind. If rumor spoke true, Cersei was the cause of almost all of Westeros burning. No one wanted her as queen, yet Cersei continued to try and conquer the realm.

‘But she’s not the rightful queen though,’ Desmera thought to herself, making sure to continue to paint. ‘The Dragon Queen is…’

Just like their kinsmen, House Tyrell, House Redwyne had pledged their support to House Targaryen. Since the time of Aegon’s Conquest, they had stood by the Dragons, and since House Tyrell was now extinct; it only made logical sense for the Redwynes to step into their shoes.

Lord Paxter raised his hand, signaling for the Herald to stop talking. The elderly man leaned back into his chair, drumming his fingers upon the armrest. “I will not pretend that I am ‘flattered’ by this letter. That is what I’m supposed to be right, flattered that the ‘Queen’ of Westeros is writing to me?”

Desmera tried to not smirk at how her father spat out the word ‘queen’. If there was anyone in Westeros that ad a true death grudge against Cersei, it was her family.

The beloved Olenna Tyrell was a Redwyne, and was Desmera’s great-great-Aunt, although the girl remembered affectionally calling her ‘Grandmother’. House Redwyne was only rivaled in the region by House Hightower, but then again, truthfully, there was no competition. They had the money, they had the blood, and they had the fleet.

The Redwyne fleet was the pride of House Redwyne.

Desmera remembered when she was young, how her father took her with him on several voyages on the open sea. How she stood upon the bow of the Arbor Queen— the principle galleas of their fleet—and tasted the salty air, and watched dolphins swim alongside the ship. That was where Desmera desired to be, on the ocean, not cooped up in a castle.
“I supposed she is happy someone has finally seized control of the Reach, my Lord,” the Herald said.

“Someone bloody had too,” Paxter grumbled. “It was either us or House Hightower. I refuse to bow to those pious perfumed fools.”

Again, Desmera had to struggle against laughter. Her father’s hatred of House Hightower more-so had to do with an old blood feud, rather than the times of today. Still, it was entertaining to hear about.

“So, I suppose the primary question is what to do with this letter…” Paxter said, drumming his fingers on his chair again. “Mera, what do you think? I know you’re only pretending to paint.”

Desmera lowered her paintbrush and turned to her father, looking at him from under her long lashes. “I don’t what you mean by that… Father…”

Paxter chuckled, unable to help himself. His Twin sons were fools, anyone could see that. They were spoiled by their mother and tended to like to handle problems with their fists. But his Desmera was the complete opposite. Although only a girl of eight and ten, it was clear from the time of her birth that she wasn’t going to be just a ‘simple Southern lady’.

“I mean, what do you think of this letter?” Paxter asked, tilting his head. “I want to know your thoughts.”

Desmera kept her eyes downcast but gave her father the smallest of smiles. “I find it quite… suspicious, Father.”

“And why is that?” Paxter asked. “Go ahead, tell me what you really think.”

Finally, Desmera lifted her eyes, but she continued to keep her innocent face. “I just… find it strange that this woman is being so… kind to you, Father. She’s in the middle of a war to take control of a realm that isn’t hers, yet she has time to send you kind letters. I suspect that she wants something from you.”

“My fleet no doubt,” Paxter said, resting his head on his fist. “This Cersei Lannister is known to use men to get what she wants.”

“It’s a good thing that Mother is still alive, or she would have used another way to try and bring you to her side,” Desmera said boldly.

Paxter didn’t take offense to the implication, instead, he merely nodded. “But I do agree with you, this letter is nothing more than a honey trap.”

“How do you plan to reply, Father?” Desmera asked.

Paxter tapped his chin. “I don’t believe I will. Yes… That’s it… I won’t reply. If this ‘Queen’ wants my help, then she will have to properly ask for it.”

He waved the Herald away who bowed, closing the door behind him.

Paxter turned to his daughter again. “I have heard from the merchants in at the docks. Her Grace is still in Meereen.”

Desmera nodded. There was only one woman that her father graced with that respectful title.
“Have they said what she is doing?” Desmera asked.

“Rumor is that she is gathered her forces for something,” Paxter said, rising from his chair and walking to the window. “But for what remains unknown.”

Desmera nodded. “Could it be that she is planning another conquest of Westeros?”

Paxter shrugged. “I do not know. Perhaps, perhaps not. I want you to write a letter to her and seal it with our sigil. Tell Her Grace that house Redwyne and all of the Reach stands at her side if she decides to invade again.”

“Of course, Father,” Desmera said, standing up. “I’ll do it right away.”

Paxter watched his Red Rose leave this study, a smile of pride on his lips. Having grown up around strong women, it was clear to Paxter that his daughter was clearly the heir to Oleanna’s legacy.

Perspiration glistened on Daenerys’s brow as she swung her wooden sword. In front of her, the poor Meereenese swordsman was prey to her fierce attacks. It didn’t take much for the Man to be bested after all Daenerys had been trained by Arya Stark and even Jon on occasion. As the Man’s sword dropped to the sand, a slow clapping Daenerys’s ears. The Dragon Queen turned around and couldn’t hide the surprise on her face at the person leaning against the wall nearby.


Her former Lover grinned and continued to clap. “Wow… I’ve been gone for two years and you’ve become a true Warrior Queen.”

Daenerys waved the swordsman away and walked to a nearby table where a flagon of chilled water and towel awaited her. She was grateful this put her back to Daario, as that way he couldn’t see how her hands had trembled.

Two years…

It had been two years since she had seen him as well. In fact, the last time she had heard from Darrio was the letter he had sent. She didn’t even know if he was alive, after sending it. So why did it take him so long to come and see her? This same man had sworn her, his sword and life.

When Daenerys finally collected herself, she turned around, only for Daario to press his lips against hers.

Daenerys hadn’t even heard him cross the small training grounds. At once, there was a small thrill that shot through her, the thrill that reminded her of their past times together. But almost as quickly as it had come, did that thrill leave. Daario was good in the bedroom for one thing, and one thing only: and that was fucking. Daario fucked the women he slept with… he didn’t make love to him.

‘But Jon did…’ a voice whispered in Daenerys’s mind. ‘Jon worshiped me… he never took pleasure before he gave it to me first.’

But then, Daenerys snapped out of her daze. She mentally slapped herself for pinning over a man who hadn’t sent her a single letter in two years and then shoved Daario back.

“What in the name of the gods are you doing?” Daenerys hissed.

Daario blinked, confused. “I… I’m sorry?” then he smiled and pulled her close. “Wait… I get it,
it’s a new game. You struggle for now, playfully resisting… then we go to your chambers and…”

Again, Daenerys shoved Daario back. “This is no game!” she hissed. “Why are you… you… touching me?”

Again, Daario was stunned and confused. “I… I…” he didn’t know what to say.

He expected Daenerys to be angry that he hadn’t sent word to her for two years. But he didn’t think she’d hold it against him. In fact, Daario thought she’d get over it quickly, and just be excited that he was alive and well.

“Look, I’m sorry that I was gone for so long,” Daario said. “But you don’t understand, I was on the run for my life. I knew you were back in Essos for some time but… I… I’m sorry if you’re upset about that…”

“I’m not,” Daenerys said through gritted teeth. “I’m finished with being disappointed by men.”

Daario’s eyebrows shot up. “Wait… what?”

Daenerys jerked her head away, not in the mood to talk to him about what had happened in the North. “I don’t want to talk about it,” she said, her tone brooking no argument. “But… we can’t be together anymore Daario.”

Daario frowned. “You brought a husband, I see. I expected it as much…”

Daenerys laughed bitterly. “I could wish. No, I didn’t bring back a husband. But I brought back two children. Two children that I love with all my heart. Two children that I love more than life itself. They are my focus Daario. I offer you only a friendship. Nothing more.”

Daario nodded slowly, his shoulders sagging. “I always suspected that you’d return changed… I just didn’t think it’d be this much. I will be honored to serve as a member of your Court… Your Grace.”

Daenerys nodded. “Thank you. If that is all you need of me, I’m sure you can go and be reacquainted with Lord Tyrion and the others. They’ll get you settled.”

Daario dramatically bowed and walked off, and once again Daenerys turned her back so he couldn’t see her struggle to hold back in her emotions.

‘If I look back… I’m lost…’

Daenerys’s feet moved on their own accord, leading her to the old fighting pits where her dragons had nested. Drogon was curled around the eggs this day, which told Daenerys that Rhaenys was off hunting.

Although Daenerys didn’t know which of the dragons had laid the eggs, Rhaegar gave them the most attention, so the Dragon Queen figured that one had done the laying. So, Daenerys had renamed the dragon Rhaenys, in honor of the true love of Aegon the Conqueror and matron of House Targaryen. Maegor produced no offspring in his life, so technically House Targaryen was descended from Rhaenys rather than Visyena.

“Hello, my love,” Daenerys cooed to Drogon, holding out her hand for her Child to sniff. “How are you, today?”

Drogon gave a low groan in greeting before opening himself up, allowing Daenerys to climb into
the ‘nest’ and settle among the eggs. It was hotter here than outside among the sands of Meereen, but Daenerys didn’t care. Here she felt protected, comfortable, safe.

The half dozen eggs seemed to almost glow under the shadow cast by Drogon’s wings, half a dozen reminders to Daenerys’s of her House’s new legacy. She remembered when she thought she would be the Last Dragon, but it appeared that fate had another plan for her. She had her children, and she had to protect their future and help them form their own legacy.

Drogon began to purr, nuzzling his head against Daenerys to push her closer to the eggs.

“What?” Daenerys chuckled, petting his nose. “What is it?”

Again, Drogon gave her a push toward her eggs, as if in clear invitation to touch them.

Daenerys had been careful in the past, not daring to get to close to the eggs. She didn’t know how protective Drogon and Rhaenys would be over their eggs and didn’t want to risk arousing their fury. Yet, here was Drogon encouraging her to get closer to eggs… to… touch them as well.

Slowly, Daenerys bent down to brushed her fingers over the one closest to her. She looked to Drogon for approval, and when her dragon didn’t protest, Daenerys carefully picked it up.

The eggs in this clutch were larger than the ones Drogon and his siblings had come from, but only by a little. The egg felt as if Daenerys was holding burning hot coal, and inside… there was a small tug at her gut.

“It’s alive,” she whispered to herself. “A little dragonling lies within… Drogon, you’re going to be a father.”

Drogon gave a deep grunt as he puffed out his chest, showing his clear pride.

Daenerys chuckled. “One day, I’ll bring my human hatchlings down for you to meet. Will you allow them to select an egg?”

Drogon bobbed his head as if to say ‘yes’, but Daenerys wasn’t sure; it could have meant anything. Still, it was a chance.

“Your Grace!” A loud voice called out from a nearby balcony. “Your Grace! Over here!”

Daenerys looked up to see Tyrion on the balcony. “What is it, Tyrion?”

“News from your… private project has come,” Tyrion replied. “The stonemasons are waiting for you in the throne room!”

Quickly, Daenerys put the egg back into its nest before pressing her forehead to Drogon. “I’ll be back,” she said. “I promise we’ll go for a ride as soon as Rhaenys comes back.”

Strangely, Drogon didn’t give his normal grunt of agreement. Instead, he looked to the cloudless sky without a sound, before curling back around his eggs.

Daenerys climbed out from Drogon’s nest before hurrying to the throne room, Tyrion struggling to keep up on his dwarf legs.

A group of about a dozen men was waiting for Daenerys when she arrived, all dropping to their knees as she climbed to sit upon the throne. She waved away Missandei reading out her titles and eagerly turned to the men waiting for her.
“You bring me news on the project I hired you for?” Daenerys asked.

The leader of the men was a Stonemaster from Volantis who raised his head. “Yes, Your Grace, we do. Be joyful, Your Grace, for we are here to tell you that it is finished.”

If Daenerys was a little girl, she would have jumped from her seat and unleashed a loud whoop of joy. She couldn’t believe it.

“And is it ready for us?” Daenerys asked.

The Stonemaster nodded. “We did as you instructed us, Your Grace. The largest island is ready for inhabitation as are several smaller ones. However, we still need more time to work on the others.”

“That’s perfectly fine,” Daenerys said. “Really. It is. I will keep my promise and may you triple your original pay. I will also give you more, as you near completion.”

The Stonemaster smiled. “We live to serve Your Grace. Normally it would take us much longer for us to finish reconstruction. But you provided us with over 100,000 men at the ready, so we were able to work five times as fast.”

Daenerys nodded and turned to Tyrion. “Command everyone to begin packing. Within the next moon, I want us all on boats.”

Tormund kicked the sides of his horse to urge it faster, although the animal ignored his commands. The snow was too thick to gallop through, and the last thing it wanted was to break a leg trying to gallop through it. Tormund grunted, annoyed, before slumping in his saddle, content with riding slow for now.

The Free Folk Chieftain was returning to his village after a long, unsuccessful hunt. It was embarrassing, to Tormund that he hadn’t been able to catch not even a snow rabbit. Tormund didn’t know how he was going to face his village. He was going to have to punch the first man he saw to get out his anger.

It had been two years since Tormund had led his people back North, away from Southern politics and their games. Here, a man was free to live his own without rules or regulations. Here, life was simple: hunt, fuck, sleep and repeat. See, simple.

But Tormund longed for one person to warm this cold wasteland… and that was the Dothraki warrior woman who haunted his dreams. More than once, Tormund would wake in the middle of the night with a raging hard-on in his pants, as he dreamt of being between her thighs.

Two years… that’s was how long it had been since he had laid eyes upon her. He had only known her for a short time, yet Tormund knew that she was the one for him. She was the one he wanted.

Suddenly, Tormund’s horse jerked to a stop, its ears flattening on the sides of its head.

Tormund looked down at his horse, confused. “What’s wrong boy? Your balls frozen off?”

Tormund meant for it to come off as a joke, but something felt… wrong.

The air was too… still. Everything was silent, although Tormund swore his heart was beating so loudly that his horse could hear it.

Slowly, Tormund’s hand went to the sword at his side, his fingers wrapping around the handle.
The Creature launched itself at Tormund at almost blinding speed. The seasoned warrior quickly drew his sword and cut up, slicing the Creature in half. It fell in front of Tormund’s horse… all eight legs still twitching.

“What the hell…?” Tormund murmured to himself.

Shrieks and chattering behind Tormund made him quickly jerk his horse around. Another Creature had launched itself at Tormund to attack his neck, but his quick thinking made it land on top of it’s fallen comrades body.

It was a spider.

Tormund’s eyes widened in horror as the creature turned around, pulling itself upon its eight legs, revealing itself to be the size of a large dog. The flesh Ice Spider was as blue as fresh ice, with hair sticking out on its legs like icicles. It’s eight blue eyes glittering in the falling snow, mandibles pulling back to reveal fangs as long as daggers. It unleashed a shriek that made the hairs on the back of Tormund’s neck stand on end, a fear he hadn’t known in decades danced up and down his spine.

A whistling in the distance made Tormund slowly raise his head, to see a sight he’d never see again.

White Walkers…

Five meters away, upon the backs of these massive Ice Spiders were four White Walkers…

They all were dressed in armor that appeared delicate, yet switched color with movement. Pale swords were strapped to their back, and Tormund had a feeling they knew how to use them. Unlike the White Walkers from the past who looked frightening… these White Walkers had a strange beauty about them, that Tormund couldn’t exactly describe. He was both drawn in, yet repulsed by them.

The Ice Spider clicked its fangs together, its eyes narrowing which told Tormund that it was preparing for another attack. Tormund kicked the sides of the horse, this time it listened. Without caring about breaking a leg, the horse began to gallop as quickly as could move.

The Ice Spider didn’t chase after them, neither fir the Night Walkers. Instead, they watched the Free Folk Chieftain rode off into the distance before they began to head in the direction to their true destination: his village.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so a LOT happened this chapter. Let's break it down.

1. We are introduced to House Redwyne. In the books, House Redwyne are big backers of House Targaryen, as they are related to House Tyrell and their Matron is indeed Olenna Tyrell, who herself is a Redwyne. Their fleet is the third-largest fleet in Westeros, after the Royal Fleet and Iron Fleet. In this story, they are the principle fleet since the Iron Fleet is a bit split between Yara and Euron. Desmera is a character in the books, was a friend to Margery, a favorite of Olenna and was the beloved of her Father. Her love of sailing is a bit OC but not by much... and who else do we know is
2. Daario has finally arrived! It took me some time to figure out if/when Daaro was going to even show up. I honestly planned on killing him off-screen, but then figured he'd be a good foil for Jon when he arrives. He and Jon are both different sides of the same coin; so I can't wait for the two of them to get into the same room. What did you think of Daenerys renaming Rhaegal, and where do you believe the dragon has gone? Drogon believes his partner isn't hunting. Seems like Daenerys is making a big move soon. I wonder where, or where, that could be...

3. Poor Tormund, it seems the true Others have revealed themselves. I'm not going to give away much, but know these Others will be more accurate to the BOOKS, than what the TV show turned them into. There isn't going to be another 'Night King', so defeating them is going to be a lot harder for our heroes. But that's not going to happen for some time.

