To Love a Stark
by youbuggme

Summary

“So you can see why we are all gathered here, right?”

Gendry nodded his head. “I think.”

“We all have big boners for Starks.” Ygritte crackled and Theon threw her a venomous look. “So Margaery made a club.”

“Oh gods.” Theon muttered in distain. “It’s not a fucking club.”

Notes
I got this idea from writing a chapter of another work of mine and I had to just get this out of my system. I'm sure there will be other chapters, but I don't really have a plot in my head at the moment. I just thought it would be an amusing idea so here it is.

Enjoy and if you have any ideas of where this fic might go, please share. I'd love to hear what you guys think.
A New Member Appears

Gendry

To say he was terrified would be an understatement. How could he not be when Margaery fucking Tyrell hooked her claws into his arm and dragged him down the hallway to lock him up in the freshmen chemistry labs with Ygritte hell-born Wilde and Theon motherfucking Greyjoy.

“Did you have to attack him?” Theon grumbled as he observed Gendry uninterested. He was sitting at one of the science lab desks with his head rest on his hand.

“I couldn’t just ask him here.” Margaery examined the damage she may have caused to her nails while taking a seat on the stool the primarily was used by the teacher of the labs. She smiled to see they were clean and still whole.

“Why?” Theon sighed exasperated. Gendry remained still when he noticed Theon’s eyes drift to his neck. He heard horror stories about Theon fighting. He hoped Theon wasn’t eyeing a new target.

“This is more fun!” Ygritte punched Theon. She was sitting on the lab table next to his seat; swing her legs back and forth innocently.

“I think you both don’t understand the concept of fun if you think meeting here every Thursday is grand ol’ time.” Theon hissed lowly. “This is ridiculous and I can’t believe I’m still sitting here with you guys.”

“You complain about this every time.” Margaery sighed bored as she watched Theon. “Can we move on?” Theon made a noncommittal motion with his hands and Margaery grinned, turning back to Gendry. “Do you know why you have been called here?”

“Called?” Theon snorted but Ygritte swiftly punched him again.

“Uh, no?” Gendry coughed as he glanced between the three very different people before him.

“Let’s see if he can put it all together.” Ygritte laughed and clapped her hands together.

Gendry swallowed as he further examined the three diverse people before him. None of the three people ever hung out together and were vastly different from each other. They all belonged in different social groups as far as Gendry could surmise.

Firstly, there was Margaery Tyrell. She was Sansa Stark’s friend. Gendry had seen her at the Stark house many times when he and Arya would hang out. But at school, Margaery usually hung out with a group of gagging girls, which did include Sansa, Myrcella, and Daenerys but not Ygritte.

Ygritte, on the other hand, only hung out with outcasts but never Theon Greyjoy who was probably the biggest outcast. She hung out with the roughish college students Tormund and Mance as well as some of the juniors like Pyp, Grenn, Sam, Gilly and Jon.

And then there was Theon who hung out solely with Robb Stark and never anyone else. He did hang out with Ramsay Bolton’s group last year but that ended with a horrific fight in the cafeteria and as far as Gendry knew that was over.

Gendry couldn’t possibly think what any of these people before him and in common except for their singular friendships to different Starks-
Oh.

Ygritte crackled as she saw realization spur in his eyes and Margaery smiled proudly. Theon remained pouting like a child.

“I see you figured it out.” Margaery smiled brightly.

“Kind of?” Gendry bit his lip. “It has to do with the Starks, yeah?”

“What a genius.” Theon hissed and Ygritte threatened to punch him again.

“I don’t understand why we are all locked in here though.” Gendry offered weakly.

“I heard,” Margaery jumped from the stool and sashayed over to Gendry. “That you have feelings for a little Stark.”

Gendry’s cheeks grew impossibly warm and he heard Theon curse loudly and Ygritte snicker. “I don’t—what? Uh, no. It’s not—”

“It’s okay.” Margaery put her hand on Gendry’s shoulder. “You are in good company.”

“Why?” Gendry’s eyebrows furrowed.

“We all have our eyes on Starks.” Ygritte sang cheekily as she poked Theon’s arm. He ducked his head as a blush ate away at his cheeks too.

“Wait, really?” Gendry blinked in surprise. “You all…”

“I’ve liked Sansa since the beginning of out seventh year.” Margaery offered.

“Jon since freshman year.” Ygritte admitted bravely.

Both girls turned to Theon who looked determined at the ground.

“Theon.” Margaery demanded and Theon shrugged his shoulders lamely.

“He is shy because he has the longest crush.” Ygritte teased.

“Shut the fuck up.” Theon hissed lowly.

Both girls laughed and Gendry almost felt sorry but then he realized that there were only two Stark girls left and he hoped it wasn’t Arya. Margaery seemed to notice and put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“It’s not Arya.” Margaery offered.

Gendry felt bad for Margaery right then. That mean she had to fight Greyjoy for the affections of Sansa. Honestly, Sansa did like ‘bad boys’ and Theon fit that better than her current boyfriend but Margaery and she were close. It was a tough call.

“So both of you like Sansa?” He asked weakly.

Ygritte nearly fell off the table in fits of laughter and Margaery bit her lip. “Come on, just tell him Theon.”

“It’s Robb, you fucking twat.” Theon snapped as he glared hard at Gendry before looking back at
“How long?” Ygritte asked with a big grin on her face.

“Kindergarten.” Theon muttered.

Gendry snapped his mouth shut in surprise and looked away from Theon. He could see the poor guy was dying of embarrassment. Margaery seemed to have shifted her attention away from Theon and back to Gendry.

“So you can see why we are all gathered here, right?”

Gendry nodded his head. “I think.”

“We all have big boners for Starks.” Ygritte crackled and Theon threw her a venomous look. “So Margaery made a club.”

“Oh gods.” Theon muttered in distain. “It’s not a fucking club.”

“Of course it is.” Margaery grinned. “You just don’t like that you are the club’s longest attending member. That’s not my fault.”

“I don’t understand the purpose of all of this.” Gendry spoke up again because clearly he had to be missing something.

“What’s not the get?” Ygritte crossed her arms. “We all like Starks and we meet here every Thursday for an hour.”

“But why?” Gendry pressed.

Margaery clapped her hands together. “Because we offer support and a place for us all to vent our frustrations. It’s more of a comfort group.”

“Don’t fucking lie.” Theon stood up roughly from the stool. “This is all just so you both can torture another person with your schemes.”

“Schemes?” Gendry’s eyes widened.

“Oh yeah.” Theon laughed humorlessly. “Margaery won’t say it but soon enough she will be making you pull all these schemes and ploys to try and win your Stark over.”

“Oh my.” Gendry blushed bright red.

“Theon is exaggerating.” Margaery rolled her eyes sharply. “We just try and help each other in the right direction, that’s all. Theon is just upset that Robb has a crush on Jeyne.”

“Hey!” Ygritte exclaimed. “Be nice, Margaery. The poor little guy has had his heart broken too many times.”

“Will you two stop it?” Theon snarled as he dragged his hand through his hair. “You,” He pointed at Ygritte. “Scare the shit out of the bastard so much so that he is afraid to say a word to you.” Ygritte snapped her mouth shut immediately. “And even if he did, he is too fucking awkward to do anything remotely flirtation and won’t be making a move any time soon. And you,” Theon pointed at Margaery, “Have to compete with Joffrey Baratheon so good fucking luck with that because she is utterly fucking smitten with the asshole and has been since before you two have even met. So screw this. I’m out of here. Gendry can be my fucking replacement. Honestly, he has the best chance out of
the three of us so this will be a nice project for you two so you both don’t have to think about your own issues.”

Gendry watched as Theon grabbed his backpack from the ground and left the room, slamming the door hard. Margaery looked like she had been slapped and Ygritte looked like she watched someone die. Gendry stayed still.

“As you can see,” Margaery sobered up a bit and smiled awkwardly. “He is a little more than tense on the issue, but worry not, he won’t stay made for long.”

“And he was over exaggerating with the ploys.” Ygritte offered quietly. “He is usually the victim of them because no matter what he does, Robb Stark doesn’t notice shit because he is overtly affectionate with everyone.”

“I see.” Gendry breathed shakily. “So now what.”

Ygritte and Margaery exchanged a look. “We want to help you.”

“How?” Gendry dared to ask.

“Get your fucking Stark.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “The cool sister.”

“Hey! Sansa is cool!” Margaery snapped.

Ygritte laughed like it was a hilarious joke. “Whatever, Tyrell. Arya should be easier anyways.”

“I don’t know about that.” Margaery crossed her arms. “From what Sansa has told me, Arya has sworn off boys.”

“She has.” Gendry confirmed. “She doesn’t do romantic relationships.”

“That’s where we come in.” Margaery smiled kindly.

“And Theon?” Gendry asked, glancing back to the door Theon had left through.

“Oh, he will be back.” Ygritte waved off. “We are the closest thing he has to friends besides Robb Stark.”

“Right.” Gendry nodded his head with a slight smile. “So Thursdays?” He actually couldn’t believe he was going to be a part of whatever this is, but from what he has seen, he isn’t really given much of a choice.

“We should exchange numbers in case we have an off schedule meet up.” Margaery pulled out her phone. “We sometimes do, especially when invited to Stark gatherings. Arya doesn’t usually invite anyone but if she does, it would be you.”

“Right.” Gendry pulled out his phone.

“Here is Theon’s number.” Ygritte rolled his eyes. “But he doesn’t usually answer unless it has a dash of blackmail in the message, so keep that in mind. Name dropping is key.”


“And don’t worry.” Margaery smiled. “Your secret is safe with us.”

“Yeah.” Ygritte smirked as she grabbed her bags. “I’m off now, the hour is u. See ya.”
“Bye.” Margaery waved as she grabbed her own bag.

“Why an hour on Thursdays?” Gendry asked as he grabbed his own bag from the floor.

Margaery smiled guilty. “On Thursdays, Robb and Jon both have football and Sansa has choir. They all get out at the same time so we meet them when they get out. Arya has track, right? So you’ll fit into the schedule nicely. I have to go, though; Sansa’s choir is almost out. Bye!”

Soon Gendry was alone in the science lab. He stared at the door horrified and breathless.

What the fuck?
Meeting Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Theon

He was seething as he left the science lab but he tried to calm himself quickly. The last thing he wanted was to explain to Robb why he was so fucking pissed off. It always ended up leading to awkward questions he couldn’t answer and Robb feeling like he wasn’t being trusted which made Theon feel like shit and it basically ruined the day for them.

But today was just too much. Between Margaery not being able to shut her fucking mouth and Ygritte who kept on punching him in the same spot, he was going to lose it if he hadn’t already lost it. On top of everything else, he now had Gendry to fucking think about. Great.

Theon reached the gym and waited outside as per usual. Robb knew where to meet him. They had been doing this routine since Robb joined the football team in freshman year. It was just common place now after four years. Robb has actually gotten pissed at Theon the one time he failed to show up because Margaery was in tears about a spat she and Sansa had gotten into.

The doors burst open and Theon felt relief in seeing Robb was one of the first out. His hair was dark and wet, evidence that he showered before leaving the lockers. His smiled brightly at Theon and Theon cursed as his heart jumped.

“Hey.” Robb grinned as they fell into step. “Where is Ygritte? She usually waits with you for Jon, right?”

“I think she chose to spare him today.” Theon shrugged like he didn’t know any better. “The bastard got off lucky.”

Robb nudged Theon lightly. “Be nice.”

“I was.” Theon smirked cheekily. “How was practice?” He asked as they walked out to the parking lot.

“Nailed Joffrey on the head.”

“Sansa isn’t going to like that.” Theon replied knowingly.

“It was an accident.” Robb claimed calmly as he popped the truck of his car and threw his bag in. Theon followed suit. “Besides, he is fine.”

“I’m not complaining!” Theon held up his hands as he climbed into the passenger’s seat. “He is an asshole and Sansa could do much better.”

Robb turned the car on and was soon driving out of the lot. “I agree but she is stubborn.”

“You say it like you aren’t.” Theon laughed.

“I’m not!” Robb exclaimed. “I’m just set on my beliefs.”

“You boycotted your mother from doing your laundry in the fourth grade because she switched detergents.” Theon recalled.
“You were allergic!” Robb yelped. “You kept sneezing every time I can near you. I couldn’t allow that to happen.”

“Now that I think about it, I think your mom did it on purpose.” Theon smirked and Robb rolled his eyes dramatically. “I’m serious!”

“No. She likes you just fine. Maybe if you stopped cursing in front of Bran and Rickon, things would be better.”

“Oh, they are going to learn the words anyways. Better from me, yeah?” Theon grinned.

“Gods, what am I going to do with you.” Robb shook his head fondly. “Are you spending the night?”

“Sure.” Theon shrugged nonchalantly, like he didn’t already have his clothing and necessities for the next day tucked into his bag.

“Awesome.” Robb grinned excitedly. “I’m going to kick your ass in FIFA.”

“Why the fuck are we still playing FIFA when we can play any other fucking game.” Theon groaned.

“Because it is awesome.” Robb laughed.

“The things I do for brotherhood.”

*The things I do for you.*

**Ygritte**

Ygritte waited until Robb and Theon were way down the hall before stalking toward Jon. She smiled evilly to see he was actually waiting for her. She trained him well. He looked up to see her and smiled shyly before it dropped completely from his face.

“Hey, Snow.” She grinned as she approached him. “I thought you’d flee when you had the chance.”

Jon blushed. “I-You-Uh, you are always here. I thought something was wrong.”

“Worried about me?” Ygritte smirked and Jon blushed again. “You ready?”

“For?” Jon looked at her cautiously.

“We are meeting Sam and Gilly at the park. They wanted to tell us something.” Ygritte reminded pointedly.

“Right.” Jon scratched the back of his head. “I kind of forgot.”

“I know.” Ygritte rolled her eyes as they walked out the front doors. “Weren’t you wondering why your brother ditched you?”

“He seems to get a little empty headed around Greyjoy.” Jon spat in distaste. “It doesn’t matter anyways. You’d give me a ride.” His eyes widened and he began to stutter. “Not that I’m presuming anything-”

“Jeez, you are such an idiot.” Ygritte cackled as they walked down the street where she parked her rust bucket. She loved the thing and didn’t trust her peers to not smash it with their own cars.
Jon climbed in and threw his bag in the back seat. Ygritte climbed in and this time it only took three cranks to get her car rumbling. Jon grinned as he noticed this too. She began to drive as the radio faded in and out.

“What do you think Sam and Gilly want?” Jon asked slyly.

“I think they are going to finally admit they are dating.” Ygritte glanced at Jon in secret.

“That’s not really news.” Jon shrugged as he thought for a moment. “I wonder if Pyp and Grenn are going.”

“Doubt it.” Ygritte remarked. “I saw them leave earlier. I think it’s just us and them.”

Ygritte parked the car and both of them climbed out as they approached Sam and Gilly who were waiting on the bench. Gilly looked worried, more so than usual and Sam looked anxious, more so than usual.

“Jon!” Sam smiled nicely and Gilly waved with sullen cheeks to Ygritte. “Thanks for coming.”

“No problem, Sam.” Jon glanced between the two. “So what did you want to tell us?”

Sam and Gilly shared a look and Gilly looked at her knees. Sam squinted as he glanced back at Jon and Ygritte. “Gilly is pregnant.”

Ygritte’s jaw dropped as she sat beside Gilly immediately. Jon looked shell-shocked and didn’t move.

“Are you serious?” Ygritte asked in a low voice to Gilly. She nodded her head quickly. “Oh my, are you going to keep it?”

Gilly looked surprised that Ygritte even suggested it. “Of course, I am.”

“Just a question!” Ygritte held up her hands. “Wow. You must be terrified.”

“I’ve offered to help out.” Sam waved. “We wanted to let you guys know. Her family doesn’t know yet and the father is long gone so we wanted to tell you.”

“It’s not yours?” Jon blurted out and both Sam and Gilly blushed.

“No.” Sam smiled awkwardly.

“We,” Ygritte shot Jon a look. “Are here for you. We’ll help with whatever we can.”

“Thank you.” Gilly grabbed Ygritte’s hand and Jon nodded his head in support of Ygritte’s declaration.

Margaery

Margaery composed herself carefully as she sat on the bench outside the music rooms. She pulled out a book and set it open in her lap and pretended to read it as the doors open. She continued to stare at the pages until she felt Sansa sit beside her.

“Hello, darling.” Margaery smiled up happily at Sansa.

Sansa smiled back just as brightly. “You weren’t waiting the whole time, were you?”
Margaery flashed the book. “I was occupied. I don’t mind, really.”

“Okay.” Sansa smiled happily as both girls stood up. “Is Loras driving today?”

“Unfortunately.” Margaery made a big show of rolling her eyes as she linked arms with Sansa. “He is dropping us off though before driving to his boyfriend’s.”

“Excellent.” Sansa nodded her head. “Do you mind if we stop by to say goodbye to Joffrey?”

“Of course not.” Margaery did everything not to grimace at the name.

“Thank you.”

Sansa led the way but not unlinking their arms as they scurried down the hallway. Margaery noted a flash of red as Ygritte dragged Jon down the hallway. She didn’t see Theon but she could only assume he already snatched his Stark and they were long gone.

They duo rounded the hallway and detached the moment Joffrey came into view. Sansa ran up to him while Margaery kept her pace far behind. She watched slightly crestfallen as Sansa wrapped her arms around Joffrey and pulled him into a brief kiss. He said something and she giggled before waving goodbye and rushing back to Margaery.

“Ready?” Margaery asked and Sansa nodded her head. “Good. Let’s go find my stupid brother then, shall we?”

“The hunt is on.” Sansa smiled softly, the type that made Margaery’s heart flutter.

“So it is.” Margaery nodded her head. “How is good ol’ Joff?”

“My brother knocked him in the head with the ball.”

Margaery bit back her laughter. “Which one?”

“Robb.” Sansa spat out the name. “He doesn’t like Joffrey. Neither of them do, but Robb shows it more visible. It’s all Theon’s fault.”

“Greyjoy is a rat.” Margaery shrugged but she was internally praising the boy and made a promise to make cookies for their next Thursday meet.

“You don’t even know the half of it.” Sansa shook her hair. “I swear, he is practically a third older brother.”

“That’s sweet though.” Margaery poked Sansa happily. “It means he cares. That’s a good thing, darling.”

“Perhaps.” Sansa pondered this. “I already have too many siblings though.”

“Your family is horrifically large and ever growing.” Margaery laughed. “It’ll only be worse once you all get married and have kids though.”

“Oh gods, that would be awful.” Sansa laughed. “Imagine Arya’s kids! Or Rickon’s.”

“Thankfully, there is still plenty of time for them both to shape up.” Margaery smiled sweetly at Sansa. “People change.”

“Not that much.” Sansa smirked as they approached the car lot and found Margaery’s brother leaning
against his car. He smiled at both of them but Margaery could see the gleam in his eyes as he spotted their linked arms.

**Gendry**

“Gendry?” Arya frowned as she walked out of the gym to see him leaning against the wall. “What are you doing here?”

He blinked surprised at the freshmen girl before him and wet his lips. He didn’t have an excuse like the others did. He didn’t usually meet Arya after her track meets. Fuck.

“I, uh, joined a club.” Gendry nodded his head in self-assurance. “It gets out around this time so I was going to offer you a ride.” He smiled proudly of himself.

“Oh.” Arya frowned. “Thanks. Robb was going to give me one, but he probably forgot and Theon is going to be with.”

“So…”

“Thank you.” Arya fell into step with him as they walked to the car. “Do you want to stay for dinner? Theon already is and Sansa is off at Margaery’s tonight. So there is room.”

“I’m fine.” Gendry shrugged. He wasn’t too ready to see anyone from the club’ yet. “I’m cooking for my mom tonight.”

“Your loss.” Arya grinned. “Mom’s making roast.”

“There is always left overs.” Gendry reminded.

“You really don’t know my family plus Theon that well, do you?” Arya laughed.

“I suppose not.” Gendry led Arya to the car. “Another time though.”

“Fine by me.” Arya climbed into the car as Gendry held the door for her. She pointedly slammed the door. She hated all things gentlemanly and chose to be independent. That included getting her own door but Gendry did it anyway. “So what’s this club?” Arya asked.

Gendry felt the blood drain from his face. He hadn’t really though this all through. What was he supposed to say?Fuck, fuck, fuck- “It’s a science club.” He found himself saying.

“Science?” Arya wrinkled her nose.

“A study group.” Gendry corrected. “For science. I’m really awful at it.”

“Oh.” Arya nodded her head. “I might join then; my science is pretty spotty too.”

“Only for juniors.” Gendry smiled. “I’ll help you though. It would help me practice the basics. I aced my freshmen class. Chemistry is a lot easier than physics.”

“Really?” Arya’s eyes brightened.

“Of course.” Gendry nodded his head. “I’d be glad to help.”

“I’ll owe you.” Arya smiled determined. “I’m not sure what yet, but I’ll owe you.”

“I’m sure we can work something out.” Gendry smirked.
“Oh! Are you coming over this weekend?” Arya twisted in the seat so she was basically facing Gendry.

“Yeah. Same time?” He asked.

“Yup!” Arya grinned happily. “My brother is going to be there though so, fair warning.”

“Which one?” Gendry frowned.

“Robb. Which means Theon will probably be there. Have you met him?”

“Not really.” Gendry admitted.

“He’s an idiot, but that doesn’t matter. I’m going to own your ass on Saturday.” Arya crossed her arms happily.

“Sure you are.” Gendry laughed as he begun to happily look forward to Saturday even if it did mean facing Greyjoy again.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm going to be doing different points of view since there will probably be different plot lines. Again, I don't have anything fleshed out but there are now some ideas brewing around. If you have any suggestions or ideas let me know. :)
“Where are you two holed up in?” Margaery slyly asked Ygritte in the Stark kitchen as they both came to refill their cups. It was Saturday morning in the Stark house-hold and all the members of their little ‘club’ were hanging out with their respective Stark.

“The basement with Sam and Gilly.” Ygritte sighed. “At least you and Sansa have the bay window. I already threatened Greyjoy to keep an eye out via text. He didn’t response per usual but he saw it.”

“Good.” Margaery smiled. “Now we will have something to work with next Thursday.”

“You think Gendry is going to show up?” Ygritte raised both eyebrows.

“Definitely.” Margaery rolled his eyes. “He is too curious not to. Theon, on the other hand-”

“I’ll drag him.” Ygritte shrugged as she left the kitchen.

Margaery held in her laughter as she raced back up the stairs to Sansa’s room. She closed the door behind her and joined the lovely red head on the window seat overlooking the backyard.

“What did I miss?” Margaery passed a sweet tea to Sansa.

“I think Robb is going to lose it.” Sansa giggled. “He might pop a vein.”

Margaery looked out the window to see Arya and Gendry wrestling in the middle of the yard while Robb and Theon sat off to the side watching.

“He looks pained.” Margaery agreed.

“I think it’s kind of funny.” Sansa whispered. “He gets all worked up about this stuff.”

“He is protective. That’s not a bad trait.”

“A little too protective.” Sansa shrugged off. “He got like that when I brought Joffrey by the house for the first time. Him and dad. It was awful.”

“I can only imagine what happened.” Margaery leaned in to hear more, her eyes darting back to the yard every now and then.

“Well, first of all, Theon was there and he already hated Joffrey so it made Robb suspicious because he takes Theon’s word on everything. Then Jon takes Robb’s word on everything, so all three of them cornered Joff at the front door. They started bullying him the minute he showed up, asking all these questions and I think one of them left a bruise on his shoulder.”

Margaery laughed and Sansa swatted her lightly. “That’s already hilarious.”

“No! It’s horrible!”

“Whatever, go on.” Margaery insisted.
Sansa sighed. “So then at dinner, my father gave him the worst talk ever imagined and Robb was right there egging him on. Afterwards, everything seemed to be going just fine. Rickon told stories and we kind of forgot about Joffrey, then…”

Sansa’s words died and Margaery’s eyes widened. “Then?”

She swallowed and blushed. “Theon asked how far Joffrey got with me.” It was a faint whisper but Margery’s mouth dropped.

“In front of your whole family?” Sansa nodded her head. “Oh my gods, no.”

“It was so bad!” Sansa covered her bright red face. “Joff didn’t know what to do and Robb almost jumped across the table and Rickon kept asking questions about what Theon meant and Bran and Jon had to answer, then Arya began making threats and it was bad.”

“A story you’ll never forget though.” Margaery pointed out with a laugh.

Sansa grabbed a pillow and threw it at Margaery. “It’s not funny.”

“No, it’s spectacular.”

“I bet nothing let that happens at your home.” Sansa sighed.

“Even worse.” Margaery smirked. “My last boyfriend dumped me mid-dinner to date my brother.”

Sansa’s mouth dropped. “What?”

“Renly and I used to date. We didn’t date long, granted, and when I invited him over for dinner, Renly and Loras were practically flirting over the table and I was completely ignored. I was devastated at first but after I had finished the appetizers I got over it, I think.” Margaery smiled in memory. “The best part was, when he left, he kissed Loras goodbye and brushed me off. We get on well now. We are good friends, but I think he is still a little embarrassed about how it all went down.”

“Margaery-”

“It’s fine.” Margaery waved off. “Looking back, it was funny.”

“I guess.” Sansa shuffled. She glanced out the window. “Do you think Arya knows she is flirting with Gendry?”

“Nope.” Margaery leaned against Sansa to look out the window. “Everyone else knows.”

“Oh no.” Sansa blanched. “There goes Gendry’s shirt.”

**Gendry**

How he got into this particular situation, he didn’t know. One minute, Arya and he were wrestling per usual. He offered to show her how it was done a few weeks ago since he did wrestling and judo at the local gym. Arya was eager to learn more and invited him over pretty much every Saturday to practice.

Everything was going fine, except for the fact they had an audience this time. Gendry didn’t know Robb to well. With him being a senior and Gendry being a junior, their paths didn’t cross often. However, he did recognize the glare that was being thrown at him and also recognized the smirk on Theon’s face as bad news. The thing was, Arya didn’t even notice.
She wrestled him like usual. Her tactic was to grapple him until he fell and she would pin him. Gendry normally would be handsy with her. It was the nature of the sport. He wasn’t trying to cop a feel, not that she would tolerate that anyway, but he had to be more precautious than usual. Especially with the hawkeyed older brother watching.

He was trying to be gentle and distant which made Arya come at him that much harder to prove that she wasn’t delicate and could take what he threw at her. She didn’t fight contemporary and had little form which Gendry tried to improve but when her temper got the better, she came with anything and everything.

So that’s how she got her tiny little fingers into one of the many holes speckling his shirt and caused the article to be torn in their fighting. Once the fabric had been torn, a large hole laid in the wake in the middle of his chest. Both stared at it for a long moment, not sure what to say.

“Sorry.” Arya spat out embarrassed. “It was an accident.”

“I know.” Gendry waved off as he inspected it further. “It’s fine. It was an old shirt anyways.”

“You can borrow one of Robb or Jon’s.” Arya exclaimed as she turned to give her brother a meaningful look.

Robb caught this and smiled darkly. “Sure thing.” He scampered up to his feet and Theon followed suit with an amused expression. Gendry got a bad feeling from those awful smiles.

“He’ll be back momentarily.” Robb nodded his head as he led Gendry up.

Theon followed them inside the house, not without ruffling Arya’s hair, but to Gendry’s dismay, he stayed downstairs as Robb continued to lead him up. Gendry could only hope Robb wasn’t going to chew him out. He really wasn’t trying to do anything.

“So,” Robb opened the door to his room and started digging through his dresser. “You and my baby sister.”

Gendry swallowed. “Just friends, I can assure you.”

“Better be.” Robb turned and tossed the shirt. “Or else.”

“Or else what?” Gendry asked without thinking but slammed his mouth shut afterwards.

“You don’t want to know.” Robb nodded his head. “Let’s say, I have friends in low places. Low enough that they don’t care about what happens to people like you. All I need to do is say the word.”

“Right,” Gendry gasped. He didn’t want to think about what the Stark might inflict on him. He wasn’t trying to do anything! He shredded his shirt instantly and put the new one on as quickly as possible. “Thanks.”

“Mm.” Robb hummed. “Tell Theon to get his ass up here, would you?”

“S-Sure.” Gendry smiled as he ducked out of the room quickly. The minute he was out he finally took a breath. God-fucking-damn it.

**Theon**

Theon rolled his eyes as he saw a pale face Gendry come downstairs. Gods, Robb worked Gendry well. That, or Gendry was a wimp. Theon was probably going to lean more toward the second
option.

“Let me guess, he gave you the ‘friends in low places’ talk, huh?”

Gendry looked surprised to hear Theon speak. “Uh, yeah.”

Theon chuckled. “He is talking about me.”

“Oh, good.” Gendry smiled relieved.

Theon cocked an eyebrow. “I don’t know why that is good for you. If he asked me to take care of you, I would do it. I can be just as terrifying as you think I can be.”

Gendry swallowed hard. “Right, sorry.”

Theon shrugged as he headed for the stairs. “It’s fine. But just so we are clear, Margaery and Ygritte have already targeted you as their next scheme victim which means Robb will likely see whatever they are going to make you do. Just a warning,” Theon flashed a grin as he trotted up the stairs, leaving a poor shaken up Gendry behind.

He climbed the rest of the stairs and slide inside Robb’s room, closing the door behind him. Robb was sitting on the edge of his bed and grinned as Theon walked in.

“How’d he look?” Robb asked excitedly and it was hard to believe this guy instilled fear into others so easily when he was practically a puppy around Theon.

“Probably pissed himself.” Theon joined him on the edge of the bed. “I think you got him good.”

“Good.” Robb nodded his head. “He shouldn’t be grabbing my sister like that.”

“Honestly?” Theon lied back on the bed, looking up at Robb. “Your sister was all over him.”

“Arya doesn’t know better.” Robb crossed his arms.

“Which is sad considering how old she is.” Theon rolled his eyes. “I already lost my virginity by then.”

Robb blushed. “But you are different than Arya.”

“For sure.” Theon nodded his head. “I’m just saying that she is probably going to become more and more aware and Gendry is hardly the worst guy out there. You could have another Joffrey on your hands if you aren’t careful.”

Robb groaned as he fell back on the bed, lying next to Theon. He turned on his side to look at Theon. “Why can’t my siblings date normal people?”

“Well, Sansa is the only one dating.” Theon smirked as he turned to his side as well. “The rest of you lot are single.”

Robb snorted. “Jon and Ygritte?”

“I think your brother is oblivious.” Theon laughed. “Ygritte can flirt all she wants but your brother won’t notice and if he does notice it, he isn’t going to do shit about it.”

“Jon’s an idiot if he can’t see it.” Robb grinned.
You are too. “Yup.” Theon shrugged. “I never did peg the bastard as the brains.”

Robb snorted with laughter and Theon smiled.

Ygritte

“So what are you going to do?” Ygritte asked from the couch she and Jon shared. Gilly was playing with the hem of her shirt while Sam sat dutifully beside her.

“I don’t know yet.” She confided. “I think I might move out though.”

Ygritte would agree with that. Her home life sucked and her sisters were all living there with their own children. It would be best for Gilly to go somewhere else; the problem was she couldn’t sustain herself, not with the expenses of having a baby.

“I would offer you my place.” Sam said instantly. “But my father is not the kindest.”

Gilly smiled but Ygritte perked up. “You can room with me! My roommate moved out last month and I was looking for a new one. I’ll have the rent covered if you help around like cook and stuff.”

Gilly grinned brightly. “I can do that! Ygritte, are you sure?”

Ygritte nodded her head. She had been living alone since she was ten. Tormund and Mance helped her get the apartment at the time and assisted with the rent but now since she worked, she could afford it on her own. She never liked living alone too much which made it perfect for her.

“And if you ever need help, my family would be willing.” Jon supplied from beside Ygritte.

“Thank you.” Gilly ducked her head embarrassed. “This means a lot.”

“When do you want to move in?” Ygritte sat back on the couch and slightly closer to Jon who flinched nervously when their thighs touches.

“I don’t know yet.” Gilly swallowed shyly. “Maybe next week, if that’s okay.”

“No problem.” Ygritte turned to Jon. “Clear your schedule, Snow. You’re helping.”

“Why me?” Jon blushed.

“We need someone to help carry things.” Ygritte smirked. “I live on the second floor with no elevator and Gilly is pregnant. Are you going to make us do this alone?”

“I’ll be there too!” Sam offered.

“Yeah, I’ll help.” Jon shrugged.

“I’ll pick you up then.” Ygritte bumped her knee against his and he jumped.

They sat and talked with Sam and Gilly for another hour before the two of them left and it was just Jon and Ygritte in the basement. They sat in silence for a while before Jon spoke up.

“That’s really nice of you to offer up a place for Gilly.” Jon said quietly.

“I’m not heartless.” Ygritte covered her chest with her hand. “And Gilly is sweet. I don’t know what I’d do in her situation.”
“Would you keep it?” Jon asked carefully.

Ygritte raised her eyebrows. “Depends on the circumstances, really. I might not if it was liked hers.”

“Oh.” Jon fell silent.

“Don’t agree?” Ygritte asked curiously.

“I wouldn’t know what to do either.” Jon stated truthfully. “But I’d want a friend like you.”

“Are we friends, Snow?” Ygritte teased as she leaned up to him.

Jon was beet red but didn’t have the time to answer or react to Ygritte as the basement door opened and Rickon came scrambling down the stairs to tell Jon about something or another.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! Thank you for reading. Again, any ideas, suggestions, and comments are very much welcomed :) I’ve been getting more ideas for this story but the progression might be a tad slow.
A Flash in the Past

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ygritte

Thursday had come around and Ygritte sat in her usual spot in the science lab. Margaery sat on the teacher’s stool patiently. They were waiting for their other two members to show up. Ygritte was kind of hoping Greyjoy wouldn’t show. That way she could hunt him down. It was always fun when she got to do it.

The doors open and much to Ygritte surprise, Gendry came in looking embarrassed and unsure. Margaery handled the welcome committee.

“I’m glad to see you back!”

“I didn’t think I was given much of a choice.” Gendry scratched the back of his head as he deposited his bag to the ground.

“Doesn’t matter, you’re here now.” Ygritte shrugged. “Now we just wait for Greyjoy-”

The doors opened again and Theon slipped in looking grumpier than usual. Ygritte felt her face pull into a giant smirk. Theon saw this.

“Don’t say a fucking word.” Theon hissed.

“I wasn’t going to say anything.” Ygritte grinned.

“Now that we are all here, shall we begin?” Margaery asked happily, cutting the two older members off.

“Actually,” Gendry spoke up but faltered when all eyes were on him. “I, uh, well; I was wondering if maybe you guys can tell me more? I don’t know you all that well.” His hands were knotted together on his lap nervous and Ygritte almost felt pity for him, they had practically dragged the lad in there.

Margaery’s face blossomed into a look that suggested that was the best idea ever. Ygritte grinned as Theon cringed in anticipation. “We should all share the moment we meet our little Starks and knew!”

Theon choked and grew bright red and Ygritte rolled her eyes. Margaery was a sap, just like Sansa, and she loved this. Not that Ygritte could blame her. She could kind of see the appeal.

“I’ll go first.” Ygritte patted Theon on the back. “Yours is best to save for last anyway.”

“It’s the cutest.” Margery whispered to Gendry.

Theon didn’t say anything but the whiteness of his knuckles was enough of an explanation to Gendry. Ygritte clapped her hands to gather their attention.

“Alright, listen up,” She nudged her foot against Theon to make sure she had his attention despite the fact he has heard the story already. “So it was freshmen year and at lunch. I had seen the idiot a few times but he was always hanging out with his little crew. I had my own, you know-”
Ygritte laughed as Tormund said something. Val rolled her eyes, of course, but that was probably because she had heard this one already. Ygritte didn’t mind though.

“So,” Val stretched. “This is our last year together before Tormund and I take off and join Mance in the real world.”

“Meaning, you should probably find friends your own age.” Tormund supplied. “It’s weird enough you hang out with us, but Mance is seven years older than you.”

Ygritte frowned. “Like?”

“That’s up to you.” Val shrugged. “Just a suggestion.”

Ygritte wrinkled her nose. “I’ll figure it out. It shouldn’t be hard though, who wouldn’t want me as their friend?”

Tormund chuckled and Val looked amused as the bell signaling lunch rang and things ended. They got up and Ygritte went with the rest of the freshmen. She had math now, she hated math.

As she made her way across the cafeteria, Ygritte heard Tormund call back to her. She turned to look back but felt herself bump into a poor soul. Books dropped and the boy she bumped looked mortified. He began stuttering out apologies left and right and Ygritte watched amused as people raced by them.

“Looks like the bastard has a girl.” A laughing voice said. Ygritte looked to see a lanky boy standing beside a red headed one.

“Be nice.” The red head said as he knelt beside the one on the ground. “You alright, Jon?”

Jon. Ygritte smirked. He looked up at her with his dark eyes casting through dark long hair. Something tumbled in her stomach at that look and with a dark grin she decided that was who she would set her eyes on. Perfect. Jon, the bastard.

Margaery

“Cute, even for Ygritte.” Margaery smiled.

“She picked him like a supple deer she was going to hunt down.” Theon spat out.

“I’m sorry,” Ygritte put her hand on Theon’s shoulder. “I forgot you were protective over the trophy of cutest story.”

Theon flicked her hand away and his eyes landed on Margaery. “Well, go on. Let’s get this stupid thing over with.”

“Right.” Margaery grinned as he looked over at Gendry. “I met Sansa in our seventh grade drama class. I heard her before I saw her.”

Margaery walked into the auditorium with the intention on nailing her audition. They school was doing a version of Beauty and the Beast and Margaery was going to snatch the role of Belle. How could she not?

She sat in the third row and found her name on the call sheet. She was fifth. Perfect. Not the first so she wouldn’t be forgotten, but not the last where then she had to compete with everyone.

She spent the first couple of auditions re-reading her monologue and lyrics that she was going to
perform. She was confident, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t be prepared to the fullest. Margaery was something of a perfectionist in everything she did. It would be a shame if she missed this chance.

The third audition was underway when Margaery snapped her head up. This particular audition was mid-way through the song part and gods did she have a lovely voice. Like an angel or a morning bird, sweet and harmonious.

Margaery watched awe-struck. She had beautiful red hair and bright blue eyes. Her skin was pale and soft under the blue fabric of her dress. Margaery felt her mouth dry as she listened to the angel on stage finish up the song.

Her angel with dismissed and the next person went up, but Margaery’s eyes stayed on the beautiful girl with the angel voice. She looked familiar, they probably had a class together but Margaery couldn’t really place her.

Margaery must have been staring for a long time since the audition before hers was done and the director was calling her name. Embarrassed and still in awe by the girl, Margaery went up on stage and smiled her brightest. She did her monologue, all too aware of the girl watching her perform. This only made her want to do better and show the angel girl what she had. To impress her.

When she finished the monologue, she moved swiftly to her music piece. She was a nice singer, but her strengths were in acting. She blushed upon glancing up to see the red head girl smiling at her.

When she finished up, she went back to her seat and waited through the rest of auditions and made up her mind. She was going to talk to her.

When they were dismissed, Margaery stood up and made her way over to the angel red head. She was talking with a modest brunette.

“Hey!” Margaery smiled as she approached. Both girls turned. “I’m Margaery Tyrell.”

“Jeyne Poole.” The brunette smiled.

“Sansa Stark.” The angel declared herself.

“You have a lovely voice.” Margaery complimented immediately.

“Really?” Sansa blushed. “Thank you. You’re in my drama class, right?”

Margaery wasn’t sure if that were true or not but she nodded anyway.

Gendry

“That’s nice.” Gendry nodded his head earnestly. “Really sweet.”

“Cute, huh?” Ygritte smiled but it was directed at Greyjoy.

“Let’s get this whole thing over with.” Theon sunk into his chair.

“Ignore him.” Margaery rolled her eyes. “He is always grumpy to these things.”

“I’ve gathered.” Gendry nodded his head but the sharp look in Theon’s eyes made him duck his head. “I met Arya when I was in my second year here. She hadn’t even started here yet.”

Gendry sighed as he walked out of the school. He was thanking the gods that his teacher didn’t hold him any longer to talk about his failing grade. He would fix it sure enough. He just needed time.
Unfortunately, because of this, Gendry was late to the city bus that he usually took home and would have to end up waiting another thirty minutes for the next one. He slowed his pace once he exited the front doors and stalled upon seeing a girl sitting against the wall, arms crossed.

“Are you okay?” Gendry found himself asking as he approached her.

She glanced up at him with dull eyes. “Yeah. What’s it to you?”

Gendry looked around, from the school than back to her. “What are you going here?”

“What does it look like?” She scrambled up to her feet. “I’m waiting.”

“For?”

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously at Gendry and Gendry gulped. “My brother. He got detention. He was supposed to come to the mall with me.”

“Oh.” Gendry smiled relieved. “Well, detention doesn’t get out for another twenty minutes.”

“I know.” She crossed her arms. “Are you skipping detention?”

“No!” Gendry held up his hands innocently. “I was just talking to my teacher.”

The girl smiled brightly. “You look too soft to do any real trouble. Then again, so is my brother.”

Gendry laughed although he wasn’t sure at what. “My name’s Gendry.” He held out his hand.

The girl stared at it for a long moment before taking it in hers. “Arya.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” Gendry nodded his head. “Who is your brother?”

“Two of them go here.” Arya shrugged. “Robb Stark and Jon Snow. I’m waiting for Jon though.”

“Jon’s in my year.” Gendry nodded his head in recognition. “I think Robb is a year above?”

“Yeah.” Arya smirked. “So your three years my senior, huh?”

Gendry’s eyes widened. “Three? That’s all?”

Arya’s face broke out into a scowl. “Oi! Just because I’m short doesn’t mean I’m a little kid. Next year I’ll be here. Mark my words, Gendry-”

“Waters.”

“Gendry Waters.” Arya said it like a curse.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean anything by it-”

“You’re not bad, Gendry.” Arya decided.

“I’m not?”

“I’ve met worse.” Arya frowned as she thought of them. “You won’t believe the people my brothers bring home. Complete trash. Except for Jon’s girlfriend. She’s alright.”
“Right.” Gendry nodded his head, not sure what to say. “I should go.”

“See you tomorrow.” She waved.

“Tomorrow?”

“Yeah.” Arya nodded her head. “Jon got detention for two weeks.”

Gendry smiled, grateful by this news. “See you tomorrow.”

Theon

“Mm.” Theon grunted as Gendry finished up.

Ygritte japed him in the side. “Say something nice.”

“It was cute.” Margaery nodded her head happily. “Right, Theon.”

“Yes.” Theon grimaced.

“Why are you in such a bad mood?” Ygritte groaned. “Stark talk about his new crush again?”

Theon didn’t say anything and Margaery decided to take pity on him. “Go on and tell us the story. Gendry is dying of curiosity.”

Gendry nodded his head. “Definitely.”

Theon rolled his eyes. “It was kindergarten. Not much to it-”

Theon sat at his desk on the far back left corner of the room. It was comfortable there and he liked it best. No one talked to him and he didn’t talk to anyone. Just like Asha had told him to.

Unfortunately, that didn’t stop the ever-bubbly and happy red head from making his rounds over to Theon and smiled up at him with bright white teeth.

“Hi! I’m Robb.” The red head sat in the spare desk next to Theon’s. Theon glared but the red head didn’t notice. “What’s your name?” He asked curiously.

Theon felt nervous. He wasn’t used to talking to people, not even his own family. “Theon.”

“Do you want to be friends?” Robb cocked his head to the side, causing his curls to bounce.

Theon’s eyes widened. Asha had warned him about the dangers of friends but Robb didn’t seem bad. A warmth spread through his chest as he nodded his head.

“Wait.” Gendry frowned. “That was it?”

“Yup.” Theon blushed as he looked anywhere but the people in the room.

Gendry gave Margaery a questioningly look. “Robb Stark was his first friend! It’s sweet that he fell in love-”

“I’m not in love.” Theon snapped.

Ygritte howled with laughter. “Bull-fucking-shit. I see you make heart eyes at the boy all the damn time. I think it is a little late to deny it in the ‘I Have A Huge Boner For The Starks’ Club.”
Theon rolled his eyes and ducked his head. Margaery frowned. “I think our first order of business should be coming up with a name for the club.”

Theon gaped at both girls. That was going to be their first order of business? “What the fuck?”

“What?” Ygritte frowned now.

“What about the ploys or the schemes? Why are you two not harassing the new guy?” Theon exclaimed exasperated as he japed a finger in Gendry’s direction.

Both girls shared a look before laughing. “Don’t you think it is a little too soon to scheme?” Margaery tutted.

“You made me do one the first fucking time.” Theon hissed. “You literally cornered me in the Stark home and told me what to do the third time I ever saw you! I think that’s the first time you actually talked to me!”

“But you’ve been crushing on Robb for ages. Gendry only has two years on his crush. Next time.” Ygritte cackled as Theon buried his face into his hands.

“I hate you all.”

Chapter End Notes

So mostly a background chapter, but I’m building up to plot! I have a few ideas and some of you (THANK YOU!!!) have given me so ideas to go off of. Again, anything you think of that you might like to see, let me know!

Also, I made a tumblr. You should check it out yeah?
http://youbuggingme.tumblr.com/
Friday Night Lights

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gendry

“Why is your brother staring me like that?” He asked as Arya slide into his car.

“Theyon and he keep harassing me.” Arya rolled her eyes as she buckled up. “He thinks this is a date.”

Gendry blushed but laughed it off easily. “No.”

“That’s what I told him.” Arya sighed. “Good thing Jon is gone off with Sam and Ygritte. He would have been even worse than Robb.”

Gendry shuddered at the thought. “I don’t even want to think about that.”

Arya giggled. “Oh, guess what?”

“Hmm?”

Arya settled into the seat. “Sansa and Margaery insisted I come to their next girls’ night next week.”

Gendry swallowed hard. He really hoped Margaery wasn’t up to something but from how Theon was reacting yesterday, Gendry could only assume the worst. “Are you going to go?”

“They aren’t really giving me a choice.” She grumbled. “I don’t know. It might be fun, I think.”

“Really?” He was surprised to hear that.

Arya threw him a sly look. “I was always curious what they were talking about. It could be like a mission. Espionage.”

“Alright, James Bond.” Gendry rolled his eyes fondly.

“Oh, shit!” Arya exclaimed excitedly. “That’d make you my Q.”

Gendry joined in on the laughter with Arya. “I suppose it does. Who is M?”

Arya bit her lip. “I don’t know. Hot Pie?”

Gendry smirked. “I doubt that. Did he text you by the way?”

“Yeah, he’ll meet us there. He is running a bit late.”

“Right.” Gendry pulled up at the theater complex. “Should we wait outside for him?”

“No.” Arya snorted and threw him a heart stopping smirk. “He can find us inside. It’s hot out here.”

“Agreed.” Gendry swallowed the ever present lump in his throat.

Gendry climbed out of the car and followed Arya to the ticket window. He bought their tickets which Arya punched him for and then she proceeded to buy their weight in popcorn to spite him.
“Do you really want me to come home to tell Robb that you bought me ticket? He’ll think you are trying to ‘court’ me, his words not mine.” Arya smirked. “He’ll probably send Greyjoy on you if he doesn’t come after you himself with Jon in tow.”

Gendry shook his head at the thought. “Point taken. It was called being nice, though. Mom insists that I do it.”

“If you were Sansa’s type, she’d be all over that.” Arya nodded her head.

Gendry wrinkled her nose. “I think she’d also have to be my type.”

“You have a type?” Arya sat beside him in the theater. The lights were still on in the theater so Gendry could see her face contort into amusement.

Gendry began stuttering. “N-No, I mean, I guess. I don’t know. Jeez, Arya, I didn’t think you liked this stuff.”

“I do when you turn into a bubbling mess from it.” She laughed. “Why Gendry? Got a crush?”

He forced himself to roll his eyes. “Definitely.”

“Who?” Her eyes lit up in the dark.

Gendry leaned over as close as he could to Arya. “Can’t tell a soul.”

He could hear her swallow. “I won’t.”

“Hot Pie.”

Arya pulled back laughing and Gendry grinned proud of himself.

“Hey, guy!” The subject of their discussion called through. Arya took one look at him and got lost in a fit of giggles. Gendry couldn’t wipe the smile from his face.

Ygritte

“You have a nice place.”

“Why thank you, Snow.” Ygritte purred from behind him. “You can put the boxes in her room. The door on the left.” She passed by him, bumping her hip against him. “Mine’s on the right.”

Jon blushed as he ducked into the room designated for Gilly. Ygritte chuckled as Gilly made her way through the door. Her eyes widened in disbelief and awe.

“I can’t believe I moved out.”

“Pretty cool.” Ygritte agreed. “It was scary for me at first but Mance helped out a lot until I got on me feet. I mean, he practically lived here up until a few years ago. He didn’t think I could handle it.”

Ygritte sighed.

“At least someone was smart enough to think that through. How old was he?” Jon muttered from the bedroom, but Ygritte heard him fine enough.

“Seventeen when we first moved in, but emancipated so it was all fine.” Ygritte smirked. “Got my name officially on the lease last year.”
“This is really swell of you.” Sam wheezed as he came through the door, carrying a box noticeably smaller than Jon’s. “Where do I put this?”

“In there.” Jon came out of the room as he gestured behind him. “Ygritte?”

Ygritte threw him her most charming grin which caused him to falter. “Yes?”

“Help me with the mattress? I don’t think Sam can manage as well.” Jon rubbed his nose shyly.

Ygritte followed Jon out of the apartment and down the flight of stairs. “Thanks for helping out.”

“You left me no choice.” Jon grumbled.

Ygritte rolled her eyes. “You didn’t have to follow through with it.”

“You showed up at my house.”

Ygritte punched him lightly. “Let me pay you a damn compliment. I know you wanted to do this. You look like a bull dog but your all soft inside.”

“I’m not soft.” Jon straightened his shoulders and Ygritte snickered.

“Sure, you aren’t.” Ygritte wiggled her eyebrows. “I saw you tear-up at your sister’s choir performance.”

“I had something in my eye.” He spat out.

“Greyjoy thinks you cried.” Ygritte grabbed one end of the mattress while Jon grabbed the other.

“I didn’t cry.” Jon spoke strongly but his face was flushed.

“I’m not saying it’s bad.” Ygritte helped guide Jon backwards up the stairs. “I’m just saying you’re a big softie.”

Jon made a face as they entered the apartment. They set the mattress in the middle of the living room before realizing that Ygritte was stuck on one side of the apartment and Jon on the other.

“Ygritte?” Gilly yelped from her room.

“Yes?”

“You wouldn’t happen to have a flat head screw driver, would you?” Sam called in. “We can’t put the frame together without one.”

“As a matter of fact, I do.” Ygritte attempted to move past the mattress but it thwarted her, efficiently trapping her on the wrong side of the apartment. Now, unless she wanted to damage anything, she would have to find another way of getting it.

“Hey, Snow.” Ygritte called over to him. He glanced up and she could see the dread in his eyes. “I need you to go inside my room and get the screw driver. It should be in the nightstand.”


“Yeah.” She smirked. “Mance told me to always have tools accessible to me. I also have a hammer, plyers, and a box cutter there.”
“Right.” Jon looked unsure as he stared at the door to her room.

“Let’s get a move on.” Ygritte crossed her arms and leaned against the doorframe of her apartment.

Jon turned the handle and disappeared into her room. She could hear him shuffling around in there and wondered what his eyes might be drawn too. He appeared soon after holding the screw driver delicately in his hands and his face bright red.

“Sorry,” Ygritte smirked. “I must have left some of my undergarments out. I wasn’t expecting any visitors in there.” She clicked her tongue and Jon got even redder.

**Theon**

Theon hugged Robb’s pillow to his chest as he watched his best mate cross the room frantically. Theon could see all the tell-tale signs of stress eating away at him; clenched fists, darting eyes, biting of the lip, furrowing of the brow.

“Well, spit it out already.” Theon tossed the pillow at Robb, knocking him in the head.

Robb glanced up and sighed loudly. “It’s about Jeyne.”

“You ask her out yet?” Theon smirked because he knew that’s what Robb expected of him.

“No.” Robb sat on the edge of his bed. “Not yet. I don’t know if I will.”

“I thought you liked her.”

Robb looked back at Theon with big eyes. “I did. I do. I still do, it’s just…I don’t know.”

“How to do it?” Theon teased and Robb shot him a silencing look.

“I don’t know if she likes me.” He confiding shyly.

“Oh she does.” Theon sighed as he fell back into the remaining pillows on Robb’s bed. “Everyone does.”

“I meant romantically.” Robb muttered.

“So did I.” Theon chuckled.

Robb pulled at his hair. “You don’t know for sure.”

“I’m sure you can send Sansa and Margaery on the case and they’d find out in an hour. They eat that stuff up.” Theon pointed out.

“If I do that, then she will know.”

“Isn’t that the point?” Theon sat up and stretched his arms. “You’re not making sense, bud.”

“I know.” Robb doubled over. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Fine.” Theon moved to sit beside him. Robb continued to glare at his knees and Theon sighed loudly. “I’m going to seriously regret this.” Robb looked up at him curiously. “Do you want to play fucking FIFA?”

Robb broke out into a large grin and tackled Theon into a hug. “You do have a heart.”
“Don’t tell anyone.” Theon rolled his eyes and hoped that Robb couldn’t feel or hear his heart hammering in his chest from the embrace. “Now get off me. You are so touchy-feely.”

“Oh you love it.” Robb smirked as he watched Theon grab the controls and toss one to Robb.

“Yes. I love being suffocated and man-handled by my best mate every time he gets a little bit happy about something. Especially something as idiotic as fucking FIFA.”

“No need to be so bitter.” Robb bumped his shoulder against Theon’s when Theon sat again. “Besides, I know you love FIFA too.”

“Oh, huh.” Theon snarled. “You can just see it on my face, right?”

“I can read you like a book.” Robb nodded confidently as he started the game. Theon could only shake his head in amusement.

**Margaery**

Margaery paced her living room worried. Sansa had called her in tears asking if she could come over. How could Margaery refuse that? Her paper could wait; she needed to see what was wrong with her best friend.

The doorbell barely finished ringing when Margaery wrenched open the doors and pulled Sansa inside. Her face was still wet with tears and she was sporting a rather large bruise on her arm.

“What happened?” Margaery touched her shoulders lightly.

“It’s nothing.” Sansa looked down. She was shaky and sniveling, the poor thing. “Joffrey and I just had a little fight, that’s all.”

“What?” Margaery could feel her brows pinching together.

“Nothing.” Sansa shook her head. “I just couldn’t go home. Mother and father would worry. Robb would try and hunt him down with Theon and Jon. Arya would probably join, Bran too if he could. It was nothing.” Sansa insisted. “I just need a place to stay.”

Margaery nodded her head and quickly led Sansa to her bedroom. She lent Sansa something to wear to bed and while she changed, Margaery made them hot chocolates. She hoped that the sweetness would calm the poor girl down. Sansa loved sweets.

When she returned, Sansa was already sitting underneath the covered with her chin resting on her knees. She smiled timidly at Margaery who joined her with the two mugs. She passed one to Sansa who held it numbly.

“Tell me what the fight was about.” Margaery insisted quietly. She hoped her tone would win her favor.

Sansa took a lengthy sip of the drink. “I told you it was nothing. It really was.” She nodded her head quickly. “I simply suggested that he should try and get on better with Robb, Jon, and Theon and he got upset. I shouldn’t have kept insisting it and he has a little bit of a temper.”

“Did he do that?” Margaery pointed to Sansa’s arm that had the ever darkening bruise.

“He didn’t mean to.” Sansa whispered.

Margaery bit her tongue from continuing. She had gone down this path before with Sansa. What did
she see in him? How could she still be with someone like him? Why did she love him? All the answers were none that made any sense to Margaery and none of them appeased her. If anything, it fueled the fire of hatred for Joffrey. She was just glad she wasn’t the only one who hated the ass. It was a proof of her unbiased opinion.

“Come here.”

Margaery opened up her arms and embraced Sansa. They sat like that for a long while. They stayed like that till their hot chocolates turned cold and the sun had long ago sunk beneath the sky line. They only untangled themselves when Sansa got a worried phone call from her mother and she had to explain she would be spending the night at Margaery’s again. Robb would pick her up in the morning.

“Thanks.” Sansa murmured as they settled in for sleep.

“Anytime, love.” Margaery whispered as she brushed some of Sansa’s hair from her face.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! So we are moving into more plot like territories. Again, ideas, suggestions, comments are very much welcomed.

Thanks!

Tumblr: http://youbuggingme.tumblr.com/
Theon

“So did you hurt yourself or did they finally realize how terrible you were and just kicked you off the team?” Theon smirked as he lounged on the bleachers lining the football pitch.

It was their early Tuesday morning practice and Robb had driven Theon to school so he was forced to watch it out. Not that he minded with the view. He could see Robb in the center dribbling the ball with a fucking large ass grin on his face. What a fucking idiot.

Jon narrowed his eyes at Theon. “I rolled my ankle.”

Theon quirked an eyebrow. “Did you cry? I bet you did.”

“I don’t cry.” Jon shook his head. “And stop telling people I do.”


“What the hell are you talking about?” Jon squinted.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Jon squinted.

“I should tell your little girlfriend.” Theon smirked.

“What?”


“I don’t have a girlfriend.” Jon crossed his arms with a tiny pout.

“Really?” Theon sat up, a laugh grazing his features. “That tall red head who comes and watches you during practices and drives you home every day isn’t your girlfriend?”

Jon pivoted in his seat to face Theon fully. “If we are going by that idiotic logic, that would make you Robb’s girlfriend.”

“First of all,” Theon held up a finger. “I’d be his fucking boyfriend being as we are both males. Secondly,” Theon held up a second finger and used both of them to flick Jon on the forehead. He dodged Jon’s swatting hand before continuing. “He has the hots for Jeyne now. I’m just his trusty mate. As per usual. He likes women. It’s a done deal.”

“Right,” Jon rubbed his forehead. “Ygritte and I aren’t dating.”

“Why?” Theon grumbled.

“Do you care?” Jon shot out.

“Nope. But Robb does. Maybe he will stop making me play fucking FIFA if I figure this out for him.” Theon shrugged indifferent.

“Robb can ask me himself.” Jon crossed his arms.
“When? Before or after you cry about rolling your ankle.” Theon smirked and he could see Jon was fuming.

“Why does he even give a shit about you?”

“Same could be asked about you and Ygritte. She is hot and can do so much better than you.” Theon sighed. “If she wasn’t bat-shit, I’d go for her.”

“Shut up.” Jon hissed.

“Jealous? Because you know if I wanted to, I could have her because I have the fucking balls to do it and you don’t?” Theon cocked his head to the side. “Or maybe it’s because I’m just a better prospect than you and everyone knows it.”

“Says the guy who has never been in a stable relationship.” Jon sneered.

“I choose not to be in a stable relationship. There isn’t anyone I want to be tied down with.” Theon muttered as he shifted his position to better look at the pitch. “I’m not a fucking sighing romantic like you and Robb.”

“I’m not a sighing romantic.” Jon straightened his shoulders and Theon snorted.

“I swear, if you could physically accomplish it, your eyes would turn into cartoon hearts every time you see her.” Theon sniggered. “It’s kind of funny. Your face gets all red and you stutter and drop things. I love it.”

“I don’t like her.” Jon sighed.

Theon laughed. “Oh my gods, you do and it’s horrible that you won’t admit it. Really, you’re going to break little Robb Stark’s heart if you don’t admit it. Or his bank at least.”

“Why?” Jon frowned.

“I kind of got him into a bet with Umbers on it and he is going to lose a considerable amount of cash if you keep up this shy act. That or he cares about you or some shit.” Theon gave Jon a shrug. “I don’t really get it.”

**Gendry**

Gendry jumped when his locker slammed shut and he turned to see a flash of red. At first, he thought it was Robb Stark and that scared him. But when he looked he was a little more relieved to see Sansa. From what he has encountered, she was sweet.

“Hello.” Gendry nodded his head in proper greeting and hoped that whatever she had to say didn’t take long. He had to get across the school to lit.

“Gendry, right?” She titled her head to the side as she examined him. “You’re Arya’s boyfriend, yeah?”

Gendry paled. “N-No! Who told you that? Was it your brother? I swear Arya and I are just friends.”

Sansa held up her hand to stop his stuttering of excuses. “I was teasing. Although you and my sister are really close despite the age gap.”

Gendry swallowed. “Not that big of one.” He tried to brush off.
“Three years, right?” Sansa frowned mockingly. “The age difference between her and Robb. But you’re in Jon’s year.”

“I got held back when I was younger. Not a great reader.” Gendry offered in hopes Sansa would leave him be.

“I see.” She bit her lip in thought. “And just what are your intensions with my sister?”

“I-Intensions? N-No intensions, I promise. What we have is purely platonic.”

Sansa wrinkled her nose. “What? Is my sister repulsive to you?”

Gendry’s eyes widened. “No! She is lovely, I swear. I just, I don’t know what you want me to say.” He could see why Sansa and Margaery were close. Certainly one had picked up this cruelty from the other.

“The truth would be nice.” Sansa tapped her nails gingerly on the metal locker. “I assume Robb already gave you his warning. The ‘friends in low places one’. He uses that one all the time.”

Gendry swallowed. “H-He did. Even Theon reaffirmed it.”

“Of course he would.” Sansa shook her head slightly. “Let me just make myself clear then. I don’t need an attack dog to instill my point. Mess with my sister, I’ll hurt you in ways you didn’t know possible and in all the places Robb and Theon miss. Oh, and I’ll give you this now as a fair warning. Jon is going to be a lot worse than the three of us combined so I would hide from his sight if I were you.”

Gendry’s mouth was hung open and dried. He nodded his head. “U-Understood.”

Sansa smiled brightly, one that could warm the coldest days. “Great! I can see why Arya likes you. Obedient. Like a dog.” She praised and Gendry wasn’t sure if she was trying to honestly compliment him or was genuine in her insult. The smile was unnerving. Margaery taught her well. Or maybe Margaery was an excellent student. Oh gods, they would be horrifyingly perfect and terrifying together.

“Yup,” was all he could muster.

“See you around.” Sansa flashed a toothy grin as she walked off. Gendry leaned against his locker red in the face and hoping to the gods Sansa was wrong about Jon. He wasn’t sure if he could stomach a third Stark shovel talk.

**Ygritte**

“Is it really your free period?” Arya asked as she sat in the library.

Ygritte shrugged. “It is now.”

