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**To Be Alone With You**

by [bendthekneejon](http://archiveofourown.org/users/bendthekneejon)

**Summary**

[REWRITTEN ON 2019]
A portrayal of a modern and healthy relationship, accompanied by reflections and musings about love. The story sets off when Jon and Dany are at the beginning of their twenties and follows them as they grow up together. They face the challenges of a modern-day life without any supernatural powers, dragons nor positions of power, yet with a dash of their canon characteristics. Even though it's tagged as a "College/University AU", their story starts in uni but goes on beyoooond those years...Won’t spoil much. You are welcome to follow their love life. <3
Welcome!
So, this fic is purely about Jon/Dany. The rest of the characters are strictly secondary. Some chapters are from Dany’s POV, some are from Jon's. I will talk more about the structure of the fic at the end of this first chapter.

Fun fact: This first chapter used to be a one-shot. I know, this may be hard to believe if you're seeing the current length of the fic! I just couldn’t get the characters out of my head. So, months later, I decided to continue and write a whole relationship for them. Thanks for clicking on this and I hope you enjoy it!
PS. A huge hug to @Seersha for the beta work <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes
"That's it for today," Professor Barristan Selmy told his Calculus class. "If you haven't started studying for the midterm yet, do it now. The last quiz had some horrifying grades and I hope I don't have to write numbers as low as those again."

Daenerys Targaryen had already started studying. She always preferred to start early to make her midterms week less stressful. She stretched her neck to copy the last equation from the blackboard, trying to focus on it despite the people walking before her, but was unable to ignore a curly-haired guy talking to Professor Selmy next to the blackboard. He had his back turned to her, yet she could tell he was pointing anxiously at a paper in his hand while the professor shook his head. She guessed he was complaining about a grade in his test. He rubbed the nape of his neck and looked at the floor as the professor talked to him with a furrowed brow.

She finished writing down the equation, and when she glanced back at them, Professor Selmy was
pointing at her while he continued to talk to the boy. He turned to look at her. Dany blinked and averted her eyes from them, thinking that the professor must have been pointing at someone else, and started to put her things away. The boy had a comely face, though, so such a brief meeting of gazes had not been entirely unpleasant.

Before leaving the classroom, she glanced back to Selmy and noticed the boy was no longer with him. And so, she left.

The corridor's tall ceilings and large windows evidenced how Westeros University was one of the oldest schools in the country. Its impotent architecture was one of the many reminders of the responsibility that carried attending such an important school. She was heading towards the staircase when she heard a husky voice say, "Sorry, um…hi."

Dany turned. It was the boy from class.

"Hi," she replied.

He was cuter from up close. He had full lips, a short beard, and the upper part of his forehead was covered by small black curls.

"P-Professor Selmy was just talking to me about you. Daenerys, right?"

"Yes," she blinked. "What was he saying about me?"

"See, I'm kind of…failing Calculus," he started, looking down. "I'm really worried about my midterms, and Professor Selmy said you're the top of his class...and, I don't wanna bother you but, I don't know, maybe you have really good summaries or a study guide." He stuttered as he scratched his arm. "Of-course I could pay you for them…" She let out a small laugh at his proposal. "I just need to pass this midterm."

She gave him a sad smile. She was the top of her class on almost every subject. She could not imagine how it must feel to fail one.

"Sure," she said. "I'll give you my notes, maybe you'd like to take pictures of them? Free of charge, of course."

"Really?"

She nodded. "Which topics are the hardest for you?"

"Well, a couple of them." He paused and let out a nervous laugh. "Most of them, actually."

She stayed silent, holding the staircase railing, thinking which notes could be useful to him. "Look, I have another class now. "But let's exchange numbers and later today you can take the pictures."

"Sure, perfect." He took his phone out of his pocket after she did. "Tha-thank you. I'll cram those notes all week, I'm truly failing this class."

"Are you having trouble…solving exercises? With demonstrations? With theorems?" she asked as she saved her number on his phone.

"With…the three of them, yes," he chuckled. "Solving exercises, mostly…I think."

"I could help you out," she said, and her cheeks warmed up. She didn't even know him. "I could teach you how to solve some exercises if you want."
"You could?" his eyes widened. "Are you sure? Midterms are next week, I don't want to take much time from you."

"No problem. I finish class today at five. Maybe we could meet at nine?"

"Okay, sure. Thanks a lot, really," he replied, and his lips curved into a smile. His expression so far had been anything but cheerful. It was a nice change. "I'm Jon, by the way."

"I'm Daenerys."

"I know," he nodded. "Professor Selmy told me."

"Right," she smiled and looked down.

They agreed to meet in a study room at nine. Daenerys arrived early to go through her material and highlight the most important topics. A light tingling invaded her stomach. What was it that had her so nervous? Spending the next couple of hours alone with a stranger? His pretty face? She was marking some derivative exercises when she saw Jon through the glass wall approaching the room and waving at her. He opened the glass door and entered the room.

"Hello," he said, and hesitated over which seat to take. His hand held the back of the chair next to her but quickly let go of it.

"Hey. Just sit wherever you want," she invited. He ended up pulling back the chair next to her, which naturally gave rise to a smile on her lips. "How are you?" she asked. "Have you had any classes before this?"

Jon shook his head. "Just calculus today. And you?"

"Consumer Theory, it's driving me nuts," she cackled. "Have you already taken it?"

"Oh, no, um..." He scratched his jaw. "I-I don't really have to take that one, I..."

Maybe she wanted to get to know him before she only talked about calculus for a while, or maybe something about his face was drawing her to him, but Dany was compelled to try and get a peek behind the nervous outer layer he displayed. She had always been good with words and talked to people with ease, it was never a problem to walk up to somebody and start a conversation. She liked meeting new people, actually, and was certainly interested in knowing a bit about Jon.

"I don't know why I assumed you also study economics. So, finance, then?"

"No," he shook his head as he pulled his notebook out of his backpack. "You're gonna laugh when I tell you."

"Laugh?!" she grinned. "Why?"

"'Cause..." he chuckled, looking at his notebook as he opened it, "'cause Calculus for Economics has nothing to do with my major. I'm-I'm...a...I study Philosophy."

"Really?! That's so interesting. You're the first philosophy major I've met." He smiled, met her gaze and looked down at his notebook right away. Maybe getting to know him wouldn't be as easy as she had hoped. "It's great that you're taking this as an elective, then! Math is necessary for every major. But... why Calculus for Economics, specifically, though?"

"Oh, man," he said, still looking down. "So...I...I was supposed to take a basic calculus course but
accidentally got registered in this one."

Dany's eyes widened. Basic Calculus was an extremely easy class, no wonder why he was having such a hard time. He finally looked up at her and smiled, maybe waiting for her to reply. But the softness that his smile beamed clouded her mind, making her stumble with her reply.

"Wo-wow," she said after a moment, and felt quite stupid. She didn't know if she was more surprised by the mistake in his enrollment or how he had left her speechless. "Ho-how did that happen?"

"Well, I'd heard that Selmy was a good professor for Basic Calculus. When I was enrolling in my classes, I was looking at his class schedules and saw he had a class at eleven am. I registered right away. I didn't realize it wasn't the same course." Jon covered his grin of embarrassment with his hand, shutting his eyes. "I know...That wasn't smart."

She chuckled and shook her head. "Nah, come on. We all make mistakes. We'll work hard tonight, then. I'm gonna make you pass this exam."

"Thank you, really. I...I guess you study economics, then?"

"I do."

"Well, it makes sense that you're taking this course." He turned the pages in his notebook again. "Believe me, this won't help me philosophize."

Talking to others didn't make her nervous as it did to many people—what did make her nervous were exams, presentations, essays, everything that had to do with her future. She could always pull a new topic of conversation out of her sleeve in less than a second. However, Jon did make her nervous. She couldn't find words to continue the conversation.

So, she was only able to say, "So, what topic would you like to review first?"

"Bessel functions, I think. Or Laurent series. Or...limits, maybe?"

He really had trouble with the whole course.

"Alright, we'll start with limits."

"Sorry," he sighed. "I know I suck at this."

"No, it's fine," she assured him. "You'll pass, you'll see."

He put on his glasses. Dany bit her lip, they made him look even more attractive. She blinked, looked down at her notebook and tried to focus. She started by writing down a couple of equations for him to solve. He did the first one but got stuck on the second one. She watched his fingers, long and boney, as he rolled his pencil between his hands while he focused on the equation with narrowed eyes. She put her elbow on the table to rest her face on her hand while she looked down at his notebook.

"Wait," he said. "This one's a bit harder."

"Take your time."

He rested his pencil on his lower lip while he thought of the answer, which made Dany's eyes drift to his mouth for a few seconds. He glanced at her and she looked away sheepishly, hoping he hadn't caught her staring at his lips.
"Does it…" he furrowed his brow, "Does it converge to zero?"

"It does! How did you figure that out?"

"If…the n in the denominator grows, or…tends to infinity, the fraction gets…"

"Smaller, yes. It tends to zero."

"Okay," Jon said, adjusting his glasses and writing an annotation about it. He turned the page and toyed with his pencil once more. "What about the dominated convergence theorem? Could you quickly explain to me what it is about?"

Dany explained to him a couple of theorems while he listened carefully. She drew charts in his notebook to help him understand. She even had to remind him about some basic math concepts and rules to explain in depth the most advanced theorems. He looked a bit embarrassed at times for not knowing basic stuff, but she tried to play it cool to not make him feel bad. She talked and talked and talked more while he responded at times with short words: 'yes', 'okay', 'sure', 'makes sense', 'ah, interesting', 'wait, why?'. He asked 'why' often. Well, she guessed, philosophers question everything.

"I-I think I finally get this," he told her.

"I hope you do, this is the first time I've actually given a whole lecture to somebody," she jested.

Their knees were touching. She did not make an effort to move hers, though, and neither did he.

"Yeah, you just told me the whole history of mathematics and for some reason, I'm the one who is exhausted."

"Is this the only mathematics course you have to take?"

He shook his head. "Philosophy of Mathematics, too. But I have to take it next year. It's not too numerical, though. It's much more theoretical."

"Is it popular among philosophers?"

"Sort of, but more among mathematicians, I think. You got great thinkers there, though: Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle..."

"Oh, Pythagoras! Sure, the one of the theorem…"

"Yes, the triangle one."

They laughed. Their eyes met. A funny tingle rushed down to her stomach as he held her gaze. She turned her body slightly towards him, unconsciously, as if an invisible string was pulling them closer together. "Do you have a favorite course here?"

"I like History…and Philosophy, of course. Anything that helps you understand humankind."

"You would love economics then!"

"Well, anything that helps you understand humankind that doesn't involve math," he jested.

She laughed out loud. "Our majors are not that different, actually."

"Aren't they?"
"I don't know much about philosophy, but...humanities and social sciences...both kinda have the same purpose. Both try to understand people, to explain things, to look for solutions. We just follow science a bit more than you guys, that's all."

Jon grinned. Her attention went straight to his mouth and then back up to his eyes, hoping he hadn't noticed. "Y-you social scientists rely too much on science, though."

"Do we?" Dany smiled. "Is that wrong?"

"It's not, but...you leave critical thinking a bit aside."

Dany stayed silent for a second. "I can't deny that."

"You...you start your theorems and equations w-with too many assumptions. Have you noticed?"

"Have you been questioning the assumptions of the theorems I've been teaching you?" she grinned.

"A bit." Dany laughed, he did too. "How do you guys know those assumptions are correct?"

"We don't," she replied. "In fact, in economics, most of the time they aren't. But it's the easiest way to solve problems. In calculus, they are true, though."

"How do you know?"

"They're absolute truths. We demonstrate them all with equations. In the social sciences, though, assumptions are far from being absolute truths."

He nodded and her gaze lingered on his. A silence filled the room, maybe the first one in the night, given how much she had spoken. Apparently, they were both eager to break it, because they both spoke at the same time:

"And, the maths have..."

"Your hair looks pretty," he said in a tight voice, so quickly it took her a second to understand what he had said.

"My…hair?"

He nodded and quickly looked down. "Yeah. I don't know, my sister told me to compliment a girl's hair if I think she's pretty and…" He stopped talking abruptly.

Dany blushed. She also thought he was attractive, but wouldn’t say it like that when they had just met. Well, it was an accident, she thought. He had spat it out awkwardly. He seemed too shy to be so bold. She was trying to find what to say to make him feel less embarrassed, but nothing came to her mind. Neither of them knew how to break such a torturous silence.

"I...thank you," she finally said, and let out a tiny chuckle, looking down at her notebook. Should she also state in some way that she found him attractive? Embarrassment pushed her back from doing so, though. When she looked up at him, she forced a tiny smile and he responded with another one. To her surprise, he lowered his gaze to her lips and held it there. Her skin turned warm again. She gasped a nervous laugh and pushed a loose lock of hair behind her ear as she looked down.

"I..." she cleared her throat. "I have a couple of summaries of these theorems. You can take pictures of them with your phone if you want."

"Okay, thank you." He scratched the back of his neck. She handed him a couple of sheets and he
grabbed his phone to take pictures. Once again, neither of them said a word. She had been talking to this guy for hours and now neither of them could say a single word, as if they were both startled into silence.

She worried they wouldn't talk again after tonight, it was too embarrassing for both. She was even slightly annoyed; she was helping him study and he had wanted to kiss her? Did he only ask her for her help for this? She dismissed the thought, his grades were terrible, he did have a valid reason to ask for her help and she had seen Professor Selmy point her out to him. And did she not want to kiss him too? She could not kid herself, maybe in another situation, like a party, she would have kissed him.

He finished taking the pictures and gave her the papers back. They were both sitting still, quietly. She looked down at her notebook and pretended she was reading her notes.

"Hey, thanks, Daenerys," he finally said. "This was really useful to me."

He gave her a warm smile, despite the tension in the room, and she mirrored it without thought.

He put his notebook away and she did the same. She thought about what would happen from now on: They would say goodbye, each of them would go to their own rooms, and would not speak again. He certainly would not, at least, given how shy he was. So, she guessed this was in her hands. The way she said goodbye would be the way things would end between them: either avoiding each other for the rest of the semester in class or keeping on talking.

"It's okay," she told him, and to hint that things were fine between them, she said, "By the way, no one calls me Daenerys. So just say Dany, it's better." He smiled immediately.

As they walked out of the library, she thought again about the two options: avoiding each other completely or keeping on talking. So, she said, "If you want to review some more stuff now, we could maybe...go somewhere else?"

"At midnight? Where?"

Time had flown by. It was already midnight. But she did not want to leave him just yet. Not when they had almost kissed.

"Anywhere," she said. "My room, for instance. My roommate is at a party right now, you could come over and we could review some more topics."

She couldn't believe she had just invited him over, but couldn't backtrack now. Apparently, he couldn't believe it either, judging by how his eyes widened.

"O...okay, okay," he stuttered. "I guess I could do some more calculus for a while."

The tension eased as they walked across the campus, down a large brick road under the dark night. Tall lamps were the only source of light when the campus got so dark and quiet. This was an opportunity to talk a bit about something unrelated to mathematics, which they had already done enough. First, they talked about the easiest subject: the weather. Some days King's Landing was extremely hot, some days it was cloudy and cold. Then, they talked about school: if they liked it, what courses were they were taking, if they liked their professors. Then, about where they were from. He was much less talkative than her. He did not seem like the type of guy who went around kissing girls with whom he studied.

When they arrived at her room, she didn't want to keep on talking about calculus. Perhaps he didn't, either, because he didn't like math. She led him inside and he sat on the couch. Her room had one
bed on each side, two bureaus, two desks, a mini fridge, a coat hanger, a couch, and a sink. It was enough for her. The beds were unmade, especially Missandei's, and their desks were filled with stacks of books, especially Dany's.

She sat down next to him on the couch as he turned the pages of his notebook. She didn't take out any of her material this time. She turned her body to face him.

"Maybe we could focus on integrals? I'm struggling with the most basic ones, I don't know how I'll deal with double integrals."

"They're not that different, really. If you understand the simple ones you'll have no trouble when there's two of them."

He stared at his notebook while she stared at his face. He really was attractive. Had he really wanted to kiss her in the study room? He seemed too shy, though, he would definitely not have done it. The movement of his lips seemed like an invitation for more while he talked about a theorem she couldn't focus in. She had been staring at them for hours, the whole evening, and whenever she wanted to think about something else, they yanked her attention back to them. He had called her pretty. He had been staring at her lips. Did he want to kiss her too, then? A part of her desperately wanted to find out.

"But what about two definite integrals?" he interrupted her thoughts. "How do I split the equation in two? Or do I solve the integrals on the right first and then the-"

She cupped his cheek and gave him a chaste kiss on the mouth. She pulled away and he looked at her in awe, his hands still on his notebook. She couldn't believe it. She had never been this reckless in her life.

"I'm sorry!" she blurted out. "God, I don't know why I-"

This time he cut her off and leaned in to kiss her. He grabbed her face with both hands and gave her a long, soft kiss. She posed her trembling fingers in the back of his neck and deepened the kiss.

The door suddenly flung open and they pulled apart hastily.

"Shit!" Missandei shouted. "Shit, shit! Dany, sorry, mate, sorry!" She was holding a guy's hand at the door, both clearly drunk. Jon and Dany sat motionlessly. "We're going to your dorm," she told the guy without hesitation.

"But it's on the other side of campus!" he complained.

"We're going to your dorm. My roommate hasn't fucked anyone ever, so don't think I'll ruin this night for her!"

"Missandei!" Dany yelled.

"I'm serious, Dany. You guys stay." Missandei pulled the guy out of the room and shut the door loudly.

Once again, silence filled the room.

"You have a lovely roommate," Jon joked.

Dany covered her face with her hand. "Sorry about that. I..."
"It's okay. Don't worry."

Again, silence.

He stared at the floor with his hands on his knees, thoughtful, before saying, "I should get going. I have to..." His voice quavered as he put his notebook away. "I have to wake up early tomorrow."

"Okay," she replied. What else could she say? She didn't want him to leave, but she wouldn't beg him to stay in her room either.

He stood up and put his backpack on his shoulders. "Thank you again. Seriously. It's been so kind of you."

When he was about to leave, he stopped at the door frame and turned to her. He rubbed his hands down his hips. Were they as sweaty as hers?

"Let's...go...out?" he asked. She wanted to laugh at the way he asked it, but only nodded with a smile. He smiled back and scratched his arm. "Whenever you want, then," he said.

If it could be whenever she wanted, she would say the following day, but she had to start studying without any distractions.

"After midterms?" she asked.

His mouth parted with a tiny smile, but no words came out. His head moved in small, quick nods.

"Okay," he only said.

And before he closed the door to leave, she said, "Jon?" But she had nothing to say, she had just blurted out his name in the hopes of him staying a bit longer. "Please don't fail that midterm."

"The hell I will," he said, and gave her the last smile of the night, the most confident one of them all, and turned to leave.

She let out a laugh as he closed the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! If you're wondering how the following forty-something chapters will be like, this is how their structure will (roughly) be:
The first eight chapters are quite linear and immediate. They are the first months of dating and are introductory to the characters. Then, every chapter will develop one topic in particular about their relationship and could be quite separate from the others, timewise. In general terms, the first fifteen chaps or so are about the first year of their relationship--about adapting to its dynamics and breaking down barriers between them. Time will pass by faster in the second half, though, which will contain more serious issues, like discussions about moving in together, about forming a family, etc.

Also, as you can see, these Jon and Dany are kind of 'original characters'. It's difficult for them not to be if it's a modern au. However, I've tried to incorporate some tiny details here and there from canon, either on their plots or personality traits. I'll talk about some of this stuff every once in a while in the notes :)
Hmu on tumblr!
During midterms, Jon could not get Dany out of his head. He had only kissed a girl once before, and it had not been such a pleasant experience. It had been more of a result of peer pressure from his mates at a party, as they always used to tell him that it was about time he kissed a girl. It had been five years ago, when he was sixteen.

He biked to school that evening to study in the library. His brother Robb had invited people over to their place to study, which meant they would study the first hour and then start talking about any other topic, laughing loudly and drinking at the end of the evening. So, he preferred to go to the library to study on his own.

His phone vibrated as he parked his bicycle and a text from Daenerys popped on the screen. He had asked for her help with an equation he couldn’t solve and she sent him a picture of her notebook with the solution. And so, she got into his thoughts once more, about how she had talked to him for hours about a subject he knew nothing about. That study session had been slightly embarrassing, actually. He had felt a little dumb next to her.

He was good in courses that used words instead of numbers. When math was involved, he felt quite stupid and doubted his intelligence. Math made him insecure, as if he needed another reason to be insecure. Calculus for Economics was the most difficult class he had taken in his life. He had considered dropping out, but his father, an engineer, had told him calculus was useful for everything in life.

He had spent the past week studying calculus for hours every day, wondering why the hell he had listened to his dad and stayed in this class, ‘learning’ theorems and equations that would not be of any use to him. He usually did not study for the grades, but reviewed subject by subject until he felt ready for an exam. If he had a top mark or an average mark, he was alright with it. He studied philosophy because he liked what he learned. But with calculus, he was studying nonstop just to get a passing grade.

Dany made calculus seem easy, though. It was impressive. Yet her blue eyes and full lips had hindered his attention to the equations every once in a while. He had felt so damn stupid when his eyes betrayed him and stared at her lips while they sat so close to each other. He messed it all up, blurting out that she was pretty. It got extremely uncomfortable and silent after that, and he had feared they would not speak again.

But despite it all, at the end of the night, she decided to kiss him. Why, though? Did she do this with many guys? Probably not. Her roommate said she had never slept with anyone. The memory of such an awkward moment made him blush to himself as he got closer to school.

Had it been the right choice to ask her out? He hoped so. He had liked being around Dany. She seemed so different from him. For instance, she was much more talkative, while he always considered himself a shy person. He was not shy with everyone—not with his family nor his
friends. But meeting new people and thinking about what to say to them was always a challenge. He was too aware of everything he said and did around them. He was already thinking about conversation topics for their date to avoid running out of words.

However, he had had to pluck up the courage to talk to Dany first, as it was his only chance to perhaps pass calculus. Hell, even a text message about an equation could make his finger tremble before pressing ‘send’. But what was in his mind the most was, of course, that quick moment when she caught him off guard, pressing a kiss to his lips. In the half-second after she separated her face from his, a number of reasons had made it impossible to hold himself from kissing her back. First, the realization that she felt as attracted to him as he to her. When he had told her she was pretty, she had stayed silent, so he had thought she wasn’t even a bit attracted to him. Second, her expression after she pressed that kiss to his lips conveyed that she was regretting it, or was embarrassed. He wanted to assure her there was no reason for that. He had loved it, not the kiss itself, which had been too quick to process, but how she had been brave enough to do so.

This lead to the third and most important reason: she had done something completely different from what he would have done, which would have probably been saying goodbye at the end of the night and leaving, too nervous to even ask her out. And so, that unexpected act had pushed him to kiss her back, something completely unexpected from himself as well. He had never kissed a girl like that, in such a fast way, without giving any thought to it. How could she have gotten him to do that, a girl he had just met that day? So, a strong and sudden need to know more about her hit him like a brick after kissing her, after breaking his behavior pattern in the most unexpected way, and he did the last unexpected act of the night: asking her out. Unexpected, yes, because he had never asked a girl out before.

As he walked into the library, he tried his best to keep her off his mind. He reminded himself that, at least for now, he should focus solely on his exams.

Her Eastern History midterm was the following morning, and, once again, Dany couldn’t sleep. Insomnia was frequent for her, especially the nights before exams. She looked at the time on her phone for the seventh time: 2:04 am. She growled. She was wide awake.

Dany threw her blankets to her side and sat on the edge of the bed to put on slippers, a hoodie and her hair up in a bun to go to the library. It was open twenty-four hours during midterms and finals weeks, given the number of students who pulled all-nighters before their exams. She would perhaps review her material a couple more times there, to avoid bothering Missandei.

The school had a huge library, one of the biggest in the country. Tall shelves divided the room in several hallways, each one holding books of a different subject. Dany walked slowly around them, eyeing every book she saw. Sometimes she, irrationally, wished she could read them all and get all that knowledge into her head. She stood on her toes to grab a book from the top shelf, *Inequality in the West*. She walked out of the hallway and headed to the code-reading machine to register the book's code and her student ID to take it to her room. All the students at their desks wore tired faces, and in the back corner of the room, was a black, curly head lying on a desk. He looked like Jon. Dany walked towards him and realized it was, in fact, Jon, asleep on his desk. Readings full of highlights and annotations covered his desk. Dried drops of coffee had stained his textbook. She dared to shake his shoulder softly.

"Jon?" she whispered, "Jon?" and shook him slightly harder.

He jerked up and opened his eyes. They glistened, reddish, adding to his confused gaze.

"Da-Dany," he mumbled, "I…think I fell asleep."
"Yeah, you did," she chuckled, amused.

This was the first time she had seen him after she taught him calculus. Had it been sensible to wake him up like that? Had it been too intrusive? She even wondered why she had woken him up. Her feet had dragged her to him, wanting to talk to him again, whatever the topic.

"Have I been like this for too long?"

"I don’t know," she said in a low voice. Not many people were close to them, but still, the room was extremely quiet. "I just saw you."

He looked down at the mess in his desk. "I'm not always this messy, by the way. Tonight I tried really hard," he said, making her chuckle. "You wanna sit?"

She sat down in the chair beside him. "What are you studying?"

"Philosophy. I spent the last week only studying Calculus, so today I had to study Philosophy in just a few hours."

"Get some sleep," she said, "All-nighters are worse than not studying enough."

Jon said he would. He could handle philosophy better, anyway. He said he actually understood the professor in class and the books he read, as opposed to the Calculus.

"What do you have there?" he asked, eyeing her book.

"Oh, it's just...Fifty Shades of Grey." He lifted his eyebrows in surprise and she laughed out loud. Voices around them shushed her. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding. It's economics," she said, holding it in her hands.

He chuckled. "Well, I did find Fifty Shades of Grey in my younger sister's bedside table the other day."

"How old is she, though?!" she laughed.

"Seventeen. I still see her as a twelve-year-old, though. She can read whatever she wants but I'd rather not know," he grimaced. "I'd rather she'd read Twilight or something like that."

"Twilight? Come on! I wouldn't choose either of those. Terrible female leads in both."

"Can't deny that." He yawned and rubbed his tired eyes. He supported his face on his hand, with his elbow on the table, looking like he would fall asleep again. "Well, as you can see, all-nighters are not really my thing," he said, blinking to try and stay awake. "Have you ever stayed up all night studying?"

"Never. I don't like studying much the night before an exam, I've always preferred to start with enough time."

"Then why are you studying here now?"

"Oh, I..." she chuckled. "I couldn't sleep. Some nights I just can't, especially before exams. So I came to study a bit more, at least to review some more dates of the eastern wars and all that."

"Have you tried sleeping pills?"

She shook her head. Jon rested his head on the desk and said, "I feel like I've taken ten of those right
now."

"You should go to sleep, then," she giggled.

"I will. I’ll review this reading one last time and then I’ll get going."

Dany was always in the top third of her classes and wanted to maintain her place to graduate with honors. So, she tried hard to absorb what her notes said, but his presence stole her thoughts from their content. And so, the thought of the kiss she gave him crept in again—it had been unwilling to leave her in peace since that night. Did he tell his friends about it? Did they all laugh together at her? She had even wondered if he would change his mind and cancel their date. Why had she done that? She could have asked him out instead of kissing him. She could have kissed him at a party. Studying together was not the best situation to kiss a stranger, if he could have been considered a stranger by their fourth hour together.

"You know," she left her papers on the table, "I can’t focus."

Jon exhaled a laugh. "Neither can I. I’m just looking at the words and not internalizing anything."

They laughed together. She tried not to stare at him while he did so.

"We should go to sleep."

He nodded and told her, "Good luck tomorrow."

"Good luck to you too," she smiled.

She guessed that was goodbye. But when she got up, he told her, "Hey...um...you haven’t forgotten, right? That after...the calculus midterm..."

"No, I haven’t forgotten!" she exclaimed, half-laughing.

"Oh, great, sure, um...I don’t know why I thought you might have, I..."

"It’s alright, Jon. Oh and...if you have any other questions about Calculus, just text me."

"Sure, yes, thank you, I will." And after a second, he said, "Do you want me to walk you back to your dorm?"

She shook her head. "It's fine, but thanks."

"It's kinda late...are you sure?"

"You're so tired, you should get some rest, don't worry."

Jon opened his mouth but hesitated. It seemed like a competition for who was kinder.

"Are you...sure?"

She nodded with a smile. She thought it was nice of him to want to walk with her, but didn't know if, when they arrived at her dorm, he would expect her to ask him to come in. The probability was small, though, he didn't seem that straightforward and was clearly tired. But it would be better for both to leave on their own to get some sleep anyway.

"Yes, but thank you," she replied. "Goodnight...and nice textbook," she joked, looking down at the coffee stains on it.
"Thank you, and nice slippers," he replied, pointing at her light-blue and pink slippers.

"I'm glad you noticed," she laughed. "See you around, Jon."

She turned to walk towards the door and could not stop her lips from forming a tiny smile. She hoped she had seemed friendly, though, as he truly made her feel on edge. Was the memory of the kiss what made her nervous? Or did Jon, in general, make her nervous? One thing she was sure of was that she would not kiss him on their date.

Before crossing the door of the library, she looked back at him and he waved at her. She waved back, and stupidly wished she had agreed for him to walk with her.

As soon as she left, Jon wondered if he should have insisted more to walk with her. But it was late, and he had an exam the next morning. The most responsible thing to do was to go home and sleep. He stood up anyway and put his books in his backpack, wondering if he was getting ready to go home or to meet her outside and ask her once more if she wanted company. Maybe not. He would seem too insistent, too desperate.

He put his backpack on his shoulders. He wanted to be with her again, at least for the short time it took to get to her dorm. He held the stripes of his backpack with both hands and breathed deeply. It was either going to her now or waiting until the calculus midterm to see her again.

He ran towards the door, across the large room between the tables, and felt a hundred eyes on him. He pushed the door open and walked out. There was nobody outside, only small silhouette and the end of the brick road. He squinted his eyes: the silhouette had blond hair. She was too far now, though.

He cursed to himself. If he weren’t so indecisive and had run out just a bit earlier, he could have walked with her. He exhaled and walked the other way, heading to his flat.

Chapter End Notes

I want to super quickly say that opinions and criticism of all kinds are welcome, even if the fic is complete. After I finished it in mid-2018, I've kept on working hard on it, rewriting most chapters and editing a lotttt of stuff. So I appreciate comments veryyyyyy very much 'cause I'm trying to grow as a writer.

What did you like? What could be improved? Comments arrive at my email so I'm all ears!

I'm mostly looking for constructive criticism of 2 kinds:
1. In terms of the relationship: Do you think it's realistic? Do you find it relatable? :)
2. In terms of the writing: not only the characterization or plot, but about which scenes or dialogues seem like they don't add much, or which topics seem like they could be further developed, for example.

Of course, I'm not asking every reader to be a beta, I just want to point out that I'm open to hearing any kind of opinion out there to improve as a writer. Thanks a lot and I hope you enjoy the ride!

Next up: First date!
A nervous, stirring belly woke Jon up early and didn’t let him fall back asleep. He had a midterm exam for a course he might fail, and to top it off, he had a date afterward. Were there many twenty-one-year-olds who had never been on a date? Perhaps not. His nervousness had always betrayed him when he had wanted to make a move with a girl. So, now he was nervous about getting too nervous with Dany. Was she feeling the same way? Judging by how pretty she was, he guessed she might have been on many dates before to feel anxious at all.

Sitting at his desk later in the auditorium, his leg bounced up and down as he stared at the door, waiting for her to come in. She arrived a couple of minutes before the exam started, and as soon as she crossed the door he looked away, pretending he wasn't watching. She sat down at a desk just in front of the door, and he was sitting at the back. Only later, when she looked around to see where he was, he waved at her and she waved back. He could read her lips telling him 'Good luck'.

Daenerys finished her exam twenty minutes before the time ran out, yet Jon stayed there until the last second. He tried to focus on the last equation at the bottom of the page while hoping she was not tired of waiting. He handed Professor Selmy his test as soon as the alarm went off and was the first student to run out of the classroom.

She was waiting for him sitting on the corridor’s floor, wearing a green coat and her hair down her shoulders. He wanted to tell her she looked pretty, but there was no way he could be brave enough to say it on their first date, even if he had already blurted it out the day they met.

“I was wondering if you would ever come out,” she teased, standing up, as the rest of the students walked out behind Jon.

“Sorry, not all of us are math prodigies,” he joked back.

“I'm not a prodigy!” she laughed, and they started walking towards the exit of the building.

“Anyway, how was your exam?”

“Well, I think I solved more than half of it. Other than that I’m not sure about anything.” His hands were sweating, he hoped his shyness did not betray him today. "What about you? Well, why do I even bother to ask?” he jested.

She laughed. "I did well, yes. The second section was a bit hard, though."

"Yeah, I couldn't figure out which integral to solve first. But, well, I hope I passed."

"I bet you have! I mean, under my great tutoring,” she joked, making him laugh. “So, where should we go?"

“They make the best herbal tea a couple of blocks away from my flat, would you like to go?” He
then thought that proposing only tea could make him seem too cheap. So, just in case, he added, "Or would you like to eat somewhere?"

His best friend, Tormund, had insisted for him to ask her out for drinks at night. Taking her out for tea was going to get him nowhere, he had said. If he drank alcohol, not only he would feel more confident but would also have higher chances of kissing her or taking her home with him. But Jon had no plans on sleeping with her after a first date, after his first date ever. He was frightened about sex, it seemed way too intimate to open himself up that much to someone—he was terrible at opening up to others even when it only comprised talking. He couldn't deny, though, that curiosity kept him up at night sometimes. All his friends and his brother always talked about how great it was; but he didn't like to talk about it with them, it felt too embarrassing. Also, Dany had not had sex before either, so he was sure that a night out with drinks would not end with them together in bed. On the other hand, going out right after the exam seemed like a good idea, they could have more conversation topics if they talked about the content of the exam.

"I think tea is fine. I love tea," she replied. "So you don't live on campus?"

"I don't, actually. I live with my brother in a flat five minutes from here. He also studies here, so our parents preferred that we had our own place."

"Why?"

"They are kind of protective with him since he...gets way too wasted often, and I sort of keep him more under control—more than a random guy would, at least," he paused, hoping he was not oversharing. "More than once I've had to pick him up from the hospital."

"Oh...wow..." she only said.

"He's more under control now, though," he added. It was not his idea for her to get a bad impression of his brother.

"One of my brothers is also...kind of a mess," she cackled. "I think he got stuck in his whiny teenage years. Do you have more brothers or sisters?"

"Yes. Three brothers and two sisters."

Her jaw dropped as she turned to look at him in surprise and he laughed out loud.

"I know," he laughed. "The youngest one is only three years old, but my parents have confirmed he's the last one."

"How was it, growing up with so many kids?"

"It's a test for your patience, especially when you're one of the oldest."

"For me, I think two brothers was enough."

"You didn't get along?"

"The oldest one is kinda like a dad to me. The middle one, though...he's complicated. Are you the oldest?"

"Second to oldest. I've been a nanny for the little ones for way too long. They're all really fun, though."
It seemed like the conversation was going alright, talking about his family was usually easy. However, he wanted to talk to her about the night they studied Calculus together, he couldn't get it out of his head. He didn't want there to be any misunderstandings about it.

“Hey, about that night in your room...”

She covered her face right away. "I'm still so embarrassed about it. I don't know what happened, really."

"My intention was honestly to study math...and you helped me so much, thank you. I’ve been worried that you thought that I only talked to you because I wanted to...well...” He paused, not knowing how to finish.

“It’s okay. I did not think that at all. Actually, I've been worried that you thought that my intention was to..." she grinned and did not finish either. It made him chuckle.

"No. I did not think that," he assured her.

She put her hands in her pockets and after a while, she said lightly, "Could we...forget about that? Maybe?" She giggled nervously. "Just...delete it from our minds!" It felt impossible to 'delete it from his mind' when he had been thinking about it every day since then, but he smiled anyway and nodded. “Although, my roommate will never let me forget it.”

He laughed. “Ah, yes, I remember her.”

"Oh my god," she cackled, “sorry about her.”

He waved off her apology. "Nah, don't worry. Thank you for all the help, though. You have no idea how helpful that was. Do you...do you need help with another course? One that isn't math, of course. I'd be happy to help."

"That's nice," she said. "Thank you. Although, I think I'm...doing okay in the other ones too."

"Damn, do you have top marks in every class?" he grinned.

"Not every class," she said, before letting out a sigh. "Okay, in most of them, yes." He laughed out loud. "But, thank you anyway! It's nice of you," she said, turning her head to him.

He smiled back. He feared his tone of voice gave away that he was still nervous. He wanted to think up about something to break the silence now. He rubbed his hands together and tried to remember the questions he had been thinking up these past days: Why do you study Economics? Do you like it? Do you like living in school? Do you prefer Dragonstone or King's Landing? What's your favorite food? What's your favorite book? He didn't want to stay completely silent with her and have uncomfortable moments as they did during their study session.

At the café, she ordered a pomegranate tea while he asked for an apple and cinnamon one. They found an empty table and sat down.

“So,” he said, adjusting his body on the chair, “Why economics?”

“Hm...” Dany hummed in though, “Inequality is what interests me the most.” She poured sugar into her tea. “It has always surprised me how there is such a huge percentage of poverty in the world, in almost every country, and the policies done by governments are so scarce or pointless. But what surprises me the most is how we as a society do not care, at all. I know there are a lot of rich people who donate money or goods to the poor, which is great, but I just think, why do they have to? If
governments were efficient in the first place, would more than half of Essos live with less than a Golden Dragon a day?"

“So...what are your plans when you finish school? To...work in an NGO, maybe?”

“I don’t know,” Dany replied. “I’d like to focus on research first, and then do some field work too when I finish my major. But who knows what I’ll end up doing, actually. I only know that I want to...change some things. And why Philosophy?”

"Hmm..." he frowned, "I think I’ve always liked it. Well, since I read about it for the first time. It requires you to think so much...and, unlike most classes where you have to accept everything the professor says without a question, in here...you don’t. I mean, you do have to learn well what each philosopher said but...you can still question it."

“Actually, every other textbook or teaching that we get should also open to question. Biology, history…” she said. "Like you were saying the other day, too many assumptions."

He swallowed his tea. “That's true.”

"A teacher told me once that there were many different ’maths' before. But one day, it was decided that it would be this one the world would study and use. So who knows, maybe there are other maths, just as true as this one. I guess it can be that way with many other things."

"Yes, I agree. You'd like Philosophy of Mathematics, I think."

"I might read a bit about it then," she smiled. "At least in Wikipedia."

He only smiled back, and got uneasy when he didn't know what to reply. She broke the silence by saying, "It's a nice word, isn’t it? ‘Philosophy’. Sounds nice, sounds fancy." They both laughed. "I think it's cool that you study what you truly like. Many people just settle for the popular majors."

"Yeah, I...I don't...know what I'll do with philosophy in the future." A wave of insecurity hit him, but he tried to hold it down. "I'm not studying it as a means for anything...just to learn about it, I think. What about you? Are you studying what you reeeeeeally like?"

"Well, I'm not passionate about inflation and exchange rates and utility functions. They're interesting, they're alright, but I'm not studying this for the content of the major but for what I could do with it...to help reduce inequality, in some way." She took a sip of her tea. “By the way, is there a philosophy of economics?"

“There is!” he answered right away. “And it’s extremely important. Hume, Marx, Weber, Smith…all their ideas!”

“Oh, yes, of course, those guys!"

He smiled easily. It was a change to talk about philosophy with someone who was not a philosophy major. He avoided talking much about it. His siblings had sometimes said how boring it would be to dedicate his life to it, and his parents had shown some aversion to his decision of studying it, as they had told him he would not have many job options in the future. Also, it was sort of embarrassing to tell others that he studied philosophy. He thought it made him seem like someone with no future, whereas Dany studied economics, a career that promised a good income and reputation. Maybe others didn't think that way about philosophy, maybe he was just irrationally insecure...he was not sure. So he had liked how, when they met, Dany had not shown even a bit of aversion when he told her he studied philosophy. *That's so interesting!* she had grinned. And now she even said she liked how he studied what he loved.
"Well, I was asking ‘cause the other day, you got me thinking...’ she said, "about how every economic policy has been made based on assumptions that aren't too true..." she paused. "How much do you know about economics?"

"Not much," he admitted.

"Not much close to zero, or not much like, a liiiiiittle theory?"

He hesitated. He knew almost nothing about it but didn't want to sound dumb. However, if she started talking about something he did not know, he would feel even dumber. He laughed nervously. "Close to zero."

"Alright," she smiled. "It's fine. Look, tell me your opinion about this, as a philosopher." This was actually the first time someone had called him ‘a philosopher’. It felt funny, it made him feel all grown-up. "From the first day of uni, the professors of economics say human beings are rational. That means they make decisions choosing the option that maximizes their utility, like, the benefits minus the costs of the option. If you want them to chose and option with a lower utility than another, you need to give them incentives for it. So, economic theory assumes that all human beings are selfish when they make their own decisions, and only think about their own utility." He listened and nodded. "So...what do you think?"

He shook his head firmly. "That's not true."

She laughed. "It's bullshit, right? Every single sentence. And policies have this as a basis! For taxes, health care, whatever."

He chuckled. "It's bullshit. We're not rational. We...okay, I have an example. My dad told me about this one time." She nodded and folded her hands in front of her, smiling. "A famous study was done to a group of lawyers about providing legal services to war veterans. They normally charged their clients a hundred bucks an hour. They were asked if they could give a discount to veterans, maybe charge them only thirty bucks an hour. They declined, they did not consider their work to be worth thirty bucks only. However, when they were asked if they could do it for free, they accepted. Now they saw it as altruism, not as an underappreciation of their work."

Dany hummed and nodded. "I see your point."

"They're not maximizing the difference of benefits minus costs here. The benefits are obviously smaller when they do it for free than when they do it for thirty bucks."

She stared into his eyes and smiled. He stared into her blue eyes too and looked down at the table.

"Do you mind if I use this example in class? I wonder what my Econ professor has to say about this."

He chuckled. "Sure, do so. Let me know what he replies."

"I will. I'll text you right after it. No, you know what? I'll even try to record it," she grinned. It made him grin right away too. "This place is lovely, by the way," she said, looking around and warming her hands around her cup of tea.

She looked lovely. He remembered their kiss, the way her full lips had felt against his. He was not going to kiss her on their first date, though, nor hold her hand. He did not only feel like it was too soon—despite them having kissed before—but his nervousness would have made it impossible. He did not want her to think that he was desperate or that it was the only reason he had asked her out, either. He only wanted to know more about her now, besides her knowledge of mathematics.
She went on, "It's prettier than the library and quieter than the cafeteria."

"And the snacks here are much better than the cafeteria's."

"Any snack is better than the cafeteria's," she laughed, "I just go there because of how close it is to my dorm. I'm trying to learn how to cook, though. My mum always wanted to teach me and I always refused."

"I know how to fry an egg, I could help you with that."

She let out a snort. "I know how to boil pasta. At least that's a start."

He nodded, "Let-let me know how your first plate goes," he stuttered. He felt he was doing alright, he didn't want his nerves to come back and make it difficult to speak smoothly.

"Okay," she smiled. "I will."

He smiled as he looked down at his mug, blushing for some reason. He took another sip.

"Can I try your tea?" she suddenly asked. "It looks good."

He chuckled. "Of course, yes." He pushed his mug to her and she tried it.

She nodded. "It is." She pushed her mug to him, so he took a sip from it. "I'd like to come back here to try their Valyrian tea," she added.

"It's good. The mint gives it a great taste."

"Then we can come back to try it," she beamed.

He was relieved she was the one who brought up the second date. "Sure, of course, yes, yes."

"I make a killer Valyrian tea. I have to see if theirs beats mine," she chuckled. "My family is Valyrian, by the way. Well, my grandparents are. So we're kinda used to that minty tea at home."

"Really? So you know how to speak Valyrian?"

"I do, actually. In my family, we speak in both languages."

She was full of surprises. He did not speak any language besides the common tongue, but always found it amazing when people did.

“I know ‘hello’ is ‘rytsas’ but other than that…I know nothing of it,” he smiled. "How do you say...'thank you'?""

“Kirimvose.”

“Kirimvose,” he tried carefully.

"Okay so, 'hello, how are you' is 'rytsas, skorky doso glaesä'?"

"What?!"

"Skorky doso glaesä," she grinned.

"Skork-sko-my god," he chuckled.
"Skor...ky...do...so," she repeated, more slowly.

"Skor...kydoso."

"...glaesā," she said.

"Glaesā," he said.

"Now say it all together."

He cleared his throat and took a breath in preparation. "Rytsas, skorkydoso glaesā?"

She grinned and gave him a high five.

"Kirimvose," he said. She laughed. "What about 'my name is Jon'?"

"Brōzio ſuha iksis Jon," she said.

"Bro...brōzio?"

"Brōzio, check the 'r', brōzio," she rolled the 'r' in a way he could not.

"Bro-bro," he said.

"Look at my tongue, 'Brrro'."

Jon smiled, looking at her mouth. "Bro."

He failed again. She laughed. He tried again and failed again, but the whole time he tried, she stared at his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Guys a quick and super important note!
I haven't watched season 8 so PLEASE don't write anything about it in the comments! I know the ending was terrible and I know the main event but don't tell me any details.
Thank you! <3 I hope this happy and romantic fic can be an escape for you all from that fucking mess of a show (it is for me, at least).
Dates! Important for them to get to know each other better and for the reader to get to know them better!
Just a clarification: Dragonstone is not an island here! It's on the coast of Westeros, not in the middle of the sea.
- food cw-
Many hugs your way, @Seersha, for the beta work! <3

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

“These are the best doughnuts in King’s Landing,” Dany told Jon once again as he bit a chocolate doughnut.

This was their fourth date. She had taken him to a tiny place, which only had a counter with doughnuts and two tall tables on the sidewalk.

“It’s good,” he said. “But not amazing.”

Her jaw dropped and she asked the man behind the counter for an apple and caramel doughnut. He handed it to her in a napkin and she handed it to Jon, simultaneously taking the chocolate one from him.

“Eat it,” she told him.

Jon smiled at her bossiness, and took a bite. “Amazing,” he replied after swallowing it.

They sat down at a table. She watched his fingers as he turned the doughnut in his hands and then looked up at his face as he took another bite. He looked up, catching her staring at him. She smiled and bit hers as well.

She felt like she talked maybe three times as much as him, which sometimes made her feel guilty about not letting him speak, so she tried to bring up new topics often to get more words out of him. So far, she knew he would talk more than usual if it was a conversation about food, politics, dogs or books.

“You still have trouble sleeping?” He crossed his arms on the table.

“It does happen quite a bit, but it’s not a thing of every night.”

“Why don’t you want to try sleeping pills, though?”

She shook her head. “They’re addictive. With time you need more and more to get the same effect. My mum’s a doctor so she’s told me a bit about it.”

“What kind of doctor?”
“Paediatrician.”

“Ah, nice. That’s nice,” he smiled. “What about your dad?”

“No, he-” she fidgeted nervously, “he passed away when I was little.”

“Oh,” he frowned. “I didn’t know… I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright,” she nodded, giving him a smile. “Thank you. It’s been a long time.”

Jon pursed his lips and scratched his jaw. No matter how many years had passed, it was always uncomfortable to say her father had died. She hoped he didn’t ask more questions about it. She hated talking about her father. He had not been a beloved person in her family. She had never met him, but her mother had told her everything once she turned fifteen—well, perhaps not everything. Yet what had stuck with her the most was that he had not always been violent or aggressive; he had been quite nice when he and her mother had just met. When their relationship had gotten more serious, after Rhaegar had been born and things started getting complicated at home, he had shown his true colors.

He paid for Rhaella’s education, which she kept on pursuing even after Rhaegar had been born. It had tied her to him. So, her mother had always told her that she had to work hard to be independent.

“I’m glad,” Jon said. His eyes widened right away and he stuttered. “I mean… I’m not glad he died. I’m glad he… I’m glad you’re alright now, I mean.”


“Would you like to go for a walk?” he suddenly asked. She felt relieved he understood she didn’t want to talk about it.

Dates were complicated. Both wanted to let the other know about their positive attributes, to show-off, but kept it modest, not to seem arrogant. Dates are usually thought as a moment where two people get to know each other. But how much did they truly learn about one another? Not only they discussed trivial topics about themselves—favorite food, favorite movie, if they liked sports—but they also chose carefully what to say. No one talks during the first dates about how difficult their relationship with their mother is or how easily they get angry. Dany, for one, never talked about her father, and would certainly not do so now. She could not deny it, she was trying to impress Jon, picking good things about herself to say.

As they walked side by side, he checked the time on his phone and she caught a glimpse of his background, it was a picture of a little kid with a big white dog.

“Cute picture,” she said.

“Oh,” he turned on the screen again. “That’s my dog and my little brother.”

“Is he your favorite brother?” she asked, making him laugh. “Come on, we all have a favorite brother.”

“I don’t know if he’s my favorite, but he’s the last one so he gets the most love from all of us.”

“Ah, he must be super spoiled,” she joked.

“You’re the last one, were you the spoiled one?”