The next chapter will be the last chapter in Westeros for some time, meaning Jon and his court will be leaving Westeros. We'll catch up with Theon, see what he's been doing all this time. I'm not sure if I'm going to make it into two parts or just one large chapter. Not going to tell you how/why they leave, but know that it's Others related. After that, they'll all going to have to face the music to the Queen they ran out, so I'd love to read your theories on what'll happen.

Toodles!
CHAPTER XIX

Chapter Summary

Theon confronts his sister. Winter comes for the North. The sun sets on an old legacy and rises for a new one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Theon Greyjoy tried his best to ignore the sound of moaning coming from the chambers of his sister. The young Ironborn was going over the financial accounts for their fleet, making sure all the money was going where it needed to be.

Although the two hadn’t crossed paths with their Uncle as of late, they still needed to repair their fleet. Daenerys was kind to them and granted their fleet a monthly allowance, but it was easy for money to be squandered.

Theon’s mind began to wander as he counted out the coins, remembering watching Caitlyn Stark doing the same thing when it came to giving out the allowances to the members of their household. Theon remembered Caitlyn was quite careful with money, as was Eddard.

‘I ended up betraying the only two people who cared about me,’ Theon thought bitterly. ‘But I’ve made up for it… hopefully, the gods will accept it.’

During those years he spent being tortured by Ramsey, Theon thought plenty of times about killing himself. He was beaten. He was broken. He had nothing to live for…

But that was before Sansa came.

Growing up among the Starks, Theon developed a crush on the eldest Daughter of Winterfell. She was spoiled greatly by her mother, but her father helped teach her how to have a kind heart. When Sansa fell into Ramsey’s clutches, Theon knew that she couldn’t be left to become broken and beaten like he was.

So, he helped her escape.

Then, he helped his sister take her rightful crown. Then, he helped Daenerys try and take hers.

Theon would be lying if he said spending these two years away from Sansa made his heart fell as if it was ripping in two. After all these years he still loved her, but the Broken Kraken didn’t know if she possessed the same feelings for him.

A coin slipping from Theon’s fingers distracted him from his thoughts. Looking down, he watched as the coin rolled down the wooden planks and fall into a small hole not far from Theon’s foot. The coin then dinged, as if it had dumped into something.

Almost as if it had dropped into an empty chamber…

Frowning, Theon got up from the desk and went to where the coin had disappeared. He stuck his
finger into the hole and felt around. Hooking it, Theon carefully pulled the wooden plank, indeed revealing a hidden chamber.

Tens of letters spilled out, all bearing the seal of House Stark.

Quickly, Theon ripped one open, his eyes scanning over the page as his heart dropped into his boots.

*My dearest Theon…*

*I do not know when this letter will reach you…*

Theon felt as if the wind had been sucked from his lungs as he continued to read. These letters were from Sansa. Every single one of these letters was from Sansa. They dated back well over two years, in fact, they went so far back as the day after Daenerys left Winterfell.

Sansa had been sending him letters… and Yara had been hiding them.

Clenching the letters in his fist, Theon thundered down the halls and burst into his sister’s chambers.

“What the fucking hell, Yara?!” Theon bellowed.

The fleshy mass upon the bed slowly untangled itself, Yara’s grey eyes reaching Theon’s as she pushed off the young man who had been inside her cunt, and the young woman who’s breasts she had been suckling on.

“What the fucking hell is wrong with you?” Yara asked, glaring at her brother. “Why are you barging into my chambers?”

Theon held up the fistful of letters. “She’s been writing to me. Sansa has been writing to me ever since we left Winterfell, and you’ve been hiding them! Why?”

“Because she’s a crazy cunt, that’s why,” Yara replied, getting up and putting on a robe so she could face her brother. “I knew I should have stuffed them into the fireplace the moment they arrived.”

“I can’t believe you’ve been hiding letters from Sansa from me!” Theon yelled. “You know how I fell about her!”

“All the more reason I had to do what I did!” Yara snapped. “She’s poison!”

“No, she’s not!” Theon yelled back. “I know her Yara, the true her! She’s only done what she believes is right. Not all of it was right, but she does it out of her belief of loyalty to her family.”

“Or, just hear me out, she was doing it for her own political gain,” Yara retorted. “Theon she deliberately drove a wedge between Jon and Daenerys. She knew they were in love; their marriage would have easily solved any problem. But no, she made sure to eliminate the woman who could have given her the most help, because of her own paranoia. I’m not helping a bitch like that.”

Theon balled his fists so tightly he felt the nails bite into his palms. “Fine,” he said through gritted teeth. “Then don’t. There is a letter here marked for Daenerys. I’ll deliver it to her, then I’ll return to Winterfell myself.”

“Heon…” Yara sighed.
Theon shook his head. “No, Yara. You don’t know her as I do. I know her fears, I know Sansa’s dreams. You weren’t there to watch her suffer under Ramsey. You didn’t hear her screams at night. You didn’t give up on me Yara, and I refuse to give up on her. I’ll take a single boat with only a handful of men. That way you can still serve Daenerys as her Master of Ships.”

Turning on his heel, Theon stormed away. They were only a couple days away from Meereen, it wouldn’t take him long to deliver the letter and then speed on back to Winterfell.

Jon was tired of fighting.

All his life he had been fighting, although the opponent was constantly changing.

All Jon wanted was to do the right thing.

He was a Stark, honor pumped through his veins.

So why did he feel as if he was constantly losing?

When Tormund arrived baring news about new ‘White Walkers’, everyone merely laughed at the thought.

‘The Night King was dead’, they said. ‘You were drinking and your eyes were playing tricks on you.’

Tormund told them no, that he knew what he saw, and they needed to be prepared.

Jon, however, knew better than to ignore such a warning. He summoned the Banners, he told them to prepare, to ready themselves for anything. Small ditches were once again dug around the castle, the fire was prepared, and once again all the Banners and their people were brought to be housed in Winterfell.

Days began to tick by, and people began to grumble against the ‘mad mumblings’ of a Free Folk. Jon refused to let anyone leave, not knowing what was outside the walls. Then, one heavily snowy day, a child appeared out of nowhere.

A Scout walking among the battlements of the castle saw the child. Thinking nothing of it, he followed after the small being, believing that the poor child had gotten lost. The child merely giggled and continued to run away, drawing the man further and further away from Winterfell.

“Jon,” Arya said suddenly, noticing the man. “Look.”

Jon, who had been walking with Arya among the walls, saw the man chasing after the child. The blood froze in Jon’s veins, remembering this same trick used by the White Walkers so long ago.

“No, No, No!” Jon yelled. “Come back! You’re going…”

The Scout suddenly let out a loud scream as something pale blue launched itself at him. Jon and Arya could see the blurry form of the Scout’s body being jerked left and right before growing still.

Jon and Arya looked at each other, unable to believe what they had seen. They knew it was a trap, something was trying to draw them away from the castle, but Jon knew better.

“Light the fires!” Jon ordered. “Light the…!”
A soft shriek in the made the words stick in Jon’s throat. It was a shriek so soft that that one might believe it was nothing more than the howling wind. But Jon and Arya knew better. A pair of glowing blue eyes could be seen in the distance, followed by another pair, then another pair, then another pair, until they seemed endless.

“Get to the Great Hall and protect Sansa and the others,” Jon whispered to Arya.

“But…” Arya protested.

“No buts!” Jon said sharply. “We don’t know what we’re up again. Go!”

Arya hugged Jon tightly and ran to do as he said, casting one last look at her brother.

What happened next could be only be described as the Fall of Winterfell.

Wights appeared out of nowhere, leaping over the fire barriers and attacking the Northern soldiers that surrounded the walls.

“LIGHT THEM UP!” the Northern Commanders yelled.

“ARCHES KNOCK!” Jaime yelled. “LIGHT YOUR ARROWS! LOOSE!”

Fire had no effect on these Wights. It merely bounced off their clothes or bodies, causing them no harm in the slightest. The dragonglass was also useless, shattering the moment it touched the Wights bodies.

“To the tunnels!” Jon yelled to the Northerners running into the castle. “Get to the tunnels!”

Winterfell had hundreds of hidden passageways and tunnels, all could be used for an escape. But Jon had to somehow cover their escape. The doors were bolted, the Wights began to then pile upon themselves, making bridges of their bodies for others to travel over.

Jon drew his sword and swung it, grateful that his sword seemed to still be able to harm the Wights. But what was one Valyrian Steel sword against endless Wights?

‘I’m going to die here,’ Jon thought, fighting his way backward, he and his men trying to buy time for the ones escaping through the tunnels. ‘I’m going to die here and never see Dany’s face again… never feel her kisses… never hold my children. I love you Dany… from now and always…’

Suddenly, as if summoned by magic a loud shriek filled the air. Jon and his men froze, their eyes raising to the heavens, holding their breath.

A thick collum of fire suddenly erupted from the heavens, blasting from the mouth of a green and bronze-colored dragon.

“RHAEGAL!” Jon bellowed. “Rhaegal, over here boy!”

The dragon caught sight of Jon’s frantically waging arms as it bathed the Wights in dragon fire, reducing them all to smoldering ash. Flapping its wings, the dragon landed in the middle of the castle, struggling to hold its tail out of the way to prevent it from crushing the scrambling Northerners.

“Rhaegal!” Jon exclaimed, running to the giant beast, wrapping his arms around its snout. “Oh, Rhaegal… you’re here…”
Jon began to then look excitingly at the heavens, believing that Daenerys and Drogon must be nearby as well, but Rhaegal shook its head. Only they came to save their rider. Daenerys didn’t know where they were.

“Your Grace!” A Northman yelled, looking at the banging gates. “We have to get out of here!”

“Make sure everyone is out!” Jon said, climbing upon Rhaegal’s back. “I’ll try and buy you some more time.”

The Northmen knew better than to argue with their king. They watched as Jon’s dragon flapped its wing, taking off into the sky before turning around to bathe more wights in dragon fire. Out of the corner of his eye, Jon made sure to watch the thick trail of people escaping through the many tunnels that exist. He waited until they were clear before having Rhaegal blast a thick line of fine separating the fleeing Northerners and the wights. This time, the wights stopped in front of the flames, watching the retreating humans.

From his position on Rhaegal, Jon saw Them… the new White Walkers. They looked unlike anything Jon had ever seen before, but he knew better than to direct Rhaegal to them to fight. He and Daenerys had seen the Night King kill Rhaegal’s brother before, Jon couldn’t risk another dragon falling into the undead’s hands. So Jon was forced to watch as the castle he had grown up in be consumed by the living dead.

The remaining Northmen gathered at the closest castle that they believed to be safe in, Castle Cerwyn, which was only half a day’s ride from Winterfell. Dismounting from Rhaegal’s back, Jon frantically searched through the crowds for his siblings, shouting their names.

“JON!” Arya cried out, launching herself at him.

“Arya!” Jon sighed, wrapping his arms around her.

“Jon!” Sansa sobbed, holding him close.

For a moment all of Jon’s anger at her vanished, and he held her close, kissing the top of her head as he sobbed with joy. “Where’s Bran?”

“He’s alright,” Sansa said. “Your friend Samwell is watching over him. Jon, what was that?”

“I don’t know,” Jon said, frowning. “I never thought we’d see wights again, much less White Walkers. Nothing we did seemed to damage them… only dragon fire.”

“Then we have to go back,” Arya said. “We have to go back and flood them with it.”

“I doubt one dragon will do it, Arya,” Jon said, looking to Rhaegal.

“Then we need to get the other one,” Sansa said, frowning to think. “What was its name?”

“Drogon?” Jon said, his eyebrows shooting up. “And how do you plan to control him?”

“By his rider of course,” Sansa said. “Jon… we don’t have a choice here. Clearly, the White Walker’s are back and that means that we’re going to need all the help we can get. Big… help…”

Jon felt a lump form in his throat. She was talking about Daenerys.

“We could send a letter,” Jon said.

Sansa shook her head. “There’s no time. It could also get lost or mixed up. Plus… I doubt she’d
believe it. After we treated her… No, Jon. We need to talk to her, face to face.”

Jon couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Sansa was talking about crossing the Narrow Sea and
going directly to Daenerys to ask for her help. Was he hearing this right?

“No, Jon, I do,” Sansa said firmly. “We defeated the White Walkers before. We can do it again.
She’ll see reason. She has too.”

Jon had a feeling that Daenerys will tell them that she didn’t ‘have to do anything’, but then
again… he supposed that there wasn’t going to be any harm in at least trying. Talking to his Small
Council, a plan was set: Jon, Arya, Bran, Sansa, Davos, Jaime, Brienne, Samwell, Tormund and a
handful of their most loyal bannermen would take a boat from White Harbor and sail to Meereen to
meet with Daenerys. At the same time, the remaining Northmen would travel South, taking refuge
in the Vale. If the White Walkers attacked then they would shut themselves in the Eyrie.

Although many protested against this plan, Jon knew that there was no other way. However, Jon
just hoped that they could get help before all of Westeros was encased in an eternal winter.

It was said that after the Doom, there would never by a successor for the infamous Valyrian
Freehold. Cities and kingdoms within Essos would try but never would come close. For over five
hundred years the ruins of the old Freehold sat empty, its treasures forgotten, it’s legacy rotting.
Everyone believed the Valyrian Pensuila was cursed, bringing wrath upon those that dared venture
in its waters.

But that was before a little girl with silver hair and violet eyes graced the shores of Essos, exiled
from her home.

That same little girl would lose almost all her family, and spend the next fifteen years of her life
being raped, abused, used; yet still hold strong.

Within a very short period of time, that same little girl would gain three dragons, a large army, a
navy; everything she’d need to take back her home.

At least… that was what the little girl thought she wanted.

She thought she needed to return to a land she never knew, to people who hated her.

But after losing one of her dragons and gaining something more precious, the little girl decided to
return to the lands she grew up in. The lands of her forefathers, the lands where she truly belonged.

That was years ago, throughout the years that little girl has grown up and become many things.
life: Conqueror.

Daenerys Targaryen stood upon the balcony of her Valyrian Manse, overlooking the rebuilt
kingdom of her ancestors.

For the past two years, over 100,000 men worked on rebuilding this fallen empire. It wasn’t hard to
find the men needed for the work, as most were former slaves who hungered to leave the cites that
held them for so long. Yunkai, Astapor, and Meereen had a combined population of almost 2 or 3
million people, and one way or another they all worked for the restoration of this project.
Lead by stonemasons, blacksmiths, architects and more from Volantis, Lys, and even the former Slave Cities; 100,000 men worked non-stop, day and night.

That wasn’t the whole truth however, in fact, it was a bit more complicated than that.

When Daenerys returned to Essos over two years ago, she had flown Drogon and Rhaenys over the ruined cities and lang. She sent envoys to the last remaining Valyrian cities of Oros and Mantarys with gifts, to see if anyone still remained there. The reply that Daenerys got was dark, as weeks later trunks with the pickled heads of the envoys were returned to her, along with a note in barely legible handwriting telling her to ‘stay away’.

Daenerys brought this to her Small Council, and listened to them tell her stories and show her records of Oros and Mantarys’s evil deeds. How the people of the city were nothing more than monstrous creatures. Even the Red Priests that came to Meereen from Volantis told Daenerys of the darkness that lurked within the cities.

When she heard this, Daenerys almost planned to leave the cities alone then, let their dark secrets stay hidden. But then Missandei told her about the Lands of Always Summer.

A region of land a little larger than Dorne, the Lands of Always Summer was known as the most fertile land in all of Essos. During the time of the Valyrian Freehold, it fed the massive empire and helped trade flourish through the Valyrian roads that lasted to this day. However when the Doom happened to access to the lands were cut off, and no one dared try and conquer them out of fear of Oros and Mantarys.

So, the lands just sat there, growing even more fertile because of the volcanic that enriched grounds beyond anyone’s wildest dreams.

This was the answer to Daenerys’s problem on trying to feed her armies, to feed her people. But the cities of Oros and Mantarys were in the way.

The choice was clear.

After she gave birth to the twins, Daenerys mounted Drogon and took Rhaegal and her armies. Slowly, they carved a bloody path through Old Valyria, with Drogon and Rhaegal setting the monstrous cities flame and Daenerys’s armies picking off any survivors. The dark secrets of the cities became open, horrifying Daenerys to her core.

People were possessing two heads, the scales of lizards, the eyes of cats, some even had tails. They feasted upon human children, pregnant women, cats, and dogs. They wore no clothes yet their sexual organs seemed to be outside of their bodies.

More than once Daenerys felt the bile rise in her throat and knew deep down that she had done the right thing. None of the original inhabitants of Oros and Mantarys survived, and the cities were all burnt to the ground.

Daenerys and her armies then arrived in the Land of Always Summer, and she dropped to knees at the beauty. Never did Daenerys knew lands could be so green, or the waters so blue. It looked completely untouched, and after three centuries of rest, was ready for inhabitation.

Returning to Meereen, Daenerys sent a proclamation to all the cities in the Bay of Dragons. Anyone who signed up to help construct the new Valyria would not only be paid handsomely but given farmland to raise their families upon. The former slaves quickly began to line up, and it wasn’t long before Daenerys had an endless chain of workers who hungered for a new life.
This also caught the attention of the former nobility. It wasn’t long before they came to Daenerys with a business proposal that piqued Daenerys’s interest. To prevent a mad dash that might destroy the fertile grounds, the Nobles offered to buy large sections of land from Daenerys directly. They then would allow the former slaves to live on the land and work it if they were given two-thirds of the food and resources that were gathered. The nobles then would split the two thirds with Daenerys equally, as well as pay her taxes.