Arya smiled. She liked Ygritte. She was the best of all the friends her siblings brought home. Theon was just annoying, she got used to it eventually, but still annoying. Margaery was too suggestive on things she knew nothing about. Jeyne was sweet but quiet and sometimes really odd. Jojen was just odd and his sister was no better. Ygritte was cool though. The rest of Jon’s friends were quite, shy, and not noteworthy in Arya’s opinion. At least, not when Ygritte shined out amongst the rest.

“And you’re hiding here?”
“From big brother.” Ygritte nodded her head as she tilted the chair back.

“Mine or the cameras.” Arya pointed her pencil at one beyond the bookshelf. They had cameras recently installed in the school, probably after one of Greyjoy’s escapades.

“Why would I hide from your brother?” Ygritte leaned. “Do I have reason to?”

Arya smirked. “I doubt it. He’s the one who hides from you though.”

“I know.” Ygritte smiled prideful. “Although, he isn’t great at it.”

“He thinks you are tease him.” Arya stated insightfully.

“Maybe I am.” Ygritte shrugged.

“He’s oblivious either way. I think he can’t see what’s right in front of him. Blind.” Arya observed.

“Maybe that’s a Stark thing.” Ygritte looked off into the difference. She would have to confer her findings with Theon and Margaery. Oh, and Gendry.

“What?”

“Nothing.” Ygritte shook her head. “You’re the smartest of the Starks.”

“Sansa and Robb aren’t failing any classes.”

“Are you?”

“No. Well, I’m not doing great. Gendry offered to help out.” Arya nodded her head oh so innocently.

“With?” A wicked grin shined on Ygritte’s face.

“Chemistry.” Gods if Margaery heard that they schemes would be endless. Ygritte liked the Arya too much to put her through those.

“I suck at science.” Ygritte nodded her head. “I should have your brother help me.”

“Robb would love to.” Arya rolled her eyes. “He has a thing for helping people.”

“A kink?” Ygritte smirked. She could probably tease Theon with that thought.

Arya made a disgusted face. “I don’t know.”

“Was talking about Jon, who you know, is in my actual grade.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “I don’t care about Robb Stark.”

“The only one who doesn’t.” Arya muttered. “Whatever, Jon would probably help if you badger him enough. But he is a control freak. He doesn’t look like it but he is worse than Sansa.”

Ygritte raised her eyebrows. She had yet to see this side of Jon. She was intrigued. “I want to see it.”

“You’ll regret.” Arya swore. “I asked him to help me with my kicks for football last year and he made it into a boot camp. He made me get up every morning at four and do all this stupid training from Karate Kid. Don’t you do it, you’ll regret it every day. I do.”

“I wouldn’t mind being in your brother’s boot camp.” Ygritte smirked. “I know how to mess with
him enough. I’d like to see what the punishments are.”

Arya looked absolutely disgusted and horrified and Ygritte laughed. How Gendry ever thought a relationship with Arya Stark would work out was beyond her.

**Margaery**

“Robb!” Margaery called down the hallway as the last of the classes were being dismissed. She had been looking for an opportunity to talk to him all day. She finally had her chance. She was not going to let Greyjoy’s sudden appearance ruin this for her again.

“Hey, Margaery!” He walked up to her smile. “What’s up?”

“I need to talk to you about something.” Margaery frowned. “Someone.”

Robb’s brows furrowed. “Who?”

“Joffrey.” The effect was almost immediate. His face contorted into one of visible hatred which was a feat for this particular Stark.

“What about him?”

“We need to take him down.” Margaery decided quietly. “And I can use your help.”

“Take him down?” Robb raised both eyebrows.

“He could be knocked down a peg or two.” Margaery whistled lowly. “Plus, there is the whole involvement with your sister…” Margaery let her sentence trail off knowingly.

“I’m all ears,” Robb glanced around. “But not now. Not here. Too many ears.”

“Agreed.” Margaery smirked. “I just want to make sure you are on board.”


Margaery smirked. Gods, it was obvious in the way he said his best mate’s name that there was a lot of affection there but from what Margaery could tell it wasn’t the type that was on the top of Theon’s list. Theon was living in hell. “For now, let’s keep this between us. If we need them, we can recruit them.”

Robb bit his lip. “Right.”

“Is that going to be a problem?” Margaery raised a fine eyebrow inquiringly.

“It’s just,” He sighed loudly. “No. I just usually tell Theon everything.”

“It’s a small secret.” Margaery promised. “He won’t find out so there will be no harm, right?”

“Right.” He didn’t seem convinced but it would have to do for now. “You know, you’re a really good friend to Sansa.”

Margaery nodded her head. “I really care for her, Stark.”

“I can see that.” Robb smiled fondly. “She deserves good friends like you and Jeyne.”
Margaery nodded her head. “You’re a good brother, too.”

The conversation seemed to be growing uncomfortable for both of them and Robb took the initiative to end it. “There is Theon, so I’ll see you later and we can talk about the thing.”

“Bye.” Margaery waved off as she watched the red head dart toward an unsuspecting Theon.

Robb nearly tackled the Greyjoy who shoved back. The two began to mock fight before falling into laughter. It was disgustingly cute but Margaery recognized the look in Theon’s eyes when Robb wasn’t looking. It hit her hard.

“Are you okay?” Sansa came up to Margaery’s shoulder.

Margaery turned and knew she was making the same expression as Theon. “Perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I hope you are all enjoying it. Ideas and suggestions are welcomed. Come say Hi on Tumblr. http://youbuggingme.tumblr.com/
Gendry

“I can’t believe this is our third meeting with the four of us.” Margaery whistled impressed.

Theon clapped his hands sarcastically. “Big fucking deal.”

“Honestly, I’m surprised no one dragged your ass here.” Ygritte leaned over Theon. “Or are you waiting to see what ’scheme’ and ’ploy’ we plot for Gendry dear?”

“I have to admit, I’m curious.” Theon leaned back in his chair to look up at Ygritte. “It’s nice not being the one victim to these plots.”

“You hear that Tyrell?” Ygritte glanced up at Margaery. “Theon thinks he is off free!”

Margaery snickered and Gendry instantly felt remorse for Theon. How long had that poor guy been the end of torment and jokes for Margaery and Ygritte? And all because he liked the wrong person. Or, really, the wrong people found out.

“What are you guys making me do?” Gendry asked nervously.

“Oh, it’s really simple.” Margaery waved off. “Hardly anything.”

“You barely need to think about it.” Ygritte smiled brightly.

“What is it?” Gendry swallowed.

“We need a mole, and that’s you.” Margaery tapped his shoulder on each syllable. “We can’t trust Theon anymore.”

Theon cocked an eyebrow. “A mole for what?”

“You guys’ night.” Ygritte spat. “Margaery and I always tell you want happens during the lady ones.”

“I don’t ask!” Theon exclaimed. “I don’t want to know. Your girls’ nights don’t affect me.”

“Come on,” Margaery rolled her eyes. “Even if Theon wanted to tell us, he can’t. Didn’t you swear a blood oath with Robb?”

Gendry’s eyes widened. “A blood oath.”

Theon groaned as he titled his head back. “We were seven and it was a brotherhood oath. Blood just happened to be involved. Why do I tell you these things?”

“I think you’d combust if you didn’t have anyone to gush about your crush with.” Ygritte smirked.

“The point remains,” Margaery wheeled them back to Gendry. “We need you to be our eyes and ears since Theon is whipped.”
“I’m not-”

Ygritte hit him on the head. “I already talked to Snow about inviting you. Robb will be all over it if it means keeping you away from Arya. Theon,” Ygritte gave him a pointed look, “will make sure you make it out alive, right?”

Theon rolled his eyes. “We’ll see.”

Gendry didn’t like the sound of that. “What do these nights consist of?”

“What?” Theon shrugged. “Video games, making fun of Snow- OW! Ygritte, stop hitting me!” Theon rubbed the back of his head. “What else? Uh, sometimes we drink. I do at least. If Robb drinks he unleashes his emotional baggage that then triggers Snow to start crying. They are rather pathetic really.”

“That shouldn’t be too bad.” Gendry decided with a hard swallow.

“Oh, we have a list of questions.” Margaery passed Gendry a sheet of paper. “Don’t let Greyjoy see.”

“Why?” Gendry looked over at Theon confused.

“I swear to the gods Tyrell if that piece of paper has anything to do with me or Robb I will personally make sure that-”

“No!” Margaery held up her hands. “They are just topics we want covered but I feel that the less you know, the more natural you can be. Just do whatever you normally do.”

Gendry swallowed hard as he glanced at the list and skimmed the topics. Some of them he could understand, especially on the basis of what these group gatherings consisted of. The rest? Gendry had no idea.

“Should I memorize this?” He asked.

“You’d look pretty fucking stupid carrying the list with you there.” Ygritte snorted.

Theon started packing up and Margaery frowned. “Is it already time?”


Gendry froze. “What?”

Theon rolled his eyes. “I think it’ll be a little fucking awkward if you just showed up on Saturday without even talking to Robb and Snow.”

“Right!” Gendry grabbed his things. “Shit, I was supposed to drive Arya and-”

“I got it covered.” Ygritte waved off. “We can swap Starks for the day.”

Margaery

Margaery watched as the two boys left the science lab and she was left with Ygritte.

“So, are you going to behave Saturday?” Margaery planted her hands on her hips.

“Of course I am.” Ygritte muttered as she crossed her arms. “I don’t know why you insist I be there
though. I don’t exactly fit in with you, Stark, and Poole.”

“Because Arya is going to be there and you two get along. Plus, it might be fun to hang outside of this.” Margaery waved her hands around the room. “Don’t you think?”

Ygritte nodded her head but Margaery could see she was thinking the exact opposite. “Totally.”

Margaery sighed. “I’m sure you can get dirt about Jon from Sansa. They aren’t the closest, but it’s a start.”

“It’s better than trying to get anything from Theon.” Margaery laughed at this.

“He is such a baby.”

Ygritte grinned. “Should we be worried about Gendry?”

“No.” Margaery shook her head. “He’ll be fine. Theon’s not that bad unless he is influenced by something or someone.”

“I was talking about sending him to his doom where he will be in the forced company of Jon, Robb, and Theon.” Ygritte corrected.

Margaery bit her lip. “It’s too late to change plans. He would have died during battle. There is honor in that.”

“It’s sad that we both know Greyjoy won’t do shit for him either.” Ygritte sighed.

“I think he’d rather enjoy watching our ploy fail. Even if it did mean losing a member.” Margaery wrinkled her nose.

“Why don’t we just oust him?” Ygritte chuckled. “Longest member my ass.”

Margaery smiled as she grabbed her bag and Ygritte grabbed her own. “He holds our secrets.”

“He’d be an idiot to do anything. One word to little Robb Stark and Theon will break.” Ygritte held the door for Margaery. “He’d probably go ahead and think the worse and isolate himself before Stark fully understands Theon’s love for him. He is Theon’s only friend.”

Margaery smiled as Ygritte talked, only faltering slightly upon seeing a shadow. She tried to peer down the hallway but she didn’t see anything out of the ordinary. Ygritte saw this.

“You okay?” Ygritte frowned.

“I thought I saw something.” She pouted. “I think it was just my eyes though.”

“Probably.” Ygritte shrugged indifferent. “Later, Tyrell.”

Theon

Theon felt tense as he and Gendry walked down the empty hall. It was weird. He didn’t really know Gendry and had difficulty talking to anyone who wasn’t Robb, the rest were forced with his sarcastic front. It was sad really. The last time he tried to honestly talk with someone, he ended up getting stiches because Bolton could throw a mean right hook. Gendry didn’t look particularly nasty, but you never know.

“Is Jon going to give me a shovel talk?” Gendry broke the silence.
Theon glanced over. “Probably. He and Arya are close.”

“Oh gods.” Gendry muttered to himself. “How bad is it?”

“Not bad.” Theon shrugged. “I never take anything he says seriously though so, who knows how you’ll take it.”

Theon could see at the end of the hall Robb waving at him and Jon standing there with his hands tucked deep in his pockets. Upon seeing Gendry, both boys tensed and exchanged looks. If Theon was a kinder person, he would have told Gendry to run.

“Hey.” Theon nodded his hello to both boys.

Robb didn’t say anything for once and Jon narrowed his eyes at the two of them. “Friends?” Jon accused.

“Nope.” Theon twitched. “Ygritte mentioned something about hazing.” Theon held back a grin as he saw Gendry’s eyes widened.

Robb smirked as he caught on. “Saturday, right?”

“That’s what I was told.” Theon shrugged. “Doesn’t your girlfriend tell you anything, Snow?”

Jon flushed. “We discussed this already-”

“Right, not your girlfriend because you have no balls. Let’s hurry this up.” Theon waved his hands in a hurried pace as Robb chuckled at him.

Jon bared his teeth. “She did mention that since he is close with Arya that we should try and be inclusive. How bad can it be? You’re already there.” Jon snapped, throwing Theon a spite filled glare.

“Oh, ow! I’m wounded! Robb! He hurt me! The bastard did it! He got me!” Theon pressed the back of his hand on his forehead like he was about to faint.


“I am!” Theon put his hand over his heart now. “Your wicked step brother is the one attacking.”

Jon rolled his eyes. “Did you get dropped on your head?”

Theon shrugged. “Probably. At least I have a reason for being fucked up.” Theon smirked pointedly.

Gendry coughed and the three seemed to remember his presence.

“You’ll be initiated.” Robb decided.

“Get ready.” Jon warned.

“Oh yeah,” Theon rolled his eyes. “First, we blood you.” He gestured to Robb. “Then, you recite the words.” He gestured to himself. “Then, we baptize you in bastard tears.” Theon pointed to Jon.

“Truly a remarkable ceremony.”

Gendry looked way out of his element but Jon looked pissed. Robb intervened, grabbing Theon’s arm lightly and dragging him off.
“We’ll see you two later.” Robb waved off.

“Be careful what you say, Waters!” Theon called as Robb continued to drag him. “One wrong word and you’ll drown in the river of tears!”

Robby punched him lightly in the stomach. “Stop telling people he cries.”

“Come on, you know it’s true.” Theon smirked.

“I will neither confirm nor deny your claims but one day, Jon is going to get you back.”

“I’d like to see the bastard try.”

**Ygritte**

Ygritte grinned at Arya as she came out of the gym. “Why are you here?” Arya frowned, crossing her arms.

“I can’t come see my favorite Stark?” Ygritte asked.

“Jon’s not here and technically not a Stark.”

“Close enough.” Ygritte shrugged as she walked beside Arya. “Were you expecting someone else?”

“Gendry.” Arya filled in easily.

“Next time.” Ygritte smirked. “Are you excited for the Tyrell thing on Saturday?”

“You’re going too?”

“Margaery asked since I’m friends with Snow.” Ygritte sighed. “Besides, you could use a friend in the room of gaggling girls.”

“Is it bad I’m both excited and dreading it?” Arya asked as they walked out of the school.

“I feel you, kid.” Ygritte muttered.

Arya smiled. “You’re like the cool sister I never had.”

“What about Sansa?” Ygritte asked but that didn’t even get a response as Arya groaned and slid into the car. There was obvious affection there, but the two Stark girls were at ends more times than not.

Ygritte jumped in as well and was about to drive off when she noticed Jon walking out of the school.

“Should we pick him up?”

“We’d spare him from the disgusting duo.” Arya contemplated. “Sure.”

Ygritte smirked as she drove up to the curb and honked the horn. She rolled down the window and flashed him a grin. “Need a lift?”

“Robb was going to drive me.” Jon stated as he dug his fists deeper into his pockets.

“And you want to stay in a car with him and Theon because…” Arya smirked.

Jon opened the back seat. “You make a really good point.”

Jon climbed into the backseat and Ygritte flashed him a wide grin through the rearview mirror. “How
was practice?”

“Did you hit Joffrey in the head with the ball again?” Arya physically turned around in the seat to look at Jon.

Ygritte could see Jon bite back a smile. “Robb and I have been taking turns.” Jon shrugged. “It was Robb’s turn this time.”

“And?” Arya cocked an eyebrow.

Ygritte already knew the answer and threw her head back. “Gooooooaal!”

“I bet Joffrey didn’t like that.” Arya sat back in her seat.

“Of course not, but what’s he going to do? Robb’s golden and I don’t give a fuck about him.” Jon cursed lowly. “I wished they just kick him off the team.”

“And expel him from the school.” Ygritte added and Jon grinned in agreement.

Joffrey

Joffrey Baratheon sat in his room mulling over the news he found today. It was an interesting development and one he was sure to use to his advantage. Robb Stark wanted to play dirty, fine. Joffrey was king. He could end that idiot Stark.

If Stark thought he could fuck with Joffrey, he was dead wrong. Making him out to be an idiot was not only juvenile but ballsy, no question there. He tired one more stunt like that during football and Joffrey would end him clear and cut.

It wasn’t even a question. Robb Stark was naïve and oblivious. He didn’t even know his best mate has been in love with him for ages. Of course, Joffrey didn’t know until he overheard Tyrell and Wilde saying it but he didn’t claim to know Greyjoy inside and out. Not like Robb Stark had many times previous.

It would wreck him if Joffrey used this information correctly. He was looking forward to ruining Robb Stark and it would only make it sweeter if Robb met his death via Theon Greyjoy lethal injection.

Joffrey always pegged Greyjoy queer, he just never thought for Robb. It made sense though. No one else tolerated his presence except for Stark. Of course, he’d be in love with the red headed idiot. Theon was no gem either.

Joffrey smiled as he leaned back in his chair. He had plans to make. He’d wait though. Wait to see if Robb Stark would strike again. It was a period of mercy. But he knew it wouldn’t last long. Joffrey had all the right cards and Robb Stark knew nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, there is that.
Again, any suggestions or thoughts let me know!
Girls' night is next! :)
Come say hey on Tumblr
Margaery

Margaery smiled at the group of girls sitting around in her bedroom. As usual, there was Sansa Stark, Jeyne Poole, and Daenerys Targaryen. The three got along swimmingly and fun times were always ensured. Off to the side and not as involved were the two new members: Ygritte Wilde and Arya Stark. Both looked awkward and out of place. But at least they got on well with each other. That was all Margaery could really ask for.

Margaery sat happily beside Sansa and listened to her and Jeyne discuss some musical they both watched recently. Daenerys and she made light hearted conversation about classes and gossip that inundated their school. Margaery threw Ygritte a meaningful look from across the room and Ygritte, with much resistance, nudged Arya and forced them both to move to the main group. Arya took a safe position beside Sansa and Ygritte. She looked guarded and skeptical.

While they had given Gendry a sheet of topics, Margaery and Ygritte didn't need one. Ygritte didn't know this well but Margaery had been a part of and hosted enough of these events to know that the topics they wanted covered would naturally come up in due time. It was simply the nature of the girls at this event.

"So, are you dating Jon?" Sansa asked upon seeing Ygritte join the circle. Bingo.

"You tell me." Ygritte shrugged, her blue-grey eyes scanning Sansa’s face for answers. "The ball is in his court. I have literally thrown every move there is. Maybe I should come up with new ones."

"Wait, so you really like him?" Jeyne giggled. “Like, no jokes?"

"Why? Is there something I should know?" Ygritte glanced at the girls in the circle.

"You know most of the dirt." Arya piped in hesitantly. Margaery smiled at this. At least she was becoming a part of things. “But I’m sure there are some embarrassing stories you don’t know.”

Ygritte’s eyes lit up. “Ooh, I need this. I can blackmail him with that."

“Dad and Robb are probably the best sources.” Sansa nodded her head thoughtfully.

“Do you want to date him or terrorize him?” Jeyne looked worried but also thrilled by the topic of discussion and the fact that Ygritte was just being so open.

“I don’t see why she can’t do both.” Margaery shrugged and Ygritte winked.

“I love watching that boy squirm.”

"I heard he was a crier." Daenerys added innocently and Margaery bit back a laugh. Sansa squeezed her hand to stop herself from giggling. Margaery’s heart jumped at the contact.

"Theon has to stop spreading that." Sansa sighed in dismay but a smile still touching her lips. “I’m sure he never really cried.”

“I don’t see how it is a bad thing if he cries.” Margaery supplied. “It means he is in tune with his
emotions. That’s not a bad thing."

"Theon makes him seem like a compulsive crier though." Jeyne added conversationally.

"I personally think it’s kind of funny because you honestly just don’t know." Ygritte smirked. "I can go on either side of the argument."

Arya laughed. "Although it’s not true, right?"

No one came to the immediate defense. This caused the girls to break out into laughter.

"You and Drogo still going strong?" Margaery asked Daenerys who threw up a thumbs up in response.

"Isn’t he that biker dude?" Ygritte asked. "Way older too."

"Yup. He has a little gang." Daenerys said like it was the cutest thing. The shoulder waggle really set the tone.

"Do you think your boyfriend could rough up some people for me?" Ygritte asked slyly.

"Or me." Margaery suddenly asked thinking of a certain stag she aimed to kill. "For the right price of course."

"Who pissed you off?" Arya smirked.

"No one yet." Margaery shrugged and glanced over at Sansa. "You can never be too prepared though."

Jeyne spoke up as she glanced over at Arya. "So are you and Gendry Waters a thing?" Margaery grinned happily as things moved right along. *Point two, done. All according to plan.*

**Arya**

Arya was surprised to see the conversation turned to her and about Gendry of all people. Why was everyone bothering her about it? First Robb and Theon, then Sansa and Margaery, then her father and Jon, now Jeyne?

"No." She wrinkled her nose. "We are just friends."

"You wouldn't even consider him in a romantic light?" Margaery cocked her head to the side, a small smile touching her lips. Sansa giggled at this which made Margaery smile brighter.

Arya frowned. "No? Where is this coming from?"

"You have to admit. You two are pretty close." Ygritte nudged her lightly. "He treats you rather nicely too. In a sweet way, not a demeaning one."

"Yeah, but not like that."

"He is handsome." Jeyne smiled distantly. "And older."

"He is!" Daenerys jumped in. "He's got nice arms."

"Yeah." Sansa nodded her head. "He wrestles?"
Arya nodded her head shyly. "I don't see why you guys are saying these things. He is just a friend. A good, close friend."

"That's how it all starts." Margaery smirked expertly. "Friends to lovers. It happens more often than you think."

"Like in the movies." Sansa sighed thoughtfully.

Arya shook her head as if to shake off their words. "With Gendry?"

"You have someone else in mind!" Sansa accused excitedly. This brought on instant giggles.

"What! No! I don't have anyone in mind."

"Weird." Jeyne decided. "So you are telling us you are interested in nobody?"

"It's not weird." Ygritte defended. "She is just a late bloomer. You'll find your man or woman soon enough, little one."

"I'm not a late bloomer." Arya scowled. "Why can't boys and girls be friends? Why is there always a romantic subtext?"

"Oh, we aren't saying that." Jeyne shook her head.

"You hang out with Hot Pie and we never presumed you'd like him. That friendship seems more arm-distance. It's just with Gendry...I don't know. You two seem really close and couple-like sometimes." Sansa shrugged.

"Gendry?" Arya shook her head. "It's just weird."

"Why?" Margaery frowned. "You both get on well. You like the same things, you both share a level of friendship that is easily transferable to relationships. Not the mention he is looker."

Arya wrinkled her nose and Ygritte snorted. "You don't think he is good looking?"

Arya blinked. "What?"

"Gendry, good looking?" Ygritte teased. "It's a yes or no question."

"I mean, yeah he is." Arya shrugged. "I just never thought about him like that."

"Maybe it's about time you did." Daenerys hinted. "Romantic relationships are just an extension of platonic friendships in a way. It's someone you want to spend your life with."

Arya felt a gag reflex starting. "Gendry is just Gendry."

"Hot, shirtless, Gendry." Margaery smirked and Arya went bright red.

She couldn't stand this conversation any longer though. It was getting unbearable. How could they say these things about Gendry? He was just her friend. True, Arya never liked someone in a romantic sense but it sure as hell wouldn't be Gendry, even if all the things they were saying made a hint of sense. But Gendry was Gendry, not romantic partner material.

Arya did the one thing she knew that would get the conversation off her.

"How's Joffrey?" She asked combatively at her sister.
Sansa

Sansa blinked at the question thrown at her by her little sister. Normally, she’d love to talk about Joffrey but he was acting strange the past few days. He reopened the conversation about getting closer to Robb but there was something weird about the way he wanted to go about it. It made Sansa worried.

“Fine.” She smiled but the moment Margaery saw it she knew she screwed up. Margaery knew how to read her.

“What happened?” Margaery asked immediately and all the girls turned their attention on Sansa with worried eyes of varying degrees.

“Nothing.” Sansa smiled as she shook her head.

“Did he hurt you?” Arya asked roughly.

“We can hurt him for you.” Ygritte nodded her head.

“No!” Sansa held up her hands. “He has just been acting a little strange. That’s all.”

“Strange how?” Jeyne frowned from beside her.

“He wants to be friends with Robb,” Sansa sighed, “and Jon and Theon.”

“Ew.” Arya spat.

“Why is that strange?” Daenerys cocked her pretty head to the side.

“They don’t get along.” Margaery explained. “They are practically rivals on the same football team.”

“And no one likes Theon, other than Robb.” Ygritte added. “Joffrey must be off his rocker if he wants to make friends with the Greyjoy.”

“It’s the way he said it that was weird.” Sansa bit her lip. “I don’t know. I’m probably over thing the whole thing. I guess I’m just freaked out that he actually wants to be friends with them. Maybe he really wants to. I’m probably just thrown off guard.”

Sansa glanced around the room to see skepticism on all their faces.

“If he hurts Robb or Jon, I’ll end him.” Arya crossed her arm. “I guess that includes Greyjoy. Robb would be devastated if anything happened to him again.”

“He isn’t going to hurt them!” Sansa exclaimed worried. “I’m sure I was just overreacting. Joffrey is really sweet and he honestly wants to make amends with Robb, Jon, and Theon.”

“Honey, are you sure he isn’t plotting anything? Remember the football game last year? Maybe it is because of that?” Margaery rested her hand on Sansa’s knee.

Sansa leaned against Margaery in comfort. “No, he is over that. It doesn’t matter anyways. I think them being friends is nice. Especially if Joffrey and I keep dating. They’d get on well. They have many things they can talk about like football and video games. I really like him. They just don’t know each other, but if they did, they could be really good friends.”

“You should break up with him.” Arya muttered.
Sansa frowned. “Come on, Arya. It doesn’t help that Robb, Jon and dad don’t like him. Bran doesn’t have an opinion on the matter and Rickon is too young. I need you to be on my side.”

“I am.” Arya nodded her head. “Just not on his.”

“They are the same side.” Sansa crossed her arms.

“Settle, settle.” Margaery cut in. “This is a happy place, right? We are having fun.”

“Right!” Jeyne jumped in. “This topic is too dark for slumber parties. We should be gossiping or playing games.”

As if on cue, a ringing could be heard and all heads turns to Ygritte.

**Ygritte**

Ygritte frowned at the pocket that held her phone and pulled it out to see Jon’s name blinking on the screen. It was an embarrassing picture Theon had given her for Christmas to shut her up and Ygritte loved it, mostly because Jon hated it. Everyone stared at her as she looked up at them.

"It's Snow." She cocked her head confused. "I'm going to take this."

“Isn’t he doing their boys’ night?” Sansa whispered to Margaery.

“Maybe he is manning up.” She whispered back and Ygritte shot them both a glare.

Ygritte ignored the giggles that erupted from the five girls as she picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Ygritte? YGRITTE?"

"Jon? Are you alright there?"

"I'm good-no, I'm great! Theon's right! Confidence is key. I'm the man." Jon started giggling and Ygritte smiled amused and very confused.

"And what do I owe the pleasure of this call?" Ygritte asked.

"Theon said I-No, stop I'M going to tell her, Robb! I can do this myself! Don't hold my hand."

"Earth to Jon." Ygritte called back to him wondering what the hell was going on over there.

"Right! Theon said I have no balls and I just wanted to tell you that I do! Physically AND mentally. I'm all balls. Balls to the wall, Ygritte."

Ygritte was entirely amused. "Are you drunk?"

"Jon's drunk?" Came the surprised exclaim from both Stark sisters.

"A little." Jon slurred from the other end. "And you wait, Ygritte. I'm going to show you."

"Show me what?" Ygritte snorted.

“*That I’m a man.*” He proclaimed and then there is a static noise and Ygritte is pretty sure he dropped the phone doing whatever it was. “*Robb just informed me that being a man takes more than balls and I’m sure I have all the other requirements as well so DON’T worry. I got this, Ygritte.*
I got you!”

Laughter erupted on the other end and Ygritte was pretty sure Jon was fighting someone now. “Hello? Snow? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Ygritte?” He came back and sounded breathless. There was a laugh on the edge of his voice. “Are you there?”

“I’ve been here the whole time.” She sighed.

“Good.” Jon breathed heavily. “Just you wait, Ygritte.”

“Wait for what?”

“What?” Jon paused for a moment. “Oh no!”

“Oh no, what? Is everything okay?” Ygritte began pacing, hyperaware that five pairs of eyes were watching her.

“Gendry is vomiting! I got to go!” In the background Ygritte could hear laughing and a very upset Robb Stark yelling, “Theon! Stop laughing and HELP him!” Then the line went dead.

Ygritte stared at the blank phone before turning back to the five curious girls.

“Well?” Arya probed.

Ygritte shook her head wide eyed. "I don't even know."

Chapter End Notes

:D

So up next is the boys' night. Again, suggestions or ideas are welcomed. Tumblr
Robb

"Okay, we are not playing anymore fucking FIFA." Theon grabbed the controls from Robb and Gendry's hands. He instantly replaced them with beers be pulled from his overstuffed backpack.

"Where do you even get this?" Robb asked as he spied on his best mate sitting beside him on the floor, shoulder to shoulder.

Theon shrugged. "Do you really want to know or would you rather drink and do something else?"

Robb leaned his head against Theon's shoulder. "I don't know. You took FIFA away. Now what is there?"

Jon coughed. "There are two other people here, you know."

Robb smiled. "You weren't forgotten!"

"You say that every time you and Greyjoy fall into one of your stupid tirades."

"I think the bastard is jealous." Theon rumbled closely in Robb's ear.

Robb smiled and held in the laughter. "I'm sorry, Jon. Lead the conversation then if you don't want to hear me and Theon argue about FIFA. We could probably go on for a while."

"There is no argument." Theon grumbled. "There is no more FIFA. We will do it like in real life. Every four years and then you can play the stupid game."

"It's not a bad game." Gendry pointed out.

"Thank you!" Robb poked Theon on the side. Maybe this Gendry guy wasn't horrible. At least under the veil of beers and his sister far away from them.

"Oh my gods, enough with the FIFA!" Jon groaned.

"For once, we are in agreement." Theon nodded his head before turning to Robb accusingly. "Was that your ploy all along? To get me and Snow on the same team? Fuck. It worked and I'm sick." He made a face at Robb who just shoved him over.

"Fine, fine." Robb held up his hands. "Enough FIFA, let's do what we came here to do."

Jon and Theon shared a rare looked of excitement before all three turned to Gendry. Robb could see he was nervous and twitchy and Robb just laughed.

"Should I get the rope?" Theon teased and Robb smirked.

"Theon, it's hazing, not some weird kink of yours." Jon sneered.

"Is it my weird kink or yours since you brought it up?" Theon leaned closer to Jon. "I bet Ygritte would be into it."
“Hey,” Robb put his hand on Theon’s shoulder, reeling him back and away from Jon. Theon fell back with easy. “This is about our new buddy Gendry. You and Jon can fight about whatever you guys want to later. Deal?”

Neither one of them said anything. Both were waiting for the other to speak first. Robb rolled his eyes and japed Theon in the gut and threw him a pointed, parent-like glare.

“Fine.” Theon grumbled and crossed his arms.

Jon smirked victoriously. “Deal.”

“Great.” Robb held up his hands in a sarcastic manner. “Sorry about that Gendry. Are you ready?”

“Oh-”

“Great!” Robb crossed his legs. “Jon, go get the knife.”

“Knife?” Gendry coughed.

“We said there would be blood.” Theon stretched his legs out as he leaned against the bed’s baseboard. “Would you rather we use something else?”

“Why do I have to get the knife?” Jon complained as he stood up regardless.

“Closest to the door.” Robb waved him off.

“Can we please fuck with the bastard once we finish this?” Theon whispered to Robb quietly so only he could hear. “I bet I can get him to drunk dial.”

Robb cast Jon a glance before turning to Theon. Originally, Robb was going to be the good brother and shut Theon down but the glint in his eyes and mischievous smile on Theon’s face was enough to change his mind with his own grin.

“Alright.”

Gendry

Gendry grew incredible nervous as Jon can back holding a rather ornate switch blade. Robb took it excitedly and twirled it around clumsily as Theon sniggered at him. There was a fondness in the way the two sat together. Jon was still distant as ever.

“Want to know where I got this knife?” Robb asked, his blue eyes locked on Gendry’s. There was a chilling fire behind them.

“Sure.” He offered. He rather listen to Robb talk about the knife than do whatever he had planned with it. What the fuck was wrong with this family?

“Well-”

“Theon stole it and gave it to him.” Jon groaned bored. “They had this ridiculous story planned.”

“See? This is why I hate this guy.” Theon pointed to Jon as he pleaded his case to Robb.

“Come on, Jon. It was a good story.” Robb whined as he set the knife down. “Well, I guess we move on now.”
“No!” Gendry yelped. “Let’s hear the story anyways! I’ll pretend I didn’t listen to Jon.” Anything to keep that knife away from him.

“No,” Robb shook his head with a frown. “It’s ruined now.”

“What are you going to do with the knife?” Gendry swallowed nervously. Theon repeated mentioned blood.

Theon burst out into laughter not too long after Gendry’s question and Robb looked entirely too amused. “He thinks we are going to cut him!” Theon choked as he laughed loudly.

“Is it that far-fetched after you gave him that three step plan of hazing the other day?” Jon challenged Theon.

“Question for you, Snow.” Theon leaned forward. “If I cut him and make up some stupid words, are you going to cry on him?”

“Wait, you’re not going to cut me?” Gendry frowned, relief seeping into him.

“Do you want us to cut you?” Robb asked with a hint of worry, his eyes watching Gendry skeptically.

“No! Theon said-”

“Greyjoy is a compulsive liar.” Jon crossed his arms.

“He thinks we’d really let him in the brotherhood.” Theon rolled his eyes, his focus on Robb. “We didn’t even let Snow in and he begged.” Theon smirked at Jon.

“I was seven!” Jon yelped. “I don’t want to be in your fucked up friendship.”

“Don’t worry,” Robb stated calmly. “There aren’t really any openings right now.”

“Why the knife, then?” Gendry gestured to it.

Robb and Theon exchanged looks. “We didn’t really think that far into it. Shit.”

“Any ideas, Snow?” Theon shot at Jon with a cocked brow.

“Ceremonial purposes?” Jon shrugged awkwardly.

Robb and Theon exchanged another look along with a nod. “Fair enough.”

“Welcome to the club, Waters.”

Gendry was completely thrown for a loop. What the fuck just happened? Not that he was complaining. He was just wondering if Arya was hiding a fucked up side of her like Robb and Jon. Was Ygritte this crazy too to like Jon? Gendry already knew Theon was off his rocker. What the hell?

Theon reached for his backpack and pulled out a bottle of vodka. “Let’s celebrate.” He smirked and Gendry swallowed. He never had alcohol until tonight. Beer was one thing, but moving on to hard liquor was another.

“Wait!” Robb jumped up to his feet with surprising speed. “Cups.” He explained pointedly to Theon who shrugged and drank from the bottle and passed it to Jon.
“Your brother is a tight-ass.” He muttered.

Jon sighed loudly as he took a swig. “You should be fucking used to it. You practically live with him.”

Jon passed the bottle to Gendry who took it carefully. “To your undoing.” Theon muttered.

“Beautiful.” Jon snorted.

Gendry smirked as he took a sip. Maybe he could get through this night.

**Theon**

Robb came back in no time and they all got healthily inebriated rather quickly. Well, Jon and Gendry for sure. Robb was a little more practiced but he was always a lightweight and couldn’t pace himself. Theon was keeping a healthy buzz which made him a little looser than usual.

During the hour it took for things to sufficiently fall apart, Theon learned a lot about the three boys around him.

Gendry, for one, was a giggler. A high pitched one. Everything was funny. No matter what it was, he would instantly start laughing. That or he would go increasingly worried. A trait that Theon felt he would want to manipulate at a later point. The outcome would be interesting. Gendry loosened up quite a bit and it was nice to see the bloke not stressing out about everything. He got on well with Robb and Jon when the two brothers weren’t concerned with harassing the poor guy.

Jon, while had drank with Theon and Robb before, showed a new side of himself that night. Talkative. Way too talkative. Theon was sure that he had never heard Jon talk that much in all his life. Hell, combine it all and he still never said as many words as he did now. Jon was also extremely animated when he talked. The entire thing was a little too strange for Theon to cope and he was glad he wasn’t sober during all this.

Robb was his usual drunk self. Over loving and affectionate to anything that moved and had a pulse. In the past hour, he kissed Gendry’s forehead and gave him a blessing of some sort. He hugged Jon for fifteen minutes and whispered very nice things to him while laughing. With Theon, he did the usual which was to wrap himself around Theon as tightly and twisted as he could.

Robb, for the moment, was sitting closely beside Theon and holding his hand. If Theon hadn’t experienced this before, he would have lost it at the seemingly romantic gestures but in Robb’s eyes, everything he did was platonic. Gendry was sitting across from Robb and they were all listening to Jon go on and on about, guess who? Ygritte fucking Wilde. Again. It was really starting to get old.

“And then, she did this weird thing with her nose. It got all wrinkly and¬¬-”

“Oh, for the love of everything that is right in this world, shut up.” Theon growled.

Robb jumped from beside him and looked at him with wide eyes. “Theon, that’s not nice. Sweet Jon is sharing his feelings.” Theon could feel Robb’s breath of his cheek and shivered.

“For twenty minutes?” Theon asked incredibly stressed. Cue in Gendry laughter.

“Shhh!” Robb whispered into his ear as he knocked his forehead against Theon’s temple lightly. “He never talks about his feelings.”

“That’s why he cries.” Theon stated and Robb tried to hide his laughter while Gendry just outright
giggled again.

“Stop telling people that.” Jon hissed as he crossed his arms with a very enthusiastic pout.

“Look, I don’t know how to tell you this.” Theon unwound his hand from Robb’s who simply latched on to Theon’s shirt instead and pressed close to Theon’s arm. “Actually I do, but that’s not the point. You’re a crowd. A wimp, no balls, crying, coward, Snow.”

“And a bastard.” Gendry remembered brightly.

“That too.” Theon gestured to Gendry and Robb took great interest in his hand again.

“I’m not a coward.” Jon muttered darkly.

“Really? You can’t even talk to the girl you like without fucking that up. You literally hide from her and you know she likes you. That’s the worst fucking part.” Theon shook his head in a mixture of shame and disappointment. “If the guy I loved even remotely showed interest back, I’d be all over that shit.”

“I’m not a coward.” Jon shook his head.

Robb however latched on to something else. “Guy?”

Theon gulped but shook his head. Great thing about drunken Robb was that he was easy to distract and he never remembered a thing. “Come on, Robb.” Theon played with a red curl which instantly caught Robb’s attention. “Ignore your cowardly brother who is too afraid to talk to girls. No balls, you know?” Robb smiled as leaned against him while Gendry laughed at Jon who was obviously fuming.


Jon

“Prove it.” Theon slurred. Robb giggled beside him and buried his head further into the crook of Theon’s neck. At this point, Robb was halfway on top on Theon, his legs dangling in his lap.

“I have them.” Jon fumbled for his beer. “Balls, I mean.”

“Physically.” Gendry burped. “But mentally?”

“New guy is right!” Theon pointed to Gendry and Robb grabbed his arm to reel it back down, muttering how rude pointing was. “I won’t believe you until you prove it like a man.” Theon nodded his head and Robb nodded/nuzzled in agreement.

“I’ll...I’ll...I’ll call her!” Jon exclaimed as he began to search for his phone. That’ll show the fucker.

“That’ll show you.”

“I’ll show you.” Theon said not so quietly to Robb who just smiled bigger against Theon.

If Jon were sober and not concerned with proving his manhood, he would have called the two boys out on this unfortunately normal behavior between the two of them but he needed to show Greyjoy that he was wrong and that he wasn’t a fucking coward. He had balls.

“And I don’t cry!” Jon spat at Theon who howled with laughter.
“Bastard, I saw you!” Theon cackled. “I know the truth!”

“But your secret is safe with us!” Robb exclaimed happily.

“Robb,” Jon frowned. “He already told half the school.”

Gendry looked extremely worried. “Oh no, don’t cry. Fuck. How do we make it stop?”

Theon pressed closer to Robb as the two fell into fits of laughter. Both of them unable to hear Jon complain. Gendry was searching the nearby desk for tissues.

“I found it!” Jon exclaimed as he held up his phone. He crawled over to where Robb and Theon were cuddling and held it in front of them. “See?”

“Call her.” Robb whispered excitedly as he clutched on to Theon with anticipation. “Oh gods! _Theon_, he is really going to do it.”

“Nope.” Theon was shaking his head. “He is going to chicken out. Watch, Robb.”

“I’m not chickening out.” Jon spat as he turned on his phone and searched through the contacts. He found hers and pressed the call button. “Eat it, Greyjoy.”

“Eat what?” Gendry asked as he joined their small circle.

The three ignored him and all focused on the phone that rang on speakerphone in the middle.

“Theon?” Robb whispered to his mate.

“Hmm?”

“Is Jon still a chicken if she doesn’t pick up?”

Theon frowned. “Even if he admits his love for her, he will always be a chicken. There are some things you just can’t change about a person.” He stated wisely and with a thick tongue.

“Yeah.” Robb nodded in complete drunken understand. “Jon is a chicken.”

“I’m not a-”

“Hello?”

Jon threw Theon the biggest smile to ever shine on the boy’s face as he fumbled with the phone. Robb and Theon exchanged surprised looks and no one noticed as Gendry grew paler and paler.

Chapter End Notes

:) What a bunch of dorks...
Anyways, next chapter will be the morning after. For some it will be great...others not so much.
Any comments, suggestions, or ideas are always welcomed.
Find me on Tumblr!
Theon

Theon woke up warm and sluggish and with a heavy weight bearing down on him. It was familiar, comfortable. He opened his eyes and glanced down and nearly keeled over right there. How he got into this position, he didn’t know and certainly wasn’t complaining because if he had to die young, he would want to go out like this.

As per usual, when Robb got even a little liquored up, he clung to the nearest warm body and that was usually Theon, his supplier of said liquor. His arms were wrapped around Theon’s chest and his face was tucked into his neck. Theon could feel the slight intake of breath and movement of limbs. Robb was practically in his lap and Theon knew the gods wanted him to die young.

This was hardly the first time they woke up like this. Practically every time they went to bed, Robb somehow got himself curled up around Theon. Theon didn’t mind. He certainly was too selfish to move his friend a modest distance away. But the price for this was he died a little bit inside because Robb’s love would only ever be platonic. It hurt but Theon was far too greedy to let this stop.

He smiled anyways, small and affectionate. He was happy to know he was the only one up out of the four boys up so no one could see him. He casually and very gently wrapped an arm around Robb who only nuzzled up closer to him.

Gods have mercy on him. A part of him hoped things between Robb and Jeyne never happened but a smaller and much more masochistic part of him did. That way he couldn’t be hopeful and fawn over the guy. If he was taken, the temptation was gone. Sure, there was still wanting and needing, but Robb’s happiness would always come before Theon’s wanting. So if he got with Jeyne and was happy with that, Theon would be happy too. A sad happy, but happy nevertheless.

But for now, Theon would soak this in and etch it all into memory. It was the closest he would ever come to being with Robb in the way he wanted to and he would have to be fine with it.

Yes, Theon decided as he closed his eyes, if he was going to die, he would want to die just like this.

Ygritte

Ygritte awoke with a sharp pain in her back. Sleep of the floor was fucking hell, but at least Margaery had plush carpet. Her legs and arms were cramped from being curled up in a ball but stretching them out brought instant relief.

She sat up and glanced over at the five other girls still snoozing lightly. They seemed less giggly and calmer when sleeping. Ygritte preferred that to the utter chaos that had been ensured last night. It was fun, yes. But calm mornings were something Ygritte loved.

She got up soundlessly and left the room. She should check in on Gilly to see how her first night alone was. She actually invited Gilly to spend the night with them, but Gilly was always a little awkward around other people. She was also very self-conscious about the pregnancy. She was worried that she was showing even though she was only a month in.

“Hello?” Her timid little voice answered the phone.
“Hey, just checking in.” Ygritte yawned as she slumped on the kitchen counter. “How’d you sleep?”

“Fine. Sam spent the night.” Gilly responded with a little step in her voice.

“Did he now?” Ygritte smirked.

“Not like that! He just didn’t want me home alone. He slept on the couch. We watched Jurassic Park.” Gilly updated casually. “He just left actually.”

“Wow, a movie and a sleep over.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “How platonic.”

“I don’t understand what you are getting at.” Ygritte could practically see Gilly frowning. Never mind.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “I’ll see you this afternoon and you can tell me all about it.”


“Bye.” Ygritte hung open.

With a sigh, she walked through Margaery’s kitchen, stopping at the coffee maker. With a crack of her knuckles, she decided to give it a go. Margaery would be up soon enough to stop any errors that occur and it couldn’t be that difficult to figure out.

**Gendry**

Gendry awoke with the intense need to vomit and fled to Robb’s bathroom. He spent a good fifteen minutes draining his stomach. He never drank before and getting shitfaced taught him some lesson, probably. It had been a fun night from what he could remember, but boy did he feel shitty right now.

Once he wiped his mouth, he walked back into the room and simply stared at the sight before him. First of all, Jon was way off to the side of the room with his back pressed against the wall and his face smooshed against the floor. It didn’t look comfortable at all, but Gendry hardly paid it any mind as he looked at the tangled mess of Theon and Robb.

One could classify what they were doing as cuddling, maybe spooning in a weird sitting against the wall way. Gendry, on the other hand, could only see a mess of limbs and two heads resting on top of each other. It was like they were trying to fuse into one human being and that thought was terrifying to Gendry. Separately they were terrifying, even as a pair they scared Gendry to his core. But as one functional being? Gendry would be better dead.

Looking at them as objectively as he could, they were cute together. Like puppies. The thing was, he knew them both well enough to know Robb was a vicious wolf man and Theon was a nasty snake. It was weird to see them so peaceful and connected. Especially knowing what he knew.

How the hell did Robb not know that his best friend was in love with him? How did Theon not just die from all the unnecessary contact Robb conducted throughout the night? It was so sad to look at them wrapped up in each other and not be...together. Gendry knew Theon would hate him for this, but Gendry honestly felt pity for the Greyjoy. At least Arya didn’t treat him like there was a possibility of them hooking up. She was quite frank with him, actually.

Dutifully, Gendry pulled out his phone and snapped a few pictures like the girls had requested. He kind of fell short of that through the night and completely forgot about the stupid list. Maybe Ygritte and Margaery would spare him with these though. Maybe Theon would stop harassing him and get the Starks as a whole off his back for hanging out with Arya. He could use this blackmail if he ever wanted to finish his junior year with these people.
Margaery

Margaery was rudely awakened by a forceful kick administered by Jeyne who sleep on. She grumbled and turned over on her side to see Sansa still sleeping pretty. Gods, she wanted to wake up to that sight every day. It made her feel ill to know that Joffrey could easily have that luxury.

Finding that with the new view Margaery could no longer sleep; she got up and found Ygritte fiddling with her coffee maker. Margaery quickly intervened before Ygritte broke something. Loras, and probably Renly, would kill her if their access to coffee was thwarted.

"Morning." Ygritte smirked as she backed away.

Margaery nodded her head in greeting as she fixed the coffee. Her phone buzzed on the counter and she glanced back to see a text had popped up on her phone. She went and retrieved it and heard Ygritte laughing. She looked up to see Ygritte looking at her phone with a terrible glint in her eyes.

"Gendry sent it to you too, huh?" She chuckled as she continued to look at her cell.

Margaery glanced at her phone and giggled. "Oh, he is never going to live this down."

Jon

Jon woke to a throbbing head and little to no memory of the night before. Beady eyed, he looked over to see Gendry sitting there on his phone. Well, at least someone else was up with him. He didn’t have to look over at his brother and Greyjoy to know the two were still passed out.

"Hey." Jon stretched. He wished he had passed out in his room on his bed and not Robb’s floor.

"Want breakfast?"

Gendry looked surprised by the kindness and quickly nodded his head. "Should we wake them up?" He pointed to Robb and Theon.

"No." Jon stood up clumsy and cracked his back. "Last time I did, they tortured me for the day. Well, Theon did but Robb was too cranky to stop it."

Gendry nodded his head, standing up as well. "Do they always sleep like that?"

He could hear the curiosity and confusion in his voice. "Pretty much. Although usually it's in the bed with less clothing." Jon yawned. Gendry’s eyebrows rose and Jon blushed realizing how that sounded. "Shit, no I'm mean-"

"Got it." Gendry held up a hand to stop him. "Loud and clear. No need to explain."

Jon scratched the back of his head as he led the way downstairs. Bran and Rickon were in the middle of their own breakfasts as Gendry sat at the table and Jon made coffee.

"You were loud last night." Rickon pointed an accusing finger.

"I didn’t hear anything." Bran shrugged as he wheeled away from the table, only stopping to say, "Hi, Arya’s boyfriend," to Gendry.

Rickon left quickly after Bran and Jon passed a cup to Gendry. “Ignore them.”

Gendry smiled. “Kids, right?”

“Right.” Jon smirked. “Because they don’t know how much of an idiot you’d need to be to even
think about dating my sister.”

Gendry swallowed hard. “E-Exactly.”

“Glad we have an understanding.” Jon muttered as he looked through his phone and almost choked on his coffee. “I called Ygritte last night?”

Gendry bit back a smile. “You did?”

“Oh gods, what did I say?” Jon dropped the phone on the table and rested his head in his hands. Ygritte would never let him live it down, not matter what it was. Fuck.

Sansa

Jeyne and Sansa, like clockwork, were up together. After years of sleepovers and knowing each other, they were pretty in sync with this type of thing. They glanced at each other and smirked as they saw the messy hair of the other.

"Where’s Marge?" Sansa yawned. She glanced around the room to see both she and Ygritte were gone.

"Breakfast!" Jeyne scrambled out of bed and tripped over Daenerys in the process. The blonde girl slumbered through though.

Sansa followed less enthusiastically and found Margaery in the kitchen making pancakes. She joined her in the kitchen and helped silently. They fell into a nice pattern and Sansa could see them being roommates one day. They worked nicely together and Sansa adored Margaery. She was like a sister, but closer.

“Do you want coffee?” Margaery asked as she tended to the pancakes on the griddle.

“If you don’t mind.” Sansa smiled.

“Ygritte’s already drank half a pot so you might want to get yours soon before it’s all gone.”

“Thank gods, Loras and Renly aren’t here to fight her for it.” Sansa laughed as she went to get her portion of coffee.

“Oh,” Margaery turned, grabbing Sansa’s elbow. “Look.” She pointed with her eyes to the edge of the counter. Sansa’s face broke out into a grin to see a small stack of lemon cakes waiting for her.

Robb

Robb snuggled closer to the warmth radiating beneath him. He didn't want to move or get up. It was nice, homey. Robb was a sucker for sleeping in under the right conditions and this was definitely one of them. His headache wasn’t doing him any favors though.

He opened eyes and grinned upon seen a slack jaw, passed out Theon beside/underneath him. His breathing was coming out in agitated puffs and Robb smirked.

Most people would have found the sight odd. Two male best friends sleeping so closely, surely there must be something going on. But there wasn't. Robb could only do this snuggling thing with Theon though. Growing up as close as they did, it felt odd not to anymore.

He got up slowly, almost wanting to just curl up against Theon again and go back to sleep. But, alas,
he was hungry and he didn't want to waste the whole day sleeping on the floor even if it was with Theon.

He made his way downstairs and found Jon and Gendry sitting at the table. Evidence of Rickon's breakfast was skewed on the table and had yet to be cleaned up.

"Hey." He waved as he made two cups of coffee. One black, for Theon, and the other loaded with creamer for himself. "Sleep well?"

"No. Your floor is shit." Jon hissed as he nursed his hangover with his own coffee.

"Should have slept in your own bed." Theon entered the kitchen and cracked his back loudly causing both Gendry and Jon to flinch. Robb was far too used to Theon’s morning habits.

Jon threw him a glare. “Fuck off.”

Theon smirked. “What happened to you?”

“He called Ygritte last night. He doesn’t know what he said.” Gendry filled in. Robb frowned; he remembered nothing of last night except their long arguments about FIFA video games.

Theon started laughing. “Oh, that’s too funny.”

“You remember?” Robb asked as he passed Theon his cup of coffee.

“Of course.” Theon smirked at Jon. “But I’m not telling.”

Jon stood up roughly from the table and left. Robb took his place and gave Theon a slight reprimanding look.

"Good to see you are up," Gendry said politely.

Theon shrugged. "Got cold."

**Arya**

Arya woke up terrified and in a cold sweat. She sat up, eyes wide open and slightly relieved to see no one else was in the room at this point. No one could know what she just dreamt about, especially Sansa.

She stood up and walked around, trying to calm herself down. This was just her stupid brain going on from the conversation last night. There was no meaning to it. Dreams were just stupid. Not real and definitely not projections.

This was all their fault. If they had just left Arya alone about her being friends with Gendry, she wouldn’t have had that stupid dream. Even if she did, it doesn’t change anything.

Yeah. Nothing has changed. They were still friends who had straight up platonic feelings for each other. *Everything was perfect.*

Arya went with that thought process as she walked out of the bedroom and to the kitchen, ignoring how her heart was still rapidly pounding in her chest.

Chapter End Notes
Suggestions, comments, and ideas are welcomed. Come over and say hi on Tumblr!
And a Quick Recap

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ygritte

She really shouldn’t have been surprised when Monday morning, right before first period, Ygritte received a text from Margaery ordering to have an emergency meeting that afternoon in the usual spot. Actually, she was surprised it wasn’t sooner.

The Sunday morning after the sleepover, Margaery had expressed her interest in knowing what happened during the boys’ night as well as giving Gendry instructions on how to win his Stark. Tyrell had apparently figured out how to do it. Theon would be pleased in knowing he didn’t have anything aimed at him. Although, they did have the picture he didn’t know about.

So when the last bell of the day rang, Ygritte made her way over to the usual science lab. She could already see Tyrell pacing inside and decided to wait. Besides, she could see Theon approaching with a slump in his step. He was probably going to be extra grumpy because he had to cancel on Stark.

“Hey.” Ygritte grinned knowingly.

“What?” Theon snapped.

“Did you have to cancel on Stark?” Ygritte opened the door and led them in.

“No. I just hate coming here.” Theon muttered as he took his usually seat and threw his backpack with a little more violence than usual. Ygritte was beginning to think there was something else going on. Unfortunately, Gendry had showed up and Margaery had kicked into club activities.

“So, we need to exchange information.” Margaery smiled. “Who wants to start?”

Theon nudged Ygritte. “Go.”

Ygritte was surprised to see him freely speaking and participating. “Why me?”

“I want to hear your thoughts on the bastard’s call.”

“Yeah!” Margaery perked up. “You never did talk about it.”

Ygritte rolled her eyes. “He basically told me he had balls. I don’t know why, but I’m sure I can guess.”

“And?” Gendry leaned in his seat.

“And what? That’s all there is to it. He is avoiding me now, but that’s not surprising.” Ygritte sighed. “What brought on the call?”

“Theon.” Gendry gestured to him. “From what I can remember, which isn’t much.”

“Gendry,” Margaery reprimanded. “You were supposed to be our eyes and ears since we can’t trust Theon to be truthful!”

“Sorry, but he got me liquored up.” Gendry crossed his arms.
“It’s not my fault you got drunk.” Theon hissed lowly and touchy.

“Did you do it on purpose?” Ygritte narrowed her eyes.

“Of course. First time drinkers are hilarious and can’t focus on shit.” Theon shrugged.

“So you foiled the mission.” Margaery crossed her arms with a glare.

“No.” Theon shook his head. “First of all, Tyrell, really? Mission? Get a grip. Secondly, I was working with my own ploy.”

“Your own ploy?” Ygritte raised both eyebrows. “What would that be?”

“Get Snow the fuck away from me. I figured I can hit two birds with one stone and get rid of you too if I hook you guys up. Snow only talks about his feelings when he is sloshed. You’re welcome.” Theon muttered darkly.

Margaery and Ygritte exchanged looks. “Why did you tell us sooner?”

“Because it would be more ‘natural.’” Theon sneered.

“Is this because we didn’t tell you about the list?” Margaery rolled her eyes.

“In part.” Theon smirked but there was nothing joyful about it. There was obviously something going on.

Ygritte laughed. “Who knew you had it in you.” Despite all this, Ygritte couldn't shake the feeling that something was deeply troubling Greyjoy.

**Margaery**

“Well,” Margaery clapped her hands. “Regardless, we have some things we’d like for you to-”

“Hold on a second on the ploys, Tyrell.” Ygritte stopped her. “I believe there are still some questions.”

Margaery frowned. What other questions could there be? Gendry obviously didn’t remember anything and Theon doesn’t share so what else could there be. “Go on.”

“It’s small. It’s actually a question for you.” Ygritte shrugged.

Margaery blinked. “Me?” Usually, her issues weren’t touched on. Margaery much rather scheme and help others than touch on her on situation since it was highly improbably under current situations. Jon, Robb, and Arya were all single. It made more sense tactically to aim at them.

“Yeah.” Ygritte grinned. “You asked about Deanery’s boy toy messing up some people for you. I want to know more about that.”

“It’s nothing.” Margaery quickly glossed over. She didn’t really plan on sharing her upcoming battle with Joffrey with anyone. She still needed to discuss things with Robb.

“Planning on fucking Joffrey up?” Theon taunted. When Margaery didn’t say anything, Theon narrowed his eyes. “Oh, are you fucking for real?”

“Wow, Tyrell. That’s a little dark.” Ygritte whistle.
“You’re hiring a hitman?” Gendry gulped loudly. “Oh my.”

“No!” Margaery exclaimed. “I’m just preparing for the worst. Joffrey is not sane.”

“Obviously.” Theon rolled his eyes.

“So, I’m just doing some research. That is all. I don’t want anything bad to happen to Sansa.” Margaery swallowed. While all that was true, it wasn’t the full truth. She wanted to keep most of this secret.

“Damn.” Ygritte smirked. “I knew there was a reason I liked you.”

“I’m terrified.” Gendry looked at his knees. “You are all psychopaths. What am I doing here?”

“Wanting to date Arya makes you a psycho.” Theon shrugged and Gendry looked appalled and surprised. “I grew up knowing that little brat from the beginning. She is crazy. The craziest of Starks.”

“No, she is cool.” Ygritte swatted at him. “If anything Rickon Stark is pretty crazy.”

“Yes!” Margaery agreed quickly. “Arya is sweet enough.”

“Rickon is fine.” Theon waved them off. “You two only like Arya because she is a girl.”

“And Gendry?” Margaery raised an eyebrow.

“Rounding back to the point that he is also a psychopath.” Theon shrugged.

“Please, Greyjoy.” Margaery rolled her eyes. “If you are going to contribute anything to the conversation, please make it about something useful.”

“Like, how Sansa prattled on to me on Sunday night after dinner?” Theon smiled darkly.

“What?” Margaery’s eyes widened.

“Changing Starks?” Ygritte smirked.

“Robb was in the shower.” Theon muttered.

“Without you? The horror!” Ygritte teased but Margaery was having none of that.

“What did she say?” Margaery demanded nervously.

“Oh, I don’t know if it is useful.” Theon smiled cheekily, all teeth. “Sansa tends to drag on about a plethora of subjects.”

“Why with you?” Gendry asked with curiosity dripping in his voice and Margaery could share that.

Theon laughed humorlessly. “I’ve known Sansa since we were kids. She treats me like an older brother. On occasion, she confides in me. Why is that so hard to believe?”

“What did she say?” Margaery asked again, ignoring the fact Ygritte was dying to ask about the nature of Theon and Sansa’s friendship and talks.

“Nothing of too much importance.” Theon leaned back smirking all knowingly with flashing eyes. “She talked about you a lot. How great you are and how much she loves you. Like a friend of
course, because that’s all she could ever see you as.” Theon said with a gleam in his eyes.

Margaery tried not to wince at the words Theon was saying. “Right.” She smiled. Theon snarled in return.

“Let me just make something clear, Tyrell.” Theon stood up from the chair. “You aren’t immune to the torment the rest of us go through.” With that Theon was gone and the three of them watched confused and stunned.

**Gendry**

“Is he okay?” Gendry spoke up once the echo from the slammed door silenced.

“I don’t know.” Ygritte frowned. “Did something happen on your guys’ night?”

“Not that I know of. I mean, according to Jon everything he and Robb were doing was normal stuff for them. He seemed fine but maybe it all got too much for him.”

“No.” Margaery looked shell-shocked by Theon’s harsh words. “It’s something else.”

“Kind of how he was acting when Ramsay was involved with him. One minute everything was normal and then you say something and he snaps.”

Gendry’s eyes widened upon the meaning of those words. “Wait? Like together-together?” Theon obviously liked men, he was in love with Robb Stark but Gendry hadn’t thought of the possibility of Theon going to other men who weren’t Robb. His relationships with girls were legendary but not his escapades with men.

“Kind of.” Margaery answered. “We’ll need to keep an eye on him for now.”

“Best get Robb on that shit.” Ygritte yawned. “That’s how we remedied that last time.”

“Anyway,” Margaery waved off the previous topic. “We have a little task for you.”

Gendry swallowed hard. He had seen Theon’s reactions to these schemes and ploys. He wasn’t sure he was ready for whatever Margaery had planned. “What is it?”

“Well, you are too gentlemanly with her. She expects it and takes your kindness for granted. I just want you to shift it a little.” Margaery smiled.

“I treat everyone like that.” Gendry grew red in the face.

“Perhaps, but let’s just say Arya is more aware of these things now.” Margaery sighed.

“And,” Ygritte added on. “A little hard-to-get never hurt anyone.” Gendry couldn’t help but think that Ygritte needed to take her own advice.

“This is just a little test.” Margaery explained calmly. “Just treat her like you would Theon.”

“I can’t do that.” Gendry shook his head. He did fear Arya but he also didn’t want to be stepping on eggshells around her like he did with Theon.

Ygritte rolled her eyes. “You know what she means.”

“No more acts of chivalry. No more gentlemanly acts.” Margaery eyed him. “Just treat her like… crap, I don’t know much about your other friends. Uh, isn’t there one you call Hot Pie?”
“Yes.” Gendry cocked an eyebrow in confusion.