“Well…” she laughed. “My brothers did spoil me when I was little, but also kinda helped my mum
raise me. Especially Rhaegar, who's much older than me so he feels kind of fatherish. I imagine you might feel that way with your youngest siblings too?"

"With Rickon, I guess. He was born when I was eighteen, so it does feel like a much more paternal relationship than with the others...taking care of him, teaching him stuff, like how to walk!"

"You taught him that?"

"Along with my parents I did. He fell often," he laughed. "But as soon as he could walk by himself he hasn’t stopped running around." She laughed. "It’s kind of sad, though, being away from home now and not seeing him grow up as I did with my other siblings.” Dany turned her head to look at him. "That’s why I try to go home kind of often, more than my brother, at least. He prefers by far staying here to party every weekend."

"You don’t like to go out much?"

He shrugged slightly. "Not really. I do like to...get together with friends to have some drinks but...but partying...not that much, to be honest. And you?"

"Yeah, I like going out. I'm not such a good dancer but I try my best, it's fun," she chuckled. Those were moments where she forgot about her academic responsibilities and had fun with her friends. Studying was usually at the forefront of her mind, so going out to any party or social gathering always felt refreshing.

This was another difference that seemed to tear them apart for a few seconds, though, making her stop to wonder how compatible would they be. Dates were a weird dynamic: both asked the other questions to find how similar they were, and then evaluate how fit the other would be for them—to see if they were compatible enough for a relationship, for just a friendship, or for nothing at all. One thing she was sure of was that she did not want Jon to fall into the third category.

What exactly made them more compatible, though? Having more similarities? Having the same interests, same taste in music and movies? Same political views? Same values? Same future aspirations?

Dating was a careful evaluation of the other, yet the hardest part was assessing which traits of his—or which similes or differences between them—were relevant and which weren't. She tried not to give much thought to his mild dislike of going out, for example. It was not something crucial to impede them from getting along. In calculus, or in statistics, assigning a weight to every variable to compare different options was simple. In real life, though, it wasn't. Perhaps, those algorithms and methods were only for the classroom, for research, to evaluate investment options. Perhaps applying them to choosing a partner did not make sense.

She could not help herself from wondering, though, what was his method of evaluation towards her? Was it similar? Was Jon evaluating her from a philosophical point of view, remembering what a certain philosopher said about partners or love, while she had science in her mind? Perhaps his method, whatever it was, made more sense than hers.

She looked down at the footpath as they walked. It was a busy hour, especially at King's Landing. Most people were getting out of work and a long line of cars extended next to them, stuck in the traffic jam. They crossed the street and walked into a square with benches that surrounded it. They sat down.

“Did you change your brother's diapers?” she asked him suddenly, with a laugh, going back to the family topic. “I know my brothers changed mine.”
“Did they? Oh, it’s not a nice job,” he laughed. “One of the worst things about babies, besides the crying at night.”

He took out his phone again and clicked on his camera roll. He started browsing through his photos to find ones of his family. Now, sitting so close to him, she could smell his cologne. She had chosen a nice one for today, she hoped he could smell hers as well.

He showed her a Christmas picture in which his whole family stood next to the tree, wearing comfy woolen sweaters. Jon looked much younger, he was probably sixteen in that picture. Rickon was not in the picture, but she spotted little Arya hugging Jon tight by the waist.

She leaned closer to him to see better, to the point where her face almost touched his shoulder. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so she just pressed them together on her lap. He was holding his phone just inches away from her lap, right between their bodies, and his knee was against hers. This physical contact, even though tiny, was enough to send a tingle to her stomach.

“I like your Christmas sweater,” she smiled, giving him a soft pat on his hand unconsciously, as if her body were begging her for a tiny bit more of physical contact.

He laughed. “It’s buried in my drawer at home.”

“You should use it in school,” she laughed.

He kept scrolling down on his camera roll while she stared at his fingers as he scrolled. His hand was almost touching her leg. He showed her pictures of Ghost when he was only a puppy. He was a tiny ball of white hair in the arms of Jon. A picture of baby Ghost on the bed with Jon made her go ‘awwww’ and made him laugh.

“He peed on my bed right after that,” he added. “Now my parents don’t even allow him to enter the house. He can only be in the backyard and kitchen.” She was slightly hunched down over his shoulder, without actually touching it, as she looked at his phone. “Have you ever had any?” he asked. They were so close to each other she felt his breath on her ear when he said so.

“What?” she asked softly, raising her head to look up at him. Their faces were so close to each other it was a slight shock for both.

He looked down nervously and smiled. “A pet, I mean.”

“Oh. No, never.”

She had asked for a puppy since she was little, but her mother insisted that it would be too demanding. Dany used to get angry about it, but understood now. Her mother raised three kids practically on her own.

Jon nodded and eventually turned off his phone’s screen. The silence made her uncomfortable and pushed her to turn her phone on and do the same as he had done, searching for a picture with her family. They did not have many pictures together. They didn’t take pictures on Christmas. The holidays were usually quiet moments of the year when they had a nice dinner, sometimes with their grandparents and some cousins. But they were not a family like the Starks seemed to be. It was a complicated and broken family, not the type that took pictures together.

“Okay,” she said when she finally found one. She closed the space between their hands. His leg, the one that was not against hers, started bouncing up and down. “This is my mum’s birthday from last year.”
Dany and her two brothers stood at the sides of their mother in the picture, in front of a table with a birthday cake on it. Both Rhaegar and Viserys stood tall next to them.

“Rhaegar, Viserys, my mum,” she said, pointing at each of them with her thumb.

“Yeah, they’re much older than you. You definitely were the spoiled one in the house,” he jested, making her laugh and shake her head. “So, this is the brother with whom you don’t get along?” he pointed at Viserys.

“Yeah,” she chuckled, “he’s a bit…special.”

“How come?” Jon asked.

“Just…fucking annoying,” she replied, making him laugh out loud. “No, really. He always told me I was an accident because I was born so much later.”

“What?! Come on! That’s so mean.”

“Yeah, but…well, it’s probably true…I was born so much later.”

“Oh, what does it matter? There's no way my parents planned all six of us. It's fine.”

She smiled, unsure of what to reply. “I guess,” she just said, and inevitably, the conversation died.

“Do you like King’s Landing?” Jon tried to break the silence awkwardly.

“It’s nice. I also like Dragonstone, but I do see myself staying and living here. And you?”

Jon pursed his lips and nodded. “I like it. But I think I prefer Winterfell.”

“I’ve never been there, but I’ve heard it’s a nice place. The weather’s a bit cold, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, the name says it all. It’s only sunny a few days a year, but I don’t mind. I’ve heard Dragonstone is also beautiful.”

“Oh, it is. Very different from King’s Landing. It’s a bit quieter, I think…life here is crazier. Oh, and our food! Oh my god, our food is amazing.”

“What do you usually eat there?”

“Hmm…we have a lot of seafood, but our burgers are definitely the best.”

“I must say I’ve tried some good ones here in King’s Landing, really hard to beat.”

“Okay, I must admit I haven’t tried many burgers outside of Dragonstone,” she said, making him laugh.

“We could go get some one day, if you’d like to. There are some really good spots in the center.”

“Sure,” she smiled, thinking about how he also wanted to spend some more time with her. “Sure. That would be nice.”

“Are you free tomorrow evening?”

She shook her head sadly. “I’m not.”

“Ah, sucks. Whenever you can, then.”
“What about today, though?”

“Right now?”

She nodded. “Why not?”

He chuckled and said, “Alright. Yeah! Alright, we could go now.”

They walked to the subway station together to take the subway to the center. Their hands brushed against one another but she was not sure if she should hold his. Perhaps not yet.

“We have to take the subway number seven,” he said as they approached the station.

She looked at the big panel with the times of arrival of the subways and said, “The seven is arriving! Shit! The seven is arriving!”

Dany ran down the stairs into the station and Jon ran behind her. The subway was arriving at the station and she ran towards it as it stopped and the doors opened.

“Hurry up!” she shouted at him while she kept on running and finally squeezed herself into the subway.

He jumped in right after she did, and the doors closed right after. They both panted in exhaustion as they made their way among the people and stretched an arm to hold the bar above them. The subway was full, warm and with the terrible smell always present when a public transport vehicle was full. However, the number of people forced her and Jon to stand just inches away from each other.

“I’m so thirsty,” she panted, her breathing loud and deep from all the running.

“I might have water,” he said. He let go of the bar above them and moved his backpack from his back to his side. He opened the zipper with both hands and reached a water bottle on the inside, but before he could hand it to her, the subway departed and his whole body fell against hers. He was heavy, but she tried to hold him with her free hand and push him so he could stand back up once more.

“Shit! I’m so sorry! I’m so sorry.”

She just laughed. “It’s fine, it’s fine. If I hadn’t been holding the bar we would have both ended up on the floor, though.”

He laughed nervously, his gaze down.

“Oh right,” he said. “Water.”

He handed her the bottle and she smiled, thanking him for the trouble of taking it out.

“Oh my god,” Dany said as she received her food in her hands from the cook behind the counter. Two thin loaves of bread held inside shredded chicken, lettuce, onion, tomato, pickles, cucumber, garlic sauce, hummus, squeezed inside a plastic paper with napkins, but no plate. Jon only held a burger in his hands. They both walked to sit at one of the small wooden tables outside.

She looked at the whole thing in her hands, trying to think of where to take a bite first without everything falling out. She opened her mouth wide to take a bite. It was flooding in sauces, though, so as soon as she closed her mouth to take the bite, the orange sauces dripped from the sides and dampened her hands completely.
“Oh shit,” Jon said, sitting in front of her. “More napkins?”

She nodded at his obvious question while she chewed and the sauce now dripped from her hands. He stood up quickly and rushed to the counter to bring tons of napkins with one hand, while he took a bite of his burger which he held with his other hand. She watched him confused as he was completely clean. He sat in front of her again as he cleaned her hands with the napkins, unable to contain his laughter and making her laugh too at how ridiculous she felt. It seemed as if every attempt to impress Jon had been in vain, as what he would probably remember the most would be her hands full of sauce. Had he felt the same way when he fell on her on the subway?

“Oh…if you don’t want it, just give it to me,” Jon said.

She shook her head. “It’s delicious!”

“And you didn’t even want to try the burger! You’re just having chicken.”

“Let me try yours.”

He extended it to her across the small table while he chewed, and she took a bite.

“Better than Dragonstone’s?” he asked her.

She swallowed and pursed her lips to think. “Pretty different, but yes, maybe.”

“Aha!” he smiled.

“Don’t you want to take a bite of mine?”

“I don’t really love chicken, but, let’s see.”

She stretched her arm to him and he took a bite.

“Watch out for the sauce,” she warned with a laugh.

A bit of sauce, nevertheless, ran down the corner of his mouth and he tried to hide it with his hand. She laughed and handed him a napkin. He hummed as he chewed and cleaned himself. Yet he suddenly stopped chewing and squeaked in pain, frowning.

“What is it?”

“I bit my tongue,” he said in a high-pitched voice of pain. She laughed out loud, throwing her head back. “It hurts,” he complained frowning, “so much.”

“Well, that’s a good indicator that the food’s good.”

He nodded and laughed along, shaking his head.

She had never had a boyfriend. She had been out on many dates, but had never wanted to take the next step with any of those guys. In fact, she had cut them off quite quickly. A number of worries about relationships always crept in the back of her mind. She had heard many times how children of abusive parents are often subconsciously drawn to an aggressive partner in their future as well. It had frightened her to the bone. So, she was extremely cautious with men.

However, she had always wondered how it must be to be in a relationship. Sometimes, the idea was tempting. She could have someone to cuddle with after a tiring day, to kiss, to have sex with, and to share her insecurities and fears too. Yet, other times, the idea was scary: what if she got cheated on?
What if he ended up being an asshole? Not as loving as she had thought? Aggressive?

In this handful of dates with Jon, plus the day they studied together and the night they met at the library, he had conveyed the opposite of that. He was a loving brother who changed his brother’s diapers and had his picture as his lockscreen, who preferred to spend the weekends with his family to watch his siblings grow. He seemed like the furthest from Aerys one could be. She remembered that the most from their dates, more than any silly difference in their tastes in music or in their easiness to talk.

They went back to school and he said goodbye at the entrance, as he would go to his flat now.

“Why don’t we go get Valyrian food the next time?” he asked her.

“Sure,” she smiled. “That would be nice. Do you like spicy food, though?”

“Kiiinda. Not that much, but…I could try.”

She chuckled. “Alright, I’ll pick you up next time.”

“Pick me up?”

“In my car, yes.”

“Oh, you have a car? We could have avoided the mishap at the subway.”

“Yeah, well, we were already too far from school to go back and pick my car and go to the center…”

“Sure, yes, yes.” He looked at her, smiling. “Well, um, see you.”


He leaned in and hugged her awkwardly by the shoulders. He let go quickly, she didn’t even have the chance to hug him back. She couldn’t help chuckling.

“Well…bye.”

“Bye.”

When was the right time to finally kiss someone? On the fourth date? On the fifth one? Some people kissed or even had sex on their first date. How she wished there could be a set of instructions for this! How simple it would be if she could study for these situations as she did for exams. Life was easier in books and in the classroom. There was a method, a simplification for everything.

She didn’t think she should kiss him yet, though. They both still seemed too nervous around each other. Plus, she had already been the one to go for the kiss in her room. Yet she did want to slink out a clearer hint of her interest in him. A tiny hint.

She extended her arm and held his fingers. She did it quickly. If she had given it more thought, she would have probably chickened out. He smiled, looked down, and chuckled softly. It was a sweet laugh that extended to her own lips. He pressed her fingers back, and, to her surprise, he leaned in, but only to press a kiss on the lower part of her cheek, next to her mouth. His short beard tickling her chin sent a tingle down to her stomach. It felt much more intimate than the reckless kiss she had given him in her room, and coming from him, it felt even braver.

She wondered how true was the statement of her statistics professor which said that the best way to
make decisions was by the scientific way. To do such evaluation, one had to assign a numerical importance, a ‘weight’ to every variable—the similarity between Jon's traits and hers, in this case. Maybe it really was the best way, maybe it wasn't. She and Jon were quite different. They had different personalities, different tastes in music, but they both liked books, politics, and dogs. Did this mean that another economist, who liked the same music as her, the same movies as her, the same books as her, the same food as her, would be her perfect partner? She did not think so. Maybe the variables did not have to be their similarities and differences. Maybe she had to look for other variables...Or did she? Could love and infatuation be reduced to that which could only be assessed by logic and reason?

Dany liked Jon. No matter he was not similar to her in every way. She wanted to keep on going out with him, regardless of what any statistical method said.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, alcohol will be a little helpful.

I know it would be fun to skip this whole introduction and jump straight to the core, to the day-to-day dynamics in the relationship, to the smut and the fun times, but these initial chapters are crucial for their character progression, and now that the fic is done, I can say that they are still crucial for the last chapters.
EDIT (01/APRIL/19): Just dropping by to say I MADE A TRAILER FOR THIS FIC!!! I was doing a gifset but there were so many cute potential modern au scenes that I ended up merging them on a video! You can watch it here! @Seersha thank you, my darling, for betaing once again! <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now that they had been dating for a while, Jon and Dany sat together in class. Sometimes, his presence distracted her and her mind wandered thinking about a date or a kiss or maybe a little more. He showed her on his phone an event of a wine exposition in the city that would be held that evening. She loved wine and immediately agreed to go. Little by little, he talked more easily to her and did not hesitate before asking her ‘What should we do this evening?’ anymore, as it was already becoming a habit to go out.

Her friends had told her they would have stopped talking to someone if it took that much effort to make him speak. She disagreed. Jon's difficulty to speak freely didn't mean he wasn't interesting. It felt like what he said, as it took a stronger effort for him to say it, had to be important or valuable to him. For her, it was so easy to say whatever was on her mind that she could say something either interesting or entirely pointless. With Jon, it was usually the first option. And even though she was the one who usually brought up conversation topics, he did talk once she set the way. It always seemed like he had an urge to speak further but something held him back, so she tried to listen closely and not interrupt him.

Later that evening, they walked out of campus together to the subway station.

“You have a nice, um…purse,” he blurted out.

“I'm...not wearing a purse.”

“Aren’t you?” his entire face blushed. “I thought you were, I…was looking for a compliment to tell you but...” he chuckled. "I ended up screwing up.”

“Well, thank you anyway,” she chuckled. "You have nice leather boots."

He laughed. He was wearing sneakers. "Thank you."

The wine exposition was fancier than they had expected: tall ceilings, huge chandeliers, people dressed up. There were plenty of stands with sellers in tuxedos showing perfectly arranged wine bottles. She was wearing a light jacket and he a dark sweater; they looked like fifteen-year-olds in a place where everyone looked over sixty.

“Good evening,” said the man in the first stand they approached. “Would you like to try a Cabernet Sauvignon Rutherford, from 2010?”

“Oh, sure, yes!” Dany replied. The man held the bottle with elegant, white gloves and served two glasses for them.
“Do you know how to taste it?” Jon whispered in her ear.

“No, and you?” He shook his head. “Let’s just watch how the others do it.”

Two old men were standing next to them, spinning their glasses in their hands. Jon and Dany started spinning their glasses as well, cackling.

“Are we supposed to smell them now?” she asked him.

“I think so.” He put the glass under his nose and said, “Mmm, grape.”

Dany burst out laughing.

At the next stand, they had tried a Pinot Noir from 2011. They spun their glasses, smelled their wine, nodded looking at each other as if they were experts.

“Mmm,” Dany tasted it, shrinking her eyes. “Do I taste a little…raspberry?”

“Oh, no, miss,” the seller replied.

Jon laughed, “Nice try.”

At the next stand, the seller served them two different wines. Hers was tastier and stronger. She extended her hand and put her glass close to Jon's face for him to try it, making him cover her hand with his to drink it. He nodded, “It's really good.”

At the next stand, she told him, “You know what, I say fuck all that tasting ritual. Let’s chug it all.”

Jon looked at the seller and the people around them. “Are you…sure?”

“Let’s try to get drunk,” she said, curious if some alcohol could loosen him up a bit.

He giggled, looking down, and then gave in.

“Okay, onetwothree, chug,” she said quickly, and they drank their glasses in one sip. “Sir,” she asked the seller, “Which wine here has the highest alcohol percentage?”

He couldn’t hold back a laugh and pointed at a stand on the other side of the hallway, telling them to try the Merlot in it. Dany pulled Jon by the arm and quickly made their way there between laughs. They laughed, clicked their glasses, and drank it up.

Jon grimaced at the strength of the drink.

“Do you want to buy a bottle?” the seller asked them.

“Oh! No, no, no. We’re just here to drink,” she said, and Jon laughed beside her.

He put his arm around her shoulder and told the man, “Please, excuse her honesty. I think I’ll get one for my dad, though. His birthday is in a couple of weeks.”

They paid for the bottle and kept on walking around the place, asking for alcohol percentages shamelessly. Dany's cheeks were getting slightly warm and her body light. It felt like she was holding herself back from prancing instead of walking. She couldn’t hold herself back from talking nonstop to him.

“You know those experiments where they give people different types of wine, and they have to say
which one they like more?” Jon shook his head. “It’s so interesting! See, all their decisions make
sense: They prefer more expensive wines, better wines, over cheap ones. Until they don’t. They give
them the same wine in two different glasses, and say that one costs five times more, and they
genuinely liked more the one which was apparently more expensive.” He let out a laugh. “This
example made me think...” she went on. “We’re not rational, are we?”

“I’d say emotions outweigh reason.”

“Yeah, it seems like it.”

“Would you like to switch to my major?” he jested. “There’s a lack of female philosophers in school.
In the world, actually.”

“Thanks for the offer. There’s also a lack of female economists, by the way. My major isn’t perfect,
but I like it. I can’t deny that we need a bit more critical thinking in our careers, though. But,” she
smiled, “I luckily have a philosopher as a f…” she hesitated about which word to use, “as a friend…
who helps me question stuff that others take for granted.”

He only smiled and nodded. Had the use of that word been alright?

“One question,” he said, looking at the ground as they wandered around the place. "Is it true
that...people with scientific majors, in general, think they’re better than people with no maths in their
majors?”

Dany’s jaw dropped and she stopped walking abruptly. “That’s not true! I don’t think that at all.”

“Thank you. I’m not talking about you, though, I’m talking about...what people say, in general.”

“Some people think that their majors are more difficult because they involve math, yes.” He smiled
and looked down. “But that’s bullshit. Humanities are so important! Where would we even be
without you guys? Still living in fucking caves, probably.”

Jon exhaled a laugh. “Thank you. You guys are super necessary too. Thank you for creating taxes.”

Dany laughed out loud. "You're welcome. I think both are important, you know? As long as we can
have a space to think for ourselves. Since we're children, school is always making us memorize stuff.
In exams, we have to write exactly what the book or the teachers say. And our intelligence is
measured by that! By how well we do as we're told, basically. I thought I'd have a bit more agency
in uni...but it hasn't been that way.”

"You're saying you'd like to think more critically?"

"I'm saying we should work hand in hand."

"You and I?"

"No,” she chuckled lightly. “I mean, maybe. I was talking about humanities and sciences.”

“What should we learn from you guys?”

“Well, we have effective approaches to find algorithms and solutions. If you guys do research, you
need to handle statistics and all that. You need to have a certain basis on evidence too.”

Jon nodded. "Sounds fair."

"Yeah, it shouldn't be one or another, it should be..." she moved her arms up and down and then
stopped when they were at the same level, "balanced."

"Yes," he smiled, and placed his hand on her upper back, catching her off guard and sending a tingle up her spine. He was slowly becoming more physical. "Yes. Both are good." She giggled and found herself closing the space between them a bit. "Your face is so…pink," he said. His smile pushed up his cheekbones. It seemed like he would kiss her; but instead, he only said, "Do you want to go out? For a walk maybe? To get some fresh air?"

And so, they left the exposition and walked through thin streets towards the center of the city. All the lampposts and the lights coming from inside the buildings lighted up the city, the capital of Westeros, with its tall buildings belonging to the powerful banks, and all the crowds of people who walked every day down the center of the city. King's Landing had a charm of its own. It was on the coast, so there were beaches near, just like in Dragonstone. A river snaked through the whole city and joined the sea at the coast. But wherever she looked, she saw homeless people on the streets. Only a few lived well in that city. Arianne had sent her information about a volunteer programme for the weekends; she really wanted to go, but was also worried about giving up her study time on the weekends.

They stopped on a bridge, it was all made of stone and was as long as if one of the buildings lay horizontally from one side of the river to the other. They were in the heart of the city, staring down at the dark water flowing downstream, where boats filled with tourists swam by.

It caught Dany off guard when, out of the blue, Jon said, "Hey, um, I wanted to say that...you talk much more than I do and...I don't want you to think that it's because I'm not having a good time or anything of the sort. I just...get...a little nervous! Sometimes. I don't know."

"Oh, no, don't worry about it. It's okay. It's your personality."

His smiled trembled. "Thank you. I just thought I...should tell you."

She offered him back a warm smile in reassurance. "Okay, it's okay."

However, as the conversation died, she hoped such silence wasn't making him feel uneasy or guilty about not speaking enough, or with the need to apologize. So she remembered a question that had been at the back of her mind for a while but had never known how to ask it.

"Can I ask you something?" she started. They knew each other better now. She guessed she could go for it. "I told you some time ago how most people choose popular careers, the ones that will assure them that they will be financially comfortable in the future: law, finance, business, economics..." she chuckled. "Do you remember?"

"I do."

"My question is...don't take it the wrong way, please, but...how...why did you choose..."?

"A career that probably won't give me money?" he giggled.

Her stomach turned—she had definitely screwed up. "I didn’t mean it like that. I meant that it's not a...popular career. At all. I had never met a philosopher in my life. And well, yes...I guess it's less easy to get a job with it than with other careers that kind of...promise a stable future." Jon nodded, looking down. "I didn’t mean to put you in an uncomfortable position..."

"You haven’t done so, don’t worry."

"On the contrary, Jon, I think it's..." she looked up, searching for a word, “…admirable that you
chose not to follow everyone’s path—the easy, comfortable path—and did what you really wanted to do. So, my question is…how did you…not succumb to the pressures of society?”

He pushed down a smile, turning his gaze to the river. “Well, it’s a good question, and I’m not uncomfortable, it’s alright,” he assured her in a light voice. ”It's not like I do my own thing without caring about social pressures, though. It's inevitable to care about them, they're frightening...” He exhaled. She stared down at the river too to give him some space for his thoughts. “Okay, so…I’m…look, I’m…” He held the edge of the stone railing with both hands, leaving the bottle on the side. “I’m the quietest in my family. But I always watched closely everything others did and said, and always asked myself why they acted a certain way—why I acted a certain way…why the world was the way it was…I always worried too much, from wars to world hunger to the rising cancer statistics,” he chuckled nervously. ”Am I oversharing?” he asked in a high-pitched voice.

"No, it's okay," she replied. It was more than okay. She was surprised by how much he was opening up to her. She hadn’t really told him much about her feelings yet, or her problems at home, but was glad he was comfortable enough with her to say this.

"Well, when I started reading philosophy…there were so many people out there asking questions, and much better questions. I think I felt like I sort of…fit in. And to answer your question about why I chose it as a major when I could have chosen…law, or…"

“-Or Economics,” she jested.

“Or Economics,” he chuckled. ”I was reading the work of a philosopher, John Stuart Mill, and he had this idea, this principle, called the Harm Principle. Quite controversial, to be honest, but tempting. It said that every person—or every adult—should be free to live as they please as long as they don’t harm others. He said that society would be better off this way, happier this way. And he wasn’t just against the government telling people what to do or not to do, he talked about how social pressures prevent people from doing what they want to do. Take geniuses, for example. If social pressures prevent them from doing what they're good at and they end up working in...finance by succumbing to social pressures, then they’ll, naturally, be unhappy...and society will be worse off: they’ll have fewer...scientific inventions, or...no music from Mozart, you know? His point was that you yourself know best what you want. And even if you don’t know, it’s better for you to be free and make your own mistakes than to be forced to do something else and then being miserable about it.”

She watched him with a tiny smile, attentive, not wanting to say a single word if it meant he would stop talking.

“So, yeah,” he turned to her. “I guess he convinced me. But it wasn't an easy choice. It was difficult as hell. If I had hesitated a little bit more, I would have ended up in law,” he chuckled. ”What do you think?”

"I think you're—” she blinked and trailed off. Wonderful, she had wanted to say. But, instead, she only said, “I think it’s extremely interesting. More people should think this way.”

Again, he tried to hide a grin, but couldn’t do so now, and neither could she: he had just apologized for not talking a while ago, but how much was he talking now! And for the rest of the night, it was he who kept on bringing up conversation topics.

“‘You know what I was thinking the other day?’” he looked at her with a smile.

“What?” she asked, unable to erase her own smile from her face.
She waved her hand in reassurance. “It’s fine. We all have our bad days, and emotions aren’t so easy to control.” At least for her, they weren’t. Jon did seem more in control of his, though. Besides his shyness, or beyond his shyness, he seemed calm and collected. She wished she could be a little more like that.

“They’re not,” he said. “Emotions are…they’re natural. We’re always gonna feel them. But I try to control them, ‘cause I think…” he smiled. “I think it’s much more important to be a good, a…a kind person than an…’intelligent’ or ‘intellectual’ person. Don’t you think? I mean, you could have the highest IQ on Earth but what does it matter if you're a complete ass?” he cackled.

She wanted to go to everyone who said they would give up on shy people for making it difficult to talk easily. *This is what I mean!* she would like to tell them all. Once Jon felt comfortable, listened, he spoke with, apparently, no difficulties. And how she liked what he said! How in the world could she help herself from wanting to learn more about him, from delayering his personality bit by bit?

She laughed. “It’s true. Everyone already has enough problems, I guess. Why create more?”

She genuinely meant her words. One could never know how another person’s day had truly been, nor how their imperfect their family was. That was the main reason why she always tried her best to be kind, to talk to other people, to tell jokes and cheer them up.

His hand hesitantly reached hers, and she welcomed it with a tight grip. She looked down at the river before them and, as a piece of metal being drawn to a magnet, couldn't help getting closer to him, until their arms were pressed against one another.

“Hey, by the way, one question,” he suddenly said. “Have you…and you had…?” But he only shook his head and did not continue.

“What?” she smiled. “Have I had what?”

“Nah, it’s not important,” he smiled, looking down.

“Come on!” she grinned, “I’m too curious now. Tell me!”

He chuckled. “I was going to ask…” he swallowed, “I was going to ask you if you had had many…many boyfriends before.”

She let out a laugh under her breath and said, “Not at all. I’ve dated people but haven’t been in a relationship, if that’s your question. What about you?”

“Same,” he replied. “No, not same. I have not been in a relationship either, I mean. But I haven’t been on dates before.”

She smiled, finally having a clear hint that he was interested in more than just dates. Would he ask her to be his girlfriend? Maybe he wouldn't and, at some point, things would be too serious to be "just dating". That last category did not seem enough to her, not with him. This dynamic of going out after class, almost daily now, did not feel enough. She wanted to talk more with him, to take him to her place, cuddle with him or even cook with him instead of just going out for dinner. Everything that seemed tedious about having a boyfriend, she was willing to try them with him.
While it was true that she talked to others easily, most of those conversations were shallow. She drew a line at some point. There was a limit to what she shared even with her best friend. She did not let others get too deep into her life. She had friends with whom she went out for drinks or to dance, but she didn’t create stronger bonds, nor felt comfortable to share her deepest fears and insecurities. Not only because of embarrassment, but because her mother had let her father get into her life way too fast and it had ended up catastrophically.

Yet everything that seemed frightening about having a boyfriend dissipated with every date they had. Jon was the antithesis of the men she feared could turn like her father. Jon was anything but aggressive or frightening. She could ask him explicitly to be her boyfriend. It would be nice to have this set and clear. But if after asking her about her romantic life, he had not gone further, she would not ask him yet.

She stared at his lips, hoping that this time the silence could be filled by a kiss instead of more attempts to start new conversations. She took a step to close the space between them, leaning in, giving him the chance to kiss her first. Her face heated up, her lips almost trembled in anticipation. They were in the most cliché romantic setting ever, standing over the river under the night sky, how could he not kiss her?

He leaned in but stopped when their faces were so close that they had to close their eyes, so she pressed her lips to his. They were soft lips, which sent a vibration down to her stomach, down her arms. She moved her head slightly to the side and opened her mouth to close it slowly around his upper lip. It was much slower than the fast and impulsive kiss she gave him in her room.

He softly let go and, against her lips, said, "You taste like grape."

She laughed out loud and they restarted the kiss before wasting more time. He held her by the arms while they tasted each other and she pressed her body against his almost unconsciously. She kissed him more, resting her hands on his waist. It was turning into a long kiss and she could feel its reaction between her legs, which made her wonder if it was too soon to have sex with him. She knew she wanted it, especially as the kiss grew hungrier. She was attracted to him. She trusted him. Would he want it, though?

It had been painful to break the kiss, yet they held hands during the whole trip back to school and did not let go, as if their bodies didn’t want to be apart for a second.

“Well, then,” he said as they stood at the door of her dorm in the windy night. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Jon,” she grinned, already missing the warmth of his hand in hers.

He smiled back, and suddenly told her, "You're great."

His words enlarged her smile, like strings pulling the sides of her lips. "You too," she said. "Really." After a moment of silence and him blushing, she dared to do an act of bravery: “So, I...I was wondering if maybe you wanted to…come up?”

It wasn't necessarily an invitation for sex only, but maybe it was time to be on their own in a private place, at least cuddling, and see where things would go. She guessed he might want it as well but was too shy to propose it. Yet a tiny frown appeared on his face, which right away made her regret asking him that.

“Oh...I gotta…wake up early tomorrow. And I…g-gotta…”

“It’s okay,” she said, embarrassed. “Don’t worry.”
Should she have waited longer before asking this? Again, this would be much easier if there were written instructions for this. But they had been going out for a while now, knew they were attracted to one another, and that, perhaps, they were both willing to be in a relationship.

He nodded and said, “A-another time?”

She nodded. “Sure.”

He stood still, probably wondering if he had made the right choice. He only smiled and said, "See you tomorrow, Dany."

"Goodnight Jon," she said, and watched him walk away into the night. She sighed and turned to enter her dorm.

Chapter End Notes

Heyeheyeheyeyyyyy! This was a long chapter, I know. Sorry about that! The following ones will be shorter, though. Next chap the temperature will get a little hotter!!
Loosening Up

Chapter Summary

Fast forward a couple of weeks! I hope you like this chapter!
@Seersha, love, thank you so much for the beta work again!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’m going out with my friends,” Robb told Jon, rubbing perfume with his hand on the sides of his neck.

“You sure you don’t want to stay and have a drink with us?”

“Thanks,” Robb said, walking out of the bathroom. “But I’m alright. I’m going to a club.”

When Robb left, Jon walked into the bathroom to wash his face. He had invited his group of friends over and had asked Dany to come as well. They had been dating for weeks already. He took off his t-shirt and watched himself in the mirror. His skin was pale, his abdomen flat, and his arms showed no muscles like his brother’s.

During their childhood, Robb and Jon had always been close. There was bickering, as with every pair of brothers, but they would always end up forgetting about them and playing football together. They were, after all, almost the same age, so it was easier to play together or than it was with Sansa or little Arya. But as they entered puberty, their differences started popping up more clearly. Jon had always been more reserved, more thoughtful of everything he did, while Robb had always been more impulsive and always wanted to be around people. Jon liked having a few good friends, but other than that he didn’t see the reason for always being surrounded by people. His house was already full of people, and he liked having times during the day alone in his room, apart from all the noise and action that was always going on in the house. A big family never had quiet moments.

As they got older, Robb’s personality was just what girls looked for: funny, always knew what to say, wasn’t held back by overthinking everything. He had his first girlfriend when he was twelve and had sex for the first time when he was fourteen. He had entered Jon’s room and told him every detail about it. Jon, with his thirteen years of age, listened closely and attentively, holding himself back from asking the wave of questions that were clouding his mind. It had been extremely quick, Robb had told him, a little disappointed. However, the second time he brought even more details to him. Those nights, Jon sighed as he lay alone in his bed, and slipped his hand under his pants to touch himself, wanting desperately to do what his brother did, to be a little more like him. Yet he never even had the courage to ask a girl out.

Now, like almost every guy their age, Robb always carried a condom in his wallet or had some in his nightstand drawer. When Jon went out, Robb told him to take a condom of his if he wanted to. “You never know,” he always said. But Jon knew. He knew that he would not have sex for the first time with a random girl. He knew that even when a pretty girl at a bar smiled at him or started a conversation, he would not get out of there with her. He could not even bring himself to have sex with Daenerys now!
It was inevitable to compare himself to Robb, his brother looked like an upgraded version of him: a wide smile, a careless attitude, a nice pair of arms girls watched when they spoke to him. But it wasn’t just about attracting women, Robb’s attitude made his life seem so much easier. Everyone liked him. Every time he went out, he made new acquaintances; people said he was “fun to be around”. Jon was usually described as ‘Robb's brother’ in high school, though. It didn't feel too good.

Dany liked him for how he was, though, and she had patiently listened to him and had been willing to learn more about him, even though he didn't give the first impression of someone "fun to be around". He wasn't shy with everyone, though, not with his family or friends. And with every date, it became easier to be more open with Dany. She made this easier than others, though. She talked, but also smiled and listened.

Driving around with her never failed to be fun, they decided at the moment where to eat or what to do: history museums, food trucks...places one didn't really go by themselves but were fun on a date. It was not only an excuse for her to drive often, as she loved to drive, but it was also a time when they could get to know what music the other one was into. Her taste in music was varied: her favorite singer was Bob Dylan, but she loved to listen to rap as well and was quite good at rapping. He, on the other hand, mostly listened to The Beatles or Simon and Garfunkel. One time he put Adele on and regretted it immediately when she insisted he should sing.

Dany would arrive at his flat in a few minutes. Jon put on the sleeves of his shirt and hid his body in it. He hoped she found him attractive. No one else had done so before, or not that he knew of. He didn’t consider himself as beautiful as she was, and he worried she would not find him too attractive when she saw him naked. It felt nerve-wracking to take his clothes off with her, but he wanted to so bad. It was time to beat his nerves. Tonight could be the right moment. She could stay after everyone was gone.

Just like his friends had pressured him into kissing a girl for the first time, it felt even worse when it came to sex. It felt like everyone in the group waited for the other guys to finally get laid for the first time, and when they did, it was such a celebration. Was it the same between girls, did they also feel this pressure from their girlfriends to have sex? Did they feel less than her friends if they had never done it?

He fixed the neck of his shirt and sprayed some perfume on him. He grabbed a curl on the middle of his forehead and tried to twist it up with other curls for it not to fall again.

Dany rubbed her hands down the skirt of her flowered dress in a lame attempt to straighten some wrinkles. She rang Jon's doorbell and he opened right away. She kissed his cheek. He was wearing a nice perfume that night.

His flat was on the third floor of a beige building on a quiet road, just a couple of blocks from campus. Out of the living room’s window, some of the tall buildings from school could be seen. The living room and the kitchen were one room, while Jon and Robb had their own independent bedrooms with one bathroom to share. It was definitely better than sharing a room on campus.

"Oh, it's lovely!" she grinned, happy to finally see where he lived. If they weren't out on dates, they were usually in her room, where they were spending more time lately. They either studied there or watched a movie on her laptop, sitting on her couch or on her bed with their backs against the wall, sometimes holding hands. Why did he hold himself back so much when they kissed? At first, she had thought it was nice of him to not want to rush anything, but then she started wondering why didn’t he make a move. She knew he was shy, so she also got nervous to ask him if he wanted more.

But she liked a part of it. This showed her that he wasn't dating her just to get laid with her. He
actually liked to be with her. She had been afraid he had initially asked her out only to sleep with her after she had kissed him in her bedroom. Perhaps he thought she was an easy target. But now she knew it was not that way.

Tonight, after his friends left, she could perhaps stay over. It seemed like it was time, as their dates were getting more serious. He had lunch in the cafeteria with her and her three closest friends sometimes: Margaery, Arianne and Myrcella. He even went out with them for Myrcella’s birthday to a club. She knew he didn’t like to dance but it wasn’t hard to convince him under the effects of alcohol. He was a clumsy dancer, Dany was not too good either but going out distracted her from studying.

Arianne, her best friend, was an amazing dancer, so she danced with him and tried to teach him some moves. Dany smiled at the sight of her friends getting along with him. He tried out some of the dance moves he had learned with Dany later. She hugged him by the waist when they ran out of dance moves, and kissed him on the mouth while the alcohol helped him kiss her more hungrily than usual. She didn’t care that her friends were around, this was the most intimate they got. When both got drunk and their bodies were pressed against one another, making out was irresistible, and getting turned on, extremely easy.

Sometimes they studied next to each other on her couch. Sometimes she leaned against him and sometimes she rested her legs on his lap while she sat across the couch. One time he fell asleep on her shoulder when he stayed there late at night, which she thought was cute until she had to get up to go to the bathroom. One time, she invited him over to her place to try out the food she had just made, *spaghetti alla carbonara*, yet he had been too shy to tell her he was lactose intolerant and started to eat it—not wanting to turn her down—yet had to stop when his belly started turning. She wished he could loosen up more now that they had been dating for a while.

The doorbell rang and Jon opened the door. Five boys walked into the flat with drinks in their hands. Jon introduced them to Dany, pointing a finger at each one as he said their names: Pyp, Grenn, Quentyn—whom she already knew as he was Arianne’s brother, Tormund and Sam.

The night went well. They talked about politics, music, and teased Grenn for his taste in literature, as his favorite author was John Green. Dany laughed along at their jokes, especially the ones about professors. However, she couldn't push out of her mind the nerves and the anticipation of what could happen after his friends left.

Jon was more talkative with them than she had imagined. He clearly felt comfortable with them. It was reassuring to know that once they trusted each other more, he would be more open with her. Tormund told jokes about Nietzsche and Kant and Sartre that she didn’t understand, but she laughed anyway. Pyp’s high-pitched laugh and Tormund’s deep one were the ones that filled the room the most. Jon had the quietest laugh, but whenever he laughed out loud Dany smiled as an instant reaction. They made fun of Tormund’s northern accent while she rested her head on Jon’s shoulder and laughed along. Once they started to talk about Lord of the Rings, she was finally able to dive into the conversation. And when a Bob Dylan song came up, Dany and Tormund started singing out loud together.

They didn’t stay until too late, though. She had thought that maybe one or two would do so, as some always did at gatherings, but they all left at almost the same time, as if wanting to give them privacy in the end.

“Thanks for coming tonight,” he told her when they were on their own, taking empty bottles and glasses to the kitchen. “I know you wanted to go out with your friends too.”

“It’s alright,” she assured him. “I had a great time here. You drank a lot tonight, I’m surprised you’re
not drunk.”

“Pff, of course I’m not drunk.” But when he crouched down to put the glasses into the dishwasher, he almost fell down. She laughed out loud. “Okay…Yes, I think I’m a little drunk.”

“Are you well enough to walk me back to school, though?” she giggled, leaning back against the kitchen counter.

“Yeah, sure, yes,” he said, and stood in front of her. “You know...Dany, I…I really like you.”

Her smile grew and she held both his hands. “I really like you too. I hope you’re not just saying it because of the alcohol,” she joked.

“Oh, of course not!” he laughed. “You know it.”

As they spoke, she slowly pulled his hands to her, almost unconsciously, which made him take a step closer to her. Their bodies were almost against one another. She watched his chest and abdomen. The alcohol made it easier to do so with no embarrassment, and to wonder how it would feel to take off his clothes. They were alone, finally. This could be the moment.

She looked up at him and was delighted to notice his eyes roaming her body the same way. She held the sides of his torso and softly pulled him to her. Inevitably, their lips met. The alcohol made it easier to do so with no embarrassment, and to wonder how it would feel to take off his clothes. They were alone, finally. This could be the moment.

She closed the space between their bodies even more, trapping her hips between his and the counter and holding the nape of her neck. It made her cunt throb right away, sending an electrical wave up her spine, while the soft caresses of their lips against one another turned into deeper kisses. She hugged his torso as she pushed her tongue into his mouth. She hummed, trying to control her breathing.

“Hey,” he breathed, but she shut him up, kissing him again. He let go once more. Their faces were against one another, both had their eyes closed. She frowned, she needed to go on. He whispered, “Wanna go to the couch?”

She smiled in approval, but he probably could not see it, so she let go of his torso. They made their way to the couch holding hands, not wanting their bodies to separate from one another, not even for a second. Jon sat down first, and she sat down on his lap, resting her back against his chest and turning her face to meet his. He snaked his arms by her sides and hugged her by the waist.

“Are you comfortable like this?” he asked her quietly, their faces were as close as they had been just a moment ago in the kitchen.

“Yes,” she chuckled. “You?”

“Yeah,” he said, hugging her tightly.

He planted a kiss on her shoulder, then tilted his head to kiss her jaw. She found herself grinning now, her face still felt warm from the alcohol. With her head turned to one side, she kissed his lips once more. She placed her hands on his, which were holding her belly. He kissed her shoulder once again, and then again. She rubbed his hands in approval.

A hand left her belly and his warm fingers touched her shoulder, grabbing the straps of her dress and bra, slowly pushing them until they dropped to the side of her arm, leaving her shoulder bare for him to kiss it. Unsure of what to do, she stayed still and closed her eyes as she enjoyed his kisses against her skin. Her hair was getting in the way, so she helped him brush it out of one shoulder and rest it all on the opposite one, exposing her neck as well. He planted kisses all the way up to her neck, while his hand ran from her shoulder down her arm. He held her stomach again with both hands. She swallowed loudly, caressing his fingers with her own, as a signal of wanting more.
Slowly, his kisses stopped being butterfly kisses and his lips lingered longer on her skin, and his mouth opened wider against her neck, his small beard tickling her as his mouth opened and closed. Good thing she had chosen a fancy perfume for tonight. Her eyes were still closed, her face in a frown from pleasure. His tongue met her neck and an uninvited moan left her lips. A feeling between her legs intensified shamelessly, alien to her control, as his bulge hardened under her arse. Was Jon finally becoming more straightforward? Or was it just because of the alcohol?

“Don’t you dare leave me a hickie, Jon,” she panted between nervous laughs. “Seriously.”

He chuckled and in a low voice. “I won’t.”

She turned her head to kiss him full in the mouth now. Their kisses, even though deep, remained nervous. His fingers caressed her belly again and vibrations ran all across her body. She wanted his hands to travel a little lower, where she was throbbing for him.

Feeling his tongue in her mouth once again, her body got more impatient. She pulled up the hem of her dress, took his hand from her belly and placed it on her bare thigh. His fingers, trembling, touched with curiosity the skin of her inner thigh, so close to her cunt she felt it getting wetter. She needed that hand to move just a little bit more. Once he touched her cunt he probably wouldn't be able to get his hand off it. But he didn't.

“I…think we should stop here,” he stuttered, his mouth suddenly backing away from hers.

“Why?” she asked breathlessly, closing the space between their faces once more.

“My brother can arrive at any time,” he whispered, inches away from her mouth.

“But…you can’t just…leave me like this,” she complained. And he had a room of his own, couldn't they just go there and lock the door? He stayed silent. “Tell me why,” she begged. “Jon, I know you want this.”

“I…yes, I…” he stuttered again.

She adjusted her body to look at his face better. “Or...you don't?” she said, touching his cheek and lowering her fingertips to his beard.

He looked down. “I do, of course I do…But I’ve never done this before.”

“Neither have I. I’m a little nervous too. There’s no problem.”

She pressed her lips against his once more, in a comforting way. Yet he only sighed and rested his forehead against hers.

“Not now, I think. We're kinda drunk,” he said.

"That's fine."

But he only shook his head and quietly said, "I'm sorry."

It felt embarrassing to move away from his lap and stand up to leave afterward. He walked with her to school and said goodnight at the door of her dorm. He held the sides of her arms and rubbed them softly with his thumbs, pressing a kiss to her lips.

"Dany," he whispered. "Listen...I want to have s...I want to do this." It was a tone of voice she had
never heard from him before, low and brittle. "But I'm nervous...and I don't want to do it when we're drunk."

Dany nodded. "Okay, I...okay." She had guessed it had taken a great deal of bravery from him to say so. She appreciated it.

"I don't want you to think...that I don't want this, or that I'm...playing with you, or, or..."

She shook her head. "I didn't think so."

"Sorry, really."

"You don't have to apologize." She held his arm and stroked it softly. "Whenever you're ready, okay?"

He pressed his lips to hers and let them linger there for a few seconds.

In her room, she took off her dress, letting it fall to the floor and noticing her panties were damp when she took them off. Once again, his nerves had taken over him. She liked him, she felt attracted to him, enough to be in a relationship with him. There was no way she would pressure him into doing something he didn't feel ready for yet. She would wait for him to be ready...but how long would that take? How much patience would she have for him?

She wondered if he regretted his choice as he, once again, walked back home alone in the night.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, interrupted hot moments, one of my favorite tropes! Frustrating for the characters, the readers...and the author too, lol.

So, there are some terrible stereotypes in many parts of the world about men being obsessed with sex and wanting it more than women do. Yet there's little talk, I think, about the pressure men can also feel to have sex for the first time from their friends, or how nerve-wracking it can be for them too. Boys get nervous about sex too and can also be super insecure about their bodies! However, Jon's opening up to Dany more and more, so it won't take long for him to trust her enough to take the next step ;) Stay tuned!

PS: You might be wondering why on Earth did I make Arianne Dany's best friend if they have nothing to do with one another in the books--and I guess Arianne won't love her in TWOW after what happened to Quentyn. The thing is, Arianne is one of my favorite characters in ASOIAF and I'll always be sad af that she wasn't included on the show. So I try to, at least, keep her alive in fanfic, lol.

For the ones who haven't read the books, this is sort of how the Dornish princess looks like. Don't worry, she won't even be too present in the fic tbh, it's mainly about Dany and Jon.
Time had gone by quickly. He liked everything about her, from her intelligence to how easy she made it look to be sociable. He was always surprised to see how she liked so many things about him. How she didn't consider him boring, how it had been months of going out and he couldn't get tired of her company. She was happy with him, she had told him, and that night he couldn't stop grinning against his pillow as he tried to fall asleep. Should he ask her to be his girlfriend? He was not sure. His friends had told him he could ask if he wanted to, but that maybe they could keep on dating until it got too serious and it was obvious that it was a relationship. He did not like the uncertainty, though. He would rather things be clear between them. It was nerve-wracking to try to ask it, though. What if she said no? He knew that question was more irrational than rational, but in those moments of anxiety, it was difficult to think rationally.

Another question stung his thoughts, though. What if the relationship didn't last? They were having a great time now, but what if they broke up? What if she decided he was not the one for her? What if she cheated on him? Dany did not seem like a cheater, but even in some of the strongest relationships, of the strongest marriages, someone screwed up at some point. Those thoughts were not easy to reject once they appeared. How could he know for sure that this would last?