After going over this with her Small Council, Daenerys agreed with this proposal. And so, for the next two years, the construction of the new Valyrian Freehold began.

After the Red Priests blessed the lands, 100,000 men worked nonstop on rebuilding the fallen cities and castles. To be truthful, saying only 100,000 men worked on rebuilding Valyira would be a lie. In truth, they worked in shifts.

For example, 100,000 men would work at least one week straight on a project, such as laying down the foundation for new buildings. After that week, the men would be given a break before going onto another project, meanwhile, another group of 100,000 would work on the next steps on their previous project; such as making bricks for the new buildings. It was meticulous work, but save for a couple minor hiccups, nothing too bad happened.

Before long, out of the rubble grew villages, and from those villages grew towns, and from those towns grew small cities. It would take time for all of them to grow, but it was a good foundation for years to come.

Everything in Daenerys’s treasure went into this project, but she knew the cost was going to be worth it. She was receiving payments from nobles who wanted to buy land from her, but the majority of that money went back into her city. One day, Daenerys was surprised when a Representative from the Iron Bank arrived in Meereen one day with an offer of support.

The man offered Daenerys a loan of around ten million gold dragons, with low interest. As well as a seat upon the Iron Bank Council, and she could pick her own Representative. Although the money would have helped Daenerys’s dream of hew new Valyria, she knew she had to be wary of the Iron Bank. Jorah advised Daenerys against it, as it would put her into their pocket for who knew how many years to come.

Besides, Daenerys planned on conquering all of Essos, and it wouldn’t look right to be in debt to a city who conquered. So, she declined but told the Representative she’d keep the offer on her mind.

Then, the day finally came.

The Stonemasters from Volantis came to Daenerys and told her that the primary city was ready.

Built upon the ruins of Oros it was designed as a port city, just like King’s Landing. To the north of the city were the largest of the islands created by the Doom. They weren’t yet inhabitable, but Daenerys planned on doing that next. To the south of the city were some of the richest lands of the Lands of Always Summer, lands that Daenerys had forbidden anyone to claim. She didn’t know why but some part of her to save the lands, to protect them for the time being.

The city was to be called Zaldrīzes Prūmia, meaning ‘Dragon Heart’ in High Valyrian; with the royal manse being called Perzys Prūmi, meaning ‘Fire Heart’. The manse was modeled after a Valyrian Grand Palace, as Daenerys had found the sketch in a book during one of her explorations of the old Freehold. She wanted a manse that spoke of her family’s power, that would have no rival anywhere else in the world.
From the balcony of her manse, Daenerys could see the outer shell of a lighthouse being constructed on one of the smaller islands. The lighthouse was to serve as the beacon of a new dawn for her family, of their legacy. House Targaryen would take its rightful place in this world, and this time, Daenerys wasn't going to be distracted.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Happy Holidays!!

So a lot happened this chapter

1. Theon finds out that Yara has been hiding his letters from Sansa. I don't know Dumb and Dumber were trying to fool with that "Yara" in the S8 finale. The Yara we know is a badass, and wouldn't at all be cowered by Arya. In fact, if Arya was older I'd ship her with Yara. Unfortunately, we all know Yara's true love is Dany and she'd fight anyone for her (this is a joke guys but we all saw how Yara and Dany were eyeing each other in Season 6 right????)

2. The White Walkers have made their move against Winterfell, but they didn't kill everyone. There's a reason for that, but what do you guys think of Rhaegal showing up? I told you that they didn't just leave Drogon as a single dad with 6 kids, lol. They had to do get their dad. (I'll be using they/them pronouns since dragons are technically genderless)

3. Dany is finally home! She's founding her dynasty and preparing her lands and armies for her conquest. Hopefully, you guys understood how she could both fund and build her cities in about two years/two and a half years if the time is right in my head. I did some research and castles can be built between 2 to 10 years, depending on how many people are working and how long. Did a little tweaking, and voila! New Valyria has been born!

Sorry if this chapter seemed a little rushed but I REALLY wanted to get Jon and his company in Essos. But there you have it. Next chapter Dany is formally crowned and Jon and his people arrive in Valyria, so the two lovers must face their pasts. We're going to spend some time in Essos and since Jon is here, he's going to have to make a choice: his family or his crown in Westeros. What do you think he'll choose?

Toodles!

(P.S. Jon and Dany aren't just going to jump into bed together. Our little Dragon Queen is going to make him work for it, and it's going to take a hot second although I picture them having a... accident or two ;))
Hey guys.

I know this isn't a normal story chapter, but we've come to the part of the book where I've realized I'm going to be doing a LOT of descriptions. In the books/show we know all about Westeros/shown almost all of Westeros but the opposite has been said about Essos. Most of the characters are going to be in Essos for a BIG chunk of this story, so I've decided to give you guys references for the characters, such as outfits, weapons, that kind of thing.

I hope this makes it easier when you guys read a section like, "Sansa went to her trunk and put on her gown" this will give you a rough idea of what that character is wearing. I plan to update it depending on how the story goes but will try and give you a rough draft idea of what I have in my head for the characters.

Please note that at the time I'm only doing this for characters that I KNOW WILL APPEAR THE MOST in the story. Might add more later/introduce new characters, but this is for only right now.

Also don't hesitate to request/suggest outfits you believe fit certain characters and I'll try to find them!

Main Characters - Daenerys Targaryen

Armor
Sword

Crown
Coronation Gown
Formal Court Dress
Casual Dress

Sleeping Silks
Main Characters - Jon Snow/Aegon Targaryen

Armor
New Sword
New Crown
Formal Outfit
Casual Essosi Outfit
Secondary Characters - Missandei of Naath

Formal Dress
Casual Dress
MORE COMING SOON

Secondary Characters - Grey Worm

Casual Wear
Formal Wear
Armor
Secondary Characters - Jorah Mormont

Casual Wear
Formal Wear
Armor (General for all Crownguard)
Secondary Characters - Tyrion Lannister
COMING SOON

Secondary Characters - Jaime Lannister
COMING SOON

Secondary Characters - Sansa Stark
Arriving in Valyrian Empire Dress
Casual Dress
Formal Dress

Secondary Characters - Arya Stark

Casual Outfit
Formal
Armor
Secondary Characters - Daario Naharis

Casual Essosi Outfit
Other Characters - Rhaenyra & Jaehaeron

COMING SOON

Other Characters - Asheffi
Other Characters - Desmera Redwyne

COMING SOON

Other Characters - Nymra Martell

COMING SOON

LOCATIONS

Zaldrīzes Prūmia (Capital City of the Valyrian Empire)
Perzys Prūmi (Royal Manse of House Targaryen)
Royal Throne Room
Royal Bedchamber
Royal Bath House

—

Royal Box at the Fighting Pits
Royal Garden Balcony

New House Sigil
FIRE. BLOOD. MERCY

MORE COMING SOON
“You look beautiful, Your Grace,” Missandei said.

Daenerys looked at her friend in the mirror, smiling at her warmly. Missandei was dressed in her very best, her hair pulled back into a high bun yet braided with strings of diamonds. Today was the most important day of their lives, and both women were greatly nervous.

Today was the day that Daenerys would officially be crowned over her new Valyria.

Today was the day that Daenerys would open the gates to the city.

Today was the day that Daenerys would proclaim her decision to conquer all of Essos.

Nothing could go wrong today.

Jorah had the manse heavily guarded, as were the streets that Daenerys was going to ride through on her horse.

People from all over Essos was coming to this coronation, everything had to be perfect. A great feast was planned, as well as celebrations that would last for the rest of the week. Daenerys was a queen, and it was time for her revel in it.

The dress she wore was in Targaryen red, dragon red, and made of shimmering Yi Ti silk. A cape of chiffon wrapped around Daenerys’s shoulders, and was fastened around her neck attached by a golden collar fashioned to mimic a slave color. Daenerys had ordered her outfits from now on to have this style, as the chiffon mimicked chains, and with the collar, it pronounced her as a ‘slave’ to her people. As all rulers should be. Black onyx stones decorated the bodice, pushing up her breasts as well as supporting them. A belt made from black, gold and red brocade wrapped around Daenerys’s waist, fastened by a clip shaped like a three-headed dragon.

Lastly, her hair was done by Missandei. The Hand of the Queen had worked carefully, braiding Daenerys’s hair in the most elaborate style she could think of. She then looped in bells made of gold into Daenerys’s silver locks, before she and then Handmaidens stepped back to see their work.

Their queen looked like a goddess among mere mortals. The last true descendant of House Targaryen was ready to take her rightful place in the world.

“I’m so nervous,” Daenerys confessed as the Handmaidens circled her for one last look.

“Don’t be, Your Grace,” Missandei said with a smile. “You’ve earned this more than anyone. We believe in you... we all do...”
“Mama! Mama!” Rhaenyra giggled.

Daenerys looked up as Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron toddled in, their Nursemaids hurrying right behind them. Grinning, Daenerys knelt and opened her arms, sweeping her children into her embrace as she covered their faces with kisses. Both children were dressed in their very best, with Rhaenyra silver locks tumbling down her shoulders and Jaehaeron’s curls slicked back.

“Eww!” Rhaenyra laughed. “Mama, No! No kisses!”

That was her new favorite word, ‘No’. Daenerys was trying her hardest to not spoil her children but sometimes she couldn’t help it. She wanted them to have everything that she didn’t grow up, and if that meant having the world at their fingertips then that was what would happen.

“Pwetty,” Jaehaeron said, pawing at Daenerys’s jewelry.

“Why so pwetty, Mama?” Rhaenyra asked.

“Mama is getting a crown today, Sweetings,” Daenerys said. “So, I need you to be on your best behavior. Can you do that for me?”

Jaehaeron nodded eagerly, although Rhaenyra wrinkled her little nose in rebuttal. Daenerys knew how to handle that.

“If you two act good, Mama will take you to see the dragons, would you like that?”

Now, Rhaenyra grinned.

They were old enough to meet the Dragons, Daenerys figured. After all, Drogon and his mate had laid six eggs, and those eggs needed riders when they hatched.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Rhaenyra chirped, clapping her hands together. “Dwagons! Dwagons!”

Daenerys gave her daughter’s small nose a little tap. “Be on your best behavior and Mama will take you to go see the dragons. I promise.”

“Your Grace,” Missandei whispered in Daenerys’s ear. “It’s time.”

Daenerys nodded. Handing the Twins to their Nursemaids, the Dragon Queen stood up and smoothed out her dress. The guards opened the doors, her Handmaidens exiting first, then Missandei, then Daenerys herself, and then the guards. Daenerys’s stomach was twisting itself in knots as she walked down the long halls, yet she held her head high.

‘If I look back, I am lost…’

The doors to the throne room opened and a hush fell over the suffocating throngs of people. They parted, revealing the path to the throne than Daenerys had shed blood, sweat, and tears for.

With each step, flashes of the past danced before her eyes.

She remembered every abuse she felt by the hands of her brother.

She remembered how she wept tears the night Drogo claimed her maidenhead.

She remembered the tears she wept when he was taken from her, her innocent child murdered.

She remembered how she was Lost, hopelessly lost in the world before the hatching of her
Children.

Then, she began to find her way. She thought fate would lead her to the throne of her forefathers, but no, she was wrong. She was a Dragon, the Last True Dragon of her House. She was meant for better things than that was in Westeros. She belonged here, in the lands of her ancestors, where the first dragons hatched hundreds of years ago.

Slowly, Daenerys climbed the steps of the dais, turning around she smoothed the cape of her dress before sitting down upon the thick red cushions of her throne. It had been designed to both evoke awe in her subjects, but also lower Daenerys a bit to their level. Back in Meereen, she sat at the top of a towering platform where people had to shout for her to hear them. Now, Daenerys sat only a couple feet taller than most men, holding the air of supercity, but not completely looking down at them. To the right and left of her central throne were two smaller ones: one for Tyrion and one for Missandei, her Hands. Handing overhead were several large Targaryen banners, held in place by golden ropes.

Kinvara appeared from behind the throne, a servant girl standing at her side holding a pillow in her hands. Upon the pillow was the most beautiful crown that anyone had ever seen.

Made of Valyrian steel and polished silver, several large dragonrubies decorated the sides. The key feature was the three-headed dragon that ‘roared’ in the center of the crown, its wings were outstretched and up.

“Today,” Kinvara proclaimed loudly. “We gather under the Lord of Light’s eye for the crowning of his Chosen. Without her, the Long Night would have returned and darkness would have swept over the earth. Do you accept the duties the Lord of Light places before you, Your Grace?”

“I do,” Daenerys said firmly.

“Do you swear to uphold his laws and be his Guiding Light for your people?” Kinvara asked.

“I do,” Daenerys said firmly.

Kinvara turned to the servant girl and took the crown. Holding it high in the air she proclaimed. “By the power invested in me by the Lord of Light I crown you, Daenerys of House Targaryen, First of your Name, Queen of the Valyrian Empire, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, High Lord of Meereen, Yunkai, and Astapor, Lord of Naath, Sword of R’hhlor, and Protector of the Empire.”

Daenerys bowed her head for Kinvara to place the crown upon her head, the Red Priestess making sure it was secure before stepping back. “Long may you reign!”

“Long may you reign!” everyone exclaimed.

Daenerys wanted to burst into tears, she almost did. This was all she ever wanted, and now her dream was achieved.

While everyone feasted and celebrated the crowning of a new monarch, Daenerys was keeping a promise to her children. Climbing up on the back of her silver mare, Daenerys rode with Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron to the caves nearby that her Children had claimed for themselves. Well, really Drogon claimed the caves, Daenerys hadn’t seen Rhaenys since they left Meereen and she was beginning to worry for her Child. Drogon was the one who normally went on long trips, not Rhaenys.

Getting off the mare, Daenerys took her children’s hands and led them into the cave, following the
torches that had hung on the walls.

Jaehaeron whimpered in fright at the sound of something stirring inside, while Rhaenyra tugged on Daenerys’s hand to be released. Daenerys instead held onto her daughter tighter, not knowing what Drogon would do. They quickly came upon the large form of Drogon huddled not far by the mouth of the cave, the Dragon slowly lifting his head in greeting to Daenerys and her children.

“Hello again my love,” Daenerys said softly. “I’m back, just as I promised.

Drogon let out a low groan and turned his red eyes to the small children that huddled closely to Daenerys’s skirts.

“Can we approach?” Daenerys asked Drogon. “I promise we won’t hurt your eggs.”

Drogon slowly unwrapped himself around his eggs as he laid on his back, his crimson eyes regarding the newest Targaryen children with keen interest.

Slowly, Daenerys stepped forward with the children, keeping an eye out for any sign of Drogon being distressed. Jaehaeron stayed huddled next to Daenerys, while his sister quickly ran up to the small nest of eggs. Daenerys’s heart leaped into her throat at the sight of her daughter running at the eggs, her violet eyes quickly snapping onto Drogon.

The Black Dread Reborn merely yawned and laid back, his eyes half-lidding almost as if he was going to fall asleep.

Rhaenyra knelt down among the ash and dirt on the ground, not at all caring about getting her clothes dirty, and looked over the eggs. They were all about the size of her favorite ball, but much more pretty.

She reached out with the chubby toddler hand, feeling the burning hot scales under her fingers, yet wasn’t bothered by it. The heat felt good, it felt… natural. As Rhaenyra caressed the eggs, one of them caught her attention. It was one the color of molten silver, yet possessed violet-colored swirls and markings. There was a tug in her gut that Rhaenyra had no name for, a small voice telling her to pick this one.

“I want this one Mama,” Rhaenyra said, cradling the egg in her arms. “This one…”

Daenerys looked to her son. “And you, sweet one, which one do you want?”

Jaehaeron took the tiniest of steps toward the nest, his legs trembling until his sister grabbed his cloak and pull him down. Jaehaeron let out a soft cry of surprise as he fell to his knees, his hands brushing into an egg with dark-green and bronze-colored scales.

Just like his sister, Jaehaeron felt internal ‘call’ within his soul the moment his hands touched the egg. Something was speaking to the children, the small little dragonlings within their shells.

“This one…” Jaehaeron breathed, looking at his egg in awe. “This one…”

Daenerys looked to Drogon. “May we have them?”

Drogon gave a small ‘nod’ of his head before affectionately nuzzling his mother with his large snout. Daenerys chuckled, kissing it gently. “Tomorrow we’ll go on a ride tomorrow,” she whispered. “Just the two of us.”

Drogon gave a low groan before looking to Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron.
Daenerys chuckled. “Alright, alright. I’ll bring along my hatchlings as well. Perhaps I can find straps of leather or something, so they won’t fall out of the saddle. You know how you love to show off.”

Drogon huffed, smoke rising from his nostrils as he tossed his head, rolling his eyes.

The trio returned to the Royal Manse and Daenerys took her children to their Nursery. Rhaenyra ran all over the room with her egg while Jaehaeron cradled it in his arm as if it was made of pure gold.

“When will my dragonling hatch?” Rhaenyra demanded. “When?!”