“Why Hot Pie?” Ygritte asked rapidly and Gendry wasn’t really sure how to jump into that explanation.

“Doesn’t matter.” Margaery smoothed over. “Just give Arya the Hot Pie treatment, okay? Trust me on this one. She needs a little kick in the right direction and now she needs to mull it over. You acting differently is just going to make her think more about it.”

Gendry nodded his head slowly. While he didn’t quite understand what was going on and how this was going to help him, he might as well give it a go. What did he have to lose?

“Perfect.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “So Thursday, I got plans.”

“With?” Margaery asked unsure.

“Gilly and Sam.” Ygritte sighed loudly. “Jon’s got football and it’s the last practice before the game so he has extended practice. Meaning, Theon is probably going to do something else rather than wait here for two hours. Actually, he’ll probably just watch and wait there for Robb.”

“That’s fine.” Margaery waved off. “I have a thing with Loras.”

Gendry sighed. He still had plans with Arya after her track meet. Great.

Theon

Theon rushed to the bathroom as quickly as his legs would carry him. He shouldn’t have done that. He shouldn’t have blown up at Margaery. He shouldn’t have let them see how ‘troubled’ he was. Fuck, fuck, fuck-

His phone buzzed again and Theon nearly had a heart attack.

Earlier that day, during fourth period, he had gotten a text from a blocked, unknown number. He nearly died when he read it.

Does Robb Stark know?

It didn’t take a genius to know what was being referenced, especially considering the only secret Theon ever kept from Robb was the fact he has been in love with him for nearly all his life. But there were only five other people on the planet who knew that.

Margaery, Ygritte, and Gendry would have to be fucking idiots do try anything like that. Besides, most of their torment came from direct conversation. What good was messing with Theon if they couldn’t see his reactions? Plus, Theon had their numbers already.

Asha knew, well not in as many words but she could infer. She was his sister. She actually probably knew before Theon had. She wouldn’t do this either.

The last wasn’t even capable of texting him since he was locked up in a juvenile facility half-way across the country and Theon had a pretty tight restraining order on the Bolton Bastard. He could have told someone, sure, but that wasn’t really Ramsay’s style. Like everyone else, he relished in tormenting Theon where he would be able to witness the effects.

No, this new texter was someone else. Someone who knew. Theon hadn’t answered them during fourth period and for the rest of the day, but he didn’t stop thinking about who it could be.
And now they sent another text. At least, that was Theon’s first thought. The only other person who
texted him was Robb. Gods, he hoped it was Robb.

Theon pulled out the phone from his pocket and felt his heart sink upon seeing the blocked number.
Hesitantly, he opened up the message.

*Never pegged you for a fag, but who wouldn’t be in love with Robb Stark?*

Theon dropped the phone on the floor and fell back against the stall door. If he had any doubts
before about the previous text knowing about his affections for the oldest Stark, they were quickly
put to rest.

Theon was going to vomit. He truly was. Oh, gods, fuck, fuck, fuck-

Another text came and Theon felt his heart shattered. Shit.

He picked it up and glanced and nearly felt himself cry upon seeing Robb’s name on the screen. A
sudden dark thought hit him. What if the texter already told Robb? Never in so much fear did Theon
have in opening up a message from Robb.

*Home alone, pizza and FIFA ;)*

Theon was never so glad to see FIFA in his entire life.

Chapter End Notes

*(this chapter was a bit rushed sorry!)*

Any suggestions, ideas, or comments are very much welcomed. :)

*Tumblr*
**Gendry**

There was something different about Arya Stark recently. Gendry had noticed it over the past week and couldn’t help but throw the blame on Margaery and Ygritte because they had to somehow be involved. It did start after that girls’ night of theirs.

It was Thursday afternoon and Gendry was doing his normal Thursday pick up. There had been no meeting with Tyrell, Greyjoy, and Wilde this week so Gendry waited patiently out the gym like a tool, or so he thought at least. But one thing was clear: Arya was acting undeniably strange.

It wasn’t outright noticeable. Often times, it hit Gendry in weird moments. Like he’d catch her staring for too long or when he made a sudden movement, she would jump. She was quieter than usual as well. She hesitated when talking to Gendry and he hated it. The thing he liked about Arya and the reason he had fallen for her was because she was brash, crude, and open. She didn’t act coy or anything. Hell, she didn’t act. She was just fucking normal but now? Gendry wasn’t sure what she was up to.

“How was track?” He found himself asking as they walked toward his car. They had been walking in an awkward silence since he had picked her up from the gym.

As per recent usual, Arya snapped her head at Gendry in surprise of hearing him. “Good!” She smiled but it was forced and awkward. Too many teeth. Gods he hated it.

“Good.” Gendry shoved his hands in his pocket. “You still beating the seniors?”

“Uh, yeah.” Arya shrugged. “I’ve always been quicker than most.”

“Clegane giving you shit?” Gendry asked about the coach of the track team. Arya always loved talking smack about him. Anything to get Arya to act like Arya and not a skittish forest animal.

“Not really.” Arya said clipped as they approached the car. The conversation stilled once more. Fucking fantastic.

Gendry nodded his head as he headed to the driver’s side door. Normally, he would have raced to open the door for Arya but he was trying to follow the instructions Margaery gave him and she was right, he’d never open a door for Hot Pie. Gendry looked over to see Arya standing at the door for a moment before opening it and getting in with a frown.

“How are you okay?” Gendry asked as he turned the car on but kept it in park.

Arya looked up at him wide eyed. “Perfect.” There was the fake smile again.

“Right.” Gendry swallowed as he put the drive into reversed and backed out of the lot. “Do you want to listen to music?”

“Sure.” Arya nodded her head quickly as her tiny fingers began fiddling with the radio. She set it to the local station and pop tunes filled the car. Gendry glanced at Arya in surprise. She fucking hated pop tunes. What the fuck?
But Gendry supposed anything was fine as long as it stopped the awkward silences and even worse conversation. Whatever Margaery or Ygritte did and talked about with Arya, he didn’t like it. He thought Theon was overreacting with his vocalizations on their schemes and ploys before, but if things went like this between him and Robb every time Margaery and Ygritte meddled, he could understand the resentment. Hell, no wonder Jon Snow was terrified of Ygritte if they managed to do whatever this was to Arya.

The car ride felt longer than usual. Gendry kept glancing over to see Arya watching him before she’d turn away guilty and caught. What was she thinking damn it? It was pissing Gendry off.

When Gendry pulled up to the Stark house, Arya didn’t get out of the car for a long while. She just sat there staring at her knees. She looked confused. Gendry could definitely relate to that.

“Are you sure everything is okay?” Gendry asked worried. There had to be something wrong. What did Margaery and Ygritte do?

“No.” Arya sighed and crossed her arms. She glanced over at him before looking straight ahead again. “I need to think about something. I’ll see you tomorrow at the game, yeah?”

“Definitely.” Gendry nodded his head worried. “See you there, I guess.”

“Yeah.” Arya quickly scrambled out of the car and raced to her front door. Gendry watched with furrowed brows as she slammed the door shut.

What was going on?

Theon

“Is Robb actually being nice to Joffrey?” Theon asked completely blown away. He could not believe the sight before him as he sat back on the bleachers in shock.

Sansa giggled beside him. “Of course.” She grinned. “He wants to be better friends with you guys. Robb, being the sensible one, is reciprocating.”

“Right.” Theon rolled his eyes. There was no way Joffrey was just going to be nice to Robb. There was something going on. Theon prided himself on his perhaps not so reasonable skepticism. If Joffrey even thought about hurting Robb, Theon would take care of the yellow haired brat.

But alas, Theon watched as Robb and Joffrey volleyed the ball with each other. Hell, even Snow was participating. Theon narrowed his eyes at the trio. Something wasn’t right.

“He is honestly trying.” Sansa insisted from beside Theon. “He wants to be better friends with Robb, Jon, and you.”

“Me?” Theon snorted. “Yeah fucking right.” That should have been Sansa’s cue. No one, except for Robb, was his friend unless under specific circumstances. All the Starks were forced with him because of Robb. Margaery, Gendry, and Ygritte were forced with him again because of the Starks who were being forced with him from Robb. Last time someone came into Theon’s life without Robb’s insistence, it didn’t end well for either party.

“Come on, he really is trying. Robb won’t trust him all the way unless you do. He trusts your opinions.” Sansa whispered. “Please give Joffrey a chance?”

Theon sighed as he looked at Sansa. She really was like a sister to him. “I don’t know. That’s the best I can offer.”
“That’s all I need!” Sansa clapped her hands. “I’ll show you, all is going to be well!”

“Right.” Theon again was really unsure about all of this. “Why?”

“Huh?” Sansa frowned. “Joffrey just wants to be friends. I mean, me and him are pretty serious and-”

“Sansa.” Theon cut off and stared her down. “Are you sure you and Joffrey are really-”

“Theon.” Sansa cut him off sharply right back. “I am old enough to make my own decisions. If I want to date Joffrey than I will. I just would rather everyone stop thinking the worst of him.”

Theon shrugged and went back to watching the pitch. His eyes automatically found Robb and trailed him as he kicked the ball into the goal. A bright smile fell onto his face as he looked up at Theon. He held up two thumbs up and Theon smirked back.

“You guys are really close.” Sansa said with a fondness in her voice.

Theon grew cold at this, remembering the haunting texts from Monday. Thankfully, he hadn’t received anymore since the two but he was still on edge. Someone knew his secret.

“He’s my best mate.” Theon said with practiced ease. It wasn’t a lie.

“Yeah, but there is more to it than that.” Sansa sighed. “I mean, you are the closest person to him.”

“I guess.” Theon tried to shake off. “Just as close as you and Poole or you and Tyrell.”

Sansa blushed. “I don’t know about that. Jeyne and I are like sisters obviously but we don’t do everything together like you and Robb. Margaery and I…” The words died on Sansa’s lips and Theon raised an eyebrow.

“Margaery and you, what?” Theon pressed deeply interested. Perhaps he could apologize to Tyrell for the other day with this.

“I don’t know.” She sighed. “We are close, but in a different way.”

Theon could see she was closing up and he shifted topics quickly. “I can imagine you are going to the game tomorrow.”

“Yes!” Sansa immediately gushed. “I’m sitting with all the other girlfriends.”

“What?” Theon chuckled.

“All the players’ girlfriends sit together in the front row.” She gestured. “I’m inviting Ygritte to sit in as Jon’s. We wear their jerseys.”

“Wilde will probably hop in on that.” Theon laughed but wondered who would be sitting for Robb. Sansa seemed to be able to read this. “Do you want to sit in for Robb?”

Theon made a face. “And pretend to be his girlfriend? Hell. No.”

“Come on! Who is he going to ask? He is so shy.”

“Robb?” Theon sniggered. “He is not shy and I’m not going to sit at a football game with a bunch of taken women. If you want to direct me to the single gals’ station, I’ll be there.”
Sansa rolled her eyes. “I bet if Robb asks you, you’d do it.” She crossed her arms.

Theon ignored this and continued to watch the extended practice. Ignoring the fact that Sansa was right. If Robb asked him and gave him the jersey, he’d wear it in a heartbeat.

**Margaery**

Loras and Renly exchanged a look with each other as Margaery sipped her coffee in length. They both turned back to her stunned and, at least on Renly’s part, a little impressed.

“A war?” Loras shook his head. “Why would you do this?”

“I think it’s sweet.” Renly grinned. “You have my full support.”

“Full support?” Loras snorted. “You are in college? You don’t even go to our school.”

“So?” Renly snapped back. “I can show my support to Margaery’s cause.” He turned to her and flashed her a grin. “Tell how, and I’ll help.”

“I’m not.” Loras crossed his arms. “I have to just finish up this last year in that hell hole and I’m out. I’m not getting involved in your stupid little petty war.”

“It’s not petty.” Renly instantly defended. “It is sweet. Gods, you are heartless.”

Margaery coughed loudly to draw both of their attentions back to her. Renly smiled brightly and Loras rolled his eyes.

“I was just hoping for some ideas, *Loras.*” Margaery smirked. “You don’t have to get your precious hands dirty.”

Loras chuckled. “How thoughtful of you.”

“I figured if anyone can piss off Joffrey, you two would be a good start.” Margaery took another sip from her coffee. “And I don’t need you there Loras. Robb Stark is on my side.”


“I love it.” Renly clapped his hands. “I knew Robb Stark would be interesting. Even when I met him as a freshman. Of course, he has a following too. You’d get even more supporters with him by your side.”

“Stop making this sound like an actual war.” Loras snapped. “This is going to get bloody, Marge. I need you to make sure first and foremost that you don’t get hurt in all of this. I know you like Sansa and that’s fucking fantastic but you don’t even know if she likes women let alone you. You could be doing all of this for nothing.”

“Even if she doesn’t, I would battle Joffrey,” Margaery pronounced bravely. “She is my friend before she is anything else. Joffrey isn’t a good guy, you both know that.”

“I don’t like this.” Loras leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms.

“You don’t have to.” Margaery crossed her own arms as they stared each other down.

“How are you going to do it?” Renly asked quietly, breaking up the sibling staring contest.
“I was hoping for ideas before I confer with my partner.” Margaery sighed. “I have too many things on my mind.”

“Like?” Loras narrowed his eyes.

“Other people’s drama.”

“You need to stop this, Margaery.” Loras grumbled and waved his hands around. “This meddling in other people’s lives isn’t healthy. You might be helping them and that might feel good and all, but you need to keep an eye out for yourself.”

“Gods, you are so selfish.” Renly tutted. “You sister is trying to help others and-”

“I want her to help others.” Loras cut him off. “That’s not my point. Help others all you want Margaery but don’t forget yourself in the process.”

Margaery swallowed. She was fine, perfect really. Helping others was what she did best. That’s why she forced Theon in the seven grade to be in her stupid club. That’s why in freshmen year she sought out a high school sophomore Ygritte and introduced her to the club. That’s why a year later she dragged Gendry down the corridor into the science labs. She wanted to help them. She was going to help them. They all deserved to be happy with their Starks, especially if Margaery couldn’t be with her own.

**Ygritte**

“Thank you for having me over, Ygritte.” Sam smiled kindly as he sat with Gilly on the couch.

“It’s honestly no big deal. You are welcomed here anytime.” Ygritte called from the kitchen. She poked her head out. “This is as much as my apartment as it is your apartment, Gil. Invite whoever you want over, whenever you want. I don’t mind.”

Gilly nodded her head shyly. “I wouldn’t do that.”

“Sam can come over whenever. I trust him to be responsible.” Ygritte joined them in the living room, sitting on the arm chair. “Him and Snow are allowed day or night.”

“Have you talked to Jon recently?” Sam asked with a frown. “He has been avoidant.”

“Yeah he has been hiding from me again.” Ygritte groaned. “I thought we were getting somewhere but it turns out he has to be sloshed for that to happen.”

Sam and Gilly shared confused looks but Ygritte didn’t really feel like filling them in on what had happened. She hasn’t even heard from Jon since the call. It was annoying. Getting close and then taking a thousand steps back.

“I’m sure he is just nervous with the upcoming game tomorrow.” Sam smiled softly. “He really does care for you and like you.”

“I know! That’s the frustrating thing!” Ygritte pulled at one of her stray curls. “I’m waiting for him to basically get his shit together and I don’t really know if I want to wait anymore.” She said this but she would wait forever for Jon. But maybe, just not alone.

Gilly bit her lip. “Have you tried talking to him? Without the jokes?”

Ygritte frowned. “That’s not really my style.’
“Maybe you should try it.” Sam smiled brightly at Gilly’s suggestion. “Have a serious conversation with him. If nothing comes from it, just move on like you said. I think you should at least give it another go.”

“You think?” Ygritte eyed them both.

“Completely.” Gilly nodded her head. “What’s the worst that could happen?”

Ygritte didn’t want to think about that. She liked Jon. More than she thought she would when she first started teasing him. He was special to her in a weird way and she wouldn’t really want to give him up. She would rather be tortured by him than not have him at all sometimes.

“Fuck.” Ygritte shook her head as something hit her.

“What?” Sam blinked in surprised.

“I know how a friend of mine feels now. He’s been dealing with something like this a hell of a lot longer than I have.”

Chapter End Notes

The next two chapters are going to be the Big Game. A lot of stuff happens soooo :) Ideas, comments, suggestions, and what-have-you are encouraged and welcomed! Come say hi on Tumblr!
The Big Game (The First Half)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Robb

Robb chuckled happily as he waved goodbye to Theon who walked off with Sansa with a big scowl on his face. After Sansa had told Robb about her conversation with Theon concerning the empty seat dedicated to Robb’s girlfriend in the bleachers, Robb went along with the idea that Theon would take the place. Robb had actually considered giving it to Jeyne Westerling, but if he had to be honest, he was still apprehensive on making a move on Jeyne, plus he liked the idea of Theon with his jersey. It was practically a dress on him.

Theon had been acting strange recently though. A little more hesitant than usual. He spoke with caution, which Robb knew Theon never did around him. It was upsetting, to say the least, but at least today he had been his normal stupid self. Robb liked things the way they were. He didn’t want Theon getting all weird on him again. Not after Bolton screwed him up last year and not after he got his Theon back.

He walked into the locker room and sat around with Jon and the Karstark boys. They made idle chat in prep for the game and all was going well. That is, of course, until Joffrey sauntered in.

Joffrey had been playing nice with Robb lately. Robb didn’t like it, especially since Theon didn’t like the circumstances one bit. But Robb played along because he dotted Sansa and she apparently really liked Joffrey. Maybe he really was turning a leaf, but Robb wasn’t holding his breath.

Joffrey strolled in with his cocky smile and stood up in the front of the lockers. Robb raised both eyebrows. He was the team’s captain, not Joffrey. Whatever Joffrey was doing, Robb was suspicious. There was something mistrusting in those cold green eyes.

“Everyone, hello.” Joffrey smirked. “I just wanted to say, I’m glad we are brothers here. Some in spirit and some in blood, but all the same, good, honest brothers.” Jon gave Robb a withering look.

“And let’s kick some Yunkai asses! If not for ourselves, at least for our ladies in the bleachers.” Joffrey shot Robb an evil look. “Well, not all of them are ladies, right Stark?”

Robb rolled his eyes. Really? Joffrey wanted to pick a fight because Robb gave Theon, his best friend, his jersey to wear? Being nice to Joffrey apparently was too good to be true.

“You’re right.” Robb smiled happily. “My mate is out there for me. Hope you are all secure with your girls.” Robb joked easily. The team knew Theon and laughed because most of their girls, in turn, knew Theon and would never do anything with them. He was really harmless in that respect.

Joffrey sneered. “Doesn’t change the facts, Stark. I didn’t know you were gay.”

The room fell silent and Robb raised both eyebrows. “Excuse me?”

“Well,” Joffrey took a step forward. “You did give Greyjoy your jersey. A tradition that usually goes to the significant other of the player. I’m just wondering if you’ve been hiding that little tid-bit about yourself.”

“Theon’s just my friend.” Robb shrugged. “So what? Even if I was gay, do you have a problem with it?”
Joffrey grinned. “Only if you have been taking advantage of our ignorance.”

Jon stood up at this. “Shut your trap, Baratheon. What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Nothing is wrong with me.” Joffrey smiled all too proudly.

Coach Clegane came in at this point and everyone fell silent as he went over formation. Joffrey smiled pleased with himself that he got the final word of that dispute. Robb couldn’t believe the shit that came out of Joffrey’s mouth. What the hell was that move? He could feel the eyes of his team mates on him and he hoped that none of them were questioning him. He was, for a matter of fact, bisexual. Coming out with that was never a problem. Stating it like Robb was taking advantage of his assume heteronormativity was. That was a pretty big fucking deal.

Joffrey was going to pay for that stunt. Margaery’s offer for war was sounding more and more tempting as the days passed.

Sansa

“Oh look!” Sansa tugged on Theon’s sleeve. She watched giggly as he threw her a tiring look. “They are coming out!”

She looked back to the pitch and spied her brothers trotting to the middle of the field. She could see Robb easily and Jon was right next to him as usual. Joffrey was close by too and he glanced over at her happily.

“Why are they just standing there?” Theon groaned. “When are they going to play?”

“Don’t you ever pay attention?” Jeyne Poole poked Theon on his side. She was wearing a Karstark jersey.

“I’m usually busy doing other things before the game.” Theon sneered. “It’s something of a pre-game ritual, which you’ve-” Theon narrowed his eyes on Sansa. “-have ruined.”

Sansa rolled her eyes and japed Theon in the side. “We give them our favor. For instance, Joffrey always comes and gets a good luck kiss from me.”

Sansa laughed as Theon paled. “What?”

“You don’t have to do anything.” Sansa rolled her eyes. “But that’s what’s about to happen.” She glanced over to see Joffrey jogging over to the stands.

“Sansa.” He smiled brightly and Sansa was happy to see him in such good spirits.

“Hello!” She leaned over to him and brushed her lips against his. They were warmer than usual. “Good luck!” She giggled happily.

“Thanks.” He winked for show and Sansa blushed. “Oh Greyjoy, nice jersey!” Joffrey called as he jogged back down the pitch.

“I hate him.” Theon hissed lowly and Sansa hit him.

“He was being nice! It was a compliment. Believe it or not, there are nice people out there who aren’t Robb.” Sansa shook her head. “You are so stubborn.”

“You don’t know stubborn.” Theon muttered back. “Trust me.”
Sansa ignored him as Robb and Jon came to the bleachers. She frowned upon seeing them in not the best of spirits. Actually, Robb looked down right pissed off.

“What’s wrong?” Sansa asked quickly as they came up.

Robb shook his head as his eyes ran over Theon. “Nothing, spat in the locker room.”

“Baratheon?” Theon offered easily and Sansa was about to protest but Robb nodded his head.

“Wait, what?” Sansa felt a cold hand grab her heart. They were supposed to get along. “I thought you guys were being nice.”

“Joffrey doesn’t know how to play nice.” Jon sneered. He glanced over at Theon and there was a moment of kinship in his eyes which was unusual for Jon and Theon in general.

“What happened?” Theon was asking Robb but Robb wasn’t speaking.

“It’s nothing.” Jon sighed. “Is Ygritte here?” He was scanning the isle nervously.

“Did you invite her?” Sansa shot back.

“No.” Jon said immediately and beet red. “I usually don’t have to.”

The whistle blew and Robb and Jon both looked back at the pitch. “Good luck!” Sansa wished them but she was worried. Robb really looked steamed and Jon was not far behind.

“Thanks, Sans.” Jon nodded his head before racing off.

Robb nodded his head but glanced over at Theon for a long moment. “I like you in my jersey,” was all he said as he jogged after Jon.

Sansa glanced over to see Theon slack jawed and wide eye. “What?”

Sansa and Jeyne broke out into laughter and Theon snapped his mouth shut and crossed his arms, sinking low into the bleachers.

“I hate you all.”

**Arya**

Arya and Gendry sat awkwardly in the bleachers as the game started. The entire car ride had been awkward and Arya couldn’t stand it any longer. Gendry was acting fucking weird. Ever since Ygritte, Margaery, and Sansa had harassed her about Gendry being her boyfriend, Arya had been watching him more carefully. She couldn’t help it.

He was handsome. She could admit that to herself. She just never really paid much attention to it before but he really was a nice looking guy. But more than that, he was just Gendry. Funny, normal Gendry. Or at least he was.

Recently, he had been giving Arya the cold shoulder. She was being treated at arm’s length and Arya didn’t like that one bit. If anything, Gendry was treating her like…like…Hot Pie? Like a friend but not a close one. Not like they were. It was weird and Arya hated it.

And there they were, sitting with a large enough gap to fit Hot Pie between them as they watched the game in silence. Arya glanced over at Gendry who looked stiff as a board. While she was there to support Jon and Robb, she just couldn’t do that if Gendry was going to be like…like *that.*
“Hey.” Arya tapped his shoulder carefully.

He glanced over at her surprised. “What’s up?”

“Want to get a snack?” She asked quickly. “I’m hungry.”

Gendry nodded his head rapidly as he stood up. “Let’s go.”

Arya threw him a smile but it didn’t feel right. It hadn’t felt right for a while. She followed him down the bleachers and toward the school. In the background she could hear the crowd roar and she knew Jon had made that goal.

“Vending machine.” Arya grabbed Gendry’s arm and tried not to think about how warm he felt under her hands as she dragged him down the hallway. It would be more private than the food stands that were brought in for the event.

Arya didn’t let go until they reached the end of the hallway that was empty save for them and the three near empty vending machines. She rounded on Gendry quickly, hands on her hips.

“What is up with you?” She instantly shot at him.

Gendry looked surprised with both eyebrows touching his hair line. “What?”

“What. Is. Up. With. You?” Arya ground out each word. “You have been acting weird all week.”

“I’ve been acting weird?” Gendry held his hand to his chest. “No! You have!”

Arya flinched. What? “No, I haven’t.” Gendry laughed at this and it only rallied Arya up further. “What is so funny?”

“You.” Gendry snorted. “Have you really not noticed? You barely talk to me anymore.”

“Well, you keep treating me like I’m Hot Pie or something.” Arya spat out and crossed her arms. “How is that fucking fair?”

Gendry looked speechless for a moment. “Hot Pie?”

“Yes! You keep acting distant and like I’m not Arya and-”

“You haven’t been acting like Arya.” Gendry cut her off. “You’ve been acting un-Arya all week. You won’t talk, you won’t laugh, you just stare and jump whenever I’m around!”

Arya grabbed her hair in frustration. “This is all Sansa’s fault.” She began pacing.

“What?” Gendry shook his head. “What’s Sansa’s fault?”

“She keeps prattling on and on about you and I’m sick of it!” Arya snapped. “Everything was fine until you started acting all weird.”

“I’m not the only one acting weird.” Gendry threw back heatedly.

“Well maybe this is why Sansa thinks you like me.” Arya crossed her arms before she could stop the words from tumbling out of her mouth.

Ygritte
“What’d I miss?” Ygritte put her hands on Theon and Sansa’s shoulders as she sat behind them. Both of them turned around. Theon didn’t look pleased to see her as usual and Sansa frowned for once.

“Where is your jersey?” Sansa asked quickly. “Did Jon not give it to you?”

“He has been avoiding me as usual.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “Is that Robb Stark’s jersey, Greyjoy?”

Theon threw her a glare that clearly meant he did not want to discuss it. When he turned back around, Ygritte snapped a photo. She would add it with all the other embarrassing photos she had accumulated of Theon over the past three years.

“Why has Jon been avoiding you this time?” Sansa asked curiously. Her eyes drifted to the pitch every now and then.

“Who knows?” Ygritte grumbled. Of course, she knew it was about the call last week. Jon was such a skittish ball of nerves, but Ygritte was frankly getting tired of it after three years of this. She loved messing with him but how much more could she take? It was wearing thin, being one step away before he jumped back a meter.

“Maybe you should just talk to him.” Theon hissed lowly.

“I am.” Ygritte straightened her shoulders. “After the game.”

“Chicken.” Theon snorted. “Do it during half-time.”

Sansa slapped Theon lightly. “Don’t do that! They need time; half-time won’t be long enough.”

“She’ll freak herself out and Snow will have a chance to run if it is after the game.” Theon shrugged before glancing at Ygritte. “But do what you want, Wilde. It’s your conversation.”

Ygritte sighed loudly through her nose as the three of them turned their attention back to the game. Her eyes wondered the pitch until she found Jon on the south end, holding his position by the opponent’s goal which Umbers was coming toward with the ball.

She couldn’t help but smile at his tied back hair. She told him when they first met that it would get all over the place and that he should tie it back. With much resistance, he finally let her do it and he has been doing it ever since. It was the little things like that, that made Ygritte want things to stay the same.

She liked the games they played, the push and pull, but she needed more. She needed someone who wanted her. Unfortunately, Ygritte was never really sure if that was Jon or not. She wanted it to be, but on his own free will. It was the nature of their relationship, where Ygritte always pushed him that made her unsure if he actually did like her on his own choice. Or was he just doing another thing Ygritte wanted of him, like the hair tied back.

No. She was going to have the talk. Half-time. If she waited any longer, she wouldn’t do it. It was the safer choice, not doing anything, but she wouldn’t get any closer if she did. It was time to put the games aside, just for a moment, and have a fucking straight forward talk with him.

She glanced down at Theon and Sansa who sat in front of her. She couldn’t help but wonder what they thought of all this. Then again, they probably didn’t think anything of it with their own troubles to worry about.
...sorry...Next chapter covers half-time and the last half of the game...featuring Margaery, Gendry, Jon, and Theon!

Any comments, suggestions, questions, or ideas are welcomed and encouraged.

Fine me on Tumblr!
The Big Game (Second Half)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Margaery

“Robb!” Margaery called, getting a slap of déjà vu as she raced after him down the halls. It was halftime and she had just arrived at the game. She thought she should wish the Stark good luck before finding Sansa and a seat.

He glanced over at her and immediately made his way over, his usual smile gone from his face. Worry stuck Margaery.

“We need to talk.” He was serious, his voice clipped and cold.

Margaery blinked. “About…” She let the name die on her lips but Robb got the meaning and nodded his head stiffly. “What did he do?”

Robb shook his head, apparently not keen on talking about it. “It doesn’t matter. He’s just gone too far and made it a little more personal.”

Margaery didn’t like the sound of that at all. Whatever Joffrey did, it must have been pretty bad to get Robb like this. “Monday afternoon, we’ll meet up and being planning.”

“Good.” Robb nodded his head stiffly as he scanned the room carefully. “We got to take that fucking brat down.”

Margaery nodded her head slowly. What the hell did Joffrey do? “Right, Monday.” Margaery reminded. “Have you seen Sansa?”

“Should be at the bleachers with him.” Robb spat out in distaste. “Have you seen Theon by chance?”

“No.” Margaery shook her head confused. “I just got here.” It was odd. Theon was never too far from Robb.

“Right,” Robb dragged his hand through his hair. “Are you coming over tomorrow?”

“Definitely.” Margaery smirked. After the first game of the season, the Starks always threw a party of sorts. Margaery certainly wasn’t going to miss it. “I’m going to go find Sansa, good luck on the second half.”

“Thanks.” He nodded his head again as he walked down the hall, presumably looking for Theon.

Margaery made her way to the pitch and spied Sansa on the bleachers. Joffrey was chatting idly by her side with a lax expression. Margaery’s stomach sunk. She always got the feeling when she saw them together. Unfortunately, Sansa saw her and waved her over. Joffrey looked up with bright eyes.

“You’re late.” Sansa called to her as Margaery approached.

“Loras didn’t want to leave the house. It took a while to convince him to drive me here.” Margaery sighed as she took the free seat beside Sansa.

“The queer?” Joffrey asked with a wrinkled nose.
Gods, Margaery hated him. “Yeah.” She winked and Sansa looked worryingly between the two. “How’s the game?”

“Robb scored two goals and even Jon scored one.” Sansa gushed happily and Margaery took great satisfaction in Joffrey’s scowl.

“And the other team?”

“Close behind with two goals.” Sansa explained solemnly. “But Joff is giving them a run for their money.”

Margaery highly doubted that. “He wouldn’t be on the team if he couldn’t.” Unless, of course, his family made a sizable donation to the athletics department.

“I’m one of the best.” Joffrey proclaimed. “I’ll let Snow have his goal. It’s about a team experience. It wouldn’t be a team if I was making all the goals.”

Margaery nodded her head. “Best let Robb and Jon get the recognition.”

Joffrey scoffed and Sansa quickly delved into a new, neutral conversation and Joffrey barely paid mind to and Margaery nodded along to. She admired Sansa’s efforts into trying to keep conversations light. She also admired but worried about Sansa’s trust in everyone. Joffrey was cruel, but Sansa wouldn’t see it.

That’s why there would be a war. Robb Stark and Margaery Tyrell would make it happen and there were plenty of other people who would like to knock Joffrey off this self-proclaimed pedestal of his. All in due time.

**Jon**

Half-time was always an awkward affair for Jon. His teammates would flood off to their significant others, Robb would latch on to Theon or vice versa and Jon would just…wait. Unless, Ygritte stopped by but, at the moment, Jon was avoiding her so half-time resumed being a dull resting period.

He hadn’t spoken to Ygritte since that disastrous phone call that he still wasn’t sure what he had said. Jon managed to corner Greyjoy during the week when Robb was tending to another matter and shook the truth out of him. Of course, Theon was lax in details but what Jon did recover was embarrassing enough.

It wasn’t that he didn’t like Ygritte. He did. Really did, it was just, he didn’t know what to do. He would never admit that to anyone, except Sam because Jon was sure Sam could relate. But Ygritte was an enigma to him. He couldn’t always tell if she was genuine in her actions or she was just playing around with him. She was a tease, but so much so he couldn’t find her motivation and her goal and it frustrating the hell out of Jon.

Jon stood up from the bench he occupied on the side of the pitch and decided that he needed to stretch his legs despite having been running around the pitch a few minutes prior. He made his way over to the indoor gymnasium in hopes to cool down and get some space between him and everyone else.

Unfortunately, life, or really Ygritte, had other plans for him as she was leaning against the door to the gym with her arms crossed. The usual smirk that grazed her features was gone and replaced by a look of concentration. Jon swallowed as she met his eyes.
“‘Sup, Snow.” She nodded her head in greeting.

Jon walked hesitantly toward her, half considering running back toward the pitch to avoid this interaction. “Ygritte.” Jon glanced at his feet to avoid her eyes.

“It’s been a while.” Ygritte pushed from the door. “Avoiding me again?”

Jon went red at the accusation. “N-No, I’m just, life, you know? Got away from me.”

Ygritte didn’t look convinced but she didn’t press him. Instead, she said a few words that made Jon want to vomit with nerves. “You know I like you, right? Like a lot?”

Gods, he liked her back but he was not ready for this. What was he supposed to say? What was he supposed to do? Was he supposed to be breathing right now because it was fucking difficult?

“I-uh, what?” Jon settled for as he tried to take a deep breath. Oh gods, he was botching this. He need air and for Ygritte not to be looking at him. Gods almighty, he needed a time out to get the words in the right order because ‘Like wow! I, too you’ was not going to cut it.

Ygritte looked at the ground as she shoved her hands into her pockets. “I think you already knew all this though.” She glanced up at him. “Just wanted to be clear. You can be a little thick sometimes. I like that, but it’s hard to get the message across.”

Jon was at an utter loss of words. What was he supposed to say? That he liked her too? Or was now not the moment? What he supposed to kiss her? Gods, he wanted to kiss her.

“Ygritte-” Shit his voice sounded pathetic and weak.

“Look, don’t say anything unless you want to.” Ygritte stopped him quickly. “I just wanted to let you know with no jokes how I feel, but I can’t wait any longer on this.” She gestured between them and Jon’s heart sank. “I don’t know what you want and I’m not sure you do either.” She sighed loudly and frustrated. “I still like you. I just can’t keep torturing myself with your whatever it is you are doing.”

“I’m sorry.” Jon blurted out because how the hell was he supposed to proclaim his feelings to a girl who just had given up on him in the same breath.

“Don’t be.” She smiled but it wasn’t happy. “I just wanted us to be clear with each other. That’s all. We are still mates. I still want to be friends with you, if you do. But I don’t want to force you into anything you don’t want. It’s probably best to move on anyways.”

Now that was the crushing blow. Jon could only smile, or try too, and nodded his head. “Right, of course.”

Ygritte shrugged as she brushed past him. “Good luck with the game then.” She reached to pat his shoulder but thought better of it and retracted her arm.

Jon stood there as she left. Suddenly, a great rage filled his chest. Not at Ygritte, who had decided she couldn’t wait or whatever anymore. Not at Theon who apparently was fucking right. Not at anyone, but himself for being a fucking coward. Jon punched the door in the heat of the moment and crushed his hand against the metal.

He examined it blandly. The knuckles were bloody but he didn’t fucking care. He fucked up. He really was a fucking coward. A weak, no balls, fucking coward.
Gendry froze as he stared Arya down. Sansa thinks (knows, probably from Margaery) that Gendry liked Arya. And Arya knew this and has been acting like this because of that? Fuck.

“I-I, Arya, what?” Gendry stuttered because he hoped to all the gods that he hadn’t heard her.

Arya’s eyes widened though. “Oh my, you do, don’t you?” Arya whispered, her hands coming to her face. “Oh my, I’m sorry. I didn’t know and-”

“Stop.” Gendry silenced her. The last thing he need was her pity. The last thing he needed was for this to affect their friendship any further than it already had. “Let’s just forget about it.”

“No.” Arya grabbed his arm. “Let’s not being idiots and avoid this.” She rolled her eyes. “We are better than Jon and Ygritte.”

Gendry grew incredible uncomfortable. It was one thing to want to date Arya. It was a whole other thing to talk about why he liked her and the fact she didn’t reciprocate. Great. “Should we sit?”

“Okay.” Arya led them over to the bench, never letting go of Gendry’s arm. He wasn’t going to run. It was only making him feel more uncomfortable about the entire situation. “So,” Arya prompted once they were seated. “You like me?”

“Yes.” Gendry refused my make eye contact, opting for the ceiling.

“Like to date me?” Arya asked and Gendry could feel tension mounting on his shoulders.

“That is included.” Gendry grumbled. Gods, he didn’t want to do this. He could feel her eyes narrowing on him.

“Oh.” Arya swallowed. “I never knew.”

“I know.” Gendry gritted his teeth. “I kind of wanted to keep it that way.”

“Why?” She asked quietly.

“I know you aren’t interested in dating in general so there wasn’t a point.” Gendry sighed, finally looking at her fully.

“I never said I wasn’t interested.” Arya blushed. “I just never thought about it.”

Gendry nearly choked. “What exactly are you saying?”

Arya fiddled with the hem of her shirt of a moment before locking eyes with Gendry. “I’m not sure.” She shrugged. “I just never thought about it until recently.”

“And?” Gendry swallowed because this was frankly a little too much for him and he felt like he could faint in any moment.

Arya bit her lip. “I’m willing to try.”

Honestly, that was more than Gendry ever thought he’d get from Arya.

“Can I kiss you?” He blurted out before he could even think about it. The moment the words were out of his mouth he thought he’d have a stroke. He wanted to take them all back.
Arya’s eyes widened and she looked like she was actually considering it, bless Gendry’s poor soul. “Okay.” No, Gendry was wrong. This was the moment he was going to have a stroke.

“Okay.” Gendry said shakily. He leaned down carefully and felt his heart speed up rapidly as her eyes fluttered shut.

Arya was many things. All things Gendry really liked. But soft was never a word he’d attribute to her. But fucking wrong he was. Despite the kiss they shared being quick and chaste, it was the softest thing Gendry had ever experienced with Arya, hell, ever experienced in general.

Both jumped as the announcer sounded in the background. Gendry and Arya locked eyes, both equal red in the face.

“Half-time is over.” Arya whispered, almost like she was scared to break the stillness of the moment.

“I didn’t even know half-time started.” Gendry smiled hesitantly and when she smiled back, Gendry assumed it was a miracle his heart hadn’t given out yet.

Theon

The final minutes of the game were coming and they were going to win. They were seven points ahead and there was no hope for redemption anytime soon. Theon, somehow, had been dragged into the prayer line with all the girlfriends and had been subjected to holding hands tightly with Sansa and Jeyne Poole with Ygritte using his back as a footrest and Margaery smirking from beside Sansa. Really, all of this was unnecessary and if it were any other people, he would have snapped. But he humored them and kept his eyes glued on Robb as he ran around the pitch passing the ball to his team mates.

Theon’s little heart was still beating rapidly in memory of what Robb had said, even though it had probably meant nothing. Gods, if only Robb fucking knew that his words could literally send Theon into a panic. Hell, he even avoided Robb during half-time to give himself a breather. He was already going to be subjected to spending the night, not that he didn’t want to. He just knew that when Robb won games, he was prone to extra hugging and cuddling. It was like the happiness in Robb had to be transferred via touch to everyone, but almost always a heavy dosage to Theon who needed to ‘smile more’. Gods, help him.

When time was called, Sansa and Jeyne ripped his arms up so he was standing with them as they cheered. Robb caught his eyes and grinned proudly and Theon rolled them in response because this was all becoming very ridiculous.

“Are you riding home with Robb?” Theon asked Sansa as the cheering died down.

“Yeah Joffrey has a family thing tonight.” Sansa looked put out by that but Theon didn’t really care. Good riddance Joffrey.

“Right, can you tell Robb I’ll be there in a moment, I have to get some shit from my locker.” Theon detached himself from both Sansa and Jeyne. “I’ll meet you both by the car. Later, Tyrell, Wilde.”

“Okay!” Sansa, Jeyne, and Margaery waved him off. Ygritte gave him the bird, her own kind of sendoff, but she seemed a little down ever since half-time and Theon could guess the talk didn’t go well. He’d probably find out from Snow later.

He made his way to the school quickly. It was deserted with everyone on the football pitch and Theon found the silence deafening as he put in his locker combo.
“The jersey really does suit you.” A cold voice came from behind Theon. For a moment, Theon swore it was Bolton, but as he turned around he could see Joffrey leaning against the lockers coolly.

Theon rolled his eyes. “Shouldn’t you be with Sansa?” He turned back around and grabbed his bag of spare clothing. He need some for tomorrow since he was basically spending the whole weekend at the Starks, especially for the party.

“Yeah, I just wanted to chat with you.” Joffrey leaned up against the locker beside his. “Especially since you haven’t answered my texts.”

Theon’s eyes widened and the bag in his hands dropped to the ground. He turned to look at Joffrey to see him smirking darkly.

“How did—”

“Sansa gave me your number for us to be closer friends, and friends share secrets.” Joffrey chuckled and Theon swallowed hard. “We’re friends, right?” Theon didn’t answer and Joffrey didn’t seem to care either way. “I mean, it’d be a shame if Robb were to find out—”

Theon slammed Joffrey against the lockers, looking at him with wild eyes. “Don’t you fucking dare.” He growled savagely.

“You think beating me up is going to silence me, Greyjoy?” Joffrey snapped back. “It’ll only make the outcome worse for you, I promise.” Theon didn’t like the way he said that and backed off quickly. “That’s better. I just want to be friends.”

“No you don’t.” Theon hissed.

“Maybe not the type of friends you have.” Joffrey sneered. “But I hope we can tell each other things.” Theon bit his tongue from saying anything to make this situation worse. Joffrey seemed to get this and pushed off the lockers. “I have to go, but we’ll be in contact. Next time,” Joffrey’s eyes flashed dangerously. “Answer my texts, okay?”

He seemed to be waiting for a verbal response. “Okay.” Theon gritted out.

“Good.” Joffrey patted his arm as he walked past Theon.

Theon waited until he was completely gone and out of sight before slamming the locker shut and hitting it a few more times for good measure.

Years, Theon had been able to keep this infatuation a secret. Margaery had found out because she could fucking read people but Joffrey was an idiot. Someone told him and Theon was sick in thinking that other people knew. He leaned his forehead against the locker and tried to will his breathing to a normal pace. God-fucking-damn it. If Theon were more like Jon, he’d be in tears right now.

Theon remembered that Robb, gods Robb, was still waiting for him and he grabbed his bag from the ground and headed outside. He wasn’t even halfway to the car when Robb tackled him into a hug and squeezing Theon tightly to his chest. Theon weakly returned the hug, finding that he was getting sick with Robb so close to him and with Joffrey holding that secret over his head.

“You ready?” Robb asked giddy as he held Theon by the shoulders.

“Yeah, man.” Theon smiled the fake one he knew Robb wouldn’t see in his whirlwind of excitement. He was usually good at catching Theon’s false smiles but, thankfully, not tonight.
Chapter End Notes

Miscommunication sucks, yeah?

Thank you for reading, as usual, any comments, suggestions, ideas, etc. are welcomed. Find me on Tumblr.
Gendry

It was eight o’clock when Gendry showed up at the Stark family house. Cars had flooded the driveway and lawn so Gendry had to park a little ways down the street. It was a party after all, no wonder there were so many attendees. As he approached the house, he could hear the sound of music and chatter growing louder with every step.

Gendry had never been to one of these events before. From what he has heard, it was going to be packed with people, flooded with music, and everyone was going to be drowning in alcohol. But Gendry wasn’t really there for any of that. He was coming for Arya.

After they shared that kiss yesterday, they went back to the game like nothing happened. Hell, it was like things had resumed back to normal. It was nice but Gendry was now expecting something… different. His feelings were out there, Arya wasn’t opposed to them. Something more should have happened, right?

Or maybe he was getting to ahead of himself. Maybe going back to normal was all that would happen. Gendry was on edge, nervous, and confused about what he was supposed to be doing with Arya. For now, he would just follow Arya’s lead.

When he walked into the house, Gendry was hit by the pounding music. It took him a moment to adjust as he scanned the room. By the entrance of the kitchen, Sansa and Margaery were in close conversation. Joffrey appeared moments later and whisked Sansa away easily. There were many people dancing, Gendry recognized a good majority of them from the football team and Ygritte was right along with them. In the back corner was the alcohol set up and Gendry now realized Mr. and Mrs. Stark were definitely out of town for this to be going on. How they got so much liquor was amazing considering none of them were of age, but then again, Theon and Ygritte had a way with acquiring illegal goods with ease. Robb and Jon were both in that corner of the room talking with each other. Theon was on the other side of the room, his arms around two girls Gendry didn’t know. But through all this chaotic mess, Gendry didn’t see Arya.

He delved further into the party, looking around as he did. He checked the kitchen, the dining room, and the dancing masses but found nothing. A hand came on Gendry’s shoulder and twisted him around and he came face to face with a stony face Jon Snow.

“Are you looking for Arya?” He hissed over the music and Gendry nodded his head weakly. “She is out back with, uh-Hot something.”

“Pie.” Gendry filled in. “Thanks.”

Jon nodded his head but Gendry could see his attention was more focused on the dancing masses, particularly Ygritte.

“Are you going to dance with her?” He found himself asking and almost instantly regretting it.

Jon shot him a withering look. “No.”

Gendry swallowed, clearly something was off, but again he was here for Arya. He nodded his head
once more and ducked past Snow and headed to the backdoor.

It was substantially quieter in the back. There were a few people off to the side smoking and some loitering in the grass, but Gendry paid them no mind as he spotted Arya and Hot Pie lying in the grass by the large heart tree in the backyard. Gendry joined them, lying on the other side of Arya.

“You're late.” Hot Pie exclaimed and Gendry could see the freshman had a little to drink already.

“Couldn’t find a parking spot.” Gendry shrugged. “How many people did your brothers and sister invite?”

“No invites.” Arya turned to look at him. “It was open invitation. Anyone was free to show up.”

“Well, fuck.” Gendry smirked and Arya chuckled. “What are we doing out here?”

“It’s quiet.” Arya shrugged. “We stole a few beers though.”

She passed him a bottle and Gendry took it but didn’t open it. He laid the beer at his side and rested his hand on the earth. The three were quietly looking at the stars and Gendry felt nervous about lying so close to Arya.

Arya, apparently, was not as nervous and instead cautiously wrapped her hand around Gendry’s, slotting their fingers together. Gendry looked over at her in wonder to see her eyes still focused on the sky but a pretty blush dotting her face.

Gendry squeezed their hands together for a moment, grinning happily as he too turned back to the stars as Hot Pie went into some nonsensical story.

**Theon**

Theon laughed loudly with the two girls in his arms. He didn’t remember their names, he was too drunk for that despite having classes with one of them…but he couldn’t really focus on much anyways. Not with those cold jade eyes following his every move.

Joffrey hadn’t reached out to him again over the course of the day. It made Theon on edge though. Robb had noticed; how could he not? Robb knew Theon too well. He could see something was wrong but Theon was not going to tell him anything. He couldn’t.

Throughout the entire day of setting up and Theon acquiring a truck load of liquor Theon kept his distance from Robb. He didn’t want to give Joffrey anymore fuel for the fire. So when the party got into full swing, Theon ditched Robb quickly and anchored himself to anyone else. It was going swell for now, but Robb came soon enough.

“Theon!” He called as he approached. Theon turned around, already aiming a smile at Robb.

“‘Sup, man?”

Robb shifted from foot to foot. “I haven’t seen you much tonight.”

“No worries mate. I’m still here.” Theon shrugged. The two vaguely familiar girls left and it was just Robb and Theon now.

“You are avoiding me.” Robb stated. Theon sighed.

“You’re a red head, but you’re not Ygritte and I’m sure as hell, not Jon.” Theon smirked, doing anything to end this conversation and leave. He could still feel the stag watching him. Stalking him
much more like a lion than a deer.

“Exactly. We aren’t Jon and Ygritte so we should just talk. There is something wrong.” He crossed his arms now.

“Nothing is wrong.” Theon shook his head as he took a lengthy sip from the red solo cup. “You’re stressed. Relax. Go find Jeyne. I saw her around earlier. Now’s your fucking chance, mate.” He tried to sound earnest but he was pretty sure it came out more irritated.

Robb swallowed, blushing at the mention of Jeyne Westerling. “Are you still spending the night?”

“Sure.” Theon shrugged. He didn’t want to go home and drunk at that, especially if he didn’t have to. “If your folks don’t mind.”

“They aren’t here to care.” Robb looked worried but Theon shook him off.

“I’ll catch you later than. Go find Jeyne before it’s too late.” Theon didn’t wait for a response from Robb as he disappeared into the crowd.

Gods, he didn’t want to be this avoidant with Robb. He was already like that with everyone else in his life. Robb was supposed to be the exception. But Joffrey ruined that. Now Theon had resorted to pushing Robb away and into the arms of someone else so Joffrey couldn’t make matters worse.

“They say distance makes the heart grow fonder.” A cold voice called from behind Theon.

He tried to escape to the second floor, but apparently Joffrey wanted the last word.

“What do you want?” He tried to keep his voice even. He didn’t want to sway Joffrey toward extreme measures.

“Nothing, now.” Joffrey smirked. “Though, on Monday I’ll need to meet you after school. I’ll text you the details.” He winked mockingly.

Theon watched Joffrey joined the party and found he couldn’t go back. He couldn’t be down there with Robb who wanted to talk and Joffrey who was watching him fuck up and everyone else he didn’t give a shit about. Plus, he had a bottle of booze stashed in his backpack that he was saving to drink with Robb when everyone left but desperate times called for desperate measures. He didn’t need to be with everyone else to get wasted.

Theon pivoted and resumed climbing the stairs, walking straight past Robb’s room and to the guest room he should have been using a long time ago.

**Ygritte**

What she was doing here, she didn’t know. All Ygritte knew was that being at the Stark house was a mistake. Especially since Jon kept staring at her across the room. It didn’t help her move on and it certainly didn’t make her feel any more secure about their tittering friendship.

Now, Ygritte had a plan for coming here, obviously. She wanted to continue being friends with Jon so she wasn’t going to avoid him. But she did also want to move on and parties were great for that.

Ygritte had thrown herself into the mix of dancers. She swayed her hips and smiled brightly at any man in her vicinity. She had a few takers, none of which she could see doing anything with. But the night was young and Ygritte had nothing but time.
“Shouldn’t you be with your boyfriend?” Dolorous Edd spoke to Ygritte with a hint of dull amusement in his eyes.

Ygritte snorted. Edd was one of Jon’s friends. Albeit, not a close one, but they were both on the football team and shared mutual friends.

“Don’t got one.” Ygritte closed the distance between them so their conversation wasn’t being yelled on the dance floor.

“You don’t?” He seemed surprised by this and Ygritte grinned.

“Not yet.” She winked and Edd laughed in good nature.

“Perhaps if you tried Snow again-”

“I’m done with that.” Ygritte spat out. “Three years is long enough, don’t you think?”

“That’s up to you Wilde.” Dolorous Edd shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“I want to move on.” Ygritte pressed. Her eyes glinted at this. “Want to help?”

He looked surprised by this and raised an eyebrow. “Ygritte…”

“Not with you.” She rolled her eyes. That was fucking ridiculous. She wanted to move on, not stab Jon by fucking one of his friends. “I’m not heartless like everyone thinks.”

“I never said you were.” Edd held up his hands in surrender. “I’m just saying that maybe this isn’t the place.”

Edd was right and Ygritte nodded her head. “You’re right. I’m going to go talk to Jon.”

Dolorous Edd nodded his head and Ygritte left the dancing masses and scanned the room for Jon, finding him leaning against the wall in the far corner. She made her way over quickly, patting her pockets down to make sure she had all her things. She would be leaving after this.

“Hey, Snow.” Ygritte fell against the wall beside him. “Having fun?”

Jon looked surprised to see her, even if his eyes had been trailing her all night. “Yeah.” He lied and Ygritte could read it well. “What about you?”

“Definitely, but I’m going to head out early.” Ygritte shrugged.

Jon frowned. “Why?”

Ygritte lied easily, “Tormund and I were going to go out, have some fun.”

“Oh, cool.” Jon fidgeted and Ygritte sighed loudly.

“I’ll catch you at school.” She pushed off the wall and looked back at him. “Don’t have too much fun without me.” She meant it as a joke, but Jon scoffed.

“Have fun, Ygritte.” He muttered, pushing off the wall himself and walking past her.

Ygritte shook him out of her head and quickly left the house, dialing Tormund in the process. Before, she had been intent on going out, but now, all she wanted was to go home.
Margaery

She watched from the couch as the last of the partiers drifted from the house. Joffrey lingered for a moment before kissing Sansa goodbye and leaving. Sansa fell onto the couch with Margaery, smiling tipsy at her.

“I take it you had a good night?” Margaery smirked. She hadn’t touched a sip of alcohol that night, but Sansa had enough for both of them under the influence of Joffrey.

“I did!” She giggled. “Everyone seemed to.”

Margaery nodded her head. The backdoor opened as Arya and Gendry walked in. Gendry was red in the face when he caught eyes with Margaery and Sansa, but Arya pulled him to the front door.

“They are so cute.” Sansa whispered into Margaery’s ear as they watched Arya give Gendry her goodbye and then quickly dart up the stairs.

“Do you think he has a chance?” Margaery turned to see Sansa sitting closer than usual.

“More than anyone else.” Sansa leaned on Margaery.

“Your family would throw a fit.” Margaery smiled fondly.

“Maybe Robb and Jon,” Sansa shrugged. “I think they are cute though.”

“Of course you do, you are a romantic.” Margaery pointed out.

“Okay, but you are a realist. What do you think? Realistically?” Sansa stumbled over the words a bit.

“Realistically, I think they are practically dating already.”

“So even Arya has her eyes on someone now.” Sansa sighed. “What about you? Anyone catch your eyes?”

Margaery scanned Sansa’s face. “No one new.”

“They’d need to be amazing.” Sansa confirmed.

“Are you telling me I have high standards?”

“No,” Sansa giggled. “I think they need to be perfect for you though. You’re a perfectionist. The rest of us don’t have a chance.” Margaery’s heart fluttered at the choice of words. Us.

“Is that why you settled for the Great Joffrey Baratheon?” Margaery cocked an eyebrow teasingly.

Sansa giggled uncontrollably for a long minute before looked up at Margaery and leaning in. “See? Don’t even have a chance.” Margaery was hyperaware of how close Sansa was. She was only a breath away. One move and their lips would touch.

“Are you saying you’d be interested?” Margaery held her breath.

Sansa never answered the question, instead yawned loudly. “I’m sleepy.” Sansa wiped her eyes tiredly.

“I think you need to go to bed.” Margaery stood up and pulled Sansa up with her. “And I need to get home.”
“You don’t want to spend the night?” Sansa pouted her lips. “Theon already is.”

“Can’t. My grandmother wants to spend the day together tomorrow and she wants to start bright and early.” Margaery walked arm in arm with Sansa to the door. “Another time.”

She opened the door and Sansa gripped her arm. “I would be.”

Margaery cocked her head to the side. “Would be what?”

“Interested!” Sansa squealed. She then brushed her lips against Margaery, giggling all the same. “A good night’s kiss.”

Margaery’s brain must have short circuited as she stared at Sansa in complete shock. Unfortunately, her brother had horrible timing and began wailing on the horn.

“Good night.” Sansa waved, closing the door in the process.

Margaery swallowed staring flustered at the door. “Good night.”

Chapter End Notes

Have I hit all the cliches yet?
As usual, comments, suggestions, ideas, anything is wanted and welcomed.
Next chapter in only Stark POVs!

Find me on Tumblr!
Arya was surprised to see all her older siblings sitting at the dinner table early that morning, especially considering how much each of them had ended up consuming. All of them were in various states of emotion. Robb looked downright depressed, which was very unusual for him. He was literally always optimistic and cheerful. Jon looked flat pissed off, which he almost never was. Bored and skeptical, sure, but never pissed. Sansa looked like she had been hit by a freight train, her head resting on the table. Arya was not surprised by that at all. Thankfully, Bran and Rickon were at the Reed’s last night and this morning.

Arya made her bowl of cereal with little recognition from the rest of them until she sat down. Robb met her eyes almost immediately from across the table.

“Did you have fun last night?” He demanded rather nervously and quickly, almost neurotic. Arya noticed his eyes trail past her to the doorway of the kitchen, like he was waiting for someone to materialize.

“Yeah,” Arya shrugged. “It was nice. Hot Pie and Gendry did too.”

Jon’s eyes narrowed immediately at the mention of Gendry’s name. “Of course, he did.”

Sansa threw Jon a pointed look from Arya’s left. “Be nice. It’s young love.”

Arya went red, feeling her cheeks flare up. She wasn’t exactly sure what she and Gendry were doing, but she rather not have Sansa on the labeling committee just yet. At least until she was sure about all of this. Perhaps she liked Gendry as more of a friend, but she wanted to trail run it without the entire world knowing it.

“We are just friends.” She muttered, taking a large spoonful of cereal.

Robb tapped his fingers against the ceramic mug in his hands. “He’s not a bad bloke.”

“So you’d be okay with him in our sister’s pants?” Jon spat out.


“Read between the lines.” Jon hissed.

“There are no lines to read between.” Arya spoke calmly. It was becoming more and more apparent that she was the only one in the right state of mind.

“Not now.” Jon muttered. “Or maybe you are too blind to see it too.”

Sansa cocked her head to the side. “I think Arya has to like Gendry back.”

Robb leaned across the table. “Do you like Gendry back?”

“No.” Arya said too quickly and Jon set is cup down loudly.
“Boys are bad news, Arya.” Jon snapped. “Tell Gendry you aren’t interested in boys until you are thirty or something.”

“I don’t have to tell Gendry anything.” Arya fidgeted at the table. “What is your problem?”

“I don’t have a problem.” Jon growled. He picked up his coffee cup, drained it and stood up harshly as he refilled it.

Silence echoed through the kitchen. Sansa looked confused between Jon and Arya. Arya kept her eyes trained on Jon’s back. Jon was almost shaking with rage. Robb continued to drum his fingers on the table, his eyes constantly going back to the doorway.

Arya felt her cell phone vibrate in her pocket. She pulled it out to see Gendry calling.

“Who is that?” Sansa whispered carefully.

“Gendry.” Arya supplied and Jon set the coffee pot down hard as he whipped around. Arya held his gaze for a long time before she shrugged, and left through the back door. None of her siblings said a word.

She picked up the phone.

“Hey.”

“Morning.” Gendry coughed from the other line. “How was last night?”

“You were there for most of it.” Arya smirked. “This morning, however…”

“Siblings hungover?”

Arya laughed, happy that at least someone wasn’t acting like a complete idiot this early in the morning. “Yeah, they are all pretty pissed.”

“I wish you luck.” Gendry laughed. “So, I was thinking maybe sometime this week we could go see a movie or something after school?”

Arya bit her lip as she played with the hem of her shirt. “Like a date?”

She could practically see Gendry blushing and stuttering. “W-We don’t have to c-call it that, we a-are just hanging out a-and-”

“It’s a date.” Arya couldn’t help grin and was glad to be outside in private.

Jon

“What is your problem?” Sansa asked and Jon winced as he reclaimed his seat.

“Nothing.” And that was the truth. Jon was fine, better than fine. He was just fucking dandy.

Except for the fact that Arya was hanging out with a boy Jon’s age and no one seemed to care. And that Joffrey was making personal, damaging attacks on Robb and still dating Sansa in what seemed like a nearly-abusive relationship. And Theon was acting moodier than ever which was never a good sign. And Gilly was going in for her first check-up tomorrow and called him in the middle of the night in a panic. And Ygritte…well, everything about her. Besides all that, everything was just fine.

“Is it about Ygritte?” Robb asked quietly, but with knowing eyes.
Jon scoffed loudly. “Not everything that happens to me involves her.” She is part, yes, but not the whole thing.

Robb and Sansa shared a look and Jon rolled his eyes.

“You should lighten up about Gendry.” Sansa sighed. “He really isn’t that bad. You guys had that night out.”

“So?” Jon grunted. “Theon was there too and I would never let him date you or Arya.” Jon noticed Robb’s eyes lower at Theon’s name. “Did you two get in a fight?”

Robb swallowed. “No.” He scratched the back of head. “I don’t think so.”

“What does that mean?” Sansa looked worried.

Robb shrugged, trying to act like he didn’t care but Jon knew better. “He’s just being Theon and sometimes, I don’t know.” Robb shook his head. “We were talking about Jon anyways.”

Jon frowned upon being mentioned again and threw Robb a condemning look. “I’m fine. Just tired.”

“You sure? I don’t remember you being this much of an asshole just because you’re tired.” Theon asked as he entered the kitchen. Jon narrowed his eyes and noticed that for once, Theon was fully dressed at this hour of morning and had his backpack slung over his shoulder. Jon also noticed how Robb’s eyes were glued to his best mate.

“Isn’t it still a little early for you?” Jon cocked an eyebrow, unamused.

“I have plans today.” Theon shrugged as he grabbed one of their to-go coffee containers and pour himself some coffee. “I’ll catch you later.” He nodded to Robb and he was gone as quickly as he came.

“You’re right,” Sansa frowned. “He is acting weird.” They all knew Theon was always rather reluctant to leave the Stark residence, but this morning he seemed quite eager.

Robb bit his lip. “He slept in the guest room last night.”

Jon snapped his head up and stared Robb down. “What?”

“Oh my.” Sansa looked down.

It was almost an unspoken rule that Theon slept in Robb’s room even though Mr. and Mrs. Stark insisted he sleep in that guest room. The fact that he didn’t was worrying. Robb and Theon were like an old married couple. Sleeping in separate bedrooms was more telling than it should be.

“It’s nothing.” Robb grumbled, shaking his head. “Why are you in such a bad mood?”

“Oh my.” Sansa looked down.

“It’s nothing.” Robb grumbled, shaking his head. “Why are you in such a bad mood?”