It did feel like a relationship now, though, given how comfortable they were around each other. They watched movies together often, and lately, instead of watching them on her couch, they watched them on her bed, sitting on it with their backs against the wall. One time, Dany told him she had never watched Forrest Gump and had always wanted to. He didn't know why he agreed to watch it. He remembered he had cried the first time he watched it when he was twelve, but didn’t think he would do so again. They had never cried before the other. It had been fun for two hours: they had laughed out loud while her head rested on his shoulder and he held her hand over her lap, but it had been impossible to stop the tears from falling in the last few minutes, and he tried not to face her when the movie ended to hide his tears.

When the screen turned black, he cleared his throat and said, "I...I need to...go to the bathroom."

He moved her laptop, stood up and walked quietly out of her room. He quickly dried his tears with his shirt, yet his eyes remained red and watery. He opened the sink and dampened his face with cold water. He guessed she was also drying her tears in her room. When he came back, though, they pretended they were both fine.
“Did you like the movie?” he asked as he put an arm around her.

“So good. So damn good,” she said as she hugged his torso. She pressed a tiny kiss on his lips. “Will you stay over a little longer?”

He nodded and gave her another soft kiss. They lay on her bed together. She lay with her back against the mattress and he on his side, hugging her by the stomach. He caressed her waist and she turned her head to kiss him with a hand on his neck. Their lips didn't rush. Perhaps they were both nervous about kissing on a bed. He kept on caressing her waist with his fingertips and tried to imagine what it would be like to caress her cunt. She ran her fingers along his beard, from below his ear to his chin, while they tasted each other. But nothing else happened. Missandei walked in and got ready to go to sleep, and Jon and Dany left the room.

Despite the proximity of Jon’s flat to school, Dany insisted on driving him home. She liked driving and he liked those moments when she parked her car on the dimly lit street and they stayed together before he got out.

She parked the car at the entrance of his building. Her fingers played with the steering wheel as she talked to him.

"I've only crashed once, but it was more of a fender-bender," she said with a laugh. "I only gave a smaaall kiss to the car in front of me while parallel parking. Rhaegar has crashed three times, and Viserys, zero—he's actually a good driver."

Jon chuckled. "I've never crashed. But then again, I almost never drive."

Dany always talked about her family, but she never said a word about her dad, Jon had realized. She preferred not to, she had told him. He only knew her father had died when she was little. Had they been too close? Was that why she didn’t want to talk about him?

“I don’t want to ruin the moment but, can I ask you something?” he said.

“Sure,” she smiled.

“What happened to your dad?”

“What do you mean?”

“How did he die?”

“Oh,” she frowned, thoughtful.

After a few seconds of silence, he said, “You don’t…have to talk about it if you don’t want to.”

“No, I…I will tell you about it,” she assured him, and let go of his hand.

She cleared her throat and swallowed notoriously. Her expression had changed in a drastic way.

She scratched her chin and said, “Well, my dad…he wasn't a nice man. He was an alcoholic…a-and died of pancreatic cancer.” She sighed, staring down at her hands. “He always beat my mum and my brothers when they were little. He even broke my mum’s arm one time in front of both Viserys and Rhaegar. I never met him, actually. He hit Rhaegar all the time, and he suffered so much when he watched him hit my mum or little Viserys. Hearing their cries…” her voice quavered. “Family has always been the most important thing to him. When he was a teenager, things started to get worse. My dad beat him even harder. But Rhaegar was bigger then, and stronger. He got even taller than
my dad. So one day he decided it was enough.”

Jon blinked. He stayed quiet to let her continue.

“He did it for my mum, you know.” Her voice was getting pitchy. “She’s the strongest woman in the world, but she just couldn’t get rid of him, she didn’t know how. And he...was helping her pay her tuition. Med school isn't cheap, and she couldn't work and study after Rhaegar was born. One day he came back home from the hospital and all his things were outside. On the street. Rhaegar threw them all out. My mum was crying in her room, desperately, but Rhaegar wouldn’t let her out. She was pregnant with me,” her broken voice demanded a pause. She played with the hem of her sweater, looking down and avoiding his gaze. “My dad tried to get in through the window but Rhaegar didn’t let him. He hit him, and he threw him on the street...told him to never step a foot in our house ever again. To not even look at my mum or him or Viserys ever again. And to never look at me or talk to me. They got a restraining order, anyway.”

Jon exhaled heavily. He had thought it had been something like a car accident, but this was much worse than whatever he could have imagined. He was glad she trusted him enough to tell him all this.

"He's a brave guy, your brother."

"Yes. He did what my mum could not. How was she going to leave him when he was dying? she'd tell him. He said he would end up killing this family if he stayed. So, he ended up living with my grandfather. He passed away when I was five; the cancer had gone too far. I know he had called my mum several times, trying to convince her to let him in. He was desperate to meet me. But she had had enough all those years. She’s happy that I never met him. She’s a tough woman. I learned all the best things I know from her.”

“You’re tough as hell too, do you know that?” he told her.

“I guess.” She breathed, and continued, "My family did everything they could for me to grow up happy. My mum never even showed a hint of weakness to me. She wanted me to have the childhood she couldn't give my brothers. Rhaegar even felt like a dad sometimes, he even taught me how to ride a bike,” she smiled. "Viserys was also good to me when we were little. We always fought about everything, we still do sometimes, but I knew he always wanted to take care of me. So...we're a broken family. But they're all so strong. They've been through so much. And then, there I was, having a good, happy childhood while the rest of my family had to suffer because of him."

She made a pause, her voice was starting to break.

"Did you know when you were little? The things he'd done?"

"Not really, no. I knew he had died, and it broke my heart. When I was a kid I wished so bad that there was a way I could meet him. My mum always told me he lived far away," she chuckled, "what a silly excuse. But then I grew up and she told me everything...Well, I don't really think I know everything. But it was hard to reconcile that my dad, whom I had idealized my whole childhood, had actually screwed my mum's and brothers' lives. They deserve so much. The three of them."

“It’s good that you never met him.” He swallowed. His voice was low but firm. He meant what he was saying. “Daenerys, you are worth so much, so much. You don’t deserve someone like that in your life.”

Dany remained quiet. Was she crying? He wanted to turn to look at her and see if she was, but that would probably make her uncomfortable. He only extended his arm and took her hand in his. He
pressed it, wanting to comfort her but not knowing what to say, wanting to assure her that he would\nnever even be a bit similar to how her father had been.

She sniffed. "Sorry, I don’t really talk about this," she chuckled. "I hope you...I hope you don't...see\nme differently because of this, or to...regret dating me..."

"No," he said right away. "No, no, no, no. Why would I?"

"Because...maybe you don't want a gi...to date someone with a fucked up family or a fucked up\npast..." she laughed sadly, quietly.

"No, no, Dany, no. That's not the case, at all," he looked at her, searching for her gaze, but she only\nlooked down, trying to hide the tears that inevitably escaped her eyes. "Actually, I...would like to\ngive you a hug."

She chuckled and pressed his hand. "It's a little difficult in this position."

She was right. He would have to awkwardly stretch his whole body to reach her. Yet his wish to\nconsole her pushed away his fear of looking stupid, so he got out of the car, walked to its other side,\nopened Dany's door, unfastened her seatbelt and gently moved her to the side to sit down in the same\nseat.

She chuckled. "What are you doing?"

She was half sitting on him and half on the seat, and he closed an embrace around her body. She\ndried her tears with the back of her hand and hugged him around his shoulders, holding his hair. He\nheld her by the waist and held her free hand on her lap.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked her.

"Not much."

He let go of her and pulled the lever next to the seat to let it fall back, allowing them to lie down\ntogether on their sides. There was not much space and his back hurt, but he only cared about holding\nhers now. She hugged him by the waist. He buried his fingers in her hair and caressed her head. He\nwas not good with words, but he hoped that, at the very least, he could prove her he would never be\nlike her father. She sighed and hugged him tighter.

They stayed that way for a while. It was a wonderful moment, at least for him, probably the first time\nthey had ever been together completely silent for so long, instead of looking for words to say, to start\nnew conversation topics. This silence was beautiful in a way, much more meaningful than words.

Eventually, his back pain increased until he couldn't keep on ignoring it. He tried to move his body\nto a more comfortable position but could not find one. Dany chuckled quietly, trying to find a better\nposition too. She ended up slightly higher up than him, his face was at the level of her neck. They\nhugged again. He held her by the waist and she held him by the neck. She pressed a kiss to his head\nwith a hum. He exhaled and raised his head to press a kiss to her lips. She grinned and pressed\nanother one. He chuckled to himself. They were more comfortable around each other now and he\nloved it. And even though they had not had sex yet, he felt like it was a huge success for him to be\nthis way with a girl. She had given him the chance to speak, had listened to him, had cared about\nwhat he had to say. She had made him feel comfortable. He hoped he could make her feel the same\nway now. He kept his body close to hers and their mouths opened against each other, meeting in a\nslow kiss. He stretched his arm up to grab her face, but his nerves betrayed him and he accidentally\nheld one of her breasts. He quickly pulled away.
“Oh my God, I’m so sorry,” he blurted out. “That was an accident. Totally. I’m sorry.”

Dany laughed and said, “Okay, don’t worry.”

“No, seriously.” He was sure his face had turned completely red. “I…sorry.”

“It’s fine, really.” He nodded, avoiding her gaze, and Dany started laughing out loud. “You just touched my boob accidentally! I’m sorry but that's so funny!”

He grinned and said, “Well, I must say it’s the first time I’ve touched a boob.”

Dany threw her head back and laughed even harder. “That’s great! I hope you enjoyed it.” Jon laughed too, at least he had made her laugh and distracted her. “Come on, Jon, it’s not that awkward. How many guys have not touched their girlfriend’s boob before?”

Jon froze at her words, but Dany held her smile at him.

“Are we…are you…” he stuttered. “Are you my girlfriend?”

“Is that the way you’re gonna ask me?” she giggled.

“W-well, yes, no…yes. Do you…want to be my girlfriend?” he finally asked her, and felt his heartbeat in his throat and his hands tingling in the eternal millisecond that took her to answer.

“Sure,” she smiled. “Why not?”

He sighed in relief and hurried to kiss her before she kissed him first.

How to be sure this would last? How to be sure she was as in love with him as he was with her? Their acts and words could evidence it, yet they could never be absolute proofs. He could never know with absolute certainty that she would not suddenly want to break up with him. He could only love her and treat her right, and have faith that she would love him back with the same intensity.

_Faith_, he pondered on that word. Deciding to actually be in a relationship felt like taking a leap of faith. Every time they cuddled, had lunch together or even texted each other required faith that things between them would work out. If not, why bother? Didn’t both he and Dany needed to have faith in the success of their now official relationship for them to spend so much time together, for them to carefully listen to each other’s thoughts, for her to be so patient with him when it was difficult to speak his mind or when he felt too nervous to have sex? It was faith that patience and time were spent wisely, helping their relationship grow.

But many relationships that had been amazing at some point had ended anyway. He had seen it in movies, books, and had heard it in stories told by other people. Sometimes they just did not work out, sometimes one of them cheated, or sometimes love just faded away over time. He was taking a risk now, a leap of faith. They both were. But he was glad they were doing so.

Chapter End Notes

I think it's time for them to finally get it on, don't you think? Don't wanna spoil much, but... click 'Next' ;)
First Time ;)

Chapter Summary

Yes, that particular first time.
This chapter marks the beginning of the fun in this story. The previous ones have been merely introductory. From now on, every chapter will be sort of isolated from one another and will cover one topic in particular—commitment, looking for a job, sex, bickering, etc.—and usually weeks will pass between them. They won't be too immediate.
Enjoy! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jon couldn't sleep. He rolled on the mattress once again and stretched his arm to grab his phone from his nightstand.

'I can't sleep,' he texted Dany.

'Neither can I,' she replied, which wasn't a surprise. 'I'm at the library.'

'I've been looking at the dark roof for hours.'

'And I could become a librarian by now, I know every damn book this school has.'

He laughed in the dark. He would like to hang out with her there, or to invite her over...he would like that much more. He cursed to himself. Why couldn't he have the guts to make another move even when she clearly wanted to go further? When would he be brave enough?

Another text from her popped up some seconds later, 'I'll text you back in ten minutes. Don't fall asleep.'

He started playing games on his phone as he waited. After some minutes, she texted him: 'Come downstairs!'

Confused, Jon got up from his bed and put a coat, a scarf and slippers on. He rushed down the stairs to the first floor. He opened the building’s front door. Dany was sitting in her car, with her hair pulled up in a bun and a smile on her face. She lowered her window. “You’re coming?”

He opened his mouth to ask what was going on but ended up only opening the passenger’s door and sitting down. “Where are we going?”

“For a drive,” she shrugged. “Maybe we could go to a 24-hour convenience store and buy some candy and junk food and what not.”

“Okay,” he chuckled. They had class the following morning, but he didn't mind.

He turned the volume up. “What is this?”

“Sounds corny,” he chuckled.

“It does. But check out the piano...” She bobbed her head and her fingers hit the steering wheel imitating the piano. “The whole night through!” she sang, moving her whole body. He laughed. “Everything is always right!” She moved her body to him and turned to him. “When I'm alone with you!”

Jon laughed. "Look at the road!"

They drove around town, until the darkness of the night was interrupted by the white lights of the convenience store in a gas station. They parked in the station and entered the store. It felt funny walking around in their pajamas and slippers, as they searched for candy.

“Skittles?” he asked.

“I’d rather have some M&M’s.”

“Laffy Taffies?”

“Yes, that too.”

"Oh, um," Jon mumbled. "I didn't bring my wallet with me. I didn't know we were gonna...go somewhere..."

"It's fine. Just buy me dinner tomorrow," she laughed.

They sat in the back seat of her car and put all the sweets in the middle to open the packages. They sat crossed legged facing each other, with their backs against either door. He took a Laffy Taffy and put it in her mouth, she bit half of it while he pulled the other half out of her teeth to eat it himself. She threw her head back to laugh out loud.

“Jon, what’s the Laffy Taffy joke?!” she asked in a childish way.

He took the package in his hands, cleared his voice and read: "How do you get a baby alien to sleep?"

“How?”

“You rocket.”

“That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.”

He opened a pack of gummy bears and tried to shoot them into Dany’s mouth. They missed all the shots. He laughed, feeling like a little kid again.

“You’d starve as a baseball player,” she mocked him.

“And you as a goalkeeper.”

She stretched her legs and rested them on top of his while she supported her back against the car door. She seemed always comfortable with him. He was still nervous around her, despite having kissed and hugged and cuddled so much. She was beautiful...and he felt like he wasn't that much. He craved to see her naked and to touch her—to really touch her, not like that lame time when he held her boob in her car. Yet how would she feel about his body? She had called him handsome,
she had called him attractive, but he was still terrified of how vulnerable he would feel completely naked in front of such a beautiful woman.

“They say too much candy can get you drunk,” she said.

“That might explain a lot,” he chuckled.

“How can I drive back to school if I am, in fact, drunk?” she joked. “I guess we’ll have to stay here, right?”

“If you say so,” he laughed as he caressed her legs.

She moved towards him and sat down on his lap. “I would like that.”

He ran his hands down her arms. It was all dark, but a white light came from a lamppost behind that lighted her face up enough for him to see her blue eyes and tiny nose freckles. His hands went back up, until he held her by the sides of her face, staring at her mouth.

“Kiss me,” she said. She had a beautiful mouth, he wanted to look at it a little longer. “Please,” she begged in a whisper, and the corner of her mouth trembled.

Jon pulled her face to him and their lips connected in a slow kiss. She held his face too and opened her mouth wider against his, and he pushed his tongue softly into her mouth as his hands roamed down her back. She adjusted her body to face him completely, opening her legs on either side of him. That act by itself hardened his cock in a slightly painful way, which intensified when she pushed her tongue into his mouth. He rubbed her back from the bottom to the top with both hands, wanting to do the same without any clothes in between. Her breath became quicker and louder and so did his—they were the only sounds in the stillness of her car. She ran her fingers down his chest, feeling its uneven rise and fall.

She pulled away and started planting kisses on his neck and biting it softly. He knew he was about to lose control. He was moaning and she was sitting right on top of his cock—she could definitely feel his erection as they were both wearing thin pajamas. He got harder every time she bit his neck, and to top it off, she started thrusting her hips towards his. They were breathing faster than they had ever had. She kissed him harder and he gave in, kissing her back just as hard. He bit her lower lip softly and she moaned in response, and, again, he got harder. He dared to move his hands from her lower back to her buttocks. He squeezed them and she whispered, "yes," thrusting her hips towards his again. He let out a moan with his eyes shut. He needed to get inside her. Now. He couldn't bear it any longer. He wanted to free his cock, take off her pants and have her sit on it. It felt terribly frustrating to have an erection but not having sex in the end, just like when they had kissed in his flat the other night. He was so hard now, it was starting to hurt. And yet...

"Dany," he exclaimed in a loud voice, perhaps too loud for the moment. "I don't have any condoms."

She let go of him, panting loudly in front of him with a frown. "Don't you carry one in your wallet?"

"I didn't bring my wallet with me," he breathed. How would they cool down when they were both breathing so loud with her on top of him?

"Fuck," she threw her head back. "I really want to do this."

"Me too," he replied, holding her hips and looking at them. "So much. You have no idea."

"Let's go get some condoms at the store, then," she said.
"Yes, but I..." he looked down at his bulge. "I don't think I'm available."

"Right," she chuckled. "Wait here." She climbed out of the car and before she closed the door she asked him, "By the way...are we gonna go on...here?"

He chuckled. "Let's go to my flat, I think that'd be better."

She agreed and hurried to the store, which made him chuckle. Clearly, she wanted this as much as he did. She came out quickly with a bag of condoms in her hand and sat on the driver's seat.

“How many did you buy?” he asked, surprised.

“I don’t know, like six? Seven, maybe?”

He felt a bit bad for having her pay for everything. He would buy her dinner the next day and the one after that too. He got out of the car to sit at the passenger's seat, covering his bulge with his hand. Dany laughed at him, and as soon as he closed the door, she shifted the gear and they took off. She drove as quickly as she could, and said she had set a record on how fast she had parked her car.

They ran up the stairs. She laughed at how he skipped steps. At his door, she hugged him from behind while he unmingled his keys with nervous fingers and opened the door.

“Be careful,” Jon whispered as he closed the door silently, “We might wake up Robb.”

They tiptoed holding hands across the dark living room into Jon’s bedroom.

"Should I...uhh..." he didn't know if his question would be stupid, "turn on the lights?"

She laughed. "It would be better, yes."

He did so and closed the door behind them. She threw the bag of condoms on his bed and sat at the edge. Jon took off his scarf and coat and sat next to her. This was the moment to beat his nervousness.

“Okay,” he said. “You’re sure about this?”

“Absolutely.”

He helped her take off her hoodie, she had a thin pajama shirt underneath. His stomach turned in anxiety. Both turned their bodies to face one another better, not really knowing what to do next. Dany leaned towards him, placing a hand on the mattress. He held her jaw and kissed her again, softly. They weren't in a hurry anymore, their kiss was patient, with mouths opening slowly against one another. Dany ran the back of her fingers down his arm while he caressed the side of her face with his thumb, and then moved his hand to the back of her head in a gentle brush. Her hand was resting on his hip now, and she sneaked it under the hem of his shirt to finally make contact with his skin. He hummed, and she pulled the hem up slowly.

He let go of the kiss, and with a deep breath, decided to take his shirt off. As soon as it passed over his head, he opened his eyes right away to look at her reaction. Her eyes were roaming down his torso and a smile bloomed on her face right away. She leaned in to kiss him as she ran a hand down his ribcage.

"I've been wanting to see this for a while," she said against his mouth. Her smile was evident in her voice. They kissed again, with more tongues now, as if showing more skin had been propulsion for more.
"Do you want to lie down?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," she replied in a parallel tone.

She lay back on his pillows, and he felt her eyes on his torso as he lowered down and rested his elbows on either side of her head. They kissed deeply, and she opened her legs to help him position himself on her. She moaned when their hips made deeper contact. Dany's fingertips scratched the back of his neck softly and then traveled down to the space between his shoulder blades, brushing his skin. Such gentle caresses helped him release his tension in an exhale and sink deeper against her. She breathed harder against his mouth, running her fingertips down the length of his back—leaving a long trace of a ghostly tingle behind—until the top of his buttocks, so softly his erection grew easily again. He thrust his hips down against hers, unwittingly, and she laughed at the contact. With their bodies pressed together this way, it was inevitable not to feel her breasts against his chest, as both collided against one another while they breathed deeply. He pulled away to watch them over her shirt. Dany stared at him, perhaps waiting for an explanation for his sudden withdrawal.

"Can I…?" he asked, blushing.

"Hmm?"

"O-open your shirt?"

Dany giggled. "Yes, you can."

He lifted his hand and started unbuttoning. His fingers were trembling, he tried to stop them from doing so, they gave away his nervousness, which he hoped wasn't much of a turn off for her.

"Relax," Dany told him as she caressed his cheek. "It’s just me."

He opened the folds, showing her breasts as they moved with her breathing.

He swallowed notoriously. "Wha-what a wonderful view," he said, making her laugh.

Very slowly, he grabbed one of them, passing a thumb over her nipple, hard and pointy from her arousal. He brushed his fingertips around her breast, and finally squeezed it with his whole hand. He had imagined many times how they would look like, but boy, he had no idea how good they would feel like. He pressed her breast from its bottom to its top, stretching her skin. Dany let out a small giggle and brushed her fingers down his jaw.

"Go on as you'd like," she said, as if she were reading his mind.

Her nipples were inviting him in—hard and stiff and so close to his face, and he couldn’t refuse such an invitation. So lowered his head and took a nipple in his mouth, which prolonged in a gasp coming out of her mouth and trembling fingers diving into his curls. His tongue played with one nipple and his hand with the other one, as she scratched his head and breathed deeply. He couldn’t get enough of her stiffness against his tongue and lips as he closed them around it. She arched her back up and her breath quickened, which made her breast move up and down more harshly against his mouth. His cock got harder and harder, standing up underneath his sweatpants in a more desperate pain—but he was not trying to hold his erection back like other times, now he could allow it to do as it pleased. Dany caressed the side of his face and his ear. It made him feel more at ease—knowing she was enjoying it—and more loved too.

She pushed him away from her chest, gently—she did everything gently—and he stared at how her breasts, damp and shiny, moved up and down with the sound of her loud breathing. She sat up in front of him and he did the same, kneeling back on his ankles, waiting to see what she wanted now.
She pressed one more kiss to his lips, holding the sides of his neck, and when she pulled back, she stared down at his chest and his flat abdomen. Her dilated eyes, her loud breaths and her fingers on his chest made him realize that she liked his body, she really did. Her gaze stopped lowering abruptly at the bulge in his pants and met his eyes—a silent question she knew he needed. He nodded. He kneeled up and she helped him pull his pants and boxers down, revealing his cock, painfully hard and erect for her.

“Wow,” she exclaimed. And before doing anything else, she looked up at him and asked, "Are you feeling alright?"

He smiled at her and nodded. He looked down at his cock: he was feeling more than alright. She chuckled, apparently getting what he was saying. He sat down on his ankles and she leaned closer to him, while she put her hand around his cock and started stroking it. It got, impossibly, even harder. She kissed him again, passing an arm around his shoulders as he held the back of her head. He lost control with the pleasure her hand was building in him; so the kiss was hungry, wide, and wet. He moaned into her mouth, with a quick breathing. He was afraid he would spend himself before he even got inside her. If just her hand felt like this, he didn't know how the rest would actually feel.

“You're ready?” Dany asked him playfully.

“Yes,” he breathed, “please.”

She gave him one last kiss and said, "The condom."

He nodded, and she let go of his cock to lower her pants and undies. He was already missing her touch down there, and when he looked at her cunt, covered by small blond hair, he knew he would not be able to hold himself back much longer. He slid the condom on his cock and she lay back on his pillows with her legs open. He caught a glimpse of her open cunt, pink and shiny. He exhaled and lowered himself over her. He held his cock and moved it across her cunt, searching for her hole. She placed her fingers over his and, carefully, placed the tip inside her. He pushed in right away, desperate, and her walls—warm and wet—pressed his cock in a tight embrace. He had never even imagined how good this felt, how sensitive he could be to her warmth. But Dany moaned in pain.

“I'm sorry,” Jon said. “Did I hurt you? Did I go in too hard?”

“It’s okay,” Dany said. “Just wait for a second, just a second.”

Jon planted several short kisses on her lips between his apologies, which made her giggle. She breathed below him, with her eyes shut, he hoped he hadn't harmed her. Should he have pleased her with his fingers before going in, just as she had jerked him off? He would make sure he would not forget it next time.

“Alright,” she said as she put her legs up on his waist. “Let’s go one more time.”

He kissed her cheek and thrust softer this time, and they both hissed in pleasure when he was inside. He started out slow and steady; every inch of her cunt stretched around him. He watched her face: her eyes were locked on him, her lower lip was hidden in a bite, her hair was a mess on his pillow. He had never seen such a beautiful sight. He was inside her. Their lips reconnected and she moaned into his mouth.

He was loving every second of it, even the embarrassing ones were perfect. It wasn't loud, her hums were low but beautiful. Her whole body moved every time he pushed in, her hands were holding his face during their kiss, and their chests bumped against one another occasionally. It was not long until his thrusts became more erratic and his muscles started tightening, though. It was embarrassing, not
much time had passed. He kissed her nose and breathed, “I’m...about to cum, Dany. I...I’m sorry.”

“Do it,” she said as she placed her hands on the nape of his neck. His body tightened, his elbows were buried deep into the mattress and his back went hard with tension as he spent himself inside the condom with a groan. He hoped he hadn't woken Robb up.

She stroked his hair and held his face by the sides, pulling it to kiss his lips and then his forehead. They were both out of breath and silent. Just caressing each other. He rested the side of his face on her clavicle and she slowly caressed his beard. He wondered how it would be for her to have an orgasm, though. He felt terrible about finishing so quickly and not letting her finish. She didn't seem to mind, though. She let out a tiny, breathless giggle of joy. Maybe they should go again. This time he would do everything he had forgotten to do before to please her better.

“I...did not think it would be this fast,” Jon said, embarrassed.

Dany grabbed his hand and kissed it. “Next time we will last longer, don’t worry.”

He lifted his head right above her. “You’re beautiful.”

“You’re beautiful too,” she replied. "Beautiful, handsome, ravishing!"

He dropped his head with a grin, trying to hide his pink cheeks. He rested his head back down against her neck and she hugged him around his head, pressing a kiss on top of it. It felt so good to be this way. Their body heat pressed together was delightful, he didn't want to move away from having her skin pressed against his: their hips, their stomachs, her breasts against his chest as they breathed. She untangled her arms from his head and brushed her fingertips up and down his buttocks.

"That's a little ticklish," he giggled, lifting his head to watch her again. She giggled too, with her whole face, her eyes shrinking as her smile pushed her cheekbones up.

"Does it feel good, though?"

"I'd say so, yes," he smiled. "I'm gonna...take out the condom, though."

She chuckled. "Yes, do so."

After he stood to throw the condom away, he wanted to ask her if she wanted to go again, but did so in a much shyer way: "Do you...want to go to sleep now?"

She chuckled, curling her body on her side, "I should. I have class in the morning and it's almost four am. Tomorrow we'll go again."

He nodded, a little disappointed. He wanted to do so much more to her. He grabbed a towel to clean their thighs. He turned on his night lamp and turned off the lights. He lay down next to her and she lay her back on the mattress, stretching an arm to her side for him to place his head on her shoulder. She scratched his head softly and he hugged her by the stomach. Jon stared at her breasts and her abdomen rising and falling as she breathed. She had made him feel so good tonight, the way she kissed him and touched him, the way she moaned and trembled, she had made him feel better about himself.

He ran his fingers over her belly but she held his hand to stop him.

"I'm too ticklish in my belly," she smiled. He moved his hand to rest it on her ribcage.
"I feel like...such a fool for waiting so long for this," he told her. "It was...it was so good. And you had wanted to have sex so many times before and I just...chickened out!"

She turned her body to her side to face him.

"You didn't feel ready, it's alright," she told him, placing her fingers on his jaw. He leaned in and pressed one more kiss on her lips, a silent 'thank you'. "So, this is it!" she smiled. "This is what everyone talks about all the time. Not bad, huh?"

He grinned. "I just hope next time it lasts a bit longer."

Dany laughed and kissed his lips once again, and he caressed the tip of her hip bone. “Let’s get some sleep, now,” she told him. "Or else I'll spend the entire class asleep on my desk like you were at the library."

He laughed out loud and leaned in to kiss her lips, slowly, wanting to taste her one last time before going to sleep. She ran her fingertips on his cheek and ear as they kissed. Neither wanted to let go, neither wanted to go to sleep. She pulled back moments later, with a tiny sound of their lips separating. They breathed in silence with their eyes closed, until they finally pulled the covers on top of them and he stretched his arm to turn off the night lamp.

“Goodnight, Dany," he told her, and she snuggled closer to him with a hum, holding his torso.

"Night night."

Even though it was late, he could not really sleep right away. How could he, after opening up to someone like that? After being naked before Dany and moaning and shaking for her? After feeling her skin against his with nothing in between, after kissing her so passionately and witnessing how hungry she was for him as he was for her?

He felt her breasts against the side of his chest. He wanted to stay here and never move, he wanted to wake up the next morning tangled with her and hear her say, "Let's not go to class, let's stay here and do this again."

But what if, he thought, instead of expecting her to say that to him...he told it to her? He had always been so reserved, but tonight, Dany had seen him like no one ever had. After everything they had just done, he had no reason to be embarrassed nor frightened about sex anymore.

Would she agree, though? The only way to find out was to ask her in the morning, and before shutting his eyes and trying to fall asleep, he promised himself he would. There was no reason to feel embarrassed.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to make this amazingly frickin' hot but, well, it's their first time...so it had to be short and paused. I promise I will write super hot sexy chapters later when they (especially Jon) are more comfortable with each other.

First and last time they'll have sex with a condom, that's a promise. I know they're not the best thing in the world lmao, but Dany wasn't taking any birth control or anything of the sort.

And I'm sorry to say this but if you want to know how the morning after was...you'll
have to go on till chapter 41 :)
And the song!! Oh boy the song issa banger!
Dany took Jon to the beach after an oral presentation he had had. The previous night, he had an anxiety attack in bed about it. His breath quickened, his body temperature lowered, and he couldn’t control the pressure in his stomach and throat. Dany tried to help him, telling him that he would do well the next day. But no matter how reassuring her words were, they couldn’t sink in.

“It will pass,” she kept on telling him. “You’ll do great tomorrow.”

She tried to hug him but he felt uncomfortable. So, she only intertwined her fingers with his and they stayed that way.

In middle school, a teacher had told him to do a math exercise on the board and he couldn’t solve it. It was quite simple, apparently, but both the teacher and his classmates laughed at him when he did it wrong. He hated how it still bothered him, despite all the time that had passed. That had never happened again, but he still feared it would.

So here they were, lying on their towels on the sand as summer was starting. She wanted him to relax and treat himself after such a stressful situation. Her head rested on Jon’s abdomen as he pulled up her hair and let it fall. He protected his eyes from the sun with his t-shirt. And even if this heat was too strong for him, he loved feeling her this close to him in public, being so silent together despite the loudness of everyone around them.

“We’re gonna be so tan,” she said.

“I can’t get tan,” he replied, scratching the top of her head softly. “I just get super red and that’s it.”

She chuckled.

They stayed silent for a while, and then both broke the silence at the same time:

“I wanna ask you something…”

“Hey, one question…”

It made them both laugh out loud.

“You first,” Dany said. He could hear her smile on her tone of voice.

“It’s nothing important,” he smiled. “Just wanted to know…I never asked you this…I just wanted to know if you want me to call you...my love, babe, something like that?”

She smiled and shook her head, "I don't think so. And you?"
"Jon is fine," he said.

"Perfect, then, Jon," she sat up. "My question is a little more important" He removed the t-shirt from his eyes and looked at her. She looked down at him as she caressed his abdomen softly. "Would you like to come over to meet my family next weekend? They all want to meet you."

He knew it was a matter of time before they visited each other’s families. His parents and siblings also insisted for him to bring her home, but he still felt a little nervous about it. It was definitely time to do it, they had been together for a while and weren’t planning on ending their relationship at all. However, he couldn’t deny that just the thought of meeting her family made him anxious. What did they expect of him? How much had Dany told them about him? He knew how important it was to give a good first impression, he knew he had to be as nice as possible, but maybe not excessively nice to the point where he might seem like he was trying too hard. He would have to make an effort to chat to her brothers and her mother with no difficulty, something difficult for him when it came to new acquaintances. It was even more nerve-wracking if those new acquaintances were his girlfriend’s family, who had high expectations of him.

"Sure. I…I think it’s a good idea."

She smiled at him, "My mum is super nice, she loves to have guests over. Rhaegar is also very welcoming and will definitely like you."

“And Viserys?"

Dany threw her head back. “Just ignore him.”

Dany had told Jon so much about him that he was sure it would be hard to get along with him, but he would try.

He sat up, he put his knees up and his arms over them. She caressed his beard on the side of his face and he leaned in to press two small kisses on her lips. She was sure about their relationship, optimistic enough about its future to take him to Dragonstone. It was good to know they were on the same page.

She held his knee and told him, “Let’s go to the sea.”

They held hands as they walked to the sea. When they stepped into the water, his body tensed by the drastic change in temperature and he pressed her hand. Dany squeaked by how cold it was, but it didn’t stop her from walking farther into the sea.

“It’s too cold,” he said, as she pulled him by the hand and they kept on walking, watching the water level rising from his ankles, all the way up his hairy legs.

“You’re from Winterfell, how cold could this be for you?”

Once the water reached his hips, he gasped and said, “My dick! It’s freezing!” He grabbed his bulge with his free hand. "It's shrinking!"

She laughed out loud. "Shrinking? Really? Now I wanna see it."

Jon laughed. "I don't wanna get arrested for public nudity, and I only want you to see it in its best shape."

She pulled him by the hand, walking slowly, deeper into the sea.
“If we squat now and get completely underwater, we won’t be so cold anymore,” she said.

After hesitating about it, he squatted down with her and felt the water cooling the rest of his body. It straightened his hair down when he stood back up. She laughed and pushed his hair out of his forehead.

"How’s your dick doing?" She grabbed the sides of his face and kissed his lips. He could taste the saltiness of the sea on her lips. He placed his hands on her damp waist and gave her one more kiss. Neither of them liked to be too cheesy in public, but sometimes it felt inevitable.

"Alright, I think."

"Still not in a good shape?"

"Not at all," he laughed. "I'm happy, though, that the first time you saw it, it truly was in its best and biggest shape."

Dany hummed, with her arms on his shoulders, "I remember it well."

They both laughed. It was crazy how much he was losing his inhibitions with her. How he could be comfortable enough now to make those jokes with her. They had not tried certain positions in bed yet, nor they had had oral or anal sex, but he knew they would, soon. They talked about it freely now, and together they even looked up online for some tips and positions that could be fun to try.

He lay back on the water and started floating in front of her. She smiled down at him. She said something but the water against his ears didn’t let him hear clearly.

“What?” he said.

“We'll probably go to the beach in Dragonstone too, so bring your swim shorts,” she said louder. “The sea there is warm, though. Don’t worry.”

Despite the bit of anxiety about meeting his family, it felt so good to be with her at the beach, outside of school, not doing anything related to studying, just spending some time relaxing together. She carried some water in her hands and dropped it on his belly, making him chuckle.

“Your hair looks so funny in the water,” she grinned, holding his hair as it floated above his head.

He lifted his hand from the water and put his index finger in her belly button, making her laugh and her belly contract. She then lay back on the water next to him. At least for now, he would forget about meeting her family and enjoy the water softly rocking his body, the sun shining on him, and his girlfriend by his side.

The night before leaving to Dragonstone, it had been impossible for Dany not to notice how agitated Jon was. He had made his suitcase carefully, examining every t-shirt and shirt he would wear, asking Dany which ones she preferred. ‘Either of them is fine Jon,’ she replied, laying on his bed on her phone. Even though she told him there was nothing to worry about, she knew it wasn’t enough to calm him down. He rubbed his hands nervously, paced around, and asked questions about the tiniest details: ‘Should I greet them with a kiss on the cheek or only with a hug? Or only a handshake?’; ‘What do they like to talk about?’: So, she knew it was not enough to say it would be fine.

In what other ways could she help him calm down, then? Her first idea was sex. But Robb was in his bedroom next to them, so they would have to keep quiet.
“Should I take one of my books?” He groaned. Was he talking to her or to himself out loud? “No, we’ll only be there for a couple of days. But I have to read for Ancient Greek Philosophy I.” He sighed.

And, that way, an idea unwittingly loomed up.

She watched the books on his desk. “The Twilight of the Idols,” she said. “What’s that about?”

As he kneeled on the ground fixing his suitcase, he replied, “It’s a crazy, a fucking crazy book by Friederich Nietzsche.”

She chuckled. “Why is it crazy?”

“Well,” he stood up and walked towards her. “He basically destroys everything he can. Every single value you could think about. It’s also called ‘Philosophizing with a hammer’.”

She laughed. “How does he do that?”

Philosophy was one of the topics that he liked the most to talk about, yet she had not expected how much he would do so. He sat on the bed next to her and rested his head on her knees as he spoke. After talking restlessly about Nietzsche, he talked about Schopenhauer—Nietzsche’s biggest influence, he explained. The almost-full suitcase ended up forgotten on the ground.

Even though her initial motivation to ask him about philosophy had been to distract him, she was hooked now on everything he said. He was extremely intelligent. He even went back to the origins of philosophy. He asked her her opinions and if she believed what a certain philosopher said.

"Ah, sorry, I...I think I'm talking too much," he suddenly told her, now sitting cross-legged in front of her.

She gasped. "No, no, it's fine, don't apologize. Talk more." She wondered if someone else had shut him up before while talking about it for him to apologize. She didn't want him to feel bad or guilty about talking about what he loved, no way. He was clearly so happy now. She placed a foot on his shoulder, making him giggle and grab it. "Go on, go on. You've heard me talk about math for hours when I wasn't even your girlfriend. I'm all ears now, help me get wiser!"

Jon chuckled, lay down beside her and went on. More like feeling wiser, she felt like she was learning more about him, what he liked and the way he thought. It had been months since they had met, but they kept on finding out more things about the other, little by little, bringing down walls that seemed to previously separate them.

Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Hume, Locke, Camus, Arendt. Hours went by. She couldn’t even remember which philosopher said what.

““In Ancient Greece lived this guy called Pyrrho. He said that nothing is certain—he doubted absolutely everything. He didn’t even trust his senses. Sometimes they fool you.” He had an elbow on the mattress and his head rested on his hand, looking down at her.

“How?”

“Well, an optical illusion, for example. Or, when you think you’re seeing a fox in the dark and get scared…but it’s actually just a cat. This philosophy’s called Scepticism. But this guy Pyrrho was a madman. He stood on the edge of a cliff and didn’t know for certain he would die if he fell down… because he doubted everything! So every day he was in the brink of death, but luckily had friends who kept him from jumping off cliffs.”
Dany laughed. “Please don’t follow that philosophy.”

Jon laughed back. “I won’t. But their work was incredibly influential for the rest of history. Their message—to not take anything for certain—is basically what philosophy is about now. It’s like, when I was telling you to question those economic theorems when we met,” he chuckled, intertwining his fingers with hers and placing their hands over her chest. “Do you remember?”

She smiled. “Of course I do.”

“Even things that we think are true, certain, might not be so. Take Galileo. Everyone thought the sun revolved around the Earth. It made sense, even scientifically, because everyone looked up at the sky and saw how the sun moved from one side of it to the other. Again, we can’t even trust our senses.”

The moment came when their tones of voice gave their sleepiness away. He laid his head on her shoulder, and she bent her arm to touch his curls and pull them up softly.

“You’re wonderful,” she said softly.

He raised his head and kissed her on the lips. “You are too.” He cuddled next to her, placing a hand on her chest. “And I…am so tired.”

She stretched her arm to grab her phone from the nightstand. It was one am. Time had flown by, Jon’s words had undermined its passing. They turned off the lights, got under the covers and she placed a leg over his hip and hugged his arm. “Hey,” she whispered. “Before we go to sleep…tell me one last philosophy thing.”

He chuckled softly in the dark. “What kind of thing?”

“Something cool. Like the guy who wanted to jump off cliffs.”

He stayed silent for a while, and then said, “I’ll tell you a paradox.” He turned his face to hers. “This sentence is false.” His breath tickled her face.

“Hm?” she placed her fingertips on his beard and moved them softly to his ear.

“This sentence is false. If it really is false, then the sentence is true. But it can’t be true, because it’d also be false. And you, a scientist, know that nothing can be both true and false at the same time. It’s basic logic.”

Her hand stayed still on his warm neck, feeling its movement when he breathed and swallowed. He was amazing. She would never get tired of learning more about him. But most importantly, she had apparently helped to soothe down his anxiety for tomorrow.

Since they had started their sex life, not a day had gone by in which they hadn’t had sex. Either in the morning or at night, they would always find time for it. It was not only for the physical pleasure, it was how meaningful those moments were, how they opened up to the other completely, how they lost their embarrassment and just thought about kissing and embracing and touching and driving the other one over the edge. It was about crashing barriers between them, beating any remaining bits of shyness and nervousness and becoming one. And, of course, it felt damn good.

But tonight, even though there had been no sex, it had felt like one of their best nights together. This was another way that showed how much he had opened up to her.

His voice broke the silence: "Thanks, by the way."
They drove an hour and a half to Dany’s house. Jon tried to calm a pressure in his stomach by breathing deeply. This was a huge step. All the dates and laughs from the start had turned into a relationship, his first relationship. He breathed in silence, trying not to let his anxiety show.

“Rhaegar will cook dinner for us tonight,” she told him, both hands on the steering wheel as she drove. “They’re all excited that I have a boyfriend,” she smiled, and lowered one hand to press Jon’s.

'It's always weird to meet the family,' Tormund had told him. 'It's like saying, 'heelly, I'm the one who's fucking your daughter!'”

Jon scratched his jaw as he looked out at the highway, hoping he could give a better impression than that one.

It was a white and beige house with a small, flowered garden at its entrance in the heart of Dragonstone’s suburbs. Dany rang the doorbell while Jon followed her carrying their suitcases. He breathed deeply. A blonde woman in her late fifties opened the door and gave them a warm smile. She had chubby cheeks and her hair was almost white.

“Mum,” Dany hugged her.

“Hello, love,” she replied, pressing a kiss on her head.

“This is my boyfriend, Jon.”

“Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Targaryen,” Jon extended a hand to her, but she went straight to hug him by the shoulders.

“Call me Rhaella, dear,” she told him. “Dany has told us so many good things about you.”

He smiled, already blushing. Dany placed her hand on his lower back as her brothers walked to the door.

“Rhaegar,” said the tallest one as he firmly shook Jon’s hand. “Nice to meet you. I’m the cook for tonight.”

He had broad shoulders and a square jaw, and his hair was up in a small bun. He was the one Dany talked so much about: the good brother—not the spoiled one—the one who kicked their father out of the house, out of this house.

A slender, dark-skinned woman stood next to him.

“This is Elia, my fiancée,” Rhaegar said, and Jon and Elia shook hands.

“I’m Viserys,” said the thinnest one.

“Nice to meet you,” Jon told him, but got no answer, only a nod. Dany held his waist. Not knowing what to say, he turned to the others and said, “Thank you for having me tonight, or, this weekend. It’s very kind of you.”

He loved finally seeing her actual home, where she had grown up, instead of just the room where she slept in school. In the living room, he stared at pictures of Dany when she was a baby, with Viserys
as a child and Rhaegar as a teenager. He smiled. Rhaella looked like Dany in her youth pictures. Naturally, there was no trace of Aerys in any of the pictures. They looked happy in the pictures, it was hard to imagine family fights behind the smiles in the pictures.

"What are you looking at?" Dany held him from behind and made him jerk in surprise.

He chuckled. "You were so chubby when you were little."

"Yeah," she giggled, hugging him from the waist and resting her face on the corner of his shoulder.

He looked around to see if anyone was around. He stroked her arms with his thumbs and she stood on her toes to give him a small kiss on the lips. She rested her head on his shoulder again.

"My mum looked like me, right?"

"Yeah, or...you look like she did."

"Dany!" her mother shouted from the kitchen. "Come and help, sweetie!"

"Alright," Jon drummed his hands in hers.

She kept on hugging him and he pushed his hips back against hers, making her laugh out loud.

They walked into the kitchen and Jon made an attempt to seem friendly by saying, "Rytsas."

"Ah!" Rhaella exclaimed. "Dany, ao gōntan daor ivestragon īla Jon gīmigon skorkydoso naejot ĭydragon Valyrīha!"

Jon looked at her with wide eyes.

"She said: 'I didn't know Jon knew how to speak Valyrian'," Dany told him. She smiled and held Jon's arms from behind. "Nyke bodmagho zirŷla mirrī angotan."

"She's teaching me a little," Jon just said, clueless about what she had said.

Dany chuckled. "Yes, that's what I just said."

"Well," Rhaegar said as he mixed different vegetables together in a bowl. "It's not easy. Elia here has had a hard time with it."

"Do you speak it well, now?" Jon asked her.

"Not well, but I try my best. Rhaegar's a terrible teacher, though, he always makes fun of me when I make mistakes."

"There are some words that you definitely, definitely need to know," Rhaegar continued. "Like qrugh." Everyone in the room except for Jon laughed out loud. Rhaella hit Rhaegar in the arm with a kitchen towel. "Or qogralbar ao," Rhaegar laughed.

"Rhaegar!" Rhaella said.

Dany laughed while taking some glasses out of a cabinet. She told Jon, "He's saying 'shit' and 'fuck you'."

"Daenerys!" said Rhaella.
"Curse words are the first thing you need to learn in a new language!" Rhaegar laughed. "Dany, I can’t believe you hadn’t taught him that yet."

“I will, I will,” she chuckled. Rhaella shook her head but couldn’t hold back a smile.

So far, they all seemed lovely. Jon helped Dany to set up the table in the dining room and hoped the evening would keep on going well.

“Dany tells me you study Philosophy, she says you’re very smart,” Rhaella told Jon at the table.

Jon smiled, almost blushing, “Well, thank you, Dany,” he said, and made her chuckle.

“What do you plan to do with that?” Viserys asked as he put a shrimp in his mouth.

“I’m not sure yet,” Jon answered. “I really like learning about it so that’s why I chose it as my major.”

"It's really interesting, actually," Dany told her family. "Jon has helped me see the importance of philosophy and critical thinking in different spheres in life, even in the social sciences! Like, economic theory has many assumptions that we don't really question and that aren't too true." Dany kept on telling her family about how rigid economists nowadays seemed to be and how they did not take into account the faults in the theory. "For example, in theory, individuals have well-defined preferences and rational expectations. This means that they know what they want to buy, for example, and that those preferences can’t be changed. But this is not true! If it were, advertising would not be useful, would it? Our preferences and expectations are extremely malleable. But we just don’t question these things, and real life is not that way."

Jon tried to hide his smile as he listened to her. Her mother, a medical doctor, said she trusted the sciences, but admitted they were not perfect and still had a long way to go.

"I think that without critical thinking and without asking ourselves new questions, like in philosophy, we cannot really keep on innovating or improving, for example, economic policies," Dany added.

“Yeah, but, how do you get a job with philosophy?” Viserys asked.

That caught Jon off guard. Dany held her brother's gaze. Before Jon could say anything, though, Rhaegar intervened, "Oh, I'm sure there are various options out there, right?"

He had wanted to save the day, clearly, but had not known what to say.

"Are there?" Viserys asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Viserys, please," Dany said.

And then, under his breath, Viserys said, “It’s just a career that doesn’t give you a job.”

“Viserys!” Rhaella exclaimed. “Where are your manners? Let me remind you that Jon is our guest and I did not raise you to—“

“Yes, mum,” he interrupted, “You do not want me to end up like dad.”

Rhaella gasped. Dany’s hands tensed around her plate. Jon's tummy turned and he was blushing again. He had an abrupt urge to stand up, to leave the table, to go back to school and come back another weekend.
"Jon," Rhaella said, "I'm sorry, dear, just...don't..."

"It's fine," he gave her a smile. It was not her fault and she had been nothing but kind to him.

"Viserys, how old are you, again?" Rhaegar said.

Viserys rolled his eyes and stabbed a shrimp with his fork. He put it in his mouth and chewed while he stared at Dany. Rhaegar continued, "Dany tells me you have many siblings, Jon, do any of them behave like this?"

"Yeah, sometimes...my little brother..." "How old is he?"

"Three."

Rhaegar, Elia, and Dany burst out laughing. Viserys looked at Jon and he dodged his gaze. It had not been smart to start off with the wrong foot with his girlfriend's brother. He closed his hands in fists and rubbed his damp palms with his fingertips.

He cleared his throat. "Anyway, philosophy can be a really good basis for different types of research: sociological, anthropological, even economic."

Dany placed her hand on top of Jon’s. His hand shook slightly, but he tried not to show any reaction to her family.

"I'm sure it can," Elia said. "Besides, where would we be as a society without the contribution of big philosophers?"

"Every great revolutionary movement in history has been based on somebody’s philosophy," Dany agreed. "Every great political leader has to know a ton of philosophy to-"

"So now you want to study Philosophy too?" Viserys interrupted again.

"Why not?" Daenerys asked. Jon held back a smile.