“I’m not sure,” Daenerys said. “But we need to make them feel as if they were back home with their siblings.”

“How do we do that?” Jaehaeron asked.

Daenerys looked around the room before locating what she wanted: a small brazier. Carefully, she placed it inside the small hearth that she had constructed would keep the twins warm during the winter months.

“Place both insides,” she instructed the Twins. “Carefully, though.”

Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron did as instructed, placing their eggs side by side in the hearth. Daenerys then took the small mesh gate she had made and hooked it on the sides of the hearth but left one side open. She then lit the hearth and then closed the mesh gate as the flames ignited.

“Wow…” Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron whispered together.

Daenerys smiled. “Your eggs will continue to grow and stay warm in there. However, I do not want you two touching the fire. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Mama!” the Twins said in unison.

Daenerys chuckled and ruffled their hair, standing up at their Nursemaids came to prepare the children for bedtime. She kissed their foreheads before leaving their chamber, only to hear a voice call her name. Daenerys turned around, her eyes widening with surprise at the sight of the man striding in her direction.

“Theon?” Daenerys gasped. “Is that you?”

Theon smiled and bowed at Daenerys’s feet, waiting for her to tap his shoulder for him to rise. “In the flesh, Your Grace.”

“Where’s Yara?” Daenerys asked, looking around. “Is she with you?”

Theon made a face. “Not… at the moment, Your Grace. But… I have to talk to you…”

Tyrion closed his eyes with a sigh as he took a long gulp of the wine from the flagon in front of him. Today had been an event for the ages, an event that would be written in the history books for generations to come.

“Are sure that you don’t want any?” Tyrion asked Varys.

Varys shook his head, folding his hands within his sleeves. “Wine muddles the mind. I can not afford to lose mine.”
Tyrion chuckled. “Then I’ll get drunk for the both of us. Her Grace hasn’t banned whores… she’s not like my Father. Perhaps I can find one an…”

The words died on Tyrion’s lips as the doors to his chambers burst open. An enraged Daenerys descended upon both men with violet eyes so cold, Tyrion thought he was looking within that of a White Walker.

“How dare you…” Daenerys said through clenched teeth. “How dare you! All of you! How dare you treat me as if I’m a child!”

Tyrion almost dropped his goblet of wine. “Y… Your Grace? I do not under…”

Daenerys led up a scroll clenched in her first… Jon’s letter. “You’ve been sending word of me, of my children, of my dealings to Jon. To the North. I can’t believe you’d all undermine me this way!”

Tyrion’s mouth flapped like a fish gasping for air. He looked to Varys for help but for the first time, the Spider was speechless as well.

“I trusted you all,” Daenerys continued. “Do you have any idea what might have happened if those letters fell into the hands of my enemies!? The heads of my children and I could be on spikes! Perhaps that I should do to you two, to Jorah, to this… Northmen working as a Crownguard. I should have you all executed!”

The threat of execution was what snapped both men out of their daze.

“Your Grace, Please!” Tyrion pleaded. “We didn’t do it to undermine you! We did it to help you!”

“By handling me?” Daenerys shrieked. “Which one of us has dragons? Which one has armies? Which one of us just got crowned? Give me one good reason why I could call Grey Worm right now to have you all dragged before Drogon to feast on!”

“Because you’re a merciful Queen who won’t do that, we both know it,” Varys said.

Daenerys turned her blazing eyes upon him. “And why shouldn’t I?”

“Because we weren’t working against you, Your Grace, we were working in your best interest,” Varys said. “You and I both know that your love for Jon Snow isn’t gone, neither is his love for you. But Jon knew his duty was to the North, but he could not leave the woman carrying his child alone in the world at its terrible mercy. Yes, we lied to you. I am not ashamed to admit it. But what we did was for the greater good. It kept you focused, did it not? You are now Queen of an Empire that you plan to expand. I told you that I would only use my abilities to your benefits, never against you. I told you that I’d tell you if you were doing something wrong. Have I ever given you bad council?”

Daenerys frowned, struggling to stay angry at Varys. “No…,” she said through clenched teeth.

“I might have,” Tyrion said, trying to stay within her good graces. “But I never did anything to hurt you, Your Grace. We all believe in you.”

“Call it insubordination, and we will accept the punishment for it,” Varys continued. “But we are not ashamed of it. Jon sent the man to watch over you and Their Graces. The letters we sent back and forth never gave anything exclusively away, but Jon wanted to know about his children.”

Daenerys’s lip trembled. “Why didn’t he come to me, himself…?”
“The same reason why you wear that golden slave-collar,” Tyrion said. “He is a slave to his people, forever tasked with doing the right thing for them. We will accept whatever punishment you deem fit for us, but as Varys said, we are not ashamed of them.”

Daenerys looked at the letter clenched in her fist, then to the two men. In a way they were right, they hadn’t exactly worked against her… but at the same time, they had lied to her, and that was something she couldn’t leave unpunished.

“I will think about your punishment,” Daenerys said softly. “But know that at the moment you all are highly out of my favor and I have not yet decided if I will sever the head from your shoulders.”

With that she turned on her heel and stormed off, the guards slamming the doors behind her.

Tyrion collapsed into his chair, rubbing his temples. “I was so sure she was going to execute us.”

“She just might,” Varys replied casually.

Tyrion looked at him in confusion. “You’re not worried?”

Varys shrugged. “I’ve lived a lifetime facing death, my Friend. I’m never afraid to greet him.”

“Well I am,” Tyrion said, taking his goblet. “There aren’t any whores and wine in the afterlife.”

Varys tried to not chuckle as he took his own tiny sip of wine, thinking over how he was going to truly get out of this sticky situation.

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! So a lot happened in this chapter, lets break it down!

1. OUR GIRL HAS DONE IT! She's crowned herself as the reigning Queen of the Valyrian Empire, and she plans to expand it!

2. Our little Dragonwolves have finally claimed their dragon eggs! Drogon is such a good Dad, Rhaenys still a kinda deadbeat mom for just laying the eggs then flying off.

3. Daenerys has finally confronted Varys and Tyrion. She hasn't forgiven them, they're going to have to earn her forgiveness, but she didn't exactly kill them... yet. Tell me, what do you guys think? were Tyrion and Varys wrong to hide the information about Jon, or were they right because it made Daenerys focus on the task at hand? I'd love your thoughts on this.

I know I said that this was the chapter Jon and his North would arrive in Essos but I decided it to be the next chapter. I did this because I believe that scene (and it's going to be a LONG chapter, so long that I might cut it into two) truly deserves it's own chapter and be the central focus.

I have a question: I already know this story is going to be pretty long, but I’ve wondered something. Rather than stop after Dany conquers all of Essos, do you guys want me to continue into the first couple of years of her reign? I mean, we’re going back to Westeros eventually (a couple of key characters' fates lay there), but not for some time. I’m considering making this story just one ‘megabook’, meaning we go
through several parts. OR, I can turn it into a series or duology.

What do you guys think? Split it up, or keep it all here for easy packaging and the ability to find? Also, I've updated the character references!

Click here to see the character references for the story
Sansa hated ships.

Bile burned the Lady of Winterfell’s throat as she very undignifiedly threw up over the side of their ship. The longest that Sansa had ever been on a ship was a couple of weeks, a single lunar cycle at the longest. For the past three moons though, she and the small Northern Court had been on this ship, sharing cramped sleeping spaces and only able to stretch their legs by walking among the short deck.

Not far from Sansa stood Arya and Jon, the two of them staring out among the seemingly endless ocean for any sign of life.

Neither of them had talked much to Sansa during this trip, no doubt each was busy with their own thoughts. Jon most likely was rehearsing the lines he would say to Daenerys when they met, Arya most likely couldn’t wait to explore Meereen. Deep down, Sansa was excited to see Meereen as well. While not hungering for exploration at the same levels as her sister, Sansa was one to appreciate beauty. But the thought of entering a foreign land frightened her.

Sansa’s feet moved on their own, leading her below deck and walking to Bran’s chambers. She knocked on the door twice before pushing it open, finding her younger brother sitting in his chair, watching strange sea creatures leap and chase their ship.

“Am I disturbing you?” Sansa asked softly.

Bran turned to her. “No.”

“Can I sit?” Sansa asked.

“Of course,” Bran replied.

Slowly, Sansa crossed the room and sat next to her brother. So much of them had changed in this short time. Jon had been killed and come back from the dead. Bran was this all-seeing god basically. Arya was a faceless assassin.

‘Who am I to them?’ Sansa thought, looking down at her hands. ‘I’m just the girl with a smart mouth. I can’t wield a sword. I can’t go into the minds of creatures and men. I can’t use magic. I’m nothing compared to them…’

“You need to stop trying to compare yourself to who you aren’t,” Bran suddenly said.

Sansa looked up in surprise. “How did you…?” then it clicked. “Right… you’re the Three-eyed Raven… You can see into minds.”
“I didn’t have to see into your mind to read you, Sansa,” Bran said. “I can see it on your face.”

Sansa’s hands clenched in her lap. “I just feel so… useless compared to the three of you. You all have these amazing powers and had adventures… Who am I? The girl who betrayed my own family for the foolish notion of being in love with an insane boy. The girl who ran away the one person who could have been our greatest ally…”

Bran blinked his face a blank canvas. “Your heart is your strongest weapon, Sansa. You’ve always been led by it. Continue to follow it. You’re going to need your good heart to rule your people.”

Sansa’s head jerked up sharply. “Wait… what did you say?”

Before Bran could reply someone knocked on his door. Sansa called for them to enter, and she saw that it was one of their guards.

“What is it?” Sansa asked.

“His Grace wishes to talk to you on the upper deck, My Lady,” the Guard said.

Sansa nodded. “Tell Jon I’ll be there in a moment.”

The Guard bowed and closed the door, Sansa turned quickly back to her brother.

“What do you mean by ‘the people I will rule’?” Sansa asked.

Bran didn’t reply and instead settled back into his chair, closing his eyes. Realizing that she wasn’t going to get any more information out of him, Sansa decided to leave and go see what Jon wanted.

Walking to the upper deck, Sansa saw Jon and Arya arguing with their captain, none of which looked happy. The captain wasn’t one of their men, but rather a merchant from Braavos they had bought passage on his ship after it was deemed their fledgling Northern ship was inadequate for the rest of the long trip to Meereen.

“What’s going on?” Sansa asked, approaching the two.

Jon’s face was red. “According to this… this Man, we are entering forbidden waters.”

Sansa arched an eyebrow, turning to the Captain. “What do you mean we’re in ‘forbidden waters’?”

The Man threw his hands in the air as he rambled in some language that Sansa didn’t understand, but it appeared Arya did.

“He says that these waters are for ships bound in service to the Valyrian Empire,” Arya translated. “All other ships have to have identification papers… or something like that. My Braavosi is a little rusty.”

Sansa frowned. “The Valyrian Empire… I thought Old Valyria was destroyed.”

“It was,” Arya said, translating again. “But according to the Merchant some… ‘Dragon Queen’ has rebuilt it, and now rules it all.”

Jon’s jaw dropped to the floor. His grey eyes widened as he looked to Sansa, then back to the Merchant. “Arya, ask him what he means by Dragon Queen? Does he know her name?”

Arya asked the Merchant, who said, “Dai-ner-y-ee.”
“Daenerys…” Jon breathed. “He’s talking about Daenerys…”

“Then we need to go through,” Sansa said. “Arya, tell him we must enter these waters.”

Arya translated, then frowned when the Merchant threw up his hands. “He says we can’t… He’s lost his identification papers and the rules state that if he enters them without them, he’ll be beheaded and his cargo confiscated.”

Sansa put a hand on her throat. “Gods… that’s a little extreme, isn’t it?”

Arya shrugged. “Something about… the Queen being careful about who comes into her kingdom and who doesn’t. The lands around the Empire are controlled by slaveholders, and she doesn’t want armies trying to slip in.”

“Then how are we going to get into this empire?” Jon asked, crossing his arms. “We need to talk to Daenerys.”

Sansa turned away and looked to the distance, a bobbing shape slowly getting closer. “Jon… do you see that? It looks like a ship, doesn’t it?”

Jon looked around, grabbing the spyglass nearby and rising it to his eyes. “Yes! It is a ship! But I can’t make out the sails… Arya, what can you see them?”

Arya took the spyglass and ran to the nearby great mast. Climbing up it with ease, she raised it to her eyes, her vision improving greatly. “You guys are never going to believe this! They’re Greyjoy sails!”

“Greyjoy sails?” Jon repeated. “What are the Greyjoys doing all the way out here?”

“Daenerys had to get back here somehow,” Sansa said. “It makes sense she used them.”

The Merchant began to shout and wave his arms frantically, pointing at the ship.

“What’s he saying?” Jon shouted up to Arya.

“He says that the ‘Kraken Ships’ patrol the waters!” Arya shouted back. “They’re the main members of Daenerys’s fleet!”

Sansa looked at Jon. “What are the chances that Theon or his Sister might be on that ship?”

“Or maybe people loyal to them,” Jon said. “It’s a chance. A very narrow chance, but a chance none the less.”

The Greyjoy ship neared their vessel, the men on board tossing across ropes with hooks on the end to pull their ship close. A gangplank smacked against the wooden beams as men dressed in the signature Ironborn armor and water cloaks boarded their ship.

“Identification papers,” one of the Men barked in Common Tongue.

“We don’t have them,” Jon said quickly, revealed they spoke the same language. “Listen, we need to speak with Daenerys Targaryen.”

The Man arched an eyebrow. “And who are you to the Dragon Queen?”

“I’m her…” Jon began to say, then stopped.
What was he to Daenerys now? Her former lover? Father of her children? Partner? There wasn’t an exact title for him anymore.

“Look, it doesn’t matter who we are to her,” Jon said quickly. “We just need to talk to her, it’s of grave importance!”

“Grave importance?” The Man repeated, sneering. “Look at him using fancy words!” he tilted his head, taking all them in. “You’re not from Essos.”

“We’re not,” Sansa said, frowning at how this man seemed to be mocking them. “We’re from the North. You don’t know who you’re talking too, do you?”

The Man turned his eyes to Sansa, the grey orbs transforming into a lustful leer. “Oh? Why don’t you tell me who I’m talkin’ too, Sweeting?”

“You’re talking to His Grace, Jon Snow of House Stark, First of his Name, the King in the North,” Sansa proclaimed. “He has a very important business to discuss with Daenerys Targaryen, and she won’t be happy you’re preventing us from speaking with her.”

The Man tossed back his head with a gnaw. Bending down to Sansa’s height, he cupped her chin, pulling her close. “Now, I don’t know if you’re speaking the truth or not. But I could be… persuaded to let you pass without the papers…”

Jon grit his teeth in fury, his hand going immediately to his sword. The men behind the Man then all reached for their swords, the air tense as everyone waited for who would make the first move.

“Rass!” a sharp voice said behind the men. “What are you doing?”

The Man—Rass—turned around to look at the person who had spoken his name. Jon turned to look who had spoken as well and his eyes widened.

Theon stalked toward Rass, shoving him away from Sansa, although Jon wasn’t sure if he recognized them yet. “You know the rules. Queen Daenerys decrees no raving, raping and pillaging. Do I have to tell her that… that…”

Theon’s words trailed off when he looked at Sansa, his eyes growing as large as dinner plates. “Sansa?” he gasped.

Sansa’s blue eyes also widened with shock. “Theon?”

Theon instantly wrapped his arms around Sansa, sweeping her into a tight hug. He turned around and saw Jon, doing the same thing, moving to Arya soon after.

“What… What… What are you all doing here?” Theon asked. “I mean… why are you in Essos? In Valyria?”

Jon’s face darkened. “We… We’d rather not talk about it. Theon, what are you doing here?”

“The Ironborn serve Daenerys,” Theon said. “Have since she first left Meereen. We’re the ones that brought her back.”

“I knew it…” Sansa whispered, looking to Theon. “So, you serve the Dragon Queen…?”

Theon’s face flushed red. “She… She’s good, Sansa. She’s freed slaves, conquered her homelands. She has big plans for the rest of Essos but…” he suddenly stopped. “Wait, wait, wait, does
Daenerys know you’re coming?”

Jon shook his head. “I doubt it. We… we need to talk to her. The fate of all of Westeros rests on us receiving her help.”

Theon nodded. “I understand.” He turned to his men. “Allow them to board our ship. We’re taking them to the capital city.”

“Aye, sir,” the Ironborn all said in unison.

Theon stopped and then turned to Rass. “I’m going to tell Yara about you did. If I was you, I’d be lost before she returns.”

Everyone boarded the Ironborn ship, which was much larger than the previous merchant vessel. Jon watched as a small bump in the distance appeared, growing larger and larger, slowly transforming into buildings and structures.

The shipping port that the ship docked at had to be three times as big as the one at White Harbor. But then again, Jon supposed it made sense as most of Essos was built on trade. Men and women of all sizes and colors were disembarking from the ships, moving like ants to stand in front of something strange. In front of what Jon believed were the seaside gates of the city were about a dozen tables, white canopies hanging over them. Men and women sat behind the tables, writing on pieces of paper, then giving out small scrolls and tiny brown bags.

“What’s that?” Jon asked Theon as his Ironborn helped their group disembark from their ship.