“I’m not-”

“You are.” Sansa cut Jon off, giving him a piercing glare. “Talk.”

“It’s nothing.” Jon rubbed his eyes tiredly. “I’m pissed off about Friday.” Jon shot Robb a look.

“What is he talking about?” Sansa looked at Robb for answers. “You guys won your match.”

Robb gave Jon a spiteful look and Jon shrugged. He figured Robb had to tell Sansa about what Joffrey did at some point and he just didn’t want to be the one to do it. Besides, it is Robb Joffrey is
after, not Jon. Jon had other things to worry about. He narrowed his eyes at the backdoor where Arya was still at. He was going to kill Gendry if he tried to make a move on Arya. Kill him.

**Robb**

“It’s nothing.” Robb muttered as he looked at the table again.

Sansa hit him on the shoulder. “No, tell me.”

Robb sighed loudly through his nose and leaned back in the chair. “Joffrey’s a prick. Nothing new.”

“You two were getting along.” Sansa crossed her arms. “Did Theon say something to you to make you think-”

“This has nothing to do with Theon.” Robb ground out. “Not directly anyways. This was Joffrey alone and it’s nothing.”

“Tell her.” Jon demanded. “It was fucked up and she should know.”

“Then you tell her.” Robb shot back venomously.

“He said it about you, not me.” Jon muttered lowly and Robb could see his eyes trailing to the backdoor where Arya was.

“Robb-”

“He *insinuated* that I was gay and was taking advantage of the fact that my teammates think I’m straight, or at least more interested in girls than boys. Most of them know I’m bisexual and are fine with it, but not if they think I’m taking advantage of the situation.” Robb hissed.

“What?” Sansa blanched. “It must have been some joke-”

“That’s a sick joke.” Jon barked out.

“I’m sure he didn’t mean it like that.” Sansa whispered more to herself than to Robb or Jon. “You know how sometimes jokes fall flat! Theon’s do most of the time.” She tried smiling lightly. “I’m sure he didn’t mean it.”

“He did.” Robb gritted out. “I don’t even care that he thinks I’m gay or whatever-”

“He’s half right.” Jon rolled his eyes and Robb shrugged.

“What I *do* have a problem with is him trying to make me out into...into something I’m not.” Robb stumbled over his words. “What he said is *damaging* not only to me personally but I could technically get into serious trouble-”

“Only if people believe it though!” Sansa was obviously trying to go into recovery mode. “I’m sure if you just talk to Joff, he will explain that it was all just one big joke that didn’t come out right or something.”

Robb could see that trying to reason with Sansa would be a lost cause. It was hard to convince someone who was blinded by love. Jon and he shared a look though. One that was obviously not pleased with any of this.

“I should go pick up Bran and Rickon from the Reeds.” Robb stretched as he stood up. “You two can handle things here?”
Sansa nodded her head weakly, a frown still on her face from their previous topic. Jon shrugged, but Robb knew that Jon had things under control.

Despite Robb’s new, or really refueled, loathing for Joffrey, last night had been pretty good. He finally made some progress with Jeyne and they were going to go on a date in the upcoming week. Robb wanted to be more excited about it, but he couldn’t get himself to feel it. Not with his best mate acting weird again.

He wasn’t sure what it was this time, but Theon was distancing himself again. He had done this a few times over the course of their friendship. Most of the time it was because of Theon’s dad being a prick. Theon didn’t like relaying his troubles or feelings to Robb even though Robb did press and tried to create a safe place where Theon could share. He was just hoping that Theon’s new mood was brought on from his father and not something else more serious…

Last time it had been Ramsay Bolton. Even now that a year has gone by, Theon didn’t talk about it with Robb. Robb only knew the few vague details that Theon had shared and the rest he had to infer. All he knew is that now Theon was pretty much back to normal and he didn’t want to lose him again and it felt close.

That was ultimately the reason he had been a little reluctant to see Jeyne in the first place. He didn’t want to give Theon any idea that Robb might ditch him, even if Robb had no plans on doing so even when pursuing things with Jeyne. He wanted his best mate back and then he would be fine with pursuing things with her later on. But now that he was making progress with her, Robb was hoping Theon wasn’t planning on running the other way.

Bran and Rickon were waiting as Robb pulled up. After helping both into the car, his circling thoughts on Theon, Jeyne and Joffrey were put aside in favor of Rickon’s avid story telling.

Sansa

Jon and Sansa sat in the kitchen in silence as Robb left. Arya had come inside eventually with a small smile on her face. Jon and she had a silent stare off before they both left the kitchen and Sansa was kind of grateful. When she had woken up this morning, she had thought the hangover would be the only thing she would have to worry about. Not Joffrey.

She honestly had thought things were getting better between him and Robb. Joffrey seemed excited at the prospect of friendship, but that didn’t seem possible now that he was making attacks on Robb’s character. Sansa couldn’t fathom why he would do this, especially when he knew it would upset her.

Then again, Joffrey always put Sansa’s feelings on the sideline. Sansa just thought it was because Joffrey was a big picture type of guy and could be a bit on the oblivious side, but maybe she was… wrong?

No, no. Joffrey and she were happy. How could they not be? They were perfect for each other! It was like a fairy tale! Beauty and the Beast to be exact. He was still in his beast stage, sure, but Sansa knew there was good in there. There was good in everyone, right? That’s what her mother tried instilling in her at such a young age and it had been proven true before.

Sansa used to think Theon was bad news, but when you dug just a little bit you could see he was a huge softie, not that he would want anyone admitting that. Joffrey was just the same kind of guy. Tough on the outside, sweet on the inside.

But Theon would never do something like that to another person…unless they deserved it. But Robb was Robb, and he did not deserve that. So why did Joffrey do it? Sansa just couldn’t wrap her head
around the whole things. Maybe it had to do something with the hangover.

Or maybe it had to do with her own doubts about Joffrey.

They weren’t big ones. Just little things that made her think that there was something better out there. Someone else who would make her happy. She hated thinking it, but there were times that Sansa doubted her affections in Joffrey.

Now this whole situation with Robb was not going to make anything better. She had to get to the bottom of this discreetly. No one could know, but she needed answers and she needed to know what exactly was going on.

Chapter End Notes

Happy times, happy times, right?
Next chapter features Monday meet ups :)
Comments, suggestions, ideas are welcomed.

Find me on Tumblr
“Thank you for meeting me.” Margaery smiled graciously across the table.

It was an hour after school ended and she found herself sitting in a small quaint coffee shop across from Robb Stark.

“Believe me, the pleasure is all mine.” Robb passed one of the two coffees he had ordered for them over to Margaery.

Margaery accepted it, but set it aside. Business first. “So,” her eyes glanced around the shop to make sure no one was eavesdropping, “Joffrey.”

Robb had a visible catatonic reaction to the name. “I don’t care what we do to him, as long as Sansa is far away from him.” Robb ground out with clenched fists. “Once Sansa is out of harm’s way, he can do whatever he wants. Burn in hell. As long as I don’t have to ‘play nice’ and tolerate him anymore.”

Margaery nodded in full hearted agreement. “He could stand to lose some of that ego. Getting Sansa away from him solves our problem, but what about the poor girl who he takes up next?”

“Sansa is the priority.” Robb muttered. “It’s a shame she can’t see the monster he really is.”

“Love makes you blind.” Margaery grumbled. “It makes you want to see the best in people.”

“There is no ‘best’ in Joffrey.” Robb took a sip of the coffee with dull eyes. “I just want her to be safe.”

“She will be.” Margaery nodded her head with determination. “And,” Margaery bit her lip, “I think she might be slowly starting to see who he really is.”

The kiss was still very much in Margaery’s mind and she could only see it as two things. One, that there was a chance but Margaery didn’t want to get stupidly hopeful. The other option was that, in some weird way, it was a call for something different and safer. A subconscious cry for help.

“Starting to, sure, but not quickly enough. By the time she realizes it, it might be too late.” Robb was ringing his hands. “This reminds me of when Theon was hanging out with Ramsay. He was blinded by whatever and didn’t realize that Ramsay was a…a…fiend.” It was obvious to see he was troubled by all of this and especially the memory of what happened to his friend. “I can’t let that happen to someone I care about again.”

“We won’t.” Margaery reassured.

Robb didn’t look positive. “What are we going to do? I can’t really threaten him, can I?” Robb laughed humorlessly.

“We will need to take a more delicate approach with him. We can’t have his family getting involved and we can’t have Sansa know we are interfering. It’ll just make matters worse.”
“Delicate.” Robb snorted. The irony was not lost on him.

“I know.” Margaery sighed. “We have to start chipping away at that pedestal. Take away some of that power.”

“His power…” Robb muttered to himself before looking up at Margaery with a fire in his eyes.

“Do you have an idea?” Margaery leaned in eagerly.

“We need to take Joffrey’s power away.” Robb smirked. “It’s just like you said, to knock him down and make him reveal the type of person he is, we have to take all the superficial stuff away.”

“His power is his family name.”

“Don’t forget he is also the junior school leader and a ‘prized’ member of the football team.” Robb added. “We start taking away the little things, cracks start to appear and then even the tiniest blow will make him crumble.”

Margaery grinned brightly, grabbing her cup and holding out to Robb. “I think we are both in agreement then.”

“Down with the king.” Robb clinched his cup with Margaery.

Ygritte

“Everything is going to be fine.” Sam spoke calmly to Gilly at eye-level. “It’s just a general checkup, so no worries, right? It’s all routine.”

Gilly had not relinquished her control of Ygritte’s hand yet. “I’m scared.” Ygritte squeezed Gilly’s hand in comfort.

“Robb and I used to go with Catelyn to her appointments when she was pregnant with Bran and Rickon. It’s just to make sure the baby is healthy and everything is in order.” Jon spoke up. He was sitting on Ygritte’s other side, looking past her to Gilly.

“And we will all be right outside if you need us.” Ygritte added and smiled softly. “If you want, I can go in with you?”

Gilly instantly shook her head. “I’ll be fine.” She said as the door opened and the nursed waved in Gilly. Ygritte knew Gilly wanted to show a brave face and do this on her own. She stood up and gave the three of them one last look for reassurance before disappearing into the room.

Sam took the seat that had previously been occupied by Gilly.

“She seems to be doing a lot better living with you.” Sam directed at Ygritte.

“I think so.” Ygritte leaned back against the wall. “She does her part; I just wish she’d treat the place as her own as well.”

“It just takes some getting used to.” Jon shrugged. “I mean, even though I’ve lived with them my whole life, I still feel a bit out of place at home.”

Ygritte wasn’t sure what to say to that without pushing any touchy subjects. She knew Jon’s relationship with Mrs. Stark was strained at best and that he never was truly accepted by her. Ygritte understood it. Mrs. Stark had trouble seeing Jon as anything other than a relic of Mr. Stark infidelity. But just because Ygritte could see where Mrs. Stark was coming from, didn’t mean she agreed with
the woman’s actions toward Jon.
Not knowing what to say, Ygritte went her joking route. “Well, my doors are always open, Snow.”

Jon blushed as usual, but the thing was that Ygritte’s words sounded a lot more sincere and serious than she had meant. Maybe it was because she had laid out her feelings for Jon during the game, but Ygritte instantly felt embarrassed. Sam coughed and broke the awkward spell that was beginning to fog in.

“I was thinking that maybe we should throw Gilly a baby shower.” Well, that was a subject changer.

Ygritte and Jon exchanged a curious look. “When?”

“Traditionally, they are later in the pregnancy, closer to the birth, but we can be a little more… untraditional.” Sam grinned. It was infectious.

“We can have it at my place.” Jon offered. “In the backyard.”

“We would have to be careful about who we invite. You know she gets a little scared in crowds and a lot of people knowing about it.” Ygritte agreed.

“And we should keep it a secret.” Sam added in.

“She would love that.” Ygritte exclaimed excitedly. Ygritte had been wanted to do something special for Gilly.

“So we are throwing an actual baby shower?” Jon asked, a rare smile on his face.

Ygritte nodded her head. She was glad to see Jon acting more normal around her. It was nice, especially if they were never going to be together-together. Friendship was the next best thing. After the party, she wasn’t sure they were even going to have that.

“We’ll make a day to flesh out all the details.” Ygritte cracked her knuckles absently. “We have to send Gilly somewhere when we do.”

“We can think of something.” Sam said. “I’d say we can be pretty clever.”

Gendry

“When’s Arya going to get here?” Hot Pie whined as he paced in front of Gendry. They were at the local park in the center of town and Hot Pie had claimed to see some mystic fountain lady. Both Gendry and Arya were skeptical but they had an excuse to trek around the park now and decided to humor their friend.

“Soon.” Gendry grinned as he closed a text from her. “She just left the house.”

“She is taking forever.” Hot Pie muttered, dropping on the bench beside Gendry.

“What’s so special about this fountain lady?” Gendry asked with a cocked eyebrow.

“She’s beautiful.” Hot Pie sighed softly. “I don’t meet pretty girls often and she, well, she’s got something.”

Gendry was about to mention that he hung out with a very pretty girl all the time, but he didn’t really feel like alluding to his affections of Arya at this moment, especially when they might actually start something.
“So you’re in love?”

Hot Pie frowned but went red. “I didn’t say that.”

“You implied it.” Gendry smirked. “It’s okay to be in love. Even if it is in some weird water girl.”

“Arya would beg to differ.” Hot Pie stuck out his tongue. “Love is pointless.”

Gendry didn’t want to dwell on the fact that Arya hadn’t shown romantic interest in anyone until Gendry had been forced to confess. He didn’t like the idea that it wouldn’t lead anywhere.

“And is there a point to your mystical fountain babe?”

Hot Pie narrowed his eyes on Gendry. “If you don’t understand the point of a hot girl, then you should just go now, man.”

“No, no. I’ll stay.” Gendry rolled his eyes and leaned back on the park bench. “I want to see this fountain goddess that you’re in love with.”

“I’m not in love with or anyone!”


Hot Pie jumped with guilt at the sound of Arya’s voice. Gendry stood up to join Arya and spoke before Hot Pie had the chance to defend himself.

“He has fallen in love with his fountain girl.”

“Am not! Now, do you want to see her or not?”

Both Arya and Gendry nodded their heads eagerly to both see what Hot Pie was talking about and shut him up. Hot Pie led the way off the paved path and Arya and Gendry followed behind.

“We still on for tomorrow?” Gendry muttered lowly so Hot Pie wouldn’t hear.

Arya didn’t verbally respond but she did tangle their fingers together lightly and that was all the assurance he needed.

Theon

He was not exactly sure what Joffrey had planned for Theon. He wasn’t sure Joffrey even had a plan at this point. He certainly didn’t expect Joffrey to call Theon to his house to discuss their new understanding. There was something unnerving of walking into the lion’s den.

Theon had been led through the house and up the many flights of stairs by Joffrey’s sister, Myrcella, who seemed anxious, but excited that Joffrey ‘invited’ his ‘friend’ over. Theon couldn’t find it in him to fake the sentiment.

The Baratheon-Lannister home was monstrous, even large enough to engulf the Stark home that had nearly double the amount of people. But it was not warm like the Stark home. If anything it was cold and sterile. That reminded him of the Greyjoy residence.

Joffrey’s own room was larger than all the Stark children’s’ combined, or so it seemed. Joffrey was sitting at a desk off to the side and had shown enough ‘kindness’ to have a chair brought over for Theon. Joffrey’s sister left almost immediately, leaving them alone. Her pale green eyes lingered on the two of them for a moment before closing the door.
“Take a seat.” Joffrey gestured to the chair when Theon didn’t move. “We have much to discuss.”

Theon remained silent as he took the chair. Joffrey was completely relaxed but Theon couldn’t get anywhere close, not with his power gone.

“So,” Joffrey was grinned like a child on Christmas morning. It made Theon sick. “Why don’t we start off with-“

“What do you want?” Theon ground out. He didn’t want to play any games and he wanted this all far behind him as soon as possible.

“Why are you so eager to rush out of this friendship? Are you not happy about the circumstances?” Joffrey accurately read Theon’s scowl. “I see, we can change that. I’ll just call Robb right-”

“No!” Theon hissed, restraining himself from lunging at the blonde haired rat. “I’m fine with this. Don’t call Robb.”

“Good.” Joffrey leaned back to assess the situation. “Now, I heard you are pretty decent at acquiring hard to obtain goods. Am I right?” Theon nodded his head slowly. “Excellent!” he was smiling darkly now. “This is the start of a beautiful friendship, eh?”

“What do you need me to get?” Theon asked quickly.

“Whoa, whoa, not so fast, Greyjoy. I just need to know you’ll be on-call and ready to do things for me since I am doing so much for you. After all, secrets can be so hard to keep.”

Theon’s phone buzzed and he knew it was Robb and his perfect timing. Joffrey knew this too. His green eyes were daring him to pick it up.

Thankfully, a knock on the door spared Theon and a woman popped her head in. It didn’t take a genius to realize the cold woman with fucking fantastic cheek bones was Joffrey’s mother.

“Joffrey dear, you need to send your…friend home. Your uncles are here.”

Joffrey made a disgruntled noise but Theon stood up immediately, adopting a Robb-like grace and elegance for a moment. “Thank you for having me over.”

Theon attempted to leave but Joffrey called back to him. “Can’t wait to get started on our project.” He obviously had more planned, Theon just didn’t know what and he kept hoping these talks would get pushed further and further away.

Theon didn’t waste any time in navigating the maze to get the fuck out of there. He did manage to run into one of the stern faced uncles from Joffrey’s father’s side. Definitely a Baratheon man. He nearly thought the man would end him there but the younger uncle cut in with kind eyes and Theon didn’t waste any time in trying to figure out where he knew him from. He just needed to get the hell out of there.

It was only when he was halfway down the road and out of reach from the Lion’s Den, did Theon check the text Robb had sent this time. He’d be lying if he said he was happy about it.

Are you coming over today?? I feel like I haven’t seen you all day :c

With the memory of Joffrey still too new in his mind, Theon responded. He didn’t need to give Joffrey more fuel for the fire and he wasn’t too sure he could put up a happy face for Robb and be able to get away with it. Robb knew how to read Theon too well.
Nah, another time though.

Chapter End Notes

Whoa, most creative chapter title yet.
Next chapter is someone's date (You know who ;)
Remember, comments, suggestions, ideas, etc. are wanted and welcomed!

Tumblr
Ygritte

Honestly, Ygritte never thought that out of Margaery, Theon and herself that Gendry would seek advice from her. Did it feel gloat worthy? Definitely. Did it raise her ego? No doubt. Was she going to rub it in Margaery's face next time they all met in the Chemistry lab? Was that even a real question?

But now the poor boy, who was technically older than her, was sitting on her couch beside Gilly looking skittish and twitchy. Ygritte almost wanted to laugh, but deep down she knew he had cause to be nervous. He apparently scored a date with Arya. The entire Stark family would be after him if Arya didn't devour him first. Gendry probably picked the worst Stark to go after out of all of them.

"So, what can I help you with?" Ygritte sat directly in front of Gendry and watched him carefully with steel-cut eyes.

Gendry looked down at his knees, tracing his fingers over the skin. "I don't know."

"It shouldn't be that weird, right?" Gilly asked softly. "It's just a date."

"Gil is right. You two have hung out before and alone. It shouldn't be a big deal. Just make sure you define that you want romanticism from her, not just platonic friendship."

Gendry looked bug eyed. "How do I do that?"

Gilly frowned, genuinely trying to think of an answer, bless her heart. Ygritte, on the other hand, had an epiphany.

"Have you gone on a date before?"

Gendry froze and ceased breathing and Ygritte knew she hit the hammer on the head.

"Wait, you haven't?" Gilly asked with awe. "But you're in your junior year like us."

Gendry seemed to slowly snap out of it and shrugged his shoulders self-consciously. "I just...I don't know. What do I do?"

"You really should have gone to Margaery." Ygritte muttered lowly. "No matter, between me and Gil we should be able to figure something out. Right?" Ygritte turned her attention to Gilly who nodded her head enthusiastically.

"Should I cancel?" Gendry blurted out.

Gilly slapped him very lightly on the back of the head. "We just said we'd help. Now, pay attention. This is going to be a rushed lesson."

Ygritte watched in complete amusement as Gilly began to teach Gendry proper dating educate. Every now and then, Ygritte would throw in her two-cents but Gilly dominated. It was actually kind of nice to see her focusing on something with so much excitement and not worrying about her pregnancy. Gendry seemed to be calming down bit by bit and Gilly went through everything as well.
At some point, Ygritte could see that Gilly had the situation more than handled and went to the kitchen to brew tea, it should help calm the boy’s nerves a touch. As she waited for it to whistle, she wondered what if Margaery had really been able to open Arya’s mind up that much to the option of Gendry in just one night. It was pretty amazing and Ygritte felt kind of jealous of Gendry. He had been a part of their 'club' for less than a month and had already made miles more progress that Margaery, Ygritte and Theon.

Part of her would almost go as far to think that the other three were just lost causes. Not all crushes were supposed to work out anyways. Maybe this constant hoping was just being more detrimental to themselves and their friendships. What if Sansa was genuinely in love with Joffrey and they were happy together? Who was Margaery to step in there and thwart things? What if Jon just wanted friendship from Ygritte? Who was she to go in there and throw herself at him? What if Robb's love for Theon was only platonic? Why should Theon spend his entire life stressing over the entire thing? It all seemed very pointless when you boiled it down and just made Ygritte feel somber about the situation they all put themselves in.

The sharp whistle of the tea made Ygritte jump out of her self-depreciating thoughts. She quickly prepared the three cups and made her way back to Gilly and Gendry. Both fell silent when Ygritte joined them and Ygritte got the sinking suspicion that something was up.

"What?" She narrowed her eyes on Gendry before turning to Gilly with a softer but still imploring expression.

Gilly bit her lip. "Well, we were thinking that Gendry needs all the support he can get and it's his first date with someone he really likes! So, maybe, you can join them?"

Ygritte laughed. "That would defeat the purpose of a date, wouldn't it?"

"You wouldn't sit with us!" Gendry quickly intervened. "You would just be in the theater with us and if something were to go wrong, you could proceed with damage control."

"Arya wouldn't even need to know you are there!" Gilly added hopeful.

"And what? I just go by myself?" Ygritte rolled her eyes.

"You can take Sam!" Gilly exclaimed excitedly. "He would love to help."

"Please?" Gendry honestly looked a wreck. Which was the only reasons she said yes. And because of Gilly award winning puppy dog eyes.

"Fine."

**Margaery**

"Sansa, no."

"Come on, let me do this! Please?"

"I said no!"

"Arya!"

"Sansa!"

"Ladies, ladies,” Margaery cut in with ease to stop the two Stark sisters from coming at each other’s

And it was true. After school on the way home, Arya had asked Sansa and Margaery to help her with her date. Sansa nearly lost it in a fit of romanticism and Margaery was thrilled in seeing her plans come into fruition. Now they were sitting in Sansa’s room helping Arya prepare.


“In due time,” Sansa instantly began to tangle her fingers into her sister’s hair.

Margaery moved to sit beside Arya. “So, your first date. That’s pretty exciting stuff.”

“It’s not that big of a deal.” Arya said more pointedly to her sister than Margaery.

“But still, you and Gendry.”

“We are just trying it out.” Arya pouted and winced as Sansa pulled her hair.

“That’s what you say now, but in ten years when you are married and-”

Margaery put her hand gently on Sansa’s arm. “Too soon, Sans.” Margaery blushed slightly when Sansa rolled her eyes at her. Margaery couldn’t tell if Sansa was blushing too or it was just her imagination.

“You’re right.” Sansa smiled brightly. “One step at a time.”

“Are you done yet?” Arya sneered.

“Almost.” Sansa bit her lip in concentration before pulling back. “What do you think?”

“I look-”

“Not you,” Sansa swatted at her sister. “I was talking to Margaery.”

“I think she looks cute.” Margaery grinned. It was true, although Arya clearly was uncomfortable with the braids.

“Same. Now,” she directed this at Arya, “stay here, I need another opinion.”

Sansa darted out of the room and Arya gave Margaery a confused look. “Theon,” Margaery supplied, “apparently Sansa always gets his opinion on this kind of stuff.”

Arya didn’t even seem surprised as she slumped on the edge of the bed. A few moments later, Sansa returned with Theon in tow and Robb followed the two amused.

“Well?” Sansa asked, pointing at her sister.

Theon gave her a look over. “She looks ten.”

Sansa punched Theon lightly. “No she doesn’t.”

Theon sighed loudly. “Whatever, she looks fine. Could sure some,” he directed at his face in explanation.

“I know.” Sansa grumbled. “But she wouldn’t let me.”
Margaery watched amused as Arya grew redder and redder as Theon and Sansa continued to discuss her appearance in depth. Robb stayed by the door, leaning against the frame. Margaery watched him in particular and how his eyes never left Theon. Then again, Margaery almost immediately turned her attention back to Sansa so who was she to judge?

**Gendry**

He pulled up in front of the Stark residence as the clock approached eight. Arya was already waiting outside for him and jumped in the car quickly.

“Drive.” She hissed as she slammed the car door and buckled in.

Gendry did so without question. He learned a long time ago that questioning Arya just wasted time because he was going to do whatever she asked anyways and it was easier to appease her then and ask questions later. When he turned off her street, he was able to glance over at her for real, slowing down his speed in the process.

“Oh, wow, uh-” the words he was trying to say weren’t quite getting out and he was really trying not to smile. It felt like two fish hooks were tugging on the corners of his lips and he couldn’t help it.

Arya crossed her arms as she met his eyes. “Sansa did it.”

“It’s something.” He bit back his laughter.

She honestly looked a lot younger with her hair pulled back and out of her face. But it looked nice, she always did, but this was nice too.

“Stop smiling.” She muttered, thinking he was mocking her. Her hands instantly went to undo her hair.

“No! Stop!” Gendry took one hand off the wheel to stop her, grabbing her hand in the process. “It’s cute.”

Arya froze. “Cute?”

Gendry went red and focused intently on the road. He dropped her hand and glued both of his on the wheel. “Shut up.”

When he felt like the blush was gone from his face, he glanced back over and he noticed that Arya had kept her hair pulled back. He still had to hide his smile.

Everything was going great. It was like when they normally hung out; expect there was a romantic subtext. Arya seemed fine with it and Gendry definitely didn’t have a problem with it. It wasn’t until they got to the parking lot did one problem occur.

“Oh no, is that Robb’s fucking car?”

They were halfway through the parking lot when Arya halted. Gendry paled at the thought of the older brother there. Even Ygritte couldn’t save him.

Arya approached the car and peered through the window. Gendry followed cautiously, like the car would attack him if he got too close. A cold chill ran down his spine.

“Oh, great. He brought Theon too.” She hissed bitterly.

“How do you know that?” He glanced in the window.
“See the bag of gummy worms?” She pointed out in the cup holder. “He only eats the blue ones. There are no more blue ones. Theon is here and I have to kill them both now. I wouldn’t be surprised if Jon was here too.”

“We can just leave.” Gendry muttered quietly. While he wanted to have this date, he didn’t want it to be ruined by the presence of others. He’d rather cancel and try again another time.

“No.” Arya shook her head before grabbing Gendry’s hand which was becoming more evident as a sign of reassurance between the two of them. “We’ll just go see a different movie. They can’t search every room.”

Gendry smirked. “We can watch the Avengers another time.”

“Good.” Arya grinned. “Besides, I don’t need Robb or Jon going into mini-heart attacks every time we do something.”

Gendry had the feeling it would be him having the heart attacks, not Robb or Jon.

**Theon**

“I don’t see them yet.” Jon hissed lowly in the dimly lit theater.

Theon nearly smashed his head into the plastic seat in front of him. “The movie doesn’t start for another ten minutes, Snow. Chill.”

“Sh!” Robb poked Theon on the arm. “When they come, we don’t want them to know we are here.”

“Are you sure this is the right movie?” Jon grumbled, sinking far into his seat.

“Sansa said it was this one.” Robb replied easily. “Right, Theon?”

Theon narrowed his eyes on Robb. “Yes.” He hissed.

If Theon was going to be completely honest, he didn’t want to be there. Joffrey was still silently haunting him and he was worried that if an idiot like Joffrey could see his affections, then more people could definitely figure it out. Plus, he wasn’t too thrilled with being kidnapped by Stark and Snow for their stalking expedition and being forced to sit between them to ensure he wouldn’t flee.

Robb rolled his eyes, reading Theon’s grumpy mood, and passed the bucket of popcorn. Theon took it and shoved a fistful into his mouth.

“Maybe we should check the other movies.” Jon began to stand up but Robb lunged over Theon’s lap to tug Jon back into a sitting position.

“We could get in trouble. Besides, Sansa wouldn’t lie about this.” Robb muttered, stealing a bit of popcorn on the way, earning another scowl from Theon in return.

“I don’t know.” Theon grumbled. “Marvel is pretty shitty.” This earned a slap on the back of the head from Jon.

“Please don’t argue about DC and Marvel again.” Robb pleaded.

“No argument.” Theon whispered lowly to Robb. “DC is way better.”

“Shit.” Jon nearly fell from his seat and onto the floor. Surprised but entirely amused, Theon burst out laughing and Robb had to use his hand to muffle him. It took all his will power not to choke on
his popcorn.

“What is it?” Robb whispered once Theon gained control of himself.

“Ygritte is here.” He nodded toward the front of the theater.

“Isn’t that your other friend?” Theon asked with a lazy grin.

Robb sat up to look. “It is.” Robb confirmed for Jon. “Oh…uh,” Robb looked almost embarrassed.

“Looks like a—”

“Date.” Theon filled in because it very much looked like it.

Jon continued to stare. “Sorry.” Robb looked genuine.

“I didn’t know Sam liked her.” Jon looked more perplexed than anything. Theon dropped his grin instantly and, for a moment, was hoping that there was something stupid he could say to stop the moping that was ensured to happen.

“Maybe it’s not a date.” Theon shrugged. He wasn’t liking the somber tone.

Jon said no more, getting up.

“What about Arya?” Robb asked lightly.

Either Jon didn’t hear or he didn’t care anymore. Robb and Theon watched as he snuck off.

“Do you know what happened between them?” Theon asked to break the silence.

Robb sighed, reaching for more popcorn. “I think Jon lost his chance.”

Theon might not have known what had gone down between them, but if Ygritte was anything like Theon, Jon still had a very good chance of getting with crazy despite what it seemed. Theon had no doubt that Ygritte would drop anyone if Jon manned up.

“Now what?”

Robb yawned and rested his head against Theon’s shoulder to look past the tall patron in front of him. “Best not waste our tickets.”

“Are you going to sleep?” Theon asked amused.

“Nah, just resting. Besides, Jeyne and I are going to see this on Saturday.”

Theon felt his heart sink and he grew cold at that but plastered a smile on his face regardless. It was now bitter-sweet to have Robb leaning against him.

“About fucking time.” Theon smiled good-heartedly. It hurt to fake but it was really nothing compared to the rest of his emotions at the moment. “So what? I’m like your trial date?” It was a joke, one Robb would have expected from him.

Robb chuckled quietly as the movie began. “Sure, although if this was our first date, I wouldn’t take you to see Marvel. You’d deserve much better than that.”

Chapter End Notes
Yep, yep, yep. So now that Arya and Gendry have kind of resolved (you know what I mean) we will slowly be moving more towards other pairings while they continue to be cute/disgusting.

Next chapter is the next Thursday meet up.

As usual, comments and ideas are welcomed. Thank you so much for all the comments, kudos, bookmarks, and support. I really mean it :)

Tumblr
Gendry

Thursday had come around and school was nearly over for the day. Thursday meant ‘club’ days. Gendry was not particularly pleased by this. He knew he’d have to go and confront the rest of the group and there would be some level of harassment. Especially since this would be in the wake of current events.

They all knew about his date in some way or another. Gendry had flat out told Ygritte and she was probably pissed that Arya and he ended up ditching the movie in favor of privacy in another. Margaery had helped Arya get ready for the damn thing and it was really her questions that were freaking him out. She was always so precise and calculating. Then there was Theon who, according to Arya, had actually gone to the fucking theater with Jon and Robb to spy on them. Gendry was grateful in hearing of their failure but not please on what that might actually bring him in terms of harassment from both the brothers and Theon. The only bright side about the whole thing was that Arya had gotten her revenge and had not told Gendry how. On second thought, perhaps he should be more worried.

Gendry was slow in making his way to the chemistry lab. He was not eager for any of their usual conversations. Although now that he was making progress with Arya, they might just drop him from the inane club. After all, his situation had changed and all theirs were still the same and static. Though, Gendry was not too hopeful in being dropped. Not when he provided so much entertainment for them. Who else would Margaery, Ygritte, and Theon play with to forget their own circumstances?

When Gendry got to the chemistry lab, he was surprised to see it empty and soulless. At first, Gendry thought he had just gotten there early but after checking his phone for the time he saw that was not the case. He then began thinking that they were skipping this meet up day and perhaps he just didn’t get the memo. Then again, there were only four of them and it would be difficult to forget one of them. So where the hell were they?

Maybe he didn’t get the memo because they assumed he would be done with the ‘club’ after his small victory. Wouldn’t that just be ironic? What was he supposed to do now anyways? He still had to wait for Arya’s track to be over with. It was weird how bittersweet this ‘club’ was for him. They were his frien-

Gendry stopped that thought immediately. He was not just about to call them his friends. That was ridiculous. His friends were Arya and Hot Pie. Not Theon who boarder-line bullied him and tried to get him killed via two angry Stark brothers. Not Margaery who used him like a doll to play with and manipulate. Not Ygritte who seemed to only find use for him in a comedic sense or if Theon just wasn’t present.

Then again, they were the only people Gendry could actually talk about this stuff with. He couldn’t really relate to Hot Pie or Arya about his romantic life, or at least with Arya he couldn’t before now. He had something in common with those people and that made them…friends, in a way.

Not that he would ever go as far as to tell them that. Theon would probably lash out cruelly. He never seemed to like letting people in. Ygritte might just laugh, that would be even more
embarrassing than the supposed Theon reaction. Margaery would love it and would follow through with it full-heartedly and that might be the worst of the three. They might just ridicule him endlessly. They teased him enough as it is. No, it was probably best to leave the revelation to himself, especially if no one was showing up today.

He waited nearly ten more minutes, texting Hot Pie wearily, before the doors burst open and Margaery stumbled in breathless and slightly undone. They met eyes and it hit Gendry that something must be terribly wrong if he was the only one to show up on time.

**Margaery**

Margaery set her purse down to fix her shirt and catch her breath. She was hyperaware of Gendry watching her but she needed to catch her breath. She had basically run across the school in order to get to the Chemistry lab. The reason she was late? She had been “researching” one on Joffrey Baratheon.

Okay, so she *might* have snuck into the administrative offices while they were busy with dismissal and staff meetings and she *maybe* took a *little* looked into Joffrey’s records. It wasn’t her fault that the computer was open for her eyes and they have their passwords on index cards taped on the bottom of their monitors. It also wasn’t Margaery’s fault that the student records were alphabetized and Baratheon happened to be near the top and her mouse happened to click that…and the print bottom…producing *perhaps* two copies. Sue Margaery for taking the opportunity to get a copy and also deliver said copy to Robb Stark for review…But that probably didn’t excuse her tardiness to their regular club meetings.

The thing was, the opportunity was too good to pass up. Robb had a point during their meeting on Monday, they needed to break Joffrey’s pedestal and to do that they needed to know where they were targeting their attacks. His records would be more than insightful. They already had a few plans in mind and decided to split up the tasks. Robb was going to handle Joffrey’s athletic standing and Margaery would handle his extracurricular, student leader status. Robb and Margaery were scheduled for another meeting in the near-distant future to discuss strategies.

She blinked as she glanced around the room. Gendry, sweet-sweet Gendry, was waiting dutifully, but Theon and Ygritte were nowhere to be seen. While Theon was always a bit flaky, Ygritte never missed a meeting. She claimed they were too hilarious to miss out on.

“Where are the others?” Margaery turned to look at Gendry.

“I have no idea.” Gendry shrugged hopelessly. “I thought it might have been cancelled or something.”

Margaery sighed loudly, pinching the bridge of her noise in irritation. She had too many things on her mind and wrangling Theon and Ygritte should not have been one of them. “I was hoping this meeting would be focused on you and your date but it looks like the attention is now shifted on Wilde and Greyjoy, again.” Margaery picked up her purse. “Ready for a hunt, Gendry-dear?”

Gendry’s jaw dropped in confusion but Margaery didn’t even give him time to answer as she swept out of the door and hung a left. Gendry must have snapped out of his senses and jogged up to her, falling into place as she pulled out her phone. Margaery could feel Gendry glance over her shoulder as she quickly typed a message to Theon. She tried not to dwell on the fact that Theon never really answered her messages. Ygritte, on the other hand-

*Library babes*
“This way.” Margaery tucked her phone away and in the same motion, grabbed Gendry’s arm to lead him the right way. Despite Gendry being a year or two older than her and towering her, he was very easy to move and push around. Arya should have fun with that, Margaery mused.

“So how was your date since I doubt we will have a chance to discuss it now?” Margaery looked up at Gendry.

She smirked as he blushed brightly. “Uh, good.” He ducked his head to avoid eye contact.

“Did you two kiss?” Margaery cooed and judging by Gendry’s reddening face Margaery could very well infer the answer. “Well, I’m happy for you two.”

Gendry looked cautiously at Margaery. “Really?”

“The point of all of this is for us to have support in our endeavors. Just because you reached yours doesn’t mean we will stop supporting you.”

“You mean teasing.” Gendry blurted out.

“So Theon and Ygritte have different tactics of support.”

“I was talking about you too.” Gendry had a hint of a smile on his face as they approached the library doors.

They burst into the library to see Ygritte in the far back table surrounded by pastel envelopes, colorful cards and stamps. Margaery faltered in step before cautiously approaching. Ygritte was listening to music, nodding her head along with the music. A stamp rested on each of her fingertips as she placed them on the envelopes with a little too much difficulty. Margaery noticed that one of the stamps had wound up in her red curls.

Gendry and she stood at the edge of the table and waited for Ygritte to look up, Margaery tapping her foot impatiently.

**Ygritte**

She looked up as two figures standing before her, giving them both a small, stamp covered wave. Ygritte tugged her headphones out of her ears as the two sat before her.

“Sup?”

Ygritte watched as Margaery’s eyes scanned the desk before them. “Did you forget about our meeting?” She asked kind enough, but there was a hint of suspicion in her tone.

“Oh, nope.” Ygritte shrugged indifferently. Before licking another envelope and pulling off a stamp that had accidently gotten stuck to it. “I’m done with it.”

Ygritte could see Margaery twitch in the corner of her eye. “Done?”

“Yup.” She smirked. So maybe it was still a little entertaining to tease her. Ygritte was going to miss that, at least.

“Uh, why?” Gendry coughed.

“Because of you.” Ygritte flashed a bright, toothy grin.

Gendry recoiled but Margaery rolled her eyes. “Jealous?”
“No, realization.” Ygritte met Margaery’s cool eyes. “Not all of us are going to get fairy tale endings. That’s just not how the world works. No use in wasting my life in that.” Ygritte noticed Theon wasn’t present as well. “Seems like Greyjoy had the same line of thinking.”

“Why are you giving up?” Margaery asked with furrowed brows. It wasn’t angry or hurt, but more confused. Lost. “Did something happen between you and Jon?”

“Sometimes it is not worth fighting a battle that has end.”

“You think there is no end?” Gendry looked outright surprised by this. Apparently Ygritte wasn’t the only one who might have been reading the signs all wrong.

“I only want it if he does. Otherwise it’s pointless. I don’t want it to be like…” Ygritte couldn’t think of an example.

Margaery could. “Theon and Ramsay.”

Ygritte swallowed the bitter taste at the memory. “Yeah. Besides, I have much more important things to be thinking about. I don’t know if you know this, but I’m a very important and busy person now-a-days.” Ygritte gestured to the mess before her.

“What is all of this?” Gendry scrunched his nose as he tried to read on of the envelopes.

“Sam, Jon, and I are throwing Gilly a surprise baby shower. These are the invites. I can’t keep this stuff around the house or she will see it, you know?” Ygritte grinned cheerfully. “We divided the tasks. Sam and Jon wrote them and addressed them during their free period and I’m sealing these puppies up. When Jon gets out we are going to mail them and then head over to the party store and see what we might need.” Ygritte held up one of the open envelopes, pulling out the card and displaying it to Gendry and Margaery so they could see Jon’s very neat handwriting. “You both are invited, of course.”

“That’s so nice of you.” Gendry whispered mystified and Ygritte decided not to take personal offense.

“Whatever, so rather than club, I’m going to be doing this. I feel like it will have a much more meaningful end result.”

“No.” Margaery deadpanned. “Just because you are giving up, doesn’t mean I have. I will expect you there next Thursday or I will drag you there. Support the rest of us if you have to, but if I give you an out, Theon is going to try and take that too. You and I both know that we are pretty much his only friends and he needs us and this stupid club regardless. Plus, we can make it the ‘help Gendry not fucking things up with Arya club’.

Ygritte sighed. “Shit, your right.” She snorted in amusement. “I’m still done though. No more schemes concerning me and Jon.”

“We’ll see about that.” Margaery shrugged.

“Don’t have to. I know I don’t want to be miserable.”

Margaery couldn’t stop from smiling sadly. “Who does?”

**Theon**

Theon scrolled through his phone dull as he sat on the front porch of the Stark residence waiting for
Robb to come home. Fifteen messages from Tyrell in less than two hours and even one from Waters. Theon could admit to being surprised that he hadn’t received any from Ygritte but from what he had gathered from Jon’s quiet and his brief exchanges with Robb, the talk during the football game didn’t go well. Theon couldn’t even guess who fucked that up, but it was probably both.

He pressed ignore as another message came in asking about his whereabouts in regards to the club. He wasn’t going anymore, something he should have done a long time ago. There was no point in it. Not with Robb beginning things with Jeyne and Joffrey hanging over him.

Joffrey had actually been the reason Theon didn’t show up earlier today. Apparently, Joffrey figured out what he wanted. Theon just didn’t understand it. He had basically received a shopping list in the form of a text message. A wad of cash had been slipped into his locker sometime during the day.

The list was worrying at best. It included: three bottles of vodka, a set of fake ids, a burn phone, lighter fluid, rope, and four flashlights. Theon wasn’t sure how all these items were connected and a part of him didn’t want to think about it. As long as Joffrey kept that shit away from Sansa, Robb, and the rest of the Starks, Theon didn’t care. Joffrey could torture small woodland creatures but the minute he even thought of touching one of the Starks Theon would kill him. Simple as that.

A familiar blue car pulled up in the drive way and Theon glanced up to see Robb climbing out of his car. Robb regarded Theon cautiously. He seemed surprised to see Theon on his door step.

Robb approached slowly. Theon knew Robb had been picking up on his funky mood and it was putting a far too noticeable strain on them. It was comforting in knowing that Robb was worried about him but it all stressed the fuck out of Theon.

Theon was conflicted. He wanted to put distance between him and Robb. He didn’t want Joffrey to target Robb or out Theon’s affections. On the other hand, he didn’t want to lose Robb. He didn’t want to lose the friendship or stop talking to Robb. Many days, Robb was the only thing keeping Theon going. It felt like he was being pulled in two different directions and he didn’t know what to do.

“Hey.” Robb stood before Theon with both his hands shoved into his pockets with his bag draped over his shoulder.

“Hey, man.” Theon stood up, brushing off his jeans. Theon scratched the back of his head self-consciously. “It’s been weird lately, huh? Hope you don’t mind me dropping by.”

Robb’s eyes lit up and Theon tried not to think about his rapidly increasing pulse. “Not at all! Come in! It feels like it has been forever.” Robb pushed the door open and dragged Theon in.

“It has literally been two days.” Theon rolled his eyes but couldn’t help smile at the red head before him.

“Shut up. You are here almost every day.” Robb kicked off his shoes. “Let’s go upstairs. We don’t even have to play FIFA.”

Stupid words like that shouldn’t make Theon fall harder, but they did. They always did.

Chapter End Notes
:) All I can say is next chapter is going to be fun which may or may not be good for you...

Ideas, suggestions, and comments are welcomed.

Tumblr
Arya

She was not having it this morning and she was going to let the world know. Arya was many things and a complainer she was usually not. Arya was a go-with-the-flow type girl and didn’t have much to complain about in life…except her coach, but he was an asshole and didn’t count in her book. No, Arya thought herself to be a pretty relaxed person unless, of course, someone ruined her sleep. And on a fucking Monday.

A new enemy has joined the battle; Arya had texted Gendry earlier that morning when Robb had shaken her awake thirty minutes before her alarm, an enemy against my morning ritual. Robb’s in love. Again. Fuck it all.

She had been rushed through her morning, Robb practically nipping at her heels. Even Sansa, the optimist and morning person of the Starks was slow and groggy. Jon was absolutely silent like most mornings but it looks like he had at least gotten a heads up where Arya did not.

Now crammed in the car, Arya narrowed her eyes as they travelled in the opposite direction of the school.

“But why?” Arya hissed from the back seat after ten minutes of driving. This was the third time she had asked and this was the third time Sansa threw her a silencing look from her right. This time Jon nudged her in the ribs to stop from her left. She hated being in the middle seat.

“I told you the first time you asked,” Robb sighed from the driver’s seat. “We only had to leave thirty minutes earlier, stop complaining.”

“That’s thirty minutes of sleep I didn’t get.” Arya slunk further in the backseat, smashed between Sansa and Jon. She attempted to cross her arms but ended up elbowing Sansa and Jon in the processes. She couldn’t get herself to care. She kind of wished she had just stayed home and had gotten to sleep. Although, then she wouldn’t have been able to see Gendry.

“How are we going to fit everyone in here, anyways?” Sansa frowned upon realizing how many seats were left. The three sets of eyes in the back seat all turned to the empty passenger seat. Arya and Jon shared a look of confusion.

“We have enough room.” Robb shrugged innocently. “Everything is under control. Trust me.”

“Where is Greyjoy going to sit?” Jon growled at the name. He crossed his arms, hitting Arya accidently in the process. Arya didn’t care though, she was wondering where Greyjoy was going to be sitting too.

“Oh, we aren’t driving him today.” Robb smiled in the rearview mirror. “We talked last night and he
said he was doing something.”

Oh. So that’s why Robb offered to pick up Jeyne Westerling, his supposed girlfriend.

Arya wasn’t idiotic or naïve enough to not see what was happening and that she should probably get used to seeing Jeyne around. When her brother fell for someone, it was always hard and quick. This time it was Jeyne Westerling. It didn’t mean she was going to like it though. Especially if she had to get up thirty minutes earlier just so Robb could drive her to school in the morning. At least with Theon, she could sleep in because he was likely to also be sleeping in down the hall.

“Robb?” Arya called for attention. She could practically hear him sigh because he knew what was about to come out of her mouth. “I’m serious this time. Why?”

Arya didn’t even flinch as Jon and Sansa elbowed her in unison.

**Gendry**

Gendry tried not to stare. He really did. It was just...odd. Obviously, Gendry was not the only one curious about seeing senior Robb Stark in the junior locker section. All eyes were on him but Robb didn’t seem to notice. Gendry envied that...obliviousness? Or was it confidence and comfort?

It was just before second period and Robb was casually leaning beside Jeyne Westerling’s locker, talking adamantly to her. Gendry, on the opposite side of the hallway and a bit further down, watched them as he dug through his locker for his textbook. He couldn’t help but keep glancing over at them. It was just weird? Then again Margaery and Ygritte had basically told him the first time they had met that Robb had a crush on Jeyne Westerling. He shouldn’t have been surprised.

Arya had mentioned briefly in a text that morning that her brother was in love, but Gendry didn’t think she meant literally.

Gendry had to admit that the weirdest part of seeing Robb there was that Theon was nowhere to be seen. The two were basically a unit. Theon undoubtable knew of this new development and Gendry could only imagine how he was feeling about it. He felt sorry for the guy. How many times did Theon have to watch Robb fall in love with someone who wasn’t him?

“It’s weird, right?” Arya walked up beside him, following his eye line to her brother.

“Oh, kind of.” Gendry admitted. “What are you doing here?” Don’t get Gendry wrong, he was happy to see her, but her classes were on the opposite side of the school.

“Have you seen Theon?” She cocked her head to the side.

Gendry seemed taken aback. “No.” Gendry looked around as if Theon would just appear. “Do you know where he is?”

Arya frowned. “I don’t know. I wouldn’t be asking you if I knew. We didn’t drive him this morning so I don’t know if he even came to school today. He has been known to do that.”

Gendry bit his lip and hoped Theon wasn’t at school today. Even Gendry wasn’t cruel enough to want Theon to see Robb parading around with his new(?) girlfriend.

**Sansa**

Sansa could acknowledge they made a cute couple. Aesthetically and personality wise, they were compatible. But who wasn’t compatible with ‘all around wonderful soul’ Robb Stark? Still, they
were cute.

Their, whatever you wanted to call it, was still very new and they were a bit awkward with each other. Sansa could see it clear as day. Apparently, their date on Friday had gone off well since Robb and Jeyne had been in almost constant communication. Right now, they were simply smiling as they walked down the hall. Hell, Robb was even carrying her books like a perfect gentleman out of a teenage romance novel. Sansa hoped it worked out for them both. Robb deserved happiness.

The two of them kind of reminded Sansa of when she first started dating Joffrey. Cute little gestures, shy words, hesitancy…it was all sickening cute and she loved it. Who didn’t?

Although she and Joffrey were far from that nowadays. But she wasn’t going to think of that at the moment. Not with her brother so obviously in love.

The only thing was Sansa didn’t know how Theon would fit into all of this. It was no secret that Robb and Theon were attached to the hip and were a packaged deal. When you dated one, you were almost dating the other. But some people had a problem with that. Roslin did in Robb’s freshman year and Ramsay had when he was doing whatever with Theon last year. Sansa was worried. She wanted Robb to be happy, but at the same time, she wanted Theon to be too and Theon was a hard person to get on with. Even Sansa had problems with him occasionally and she grew up with him. She wondered how Jeyne would fair.

“Are Jeyne and your brother together?” A small, timid voice called beside Sansa.

Sansa blinked, looking over to see Myrcella Baratheon smiling shyly, her yellow flower curls tied up with a pink ribbon. “I have no idea.” Sansa conceded, turning fully to the sweet freshman. “I think so.”

Myrcella nodded her head like she was processing the information but there seemed to be something else on her mind. Sansa watched curiously.

“Is everything alright?” Sansa asked quietly. While Sansa and Myrcella had hung out a few times and got on well, they weren’t the closest. Really, their only connection had been Joffrey. Sansa thought she was a doll though, a sweet girl.

Myrcella bit her lip looking around. “Did you know Joffrey has been hanging out with Theon Greyjoy?”

Sansa stared wide eyed at Myrcella. No she did not know that. “What?”

Myrcella instantly look guilty, eyes turning to the floor. “He was over at the house a week ago. I didn’t think they were friends and was wondering if maybe you knew something.”

Sansa wasn’t sure what to say but smiled brightly. “I’m sure they were just trying to get along better.”

Myrcella seemed to buy Sansa’s lie and nodded her head before wandering off. Sansa watched her leave as thoughts ran through her head. What the hell with Theon doing with Joffrey? Theon hated him and probably even more so after what Joffrey did to Robb if he knew as much. Sansa wasn’t sure Robb had even told Theon. None of this was making sense though. She wished she had someone to talk about this with. Like Margaery.

Sansa blushed as she thought of Margaery and the stupid drunken kiss from nearly a week ago. She had not meant for it to happen but, well, now she just hoped Margaery thought it was drunken silliness. They hadn’t talked about it and Sansa was hoping to keep it that way. She didn’t need to
further complicate her life with complicating her friendship with Margaery, especially when she was dating someone.

Gods, she was in a mess.

**Jon**

She fit in so well. It was amazing really. Jon had to give Jeyne Westerling props. Not only did she manage to win over his brother, but his group of friends as well. Or most of them.

Theon, oddly enough, was still nowhere to be seen. Jon had been keeping an eye out of him all day and thought he might have caught a glimpse of him for a moment but that was it. Otherwise, Theon was like a ghost. Of course, since Robb didn’t drive him to school, Theon probably skipped. Jon would be lying if he said he wasn’t worried.

He had been acting strange lately. Jon might not be close with Greyjoy, but he knew all of his tells. It was hard not to after practically living with him for years. There was something going on and Jon wasn’t sure if it had anything to do with Robb’s new interest in Jeyne. Theon was always a bit of an attention seeker, especially if it was Robb’s.

Maybe it had something to do with how easily Jeyne fit in. Hell, she was even sitting in the Greyjoy’s seat and no one seemed to mind. That would definitely be something to tick off Theon. It was unnerving how that despite Jeyne taking a romantic position in Robb’s life, she could also kind of fit the same spot Theon had by Robb’s side.

Jon wasn’t sure if that said more about Jeyne and Robb’s relationship or Theon and Robb’s relationship. Regardless, Theon’s disappearing act was weirdly timed.

“You okay?” Sam nudged Jon lightly. “You’ve been staring at your brother’s table. Do you want to go over there?”

Jon blinked, looking over at Sam. He had forgotten he was sitting with other people. “No.” Jon shook his head. “Just thinking about something.”

Sam nodded his head, smiling kindly. “So, you and Ygritte are going shopping after class?”

“Yeah.” Jon nodded his head shortly, suddenly remembering what he had seen in the theater. He still wasn’t sure what to make of it. Was Sam interested in Ygritte romantically? Had he always been and Jon just never noticed? Did Ygritte really mean what she had said before or had that just been fleeting? Jon would be lying if he said he wasn’t jealous, but he was more hurt that Sam hadn’t told him about his feelings for the redhead. He actually almost felt guilty about having feelings for her too. It was a fucking mess.

“Great. I’ll keep Gilly busy so you two take your time.” Sam grinned as he glanced around the lunch room. “Speaking of Ygritte, where is she?”

“She went looking for Greyjoy but-”

“He isn’t here?” Sam filled in.

“I can’t say I know for sure.” Jon’s eyes trailed back to Jeyne who was laughing with Robb.

**Ygritte**

It was uncomfortable, to say the least, and it was hard to make Ygritte Wilde uncomfortable. If the
situation wasn’t so awkward, she probably would have congratulated Jeyne Westerling on the feat.

They were both outside the school waiting for Jon and Robb respectively. The only problem, in Ygritte’s mind, was where the hell was Greyjoy? He was the one who usually waited with her on Monday afternoons.

“So, are you and Jon-”

“No.” Ygritte didn’t let Jeyne finish. It was an innocent question, but one she really didn’t want to talk about. “We are just mates.”

Jeyne smiled an award-winning smile that rivaled Robb’s. “Oh! My bad! You guys just seem close.”

“Not any closer than Theon and Robb.” Ygritte muttered before she could even think about it. She glanced up to watch Jeyne for a reaction of some kind.

There was none. “Oh, that’s sweet.” Jeyne sighed happily.

Ygritte was not sure what to even say. Was she supposed to keep talking about her and Jon’s unfortunately only platonic friendship or should she address the elephant, Theon Greyjoy, in the room that Jeyne and maybe Rob were completely obvious about?

Thankfully, Jon made the decision for her and walked out, doing a double take at the two of them on the bench.

“Uh, ready?” He coughed. Robb appeared a moment later at Jeyne’s side.

Ygritte, not wanting to stay another moment, nodded her head quickly and the two walked off.

When she thought they were far enough away, she asked, “Is it just me or are they-”

“It’s weird.” Jon cut off but agreed. “They just weirdly-”

“Together out of nowhere?”

“Yes.”

**Margaery**

“Does Loras know we are here?” Margaery asked in between lips of her latté.

Before her, Renly Baratheon shrugged nonchalantly. “Of course, he just doesn’t approve of our scheming.” He grinned brightly, as you would expect from a politician.

“Are we scheming?” Margaery cocked her head to the side, her curls spilling over her shoulder.

Renly winked as he took a lengthy sip of his own drink. “Actually, I wanted to bring your attention to something that happened last week when I was having dinner at my brother’s.”

“Stannis or Robert?” Margaery asked. Yes, it did dawn on her how weird it was to address her classmate’s father by his first name, but the situation was a little weird to begin with considering Renly and Loras’ relationship.

“Robert’s. Stannis’ wife doesn’t have me over much after the last time.”

“The one with the peach incident?” Margaery grinned wickedly as Renly looked guilty and surprised. “Loras told me all about it.”
“Of course he did.” Renly pouted.

“So what happened at the other dinner?” Margaery focused them back on topic.

“Robb Stark, is he still friends with uh, shit, what is the kid’s name? The punky looking brat with the attitude.” Renly waved his hand hoping for Margaery to catch on.

“Theon?” Margaery couldn’t imagine why Renly was bringing him up out of all people.

“Yes!” Renly clapped his hands excitedly. “The Greyjoy. I remember now, his sister was in my grade. Asha. What a piece of work.” Renly shuddered at a distant memory. “You know she once knocked out one of the heavy weigh wrestling seniors when we were still freshmen? From what I remember, Theon didn’t quite get that strength…” Margaery cocked her eyebrow as Renly rambled off. He caught himself, coughed and sent her an apologetic smile. “Sorry, my bad. Anyways, yes, Theon. He was over at my brother’s.”

Well, that wasn’t what Margaery was fucking expecting. “What?”

“I can’t imagine someone like him being friends with someone like my nephew.” Renly shook his head confused. “But the boy nearly got his head ripped off by Stannis on his escape.”

“Theon was at Joffrey’s?” Margaery couldn’t wrap her head around the concept.

“I was just as confused as you.” Renly sighed. “Maybe we should ask Robb Stark, although, I wouldn’t want to interrupt his date.”

Margaery stared at Renly in utter confusion until he gestured behind her. Margaery took a quick glance over her shoulder. And there he was, with Jeyne Westerling giggling beside him. Margaery watched slyly as the two ordered coffees and talked happily with each other. It didn’t take a genius to know the two were on a date.

Margaery turned back to Renly. “It’s probably best to leave them alone.”

**Theon**

Another fucking day of running around doing odd jobs for Joffrey was really getting fucking old. It was easy to see that Joffrey had all the intentions in the world to make Theon his slave. Not only was he buying obscure and hard to get items, but he was dropping things off and picking up strange packages. Theon didn’t ask any questions though and hoped that Joffrey would get his fill but it was becoming abundantly clear that this quite possibility would never end.

But finally, after spending the whole day avoiding Joffrey and hiding out at his sister’s apartment, Theon felt like it was fucking safe to get out of there. Asha was fine and all, but too much time together proved never to be good. Plus, he needed to do laundry and Mrs. Stark let him use the washer and the good detergent.

Originally, Theon was going to wait until Asha had gotten home from where she was to give him a ride, but Theon had been stuffed in the apartment all day that he decided to walk. It wasn’t terribly far to the Starks and he needed the air and sometime to just fucking think.

Like, what the hell was he doing with his life? He obviously couldn’t continue to let Joffrey dominate his life like Ramsay had. He was not going back to that dark place, even if Joffrey wasn’t intentionally trying to put him there. Something was going to have to give and Theon just didn’t fucking know what to do.
He couldn’t tell Robb. Robb could never know. That’s all Theon knew for certain. Also, murder was pretty high on the list of things he couldn’t do. But Robb was first. Robb was always first.

If only there was some way that he could send Joffrey away. Somewhere that Joffrey couldn’t hurt him, Sansa, Robb or anyone. Wouldn’t that just be nice? It was like the world was out to get him.

First, he got stuck with his family. Sure, they weren’t all bad. His mom and Asha were fantastic. But his father? What did Theon do in a past life to deserve Balon? It didn’t help that Theon could never meet his expectations, but even if he did, Theon had a feeling not much would have changed. Asha had told him as a child that some people can never be satisfied.

The thing was Theon didn’t know it was bad until he met Robb. He thought family was like that. Being yelled at and locked away was a norm in Theon’s mind until he was exposed to what real family was like. Where brothers and sisters got along mostly and parents loved each other. That’s how Theon knew he had truly screwed up somewhere in a past life.

But apparently, he was really shitty because not only was he exposed to a wonderful family, but he was also exposed to the constant life truth of wanting something you can never have. Having it so close, yet so far and out of reach.

Then Ramsay came and taught him that life can, yet again, get shittier if you just tried hard enough. Apparently it was true what they said; you play with fire you get fucking burned. Theon had no doubt in his mind Ramsay was out there somewhere still laughing. Sometimes, Theon could still hear it ringing in his ears.

But that was the worst. Theon grew tough skin and he survived what many probably couldn’t. He picked himself up and went back to his safe haven and what he knew he could live with. Like loving someone out of reach.

There was a comfort in consistency, even if it did hurt.

Theon turned the corner down to Robb’s street before he knew it and was surprised to see how far he made it without even thinking of it. His feet practically led him there on his own. It wouldn’t be the first time.

As he approached the house, his thoughts were silence as he saw two figures standing on the driveway of the Stark house embracing. At first Theon thought it was Jon and Ygritte. Smirking at the thought of some lighthearted fun, Theon crept slowly toward them, intent of messing with them. It felt almost normal and that felt good. But the good feeling didn’t last.

As he got closer, he could see that instead of a girl with red hair and a boy with dark hair, it was reverse and a pit instantly grew in his stomach as he heard the high pitched laughter of Jeyne Westerling. Theon stopped his pace and watched frozen.

Their faces were close, both of them oblivious to the third party watching. They were in their own little world and Theon felt something crumble in him. It was like shattered paned glass breaking away and falling. He watched unable to move as they faces grew closer and closer until there was no more space in between.

Bile rose in Theon throat as he sunk to his knees. Wrapping his arms around himself, he willed his breathing to fall to a normal pace. He huddled near a bush in the neighboring yard so he wouldn’t be seen. In the distance, he could hear car doors open and close. Theon tucked his knees to his chest and watched as Robb’s car drove by.
He was thankful for the dark. He wasn’t sure if he could put up any face that could hide what he was feeling. Then Joffrey wouldn’t need to tell anyone because Robb would already fucking know. With just one look.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it. Comments, reviews, suggestions and ideas are encouraged. Next time we have a 'club' meeting with a twist...see you soon.

Tumblr
Gendry

It was Thursday and Thursday's meant one thing. Club. Which, by the way, Gendry hated the fact that he can now refer to these meetings by a specified title like “club”. But that was neither here nor there. Not when Thursday had come around.

Gendry had just closed his locker shut for the final time that day and was about to head to the chemistry lab when a tap of a foot hit him from behind the knee cap and he nearly tripped to the floor. Turning around to see who the culprit was, he found Arya grinned mischievously, her fingers tangled in front of her in feigned innocence. A smile instantly flew to Gendry's face despite the slight pressure that had been administered to his leg.