"It’s good that you’re studying what makes you happy, Jon," Rhaella smiled at him. "It’s a privilege few people have."

"Yes," he agreed. "Maybe I could have another major besides this one, but at the moment I’m happy with it."

"That’s what matters," Rhaella replied.

After cleaning everything up, Viserys said, "So, Jon, if you go upstairs the guest room is the second door on the left for you to stay there."

Dany frowned and shot a terrible gaze at him, one Jon had never seen on her before. His body tensed. He did not want to do this again, not when it had been so difficult to have a decent conversation with her family after Viserys humiliated him at the table.

"Oh, it’s okay, I’ll get my suitcase," Jon said.

Rhaegar gave him a pat on the shoulder. "No, mate, he’s kidding. You’ll stay in Dany’s room, of course. She’s twenty, not twelve."
Rhaella put her hands together awkwardly. "Why don't we drive down to the pier tomorrow? And maybe have something to eat there next to the sea?"

"Sounds lovely," Jon smiled.

Dany held his arm gently. "Yes, that would be nice. You have to see all the pretty views in Dragonstone."

Rhaella nodded. Another moment of silence filled the room.

“It’s getting late,” Dany said. “Thanks for the dinner, Rhaegar, it was lovely. But it’s been a really long day and we need to sleep.”

“Of course,” Rhaella said. “Show Jon around and have a good night, love.”

Jon was relieved when they said goodnight. It had seemed like dinner would never end. His armpits were damp when they had stood up from the table. How was Viserys going to act with him for the rest of the weekend? Making that joke about his little brother had been stupid. He should have kept his mouth shut.

They went upstairs and Rhaegar and Elia left to their house. Dany led him into her bedroom and closed the door behind her. She hugged him around the waist right away. Finally, they were alone. He exhaled in relief. He held her tightly by the shoulders. She kissed his neck. In a low voice, she said, “I’m sorry, Jon.”

He shook his head. “Don’t worry, it’s nothing.”

“It isn’t fair, though. I wish he could shut up for more than ten minutes.”

“Hey, it’s okay. It’s not the first time somebody’s told me that.” It was a lie, though. While his parents had expressed a fear of him pursuing that career, no one had ever told him in his face that he wouldn’t get a job with philosophy. He knew many people thought so, Viserys was only the first one to say it out loud. "And the rest of your family's lovely."

She let go of him and pressed a kiss to his lips as she ran her hands up and down the sides of his torso. “Let’s just get ready to go to bed,” she said. “If you want to shower now, the bathroom is the first door on the right.”

Jon pondered on it but shook his head. “I’ll shower in the morning.”

He usually showered at night, but the thought of running into Viserys as he left her bedroom haunted him. He’d rather stay here with her for now. He felt sheltered in her bedroom, just the two of them locked away from his anxiety. He felt more comfortable with her than with anyone else. Such thought made him smile to himself as he took off his shirt. She used to make him nervous all the time. His hands used to get sweaty and his heart beat crazily and his stomach tingled before every date with her. But now, being alone with her, sheltered from the rest, did nothing but calm him down.

As he changed his clothes, she stroked his bare back with her fingertips and then scratched his buttccheek playfully, making him laugh out loud. Despite it all, Dany seemed happy that Jon was finally in her house. Now he felt more like her boyfriend than before: meeting her family, staying in her house, seeing her lifelong bedroom with her stuffed animals, her Lord of the Rings poster and a bookshelf full of books. He felt a rush of excitement about being in her actual room. He dropped himself on the bed next to her, only with his boxers on, and hugged her head with an arm to kiss her lips. She held him by his bare waist and pressed herself against him. It felt good to be here.
“So,” Dany said while they were brushing their teeth, “Rhaegar and Elia are getting married at the end of the year.”

“That’s nice,” Jon mumbled while he brushed his teeth. He had strategically chosen to brush his teeth at the same time as her to not leave her room on his own.

Dany took her toothbrush out of her mouth and said, “Will you come with me? To the wedding? I don’t even know if I should ask you this, you’re my boyfriend, you’re automatically invited.” Jon smiled and kissed her lips, full of toothpaste. “Ew!”

“Of course I will. Thank you.”

Dany planted a wet, toothpaste-full kiss on his cheek and made him groan. “Come on! I already washed my face!” he said, and made her laugh out loud.

When they went back into her bedroom, she got into bed right away. He looked for his phone around the room, his mother was probably asking him how was everything going at Dragonstone.

“Fuck,” he said under his breath, remembering he had left it on the living room.

He walked out of the room. All the lights were turned off already. At least that meant that he wouldn’t run into Viserys again.

“You don’t want me to end up like dad,’ he had said. As Jon walked into the corridor, he could not help remembering everything Dany had told him about Aerys. It was in this corridor where he had dragged Rhaegar by the arm. Jon pictured the moment without wanting to. He kept on walking and stopped at the top of the staircase, where Aerys had hit Rhaella and made her fall down. He walked down those stairs, trying to avoid the thoughts of the suffering this family had to go through. He was relieved Dany did not go through any of this. He would never want her to go through anything like this.

Where could he have broken Rhaella’s arm in front of their kids? He wondered as he picked his phone up from the couch downstairs. In the dark, he tried to see once more a photograph of Dany as a toddler, which made him smile.

“They all made sure I grew up happy,’ she had told him.

‘Even Viserys?’

‘Even Viserys.’

He rushed back upstairs and got into her bedroom. He could only see her hair as her whole body was curled up under the covers. He left his phone on her night table and got under the covers. He held her hand between their bodies. She hummed and closed the space between them. He caressed her side, gently and silently as a way of telling her that he would always be good to her. He would never even be close to the way her father had been. He hoped she didn’t doubt that.

Was it enough, though? Was a caress enough to make her understand? Sometimes acts felt more powerful than words, at least for him, who didn’t have such an easy time with words. She wanted her and her entire family to know they didn’t have to be afraid.

He pondered on it as he listened to both their breathings in the dark room. He tried to find the right words to say to make her understand, the right words for her to believe him. The room was so quiet that even speaking in a low voice would seem loud. So, he whispered, “I’ll never hurt you. I
promise,” but only got her even breathing for an answer. “Dany?”

She moved her head, and in a tiny voice said, “Huh?”

“Nothing, I…I think I'm talking in my sleep,” he chuckled quietly, preferring not to wake her up if she usually had such a hard time falling asleep.

Dany hummed and placed a hand on his neck. They usually cuddled before going to sleep but eventually ended up on their own side of the bed, separate and in different positions. But tonight, he felt like holding her for a longer while. He knew that saying those words to her would not be enough. He would have to prove them.

Chapter End Notes

I know “Ancient Greece” doesn’t exist in Planetos but i don't wanna say Epicurus, Plato, etc. were from Slaver’s Bay or something lol. Sorry for the incoherences! Thank you again for reading and please tell me what you think!
“Dany, please,” Jon said as he and Dany walked out of the school’s cafeteria. “You did not come last weekend to visit my family because you had to study. Everyone’s asking about you, even Rickon! They all want to meet you.” They had finished having lunch with Dany’s friends, Arianne and Myrcella, and, once again, the topic about them spending the weekend with the Starks came up.

“I’m sorry, I’ll try to go next time,” Dany told him. She didn't want his family to think she didn’t want to meet them, but preferred to spend the weekend studying.

“I’ve already been to your house twice.”

“I’ll try to go next time,” she repeated, looking at the floor. "I had to study.”

“And today, you also have to study.”

“Yes, I…” she said, and Jon put his hand on his head.

“I also study, you know. But you get so stressed about it, it's not doing you good. I mean, studying is not my priority over everything else.”

“N-No,” she mumbled. “It's not, but...Look, I’ll spend the evening studying by myself and I’ll go back to your place at night. I’ll spend the night there.”

He sighed. “So you’ll just come to sleep? Why don’t you come and study in my place?”

“I have more distractions there, I don’t know. I’ll go at night.”

“I don’t want to be with you just to sleep with you!” he told her, and his expression evidenced he had noticed he had raised his voice too much.

"Don't talk to me in that tone," she said in a stronger voice, looking around.

“You know what, just study. But I don’t know why suddenly you’ve got a shitload to study. The past months have not been like this. We barely see each other now.”

“And in the past months my grades have not been too good!” she exclaimed. He was getting on her nerves.

“I don’t care if you have good or bad grades!”

“But I do!” she raised her voice, and shut her mouth tightly to hold herself back from shouting at him for being this inconsiderate with her.

“Just go,” Jon said, annoyed. “I’ll see you around.”

Her hands closed into fists. How dare he end this conversation like that? She walked past him aggressively and left at a fast pace, in a race to arrive at her dorm before her tears fell down. She did not want to cry about this, though. Not when she was supposed to study all evening.

She ran up the stairs to her room and threw the door behind her.
“Whoah,” Missandei said, making a bag of clothes to go to the gym. “Everything all right?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dany dismissed her. “I gotta study.”

“Seriously, do you want to talk?”

“I gotta study, Missandei!” Dany raised her voice and regretted it instantly. She was just being nice to her. “Sorry.” She sighed. “It’s Jon. It bothers him that I spend so much time studying, and it bothers me that it bothers him. Can’t believe he gets angry because I worry about my future.”

“Why does he get angry, though?” Missandei asked.

"Because I don't have enough time to spend with him... or to visit his family in Winterfell."

“Well, balancing study time with boyfriend time is always a pain in the ass,” Missandei said. Dany sighed. "But I do think you stress way too much about your grades, and anyone who’s close to you can definitely tell."

Dany rolled her eyes. The last thing she needed was another person telling her so. "I guess. Well. I gotta study now," she said, pointing the end of the conversation.

“Take a nap before studying if you can, you look tired as hell, and talk to Jon later. Ask him why it bothers him so much.”

She did want to know why it bothered him so much. He didn't get angry often, why was he acting this way now?

Missandei left Dany sitting at her desk and went to her aerobics class. She opened her book. It was difficult to focus now, but she already knew most of what she was reading: the wars, the dates, the battles, the names, the causes and the consequences. She had always been a fast learner, but she wanted to review it one more time, and one more time. Just to make sure she got it right. She thought about Jon. He probably hadn't calmed down yet. Should she go see him anyway? She checked her phone, no texts or missed calls from him. No, she would not go yet.

She tried in vain to take a nap. She kept on picturing what she would tell Jon at night: that studying had always been important to her, that he is also important to her, that she doesn’t want him to be angry, that she would go to see his family next weekend...But she remembered the test she had failed weeks ago, it had made her feel like a failure, so spending too much time with Jon instead of studying filled her with guilt. Her head throbbed, her face was hot and her eyes were starting to water.

As for Jon, he studied what he considered was enough. He didn't get the best grades, but they were alright. He knew plenty about philosophy anyway, no one would doubt his intelligence. Was that a flaw in him? Maybe it was a virtue to be in such control of his emotions to not care about his grades as much as she did. Maybe she wanted to care a little less about her grades as well, to free herself from that consuming anxiety at night, when she felt obligated to get a high mark. Obligated by whom, though?

Maybe she could go to his house over the weekend and meet his family, as they probably thought it was weird she hadn’t visited yet. She could study on Sunday night. Maybe she could go there and instead of getting the highest mark, she could get the second to highest. She laughed, maybe the third. It was not like she would fail for him, or choose him over school, but she would need to reset her priorities.

She wasn’t going to wait for him to show up. She would go see him at night. But first, she should
She knocked on his door and Robb opened it.

“Dany!” he greeted her. “Come in.”

She smiled and walked in. Jon was sitting in the living room using his laptop and Robb sat back on the free couch. Jon looked up at her.

“How was your day?”

“I didn’t get much time to read,” she said, leaning her back on the door. “I was preparing for my exam next week.”

“Don’t worry,” Jon told her. “You have plenty of time.”

Her face heat up again. She wanted to remain calm, though, to make him understand.

“Can we go to your room?”

Jon stared at the floor and finally stood up. He walked to his room and she followed him, closing the door behind her.

“Tell me,” he said.

The first thing she wanted to tell him was how upset she was for his selfishness, his lack of empathy towards her, and for talking to her in such a tone earlier that day and for that attitude he had just had in front of Robb. But again, she bit her tongue.

“Jon, just listen,” she said, leaning her back on the door. “I don’t want my academic life to be an impediment for us. It’s just that my grades have not been too good lately.”

Jon nodded. He was probably expecting she would arrive to argue more.

“Why are they so important to you?” he asked her, sitting on the edge of his bed.

“I don’t know,” she sighed. “But I’m used to it. Maybe it will be easier to get a good job with those grades in the future, maybe it’s pride...” she confessed, pressing her hands together. “But, Jon, why does it bother you so much?”

Jon exhaled. “I just don’t want you to miss out on life because you want to be locked up studying.”

“No, it’s...it’s fine, really,” she said in a quavering voice.

“Is it?” he asked.

“I...it’s," she mumbled, looking at the roof in thought. She was just looking for words to justify herself.

“Look,” he said softly. “I’m not asking you to be lazy... but why are you so stressed out about this? Is it what your family expects of you?”

“No!” she replied. ”No, no.”
"Do you need good marks to reassure yourself that you’re smart?"

"No!" she raised her voice, hoping Robb wasn't listening, yet she couldn't stop. "No, no, no!"

Tears threatened to slink out. Her mother had never demanded her to have the best grades growing up, but she had talked to Dany many times about the importance of being an independent woman, and of a good job to be independent, and the importance of a good education for a good job. Her mother had studied medicine, one of the most demanding careers there was, while being a mother. It was all for her children, she said. It had been a huge sacrifice of time and energy for them. A sacrifice, Dany pondered, the strength of the word lay on her mother's love for her family. Something that had taken a sacrifice should not be taken for granted nor overlooked, in Dany's opinion. In what better way could she give back to her mother if not by being the best she could be? Proving her that her sacrifice had not only been worth it but had an explicit benefit? A grade was a written proof that her daughter was intelligent, that she could have a good job, that she would not walk the same steps as she had and be stuck with a man who hurt her. When she got home, her mother was always happy that she had such an intelligent daughter. Jon was right though, it now mattered too much. It mattered so much that she couldn’t even sleep or meet her boyfriend's family, even though they had been together for months. Just the memory of a failed test was enough to push tears out of her eyes.

"You said you did not care about my grades," she said, remembering why she had gotten so upset. "And I have not liked the way you have talked to me today."

"I did not say...I did not mean it like that," Jon told her. "I meant that I'm okay if you have good grades or bad grades or okay grades." She nodded. "Sorry about that," he said in a quieter voice.

"This has always been important to me," she said, standing still before him. “I will try, I promise you I will, to spend more time with you as before, to go to visit your family...But it won’t change drastically from one day to another, because this is how I've always been,” she sighed, “but I know it’s not doing me any good.”

This was not how she wanted to spend her life. A teardrop fell down. She felt Jon staring at it. He extended his arm to her and when she took it, he guided her to sit on his lap.

"I know it’s important to you,” he told her. “You are the most intelligent person I know. You don’t have to prove it all the time. Not to teachers, not to your mum, not to yourself.”

And now she was really crying. Why did that make her cry so much? Why was she always desperate for a good grade?

"It’s just like you..." she said in a quavering voice. "When you have an oral presentation and can’t sleep the previous night because of how anxious you are."

He stroked her hair all the way down her back while she sobbed in her hands. She wasn’t sure what was she crying about, but kept on doing so anyway.

She felt the flat’s front door open and close, Robb had probably heard her and decided to leave them alone. She felt embarrassed. Another feeling.

Jon hugged her tighter and, in a low voice, asked her, “Did you finish studying today?”

“Kind of,” she breathed, her chin trembled. Her knees were pressing her hands hard between them.

“Do you want me to walk you back to your dorm?” She shook her head. “Do you want to stay?” he asked as he took the damp hairs off her face. She nodded.
She always kept extra clothes in his flat, so she took her pajamas out of his drawer.

He tucked himself under the covers with his back to her as she took off her clothes, instead of watching her like he always did. She tucked herself into bed, but they both remained separate. He turned moments later, hugging her tightly from behind. She shivered slightly at the unexpected contact. He pressed her back against his chest. Her head ached from crying. She was wide awake, as most nights, and by his tight grip, she could tell he was too. Their breathings were the only sound in the stillness of his room. He forgave her. Or she forgave him. She did not even understand whose fault it was. She was not going to talk. He kept pressing his arms around her until he slowly fell asleep, naturally turning to his side.

Grades were just a number, but Jon didn't understand how uplifting a high number could be for her. They sent an adrenaline rush through her body when she scored a perfect mark. *Do you need good marks to reassure yourself that you're smart?* Such a question had pissed her off. She had even felt offended by it and had pushed it away as soon as it reached her ears. But now, it crept back in and she couldn't kick it out. She measured her worth with those numbers, didn’t she? She hated her other imperfections, and she feared she would fail in life and end up as her mother had. If she worked hard, she would succeed. If she succeeded, she was valuable. If her value was conditioned. She wasn't valuable, only her actions. She was moody, sensitive, scared, immature, confused...she could go on for the whole night. At least a tangible validation, even though external, could compensate. But that compensation only lasted for brief moments after she got those perfect marks. Then, it went away. She was glad she met Jon while showing off her intelligence, that the first impression he had of her was of professor Barristan telling him she was the best of his class. In turn, she had mistakenly thought her grades were what made Jon fall in love with her. Her value rested in them, and if she was valuable, she was worthy of love. But Jon had told her he did not care about her grades. It had angered her: how could he not love her main source of value? Even though his tone had not been the best one, it now felt slightly liberating. There was more to her that was worthy of love.

Nightmares filled her sleep that night. She and Jon were arguing in her kitchen in Dragonstone. He was complaining about being there instead of Dany being at Winterfell with him.

"Next weekend," she cried, "next weekend."

"You ALWAYS say next weekend!" he shouted.

If this were real life and she were awake, she would have probably retorted or demanded him to lower his tone with her. But here she only cried, helpless.

"Yes," she cried, "but now I mean it."

"YOU'RE A LIAR!" he shouted. His face reflected a fit of anger she had never seen on him.

"N-no," she moaned.

"YES. Yes you are! Always talking bullshit!" He pushed her against the kitchen counter.

"Stop," she just cried. "Rhaegar!"

"Rhaegar is not here," Jon said. "He's not here to save you like he saved your mummy."

"Why are you doing this?!" she asked.

"Why?" he laughed. "'Cause you're a lying, selfish, bitch, that's why!"

She raised her arm to slap him but he caught her wrist in the air, turning it to a side. It hurt like a
broken arm in real life. The pain woke her up, breathing loudly, with damp cheeks and forehead. She sat up and wept in the dark, unable to lower her volume. Jon jerked awake, turned on his night lamp and raised a hand to touch her. She ducked it in a reflex. He sat up right away.

"Dany," he hugged her. She was brought back to reality and hugged him back. "What's wrong?"

She sniffed. "Nothing, nothing, just a nightmare."

She tried to slow down her breathing while he held her tightly. When he let go of her, he cupped her cheeks and wiped her tears with his thumb. She felt like a kid again, when she dreamt about her father beating her mother in the kitchen, pushing her down the stairs and pulling her around by the hair. She felt stupid, Jon had never shown a bit of aggressiveness to her. He was such a calm and composed person. It had been a shock, perhaps, to see him angry for the first time that day.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"No," she said.

"Sometimes...sometimes talking about a nightmare helps you acknowledge that it isn't real and...its lack of sense."

Dany nodded. "It's fine. Don't worry. It was stupid."

"You sure?" he asked.

She nodded. He held her face again and pressed a kiss to her forehead. They got under the covers and he hugged her by the stomach. She placed her hand on his curls.

"If it was a shark or a lion chasing you, they can't get in here," he said quietly. "And if it was a thief or a killer, I'll fuck them up if they come around."

Dany chuckled. He probably didn't even know how to fight.

"Hey, one question." She said quietly. "Do you...see me as...a confident person?" Perhaps if she had to ask that to someone else, she really wasn't that confident.

"Of course you are. Watch yourself in a social situation. You talk to others so easily. I wish I could be half as confident as you are."

She frowned. "I think I'm just trying to impress others."

"Hm?"

"I think...I talk a lot to try to impress them," to get external validation, she wanted to say, but felt too embarrassed to do so.

"You're great, Dany. You are. You don't need to make an effort to impress anyone."

They were soothing words, but, once again, it was someone else reassuring this to her. Undoubtedly, some issues she had been hiding were starting to bloom to the surface.
So, Jon is finally a little more capable (or less nervous) to express his feelings and well, so is Dany.

You might have noticed that both Dany and Jon struggle with self-worth/self-love in their own way. This is a crucial topic here. A relationship is about mutual love and respect, yes, but it's also about two whole people, so their own individual issues always affect the relationship. Can disliking oneself affect the dynamic of a relationship? Could it be only attachment instead of love? Why?

But aren't we all imperfect? Don't we all have our flaws? Don't we all struggle with self-worth issues on some degree?

Yes, we do. But in my view, which will be further expressed throughout this entire story, a healthy relationship is one where both partners help each other grow. They're not each other's savior, but a push for the other to find out how to grow and be strong enough to do so. I'll shut up now, I won't give much away, you gotta keep on reading :D

Another important subject I'm introducing here is conflict, it will come up every once in a while. The question to keep in mind is: does love require the absence of conflict? Let's keep on exploring this.

Next up: porn
Parties and social gatherings were always a source of anxiety for Jon. When he had to go to one—like a friend’s birthday party—he asked Dany to go with him to feel safer. He sat or stood next to her all night. Like an anchor, she held him back from panicking when he didn’t know who to talk to or how to continue a conversation.

She was much more outgoing than he was, though, and her friends always texted her to go out.

“Do you want to come with me?” she asked him every time. The answer was never simple. On the one hand, no, he would get anxious, so sometimes he stayed at his place. But on the other hand, he wanted to be with her, wanted to be a good boyfriend, and, he couldn’t deny there was a bit of jealousy in him, or insecurity—or was insecurity always behind jealousy?—about other guys' intentions with her. He’d rather be with her in those situations. But…he didn’t really want to be there.

Going reluctantly, then, usually sparked questions in the middle of the night like: “Can we go home now?”

“This early? Are you sure you can't stay for another hour?”

"Please, you have no idea how slowly an hour can pass."

She understood. Sometimes, she gave in and they left. But other times, she insisted she still wanted to stay. “If you want to leave, you can leave.”

Sometimes he left on his own and arrived home to lay anxiously in his bed until she arrived. Other times, he drank more alcohol to be able to endure more hours at the party.

It seemed so easy for her. Every time they went out, she talked and laughed and danced and sang to almost every song. She didn’t consider herself to be as outgoing as her best friends but she did like to go out to drink and dance with them…in which she differed a bit from Jon. He liked to go out for drinks with his friends but wouldn't willingly go to clubs. He was terrible at dancing, and parties usually demanded him to interact with people he didn't know. He only did it to hang out with Dany sometimes. She always told him she appreciated his effort of coming along anyway, especially when he was just standing or sitting next to her at a house party while she talked to someone else, not knowing what to say, and occasionally dropping a comment in the conversation. Dany always helped him out, giving him a queue to intervene in conversations with others.

'What's your name?' she could easily ask someone sitting or standing next to her at a gathering.

It was uncommon for people to do that. Most people waited for someone else to introduce them instead of starting a conversation by themselves. But people always replied to her with a smile and
willingness to chat.

They went to Tormund's place for his birthday. Before going to a club, they were going to do the pre-drinks at his house. He had managed to fit around twenty people in his living room, pushing tables and couches against the walls. Dany had finished talking with a girl she had just met when Jon asked her, “How can you do that?”

“No what?”

“Talk to people like that, start conversations like that.”

She shrugged. “I don’t see why not.” Jon stared at her, waiting for a longer explanation. “People want to meet other people, but often they don’t ’cause they fear what the other would think of them when they make the first move.”

“I don’t know,” Jon smiled. “I think it’s a bit…embarrassing? Maybe?”

“But you talked to me first,” she smiled, holding his fingers.

“I…was so nervous. But just went for it, you know. It was either that or failing the class.”

“There’s nothing to get nervous about, really.” She pulled him by the hand and walked into the kitchen with him. “Let’s get another drink.”

“But wouldn’t you think…that a guy would seem like a creep if he talked to you first?” he asked, leaning back against the kitchen counter.

“Well, it depends on what he’d say and how he'd say it,” she said, taking two cups and pouring gin in them. She cleared her throat and did her manliest voice possible: “I've been watching you all night and just can’t stop thinking about you. Please, dance with me. That is creepy.”

Jon laughed out loud. “Has someone actually said that to you?”

Dany laughed and nodded, serving tonic water in their glasses. “You wouldn’t believe.” She did her manly voice again, handing him a glass and said, “You have sweeeet breasts!”

“No way!” He widened his eyes, frowning in anger.

“That's just wrong, even offensive. But if you approach someone in a friendly way, there’s no problem,” she said.

He scratched the nape of his neck, thoughtful, and took a sip of his drink.

“Okay, look, let’s see who isn’t talking to anybody right now,” she said, pulling him to stand beside her at the door of the kitchen, looking around the place. “That girl.” Jon stayed silent waiting for an explanation. “Go say something, I’ll go with you.”

“No! She’ll think I’m hitting on her.”

Dany sighed. “No! It’s not like that…okay, a guy then.”

“He’d also think I’m trying to hit on him.”

“Jon!” Dany laughed. “No! Meeting someone doesn’t mean you want to get laid with them!”

“I know but…what if they think so?”
Dany shook her head. "No one’s gonna look at you like a weirdo if you talk to them first. They might get surprised, but that’s it.” Jon sighed, putting his hand in his pants pocket. “Look, if someone comes up at a gathering and tells you ‘hi, what’s your name?’, would you think ‘Umm…what the hell is wrong with them?’”

He pursed his lips in thought. “No. I would think that they’re…nice, not weird.”

"Come on,” she smiled, “Go talk to someone. A guy or a girl.” Jon looked down at the floor, shaking his head. “You can do it, it’s not that bad.”

He stayed silent and walked back into the kitchen. She followed him and pressed a kiss on his lips, caressing his cheek. “What’s the worst thing that could happen?”

He breathed. “And what do I say? ‘Hi, what’s your name?’”

“Oh, there are plenty of things you can say first to somebody,” she said. “‘You’re a friend of Tormund’s?’, ‘You’re also at WU?’ Anything.”

He nodded, taking a big gulp of his drink to soothe his nerves.

A big and muscular guy, slightly intimidating, walked into the kitchen, searching for something over the counter. Dany hit Jon with her elbow softly, but he shook his head at her.

“Do you guys know where’s the beer bottle opener?” the guy asked them.

“Uh, yeah,” Jon said and opened a drawer behind him. He took it out and handed it to him.

“Thanks,” he replied, and opened the lid of his bottle.

Jon could feel Dany's gaze on him. He swallowed hard and asked, “You’re also a friend of Tormund’s?”

The guy said, “Yeah, we’re together on the rowing team. You’re also at WU?”

“Yeah,” said Jon. “We go way back though, we’ve been friends since high school.”

“You’ve kept up with him for a while, then,” he joked, making Jon and Dany laugh.

“I’m Jon, by the way, this is my girlfriend, Daenerys.”

“Berric. Nice to meet you. Should we go get Tormund drunk, then? We have a surprise for him with the team.”

The rest of the team walked into the flat with a funnel, and Berric asked Jon to help him hold Tormund still while the rest of the guys poured a set of beer cans in the funnel and Tormund drank it all, shutting his eyes hard. People around laughed and cheered, Dany stood in the first row, laughing while she looked at Jon, holding both their glasses in her hands.

Dany met up with her friends at the club. She sang and danced with them, she even sang and danced with people whom she was just meeting that night. Jon could only feel comfortable enough to dance when he was with her, but not much when too many people were watching. However, drinking did loosen him up, and he had drunk a fair amount at Tormund’s place. As it was his friend's party, he drank to be able to stay there for long.

“I don’t love electronic music, but the good thing about it,” she told him against his ear, “is that
there's no right way to dance it, so just do whatever the fuck you want.”

She grabbed his hands and swung his arms both ways, moved her legs from side to side or moved her head as she bounced on her place as he tried to follow her.

He left her dancing with her friends for a while to go for a drink. He leaned back against the bar as he drank, looking around until he made eye contact with her and waved at her. She walked up to him, dancing, hugged him by the neck and swayed her hips from side to side with a grin. He held her hips, grinning, and tried to clumsily move from side to side like her.

“Are you drunk?” she asked, probably smelling the alcohol in his mouth.

“A bit.”

He kept moving his hips and feet from side to side, while Dany held him by the hands, moving them from one side to the other. She turned around, raising their hands, and pressed her back against his chest and her hips against his, moving them. His arms held her around the waist, and he tried to move his hips like she was. She grinned, turning her head and kissing his lips, touching his jaw with her fingertips while she pushed her tongue into his mouth.

When they got drunk and danced, looking at each other in the dark with the colorful moving lights and the music pumping in their ears, it wasn't difficult to make out and get turned on while their bodies were against each other. She had always told him she hated to be sexual or cheesy in public. Every time they saw a couple making out in school, the subway or the bus, she would turn to look at him with an exaggerated face of disgust that never failed to make him laugh. However, the alcohol in their bodies made parties the exception.

“Let’s go down,” she smiled against his mouth.

“What?” he said, and she pushed his hips down as she moved them. “No, I can’t,” he said.

“Yes, you can. You’re drunk,” she laughed, and kept pushing her arse down against his bulge, sitting down on him. “To the floor!”

They kept going down as he laughed and groaned. “I don’t have that much strength in my legs.”

Dany kept her body against his as they stood back up. He held her by the hip bones as she continued moving her hips against his, turning him on more and more.

When they were initially going out, long before they had started their sex life, she used to take him to parties sometimes. He could not deny he had fun with her: trying to dance and holding her by waist against him and kissing her hungrily. Those were the moments when it was extremely difficult to help himself, when he wanted to let go of every anxiety he had, take her home with him and get as physical as they could be.

One of the first times they had partied together, Jon had asked her, "Did you kiss many guys at clubs before we were going out?"

"Only the ones worth kissing," she replied, her mouth against his ear, laughing.

"I don't even want to picture you kissing other guys," he said. “How many?”

“How many what?”
“How many guys have you kissed at parties? Just wondering.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “No idea. I didn’t even keep count. How many girls have you kissed at parties?”

Jon threw his head back with a smile and then said, “One.”

“One?!”

“I was…drunk,” he said. “She’s the only girl I’d ever kissed before you.”

“How did that happen? Was she pretty? Was she also blonde?”

He laughed. “She was a redhead.”

She took him to the side of the party, next to the restrooms where the music was not as loud.

"It was at Grenn’s birthday party. Sixteen years old, I was the only one of my friends who had never kissed anyone and…they knew that too well. She started dancing with me, or…dancing while I tried to dance. She got closer and closer as we danced and all the boys were around us smiling and giving me the thumbs up. Too much pressure. So, we kissed,” he said, and then repeated, “Too much pressure.”

She gave him a sad smile and held his hand between them. “But did you like it?”

“I was a bit disappointed, to be honest. I imagined first kisses a bit better than that.”

He put his mouth against her ear once again and said, “They were telling me to take her home. It’s horrible, you know. Between guys. Too much pressure to have sex.”

She cupped his cheek in her hand and kissed the opposite one. “No one should pressure you to have sex.”

He only smiled, and kissed her lips once more. It was obvious she meant what she was saying. At that time, even as he looked down at her, at her cleavage, holding her waist, he was still frightened about sex.

And now, at Tormund's birthday, months later, with a burning new sex life, they were partying together again, making out while Jon rested his back against the bar and Dany stood against him with her fingers on his neck. He was holding her by the waist, keeping her hips close to his, wanting desperately to squeeze her buttocks in those shorts she was wearing. She had her mouth open wide against his as he caressed her lower back with his fingertips. They could easily forget that they were surrounded by people, their friends included.

And so, it got to the point when the kiss got too hungry, too sexual to continue in public, and Dany, with a hand on his hipbone under his shirt, proposed to go home that early. To which he responded, "Yes! Thank you, finally. I'm so horny."

She only laughed and he finished his drink quickly to leave after her. They usually tried to avoid saying goodbye to their friends who were obviously going to give them the funny looks which meant "we know you're gonna fuck", but at least he said goodbye to Tormund on his birthday. He had drank to be able to spend endure more time at the party, but it ended up helping increase his arousal and wanting to leave anyway, although, for other reasons now.
Sitting next to each other in the subway, Jon had his hand on Dany's inner thigh, while her leg bounced up and down in an eagerness to get home. He was trying his best not to kiss her as they sat next to each other, leg to leg and shoulder to shoulder. He looked around to check there was no one around and slowly stroked her inner thigh with his fingers. She pressed her mouth against his ear and told him, “Tonight, I want you to fuck me as hard as you can.”

He breathed deeply next to her, trying to control the arousal that traveled through his whole body. He looked around them once more, and moved his fingers up her thigh, slipping them under her white shorts, not to finger her but to only touch her a little bit, to feel her warm cunt, dying from anticipation for getting home.

“Oh my God,” she laughed in a whisper, “Jon,” and covered his hand with her small purse, even though nobody was close enough to see.

They rushed to his flat, opening the door of the building and running up the stairs, not an easy task when the alcohol was still too present in his body. After closing the door, Jon pushed Dany against it and kissed her passionately while he took off his belt and lowered his pants to the floor. They breathed hard into each other’s mouths between their kisses, their bodies were desperate to unite. The good thing about weekends was that Robb was always out all night so they would not have to control the volume. She unzipped her shorts and dropped them to the floor, looking down as he took his cock out of his underwear.

“Take me here,” she breathed, pressing her clit up and down quickly. “I can't wait till the bedroom. Fuck me here.”

It was a great start for a wild night, if it weren't for Jon's inability to stay hard. Dany had laughed at first, but then got desperate when she stroked him in vain, while he looked down at his cock, cursing. He had drunk too much for their own good. But he didn't stop. He pressed several kisses to her lips and grabbed one of her breasts in her hand. She had been so horny and eager to arrive home for sex, they had rushed to his flat and had left all their friends at the club. How could he leave her like that? He pushed his tongue further into her mouth and took his fingers to her cunt, pressing her clit and making her gasp in surprise.

She hummed deliciously and let out a laugh. "You're gonna go on?"

“You’re too wet to stop.”

He moved his fingers along her cunt until he pushed them into her hole. Dany’s body tensed as she hugged him close by the neck with her face on his shoulder while he curled his fingers inside her. She moaned and opened her mouth wide against her neck, closing her teeth against it. He turned his head to kiss her ear, hugging her by the waist with one hand while he fingered her with the other. She raised one leg, trying to hug hips hip with it to give his fingers a better entrance, but she could not keep balance, especially with alcohol in her body. He let go of her waist and held her jaw again to kiss her on the mouth, and gently pushed her head against the door.

And just like that, refusing to let her pleasure stop, Jon kneeled down to face her cunt, opened her outer folds and left kisses between them, dampening his lips and taking his tongue out to slowly lick her clit from bottom to top. Her folds contracted as soon as his tongue made the first contact, and her hoarse moans filled the room. She shut her eyes hard and frowned, her body arched backward and her hands held Jon’s curls. Besides her loud breathing and moans, the only sound audible was the one of his wet kisses and lips against the dampest part of her body.

“You don’t have to do this,” she breathed.
"I want to," he replied, and went back to lick all he could.

She let out a breathless laugh. "You are," she moaned, "full of surprises."

His fingers penetrated her once more while his tongue remained on her clit. He held her hipbone with one hand as she bucked her hips towards his face, her walls clenching and expanding around his fingers. He held her folds open and turned his head to the side to catch her clit between his lips, pulling it slowly between them. She breathed hard, cursing and trembling, bucking her hips to his face uncontrollably. Her liquids kept on dripping on his fingers and dampening the surroundings of his mouth, until he decided to stand up and take her to the bed for her to lie back and relax, as he was determined to go on. He leaned down over her to give her a wet kiss on the lips, making her laugh and pass her hand over his mouth, drying it, before giving him another deep kiss.

He caressed her head and asked her. "Do you like it?"

She nodded, breathing.

"Do you want me to go on?"

"Please," she breathed.

And so, he passed his arms below her thighs to get a grip on them as he stuck his face once more between her legs. He pointed his tongue and flicked her clit from one side to the other. She cried out and her hands closed around his curls.

"There," she breathed, "stay there. For a little while."

He did so. He kept on flicking his tongue at different points of her clit. Her thighs were shaking slightly. Dany caressed the side of his head as he kept on eating her out. Would she like it if he penetrated her with his tongue? He left her clit, swallowed hard, and pushed his pointed tongue into her hole. Her walls pressed it, and he pulled it out and stuck it back in, but she only breathed and held his head.

He let go. "Do you like it?"

"It feels better on the clit."

He nodded and softly bit her clit with his teeth and pulled it up.

A hoarse sound left her mouth, which made them both laugh.

"You caught me off guard," she laughed.

He pressed a soft kiss on her clit and licked it from bottom to top. His tongue stayed there, exploring its different points and moving in different ways, while he stuck his fingers inside her and curled them. Her hips bucked to him, her loud breathing filled the room and expanded and lowered her belly deeply, and it wasn't long until her muscles tensed, until she stretched her legs and curled them back up, unsure of what to do with them, and held his head close and arched her back as she moaned harder than he had ever heard her, the type of moans that only seemed to exist in porn videos. He quickened his fingers and pushed his tongue more fiercely against her clit, increasing the volume of her moans, until her liquids slinked out loose.

He sat up when it all ended, and held her by the hand as he took it to his face and kissed it while she lay down with her eyes closed, regaining her strength and calming down her breathing.
“You’re okay?” he asked.

She laughed weakly. “Better than okay.”

He smiled, leaning down to hold her cheek and kiss the opposite one loudly.

She grinned with her eyes closed. "That was so nice."

"I'm glad you liked it. I also liked it," he said, sitting up. He unbuttoned his shirt and left it on top of his bureau.

"Did you?" she sat up to take off her blouse as well.

"Yeah, really," he smiled, lying down next to her again.

She lay back and rested her head on his shoulder and her hand on his belly, moving her fingers gently on his skin. “I know that some men...hate going down on girls.”

"That's so stupid. It was so fun," he chuckled.

He caressed her back and put a foot up on the mattress.

Just a while ago he had been frightened to have sex with Dany, and now he had just eaten her out and fingered her to the point of an orgasm. When they had started going out, he would have never guessed they would ever get to this level of intimacy. He would have never guessed he would have lost his nervousness this much with her. He grinned at the thought. How much more comfortable could they get around one another in the future?

“Can you get hard now?” she asked him.

He laughed and turned his body to lie down on top of her.

Chapter End Notes

Is there any jonerys fic in the planet where cunnilingus isn't involved? I doubt it. Gotta stay true to the character though! ;)

Did I mention how much @kwonbomi's fan art on tumblr has inspired me? A whole lot!
https://78.media.tumblr.com/103f940a347f77f77fd74987dddb9c49bd3/tumblr_oxffni4rsh1t4abm8o1_12
Dany’s head was resting on Jon’s shoulder while he looked out the window of the train with his earphones on. Robb was sitting in front of them, asleep against the window. She hoped his family would like her, she had heard so much about all of them. Jon said he was sure they would like her, especially his sisters. He also said that it’s impossible not to like Rickon, after all, he was only three years old. She fell asleep and woke up at the train station. They got out and took a cab home.

When they arrived at the Stark’s place, a large white house, Dany carried the chocolate pie she had brought while Jon carried her and his bags.

The door opened and Jon and Robb’s mother greeted them with a smile. She was a slim, brunette woman; it did not seem like she had had six children.

“Hello, Dany. So nice to meet you,” she said warmly, taking Dany by the shoulders.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you too,” Dany told her. “I brought pie.”

“Oh, you shouldn’t have. Robb, leave it in the kitchen, sweetie.”

Just as it seemed from the outside, it was a big house. Eight people lived there, after all. It had tall ceilings, a wide living room and dining room with glass walls to the garden.

“And don’t eat it all yourself,” said a deep voice. Jon’s father came down the stairs. He was tall, his hair was dark brown but almost turning white, his shoulders broad. “Boys,” he greeted them, “Dany, how are you? I’m Eddard.”

“Nice to meet you, sir,” she smiled.

Robb and Jon took her upstairs where Bran and Arya were playing video games together. They were both sitting on a couch in the same position, the same expression of concentration in their faces, they looked like twins.

“Hi,” said Arya, her eyes locked on the screen. “I’m Arya” she said, and Dany realized she was talking to her.

“I’m Dany,” she answered.

“Yeah, she knows all of your names,” Jon said.
“Where’s the baby, by the way?” Robb asked Arya. She shrugged. “Baaaaaaby!!” Robb shouted.

“I’m changing him!” said a girl’s voice.

Sansa came out of the bathroom with three-year-old Rickon next to her. She was beautiful, of course she had seen them all in pictures before, she looked so much like Catelyn.

Rickon ran to them and Robb sat on his toes to hug him.

Jon’s jaw dropped, “No hug for me?”

Rickon left Robb’s arms and went over to hug Jon and kiss him on the cheek. The sweetness of the moment made Dany grin.

Jon lifted Rickon in his arms and he told him, “This is Dany.”

“Hi,” Rickon said in a tiny voice.

“Hello, Rickon. How are you?” she grinned.

He smiled and pressed his face into Jon’s neck.

“He’s only shy for a moment,” Robb said. “He’ll drive you crazy later.”

Rickon kept looking at her and suddenly asked, “Are you my brother’s wife?”

Sansa snorted next to them. Arya laughed out loud.

“I’m not his wife,” Dany smiled, feeling her cheeks turning pink. “I’m his girlfriend.”

“What’s the difference?” he asked in his tiny voice.

“Okay!” Robb said while his siblings laughed. “Why don’t we go see Ghost?”

They went downstairs and into the garden. Ghost ran straight to Dany and stood on his back paws, almost knocking her down. Jon helped her settle him down so they could pet her. He was a beautiful, big, white dog. Jon took a small ball in his hands and threw it across the garden so Ghost could fetch it. The dog ran across the fence while Rickon laughed. He took the ball and threw it across the garden again.

Dany and Rickon stayed outside for a while playing with Ghost while Catelyn watched Rickon. Dany stroked his back, his head; he bit her hand softly and licked her arm.

Jon went into the house with his siblings and smiled at the sight of Dany playing with Rickon and Ghost. She was smiling, laughing, sitting on the floor with his dog on top of her.

He got distracted by Arya’s voice singing, “The nerd’s got a girlfriend!”

“Yeah. You’re twelve and you’ve already had a boyfriend.”

“I know, it took you a little long, right? Is she cool, Robb? Or is she another philosopher like him?”

He knew they were just kidding, but those jokes had always bothered him. Every time he had tried to talk about philosophy with his siblings, they shut him up with a passive-aggressive joke. He didn’t like not to be taken seriously, which is why he had shut up entirely about discussing philosophy with anyone who wasn’t a philosopher. He loved his siblings, but their relationship was not perfect.
“She's very nice,” Robb said.

“I bet you know her pretty well,” Sansa said. “Does she spend many nights in your guys’ flat?”

“More than I do,” Robb told her. Sansa opened her mouth exaggeratedly looking at Jon.

“Damn,” Arya said. “Someone’s having fun in college.”

“You're growing up fast, aren’t you?” Jon said while Robb laughed.

“What took you so long to bring her here, anyway?” Sansa asked. “Haven’t you been together for like months?”

“Yes. I know, we didn’t really have the time. We’ve been studying a lot lately.”

“Sure…” she said. “Studying.”

Robb chuckled and raised his eyebrows at Jon. They were not going to leave him in peace all weekend.

Jon took Dany to his room to unpack when she told him, “You’re not gonna believe what happened to me yesterday. I walked in on Missandei and the guy she’s going out with!” she laughed. “We’d been together in the Econ party and when I went back to my room they were both already there. The thing is, they were both so high that they didn’t even realize I had opened the door, they kept having sex while I…”

Catelyn forced a smile at her while she stood at Jon’s door.

“Mrs. Stark,” Dany said. She felt her face turn pale white and her tummy turned immediately. Jon froze beside her.

“Daenerys,” Cat replied. “I would like to ask you to please watch your language. There are children in this house.”

“I am so sorry,” she said. She couldn’t bear the embarrassment. “It won’t happen again. I am so sorry.”

Cat nodded and she turned around to leave. Jon and Dany looked at each other in panic and then laughed silently.

It was nightfall. It wouldn’t be long until they had dinner. Dany had forgotten her coat in the living room, so she went downstairs to pick it up when she heard Cat’s voice coming out of the kitchen.

“No, Ned, I don’t think so,” said Catelyn. Dany walked quietly towards the closed door to listen. “She was talking to Jon about…drugs and sex! I can’t have her sleeping in his room.”

Dany's eyes widened.

“He's old enough to have his girlfriend sleep in his room. Where do you want her to stay? In the free room in the attic?” said Eddard.

“What if Bran or Rickon enter to Jon’s room and they see them both…you know…”

“Cat, come on,” Eddard said. “You know Jon, he wouldn’t do that here.”
“Oh, I know him, but I don’t know her.”

Dany’s stomach turned at her words.

“Is everything alright?” A girl’s voice made her jerk. Arya was standing behind her.

“I-I’m,” she mumbled. “I came to take my coat upstairs…”

Arya raised an eyebrow in disbelief, but shrugged anyway and entered the kitchen.

“Guys, can we have dinner now? I’m starving!” she told her parents.

Dany ran upstairs as fast as she could.

“Should we cut the pie Dany brought?” Jon said when they were finished having dinner. Dany had survived the family dinner, it had not been as embarrassing as she was afraid it would be. At least it couldn’t be worse than Jon’s first dinner in her house.

“Sure,” Cat said, cleaning Rickon's chin. He was sitting in a tall chair next to her.

Dany smiled, “It’s a chocolate pie. I hope you guys like it.”

“Oh,” Bran said.

“Bran’s allergic to chocolate,” Cat told her. “Didn’t you know?” She tilted her head to one side, waiting for Dany’s answer.

“No…I…” she said nervously. “Sorry, Bran,”

He smiled at her and nodded.

“Still, thank you, Dany. You didn’t have to know he was allergic,” Eddard told her. He had already defended her twice in this afternoon.

“I didn’t tell her,” Jon told his mother firmly. “It’s my fault, mum.”

Sansa whispered to Robb’s ear, “Look at that gentleman,” and both laughed.

Dany tried to breathe deeply. She didn’t want Jon to create more tension defending her.


“Dany,” Sansa said. “Do you want some tea?”

“Sure. Thanks,” Dany said.

Sansa prepared two mugs with herbal tea and handed one to Dany in the living room. She sat next to her.

“So, how’s high school?” Dany asked her, trying to start a conversation with her. It had been difficult to get along with the Starks, more difficult than what she had imagined. Catelyn heard her talk about sex and drugs, Arya caught her eavesdropping (would she tell her parents?), Bran was sad for not being able to eat the pie she brought…the only person that she felt like they liked her so far was Rickon, and Robb who already knew her well from school.

“Your brother and you have that in common,” Dany joked.

“Ha!” Sansa laughed. “He told me he got enrolled in Calculus. That was one of the stupidest things he’s ever done.”


“He’s told us that story. The boy is failing and the smart girl helps him out. Sounds like a Disney Channel movie or something. How did he even ask you out for the first time? I’m having a hard time picturing him doing that.”

Dany chuckled, not wanting to share the details of them kissing in her room. "He just...he just said it after I helped him study."

"Nice. He must have really had a crush on you to do that. He’s not that talkative with people, much less a ladiesman."

Dany grinned, looking down. "Yeah, he...he was a bit shy at first. Not so much anymore, though."

“That's very good to hear,” Sansa smiled. “He's so nice, right? Actually, I don't know what he must have told you about me. I was always so mean to him when we were little. But only because Robb and he were a pain in the ass to me too,” she laughed.

“I get it, having such a big family...it must be hard to get along with all your siblings. I have two brothers and only get along with one.”

“It is. But, anyway, Jon's nice. He's a good guy.”

“I appreciate it,” said Jon, leaning on the door frame. “Thank you for not talking shit about me with Dany.” He walked towards them and squeezed himself to sit between them both.

“Maybe I should talk shit about you with her, just a little bit. Just so she knows.”

“Oh, come on!” he said, putting an arm around Dany’s shoulders.

“Yes!” Dany said. “I’m too curious.”

“Okay, let’s see,” Sansa adjusted her body, excited to start talking. “Remember that time when I was like four and Robb and you unplugged the radio and made me think I broke it, and you told mom and I got grounded?”

“Jon!” Dany laughed.

“Oh man,” he said. “Remember that time we were baking cookies and you hit me in the head with the rolling pin so hard I ended up with a bump in my head?”

“I can’t count all the times Robb and you have pushed me into a pool or a lake...”

“Ha!” Robb laughed coming down the stairs. “You deserved it for being such a whiny girl all day. What about all the scary masks we used to buy just to scare you?”

“Honestly, fuck you guys,” said Sansa.

“We had to do it with you, though. When we tried to do it with Arya she beat the shit out of us.”
“How about…” Sansa laughed. “That time when Jon was like sixteen and he and Tormund arrived so stoned that I blackmailed him to do my English homework for a month.”

Robb laughed out loud.

“That was so mean,” Jon said. “If it had been you I would’ve covered you up.”