Theon looked at the direction of Jon’s gaze. “Oh, those are people who document who is coming in and out of the city. As well as their cargo.”

“Why do they do that?” Arya asked.

“Her Grace likes to keep track of… certain people,” Theon replied.

Jon wanted to ask who these ‘certain people’ were, but refined. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing though. Dany… his Dany had done what she had always wanted: to have a home.

“She could have had that with me,’ Jon thought bitterly as he followed Theon toward the gates. ‘But she got chased away… and like an idiot, I didn’t go after her. Love surely is the death of duty.’

Theon walked up to the central table and reached into his pocket, taking out a strange looking seal. The woman at the table looked at the seal, then at a small book in front of her, nodded.

“Welcome back, Lord Greyjoy,” she said.

Theon bowed his head respectfully. “Thank you, Nyla.”

“Are these guests of yours, or prisoners to face the Queen’s Justice?” this Nyla asked.

“Guests,” Theon replied. "Important guests."

Nyla nodded and took out a scroll. “I need their names and occupations.”

Theon gave all their names, but when it came to the occupation he said ‘Foreign Envoys.’ The woman wrote down all their names and then handed Theon a thick stack of papers, as well as a small bag, then nodded for him to step aside.
“What just happened?” Jon asked as Theon lead them away.

“She gave you all temporary identification papers,” Theon explained. “They last for about a month, after which you’ll have to have them renewed, get permanent ones, or leave.”

“We won’t need them for that long,” Sansa said, pushing past Arya to stand in front of Theon, looking at him from under her lashes. “I-I mean… once Daenerys meets with us… we’ll be alright.”

Theon’s eyes flicked in a way that made Jon worry. His friend neither agreed nor disagreed with their statement and instead gestured for them to follow him.

Their small group continued to follow Theon past the gates and into the city. It was more alive than anything Jon had ever seen before. Raised in the North, Jon never had seen a marketplace this alive before.

People of different sizes, shapes, and colors peddled produces and items from all over the world. Wonderful smelling spices, glittering jewels, shimmered silks, hot food, sweet flowers, birds with colorful plumage, and more! Jon couldn’t believe his eyes.

“They’ve never seen a place so busy,” Jon heard Sansa say to Theon.

Theon puffed out his chest as he swept his arms widely. “Her Grace wants the Empire to be the heart of trade in all the world. I’ve helped many people set up shop here, in fact…”

Theon stopped in front of a vendor stall with large bouquets of flowers. He spoke with the owner, an elderly man with greying hair and a wrinkled face, the two of them laughing as if old friends. The man gave Theon a small handful of blue flowers that Jon had never seen before, to which Theon then gave to Sansa.

“Oh, Theon…” Sansa breathed, inhaling their scent. “They’re lovely…”

“Aye, Theon…” Jon said with an arched eyebrow. “They’re quite… lovely.”

Sansa shot Jon an icy glare but turned back to Theon, her face flushed red. “Thank you… I… I love them.”

Theon’s face also flushed red as he looked at Sansa from under his lashes. “Y-You’re welcome.”

Some part of Jon didn’t like how Theon was looking at his sister. The protective brother side of him wanted to get between them, but Arya’s arm shot out and grabbed him, holding him back.

“Leave her be,” Arya whispered. “Besides, you have something more pressing on your mind.”

A large structure loomed in the distance, and Jon didn’t have to ask Theon to know that it was the royal palace. It looked to be as big, if not bigger, than perhaps Winterfell, the design quite intimidating. As if sensing Jon’s worry a loud shriek filled the air, Jon looking to the sky to see his dragon flying over them.

Jon smiled softly. Perhaps he could draw courage from the other half of his family… He was half Targaryen after all.

Theon came to stop in front of what looked to be a large house, crossing the doorless threshold and leading them inside. Jon’s eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness, the King in the North recognizing a tavern when he saw them.
The room was quite large and long, and to the left, there were twelve doors that Jon guessed led to twelve different rooms. To the right was what Jon guessed was the dining hall, as well as where one might find the chamber pot.

A woman and man sat behind a desk, looking up and smiling at Theon.

“How can we help you, My Lord?” the Woman asked.

“How do you have two rooms available?” Theon asked.

The Woman looked at a large book in front of her. “Yes, we do, the two at the end are open.”

Theon opened the small pouch that had been given to them. “How much for the night?”

“A silver dragon for the week,” the woman replied. “Meals are included. There is also a washroom in the back, but if you need your clothes cleaned then it costs a copper piece. You also get ten candles for another copper piece.”

Theon took out two small silver coins and handed it to her. The woman took the coins then gave him two keys in return. Theon then led the group to the two small rooms and unlocked them, pushing open the doors. Behind each of the doors were four mattresses on wooden platforms—most likely stuffed with straw or hay—two desks, short candle holders, and lastly two large trunks.

“I wish I could get you lodging at the royal manse,” Theon sighed. “but I doubt Her Grace would be happy if I just… showed up with guests.”

“When can we talk to Daenerys?” Sansa asked.

Theon looked sheepish. “That’s… I’m not sure about that… The last time I was here, the waiting list for Her Grace to hear petitioners go into next year.”

“We can’t wait that long!” Sansa exclaimed.

Theon’s eyes softened at her distress. He cupped her face in his hands, looking into her blue eyes. “I’ll do whatever I can to help you, but you have to be honest with me. Has Cersei destroyed Winterfell?”

Tears began to fill in Sansa’s eyes. “No… it’s worse. The White Walker’s are back…”

Theon’s jaw dropped. “But… But I thought… The Night King…”

“We thought they were defeated as well,” Jon said, his voice sharp, not liking how close Theon was to his sister. “But it appears we were wrong.”

Theon nodded. “I’ll see what I can do. I can’t promise anything, but I promise you, I’ll try and help you.”

Sansa wrapped her arms around his shoulders, pulling Theon close.

Jon ruined their tender moment by loudly clearing his throat, crossing his own arms. “Thank you so much for the help, Theon. We need to rest now.”

Theon quickly pulled away from Sansa’s grasp and nodded. “Right. Here.” He tossed Jon the sack of coins. “All new people within the city get one gold dragon, three silver dragons, and twenty copper dragons. Spend them wisely.”
Jon nodded and washed him leave, then he collapsed into a chair.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone!

I know it's been a good while since I've posted a chapter. I decided to split Jon and his people arriving in Valyria in two parts, or else the chapter would be around 7k words.

So they've arrived in the Valyrian Empire and have entered a whole new world. I tried to keep everyone's reactions to how they really would be in real life. Everyone is curious but scared. I can't wait to write them meeting Dany. The fate of Tyrion and Varys will be revealed next chapter. I'll give you guys a little spoiler, Dany and Jon are going to talk privately and that chemistry is still going to be there.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN THEY ARE GOING TO JUMP INTO BED TOGETHER. But they'll still feel that little pull towards each other. Dany is going to call out Jon for (1): spying on her & (2) not coming to see her during those two years and will make it clear she's finished crying over men. Jon's going to have to work to earn her forgiveness.

Like I said this is going to be a long book so Jon's going to work for some time to earn it.

Until next time! :)
CHAPTER XXII

Chapter Summary

The Wolves must face the Dragon’s wrath

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daenerys pressed her lips to Jon’s neck, her hands hungrily working to tear off his shirt.

“Easy there, my love,” Jon whispered, his words thick with lust. “I just got this shirt…”

“You look better with it off,” Daenerys proclaimed, scraping her sharp teeth over his collarbone.

Jon shuddered at the sensation, groaning as his Lover finally tore his shirt open and tossed it away. Their lips crashed together as Jon in return began to paw, and rip at her clothing. His fingers fumbled to undo her many braids, only to abandon their job and instead slid under Daenerys’s dress.

The feel of her hot skin always aroused Jon. No matter how cold it got in the North, his Lover would always burn for him, like a roaring fire within a hearth.

Unable to hold back any more, Jon swept Daenerys in his arms. Spinning her around, he carried her to their massive bed, laying Daenerys among the many furs and thick blankets. Her silver hair fanned out in all directions, those irresistible violet eyes striking Jon to his core.

“My love…” Jon whispered, leaning down. “My love… Dany…”

He pressed his lips to hers, groaning softly as he felt her fingers tangle in his long dark hair… then he let out a gasp of pain.

Something sharp was stabbing him in the heart.

Slowly, Jon pulled away from his love, his grey eyes traveling down to fix upon a dagger buried within his chest. Daenerys’s fingers were wrapped around the wicked blade, her open lips twisted into an evil sneer.

“D-D-Dany…” Jon coughed, blood spraying in all directions. “How could… how could you do this…?”

“The Dragon does not weep for sheep…” Daenerys said, watching as Jon rolled onto his back, struggling to breathe. “You are weak… you abandoned me when I needed you most… Everyone pays for betraying me…”

Jon woke from his nightmare with a gasp. His hands instantly went to his heart, feeling nothing but air.

Instead, he felt the scar above his heart, where Ollie had stabbed him so many years ago…
Jon ran a frustrated hand through his hair, cursing under his breath. He didn’t need this right now. He didn’t know when he’d see Daenerys, and the last thing he needed was to have these conflicting emotions.

He still loved her. There was no denying that. But at the same time, Jon couldn’t help but admit that Daenerys frightened him. She was a woman with two fully grown dragons, the sight of which would turn any man’s knees to jelly.

Almost as soon the thought entered Jon’s mind, did the King in the North curse himself.

Daenerys wouldn’t hurt him. She loved him. She bore their children. She wouldn’t feed him to her dragons.

What happened in the North was a big misunderstanding… more-so on Sansa’s part if Jon was being truthful. But Jon was sure that once he explained all of this to Daenerys, she’d understand. Then, they’d all be on the first ships back home to Westeros, and after they defeated the White Walker’s, Jon would do what he should have done in the first place. They’d marry, have more children, then rule over all of Westeros.

The sound of shouting ripped Jon from his thoughts. The King in the North instantly recognized the voices as Arya and Sansa, causing him to groan.

‘Ah...’ Jon thought as he rose to his feet. ‘Just like the old days...’

Last night, everyone took what had to be the first hot bath for the past three moons. Well, the water was supposed to be hot. By the time it was Jon’s turn to bathe it had long since gone cold.

As everyone bathed though, Jon paid the keepers of the Tavern to wash their clothes and hang to dry. However, the Tavern Keeper told Jon that their heavy clothing wouldn’t be dry until the next day, and instead took pity on them. she allowed them to look through the various clothing that had been left by past residence, and after a bit of difficulty, everyone eventually found the clothing they liked.

Jon pulled on a dark-brown long-sleeve shirt made out of quite thin material that hugged his torso. Tucking it into a pair of black breeches that were tight at the ankle but loose at the waist, he finished his look with his sword belt. Jon was the most under armed he had ever been in his life, but he supposed he couldn’t complain. Tying back his hair with a loose leather thong, Jon followed the shouting to the dining hall, where all who had traveled with him receded.

There was Arya, Bran, Sansa, Ser Brienne, her husband Jaime Lannister, their two children Joanna and Podrick. Ser Davos, Sam, Gendry who was Arya’s on-again/off-again lover, the Hound who came even though no one but Arya asked him, Tormund, and of course several members of their Northern Royal Guard. Jon had left his Small Council back in Westeros to govern the people they had left but knew that he could trust them. After all, they were headed by Howland Reed, and Jon trusted the man with his life.

Still, this was a large party to bring to Daenerys’s castle, and Jon considered leaving a couple behind. Everyone was wearing different styles of this ‘New Valyrian’ state of dress, looser and thinner clothing… everyone except for Sansa. She instead wore a robe over what Jon believed were her small clothes, which she clung to her body as if it was the most important thing to her.

Jon’s attention was quickly brought back to his two sisters arguing, and he cleared his throat to make them know he was there.
Arya turned first. “Thank the gods you’re here,” she said, pointing to Sansa. “Perhaps you can get some sense through her thick skull!”

“What’s wrong?” Jon asked, looking between both girls. “Did something happen?”

“What happened is that I refuse to wear this… this… this so-called dress!” Sansa exclaimed, holding up the garment. “You can almost see through it! It also bares to much skin!”

“You don’t have to wear the dress if you don’t want too,” Jon sighed.

“The only other option is breeches and a linen shirt,” Arya said, rolling her eyes. “And ‘Her Grace’ refuses to wear that!”

“I’m a Lady!” Sansa proclaimed. “I’m the sister of the King in the North, and should wear clothes that benefit my station! I refuse to wear clothes… that… that whores in King’s Landing might be, or dishonor myself by wearing breeches! What would mother say?!”

“She’d have a stroke,” Arya murmured under her breath. “Then again, she’d die the moment she got a load of what Jon is now…”

Sansa grit her teeth, twisting the thin garment between her hands.

Jon looked to the only person in the group who could be considered a girl, and that was little Joanna. Brienne had helped her into a similar dress, with the only skin showing being her bare arms. Brienne nor her husband seemed too bothered by the outfit.

“I don’t see what the problem is Sansa,” Jon said, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Your other clothes most likely still aren’t dry. That is your only option. So unless you plan to meet with Daenerys while you are naked, I’d say you have to make a choice.”

Sansa shot him an icy glare before storming into their shared chamber, slamming the door behind him. Moments later she returned, wearing the dress, although she was still wearing that thick robe over it.

“Sansa… it’s too hot for you to wear that robe,” Jon commented.

Sansa clutched the robe tighter to her body as she crossed her arms. “I don’t have to explain my reasoning to you, Jon.”

Jon sighed, rubbing his temples, he didn’t need this…

“Would you like some portage to break your morning fast?” the Tavern Keeper asked softly, standing next to a bubbling pot.

Jon nodded. “Yes, thank you. I’m quite famished.”

Jon watched as she spooned a large ladle-full of the light-brown portage into a wooden bowl, then pointed to several smaller bowls on a nearby table.

“Take whatever toppings you wish,” she said.

Jon thanked her for the portage and walked to the table, confused by the different colors and smells the smaller bowls contained. Bending over a small bowl with what looked like brown rice, Jon spooned a little bit into his hand and tasted it.

It was the sweetest thing he had ever tasted before in his life! Jon remembered growing up, and
feasting upon wild honey he, Rob, and Theon found in the woods around Winterfell. But honey didn’t even come close to how sweet this was.

“What is this?” Jon asked the Tavern Keeper. “This… This brown stuff?”

“Hmm?” the Tavern Keeper said, looking up. “Oh, that’s brown sugar. I recently bought it from the spice market. A merchant brings it from a land called Yi Ti.”

Jon spooned a large amount of this ‘sugar’ into his portage, poured in milk, and then sat down at a table. No sooner had he lifted a large spoonful to his mouth, did Theon burst in.

“Good morning everyone,” he said. “Ready to go to the Royal Manse?”

Jon dropped his spoon. “You got us an audience with Daenerys?”

Theon shifted in his boots. “Not… Not exactly…”

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Daenerys nodded with approval as she listened to Grey Worm speak, her Master of War as well as the General of her Unsullied forces.

“…Just as Your Grace instructed, our spies have reported on the happenings within the city of New Ghis,” Grey Worm was saying, pointing to the painted image of the island on the floor of the Royal War Room. “They still refuse to give up slavery, even though you commanded them too.”

“Good,” Daenerys said. “Then they know that this means war?”

Grey Worm nodded. “Yes, Your Grace. They are arming the port city against all attacks on the general road, and closing off the docks.”

“It just means that they’ll burn a lot easier,” Daenerys commented.

In her desire to reclaim the old lands of the Valyrian Freehold, Daenerys’s eyes had turned to New Ghis. Originally called Old Ghis, it was the home of slavery within eastern Essos. Once she captured the island, then all islands within the Bay of Dragon’s would be under her control. When that was done, she could begin her true conquest.

“The Unsullied we took during the sack of Astapor, I know you have overseen their training,” Daenerys said. “Are they enough to replenish your fallen numbers?”

Grey Worm nodded. “Yes. And like the ones before, they thank Your Grace for freeing them, and serve you willingly.”

Daenerys opened her mouth to ask another question, only to be silenced by a knock on the door. She waved her hand for a servant to answer it, to which the doors opened and one strode in.

“Your Grace,” the Servant said, bowing. “Lord Theon is here. He says he brings guests of great importance to you.”

Daenerys arched an eyebrow and looked to Jorah. He was the only one of her Westerosi Small Council members still allowed to be around her. Tyrion and Varys were still in her service, as she needed them, but she had banished them from her presence for the next five moons. That is until she found a new Hand and a knew Spymaster. Then, she considered having them beheaded.

Still, she found it strange that Theon had brought guests, but then again it wasn’t so strange. Sometimes Theon brought nobles from other parts of Essos who wished to speak with her, so she
nodded for Theon to enter.

Daenerys’s head was bent over the map, that she didn’t notice the small group of people enter. Yet, when she lifted her head, Daenerys’s heart stopped as she gazed into a pair of grey eyes she never thought she’d see again in this lifetime.

It was Jon… of all the people in the world it was Jon… He stood next to Theon, and behind him was Arya, Sansa, Ser Brienne, and Davos. Daenerys found it curious that only these five stood before her, but some part of her knew that more lurked somewhere else.