"Hey," Arya sang happily, her bag swing off her shoulder. "Guess what?" She was biting her tongue in anticipation.

Gendry raised both eyebrows, a smile planted firmly on his face. "What?"

"Track was cancelled because of weather so now we can leave early." Arya was bouncing on the balls of her feet excitedly. "So no annoying coach, no stupid teammates, and no running through the rain.” She listed off on her fingers.

Gendry paled. "No track today?"

"Yup! Now you don't have to wait." Arya clapped her hands. “More time for other things.”

Gendry fiddled with the edge of his shirt. While that sounded absolutely tempting, he was not willing to piss Margaery off further with an incomplete group two weeks in a row and he was not going to be the target of her wrath for missing a meeting. "Wow, uh, great."

His tone was not convincing. "What?" Arya pouted, her eyes scanning over his face for an answer.

"Nothing!" Gendry instantly exclaimed. "It's just, I have the chemistry tutoring thing when you have track and I can't really skip it. Big test coming up soon that I should be studying for and I’m pretty shit at science, you know."

Arya nodded her head. "That's fine." She waved off. "I'll just come with and do my own homework—"

"No!" Gendry immediately shot down, panic in his eyes. Arya watched him bewildered. "I-I mean, there isn't any room! In the lab! Crowded." Gendry stuttered each word out.

Arya was taken back. She narrowed her eyes and Gendry just hoped she’d drop it. The last thing he needed was Arya seeing what he actually did on Thursdays. What a way to start off a relationship. What a way to embarrass the shit out of not only him, but everyone else there. It wasn’t his secret to share, even if he did want to tell her about the club. Too many other people were involved.

"That's fine." Arya murmured, a sad tone sinking into her voice. "I'll go to the library then."
"I'll find you after." Gendry tried to smile to shake off the awkwardness. "I'll see if I can leave early so you don't wait too long. Promise."

"Take your time." Arya waved off as she pivoted her foot and walked off. "I'll see you after."

Gendry watched her go. He hated this. He hated hiding things from her. Secrets weren’t the best to have in a relationship, especially a new one. Hell, his entire existence is a secret. Apparently, his father was married to another woman. His mother never told him who his father was and at this point Gendry didn’t want to know. He was going to be a different man. Honest and true. That’s why it pained him to be lying to Arya. He was already failing at being a different man.

A pit was growing in his stomach.

**Theon**

Theon set his glare on Margaery as she tapped away on her cellphone. He rubbed the welts developing on his arm from when Margaery attacked him in the hallway and dragged to the chemistry lab. It eerily reminded him of when they first did this.

She was in the seventh grade and Theon was a freshman in high school. She had basically cornered him in the Stark kitchen at three in the morning, outing him instantly, called him out on his crush, proceeded to tell him about her own, gave him her number and said they would be in touch all in the span of three minutes while he was getting soda refills for him and Robb.

True to her word, she texted him the next morning when he was still sleeping. Thank gods Robb didn’t check his phone and he met the Tyrell for coffee where she lured him into her first scheme. It was stupid, but Theon had been desperate at the time and tried it. Not only did it not work, but it fucking backfired.

Apparently more intimate touches like hugs and shit didn’t clue Robb in but only egged him on, painting him more oblivious than ever.

But it didn’t stop there. He had been reluctant before, even more so on one specific occasion, and Margaery always combated well. Which was why he was there. Again. Waiting for Waters and Wilde to show up and get this fucking thing over with.

The only bright side of all of this was he was given momentary relief from Robb and Joffrey. Even though they wouldn’t have been able to contact him during this time with their own football practice, he didn’t have to think about it. Not when the usual nonsense was going to happen. He was nice, to think about something else for a change.

“Thinking is a new look for you.” Margaery commented lightheartedly with a soft smile, jarring Theon from his internal rant.

“You should try it. Does wonders for you.” Theon snipped back. He always rather enjoyed his quip exchange with Margaery.

Margaery sat up straight on her stool and leaned a bit forward, watching Theon carefully. He narrowed his eyes on her. “Why didn’t you show up last week?”

“I was busy.” Theon hissed, not liking the reminder of Joffrey and his inane pushing around.

“You didn’t answer my texts.”

“I never answer your texts.”
Margaery breathed loudly through her nose. “Is this about Robb and Jeyne?”

Theon strained to keep his face neutral but his chest tightened uncomfortable. “I’m happy for him.”

“You don’t have to lie.” Her face softened, leaving the superiority look and adopting one of friendship.

Theon gritted his teeth. “I’m not lying. I’m happy for Robb. He deserves to be happy.”

“You don’t think you can make him happy?” Margaery raised both eyebrows.

Theon bit his tongue. “I’m not having this discussion with you.”

“Why? Because I’m right.”

Theon felt twitchy. He just wanted Ygritte to show up and begin to normal bullshit. “No.”

Margaery smirked. “Whatever you say. But just so you know, after hanging around the Stark house for a few years now, he always seems the happiest when you are around.”

She might not know it, but she was driving a knife into his chest and twisting it over and over again. Theon couldn’t blame her. She didn’t know what she was doing. She was just doing her normal Margaery thing.

“I’m always around.” Theon rolled his eyes, trying to shake off the feeling. “Those two things are bound to overlap. Robb is a happy fucking guy.”

Margaery opened her mouth to say something but, thankfully, Ygritte did have excellent timing.

**Ygritte**

“Sorry, I’m late.” Ygritte held up her hands and rushed in. “Gilly wanted me with her when we talked about her pregnancy with the principal and what her opinions are.” She practically threw her bags to the ground and sat down beside Theon, kicking her feet out happily. “What’s got you in a twist?” She kept her tone light, but she had a dark feeling that something was wrong.

“Nothing.” He muttered.

“He doesn’t think he can make Robb happy.” Margaery jutted in.

“Oh, ew.” Ygritte wrinkled her nose. “Sappy shit.” The door opened and Gendry slipped in, an apologetic smile on his face. “Oh look! It’s the Prince of Sap.”

“Prince?” Margaery smirked.

“No one can beat the king.” She elbowed Theon who just snarled at her.

“Well, now that we are all here—” Margaery began but Ygritte decided she wasn’t done.

“Wait,” Ygritte held up her hand. “Before we begin, I would like to say something.”

Theon raised his head. “And what would that be?”

“That I am officially resigning on the Jon Snow front.” Ygritte shrugged. “No point in pushing him and no point in making me depressed over it.” Ygritte met Margaery’s eyes for that one.
“So you’re moving on to Tarly?” Theon snorted, shaking his head.

What the fuck? Ygritte stared, mouth open at Theon. What the fuck was that brat talking about? “What are you talking about?”

Theon looked uncomfortable under the eyes of everyone, which was odd for once. “Well, Robb, Snow, and I went to spy on Gendry’s date which you didn’t show up for by the way.”

Gendry blushed. “We went to see a different movie after we saw the car. Privacy, you know?”

“I know. Arya punched me for that one.” Theon muttered, he rubbed his arm in memory. “But we did see you and Tarly there.”

Ygritte was speechless. Did Theon honestly think she was interested in Sam? Because they saw one movie together? The whole concept was absurd for many reasons. For one, she was at these stupid meetings because she was in love with Jon, not Sam. She wasn’t so petty to swap just like that within days just because she decided to give the whole matter some space and focus on other things. Secondly, Ygritte was pretty damn sure that Sam was crushing on Gilly- pregnancy and all. She couldn’t get between that even if she wanted to. They were disgustingly cute.

“We are just friends.” She regained her voice. “What the fuck?”

“Snow thinks differently.” Theon shrugged, watching her carefully. Ygritte had to admit, he could rival Margaery’s own looks.

“So?”

“He cares.” Theon muttered, clearly losing interested in this. “Take that as you will.”

Ygritte ignored him and directed her attention back to Margaery. “Please continue.”

“Are you sure?” Margaery raised an eyebrow. “I’m willing to discuss this matter a little longer…”

“Yes, cross my fucking heart.” Ygritte made a mocking signal. “Let’s dissect Gendry’s blooming relationship into little pieces until we all forget the reason we are each here. Or at least, you guys.”

Ygritte leaned back grinning wildly.

In the corner of her eye she could see Theon watching her skeptically and she could only wonder what the hell was going through Jon’s mind. She was going to have to remedy that.

Margaery

Margaery rolled her eyes and turned to Gendry. “Well, thanks to Ygritte’s little introduction we can just get this ball rolling.”

Gendry looked nervous. “W-What do you want me to say?”

“Oh everything.” Ygritte grinned happily and Margaery rolled her eyes.

“Well, Ygritte isn’t wrong.” Margaery re-crossed her legs. “How are things?”

Gendry scratched the back of his head, cutely. “Uh, good. I think.”

“You think?” Theon rolled his eyes. “Way to be the image of confidence, Waters.”

Margaery scowled, ready to reprimand Greyjoy but Gendry spoke up. “I don’t want to screw it up.
Margaery’s eyes widened. Lying? What the hell did Gendry have to lie about? As far as she knew, the boy wasn’t keeping any dark secrets. Hell, she wasn’t sure Gendry could do any wrong that was secret worthy.

“What are you lying about?” Margaery frowned worriedly.

“This.” Gendry waved around. A blush painted his cheeks and he sighed loudly and frustrated.

Margaery’s frown morphed into a small smile. He was really too sweet. Arya and he made an interesting dynamic. He didn’t want to lie to her and wanted to just be honest. Unfortunately, he carried the weight of other people’s secrets and he couldn’t share that. Not without their consent and Margaery wasn’t about to give it and it would have to be over Theon’s dead body before he let it happen.

“I’m sorry.” Margaery sighed.

Theon and Ygritte both looked uncomfortable but didn’t offer any words of endearment to Gendry. Margaery didn’t expect them to. It was amazing she could get those two to open up about their feelings as much as she had at this point.

“It’s fine. I just don’t want her getting suspicious, you know?” Gendry murmured.

“So you want to resign?” Ygritte smirked, voicing Margaery’s thoughts.

Gendry looked thrown off. “I didn’t know that was an opinion.”

“Oh, it’s not.” Theon hissed lowly. Margaery could feel it was more aimed at her. “The only way to leave is to die.”

“Look, I’m sorry about the position this has put you in but Theon is kind of right. These secrets are only for us and they will die with us, as morbid as that sounds.” Margaery stood up and paced. She suddenly felt the need to move. “In a perfect world, these affections of ours wouldn’t have to be secrets in the future, but as Ygritte as pointed out, that might not happen for all of us and we have to be respectful of that.”

Margaery thought of Sansa and felt something cold seep into her chest at the thought of her affections remaining the way they were now. Even with that drunk kiss.

“No, I get it.” Gendry sighed. “If it is any consolation, I think you all are going to get happy endings.”

“Are you a ‘firm believer’ in happy endings?” Ygritte tolled her eyes.

Margaery flicked Ygritte on the forehead as she walked by. “It’s not wrong to be.”

“Do you need to vomit too or is it just me?” Theon whispered loudly to Ygritte who cackled. Margaery sent them another warning look because this club is about comfort which Gendry was trying to give.

“Look, Greyjoy-”

Arya

After waiting ten minutes in the library, staring at the blank piece of paper she was supposed to be
writing her paper on. She was getting nowhere with the homework assignment and, quite frankly, her mind wasn’t in the right place. Her conversation with Gendry was replaying over and over again.

Gendry had acted sketchy ever since she mentioned his chemistry tutoring. She knew what he looked like when he was trying to keep a secret. He didn’t do it often, but when he did she noticed. Gendry was a pretty spotty liar.

Packing up her belongings, Arya ducked out of the library and headed straight for the chemistry labs. She was going to get to the bottom of this.

Arya’s mind had wandered as she walked. What dark secret could Gendry be keeping from her? She honestly couldn’t think of anything. Gendry had always made a point of being honest to her and everyone he knew. He had mentioned once it had something to do with his father, but never really elaborated on the subject. Arya knew that Gendry’s father was something of a rough subject.

Apparently, Gendry had never met him. Gendry’s mom never talked about him or gave Gendry a name. All they got was a child support check in the mail every month like clockwork.

Arya felt bad about Gendry’s situation. She wouldn’t know what to do if her father was gone. It’s a connection that she never would want to not have.

Shaking her head, Arya turned onto the hallway that would lead her to her answers. There were four chemistry labs in the hallway. One for each grade level. Arya crept slowly toward the first one and peeked in. It was dark and empty. The next two proved to be the same. Arya locked eyes with the fourth and final door. That had to be it.

Slowly, she approached the door. Inside, she could hear voices and she knew that Gendry had to be in there. Arya carefully reached for the door handle and wrapped her hand around it. She turned the handle gentle and cracked the door.

“Are you a ‘firm believer’ in happy endings?”

Arya froze. Was that Ygritte’s voice? What the fuck was Ygritte doing there? Ygritte wasn’t exactly the science genius. If anything, math was her focus.

“It’s not wrong to be.”

And Margaery too? Now Arya was definitely confused.

“Do you need to vomit too or is it just me?”

Arya couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Gendry was apparently being tutored not only by Ygritte and Margaery, but Theon too? Narrowing her eyes, Arya pulled the door the rest of the way open.

“Look, Greyjoy-” Margaery instantly stopped her speech to stare at the new intruder.

Arya swept her eyes across the room to seem the not so crowded science lab containing one very flustered Gendry, one very surprised Margaery, one very dreading Theon, and one stunned Ygritte.

“What the –”

Chapter End Notes
So I just want to thank all of you guys for the support for this story! It just passed the 200 comments and 600 kudos and I just can't believe it. Really, thank you so much! I really didn't know (and still don't to a degree) where this story was going but thanks to your comments and recommendations, I have been able to bring this story to life so THANK YOU!

Anyways, next chapter will pick up right where this one left off :)

Oh! And for those who celebrate it, HAPPY HALLOWEEN :D

Tumblr
Arya

“-fuck?”

Arya’s three simple words hung in the air for a long minute, like each person was receiving them in slow motion. Arya’s eyes were specifically on Gendry, but she could see all four people in the room were stiff-backed.

“Arya-”

She didn’t even give Gendry time to finish his response.

“What is this?” She demanded, her face drawn emotionless and stern, arms crossed tightly over her chest.

“Tutoring.” He hung to the same lie in an almost desperate manner. Arya was not going to take that.

“Really? With Margaery, who is a year below you? She is tutoring you in a subject she hasn’t taken yet? Or is it Ygritte who barely goes to her science classes? Oh wait; it’s the ever genius Theon, right?”

Theon looked appalled. “What’s that supposed to mean? I’m great at science.”

Arya turned toward Theon this time, abandoning her anger at Gendry to fire it at the Greyjoy. “You’re shit at science.”

“Who helped you with your sixth grade science fair?” Theon demanded. “That volcano was the shit.”

“It nearly destroyed the entire kitchen.”

Theon rolled his eyes. “That wasn’t my fault. You didn’t read the directions.”

“You were supposed to be helping me.” Arya seethed. “Instead, you got me grounded and ruined mother’s nice linens.”

“It was overflowing! I had to clog it with something. Would you I have rather stained the white tile floor?” Theon rolled his eyes, crossing his arms. “Besides, those linens were weird.”

Arya shook her head in disbelief. “And despite all that I didn’t even place in the fair.” She pointed out.

“That’s what you get for wanting to make a volcano and not waiting for Robb to finish his homework.” Theon spat. “And you got a C+, so I think you did pretty well all things considering.”

“You promised me an A+, ass-face.”

Theon groaned. “Maybe if you tried a little harder and didn’t question everything-”
“The house would have been on fire and we’d all be dead.” Arya hissed. “Now what is this because I know for a fact this isn’t some science tutoring club. So I’m going to ask again and you are going to tell me the truth.” Her eyes turned back to Gendry.

He was flustered; she could see it clear as day. Gendry refused to meet her eyes and that only angered Arya more, as a friend and supposedly something more intimate.

“IT’s for me.” Ygritte lounged on the table beside Theon. “All of this.” She waved around with her left hand bored. She was calm, watchful, and there was a hint of a smile on her lips. Arya regarded her skeptically.

“What’s it?” Arya asked, still glancing over at a silenced Gendry every now and then.

“They have been consoling me.” Ygritte shrugged, sitting up straight and putting a comforting hand on Theon’s shoulder, like a friend would. Theon tried to shake it off but Ygritte held on tightly, grinning bigger.

Arya couldn’t believe the shit coming out of their collective mouths. Since when were any of them friends. Especially Theon and Ygritte. The two of them never hung out unless crossing paths in the Stark home. Even then, their only connection was Theon’s low-key intolerance for Jon and Ygritte’s high-key infatuation with him.

“Consoling you on what?” Arya was still tense, but she uncrossed her arms, tilting her head to the side.

Margaery, who had been silent and watchful the whole time, spoke up. “Her affections for Jon.”

Arya turned to look over at Ygritte who smiled brightly, like a child. Arya was not amused. “Why them?”

She had never been surprised by Ygritte’s affections for Jon. No one was. Hell, the whole school knew. It was hardly a secret. But having Margaery, Gendry and Theon there was weird as hell.

“Who better than people who have seen us together and separately somewhere outside of the school grounds.” Ygritte fired easily.

“Plus, you siblings all talk together and then tell us about it later on. I think we are probably the best qualified save for you and your siblings.” Margaery added with a soft smile. “She just wanted some help and we are removed enough from the situation to do so.”

“I don’t gossip about my siblings and their emotions with Gendry.” Arya deadpanned. She flashed her eyes at Gendry who just looked in pain by all of this.

“I was pretty much dragged here.” Gendry muttered lowly, still not meeting her eyes. Arya hated it.

“After the guy night,” Theon butted in, “I thought he could help out since he was there and I was dealing with a drunken Robb most of the night.”


“Not helping him.” Theon snorted, "I'm helping Ygritte." Arya gritted her teeth and Theon continued. "If I help her then it just Snow the fuck away. You know how Robb is and wanting to be inclusive and shit.”

Arya narrowed her eyes. "You’re telling me this is all because Ygritte likes Jon, a secret that isn’t a
fucking secret because everyone knows including Jon."

"Look Arya." Gendry spoke up but Arya shot him down.

"And you lied to me so you could save Ygritte's non-secret? Bullshit." Arya snapped. It made no fucking sense, especially Ygritte had told her about Jon.

Gendry stood up and approached. Arya remained unmoving but stern faced as well.

"It wasn't my secret to tell." Gendry sighed. "Look, I just-"

"You aren't telling the whole truth then." Arya cut right in. "Tell it now, or I leave and I'm not talking to you," Arya looked passed Gendry to look at the other three. "Or any of you again."

The threat was more geared toward Gendry but she wanted to make it clear that she was pissed at all of them, not just him. She would find other ways to punish the other three if she had to.

Arya watched as hopeless Gendry looked at her and back to the three others sitting carefully still. Arya could see it wasn't going to go anywhere and she began to turn around. "Fine." He exclaimed, grabbing her arm to stop her. He spun her back around to face each other fully. "I'll tell."

"No you fucking won't." Theon was standing now and Arya began to realize that maybe this was more than just Gendry keeping secrets about himself. Hell, even Margaery looked on edge and she was always cool and collected. Ygritte looked at Margaery and Theon worried.

Gendry momentarily looked terrified but Margaery stood up and stepped between. "Why don't we all sit down, calmly," this was directed to Theon, "and discuss this like adults."

Arya sneered but let Gendry pull her to a set of seats and sit beside her. She ripped her arm away from him and crossed her arms. Even if she got the truth now, she was still pissed off at him. Everyone waited for Theon to follow suit which he did after a long moment of glaring at Gendry.

"Now," Margaery crossed her legs properly with her hands folded in her lap. "I just want to preface that Gendry is keeping all of our secrets which is why he couldn't tell you all of this, okay? It wasn't a trust thing between you two; it was more of a trust thing between us."

"Why do we have to tell her?" Theon hissed at Margaery, giving Ygritte a silent cry for help.

Arya was rather stunned by his secrecy. Theon was always blatant and loud about his personal business with her and the rest of her family. She knew way too much about his personal affairs. Or maybe just when it didn't matter.

"Because, I am not going to let us be the ones responsible for putting a wedge between them because Gendry was trying to be a decent person and Arya was just curious. Sue them."

"It might also help your cause, in a weird way." Ygritte added in. "It's not like it's that shocking, your thing. I think everyone knows deep down."

"Knows what?" Arya pressed, staring Theon down.

Arya watched as Ygritte and Margaery simultaneously backed off. Gendry stiffened beside her. Theon crumpled upon himself. Almost in a defeated manner and Arya just couldn’t imagine what it could possibly be.

“Fuck, don’t we have to swear her into secrecy or some shit?” Theon snapped at Margaery. “We
don’t have some deep dark secret to dangle over her head like we did with Waters?”

Arya whipped her head to look at Gendry who was now focusing intently on his knees. Apparently, this was a lot more to this then she initially thought. Secrets, blackmail, private meetings. It was all getting too much for her.

“What if I just don’t tell anyone?” Arya rolled her eyes.

“What if I don’t trust you?” Theon snarled nastily.

“You don’t trust anyone but Robb,” Arya countered smoothly. “Nothing different.” Arya noticed that at the mention for her brother’s name, Theon’s eyes fell and he sank even further into himself. “Is this about Robb?”

“Just tell her.” Ygritte nudged Theon with her shoe. “If you won’t, one of us will.”

“Then do it.” Theon challenged.

Having known Theon for many years, Arya could see he was counting on Ygritte to back down. Having known Ygritte for less years but still a decent amount of time, Arya knew Theon was an idiot for thinking this.

“Theon’s has had a boner for your brother since he was six.” Ygritte blurted out with little finesse.

Arya would have thought it was just another stupid joke of Ygritte’s if it hadn’t been the look of betrayal on Theon’s face. That look confirmed it all and, honestly, Arya wasn’t that surprised. It actually made a whole lot of sense.

“Arya,” Theon jumped in, knowing he had to now save face since there was no taking back his secret. “You can’t tell Robb, okay? Fuck, look-”

“Why would I tell Robb?” Arya cut him off before Theon could work himself into a frantic meltdown.

Theon was speechless but Margaery spoke up next. “He is your brother.”

“If I told Robb, Theon would run away.” Arya spoke truthfully. “That would hurt Robb more than anything.” Arya sighed. “And your crushes don’t really concern me. I just want to know why you all are here.”

“The two are one in the same.” Gendry muttered beside her.

“Wait,” Arya blinked as the pieces began falling into place. “You guys are all here because Ygritte likes Jon and Theon likes Robb?”

“And…” Ygritte urged Arya to continue, her eyes pointed to Gendry.

Arya swallowed. “Oh.”

So that’s the other reason why Gendry wanted this kept quiet. Arya glanced over at Gendry to see a pink color fill his cheeks. So that’s why they were all here. The common factor was her and her siblings, just not for the reasons she thought. In a way, it was kind of unnerving to know that Theon, Ygritte, and Margaery had known and undoubtedly played a part in her and Gendry’s blooming relationship. It was also a little less scary though. Despite what she thought of them, Ygritte and Margaery acted like big sisters to her and Theon was nearly her fifth brother. They wouldn’t have let
Gendry through if they didn’t think it would work out or if they didn’t think they were compatible. There a comfort in that, in a really weird way.

“So now you know.” Gendry sighed.

“No.” Theon cackled lowly. Arya watched with furrow brows as Theon turned to face Margaery. “Not all of us shared.”

Right. There was still Margaery. Arya breathed through her nose. This is where it got complicated then, right? The only siblings that were in Margaery’s age range were already theoretically claimed by Ygritte and Theon. Plus, Arya just couldn’t see Margaery having feelings for Robb or Jon. She barely knew them.

Margaery twisted the ends of her hair and sighed quietly. “Sansa.”

Arya’s mouth dropped. She had not been expecting that. When the hell was Margaery Tyrell a lesbian? When the hell did Margaery Tyrell start liking her sister of all people?

“Excuse me?”

Margaery cleared her throat with a slight cough before smiling awkwardly. “I, uh, like your sister.”

In a way it made sense. The two were as thick as thieves and Margaery, as far as Arya knew, never showed any interest in anyone. Maybe it wasn’t as far-fetched as Arya had originally thought. Maybe Margaery was just better as hiding her feelings than Theon or Ygritte.

“So you all are here because you like my brothers and sister.” Arya breathed, still trying to wrap her head around this entire fucking thing. “Wow.”

Everyone fell silent. Arya was thankful for that. It gave her time to just absorb what was just said. That Theon had the hots for Robb since they were kids. That Margaery fucking Tyrell wanted to date her goofy sister. That Ygritte was serious about Jon and hosting club meetings in their school every week. That Gendry was all a part of this. That this club could very well be the reason Gendry had made the move and they were starting something.

“So what are you going to do?” Ygritte whispered.

Arya looked up confused and Margaery elaborated. “Now that you know all of this, what are you going to do about it?”

“Do I have to do something?” Arya fidgeted.

“Lack of action is an action in itself.” Margaery shrugged.

“Actually, lack of action is the preferable choice.” Theon stated.

Arya sighed, rubbing her face. “I need to think about this.” She stood up and Theon jumped up immediately. “Don’t worry,” she held up her hand tiredly, “I’m not going to say anything to Robb, Sansa, or Jon.”

Not willing to stay another minute in their presence, Arya nearly darted out of the room. She needed to just think about all of this. It all made sense in the same way that it was completely asinine and insane.

Arya had always, deep down, hoped that Jon and Ygritte would work out. They just made sense to
her. They pushed each other but also understood each other.

Theon and Robb were practically already an item. Theon was just too fucking closed up and Robb was too oblivious to see what was right in front of him. Now Jeyne Westerling was involved.

Margaery and Sansa were something Arya never thought to put together but now that it had been laid out in front of her, she could shake the feeling that it fit almost too well.

Shaking her head, Arya leaned against the wall and slid to the ground. Why did she have to snoop? She almost rather be ignorant to all of this. She was still trying to sort and figure out her own feelings. She didn’t need to be aware of everyone else’s now.

Arya heard the light footfalls of another person. She glanced up to see Gendry approaching. She remained rooted in her spot as he fell down beside her.

“I’m sorry.” Gendry apologized almost immediately. “I shouldn’t have lied to you.”

“You couldn’t have told me the truth.” Arya shrugged. She was still a little upset by the fact that Gendry had lied about this to her, but she knew he didn’t really have a choice.

“I’m still sorry.” Gendry combed his hand through his hair absentmindedly.

“I know.” Arya felt drained. She leaned against Gendry and closed her eyes. “We can talk about it later. Now, I just want to rest my head.”

She felt Gendry shift and his arm wrap around her, pulling her closer to him. They stayed there for what felt like hours but were probably only a few minutes. In that short time, Arya sorted through all the events of that day and while she was still blown away and confused, one thing was clear. She had to do something. She just wasn’t sure what.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I just want to say thank you for your patience and understanding. Updates should resume regularly again! Secondly, another thank you for the support, comments, sharing, and kudos. You guys are really amazing.

Next chapter will be all lady POVs and we might get some more information on the SansaxMargaery kiss...We'll See!

Again, thank you. For any comments, suggestions, ideas, things you’d like to see, let me know. :)

Also, come say hi on Tumblr
Sansa

“Shit, he is late.” Robb hissed, pacing in front of Sansa in a worried manner.

“I’m sure he will be here soon.” Sansa attempted to comfort but worry flashed over Robb’s face again. “You know how Theon is.”

“He has never been twenty minutes late.” Robb countered quickly, wringing his hands.

“What are you talking about?” Sansa smiled timidly. “He is almost consistently twenty minutes late to everything.”

Robb stopped his pacing and sunk onto the couch beside Sansa. He leaned back and dragged both hands through his unruly curls. “I know. He’s just been acting weird lately and I could barely get him to agree to come out with me and Jeyne and I just don’t want something bad to happen to him, you know?”

Sansa bit her lip and nodded her head. “I do.” She also knew that according to Myrcella, Theon and Joffrey had been meeting up lately. Theon always had been a bit susceptible to danger and if Joffrey was making personal attacks on Robb again, Theon would be the best way to do it.

Robb groaned. “I’m going to be late picking up Jeyne soon.”

“Just go then and if he comes by, I’ll call you and you can swing by again and pick him up.” Sansa patted Robb tenderly on the arm. “I’m sure he is running late doing something idiotic.”

“Yeah.” Robb muttered by Sansa knew he didn’t really believe that.

"And even if for whatever reason he doesn't show, I'm sure Jeyne would like just a private date between you two." Sansa added in hopes to lift Robb's spirit. It was easy to see that he was also going through some weird funk with Theon distant with him. The two were always in sync like that.

"I just wanted them to get acquainted, that's all." Robb sighed, standing up and brushing his pants absentmindedly. "I don't want another Roslin situation, again."

Sansa cringed at the memory. Theon really was a difficult person to get along with, especially if your last name wasn't Stark, and even more specifically if your first name wasn't Robb.

"I'm sure it won't be." Sansa tried to smile reassuringly. "You both are older now and I'm sure he has matured."

Robb didn't continue on that topic of thought and Sansa didn't blame him. Dwelling and obsessing over problems was never healthy. She should know. She basically was carrying a large notebook about her suspicions and findings on Joffrey.

"So you and Margaery are going out tonight?" Robb asked.

Sansa grinned but felt her stomach squirm with nerves. She was eager to see Margaery again. Her thoughts had been drifting to her often these days. "Yup! A little friend-date. We haven't had one in a
Robb seemed surprised. "You guys were doing that all the time."

"We kind of stopped a few months ago. The last one we went on was with you and Theon, actually." Robb soured at the mentioned of Theon's name. "But," Sansa quickly jumped back on track, "we are starting it back up again which will be nice."

Robb nodded his head. "Well, have fun and be safe." Robb waved as he headed toward the door. "And if Theon does stop by-"

"I'll call you." Sansa nodded her head. "Have fun too."

Sansa watched as he closed the front door and swallowed. They both knew Theon wasn't showing at this point. Whatever he was going through, it was deeply affecting Robb even if he wasn't always showing it.

Sighing, Sansa began her climb up the stairs to get ready. She still had to harass Jon into giving her a ride before he met up with Ygritte.

Sansa was walking down the hallway toward her bedroom when Arya poked her head out of her room.

"Sans!" Arya stage whispered across the hallway before waving her sister over.

Sansa raised an eyebrow but did as Arya said. "How's babysitting?"

Arya frowned immediately which did bring some sibling-rivalry joy. "Rickon won't shut up or leave Gendry alone."

"Watch out, he might steal your boyfriend."

Arya rolled her eyes. "Speaking of boyfriends, how is Joffrey feeling about your date tonight?" Her eyes were scanning over Sansa's face.

Thankfully she had been practicing her poker face for a while. "He thinks it's a wonderful idea. He adores Margaery."

Arya still didn't look convinced. "Uh, huh. I still vote that you dump him."

Sansa just smiled brighter in hopes for her sister to back off. "Too bad your vote doesn't really matter in this case."

"Well, have lots of fun with Tyrell or whatever." Arya sighed as she retreated back to her room.

"Uh huh, and don't forget to keep the door wide open and Gendry visible from the hallway."

"No one is even here!" Arya shouted. "We wouldn't even do anything with Rickon here!"

Sansa smirked as she slipped into her room. Arya and Gendry were adorable. Sansa could see through their thin veil of friendship and was happy for them. One of the Stark siblings should be happy, at least. It wasn't going to be Robb with his troubles of Theon. It wasn't going to be Jon who continually was self-loathing. It wasn't going to be Sansa until she got to the bottom of whatever Joffrey was doing.

Ygritte
Ygritte grinned as she watched Jon pulled up to the store in a white suburban mom van. Even from her distance at the store front, she could see a blush of embarrassment coat his cheeks as he tried to look cool leaving the van parked in the lot.

He walked toward her, hands deep in his pockets and hair shaken in front of his face.

“You’re late.” Ygritte clicked her tongue.

Jon ripped one of his hands from his pockets to drag his hair out of his face before shoving it back in his pocket. “I had to drop Sansa off somewhere.”

An awkward air drifted between them and Ygritte dreaded it. “Do you have the list Sam made?”

Jon grunted as he walked into the store. Ygritte followed Jon a few steps behind him. Things were still off between them. Ygritte kind of wished that they could just forget about her admission of feelings and move on, but it seemed like the chances of that happening were growing lesser and lesser.

Jon’s mood had been odd of the late. There were times where everything was just normal and Ygritte found herself falling into the fantasy. But they were always broken way too soon. Ygritte wasn’t sure what set him off but his mood would foul too soon and the awkward would set it. This time it seemed Jon came in the foul mood. At least Ygritte didn’t have to go on an emotional roller coaster today. While she hated the stagnate, consistency was always a comfort.

When Ygritte came to stand by Jon, she was surprised to see him leaning over the shopping car and squinting at the list Sam must have given him.

“Can’t read it, Snow?” Ygritte teased lightly, trying to brighten the mood.

Jon narrowed his eyes on her. “I think Grenn wrote it.”

“Well, all hope is lost then.” Ygritte grabbed the slip of paper and attempted to read the hieroglyphics that were Grenn’s hand writing. Really, it was amazing that Grenn made it this far into school. Not because he was dumb, he wasn’t. It just was that no one could read his fucking handwriting. Grenn could have written the meaning of life on that shitty slip of paper but it would be meaningless if Jon and Ygritte couldn’t even decipher one word.

“Now what?” Jon muttered.

“Can’t call Sam, he is with Gilly and we don’t want to blow our cover.” Ygritte teased her lip between her teeth in thought. “Grenn and Pyp are on a date so their phones are off.”

“Dolorous Ed is probably getting hammered with the rest of the group.” Jon groaned.

“Fuck it, let’s just wing it.”

Jon raised both eyebrows. “Have you ever been to a baby shower? Do you know what we need?”

“No.” Ygritte admitted. “But how hard can it really be?”

A small smile fell on Jon’s face before he sobered up. “Come on, let’s get this over with.”

“Actually,” Ygritte walked beside Jon as he pushed their cart, “The longer we take, the better.”

“Why’s that?” Jon coughed.
“Because, I kind of promised Sam we’d take a while.”

Jon fell silent as he turned down one of the aisle labeled ‘Baby’. When they glanced at the isle they were assaulted with bright pinks and subdued blues. The two glanced at each other in horror.

“Is Gilly having a boy or a girl?” Jon paled a little at the mention of the upcoming baby. Ygritte could relate. It felt unreal that Gilly would actually be having a baby. It was always a little jarring to remember it was an upcoming reality.

“I don’t know.” Ygritte swallowed honestly. “She wanted it to be surprised so she doesn’t even know.”

“Then how does she know what she is going to call it?” Jon cocked an eyebrow.

“She and Sam made a list of boy and girl names.” Ygritte snorted. “I’m surprised they haven’t shown you the list. It’s kind of funny.”

Jon and Ygritte slowly walked down the aisle. “Give me the cliff notes.”

“Which do you want first?”

“Boys.”

Ygritte grinned. “Well, you know how Gilly is. She made a list of all the boy names she knew and they have been crossing them off one by one. I think yours is still in the running though.” She nudged him jovially with her elbow.

“I take it is the same for girls then?”

“Yeah, but far less options. Mine got crossed off first.” Ygritte muttered in distaste of the memory. “Catelyn is still there.”

“Tell them to cross that off.” Jon grumbled.

Ygritte blinked. Right. Catelyn was a rough topic. “I didn’t think it was going to last anyways.” Ygritte shrugged.

“Let’s hope for a boy then.” Jon muttered.

“I swear the winning name right now is Sam.” Ygritte shook her head amused.

Jon sneered. “How does Sam feel about that?”

Ygritte shrugged. “I don’t know. He’s your best mate, not mine.” Ygritte drifted down the aisle. “I found gender neutral colors!”

Jon came beside her. “Shouldn’t they all be gender neutral?”

“You’d think.” Ygritte sighed. “You think little Sam will like yellow?”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself,” Jon leaned on the shopping cart. “We don’t even know if it is a boy or not.”

“Yet.” Ygritte winked.

Arya
Arya couldn’t believe this. Why did all of her siblings have to be out of the house? Why did her parents agree to a date night tonight of all nights? And why did she have to be put in charge of Rickon?

“Arya!” Rickon lobbed a crayon at her head. “Pay attention.”

Arya bit back any nasty retort. “Go on, I’m listening.” Beside her, Gendry grabbed her hand in support.

“Alright,” Rickon straightened his back and demonstrated to the sheet of paper before her. “Now, the M troops are having difficulty combating the J troops.” He gestured to the crudely drawn arms. Blue for M and red for J. “If the M troops want to win, they are going to have to attack from all angles.” Rickon pointed at the sides of the J army.

“They don’t have enough troops, mate.” Gendry pointed out.

“I was getting there, Commander Waters.” Rickon pouted. “Now, I was thinking we could lend the M troops our own soldiers.”

“We could do that.” Arya yawned bored. “But what if the J troops defeat us all.”

“They won’t because we are smarter than the stupid J troops.” Rickon stuck his tongue out. “See? Easy.”

Arya shook her head as Rickon tossed the sheet of paper and held up a new blank one. Originally, she had invited Gendry over to talk about the events that had happened on Thursday. She had spent a lot of time reflecting and sorting through her thoughts and she made up her mind, a bit. She wanted to make her siblings happy. It was as simple as that.

Robb was happiest around Theon, but that didn’t necessarily mean they had to be together. But it certainly was the easiest and it would secure both of them from most emotionally tribulations caused by a third party. Although, Theon surely be at the house more often, if that was even possible.

Sansa had to get away from Joffrey. It wasn’t even a discussion. Margaery would be an excellent ally on the front and Arya knew she’d keep Sansa safe and happy if they got together.

Ygritte and Jon were pathetically close to resolution that Arya just wanted to shove them both together or lock them up in a room to figure out their issues since communication seemed like the only thing stopping them both.

Unfortunately, since Arya was stuck with babysitting Rickon, she had to entertain him somehow. Thankfully, Rickon didn’t have a clue what each of the letters on the pages she handed to him meant and he was oddly giving them so decent ideas.

“Alright,” Gendry grabbed two new crayons, a green and a black on. “So let’s say that this is a naval battle.”

Rickon’s eyes widened. “I’ll be the Admiral.”

“Sure,” Gendry glanced at Arya amused. She couldn’t help but smile back. Okay, it was kind of cute. “So, we have two navies. The Y navy and the J navy.”

“Another J?” Rickon complained.

Rickon smiled happily and focused solely on Gendry again.

“Alright, now this time the Y and S navies are allies but they are having problems communicating. See, the Y navy is using coded messages so the enemy doesn’t understand but the S navy had lost their code. What do they do?”

Rickon wrinkled his nose. “What if they Y navy sent someone to the S head ship to tell them the code?”

“What if a spy overhears and the code is compromised?” Arya challenged. Rickon had a point though; Ygritte and Jon really needed to talk their shit out.

“Oh! I know!” Rickon bent over the sheet of paper and began to draw.

Arya leaned against Gendry. She knew he understood what they were doing and was grateful for his help. She also simply liked leaning against him. That was nice too.

“Let’s see it.” Arya nudged Rickon with her foot.

Rickon threw her a glare before holding up his paper. It looked like the ships converged into a new single navy that was now the color grey. “They make a code together as one crew.”

“I wish it were that simple.” Gendry whispered to Arya who whole heartedly agreed with a nod of her head.

Margaery

“I can’t believe what I just witnessed.” Loras muttered awe-struck.

Margaery smirked. “I’d make one hell of a politician.”

Loras shook his head amused. “I’m not sure what this says more about. How great of a leader you have the potential to be or how shitty of a leader Joffrey already is.”

Margaery shrugged. She had just spent an hour discussing Joffrey’s position as sophomore student leader with the rest of the council for the sophomore class. There was a unanimous vote that Joffrey needed to be dealt with and that a new leader would need to take his place. Now they just needed to find the candidate before they made the switch.

The suggestion immediately went to Margaery who had to politely decline. While the position was tempting, she didn’t want an actual target on her back. She still had many other things to worry about. She could always run next year for junior student leader.

“How’s Stark’s mission going?” Loras butted into Margaery’s thoughts.

“Good, I think.” Margaery sighed. “The football team is already at odds with Joffrey. The problem is that the school gets a lot of funding for physical education from donations from the Lannisters. It’s entirely up to Coach Clegane if they keep Joffrey around but-”

“Clegane is an ass.” Loras finished. “I’m so glad that I’m not on any team there.”

“How’s Renly?” Margaery shifted topics.

“Fine, busy with work.” Loras yawned tiredly. “I’m heading to his place once I drop you off.”

“Are you going to remember to pick me back up?” Margaery raised a fine brow.
Loras rolled his eyes. “I forget just one time a year ago and you never let me live it down. Yes, I’ll be there. Brat.”

They pull up to the restaurant and Margaery slid out of the car. With a final wave to Loras, she strolled into the restaurant. Sansa was already inside and smiled bright upon seeing Margaery. The host led them to their table with menus.

“It’s been a while since we have done this.” Margaery grinned happily. It had really been too long. She missed Sansa and their little platonic dates, even if Margaery wanted more.

“I know.” Sansa sighed relieved. “I was talking to Robb about it and it has been nearly three months.”

Margaery whistled in amazement. “Well,” She grabbed her glass and held it up to Sansa, “Cheers.”

“For?” Sansa smirked.

“I don’t know. Us?” Margaery shrugged. “Who else?”

“To us.” Sansa agreed as they clinked their glasses and each took a sip.

They fell into natural and easy conversation. They always did and it was nice to be doing so again. It seemed like forever since the two of them had hung out together. Margaery really missed this and Sansa. Over the past week or so, Margaery’s mind had been filled with schemes and plans and it was nice to just not think about any of that for a moment.

“So how are things with Joffrey?” Margaery asked about halfway through their meal.

Margaery watched as Sansa paused her movements for a moment. Her face continued to hold to the smile but there was something off about it all. “Great.”

“Are you sure?” Margaery lowered her voice for the illusion for privacy even though no one in the restaurant had any care about what was happening between them.

Sansa lowered her gaze. “It’s nothing. I’ve just been doing some thinking, that’s all. Really.”

“What kind of thinking?” Margaery was suddenly brought back to the kiss they had briefly shared at the party.

“Just thinking.” Sansa smoothed out her napkin on her lap.

Daringly, Margaery straightened her back. “I have a question for you.”

Sansa blinked. “Yes?”

“Do you remember what happened at the party two weeks ago?” Margaery swallowed. She was going to be Ygritte for a moment and be blunt, for once.


“I don’t know about ridiculous,” Margaery steadied her breathing. “You kissed me though.”

Margaery watched Sansa’s face carefully. There was little surprise in her eye and Margaery instantly was struck with the thought that Sansa had remembered it too. Heat crept up her neck.
“I-I recall that.” Sansa stared at her knees. “I was drunk though and then-”

“Do you remember what you said?” Margaery cut her off before Sansa could back out of the conversation. Nerves at invaded Margaery’s stomach but she was not going to let it deter her now.

Sansa only grew redder. “It means nothing.” Margaery stayed still. “I was just overtly happy.”

Margaery swallowed thickly. “So it means nothing.” Margaery tried to keep her voice neutral but her tone betrayed her.

Sansa looked up surprised. “Did you want it to mean something?” Margaery didn’t respond, opting for Sansa to work through this all on her own. “Well,” Sansa grabbed her fork and pushed her food around. “Regardless of what either of us want, it should remain meaning nothing.”

Margaery felt her stomach drop. ‘What either of us want’? Surely, Margaery was imagining it. Besides, Sansa had never shown an inclination of wanting something with Margaery. Hell, Sansa probably thought that Margaery’s affections were out of nowhere. It felt surreal, Sansa’s words. They were just words after-

Margaery nearly jumped out of her skin when she felt thin fingers thread through her own. She looked up at Sansa who was also wearing a blush. Despite the mask she had been trying to wear earlier, it was becoming clear what Sansa was thinking.

“Platonic, of course.” Sansa murmured as she squeezed Margaery’s hand lightly.

“Of course.” Margaery nodded her head but didn’t release Sansa’s hand.

She knew this was as far as they would ever go. Sansa had said as much herself in far less words. She wanted the kiss they shared to mean nothing, so Margaery would allow her that peace. What good was forcing anyone?

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so this chapter got a little away from me....
Next chapter will be male POVs from this same night. :)

THANK YOU ALL FOR THE SUPPORT! We are almost at 700 Kudos which is amazing!

Tumblr
Steady Decay

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jon

15 times. Ygritte has mentioned Samwell Tarly 15 times and Jon wasn’t sure what to make of it.

Before Arya’s date, Jon would have never pictured the two together in a romantic setting. Hell, he was half-convinced that Sam was already in a romantic relationship with Gilly. Apparently he got the fucking wrong.

But Sam and Ygritte was just out of nowhere. He didn’t see it coming. He couldn’t even really remember a time they were together. Not without someone drawing them together. Not without a third party.

But maybe that was just it. Maybe they never saw it until someone else drew them together. Someone like sweet, sweet Gilly. Someone like Jon. The thought disturbed him.

“Fuck.” Ygritte hissed as she ripped two plate packages from the shelf. “Yellow with blue or yellow with pink?” She held up the two sets of plates in dismay.

“Get both.” Jon shrugged as he glanced down at their putrid yellow shopping cart. “I doubt anyone will notice.”

Ygritte threw the plates in carelessly. “Alright, Snow. We have plates, napkins, utensils, party favors no one will care about.”

“Balloons.” Jon blinked in remembrance. “Catelyn had them at her shower for when she was pregnant with Rickon.”

“Balloons!” Ygritte jumped up and rushed toward the end of the aisle. “Come along, Snow.”

A smile tugged at the corners of Jon’s face. Although he wasn’t sure where he stood with Ygritte or where she stood with him, he still liked her.

“How many should we order?” Ygritte murmured to Jon with bright eyes.

“Depends how much we are willing to spend.”

He watched as she scanned through the list of prices and balloons. “I think Sam mentioned he would be paying for this part.”

16.

“And?”

“I think twenty dollars is a fair contribution.” Ygritte grinned. “You’re putting in thirty after all.” She gestured to the cart.

“How many balloons can we get for twenty bucks?” Ygritte leaned against the counter with a dark grin on her face.

“Depends.” Gared glanced at the wall of balloons behind him. “What kind were you thinking?”

“Baby shower.” Jon barked.

He watched as Gared’s eyes widened before glancing down at Ygritte’s stomach and back to Jon. “Oh.”

Jon fought the red from coming to his cheeks as he was about to defend himself. Ygritte didn’t give him the luxury.

“Our first.” She sighed. “We wanted to surprise his parents.”

Jon couldn’t believe the shit coming from Ygritte’s mouth. “Ygritte—”

“Don’t be embarrassed, honey.” Ygritte leaned on his arm. “You’re going to be a father. Embrace it. I know we don’t have much, but we can at least be honest with each other.”

Gared looked uncomfortable behind the counter but it was nothing compared to what Jon was feeling.

“I can probably throw in a couple of extra balloons for you guys.” Gared scratched the back of his head.

“Can you really? That’s so sweet of you!” Ygritte pressed her hands over her heart.

“Yeah, I imagine you want these for a later date?”

Jon watched as Ygritte completed an order of twenty five balloons, throwing some of her own money into it. The whole time she kept the facade that she was pregnant and that Jon was the father.

It was once Gared had completed the order sheet and Ygritte and Jon walked off that he finally said something.

“What the hell, Ygritte?” Jon hissed lowly.

“Don’t be a baby. Because of your gallant efforts, we got five more balloons.” Ygritte rolled her eyes. “Think of the baby.”

Jon shook his head. “You’re insane.”

“You knew that from the beginning. Don’t act surprised now.” She smirked.

“Does Sam know what he is getting into?” Jon asked without thinking. But at this point he didn’t exactly care. He watched Ygritte’s face. Her eyes widened in confusion before sudden clarity came in.

“Don’t tell me Greyjoy was right?” She moaned and Jon felt panic seep into his chest. What did Theon have to do with any of this?”

“Right about what?”

Ygritte stopped in her tracks and turned to look up at Jon. “Do you think Sam and I are…together?”
Fuck. “Are you not?”

Ygritte dragged her hand through her hair. “I told you I liked you, didn’t I? That hasn’t changed.” A tiny spark of hope filled Jon’s chest. “Even though you don’t, I’m not that petty to move on to your best friend, a practically taken man.”

“Taken?” Jon hung onto the last word confused.

“Are you telling me I’m the only one shipping Gilly and Sam?”

“Shipping?” Jon broke out into an amused and relieved smile. “I mean, I think they are a match made in heaven.”

“Thank you!” Ygritte sighed in relief. “I swear, Gilly just needs to get over her fears about making a move and be honest.”

“Well, Sam needs to man-up a little a take a leap of faith.” Jon grinned, hopeful that he could soon make his own move.

Ygritte smiled back.

Robb

*Answer me, Theon. Now. I’m worried.*

“Robb?”

Robb looked up guiltily from his phone. Jeyne Westerling sighed loudly from the passenger seat of the car.

“I’m sorry.” Robb immediately pocketed the phone and threw Jeyne his best apologetic look. “He just rarely ignores my texts and lately it’s been happening a lot.”

“You’re worried, I get it.” Jeyne smiled sweetly. Robb’s heart quickened at it. “But maybe he is just busy.”

“You’re right.” Robb nodded his head. He shifted the car into drive and began his way toward the park. It was where they were originally going to go and maybe Theon would just show up. He did that sometimes. Robb hoped this time would be the case.

“You don’t think it’s because of me, do you?” Jeyne asked in a quiet voice.

“No!” Robb reassured with an eased lie. “Theon’s just been acting weird lately. I kind of hoped that tonight would take his mind off things.”

“Oh, okay.” Jeyne reached toward the center console and wrapped her fingers around Robb’s. He smiled lightly but it probably looked as fake as it felt.

Truth be told, Robb wasn’t sure what was going on with Theon. One day they were doing their normal thing and then Robb wouldn’t hear from Theon in three days. It was aggravating and worrying. Something was obviously up and it hurt that Theon still didn’t trust him enough to tell him. Just like he didn’t trust Robb enough when shit went down with Ramsay.

Robb pulled up to the park. Jeyne and he separated for a moment to get out of the car before reuniting their hands with ease.
It was nice, this thing he had with Jeyne. She was wonderful, sweet, smart, and kind. He was lucky to have her in his life, he just felt like he couldn’t enjoy this moment together to the fullest with his mind constantly slipping back to Theon.

“Theon and I used to come here all the time as kids.” Robb informed. “We’d spend hours running around the place.”

“Terrorizing civilians?” Jeyne teased.

“Only part of the time.” Robb smirked. “Most of the time we were just being idiots.”

“I can see not much has changed.” Jeyne grinned. “Believe it or not, I’ve never been to this park before.”

“Really?” Robb raised both eyebrows in surprise.

“Yeah, too far north from where I live.” She shrugged. “But it’s nice. Quant.”

“It’s one of my favorite places.” Robb admitted. “Just a lot of good memories here.”

Jeyne nodded her head happily and let Robb lead her through the park. Robb told her his favorite memories from the place as they walked along the path. They only stopped their walk when they got ice cream from the vendor and sat on one of the nearby benches.

“I take it ice cream is a park tradition as well?” Jeyne asked between bites.

“Only on exceptionally good days.” Robb murmured.

“I would have thought as a kid you’d be getting ice cream every day.”

“Theon doesn’t have much of a taste for it.” Robb sighed, remembering his best mate again. “So when we did get it, it was also a special occasion.”

“I never realized how close you guys are.” Jeyne leaned against Robb’s shoulder. He put his arm around her. “I mean, I knew you guys were mates, just not this close.”

“We’ve know each other forever.” Robb muttered lowly. “He is practically a brother to me. He’s great, really. You’d like him.” Robb hoped.

Jeyne smiled brightly. She quickly changed the subject to another set of topics. They sat on the bench for a long while, just talking and laughing together. It was nice, better than Robb could have hoped for with the large pit of worry growing in his stomach. He still hadn’t received a message from Theon.

Without even really thinking about it, Robb pulled out his phone and prepared to send Theon another text.

“Robb, you have to give him his space.” Jeyne grabbed the phone from Robb’s hands and set it aside. “Just, for now, enjoy what is right in front of you.”

Blushing, Robb let Jeyne take the phone. “Shit, I’m sorry, I just-”

“Care about him a lot,” She filled in. “I know, you’ve talked about him pretty much the whole evening.”

“Shit, I have?” Robb scratched the back of his him. “Gods, I’m really sorry.”
“It’s fine.” Jeyne waved off. “I think it’s sweet how much you care about others. Besides,” Jeyne leaned close to him. “I’m sure you can make it up to me.”

Robb felt tense leave his body. “I’m sure I can think of something.” He closed the space between them with a smirk.

And while kissing Jeyne was great-no, better than great, his mind still wandered to Theon.

**Theon**

“Theon, where the hell are you? It’s Sansa. Robb was waiting for you, and still is actually so either call him and tell him you are late or show up now. Seriously, what is going on with you? Whatever, we are both worried so please text us or call us when you get this. I hope everything is okay.”

Theon deleted the voice message from Sansa tiredly. Robb was probably worried about him but Theon was fine. Truth be told, he didn’t show up because he was just as much as a chicken as Snow when you boiled them down. Like he wanted to be the third wheel to Robb’s date with Jeyne.

“How long are you going to make me watch this stupid movie by myself?” Asha snapped from the living room.

Theon poked his head from the kitchen entry wave. “Sorry, just checking my voicemail. You can pause it, you know.”

“Oh sorry,” She rolled her eyes. “I forgot how busy and important you are. Silly me.”

Theon shoved the phone back into his pocket and grabbed the two tea mugs. “Shut up.”

“You should turn your phone off. Knowing how obsessive Stark is, he is going to keep calling and texting you until you respond which you aren’t going to do.” Asha sighed.

“If I turn it off, it’s just going to freak him out more.” Theon explained expertly as he passed her the tea. “It’s best to give him an outlet to leave his worried.”

“You know the easy way to go about all this would be to text him and explain that you are ditching him and his girlfriend.” Asha grabbed the remote and pressed play to the animated movie Theon picked out. Finding Nemo, again. “Of course, then you wouldn’t get the constant fuel of attention.”

“Don’t psychoanalyze me.” Theon snarled. Asha remained unmoved and unsurprised. She was rather used to his behavior since his dealings with Ramsay. Theon rubbed his face and let out a shaky breath before weakly admitting, “I’d rather worry him than disappoint him.”

“I don’t see why you keep hanging around him if he keeps making you miserable.”

“Do I look cheery now that I’m away from him?” Theon hissed.

Asha laughed darkly. “I meant actually cutting off ties with him. Not disappearing for a few days and coming back again. You’re just breaking your heart over and over again. Might as well just do it once and for all and move on.”

It made sense, what Asha was proposing. He could probably be much happier without constantly hanging off Robb. Then again, a good portion of his life would lose light. Robb had always been an escape, which was probably why he initially fell for the redhead. Robb let him forget about the shitty things going on in his life and just be himself. But as of late, he had been looking for ways to escape his safe place. It was a steady decay of their friendship. It was deteriorating as more secrets filled in
between them. Asha was right. Robb’s presence was like a double edged sword and Theon just had to stop stabbing himself in the chest.

Theon’s phone bleeped loudly and Asha narrowed her eyes. “Either turn it off or tell Stark to stop, or I’m just going to break the damn thing.”

Theon did the cowardly option and turned the phone off, passing it to Asha for safe keeping. They two fell silent, neither of them really watching the movie in front of them. Asha never really cared for cartoons, but Theon simply had too much on his mind to focus on the screen.

He knew what Asha was saying was for his benefit. She didn’t want to see him moping around, but she didn’t know the whole story. She didn’t know about Joffrey. She didn’t know how much of his life he had invested into Robb. She didn’t know how many times he considered ending everything but Robb was always there in his mind to stop him. Theon wasn’t really too sure how well he could survive without Robb.

It wasn’t healthy. Theon could admit that, at least. He knew his disgusting need for gratification and reassurance from Robb specifically was borderline obsessive. He needed Robb to believe in him and like him, even if it was just as a friend. Because without Robb, Theon had very little.

Sure, he had Asha but she was her own person who had a very different way of life then him. They were close but not close enough where Theon could constantly rely on her. It just wasn’t fair to her and her life.

Robb was the only person in Theon’s life where he could turn to anytime, night or day, summer or winter, rain or shine and have Robb drop everything for him. Robb was the only person to stick by his side constantly and the only person to take preventative measures with him instead of reactive measures. But that wasn’t fair to Robb either.

Robb needed his own life. His job wasn’t to monitor Theon. No matter how much Theon relied on him to do so. No, Theon would need to be the bigger person in this case.

“Asha?”

“Hmm?”

“Thanks.”

“No problem. Do you want your phone back now?”

“Yes, mom.” Theon rolled his eyes and Asha tossed it to him. He turned it on. He felt guilty but a warm glow filled his chest as he saw the messages from Robb. He halted when he saw in the middle of notifications from Robb was one from Ygritte. He opened it.

**Gendry**

Gendry scanned the bookshelf. “What about *Peter Pan*?”

“Read it already.” Rickon called from the bed.

Letting out an angry puff of air, Gendry reexamined the wall of books. “One of the Harry Potter books?”

“Nope!” Rickon giggled. Gendry narrowed his eyes on the brat until he heard Arya giggle as well. She just shrugged helplessly at him.
“Is there a specific book you’d like me to read you, then?” Gendry sighed. Rickon had insisted that Gendry and Arya read him a few pages before he went to bed. He claimed that Robb, Theon and Jon did this for him often.

“Theon is in the middle of reading me *The Art of War* by Sun Tzu.” Rickon replied innocently.

Gendry stared at the boy for a long time. “Excuse me?” What the hell was Theon doing reading a complex military book to a small child? “Where did Theon even get a book like that?”

“Probably nicked it from Robb’s room.” Arya shook her head. “Does mom know he has been doing this?”

“No.” Rickon whispered secretly. “He said it was a secret. Don’t tell mom or dad!”

“You’re just going to have to pick a different book.” Gendry rubbed his eyes.

“So just go to sleep like a normal kid.” Arya muttered, standing up. “Next time Theon comes over he can read to you extra-long, how about that?”

While he didn’t seem enthusiastic by the new deal put in place, Rickon rolled over to his side and Arya and Gendry took that as their signal to leave. They held their breath as they fled the room silently and closed the door with caution. The last thing they wanted was for Rickon to have a new sudden idea. Best let him drift away.

“What the hell is with your family?” Gendry groaned as they returned to Arya’s room.

“Must be something in our DNA.” Arya murmured. “I can’t believe Rickon has been reading *The Art of War*.”

“Not reading,” Gendry corrected as he sat beside her on the bed, “listening. And I’m not sure which is worse.”

“It doesn’t matter.” Arya leaned close to him. “We finally have a moment to ourselves.”

“Yeah, there is that.” A third, new voice echoed through the room.

Gendry recognized it immediately and fell back on the bed. He was going to lose his fucking mind.

“You’re late, Greyjoy. Robb left hours ago.” Arya tutted.

“Yeah, not here for Robb.” Theon scratched the back of his head. Gendry watched as Theon awkwardly shifted from foot-to-foot. “Kind of need to borrow your boyfriend.”

Arya and Gendry both blushed at this but Gendry pushed through to ask, “What for?”

“A bit of an emergency.” Theon grumbled, clearly not feeling comfortable with Arya there. It was to be expected though. “Margaery.”

“Called or is in trouble?” Gendry sat up worried.

“Wait, Margaery was with Sansa tonight.” Arya stiffened. “Is Sansa okay?”

“What?” Theon blinked. “Yeah, Sansa is fine, dandy, wonderful. Snow is driving her home any minute and I’d kind of like to be gone before she gets here.”

“Afraid she is going to tell Robb you are purposefully ditching him?” Arya sneered.
“Arya, are you going to keep your mouth shut about this to Robb or not?” Theon growled back.

It was like watching two children. Gendry was amazed and slightly disturbed how antagonistically comfortable the two moved and spoke to each other. Theon really did make himself at home with the Starks.

“What’s going on with Margaery?” Gendry cut in before Theon and Arya could further deviate from the point.

“Tyrell found out that life isn’t a fucking romance novel, walk through the park.” Theon spat out. “Are you coming or not?”

Gendry wanted to say no. He wanted to just have a night with his girlfriend(?) and not have to worry about any drama. But Gendry also considered these people his friends and he was not going to abandon his friends when there was obviously something wrong.

Gendry turned to Arya. “I’m so-”

“Go.” Arya gave him a small reassuring smile. “Margaery needs you and I’m going to dig out what I can from Sansa.” Arya turned to face Theon and Gendry watched as her face morphed from sweet into hostile rather quickly. “Now, get the hell out of here before Robb, Jon, or Sansa see you.”

Theon rolled his eyes. “Hurry up, Waters.” Theon left the room and Gendry assumed that was his passive way of giving Arya and him a private good bye. How fucking gracious.

“We should do this again,” Gendry waved around him, “except less Rickon and Theon.”

“Preferably.” Arya snorted. “Now go. I really don’t want to explain to Robb what’s going on if he catches Theon here.”

“Right.” Gendry stood up with Arya. He swooped down and kissed her quickly.

“We should definitely do this again.” She murmured.

Chapter End Notes

:D Hope you enjoyed the chapter. Next chapter will continue from where this one left off with our original gang.

Comments, ideas, suggestions, etc. are welcomed and encouraged! Thank you and have a wonderful day.

Tumblr
Gendry

“Are you going to tell me what happened?” Gendry snarled as Theon continued to fiddle with the radio in a twitchy manner, still not responding in any way, shape, or form. They had been in the car for a total of fifteen minutes in nearly absolute silence. Rolling his eyes, Gendry slapped Theon’s hands away from the center console. “Talk. Now.”

“You know enough.” Theon snapped as he rubbed his hands together tenderly. “Margaery got her heart broken. It’s really not that surprising considering the pattern.”

“What did Sansa do?” Gendry asked concerned. From what he had witnessed prior, Margaery was tough as nails.

“I don’t know the specifics, man.” Theon ran his hand through his hair. “All I know is that Ygritte called me in a panic and told me to get you and that we were doing an overnight at Tyrell’s.”

“Wait, what do you mean ‘overnight’?” Gendry hissed.

“We are spending the night.” Theon shrugged bored. “Are you really going to leave Tyrell at home crying her eyes out? Fucking heartless.”

“That’s not what I said!” Gendry choked. He really was getting tired how easily his words were manipulated by this group of people. “But I should pick up some stuff from my house. At least a phone charger if nothing else.”