“Bullshit!” Sansa said. “Dany, his eyes were so red when he arrived that night. Robb asked him ‘how high are you, Jon?’ and he replied, ‘yes’.”

Dany threw her head back to laugh. At least the rest of Jon's family made her feel welcomed.

Jon and Dany stayed in the living room to study for a while. They sat on different couches, each one with their material by their side. She asked him to not speak to her for an hour. He laughed, she was the one who usually broke the silence.

They went into the kitchen to get some tea when her phone alarm went off.

“Time for your pill,” he said, patting her in the butt.

He always reminded her of the pill. Even though she had her own alarm, when it was time at night, she would get a text message from him reading “PILL!!!!” and she would smile thinking he may have his own alarm for it.

When they went back upstairs, Rickon was in a onesie pajama in Jon's bed when they entered the room.

“Let’s go, Rickon,” Catelyn told him from the doorframe. “It is very past your bedtime.”

“Let me stay here, mummy!” Rickon begged. “Let me stay with Jon for a little while!”

“Leave him, mum,” Jon said. “I’ll take him to his room in a while.”

Catelyn hesitated, and finally agreed and said goodnight to them, planting a kiss on Rickon’s nose. She wondered if Catelyn was in her room just to follow Rickon, or to implicitly leave the message that she would keep an eye on Dany and Jon, as they would sleep together. She pushed the thought aside, she didn’t want to be paranoid of her mother-in-law.

“Tickle time!” Jon shouted when Catelyn left, and he tickled Rickon all over his belly and neck. “Help me, Dany! We gotta tickle him more!”

Dany sat on the bed and tickled Rickon with Jon as he tried to kick them both, the three of them bursting with laughter. When Jon told him it was time to go to bed, though, Rickon insisted to sleep with them.

“Dany will sleep here. You should go to your bed,” Jon replied.

“Pleeesease!” Rickon begged.

Dany and Jon looked at each other.

“Just until he falls asleep,” Jon whispered to her. She nodded.

They turned off the lights and tucked Rickon in the bed between them. Dany could see their silhouettes in the dark, Rickon was hugging Jon by the neck. She smiled. Jon seemed so different
here with his family. He wasn't shy with them, he laughed and joked and talked more than usual. The Starks seemed like such a happy family, no troubles, no problems, unlike hers. All the children were different but kind in their own way, and she was happy they were all so welcoming with her; except, of course, their mother. Dany had decided not to tell Jon what she overheard in the kitchen. She hoped the bad impression Catelyn had of her would go away the next day.

Rickon fell asleep quickly, and Jon carried him to his room. He came back and lay next to Dany, hugging her by the chest. “Sorry about that,” he said.

“No problem,” Dany replied. “You guys are so cute,” she spoke in a corny voice that made him laugh.

“Do you like them?”

“Yes, very much.”

“Hey, one question,” Jon said. “You…you want kids…right?”

“Yes,” she smiled. “In a long time, though.”

“Me too. How many?”

“Two, maximum.”

“Man, I would like a little more, to be honest.”

“Oh come on, you’re not the one who’s gonna give birth!” she laughed.

“I grew up in a big family, I would like the same for my kids, I think.”

“In this economy? Oh, God. I don’t know about that. Have you thought about paying the bills? I'd rather have one or two, and give them the best quality of life as possible.”

“No way, no way! We can’t have an only child. They grow up…entitled and…spoiled!”

Dany couldn’t help smiling at his words. ‘No way, no way’, in that tone, at that speed, was an expression of hers he had acquired. She always noticed how they adapted certain expressions for each other, how she found herself saying ‘Well, alright’ and ‘That would be good, yes’, which he always said. The other day he forgot to submit an essay and he exclaimed ‘Oh my God, oh my God, oh my god’ three times, in the same tone as hers, and she couldn’t help laughing out loud.

“Well, they’re like that only if their parents treat them that way!”

“Because it’s complicated not to spoil them if they’re your only child.”

"Then two,” she smiled.

He hugged her but didn't reply. She kissed his cheek. She would love to have children with him in the future.
next up: smuuuut...but then, some drama :'(
Their warm and naked bodies were pressed against each other on a Friday night. He was half-sitting against the pillows with his feet on the mattress as she lay on top of him, completely stretched between his legs. She always felt like cuddling after an orgasm and had to rest her body, at least for a bit, before starting again.

With her head on his shoulder, she moved a fingertip slowly along his clavicle, feeling the softness of his skin, and his hand covered her buttock. Their breaths were the only sound in the room. She closed her eyes, feeling his body against her skin, until the sound of a tummy-turning made her open her eyes and lift her head.

“Was that me or you?” she asked him.

He chuckled. “Me, I think.”

“Are you hungry?” They had not had dinner yet.

“I want to stay here for a while,” he replied, sliding his hand to her lower back.

She ran her fingertips along his beard, from under his ear to his chin, loving its texture. She hooked his lower lip on her index finger and pulled it down, making him giggle, and then gave him a kiss on the lips. She lifted her head above his, and when they were so close to each other they had to close their eyes, she stuck her tongue out and ran it from side to side of his lips. He exhaled with a smile. They opened their mouths and she licked his tongue, flicking hers from side to side against his. They giggled at their tongue tips clashing and moving playfully. She burst into laughter, dropping her head to a side.

“My boyfriend,” she smiled, and grabbed the beard from his chin between the sides of her index and middle finger. He took her hand in his next to their faces, and she closed her fingers as he kept his stretched.

There were times when she wanted to stare at him more than usual, when she loved to take in his beauty watching his skin and every feature of his face from up close: the shape of his lips and nose, the color of his eyes, his eyelashes and eyebrows. Dany was crazy about Jon. From his laughs to the way he poured sugar on his tea, everything about him seemed beautiful to her. She waited eagerly during the day to finally be with him and cuddle, talk, have sex, to stroke his curls and take in his scent. Every time he walked in, she wanted to jump in joy. She wanted this feeling to go on forever. With the passing of months and years…would she still feel this way?

That night, Jon and Dany had her room for themselves, as Missandei would not spend the night there, and they always seized those moments when both were free and either Missandei or Robb weren’t home. Little by little, they lost their nervousness further, trying new things between giggles and moans. Every once in a while a weird sound appeared and made them both laugh.

‘I like how you come up with new words when I’m down here,’ he laughed one time between her legs after she let out an incomprehensible sound.

Sweaty bodies, touching one another, sometimes with almost all their clothes on, sometimes completely naked, sometimes only wearing socks. Their increased mutual trust had not only
improved their sex life, but also strengthened their relationship in general. Sex was a clear proof of how they trusted one another, how they broke down barriers that may have felt embarrassing before, especially for Jon. Sometimes, when they were cuddling in bed with his chest against her back and his crotch against her butt, he slipped his hand under her panties and pressed her there. She grinned as she turned her head and he kissed her from behind. One time, he even surprised her motorboating her while she was on top, which had made her laugh out loud. Sometimes, when she bent over to grab something from the floor, he grabbed her by the waist and thrust his hips into her arse, making her laugh out loud.

Jon had gotten remarkably better with his fingers and tongue, surprising her with new ways to please her, asking her to tell him what she liked more. She couldn’t keep her moans down, nor her back from arching back, when he pointed his tongue to circle and flick her clit, or when he took it between his lips and pulled it up.

“There, there! There!” she usually breathed with a fierce frown.

She stroked his head, his ear, while he did so. She tried to be as attentive with his preferences as well. She was also learning to pleasure him with her mouth, and his moans were the best reward. ‘And to think you were the quiet one when we met,’ she told him, making him laugh.

He loved her breasts as well. He loved to hold them or kiss them, to run his tongue over her nipples. He liked to hold his cock in his hand and rub the tip up and down her clit, up and down or in circles. It electrified her entire body and impeded her from keeping her moans to herself. They both loved each other’s buttocks. Jon had been the first one to bite and kiss Dany’s, yet she realized she loved to do it to him too. Jon had felt funny the first time he lay face down as she kissed, bit and caressed his buttocks, but neither of them could help themselves.

That night, they seized their alone time. There would come a time when they didn’t have to sneak around and avoid her roommate or his brother. They had contemplated the idea of someday moving on their own and having the freedom to do whatever they wanted whenever they wanted. She had told him she didn’t care if it was a shitty room with just a mattress on the floor, that would be enough.

After having dinner and Jon’s tummy had ceased turning, he had sat on her desk chair and she sat on top of him, taking her bra off and letting him kiss and suck her nipples for as long as he wanted to. She stroked his curls and planted kisses on his head, her eyes shut the whole time, cherishing his hot mouth on her breasts. He had bought more lube when they noticed it was empty. She thought it was time to have more fun. She lubed up her cleavage and placed his cock between her breasts. She pressed them together, sliding them up and down his cock. He looked down in awe, amazed that she was doing that to him. He told her he had wanted to do this since long ago but was never brave enough to ask her. She laughed, it felt awkward at first, but he was having the time of his life.

They also had sex on her desk, on top of her textbook, she did not care. She opened her legs and hugged him by the neck while he stood in front of her. He kissed her as he went in and out of her. Her legs were open in a way that he could rub her clit while he penetrated her. She had thrown her head back, her hair brushing her hips. He kissed and licked her neck. She bit her lip at times, trying to be quiet. She hoped her neighbors couldn’t listen to them.

“Dany, lower your voice a little bit,” he said.

“I know,” she said, her fingers circling her clit madly as he penetrated her, “I’m trying. But this feels insanely good.”

During her orgasm, he tried to cover her mouth with his hand to shut her up, but he couldn’t. He
laughed and she laughed harder when she was done. They were both defeated by the end of the night. He carried her to the bed with the little strength he had left and lay next to her. They were lying on their sides, facing each other, and Dany closed the space between them, making sure his chest was against hers, his tummy against hers, his hips against hers. She lifted her leg and placed it over his hip. He gave her a small kiss and stroked her thigh, both still lying on their sides, breathing.

“I can’t do anything anymore tonight,” he breathed.

“Neither can I,” she said. “This would be an awesome position, though.” He smiled, holding her leg and running his hand up her thigh to her butt. She looked down between them, staring at how her cunt was wide open against the lower part of his belly, staring at her blonde hairs. "Jon," she said. "I'm terrified of getting a bikini wax."

"What's that?" he asked, making her chuckle.

"To put hot wax on my pubic hair," she replied. "I know it hurts like hell."

"Don't do it, then," he replied. His hand was now on her face, putting a lock of hair behind her ear.

"My friends wax there for sex. Like, Arianne's previous boyfriend, he asked her to wax."

"Did he? What a dick," he replied. "I'm not gonna ask you to hurt yourself."

"But, I mean, does it...bother you?"

He shrugged. "I don't think it's such a big deal."

"I could still...shave, you know? I shave when I have to go to the beach and use a bikini."

"Whatever you want. It's your body."

She exhaled in relief and raised her head to kiss him. Holding her butt, he pressed her hips against him as he deepened the kiss. She let go after a moment, she was still exhausted. She remembered how short and paused their first time had been and how they had improved. Having orgasms had initially been difficult for her to achieve, or had been difficult for him to learn well what drove her to the edge the most. Dany told him exactly what pleased her the most, she made him look at her cunt and how she moved her fingers on her clit. He watched and learned, and she did so as well with his preferences.

She caressed his ribcage up and down and said, “We’re getting better at this, aren’t we?”

“We’re making up for all the time we’ve been dating without having sex,” he laughed.

"Yeah," she chuckled. "I, for one, had been very...very..." she tried to find the right words, but ended up only saying, "horny," they both chuckled, "or...curious, about how it felt to have sex, how it felt to have sex with you."

“Me too.” He scratched her arse softly. “One question...”

"Yes." She caressed his beard with a fingertip.

"It's a little embarrassing..."

"What could even be embarrassing now?"

He chuckled and looked down. "Did you...used to...masturbate?"
Dany chuckled. "You think guys are the only ones who do?"

"I don't really talk with girls about sex. I don't know."

Dany pressed a kiss to his lips. "I can't really do it here in school, sleeping with another girl next to me, you know. But when I lived in Dragonstone...yeah, I did it every once in a while, it felt good. What about you?"

Jon smiled. "Well, I jerked off more often when I was like, twelve or thirteen." He stared at her nipple and pressed it with a fingertip. She giggled. "How old were you the first time you did it?"

Dany shrugged. "I guess...fifteen? Sixteen? Maybe. Wasn't too sure about what to do down there, it's a bit more complicated than for you guys. Luckily I had the internet, and friends who knew more about it than me."

"Have you watched that video...of how to finger girls...and they explain it to you while fingerling fruits?"

Dany laughed out loud. "What the fuck?!"

Jon laughed. "Really! It's cool. They have like oranges and stuff like that, and they show on camera how to move the fingers and everything. I'll show it to you later."

"So that's why your fingers did such an amazing job today! I thought you had done some great improvisation..."

"Well, I did come up with some stuff myself too."

Dany chuckled and pressed a kiss to his lips. "Did you jerk off while we were going out, before we had had sex?" she dared to ask him.

He chuckled. "Maybe."

"We both wanted to fuck so bad." She chuckled. "Why did you wait so long, then? Why were you so nervous about it?" she asked him softly.

He breathed next to her, running his fingers on her leg. She had abstained herself from asking too many questions about it as it made him slightly uncomfortable. Yet she wanted to know more about it, though, like what had gone through his head in those moments in which she had practically begged him to sleep with her, to touch her in other parts of her body.

Yet his silence pushed her to continue, "I mean, we had been going out for months and had made out a thousand times, and you always had to cut it off when it got too hot. And then after you asked me to be your girlfriend I thought, 'okay, maybe he wants to have sex now'. But you still didn’t."

"I did want it. But I told you, I’d never had sex before. I was frightened," he replied.

"I know, neither had I. It was frightening at first but then I...I trusted you. You know, if you had asked me after the first couple of weeks I would’ve done it. I was starting to think maybe you didn’t really feel sexually attracted to me."

“What? Really?” he asked.

“Another theory I had was that you had a micropenis and were embarrassed.”

He laughed out loud. “Clearly I don’t.”
“Not at all,” she smiled, looking down between their bodies at his cock, hanging on its side as he lay down on his side of his body.

He turned and let his back fall on the mattress, looking up at the roof. Her leg was still resting over him, she adjusted it for her knee to lie on his abdomen and her leg to be on top of his cock, while she hugged his chest. He held her head and buried his fingers in her hair, caressing it softly.

“I was a little afraid of showing my body to you. I never really liked it much. And I wanted to touch you so bad, I swear. All those times when you sat on my lap and kissed my neck. God, I wanted you so much it hurt. It physically hurt. I wanted to take your clothes off right away. I just couldn’t do it. I’d panic. I get so nervous all the time and it’s like, you never get nervous, you always say what’s on your mind. You’ve always kissed me first and told me when you wanted to have sex and...how can you not get nervous?”

“I do get nervous, I do get nervous a lot,” she replied.

“For me, having sex with you, it’s like…I opened up to you, completely. It’s been so difficult for me to communicate for so long, and here you were, such a gorgeous girl, dating me, and wanting to have sex with me, and I just...didn’t know how to react...how to open up to someone like that. It took a whole lot of courage, and it was great, it’s been so worth it. It makes me feel so good, gives me so much confidence. Especially ’cause I never considered myself too attractive. And then you come in and...I’ve never met someone like you. I wanted to kiss you and touch you and I wanted you to feel...” he shut his eyes, "Dany, I...”

“It’s alright,” she said quietly, “It’s alright.” You don’t have to go on, was what she meant. She took his cheek in her hand and kissed his lips. That didn’t matter now. “You don’t consider yourself attractive?” He only shut his eyes in silence. It saddened her that he thought so. “Have you even noticed how horny you make me?” she chuckled, making him chuckle as well. “How wet you get me?” she asked with a grin, climbing on top of him and resting her elbows on the sides of his head.

“Yeah,” he said quietly, resting his hands on her butt.

“You are gorgeous,” she told him, looking into his eyes and waiting for him to look at hers as well. She opened her legs on either side of his torso and pressed her cunt against his stomach.

"You see me that way because I'm your boyfriend," he said in a low voice. "Because you fell in love with other things about me so you might see me better looking than I am."

“No," she insisted. "No, no, no. You’re so hot. The day we met...I was so nervous the whole time I was teaching you calculus ’cause I thought you were so cute. I kissed you that night in my room, remember?” Her face was now just inches above his, their mouths almost against each other as she spoke. “I was so turned on.”

He sighed, stroking her buttock with his thumb. She pressed one tiny kiss to his lips.

"I would also like to know," he said, it seemed like an attempt to drop the previous topic, "why you had never had sex...before me?"

"Me?"

He nodded. "'Cause, like, you've been on dates and kissed many people at parties and you're very pretty and not shy...Why didn't you just get laid with someone?"

"I don't know, I didn't really trust those guys much. I've been very...careful about which guys I let into my life. And some of them seemed to be only...thinking about themselves, you know. Like this
guy, we were going out and at a party he asked me to give him a handjob in the bathroom. That was..." she grimaced. "I didn't like that. So I wanted to take my clothes off with someone really nice, whom I really trust... and Jon, you are..." she hummed with a smile, "an absolute darling."

"You're also a darling, darling," he smiled, and held her hand. She smiled back.

She couldn't let go of his confession of not feeling attractive, though. She understood if it was too uncomfortable for him to talk about it, but it was difficult to understand how someone so beautiful could feel that way. And so, an idea popped into her head.

“Relax now,” she said quietly. “I’m gonna kiss absolutely every inch of your body.”

His eyes opened wide in surprise, “Now?”

She grinned, rubbing his cheek with the back of her fingers. “Yes, now.”

He took a deep breath and she pressed her lips to his. She was not going to ever let him feel unattractive.

Chapter End Notes

More chapters like this are coming soon :)

AND BTWWW this fic is complete now but that doesn't mean you shouldn't drop a comment telling me what you like about a certain chapter (or what you didn't like...both are valid as long as you're respectful lol).

I actually really like the next chapter! Even though it's a little less...happy :(
He had never considered his family to be perfect. They weren't a dysfunctional one—and not as broken as Dany's—yet, sometimes, they annoyed Jon: his mother’s bosiness and her obsession with having a clean house, his sisters’ sassy way of talking back to everyone, Bran’s childish insistence on always doing what he wanted—play videogames, go to the movies, etcetera—his father’s insistence on how Jon should behave to be an example to his siblings—which meant that he couldn’t cry as much as the younger ones could, for example. There was bickering, there were some arguments every once in a while, but, he guessed, just like in every other family. Sure, it could be worse. There were fathers like Dany’s, absent mothers, abusive brothers, the list could go on forever. But now, he felt like he hated Ned and Cat. Hated them with his guts. To the point that it physically hurt as a drill in his head as he cried against his pillow in his bedroom at Winterfell, trying his best to ignore the incessant knocks at his door.


“But call me that,” Jon spat in a hoarse voice.

While he had always felt a little different from the rest of his family, nothing had ever seemed off. He was confused, frustrated, sad, but most of all, angrier than he had never been in his life.

This commonality of the Starks with other families didn’t let him fathom what his parents had told him that night. It didn’t seem plausible. How could they have hidden such a secret for so long?

Ned and Cat kept on knocking, begging him to open up. Jon could hear her voice quavering as she called his name, but he didn’t want to see them nor talk to them. Robb and Sansa tried to get him out as well, but their attempts were in vain.

Ned and Cat had waited until it was late at night and the children were asleep to talk to him, Robb and Sansa. They had said it was time he knew and wanted his eldest siblings—or cousins—to be there for him.

“What difference does it make, Jon?” Robb told him, standing on his doorstep with Sansa behind him. “Do you think we care about that? Nothing’s going to change, don’t you get it?”

Jon shook his head, “Of course it will, Robb.”

“Jon, it will be the same as always,” Sansa said. “We’re totally fine with…”

“This isn’t about you! This has nothing to do with you.”

“Jon, please,” said Sansa.
“Go away!” he shouted. The heavy tears blurred his vision as he stared at the closed door. “Please! Go away!”

He kept on shouting the same words again and again, until they finally gave in.

He found it difficult to trace the exact reason behind the pain present even in his physical body: what was it that hurt the most: the lies, the treason, the abandonment? Perhaps all of them?

“Jon,” Cat’s voice appeared once again, “I’m leaving some toilet paper at your doorstep. Wipe your tears and blow your nose.”

He held himself back from saying thank you. He feared that if he opened his mouth, he would collapse and regret later what he would say.

He tried to stifle his cries against his pillows, just in case someone stood at the door listening, but could not help weeping as he had never done so in his life.

At the start, he thought there might have been a mistake, or that he was dreaming. But as he lay in his bed, on his own in the dark, it started feeling less implausible. His hair was the darkest, he was not as tall as Robb, he was quieter than all of them, he even used to feel alone in such a crowded home sometimes.

How could Ned and Cat do this to him, though? Why did they have to wait so damn long to tell him? ‘We wanted you to be old enough to understand,’ she had said. Fuck that, he thought. It wasn’t like he had been stupid as a child and couldn’t understand the concept of adoption. He was in his twenties. He should have known this a long time ago. This was about his family, his identity, he had had every right to know since he even had use of reason. He was no longer the son of who he thought he was, nor the brother of who he thought he was. Who was he, then? The son of some dead people?

“Jon,” this was Cat again, “you have to understand that we’ve done it for your good, for you to have a happy childhood, son…”

“DON’T CALL ME SON!” he shouted.

Yet in a low but firm voice, she insisted, “You are our son…”

“NO, I’M FUCKING NOT! I HATE YOU BOTH,” he spat, not caring that she had a strong rule of not cursing in the house, much less to her. Yet she did not go on.

They had raised him his whole life to be an honest person, to not tell lies? They were hypocrites. Both of them.

His insides were stirring in pain. He wanted to get out of this damn house. He couldn’t even cry in peace because they kept on bothering him. The following knocks were so hard and loud that made him jerk and curse in anger.

“What is wrong with you?” said Robb’s voice.

“Leave me—“

“Do you have any idea how hard mum is crying right now? First you leave them sitting in the living room by themselves as you run to lock yourself up in your bedroom…and now? How can you be so ungrateful to them?”
“Ungrateful?” Jon stood up, his face heated with anger as he walked towards the door. “How dare you tell me that I’m ungrateful to them after all the shit you make them go through?”

“You have no right to make mum hurt.”

“Oh, and you do?” he asked in a challenging voice, opening the door. Robb stepped in violently.

“This is not about me. You’ve made it very clear. Go tell mum you’re sorry and go to sleep.”

“You’re a fucking grown-ass man and you’re still the same mummy’s boy you’ve always been.”

“Fuck you.”

“Robb!” said Cat.

“Robb, get the fuck out of here or I swear I’m gonna punch you,” said Jon.

“Listen to yourself!”

“Get the fuck out of here!” he shouted.

Rickon’s cries filled the house. Bran’s voice sounded for afar, asking what was going on. Ned tried to tell them everything was okay. What a liar, Jon thought. It wasn’t surprising now.

A long night seemed to lay ahead, threatening him to be for hours in the dark with his own thoughts. He didn’t want to be in the house, though. It was a terrible reminder that he wasn’t part of this family.

Hours later, he was able to get a hold of himself together—a tiny bit, at least. His anger decreased yet sorrow replaced him, and he felt terribly alone in this house, in this family that wasn't his. He texted Dany.

‘Can you talk?’

He had never hoped this bad that she was having trouble sleeping. He got no reply from her, though. His finger hung in the air over her name, hesitating on pressing on it to call. He needed to talk. Not with his siblings, not with his parents—they weren’t even his siblings nor parents—. Dany had nothing to do with this drama, and Dany…she listened to him, like no one in this house did.

Still no replies.

He pressed her name and guilt invaded him right away. She had trouble sleeping often, waking her up was selfish, yet he needed to hear a voice, to hear that he was not alone. He hoped she would understand.

She picked up her phone but only let out a hum. She clearly had been asleep.

“I am so sorry for waking you up,” he spoke in a brittle voice, in a pointless attempt to keep himself from crying.

“Jon,” her tone was more alarmed after hearing him say so. “Wha-what happened?” she whispered loudly.

After he tried to speak even further, she walked out of her bedroom and rushed to the common room to talk to him better, not to wake Missandei up. He swallowed a painful lump in his throat to say, “Ned and Cat are not my parents.”
Now, after saying those words out loud for the first time, they felt more real than ever. They were proof that this was not a dream. This marked the beginning of a new life for him, one of an adopted orphan, instead of Ned and Cat’s son. It seemed like everything was upside-down.

Her voice, even though sleepy, sounded confused as she begged him for explanations. “What? N-no. I’ve always thought you look like your dad–like Eddard. What are you saying?”

His biological father was Brandon, Ned’s brother, he told her. He had died in a car crash when his mother was pregnant.

“She killed herself,” his voice broke as he wept, but tried to push some more words out of his throat for the phrase to make sense, “when I was a baby. She abandoned me.”

“Oh, Jon,” she sighed sadly, and stayed quiet for a moment. It wasn’t usual for her to be speechless. He understood, she had no idea what to say. He had been just as speechless when she had told him about her father. “I’m so sorry, Jon.”

He let his tears fall freely down his cheeks, but couldn’t hide the crying noises his throat made.

“Did they tell you why…she…” she trailed off.

“They didn’t tell me much. I can’t bear to hear much. They just said she was manic-depressive, that a lot of shit was going on in her life, that she was really young, and that after my father died she was not the same,” he sniffed, “and she couldn’t raise a child. I…”

He broke into tears. He remembered how he had not wanted her to see him cry after Forrest Gump, and now he didn’t care that she was listening to him like this. Would he cry like this with anybody else?

“Cry, Jon,” she said softly. “As much as you need to do so. And then, cry a little more. I don’t even know how many hours I must have cried when my mum told me the truth about my dad. The best thing right now is to cry like hell.”

He nodded as he followed her advice. He hated to cry this much, though, it hurt his head terribly, yet holding his tears back also hurt.

“I’m here for when you need to go on,” she said, and stayed silent at the other side of the line.

“Her name was Ashara,” he said after a while, and his lips pronounced her name for the first time in his life. “I was months old, and she couldn’t even stay alive for me.”

“She must have tried,” Dany said. “She must have tried really hard, I bet, to stay alive for you.”

“Even so,” he frowned, tightening his hand around his phone. “And Eddard and Catelyn!” he sobbed. “They waited twenty-one years to tell me.”

“I guess they were waiting for you to be ready, Jon,” she suggested.

“I’m twenty-one years?!” he cried.

“Perhaps they didn’t know how to tell you. Please, look at it from their point of view too, I bet they wanted you to know but couldn’t find the right time…”

He exhaled loudly, “Fuck that.”

“I get that you’re angry, but when it passes, you’ll be so grateful to them…”
“For lying to me?!” he interrupted her.

“For taking you as their son, for allowing you to have a family. Imagine how your life would have been if they hadn’t done so.”

“I’m grateful that they took me in,” he wiped his tears. “But I’m angry that they waited so long to tell me. It is not fair.”

“They were just waiting for the right moment.”

“And now is the moment?”

“Maybe,” her voice was calm through it all. “You’ve grown up, you’re in university, you’re doing your life without them... It was time for you to know. Don’t you think it would have hit you worse when you were younger? I’m sure you’re much more mature now than you were as a teenager.”

“Maybe. I don’t know. But still, it isn’t fair.”

“I’m sure they had their reasons.”

“Stop defending them,” he spat in a hard voice. He regretted it right away.

“And you stop seeing them as villains, then,” she replied just as harshly. “Jon they adopted you.”

“They lied to me!” he snapped.

“Would you tell, I don’t know, a twelve-year-old, that his mother killed herself when he was a baby?”

“I would have told him he was adopted, yes.”

“Jon,” she insisted. “Don’t try so hard to hate them. They’ve done the best they could.” He sighed again, and wiped his tears with his hand. “Did they tell the others too?” she asked him.

“Only Robb and Sansa,” he said, blowing his nose. “Fuck,” he sighed, “I don’t think I’ll be able to sleep tonight.”

“You’ll doze off eventually, you’ll see.”

He kept on crying as she stayed silent at the other side of the line, assuring him she wouldn’t hang up until he wanted to. He felt terrible about keeping her up this way, but the last thing he wanted was to be abandoned once again.

“I wish I could be there with you right now,” she said in a sad voice, “hugging you tightly.”

A tear fell down his cheek right away.

“Yeah. Me too.”

“Do you want me to come over? I’ll take the first train in the morning.”

“No,” he replied quickly. “Don’t.”

This was about him and his family. He guessed his parents wouldn’t like it for Dany to suddenly arrive in such a delicate time for them, no matter how much he craved her presence.
“Well, then, close your eyes and hug yourself and pretend it’s me hugging you!” she said, he could hear her smiling. “Do it now! And I’ll pretend I’m hugging you too.” He chuckled. “I’m serious! Do so,” she insisted.

“Okay,” he said, and wrapped his arms around his torso, feeling quite silly.

“Are you hugging yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Tighter! Come on, tighter! I’m stronger than that,” she said. “Come on! Hug yourself tighter!”

He laughed and did so. She laughed too.

He asked her to keep on talking about whatever else. So she started talking about her day, how she had gone shopping and bought a jar of cookies with chocolate chips but they ended up being cookies with raisins, and now she didn’t know what to do with them. He giggled, finally distracting himself, at least for some minutes. Eventually, he started dozing off as she said he would, and they said goodnight.

She waited for him at the train station on Monday morning. She wanted to drive him to his flat herself. When she saw him walk out among the crowd, heading to the bus stop with his head and shoulders down, pulling his suitcase lousily, she ran to him shouting, “Jon!”, and his swollen face lit up with a smile after seeing her. He let go of his suitcase as she clung her arms around his neck, hugging him as tightly as she could, while he hugged her back with the same strength. They didn’t say a word, she just kissed his head, his cheek, and hugged him some more.

He let out a deep exhale, and she wondered if he would cry again.

“How are you feeling?”

“I’ve been better.”

“Come on,” she let go of him. “I’ll drive you home.”

At his flat, she wondered if she should stay or leave, perhaps he wanted time on his own. When her mother had told her everything about her father, she hadn’t wanted to talk to anyone. She had been locked in her bedroom for days, trying to make sense of what was happening while crying her heart out.

“I’ve barely had any sleep,” he told her, with glistening eyes and bags below them.

“Sleep all you can.”

“Dany,” he said quietly. “Please, can you stay? I know you have class, but…” She hugged him right away. “…at least for a little while,” he finished, tightening the hug.

“As long as you want me to,” she assured him and kissed his shoulder.

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.”

“Thank you. This has been a terrible weekend. I’ve been so angry,” he said in a brittle voice. He sat down on his bed. “I’ve ventured off by treating everyone at home so bad...I wanted to come back
here and get away from them.”

Dany sighed and sat down next to him, intertwining their hands. “I hope you have apologized, then.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

“Not to me, to them.”

“Not yet.”

He stayed silent and a teardrop fell down his cheek. She felt his pain like she had never felt anyone else’s. It was a familiar pain, one she knew too well, one that she had learned to handle with time but had inevitably reemerged now. Seeing him this way hurt. His swollen face was evidence of nights of no sleep and endless cries. And to think she had thought of Jon as incredibly lucky to have the family he had. Dany could not bear to see him like this. A tear slinked out of her eye as an extension of his.

“I’m sorry, Jon. I truly am,” she whispered and pressed his hands between hers.

“Why couldn’t we have normal parents?” he chuckled sadly. She adjusted her body to move her arm behind him and stroked his back, thinking the same. They remained silent as her head rested on his shoulder and her hand held his. “My entire body hurts,” he told her.

“Lie down,” she said, lifting her head from his shoulder. “Come on.” He got under the covers, but before she did so too, she asked him, “Wait, have you had breakfast?” He shook his head. “I’ll make you something.”

He told her not to worry, but she did so anyway. She made scrambled eggs with toasts for both and took them to his bed. They sat up to eat silently. A couple of tears fell down from his eyes as he ate, yet he didn’t say a word. She wasn’t going to push him to talk if he didn’t want to, so she pretended she wasn’t looking.

“As my mother says,” she said when they were done, “a full belly cheers up the heart.”

He gave her a tiny smile and she pressed a tiny kiss to his lips.

When they lay in bed, she hugged him from behind. He had his back turned to her. She guessed he didn’t want her to see his face as he cried. She kissed his shoulder and closed the space between them. She stroked his hair, again and again, from his forehead to the top of his head. She knew she couldn’t do much to calm him down, so she just held him. Their broken families seemed to glue them together even more. Who else around him could understand him this well?

She stroked his head with her thumb, remembering how he had held her in her car when she had told him about her father, how much it had calmed her down to feel the embrace of someone who cared for her. Seeing him this way hit her with the realization that she didn’t want him to suffer as she had. Not only that, she didn’t want to ever see him suffer at all. She knew it was a naïve wish, but don’t we all want that for the ones we love?

Did she really love him, though? Or was she just ‘in love’? She didn’t know where she could draw the line, but maybe wishing this bad for him to always be free from suffering, maybe wanting his happiness this bad, meant that she did.

Chapter End Notes
As I said in the tags, no R+L=J here :( Sorry about that! I just didn’t want to involve
incest in this fic and decided Ashara would be Jon’s mother. I hadn’t decided if Ned
would still be his dad or not, so thank you @Guest for giving me the idea of Brandon.
Yes, yes, a little sadness will still be present next chapter, but as I wrote in the tags, this
isn’t a tragic nor an angsty fic. :)}
“Are you sure you don’t want to go with your family?” Dany asked him as he entered her car.

Jon shook his head. “I don’t.”

It was such a personal moment, he didn’t want his siblings to be there. Robb and Sansa were the only ones that knew, but he still didn’t want them to be there. He didn’t want eyes staring at him as he looked down at his parent’s gravestones. He didn’t want other people, people whose parents were alive, pitying him as he stared at the graves.

It was a quiet ride. Dany was focused on the road, or at least she pretended she was, maybe to leave Jon alone to his thoughts. She stopped by to buy flowers to take to the cemetery.

During the days after he found out about his parents, just getting out of bed had been incredibly harsh. His limbs tingled uncomfortably, as if refusing to go on. Food didn’t have a taste anymore, and he wasn’t hungry as much. When he managed to go to class, he paid no attention. When Dany put on a comedy movie to cheer him up, jokes that used to make him laugh seemed pointless now. He spent too much time in the shower, letting the water fall on his skin, getting lost in his thoughts. Somedays, he wanted to be alone. Other days, he wanted Dany to be with him at all costs, begging her to spend the night with him because he was scared of being on his own. He thought about death over and over, about how possible it was for his loved ones to die or for him to die. He feared Dany would abandon him. She could break up with him at any moment. How much more patience would she have for him? It felt like being locked in a dark room at all times. Even when she opened the curtains with a grin in the mornings, wanting to take him out, it always felt as if that darkness was chasing him. Getting to know depression this closely, it was not that difficult to understand why his mother had ended her life. It didn't seem worth living, and absolutely nothing seemed worth doing.

Dany brought him juice in the mornings or tea in the evenings. She lay next to him at night, hugging his waist and stroking his back, brushing her fingers up and down his spine while he lay face down. She stayed quiet most of the time, she didn’t want to insist for him to speak if he didn’t want to. But other times she talked to him nonstop about her day, from the content of her lectures to the flavor of the brownie she had eaten. It seemed like she just wanted to get his mind off his sorrow.

It was her idea for him to visit his parents in the cemetery. She thought he might need to reconcile with them, as he did not only felt sad about their deaths, he felt angry and betrayed. He didn’t know if this could help, but he would at least give it a try.

In the cemetery, they walked through the grass field, searching for their names. It was a windy day, but sunny, nevertheless. They were both wearing coats, the sun didn’t warm the day up at all. He walked ahead of her looking closely at the gravestones.

“Here he is,” he finally told her, pulling her sleeve.
He stood with his hands in his pockets, staring down at his father’s name on his gravestone. Dany stood by his side, with the flowers in her hands.

“You may be right, I think I look like him,” he told her. “Like you said, people always tell me I look like my dad, like Ned. So I might actually look like Brandon.”

She gave him a small smile and nodded.

He took a bunch of flowers from Dany’s hand and placed them on his grave. He sighed. Ashara had killed herself, but Brandon’s death had been accidental. Why did it have to happen? he thought. His father’s death had been one of the main reasons for his mother to commit suicide. Why? Jon thought, why us?

He held no remorse towards his real father, only pity; pity that he had died so young, and sadness that he never even got to see him as a baby. He felt the sting of tears. They could have been a small family of three, if nothing had happened to him.

Father, he thought, how different things would be right now if nothing had happened to you.

“They were close, my dad and him. He didn’t talk much about him, neither did my aunt Lyanna. Now I know why.”

His parents were under the ground where he was standing. This was the closest to them he would ever be. It hurt him in the chest. Brandon could have been an amazing father to you, Ned had said, but I did my best, Jon, I swear. It hurt terribly, thinking about how his death had been so unpredictable and impossible to prevent. He did not have the wish to die, like Ashara. He really wanted to meet his son. He knew he did. Here I am, Jon thought. I’m sorry we never truly met.

He wiped a tear from his face. “I…I think I want to see my mother now.”

She nodded and held him by the arm. They walked slowly, the only sound was the grass under their shoes.

Dany stopped abruptly. “Here she is.”

ASHARA DAYNE, read a gravestone. A tear quickly fell on his cheek.

His mother, his real mother, was dead. She had abandoned him. Yet beneath the feeling of betrayal, it saddened him not having been able to know her, but from knowing that she was missing so much, that she was not living. He missed her, even though he didn’t even know her, or remember her; grief pained him in his bones. It hurt to see her name. She had carried him in her arms twenty years ago, hers had been the first heartbeat he’d ever felt, the first voice he had probably heard. Most people say that the happiest days of their lives were when their children had been born, had she felt that joy when she saw him for the first time? Hadn’t he been enough to give her a sense of purpose again, a will to live? How, despite everything, could she have decided to end her life? How had she said goodbye to him? How had she decided that he would have a better life without her?

I would have loved you anyway, he thought.

And could she have ever pictured this moment before ending her life? Did she ever imagine that the baby she was holding in her arms would one day be sitting in front of her gravestone, mourning her death? Crying because he never met her?

Just a couple of weeks before, he had been at home with his family, his big family, one more weekend with them, nothing extraordinary. But now those moments would not be the same, because now he knew he was the one who didn’t fit, that he was the different one, even if some of his
siblings didn’t know it yet. Now he saw Arya as his cousin, now every time he kissed Rickon in the cheek or tickled him he remembered suddenly that he wasn’t his brother. He didn’t want to be with them. He could not stand it.

He sat on his ankles, his knees against his chest, and placed his bunch of flowers over her gravestone. Dany placed a hand on his shoulder. He breathed.

Two kids were running around playing together, while their mother asked them to behave in a cemetery. Jon smiled, he and Robb would have done exactly the same when they were kids. Robb, he thought, his cousin. His lifelong friend and brother, was really his cousin. His brother whom he had taken care of so many times, who had been his partner his whole life…he smiled. He was happy he grew up as one of them, surrounded by so many kids as he was growing up. But he was not one of them. Did it matter, though?

He brushed his fingers where her name was carved. Ashara, it sounded beautiful, like a whisper. He wished he had at least one memory of her, at least from a dream, but he had none. He had been only months old when she died.

Why did you leave me? he thought, the pressure in his chest growing.

It came to his mind that Ned and Cat must have been just as sad as he was. Brandon was Ned’s brother, how must it feel to lose a brother? He didn’t even want to think how it felt for any of his siblings to die. He would do the same thing for them, he thought. He would take their children as his own. He wouldn’t think twice about it. They truly had been close, so close that Ned named Bran after him. He couldn’t stop his tears from falling, he pressed his fists to his eyes and sniffed.

What about all the rest of his family? His aunts, uncles? His extended family? Did all of them know? Did his grandparents know? His grandfather Rickard? His aunt Lyanna? Of course they all did. Cat didn’t get pregnant with him, he appeared out of nowhere. Of course his whole family had met him when he was fresh out of Ashara’s womb. Of course everyone knew that Brandon and Ashara’s son was now Eddard and Cat’s. Of course they had all agreed to remain silent about it. Everyone but him knew about it.

He laughed sadly, all of them were such good liars.

“Crying hurts,” he told her in a weak voice. “Physically. A lot.” His eyelids burned every time a teardrop fell. He felt a terrible pressure in his chest and in his head.

Dany kneeled beside him. She placed a hand on his arm and he rubbed his eyes. “Forgive her.”

He sighed. “It sounds easy,” his voice broke. “Have you forgiven your dad?”

She stayed silent for a few seconds. “I have,” she said in a small voice, her thumb rubbing his arm.

He swallowed. “Why did she do that?” he cried softly.

“Oh, Jon, I don’t know,” she turned her face to look at him. “The only thing I’m sure of is that she loved you. Of course she did. I don’t know what else was going through her head for her to make that choice, and neither do you, Jon, you’ll never know. But I’m sure she didn’t do it to abandon you.”

He pressed his forehead to her shoulder and she ran her hand through his arm to hold his hand.

“Can you imagine how hurt must a person be for them to kill themselves when they have a newborn child? Of course it was not about you.” How could she have felt, indeed. It definitely had hurt her
more than it hurt him now. “She left you with the best family one could ask for.”

He wept, he cried hard while his head hurt. She held him and kissed his head. He cried harder and she kissed him once more, holding him close, her hand caressing the other side of his face. She took some tissues out of her purse and handed them to him. She had obviously known this day would have ended up in tears.

“We can’t change this, Jon. We can’t change the fact that our parents are dead. That’s how it is. We have to live with it.”

“I know,” he sniffed again. “I just wish they were alive.”

She nodded, rubbing both his hands. “It will always hurt,” she told him. “I will always be fatherless and you will always be parentless. It will always be part of us. Even after grieving, that pain will always be there, stinging when we go back to it. We have to learn to live with it.”

She was crying too now. She grabbed a tissue and blew her nose. He held her knees and rested his head on her shoulder, his eyes closed, as the windy afternoon dried the tears on his cheeks. His head throbbed and his throat hurt. She took his hand in hers and kissed the back of it.

“We will never abandon our children,” he said.

“No,” she replied. “Never.”

He didn’t even feel embarrassed about bringing up that subject with her. He would never want his family to go through something like this, he would never allow his children to be parentless. He would be there no matter the circumstances. She rested her lips on his head and stayed like that. He only felt his breath, his hand on her knees and her cold hand on top of his, the pain in his chest, her lips on his head, her breathing against him.

“It hurts to see you like this, really,” she said. “But forgive her, and it won’t feel so bad then. I swear.”

It is easy to get angry. It is easy to feel betrayed, to get hurt. The hard part is to forgive. Weak people don’t know how to forgive, his father had told him, only the strong ones do. He smiled, thinking about how Ned had taught him the best things in life. It truly required a whole lot of strength to forgive his mother.

I don’t want to spend my whole life angry at you, or pitying you, he thought, as if she could hear his thoughts. I cannot go through life angry at my mother.

“I’ll give you a moment, would you like that?” she asked him. He nodded, half-smiling at her.

Dany stood up and rubbed his shoulder. She walked away towards her car, leaving them alone, his mother and him.

He wanted her alive, he wanted his parents to know how he was doing, to know he was okay, that he was in university and that he had been raised lovingly by Ned and Cat. He wanted to see their faces, he had seen them in pictures Ned had shown him, but if only he could have actual memories of then. What would she think of him? What would she think of her son, her only son? Would she be proud of him? He wondered if he should talk to her. At least tell her a few words. He had never talked to her, so maybe he should tell her something, just to let her know he was doing fine. He raised his gaze to see if anyone was looking in his direction.

“Ashara,” he said softly. “Mum.”
Part of him felt like this was getting him nowhere and part of him wanted to break down and cry.

“It’s Jon. I’m doing fine,” he said, feeling slightly silly about speaking to the thin air, but also slightly nervous about talking to her for the first time, even if, most probably, she was not listening to him. “I’ve grown up as the second to oldest of the Stark children. It has not been an easy job,” he smiled. “Ned and Cat have taken really good care of me all this time. They raised me as their own, I’m sure that’s what you’d wanted. I live near school. Robb and I rent a flat together. He is a little problematic, but it seems like he’s finally coming to his senses. That girl who was next to me just now is my girlfriend, her name is Daenerys. I’m sure you would like her. She is the only girlfriend I’ve ever had. I’ve never really had the chance to have one before. I’ve always felt a little…left out in high school.” He made a pause, sighing. “I think she gets me. Her dad died as well, when she was a little kid.”

He kept staring at her name, wondering if by any chance that she was actually listening to him, somehow. He hugged his knees and breathed in deeply before he continued, “I know you did not leave me because you didn’t want me,” he finally said. “I can feel it now, I cannot explain how. I’d been so angry…but now I can tell, I think. I don’t know what you’ve gone through,” he paused and wiped a tear from his cheek. “I’m sorry that things had to turn out like this.” He stood up and said, “Rest in peace.”

He stared at her tombstone, breathing in and out the humid air. Dany was walking towards him now, her hair loose against the wind, her hands in her coat pockets, her face down.

She stood next to him and said, “It’s getting late. We should probably go.”

“Just a little longer,” he said, wiping his tears with the back of his hand.

She stood next to him silently, staring down at Ashara’s gravestone as well.

“She had a lovely name,” she said. “Don’t you think?”

Jon nodded.

She was a lovely woman, Cat had told him. Once more, he wondered how his life would be if he had grown up as Ashara’s son. But Ned and Cat were his parents. They were the ones who taught them to walk, to talk, to ride a bike. They were the ones who had taken care of him when he was sick, who had taken him to soccer matches on his childhood, and the ones who had grounded him the first time he arrived home drunk as a teenager. He smiled. They had done everything Brandon and Ashara could not. Would he be the same person if Ashara had raised him on her own? She knew she could not raise a child, Cat had told him. She had tried to get better for him but didn’t think she was strong enough. He thought she could have been strong enough, at least he fantasized she was strong enough. He would have loved her anyway.

He stood up, his legs hurt from being squatted for so long. Dany put her arms around his waist and he hugged her by the neck. “Thank you for coming,” he told her, sniffing. She broke the embrace and smiled, her cheeks wet and her eyes red.

They walked back to the car, his hands in his pockets and her hands holding his arm. He did not know if he would want to come back to the cemetery. Brandon and Ashara were just a tragic backstory in his life. They did not really feel like his family, after all. His was a big family of eight, who lived in Winterfell and had raised him as one of them.

He spent that afternoon in bed, sleeping the hours he hadn’t slept the previous night. Dany came
back to his place at night to sleep, but he could not do so. His mind was filled with thoughts about
death, impermanence, about how transient everything in life was. Why would get attached to
anything or anyone if they could die at any moment? It only created suffering. He got up from the
bed, and with his phone’s lantern searched for a book about Eastern Philosophy in his desk.

“What are you doing?” she asked, she probably couldn’t sleep either.

“I’m not tired, I’ll go outside and read for a while.”

He didn’t want to bother her with the light so he went left the bedroom to sit on the couch. ‘The
Cessation of Suffering,’ read the title of a chapter. He had already read it for class, already knew it
well, but the solution—unclinging from everything and everyone—sounded almost impossible.
Clinging to anything there was made him suffer once he lost it, it was the root of suffering. He felt
like crying again, but he didn’t want to do so anymore. He had cried too much these past days.
Seeing his parents—young people buried in the ground—had made him realize how, in fact, he
could never know when he would lose his loved ones, or when he himself could die.

Dany walked out of his bedroom and smiled, “Everything okay?”

He smiled right back with a nod. She made him happy, without a doubt. Without her, these days
would have been much greyer and tougher. This meant, though, that the happier she made him, the
more he would suffer if he lost her—if she broke up with him, if she died. He didn’t want to think
about that, but it was inevitable. It was frightening for his happiness to depend on someone else as
much as his did on Dany, how could he know for certain she would always be there?

She sat down next to him on the couch and took a peek at the pages he had opened. “You’re
studying this late? Do you have a test tomorrow?”

“No, I just…gotta read this for class,” he said, not wanting to worry her. “I already finished reading
it…I just wanted to see if I understood it well enough.”

“Oh okay then,” she took the book from his hands. “Say everything you know about…” she closed the
book and read the cover, “Eastern Philosophy, and I’ll tell you if you’re ready or not.”

She turned the pages of the chapter he had been reading and told him he could start.

He exhaled, wondering how much she was willing to share with her about this. “So, eastern
philosophy has always been focused on the cessation of suffering or…which are fancy words on how
to be happy. For example, do you think the path of fulfillment is the same for everybody? Or do you
think everyone can achieve it their own way?”

Her eyes flew up during her pondering. “In their own way,” she said. “Everyone can be happy the
way they want to, right?”

She put her feet up, her knees against her chest. He rested his hand on her thighs and hugged her
legs. She adjusted her body against his sides, leaning against him.

“Most philosophers disagree, though,” Jon said, “Most claim there’s one way only. For instance,
Siddharta Gautama said that there are certain things that can give you pleasure, for a short or long
period of time, but in the end, that satisfaction will go away. You may think that getting this car or
this phone will make you a happy person, but those things are impermanent. Not only those things,
the pleasure derived from owning them. So you think that seeking all these pleasures will make you
happy. It’s called the ‘hedonic treadmill’ because you’re not closer to happiness. You cling to those
pleasures, they fade, you suffer, and then you need new ones, until when?”
Dany skimmed the pages of the book until she finally said. “Found it, impermanence, okay.”