“Your Grace,” Theon said, bowing deeply.

“Your Grace,” Jon said, bowing to one knee.

The people in his party followed his lead, although Daenerys saw that he had to force Sansa to bow.

It seems she still didn’t believe in respecting others, Daenerys saw.

Slowly, Daenerys walked forward, her sandals slapping on the tile with each step until she stood a couple of meters away from Theon.


Daenerys saw Theon swallow. “Y-Your Grace…” he began, only for Jon to interrupt.

“Please, don’t be angry at him,” Jon blurted out. “He’s only helping us.”

“I repeat,” Daenerys said, ignoring Jon, her eyes still on Theon. “Theon, explain yourself.”

“They… They need your help, Your Grace,” Theon said slowly.

“I do not care what they want,” Daenerys said, finally looking to Jon’s group. “What are they doing in my lands?”

“We need your help!” Jon blurted out again, taking a step forward.

Big mistake.

The Unsullied and Crownguards all took a step towards Jon, their hands on their swords and spears. All were ready to defend their Queen.

Daenerys held up her hand however for them to relax. No how much anger she felt towards Jon and his family, she wouldn’t have them harmed in her presence.

“And why is that?” Daenerys asked, struggling to keep her composure.

“The White Walker’s are back!” Jon said. “They are back, and they are worse than before. We need your help, Your Grace, to defeat them.”

Daenerys arched an eyebrow. “And why should I do that?”

“Because if you don’t, then all of Westeros would be destroyed!” Jon said.

“I have yet to hear how this is my problem,” Daenerys replied.
Jon gasped. “What…?”

Daenerys clasped her hands in front of her. “If I heard you correctly, you are wanting me, to abandon my kingdom, my people, my lands; and bring my armies and dragons once again to save all of Westeros? Never mind all of the hard work that I’ve put into reconquering my lands and rebuilding Valyria.”

“All of that can wait!” Jon said, almost begging now. “If you don’t do this, then thousands of innocent men, women, and children will die! Is that what you want, to know the rivers of Westeros runs freely with their blood?”

“And what of the innocent men, women, and children here?” Daenerys countered. “Whose lives have improved for the good, since I’ve returned. The abomination of slavery will never more see the light of day, thanks to me. They don’t go to bed hungry. Girls are no longer sold as sexual toys. They are clothed. They can get an education now and learn a craft. All of that is because of me!”

Daenerys could feel her anger rising, her blood boiling. How dare these people who treated her like a common whore to be used and abused, come and ask her for help!

“You’ll be turning your back on your people!” Jon exclaimed.

Daenerys descended upon Jon like a dragon, her violet eyes glowing with pure, unfiltered rage. “No, these are my people. Essos was my home, and Essos is where I will stay. I’ve never belonged in Westeros, you and your Northmen made that clear to me.”

Jon flinched as Daenerys turned around, although she struggled against hot angry tears she’d rather die than let fall.

“Y-You owe him your loyalty!” Sansa suddenly blurted out.

Daenerys stopped, slowly turning around. “What… did you just say?”

Sansa quivered under her heated gaze but forced herself to stand tall. “He… Jon is the legitimate son of your brother, making him not only the true heir to the Iron Throne but also the Head of your House.”

Daenerys tossed back her head in bitter laughter, unable to stop herself. “The Iron Throne? Jon can have it. He can have all of Westeros if he likes. I don’t care. Jon can be the Lord of House Targaryen of Dragonstone, the title is his. As for me, I will be Daenerys of House Targaryen, First of My Name, Queen of the Valyrian Empire, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, High Lord of Meereen, Yunkai, and Astapor, Lord of Naath, Sword of R’hllor, and Protector of the Empire. Those were titles that I’ve earned, no one gave them to me. Now I suggest you all leave quietly before I have my Unsullied throw you out.”

Hey everyone! I'm so sorry this chapter isn't longer, but I didn't have much time. I promise the next one will be longer.

Not much happened in this chapter, although the OG meeting of Dany and the Northerners didn't exactly go well. Don't worry, she and Jon are going to talk a bit
more next chapter. Jon will also meet the children in the next chapter in the craziest way. Look at our Queen planning an attack on New Ghis, her plan of attacking New Ghis also has to do with them being the 'capital' of slavery in the east of Essos.

I promise you that Jon and Dany aren't going to 'dance' around their feelings for too long, but he is going to slowly earn her trust. At the same time, we're going to be getting more with the couples we haven't seen much off: such as Sansa/Theon, Arya/Gendry & of course Brienne/Jaime. Everyone is going to have different reactions to being in Essos, some will love it and some will hate it. Won't tell you who will do what, but it'll be revealed later.

I will give you a small spoiler... Daenerys and Jon are going to have a little... 'drunken accident' within the next couple of chapters that'll have BIG repercussions for a good section of the book.

Until next time!
Jon grunted as the Unsullied shoved he and his family through the doors of the War Room. Glancing behind them, he watched as the thick doors slowly closed, the last thing he saw being Daenerys’s face. It was as if the doors were keeping him from his Beloved. As if the doors were keeping him from the one person that Jon cared about the most.

“Wonderful job, Sansa,” Jon snapped. “I’m surprised she didn’t order our execution.”

“It was a last-ditch effort!” Sansa protested. “I… I thought… that maybe… she’d… she’d…”

“That she’d stop everything from helping us?” Jon snarled. “You just made things worse!”

Theon raised his hand. “It’s not best that you two argue here… Why don’t we walk back to the Tavern? I’m sure the rest of your group is awaiting news.”

Jon’s small group began to long walk out of the Royal Manse, but Jon lagged to talk to Theon.

“I need to talk to her,” Jon whispered. “I need to talk to Daenerys, tonight, alone.”

Theon frowned. “Jon… I want to help you, I really do. But after what I just did… I highly doubt Her Grace wants to see my face again…”

Jon grabbed his arm. “Please, Theon, just once, then I’ll never ask you for anything ever again.”

Theon looked at his friend. Jon’s grey eyes were pleading, telling Theon that he meant every word. Theon’s eyes went to Sansa’s back, then Jon, then an idea formed in his mind.

“Allright,” he said nodding. “How about a deal. I will get you into the royal palace to speak with Daenerys… if you let me take Sansa out tonight to explore the city.”

Jon froze, his jaw-dropping. This was quite a shock. He knew that Theon had feelings for Sansa, and he had to admit he found it quite ballsy for Theon to take this step. Once again, Jon felt the protective older brother come out of him, but he swallowed it down and gave a small nod.

“Fine, I agree,” Jon said. “As long as Ser Brienne goes with you.”

Theon grinned. “Excellent! I’ll come to get you later this evening. I suggest you wear your best clothes and freshen up. As for me, I have to try and figure out the lies to tell, to get us into Daenerys’s chambers.”

Jon nodded, clasping his adopted brother’s forearm.
It wasn’t long before they reached the Tavern, the group entering to find everyone else anxiously waiting.

“So?” Brienne asked. “How’d it go? Is Daenerys coming to help us?”

“Why don’t you ask, Sansa?” Arya grumbled.

Sansa glared at her. “Not now, Arya.”

Davos’s face looked crestfallen. “Her Grace… refused to come to our aid.”

“What?!?” everyone exclaimed.

Arya crossed her arms. “The meeting didn’t go well from the beginning. Then Sansa opened her big mouth…”

“I thought it would help!” Sansa protested. “She always claimed to be loyal to her family… and all that.”

“We’re in her lands, Sansa,” Jon retorted. “Meaning we are at her mercy. We could have all lost our heads for what you did!”

Sansa bit her bottom lip, struggling against tears that she’d rather die than let fall. “What do we do now?”

Jon rubbed the back of his neck. “I… I don’t know…” he sighed. “Theon is going to try and get me one last audience with Daenerys but… after what happened today…”

“You have to try at least,” Brienne said. “All of Westeros will be destroyed if we don’t get her help.”

All eyes suddenly turned to Bran, a heavy silence settling upon them as no one wanted to ask him the most obvious question. In the end, Arya finally did it, knowing she was the bravest of them all.

“Can you see the fate of Westeros?” Arya asked. “With or without the help of Daenerys?”

Bran leaned back in his chair, his face blank.

So much for getting the answers they needed.

Jon sighed. “Why don’t you all get some rest, or explore the city? I need to rest before my audience with Daenerys. Theon will be coming for me later tonight.”

Everyone separated, Jon, walking back to one of their rooms. Laying onto the cot, he felt a dense form press against his legs. As he looked down, a pair of ruby-red eyes stared back at him.

“Hey Boy,” Jon sighed, stroking Ghost’s fur, feeling it quite damp. “You don’t belong here… do ya, Boy? You’re sweating like a pig.”

Ghost gave a low groan and nuzzled Jon’s hand, blinking.

“I know Boy, I missed her too,” Jon said. “Now that I know she’s alive and well… all I want to do is pull her close. To kiss her, to worship her like the queen she is. I have one chance, Boy, one chance to try and make this right.”
Theon came for Jon as the sun was setting over the distant hills.

“I’ll be back,” Jon promised, kissing Arya, Sansa and Bran’s head. “I swear it.”

“And if the Dragon Queen takes you captive?” Sansa whispered.

Jon sighed. “I doubt she could… if anything, Daenerys will just throw me out again. But she won’t kill me.”

Sansa’s blue eyes narrowed. “How can you be so sure?”

“I just know,” Jon replied. He watched as Arya wheeled Bran away before leaning close to Sansa. “I… I made a… a promise to Theon, for helping me tonight.”

Sansa looked to a clearly blushing Theon, then quickly back to her brother. “What… What kind of promise?”

Jon crossed his arms, pulling himself up to his fullest height to try and look kingly. “I promised him that he could… take you out into the city. Explore a bit.”

Sansa’s face lit up, red blooming in her cheeks as she gasped. “You… You did?”

“Ser Brienne will be chaperoning you,” Jon added quickly. “But yes. You can. But I want you both back in three hours!”

“Four hours?” Sansa asked.

“Three-and-a-half,” Jon ruled.

“Fine,” Sansa said, her face beaming with inner light and joy. “Three-and-a-half hours!”

Jon nodded and kissed her forehead again before turning to follow Theon.

“Is Daenerys going to take your head for this?” Jon asked, following Theon toward the Royal Manse.”

Theon shook his head. “She might imprison me, but even doing that would risk Yara’s wrath… if she cared, though.”

“I thought you and your sister made peace with each other?” Jon asked.

“We have,” Theon replied. “I mean… at least we did. I found out that she was hiding the letters Sansa wrote to me and… we had a fight.”

“That’s what siblings do,” Jon said. “We argue, we fuss, we might even fight, but in the end, we know that family is all that truly matters. I’m sure that your sister had her reasons, perhaps you should just sit down and talk to each other.”

Theon frowned, glancing away but giving a small nod.

They reached the Royal Manse, several rows of Unsullied Guards standing at attention.

“I doubt Daenerys has told them to roll out the welcome mat to me,” Jon whispered to Theon as they approached the front gates.

“We don’t know,” Theon whispered back. “But since you are with me, I’d say let me do the
talking.”

Jon nodded and lowered his eyes, falling into step behind Theon. Theon took out a small seal from his pocket, which one of the Guards looked at, then nodded to his men to let them pass. Still, Jon continued to hold his breath as they walked up the stone steps and into the Royal Manse.

Once again, Jon was in awe at how beautiful it was here. Clearly, Daenerys had ordered it built to radiate her Targaryen heritage, and part of him felt pride in knowing he was apart of that bloodline. He might only be half Targaryen, but Jon couldn’t deny that he hungered to learn about them, the true Targaryens. The Targaryens before their line began to die after the Dance of the Dragons.

Jon was so engrossed in the various tapestries and display pieces that he wasn’t paying attention to where he was going. Rounding a corner, Jon let out a soft grunt as someone small bumped into him hard, the figure falling back into a shadowy corner.

Thinking that it was Tyrion Lannister, who Jon remembered was Daenerys’s Hand, he knelt to help them up.

“I’m so sorry!” Jon said quickly, holding out his hand. “Forgive me…”

A child-shaped hand grasped his long fingers, Jon slowly pulling the figure into the torchlight. It was a young boy, Jon realized. The Boy appeared to be aged around two, perhaps nearing three, Jon thought. His long limbs told Jon that he would be quite tall, and he posed a headful of curly dark-brown hair, save for a single silver lock. His vibrant clothing showed him to be of noble birth, but it was his eyes… those violet eyes that gave away the Boy’s identity.

Jon’s heart froze in his chest as he stared into the eyes of the Boy… a boy whose face was almost the exact copy of Daenerys.

“Ron?” a high-pitched feminine called from around a corner. “Ron?”

Jon quickly let go of the Boy’s hand as a girl who looked to be around his age appeared. Trailing behind them was a small army of who Jon believed were Nursemama and servants.

The Girl was clearly related to the Boy, but she looked more-so like she belonged in the North as a member of House Stark. Jon felt as if he was looking at his twin if he was being honest but in female form. Like the Boy she had long limbs and a child-like face, her hair quite wavy. However, her hair was the color of molten silver, like Daenerys, with a lock of dark-brown dividing the side; and of course, those infamous violet eyes.

“Who are you?” the Girl asked, protectively pulling her brother close.

Jon opened his mouth, but no words came out. For years Jon had dreamed of meeting his children with Daenerys, but now that he was face-to-face with them… Jon was at a loss for words. He was surprised that they spoke the Common Tongue without so much as a trace as an accent. No doubt from Daenerys’s training.

“He’s a friend of Her Grace, your mother,” Theon said quickly. “We have a meeting with her. Do you know where she is?”

The Girl arched an eyebrow looking from Theon to Jon then back to Theon. Jon hoped that she believed them, as he wasn’t sure how they’d get out of trouble if she began screaming.

“Mama is in her chamber,” the Girl said. “Missi was putting her to bed.”
Theon nodded. “Thank you, Your Grace.”

The Girl lifted her chin with pride, trying to mimic how Daenerys stood in front of a crowd. “Bow.”

Theon’s lips curved into a small smile as he did just as he had ‘ordered,’ bowing deeply at the waist. “Forgive me, Your Grace.”

The Girl nodded and then looked to Jon, crossing her arms. “Bow.”

Jon forced himself not to smile as he copied Theon, bowing deeply at the waist before standing up. “Forgive me, Your Grace.”

The Girl nodded in approval and took her brother’s hand, the two of them hurrying off with their small group of servants.

“Rhaenyra and Jaehaeron…” Jon whispered. “That… That’s their names, correct?”

Theon nodded. “Yes.”

Jon took a deep breath, fighting against the tears he could feel prickling his eyes. All he wanted as a child was a family of his own. He wanted children, he wanted a wife… he could have had that had no he been stupid and put his duty over love.

No longer.

“We should hurry,” Jon whispered. “Who knows how long Daenerys would be in a good mood.”

Inside her chambers, Daenerys sat in front of her vanity as Missandei brushed her hair. Dressed in a sleeping gown made of thin cloth-of-silk and embroidered with purple thread, it bared Daenerys’s creamy shoulders and long neck.

“What do you and Grey Worm have planned for this evening?” Daenerys asked suddenly.

Missandei almost dropped the brush. “Y-Y-Your Grace?”

Daenerys chuckled. Reaching behind her, she took her friend’s hands in hers and pressed them to her heart. “Love is a sacred thing, Missandei. I will not stop you from having it. I can finish brushing my hair. Go, be with him.”

Missandei’s face burned, but she nodded, handing her Queen the brush. Bowing in respect, she hurried away, leaving Daenerys alone.

The Dragon Queen turned back to her mirror, looking at her reflection in silence.

After so many years… Jon was back… He was back in her life, and Daenerys did not know what to do.

Part of her was still furious with him for not coming to at least visit her. Part of her wanted to fling herself into his arms. With a grunt of frustration, Daenerys slumped very un-queenlike in her throne-like chair.

A knock on her door made Daenerys quickly sit up, she nodded to one of the Handmaidens that remained in her chamber to answer it.
The girl went to the door, then came back with a nervous glint in her eyes.

Daenerys arched an eyebrow. “What’s wrong?”

“It-It-It’s Lord Theon…” the Servant Girl said. “And… a guest.”

‘Jon…’ Daenerys thought.

She couldn’t deny the fluttering of her heart as she gave a nod of approval for them to be shown into her chamber.

‘Stop acting like a lovesick girl,’ she chastised herself. ‘You’re a damn queen. Act like it.’

Theon entered first, bowing at the waist and kissing Daenerys’s hand. “Your Grace.”

“I hear you brought a guest again, Theon?” Daenerys said.

Theon took a deep breath. “I ask that you at least listen to him, Your Grace. Please? I can not speak for everyone, but I know that Jon has a good heart. The only reason why he must be here is that it’s an emergency.”

Daenerys tried not to look crestfallen. “I see…” she said. “That’s the… the only reason he would come here.”

Theon quickly realized his mistake. “I mean… I’m sure that’s not the only reason. I mean… it’s probably best you talk to him.”

Daenerys took a deep breath to prepare herself, then she nodded. “Alright, let him in.”