“Already covered,” Theon waved toward the backseat. Gendry glanced in the back of his car to see three backpacks. “Your mom is a sweet lady, really but so trusting. I guess that’s how you came to be born, yeah?” Before Gendry could utter a retort Theon jumped in again. “No offense of course. But you have a nice place, I guess. I like it. Small, unnoticeable. Room could do with some picking up though. Sloppy, sloppy.”

“How did you even get to my house? You didn’t lock it, dumbass. And I walked. You’re mom gave me a metro pass though for the way back. Again, sweet lady but I literally could have stolen everything you own and she would have bought my get-away car. You need to let her know about all that stuff. Dangerous world. You’ll end up with a sibling that way,”

“You’re rambling.” Gendry spat, not pleased with Theon at all.

“Ygritte’s place is nice too. You’ve been there right? No mattered. Anyways, I think prego is dating chubby. Thoughts?”

“They have names.”

“Harder to personally identify with someone if you dehumanize them and unname them. Psychology 101.” Theon gritted through teeth at the last part. “Makes you feel a lot less emotion for the thing.”
It became clear to Gendry that the sentence was loaded with history that he wasn’t sure he wanted to hear about. He was learning that Theon’s dark past was something you didn’t delve into lightly and right now the focus was on Margaery. Though he would put a tab in it. Gendry wasn’t sure if Theon ever did talk about his past and if he didn’t, he should. Keeping things bottled up inside was never good and Theon imploding seemed to be a dark consequence.

“I wonder what went down between them.” Gendry murmured.

“We’ll probably find out soon enough.” Theon stretched. “Oh, you’re designated.”

“Excuse me?” Gendry raised an eyebrow.

“Yup. You and Ygritte are designating tonight.” Theon explained offhandedly. “Margaery’s going to want to drink and to not do so alone.”

“So you’re going to drink while Ygritte and I handle your drunken ass.”

“I think you know from experience that it takes a lot for me to get out of control.” Theon narrowed his eyes darkly. “Besides, I bought the alcohol and it could be worse.”

“How?”

“You could be cleaning up Ygritte’s drunken ass.” Theon shrunk into the seat. “Not a pretty sight. Trust me.”

**Ygritte**

Ygritte watched Margaery wearily. Over an hour the two had been sitting in the family room in motionless silence. Ygritte had tried to initiate conversation a few times but was ultimately shut down by Margaery blank stare and somber silence. Ygritte nearly let out a hysterical laugh when the doorbell rang. She had begun to think that time had stopped in the Tyrell house. She had never before been so thankful for a Theon interruption.

Ygritte drifted to the door slowly, cautiously watching an ever still Margaery. Seeing that Margaery wasn’t going to react at all, Ygritte opened the door and let Theon and Gendry in silently. Theon passed her the bag he had grabbed from her house.

Gendry closed the door behind them both and the three stood at the entry way of the home in an uncomfortable silence. None of them were quite sure what to do. Margaery was their de facto leader and now that their leader had fallen, none of them were sure of what to do.

“You all can sit.” A quiet, dull whisper ghosted through the house. Ygritte would have been amused by Margaery still giving orders in her state, but she couldn’t find anything humorous about the situation anymore. Not right now.

Ygritte was the first to move, Gendry following quickly behind. The two sat on the couch and in the background, Ygritte could hear Theon had moved into the kitchen, presumably to get Margaery a drink.

Ygritte glanced over at Gendry who was busy looking between Margaery and her confused and looking like he was ready to do something but just wasn’t sure what that was. Ygritte watched as Gendry seemed to make some sort of decision and reached into his pocket and pull out a hankie. At this point, Ygritte wasn’t even surprised. There were only three people she knew who she would suspect of carrying one and Gendry was on that list with Robb Stark and Samwell Tarly.
Gendry leaned over toward Margaery and held it toward her. The gesture was sweet, although no tears stained her cheeks yet. In a way, Ygritte got the feeling that it was the ‘okay’ to cry. Sometimes people just needed that.

Margaery weakly took it but barely paid it any mind as she dangled it in between her fingers. She resumed her statue like positon.

Theon remerged from the kitchen just then carrying two mixed drinks. He walked cautiously and measured. He put the drink beside Margaery before joining Gendry and Ygritte on the couch and downing his drink in one gulp. There was something going on with him, but Margaery was the priority right now.

“Why don’t you tell us what happened?” Ygritte spoke up.

She watched as Margaery slowly moved to grab the cup Theon brought, still holding onto Gendry’s hankie. Margaery took a short sip from the cup before just holding it between her hands. “You were right.”

Ygritte froze, not quite sure what Margaery was saying. “What do you mean?”

“Not all of us are going to be getting fairy tale endings.” Margaery continued to speak in an even, emotionless tone. “That’s just not how the world works.”

Getting the words Ygritte had thrown at Margaery not too long ago should have felt like sweet karma, but it felt like a punch to the gut. Margaery and she had grown close with all of those ‘club-like’ meetings. It was hard for it not to hurt from see Margaery suffering. Especially when there was little that Ygritte could do to remedy it.

**Theon**

It was a slow burn to get Margaery to open up. It took a lot of talking on Ygritte and Gendry’s part and a lot of liquor on Theon’s part. But there was only so much a person could take before they broke and now, Margaery was crumpled in the chair, tears following feely from her face. Ygritte and Gendry had both moved to sit beside her while Theon remained back.

He didn’t know how to deal with break downs from other people, let alone himself. If he did, Theon would be a little less fucked up for sure. He wasn’t even sure what to do when Robb broke down.

Theon always opted for bottling it up, but experience had shown his vividly that it never lead to great places. That’s how he ended up under Joffrey’s thumb and beneath Ramsay’s twisted mind.

The two were chaotically alike yet so different. Joffrey clearly enjoyed the control he now had over Theon yet there was still restraint in his demands, something Ramsay never had. The thing with Ramsay was that he knew how to get Theon to do whatever he wanted without the leverage of blackmail. That’s why Ramsay had always been the scarier of the two when it came to Theon’s personal life.

Joffrey could do his worst to Theon and it would still pale in comparison to Ramsay’s light torture. The only thing that made Joffrey in the same league as Ramsay was his hanging threat over Robb. Ramsay always kept Theon’s secret safe, something that still puzzled Theon. Joffrey’s whole control revolved around threats to Robb. Theon would go back to Ramsay in a heartbeat if it meant insuring Robb’s safety.

In a way, thinking about it made Asha’s suggestions that more tempting. If he removed Robb from the situation, Joffrey’s ammo was gone. But so was Robb and he was having trouble with that idea
still. Letting Robb go permanently was harder than Theon thought it would be.

A loud clank of Margaery’s cup hitting the floor pulled Theon from his thoughts. Margaery had grown still from the sound but the evidence of her hurt was all over her wet face and shaky hands. The hankie Gendry had given her was soaked wet now.

There was something disconcerting about seeing Margaery like this. She was always so strong, put together, and calm. Seeing her in shambles gave Theon very little hope for the rest of them, if he still had any hope.

Gendry grabbed the cup from the ground as well as the one Theon had been casually sipping and took them to the kitchen. Ygritte also got up muttering something about getting a blanket for Margaery. This left the two of them alone, something Theon wasn’t really ready for.

“Sorry.” Margaery choked.

“What?” He wasn’t sure what she had to apologize for.

“Everything,” She wiped her face tiredly. “I kept pushing you for Robb without taking into consideration what you were feeling.”

“It’s fine.” Theon replied immediately. He wasn’t in the mood for another heart-to-heart moment this evening. “Don’t worry about it.”

“It’s not fine.” Margaery looked up. “I’m sorry.”

**Arya**

Arya sat on the couch and watched as her siblings slowly flooded in. First was Robb who looked like his mood had greatly improved from when he left and for that Arya was glad. Ignorance painted Robb well right now. He didn’t need to know that his best mate who was in love with him was avoiding him because of Robb’s new romantic interest.

Bran showed up next, nodding his head in greeting to Arya before wheeling off. He had spent the evening with the Reeds again. It was nice to see that her younger siblings had the luxury to be far removed from the shitty circumstances.

Lastly, Jon and Sansa showed up together. Outwardly, both looked fine but Arya examined them both with extreme scrutiny. Jon did spend a good portion of the evening in the company of Ygritte and as far as Arya could see it must have gone well. He looked almost chipper.

Sansa was wearing a poorly made mask. On that might have fooled someone who didn’t know her, but Arya was her sister and could see through it. Sansa disappeared up the stairs in a hurried pace and Arya followed. She had to get answers and Gendry wasn’t able to supply them. If she was going to help in any way, she might as well do her part from the other end of the battle field.

Sansa barely paid Arya any mind when she slipped into the room. Arya waited and watched as Sansa sat on her bed with a forlorn expression. While Arya prided herself in being emotionally conservative, she knew Sansa wasn’t and that she needed to get it out of her system before it ate away at her.

“Are you okay?” Arya moved across the room to sit beside her sister.

Sansa jumped a bit and glanced over at Arya, smiling. “I’m fine!”
“You’re a horrible liar.” Arya frowned. She didn’t like it that Sansa was trying to block her out. “You’re worse than Robb and Rickon.”

Sansa sighed, the poorly constructed mask slipping from her face. “It’s complicated.”

“No shit.” Arya rolled her eyes. “Do you think you’d be in a weird frantic if it was easy?”

Sansa fell back onto her bed and covered her eyes with her arm. “It’s Margaery.”

Arya already knew as much but stayed silent. She would let Sansa work through her emotions on her own time and just give her an outlet to let them out. They had done this maneuver countless times, especially after Sansa and Joffrey began dating.

“She- Margaery, that is- told me something tonight and,” Sansa paused, toying her lip between her teeth in contemplation. “I realized something.”

“Realized what?” Arya whispered.

“You can’t tell anyone.” Sansa sat up and stared Arya down hard. “Swear it now.”

“I won’t!” Arya exclaimed. “Promise!”

Sansa sat back a bit and dragged her fingers through her hair. “Margaery and I kissed.”

Wow, that was fast. “Tonight?” Arya gaped.

“No,” Sansa shook her head, “at the party.”

“Oh,” Arya furrowed her brows.

“It meant something to her.” Sansa murmured delicately.

“Did it mean something to you?”

“It should mean nothing.” Sansa hissed but Arya could see it wasn’t directed at her.

“I didn’t ask if it should, I asked if it does.” Arya leaned forward. “You know it’s okay if it does.”

“I’m dating Joffrey.” Sansa whispered.

“Then don’t.” Arya suggested. It would solve so many problems.

“You make it sound so simple.” Sansa shook her head. “It’s not.”

“Let me simplify it for you.” Arya sat up straight. “Do you have romantic feelings for Joffrey?” Arya watched the hesitancy in Sansa shaken head. “Okay, do you have romantic feelings for Margaery?” Sansa nodded her head with even more trepidation than the first answer. “Well, I think it’s quite simple and the only one stopping things is you.”

“I know that.” Sansa let out a shaky breathe. “I just need time to deal with somethings.”

“What are you going to do about Margaery?” Arya couldn’t believe her sister’s hesitancy but she knew trying to shake Sansa’s mind off it wasn’t going to work. “She is probably heart broken.”

Sansa bit her lip hard. “I don’t deserve her anyways.”

“San-”
“I’m rather tired,” Sansa stood up. “I’m going to go to bed.”

Arya knew pushing it any further would be futile and stood up as well to leave. “Good night, Sans.”

“Night, Arya.”

Chapter End Notes

So, a little housekeeping...For the next 2-3 weeks, updates might be a little spaced out. I'm closing in on the end of my semester and I need to be focusing on my course work first and foremost. This doesn't mean updates will be stopping, but they might not be as frequent for a while.

Anyways, hope you enjoyed the chapter and again thank you all for the support!

Ideas, suggestions, comments are welcomed :)  
Tumblr
Sansa

It had been exactly a week since Sansa’s fateful dinner with Margaery. It had been exactly a week since she broke her friend’s heart and probably her own in the same instance. It had been exactly a week since she had even seen or heard from Margaery. It had been close to the worst week of Sansa’s life.

She wanted for than anything to solve her problems, albeit most of which were self-inflicted. She wanted to end things with Joffrey, probably for a lot longer than she had originally thought. She wanted to go to Margaery and just talk things through. She had about zero expectations on that front. She wanted to stop stressing over these things.

Unfortunately, Sansa couldn’t let herself do that. She was on a mission that took precedence over her happiness.

Sansa needed to get to the bottom of what Joffrey was doing. He had been rather quiet and subdued recently but it didn’t take away the fact that he had tried to attack Robb. It also didn’t take back what Myrcella had told her about him and Theon supposedly hanging out.

It was odd. Odder than odd, but Sansa needed to sort it out. Family always came first and if Joffrey was planning some other attack on any of the members, including Theon, she would find out and sacrifices her happiness in the process. She needed to be as close to the problem as possible.

Which was the reason why she was halfway to Joffrey’s home, unannounced and ready to get to the bottom of all of this. She was out for answers and she was going to get them. The only thing was she didn’t know how she was going to do that.

Asking Joffrey flat out was out of the question. She had seen his temper first hand too many times, plus she wanted honesty. Not whatever excuse Joffrey would offer her this time. She needed to be smart about this. Covert. Like a spy. Except Sansa was anything but stealthy, that was Arya, and she wasn’t exactly a great word manipulator, that was Margaery. But just because Sansa wasn’t any of those things, it didn’t mean she wasn’t going to try.

As she approached the house, she noticed the driveway missing a key car. Sansa wasn’t sure she was relieved or disappointed that Joffrey wasn’t home. It did make finding answers a bit more difficult with him gone, but that didn’t mean her mission was a complete bust. His room certainly had to hold evidence. She just needed to get inside unnoticed.

Sansa headed to the backyard instantly. She had been in the house quite a few times and knew her way around. She also knew that Cersei was bound to be in the living room near the front of the house drinking and plotting like she always was. This meant the back half of the house was mostly unoccupied and she could slip through the backdoor with relative ease.

She met zero obstacles as she crept up to Joffrey’s room. The house held the appearance as abandoned and empty, but Sansa knew better. Tommen and Myrcella could still be around on the upper floors. Cersei was home and that meant her brothers also could be present. Sansa had met Joffrey’s uncles from his mother’s side on one occasion and she was not ready to have a repeat. That
being said, Sansa didn’t really want to see any of Joffrey’s uncles. The only one she got on well with was Renly and that was because of Margaery. The way things stood now, it probably wouldn’t be a happy meeting.

Sansa slipped into Joffrey room and squinted in the dark abyss. She was hesitant to turn the lights on, hoping she could refrain from being caught as long as possible. Sansa pulled out her cell phone and used its light to examine the room.

As always it was pristine and clean. Granted, this was someone hired did this rather than Joffrey, but it made Sansa’s job slightly more challenging. If one thing was out of place and Joffrey saw, he’d know someone was snooping through his room. She couldn’t let Joffrey get suspicious. Since he had for the longest time left her ignorant and naïve, she would return the favor.

First things first, Sansa went to his closet. If he was hiding anything tangible, it would be in there. Opening it up, she immediately fell into confusion.

The closet was overflowing with a strange variety of items. Bottles of booze, lengths of rope, fireworks, even a crossbow. Sansa knew Joffrey had a penchant towards violence and she wouldn’t wish anyone to be on the other side of Joffrey’s wrath.

She closed the closet, not willing to further examine the contents and what their purpose could be. They were simply more evidence as to why she needed to get herself and her loved ones away from him, the monster.

Sansa turned to his desk. It was bound to hold a plethora of information and possible incriminating evidence. Slowly sinking into the desk chair, Sansa began to cautiously and tentatively examine the drawers. Most of them held nothing of interest or use. Office supplies, charging cables, and video games did her little for her mission at hand.

Closing the drawers, Sansa gulped. She knew was she had to do next. The laptop was sitting right there in front of her. With feather light touches, Sansa opened the computer and was met by a password screen.

Biting her lip, Sansa ran her fingers over the keyboard. She tried his birthday but was met with an error screen. She tried his last name and was reunited with the error screen. She tried his full name knowing that it was probably wrong. She tried her birthday sarcastically. She tried their anniversary and even as she pressed enter and received the error screen she wondered if Joffrey even knew what that date was.

Sansa leaned back in the chair, looking up toward the ceiling to see if it could prove any answers. It didn’t.

In a way, it said something about the relationship. Joffrey and Sansa had been dating for nearly two years. Or was it three? And they still barely knew each other. Past-naïve-smitten-Sansa would have liked to say that she knew Joffrey, but she didn’t. Not really. Not where it mattered. Just like he didn’t really know her.

Sitting up again, Sansa cracked her knuckles. She did not waste two years of her life in misery to not know enough to crack his password. She would not stand for it. She could figure this out. Sansa had that much faith in herself, at least.

Half an hour later, Sansa finally reached her success. Who would have thought that Tyrion Lannister’s famous words echoed through Joffrey’s head enough times to make his password A Lannister Always Pays His Debts.
Finally, with her access to his computer, Sansa could resume her search. Firstly, she checked his recent searches. She knew it was a weak start. If Joffrey wanted to hide something, he could delete the browser history. Finding nothing, she went to his email which thankfully had the same password. But again, there was nothing.

Sansa spent nearly an hour combing through the guy’s computer. She looked through his documents, pictures, videos, popular websites, everything. There was little to be found. She was about to give up hope of finding anything on the laptop and was about to close up shop until she clicked on an unlabeled folder nestled deep in his school work files.

Sansa initially thought it was nothing but soon found out she was very wrong. The file was filled with strange txt files. Sansa clicked the first one to see a transcript of a conversation. The technology behind the transcript was dated, therefore Sansa couldn’t see who were the sender and replier, but from the language Sansa immediately identified one of them as Joffrey. Sansa had a dark feeling about who the other one could be. Especially with Myrcella’s information ringing through her head and some keywords Joffrey used.

Could Theon be the other person in the messages? From what Sansa read, that would mean Theon was…in love with Robb?

Sansa turned the laptop off and stood away from the desk. It was too much. Not only did Theon, apparently, have feelings from Robb (which in retrospect made a whole lot of sense and wasn’t all that surprising), but Joffrey was using this to manipulate Theon into doing…what? That she still couldn’t figure that part out.

Sansa checked the time on her phone. She had been in the Lannister house for almost two hours. She didn’t know when Joffrey was coming back and she wasn’t sure she could put on a fake smile in front of him. Not when she wanted to punch him in the face.

First of all, how dare him. What right did Joffrey think he had to screw up Theon further and use Robb was the poison? How dare he try to ruin her family and make attacks against them? And how dare he keep her dangling along while he tried to hurt her brother and Theon.

Sansa shook her head. She needed to get out of the house and get back to her own home. She needed to sort out everything and figure out a way to keep both Robb and Theon safe and get Joffrey out of the picture. She also needed to talk to Margaery desperately. If anyone knew what to do in this situation, it would be her. Gods, everything was a fucking mess.

Slipping out of the room, Sansa began her escape down the hallway. She was just about to reach the stair case when she heard a low voice talking and instantly recognized the voice.

"That was good work today, Greyjoy." Joffrey’s sneering tone floated up to Sansa. “I can really see you trying to solidify our friendship. I hope Stark doesn’t get jealous with all the time we are spending together.”

Sansa’s eyes widened in fear and she looked for escape, finding nothing. Joffrey was on his way up with Theon in tow and she needed to disappear. Panicking, Sansa began to make her way back down the hallways even though she knew there was no exit that way. Maybe she could find a place to hid-

Sansa was yanked to a sudden stop by a slender hand wrapping around her wrist and tugging her to the side. Sansa fell too easily before she realized where she was being led to and by whom.

Blinking, Sansa suddenly realized she had been pulled in Myrcella’s room. The young Baratheon
girl looked worriedly at Sansa as she closed the door tightly and locked it. Myrcella held a thin finger to her lip in a gesture of silence.

Together the two stood in complete stillness as Joffrey and Theon walked down the hallways. Sansa could still hear Joffrey talking and taunting. It was a wonder Theon didn’t just beat the shit out of Joffrey. The threat must be too real.

“—task for you. Nothing too challenging unless, of course, you find yourself getting bored of all of this. Then I’m sure I can add some additional fun to the mix—”

The two girls stood together as they waited for the door to Joffrey’s room open and closed. Even after it was closed and silence had resumed, the two girls stood there for a few more beats of silence, simply examining each other.

“You’ve figured it out.” Myrcella broke the silence.

“You knew?” Sansa asked, anger spiking in her voice.

“I suspected. My brother—” Myrcella broke off for a moment to figure out her words. “—is very secretive. We do not get along like your family.”

“Why is he doing this?” Sansa asked, clenching her hands into fists.

“Anger, jealousy, stupidity, a mixture of everything.” Myrcella sunk on to her bed. “I learned a long time ago that trying to map out sanity in his mind is a waste of time.”

“I need to stop him from hurting my loved ones.” Sansa murmured.

“And you can’t break up with him until you do.” Myrcella nodded in understanding. It brought Sansa a smidge of reassurance that she was doing the right thing, even though everything felt so wrong that it was beginning to hurt.

“I need to think.” Sansa dragged her hand through her hair. “I need to get home and think.”

“I’ll help you get out.” Myrcella stood up from the bed and moved to the door in a graceful manner. “If you need help in any other respect, let me know. There are many people who want my brother put in his place.”

Sansa wasn’t sure how to respond to that but nodded her head regardless and sent her a smile. Myrcella unlocked the door and quickly led Sansa through the house and back out the backdoor.

“Thank you.” Sansa nodded her head.

“If you need anything—”

“Actually,” Sansa cut off the younger girl softly. “Theon. Can you keep an eye on him when he is with Joff?” Sansa glanced up toward the house. “I’m worried about him.”

“I understand. No problem.” Myrcella nodded her head and closed the door quietly. Sansa didn’t wait a second longer to think about what just happened with Myrcella and raced out of the backyard and down the street until the house disappeared from sight.

The walk home seemed longer than the walk to Joffrey’s. Sansa mind was in a whirlwind. So much so she wasn’t really paying attention to where she was going. Joffrey was starting a psychological war on Theon using Robb has blackmail. Theon was in love with her brother. Robb was ignorant to
it all and still getting hurt by it.

It was sad, in a way. Robb and Theon. It was just sad. Theon loved him. Robb didn’t know. It made Sansa wonder what would happen if Robb did know. Would he reciprocate? She already knew Robb loved Theon in his own way. But there was poor Jeyne Westerling dragged up in the middle. Why did everything have to be so complicated?

Sansa needed to talk this out with someone. Someone not directly involved in it all but still close. She barely thought about it as she picked up her phone and begun to dial.

Jon was there in five minutes, driving the family van with a worried expression crushing his face. Sansa climbed into the car before it came to a complete stop. The two sat in silence for a long while before Sansa decided to start the conversation.

“I need to swear you into secrecy again.” Sansa murmured.

Jon raised both eyebrows and Sansa knew why. The first time she swore him into secrecy, Sansa was ten and Jon was eleven and the secret was her crush on Joffrey Baratheon. The last time she had sworn him in, she was fourteen and he was fifteen and it had been doubts about her sexuality. But they were older now, and there was no giggling to follow the secrets.

Jon turned fully toward Sansa and put the car in park. “Go ahead.”

Sansa bit her lip hard. “It’s not my secret, per say.”

“Whose is it?” Jon narrowed his eyes.


“I feel like this is more than one secret.” Jon’s eyes softened a fraction from seeing the distress Sansa was in.

“They kind of all roll up into one giant mess.”

“You know you can tell me anything.” Jon reached across the center console and rested his hand on Sansa’s shoulder. “Talk.”

And that’s what Sansa did. She told Jon everything. She told him about her feelings toward Joffrey and how they had drastically shifted into something full of spite and rage. She told him about the minor abuse he would administer. She told him about Joffrey’s intent of blackmailing Theon. She told him about Theon’s now apparent feelings for Robb. She explained that she needed to stop him. Lastly, it didn’t seem to matter but she told him anyways; she told him about Margaery, in depth.

Jon stayed silent the whole time, bless his heart. He nodded along and showed he was listening but let Sansa get everything out before he uttered a single syllable. At some point, he handed her tissues that had been stored in the center console and handed them to her. That’s when she realized she was crying. While Jon was never the greatest with comforting and close to the heart topics, she was glad he was there for console her.

When she finished her tale, she waited for Jon to digest everything. It was a lot to take and she knew he probably didn’t know where to start. He had always been a person to dissect one issue at a time, not ever really ready to handle a large bundle at once.

“I think one thing is clear,” Jon coughed, rubbing his eyes. “Joffrey needs to fucking go down.”
Sansa couldn’t agree more.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, now there are two independent groups on the Joffrey ‘take down’ front. Who will get there first?

Next chapter will be entirely in Jon’s perspective and let’s see if I can remedy the horrible characterization I had administered to him up-until now. I am very sorry about that.

Also, thank you all so much for your patience with this story and myself. I can’t promise it is going to get better anytime soon with final projects and finals around the corner but I will try and keep the updates coming!

And for those who are leaving those lovely comments, sorry I do not always reply and haven’t been as of the late. I just wanted to let you know that I read them all and I really appreciate them. Honestly, they drive this story forward in ways you guys don’t know, fueling ideas and reassurance so thank you to the commenters and also the silent readers because without you, there would be no story as well so, long story short THANK YOU!

Tumblr
Jon

Jon decided had probably reached his max-brain capacity of sense-less drama. The life-time quota had been met in a few short weeks and he was just done.

It was one thing stressing about his high school romantic life and where Ygritte fit into everything. It was another simple thing worrying about high school bullies. Those were just normal high school problems that one was expected to face throughout a normal life.

It was another thing entirely when that drama turned out to be one giant fucking conspiracy where Jon’s do-no-wrong brother was having separation issues with his best friend who turned out to be in love with said brother and was now being manipulated into a human weapon for the bully to use for unfathomable reasons while, at the same time, the bully’s girlfriend, who was also Jon’s sister, was having suspicions and gay thoughts and probably mental breakdowns as well.

Jon suddenly wished he could go back to the days when he only had to focus on Theon spreading rumors around the school about him crying. Those were the glory days, unfortunately. Not now when he had to worry about everyone’s personal shit.

He understood why Sansa had to tell him this. Even if he didn’t want to hear any of it, he was glad he could be there to hear it. He knew it didn’t take much weight or stress off Sansa’s shoulders but hopefully he could help lift it a bit, at the very least. Just being able to talk about it with someone removed enough from it all seemed to calm her down.

Jon just needed to digest what the hell was going on. There were so many aspects of this that needed individual attention and he had spent two days trying to comb through it.

First of all, Jon was not surprised in the least to hear of Theon’s attraction to Robb. The two were always painfully close and Robb was pretty much the only person Theon gave two-shits about. In a way, Jon pitied Theon. He couldn’t imagine the torture Theon went through everyday being in love with someone that oblivious. Then again, if the things Ygritte said were true about her infatuation with him, then he deeply regretted not picking up the fucking hint sooner.

Jon wasn’t sure how he felt about being the holder of Theon’s secret. They were never close and often on opposing sides. It felt wrong for him to know but at the same time, he knew how vulnerable information like that would make Theon. Jon didn’t want to damage the kid any further and would take the secret to the grave. Even if Jon knew that Robb would react positively to the information, it wasn’t his secret to share and if Theon wanted Robb to know, Theon would have to tell Robb himself.

But to then hear that Joffrey of all people found out and was using this against Theon made Jon pissed. He might not have kind thoughts for Theon often, if ever, and he might dislike the Greyjoy most of the time but Theon was family. Jon never imagined a time where he would feel protective or a kinship for Theon but it wasn’t as jarring as he thought it would have been.

It was clear in Jon’s mind that Joffrey needed to go down. He didn’t know of a person out there who thought differently. It was one thing when Joffrey pranced around the school like he owned it and
Jon never had a problem with that. It was when the little bastard wreaked this much havoc on his family that Jon wanted to crush the kid’s skull in.

How could an individual feel such a need to ruin a family? Between Joffrey’s borderline abuse toward Sansa and his animosity toward Robb, Jon wasn’t sure what Joffrey’s aim was at. And now with him fucking up Theon further to get back at Robb, Jon was going to lose it.

Joffrey wasn’t even that smart either, that was the kicker. The fool probably didn’t realize how much damage he was actually causing and was just throwing more fuel into the fire until he got a visible explosion.

The way things were going Theon was on the tipping point of a regression back into the anti-social shut-in he had become when Ramsay had gone through and left him in the dirt. Jon wasn’t sure Theon could mentally handle another breakdown like he had gone through with Ramsay. And this time, Robb wasn’t going to be there to glue back the pieces one by one as he had done last time. Robb was facing his own issues.

It pained Jon to see his brother on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Robb was usually so put-together and authoritative but now-a-days, Robb looked tired, beaten down, and anxious. Stress visibly ate away at Robb and Jon wasn’t sure there was anything he could do to help. Not without betraying the trust of other people.

It sucked to be Robb, plain and simple. Robb didn’t know what was happening to the world around him. He didn’t know why his best friend was backing away. He didn’t know why misery was swallowing his family. He didn’t know how deeply Joffrey was successfully tormenting his life.

Jon wished he could clear the air for Robb. He would like nothing better than to fix everything but he swore to Sansa he wouldn’t tell, as he had done countless times before. If Robb even knew a fraction of the shit that was actually going down, Jon wasn’t sure how Robb would react but it probably wouldn’t be good.

Lastly, there was poor, poor Sansa. Not only did she deal with constant mental and vague physical abuse from Joffrey, but now she has committed herself to being miserable all for the sake of taking down Joffrey. She made it clear to Jon the other day that she would not break things off with the Baratheon until she got to the bottom of what he was planning.

In a weird way it made sense. The only way Sansa could get to the truth was to be as close to Joffrey as possible and even then the likelihood of her finding out anything was closer to zero. But just because Jon could see the sense in it, it didn’t mean he liked the idea of her torturing herself further to stop a bully like Joffrey. Especially when she had to put her own happiness on hold.

Just like when Jon heard about Theon being in love with Robb, he was not surprised to hear about Sansa’s interest in Margaery. Theon and Sansa mirrored each other in the way they dealt with these serious affections. Both of them tried to hide their affections well, but there was always an underlying idea that it was there. Both of them were very dependent on the other party. Both of them wouldn’t be happy in nearly anyone else’s presence. At least with Sansa, she could be social outside the world of Margaery Tyrell-

“Are you even listening to me?” Ygritte administered a light punch to Jon’s shoulder.

Shit.

Jon looked over guiltily at Ygritte. He had zoned out completely for who knows how long. She didn’t seemed miffed, just amused.
Jon had come by her place early that morning with the intent on getting the entire baby shower decorations done with. Ygritte had insisted on making them on their own to save money. They were now sitting there four hours later surrounded by odd-mismatched craft products and a ton of tissue paper. Apparently, Sam had a lot of it saved up and offered it to Ygritte for making decorations. Their efforts were going…okay. The phrase ‘as delicate as tissue paper’ had taken on a whole new meaning as he tried not to glance over at the overflowing trash can filled with scraped projects they had tried earlier. Jon never thought tissue paper would be his kryptonite.

“I sort of zoned out.” Jon sighed loudly through his nose. "Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind."

He wasn't going to tell Ygritte exactly what he was contemplating, it was none of her business and it was a very private matter, but he didn't really want to keep everything in like Sansa was trying to do. Ambiguity would be his friend in this case.

"It's just a lot of family drama."

"I get that." Ygritte remarked coolly as she savagely tore at the tissue paper before depositing in the trash with the rest of the failed decorations.

Jon narrowed his eyes skeptically. "Ygritte, I don't mean this in a rude way, but you've been living alone for years now with no contact from your family. You've remarked how 'drama-free' your life has been."

Ygritte smirked. "You don't think watching brother Tormund go through puberty and basically wreck the flat and Mance turn into mini-van mom extraordinaire who 'grounds' us when we don't clean up, isn't drama?' Ygritte winked. "Or when cousin Jon Snow stops by and mopes around the apartment?"

Jon raised an eyebrow. "Cousin Jon Snow? Doesn't that complicate some things between us?"

Ygritte grinned devilishly. "Why Snow, are you flirting?" Jon instantly felt the need to back off. He liked having things being left up for interpretation, not blatantly stated, but Ygritte liked pushing boundaries. "I see you've been hanging out with those Lannister types too much."

"That's just a rumor." Jon rolled his eyes at the mention of the famous Jaime Lannister-Cersei Baratheon sex-scandal debate.

"Come on, you've seen them at those school functions. Remember prom?" Ygritte sneered, referring to the last year dance. "You're telling me that a brother and sister slow dancing to 'My Heart Will Go On' isn't fucking weird?"

"We danced to that as metaphorical cousins." Jon deadpanned.

"Keyword Snow, metaphorical." Ygritte winked. She opened her mouth to say more but her phone chimed as her attention was immediately diverted. "Hold on, Theon is bitching again."

Jon felt his stomach shrink at the name. He really couldn't go five minutes without being reminded of the drama. "What's he saying now?"

"He doesn't want to come to the shower and has been trying to back out of it." Ygritte sighed. "Something about having other plans."

Jon bit his tongue. Robb and Theon had been invited by him, simply because Robb was a delight and needed to relax and he had hoped Theon could just be another body to fill the backyard. Robb had actually been pretty excited by Theon begrudgingly said he would go. He even dragged Theon
to go buy Gilly a gift together. It was probably the first time in a long time the two had hung out alone and Jon was hoping things would look up a little, especially after hearing the news from Sansa.

“So he isn’t going.” Jon muttered.

“Oh no,” Ygritte gritted her teeth. “He is going. I already made a fancy fucking name card for him. I can’t even fix it! Theon’s name is so stupid; it doesn’t even look like any other names.”

“Maybe it is for the best he doesn’t show up.” Jon tried to shrug the topic off. He didn’t want Ygritte poking the bear too much and having Theon react, causing some catatonic reaction that upsets Robb or Sansa further.

“Oh come on,” Ygritte nudged Jon in the ribs. “You just don’t want him there so he doesn’t make fun about you crying.”

“Okay, you know that isn’t true.”

“I know.” Ygritte smiled cheekily. “I just love perpetuating rumors, especially about you.”

“I’m glad you can see the lie.”

“Well, I don’t know if it is all a lie.”

“I don’t cry-”

“Not anymore!” Ygritte cut off. “But you probably cried at one point in your life.” Ygritte waggled her eyebrows as she leaned close to Jon. “It’s okay to admit it.”

“Nothing to admit.” Jon snorted lightly.

Neither of them moved away and Jon became suddenly aware how close they had ended up sitting over the course of their short conversation. She was so close, yet there still seemed to be too much room between them. He could count each of her eyelashes if he wanted to, but he couldn’t pay them much mind when her breath ghosted across his lips.

A wild thought appeared in his head and urged him to move closer and close the gap. He was torn between lunging in and asking for permission. Jon moved an inch closer and he watched with a quickening pulse as Ygritte’s eyes fluttered shut.

“Ygritte! Jon!” The unusually loud voice of Gilly echoed through the apartment, shattering the moment in one fell swoop.

Like they had been zapped by a live wire, the two sprang apart before they could finish the moment and touch. Ygritte scooted all the way toward the end of the bed and Jon was left in his spot frozen. He was too far way now to be intimate but far too close and invading her personal space to sit comfortably. Jon slid back to his original spot on the bed and begun to hide the mess of tissue paper in a hurried and erratic pace. His heart was pounding loudly in his ears and Gilly still couldn’t know about the bloody baby shower.

“Here!” Ygritte managed to choke out as she too begun cleaning evidence of their failed decorating project.

They two had just barely hid all of their crafting supplies when the door to Ygritte’s room opened. Gilly and Sam stood in the doorway, both looking incredible embarrassed but Jon had a feeling it was nothing compared to what he was feeling in that moment. He had missed his chance again.
“Hey,” Sam waved awkwardly. Jon could see Ygritte cringe in the corner of his eye.

“What’s up?” Jon pushed forward, anything to move past the awkward air that manifested itself in the middle of them all.

Sam and Gilly shared a look, both silently urging the other one to speak up but neither of them stepping up to the challenge. Jon was about to urge them verbally when Ygritte punched him on the arm hard enough to bruise.

“Ow! What the hell?” Jon threw Ygritte a look for an explanation.

She ignored him however and pointed an excusing finger at Gilly. “You lying little rat!”

“I didn’t lie!” Gilly immediately exclaimed.

“Not telling the truth is a lie!” Ygritte was standing now. Jon was completely lost. When he glanced over at Sam, he could see a similar look of confusion on his face.

“I didn’t say anything though!” Gilly countered.

“You hid the truth!” Ygritte spun around and face Jon. “I was right! We were right!”

“Right about what?” Jon asked but Ygritte moved on to face Sam.

“Hurt her and you are dead, are we clear?” Ygritte narrowed her eyes.

“Crystal.” Sam swallowed.

Jon watched as Ygritte sat on her bed again smirking.

“Want to explain?” Jon asked as Ygritte settled back down.

“They were dating behind our backs.” Ygritte clapped her hands happily.

“Not behind your backs.” Gilly muttered.

“Behind everyone’s backs.” Ygritte muttered. She leaned her shoulder against Jon’s. “Edd owe us like twenty bucks each.”

Jon wasn’t sure what part of this to address first so he just threw Sam an approving nod and hoped everything else would convey and calm down.

“We just wanted you to know.” Sam put his hand on Gilly’s back.

“Trust us,” Ygritte chuckled. “We knew.”

“Barely.” Jon muttered to Ygritte.

“But enough!” She smirked at him.

Chapter End Notes

So, here is the foundation for the ‘fixing-Jon's-characterization-in-this-story’. I hope it
works out, but if not let me know???

Next chapter will be updates on the rest of the gang's lives as well as a move to a climax in the plot which means, yes, this story will be coming to an end soon (but not TOO soon- I still have a lot of ground to cover so no worries!)

Thank you all for your well-wishes! I have five finals next week and then I will be done for a month before returning back to uni. If any of you are facing upcoming exams or finals, good luck! And for everyone, i hope you are looking forward to a happy holiday! :)

Come chat with me on Tumblr
Planning and Execution

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Margaery

Once again, Margaery found herself sitting face to face with Robb Stark at their local cafe, but unlike all the other times, it seemed like neither of their hearts were into it. A subdued air hung over both of them.

Sure, they both still wanted Sansa safe and that was still their common denominator, but also circumstances around their own lives had changed. Margaery could see something else was troubling Robb recently. He looked exhausted, his eyes sullen and dull. Dark circles surrounded his eyes looking like he had been punched in the face. Margaery normally would have felt compelled to reach out and help solve things for him, but her heart wasn’t in that either.

She finally understood why Theon got so angry with her when she pushed him. Rejection fucking hurt. Especially when the crush has been embedded for so long. It hurt, Sansa’s rejection. Especially when Margaery thought it wasn’t completely honest. But Sansa was still her friend and if Joffrey was still strangling his hold on her, Margaery was going to break it.

“How’s your football thing going?” Margaery asked in a low whisper. It had been a while since they had met up and did a progress report.

“’talked with Clegane last week and this morning he gave Baratheon the news.” Robb smirked broodingly. “He didn’t take it well.”

Margaery was rather surprised to see Robb’s advanced worked. With so much going on, their little plots to ruin Joffrey had gone on the back burner. She was surprised to see him make so much progress, especially with his best mate acting so strange. “What happened?”

“He threw some stuff.” Robb leaned back. “Cursed a bit, but left quickly. He looked like he was on a mission.”

“Wow.” Margaery took a sip of her drink. “And Clegane just went for it?”

“Not really.” Robb scratched his chin. “I sent in a formal complaint about Joffrey’s behavior on the team. Clegane sat us both down and talked but nothing stuck. The rest of the team figured out what happened pretty quickly and sent in their own complaints. At some point it became too much. Clegane called me into his office this morning and asked if there was any way to reconcile with Joffrey.”

“And there isn’t.” Margaery chimed in.

“Exactly.” Robb grinned. “So he kicked him off right after. Not even all the money donated to the athletics department can cover a sexual harassment law-suit.”

“Wait, what?” Margaery blurted out. Sexual harassment?

Robb flushed a bit. “Apparently bullying on the basis of someone’s sexual orientation is sexual harassment.”
“What did he do to you Robb?” Margaery pinched her brows together. She had always gathered that there was something else going on that motivated Robb.

“He insinuated that I was gay.” Robb sighed. “And that I was using my perceived hetero-normativity to spy on my teammates.”

“That’s absolutely revolting.” Margaery shook her head in disgust. “I can see why you were fired up about this.” On one hand, Margaery was angry to hear Joffrey doing such a thing to a nice guy like Robb, but, on the other hand, Margaery felt pity for Theon who had to be reaffirmed that the guy he is in love with is straight.

“I don’t care that he called me gay. He isn’t exactly completely wrong on that end, but to accuse me of doing that? Jon wanted to kill him. I wanted to kill him.”

Margaery paused. “Care to elaborate on that first part?”

Robb flushed a bit bright. “I’m bisexual, I guess. I mean, I’ve always liked girls and guys the same, I just have never crossed that line myself. Yet.”

Yet? Margaery couldn’t help wonder what the yet entailed considering he was dating Jeyne Westerling. Maybe she could make up her past torture of Theon with this.

“Anyways,” Robb pushed forward, clearly uncomfortable with the conversation at hand with his sister’s friend, “how’s your Joffrey mission?”

"We voted this afternoon after class and we will find out the results from the principal this evening in an email.” Margaery admitted. "I think there is a good chance he will be removed as student leader. No one on the council really liked him to begin with. The overall evidence of his non-leadership is everywhere. I’m personally surprised it didn’t happen sooner."

"Who will take his place?"

"The Vice, probably." Margaery smiled shyly. "Daenerys will be far better leader, anyways."

"I can't argue with that." Robb grinned. "Cheers to taking down the bastard." Robb lifted his cup hopefully. "Sansa deserves better."

"We aren't done yet." Margaery reminded wisely, but lifted her glass as well.

"Maybe not, but he will begin to crumble and who knows? It might just be enough."

**Gendry**

Once again, Gendry found himself standing at the Stark door filled with dread. Apparently Arya wanted his assistance with an intervention for Sansa. Gendry was not looking forward to it.

Gendry barely knew Sansa. She was Arya's older, protective sister but that was it. They had little interaction otherwise. He wasn't sure how he could benefit sitting through this impromptu intervention but if Arya asked him to, he would. So he was.

Gendry braced himself for the inevitable as he knocked on the door. Within seconds the door swung open and little Rickon Stark stood there.

"Arya is up in Sansa's room." He said wisely as he stared up at Gendry.

"Uh, thanks mate."
Gendry ruffled the kid’s hair as he slipped past him and up the stairs. He slowly approached the door he knew to be Sansa’s. It was shut firmly and Gendry wasn’t exactly sure if he should knock or walk in. Knowing Arya, she was probably already in there and no mattered what Gendry did, it was going to be awkward as hell.

Knocking, Gendry half hoped that Arya had changed her mind on the intervention. But as the door opened and Arya dragged him in, he knew that she was actually just waiting for him to get started.

Gendry felt completely out of place in Sansa’s bright room. Arya shoved him to sit on the bed beside her as they stared across the room to Sansa who was sitting prim and proper on the window seat. Gendry glanced over at Arya. This was her intervention after all. He wasn’t even quite sure what the intervention was about.

“We need to have an honest discussion.” Arya began, crossing her arms immediately. Sansa raised an eyebrow and cast Gendry a confused look. He shrugged in response but Arya pushed through. “You need to dump Joffrey’s ass and date Margaery.”

Gendry would be lying if he said he was completely blown away by Arya’s announcement. What did amaze him was Sansa’s blushing reaction.

“We discussed this already.” She murmured before throwing a worried look in Gendry’s direction.

“Don’t worry. He won’t tell.” Arya punched him warningly on the shoulder. “And we are discussing this again because you don’t get to be unhappy for stupid reasons.”

“It’s not a stupid reason.” Sansa hissed weakly. “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Make me understand.” Arya countered breezily. “That’s why Gendry is here. He is translating.”

“Excuse me?” Gendry balked appalled.

“Look,” Arya sighed, shedding a mask of indifference and aggression to show distinct worry. “I just want you to be happy and you admitted that you aren’t with Joffrey. Whatever you are doing can’t be put before your own happiness. You’d be much happier with Margaery so I don’t understand why you don’t go for it.”

Sansa shook her head rapidly. “Arya please drop this. I promise this thing with Joffrey will end. I just need to figure some things out.”

“Figure what out?” Gendry asked, butting in. Arya sent him a silent glare but otherwise did little else.

Sansa blushed. “I can’t say. It’s private.”

“About you?” Arya narrowed her eyes. “Is Joffrey doing something to you?”

“No!” Sansa exclaimed hoping to calm her sister down. “A friend. I just need to check it out while I’m still close to Joffrey and then I will end it.”

“What about Margaery?” Gendry asked quietly. He was suddenly brought back to their first meeting when he found out about Margaery’s crush and he honestly hoped the best for her. He didn’t know what rejection would feel like exactly, but from what he had witnessed from Margaery, it wasn’t good. She was a good person who wanted to help, but she also deserved to work on herself and be happy through and through.

Sansa looked like she had been doused with ice cold water, her back stiff and her eyes wide. Once
she recovered, her eyes lowered. “I don’t know how to answer that.”

“If you wait, she is going to move on.” Arya crossed her arms. “Do you want that?”

“…maybe? I don’t know.” Sansa’s shoulders were shaking now.

Gendry wasn’t sure what to do. On one hand, he wanted to help Margaery and Arya by pushing Sansa to a resolution. On the other hand, he knew what it was like to be backed into a corner and he didn’t envy that feeling.

“Sometimes I think it would be better if she moved on. She’d probably be happier that way.” Sansa continued shortly.

“Sansa.” Arya was standing now and approaching her sister with purpose. “You are going to call Margaery right now and talk shit out.”

“But—”

“After you end things with Joffrey.” Arya gripped both of her sister’s shoulder tightly and Gendry hoped she wasn’t bruising her. “I don’t care about your friend who Joffrey is terrifying. She can take care of herself. You can’t carry everyone’s problems. Now, it’s time to be happy. Understand?”

“I can’t.” Sansa ripped herself away from Arya. “If I back out, no one will be able to help him and if I can do something, then I have to.”

Gendry remained silent but focused intently on that one word. Him. It wasn’t one of Sansa’s girl friends like Arya presumed. It was a guy, and Sansa hung out with very few guys. Which meant the list was very short. It couldn’t be Bran or Rickon, strictly because of an age limit which only left Jon, Robb, and Theon. Other than that, Sansa didn’t talk to many other guys.

“What can you possibly do to help?” Arya countered, more concerned with her sister’s overall happiness than dissecting her words. “Right now, both of you are suffering. If you free yourself from Joffrey, maybe you’ll be more help.”

Sansa paused, absorbing her sister’s words and considering them. Gendry could see the wheels turning and Sansa mapping out her options.

“Can I think about it?”

Before Arya could force Sansa into a decision right then and there, Gendry cut in.

“Of course.”

**Ygritte**

“Okay, so everyone knows their positions?” Ygritte scanned the six people before her with narrowed eyes.

It was the final planning session for Gilly’s baby shower and everyone had a job to do. They were currently sitting in Ygritte’s room breaking down the roles. Jon was in charge of decorating and preparing his house. Ygritte would have been slightly worried if it hadn’t been that he also reeled Sansa into helping out. Pyp was in charge of music. Grenn was in charge of cake and would be picking it up an hour before the party. Tormund was handling the balloons and Ygritte hoped to all the gods that he didn’t pop them all. Mance was in charge of the catering and food. Sam would cover Gilly and bring her there. So far, everything was falling into place.
When she received all six nodded of understanding, she clapped her hands together. “Looks like we got this then.”

“She’s going to love it.” Sam enthused.

Ygritte nodded in agreement as they all stood up. Gilly would be home from the grocery store in about twenty minutes and she needed to get most of them out of her apartment to throw away any suspicion.

“Is there anything else you need?” Sam asked as he lingered by the door with Pyp and Grenn.

“I think we are all good. Jon’s got everything in his car and will begin setting up tonight, right?” Ygritte turned to get Jon’s confirmation but found him not behind her. Tormund and Mance were also strangely absent.

“I think they are still in your room.” Pyp squeaked as Grenn nudged him to silence.

Ygritte turned to the three boys at her door. Her eyes on Grenn. “What are they doing?”

“Nothing.” He held up his hands in defeat but Ygritte could see deceit in his eyes.

Ygritte turned to face Sam. “Tell me, now.”

“I-I really shou-”

“Nothing to tell Sam! Remember?” Pyp cut in but as Ygritte turned to face him, he grabbed Grenn’s arm. “Actually, the three of us need to pop off about now. So, we will see you Saturday.”

“You can’t just leave and not tell me!” Ygritte yelped as Pyp and Grenn made a hurried pace down the stairs to the parking lot with Sam not too far behind them.

Ygritte spun rapidly around as she went back into the depths of the apartment and to her room. She walked in to see Mance and Tormund sandwiching Jon as they spoke in low voices. They abruptly stopped as she came in.

Tormund was the first to speak, standing up as he did. “Just catching up.” He answered her questioning look with a smirk. “It’s been a while since the three of us chatted. Right, Mance?”

Mance grunted, standing up as well. Ygritte watched as they said their manly goodbyes to Jon and their more intimate and brotherly goodbyes to her. The two showed themselves out of the apartment, leaving Jon and Ygritte behind.

“What did they do?”

Jon stood up and walked past her. “Just chatted.”

Ygritte tailed him. “About?”

Jon reached the front door and turned to face Ygritte fully. “Just some advice.”

“On?”

Jon shrugged, opening the door. “You’ll find out soon enough.”

“When?” She cocked an amused eyebrow.
Jon simply smirked, a rare look for him, and closed the door shut.

**Theon**

Theon waited tensely outside of Joffrey’s house. It was nearly nine o’clock at night when Joffrey sent him one very short and threatening text to meet him outside his house in an hour. Theon complied with tired patience.

As much as he hated it, his deal with Joffrey felt routine. It was beginning to become a stable, consistent part of his life. Theon wasn’t sure if he resented that or not. He hated it for obvious reasons, but it also provided a sense of hierarchal duty. He knew where he stood when lined up with Joffrey, even if he didn’t like it. Plus, it was probably for the best that he stopped seeing Robb so often. Joffrey just provided a means for that to happen.

Theon only had to wait a few moments before the front doors opened and Joffrey slipped out. They had done this song and dance many times over the past couple of weeks of their arrangement. But something was different tonight. There was something different about Joffrey.

Theon tried not to let that bother him as Joffrey approached. Keeping his shoulders straight and his head down, Theon nodded his head in greeting.

Joffrey, however, skipped the usual teasing grin and went straight at Theon, shoving him against the nearest flat surface. “Did you really think you could get away with it?” Joffrey spat.

Theon’s eyes widened. “What are you talking about?”

Joffrey shoved Theon hard once more before backing off. “You know what this means, don’t you?” Joffrey smirked as he pulled out his phone hauntingly.

“I don’t know what you are going on about. You texted me here. I came. What is it?” Theon snarled, unable to help it. He might be in a position of obedience but that didn’t mean he was going to take the extra abuse because someone else pissed off Baratheon.

Joffrey raised both his eyebrows in disbelief. “You don’t know?”

“No.” Theon deadpanned. “What do you want? Or I’m just going to leave.”

“You aren’t going anywhere.” Joffrey swore, taking a menacing step. “Don’t think you can get away so easy, remember what I have on it.” Theon set his eyes hard on Joffrey, but remained unmoving. “Getting kicked off the football team was a fluke. I didn’t even think you’d try to fight back so I just assumed Robb Stark tattled.”

Robb? What did Robb do? And tattled about what? How did that result in getting Joffrey kicked off the team? “What are you-”

“But then,” Joffrey continued, “I got an email from the principal impeaching me from student leader. Apparently my fellow council members don’t think I am fit to lead.” Joffrey sneered. “Now tell me, Greyjoy, do you feel high and mighty now? Because, trust me, I can make that come crashing down.”

Theon blanched. He had no idea what was going on but he had nothing to do with it. He wasn’t even sure how to tell Joffrey that without seeming guilty. “I didn’t-”

“You didn’t?” Joffrey chuckled darkly. He paused for a moment, tilting his head to the side, reexamining Theon. “Well, maybe I would believe that. You aren’t the smartest or all that clever. But, that doesn’t mean you didn’t have help.”
“What do I get out of trying to ruin you?” Theon reasoned, hoping it was enough to calm Joffrey down and retract any threats.

Joffrey thought about this for an excruciating moment before sighing. “Perhaps you are right.” Theon let out a breath of relief but Joffrey made him take it right back. “But that doesn’t clear you completely. Think of this as your final warning.”

Theon didn’t like those words on bit. “Final warning?”

“Yeah,” Joffrey grinned stupidly. “I like that. One more toe out of line, one late delivery, one mistake and Robb Stark is going to learn some very interesting information.” Air ceased to fill his lungs and Theon felt his knees weaken. “I’d tread lightly if I were you, Greyjoy.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Hi! Hi!
So finals are done and I have a whole month off to focus on this and 100 ways :) I hope all is going well with you guys and if you took finals that you kicked their asses!

In other news, I did a lot of planning for this story between studying sessions and I have the rest of the story mapped out for once. It'll be about ten chapters so we are coming toward an ending but we still have ways to go...! Again, thank you all for sticking with this story. You are amazing!

Next chapter will be baby shower part 1. Yeah, it will definitely be at least two parts. Drama, drama, drama.

Until next time, lovelies.

Tumblr
Sansa

Sansa examined the backyard in utter amazement. Granted, Jon and Ygritte were exactly known for their attention to detail but she and Margaery were and it looked great. Gilly had been completely blown away and was now sitting at one of the tables talking adamantly with Ygritte. Sitting dutifully beside Gilly was Samwell, her boyfriend of the recent. Sansa had to say she was surprised to hear they started dating only because she had assumed them dating long before then.

Also occupying the yard was Arya and Gendry. Sansa had to admit she was happy for her sister. She used to think Arya would never date anyone. Yet here she was with a rather decent bloke.

Robb, Jon, and Theon were standing not too far away with a few of Jon’s friends. Sansa worriedly examined Theon. He had been trying to see any physical signs of his ‘imprisonment’ to Joffrey but he had always been rather good at hiding what he was feeling. But even as she watched them, she could see Theon was a ghost of his old self and keeping his distance from Robb. Robb seemed half-aware but gladder to have his best friend actually there.

“Need a drink?” A soft voice called over her shoulder. Sansa turned to see Margaery holding a glass out for her.

“Thanks.” Sansa replied dry mouthed. It had been a while since the two of them had sat together and talked. Margaery sat beside her. “How have you been?”

Margaery smiled as she always did, causing Sansa’s stomach to flutter out of control. “Good, busy. Sorry I’ve been distant for a bit.”

“It’s fine!” Sansa said too quickly. “I’m just glad we are able to sit and talk. I-I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too, darling.” Margaery patted Sansa’s knee tenderly. “I’m going to give my brother a quick call and I’ll be right back, promise.”

Sansa nodded her head and watched Margaery retreat to the other side of the yard. Sansa stood up as well. It was time she said her congratulations to the mother-to-be.

Gilly smiled brightly as Sansa approached and Ygritte made room on the bench for Sansa to join.

“Congratulations!” Sansa grasped Gilly’s hands. “You must be so excited.”

Gilly flushed. “Nervous, more than anything.”

“You’ll be fine.”

“I know.” Gilly grinned widely. “I mean, I have all of you.”

Sansa couldn’t help but think that this was just a movie perfect moment. “Of course!”

“You’re brother has been a real help in all of this.” Gilly thanked.

“He really has.” Sam chimed in cheerfully.
“Times like this show you who your real friends are and who is important.” Gilly added in. “I’m glad Jon’s our friend.”

Sansa felt something ring deep inside. She knew who was important in her life but sometimes those people contradicted each other. Should she try helping Theon, who was basically brother to her, by trying to stop Joffrey even though she had no idea how to do it? Or should she break things with Joffrey so she could be with a person she, dare she admit, love?

“Jon’s a good brother.” Sansa nodded. He would also be the best for giving her advice. “I’m actually going to go find him.”

Standing up, she made a beeline to where Jon, Robb and Theon stood talking. She smiled to all of them but grabbed Jon’s elbow and dragged him away silently. Robb raised both eyebrows in confusion but Theon simply shrugged off the encounter and continued his conversation with Grenn.

“Yes?” Jon asked once Sansa had pulled Jon into the kitchen in privacy.

“I need your advice.” Sansa breathed out. “Please.”

Jon’s face grew worried. “About?”

“Should I break up with Joffrey?” She whispered in hoped no one, maybe even Jon, wouldn’t hear her.

“You know what I think about this.” Jon sighed.

“Let me phrase it another way,” Sansa straightened her back. “Should I help Theon or pursue something with Margaery?”

Jon’s eyebrows clashed together. “I don’t see why the two are mutually exclusive.” Sansa went to open her mouth but Jon silenced her quickly. “Staying with Joffrey doesn’t help Theon and if it does, it doesn’t help enough for you to suffer for it. This might sound selfish of me to say, but shouldn’t your own happiness come before others?” Sansa went to speak again but Jon stopped her once more. “Just think about that. As for advice? I think there is one person at this party that you need to talk to and it’s not me.” Jon rested his hand on Sansa’s shoulder. “Go talk to her.”

Gendry

“You definitely owe me twenty bucks.” Arya jabbed Gendry in the stomach as they sat under the tree watching everyone before them.

“No I don’t.” Gendry rolled his eyes. “Because you were wrong.”

“I’m not wrong.” Arya muttered. “The evidence is right before us.”

“Your brother is not going to make a move!” Gendry whispered back as they stared at the group of Robb, Theon, Jon, Grenn, and Pyp.

“I know him better.” Arya crossed her arms. “I know Jon is.”

“Well he hasn’t yet so I don’t owe you anything.”

“Yet, Gendry. All in due time.” Arya rested her head against Gendry’s shoulder.

“That’s what you said last year when we started this stupid bet.” Gendry glanced over at her. “Isn’t there a time limit to this type of thing?”
“Nope!” Arya grinned into his arm.

“That’s not fair though?” Gendry leaned back against the tree. “It just gives your side of the bet infinite time to work even if it never does and I never pay.”

“I think someone is making a big deal about twenty dollars.” Arya poked him again. “Come on, look at him! He is going to make a move.”

“He never has before.” Gendry offered, reexamining their target.

“But he will. Soon. If he doesn’t make a move today, then you win, how about that?” Arya raised both eyebrows.

Gendry observed her cautiously. “I feel like you are scheming.”

“Me?” Arya put her hand over her heart. “Never! We agreed not to intervene.”

“Arya.” Gendry pulled away from her grasp and turned to face her. “Look me in the eyes and tell me you didn’t get involved and swing your side of the bet.”

Arya sighed. “Fine, but not directly!”


“I may have asked some people to talk to him.”

Gendry crossed his arms. “Who?”

“A third party who is indifferent.” Arya combed her fingers through her hair.

“Why don’t I believe you?” Gendry narrowed his eyes on her.

“Fine. It was Tormund and Mance.”


“Because they are kind of threatening and close to Ygritte so they can influence Jon into just taking the plunge.”

“Wait, did you have them threaten Jon into making a move today?” Gendry tried to hold back a smile.

“Vague threats.” Arya waved off. “Watch, he is gone now. Ygritte is on her way to the house. If that’s not a sign, I don’t know what is.”

“He’s not going to make a move.” Gendry nodded his head confidently. “He hasn’t before, he won’t now. Threats or no threats.”

“You really don’t know my brother all that well.”

Gendry wasn’t convinced. “He changed his mind on the base of a threat.”

“No, he already made up his mind, he literally only needed a push.”

”And you think he is going to make a move.”

Arya grinned. ’I know he will. Then you'll owe me my money.”
"Not if we change the prize." Gendry remarked slyly.

"And what are you thinking for that?"

Gendry shrugged. "Something less financial and more intimate."

Arya raised both eyebrows but was smiling all the way. "Is this a prize for you or for me?"

"Both." Gendry winked, never before feeling as bold as he did in this moment.

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Jon

This was it. He was finally going to do it. He was finally going to make his move and all he needed was for Ygritte to reciprocate. Everyone had told him with certainty that she would and Jon was half certain she would too, but deep down there was still that underlying fear that this was all an elaborate prank and Ygritte was messing with him. It was stupid but that’s why he just needed to take the plunge. Just like Mance and Tormund had said.

After their finally planning session, Mance and Tormund had held back Jon to talk. They basically told him that if he didn’t make a move soon Ygritte would be forced to move on and they would be forced to take action against Jon for, one, being an idiot and not making a move and, two, for hurting Ygritte. Jon had planned on making a move today, Mance and Tormund just gave him little wiggle room to back out. Oddly, that’s all he needed to keep his confidence in check. Hell, he even flirted and hinted at his intentions with her that same day.

Pushing off the kitchen counter, Jon decided to make his way outside and finally do what he has wanted to do for quite a while. He was halfway across the kitchen when the door opened. Jon hoped it was Sansa returning so soon. She really did need to talk to Margaery and sort out her own affairs. Just like Jon was doing.

Thankfully, it was a different red head. Ygritte grinned as she came in, depositing dirty plates on the counter he had previously been leaning against. Jon took her sudden presence in the kitchen as a sigh from the Gods to do this now.

"Ygritte." Jon drew her attention.

"Hey," She smiled as she saddled up toward him. “How’ve you been?”

Jon breathed deeply. “Good, There is actually something I wanted to talk to you about.”

"Is it the thing Mance and Tormund said?" Ygritte asked all too curiously.

“Kind of.” Jon licked his lips. “It’s more to do with us. You. Me. This.” He waved between them.

Ygritte paused. “I don’t want to push you into-”

“Ygritte,” Jon cut her off quickly. “You talked last time we had this discussion and you didn’t let me speak. It is my turn.” Ygritte closed her mouth and nodded for Jon to continue. “Look, last time we spoke you said that you…you said you had feelings for me. You said that you didn’t know if I did and I want to tell you now that…I do.”

“Are you sure you do?” Ygritte asked quietly. It was the quietest she had ever spoken.

“Yes. And before you go on a tirade of telling me that you are forcing my hand, you aren’t. You weren’t even then. You just backed out before I could tell you I feel the same way and-”
Jon had always been thankful that Ygritte understood his lack of words and knew he was more of a man of action. He was also beyond ecstatic that she reciprocated. Although, kissing in the middle of his family’s kitchen wasn’t the right setting in his mind. But if this meant what he thought it meant, they would have plenty of time to do this in many other places.

Ygritte pulled away from Jon smirking proudly. “Liked that Snow?”

“Honestly,” Jon couldn’t help grin. “I think I’m going to need a second try. The first time didn’t last nearly long enough.”