He didn’t feel like he was studying at all, he mostly felt like he was trying to organize, or make sense of all the ideas in his head, of all the pessimism that was clouding him.

“So, then, in the West, Schopenhauer followed the Buddah’s ideas and said that life is suffering. We will always desire infinite things but won’t be able to get them all. So he basically hated life and said that it’s better to never have been born.”

“Wow,” she said. “He must have been fun at parties.”

He exhaled a laugh and went on, “But it’s not just these material things and the pleasure derived by them what are impermanent. People are, too.” He paused. “All of us will die, and we have no idea when. So if your happiness relies on ‘whatever you want’, how can you be so sure that…it will last?”

“Interesting,” she replied, clearly looking at it only from the academic point of view.

“Hey,” he said, tapping her legs. “I don’t want to ruin the moment getting all morbid but, I could die tomorrow, who knows? And when I’m with you, I…I fear our relationship will be impermanent, but how I wish it weren’t.”

Contemplating impermanence, though, was the first step to getting unattached to things that we cling to and attribute our happiness to, at least according to this philosophy. Being clung to them creates suffering in us. By noticing they are impermanent, we no longer create causation between these things and our happiness. By ‘unclinging’ ourselves from them, our suffering can cessate. But he couldn’t bear to think that way about Dany, nor their relationship.

She turned to look at him. “I want to be with you for the long run,” she said.

“Me too, me too…” he replied. But what if he placed his happiness on her and she died tomorrow? He didn’t want to tell her that, he didn’t want her to know how scared he was, or how in love he was. Behind all the joy she brought him, he was afraid that this couldn’t last. What if she decided one day that it was enough? What if one day she just…got bored of him? His stomach tightened. He didn’t want to think about it anymore. He regretted starting this conversation with her.

"I wish I didn’t overthink. Life feels…harder...more difficult when I do so." He chuckled. "And I study philosophy. I think all goddamn day."

She pressed a kiss on his cheek. “Why do you have to think like that, though? If you don’t want this to be impermanent, and neither do I, why should it be?”

“Why should it,” he exhaled, thinking out loud, holding her hand. He hoped he was not scaring her off with tragic philosophy.

She turned her body to face him completely and told him, “I love you.”

He felt how every drop of blood traveled through his whole body, rushing to his head. Again, he tried to hold back tears. These days he had felt a number of feelings, as varied as he had ever felt, that it was impossible to name all of them. But now, he knew well what he was feeling.

“I love you too,” he answered, and her warm smile mirrored on his face.

She grabbed his cheek and asked him, “Isn’t this moment permanent enough?”
Books and texts don't consider every possible scenario in human life, he thought. *Please,* he though, *let this be permanent.* Not an author who lived thousands of years ago, and not an author who published his thoughts last year, could answer all the questions he had in his head. He did not quite understand everything that was going on inside it, but one thing he knew was that he would never forget how he was sitting here, next to Daenerys Targaryen, and she told him she loved him, and his body went numb, and his mind stopped searching for philosophical answers. He would never forget it, and that was at least a tiny bit permanent.

“Yes,” he said, “it is enough.”

It was love, joy, gratitude for everything she had done: listening to him when no one had ever seemed to care enough about what went on inside his head, taking care of him and keeping him company when he needed it the most, *loving* him, understanding him. She deserved all that happiness and more. He would strive to give it all—and much more—back. Maybe, that way, this could be permanent.

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Chapter End Notes

I liked writing this chapter. In fact, I ended up writing a jon/dany graveyard one-shot in asoiaf times as well, check it out! :) If you’ve been reading this closely, you might have realized that Jon is, in fact, attached to Dany—or that they both are, to one another. Is it the same thing as love, though? This topic will keep on coming up until the end of the fic, but I would like to hear your opinions on this question. Whoever wants to read more about the subject, check out the Buddhist views on attachment.

Next up: Smut!
The weekend after he visited the cemetery, Jon went home and hugged Ned and Cat straight away, dropping his suitcase at the entrance of the house. He hadn’t hugged them this genuinely in years. He went by himself, he wanted to spend the weekend alone with his family.

“Thank you for everything,” he had told them, “and please forgive me.”

It had been impossible for Cat to hold back her tears. She held his cheeks with both hands and smiled at him with watery eyes.

He felt better that following week at school, but still didn’t feel like he used to. Would he ever feel the same again? His life would change from now on, so he guessed he would have to learn to live with this new information. Yet a heavy load had left his shoulders after he visited Brandon and Ashara at the cemetery and Ned and Cat at home.

He decided not to tell his friends about his parentage. He didn’t see why they should know, it would be okay if they kept thinking he was, biologically, part of the Stark family. Dany was the only one besides his family who knew this secret. This tiny detail felt so intimate, like a string that united them even more.

Those weeks had been tough. The lack of motivation, concentration, and energy had hampered even the smallest activities, like getting out of bed. He didn’t even know what he wanted in his day-to-day. He felt bad for Robb and Dany for having to put up with him. Dany was always doing her best, trying to steal a smile from him or taking him out to distract him, always attentive if he needed something. But she got harsher when he didn’t want to go to class, as he had already missed several classes.

“She had showered and changed and he was still lying in bed, not wanting to move an inch.

“I won’t let you ruin your semester,” she insisted. “Go to class.”

He complied those times, lazily taking off his pajamas and putting on acceptable clothes. But in class, he either daydreamed or strived to keep himself from falling asleep.

Little by little, he started feeling less bad. When he went back to school after spending the weekend with his family, Dany took him to watch a play, to restaurants, to walk around town. She insisted he should go out with his friends to distract himself, especially if too many days passed with him locked up in his flat.

However, it had been a while since they had had sex. She had sat on his lap one time as they kissed.
It started off relatively quiet, slower than most times, but when she took his cock in her hands and started stroking it, he could not get aroused properly. So he just pulled her hand up and said he didn’t want to. She apologized, slightly embarrassed. He felt bad for turning her down, and told her he would want to start again soon.

She had sat next to him on the bed later that night, her back to him while she changed her clothes.

“I thought maybe I could…cheer you up that way,” she said softly.

“I know,” he replied, lying on the bed. “Thank you.”

He stretched his arm to run his hand through her hair and down her bare back. She turned her body to him, holding her pajama shirt in her hands. Her blonde hair fell on her nipples. In any other moment his fingers would already be on them, making her giggle. She held his hand and gave him a soft smile. It’s okay, she was probably telling him. He let his hand fall from hers to her thigh. She put on her shirt and said goodnight.

He missed being intimate with her. He wanted to have her again, laughing beneath his palms and kissing him hungrily like she used to, moaning in his ear while he begged her to lower her voice. He needed it, not only to take his mind off things but to feel something again, to feel her touch and her kisses and her skin against his, to forget about everything and just think about him and her pleasuring and loving each other. Nothing else mattered in those moments.

Yet it wasn’t only his desires what mattered. They had told one another they loved each other, and she had been brave enough to say it first, couldn’t he make her feel loved? But then again, was sex the only way—or even the best way—to show her he loved her? Her attentiveness towards his well-being was a much stronger proof, for one. Yet he couldn’t deny he would like to please her as she loved to be pleased. She was his girlfriend, after all, not his mother, and she was probably starting to feel like it: she was only taking care of him, telling him to go to class, to eat better, to go exercise, anything to help him go back to how his life was before the family news.

Now, in his flat, they were cuddling in his couch after having dinner. She was teaching him to cook. Even though her recipes were simple, cooking was fun and distracting. They ate noodles with basil, spinach, mushrooms, and tomato. They would go to the library now to study for a while, as Robb had asked him if they could leave the flat for him and the girl he was dating. Jon agreed. He had done that for him and Dany many times. So, even if he felt ready—not to say aroused—to finally have sex again, and especially, to make his girlfriend happy and give back to her all the love she had given him these past weeks, this would have to be another night without sex—as Missandei was at her and Dany’s bedroom.

Her feet were up on the couch and her knees against her chest. His hand rested on her thighs and hugged her legs to him. She adjusted her body against his sides, leaning against him, as he played a game on his phone with his free hand.

“You are ridiculously comfortable…” she smiled as he stroked her thighs.

She stretched her body over him to grab a book by Hegel that lay on his opposite side. She opened it with curious eyes and tried to read the first chapter. It was one of the most difficult books he had read in his life, and was wondering if she was understanding at least a fragment of it.

"I'm reading the words, the sentences, yet I can't make sense of anything my eyes are seeing," she said, turning the pages, skimming through them. He had annotations written in every one of them. "My God, you're so intelligent."
He laughed and shook his head. "There's way too much effort put into it, and the help of the professor's lectures as well. It takes me weeks to study a single chapter, an entire day to read a single page. It's way too difficult."

"You're too modest, Jon," she said with a smile. "The Owl of Minerva flies only at dusk," she read. He had highlighted and underlined that sentence. "What does this mean?"

He drummed his fingers over her thigh, thinking. "Well, the Owl of Minerva represents wisdom. The bit that it 'flies at dusk' means that humanity will understand its history and nature at a late stage, while looking back at all the events of history—like someone looking back at their day during the night."

She tried to read the page but asked him, "How the hell did you understand that from the words written in here?"

"With hard work."

"Hard work!" she exclaimed. "This is incomprehensible! You are a goddamn genius for understanding a single sentence..."

He let out a laugh. "That's not true."

"You are!" she insisted, pressing his hand. "You're so intelligent. You're so wise!"

He tried not to blush. "I'm flattered! But that's not true."

"It is! Believe me. None of those scientists I study with is half as smart as you are." She pressed a kiss to his jaw. Now, he was sure he was visibly blushing.

The doorbell rang. Dany stood up and said, "This conversation isn’t over."

She opened the door and a feminine voice said, "Daenerys."

The door was blocking Jon’s view of her.


"What are you doing here?" she replied.

"It's my boyfriend’s flat."

"Your boyfriend?!" the other girl exclaimed. "Robb, what the fuck?!"

"Oh," Dany said. "No, actually-"

"I guess it’s true what the other girls say about you!" she yelled into the flat. "I can’t believe it!"

Jon quickly rushed to the door. "It's me," he clarified. "I'm the boyfriend."

"I...oh," Jeyne only said. So she was whom Robb had been talking about. It wasn’t surprising how tall, slim, and beautiful she was, just like every girl Robb had easily dated before.

Robb rushed out of his room. "What’s going on?!"

"She...I thought she...." Jeyne tried to explain herself. "Sorry," she told Dany.
“It’s alright,” she replied, pressing her mouth to, evidently, hold back a laugh.

Robb eyed at them both suspiciously and said, “Okay…guys, this is Jeyne, by the way. She’s my…we’re dating.”

Jon and Dany tried their best not to laugh, even as they picked up their backpacks to go to the library. Once they left the flat though, they burst into laughter.

“I thought she was gonna punch me!” Dany laughed.

“But how do you know her?” Jon asked, still laughing.

“She was the president of the sorority Arianne belonged to, and kicked her out of it for hanging out with girls from outside the sorority, myself included.”

“What? That’s terrible,” he said. “Well, I did tell Robb to try to be in a relationship. Maybe that way he could get himself together…for a girl, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” Dany said. “Maybe. She’s not a saint companion, she out there doing coke every time she parties, so, yeah…”

Jon sighed. He was worried about his brother. The previous week he had gotten intoxicated by alcohol excess in a school night, again. He had been unconscious for hours. Jon tried his best not to punch him when he woke up. He was sick the whole day. And the week before that, he missed classes once more because he smoked so much weed that his blood pressure dropped to the ground, he puked and couldn’t move off the couch for five hours. Jon smoked with him sometimes, he was okay with it. It only upset him when it interfered with Robb’s academic priorities.

When they were done studying at the tables, they got up to return their books on the shelves. She followed him deep into the long hallways of books until they couldn’t see the tables anymore and were surrounded by ancient philosophy books, the ones that were over two thousand years old.

“My God, these books are relics!” she exclaimed as she eyed the ones on her eye-level.

“They’re the best ones, though.”

“But how can you relate to what they said? These people had completely different problems to philosophize about.”

Jon shook his head and snapped his teeth. “We still have the same fundamental problems. Don’t you remember the impermanence bit we were talking about the other day? That was over two thousand years old as well, yet it can still be applied today easily.”

“And what else can be applied today?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Most of it, I’d say.”

“Then tell me about it,” she smiled. “Woo me with your knowledge! Make me a bit wiser!”

He laughed to himself, he didn't really know if she meant every word she was saying or if she was exaggerating to liven him up. She knew he liked talking about philosophy, so he wondered if her questions about it lately were due to her wish for him to talk more and get distracted from his family’s issues that way, or because she was genuinely interested in philosophy. Yet he was fine either way. No one in his family gave a damn about philosophy. They never asked him a single thing
about it.

He drummed his fingers on his lips as he tried to think of a book.

"Let’s see…Epicurus."

He showed her a graph from the book. A curve started at the origin and rose at the start, but quickly got stuck at the same level and remained a straight horizontal line. “Let’s say you want a fancy car and think it’ll make you happy. This will be your level of happiness if you had the car but no friends, no freedom, no mental stability. It’s good at first, but then…it will stay the same. Epicurus said that money’s capacity to deliver happiness is already present in small salaries and will not rise with the largest. We will not cease being happy with greater outlay, but we will not surpass levels of happiness already available to those on a limited income.

![Graph of Epicurean method](image)

“Okay, tell me something that you think will make you happy, and we’ll apply the Epicurean method to it. Preferably a material thing.”

“I guess…” she thought. "A house on the beach, like right in front of the sea! That would be nice, right?"

Jon agreed and proceeded to start with the method. “Now, this is the first step: identify a project for happiness. So what you’re saying is, in order to be happy, I must have a house in front of the sea. In the pier of King’s Landing?”

Dany nodded. Those were the most expensive houses in the country, having such a lovely view in front of them was undoubtedly desirable.

“So, the next step is to imagine that project being false: could it be possible for you to live on the pier and not be happy?”

She nodded, lowering her feet to the ground and cuddling beside him. “Of course. I could have a…a cheating husband, no friends, all my family could be dead, no job, hated by a whole country…."

Jon nodded. “Then that house is not enough nor necessary for your happiness. On the other hand, could you feel happy living in a hut? Maybe if you’re living with the people you love?"

She hesitated but then said, “I guess so.”
“In the next step, the initial project—the house—must take into account the exception: the people you love. It would go like this: as long as you live with someone you love in the big ass house, you’ll be happy. Or, you can be happy without spending all that shitload of money in that house, as long as you’re with someone you love. Finally, in the last step, you reflect on your true needs. Your initial desire, which you had thought was a need, ended up being just a desire for a material object that doesn’t really promise happiness. I don’t blame you, we all fall in this trap.”

“I do think it’s necessary to be financially comfortable to be happy. Imagine if you can’t afford food or drinkable water, or a place to live…”

“Yeah, you need it to survive. But wanting more and more of it—like fancier versions of a house—are just material desires and not needs. Imagine living there completely on your own.”

She nodded, thoughtful. “So, being surrounded by others, by people who love us, that’s what makes us happy?”

Jon nodded. “According to Epicurus, yes, and to many other philosophers.”

She looked at him and smiled, he stared at her and smiled back. It felt like such an overwhelmingly beautiful moment that he did not know how to react, so he looked back down to his book. He said, “Epicurus finishes the method saying: The possession of the greatest riches does not resolve the agitation of the soul nor give birth to remarkable joy. However, he doesn’t clearly state that relationships are the road to happiness, necessarily, but he does say that they are more likely to make you happy. But! Aristotle did believe so. He said men are social animals, so we need others to survive, and we can only reach true happiness, Eudamonia, with true friends.”

Dany nodded. “You know, it’s interesting to hear what all these guys said…but what do you think?”

Jon exhaled. “I think we’re happier…with people who care for us, and who we care for.” He genuinely meant it. Everything she had done for him these past weeks, every little detail, had made him a little happier. What good would it had brought him to mourn his parents’ death in a mansion if he hadn’t been with her by his side? “I know I’ve said thank you many times, but…thank you, again. You’ve been…” he let out a sigh, struggling to put his feelings into words. A silent smile drew naturally on her face, waiting for him to go on. “I’d still be tucked in bed if it weren’t for you. I’m still sad, of course I am but…it’s not that awful anymore, thanks to you.”

He wanted to say so much more, yet he did not know how to do so. Not only she had told him she loved him, but she had also shown it to him in every action of hers. He was so insecure that even after all the months they had been together if she really was in love with him. But that doubt faded away with time and with every display of her love to him. Would he ever do for someone else everything she had done for him, with so much care and effort, if he didn’t love that person?

“You don’t have to thank me,” she said with a tender smile, and he couldn’t help himself from hugging her tightly around her shoulders. She hugged him back and he shut his eyes as he tried to take in how it felt to love and to be loved. Her whole body relaxed as she exhaled, and he only let go to hold her by the sides of her face and press a comically loud kiss on her lips which broke the stillness of the library, making her laugh. She replied with another playful kiss on his lips and his hands ended up pulling her body to him without his command. Their lips locked in a slow kiss. Her fingertips gently scratched the nape of his neck. He turned his head to deepen the kiss while running the back of his fingers down her arm, making her shudder. Her hands slid to the sides of his face, caressing his cheeks with her thumbs as their tongues finally met. But when his hands reached her waist and he brushed down her buttocks with his fingers, she let go.

“What?” he asked, looking around to see if she worried about being watched. Yet that wasn’t a
problem, as the library was almost deserted now.

She sighed and rested her forehead on his neck. “I miss making love with you.”

He did want to make love to her. He wanted her to feel as loved as he had felt all this time he had been taking care of him, wanting to see him happier. By touching her he could please her and cheer her up, but in his everyday life, he could do his best to make her as happy as she had made him.

Yet there was nowhere to have sex tonight. They would have to spend the night at Dany’s bed, so they would not have any privacy with Missandei on the other side of the room.

His thoughts had not allowed him to reply to her quickly, so, she only replied, “It’s fine, though. There’s no problem.” He looked at her with a sad gaze, wanting desperately to explain himself, to tell her he was ready now, yet she only said, “Before I forget I…wanted to take the Silmarillion with me. I kept on forgetting, I’ll go check it out now.” She patted his shoulder and said, “Be right back.”

Her body separated from his and the cold temperature of the room quickly replaced the warmth her body had emanated to his. The feeling of her against him left a ghost memory behind, a tingling in his hips, stomach, arms—every part of his that had touched her. He shut his eyes and cursed the desire that had crept into him in such an inappropriate moment: in a night with no privacy.

While he didn’t think sex wasn’t the most important thing in a relationship, he couldn’t help remembering all the times she had lightened up his mood with it. One night, they had been having sex on his bed with his night lamp on, and their silhouettes were reflected on the wall. ‘It look’s like Plato’s Myth of the Cavern,’ she joked—referring to the myth he had told her once, where people only watched in a cavern the silhouettes of the real world—making him laugh so loud he had to stop. Sometimes they were lying together or sitting next to each other watching a movie, and without even looking at him she slipped her hand under his pants to grab his bulge. In no time her strokes would make it impossible to keep paying attention to whatever he was doing. One time she even did it while they were having breakfast and he nearly choked on his orange juice.

‘You’re gonna give me a heart attack someday,’ he had told her.

She only laughed, telling him that she wanted to do it when he least expected it. She had even dared him one time to surprise her too, to touch her in a moment when she wouldn’t suspect it at all. He thought about situations where he could do it. Maybe he could take her to the movies one night, in the back corner of a theatre where no one ever sat, and touch her until she came; maybe in the car, he thought, or…in the library. He swallowed a chuckle, thinking he must be going crazy. They could get expelled if someone saw them…She loved the library, though, and now that he was calmer, that the truth about his parentage had sunk in considerably, it could be his turn to make her happy.

She came back with a grin as she held the book up, showing it to him. “Found it! I am the worst Tolkien fan for not having read this book yet. Can you believe, by the way, that we’re the only ones around? The library is literally empty.”

“Yeah, it’s kinda late,” he replied, trying to hide his excitement from such opportunity. The ancient philosophy shelves were deep within a maze of shelves, which helped to make their encounter even more discrete. He looked up at the roof, there were no security cameras around either.

“I think I’ll start reading it right now,” she said, and grabbed him by the arm. “Let’s go take a seat at a table.”

Yet he stayed still as she pulled him. It was now or never. So, before he could have the chance of
giving up, he hugged her from behind, snaking his arms around her waist and holding her belly. He nuzzled and sniffed her neck, which made her jerk and contract her head to a side in laughter.

“Well if you’re touching me like that I won’t be able to read it,” she chuckled.

He kissed her cheek and sniffed her hair playfully, while she laughed with the book in her hands. She helped him grab her hair and place it on one side of her neck for him to kiss the opposite side. He felt her shudder against him when he started pressing his lips on it. Yet she straightened her neck again and chortled, “I’m gonna read this anyway.”

“Go on, then,” he said jokingly, running his hands over her belly, her hips, and stopping in her abdomen, wondering if he was brave enough to let them travel lower.

“The Music of the Ainur,” she started reading between laughs. Jon felt her sweatpants’ waistband and passed his hand under it. She kept reading and his hand went under her undies, right where her small blonde hairs were, and pressed her clit hard. Dany gasped. It was one loud gasp. He didn’t know if she would slap him. He probably deserved it. But he started moving his fingers anyway, pressing her clit. She let go of the book with one hand and clutched his wrist. Her hand was cold—the complete opposite of her cunt. But his fingers were firm, rubbing and pressing circles down there, where she was always warm.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered, and a tingling sensation invaded his body that led him to press her harder. She closed her eyes and swallowed a moan. “What if someone walks in?” she whispered.

“No one will.” He kissed her cheek. “It’s quite late.”

She dropped her head back to rest it on his shoulder and he tilted his head down to kiss her mouth. His pushed his tongue into it straight away. He couldn’t believe what they were doing.

She let go with a loud snapping sound. “Finger me.”

He complied eagerly, sliding his middle finger inside her. She let out a tiny moan in his ear and her hips bucked in response to his finger curling inside her. Her cunt welcomed it with the warmest embrace, deliciously wet as it clench around it.

“Weren’t you reading, by the way?” he joked, looking down at her face resting on his shoulder.

“I’ll try,” she giggled and adjusted herself, her book still in her hands. “There was Eru, the One,” she breathed, “who in Arda is called Ilúvatar; and he made, fuck, first the Ainur, fuck.”

He laughed lightly and she chuckled in reaction as well. She left the book on the shelf and lifted her leg, placing her foot on the lower shelf to allow his finger a better entrance. Her entire body against him emanated a warmth that went straight to his cock. He wanted to lower his pants and take her there, but that meant they would make more sounds and he didn’t want to take such a risk, and his idea was to please her—so he would do so as best as he could this way. She covered his free hand—which was resting on her belly—with hers.

"Oh, Jon," she breathed in a tiny voice against his mouth. "I've been so horny lately. Fuck, I missed this so much."

And just by hearing this, he felt himself getting harder, and his hand traveled unwittingly to her breast. She closed her eyes with her mouth parted open, whimpering and squeaking. Her chest moved fiercely as her breath was quick and deep. His eyes were locked in her mouth, her trembling lips seemed like an invitation for him to close the space between them. He kissed her again while she kept on humming, scratching his wrist softly. He added another finger inside her and she hissed in
approval as her liquids dripped down his hand. She placed a hand on his neck and deepened the kiss, pushing his tongue with hers, and her moans, even though she tried to hold them back, slinked out of her mouth inevitably. His hand massaging her breast moved rhythmically with his fingers in her cunt. He was getting harder, he was sure she could feel it as his bulge was against her butt.

He lowered his free hand from her belly to her cunt, and pressed her clit in circles in synchronicity with the curling of his fingers. She let out a hum against his lips yet he kissed her harder, trying to drown louder moans coming out of her mouth that could give them away. Her fingers trembled slightly as they reached his arms again, holding them as their muscles stretched and contracted with the movement of his fingers.

“I’m almost there,” she whispered in a high-pitched voice.

“Try not to be too loud.” He kissed the side of her mouth and, determined, pushed his fingers harder as they circled her clit, yet they moved smoothly with the aid of her dampness.

She threw her head back to his shoulder with a choked moan, and breathed heavily as her hands closed tightly around his arms, as she kept her mouth closed to swallow her moans during her orgasm, as her liquids freely and fiercely escaped her and dampened his hand.

She exhaled loudly, resting her body back on his. He moved his hands up and embraced her torso tightly, and her hands traveled along his arms until they reached his hands and intertwined their fingers together.

She let out a tired giggle. “Jon,” she breathed. “What were you thinking...”  

He pressed a kiss on the side of her forehead. "I don't know. I'm sorry. I just wanted to surprise you.”

She turned around to face him, pulled him by the face and gave him a kiss on the lips. "I loved it, though. Thank you. I really missed this.”

She placed her forehead on his shoulder and he pressed a kiss on her head, relieved that nothing had gone wrong.

"My hand is so wet though," he said, looking down at it.

She dried it with her t-shirt, making him chuckle. She looked at the bulge in his pants and touched it. “Shit, you’re so hard.”

“It’s fine,” he waved off.

“No, it’s not.” She sighed. “But there is no privacy in your place nor mine right now.” She held the sides of his face and kissed him with a tiny laugh. “I guess I’ll have to follow your actions, then.”

He chuckled and shook his head. “No. It’s too risky here.”

“You didn’t seem to think that a while ago.” She opened her mouth against his neck and lowered her hand down his torso.

Yet before she could take him in her hand, the sound of footsteps and voices grew louder.

“Hello? Hello?” said the voices of two men. “If someone’s around, we’re about to close the library for the night!” they announced.
Dany looked at the time on her phone. “Shit.”

She gave him her book for him to cover his bulge as they walked out of the hallway and met the workers.

As they all walked out of the library, she whispered to Jon’s ear, “Let’s go to my car.”

Chapter End Notes

OHHHHH JON IS A BAD BOY!!!
So, I know sex isn’t everything in a relationship, so these sexless weeks Dany has been taking care of Jon like crazy, she’s been so attentive to everything and how he’s feeling, I think that’s another crucial form of displaying love. I do consider sex to be super important in a relationship though, and I think having his sex life back could definitely help him get better, by feeling loved so explicitly, by wanting to love her so bad, and of course, for having fun throughout his day ;)

Tell me what you think! And if you want to make any requests for future chapters just tell me! Cheers friends!

For those who want to read more about these topics, and to cite my sources: I used The Consolations of Philosophy by Alain de Botton for the Epicurus bit :D All these conversations about money and all that will come back at the last chapters. Also keep in mind Hegel's Owl of Minerva, it will come back in the last chapter :)
Work

Chapter Summary

As I said at the start, I want to portray relationships in a realistic way. So this is a bit of the not so nice side.

Chapter Notes

I know I make huge time leaps from chapter to chapter. I hope this fic’s style does not bother many people. I just want to portray relevant moments in their relationship. I don’t like writing chapters that are just story fillers, I prefer showing the dialogues and situations that are relationship-building or character-building, or just to have fun every once in a while. I hope you enjoy this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Weeks had gone by, months had gone by. The longer they were together, the more differences between them they noted. “Why do you fold the corner of the page instead of using a bookmark?”, “Why don’t you like sushi?”, “Why don’t you like horror movies?”, “How can’t you enjoy a Jim Carrey movie?”

It was funny, when he thought about it. When they had started dating, they had looked for all their similarities while now it seemed like they looked for all the differences they had. Sometimes, those differences could turn a bit annoying, like, “Why do you get so cold all the time, especially when the temperature’s perfect for me?”, “Why would you rather drive instead of taking a walk?” or “I’ve told you not to put your feet on my pillow!”.

Why, thought Jon, was it easier to get annoyed now by her differences or flaws than before? Why was it easier to get angrier at someone, or to lose one’s patience with them, when they meant more to you?

However, it was also easier now to care less about things that could have maybe embarrassed them before when they were next to each other. It was so natural now for her to sit next to him with her arms up her head, scratching an armpit, or the inside her ear. She could even walk naked around his room and he would still be focused on his readings, unaroused. Almost a year ago that would not have been possible.

So, he thought, time made them feel more comfortable around each other, but such comfort offered an opportunity for them to argue easily.

Tonight’s topic of discussion could have led to a terrible argument, like it had done a couple of times before. But Dany didn’t seem to give up about it, and every time she came back with better arguments. It was curious, though. She was usually the one who had less control of her anger, the one who snapped first during their arguments. But when she brought up the following topic, it was almost impossible for him to keep calm.
“I’m looking for a job,” she told him, her back to him in his flat as she poured hot tea into a mug. “Like an internship or something.”

He nodded, sitting on his couch, his eyes on his essay for his next class, and said, “Good,” knowing what she would say next.

She breathed and continued, “What about you?”

“What about me?” he asked, even if it was obvious what she meant.

She leaned on the wall, sipped her tea. “Have you thought about...what you want to do with your life? Maybe?”

“I don’t know, Daenerys,” he was already annoyed. “You know it bugs me when you ask me that.”

“I know, I...was just asking. And you can’t be avoiding that question all your life,” she replied, unusually calm.

He looked up at her and said firmly, “I think you should be a little more supportive of...”

“Supportive of what? Of not wanting to even look for a job?”

“Of not knowing what the fuck I want! You make me sound as if I’m lazy and I-”

“I’m not saying you’re lazy. I don’t do it to bother you by telling you this stuff,” she continued, a hand on her waist and the other one holding her mug. “I want you to look for options out there that could be useful for you...and to stop pulling excuses out of nowhere.”

“I don’t pull excuses out of nowhere. Why can’t you be more supportive?”

“Explain to me how do you want me to be ‘more supportive’ with you? By not giving a fuck about what you want to do? Well, you’ll never know in what field you want to work in if you’ve never tried any. Apply for an internship somewhere but try something.”

“You sound as if this were something urgent. It’s not! Don’t you see? Half the people here have jobs in...cafés and shit like that!”

“And what good would a job in a café bring you? Of course you can work in one if what you’re looking for is basically the money, but what you need is to see what jobs are out there for your major,” she sighed. He was silent and not firing back right away as the previous times they had talked about this. So she continued: “I’m just saying...you’re closer to graduation than I am. It would be good if you could get a job in your field to have experience before you graduate.”

“I. Don’t. Know. I don’t even have as many friends as you do to get recommendations or anything. I don’t know where to start.”

“It’s not about friends!” she walked around the room. “It’s about...acquaintances. If you know someone that works in a place that interests you, just go ahead and ask them if they’re looking for someone else.”

“I don’t know.”

“What don’t you know?” she stopped in front of him.

“I’m not too good at...talking to people who aren’t...kind of close.” He was embarrassed to admit his shyness out loud, especially to someone like her, who could definitely not understand it.
She sighed, and said, “I know, I know.” She sat next to him and put both her feet up on the couch. She sipped her tea. “But you’re getting better at it, you know. And you’ll get even better with time, I’m sure. There will be many situations in the future where you’ll have to get yourself together and go talk to someone.”

He sighed. It was so easy for her to say that.

“Tell me how else you want to find out what you want if you don’t try anything,” she said.

He stayed silent and exhaled.

Why was it easier to lose our temper with our loved ones than with others? He wondered that night. Why does one have more patience with people who are not the closest? Why did he use to be more patient with Dany before? Why was it easier to get annoyed now? Why was she bothering him now with this kind of questions, when she didn’t talk about it before? Why did it bother her so much, and why did it bother him so much?

Perhaps, he thought, they point out stuff about each other that others don’t care about much (you’re too impatient, you’re too bossy, you should clean your room more often...) with an underlying wish to help them mature. It bothered him that she talked to him about getting a job, while it bothered her that he was still acting in an immature way by avoiding that question. He snapped by telling her to stop being so bossy because he wanted her to see that she sometimes sounded like a ten-year-old when she acted that way. They wanted each other to mature, but in the middle of a heated argument, who has the ability to stop time and make such realizations?

She didn’t say ‘I told you so’ when he came up with an idea. She didn’t brag about being right when he realized there was someone he could talk to to get a job. She felt happy for him, she felt genuinely happy. No matter that she had not found a job yet and was still looking for one. Edd, from his Sociology class, had written an essay with him on the Westerosi’s perception of corruption. He knew Jon was good with writing, and he currently worked in the school’s newspaper.

When their Sociology class was over, Jon asked them if they were looking for someone to write about philosophy in the paper. It wasn’t surprising when Edd told him they didn’t have a space to write about philosophy. It wasn’t something the audience wanted to read, he told him. But Edd knew Jon was good at writing, so he told him to send him his CV anyway and the courses he had taken to discuss it with the board. It was the most Edd could do, there was no use in insisting further. Jon didn’t think it would be of any use to send him his CV, he did not even have any previous experience.

Sometimes it felt like a small truth lay behind what Viserys had told him about philosophers.

“It’s not like you guys are a married couple about to have children and you need stable jobs,” Myrcella told Dany. They were in Arianne’s room that night with Margaery. “If he doesn’t want to work yet, don’t push him.”

“I’m not pushing him. I just think he doesn’t have his priorities straight. He doesn’t know what the hell he wants in life because he’s never tried anything. And it’s because he’s not willing to try.”

Her friends defended him, insisting there was no rush.

“I just don’t want him to graduate and have no idea what to do with his degree.”

“Just like every other person after graduation,” said Arianne.
“Well, I don’t want that for him, and neither for me. That’s why I’m at least trying to assist Professor Seaworth in his investigation about macroeconomics.”

“We know, and, congratulations, but not everyone has such a perfect GPA like yours,” Myrcella said.

On one hand, it felt uncomfortable for her friends to be that direct with her. On the other hand, though, deep down, she considered herself lucky to have such a close group of friends, where they trusted each other enough to talk truth to one another, without the need to sugar coat anything.

She sighed, “It’s not about my GPA…He did try to get into the newspaper team but apparently, it didn’t end work out. I just hope he doesn’t drop this here.”

Arianne narrowed her eyes at her, and said, “You’re afraid he’ll live a life of unemployment because he’s a philosopher, don’t you?”

“What? No! I’ve never said that.”

“It looks like it, I’m just saying,” Arianne replied. “Maybe he has that impression too, and that’s why he gets pissed at you when you talk about it.”

“No way,” Dany said. “Or I hope not. I want him to get something to do in his free time. Sometimes it’s weird ‘cause I’ve got to study more and he has more free time…”

“Philosophers need a lot of free time, though,” Margaery interrupted. “They need to think about the meaning of life and smoke pot every day, don’t they?”

Her friends laughed out loud and Dany grinned and threw a pillow at Margaery’s face. But behind all the laughs, Dany wondered if the reason for her insistence was, in fact, her own insecurity of her boyfriend not having a good job in the future because of his major. She hoped not. She loved how he studied what he truly liked, instead of just choosing a career that made money. She didn’t want to be insecure about this. He truly was intelligent. Was this about him or about her, then?

“Is this Jon?” a deep voice spoke from the other end of the line.

“Yes, who is it?” Jon spoke through his earphones while he rode his bicycle from campus to his flat.

“This is Daario Naharis, from The Western, the school newspaper.”

Jon stopped the bike.

“Hey, how are you?” he tried to sound as casual as possible.

“I’m good, how are you? I’ve been checking out your CV, Edd talked to me about you. It says here you have an aptitude and interest for politics, is that right?” his voice was quick, deep, with a clear articulation of everything he said.

“Yes, yeah,” he only answered, too aware of how different he sounded next to someone who made it look like talking well was something easy.

“And you have taken...how many classes about politics?”

“Two. Political Sciences and Philosophy applied to Politics.”

Daario snapped his teeth and say, “More would be better,” which made him anxious right away.
Daario sighed and Jon started feeling anxious. He heard Daario’s voice from afar, saying to somebody else in the room, “Two. Just two, yes.” His stomach tightened.

"But we always learn about politics in Philosophy. Almost every philosopher discusses it," he insisted.

Daario did want a Philosophy student, to his surprise, to write opinion columns about politics. He just wanted someone a little older who had taken more courses. The reason why he wanted to give a shot to a Philosophy student was that he wanted someone who could raise questions to the audience and to show their critical ability in their writing. Jon said he was interested, which he genuinely was. So, Daario would interview him the following afternoon.

He biked to Dany’s dorm and threw the bike at the door when he arrived. He ran up the stairs and knocked on her door.

Open up, open up, open up, he thought to himself.

Missandei opened the door in her pajamas, “Hi.”

“Where’s Daenerys?”

“In the shower.”

He ran to the dorm’s common bathroom.

“It’s an all-girls bathroom!” Missandei shouted as he ran. He ignored her and entered the bathroom anyway.

“Dany?! Daenerys?!”

“Jon?!” Her voice came out of one of the showers. He rushed past a couple of naked girls changing their clothes, following her voice, which asked, “What the fuck are you doing here?!”

“I just got a call! I got a call!”

“I’ve just finished, wait a second.”

She pulled down her towel from the top of the shower’s door and opened the blued glass door and stepped out with the towel around her torso, her hair and her face damp. “What the hell?”

“I just got a call!” he grinned, his voice sounded high-pitched, almost childish. He couldn’t believe he was actually this excited when he didn’t care at all about a job just a couple of weeks before.

“I heard you the first two times. From whom?”

“The head of the newspaper. He wants to interview me tomorrow!”

“Oh my God!”

“I know! I thought the same thing!” he laughed, and hugged her tight around her shoulders, dampening his t-shirt from her hair and arms and face, but he didn’t mind.

“Jon, I’m so wet!” she screeched.

He pressed her cheeks with both his hands and said, “I’ve heard you say that a thousand times in bed.” He kissed her forehead, let go of her and ran to the bathroom door. “I gotta go now! I love
you!” he exclaimed, and left the bathroom while she stood still, watching him with a smile.

It was curious how he did not even care about having a job a couple of days ago, yet the day of the interview, the anxiety barely let him eat. He guessed that, now that he was involved in this, he didn’t want to get rejected. Besides, he had realized he was actually interested in this offer. He had always liked politics.

Jon knocked on the classroom door. He checked his messages again to see if it was the right classroom. The door opened. A tall, smiling guy stood at the other side of it. He seemed slightly older than Jon.

“Jon?” he asked.

“Yes, hi,” Jon said, and extended his hand to him.

“I’m Daario, nice to meet you. I’m The Western’s director,” he replied, shaking his hand firmly. “I’m a senior in Journalism. Good thing our faculties are next to each other.”

He was well-dressed, all in different shades of brown and beige, which matched his slightly long brown hair and yellowish eyes. His clothes, posture, his whole appearance transmitted everything he seemingly wanted: confidence, intellect, hard work. Jon felt a little intimidated. He felt relieved he decided to dress up as well.

Daario stepped aside and pointed him to sit in one of the empty chairs in the classroom. Jon sat down in the first one he saw and Daario followed, sitting in front of him. He opened his laptop before him and sat back against the chair. He crossed his legs and smiled at Jon, “Make yourself comfortable.”

Jon didn’t know what to do, so he didn’t do anything else. How could he feel so nervous when the guy in front of him seemed so relaxed?

Daario asked questions quickly and smoothly and Jon tried his best to not stutter in any of his answers. He asked him about the current political events, about why he had chosen Philosophy as his major, and even some trivial questions, like what he liked to do in his free time. He spoke so clearly, it seemed so easy for him, it made Jon insecure instead of comfortable, though.

“You’re not gonna be a journalist, you know. You’re not gonna narrate events, you’re not going to just report what’s going on. What I’m looking for is a columnist, you need to give your opinion about politics and encourage people to think and criticize these same things, you know?”

The job seemed attractive. He could write from home, he didn't have to come to the faculty necessarily, only when they had to meet up for brainstorming or for some specific tasks. Sadly, there was not a pay yet, which made him want to back off for a second.

“Look,” Daario continued. “The whole school reads this paper. Every professor reads it, and we have the most prestigious professors in the country. Any of them could give you a call one day with a job opportunity. It’s happened several times with kids on our team,” he said, playing with a pencil in his hands. “When you get out of school and find a real job, and you tell them you’ve been part of the WU newspaper, that’s gonna say a lot about you.”

“Sure, of course, yes.”

“You’re interested, then?”

“I am,” Jon smiled.
“Good,” he said, staring at his laptop screen. “I’m going to need you to write four articles to check your writing style then; two about the elections, one about the President’s corruption scandal and another one about authoritarianism in the eastern countries. Criticize them. Write your opinions. But don’t rub them in the reader’s face, we need to know what you think but most of all we need you to raise the appropriate questions to help the readers think. We don’t want our newspaper to be far-right or far-left. It has to allow the readers to choose for themselves.”

This seemed like a good opportunity. He was not too good at talking -which is why he didn't really share many ideas inside his head- but he was better at writing, at least there he did not stutter, forget words, and could proof read it a thousand times before posting it.

On Friday he was waiting for a reply from Daario. His legs bounced up and down nervously as he was sitting in the middle of a lecture when he got a text that read: “Hey, it’s Daario. Are you free right now? Can we talk?”

Jon’s stomach turned. There were over one hundred and fifty students in the auditorium and he was too nervous to stand and leave in front of everyone. He stood up, nevertheless, and ran up the stairs to the door of the class, while all of the students stared at him.

“Yes, I’m free,” Jon answered the text.

He stood in the hallway, with his back against the classroom door, waiting for the call. The phone started ringing and he picked up as soon as he saw Daario’s number on his screen.

“Hello?” Jon said.

“Jon, hi, it’s Daario. I’ve read your work,” Daario said.

“Goo-good, good,” Jon replied, and started pacing along the hallway. “Is it…good?”

“Look, your sentences are too long, they have to be shorter and concise. Also, don’t stick so much in the same idea, move on man, every word counts. Some paragraphs are a little repetitive, so you’ll have to work on that.”

“Oh,” said Jon. “I can…make it less repetitive and, a-and,” he stuttered again, “and more concise. I really can.”

“I believe you. And if you can’t you’ll have to learn the hard way. Your analysis and your questions have been perfect, and your grammar is impeccable. Loved your criticism to Plato’s totalitarianism. So, congratulations, man, you’re part of the team.”

“I..am? I am?” Jon asked.

“Yeah. Come by. Tomorrow at eight a.m., we’ll give you your first topics for the week and your schedule. You’ll have to attend to some meetings with us on Wednesday nights.”

“Tha-thank you!” Jon exclaimed. “Thank you so much, I’ll be there.”

“It’s a pleasure to accept you as part of our team, Jon. See you tomorrow. Have a good day.”

“You too, thanks again, Daario. See you tomorrow.”

Daario hung up and Jon couldn’t feel his nervousness in his stomach anymore, he felt the joy in his chest. He jumped multiple times and sent a text to his parents and to Daenerys.
“CALL ME NOW,” she replied to his text.

Her call went sort of like: “Oh my God, congratulations. Congratulations! I knew you could do it. Oh, I’m so happy for you!” followed by a: “Oh my God! I’m gonna fuck you so hard tonight!”

And with that, he was ready to go back to class.

He and Dany entered his flat in the evening. She sat down on the couch and he lay down on top of her, pushing her down to lie down beneath him.

“Ouch! Ow! Stop!” she laughed. He adjusted himself on top of her and rested his head on her shoulder. He took a deep breath.

“How do you feel about getting accepted?”

“Good, it feels so good.”

“Did I tell you I love your outfit?”

“Yes,” he said. “Thank you, again.”

She placed her hand on his butt. Her fingers brushed it softly.

"I can't wait till the semester finishes, for my brother's wedding. I'm so excited, you have no idea. You're gonna love Dorne, Jon. It's beautiful."

He stared at her throat as he caressed it up and down with his fingers. Should he apologize to her now? No, he thought. They were both too happy right now, and he didn't want to ruin the moment.

“This is a very uncomfortable position.” She adjusted her body under his and opened her legs for him to lay his hips between them.

“Better?”

“A little bit. You’re really heavy, though.”

“I’m not gonna move,” he said with his eyes closed and his mouth against her shoulder.

“You’re damping my blouse with slobber, asshole.”

He raised his head and repeated to her face, “I’m not gonna move.” He kissed her jaw and laid his head on her shoulder again.

“Move, Jon,” she giggled. “At least move a little bit.”

He raised his head to be face to face with her and said, “Do you want me to move?” She nodded. “Alright,” he said, and pressed his hips down against hers quickly again and again. She laughed out loud. “I’m moving now,” he grinned.

She laughed, “You won’t get me horny if we’re in such an uncomfortable position.”

“Didn’t you tell me something like…” he switched into a tiny voice and continued, “’Jon I’m gonna fuck you so hard tonight!’ over the phone.”

She laughed out loud. “Okay, yes. Later. But first, sit up.”
“No,” he laughed.

“Sit up, I want you to help me with something,” she grinned, trying to support herself in her elbows with him above her. She tried to sit up but his head only fell to her breasts.

“Oh, but I’ll need you to help me with something first.”

“With what?”

“Sitting up.”

She sighed, and gave him a terrible stare which meant something like ‘Fuck you’ but deep down ‘I’ll do this because I love you’. She pushed him up, her hand on his chest. She could barely move him.

“Come on,” she laughed. “Stop being such a dick.”

She pushed him more as he groaned, laughing, and finally gave in and sat up.

“Asshole,” she said as he laughed and she fixed her hair, messy from the struggle. She stood up and grabbed her purse from the table.

“What do you want me to help you with?” he watched her.

She pulled out a bottle of an expensive red wine from the purse and said, “Drinking this.”

He raised his eyebrows, “Oh! You shouldn’t have!”

He walked up to her, she pressed his cheeks together and gave him a loud peck on the mouth. “Of course I should have, you just got a freaking job and you’re happy about it. Isn’t that a good enough reason to celebrate?”

They opened the bottle with much struggle and went over to the bed. When they were lying down, they realized they had forgotten the glasses.

He just said, “Ah, fuck it,” and started drinking from the bottle. She laughed and took the bottle from his hands and drank too. He held it back and took another sip.

“Be careful with making a mess on the sheets.”

“With what?” he replied. “Wine or cum?”

She laughed. He sat back against his pillows and she did the same next to him, hugging him by the stomach. She unbuttoned his shirt at the level of his stomach and slipped her hand underneath it to caress his belly. He hummed and made her take a sip from the bottle as he held it. She swallowed and he leaned into her, and they both opened their mouths against one another. He did not want to ruin this moment. He would apologize the following day.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for still being here reading this! Thanks for choosing to read a modern au, which I know are not so beloved by the fandom. These Jon and Dany feel kind of like original characters for me, but I'm still trying to incorporate some characteristics and traits from canon. Dany, for one, doesn't have the pressures of ruling but has the
pressure of succeeding in life, a pressure exerted by herself. They both have a strong wish for a family (which will be further developed in the future). However, in canon, the roots of this wish were their absence of a 'real' family/home, while here it is the wish to be better parents than theirs (I'm jumping ahead, this will be crucial from chap 35 up). So yeah, I'm building kind of a different life for them, inevitably, but I don't want it to be completely isolated from their canon characters. So there are tiny details here and there. Catelyn is kind of mean towards Dany and not to Jon, and Viserys towards Jon --> these subplots will also be further developed in the future. Next up: their anniversary.
“Can you believe it’s been a year?” she asked him as they sat on his building’s rooftop at night. She was sitting back, supporting herself with her hands behind her on the floor, with a beer bottle beside her.

“No,” he said, as he played with his bottle in his hands. “Really.”

He had his knees up, arms over his knees, hands hanging in the air holding the bottle. She smiled and took a sip. How many details about her had he learned and watched amazed every time he saw them? How she frowned before she sneezed, how she rubbed the corners of books while she read, how small her eyes looked in the mornings, how she rubbed her right foot above the left when she was lying down, how her fingers drummed on the steering wheel when she was listening to a Rolling Stones song. Why, when she did it, did they seem so great? Why didn’t he notice these things in other people? With did he love such trivial things about her?

She seemed perfect. He knew deep down she was far from it—and was reminded of it when they argued—but that was difficult to fathom when she was sitting beside him like this, her blonde hair down her back and shoulders, the only figure he was watching against the black sky. Rationally, he knew she was a common, normal person like every other, like himself. So, why did he think of her of being so much better than everyone else? She was intelligent, funny, unshy, so many things he wished to be. How could it be possible for him to consider her a normal person, just like any other? And how, then, could every lover think of their loved one as being better than everyone, yet how could everyone be so imperfect?

And why, if she was so perfect, did she love him? A year had gone by and it was still difficult to grasp.

“Sometimes it's hard for me to understand,” he breathed, “what you saw in me…when we met.”

“Why?”

“Cause,” he pursed his lips and placed his bottle on the floor, “I was so much more awkward than you, and you were always so happy and cheerful and talkative, and I…wasn’t. I don’t get it,” he paused, and let out a nervous laugh.

“You thought I wouldn’t have liked you because of how introverted you were?”

“Maybe.”
“You always underestimate yourself, Jon,” she said. “You’ve always reduced yourself only to that trait. Whether or not you were introverted, I didn’t care. You’re so much besides that. I didn’t expect you to be as talkative as I was, or to suddenly be super sociable. It’s your personality.” She sat up straight and stroked her own legs, it was a windy night. “I met you and I felt…it felt good. At first I was nervous when I had to teach you calculus, the two of us alone, ‘cause, damn, you had a lovely face!” she admitted with a grin. “I couldn’t get you out of my head when I met you.”