Theon exhaled the breath he didn’t know that he was holding. Going to the door, he opened it and Jon stepped inside. “I… I’ll leave you two alone…”

As the doors shut behind Theon, Daenerys’s mind went back to the last time she had seen Jon face to face…

They were arguing about her returning to Essos, Jon trying to convince her to stay. Then Sansa came and told her that Jon wanted her to leave, that Westeros would never accept her. When Daenerys tried to talk to Jon herself, he didn’t reply. Just… ignored her as she begged him to speak to her.

That was the first and last time she would beg for anything, she had told herself on the ship back to Essos.

A dense and awkward silence hung over the former lovers, seemingly lasting for hours until Jon finally broke it.

“Dany…” Jon began.

“Why didn’t you come for me?” Daenerys interrupted.

“I wanted to,” Jon said quickly. “I… I know I should have. But I was trapped in the North. I was crowned king and my people needed me… surely you… you could understand?”

Daenerys shook her head. “No, Jon, I don’t understand. I don’t understand why a man who shattered my heart in Essos, who told me that he loved me, that he’d choose me no matter what… abandoned me in my time of need.”
“Dany… Jon whispered.

Daenerys leaped to her feet, storming to face him. “I don’t understand why the man that I thought I loved, the man that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with, turned his back on me!”

“My people needed me!” Jon countered.

“I need you!” Daenerys yelled, hot tears of anger beginning to well in her eyes. “Our children needed you! I had to go through a long and painful labor alone. I had to look into the faces of our daughter and see her father, staring back! I needed you Jon! Me! The woman you swore you’d never abandon!”

“I was going to go with you!” Jon argued back. “But Sansa sedated me with Milk of the Poppy! By the time I was able to awaken, you were long gone.”

“And what stopped you from coming after me once you were awake? From giving your crown to Sansa, then coming to Essos?” Daenerys asked.

“The North was still badly scarred from the war, and my People needed a leader they could believe in and follow!” Jon exclaimed. “I never planned on fully abandoning you, Dany! Once everything was settled, I was going to come to you!”

Daenerys’s heart froze in her chest. “You… You wait…”

Jon’s shoulders sagged. “I know you might not believe me… but I always planned to come to you, to find you in Essos. The only thing keeping me in the North was making sure it was rebuilt. Once it was done, I was going to come to Essos and throw myself at your mercy. But I had to make sure the North had a future…”

Jon slowly wrapped his arm around her waist, pressing her against him. The perfume that she was wearing made Jon’s nostrils flare, it was the same perfume she wore back at Winterfell. Jon remembered how he loved to bury his face into the nape of her neck, inhaling the rich scent. The gown she was wearing also was distracting him, from her bare shoulders and tops of her breasts… it was taking all of Jon’s felt control not to rip it off her body.

“I never stopped loving you, Dany,” Jon said, cupping her chin so he could gaze into those ethereal violet eyes. “And I never will…”

Briefly, Daenerys wondered if this might be a trick, that he was trying to seduce her with sweet words of nothing, so she helps them. But as she looked into his grey eyes, she saw that he spoke the truth. The love was still there, the desire was still there, the respect was still there.

As Jon lowered his lips onto hers, Daenerys didn’t fight it. Instead, her instincts took over, and she pressed closer, wrapping her arms around his shoulders to pull him deeper into the kiss. A fire began to burn within her core, a fire that only Jon could extinguish.

At first, the kisses started out gentle… but the hunger to rekindle the flames of the past began to grow inside them both.

Jon pawed at her hips, grasping handfuls of Daenerys’s plush bottom, grinding his groin against her. Turning her around, Jon pressed his lips to her neck, his teeth scraping against Daenerys’s tender skin. As Daenerys tilted her head back to moan, one of Jon’s hands slipped under her dress. Slowly, it slid up her legs and thighs, before finding it’s marked between her legs.

Daenerys let out a gasp as Jon cupped her, his fingers gently probing and caressing her tender sex,
his thumb rubbing against her pearl. She could feel the hardness of his desire pressing against her lower back, Jon pushed it against her bottom.

“I need you…” he whispered. “Gods… Dany, please…”

She wanted him. Daenerys would be lying if she said that she didn’t want him. The small voice of common sense was screaming in the back of Daenerys’s head for her to stop it.

It screamed for them to stop as Daenerys let Jon pick her up and carry her to the bed.

It screamed for them to stop as Daenerys began to tug at Jon’s belt as he began to take off his shirt.

Daenerys was ready… she was prepared to give in…

“You’ll stay in Essos?” Daenerys asked dreamily. “Now you’ll stay in Essos?”

Jon stopped, looking down at her. “Now?”

Daenerys nodded. “Yes, you said it yourself that you’d stay.”

“That was when I knew the North had a future,” Jon said. “Dany… the White Walkers are back, we need to go back.”

Daenerys sat up, her silver locks tumbling down her shoulders. “I’m not going back, Jon. I told you all in the War Room. Essos is where I belong, and Essos is where I will stay.”

“But if you stay, all of Westeros will be destroyed!” Jon protested.

“So?” Daenerys said. “I told you, I don’t care about Westeros. I have built an empire here for House Targaryen that will last until the ends of time!” She took his hands in hers. “Stay with me, and together we form a legacy our ancestors will be proud of.”

Jon held onto Daenerys’s hands, staring into her violet eyes. “Dany… I can’t just turn my back on hundreds of thousands of innocent people.”

Daenerys fell silent. “So… once again, you are choosing them over me, over your children?”

“No!” Jon said quickly. “It’s not that… it’s not that simple, Dany.”

Daenerys slowly pulled away from her hands. “It is for me. I asked you years ago if the time came, who would you choose: me or the North. I’m a fool to think the answer will change.”

“Dany…” Jon whispered

“Get out,” Daenerys said back.

Jon’s heart dropped into his stomach. “B-But…”

“I SAID, GET OUT!” Daenerys yelled, shoving him back. “I decided years ago that I would never cry over or beg a man to love me. I hope you find help for the North, I really do, but you won’t find it here. You are the last man that I will ever cry over or beg. Unlike you, I’m a dragon, the True Dragon, and it’s time that I acted like it.”
Hi everyone!

A lot more happened in this chapter, I'd love to hear what you guys think! This will be the last update for the year, although I might do one more.... not 100% sure yet.

Seems like the spark between Jon and Dany hasn't died at all ;)

The next chapter will be centered around Theon and Sansa's 'date' as well as a couple of other couples as well, plus some
After that, we'll be going into a bit of a whodunnit side-plot that has BIG ramifications for the rest of the book, with the true culprit not being revealed until the books end.

Until next time my friends!

Also, I've updated the character references on a lot of characters as well as how the Royal Manse looks!

Unlike next time!

Click here to see the character references for the story
CHAPTER XXIV

Chapter Summary

Theon and Sansa explore the city and meet old allies/enemies.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jon was man enough to know when he had lost a fight or a battle. While his pride wanted him to continue to argue with Daenerys, Jon knew that he had pushed her far enough. Any more, and she might literally toss him out on his ass.

“Alright,” he said softly, accepting defeat for now. “I… I’ll leave you alone. If that is what you want.”

“I do,” Daenerys said.

Jon then straightened his back. “But before I go, we need to talk about the most important matter: our children.”

Daenerys arched an eyebrow. “Our children?”

“Aye,” Jon said, nodding. “Those children are mine, just as much as they are yours, Daenerys. We made them together.”

“You might have helped me make them, but you were there when I bore them,” Daenerys said, her voice like ice. “You weren’t there as I screamed in pain. It was my pain and blood that brought them into this world.”

“They are still my children, Daenerys,” Jon said firmly. “I… I’m not asking that you give them to me, I desire to know them. I didn’t know my parents growing up, and although Eddard Stark raised me, he could only be a distant father. Catelyn treated me like I was dung under her shoe. I will not have my children grow up believing their father abandoned them. What… What did you tell them about me?”

Daenerys turned her head away, weighing her options. It would be easy for her to refuse his request, to have him tossed out and banished from the palace. But then… what type of mother would that make her?

She never knew her parents also, growing up. The only family she had was Viserys, and he slowly became twisted and cruel. Was that what was fated for her children? The two things she wanted most in the world?

“I’ll consider it,” Daenerys finally said.

Jon took a step forward. “When can I see them?”

“When I decide,” Daenerys said, taking a step back. “I don’t… I don’t believe now is the best time, Jon…”
Jon’s face became thunderous. This was complete and utter horseshit. He had seen their children, how it made his heart clench. He had already missed almost three years of their lives, he wasn’t going to lose any more.

“I will see my children, Daenerys,” Jon swore. “No force on their earth will keep me from them.”

He turned to storm away, only to stop by what Daenerys said next.

“I told them their father was a great king,” she whispered. “That he loved them… loved them more than they could ever imagine, but couldn’t be here for them.”

Jon’s lip quivered as he fought against tears, opening the door as he saw his way out.

Meanwhile, back at the Tavern, Sansa paced the floor, picking at her clothes and appearance. Her Westerosi dress had finally dried, but already sweat was beading on her face from the heat, even though it was nighttime. Sansa had tried to braid her hair as her mother would, but it was sticking to the nape of her neck. When the door opened, and Theon entered, Sansa’s heart began to pound in her chest.

He was dressed richly, but not too rich, the fabric of his clothing looked to be thin and helped keep him cool.

“Lady Sansa,” Theon stammered.

Sansa gave him a small smile. “Theon, by now, you more than anyone has earned to right to call me just Sansa.”

Theon blushed, taking a deep breath he fixed his clothes. “You look nice, Sansa… you really do.”

Sansa’s face grew hot. “Thank you, that’s kind to say. Isn’t it, Brienne?”

The shadowy form of Brienne appeared behind Sansa, the She-Knight’s hand on her sword as she gave Theon a small nod, then turned to Sansa.

“Jaime is watching the children, My Lady,” Brienne said. “So, I am free to go with you as your brother instructed.”

Theon looked to Sansa. “I have quite the evening planned. I hope you enjoy it.”

Holding out his arm to her, Theon tried not to shudder as Sansa looped her arm through his, accepting it. The two of them walked side by side, a protective Brienne hovering close by yet giving them space.

“Tell me about this city,” Sansa asked. “Tell me how a land thought cursed and abandoned… has turned into this.”

“It’s all Daenerys’s doing,” Theon replied. “She had a vision for her family, her legacy didn’t stop until it was accomplished. She… in a way, reminds me a lot like you.”

Sansa looked away. “We’re nothing alike.”

“You’re more alike then you know, Sansa,” Theon said.

Theon led Sansa to one of the many markets nearby. Usually, the markets would be closed, but tonight they weren’t. Instead, torches hung from high posts as people walked around, laughing.
talking, and flirting. Couples carried heart-shaped garlands made of flowers, others bought goblets of pink-colored wine, others were dancing. Merchants were selling food, jewelry, clothing, and so much more.

“What’s going on?” Sansa asked, curious.

“It’s a festival celebrating a Valyrian goddess,” Theon replied. “The goddess of… of love.”

“A goddess of love?” Sansa repeated. “Like the Maiden?”

“You could say that,” Theon said. “Her name is Naehna. Daenerys allows freedom of religion, so here she is celebrated.”

Sansa had been raised to follow the Seven, even though her father practiced the Old Ways. Still, she couldn’t deny that she wasn’t curious about this mysterious festival.

“Wait here,” Theon said, letting go of Sansa’s arm briefly to approach a merchant.

Sansa watched as the two talked before Theon bought one of the heart-shaped garlands made of powder-blue flowers, bringing it to her. Sheepishly, Theon held it out to her, to which Sansa took with a shy smile. Inhaling their scent, Sansa was surprised to find it sweet, yet also slightly spicy as well.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Theon smiled. “You’re welcome…”

After he bought her some food, the two began to have a light conversation. However, when music began to play, Theon looked to the couples that were pairing off and then back to Sansa, a wicked grin on his face.

“Theon…” Sansa said quickly. “Theon, no!”

Too late.

Theon already had shoved his gifts into Brienne’s arms before pulling Sansa into the group of dancers.

“I don’t know the steps!” Sansa yelled to Theon as the music began to play louder.

“Try and copy them!” Theon shouted back. “It’s easy.”

Sansa grit her teeth in determination. Her mother had taught her how to dance, how hard would it be to learn something new?

The dancers divided into two lines, men on one side and women on the other. They took two steps forward, then two steps back, two steps forward, then two steps back. Clasping hands, the men began to dance around the women, who formed a circle of their own. With every third count of the music, the men stepped forward and took a woman for his partner. The partners then circled each other, pressing close against each other, before the man lifted his partner high in the air, spun her around before setting her back down and switching to a new set of partners.

Those that weren’t dancing clapped their hands and stomped their feet to the ethereal music.

As the music tempo increased, as did the steps. Theon and Sansa had to work hard to keep pace. Before the two knew it, they were leaping and spinning around the cobbled ground, panting to keep
in step with the rhythm.

When Theon finally got Sansa as his partner, he held her close. Staring intensely into her eyes as he kept her pressed tightly to his chest. Holding onto her waist, Theon lifted her high in the air as if to show her off, to show off the most beautiful woman in his world.

Sansa’s red hair snapped in the wind, her loud shrieks of laughter echoing along with the others, although only it had meaning for Theon. As he slowly lowered Sansa back to earth, Theon made sure to keep Sansa pressed tightly against his chest. His light-brown eyes were staring unblinkingly into those breath-taking blue eyes. They both had been put through the seven hells, yet they both survived.

Slowly, Theon began to lean in, his eyes closing as his lips began to descend upon Sansa’s. Sansa didn’t pull away; this was a Festival of Love after all… and after all this time, Sansa knew she loved only one man…

“Theon?” a voice suddenly said, interrupting the intimate moment.

Theon’s eyes shot open, his head jerking up at the sound of the voice. Standing not far from them was Tyrion, and behind him was Varys.

Sansa opened her eyes too at the voice, her blue eyes resting upon her former husband.

“Lord Tyrion,” Sansa said, her face burning as she carefully untangled herself from Theon’s arms. “And… My Lord, I don’t believe I’ve had the honor to meet you.”

“It is Varys,” Varys replied. “I served Queen Daenerys in Winterfell.”

“You sound as if that was your former occupation,” Sansa remarked, arching an eyebrow.

Tyrion sighed. “Varys and I aren’t in… the favor of our queen, at the moment. Unable to stand to be in our chambers anymore, we needed some fresh air. It is nice to see you again, Lady Sansa.”

“You too, Lord Tyrion,” Sansa said, taking a deep breath. “Please, allow me to apologize for my rudeness back at Winterfell. I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. You were the only person ever kind to me in King’s Landing, you didn’t deserve how I treated you.”

“Apology accepted,” Tyrion said with a shrug. “You were under stress, it’s understandable.”

Varys looked between Theon and Sansa, yet said nothing about what he had seen.

“Can we buy you a drink?” Tyrion asked, nodding to the pink wine that flowed.

“I doubt they want that, my friend,” Varys said. “Unless they desire to wake up in bed together the next morning.”

Theon’s jaw dropped, looking to the barrels of wine. “What do you mean?”

“The drink contains a powerful aphrodisiac,” Varys explained. “All it takes is a single cup, and a couple can’t keep their hands off each other.”

Theon looked to the wine. He had planned to buy Sansa cup of it, as it looked sweet, and he thought she’d like it. Thank the gods he didn’t.

Sansa’s face once again burned. She usually didn’t drink wine, her Father and Mother forbade it, and only gave it to them water down. Yet… the thought of spending the night with Theon…
“I thank you for your knowledge, my lords,” Theon said, giving Tyrion and Varys a small bow. “But we should be going now, it’s getting quite late.”

“Of course,” Tyrion said, nodding to them both. “Have a good evening.”

“Good evening to you as well, my lords,” Sansa said, bobbing her head and farewell.

She drew close to Theon as they began the walk back to the Tavern. There was a nervous air between them, as neither knew what to say or do until something caught Sansa’s eye. They were passing what looked to be a dressmaker shop. Sitting on a peg was a dress made of what seemed to be light-blue thin, soft fabric. It appeared as if it would bare the wearer’s shoulders once worn, with long sleeves and pleats.

“That’s the most beautiful dress I’ve ever seen,” Sansa whispered.

Theon looked through the window. “You like it?”

“I love it,” Sansa whispered, only to grow sad as she knew that she didn’t have the money to buy it.

Theon watched her reaction, an idea popping into his head. As they came to a stop in front of the Tavern, Theon took Sansa’s hands in his.

“I had a wonderful evening,” he whispered. “I hope... you did too?”

“It was like a dream, Theon,” Sansa said, looking at him from under her lashes. “Thank you.”

Carefully, Theon reached down, cupping her chin in his palm. Her blue eyes stared into his light brown, their hearts beating loudly in their chests. Slowly, Theon lowered his head, pressing his lips to hers, not caring if not even Jon saw them. Although the kiss lasted for just a heartbeat, it felt as if the whole world had stopped for that single moment.

“Good night, Sansa,” Theon said, kissing her forehead.

“Good night, Theon,” Sansa said, closing her eyes with a soft sigh.

Sansa watched him leave, the Lady of Winterfell running back into the Tavern to fall into her bed with a girlish giggle. Clutching her flowers to her chest, Sansa inhaled their rich scent as her dreams filled with visions of Theon.