**Theon**

This wasn’t so bad. It was fine. Everything was fine. He wasn’t doing anything wrong and Joffrey couldn’t find fault with any of this. Right?

Against his fearful, but better judgment, Theon went to the baby shower. He had every intention of skipping the whole thing. He didn’t know Gilly all that well and he was still trying to, at the least, limit his Robb interactions. Joffrey’s ‘one toe out of line’ threat had rung loud and clear in his ears and this time, he knew Joffrey wasn’t going to give him slack. Being tied up at this event only gave Joffrey more of a reason to lash out. He was waiting for Joffrey’s inevitable call to some fucking errand.

He was also avoiding Robb, which proved to be difficult at an event at his home with people Theon couldn’t care less about. Theon ended up enduring multiple conversations with Jon’s friends, finding each other them normal and not noteworthy therefore ruining Theon’s theory that Jon can only attract the attention of weird-fucks.

Halfway through his stimulating conversation with a man named Grenn (who happened to be very gay and making Theon’s hate his openness just a little bit), Theon received a text. Before he even opened the message he knew who it was.

*Call me. Now.*

Theon grew panicky. He hadn’t done anything to mess with Joffrey, but then again he didn’t the last time and Joffrey still blamed him. It reminded him too much of his relationship with Ramsay and being the punching bag for his anger. Literally.

Pocketing his phone, Theon made his way toward the house. He need to call Joffrey and he couldn’t have anyone knowing that. It would only make them ask questions and Joffrey would be pissed and then-

“Where are you going?” Robb had grabbed his arm and looking at him concerned.

“I just need to step inside for a bit-” that probably wasn’t a lie, “-I’ll be right back!” That was. “I need to call someone.”

Robb didn’t look convinced but let go of Theon’s arm. “Right, yeah. I’ll see you in a bit then.”

Theon could see that even Robb was buying the lie but was still willing to let Theon go. It hurt, lying to Robb, but it also would hurt to deal with Robb’s rejection.

Theon ducked into the house through the kitchen door and froze in his steps. The very real threat of vomiting suddenly overcame him.

“Ew, fucking gross.” Theon sneered as he looked away from the lip locked pair of Jon and Ygritte.
Jon pulled away rapidly, red in the face. “Greyjoy! Shit.” Beside him, Ygritte was grinning triumphantly.

Theon sighed, wanted to get out of this room immediately. It was better to be passive about the display before him and leave quickly. “I guess it’s about time.” Jon blanched. “Excuse me?”

Theon rolled his eyes as he walked along the edge of the kitchen toward the empty living room. “You heard me, I said about fucking time. Now go get a room, this baby shower isn’t about you and there are kids here. They don’t need to see that shit.”

He didn’t wait for a response as he left the room feeling disgusted. Great. Now Gendry and Ygritte had met their goals. In a dark way, that limited the odds for Margaery and Theon to reach happiness since it was becoming clear not all of them would achieve this, but Margaery and Theon’s were debatable the hardest to overcome.

Pulling out his phone, Theon dialed the only number in his recent call log.

“Great to see you are taking your sweet old time.” Joffrey hissed on the other line.

“I had to get away from what I was doing.” Theon offered the excuse and hoped Joffrey would just move on to what he really wanted.

“I need you to drive me somewhere. You have a car, right?”

Theon sighed. “No, but I can get one. Where?”

“You don’t need to know. Let’s just say I need to extract some payback on someone who wronged me and you’re going to help. See you in an hour.”

Joffrey hung up the line and ice filled Theon’s stomach. Previously, Joffrey’s task for Theon were stupid and childish. This one sounded much more serious and incriminating. Theon, for the first time, was actually worried about what he was going to be doing for Joffrey.

Theon grabbed his coat from the hook. He needed to get to Asha’s and borrow her car now so he wasn’t late to getting Joffrey. He also needed to slip out before Robb realized what he was up to.

“Theon?” Robb called out as he entered the room. “Are you leaving?”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will pick up from this...WHOOT! Conflicts, confrontations, and a tiny bit of violence are coming...

Also!!!! This story has reached over 900 kudos!!! and almost 300 comments! I am speechless and blown away by the reception of this story! You are all amazing and Thank you!!!

Tumblr
I Know You.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ygritte

“Glad to see you’ve finally manned up.” Ygritte grinned. She couldn’t help but smile. She never thought she’d actually get to this point with Jon and now that she had, she was in utter, blissful disbelief.

“Well,” Jon paused and Ygritte rolled her eyes as he continued. “You weren’t exactly clear.”

“I don’t know how I could have been clearer.” Ygritte teased. “I pretty much had it written on my forehead.”

“Almost everything you say is in a tone of tease and sarcasm.” Jon argued lightly.

“You should know me well enough to sort out the sarcasm.”

Jon shook his head, more amused than anything. “Do we really want to go there?”

“Nope.” Ygritte closed the distance once more. She couldn’t get enough of being able to kiss him. Apparently, he was in agreement with that.

“Oh, so this is a thing now?”

In a knee jerk reaction, Jon and Ygritte split apart once more and turned to see that this time it was Theon’s assumed other half standing at the door.

“Robb!” Jon exclaimed a little too loudly, unclear on how he was supposed to react. Ygritte regarded it as dorky and a little cute.

“Congratulations,” Robb smiled awkwardly at the pair in the kitchen. “When did this happen?”

“Literally, a few minutes ago.” Ygritte waved off proudly. Jon flushed embarrassed. “But you’re looking for Theon, yeah?” Ygritte nodded her head to move things along quickly.

“Right,” Robb flushed now and scratched the back of his head. “He came in here?”

Jon pointed toward the living room which Theon had disappeared into a few minutes prior. Robb nodded his head in silent thanks and moved out of the kitchen.

“That was awkward.” Jon sighed.

“We are going to have to think of a better way of announcing this than just making out in your kitchen.” Ygritte nodded in agreement.

“Let’s just not tell anyone else right now.”

Ygritte cocked an eyebrow. “Why?”

“Well, we are at a baby shower intended to celebrate one person.” Jon smirked. “Let’s trying to not make this event about us.”
Ygritte grinned. “Since when have we been the ones known for that?” Ygritte shook her head. “Don’t answer that, you’re right. This is about Gilly and—”

Robb exclaimed loudly in the other room. Jon frowned and slowly approached the wall to listen. Ygritte followed suit. “What’s happening?” Jon whispered, more to himself.

Ygritte answered regardless. “Lover’s quarrel?”

“We should hope not.” Jon grimaced. “When they fight, it usually gets pretty physical.”

“They fight often?”

“Hardly ever.” Jon admitted. “But Theon is stubborn as all hell and Robb’s patience can’t last forever.”

“Should we intervene?” Ygritte asked, worried that if they do start fighting that it would ruin this day for Gilly.

“Let’s give them a moment to talk things out. It should all be fine unless Robb loses control first. Theon won’t fight him until Robb throws the first punch.”

“-Take that back.” Robb yelped from the next room over.

Jon and Ygritte shared a concerned look. “Lose control like that?” Ygritte asked, but Jon was already halfway into the next room.

Margaery

“Hey!” Margaery waved as she spotted Sansa. “Where did you disappear to?”

She had just finished getting off the phone with her brother Loras, who was going to be at Renly’s until late, and when Margaery got off the phone Sansa was nowhere to be seen.

“I had to have a quick talk with my brother.” Sansa waved off distractedly. “Actually, I wanted to talk.”

Margaery felt a familiar pit grow in her stomach but smiled regardless and nodded her head. “Let’s sit.”

They walked in silence as they found a couple of chairs on the other side of the yard. They were distant enough from everyone else that they had privacy to hold this discussion. Once they were both seated, Margaery waited with anxiety building in her stomach for Sansa to speak.

“I like you.” Sansa admitted lowly. Margaery smiled sadly at that because she knew a ‘but’ was coming her way. “A lot.” Sansa nodded her head confidently. “I think I have for a while longer than you.”

“Then why date Joffrey?” Margaery asked in her calmest voice. She could see Sansa was struggling with trying to get this out.

“It’s complicated.” Sansa murmured. “I just wanted to be honest with you and let you know.”

Margaery grabbed Sansa’s hand. “Thank you.”

Sansa bit her lip. “I want to break up with Joffrey.”
“Then do it.” Margaery answered. It was a simple problem to solve in Margaery’s opinion.

“Someone else I care about is getting hurt by him and—”

“You think you can help your friend by staying with Joffrey and finding out information.” Margaery finished quickly. Sansa nodded her head in a shameful fashion. “You know there are other ways to help out your friend.”

“Not when Joffrey has all this power over them.” Sansa whispered. “I’m just lost.”

“I’ll always be here for you.” Margaery pulled her chair closer so she could envelop Sansa. “No matter what you decide in the end.”

Sansa looked up at Margaery with sad eyes. “I don’t want to make you wait.”

“I know, darling. I know.” Margaery soothed. She knew now that since she had a chance with Sansa, she would wait even if it meant years for it to happen. “You let me worry about that, okay?”

“I’m going to break up with Joffrey, soon.” Sansa vowed. “I promise.”

Margaery smiled softly. “And I’ll be there the second you do. Please do worry about me in all of this. I’m not going anywhere.”

“How is that fair to you?”

“It doesn’t have to be fair. As long as we are both happy in the end, any hardship we have to deal with is just another bump in the road. I can be fine with that, as long as you are safe.” Margaery whispered sweetly. She had wanted to be this honest with Sansa about her feelings for years and it felt so right to be doing so, even if they weren’t together. Yet. The yet was hope.

Robb

Robb walked into the living room to see Theon donning on his coat and reaching for the door. Disappointment resounded in his chest. Today, he finally felt like things were normal but apparently he was wrong. Apparently, Theon still couldn’t tell him the truth and was trying to slip out. Apparently, their friendship was still veiled in too many lies.

“THEON!” Robb called out. “Are you leaving?”

Theon spun around rapidly, wide eyes landing on Robb. He looked guilty and was. Robb caught him red handed. “ROBB! Shit, I’m sorry, but I have to leave. Asha—”

“Were you just going to leave without saying anything?” Robb cut him off. He was madder about that than the fact that Theon was leaving.

“I just didn’t want to cause a thing.” Theon waved off as he inched closer to the door.

“Good thing you avoided that.” Robb spat out sarcastically. Normally, he wasn’t one to get so crossed with Theon, but there was only so much lying, hiding, and secrets Robb could take from Theon before he blew up. And he was hurt. Robb always knew he wore his heart on his sleeve and when he was hurt, he showed it. Unlike other people.

“I’m serious. I was just trying to be decent.” Theon sneered. It was a defensive maneuver Robb was very familiar with.

“That is bullshit and you know it.”
Theon did his best to hold back his recoil but Robb still saw it but gained no satisfaction from that. “What is your problem? Are you trying to start a fight?”

“Maybe I am and then you finally stop fucking hiding shit from me and talk to me.” Robb growled. “What the fuck is going on with you? You’re not acting like yourself anymore.”

“I’m fine.” Theon snarled. “Just leave me the fuck alone.”

Robb rolled his eyes. “I thought I knew you, recently…”

“You don’t fucking know me, not fucking really.” Theon shook his head before sneering quietly. “If you ever knew me than you-”

“No, you don’t know me at all. Trust me.” Theon vowed savagely. Robb was taken aback by the tone. “If you did, we wouldn’t have the pleasure of ending our friendship here; it would have ended years ago.”

Robb froze at the words. “End our friendship? Do you just not give a fuck?”

Theon shrugged. “I really don’t.”

Robb laughed humorlessly. Of course. “Did you ever? Apparently I don’t fucking know you so what the fuck was the point of any of this? Huh? Some sick joke? Were you just bored?”

“Right,” Theon hissed. “The joke is on you. It’s always on you. What a fucking hard life Robb Stark has had to live. Gods, you just as fucking manipulative as Ramsay.”

Robb froze at the words. “End our friendship? Do you just not give a fuck?”

Theon shrugged. “I really don’t.”

Robb laughed humorlessly. Of course. “Did you ever? Apparently I don’t fucking know you so what the fuck was the point of any of this? Huh? Some sick joke? Were you just bored?”

“Right,” Theon hissed. “The joke is on you. It’s always on you. What a fucking hard life Robb Stark has had to live. Gods, you just as fucking manipulative as Ramsay.”

Something broke in Robb. He never knew the extent of what happened between Theon and Ramsay, but he knew the comparison was a low blow and Robb couldn’t believe that Theon was seeing him like that. Robb hated everything that Ramsay did and stood for and to be compared, Robb felt sick.

Robb took a heated step forward until he was face to face with Theon. “Take that back.”

“Why?” Theon’s eyes were dancing with a mixture of fear and vengeance. Like he was dying to say this but was scared of what Robb was going to do. Robb seriously wanted to punch him. “Are you scared of admitting what you are? What you truly are?”

Robb did hit him. Robb fist collided with Theon’s jaw in a hard crack. Theon looked shocked but it didn’t last long as he took an aim at Robb and soon the two were on the floor punching, hitting, and kicking each other without landing any real solid blows. Robb was pissed. He needed to show Theon how pissed he was and he was going to do it right then and there.

“Stop this!” Jon grabbed the back of Robb’s shirt and pulled him off the floor and away from Theon. Ygritte was tending to Theon who looked ready to lunge but seemed to think it over.

Instead, Robb watched as Theon stood up, pushing Ygritte aside, and rapidly leave through the front door. As it slammed closed, realization over what just happened curled in Robb’s stomach. This was it. This was the end. Theon and he were done. Robb felt like he was going to vomit.

**Gendry**

A deafening silence filled the Stark house. Arya and Gendry were the only people to inhabit the
Neither of them had witnessed the fight, but from what they saw from the aftermath. It wasn’t good. Ygritte had made the executive decision to end the party there and had taken Gilly home with the help of Sansa and Margaery. It wasn’t the best way to end a happy occasion like a baby shower, but Gilly put on a strong front.

Robb was not handling it as well. Jon, with the help of Sam, had taken Robb up stairs and none of them had returned. Gendry wasn’t sure if that was a good sign or a bad sign. He just hoped Robb was okay. He also wanted to know what the hell Theon was thinking.

He was a hard guy to peg, but even Gendry who didn’t know him all that well could see that something dark was happening to Theon. Gendry wasn’t sure there was any way he could help, but he hoped that whatever was going on would just end. Self-destructive Theon was a lot more dangerous than Gendry would have anticipated.

“You must think my family is insane.” Arya finally spoke up. Gendry looked up for Arya to continue. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you wanted to just drop contact with us in general.”

“Why would I do that?” Gendry asked stunned. Like Arya could control the crazy shit happening around her.

“It’s one thing to be committed to an emotional constipated person like me-”


“Even so,” Arya ignored him, “you didn’t sign on to the mess that my family is turning out to be.”

“Arya-”

“I mean, Robb, who is supposed to have his shit together, is fighting with his best mate and having an emotional breakdown as we speak.” Arya shook her head in dismay. “Then there is Jon who can’t get a fucking clue and has been playing this weird unintentional game of cat-and-mouse with Ygritte for nearly two years now. And Sansa is torn between staying with her abuser and dating the love of her life.” Arya sighed. “It makes you wonder what shit Rickon and Bran are going to get into in the next couple of years.”

“Is this your round-about way of telling me that you’re the normal one in a screwed up drama family?” Gendry asked lightly, hoping the shift the mood. Too much drama happened in the span of an hour that they all needed a break and needed to just calm down.

“It’s my round-about way of telling you that I understand if this isn’t what you signed up for and you want to sail towards more normal horizons.” Arya stopped cleaning the table and looked up to meet Gendry’s eyes.

Gendry stopped his working as well. “Arya, it is honestly going to take a little more than this,” he gestured around the house, “to scare me off. Trust me, you saw who I hang out with on Thursdays.”

“Are they this bad?” Arya asked, tilting her head to the side curiously.

“Debatably.” Gendry walked around the table and towards Arya, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her closer. “I’m not leaving unless you explicitly tell me you want me to. Otherwise, I have no reason to.”
Arya squinted her eyes in distrust. “I find that hard to believe.”

“I don’t see why,” Gendry smirked. “You know me.”

Arya smiled. “Yeah, I do.”

**Joffrey**

“Take a left here.” Joffrey pointed in a low voice.

Just as Joffrey had ordered, Greyjoy was at his house on the dot in his sister’s shitty car. It brought him a sick satisfaction in knowing that he had the guy wrapped around his finger. Part of him just wanted to see how far he could push the guy, but right now he was teaching a lesson.

In the back seat, Moore, Oakheart, and Trant sat. They were going to assist Joffrey in his little demonstration. It would be both a lesson to Theon Greyjoy and Margaery Tyrell.

After doing some digging as to why he had been impeached from his position as student leader, all his findings led him to one Margaery Tyrell. He wasn’t sure what the goal was for her, she didn’t rise up in his spot, but he knew she would face the consequences and he would go after the one thing she cared about. Her cock loving brother.

“There.” Joffrey ordered. “Slow down.”

They were outside his uncle’s apartment. If he calculated his right, any minute now that loser Tyrell would be leaving.

“Trant, Moore, Oakheart. Go teach the fag a lesson.”

Joffrey grinned as Theon tensed beside him thinking the words were meant from him. Little tension released from the driver’s shoulder’s as the three people filed out of the car and walked toward the complex.

“Don’t worry, Greyjoy. You aren’t the target. So just sit back and enjoy the show.” Joffrey nodded his head as he saw one of the doors from the apartment open and the flamer began walking.

Joffrey watched in delight as Trant grabbed a hold of Loras and Moore administered punches. A dark smile came to his face as Oakheart found a stick.

“Let this be a lesson to you as well, Greyjoy. Cross me like Tyrell did, and you’ll get the same. Or maybe Robb will. Who knows?” Joffrey smirked. “Remember. I always stick to my word.”

**Chapter End Notes**

I feel like I should apologize, but later chapters will be redemption, hopefully!

Next chapter will be fun. Relatively so, but fun!

And thanks everyone! We are closing in on nearly 1000 kudos and I honestly am just amazed. I didn't think this story would become this big and I didn't know it would be taking this path so thank you all.
So come yell at me on Tumblr
“It wasn’t that bad,” Gilly tried to convince Ygritte for the twentieth time.

Ygritte threw her a dark look. “A friendship died the day we were supposed to be celebrating life.” Ygritte gestured dramatically to Gilly’s stomach. “I just feel bad that it happened on your day.”

“And that it happened at all.” Gilly added.

Ygritte rolled her eyes. “That too.”

“I don’t think you should worry about it,” Gilly continued on. “I still had a good time. What we should be worrying about are your friends. How are they?”

Ygritte looked at her knees. “I only know what I hear from Jon concerning Robb. Apparently he is miserable. He won’t leave his room, won’t eat, won’t do anything. All he does it call Theon, but of course that idiot doesn’t answer.”

“Have you heard from Theon?” Gilly whispered. She knew that Ygritte was a part of some after school thing with him, Margaery Tyrell and Gendry Waters.

“No,” Ygritte crossed her arms. “I’m pretty sure I’ve been blocked. I’ve tried calling him.”

“Blocked?”

“Yeah, he has his fucked up reasons for it, I guess.” Ygritte shrugged awkwardly.

“Is it because you and Jon…”

“Yeah.” Ygritte shifted on the couch so that she was lying down. “I already can hear him telling me how I’ve betrayed him and I’m sleeping with the enemy.”

Gilly bit back a giggle. It was kind of a serious conversation so it was inappropriate, but she couldn’t help but find the humor of Ygritte’s tone. “Well, are you sleeping with the enemy?”

This time Ygritte joined in on the laughter. “No, we’re kind of taking it slow.” Ygritte shrugged off.

“Well, I’m happy for you both.”

Ygritte beamed. “Thank you.”

The door to Ygritte’s room opened and Gilly glanced over. Her eyes widened in surprise as a shirtless Jon Snow exited Ygritte’s room. Jon met Gilly’s deer in headlights gaze and froze. Ygritte didn’t even have the common courtesy to be embarrassed and just ogled appreciatively. Thankfully, Jon was embarrassed enough for both of them.

“Hey,” Jon waved red in the face. “I was just getting some coffee.”

Gilly watched with second-hand embarrassment as Jon hurriedly stumbled around the kitchen trying
to find an empty mug and fill it was black coffee before slipping back into Ygritte’s room. When Gilly looked back over at Ygritte, the red head was chuckling.

“He is so dorky about the weirdest things.” Ygritte sighed.

“So…” Gilly was kind of hoping for a bit of an explanation.

“He spent the night last night. The house is a little too uncomfortable right now with Robb. He just needed a night away.” Ygritte sat up and tossed her hair over her shoulder. “Don’t worry, I’ve known for weeks that Sam has been spending the night and not on the couch like you claim.”

Gilly went bright red in the face and stood up. “Breakfast? Do you want me to make breakfast?” Anything to get out of the conversation.

Ygritte laughed loudly, “I’d love some.”

**Jeyne W.**

“We need to talk.”

It was four little words Jeyne had been dreading to say, but she knew that she needed to do this. It was honestly becoming too much. She wish it didn’t have to end like this.

A week had gone by since the baby shower. Robb had been stingy with details and there was only so much guessing Jeyne could take. Only one thing was for certain. Theon Greyjoy was behind this. Again.

In the short span Jeyne had been dating Robb, she found out that Theon Greyjoy was always on Robb’s mind. In a way, it was cute. The loyalty and fondness they shared for each other was a true testament of their friendship. But as the weeks passed, Jeyne learned some dark truths about the nature of the friendship. To an outsider, it was clear that Theon was dependent on Robb. Robb was his only friend and the only person Theon gave the time of day to. But, that dependent-ness wasn’t one-sided.

Robb’s entire emotional and mental state was linked to Theon Greyjoy. Jeyne watched the signs hauntingly. At first, she just thought it was a coincidence, but she was wrong. If Theon showed even the slightest disturbance, Robb went into shock. He was like a blood hound of Theon’s mood swings. The thing was, Robb only knew when something was wrong, not what the source was. And Robb Stark, being who he was, always wanted to know and fix it. And Theon Greyjoy, being who he was, was secretive about it. This just caused the two further unhappiness.

And these games went on. Jeyne thought she could be fine with it. She liked Robb a lot and they got on well. But there was something emotionally dampening about always being second to the best friend. For some, that might be okay. For Jeyne, it wasn’t. So she needed to end things with Robb. She needed to be someone’s first, not second, choice.

Robb looked worried as they sat down. By her tone, he probably figured out what was about to happen. Jeyne felt awful for having this moment now of all times. She hoped that this would bring him more relief than sadness, so he could focus on the one who really mattered to him.

“You’re breaking up with me.” Robb frowned. He said the words before she had the chance. Jeyne felt a tiny sting that he didn’t look all that sad or surprised. Then again, all of his attention and emotions were reserved to Theon right now. Or always.

“I am.” Jeyne sighed. “It’s for the best. I know you are going through a lot right now with Theon and
I don’t want to put on any added pressure.”

Robb swallowed that and looked unconvincing. “I haven’t really been right by you.”

“I know.” Jeyne patted his arm tenderly. “But sometimes, these things aren’t’ meant to be.” And she honestly meant that. It became clear to her that there was no future with Robb Stark if Theon Greyjoy was always an option. Besides, now that she had witnessed it first hand, it looked like the future Robb even wanted was one with Theon. The idiot just never put all the pieces together, yet.

“I’m sorry.” Robb breathed loudly. “I wish this could have worked.”

Jeyne didn’t believe that. “Okay.”

“I hope you find someone better.” Robb murmured.

“You too.” Jeyne stood up. Except the person best for Robb was the one constantly on his mind.

Loras

“-and one of them found a stick.” Loras shuddered. “Or was it a crowbar? I can’t really remember after they hit my head.”

“I’m going to get whoever did this to you.” Renly vowed as he carefully looked over his boyfriend’s knuckles. “At least you fought back.”

“Yeah,” Loras huffed impatiently. “You should see the other guy.”

Despite the fact that his body was littered with bruises, cuts, and perhaps a broken rib or two, Loras was happy to side this protective side of his boyfriend. Plus, Nurse Renly was a little sexy.

“I wish I could remember who did it.” Loras snarled. “Then I’d go after them myself.”

Renly brushed Loras’ hair from his face. “Anything you can remember might be helpful. Like a color, a sound, something in the background-?”

“I remember their car.” Loras murmured. “A shitty clunker.”

Loras watched in amusement as Renly sat up and gripped his hands tightly. This only caused the wounds on his knuckles to sting a bit. “Any details you can remember about the car? The make? The model? A color?”

“It was a grey sedan.” Loras closed his eyes, trying to picture it in his mind. “A large ass dent on the passenger door.”

“That’s good. Good.” Renly nodded his head along excitedly. “Was it an old car? Newer?”

“Older.” Loras sighed. “I don’t know how old. Maybe ten years? I wish I could be more help.”

“Shh,” Renly kissed Loras softly. “I can work with this. My brother owes me a favor anyways.”

“The asshole or the dick?” Loras smirked.

“Well, both, but I was talking about the dick.” Renly smiled.

“Stannis isn’t going to help if he knows I’m involved.” Loras sneered. “Remember? Hates my guts?”
Renly waved off. “He’s like that with everyone. Trust me, I lived with the guy for a while. It fucking suckeded. I’m going to give him a call and see if he can have one of his boys do a search. Who knows, it might lead us nowhere.”

“But?” Loras raised both eyebrows. He knew that look Renly was giving him.

“It’ll probably lead to much more.” Renly stood up. “Having the Police Commissioner as a brother does have its perks.”

Renly

Renly had been surprised when Stannis readily did the search and gave him the information. Stannis and Renly never really saw eye to eye, then again, Stannis was like that with everyone. It was probably a middle child syndrome of some sort.

But Stannis pulled through for him and now he was standing outside the apartment in the Wharf. In the parking lot was the grey sedan Loras had described and Renly knew he was on the right path. He knocked on the door ready to get to the bottom of this.

To his surprise, Asha Greyjoy answered the door. They went to high school together and she was terrifying, but she also had a life and had no reason to target his boyfriend.

“Baratheon?” Her eyebrow quirked up in confusion. “What are you doing here?”

In the apartment, a glass shattered and Asha groaned. “Theon, what did you break?”

Asha held up a finger for Renly to wait, but he was already connecting the dots. Theon Greyjoy, the same kid he saw at his brother’s house some time ago and who was hanging around Joffrey. From what he remembered of Theon, he didn’t seem like the type of kid to go after Loras and with whom? He was only friends with the Starks and apparently Joffrey. Joffrey, on the other hand, seemed just like the type of person to do this. Motive or not. Now all Renly needed was Theon to confirm his suspicions.

Asha came back a moment later, arms crossed tightly over her chest. “Can I help you?”

“I need to speak to your brother.” Renly tucked his hands into his pocket. “It’s kind of important.”

“No.” Asha deadpanned.

Renly was taken aback. “Looks, I’ll be quick-”

“He isn’t seeing anyone.” Asha snarled defensively. Renly was remembering why she was so scary in high school. “He’s not feeling well.”

Renly licked his lips and cleared his throat. “Did you know your car was used in a hate crime against my boyfriend a week ago? I think your brother was involved, unless that would be you.”

Asha remained physically unmoved, almost like she hadn’t heard what Renly had said. After a brief moment of silence though, she moved out of the way and let Renly in.

He saw Theon immediately, sitting on the couch gripping his knees anxiously. The kid looked like a mess. He was pale, red eyed like he had been crying, and he was curled up into himself. Asha hadn’t been lying when she had said he wasn’t well.

“Greyjoy,” Renly stood before Theon. “Are you familiar with Loras Tyrell?”
The reaction was instantaneous. His head snapped up and fear filled his eyes. “Oh no,” He gasped and begun shaking. “H-He…I didn’t…Oh gods…”

Renly almost felt pity for the kid. He was also aware that Asha was watching him like a hawk. “Hey, I just need to know a couple of things.”

“You’re going to go to the cops, aren’t you?” Theon struggled to breath. “Fuck. Why is this happening to me?”

“I’m not going to the cops.” Renly quickly took that worry away. He was going to deal with this situation himself. The last thing he wanted to load up his nephew with charges, although that was more out of begrudging respect for Robert who would end up taking more heat than his son. Joffrey was untouchable in a sense with being a minor. “You just need to tell me one thing and I’ll forget I ever saw you. Okay?” It was painfully obvious that Theon Greyjoy had not planned the attack on Loras and was a victim of Joffrey’s as well. He just needed to say it.

Theon nodded his head weakly, wrapped his arms around himself. “Okay.”

“Did Joffrey do this?” Renly whispered. The less Asha Greyjoy knew the better. “Is he the one who planned this?”

Theon looked down, biting his lip hard. Renly could see this kid’s world was falling apart and Joffrey was the cause of that as well. Maybe Renly could help the kid out by taking care of Joffrey for good.

“He just told me he needed a ride.” Theon whispered quietly. “I didn’t know until it was too late and-”

“That’s all I needed to know.” Renly stood up. “Thank you.”

Renly nodded his head to Asha as he left the apartment. He needed to call the asshole brother now.

**Jeyne P.**

“Are you ready?” Jeyne asked Sansa with a mixture of excitement and concern. This was it. This was finally it!

Sansa held her phone weakly in her hands. “Maybe I should do it in person.”

“What if that freak comes at you?” Jeyne rolled her eyes. “No, calling is safe. Besides, does he really deserve it any other way?”

Sansa nodded her head strongly. “You’re right. You are right. I’m going to do this.” Sansa clicked on Joffrey’s name and put the phone to her ear.

Jeyne nudged her. “Speakerphone, Sans.”

Sansa did as she was told and put it to speaker phone.

“What?” No wonder his ass it being dumped.

“We need to talk, Joff-Joffrey.” Sansa remained strong, only stumbling a bit over his name.

“What are you breaking up with me?” He was laughing like it was a joke. Jeyne felt compelled to join in.
“I am.” Sansa deadpanned. Silence echoed through the phone as the laughter stopped abruptly.

“Excuse me? YOU and breaking up with ME?” Jeyne and Sansa shared a look. “I can’t believe this.”

“I’m sorry,” Sansa said but Jeyne knew Sansa wasn’t really sorry. “I just can’t do this anymore. I don’t even think you like me all that.”

The line went dead and Jeyne burst out into laughter. “That’s fucking great.”

Sansa pocketed the phone. “We broke up.”

Jeyne leaned over. “Are you sad?”

“No.” Sansa giggled. “Not at all.”

“So now what happens?”

“I need to go see Margaery now.” Sansa stood up. “I got to go.”

“I’ll drive you!” Jeyne jumped up excitedly. “We can take my dad’s car!”

“You don’t have a license though?” Sansa gawked wide eyed.

“I have a permit.” Jeyne reasoned happily. “It’s not that far and this is so romantic! Come on, before father finds out.”

**Myrcella**

“What’s happening?” Tommen whispered to Myrcella. The two younger Baratheon’s sat at the top of the stair case listening to their father on the phone.

“I don’t know.” Myrcella replied honestly. “It sounds like dad’s upset though.”

“Who’s on the phone?” Tommen spied his father pacing below them.

“I think it’s Uncle Renly. Maybe Uncle Stannis.” Myrcella replied shortly. She was trying to listen to what her father was saying.

“-and believe me Renly, if this is actually the case, I will take care of it.” Robert Baratheon sighed tiredly. “Yes, I’m going to talk to my wife now…I need to run this by her…I don’t know. I can’t just go and-…I understand but-…Yes, I will get to the bottom of this…I understand you’re upset…I’ll deal with it.”

“Do you think they are talking about Joffrey?” Tommen asked slyly.

“I don’t-” Myrcella and Tommen jumped as the door to Joffrey’s room opened a slammed shut. Both of them turned around to see Joffrey stalking toward them. “Joffrey, where are you-”

“Out.” He snarled. It was clear something had happened.

“Wait!” Tommen grabbed Joffrey’s arm but let it go quickly as he realized what he just did. “Dad’s talking to Uncle Renly and-”

“What?” Joffrey’s face froze. Myrcella knew for a fact that the conversation below was about him and Joffrey was guilty. “What are they saying?”
“I don’t know.” Tommen shrugged. “I think you’re in trouble though.”

Joffrey licked his lips worriedly. He made a decision in his head and began heading down the stairs again. Myrcella jumped up this time, signaled Tommen to stay, and followed her older brother down the stairs and out the back door.

“Where are you going?” Myrcella asked.

Joffrey whirled around. “If I’m going down, I’m taking the fag down with me.” Joffrey seethed.

Myrcella balked. “You should just stay here. If dad finds out-”

“What’s one more crime to the list?” Joffrey smirked. “If that queer thinks he can make my world crumble, he has no idea what I can do to his. I’ve been waiting for this moment for a long time so I suggest you go or else you’re next.”

Myrcella watched as Joffrey left and she quickly hurried back into the house. She needed to call Sansa now and before Joffrey-

“Where is your brother?” Her father loomed menacingly over her.

Myrcella straightened her shoulders. “Joffrey just left.”

Robert cursed and Myrcella slipped back up the stairs and grabbed her phone. Tommen joined her in her room and watched as Myrcella listened to the ringer. Sansa needed to pick up now.

Chapter End Notes

Holy crap 1000 kudos. Why? Why is this happening? It's amazing but why? Holy s***

Hope you all enjoy the chapter, I'm excited for all the ones about the come, specifically these next two. :)

Until next time, chat me up on Tumblr
“Sansa, you need to get out of the car.”

“I can’t. I should have called first.”

“Sans, so help me, I will throw you out of this car.”

They were parked outside of the Tyrell home and after such a confident beginning, the nerves began to set in and Jeyne was not going to stand for Sansa chickening out now. Not when she was so fucking close. She spent years making herself miserable with Joffrey and now that it was done she had the chance to have true happiness with someone she loved. Jeyne was not going to let Sansa ruin this for herself again.

“What if she isn’t home?” Sansa whispered, gluing herself further into the seat of the car.

“You can see her bedroom light on!” Jeyne gestured toward the window. “Get out.”

“What if-”

“I’m not playing this game, Sans,” Jeyne deadpanned. “You are so close! All you have to do is tell her you broke up with Joffrey, chat a little bit and then kiss the fuck out of her.”

Sansa turned beet red. “Jeyne!”

“Come on,” she rolled her eyes, “you know she likes you and she knows you like her. There is literally nothing stopping this from happening but you. Now get out of the car. I need to get it back home before my parents find out what we did.”

Looking torn but not wanting to get Jeyne in trouble, Sansa slipped out of the car. “Wish me luck?”

Jeyne shook her head. “You should reserve luck to the ones who need it. Text me updates!”

Jeyne didn’t wait for a response from Sansa. She was not going to give Sansa and out. Sansa was going to do this. But just to be sure, Jeyne pulled out her phone and found Margaery’s contact. Jeyne was not letting another perfect match get tarnished by fear.

Watching the car drive off, Sansa was filled with a sense of crippling anxiety and fear. But she literally had nowhere to go and she knew in the end, she would hate herself if she didn’t just walked to the door and-

“Jeyne just called,” Margaery called from behind her. Sansa turned to see Margaery standing there looking like a perfect angel. “Want to come inside? She said you wanted to talk?”

She really couldn’t turn back now and Sansa nodded her head strongly with airs of confidence ebbing around her. She couldn’t exactly say why she was so nervous, she just knew this was a critical moment and she didn’t want to mess this up. If she messed this up, she might hate herself than
if she didn’t do anything at all.

They entered the house in silence and Margaery led Sansa up to her room. There was privacy there, Sansa assumed.

“How’s Loras?”

Margaery smiled faintly but Sansa could still see the worry lines etched in her face. “Better, Renly won’t let him leave his apartment so I haven’t really seen him, but we’ve talked and he said it is all taken care of.”

“Do they know who did it?” Sansa asked. She couldn’t imagine anyone who’d want to hurt Loras. He was the type to stick his nose away from trouble and avoided pettiness, although a hate-crime was not exactly petty.

“No,” Margaery rubbed her temples, “and he doesn’t want our grandmother looking into it either which is completely idiotic so we’ve actually been hiding it from her. Hence another reason he is at Renly’s and not here.”

Margaery let them both into her room and closed the door behind it. “I doubt Renly isn’t going to do anything.”

“I think they both know more than they are letting on,” Margaery pouted. “Knowing Renly, he contacted his dick of a brother already and they have some sort of investigation already. I just wished they’d tell me. I mean, they went to the dick first.”

“Margaery,” Sansa reprimanded lightly. Just because Stannis Baratheon was a dick, didn’t mean everyone should be calling him that.

Margaery smiled a bit brighter. “Let’s just not discuss it; Jeyne said you wanted to talk?”

Sansa felt the confidence she barely had before melt away. “I did.”

Margaery raised both eyebrows a signal for Sansa to continue.

Biting her lip, Sansa murmured, “I broke up with Joffrey.”

Margaery’s face remained unmoved and Sansa felt panic bubble in her chest. “You did?”

“Like twenty minutes ago,” Sansa blushed, looking at her knees. “I wanted you to know as soon as.”

“Does he know about you and me?” Margaery asked wearily.

Sansa shook her head quickly. “No, he doesn’t. That’s between you and me.”

“And Jeyne,” Margaery smirked.

“Of course, and Jeyne,” Sansa smiled too. There was something about Margaery’s smile that could make her feel a thousand times better, no matter the circumstance.

“So where do we go now?” Margaery asked.

“I think that depends on both of us and what we want,” Sansa breathed. She hoped Margaery still wanted what Sansa did because she could not take the stress of this balancing act much longer.

“What do you want?” Margaery pressed.
“You,” Sansa blurted out before she could formulate a more eloquent sentence. A harsh blush rose to her cheeks and she desperately tried to fix her phrasing. “I mean, date. I want to date you, but only if you want to date.”

Margaery moved across the bed until her face was inches for Sansa’s. Sansa ceased breathing and speaking, unable to do anything. “Same here.”

Sansa surged forward until her lips hit Margaery’s. Her hands grabbed Margaery’s shoulders for balance and Margaery cradled her face. Kissing Joffrey never even fucking compared to this.

**Margaery**

Margaery pulled away moments later. Kissing Sansa was like a dream and knowing that it was finally a reality was almost too much to bear. She just needed to check one thing.

“You haven’t changed your mind, right?” Margaery had to make sure that Sansa was real with these feelings and not her just relieved from her escape from Joffrey. Margaery thought she already knew the answer, she just wanted to check.

Sansa grinned brighter than Margaery could imagine possible. “Of course, you?”

“Definitely.” How lame was it to say Margaery’s heart was soaring?

Margaery reached over and intertwined her fingers with Sansa. Their eyes met again and Margaery grinned brightly. Despite the recent attack on her brother, Margaery couldn’t be happier. She had been waiting for this moment for years.

In the distance, Margaery heard the chirping of Sansa’s phone. Both girls glanced over to where it laid abandoned on the bedside table. Even from the distance, Margaery could read Myrcella Baratheon’s name.

“I wonder why she is calling.” Sansa frowned.

“Should you pick it up?” Margaery raised a fine eyebrow.

Sansa reached over and pressed the ignore button. “She can leave a voicemail.” Sansa leaned in closer and Margaery made no opposition to more kissing. In her mind, they had a lot of time to make up.

But it didn’t last long as Sansa’s phone began ringing again. Sansa pulled away and again Margaery saw Myrcella Baratheon’s name blinking once more.

“Maybe it’s an emergency?” Margaery shrugged. “Just see what she wants.”

Sighing, Sansa grabbed the phone and answered it.

“Hello…No, I’m at Margaery’s…I actually have heard from Theon in a whi…What?” Sansa stood up and Margaery grew worried. “Joffrey’s doing what?…I’ll try and call him…Are you sure?…Oh my…Alright, thank you…Bye.” Sansa hung up the phone and quickly began dialing a new number.

“What did she want?” Margaery rose up from the bed.

“This is all my fault,” Sansa breathed as she held up the phone to her ear. “Come on, pick up, pick up.”

“What’s going on?” Margaery put her hand on Sansa’s tense shoulder.
“Joffrey is—Shit, he didn’t pick up.” Sansa hung up the phone. “I’ve got to call Robb.”

“Joffrey’s doing what?” Margaery held Sansa’s hand to slow her down. “Talk to me.”

Sansa looked up, panic swimming in her eyes. “Joffrey is going to ruin Theon and I have to stop him.” Sansa quickly dialed another number and pressed the phone to her ear. Again she seemed to reach voicemail and hung up angrily. “He didn’t pick up. Why is no one picking up?”

“How is Joffrey going to ruin Theon?” Margaery was utterly confused. Joffrey was an idiot; he didn’t know shit, especially concerning Theon. How could he do anything?

“Joffrey knows Theon’s in love with Robb,” Sansa blurted out frustrated as she pressed the phone to her ear. As it rang, realization filled Sansa’s eyes. “I wasn’t supposed to say that! Oh gods, I wasn’t supposed to say that. No one should know except for Theon!”

“It’s okay,” Margaery rushed in quickly. “I already knew.” The last thing she wanted was for Sansa to panic further. Margaery just wanted to know how the hell Joffrey knew that.

“Gods, he turned off his phone,” Sansa groaned.

“Theon?” Margaery asked and Sansa nodded hurriedly.

“Robb won’t pick up and keeps ignoring my calls,” Sansa looked on the verge of tears. “Jon! I’ll call Jon!”

Margaery rubbed Sansa’s back. “How’d Joffrey find out?” When did Sansa find out? How many people knew? It wasn’t a particularly well known secret, most people joked about the concept without knowing it was an actual reality.

“I have no idea,” Sansa murmured as she waited for Jon to pick up. “I found their conversations one day. I think Joffrey was blackmailing Theon or something. I don’t know.” Sansa bit her lip hard as she hung up the phone. “Why is no one answering?”

“Try Arya?” Margaery suggested, but her mind was going a mile a minute. No wonder Theon had been acting so unusual. Margaery wished she had known, she would have taken Joffrey down in a much more hell-fire way. Screw it, Margaery would go after him anyway. But first, she had to help Sansa in making sure that Joffrey didn’t go through with whatever he had planned.

Sansa nearly exclaimed with relief and Margaery knew she got through. This time, Sansa put her phone on speaker phone.

“Sansa, what?” Arya grumbled into the phone.

“Where are you right now?” Sansa asked quickly. Margaery grabbed her hand and squeezed.


“Is Robb or Jon home? Have you heard from either of them recently?” Margaery asked this time.

“Margaery?” Arya sounded confused. “Sansa, I thought you were with Jeyne?”

“I was!” Sansa exclaimed, “Please answer the question.”

“Robb got a call a few minutes ago and he and Jon just left. They seemed like they were in a hurry. Mom’s kind of pissed they left before dinner.”
“Do you know where they went?”

“No idea but it seemed important,” Arya admitted. “Robb looked really worried and Jon had on that weird emotionless face, you know the one where he trying to be calm but isn’t? What’s going on?”

“I can’t tell you,” Sansa groaned in irritation. “I’ve got to go. Bye.” She hung up before Arya gave a response.

“What do we do now?” Margaery asked.

“I have no idea,” Sansa looked ready to cry as she began dialing Robb’s number again. “Gods, please pick up.”

**Joffrey**

It was going to be so simple. In the end, Joffrey would barely have to do any of the work. Theon would play right into his hands. If that idiot thought he could take Joffrey down without any consequences, Greyjoy was dead wrong. Joffrey would handle this just as he promised. It was time to tell the truth, once and for all.

Robb was already on his way to the location, Joffrey was halfway there himself, now he just needed Theon to show up. It should be hard if Theon was still ready to do as he says, he just won’t know it’ll be the last time. Yeah, if Joffrey was going down, he was taking whoever he could take down with him. Misery shouldn’t be a lonely place.

“Joffrey,” Theon’s voice shook over the line. He probably thought Joffrey was on to him. Joffrey couldn’t let him figure that out. He wanted Theon to think everything was alright, that way the blow would be even worse.

“Greyjoy, I got another job for you. You game?” Joffrey asked but he knew Theon didn’t have a choice. He would always be game, no matter what.

“Yeah, sure.” His tone was unconvincing but Joffrey didn’t care. All long as Theon didn’t grow suspicious.

“Great! I need you to meet me at the park. Come alone,” Joffrey instructed.

“Now?” Theon asked worriedly.

“Don’t worry, it won’t be anything like the last job,” Joffrey spoke honestly. He wasn’t trying to break bones this time. He wanted to break something a little less repairable. “Be there, or else.” He was going to tell Robb anyways, he just preferred the audience.

“O-Okay.” He sounded nervous and Joffrey grinned. He should be. Tonight would be the end.

Chapter End Notes

One more pairing comes together while another is very close to being utterly destroyed. I honestly have no idea how we have even ended up here, but thank you all for sticking around, reading, kudoing, commenting, enjoying. It means the world <3

Next chapter is going to be...well, its going to be something.
Tumblr
“This doesn’t feel right,” Jon murmured as he and Robb trekked through the park.

“I don’t like it either,” Robb agreed.

Twenty minutes ago, Robb had received a call from Joffrey asking to meet in the park. He said he wanted to apologize for their ‘misunderstanding’ but Robb was finding that hard to believe. Just something didn’t feel right about any of it. Robb was glad Jon thought so too.

“Jeez,” Jon sighed, “It’s Sansa again.” He was looking at his phone in dismay.

“Don’t pick it up,” Robb advised. “I don’t want her thinking I’m starting another fight with her boyfriend.”

“She should really dump his ass,” Jon grumbled.

“Tell me about it,” Robb smirked as he reached the fountain, pausing at the sight before him. “What the hell?”

Apparently, Joffrey wanted to make a public apology. Not only had Joffrey called Robb, but it looked as if he called almost the entire football team, half of Robb’s classmates and even some people he didn’t recognize. This did nothing to settle the suspicion creeping on his shoulders. Jon seemed to be on the same wave length.

“What is this?” Jon whispered to Robb.

“I have no idea,” Robb conceded. He scanned the area and that’s when he saw him.

It had been over a week since Robb and Theon had their falling out. After Theon disappeared, Robb felt like absolute shit. The last thing he wanted was to push Theon away yet he did, and Theon had planned it all so well. Robb knew he did it on purpose, looking back on it. Theon knew him better than anyone; he knew which buttons to press.

He just didn’t know why. Robb had tried to call Theon, text him, get a hold of him but Robb had met dead-ends all around. Hell, Robb even called Theon’s sister (who didn’t pick up) and his father (who hung up the minute he heard Robb’s voice). Robb wanted to apology, he wanted to talk things out, he just wanted to see his best friend. Everything around Robb seemed to be crumbling down, but he knew he’d be able to handle it if Theon was with him through it.

And there he was. Just twenty feet away. Their eyes met and terror filled Theon’s. It hurt Robb, but he wasn’t about to let Theon run again. He knew Theon well enough that if he gave him the chance, Theon would be gone.

“Theon,” Robb began walking toward him. Theon was already halfway turned around. “We need to talk.”

“You might want to wait on that, Stark,” Joffrey’s voice called from his left.
To Robb’s surprise, Theon froze mid-step, spun around quickly and stared at Joffrey like the world was going to end. Robb didn’t understand it.

“Not now,” Robb waved off the brat. He wanted to talk to his friend first and sort out their beef before he had to listen to whatever Joffrey had to say.

“No,” Joffrey snapped. The lightly talking in the background from the bystanders stopped as they all focused on Joffrey. “You’re going to want to listen to me, now.”

“Oh, gods,” Theon uttered softly. Almost too quiet to reach Robb’s ears.

“Look, Baratheon,” Robb hissed. He was not dealing with Joffrey right now, not when he had shit to do. “I need to talk to my friend first, okay? Then we can talk all you want.”

Joffrey sneered, wrinkling his nose in distaste. “Friend? Is that all it is? Are you sure?”

Robb rolled his eyes and Jon scoffed, “Not this again.”

“Just shut the fuck up,” Robb blurted out. “I don’t want to hear this again.”

Color drained from Theon’s face. “Again?”

“Oh no,” Joffrey shook his head quickly to Theon, “Stark is a fucking idiot and doesn’t know you’re in love with him. Don’t worry,” a dark smile fell on Joffrey’s face.

Robb stood there, blinking in confusion. What the fuck? What was Joffrey talking about? This was about the gay thing again, wasn’t it? What did he mean Theon- Robb looked over at Theon who looked ready to crumple up and die and suddenly, Robb was getting the feeling that Joffrey wasn’t messing around or lying.

“What?” Robb asked unintelligible.

“Which part don’t you get?” Joffrey took a drastic step toward Robb. “The part where you’re a fucking idiot or the part where your ‘best friend’ has been in love with you for years and you’ve had no clue?”

Robb stared at Joffrey in utter confusion before looking at Theon.

The thing about Theon was that he was pretty tough to read. Robb always thought he was pretty good at it but one look over at him told Robb that he had been wrong for a very long time. What Robb thought he was reading as friendship had been something else entirely and Robb…he wasn’t sure what to do with that information right now in front of all those people.

“Theon?”

Robb needed Theon to explain. Robb needed to hear Theon say it himself. Robb needed to get Theon alone and talk to him and figure out what the hell was going on because Robb wasn’t quite sure he understood.

But Theon was already gone, disappearing from sight as he raced down the path, and panic filled Robb’s chest. Where did he go? Robb needed to find him. Find him now. If he didn’t find him soon, Robb knew Theon would be gone for good.

“What do you think about all this, Stark?” Joffrey taunted.

A sudden rage filled Robb’s chest. Never before had Robb been one to act out on violence without
thinking about it first, even when he fought with Theon, they always talked first. This time, he
couldn’t stand it.

Except Jon got to Joffrey first.

_Jon_

Joffrey hit the ground, his nose bloody and his eyes closed. Jon had knocked the son of a bitch out
cold, but his concern wasn’t on his recent violent strike, it was on Robb who looked pale.

A low murmur sounded around them as people began to talk. Jon could see it was getting to Robb
and snapped, “Get the fuck out of here. If this has nothing to do with you, leave. Now.” His tone left
no room for discussion and people rushed away. When Jon turned back to Robb, he was already half
way across the clearing.

Jon raced up to Robb and grabbed his elbow, halting him. Robb tried to shake off Jon but Jon
remained firm. Robb spun around, anger filling his eyes.

“I need to talk to him,” Robb explained, yanking away from Jon.

“What are you even going to say?” Jon stood in front of Robb.

Robb blinked. Jon could see he hadn’t thought that through and that was the reason Jon wouldn’t let
him pass. “I-I don’t know. But if it’s true then-”

“You need to think about it,” Jon cut off. “Really think about it.”

Again, anger flashed in Robb’s eyes as he tried to push past Jon. “No! I know him! He is going to
run before I have the chance to think. I need to clear things with him now. Otherwise, I won’t have
the chance.” Desperation was evident in his voice and Jon sympathized with it. It didn’t mean he
could let Robb pass.

“That’s not fair to you. I don’t want you agreeing to something just because you don’t want him to
leave. I know you care about him and are worried about him, but Robb you need to understand that
you can cause more damage by running in there without thinking. He loves you, alright, but you
need to think if you can even reciprocate that in the same way before you go barreling in there. Now
go home. I’ll find him and talk to him. You go home and I’ll bring him by in a couple of hours so
you guys can clear the air, but please think this through. It’s not fair to you or him if you jump into
something without really seeing if it is something you want,” Jon tried to explain it the best he could.

While he didn’t like Theon, he knew that having your heart played with wasn’t something Robb
could fix without thinking. Robb needed to think.

Robb looked at a loss. Jon could see Robb saw Jon’s point but he wanted to fight it. He just couldn’t
think of how.

“Fine, but please don’t let him hurt himself or get away. Actually I should just-” Robb tried to side
step Jon again.

Jon gripped his shoulders. “Go home. I know how to deal with him. You’ll see him in a few hours. I
swear.”

Robb didn’t look convinced but he could tell time was running out and if they waited any longer,
Theon would leave and they probably wouldn’t be able to find him again.
“Please bring him back,” Robb nearly begged.

“I got it, go,” Jon ordered, already turning to the direction that Theon had gone.

“Excuse me?” another voice called and Jon nearly cursed. Robb and he looked to see Renly Baratheon standing there, hands in his pocket. “Which one of you did this?” He was pointing at Joffrey.

“I did,” Jon admitted although he knew he didn’t have time for this.

Renly smiled. “Good, I’ll take care of this from here.”

Jon wasn’t sure what the meant but he felt Robb push him forward and he took off after Theon. He just hoped the guy didn’t get too far.

Jon raced through the park, searching everywhere he could. He didn’t want to give up any hope in Theon still being there, but it was looking bleak. He almost ended up giving up if it wasn’t for the faint sound of beating on plastic coming from the playground. Cautiously, Jon approached.

The playground was deserted, being the time of night. Jon walked hesitantly around the entirety of it before catching a glimpse of a curled up figure inside the tunnel slide. Relief filled Jon in knowing that was Theon. When they were kids, it had always been Theon’s first hiding spot. Jon couldn’t believe he remembered that factoid.

“Greyjoy?” Jon called toward the slide. The hammering he heard stopped. “Look, we need to talk.” Jon received no answer. He could see this was going to take a while.

Sitting on the end of the slide, Jon looked up the tunnel to see Theon curled up inside it, locking himself in the middle with his knees. Jon knew it would be pointless to try and draw him out and Jon wasn’t about to crawl in there with him, so he remained seated at the end.

“I’m not leaving until we talk about what happened back there,” Jon shrugged. He would wait all night. He wasn’t about to let Robb fall into misery and Theon run away. Not on his watch.

“We’ll be here all night then, Snow.”

It was then that Jon realized Theon was crying.

**Theon**

He didn’t know why he turned to the tunnel slide of all places. Perhaps because it was familiar, or because he wasn’t sure where else to go. Maybe he just didn’t trust himself to drive back to Asha’s and explain everything. But Theon knew the true answer deep down, even though he hated admitting it to himself. He hid in the tunnel in despairing hope that Robb would be the one to find him. That somehow Joffrey’s screw up ended up benefitting him, but he wasn’t that stupid. He was just pitifully hopeful.

He had sat himself in that tunnel slide for nearly ten minutes. The whole time trying to convince himself that it wasn’t the end of the world. Convincing himself that he could fix this. Convincing himself that it was all a bad dream. But as time went by and realization set in, Theon lost conviction to believe in any of that.

That look Robb had when he heard was forever burned in his mind. Disbelief. That’s the only word Theon could attribute to it and it wasn’t a word that made him feel all the great. Disbelief in the fact Robb could never see Theon like that. Disbelief in the fact that his best friend had been hiding a large
thing from him for so long. Disbelief that the truth had been in front of him the whole time.

Theon knew there was no redemption for their friendship. How did one get past that? Over a decade of unrequited love was a hard pill to swallow. Maybe Asha was right, maybe being completely separated from Robb would do him good. He didn’t like it, but Joffrey officially forced Theon and Robb’s hand.

Theon hit the back of his head on the tunnel. He was an idiot. He hit his head again. He lost the only thing he felt was worth living for. Hit. He had nothing left. Hit. Robb was gone and Theon might as well disappear. Hit. Hit. Why had he let himself be dragged in the dirt for so long? Hit. Hit. Hit. What did Theon do to deserve this? Hit. Why Joffrey? Hit. Why Ramsay? Hit. He must have killed innocent children in a past life; there was no way around it. Hit.

Theon dragged his hands down his face in desolation. It was then he felt the wetness on his cheeks and sneered. How poetic. He was fucking crying. Now all he needed was Snow and-

“Greyjoy?” Did he have comedic timing or what? “Look, we need to talk.” Not going to fucking happen.

Theon spied from the end of the tunnel as Snow sat on the end of the slide. If he even dared thinking about coming up, Theon would end that pathetic boy.

“I’m not leaving till we talk about what happened back there.”

Over his dead body.

“We’ll be here all night then, Snow.”

It was the first time Theon had spoken since the ordeal and his voice was wrecked. If Theon had hopes of hiding his misery from Snow, well first of all it ended at hiding in the tunnel slide, but it was definitely over now.

“Theon, come down.” It was an order and the use of his first name. Theon wasn’t sure which he disliked more from Snow. He remained quiet though. Maybe Snow would just give up.

“Look, Robb-”

“I’m not talking about this with you. Leave.” Theon was highly aware how ridiculous he sounded and looked, considering his position and voice.

“No,” Jon growled. “We are fucking talking about this because I am sick of it.” Theon blinked in confusion and then Snow was halfway up the tunnel, grabbing Theon’s legs and yanking him down. Theon lost his hold and the two of them tumbled out the slide and onto the ground.

His first instinct was to punch Snow. So he did. His next was to run. He was a little less successful with that.

“You are not going anywhere,” Jon grabbed Theon’s arm and yanked him back, sitting him on the edge of the tunnel slide while Jon squatted before him. Jon rubbed his cheek were Theon struck him. “Wipe your face.”

Theon hastily wiped it, knowing that it was too late now to pretend he hadn’t been a messy ball of tears moments ago.

“What the fuck do you want from me? I have nothing left to give.”
“I want you to not run,” Jon stated calmly. Calmer than Theon ever thought possible. “I know you want to, but you can’t. Robb wants to talk.”

Fear hitched in Theon’s throat. This was it. Robb would be here any moment and-

Snow must have read his face. “Robb is back home thinking,” Jon explained. “He wanted to rush after you and talk about what happened.”

“I’m not talking about this with you or anyone.” Theon began to stand up but Jon shoved him back down.

“Greyjoy,” Jon bit his tongue in frustration. “You have no idea what Robb is going to say about-”


“He is waiting for you back home,” Jon admitted and Theon’s heart leaped in his chest. Gods why? “I told him I’d bring you there to talk.”

Theon shook his head rapidly. That was not going to happen. He was never going to have that discussion. “I need some time…to calm down and think,” he whimpered.

“Do you need space or time?” Jon asked and Theon wondered if gullibility was as evident in Jon as it was in Robb. It was a good time to find out.

“Both? I don’t fucking know. Look, I’ll stop by tomorrow and I’ll talk to him then, promise.” It was an easy lie to make and Jon looked honest in believing him. “You can’t force me there.”

Jon looked like he was considering the option but sighed, “You promise?”

“Of course,” so Jon was as stupid as he looked.

Gendry

Despite getting Jon’s text of: “Time to prove you’re a real bro. I need you to keep an eye on Robb and calm him down. Now,” Gendry was completely and utterly failing at keeping Robb Stark at bay.

“Perhaps, you should sit down?” Gendry suggested.

Robb had been walking a trench in the living room for over an hour now in complete silence. Gendry didn’t even have the faintest idea as to why. Probably something Theon related. Arya was off in her room talking to Sansa about what was going on. Everyone was in a state of panic and worry.

As Robb had been doing since he had come home, he ignored Gendry and checked the wall clock. Gendry supposed he was waiting for Jon to return. Jon seemed to know what was going on.

It had taken an hour and twenty minutes from when Jon sent the text for him to come home. As he opened the door, Gendry watched in amazement as Robb froze. Gendry could see the anticipation and anxiety roll off him.

Jon came in and closed the door behind him. Once the door was shut, Robb collapsed onto the couch, holding his head in his hands tightly, his knuckles white in his red hair.

“You let him get away,” his voice sounded dead.
“He said he’d come by tomorrow,” Jon sat beside Robb. “He needs time to cool off, you know him. He’s a mess right now.”

Robb looked up at Jon weakly and Gendry felt like he was intruding on a moment. Robb looked on the verge of tears.

“No. He won’t,” Robb murmured, standing up with a cold shoulder to Jon, “He’s probably half way out of town by now.”

Chapter End Notes

First of all, Happy New Year! (please don’t hate me)

I hope you all enjoyed the chapter. (sidenote: it was originally going to be just Theon, Robb, Jon, and Joffrey, but a few of you mentioned public audience [probably because of my poor use of the word in the previous chapter] so I went with that idea : )

I'm thinking next chapter will end up Robb-centric so, until next time (which might be a bit since I'm starting classes again soon)

Tumblr
Robb

“I'm sorry, the number you are trying to reach is unavailable, please try again later.”

Five days. It had been five days since Theon had disappeared and no one had heard from him. When Jon had come back Theon-less, Robb had left the house immediately to search for him. He checked everywhere. He checked the park, where he had last seen him. He had checked the harbor and pier, where he liked to hang out and smoke. He checked the bars that didn’t card. He checked their schools, grocery stores, gas stations, bus stops, everywhere and still came up with nothing. It was nearly morning when he realized he had to throw in the towel.

Then he started the phone calls. First, he tried Theon but, of course, met not answer. He had turned his phone off. Then, Robb tried Asha who also didn’t pick up. He tried people Theon associated (which was hardly anyone) and people he didn’t. No one had seen or heard from him since that night. Robb was even desperate enough to go to Theon’s house. Let’s just say it didn’t end well and his search was still on.

It had been five days since Robb heard from Theon and he had nowhere left to look. In part, Robb blamed Jon. He had promised not to give him a chance to run, and he did. But Robb knew his anger toward Jon was just misplaced anger on himself. He should have done something different, whether it have been that day or years before then.

He didn’t know. Robb didn’t have a clue about what Theon actually felt for him. All those years, Robb had been an oblivious idiot and he wasn’t sure what he could have done different. He wasn’t sure what he would do if he had known earlier. He wasn’t sure what he would do now.

It was complicated. Robb would be lying if he said he never felt something similar. He would be lying if he said he wasn’t curious in exploring it. He would be lying if he said he wasn’t scared as all hell.

Dating your best mate was messy business; Theon was messy business even just as friends. One wrong move and Robb could not only lose a romantic relationship but he could very well lose the friendship. He knew Theon too well. If one relationship failed, the rest attached would too. Robb didn’t want to lose Theon in any capacity, even if he had already lost him in this moment.

A knock sounded at his bedroom door. Robb shot up and raced toward it. Even if the chance was small, he hoped it was Theon, finally returning from wherever he had successfully hidden himself.

Robb wasn’t surprised to see that it wasn’t Theon at his door. It didn’t make it hurt any less, but he should have known better.

“Can we come in?” Jon asked. Robb could see Ygritte hanging by his side.

Wordlessly, Robb moved to the side and let his brother and his girlfriend enter. Closing the door behind them, Robb resumed his spot on the bed, tensing when Jon and Ygritte bracketed him. He looked at both of them in confusion.

“Well,” Jon from his left started, “we wanted to see how you are holding up.”
“This probably hasn’t been the easiest past couple of days,” Ygritte said from his right.

“It hasn’t,” Robb admitted.

“Have-Have you thought about what Joffrey actually said?” Jon asked.