He stared at the floor. He considered her the attractive one in the relationship. He had noticed how other guys looked at her, or how they looked at them when they were together, as if she were too pretty for him.

“And kissing you that first day, after being the whole day with you…that was crazy. Unexplainable, even. It’s not something I’d ever done before,” she said. She let out a laugh as she dropped her head, “It’s been a year and I’m still embarrassed, you know.” He took a sip of his beer, not knowing what to reply. They stared at the city. Few people were out on the streets this late. “But then when we started going out, I noticed you were so...laidback, so different from me, in a good way. You struck me as someone who,” she hesitated, “had everything under control. Plus,” she laughed, “you are super intelligent and nice and respectful and you’re a feminist, what more would I want?” He let out a laugh as well. “Jon, have you ever heard how, when children have an abusive parent, they’re often drawn to an aggressive partner as well, subconsciously?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“My mother told me so when I was a teenager, for me to be careful. I was frightened that it would be my case. But you, Jon, so calm and collected from the start, were the complete opposite of the men I feared. Even your shyness sort of evidenced it, you thought through everything you did and said, which meant you were not impulsive. So I guess, that’s exactly what I wanted.” She chuckled. “Who would’ve thought shyness would turn me on.”

He laughed out loud. “I’m lucky it does.”

“And it’s not like I only feared aggressive men. Even ordinary guys, I feared they could turn out aggressive with time, ‘cause my dad hadn’t been that way from the start with my mum.”

His hands were resting on his knees, and she rested her head on his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to her head and breathed against it. Sometimes these tiny gestures felt better than being naked together.

“I know I made the right choice,” she told him.

He smiled against her head and said, “Me too.”

“And you know my mum loves you. She loves it when you come over.”

“She’s so nice,” he smiled.

“You know what she said to me the other day? When we were talking about you?” She adjusted her body and took a sip from her bottle. “She said that she raised me in a way that I wouldn’t make the same mistakes as her, like ending up in an abusive relationship.” She hated to talk about her mother’s abuse, he knew that perfectly. However, she smiled anyway and said, “Well, she said she’s happy I’m with you ‘cause…she knows she raised me right…when she sees me with you.”

She laughed out loud, of joy, maybe—there was not anything amusing in her words—and pressed her forehead on his shoulder. It made him grin widely. He had always been insecure, he always had an underlying anxiety of her suddenly stopping from loving him. Yet hearing her say this felt...
overwhelmingly reassuring, holding his smile wide, not allowing it to cease.

Yet he felt guilty anyway. She was praising how ‘collected’ he was, how not aggressive he had been from the start, yet he had bickered and argued with her lately often, and many times, it had been his fault to snap. He had not apologized yet, which haunted him with guilt the more minutes they spent together. In fact, this was the moment for doing so. Even though he didn’t want to ruin the moment—she was now talking about how excited she was for her family to meet him at the wedding and how lovely her dress was—she had just opened up to him about her fears…couldn’t he freaking apologize?!

“I-I’m sorry,” he interrupted her, before he chickened out again.

“Huh?”

“I’m sorry.” Now he didn’t know if he was apologizing for interrupting her or for his past actions—maybe both. “For not…reacting so well lately.”

She lifted her head from his shoulder and gave him a quick smile. “Okay.” She looked down. “I myself have not been talking to you too well either, sorry about that.”

“Yes, but the difference is that you’ve always been bossy,” he joked, making her laugh out loud.

“I don’t like being bossy, actually. It’s not nice.” She bit her lower lip in thought. “It’s always been hard for me to control my emotions, especially when I’m angry. It’s hard not to let it out. But you always seemed like you had your emotions under control. I think I even…admired that from you.” He turned to look at her. “Really. I loved it. I felt like I could learn that from you, you know? Few people have that virtue.”

Jon hugged took her hand in his over her lap. It was embarrassing how now he was acting so differently from it.

She breathed. “So, it surprises me when you get upset. I don’t see it coming, it catches me off guard. So, the few times you snap I figure it must be something that really bothers you, you know? For it to create such a reaction from someone as quiet as you…”

He breathed. He wasn’t her father. He would never be even a pinch of what he had been. Guilt took over him, leaving him speechless.

“Look, Jon, I’m not asking you to never get angry or to repress your feelings. I just want to know why you feel that way.”

He nodded, his gaze locked in his hands. “Fuck,” he sighed dropping his head. “I know you had the best intentions all those times you wanted to talk to me about work. And I was so shitty to you. And I felt so shitty afterwards for talking to you that way. But then I did it again, and felt terrible again later, you know?”

“I only wanted to help you.”

“I know,” he said softly. “It’s been a tough year, with all that stuff about my parents…I know it’s not an excuse for how I’ve talked to you. But after it happened I’ve just been…angrier, or, more upset. I’m not usually this way. I don’t want to be this way with you.”

“Yeah,” she said, holding her ankles. “I sometimes feel like things were different…before…that.”

“I can’t stand the thought of you also getting affected by this. Like, it’s been harder to control my
emotions after I found out about my parents, and because of that I haven’t been treating you like you deserve it. It’s not fair that it’s affecting you.” She stared at him, waiting for him to say more. “At least for a day I would like to just…stop thinking about it. It’s been months, and it’s still hard to believe.”

She adjusted her body and rubbed his leg. “It will pass, it always passes. For some people it’s slower than for others, but I swear time will heal. You know I know this.”

He nodded, avoiding her gaze. His eyes were burning with the sting of tears.

“Jon, you’ve been so strong, getting up and going on with your life after all that shit happened.”

“Without you being there for me, insisting me to get my ass up it would have been more difficult,” he chuckled.

She laughed. “I can’t deny that.”

“And after all you’ve done for me during that time, I paid you back by being an asshole to you when you wanted to help me. I feel like shit about it.”

She sighed. “I hate arguing with you.”

“Me too. I’m sorry,” he hesitated, “I…you know…I…” he pressed his eyes closed in concentration.

She stroked her thumb in his arm. “It’s alright,” she said quietly.

“I just think that you deserve someone in your life that can treat you…well. Not someone like your dad, not even close to that. You deserve the opposite. And I don’t want you to think that I could turn like him—”

“No,” she said. “I know you won’t.”

“Yes, but I have to prove it to you. I have to prove it. Otherwise, what does it matter?”

“Just because you get angry sometimes doesn’t mean I’ll think you’ll be like my dad.”

He shook his head. “I want to treat you better. I’ll be better.”

“I believe you.”

He sighed and pressed a kiss to the side of her forehead. She moved closer to him for their sides to be against each other. She held his hands on his lap.

“Sometimes I’m afraid that you’ll want to break up with me. I don’t want that,” he said. “Please.”

“Jon.” She faced him, holding a sad frown. “I won’t break up with you.” She reassured so with a tight grip on his hand. “I do need you to make an effort, though, and talk to me about what bothers you. I swear I’ll do my best to understand you. It’s worse for me not to know why certain things upset you.” She breathed deeply. “Look, I know we don’t agree on everything. That’s impossible. But we gotta learn how to handle this stuff.”

He nodded. Tears slinked out of his eyes unwittingly. She didn’t notice, or pretended she did not, so she continued. “We’re learning to do this together, to be in such a serious relationship. Things can’t just flow perfectly. I know it’s never been easy for you to express your feelings, but give it a try, please. I know I lose my patience a lot too. We can deal with this.”
How reassuring it was to hear she was willing to do so much for their relationship. How could she be so in love with him?

“You know, I…” he wiped a tear off his cheek “I always had to be the example for my younger brothers and sisters, as Robb really wasn’t much. So I never really, uhm,” he scratched his jaw in thought. “I couldn't really express how I felt…so sometimes I…blow up, you know? Especially now when I’ve got all this family stuff in my head all the time and I just can’t stop thinking about it.”

She stroked his hand. “Why did talking about work bother you so much, though?”

“I feared,” he breathed. “I feared I would fail if I even tried.”

“Doing what?” she raised her head.

“Looking for something I want to do in life—where I want to work and all that. I feared I would fail too easily.”

She sighed. “Jon, if you fail, you fail. It means others can’t see your talent. Screw them.”

“I know but…still. I’m just gonna be in the newspaper for a while, though. I’m gonna have to find an actual job later, with a pay and all that.”

“And you will! You will. You’re too intelligent.”

He pursed his lips together and said quietly, “I’m scared, Dany. Even if I have a job, I swear I’m still scared.” She stared at him quietly. “Of never knowing what I actually want to do, of being stuck in a shitty job all my life because I can’t find something that I could actually enjoy,” his voice broke and his throat tightened more with every word he spoke, it was starting to ache.

“Look,” she sighed. “I’m not gonna lie. Not everyone has the luck of finding something they’re actually passionate about. Some people don’t hate their jobs, but they’re okay with them. Some are lucky enough to actually love what they work in. And it’s okay, you know? Not finding a job you’re passionate about. But, Jon, you are passionate about what you study. So I do think you’ll be passionate about your work in the future.”

He wiped more tears from his cheek, feeling slightly comforted yet slightly embarrassed.

“But if you never find it…it won’t be the end of the world. Some people find their passion like, in their forties. When the time comes, it comes, and if it doesn’t, well, we still got more things to be passionate about. I shouldn't have been so insistent about your job. I’m sorry about that. I think it kinda was...an insecurity of mine.” He didn't understand what she meant by that, but he didn't ask to let her continue. "I'm happy you study what you love. It's admirable, really. You know I study economics not much for the content, but for the use I could give it in the future. You, on the other hand, truly enjoy what you study every day. You're lucky as hell, and you're brave as hell, for having made that choice."

“I love you,” he laughed. “Too much.”

She stroked his leg and kissed his cheek. “Me too.”

“Don’t you feel like everyone else knows what they’re doing?”

“It seems so, but I don’t think anyone our age really knows what they want. Perhaps just a couple of outliers, but we don’t have to know right now. Trying different jobs can help you find something, though, so I’m happy you’re writing for the newspaper.”
She took his hand and kissed the back of it. She leaned against him and rested her forehead against his neck. He hugged her with around her shoulders and with his free hand, he held hers on his lap. She planted a kiss on his neck, and he on her head. He lifted her chin to raise her face and kissed her lips a couple of times.

“It’s been a lovely day,” she said quietly. “Thank you so much for the presents, the dinner…”

“Oh,” he let go of her. “There’s one last surprise.” He patted his pockets, searching for his phone, and took it out of the pocket of his jacket.

She chuckled. “What?”

While he searched for the surprise, she placed a hand on his neck, brushing it with the tip of her fingers, and kissed the opposite side of it.

“My parents and the kids will be out of town for my cousin’s birthday this weekend. So…” he grinned as he showed her the screen of his phone with the two train tickets to Winterfell.

“That’s your surprise? You’re taking me to your cousin’s birthday? You know I love your family, but—“

He laughed out loud. “My God, Dany. We’ll spend the weekend at my house. I have my own keys.”

She turned to him, gasped, and covered her mouth with her hand. *That* was the reaction he had expected. “Wait, what? Are you sure your parents will be okay with that?”

“We could…not tell them?” he replied. He knew Ned wouldn’t mind, but Cat wouldn’t be happy about it.

“Oh, what a rebel!” she jested.

How quickly her laugh could lighten his mood! When they got up, she gave him a pat on the butt, took the empty bottles in her hands, and extended her arms to the sky and shouted, “*A whole fucking year!*”

She might have woken up the neighbors.

**II. WINTERFELL**

“I don’t know about you but I…” Jon said as he pushed the shopping cart at the supermarket in Winterfell, “feel like getting drunk tonight.”

She grinned. “Yes! Of course!”

He couldn’t keep his excitement in. He felt so light when he walked with her around the aisles, every bodily movement flew easily. He grabbed a bottle of vodka from a shelf and put it in the cart.

“What should we eat?” he asked her.

She pursed her lips in thought. “Let’s get a pizza, one of the frozen ones to just put it in the oven.” But then turned to him and said. “Oh, right. The cheese. I keep on forgetting.”

“No, you know, I think a pizza might be okay,” he said. Sometimes his lactose intolerance wasn’t *that* bad. But, he couldn’t deny it, he mostly wanted to buy something that could be cooked quickly for them not to waste much time on it.
“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I don’t think there’s that much cheese in it…and I haven’t had a pizza in ages, so yeah, let’s do it.”

She hesitated. “Sure?”

“I’m sure, yes. Let’s eat a pizza while we get drunk.”

While he put a box of orange juice in the cart, she walked ahead of him to grab a pizza from the freezers. She took one in her hand and searched for Jon with her gaze. He waved at her from the other side of the aisle.

“Watch your head!” she laughed, “I’m gonna throw this into the cart!”

“You’re crazy!” Jon exclaimed from the other side of the hallway. “Don’t! You’ll screw it up if it falls to the ground.”

“Then catch it!” she shouted and swung her wrist while the pizza flew away from her.

Jon ran to catch it but missed it. It made a loud sound when it hit the floor.

“You ruined it!” Jon said, leaning down to grab it and then put it in the cart.

“I didn’t!” she laughed, running to him. “It’s frozen, it’s hard as a rock.”

“Hard as a cock?!” he grinned, holding her hands as she approached him.

“A rock!” she laughed harder, pressing a kiss on his lips. “And the whole supermarket heard you.”

They kept walking around the supermarket, now searching for popcorn. When he walked towards the shelf to grab a big bag of popcorn, Dany grabbed the cart by the handles and ran to the other side of the hallway.

“What are you doing?!” he shouted.

She turned the cart to face him and said, “Okay, your turn!”

He could not refuse to throw that popcorn bag when she was laughing this hard. After hesitating for a second, he looked around to make sure they were alone.

“Hurry!” she laughed.

He let go of the popcorn over his foot and kicked it hard. They both raised their gaze as it flew up and fell in the hallway next to them.

“Shit!” he shouted. “Shit, shit, shit!”

She laughed out loud as he ran to the other hallway and she ran after him. He picked it up from the floor, while a woman stared at him.

“I dropped it,” he told her, making Dany snort next to him, holding back her laughter.

Finally, they searched for a can of Pringles. Once more, she ran to the other side of the hallway and did a little jump in preparation. Jon held the cart by the handle on the other side as she raised one leg in the air and passed the Pringles can under it as she threw it to Jon. He pushed the cart in front of
him to try to get the can to fall inside it, but once again, they failed. They laughed out loud as she walked to him and hugged his waist.

As they headed to the cash register, Dany told him the names in Valyrian for everything they saw: bread, milk, juice, cookies, soda, chicken, fish, etc. He knew some of them, but wanted to learn even more. Now that their relationship was getting more serious, he wanted to learn her family’s mother tongue.

Once they got home, it felt like they were on vacations together: putting on loud music, Dany singing out loud as he put the pizza in the oven.

“Fuck!” Dany shouted, holding the remote control fiercely in her hands as they played Mario Kart. She had lost another round so it was her turn to take off a piece of cloth and have a drink. She had already taken her pants off, so she took off her shirt and stayed in her underwear.

She was sitting on the couch while Jon sat shirtless on the floor, right below her, his back against the lower side of the couch. Dany’s bare legs were hanging down over his shoulders, on either side of his face. Jon grabbed the bottle of vodka from the floor and stretched his arm up to give it to Dany, she took it from him and had two sips.

“I keep winning, darling,” Jon told her during the next round, grinning, focused on the TV screen.

“Wait till the rainbow road, I’m gonna destroy you,” she said.

He laughed, turned his head to the side and softly bit the side of her leg.

“Don’t distract me or I’ll kick you,” she told him.

“You’re the one who drives the most in real life,” Jon said. “You’re not showing it.”

Her kart went through a magic box and got a blue shell, which she automatically launched and beat Jon.

“What?!” Jon shouted. “How could you do this to me?!”

She laughed as she passed his kart and got to the goal before him.

“I won! Finally!” Dany exclaimed, raising her arms. “Now, finish your drink and take off your pants!”

Jon moved Dany’s legs off his shoulders and stood up. Shaking his head and laughing, he took off his belt and she leaned over to him to pull down his pants, cheering. He grinned, moving his hips forward and backward towards her, his hands on the nape of his neck while her laughs and cheers filled the room.

Dany brought to the surface a sense of humor that he didn’t have with anyone else. With time, people mold themselves to fit in, for others to like them, quietening down certain parts of themselves. Jon had built an identity for years—a quiet, intellectual guy—but with her, he felt like he could be himself. She allowed him to. Silly jokes and dances were just one tiny bit of his inner humor he didn’t know he had craved for years to take out, but he could also be his most vulnerable self with her. He could show her his most hidden fears and worries. He felt like his true self with Dany. And her love for him remained when she got to know him better, which meant she loved him for what he was. He guessed it was the same the other way round. She had shared with him thoughts and fears and wants she had shared with no one. The more they learned about one another, the more they could learn how to solve their arguments when they emerge.
He pushed her softly to lie down horizontally on the couch. She extended her arms to hold him down to her, but he grabbed the bottle of vodka in his hands and lowered it towards her belly.

“No!” she said, “You know I am super ticklish in my belly.”

“I know,” he grinned. He squatted next to her and poured some vodka in her belly button until it was full.

“Jon!” she laughed, with her belly contracted. He licked the vodka off her belly button, making her stomach contract even more while she laughed out loud. Some vodka dripped on the sides of her tummy and he licked it all as well. She raised her legs from the tickles, asking him to stop. He kissed her tummy once more, and then her cleavage and lips between their laughs.

She sat up again, placing her legs across the couch, grinning at him. Nothing could feel better than this: both alone in complete privacy, laughing and playing in their underwear and just being together. She moved to sit on his lap, while he hugged her with his arms around her back and she held his face, smiling. She was all grins tonight, he loved it. She hugged him hard by the neck, as if she were trying to choke him, while she laughed out loud. He responded by hugging her fiercely too and kissing her neck repeatedly making loud and hilarious noises and hums, to which she responded with more laughs.

“I love you,” she laughed, both her legs were on either side of him. “I love you so much.”

He opened his jaw wide and bit hers softly, then her chin and her neck.

“Stop,” she laughed, kneeling up against him, hugging his head and messing his hair, kissing it too. He hugged her against him for her breasts to be against his face, while he kissed her cleavage and moved his head to both sides to kiss both her breasts, while his hands stroked her lower back.

She kissed the top of his head, burying her hands in his curls. “The next one who wins a race gets ate out.”

He laughed while his tongue licked the side of her breast. “I like the way you think,” he said, fondling her arse and moving his mouth from her chest to her neck.

“I’ll win,” she said, and held his face by his beardy jaw and kissed his lips.

“We’ll see about that.”

She kissed him hungrily, letting out a moan. His hands traveled up her back and tried to unzip her bra. He moved it as much as he could but couldn’t do so. She let go of the kiss and shook her head.

“Really?” she said, putting her hands behind her back and unzipping her bra. “After one year?”

She took it off and placed it on his head. She laughed out loud while he stared at her grinning, with her bare breasts being half covered by her loose hair. She was beautiful. For a second he thought they should move to his bedroom, as they were sitting on the couch where his siblings played every day, but when she kissed him back, it felt almost impossible to stop. Her teeth taking a hold of his lower lip sent vibrations through his body, as he squeezed her butt, eager to pull down her panties. He wanted to let her have fun a little longer, though. She sat down over his bulge and kissed his neck. He moaned and she mimicked his moan, laughing. He felt her hot tongue against his neck, but for some reason, he felt a weird sensation in his chest and stomach. She kissed him on the lips and thrust her hips against his. But he wasn’t getting more aroused. The weird sensation in his stomach was turning into a growing pain.
“Dany,” he breathed between her kisses. How could he stop her when she was so hungry for him? “Stop.” He tried to push her away. “Stop.” He grabbed her by the waist, pushed her to his side, and ran to the bathroom.

“Are you sure you don’t want anything?” Dany asked him as he walked out of the bathroom later, holding his tummy. She had put on a t-shirt of his.

He shook his head. “No, thank you. I just shouldn’t have eaten that pizza.”

She gave him a sad smile and caressed his arm. “Get some rest, alright? I’ll get you a tea. Get under the covers.”

He sighed and frowned, as he got into his bed, holding his stomach. He remained still, half-seated, and Dany appeared moments later with a mug of tea. She handed it to him and he pulled her by the arm to kiss her on the cheek.

“Thank you,” he said.

She brought him a pajama shirt for him to get warm. She sat next to him on the other side of the bed.

He hummed, putting his shirt on. "No. Go outside to watch TV or something. Leave me alone for now."

"What? Why?" she frowned.

"I'm gonna fart. Like...a lot," he said.

She laughed, "I don't care."

"No," he insisted, taking a sip of his tea. "You should get out of here before things get bad."

Yet she put her arm behind his head anyway, hugging him behind the shoulders and curling her legs next to him.

"Are you sure you want to stay?" he asked once more.

“Yeah,” she said softly.

It was embarrassing for her to be there while he farted, yet he appreciated her willingness to stay with him. It was frustrating, though. They had been so cheerful earlier, yet such a stupid choice ruined it all. When a fart came out, Dany laughed out loud and he pressed the covers down in a stupid attempt to keep the smell from coming out. He blushed, begging her to cover her nose. She hugged him tighter and promised him she would fart too as soon as she felt like she had to.

“I wanted us to have a fun night together,” he said sadly.

“Ah, don’t worry,” she replied. “We’ve had many fun nights and we’ll have many more.”

He farted. She laughed out loud again.

“Is that the best you can do?!?” she told him.

“I’m still waiting for you to do it,” he smiled, holding his tummy.

“I don’t feel like it yet,” she replied. “Miners are much louder, though. But they smell super good. They smell like flowers.”
He laughed out loud and extended his hand to grab hers. She sighed, and placed her head on his
shoulder. He felt he had screwed up their night, but Dany still found a way to make it less
terrible. He hoped this was the first of many years with her.

Chapter End Notes

MORE ON THE WAY!!!
She loved Jon. She thought about it while they ate toasts with scrambled eggs he had not scrambled too successfully. His hair was messy, his beard was starting to grow back, he had bags under his eyes, was wearing an old white t-shirt and had an expression as he would fall asleep over his breakfast, yet he looked lovely.

She sometimes wondered if meeting him had been inevitable. What if he had not accidentally enrolled in her class? What if he had chosen to drop out of it? What if he had not been about to fail? It was that precise situation that made Professor Barristan advise him to seek her help. Only in that situation of extreme anxiety of failing a course, he plucked up the courage to ask for the help of a girl he didn’t know.

Was their encounter inevitable, though? Would they have met in another situation? At a party? Accidentally bumping into each other in the cafeteria? Yet what were the odds that an economist and a philosopher met in school, given the size of its campus and the distance between their faculties?

So, if it had not been him, would it have been someone else? It was not easy to imagine another face sitting across from her while they had breakfast. It was even harder to imagine someone else in his place last night, when she opened his zipper and stroked his cock, making him moan and shake and make those faces she loved to see.

He started classes at midday that day, and she started at nine. She took one last sip of her coffee and stood up to leave. He held her arm and moved his face to the side as a signal for her to kiss his cheek. She chuckled at his gesture and kissed it. She gave him one soft stroke on his curls and left for class.

Sometimes she had these thoughts at night, when he fell asleep before her and she watched him in the dark. She asked herself: Was this inevitable? Or was love inevitable? If it were not him, could she be living the same experiences with somebody else?

All these thoughts came back to her after she met Jon’s boss, Daario. She had been studying with her friends in the cafeteria near the journalism faculty, and was waiting for Jon to come out and go together to his flat. To kill some time, she decided to buy a bottle of juice from the vending machine. As she was about to insert a note in it, she heard a voice saying, “I wouldn’t advise you to do that.” She turned to see a tall guy, slightly older than her, standing in front of another vending machine beside her. “That one never works. I don’t know why the school doesn’t fix it properly. This one does work though, and has better juices.”

“Thanks for telling me,” she smiled.

She bought an apple juice and he bought an orange one. She found herself staring at him as he squatted down to take the bottle out of the machine, as he stood back up and twisted the lid open. He
had a perfect posture and his sleeves were rolled up. She realized she was still standing next to him after having bought her juice instead of walking away as any other person would. It felt like she was waiting for something.

“Economics?” he asked her, looking at her macroeconomics book under her arm. That was what she had been waiting for.

“Yes,” she smiled. “I’m just passing by the faculty actually.”

“You’re doing campus tourism?” he jested.

“Not really. I came to meet my…my boyfriend. He’s working on the newspaper.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Really? Who? I work there too.”

“Jon. He’s new there, actually.”

“Jon! Great, of course, I interviewed him. I’m Daario, by the way.”

“I’m Daenerys,” she smiled back.

“Nice to meet you,” he said. “So, you’re waiting for him?”

“Yeah, he’s almost done.”

“Cool.” He sat on a low wall by their side. “Wanna sit?” She hesitated but sat down nonetheless. “Do you mind if I light a cigarette?” he asked her, taking a box out of his front pocket.

“Not at all.”

He lifted his leg and rested his ankle on his opposite thigh. She took a sip of her juice.

“I really like economics,” he told her. “It was almost my major before I chose journalism. I do love journalism, though. Do you read The Western?”

“Yes! Although…I must admit I only started reading it since Jon started writing.”

Daario smiled. “He had his first column published last week. He’s good.”

“Yes, he is.”

He finished his cigarette and stood to throw it in the trash can. He sat down again, closer to her than before. Her stomach tingled.

“So…” she cleared her throat. “So, what about economics do you like?”

“I like the idea of representing society’s behavior in a mathematical way. I think math is great…extremely useful.” Daario kept on talking. He had a deep, manly voice, and such easiness with words few young people have. “Do you prefer micro or macroeconomics?” he asked her.

“Macro. I’d like to work in economic policy in the future.”

He took her book in his hands and starting eyeing it, skimming through the pages. She found herself staring at how he flipped the pages, how his honey-colored hands moved. His fingers were long, with perfectly cut nails.
The truth was that it felt like a date. The tingling in her stomach felt like the day she met Jon and studied with him. And for this reason, it felt wrong. She didn’t feel guilty about talking with a guy. Jon was not the jealous type, he did not complain to her about having male friends. She felt guilty about the funny feeling in her stomach, about the inevitable smiles and grins that popped in her face uninvited. He was a gorgeous man. And for a moment, she thought about how it would be if he were hers. With a little guilt, she imagined herself in bed with him, those veiny arms that his rolled up sleeves exposed holding her thighs as she sat on his lap.

She stood up quickly when she saw Jon coming out of his class and walking along the hallway, as if she were doing something wrong. He had not even seen her, though, his eyes were on his phone. But even if he had seen her, she was doing nothing wrong.

“Will you come back tomorrow?” Daario asked her.

“I…” she looked at him and turned to look at Jon again. “I guess so, maybe, yeah.”

“Dany,” Jon greeted her, walking out of the hallway. “Sorry for making you wait. I really needed to finish that part.”

“It’s alright,” she told him. “It wasn’t much.”

“I see you guys have met,” he smiled.

“Yes,” Daario replied. “She was telling me how much you hate your job,” he jested.

The three of them laughed and Dany found herself watching Daario’s smile.

She loved Jon, she knew she would never betray him. But she couldn’t deny she would like to run into Daario again. So she went back the following day. He walked out of the classroom to have a smoke and they chatted again, about school, the economy, the Parliament.

Again, she remembered the feeling of her first dates with Jon: the wish to impress him, the carefulness behind every word she spoke, the tingling in her stomach…they were all popping back up but with a different guy. If she and Jon were not together, would she have ended up equally loving someone else? Would it be Daario sitting across from her during breakfast with the tired eyes and messy hair?

A blood stain on her panties surprised her the following morning. Her period always arrived unannounced—it was irregular, so she was never sure which day exactly would be the first—and it also marked the beginning of a series of painful days. Some months it was more painful than others, sometimes she could handle it only with painkillers. Yet this wasn’t one of those times.

In the morning, she endured a mild ache in her ovaries to go to class, but as she tried to listen to the professor, every minute that passed sharpened the pain. She placed her hand under her belly and tried to keep a straight face, but it was all in vain. Little by little, her body cooled to the point where her light jacket wasn’t enough. She desperately needed warmth, yet her hands were sweating.

The professor was saying something about progressive taxes, but Dany couldn’t take in what it was. A violent sting hit her ovaries again. She swallowed a moan, knowing it would soon be impossible to keep on sitting still and quietly. Having no other alternative, she put her things away and left the classroom with jiggly legs that threatened to stop working and let her fall at any moment. She knew she should go to the infirmary to get some painkillers. Yet this was no way she could get to the infirmary. She needed rest urgently. So she headed towards her bedroom.
She reached her dorm holding her abdomen and frowning, and rested her back next to its entrance on the first floor in an attempt to control her dizziness. The staircase in front of her was tall and intimidating, but her pain pushed her to pluck up the strength to lift her legs. One, two, three steps. She just needed her bed and painkillers. She reached for her phone in her purse, but when she pulled it out, her sweaty and trembling fingers failed to grasp it tightly, and its sound hitting the ground and falling off the stairs almost pushed tears out of her eyes from rage and exhaustion. She walked down the stairs to pick it up. The screen was broken. She pressed its button, at least it was still working.

Her fingers strived to write a text to Jon: ‘Are you in class?’ He answered right away with a yes. She asked him to get her some painkillers when he was done, for him not to leave his class, yet when he asked if it was urgent, she couldn’t help herself from replying ‘yes’, even though it made her feel selfish.

Ten minutes later, she heard a knock at her door. It was a relatively short time, yet for her, it had seemed anything but. She spent it twisting herself in the sheets in pain, moaning into her pillow, trying to keep her tears from falling down.

She strived to get up and open the door.

“Oh, Dany,” Jon said, and kissed her head as they hugged. “How do you feel?”

She only hummed as a response. He quickly helped her get back into bed. This was the most painful episode he had seen on her so far. So, after giving her the pills, he called her mother, a doctor, as he sat at her feet on the bed, stroking her legs up and down.

“A bag with hot water,” Rhaella told him, “a hot cup of tea with oregano, but, most importantly, a couple of hours of deep sleep.”

Jon did quickly everything Rhaella told him, and when he was done, Dany insisted for him to go back to class. He refused. He stayed with her, either caressing her head or legs, as she moaned into her pillow, cursing and holding her belly with her legs up.

She woke up covered in sweat, but the pain in her ovaries had ceased. Jon was curled at her feet, playing games on his phone. As she moved to sit up, he looked up at her right away.

“How are you feeling?” He hugged her legs.

“Better, much better,” she replied, and he pressed a couple of kisses on her thigh. She caressed his curls. “Hey,” she said, and he looked up. “Thank you. You’re amazing, I love you.” He smiled, and she continued, “If I didn’t feel like shit…I’d suck your dick.” His loud laugh broke the stillness of the bedroom. He crawled up to her level and pressed kisses to her sweaty forehead. “Ew,” she said, but he kept on doing so anyway.

She wasn’t in love with Jon’s similarities to her. She wasn’t in love with his intelligence, either. Both were things she cherished, yet they weren’t what made her love him. They had countless differences, from their interests to their social skills. Yet Daario…he liked economics, mathematics, he had an easiness with words, and seemed like he had settled plans for his life. She pondered on it. Those were exactly the things that separated her and Jon, or features of Jon she had wanted to change. Did that make Daario more suitable for her? Would that make him a better lover?

This took her back to her dates with Jon, to the way she used to wonder how good for one another they could be, how she assessed their differences and similarities. She had asked herself, should the perfect boyfriend be someone who was just like her—an economist who liked Lord of the Rings,
who spoke Valyrian, who was extroverted?

Jon hugged her as he pressed his forehead on her sweaty neck. Would another guy be taking care of her this way? She caressed the arm that hugged her with her thumb. Would another guy have hugged her in her car the same way Jon did after she told him about her father? Would she had strived to take care of someone else while depressed about the death of their parents the same way? Maybe.

But Jon was Jon. She had not fallen in love with his interests nor his strengths but with him as a person—flaws and differences included. They had been together for only a year, but had supported each other in a number of ways, not only during difficult times, but to grow and to overcome barriers.

“I gotta work on an essay,” he whispered.

They let go of one another and he took his laptop out of his backpack and sat up on her bed.

“You’re so lucky you don’t have to go through this,” she said, looking up at him. He gave her a sad smile. “But, anyway,” she went on, “I’m not pregnant so…high five.” He laughed and clashed his palm with hers. After staring at his smile, she said, “You have Bran’s smile.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “And Arya’s frown.”

“Shut up, that’s not true,” he smiled. “Her frown is way too scary.” She laughed and he said, “Your mum and you have the same laugh.”

“No way!” she giggled “No way!”

“And she says ‘no way’ exactly like that.”

“You say it too, haven’t you noticed?”

“Yeah, it’s your fault for saying it too much. Now I have no choice but to repeat it unconsciously.”

I know you so well, she thought, and hugged him by the waist, pressing her face on his hipbone. He kept on working on his essay, focused—a small frown evidenced it. Another expression she knew well.

She loved Jon. She knew there were plenty more guys she would find attractive in the future, but who were they next to him? Jon would probably find many other girls attractive too. Even though the mere the thought of him with another girl made her stomach turn, this realization felt weirdly liberating, it reminded her how strong their relationship was, how a mere attraction to another person felt tiny next to what they had. She hugged him by the hips and he buried his fingers in her hair while he kept on staring at his screen.

If he hadn’t enrolled himself in Calculus, would they be cuddling like this now? Probably not. Maybe it wasn’t their relationship what was inevitable, maybe it was love, period. And not necessarily romantic love. Some people never had a partner, after all, but still gave and received love. Maybe it was our need to love and be loved what was inevitable.

So even if the thought of them never having met if Jon hadn’t made a silly mistake filled her with dread, it was a lovely realization to think that they had been lucky enough for Jon to accidentally enroll himself in her class and be about to fail. The opportunity for them to meet had been there, and Jon, her quiet boyfriend, had seized it by talking to her. Could she be having another story with
someone else if he had not done so? Maybe. But what mattered was that he had actually done it. Could it be someone else in bed with her now? It could. But could anyone else replace him in any way? Could anyone replace their story, his shyness when they met and how he gradually opened up to her, their impulsive kiss in her bedroom, the tipsy wine exposition, the late night talks, the first time they made love when he had finally trusted her completely? No. That year could not have gone by in the same way with another person, and she would not trade that year for a different one, no matter the challenges they had had to face together. They were lucky they had seized the chance when it was presented to them, and picturing her life with someone else felt completely useless when she had him.

She could not be living the same experiences with someone else, though, because others weren’t Jon. Their experiences would be different. So even though their arguments seemed to separate them for a while—reminding them they were different people with different minds—Jon and Dany were helping each other grow and work on the roots of those same arguments, while giving and receiving all the love they had inside them.

That night, she fell asleep quickly. Few times she did so before him. Could the reason be the comfort of having a stronger certainty of her love for him? She hoped so.

Chapter End Notes

This is another of the (many) chapters that has been rewritten from scratch. It had been sort of controversial, back in the day, even though I don't see why lol. Some told me that Dany's attraction to Daario was proof that she didn't love Jon enough. So I'm storming in to state my views about this more explicitly. I disagree. Being in a relationship doesn't mean you're blind. It doesn't mean that you're suddenly unable to notice attractiveness in other people. Look, there are many hot people out there, smart people, funny people, and even though we're in a relationship we CAN FEEL a certain degree of attraction for others. What MATTERS, though, is what we choose to do about it. In the original version of this chap, Dany had some more fantasies with this hottie who crossed her path, but in the end, did nothing about them because she loved her boyfriend. I think anyone who is or has been in a long-term relationship can agree with me on this (if you still don't though, i'm open to hearing your points of view).

So yeah, I think that in every relationship, no matter how healthy or steady, at some point someone else will make you doubt if your s.o. is the one. I wanted Daario to represent this to Dany, nothing else. Seeing another person and thinking 'what if I was with them instead of with my actual partner?' happens to all of us at some point; sometimes after a year, sometimes after 20 years...who's to say when? Yet doubt strengthens your love and loyalty to that person when you reflect about why you love them and why you want to stay with them (unless, of course, you get to the conclusion you want to leave them for the other person lol).

Fear not. This was a push for Dany to realize the strength of her love for Jon.

Next up: The Wedding (Rhaegar's, lol)
Dorne

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy the wedding, don’t worry, it won’t be as bloody as the ones in GOT :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The plane ride to Dorne was quiet. Dany sat by the window with her earphones on, listening to music the whole flight. Every once in a while she glanced at Jon, sleeping next to her with his mouth parted open, and then back to the clouds out the window.

When the pilot announced the landing was about to start, she grinned and quickly looked out the window again, the sea was a light blue blanket that welcomed her back after years. She had come here with Arianne multiple times when they were children and teenagers. Arianne had lived in Dragonstone and studied with Dany since they were little, but every summer she went back to Dorne to see her grandparents, and now her brother was marrying Arianne’s aunt in this same place. The wedding would be held in Sunspear, the capital, where Arianne’s family was from.

“Jon,” she said, placing her hand over his and pressing it to wake him up. “Jon!”

He opened his eyes slowly and turned to look at her.

“Look!” she smiled widely, taking one earbud off. He leaned over her to watch the landscape. “Isn’t it beautiful?!” she grinned.

“Oh, you’re gonna love it!” she kept telling him as they picked up their luggage at the airport. A wave of memories from her childhood filled her mind as she looked out the window of the cab on their way to the hotel; the big houses, the palm trees, the sea! They were much more colorful and lively than the beaches at Dragonstone! She couldn’t wait for him to see the beach, and the following day they would sail with Rhaegar and Elia on a yacht owned by Elia’s parents! She felt the excitement in her tummy, struggling to contain it and not talk about it at all times. Rhaegar had actually invited her, Jon and Viserys, though, but Viserys said he did not want to go. He didn't give many excuses, only that he didn't want to 'third-wheel'. It was always frustrating how he didn't like to spend time with the family, but she couldn't deny that, deep down, she felt relieved he wouldn't go and ruin the moment. She hated to feel that way about her brother, though.

Rhaella greeted them with a kiss on the cheek at the lobby of the huge hotel, with tall mosaic ceilings and waiters that offered them drinks when they walked in.

They left their things in their bedroom, and rushed down for the rehearsal. It was quick: vows, speeches, and dances were rehearsed. At least Dany had a good time trying to show Jon how to dance to Waltz correctly. He was clumsy with his moves, but at least he tried.

When it was over, they both hurried up to their room, with the excuse of needing a good night’s sleep before waking up early the following day to get ready for the wedding.

“Hi mum,” Jon spoke over the phone, pacing around their room. “Yes, we’re here. In the hotel, yes. I don’t know, like two hours ago. Well, I was planning to call you after I unpacked.” Dany chuckled
as she took off her shirt to put her pajamas on. “Yes. With Daenerys. Uhu, in the same room. Yeah, yes, mum.” Dany rolled her eyes and lay on the bed. Not only Cat did not like her much, but it was also clear she always wanted to be aware of what Jon was doing. “I’ll text you later. Ok, I’ll send you pictures. Okay. Okay, bye, mum.”

He hung up, annoyed, and lay on the bed next to her. He groaned and rubbed his eyes with his thumb and index finger. Dany turned to her side to face him.

“I really hope you have fun tomorrow,” she told him. “We’ll have a great time, there’s no need to be nervous.” He nodded, looking at the roof. “Aaand you’re gonna hear me speaking Valyrian with some relatives,” she smiled. She lowered his boxer short’s waistband a few centimeters, enough to see his black hairs.

He grinned. “I want to hear that. Like which words?”

“Hmm…” she hummed, thinking, as she lowered her hand more to grab his member. “Like rysas ”, she said, starting to stroke his cock slowly. “raqnun, qumblie.” She smiled, looking at him, her hand moving steadily but slowly. “naena, naenos…”

He smiled back. “Sounds nice…although I have no idea what you’re saying.”

She had tried to teach him many words and phrases but he always ended up forgetting them or screwing up.

She laughed. “You’re also gonna hear everyone speaking with a Dornish accent from the Martell’s side.”

Jon laughed out loud and put an arm around her. His fingers stroked her hair, “They’ve got such a funny accent.”

They imitated the dornish accent while they spoke, and laughed loudly.

"You know what I was thinking?” he asked her, turning his head and pressing his lips to the side of her face.

"Of course I don't."

"I was thinking...I could learn Valyrian. Learn it well."

Dany grinned. "That would be lovely."

He missed so much about her for not speaking Valyrian. Sometimes she had jokes or puns in mind that she couldn't make with him. Sometimes they made a joke in her family and he didn't get it. He did not even understand some music she liked to sing. But one of the biggest reasons was that she wanted her future children to be bilingual. Just as her mother had done with her and their brothers, she would like to speak to her future children in both languages as they grew up. However, she had not wanted to push Jon to learn a new language, even if it was important for her. It was a tedious task. She felt funny about telling him about their future children, though, so she only said, "You'll finally get all my Valyrian jokes."

"Finally," he laughed.

And she felt so happy that her hand moved unconsciously faster. Jon closed his eyes and let out a moan.
“Wuss going on?” Dany asked him, still imitating the dornish accent. “You getten’ hard?”

He laughed again. “Ma’am if yah keep doing that to my member I will keep doing so.”

They both laughed as she continued to stroke him and he held her head, planting a kiss on it. They kept on talking and laughing until he couldn’t talk anymore and his body tensed more and more. She loved to see him lose control under her touch—his whole body jerking, his cock hardening in her hand. It was so personal, and it was so him.

And how lovely his voice sounded when she replaced her hand with her mouth and he said her name that way…

When the priest folded the ribbon around Rhaegar and Elia’s hands, Rhaella wiped her tears as Dany pressed her hand in comfort. However, as the couple kissed, she couldn’t hold back her tears either. Seeing her brother this happy as he and Elia smiled at each other sent a wave of joy to her chest.

Everyone clapped and cheered when the priest declared them husband and wife. Both Dany and Viserys hugged their mother at the same time. They untangled from the embrace, but Dany kept on holding her mother’s hand as she rested her head on her shoulder. She cleaned her tears from her cheeks when she felt Jon rub her back. She pulled his arm down and held his hand, stroking it with her thumb.

When the ceremony was over, they all went outside to congratulate Rhaegar and Elia.

She felt Jon staring at her in her long, lilac, silk dress, with a little cleavage showing. She raised her eyebrows playfully at him, abstaining herself from saying any sexual joke with her family around, and only intertwined her hand with his as they watched the newlywed couple.

Rhaegar and Elia took a picture with Elia’s family and the time came for a picture with the Targaryens. Dany, Rhaella, and Viserys posed with the couple. They took the picture and Rhaegar said, “Where’s Jon?” Jon waved his hand shyly in front of them, standing next to Quentyn, Trystane, and Arianne. “Come here, Jon.”

“M-me?” Jon asked.

“Is there any other Jon in here?” Rhaegar joked, looking around. Jon smiled, blushing, as he looked down and walked up to Dany and his family. Rhaella extended a hand for him to step in between her and Dany. They all looked at the camera and the Targaryen family picture was taken.

Viserys was grinning as he watched Rhaegar and Elia taking pictures with their friends, it had been a long time since Dany had seen him this happy. She walked up to him and hugged him by the waist. It was surprising to feel him return the hug.

“He is my father,” he said quietly as he let go. “I don’t care who that man before him was.”

Dany felt sad for her brother. She always forgot how much Viserys had been through. Jon, who was standing next to them, fled out of the scene to give them space. He grabbed a glass of champagne from a waiter with Arianne and her brothers, smiling at her some meters away.

Her whole family was there, from her mother’s side and from her father’s side too. They had not kept in touch much with their relatives from her dad’s side after their separation, but some had been invited to the wedding anyway. They had been good to Rhaella and had never supported Aerys’ actions.
Arianne’s relatives greeted Dany. She knew them since they were little. She introduced Jon to everyone, “This is my boyfriend, Jon,” it felt so nice to say so! The Martells greeted them with a double kiss, which Jon said was exhausting, as in the North they did not even greet with one kiss. At most, a handshake.

“You know, when I was like fifteen or something…” Dany whispered in his ear, “I kinda had a crush on him.”

“On who?!” Jon turned to look at her and saw where she was pointing at, “Are you talking about that old man?”

“Oberyn, yes, Arianne’s uncle. And he’s not old! It was just like a girlish dream,” she laughed. “He’s so hot, isn’t he?”

Jon shook his head, laughing. “You’re crazy.”

“Yeaaah, I guess my tastes have improved,” she smiled.

Arianne finally ran to them after taking the pictures with the other bridesmaids, in a light pink dress and with her hair twisted in an updo, and her and Dany’s bodies clashed in a tight embrace. Keeping their excitement in seemed impossible.

“Crazy,” Arianne said. “Our whole families are here.”

“There are so many people here,” Jon told them, “You’ve got such a big family, the two of you, and I don’t know anybody in here.”

“Well, if they’re white, they’re from Dany’s family, if not, they’re from mine,” Arianne laughed.

Jon was right, it was crazy how many people had come. Dany had seen the guest list but hadn’t imagined how the whole crowd together would actually look like. So, the greetings did not seem to have an end. She pulled Jon by the hand everywhere to say hi to everyone. Uncles, aunts, cousins she had been close with during her childhood but not so much anymore. Elaena, Maegon, Naerys, Alyssane, Vaegon, all so grown up now and looking ravishing in their suits or dresses. She spoke with some of them in Valyrian and tried to get Jon to listen closely and then asked him if he understood anything. He understood some words, but not complete sentences.

“Daenerys! I have not seen you since you wore diapers!” Many people she had no idea who they were had told her that evening.

“I’m tired just from saying hello!” Jon told her later, holding her hand.

“So when’s this young couple’s wedding?” her great-aunt Visenya asked her and Jon.

“Oh, no aunt, not yet,” she laughed, uncomfortable.

“How long have you been together?”

“A year and a half,” Dany replied.

“Oh, lovely! I married my first husband six months after meeting him, though.”

“Times have changed, aunt Visenya,” she forced a laugh and pressed Jon’s hand in nervousness.

“Oh, I’m just playing with you kids. You’re a lovely couple, though. Young and beautiful.”
Dany forced a smile again. “Thanks.”

Her aunt stood uncomfortably and then said, “Well, I guess I’ll go meet the other old crones like me,” she laughed, “Have fun today.”

“You too!” Dany said as her aunt walked away. She turned to Jon and whispered, “Old people are so annoying.”

He laughed. “I’ll bet you’ll be like that when you grow old,” he said. “You’ll be telling your nieces, *I kissed your uncle Jon the day I met him, hehehe,*” he said, mocking her voice.

She laughed out loud. “Shut up.”

She realized then how, by saying that, he had assumed they would still be together when they were old. She felt a sensation in her stomach, not sure if it was excitement or nervousness, something she had not felt about him since their first dates. He didn't make her nervous anymore, but saying that had caught her off guard!

Even Arthur Dayne, Rhaegar’s best friend from high school, had taken the time to go to the wedding despite being in the army.

Rhaegar gave him a pat on the back and told Dany, “This is whom I’ve talked to you about all life, Dany.”

“That can’t be your little sister!” Arthur exclaimed, “I met you when you were just a baby.”

Dany smiled, introducing Jon to the hundredth person that day.

“Nice to meet you, young man,” Arthur told him. “And watch out for your brother-in-law, I’m pretty sure he overprotects his baby sister as he did back in the day.”

She was happy Jon was there with her. She could not see herself here with anyone but Jon.

The party was held at the hotel they were staying. She sat on a long table with her cousins and with Arianne and his brothers. She thought it was good for Jon to be close to Quentyn, just in case he got bored.

Dany took his hand under the table and stroked it with her thumb while they spoke with her cousins.

“So you study philosophy?” one of Dany’s cousins, sitting at their table, was asking Jon with a Valyrian accent.

“Yes,” he smiled politely.

“You don’t look like a philosopher, though!”

“Thank…thank you?” Jon replied.

“He should grow his hair and his beard a little more and he’ll be all set,” Dany joked, making them laugh.

After dinner, Rhaegar and Elia stepped to the middle of the dance floor to dance together. Dany laughed, remembering how Rhaegar had been complaining about being a terrible dancer for the Blue Danube. Elia moved gracefully taking his hand, with her white dress brushing the floor. Everyone around them had their phones out, taking pictures and recording the scene. Rhaella went dancing.
with Rhaegar next, as Elia danced with his father, and it was time for more people to join in. Dany danced the Waltz with Rhaegar for a while as well, holding his hand in the air while the other one rested on his shoulder. More people stood up then and joined them in the dancefloor. It made her feel a little less watched by everyone.

She then walked towards her table and stood in front of Jon, who was sitting down quietly.

“Excuse me, young man?” she said. “I’ve been watching you all evening, it’s been impossible for me to take my eyes off you. I hope you don’t mind my audacity.”

“How about a dance?” he smiled. “You’re the groom’s sister, aren’t you?”

“I am, and I need a fine man like yourself to dance with me to this waltz on the dance floor,” she grinned, holding back her laughter. She extended a hand to him and asked, “Can I have this dance?”

Jon took her hand and placed a kiss on the back of it. “It would be my pleasure to dance with the loveliest woman of the feast.”

Jon placed a hand on her waist, she placed a hand on his shoulder and they held their opposite hands in the air. More and more guests were standing from their seats to dance.

“I don’t really remember how to do this,” he confessed.

“We practiced yesterday!” Dany laughed. Jon gave her a ‘sorry’ look. “Look at my feet,” she said, and they both looked down.