Later that evening, a cloaked figure returned to the emptying streets of the Love Festival. Without a word, they bought a cask of the pink wine, tucking it under their cloak and hurrying away into the night.

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY HOLIDAYS EVERYONE!

This will be the LAST update for 2019, new chapters coming in January.

I decided to make it mainly about Theon & Sansa, a couple I've been DYING to write again. I hope you guys like the little cliffhanger that I left for you. I'd love to hear your theories on who was the cloaked figure that bought that cask of wine. After all, it's the
next chapter in which Jon and Daenerys have a little 'accident'...

When I get back from holiday the chapter will be longer, as we're going to be introduced to some old characters and a couple of our couples are going to face some tension...

Can't wait to get writing, have a good holiday everyone!
CHAPTER XXV

Chapter Summary

Missandei finds an orphan. Jon duels Daenerys for the right to be a father to their children.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The wind caressed Missandei’s cheeks as the Naathi woman rode inside of the small wheelhouse. The palanquin had long been forbidden by Daenerys, as the Dragon Queen had a personal distaste for them. In the former Great Slave Cities, palanquins were used by the upper class as methods of transportation, carried on the backs of slaves. So, Daenerys banned the object. Besides, the Queen preferred to ride on horseback or her dragons anyway.

However, that still left the members of Daenerys’s court who were not as skilled in riding horses. Although Missandei was learning from her lover, she didn’t feel comfortable on the back of a horse. At the same time, Daenerys might not wish to ride a horse, but a regular carriage wasn’t a benefit to her station. So, at the advice of Tyrion Lannister, the craft smiths designed what he called a ‘wheelhouse.’

Before his banishment from the Queen’s presence, Tyrion had helped the craft smiths work on the design. According to him, the largest wheelhouse was in King’s Landing, designed by men who worked for his father. His sister, Cersei, ordered it to be made so that she, her ladies, and her children would never be without the comforts they were used too. It was like a miniature city almost, pulled by a small army of war horses.

It took several events of trial and error, but eventually, they settled upon something they could agree on. The wood would have to be thick enough to prevent armed attacks, but at the same time be light sufficient for escapes if need be. So, they combined the following three structures: a chariot, a wheelhouse, and a carriage; into the object that Missandei was riding in today.

Although several were made, Missandei always went out in Daenerys’s personal one, as the Dragon Queen would have nothing less for her closest of friends. Made of polished wood from the kingdom of Yi Ti, it was painted black and white. Carefully carved on the sides was the three-headed dragon of House Targaryen, painstakingly painted red and outlined with gold, symboling its status.

It could be pulled by either a team of four horses or two, in case of a speedy getaway. Inside the seats were made of luxurious velvet, plump yet firm, that could double as a bed as need be. In fact, half-a-dozen people could comfortably fit inside. There were also secret compartments for stashing personal items, or daggers for protection if need be.

Today, Missandei was going for a simple ride through the streets. Every now and again, she would have the wheelhouse stopped so she could pass out coins. Or, she would look at an object in the market that caught her eye.

It felt good to leave the confines of the manse, as at times Missandei couldn’t deny she felt trapped.
As the chief confidant and friend to the Queen, there was hardly anyone else that Daenerys trusted like she did Missandei. She was already speaking about leaving Missandei as regent, as she planned on going for her war against New Ghis soon.

Missandei frowned.

It was not her place to question her Queen, but she was worried about her.

Daenerys could be brash, everyone knew this, but Missandei felt that she was rushing into war to quickly.

They had only recently settled down in New Valyria, the last thing they needed was to get into a new war. Daenerys needed to settle down and cement her rule, then she could go fight all her enemies.

The giggling of children ripped Missandei from her thoughts. The Naathi woman poked her head out of the window, smiling as she saw a trio of children playing nearby. They didn’t look much older than Daenerys’s own children, yet their rags and dirty faces told Missandei of their low status.

Briefly, Missandei’s mind went back to her childhood… when she was kidnapped and sold as a slave. That was one of the reasons why she believed in Daenerys’s cause so passionately. No one else cared about slaves, as Daenerys did. No one else wanted to protect the weak, as Daenerys did. Daenerys was the Queen that Missandei chose, and she would die for her.

As Missandei continued to watch the children, she heard someone call out her name. Confused, Missandei looked around, her eyes settling upon Jon Snow, appearing from the crowd.

Missandei arched an eyebrow as the Northern pushes his way through the crowd to get to the wheelhouse. She still couldn’t believe that this was the man who had stolen her Queen’s heart, but who was she to judge? Her lover was a eunuch, people would call her mad for falling in love with a man who couldn’t give her children.

She was surprised he even knew her name if Missandei was being honest. In Winterfell, he hardly said anything to her. Save for when he snuck in Daenerys’s chambers at night.

“Lord Snow,” Missandei said, nodding in greeting as he approached the wheelhouse.

“I need to speak to Daenerys,” Jon said, panting softly.

“I’m sorry, my Lord, but Her Grace is busy at the moment,” Missandei replied.

Jon frowned. “It’s been a week since I’ve seen her. She and I need to talk.”

Missandei frowned. It was clear this man wasn’t that smart.

A blind man could see that Jon was being given the cold shoulder for a reason. Daenerys would see him whenever she wanted, she was Queen here, and he was in her lands.

“Her Grace will summon you when she desires an audience,” Missandei replied. “Now, if you excuse me…”

Jon grabbed the door of the wheelhouse, the guards on the sides snapping to attention, pointing their weapons.
Missandei shook her head; she wasn’t threatened by Jon Snow. If anything, he should fear her, after all, a single word from her and Daenerys would have Jon’s head separated from his shoulders.

But as Missandei looked into his grey eyes, she saw a man pleading for her help. He had exhausted all his other recourses in getting through to Daenerys, she was his last hope. Curse her kind heart.

“She’s not returning to Westeros,” Missandei finally said. “She means it.”

“Right now… I don’t give a damn about Westeros,” Jon said. “All I want is my children to spend time with them.”

Missandei sighed, nodding for one of the guards to open the door of the wheelhouse for Jon to get inside.

Jon was tired of waiting.

It had been a week since the last time he had seen Daenerys. During that week he hardly slept, he barely ate, he was on edge all the time. But it wasn’t because of his worry for the state of the North.

For the first time in his life, Jon was being selfish.

He wanted to be with his children. He wanted to see them. He tried to hold them. He wanted to hear them laugh.

Jon had missed alright nigh three years of their lives. He wasn’t going to lose any more.

He had tried to be patient, believing that Daenerys would send for him.

But as the days went by and no one came… Jon began to get worried.

Could Daenerys be trying to keep him from his children? The dark voice whispered in Jon’s mind. No… No, that couldn’t be it. She just needed time… she just needed time to sort herself out.

“Jon, if you’re finish brooding for the day, we need you to help us come up with a plan,” Sansa said one day.

Jon looked up, confused. “What?”

“We’ve been in Essos for almost two weeks now,” Sansa said. “And your Queen isn’t going to give us any help to save Westeros. So… I suggest that we look to other kingdoms for aid.”

Arya, who was cleaning one of her knives, arched an eyebrow. “Can I ask what you plan to offer these kingdoms in payment for helping us?”

“A allegiance with the North, of course,” Sansa said.

“I believe, Lady Arya means something they can actually use,” Davos pointed out. “If I’m being honest, My Lady, they’re going to need something more… physical. Something that can be given to them right here, right now.”

“How about a marriage alliance?” Jon suggested.

The blood drained from Sansa’s face. “A… A… A what?”
Jon sighed. “That is one way to secure help and aid from other kingdoms. But I will not force that on anyone. No, it’s my duty to the North to find aid for it, and that’s exactly what I will do.” He ran a frustrated hand through his hair. “I just… I just need time, I need a plan… I need help.”

“Question,” Arya said suddenly. “Why don’t we just, I don’t know, stay here?”

A silence fell over the group.

“What are you talking about?” Sansa blustered. “You… You speak of just abandoning our home? We fought for Winterfell! We deserve it more than anyone else!”

“What is our other option, Sansa?” Arya argued back. “Return to a land of endless cold, fighting murderous monsters on both fronts? Between the White Walkers and Cersei Lannister, we’ll be destroyed, and our legacies will be nothing. Here, we have a chance for a new start. Jon knows the Queen, he’s the father of her children. I don’t see why we can’t just begin a new here. Westeros’s fate is sealed. Maybe… maybe we should at least consider it.”

Jon left the tavern and the sound of his sister’s yelling back and forth.

Arya’s words did strike a chord with him, stirring something within his soul.

Back in Westeros, he had always put the Stark side of him. First, all he wanted all his life was to be a Wolf. But what had been a Wolf gotten him? Suffering. Pain. Betrayal. Death. Suffering. He put the people that hated him one second, loved him the next, then hated him again over the woman who loved him since the moment she saw him. Well, maybe not the exact moment that Daenerys laid eyes on Jon, but she saw his excellent soul. Like her, Jon was an underdog; people thought them disposable; only for them both to rise to the highest of positions possible.

And what did he get him?

The loss of his love.

The loss of his children.

The loss of his family. The only thing he’s ever wanted.

As Jon saw a black and red wheelhouse rolling by with the House Targaryen sigil, he finally came to a decision.

It was time that he stopped thinking like a wolf, and began acting like a dragon. Perhaps there was a way he could both help the North, and get what he truly wanted at the same time.

Jon was revealed when the wheelhouse stopped, and he rushed over when he saw Missandei. All he needed was one more chance with Daenerys… one more chance…

Missandei didn’t look convinced at first when Jon asked for her help. But after a moment of deep thought, she allowed him into the wheelhouse. When they reached the Royal Manse, Missandei asked one of the servants where Daenerys was and was told she was in the training arena. Jon followed the Hand of the Queen to this training arena, the sound of someone giving another a severe beating filling his ears.

However, when the arena came into view, Jon’s eyebrows shot up to see Daenerys standing triumphant. Laying on their backs, in the sands around her, were three men, all groaning softly, their wooden training swords littering the ground. She was dressed in a pair of brightly-colored linen breeches that were tight around the calf and waist, but loose and baggy on the legs and thighs.
A white linen shirt was tucked into her waist pants, her silver hair pulled back into a simple braid.

Jon couldn’t stop himself from giving a low groan of desire at sight.

“You will find, Her Grace quite changed since your last meeting,” Missandei whispered to Jon as they stepped into the arena, smirking at his reaction.

Daenerys turned at the sound of footsteps, her violet eyes hardening at the sight of Jon.

“Your Grace,” Missandei said, bowing.

Jon bowed slightly at the waist, but not as low as Missandei.

“What is he doing here?” Daenerys snapped, pointing her wooden sword at Jon’s chest.

“I have been waiting to talk to you,” Jon said, crossing his arms. “We need to talk about our children.”


“Our children,” Jon corrected her. “We made them together, remember?”

“Just because you gave me your seed, doesn’t make you their father,” Daenerys spat at him.

“You’re their father, the same way that Rhaegar was yours.”

Jon flinched, gritting his teeth. “Rhaegar never got the chance to be my father because he was murdered before my birth. He and my mother no doubt would have loved me very much had they gotten the chance to be there for me.” He took a deep breath to collect himself. “I’m not here to argue with you, Dany. I am here because I want to be in my children’s lives. I want to meet them.”

“You will,” Daenerys said.

Jon arched an eyebrow. “When?”

Daenerys turned her back on him. “When I’m ready.”

Jon stormed towards her. “That’s not good enough for me, Daenerys, you know that.”

The guards around the training arena all reached for their swords. Some even stepped in front of Jon to prevent him from getting to close to their Queen.

“It’s alright,” Daenerys said, nodding to the guards. “I’m fine…”

The guards glared at Jon but slowly stepped aside. Although they stayed close, their bodies tense for any sign of danger.

“I told you that I’ll let you see them when I’m ready for it,” Daenerys said to Jon. “When I know that they’ll be ready for it. Right now, if I reveal you, all it’ll do is confuse them. They’ll wonder what took you so long to appear, why are you showing up now? Only then to leave them when your precious North calls you away again.”

Jon’s face grew hard. “And what if I figured out a way to be near them without telling them my identity?”

“You won’t do that,” Daenerys said, once again turning away from him. “You can’t hold secrets to save your life.”
Jon grit his teeth, balling his fists in a fury. Jon wanted to prove her wrong, he wanted to be there for his children, he wanted to be there for her…. How could Jon convince Daenerys that he meant every word?

Jon’s eyes traveled down to one of the wooden swords lying on the ground and an idea striking him.

“I’ll duel you,” Jon offered.

Daenerys looked over her shoulder with an arched eyebrow. “What?”

“We will duel,” Jon explained. “Right here, right now. If I win, you allow me to move into the palace and be with my children. To watch them grow as try and find help for the North. If you win, then I will leave Essos, I’ll leave your kingdom, and you’ll never see me ever again.”

Daenerys fell silent, Jon could see the deep thought behind her violet eyes. Finally, she barked a command to her guards, who all stepped aside, giving them both a full birth. One kicked the wooden sword to Jon’s side, while also holding out his hands for Longclaw.

Jon handed his sword to the guard without hesitation, then picked up the wooden sword. No sooner had Jon straightened up did Daenerys charge at him. The King in the North bearly had time to parry and block before Daenerys struck at him again.

Jon wasn’t expecting this.

Daenerys was quick, she knew this, and was using this to her advantage. Her skill was something of a great surprise. She wasn’t a swordmaster yet, but Daenerys’s talent was there. Jon had to be careful as Daenerys danced around him, moving with the natural fluidity of a certain sister of his.

“I forgot that you trained with Arya,” Jon grunted as they crossed wooden blades again.

Daenerys smirked, making sure to keep herself on the balls of her feet. “After I left Westeros and had the twins, I called for a swordsman of Braavos to finish my training. Do you think she’d be proud of me?”

“Knowing Arya? Of course,” Jon grunted, carrying another swipe of her wooden blade. “Why do you hate me so much, Dany? What have I ever done to you?”

“I don’t hate you!” Daenerys exclaimed. “I hate what you’ve done! You’ve made me weak!”

Jon used his strength to push her back, panting as he gripped his sword. “What do you mean, I’ve made you weak?”

Daenerys struck the ground with her sword. “All my life I’ve been helpless, I’ve been weak, I’ve been at the mercy of men. Illyrio. Viserys. Drogo. Daario. Tyrion. You! All of you think you know better than me because you have a cock between your legs. Never in my life did I have something of my own. Never in my life did I have a place to call home or have a family. I thought Westeros was my home, I would you were my family; I thought you could help me, protect me. I was wrong. I will do what no other man has ever done in this world. Unify Essos under a single ruler. And I’ll be damned if anyone tries to stop me.”

With a yell, she lunged at him. As they clashed, again and again, Jon found himself having to rely on his strength more than his speed. But Jon didn’t have to just rely on his physical strength, Jon was fighting for something.
He was fighting for his children. For a chance to be in their lives.

He was fighting for Daenerys. For a chance to be in her life.

He was fighting, for the first time in his life, for himself and his own desires, and nothing was going to stop him.

As Daenerys parried another one of his swipes, Jon faked a strike to her side. When Daenerys moved to protect it, Jon seized it to his advantage. Spinning around, he smacked Daenerys’s hand with the flat of his blade, causing her to drop the sword. Lunging forward, he pressed the wooden side against the back of her neck, winning the duel.

Perspiration covered Jon and Daenerys, the two panting to catch their breath.

The position Jon had them in had Daenerys pressed against Jon’s chest. The two former lovers were staring intensely into each other’s eyes, not moving… not blinking… Slowly, Jon began to lean in, Daenerys’s eyes closing as her hands slid to cup his back.

But the moment was abruptly ended by a servant running into the training arena, dropping to their knees before Daenerys.

“Your Grace,” the Servant said. “Lady Yara Greyjoy brings words of visitors, she had brought into port.”

Daenerys pulled away from Jon. “Visitors? From where?”

The Servant raised their head. “From Westeros.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone!

Had some free time on my hands, and THIS will be the last chapter of 2019 and I believe this little cliffhanger will be a good way to close out the year. It'll be a little bit before another chapter, but when I say "some time". I mean like a week or 2; if that. I have a couple of other FanFics I've been neglecting that I need to get back on. But I know that'll time will go by quickly.

So, a lot happened in this chapter. We finally had that little duel that I promised between Jon and Dany (a mini Dance of Dragons if you will), and I liked it. Let me clarify that Daenerys isn't superior to Jon in swordsmanship, but she is quite skilled. She's ambitious, rich, after the birth of her twins why wouldn't she train every day for nigh 3 years? She is the blood of the Dragon after all.

What do you think of the bet between Jon and Dany? Think she'll keep her promise?

What do you think of Arya's words? Think they could just give up and stay in Essos? Jon seems pretty determined now to start living his life for himself/his children and Dany; not for people who didn't give 2 shits about him most of his life.

But as we go into the new year, I'd LOVE to hear your predictions for the next chapter! The next chapter is the promised 'naughty scene' between Jon and Dany, as
well as the revelation on who's come to Essos from Westeros.

Toodles guys!

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading this new chapter, I hope you enjoyed it!

Please don't hesitate to comment or like this chapter, although I would prefer your feedback as love to know what you think of the piece!

The more you comment, the faster I'll update! ;)

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