Robb looked at his knees. He had thought about it. He couldn’t stop thinking about it. His best friend was in love with him and Robb didn’t know if he did as well. It was one thing being friends and very close friends at that. It was a whole other thing to dating and kissing and-Robb blushed at the thought. He had countless dreams of that late where they did that. It made his stomach flutter but his heart sink.

“I have,” Robb murmured.

“Do you feel the same?” Ygritte blurted out.

“I don’t know,” Robb sighed. There was too much at stake from his to give a simple ‘yes’ answer.

“Don’t stress,” Jon came in gently, “these things are compli-”

“Shut up,” Ygritte rolled her eyes and bulldozed Jon, “Stark, you do. You love that-”

“Ygritte!” Jon reprimanded with sharp looks.

“Come on,” Ygritte whined, her nose wrinkling. “You know it’s true. Both of you. I have proof.”

Robb blinked, staring at Ygritte in awe, Jon just looked straight up embarrassed. “Proof?”

She smirked, holding her phone happily. “Photo-evidence.”

Photo-evidence. The thought terrified Robb. What did that even mean? He would have been present during those moments and Robb never thought the things he did with Theon could ever be misconstrued as photo-evidence for affections.

“Show me,” Robb swallowed hard.

Ygritte nodded her head and pulled up the photo application on her phone. Robb felt his stomach squirm at the title, Robb X Theon. The folder held 84 images. Ygritte went to the most recent.

It was a picture from the baby shower. It was one of the last moments were Robb and Theon were actually happy with each other; the photo was proof of that. They were both smiling in it. To old Robb it would have looked like a normal, candid shot. To the new Robb, the Robb that knew, it held much more.

It was all in their eyes. Robb never noticed that look Theon gave him, but now that it was immortalized here in front of him, it was undeniable. What chilled Robb even more that Theon’s look was his own. There was softness in it. A tenderness that wasn’t applicable to anyone else, only reserved for Theon.

Robb waited nervously as Ygritte flicked to the next picture, and the next, and the next. All of them were the same.

Every picture there was closeness, a shared space that was only for them and no one else. Their touching, while Robb never thought of it as such, was far more intimate that he would even go with Jeyne. Their eyes in every picture held those same looks. Robb wondered if Theon ever saw the looks and how many times Robb had unknowingly led Theon on and then broke his heart. It made
Robb sick. It made him anger. It made him hate himself every single time a new picture came up. Theon wasn’t the mess. It was Robb. Robb was the mess.

“This next one is probably the most telling,” Ygritte murmured as she flicked to the next picture.

Robb’s cheeks went bright red and unbearable warm as the picture came up. He half wanted to shield Jon from seeing it, even though Jon had probably witnessed it more times than anyone else. It was Theon and Robb, again. Sleeping. Curled up in each other. Or more, Robb curled up in Theon. He never thought of it as that intimate but in photo form, well, it was just- Robb was a fucking idiot.

“I have plenty more if you want,” Ygritte whispered, pausing her scrolling.

“Show me,” Robb ordered weakly. He wasn’t sure if he could stomach any more, knowing that he had unintentionally been leading Theon on for years, a decade even. But he had to know. He had to see how far back it went. He had to see when he unknowingly started seeing Theon as more than a friend without even noticing it.

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It had been a week since Robb had seen or heard from Theon. It felt longer since the two of them had actually been happy together. Robb’s search continued with little success.

Theon was completely off the radar. He wasn’t going to school, he wasn’t going home, he wasn’t turning on his phone, he wasn’t making a mark anywhere.

Robb was desperate. He half considered putting a missing person’s report into the local police station. He was worried and scared. What if he never heard from Theon again? What if he never saw him again? What if something happened to him? What if Robb never got to sort out any of this with him? What if Robb never got to make things right?

On the seventh day, Robb got a phone call. He picked it up hurriedly and felt hope fluttered in his chest at the voice. While it wasn’t Theon’s it was a start. Asha would be the only person Theon would bother trying to keep contact with if he were to run.

“We need to talk, Stark,” Asha Greyjoy ordered. “Face-to-face.”

“Of course,” Robb nodded his head quickly, “where?”

They quickly decided on a place and Robb was out of the house in seconds. He tried to ignore the worried looks like parents gave him or the pitied expressions from his siblings. He couldn’t be concerned of what they thought of him. He only cared what Theon thought and he had to change that before it was too late. He had to find him first.

When he arrived at the coffee house, Asha was already there. Robb forwent getting anything and sat across from her.

It was weird how similar the siblings looked. It was almost jarring to think that Asha looked like the more masculine of the two. It was hard to swallow in wondering if he would actually ever see Theon in front of him again or would Robb just have to rely on memory and the 84 photos Ygritte sent him that he could stop looking at.

“You look awful,” Asha remarked blandly at Robb.

Robb ignored this greeting. He and Asha were always on relatively okay terms, but he focus wasn’t on her, it was Theon. “Have you heard from him?”
“No,” Asha stared him down, unblinkingly. “Not since he went to the park a week ago.”

Robb wetted his lips, “Do you know where he could have gone?”

Asha shrugged. “He knows how to hide and not be found, Stark.”

The hope that had sprung alive in his chest was beginning to die once again.

“If I had to guess,” Asha continued, “he probably is heading west, toward the islands. He probably won’t get far. He doesn’t know how to get there, but he’ll try.”

“West,” Rob murmured. “He’ll get a boat or something.” Robb was already standing up. “I’ll go to the port and-”

“Sit,” Asha ordered darkly. “Now.”

Robb blinked. “But if you know where he is going shouldn’t we-”

“Sit.”

Dumbstruck, Robb sunk into the chair.

This was a waste of time. Why were they just sitting there? If Theon was missing for a week, he could already be at the islands. Robb had to go before Theon moved on to somewhere else, somewhere Robb wouldn’t be able to follow.

“This is your fault, you know,” Asha leaned on the table.

Robb did know this. This is why he needed to make it better. This is why they needed to go now and find Theon.

“Running after him isn’t going to fix anything,” Asha sighed. “Not until you fix this,” she gestured at Robb vaguely.

“I’m fine,” Robb snarled. Why was everyone missing the point? It didn’t matter what was going on with him. Not when Theon could be in trouble.

“I don’t care how you are emotionally,” Asha rolled her eyes dully. “That does me nothing. Theon will keep trying to run unless he gets a real answer from you. No more half-assing anymore, Stark.”

“Half-assing? What are you talking about?” Robb asked heatedly. “I just want to find him, I don’t care-”

“You don’t, but he does,” Asha cut him off harshly. “It matters to him how you will react to all of this. It matters how you word it. It matters how you are going to be around him. It all matters to him. So until you figure that out, I’m not helping you.”

“He’s your brother,” Robb snapped.

“Yeah, so he’ll be fine for a month or two only. It’s not the first time,” Asha sipped her drink.

Robb couldn’t believe this. He couldn’t believe what was happening. Robb stared at the table. He felt like a child, being talked down to by his parents. He felt weak and powerless. Robb stood up again. This was pointless and time wasting. If Asha wasn’t going to help him, fine. He would find Theon himself.
“It’s one simple question,” Asha spoke once more. “What are you going to do when you see him again?”

Robb twitched. He hadn’t thought about it in depth. He was more concerned on finding Theon than what would happen once he did.

“It matters,” Asha stood up and strolled past him. “From him, it matters, because it’s you. It’s always you.” Asha shook her head.

Robb watched in burning silence and Asha walked out of the door.

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Ten days without Theon with no end in sight.

Asha Greyjoy gave Robb a lot to think about. What good was finding Theon if whatever he said made him lose him once more?

Sleep evaded Robb most nights and his parents questioned the recent decline in his grades. Robb couldn’t get himself to care, even though it was his final year and it should mean the most. What did it matter if he ruined something that meant everything to him?

His siblings helped the best they could. Jon held off his mother and father from prying too deeply. Sansa relayed news to him concerning Joffrey, school, and any signs of Theon—none still. Arya even tried helping by trying to distract him from it all. It hardly ever worked, but Robb appreciated it all the same.

Bran and Rickon weren’t oblivious to what was going on with Robb. Bran offered him kind hopeful words while Rickon offered concern and questions. They didn’t know exactly what had happened, Jon and Sansa made sure of it. They did know it was centered around Theon.

“He is coming back,” Rickon nodded his head determinedly that evening.

Robb smiled weakly. “Why do you think that?” He hadn’t meant for it to sound despairingly.

“He always comes back,” Rickon shrugged.

“I don’t think that’s the case this time, Rickon.”

Rickon rolled his eyes. “You’re stupid, Robb.”

“Why is that?” Everyone had the same reason for calling him that, he was oblivious for not seeing the signs. He even had the same reason to call himself that. He was curious if Rickon was just as in tuned to this as everyone else.

“Because,” Rickon sat up straight, “you don’t believe in him.”

“I don’t?” That was far from the answer Robb as expecting.

“Yup,” Rickon stretched. “Because if you did, then you would know that you can’t ever lose him.”

“Because?” Robb urged Rickon to continue.

“You can’t lose what you already have. You can’t lose him and he can’t lose you.”

It was simplistic and flawed, much like Robb’s previous conceptions about well, everything. It still
reassured Robb in a strange way. In a deeper sense, Rob could see why Rickon thought that. Even if Theon was gone forever, Robb would always keep thinking of him.

“Thank you, Rickon,” Robb said earnestly.

Rickon nodded his head smartly, “When Theon does come back, what are you going to do?”

Rickon was the first person to phrase it as a certainty that Theon would be back.

“I’m going to tell him the truth.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So, not my best chapter (if there are any mistakes in it, please let me know). I had some really bad weather in my area and my computer crashed last night so I had to rewrite a lot of this chapter....I hope it still holds up :)

Next chapter we are breaking away from Theon and Robb (for the most part) and going back to some nice, already fulfilled pairings. :)

Tumblr
Margaery

It was thrilling, finally making relationship worthy progress with Sansa. Margaery couldn’t get enough of it. It was one of the only things she could think about lately and every time she did she got butterflies in her stomach. Thinking of other things only got her down.

No one had heard from Theon in nearly two weeks. It saddened Margaery on many levels, the most basic being that she considered him a close friend and she wished he would reach out for help. She would if she knew where he was.

But she wasn’t going to let Theon Greyjoy ruin an evening, especially it being her first “official” date with Sansa. She could spare a night to forget the boy and have a good time without drama and just Sansa. It wasn’t like there was much she could do with him up and gone.

Margaery stood outside the restaurant waiting patiently. Sansa would be catching a ride from Jon and Ygritte. Margaery smiled proudly at the thought of Jon and Ygritte. While it hadn’t been as long as a trial as Margaery’s, Ygritte definitely went through a specific hell to finally get with Jon.

Rather than Ygritte’s rust-bucket car, Robb’s car pulled up in front of Margaery. Peering through the windows, Margaery could see Jon behind the wheel with Ygritte in the passenger’s seat. Sansa slipped out from the back and smiled heart-meltingly at Margaery.

Before either of them could say a word, the window rolled down and Ygritte stuck her head out the window. “Now Miss Tyrell, we expect you to bring our young lady home at the proper hour of ten o’clock, no later.”

Margaery rolled her eyes. “Of course.”

“Good, good,” Ygritte glanced over at Jon as if there was more to say but instead shrugged and stuck her head back out the window, “and since this is a first date, no going past second base.”

Jon had the sensibility to cut Ygritte off by driving off, leaving Margaery and Sansa blushing brightly on the curb.

“Ignore her,” Sansa murmured.

Margaery nodded her head and took Sansa’s hand lightly. “Let’s go inside, darling.”

She didn’t want to get a big head or be completely arrogant, but as the date progressed, Margaery thought it was going wonderfully. They talked, they laughed, they held hands, and never once was there hesitation. Perhaps it was because they had been friends for so long and they knew each other well enough or maybe it was because they both wanted this, but Margaery couldn’t get enough.

“So, Myrcella Baratheon called me,” Sansa changed the subject from one of lightheartedness to one of more serious discussion.

“What did she have to say?”
“Joffrey is being sent away,” Sansa smiled softly. “Apparently, Renly put up a big argument about him,”

“And rightfully so,” Margaery added in.

“Rightfully so,” Sansa agreed. “They are sending him West to live with his grandfather. I don’t know how much good that’ll actually do him in the end, but at least he’ll be far away from us.”

“I can’t even imagine how he managed to cause so much damage. He’s an idiot,” Margaery muttered.

“Idiots can be more dangerous than the clever ones. They don’t think ahead to the consequences.”

“How’s your brother?” Margaery asked. She had wanted to ask all night but she didn’t want to sour anything by it, but now that they were on the subject she might as well find out.

“A mess,” Sansa replied simply. “All he does now is search for Theon. We actually dropped him off at the port today and he has been there all day. Apparently he thinks Theon might have gotten on a boat to somewhere.”

“Do you think Theon left town?” Margaery asked. She didn’t think that was the case.

“No,” Sansa sighed. “I don’t know where he could possibly be hiding though. I wish he’d come back home-to our home so he and Robb could sort everything out.”

“No use fretting on it,” Margaery and Sansa stood up as they got their change for their meal and began to walk toward the doors. “Now Loras is probably waiting outside for us,” Margaery whispered as they approached the doors and stopped.

“I see,” Sansa smiled slyly.

Margaery reached up, cupping Sansa’s cheek. “I really like you.”

“I really like you too.” Sansa leaned up and brought her lips to Margaery’s.

**Gendry**

“Why?” Gendry asked as Arya dragged him down the hallway.

“He wants to meet you,” Arya grumbled. “Trust me, I’m not eager about this either.”

Gendry swallowed hard. Over the past couple of months or so, Arya and he had changed the course of their friendship drastically. They were dating now, something Gendry never thought would happen. Much of their friendship was still unchanged, but the parts that had changed were only for the better. He really couldn’t believe Arya was that enthusiastic about being in a relationship as he was. But meeting the parents was different.

It wasn’t as if Gendry had never met Mr. and Mrs. Stark. He had many times. Hell, Arya had introduced him a week after he had first begun talking to her. He just never met them as Arya’s boyfriend. Arya’s three years older boyfriend.

“Just remember,” Arya halted him outside her father’s study, “use formalities and don’t say anything unless you have to. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Gendry nodded his head with a shaky grin.
She punched him lightly. “Just make this quick and then we can continue.”

With one final shove in the right direction, Arya disappeared down the hallway, leaving Gendry alone. With weak and shaky hands, Gendry knocked on the door. After received a ‘come in’, Gendry pushed the door open.

Ned Stark was a calm man with knowing eyes. He had a stern face but Gendry had seen him smiling enough times to know that he was a lighthearted man in the right circumstances. He hoped that one of those times could be now.

“Mr. Waters,” Mr. Stark used his surname for the first time in Gendry’s knowledge, “please sit.” He was sitting behind a desk and gestured to the lone seat opposite of him. “So, you’re dating my daughter, correct?”

Gendry nodded his head, unable to say anything without his voice cracking.

“I see,” Mr. Stark leaned back in his chair. “And what’s the age difference?”

Gendry felt a cold nervous sweat coming on. “Three years, sir.”

“Fourteen and seventeen, huh,” Mr. Stark pondered this for a moment. “Arya is going to be turning fifteen soon and then you’ll be turning eighteen?”

“In the summer for me,” Gendry hoped that for whatever reason that lessened the blow. That was nearly eight months away.

“But you’ll be an adult when she is still a minor, correct?”

“Yes, sir,” Gendry whispered. He had never actually thought about that. It didn’t really change anything for him concerning his feelings towards Arya but it differently would be on the more scandalous side.

“You’ll continue dating her then?”

“If she’ll have me,” Gendry replied truthfully.

“And if I oppose?” Mr. Stark asked, eyes searching Gendry for discrepancies.

“I’ll respect your wish, but I would still see Arya on platonic terms.” It seemed like the right answer and the one Gendry would more likely follow.

“Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that then,” Mr. Stark stood up. “You’re a decent lad, but one screw up and you’re gone. It’s the new rule.” A rule probably put in place because of Joffrey.

Gendry scrambled to his feet. “Understood, sir.”

“Excellent,” Mr. Stark clamped his hand on Gendry’s shoulder. “Now go and keep the door open.”

**Ygritte**

“You’re cold, aren’t you?” Ygritte smirked.

“No,” Jon narrowed his eyes. “Why do you keep asking that?”

They were lying on the hood of the car and talking. The sun had long ago set and the stars were coming out. Ygritte had already teased Jon mercilessly on the sappiness of it all, but nevertheless
loved it all the same.

“Because you’re an idiot,” Ygritte rolled her eyes, moving herself closer to Jon so she was pressed up against him. “It’s perfectly acceptable to make moves, Snow.”

Jon didn’t respond, he simple moved his arm around Ygritte and pulled her closer. The silence didn’t last long.

“Better.”

“Ygritte, if you don’t stop talking I’m going to have to shut you up.”

“Oh,” Ygritte nodded her head smiling. “In that case, have I ever told you about the time Tormund fucked a bear? Personally, not my favorite story, but I think it is something you should hear at least once in your lif-”

Oh, she was never going to get tired of kissing Snow. Never.

“Done yet?” Jon sighed against her lips.

“Maybe,” Ygritte waggled her eyebrows teasingly. “I’m enjoying myself.”

“I can see that,” he smiled slightly, enough that Ygritte could call it a smile.

“Are you?”

“Yes.”

“Then why do you look like you are still beating yourself up?”

Ever since Jon had returned back without Theon, Ygritte could see he had been beating himself over it. He blamed himself and had actively been trying to help Robb get Theon back. Ygritte told him over and over it wasn’t his fault, but Jon wasn’t letting it go, even weeks later.

“I hate seeing Robb miserable,” Jon pulled Ygritte closer as he looked back up at the sky.

“Same,” Ygritte admitted. “I also hate seeing you miserable.”

“He was crying,” Jon groaned.

“Greyjoy?”

“Yeah,” Jon swallowed. “I couldn’t help it. I wanted to give the guy a break for once and because I got soft, I let him get away and made Robb miserable in return.”

“You can’t blame yourself for being human,” Ygritte shrugged.

“I guess. I feel like shit about it.”

“I know,” Ygritte pulled a strand of his hand lightly. “These things have a way of working themselves out though.”

“No they don’t,” Jon snorted. “Theon is not going to show himself to Robb out of the blue.”

“I didn’t say it would resolve itself in the way we want it to,” Ygritte looked at him somberly. “Theon could be gone forever and Robb will have to cope. It might not be the end result we want,
but we have to be prepared for that.”

“I guess,” Jon murmured.

Silence enveloped them again. Ygritte readjusted herself to resting her head on Jon’s chest and he dragged his fingers through her hair. Granted, it got tangled more times than not, but Ygritte still enjoyed it.

“You did see the irony in it though, right?” Ygritte broke the silence not too long later.

“In what?”

“Him crying…after spreading rumors about you crying?” Ygritte asked. She kind of hoped it would lighten the mood. “Maybe when he shows up again and everything is fine, you can hold it over him.”

“Already planning out blackmail?” Jon asked with a hint of amusement.

“I’m just trying to be hopeful.”

Theon

It had been two weeks. It was close to being the worst two weeks of his life. Sadly, Ramsay still had a large number of calendar days that filled that top spot. Serious though, what had he done to deserve this? Theon supposed there was a lesson in all of this, but he couldn’t give less of a fuck on what that lesson was.

Two weeks he had been on the run, granted not doing an excellent job at it.

After Snow had been stupid enough to give him a chance to run, Theon ran straight back to Asha’s. She had been asleep when he showed up and started rummaging for all his necessities. By the time he was all packed, she had woken up and saw the evidence of the night all over his face.

They didn’t talk about it. Asha simply dug into her wallet and gave him a wad of bills and the keys to the shitty fishing cabin they had. It was an hour away from town and Theon figured the space would do him well. Asha’s only request was that he figure out a more permanent situation because the last thing either of them needed was their dad taking an impromptu fishing trip and finding Theon there.

The next morning, with the money he got from Asha, Theon bought enough food for a few weeks, some booze using his trusty fake ID, and cigarettes. He took a taxi out there and kept enough spare change for a lift back in case he needed to run again.

The shitty cabin was just as Theon had remembered it. Fucking terrible. He had never liked it as a kid and now that he was there, nearly an adult, he still fucking hated it. Thankfully, he was drunk a good portion of the time he was conscious so he didn’t have to think to carefully about it.

The first few days of his stay were uneventful. Every couple of hours, Robb would try contacting him. Occasionally he’d get messages or calls from the other Starks, Ygritte, Margaery and Gendry but they all got the same treatment as Robb. He never once read or listened to the messages. He just couldn’t.

It was after a week of their badgering did Theon, in a drunken rage, toss his phone into the garbage. He didn’t think about the repercussions of that until the next morning when he sobered up but the garbage had been picked up and he was left without communication.
It was a week and a half into his stay when he was awakened by a loud station wagon. Theon had recognized the car as his father’s and scrambled to grab as many of his few possessions as he could. The last thing he needed was to see his dad. He was out the backdoor just as his father came in.

Theon didn’t stick around but even as he begun the long walk back into town, he could hear his father’s cursing at the mess Theon had left behind. Theon hoped Asha didn’t get any shit for it.

In a way, it felt good to fuck with his old man, in a way it also was completely horrible to have to walk back into town.

It was well into the night when Theon got into a familiar part of town. Even there, he still had ways to go before he got to Asha’s. Not wanting to go back and disappoint her, Theon ‘camped out’ at the closest covered bus station. It was there that Theon really felt himself reach rock bottom.

It took three days of suffering on the streets and hiding from anyone that could possibly recognize for Theon to re-think his entire setup. He needed, dare he admit it, help. He never really liked relying on others, staying at the Starks all those years had been his biggest weakness. He couldn’t deny it now. He needed help.

Asha was a no-go. He already burdened her enough by dropping by there before and Robb knew how to find him there. Theon wouldn’t have been surprised if Robb was camping out there and waiting for him. Ygritte’s was out of the question too. She was with Snow now and had betrayed Theon. The loyalty had shifted. Gendry was a possibility, but if Arya came by she’d probably kill him on the spot and then tell Robb. That left Margaery.

Margaery. Even though she was dating Sansa now, she could still be loyal to Theon. After all, they had each other’s backs the longest out of them all. She kind of owed him for the years of torment and ploys. Plus, Sansa was the most agreeable of the Starks right now. If she found out Theon was staying there, she’d respect his decision the most. He’d have time to run again before she thought to get ahold of Robb.

So that was how two weeks later at nearly mid-night, Theon knocked on the door of the Tyrell house and was ushered in by a relieved and worried Margaery.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will feature all our ‘club members’ again :) I’m actually really excited about it as we begin wrapping up this story. I have four more chapters planned out and then it is done...You’ve all been great! Thank you following, reading, commenting, kudoing this story. I really can’t express my gratitude enough.

Until next time (hopefully a sooner update than this one)

Tumblr
Margaery

“Come on,” Margaery groaned, “you can’t hide from everyone forever.”

“I’m not,” Theon muttered as he sipped his tea. “I’m not hiding from you and your brother and grandmother.”

“I don’t think you really had a choice on half of that,” Loras chimed in from the kitchen. “I’m heading to Renly’s.”

“Right,” Theon swallowed. Margaery patted his arm gently.

Theon had been staying in her home for a week now. The first couple of days had been extremely awkward, mostly because Theon was trying to hide from the other members of the household. Olenna knew in a matter of hours that Theon was staying there but Loras hadn’t realized another soul was living in their home until the third day.

That was the day Margaery came home from school and found Theon and Loras in an awkward embrace. Theon didn’t want to share what it had all been about but later that day Loras told her it had to do with his beating and they cleared some sort of air. Margaery decided that it was probably best not to press on that one.

Since then, Margaery had been trying to persuade and convince Theon into reaching out to some other people like his sister or Ygritte and Gendry. Theon adamantly refused each time. He kept saying how it would eventually lead back to the Starks. While Margaery understood his concern, she couldn’t help but find it stupid at the same time. Literally, Robb was tearing himself apart over this, but Theon didn’t want to discuss it.

That’s why Margaery decided that if any progress was going to be made, she was going to have to push the issue. Like a mother bird pushing her babies from the nest, they didn’t want to go, but it was for the best. That’s why Margaery called Ygritte and Gendry over. That’s why Theon was throwing his latest hissy fit. Apparently he didn’t trust Ygritte or Gendry to keep his hiding a secret. Apparently they had gone to the ‘dark side’ now that they were in relationships with Jon and Arya accordingly. Margaery had slapped him for that one.

“You can’t negotiate on this,” Margaery crossed her arms firmly. “Look, I could have called Robb the minute you showed up on my door step, but I didn’t. I respected this boundary you have set, but you have to give a little. So Ygritte and Gendry are coming over. Besides,” Margaery smiled lightly, “we haven’t had a club meeting in forever.”

Theon looked ready to strangle her at her words. “Is that really what you are thinking about right now?”

“You’re the last one in it who hasn’t accomplished the club’s goal.”

Theon shook his head, a dark expression drifting to his face. “Tyrell, are you fucking kidding me? Look, I know the answer to all of this already. I know what Ro-he thinks and I’m not going to torture myself with this bullshit anymore.”
“Oh yeah, because you’re living a torture free lifestyle right now,” Loras cackled from the other side of the house.

“Weren’t you supposed to be leaving for your boyfriend’s house?” Theon snapped, twisting around to narrow his eyes on Loras.

“I am,” Loras rolled his eyes. “By the way, Renly says hi.”

“You told him I was here?” Theon blanched.

“Yeah,” Loras shrugged as it was no big deal to him. “Look, calm the fuck down.” Margaery watched as Loras opened the door. “Oh, Marge, your other weird friends are here.”

Loras was barely halfway through the front door when he was roughly shoved aside by Ygritte who came in with fire in her eyes and then aimed straight at Theon. Margaery almost felt pity for Theon, but she really had no more pity to give. Gendry came in a few seconds later looking uncomfortable.

“We drove here together,” Gendry explained weakly.

“Shut up,” Ygritte silenced him at once as she stomped over to Theon. “Now you listen here you little fucking brat,” Ygritte poked Theon roughly in the chest. “What the fuck?”

Margaery sighed, standing up to go over to Gendry. “Do you want tea? It’s going to be a long night.”

**Ygritte**

“No seriously, what the fuck?” Ygritte snapped. She was pissed. She had the right to be pissed. She knew she had that right. It was un-fucking-believable.

“I think you are overreacting,” Margaery stated with stone cold calmness as she came over with a cup of tea. “Drink.” Ygritte wanted to slap her but took the tea instead.

“How am I overreacting?” Ygritte screeched. Margaery raised an eyebrow as if she had just proven her point but Ygritte pushed forward. “How am I less trustworthy than you?”

“Is that really why you are upset?” Margaery tilted her head to the side.”

“I don’t think that is what is being said,” Gendry added in, but Ygritte simply threw him one look and he snapped his mouth shut. She had already explained this to Gendry on the ride over.

“I honestly didn’t think you cared that much,” Theon finally spoke, having let Ygritte rage for the past ten minutes.

Ygritte pulled at her hair in frustration. “Come on, Greyjoy. We are way closer than you and fucking Tyrell? What the fuck? Remember all the good times we had? Did you ever have those with Margaery? I mean sure, maybe, but not like us! We are close, man. Come on.” Ygritte had the right to be pissed that when Theon decided to hideout somewhere and that Margaery was his first choice and not her. Come the fuck on.

Theon rolled his eyes. “We were until you betrayed me for the bastard, now you’re fucking worthless.” His voice was dull, not really in the spirit of their usually teasing but from what Ygritte could gather from Margaery’s vague description, Theon hadn’t been acting like himself for a long while.
“Excuse me?” Ygritte rounded. “What does Snow have to do with this?”

“At least Margaery has the brains to go after someone fucking likeable like Sansa. Snow is just gross.” Theon wrinkled his noses, a paled version of his usual show of distaste.

“You knew I liked Snow from the beginning,” Ygritte deadpanned.

“I didn’t think he’d ever actually take the plunge with anyone. I thought he’d be a celibate asshole for the rest of his life. I know I’m disappointed by the turn of events, just like everyone else,” Theon sighed bored. “It doesn’t really matter anyways, right?”

Ygritte sunk into the seat beside Theon. “Not really.”

“So you can go now,” Theon threw her a weak smile. “It was lovely seeing you again. Bye.”

“Oh no,” Margaery spoke up. “They aren’t going anywhere. Not until we talk about this stupid little fit of yours.”

Ygritte cringed at the words. She wasn’t sure calling Theon’s disappearing act stupid, especially after his entire life was broadcasted to everyone in his life that did and didn’t matter. Then again, Theon had apparently been staying here for a week.

“We’ve been over it. I graduate this year, after that I’m gone.”

“How have you been attending school?” Gendry asked confused.

“Margaery’s been getting my school work claiming I’m ill,” Theon shrugged. “Look, whatever any of you have to say, it doesn’t matter.”

“You know Robb-”

Ygritte was silenced immediately. “I don’t want to hear how much I’m fucking up his life right now, thank you.”

“You’re not fucking it up,” Ygritte murmured. “I don’t think you’ve ever fucked it up.”

“Ygritte, don’t be an idiot. I’ve been fucking up Robb since day one. He’s better off without me.”

**Gendry**

Just ten more minutes and this whole charade would be over. Just ten more minutes and Theon could finally get some closure on the matter, whether he wanted to or not.

Yes, during the commotion of Ygritte’s yelling rant, Gendry committed acts of treason and betrayal. It was for the greater good, but when his friends found out they would not think it so. But this couldn’t go on any longer, couldn’t they see that? That’s why Gendry did the mature thing to do: he tattled to Arya the location of Theon. She knew what to do from there. Once again, Arya and Gendry were going to solve everyone’s problems.

Now they just had to wait for Robb to show up and fix all this. They’d be thanking Gendry later. Theon would be indebted to Gendry. When this was all over and he was done sucking face with Robb Stark, Theon would be grateful for Gendry’s acts of betrayal.

Unfortunately, Gendry knew that if Theon were to find out a second sooner, two things would happen: 1. Gendry would be dead. Plain and simple. 2. Theon would run once again and nothing would be solved.
“You’re awfully quiet, Waters,” Theon grumbled. “Got no words of wisdom or advice to shove down my throat?”

Gendry prayed silently that he would be able to hold it together until Robb came. “I’m just here to help.”

Theon looked skeptical, like he could see right through Gendry. “Well, great. Thanks, I guess. I don’t need help.”

Ygritte swatted Theon on the head. “Yes you do, that’s why Margaery called.”

“And you didn’t call anyone else, right?” Theon narrowed his eyes on Margaery.

“Of course not,” Margaery waved him off.

Gendry hoped his face didn’t betray him. Unfortunately it did.

“Why so tense, Waters?” Theon snarled lowly, his eyes searching Gendry’s.

“Nothing!” Gendry tried to smile it off. “I’m just sitting here.”

“And Arya doesn’t know about this?”

Gendry licked his lips. “Of course not,” he mimicked Margaery from earlier. It didn’t pass.

“Oh come on, Waters!” Theon was already grabbing a bag and tossing in his valuables. “I can’t fucking believe you.”


Theon said nothing.

Gods be damned, Theon cursed internally. He was going to kill Gendry. Gendry would be dead and then Theon could leave. It would be his only trace. Damn Gendry to the seven hells-

As if on fucking cue, there was a loud banging on the door. He didn’t need to open the door to know who it was. Theon didn’t even think about it as he got up, pivoted on his heel and headed for the back door, only taking a second to throw Gendry his coldest of looks. If he was quick, he could continue to avoid Robb and never have to deal with all this shit. Maybe Ramsay was right. Theon Greyjoy was fucking weak.

Maybe he should just try to skip town. No one would be able to find him then. He could ask Asha for help, he’d make up some lie that it all had to do with Ramsay. Robb would have to give up eventually. There was no way Theon meant that much that Robb would continue this charade forever. Robb had been oblivious for years, but he wasn’t that stupid.

As he opened the backdoor, he could hear Margaery, Ygritte, and Gendry yell at him to stop but it didn’t matter. All that mattered was that he got away from Robb-

“Do you really think I don’t know you well enough to know you’d try to run away than have an honest discussion for once?”

Theon skidded to a stop just in time to stop from crashing into Robb who was standing right outside the backdoor. Before he could even think about fleeing, Robb grabbed hold of Theon’s arm in a vice grip and yanking him still and so they were face to face. Even though Robb was only a few inches taller, it felt as if he towered him. Theon shrank back, trying to wiggle his wrist from Robb’s hand.
“But the door?” he choked out. Who the hell was at the front door?

“Jon can be persuaded to help. Especially in this case. Apparently, he feels quite motivated to have us talk after he let you get away last time.” Robb stared down at Theon and Theon could only do so much to avoid eye contact.

“And you?” Theon spat out in a sneer hoping to turn off Robb. Maybe if he acted like his worst self he could piss Robb enough to end this in another fight. Theon rather fight his way out of this than talk it through. Nothing good could come from that conversation.

Robb shook his head in annoyance but only tightened his grip. “Did you even read or listened to any of my messages?”

“I threw my phone in the nearest dumpster last week,” Theon hissed lowly, yanking his arm weakly but failing to lose Robb’s hold. It scorched, his touch. Theon needed to get away.

Robb sighed loudly. “Why am I not surprised?” Theon didn’t respond and Robb simply yanked Theon as he begun to walk out of the Tyrell backyard and toward the front of the house. Theon tried to hold his own, but Robb had always been stronger and pulled him through the yard effortlessly.

“Robb?” Theon choked, feeling anxiety clogged his throat. “Where are we going?” It was clear Robb was on a mission, Theon just wasn’t sure he was ready to partake on that mission with him. Apparently they were not having the inevitable conversation here.

“Somewhere private.” Robb turned and stared down Theon with river blue eyes that were cold and stern. “We have a lot to talk about.”

Shit.

Jon

Jon waited patiently outside the front door. He hoped Robb was right and Theon ran his way rather than Jon’s. Regardless, Jon wasn’t going to fail this time. If he had to tackle Theon in the lawn, so be it. He was not going to let this go one a moment longer. If there had been any doubts about Gendry’s favorability amongst the Starks, it had changed the moment he texted Arya’s Theon’s location.

The door opened and Ygritte nearly shoved Jon off the porch to stare into the drive way. Margaery and Gendry followed soon after. All of them were crowded on the front steps, watching excitedly.

“What are you looking at?” Jon cursed as he regained his balance. “Is Theon-”

“Shut your pretty little mouth, Snow,” Ygritte hissed. “He ran out the backdoor and into his beloved’s arms.”

“That’s the most romantic thing I’ve ever heard you say,” Gendry muttered quietly before beside Margaery.

Jon rejoined them on the porch. Robb suddenly came into light, his hand wrapped around Theon’s in a vast grip as he dragged the poor guy toward the car. Robb paused at the car, turned to the porch, flashed one of the brightest grins Jon has ever seen and yelled, “Thanks!”

He then turned to Theon, the smile dropping as he proceeded to wrestle Theon into the passenger’s seat, buckling him into it after he successfully pinned him to the seat. Even in this very serious moment, the two of them still were acting like children and fighting each other the whole way. It was the familiarity of the scene that caused Jon to know it was all going to be alright in the end.
Robb gave the four of them one last wave before he climbed into the front seat.

“Where are they going?” Margaery asked curiously.

“I don’t know,” Jon shrugged. “Robb didn’t tell me.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello lovelies!
Next chapter will be entirely Theon’s POV. Let's get some closure :)

Tumblr
The car was in complete silence as Robb drove. Every few seconds, Theon would consider rolling out of the car strictly to avoid the conversation to come, but every few seconds, Robb would glance over and palm the seat belt to make sure he was still secured and there. Neither of them spoke during this.

It was dark outside, closing in on midnight when Robb pulled to a stop. Theon narrowed his eyes, looking out the window to see Robb had drove them half way across town to the docks and the dinky little pier. Theon glanced at Robb in confusion, but Robb was already half way out of the car.

Theon remained rooted in his seat, not really willing to get out. Getting out meant excepting his fate of this long-winded, pointless, soul-crushing conversation. Robb apparently was still not having any of Theon’s shit and opened his door, leaning down to stare at Theon.

“Are you going to continue making this difficult for both of us?”

“Probably,” Theon found him able to say in a half-way normal voice.

Robb looked unfazed. “You do remember that I can carry you if it comes to that, but I know you hate it, so I am giving you a choice. Free will or I carry you.”

Theon narrowed his eyes up at Robb’s and instantly regretted making eye contact. He looked back out the windshield. “If this was really a choice, you wouldn’t have had to abduct me.”

Robb sighed loudly and he sounded tired. Theon took this as a sign Robb was about to give up. He was wrong once again.

“Alright, I’m carrying you,” Robb gritted his teeth as he ducked into the car and began wrestling Theon out of the seatbelt.

“Fuck! No! I got it! I got it!” Theon snapped slapping Robb’s hands away.

Robb retracted his hands but kept himself half way in the car, his face inches from Theon’s. Theon heart jumped up to his throat.

“Do you got it?” Robb raised a skeptical eyebrow.

“Yes,” Theon muttered, trying to look anywhere but Robb but finding it hard when he took up most of Theon’s field of vision.

“Okay.”

Robb moved and waited by the door patiently as Theon took his sweet old time in getting out of the car. Once Theon was out of the car, Robb grab Theon by the wrist once more and began dragging him toward the pier.

“I don’t need you to pull me along. I can walk just fine.”
“Yes,” Robb glanced back grimly. “Then it would take us an hour to get to the pier instead of two minutes.”

Theon remained silent, as did Robb, as they made their way toward the pier and down it. It wasn’t a particularly long pier and it was completely deserted at this hour. Robb continued to pull Theon until they got to the very end.

“Sit,” Robb pointed down at the edge. The posts were wide enough to fit at least one person, two if you tired. Theon rolled his eyes, not really sure when Robb’s game was, and sat down between two of the posts.

“Scoot,” Robb ordered and Theon suddenly realized that Robb was going to join him in between the posts.

It was a tight fit and they overlapped a bit. One of them had to lean forward (Theon) and one of them had to lean back (Robb) but it worked. Theon pushed himself as far away as possible, leaning against the post but found that even then he was still thigh to thigh with Robb.

“Too close,” Theon hissed.

Robb rolled his eyes, watching Theon. “I think we’ve been in far closer situations. It’s not a big deal.”

“It is now,” Theon snarled. He watched as Robb’s carefully constructed mask of power and authority began to crack. He looked hurt.

“Oh, fuck, sorry, I’ll—” Robb began to move and Theon stopped him.

“No, just say what you want to say and let’s get this over with,” Theon mumbled. He couldn’t stand to have this go on any longer. His heart couldn’t take much more of this bullshit.

Robb fell silent and Theon watched him. It occurred to Theon that maybe Robb was simply lost in all of this. Theon wasn’t eager to help though. He just wanted this whole matter put behind them, but he knew that wasn’t possible. Robb was too fucking stubborn. Seeing as Robb wasn’t going to speak, Theon took the initiative.

“Why are we here of all places?”

Robb looked out over the water. “You told me you liked it here, I thought it would make you more comfortable as opposed to anywhere else.”

“Oh,” Theon swallowed. How many more times was Theon going to be smacked by Robb’s kindness?

“So, you like me,” Robb finally said. It was small and weak, unsure and afraid. It was exactly how Theon felt.

“Yeah,” he admitted although his entire body wanted him to lie and take it back.

“How long?” Robb asked.

“Like, since elementary school.” Theon found that he couldn’t lie anymore. Robb at least deserved some answers, even if Theon didn’t really want to give them. He was tired of this. He was tired of secrets and lying. Most of all, Theon was just sick of Robb not knowing and crushing Theon’s heart unknowingly.
Robb looked extremely surprised by this, staring at Theon for a long time. “That long?”

Embarrassment filled Theon as he looked at his dangle feet. “Yup.”

“But,” Theon looked back up at Robb, “I was so…dorky?”

Theon couldn’t help but smile slightly. “Yeah, I know.”

Robb had a faint smile on his face too but it disappeared quickly. “You never told me.”

“I never did,” Theon admitted. It was true. He barely admitted it to the group.

“You told Joffrey though.” Robb looked frustrated by this.

“No,” Theon snapped in correction. “That’s not the bully I told,” he confessed before he could stop the words from tumbling out.

“What do you mean?” Robb turned, limiting their personal space again.

Theon wrapped his arms around himself. If this was going to be his last conversation with Robb, he might as well tell everything. It had been gnawing away at him for a long time. Asha had told him not to keep it bottled in, since he wouldn’t tell her either. He might as well tell Robb at this point. There was nothing left to hide.

“Remember Ramsay?”

Robb froze, anger filling his eyes. “You told him?”

“He guessed it,” Theon whispered, pushing him flushed against the post. “I didn’t deny it then. I felt good to tell someone.”

“He’s a psychopath,” Robb murmured darkly and tense.

“I didn’t know that at the time.” Theon’s voice shook. Robb went and put a hand on Theon’s shoulder but he shrunk away from it. Robb removed it at once. “He told me he could help me get over you. I wanted that at the time.”

A mixture of emotions and questions crossed Robb’s face. It looked like he couldn’t settle at one until he asked, “Why?” The expression he chose could only be described at desperate curiosity.

“It’s not exactly a great feeling to be in lo-fuck,” Theon knocked his head hard against the post and scrunched his eyes closed. “Do we have to do this?”

“I’d prefer if we did,” Robb whispered, shifting once more to take Theon’s hand into his own. Theon didn’t have the heart to stop him. He was trying too hard to make sure he didn’t break down. “We don’t have to though.”

“I don’t know what you want from this.”


A surge of anger filled Theon. So this was what this whole thing was about? Robb was going to use Theon’s fucked up state to get answer. Fine. If that’s what he fucking wanted, fine.

Theon ripped his hand away. “He fucked me, okay? Happy? You got your answer. He tried to fuck
the memory of you away, when that didn’t work, he began hitting and cutting. When that didn’t work, he threatened me. He threatened you. He didn’t want us seeing each other anymore so he kept me locked away from you, but you just couldn’t let that happen. You kept coming to me, calling me, finding me and he took that out on me. He was jealous. You wouldn’t just drop me and I ended up in the hospital. I still like you though so it was all for nothing. Story over.”

Robb looked like he was slapped. He didn’t reach out for Theon again, although he looked like he wanted to. “Theon…I’m sorry.” Robb swallowed. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Well, I just told you I was in love with you,” Theon laughed dryly. “Just because some psychopath wants that to go away, doesn’t mean it is.”

“Why didn’t you just tell me any of this?” Robb asked, frustration seeping back into his voice. Theon realized the frustration wasn’t aimed at him, but at Robb.

Theon was reluctant to answer. “Because I’d lose my best friend,” he spoke almost too quietly for Robb to hear.

“You can’t lose me,” Robb locked eyes with Theon. “Not over something like Ramsay Bolton and definitely not over all this.” A small smile came up to his face. “Rickon said so.”

“I don’t think you should be taking Rickon’s advice on these things,” Theon muttered lightly. “He still thinks Santa is real and that you can get superpowers from radiation.”

“He isn’t wrong about this,” Robb licked his lips nervously. “When you disappeared, it gave me some time to think.” Robb looked nervous but it was nothing in comparison to what Theon felt. “I talked with Jon. I talked with Ygritte. I even talked to Asha and…” Robb swallowed. “Gods, this is hard.” Theon remained completely froze as Robb worked through getting the words out. “I like you; I think I have for a while now. I just-”

“Please tell me this isn’t a sick joke,” Theon closed his eyes to save himself from further shame and embarrassment if that turned out to be true.

He felt Robb’s hands come to his shoulders. “Why would I joke about that?”

Theon opened his eyes. “I don’t know. I’m giving you a scapegoat in case you want to take it back.”

“I don’t.” Robb grinned. “I really don’t. You’re my best friend and I like you.”

Theon sat up and narrowed his eyes. “What do you mean by liking, Stark?”

Robb raised both eyebrows. “Like dating.”

“You know dating and being best friends isn’t exactly the same thing.”

“Of course I know that,” Robb balked.

“Are you sure?” Theon challenged. “Because I’m not really willing to, I don’t know, be played with because you don’t know what you want-”

Whatever Theon had left to say on that matter was completely thrown out the window as Robb crashed his lips against Theon’s. It was short, brief and final. Almost like a period at the end of the sentence.

Robb pulled away and Theon breathed heavier, his hand over his chest. He was having a heart
attack. He was sure of it. His chest was going to burst.

“When?”

“I don’t know,” Robb admitted. “According to Ygritte’s photos, for a while. I just didn’t really realize it. Maybe always. I don’t know. I’ve always felt like this, I just didn’t know it was this.”

“I mean, when did you realize you wanted to do that?”

“Kiss you?” Robb flushed bright red and looked at his knees. “Like a really long time ago.”

“Why couldn’t you have started this entire conversation with that?” Theon hissed, wide eye and angry as he hit Robb lightly on the shoulder. There wasn’t any real heat behind it. Theon just wished he had known sooner before they went through that entire teeth-pulling conversation.

Robb looked up at the sky. “Because you wouldn’t have told me anything. You would have continued to hide all of this and we needed to talk. So I kept this little bit until last.”

“You made me squirm around and nearly break down because you wanted to talk first?” Theon asked with a little less fire. “Gods, you’re sadistic.”

Robb’s eyes widened. “Oh, shit, Theon look-”

“I was kidding,” Theon cut in tiredly. “Gods, you and your brother are so gullible.”

“And oblivious,” Robb grinned sheepishly.

“Well, I could have told you as much,” Theon felt a real smile come onto his face. The first one in a long time.

“You should have just told me.”

“You make it sound so easy.” Theon rolled his eyebrows. “You squirmed about asking Jeyne Westerling out for almost three months, hypocrite.”

Robb bit his lip. “Maybe I didn’t know what I wanted. It wasn’t her though. When we broke up all I thought about was you.”

“Are you sure you want this?” Theon gestured to himself.

Theon felt Robb move incredible close. “More than you know.”

And they were kissing again, and Theon couldn’t believe it was real. He locked his fingers into Robb’s red curls and tears prickled in his eyes. It wasn’t a dream or a substitute or his imagination. It was real.

“Are you crying?” Robb asked as wetness touched his cheeks. He pulled back to see faint tears on Theon’s cheeks. Theon wiped them away roughly before shoved Robb lightly.

“Shut up,” Theon muttered weakly and with little conviction.

Robb tackled Theon once more, pulling him close. “You should have told me sooner.”

Theon buried his face into Robb’s shoulder simply because he could and so Robb couldn’t see his pathetic crying anymore. “And what would you have done?”
Robb bit his lip. “I don’t know. Something.” Theon laughed weakly. “You shouldn’t have had to go through all that shit, though.”

“It doesn’t matter anymore,” Theon spoke truthfully. It was that past; he didn’t want to think about it ever again, especially if this was his future. “You tell Snow I cried and I’ll end you.”

Robb snickered loudly. “My lips are sealed, but you might want to take some extra precautions.”

Theon leaned back a ways to look Robb in the eyes. Both his eyebrows rose impressed. “When did you get so fucking smooth?”

“As soon as I stopped being a fucking idiot,” Robb smiled. Theon felt like it heart might stop at any moment.

“Oh, so never then.”

Robb rolled his eyes, but smiled regardless. “Come on, let’s go home.”

Theon nodded his head and got up along with Robb. He wouldn’t admit that the word ‘home’ left a warm feeling in his chest. He wouldn’t admit that he missed the Starks. He wouldn’t admit that Robb’s return of affection was sweet enough for him to die happily. He wouldn’t admit that when Robb grabbed his hand and interlocked their fingers that he still couldn’t believe that this was all real.

Chapter End Notes

They still have much to discuss but for the purposes of this story, much of that will be conducted off screen. I hope this is satisfying though :)

Only two more chapters left! A closer and an epilogue that I have had written for nearly three months now.... I’ll probably just post both of them next week.

I really can't believe this is coming to an end. You are all amazing! I love each and every one of you that has read, kudoed, commented, and followed this story, no matter for how long. It has been an amazing experience to write this and see the amazing reception. So thank you!

Tumblr
One Month Later

Theon

“Should we be doing this in public?” Theon murmured across Robb’s lips.

“Since when have you been one to back away from public indecency?” Robb grinned.

“Since we are standing in front of the gym where most of your teammates will be coming through.” Theon backed away an inch to look at Robb. “Since when have you been fucking open?”

Robb just shrugged, “They already know. Joffrey took care of that, remember?”

Theon froze, not liking to think back to that day at all. “Oh, right.” Theon didn’t really remember seeing anyone else that night beside Robb and Jon. Honestly, he had been trying to block the whole event out. It wasn’t worth thinking about now.

Robb leaned down and kissed him again. “Honestly, none of them are that surprised.”

Theon melted against Robb again. “Of course they aren’t.”

“So, you’re meeting with your club,” Robb bit back a laugh, his eyes dancing as he looked at Theon.

Theon narrowed his eyes, shoving Robb away. “Shut up, it wasn’t my choice.”

“Uh, huh,” Robb pulled Theon back. “Don’t worry; I think it’s cute that you all made a club.”

“I can’t believe Ygritte told you and Snow about that.”

“Well, you wouldn’t,” Robb reminded. “Also, apparent Arya has known for months now and didn’t tell anyone, what’s that all about?”

“I already told you, I’m not telling you shit about that or what goes on there. Ask Ygritte if you really want to know. Speaking of Ygritte,” Theon nudged Robb away, “where the hell is she?”

“She came here with Jon but they disappeared,” Robb scratched the back of his head. “I’m not really emotionally or psychologically prepared to look into that for you.”

“Don’t worry, Stark,” Ygritte practically pranced out of the locker room, Jon following behind quietly, “there is no need.”

“Told you long enough,” Theon grumbled. “Let’s get this over with. The sooner we finished up with Tyrell and Waters, the sooner we can put all this shit behind us.”

Ygritte rolled her eyes. “Don’t act like sucking face with your boyfriend is such a fucking chore.”

“Can we please not talk about that?” Jon groaned, reddening in the face. “I don’t care what they do; I just don’t want to know about it. Same with Arya and Waters.”
“But Sansa and Margaery are okay,” Theon sneered.

“No,” Jon growled.

“Okay!” Ygritte wrapped her arm around Theon’s neck and dragged him away. “We are leaving now. Bye!”

“Bye!” Robb waved enthusiastically while Theon and Jon both remained silent.

“I can’t believe you are dating him,” Theon muttered as he removed Ygritte from his neck.

“Oh, cry me a river,” Ygritte grinned. “Besides, we have to compare notes.”

“I swear, if you ask me one more time about this, I’m going to fucking lose it.”

“I just am curious if the tongue thing is genetic or not.”

“How many times do I have to tell you, I don’t want to know anything about your and Snow’s relationship?!’ Theon rounded on Ygritte as they stood outside the chemistry lab.

“Oh, don’t be a prude,” Ygritte waved off.

“Gods be good,” Theon muttered to himself as he opened the lab doors.

Ygritte

“Finally,” Margaery smiled happily as Ygritte and Theon stalked into the room. “What took you so long?”

Ygritte went to open her mouth but Theon cut her off quickly. She smirked as he spoke. “Don’t ask. We are here now. Let’s just get this over with.”

“I’m glad to see your feelings about all of this haven’t changed,” Gendry murmured.

“This is the last time we are ever doing this, I’m ecstatic,” Theon jeered as he sunk onto one of the tables. Ygritte sat right beside him grinning like an idiot.

“Well, I’m going to miss these,” Margaery sighed as she dug into her bag. “Sansa and I made cookies for the occasion.”

“Where was it that we all decided that everyone needed to know about our meetings?” Theon asked as Margaery passed the Tupperware of cookies around. He took three.

“Blame, Gendry,” Ygritte bit into one of her cookies, “he started it.”

“I didn’t tell, Arya!” Gendry quickly defended. “She found out! She is sneaking like that!”

“I blame you, Wilde,” Theon muttered.

“Boo-hoo, I told Stark and Snow,” Ygritte mocked as she nudged Theon. “Lighten up, this is the last time we are all going to see each other.”

“Kind of sad, isn’t it?” Margaery frowned.

“Yeah,” Gendry nodded his head slowly.

“What are you all talking about?” Theon rolled his eyes.
Ygritte raised an amused brow. “What are you talking about?”

“Ygritte, I see you more times at the Stark house than I ever did in school or these clubs. I think Gendry and I have ‘hung out’ more times than attended these stupid meetings. Margaery literally has us all schedules into her little day book calendar. I’m sure if we all really wanted to see each other, we could make the time without it being centered around our mutual lo-affections for the Starks, and Snow respectively.

Everyone stared at Theon for a long time. Ygritte didn’t even consider that option. She didn’t think any of them did. Except for Theon which said leagues about how he actually felt about the club meetings and the members.

“Oh!” Margaery jumped up happily. “We should go bowling!”

“No,” Theon deadpanned immediately.

“I thought you were just saying we can hang out together,” Margaery groaned.

“Yeah, like for lunch or a movie,” Theon rolled his eyes. “Let’s not reduce ourselves to bowling.”

“I’m going to have to agree,” Gendry murmured.

“We can save bowling for when we go on double dates,” Ygritte grinned wickedly.

“Do you even like your boyfriend?” Theon glared back. “Because if you did, I don’t think you’d be so insistent on this.”

“I thought it was already confirmed that Ygritte likes to torment the people she loves,” Gendry shrugged.

Ygritte made an appalled sound but Margaery smirked. “Like she torments you, Theon.”

For once, both Ygritte and Theon had nothing to say. They simply scooted away from each other and looked at their knees in submission. Neither of them argued the point made though.

**Margaery**

Margaery smiled sadly at the sight before her. She was going to miss this, even though she would be seeing all of them next week for lunch, as finally decided by Gendry who took the initiative to set the date. But still, she was going to miss coming to their meetings and talking about a shared topic. It was more nostalgic than anything. And now their time was up, and they would be leaving the chemistry lab for the last time.

“Alright, Tyrell,” Ygritte climbed off the desk and stood before her, “let’s do this.”

“Do what?” Margaery cocked her head.

“The group hug,” Ygritte smirked with ease. “Come on, I know you, you had this planned from day one.”

“No, I didn’t!” Margaery looked around the room to see Theon and Gendry both nodding in agreement. “I mean, it would be nice if we could do the group hug.”

“Okay,” Ygritte immediately, grabbed Theon by the shirt and pulled him over to the group. Margaery was more impressed that it only took one look from Ygritte to have Gendry coming over.
It wasn’t the group hug she pictured, but it was definitely the one that fit the group best. It contained all the elements of their group: Theon trying to run away, Gendry awkwardly trying to appease everyone, Ygritte laughing loudly at the whole experience and Margaery simply trying to get everything flowing.

“Great, we are done,” Theon wiggled out from their grasps. “Next Saturday we meet for lunch, let’s not talk between those times.” Before anyone could object or argue with him, he had slipped out of the door.

“Next Saturday,” Ygritte gave finger guns to Gendry and Margaery. “I’m going to catch up with Greyjoy, bye!”

Gendry and Margaery shared a look. “Aren’t we all having dinner at the Stark’s tomorrow?”

“Indeed we are,” Magarey patted Gendry’s arm. “See you then.”

“Yeah,” Gendry and Margaery left the classroom. “See you.”

Margaery watched Gendry’s retreating figure for a moment before pivoting on her heel and heading toward the choir room. Sansa was already waiting outside and beamed as Margaery came out.

“How’d it go?” Sansa asked.

Margaery grabbed her hand as they walked. “Good,” she decided. She wasn’t really sure how else to describe it.

“Good,” Sansa kissed Margaery lightly. “Very good.”

Gendry

“So that was it, huh?” Arya asked and Gendry and she walked down the street.

“Yup, it’s over.”

“Well, wait until Bran and Rickon get boyfriends or girlfriends,” Arya rolled her eyes. “I bet you, you are going to be dragged down the hallway by Margaery the minute she thinks there is a possibility to help another ‘lost soul’.”

“Hopefully that won’t be for a long time.”
Epilogue: Jojen Reed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three Years Later

Gendry

There was a certain nostalgia in the sharp digging of Margaery’s long nails in his arm as she dragged him down the hallway to the freshman chemistry labs.

It had been three years since he had last stepped foot into the chemistry labs and now that he was there again, the nostalgia hit him hard. It was just as he remembered from his first meeting there. Theon was slouched and sitting in one of the desk chairs and Ygritte was grinning like a shark on the desk, kicking the back of his chair. The only major difference was that there was now a third person sitting there.

Jojen Reed. He had met the kid a handful of times via being at the Stark home and he immediately knew what Jojen’s presence in the room meant. Another unfortunate victim of the Stark charm.

Gendry had to admit, Jojen was faring much better than he did. He was sitting on the teacher’s desk watching everything with a small smile of amusement on his face. Ygritte and Theon must have already eased his nerves, which was a scary though all in itself. Theon and Ygritte weren’t what Gendry would call a calming presence.

“Jojen, this is Gendry-”

“We’ve met,” Jojen sighed. “We have all met, multiple times. I know what Arya’s boyfriend looks like.”

Gendry waved awkwardly as he went to sit beside Ygritte. He watched as Margaery conducted her introductory speech, mirroring the same one he had received all those years ago.

“Do you know why you have been called here?” Margaery asked, tilting her head to the side with mischievous eyes.

“You all want to talk,” Jojen shrugged. “I don’t know why you are doing it in a school none of you attend anymore and on a Thursday. Don’t you all have work or something?”

“It’s ceremonial, kid,” Ygritte grumbled. “Just let Margaery do her speech. I’ve been hearing about this for weeks.”

“Oh, shit!” Jojen’s eyes widened. “Are you giving me a shovel talk?” His face broke out into a large grin. “Bran is going to fucking lose it. Is he getting one right now? Wait, no. Meera already gave it to him last week.”

“What?” Margaery screeched.

“They are dating already,” Theon rolled his eyes.

“Oh, wait,” Jojen’s smile grew impossibly bigger. “You were going to let me join your club?”

“He knows about the club too?” Ygritte looked at Theon.
Gendry answered this. “They all know about the club.”

“That was an awkward conversation to have with Ned and Cat,” Theon muttered.

“More awkward than telling them you and Robb were dating?” Gendry looked past Ygritte and at Theon.

Jojen stood up. “Are we done here?”

“No!” Margaery barked. “Sit, I did not wait three years for you to become a freshman to have this talk with you and have it not happen. Now sit.”

“Isn’t it pointless if Bran and I are already together?”

Margaery fell silent and Theon was biting back a laugh.

“How do you know before everyone else?” Ygritte asked.

“Bran asked Robb some very poorly disguised questions a month or so ago. Also, Jojen,” Theon gave the kid a tiring look, “you got a pick better spots for the hickies, we can all see them.”

“What questions did he ask?” Ygritte nudged Theon.

“Like, how did mom and dad react to you being gay? Do you think they will care if they had more children who were gay or interested in the same sex? Jojen is cool right?” Theon smirked.

“It wasn’t his finest moment,” Jojen conceded. “He’s telling his parents this weekend.”

“Congratulations,” Gendry voiced, not quite sure where this whole meeting was going anymore.

“Thanks! I mean, if Mr. Stark is cool with you and Arya moving in together even though she is barely eighteen, he should be fine with that.”

This time everyone’s attention turned to Gendry.

“You and Arya are moving in together?” Margaery asked in awe.

“You are a dead man,” Theon decided. “I know you didn’t ask Ned yet and when you do, well, it was nice knowing you.”

“She is still in high school, Waters!” Ygritte slapped Gendry’s bicep hard.

“We are going to wait until she graduates!” Gendry exclaimed. “Jeez, I’m not that indecent.”

“Honestly, it’s better than you and Snow getting hitched,” Theon sneered at Ygritte.

“Oh you would bring that up.”

“Of course I would, Cat was pissed and ranted to Robb and I for days on how we better not be thinking the same thing.”

Ygritte growled. “Snow and I aren’t big on ceremonies.”

“Bullshit!” Theon snapped. “You throw a party for literally everything you can think of! ‘Oh guys, Little Sam lost a tooth, let’s party!’ or ‘Jon didn’t burn down the house tonight, let’s celebrate!’”

Jojen cocked his head to the side. “Can’t you just do a double wedding with Theon and Robb? They
just got engaged and everything.”

Theon made about the ugliest face Gendry had ever seen while Ygritte made the happiest.

“That is the worst idea!”

“That is the best idea!”

“You aren’t even invited,” Theon hissed lowly.

“You’re telling me that Robb isn’t going to ask Jon to be his best man?” Ygritte’s eyes widened.

“Can I be your best man?”

“Fuck no,” Theon swore. “I already asked Gendry anyways.”

Margaery laughed as Ygritte made an affronted sound. “Gendry? Fucking Gendry?”

“He is a guy.”

“You’re gay, who cares?” Ygritte sneered. “I think I’d throw a much more interesting bachelor party than Gendry.”

“I’m bisexual so I think whatever Gendry has in mind; I will be more than fine with. That isn’t even the point!”

“I think we are deviating from the point of this meeting,” Gendry coughed as he pointed back to Jojen.

“It’s a lost cause, Waters,” Margaery sighed loudly. “We were too late.”

“Imagine,” Ygritte cackled, “he did better off without our help! Telling, isn’t it?”

“If you are quick, you can always hound Shireen Baratheon before Rickon gets a clue,” Jojen shrugged as he stood up. “You’ll probably have better luck with her.”

“Shireen Baratheon, huh?” Margaery smiled happily. “I’ll have Renly invite his brother’s family over for dinner at mine and Sansa’s place and I can talk to her then!”

“Better hurry,” Theon muttered, “she is all Rickon has been talking about for weeks.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys, so I was going to have little scenes with each of the respective couples, but I thought this was better and more heartfelt to have our original four.

I just want to give my final thank you to all of you that have read, kudos-ed, commented, and followed this story. I can’t tell you how happy and honored I am that this silly little story gained so much traction. I loved writing it, hearing from you guys, and everything. So, once more, thank you all so much!

I have to honestly say, I never thought I’d liking writing all these other pairings (that weren’t Throbb) as much as I do and want to write more with them in the future. :) I hope I did all your pairings and characters justice and if I didn’t, I'm sorry! I'll try better
Now...Time for some shameless self-promotion:
Lost and Not Quite Sober (Angsty Throbb piece)

Together in the Darkness (Angsty Sansaery and Gendrya piece with later JonXYgritte and Throbb)

One Hundred Ways To Say I Love You (fluffy Throbb)

Σαγαπώ (fluffy Throbb)

Sorry JonXYgritters...I don't have anything with them as mains but maybe one day!

Thank you all so much for everything and hopefully I'll hear from you all in the future and you'll check out some of my other works, but if not, I just want to let you know I appreciate you!

Want to talk, making suggestions, or see what else I got going? I'm on Tumblr

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