“One, two, three, one, two, three,” she moved her legs and he tried to do the same. Her legs moved easily but his moved stiffly. “Good,” she said, “good.”

“I don’t wanna embarrass you in front of everyone with my dance moves,” he laughed. He held her hand up over her head and helped her turn around. She laughed and his hand went back to her waist.

“All the people I love are here!” she exclaimed. “My brothers and you and Arianne…You have no idea how happy I am right now. Look at my mum, at Rhaegar, at Viserys! God, they are all so happy. I don’t know when was the last time the four of us have been this happy.”

“I love your family,” he said.

“And we love you,” she replied quickly, grinning.

She rested her chin on his shoulder and he hugged her from the back. They were the only ones standing still while everyone around them danced.

“We should dance a bit more,” she told him, letting go.

He moved in front of her from side to side, his feet moving in a completely different rhythm than the song. She laughed out loud and so did he.

How could it be possible that she could doubt him? How could it be possible that anyone else could be this good to her?

Later that night, Dany noticed Viserys sitting at a table by himself. He had been chatting with a couple of cousins and uncles with whom he had been sitting, but now they had gotten up and he had stayed, watching the party with a cigarette between his fingers. She sat down next to him.
“Having a good time?” he asked her. It made her smile.

“Yes,” she replied. “You?”

“Yes,” he nodded and put the cigarette back in his mouth.

She sighed, “You smoke too much.”

“Yeah.”

“You should drop that habit, it kills you.”

“I know.”

“Seriously though, tobacco is…”

“Stop it!” he replied. “Cut it off, Daenerys. I know.”

She sighed again. Most of the time she couldn’t stand being with him, just his presence annoyed her. Viserys, always ruining her day, getting angry about the stupidest things and making her cry after every argument. Yet she felt sad for him sometimes. He was a lonely person. He had only had a couple of friends in his life, he did not know how to interact well with others to form lasting relationships. Yet she always kept her distance to him anyway. But there were moments when she tried to be kinder to him than usual. Viserys, the most annoying person she had ever known, was her brother, nevertheless.

“Come with us tomorrow to the yacht,” she said.

He scratched his head. “I don’t know.”

“We will see Rhaegar much less from now on, come on,” she insisted.

He exhaled more smoke once again, his cigarette hung between his fingers.

“I’ll think about it, alright?” he replied. She nodded, she knew better not to insist much with him.

Her mother walked towards them with a smile, probably touched by the view of her two children sitting together without having an argument.

“You’re growing up so fast. So fast.” Rhaella said as she sat between Dany and Viserys. “Oh, darling.” She held Dany’s hand and continued, “When your father was alive I…I did not think we could ever be this happy as a family, ever.” Dany hooked her arm in hers and rested her head on her mother’s shoulder. “Sometimes I look at our family and…it seems unreal...that we’re happy and…safe.” Rhaella extended her hand to hold Viserys’ face and give him a kiss on the cheek.

When she thought about it, having an annoying brother was nothing compared to what the rest of them had suffered as a family before.

They watched the party in silence until her mother told her, “Dany, Jon is sitting all alone by himself over there. Why don’t you go with him for a while?”

“Yeah, I will in a bit,” she said, staring at him. Jon, all dressed up in a suit, looked so gorgeous she could not wait to get to their room. He seemed so quiet now around others, but when they were in bed, he was another person. She let her eyes roam through his body as she remembered how it felt for him to eat her out, to finger her, or how funny it was when he fucked her cleavage.
"He is such a gentleman! Isn't he?" Rhaella said.

“Yes,” she replied, and tried to hold back her laughter.

She walked over to Jon, pushing her chair to close the space between them both. He put his arm around her chair.

“Are you having a good time?” she asked him with her mouth against his ear.

He smiled and nodded at her. She wanted to be on the dance floor dancing with her friends and cousins but didn’t want Jon to get bored. Even though dancing was not his favorite thing to do, he had danced a lot tonight. She did not want to insist for him to go again.

“I have a drink with me here, I’m alright,” he said, “You go dance.” He handed her his drink and she took a sip while he held the glass. It was strong, the alcohol burned as it slid down her throat. “I put roofies in there, by the way. You just fell into my trap.”

“Is that so? And why would you drug me? What are your intentions with me? Is it that you want to take me to your bed?”

“Aha,” he nodded. “You got me.”

She grinned and gave him a soft kiss. Both their lips were cold from his drink. She rubbed her cheek against his and lowered her head against his neck, smiling wide. He held her knee.

“I’ll go dance now,” she said, “You better watch me.”

"Believe me, I will," he grinned.

She put her mouth against his ear and covered it for no one else to read her lips, "Try not to get a boner.”

"I'll try," he laughed, and she stood to meet her cousins again on the dance floor.

At four am, she and Jon were exhausted. Her feet were hurting terribly from her high heels. Sitting next to Jon, she took them off and stretched her toes. She rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. It wasn’t long until her mother walked up to them and told them they could leave if they wanted to. And so, they said goodbye to some friends and relatives and fled out of the party.

“I couldn’t tell you this in front of your family, but you look incredibly hot in that dress,” he told her while they waited for the elevator to arrive.

“Thank you,” she smiled, her high heels hung in her hand. “You don’t look so terrible yourself.”

“Your cleavage has been killing me.”

“Good.”

He yawned on the elevator and leaned back on the mirror wall, his eyes looked small. She walked to him, placed her fingertips on his neck, and gave him a kiss on the lips. He placed both hands on her buttocks. Her eyes were closed with her forehead against his. She slid her fingertips to his cheeks.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked quietly. He fondled her buttocks and kissed her cheek.

“I want to, yes, but I’m falling asleep,” he whispered. His hands left her buttocks and grabbed her
hands, intertwining their fingers together. “In the morning…we can.”

The elevator doors opened on the tenth floor and she said, “A race till the room!” and started running barefoot along the long hallway.

“No, please!” he ran behind her. “I can’t!”

But he ran anyway and she arrived first. “Ha, ha! I won, you owe me a mojito tomorrow.”

“We never agreed on those terms and conditions,” he said, opening the door with his card key.

“Well, we are agreeing now!” she laughed.

They both threw themselves on the bed, facing the roof.

“I think I might fall asleep now with these clothes on,” he said.

She sighed. “I need to wash off all this make-up.”

She rolled on the mattress and lied down on top of him.

“Get off,” he laughed.

“Okay, but help me with the zipper.”

She sat up and lifted her hair up with her back to him. He lowered her zipper, she stood up and let her dress fall to the floor and took off her underwear.

"My God! What a body!" he said as she walked to the bathroom.

“This is what you’re missing for being ‘too tired’,,” she mocked him.

"Tomorrow morning."

“We have such a big bed for us here, we need to take advantage of it,” she said as she rubbed the mascara off her eyelid.

He changed his clothes and lay on the bed as she took her time in the bathroom, and when she finally got into bed, he pulled up the covers over their heads and filled her with kisses, “I love you, I love you, I love you, I lo-.”

“Stop!” she laughed, pushing him away, “Stop, you're suffocating me!”

"Good night then," he said, as he rolled away from her and turned off the night lamp. "No more physical affection for you."

"Good night," she chuckled.

Dany was looking up at the dark roof, still thinking about the wedding. She could still see the strong lights of the party with her eyes closed, she saw her mother’s face smiling, her brothers hugging, her boyfriend grinning as he danced with her, her best friend drinking with her and her cousins laughing out loud at the table.

"Did you have fun today?" she asked him a while later, but got no reply. "Jon?" she asked, but he had already fallen asleep. She laughed to herself and turned to her side to get some sleep.
"Her whole family was there, from her mother’s side and from her father’s side" LOL
YES let's just assume rhaella and aerys aren't brother and sister here, please.

Happy chapter :) hope you liked it.
Sexy times next chapter.
Thank you for reading!
"The view's lovely," she said the next morning, standing at the window. The sun shone brightly on the light-blue sea and the endless row of palm trees garnished the pier.

"Well, if you turn around, the view will be even lovelier," Jon said from the bed.

She turned her head and saw him posing, laying on his side with an elbow on the mattress and his other hand on his hip, making a funny pout.

"I can't deny that," she laughed out loud and walked towards him.

He lay back on the mattress and extended an arm on his side. She lay down with her back over it, and his hand sneaked out on her other side to hold her waist as he sniffed her hair and kissed her neck.

"Good thing I showered," she laughed, "or else I would only smell like sweat."

He kept on sniffing her. "I always like your scent."

"I don’t believe you," she smiled, turned her head and kissed him on the lips once, then again, and again. She liked this type of kisses: closed mouths, no tongues, just their lips against one another.

She rested her fingertips on his jaw as their mouths opened against each other, their breaths finally mingling in the air. His tongue entered her mouth and crashed into hers, and then his mouth closed slowly against hers. He placed his free hand on her neck while he kept on kissing her slowly, lowering it down to her chest, tickling her breast as it passed over it, down her ribcage, until he arrived at the hem of her shirt and sneaked his hand underneath it. He rubbed her tummy, making it contract by his touch. He moved his hand up to her ribcage again, his palms moving in circles and warming her skin, which resulted in deeper and longer breaths from her. He ran his thumb against the lower side of her breast, making her moan into his mouth unexpectedly, and then chuckling about it. She buried a hand in his curls while they deepened the kiss—mouths wider and tongues more curious—and lowered the other one to press her clit.

When he noticed, he let go of her lips with a hum.

"Can’t you have any patience?" he asked, replacing her hand with his.

"I’m sorry," she chuckled. "We don't have much time, though. We gotta go have breakfast with my mum in half hour." He kept on moving his fingers but she told him, "Look," making him look down at her cunt. She pushed his hand aside and stroked her clit from the side. "Like this," she took his fingers and placed them where she wanted. "Right here. Ooooh my God, yes!"

She put one knee up, placing her foot on the mattress to open her cunt a bit more, his fingers were
hard and moved rhythmically, and his other hand held her waist hard, which, for some reason, turned her on even further. He kissed her cheek and asked her, “You’ve been fingering yourself?”

She panted. “Ye-yes, a little bit.”

“Am I not enough?” he giggled.

“You are,” she smiled. “But it’s always good to discover more things, especially when we’re apart during the holidays.” He pressed his thumb from top to button of her clit. With her eyes closed, she bit her lip and hummed in approval. “Your shorts,” she panted, “Lower them.”

His hand left her cunt to pull down his shorts, and she started to pleasure herself again. His cock came into view, standing up. She smiled at how hard he was. She grabbed his balls and stroked them. Now he started making more sounds. Her hand went up and grabbed his cock, she brushed her fingers on the tip, and then took it all in her hand and started stroking it up and down. He started moaning now as well.

“Now this is what I like to hear,” she laughed. One hand was touching him while the other was still on her sex, both moving at the same rhythm, while her liquids leaked out freely.

He wanted to touch her cunt, but she pushed his hand away: she wanted to work on both on her own.

"You don't want me to do anything?" he asked.

She shook her head. "For now, relax, and leave it all to me."

"Alright." He let out a breathless chuckle, staring at their genitals and stroking her waist with his thumb. “God, you’re becoming an expert at this.”

She let out a strangled laugh. He went back to touch her breasts, though, clearly unable to keep himself motionless. She tried to move her hands faster, but she couldn't keep their synchronicity that way, so she had to move them in a slow, steady rhythm. He lifted his arm and went back to touch her breasts. She moved her face towards his, and he turned to try to kiss her mouth.

“No,” she breathed, “ear,” and adjusted her face to bite his earlobe. She covered it with her mouth and he let out a loud moan. “This is the moan I wanted,” she said.

Her fingers pressed more and more into her wet cunt, and her whole body was tensing, asking for more with an ache. She couldn't go on with such a poor rhythm. It was fun to touch them both at the same time, but was sadly not as satisfying as she thought. She only felt desperate for more, and wondered if he felt the same way.

“I want…” she breathed. “…more. Your turn.”

"If you say so," he smiled. He pulled her hand away from his cock and moved below her, opening both her legs even more. With one hand above her cunt, he held her folds open, giving him space to lick the space between them. Her cunt contracted as soon as his tongue touched it.

She hummed, it was more like a laugh with her lips pressed together. “I should’ve known,” she breathed, “Of course you were gonna eat me out.” He laughed, and she felt the vibrations of his laugh against her cunt. She shuddered. “Tell me, do you only do this ‘cause you know it drives me crazy, or…” she moaned, “Or…” it was difficult to go on while his tongue flicked her clit that way, with her back arching up and her breathing too fast, “or…do you really like the taste of my pussy that much?”
“Both,” he breathed against her cunt. “And I will always try my best to make you cum.”

She laughed and looked down at him. He sniffed her and kept on licking and sucking her. He looked up and met her gaze. She smiled and laughed again.

“You’re becoming an expert at this,” she laughed.

He closed his eyes, opened his mouth wide and closed it slowly around her clit. She moaned loudly. With every lick and with every deeper contact, she moaned again, louder every time. He was a whole different person when they were in private than when they were with others. Who would think he was like this, so passionate underneath all that shyness.

She pressed her thighs around his head, wanting to keep him there for herself always, crying out with her eyes pressed shut. Her hands either grabbed his curls firmly or held the sheets next to her while her torso arched up and she freely moaned loudly, without the fear of other people listening to her as in school. The tingling sensation, the desperation, and need ached not only in her cunt but ran up her body with every stroke of Jon’s tongue. But she didn't want to be the only one having all the fun till the end, and they did not have too much time.

“S…stop…” she breathed.

“You don’t want me to keep going?” his fingers kept on pleasuring her cunt. His mouth and jaw were wet from it.

“N-no, I…yes…but…” she couldn’t think clearly now.

He seemed to get her message, because he crawled up over her, and lowered his head to give her a wide kiss on the mouth. She laughed at the weird feeling of tasting her liquids, “Don’t do that!” she grinned against his lips.

“But it tastes like,” he grinned between kisses, “Chocolate...” another kiss, “and vanilla ice cream.”

“You’re gross!” she laughed, rubbing his mouth with her hand. “Fuck me hard, now.”

“Which position?”

“I don’t care which position! Just get inside me already!”

“Magic word?” he grinned. His hard cock against her thigh intensified the mild ache between her legs.

“Please,” she breathed, pulling his cock to her. He kneeled in front of her and held her ankles open, with her legs stretched up, her feet facing the roof. She laughed, held his cock in the right position, and with one thrust he was inside her. “Please,” she breathed, excited to finally feel him inside her. “Go fast.” He moved his hips forward and backward, groaning. She moaned and held his thighs on each side of her waist. “Faster!” she moaned. “Faster, faster.”

He increased the rhythm, thrusting as far inside as he could, his balls colliding with her cunt, making her moan loudly with every single thrust and shutting her eyes with a frown. He placed her ankles on his shoulders, lifting her hips and quickened the rhythm. He leaned into her, and tickled her armpit. He turned her frown into a laugh.

“No tick-“ she laughed, “No tickles!”

They kept on moving, her hips bucked up desperately to take more of him in her, her moans were
getting more high-pitched and desperate. She breathed, holding the hairs on his thighs, and with every exhale a moan left her lips. He kept thrusting harder and harder, but it didn’t seem enough.

“Harder! Harder!” she demanded. "Harder, daddy!"

Jon stopped abruptly, grinning. “What did you just call me?”

“Nothing.”

“Did you call me ‘daddy’?” he laughed.

“Maybe…” she said. He stared at her, waiting for an answer. “I thought you might like it.” He laughed out loud. He laughed so hard it made her laugh too. “Come on, it’s not that funny!” she laughed along. “I thought it might get you hornier.”

They both laughed loudly, so loud they had to stop.

"I'm sorry," he laughed with his eyes shut, taking her legs off his shoulders. "I can't...keep on moving with a laughing fit."

She laughed along, blushing. "Jon, come on! I want to finish."

"Okay. Okay, mummy," he replied, making her laugh even louder.

They had breakfast with Rhaella and then headed to the beach. Dany was wearing a long, flowered dress over her blue bikini and he walked shirtless with her across the sand. His stylish sunglasses almost made him look like another person. They sat on an easychair and Dany sat crossed legged in front of Jon, her back to him while he rubbed sunscreen on her. When he was finished, he placed his legs on both her sides, with one knee up next to her. She rested her hand on his knee and played with his curly hairs there. He hugged her stomach from behind.

“God, it’s so hot,” he said.


“Sure,” he said. “My words are open to interpretation.”

He rested an arm on his knee. She looked to her sides, to see if anyone was around. She turned her head and kissed him on the lips, she raised a hand for her fingers to touch his neck. He kissed her back and caressed her bare stomach with the tip of his fingers.

She pulled her phone out of her purse and texted Viseys, asking if he would go sailing with them. He answered right away with a ‘no’. She wanted to know why, but he clearly got annoyed by his insistence, only saying that he wanted to stay with their cousins. She was trying to have a better relationship with him, but it seemed like he never wanted to cooperate.

“I don’t get him,” she told Jon, assuming he knew whom she was talking about. “Yesterday he was telling me how grateful he was to Rhaegar and how he considers him a father, and now he just doesn’t wanna hang out with us.”

“He’s been quite nice yesterday. Nicer than usual, at least. Maybe it’s been enough family time for him, for now,” he replied, brushing her hair down with his fingers.

It always bothered her, though. Why was he usually annoyed to be with the family?
“Are we interrupting any kind of sexual activity here?” Arianne said, walking towards them with her two brothers.

Dany smiled, “Not at all.”

They sat next to them and they chatted for a while, drinking some cold beers. Arianne had taken her camera with her and Dany asked her to take some pictures of her and Jon, as they only had a couple of selfies together from their phones. She and Dany went to the sea afterward, leaving the boys at the shore. Dany had insisted for Jon to come with her to the sea, but when he felt the cold water touch his feet, he chickened out. He hated drastic changes in temperature.

After she and Arianne dove into the waves and swam in the sea for a while, they went back to the sand to rest. With water dripping from her body and hair, she lay down next to Jon and rested her head on his abdomen. He rested his hand on her damp belly and they stayed under the sun for around an hour, until they left to meet her brother and Elia at the dock of the beach.

Elia stepped into the yacht first and helped the others get in, she was the most experienced sailor of them—actually, the only one who knew how to sail—and she was piloting. They stepped up to the second floor of the yacht, where the steering wheel was, with cushions to sit on and a table in which Rhaegar placed a bottle of champagne with four glasses.

The boat started moving and they diverted from the shore, how the color of the sea turned from a light blue to a darker one, how they left behind all the buildings and houses. It truly was a beautiful view.

Rhaegar said, “We didn’t have much time today but we really wanted to spend some time with you guys. Since you left for university, Dany, I’ve seen you so little, just a bunch of weekends a semester.” He shook his head. “Make the most of that time, guys. Undergrad years are the best ones.”

“Yeah, that’s what everyone says,” Dany replied, wondering how true that could be. Even though she liked the independence that living away from home offered—like basically living with Jon—these had also been the most stressful years. “I’m a little jealous of Jon here, he’s about to graduate soon,” she added with a chuckle.

“Really? You’re ready for the real world?”

“Maybe,” he replied, “I hope so.”

“Ah, you’ll figure,” Elia said. “Everyone has a hard time finding a job right after they finish their bachelor’s, but you already got one, I’ve heard.”

“Yeah, I…kinda. It’s just the school’s newspaper, though.”

“Still, a job is a job,” Rhaegar replied. “What have you been writing about?”

“The elections, a lot about them; terrorism a bit too. Mainly corruption, I’ve got someone here that’s always insisting me to write about it,” he smiled, pointing at Dany.

Rhaegar laughed, “Dany was always the one who brought the political subjects to the dinner table and made mum shut her up.”

Jon laughed, holding Dany’s hand over his lap.
“It’s not my fault that it always turned into a freaking debate!”

“You were just too leftist for Viserys. You cannot say your political opinion out loud in front of that man, just saying, Jon,” Rhaegar said.

“I’ll keep it in mind,” Jon replied.

“I’m not ‘too leftist!’” Dany said. “I just can’t believe my brother, my own flesh and blood, is such a conservative.”

Rhaegar laughed, “You can’t change that about him.”

“Anyway, we were talking about your job,” she told Jon. “He’s been writing great stuff about corruption, which I absolutely hate and have insisted to him to write about like a hundred times.”

“Well, it’s extremely important,” Elia continued, “Dorne wouldn’t keep on being this poor if it weren’t for corruption, believe me.”

The Martells were a wealthy family. The times she had been to Dorne, she had always noticed the contrast between the fancy neighborhoods in which the Martells lived and many other places just around the corner. When she and Arianne were little and she stayed over with her family, she did not understand why there were other children begging them for money on the streets, when they never had to do that. To top it off, she was having all these thoughts while sitting in a yacht owned by the Martells.

“Yeah,” Rhaegar said. “Tourism is mainly what keeps many people going. Its economy is mainly based on it.”

“Why?” Jon asked.

“Well, the lack of quality education has always been a problem here,” Elia answered him. “Not many people can get enough education to have better job positions or work in other areas to diversify the economy. We need more schools, and better schools.”

“It’s hard to see the big picture where we live,” Jon said. She agreed. The places where they usually were, their hometowns, their school…they were not the real Westeros. It was something she always wished could change. She always thought about it. How she was lucky enough to live the way she lived and have the education she had. She wondered, as she had many times, what could she do about it. Besides volunteering, which she had done a couple of times in the past; she wanted to do something that could solve at least some of the problems in Westeros. She didn’t want to sit with her arms crossed while nothing happened. And sitting in a yacht with her arms crossed…she could use her privilege for good.

Later, the four of them went back downstairs to go for a swim, taking their clothes off until they stayed in their swimwear. Elia and Rhaegar were standing on the edge of the yacht.

“The current is not too strong here so don’t wor-” Elia couldn’t finish her sentence as Rhaegar pushed her off into the water.

“Rhaegar you just married her!” Dany shouted.

As Elia went back up to the surface, she let out a scream that made Rhaegar laugh and dive into the water.

“Fuck you!” Elia shouted at him. He laughed and swam to her and hugged her.
“Guys! Come in! The water’s perfect!” Rhaegar shouted at Jon and Dany.

Dany turned her head to Jon, “Don’t push me.” She said firmly. “Don’t you dare to push me, Jon.”

“I won’t!” he laughed. “You don’t push me.”

“Dany! Jon!” Rhaegar insisted.

“Okay, together,” she said, “On the count of three. One, two, three!”

She jumped into the water. She felt the sting of the cold water on her skin as she entered the sea, and when she floated up to the surface, she heard the laughs of Rhaegar and Elia. She looked around, searching for Jon. He was still on the boat.

“Sorry!” he said.

“You’re a chicken!” she shouted.

“Is it too cold?!” he yelled.

“Only in the beginning!”

He shook his head.

“Jon, come on!” Elia insisted. “We’re all here!”

Jon hesitated, moving slightly forward and backward, not knowing if he should jump or not. Dany didn’t know if she found it cute or annoying.

He finally jumped with a scream, in a vertical position with his hands next to his thighs. Dany swam towards him. He pushed his hair away from his eyes and she hugged him by the neck, laughing.

“Can’t the boat float away, though?” Jon asked Elia, with Dany hanging from his neck behind him.

“We anchored it,” she replied.

“Oh,” Jon said, “Alright. Sorry, this is the first time I’ve been on a boat. It’s lovely, by the way, thank you for inviting me.”

“I’m happy you like it, we've always sailed in my family, so I thought it would be a good idea to go with the new family.”

It made her smile for them to consider Jon their family, just like they had asked him to be part of the family picture the previous day. She involuntarily hugged him tighter by the neck in response. Dany knew Elia meant she expected Viserys to come too. Despite feeling sad for him, she knew that if he’d been there, they wouldn’t have had such lovely noon together. However, she thought it was also a selfish way to think. Would it be possible for the three of them to get along completely well?

The day went by quickly. Dany and Jon walked by the hand back to their room. His skin was hurting from the terrible sunburn he had gotten and was saying how bad he needed aloe.

"This has to be my profile picture!” Dany grinned, showing her phone to Jon. Arianne had sent her the pictures from the morning. In this one, Jon and Dany were standing next to each other, he was holding her by the waist, he was shirtless and she was in her flowered dress, he had his sunglasses on and she had hers up on her head. They both had a beer bottle in their hands. Dany was grinning and
Jon was laughing. Her hair was loose and looked amazing, she loved it.

"It's perfect," Jon said. "You look hot as fuck."

"Thank you! You too," she replied.

In their room, Jon sighed and took off his shirt again, Dany observed his back and shoulders under the white light of the room and realized how bad the sunburns actually were.

“Let me find some aloe for you,” she said. She went to the bathroom to pick up her aloe flask and took off her dress and wet bikini, putting on a shirt and clean panties. “Okay, sit on the bed,” she told him, walking back to him. He sat on the edge of it and she knelted on the mattress behind him. “It’s so red,” Dany said, touching his sun-burnt shoulders.

“Oh!” he exclaimed. “It hurts.”

“You should’ve applied more sunscreen,” she replied.

She poured aloe gel on her hands from the flask and rubbed his reddish shoulders.

He hissed. “It’s cold.” She kept on moving her hands in circles over his red, hot skin, which glowed with the aloe. “I’ll put a gallon of sunscreen on my back tomorrow.”

“You better do,” she smiled.

“It was a nice day, by the way, thank you for everything.”

It had been a nice day, indeed. This past year, they had done so many great things together: from her brother’s wedding to sex in the library. She laughed at the thought. But she couldn’t ignore the ordinary, everyday things they did together...they felt just as good, didn’t they? She loved making breakfast together—sleepy and in a rush before class—doing grocery shopping together, brushing their teeth next to each other, reading the news, eating lunch...Was that why she was in love with him? Because they could have a blast doing the most ordinary things together, like putting aloe on each other’s backs? What kind of relationship would it be if they only had fun on ‘special occasions’?

It felt like one of the many signals of how serious their relationship was getting. During the initial months, their dates were the highlights of their relationship. Now that they had gotten used to one another, though, the extraordinary were not the exceptionally fun dates anymore, but the way that they were so comfortable around one another: how those initial nerves of visiting each other disappeared during the first months, how that crazy sexual passion of the first year calmed down a bit, how they learned each other’s reactions, nervous ticks, laughs and signs of discomfort, how she stopped caring if she felt like picking her ear while he was next to her, how being with the other became a habit now.

She loved him, and despite their occasional bickering, she knew she wanted this to go on in the long run. When she thought about them like Rhaegar and Elia yesterday, getting married, she felt a funny tingling in her stomach, similar to the one she felt when they had started going out.

Whenever Dany used to think about her future, she always thought about work, about the busy life she would have. Now, when she thought about her future, Jon was part of it too. Work was a topic she had been—perhaps unnecessarily—pushing him for; however, she never discussed her own career aspirations with him, it felt like she was keeping it a secret, especially if she wasn't sure they would always be together. But now that those probabilities were increasing—and she wanted them to increase even further—she knew this was a topic they would have to discuss.
“Jon, I have to tell you something,” she said, and adjusted herself to sit back on the mattress.

“What? Are you pregnant?” he joked.

“No,” she replied, and let out an anxious laugh. “No, nothing to do with that. I…” she breathed deeply, "I wanted to tell you...that..." She pursed her lips. “That I want to be a politician,” she said quickly, almost embarrassed.

“A politician?” He turned his body to face her, eyes wide open.

“Yes. I’ve thought about it a lot. This is...what I really want to do.”

“Are you sure?”

“I am. There are so many wrong things in Westeros, you know it bothers me. It’s why I study what I study.” She put her knees up, pressing her feet on the mattress. “I want to do something that could reduce inequality, even a little bit. So much shit happens and no one’s doing anything about it, at least when it comes to politicians.”

“There are many other ways you could help the poor, if that’s what you want, besides politics.”

“I know, but this is the way I could probably make a more significant contribution. It’s not just about helping the poor, inequality affects society as a whole, but yes, of course there are people who suffer the most because of it, because of decisions few people make for them. It bothers me to see how difficult it is for so many people to even survive, yet here we are, not doing shit about it.” she paused. “Don’t you think we’re so…we’re so privileged? For having the life we have?”

“Yeah,” he only said, looking down at the mattress with a frown. Was it worry or disapproval?

“We’re always saying we need better politicians but who actually is gonna get their ass up and do something?” she added after his silence.

“If that’s what you want, it’s what you want,” he finally said, half-smiling at her.

“Yes! Yes, it’s what I want. And…look, I want to be a… a…” she searched for the right words and leaned over her knees, “an important politician. This is why I’m telling you this. It’s how I want my career to develop. I want to actually have a voice in politics, I want to do this well and be heard about it.”

“What do you want to be, exactly? President?”

“I…” she closed her eyes. “That would be perhaps too much.” It wasn’t in her plans to get to such a high charge, she had thought more about the Parliament. She scratched a loose thread on the mattress, staring at it. “I don’t care about which position I have, as long as what I do actually has an impact in the country. I will prepare myself these next years for this.”

He sighed, pushing a hand deep in the mattress as he supported his body on it, “You know that…it’s a terribly harsh environment, right?”

“Yeah, I-“

“You know that it will be bloody difficult and that you will have to handle a terrible amount of pressure, and that you will be surrounded by people that will want to stab you in the back and-“

“I know! I know! But don’t you think it’s worth it? If I at least can make a change, wouldn’t it be
worth it?”

He stayed silent for a while. “I’m just, I’m just a bit worried…for you. In politics, people really have no limits…you don’t know how you’re gonna react to power before you get it…and even when you have it. It’s difficult to realize…but people change in positions of power.”

“Not everyone.”

“Yeah but it’s extremely hard not to. I know you know this, you’re extremely smart. I just want to make sure you’re sure.”

She nodded again. “Yes. You know, maybe it won’t even work out. I mean, maybe I won’t end up in the parliament or whatever,” she held her ankles and looked down at her feet. “But it’s worth the try. I wasn’t sure how you would react…I don’t know…I know you like politics too though.”

“Yeah, but I’m okay reading and writing about it and not participating in it. Plus I don’t have your charisma,” he said in a joking voice. It was enough to feel relief for a second. He scratched his head.

“Are you sure this is the life you want?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then…I’m glad you found what you want to do with your life. You always said that no one our age knew so, and look at you, you’re so sure about this.”

“Almost no one. But yeah, I know this is the way I want to make a difference.”

He nodded. “Let’s say you end up being one of the big ones. You know you won’t have a private life, right?”

“And I won’t have anything to hide.”

He sighed. “If it’s what you want, go for it.” He held her knee. “If you put your mind to it, you’ll make it. I know it. You’re so strong, you’re intelligent, so you have what it takes, you know? For people to like you. You have the charisma and easiness with words. So you’ll do well when you want to share your ideas or get votes. But most of all, you’re not motivated power itself but by the benefit of others. So yes, I think that you’ll make it if you want it. But it doesn’t stop me from being worried about you. It will exhaust you, it will be so harsh.”

She extended her hand to hold his. “Will you be there for me in my exhaustion, though?”

“Yes.”

“Will you write about me in your columns?”

He laughed. “That would be unethical.”

She laughed back.

“Your opinion is important to me,” she said. “As I said, I can’t be sure how things will turn out. But maybe the opportunity will present itself, and if it does, I’ll take it. So, I know that this is for the long run, just like our relationship, right? That’s why I wanted to ask you what you think about it.”

“What I think is that if it’s what you really want, you should do it. I will be there, comforting you when you lose the elections and celebrating when you win the next ones,” he joked. She laughed and slapped his arm. “However, if it’s what you really want, what does it matter what I think?”
She laughed again. “I’m not asking for your approval, Jon. If you told me you don’t want me to do it, I’d do it anyway and you know it.”

He laughed. “Yes. I know.”

“But I had to know your opinion, because…I care about you and you care about me. And I hope you’re always there, ’cause it’s gonna be a tough ride to just try to get a spot on those seats. And I’m gonna want to go back home to you after a long day of ass-kicking.”

“I’ll be there to keep your feet on the ground when you’re drunk with power,” he joked, and leaned towards her, pressing her feet with his hands. And after a moment, he said, “Are you ready for this?”

“No, no way, I’m not. But I will be, in the future. That’s why I’m gonna study hard and prepare for years to get there. I’ll do it when I’m ready, when I know I have enough knowledge to make reforms that are actually worth it. I could be thirty-five or maybe fifty, who knows.”

He rubbed her feet with his thumbs. “Being a small blonde in a wild environment of old white men won’t be easy.”

“Even the stupidest clowns can make it to the top. I’m not trying to get to the top with whatever I have. I want to do it right. If I do it I’ll do it for a change, to make things a little less bad.”

“If you really want to get to the top, you can start with me and be on top,” he joked, making her laugh. “Not now, though. My skin hurts.”

She laughed and leaned towards her legs to kiss his lips. She knew he wanted a quiet, calm life with no trouble, and she wanted a life which would bring her anything but. Yet he was still willing to support her with whatever she wanted. She hoped their differences wouldn’t bring much trouble in the future. However, the same differences which occasionally provoked arguments, were also a reason why she thought she enjoyed being with him so much. It was him who calmed her down in her times of overwhelming stress and it was she who livened him up in his sad or lazy days.

Jon was, with a few exceptions, much more in control of his emotions than her. Despite the time he had been shocked by his parents’ news the past year, in his day to day life he seemed to handle things better than she did, especially when it came to stress. She saw him sometimes and thought why he chose her, why someone so extraordinary loved her.

And what did she see in him that she did not in another human being? When she talked about him with her friends, it was clear that they weren’t as mesmerized by the ordinary things about Jon that Dany found extraordinary, even if her friends and her shared common views and interests in almost everything. Why could she see this, and not them?

If he were like any other person, as flawed as any other person, why did she think he was so much better than others?

“I should call you Mrs. President during sex,” he said, making her laugh out loud. “Or…queen? Do you prefer a monarchy, your grace?”

She kept laughing. “It doesn’t sound right!”

“Yes! Queen Daenerys, doesn’t it sound nice?!”

“A little bit, I can’t deny it. Would you be my First Lady?”

“Your First Gentleman, yes.”
“No, my First Lady.”

“Alright. I can be your First Lady.”

It was liberating to know Jon was alright with the kind of future she wanted. Only time would tell if their aspirations would be much of a burden for their relationship.

Chapter End Notes

You're (kinda) halfway through the fic already! Yaaas!
From the next chapter on, things will get preeetty serious between them <3 So there will be more challenges in the future, the ones that every serious/long-term couple goes through. Their first year has taken a lot of chapters to write, but in this second half, time will pass much faster to show the different phases of a long-term relationship.
Dolce Far Niente

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

She sat up on the bed. It was difficult to breathe and, as always, to fall asleep. It was dark, she could barely see Jon’s silhouette by her side. She checked the time on her phone: three am. She got up and walked out of his room, opening the door as silently as she could, and went over to his small kitchen and turned on the lights. She allowed the tears she’d been holding to freely fall now while she poured some water from the sink into a glass. Her throat ached with every silent, choked moan she let out, and the cold water current numbed the pain for the few seconds it slid down her throat.

Her palms pressed the kitchen counter as her head hung down, which hurt as if two strong hands pressed it from both sides. Her body was exhausted, but she couldn’t go back to bed like this and risk waking Jon up. So, she grabbed some paper napkins and sat down on the floor, hugging her knees and placing her face between them trying to hush her cries.

Why did she still feel like this? Why was it so damn difficult to control her emotions? Why did she let school control her this much?

She extended her legs on the floor and rested her head on the cupboard behind her. She stayed like that for a while, her tears now fell silently on her cheeks while she quickly wiped them and blew her nose with the napkins.

“Dany,” she heard. Jon stood at his door frame, squinting his eyes from the bright kitchen light. “What’s going on?”

“I-I…,” she mumbled. He walked over to her and noticed she was crying.

He quickly sat down next to her on the floor and asked her, “What happened?”

He put his arm around her shoulders and she turned her body to hug him. She wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand and cried some more. She didn’t answer, she felt like if she spoke she would cry even more.

He kissed her head. “Can I do anything...to help you?”

She shook her head. “I have an exam tomorrow,” she finally said. Her throat tried to stop her going further, aching when she made the effort to speak. “I can’t sleep. I’m ready, I’m prepared. And I still can’t fucking sleep. I’m tired of it. Jon, I’m tired of it. I get so nervous about these fucking exams, about getting perfect grades, and I’m sick of it! I’m sick of it! I’m sick of not being able to have a good night’s sleep before my exams, especially when I see you sleeping next to me, God, you are so lucky. I’m sick of not being able to enjoy some things as being with you or with my friends or just watching Netflix without feeling guilty of not using that time to study. I hate it.”

She hugged his torso tightly, dampening his shirt with tears. He kissed her head silently. He probably didn’t know what to say. She didn’t blame him, he had just woken up in the middle of the night and was probably still half asleep.

“I didn’t know you still felt like this,” he told her.

“I thought I was better,” she cried.
“Well, relapses always happen. This doesn’t mean you haven’t gotten any better. Little by little you’re overcoming this.”

“I don’t know. I don’t know if there’s actually an improvement in this.”

“Ah, but I do think you are better,” he said, keeping his voice down. She knew he didn’t want to wake up his brother either. “Comparing to how things were when we started dating, and even in our first months, it was so difficult to get you out of those books and class notes for just a few hours. Now you’re making more time for other things besides studying.” She blew her nose, not answering him, and then hugged him again. “You lovely woman. You’re so strong. You’ll achieve whatever you want in life, you won’t need those perfect marks to prove your intelligence. If instead of a hundred percent you get seventy percent, who will give a fuck?”

“Iwannado…” she said quietly.

“Hmm?” he hummed quietly.

“For the future I want, I need to learn all I can,” she said.

“Learning is not the same as having the top marks,” he said quietly. “You have to understand, Dany, the best marks are not necessary. Think about what’s best for you. I see you here, in the middle of the night, and I know this is not.” She sighed. It felt slightly embarrassing to hear that, especially because she knew it was mostly true. “Let’s go to bed now?” he asked her. Her only response was to hug him tighter. He laughed, “Come on, you have an exam tomorrow and I have to get my beauty sleep.” She still didn’t move nor react to his joke. “If you don’t move, I’ll move you,” he insisted.

After her lack of response, he stood up and pulled her up. He put his arms behind her and carried her in his arms, walking slowly to his room, careful not to trip in the dark, while she chuckled in his arms.

He placed her on the bed and closed the door before lying next to her. He pulled up the covers on top of them, and placed an arm across her belly. “I hate to see you cry.”

She sniffed. “Don’t worry. It will pass. I’ll fall asleep, eventually.”

She held the arm that hugged her belly and shut her eyes; she knew that it was better to be well rested before an exam. She would try harder to fall asleep.

After a long moment of silence, Jon whispered to her, “Would you like to, maybe, have a smoke with me?”

She giggled. “Maybe tomorrow after my exam. I have the whole day free after it.”

“Okay,” he kissed her forehead. “I want to see you a bit relaxed, and I don’t know, I thought it could be…fun if we got high together.”

She caressed his neck in approval. It had been a long time since she had had a smoke. She did have
a bad experience with edibles once and had been reluctant to try weed ever since. Jon smoked occasionally, and so did her friends, but she always felt slightly nervous to try it again. However, she knew it would be safe to do so with Jon.

“I just want you to take a break for once,” he told her. “It was so fun to be with you in Dorne, outside of school, without all this stress.”

She stayed silent. He turned her to her side and hugged her from behind, pressing himself against her. He buried his nose in her hair and planted a kiss behind her ear. She pulled his hand from her belly to her lips and planted a kiss on the back of it.

“Try to get some sleep,” he said quietly.

They held a blanket from its opposite sides as they lowered it carefully to the grass, right behind the school’s lake.

“You’re sure it’s safe to smoke here?” she asked again.

“I’ve smoked here a couple of times before with the guys. No one’s gonna see you. Maybe just some stoner,” he laughed.

They sat down on the blanket. They were wearing a sweater and sweatpants, ready to get comfortable for a couple of hours. He opened his backpack and took out a water bottle and a small tin box. He opened it, took the greenish weed on his fingers, and placed it on a grinder. As he twisted the upper part of the grinder, she helped him place a small, flat paper on the blanket. Jon poured the tiny pieces of the leaves into the center of the paper in a straight line, and placed a filter where the line started.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this in school,” she laughed.

“I can’t believe you’ve never done this in school,” he grinned as he rolled the joint.

“I think the last time I’ve been high was at a high school party when I got paranoid. It’s been a while.”

“Think about it as just, relaxing, and…forgetting about all the shit that’s going on. I’m not asking you to stop studying hard and become a stoner instead, I just want you to take your mind off things for a second this semester.”

“You’re sure I won’t get a whitey?”

He shook his head. “It’s good weed, and it’s a small joint,” he showed it to her. “You’ll just have two or three hits, and I’ll smoke the rest.”

She nodded, and he continued, “There’s nothing in here that’s bad for you, or else I wouldn’t give it to you. The worst thing that could happen is that you could feel a little weird or uncomfortable. But this is not gonna harm you.”

She nodded again. “Okay.”

He finally put it between his lips. He patted his pockets with both hands to find a lighter. She silently stared at everything he did. With a loud click, the fire came up. He burnt the tip of the joint, inhaling until smoke appeared.
He took the joint between his thumb and index finger and took it out of his mouth, exhaling the smoke.

“I don’t like the smell,” she smiled. He laughed. “Is it good?” she asked.

“Yes.”

Jon put his arm around her shoulders and passed the joint to her. She looked at it, hesitated and put her lips around it.

“Should I keep the air in for a few seconds?”

“Sure. Five would be good. Inhale deeply now, all you can,” Jon said softly, while he rubbed her shoulder with his hand. She put it between her lips once more and inhaled. Jon counted with his fingers: “One, two, three, four, five. Let go.”

She exhaled the smoke from her mouth and coughed hard, holding the joint in her hand. “It itches,” she coughed, “my throat.”

“What a noob,” he joked.

She coughed again, holding her throat. He laughed and gave her a pat on the back. She laughed too, burying her face in his neck while he held her by the shoulders again.

“I want you to take a break,” Jon said again, taking the joint from her hands and inhaling again. “I want you to just relax for a while and just stop thinking about school. At least for a few hours.”

“I don’t feel anything, though,” she told him. The only thing she felt was an itch in her throat.

“Just wait a bit.”

Her throat started feeling dry, so he opened the bottle of water and handed it to her. She took a sip and gave it back to him, who drank much more than a sip.

“Should I put some music on?” he asked, taking his small speaker out of his backpack.

“Alright,” she said. “Surprise me.” He connected his phone to the speaker and violins started playing. “Classical music?”

“Nothing better than Beethoven and Vivaldi when you get high,” he grinned.

She smiled back, and rested her head on his shoulder and her hand on his leg. They stared at the calm lake in front of them and the tiny waves in its dark water. As she sat cross-legged, he lay down on the blanket and placed his head on her legs, looking up at her and smoking the rest of the joint. She pulled it out of his mouth and took another hit. They were smoking it pure, so this was probably her last hit. She put it back in his mouth, making them chuckle, and placed her hands on the blanket behind her back. She threw her head back while she exhaled the smoke.

“Does it feel good?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she replied, her face up to the sky, as the light wind grazed her neck. “Yes.”

“Okay now, forget about everything…school, that fucking exam you just had, your family…it’s just us now and this great view in front of us.”

She sighed, now looking at the lake, a forgotten part of the school that no one seemed to care about,
perhaps because it was far from the dorms or the faculties. She looked down at him, the violins’ notes from his speaker were all they heard. She buried her hands in his curls, touching them, stroking them, enjoying their texture more than she’d ever had. It was the softest hair she had ever touched, or so it seemed. She loved how it felt between her fingers, she loved how they were so dark in contrast with her hands.

Her hand traveled lower, stroking his ear, and staying in his jaw. He had shaved this morning, so his skin felt softer than most times. She ran her thumb over his bottom lip, making him close his eyes and giggle. She took his face in her hands and moved it from side to side, looking at every inch of it, her face in a frown due to her concentration.

“You’re beautiful,” she told him, puzzled as if it were the first time she was noticing it. She had always thought so, though. But for some reason, she was so focused on his features now, as if she were looking for a single flaw in a perfect sculpture. Her face was lowered towards him and her back was hunched as she examined every detail of his face.

“It looks like you’re searching for a zit or something,” he told her. She laughed out loud as if it were the funniest thing he had ever said.

She held his head, lowered it to the blanket and lay down next to him. They both had their gazes fixed in the sky, which now looked more greenish than blue, when he put an arm around her shoulders and told her, “Darling,” she chuckled at the word, “you will achieve everything you want in life. There’s no need to worry this much.”

She breathed and placed her hand over his, on her shoulder. She wanted to stay here. She didn’t want to go back to her room or to the library to study. How true were his words, though? Would she really achieve everything she wanted in life? Did he say it just because she was his girlfriend? Did he believe it just because she was his girlfriend?

“You see, if there’s a problem and there’s a solution to it, there’s no need to worry. And if there is no solution to the problem, then what’s the point in worrying?”

She sighed, thoughtful. He understood how she felt, at least the general feeling. He was a nervous person—for different reasons, yet he still knew what it meant to overthink or overworry about things that others didn’t seem to mind much about.

"I didn't come up with that myself," he smiled, "I saw a TedTalk from the Dalai Lama where he said so."

She chuckled. He carded his fingers through her hair, as if they were combing it. She always loved how it felt, but now it felt so much better. She couldn’t really say how, but every touch and every move felt amazing now.

“Your hair is so blonde,” he told her. Now it felt like he was tangling it more than combing it. “Wanna know something funny?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“I used to…you know, before we had sex…I used to wonder if your pubic hair was as blonde as the hair on your head.”

Dany laughed out loud, covering her face with her hands. “I find it ridiculous that you thought my pubic hair was another color than my actual hair, yet I find it flattering that you thought about me naked during the early times.”
“Didn’t you think about me naked?” he chuckled.

“All the time,” she laughed.

“Weed makes sex ten times better, you know.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that before?”

“I thought it was common knowledge.”

“Well, I thought double integrals were common knowledge too, yet you didn’t know shit about them when we met.”

He laughed out loud. “You’ll mock me forever about that day, won’t you? But apparently you found my ignorance too attractive as you couldn’t resist kissing these lips that night.”

“Ohhhh,” she exclaimed, laughing. “Here we go again.”

It had been almost two years now, and it was still embarrassing to remember she had kissed Jon the day they met. Yet the weed, she thought it was probably the weed, made it impossible not to laugh.

“And,” he said between chuckles, “Missandei announcing you had never had sex.”

“Fucking bitch,” Dany laughed, “She was too drunk, I forgive her. It was difficult to forgive, though.”

He laughed out loud with her too. It took more than a moment for the laughs to cease; everything seemed funnier now, or, felt lighter now. It felt like everything that happened, flew away. She loved how every silence was filled with the sound of violins. Every note of the pianos and violins felt like it flowed perfectly out of the speaker and was then perfectly replaced by another note.

She looked at a cloud passing slowly above them, and could not divert her gaze from it. She couldn’t decide if it was moving slowly or quickly, but she was amazed by it. It wasn’t only until Jon took her hand in his that she was brought back to them, and she pulled his hand over her chest and observed his fingers, his pale hand with dark hairs on it between her small fingers.

She felt like changing her position again. She placed an elbow on the blanket, allowing her head to support itself in her hand, that way her body was on its side facing Jon. He looked up at her face.

“You’re still staring at me?” he asked.

“I’m sorry,” she laughed, touching the neck of his sweater. “I can’t help it.”

He raised a hand to her face and put a lock of hair behind her ear. She stared down at his lips, it felt impossible not to kiss him. She leaned down and pressed her lips against his. They felt so soft beneath hers. She placed a hand on his neck while she continued to kiss him. He turned his head to his side and they both opened their mouths against each other’s. His tongue, wet and warm entered her mouth and clashed with hers. She gasped, surprised, and her whole body tingled as if they had never done that before. She pushed hers into his mouth now, slowly, gently. He placed his hand on her buttock and rested it there. They had all the time in the world, or so it seemed. How much time had passed? Ten minutes? An hour? She wasn’t sure. She ran her fingers up his neck to his ear and stroked his earlobe with the tip of her fingers. He moaned in her mouth.

She pulled back to look down at him, his eyes were still closed, and touched his lips again with her thumb. She placed her hand on one side of his neck while she slowly pressed kisses on the other
“Dany,” he breathed, his fingers scratching her buttocks slowly. “Anyone can come at any moment. We are not the only ones who come here for a smoke.”

“I know,” she said, planting soft, silent kisses in his neck. “I’m just kissing you. I just want to kiss you.”

“Okay,” he replied. “Nothing more. If we cross the line we get expelled, you know.”

“Says the guy who fingered me in the library,” she replied, making him laugh out loud.

“You tried to read a book,” he kept on laughing, "while my fingers were inside you!” She started laughing as well, loudly, with her eyes shut. It felt impossible to hold back the laughter. “Are you laughing like that because of the weed?” he asked, grinning.

“No,” she replied, stifling more giggles, her fingers holding the neck of his sweater. “You make me happy.”

“Good to know,” he kept on grinning, holding her waist.

She adjusted herself, getting on top of him, and hugged his head, pressing a loud kiss on his lips.

“Mmmm,” she hummed, “the boy of my dreams.”

He hugged her tighter by the back and exclaimed, “The love of my life!” and rolled them both to their side between laughs.

She grabbed his cheeks and pulled them, pressing more loud kisses on his face.

“We’re getting too sexual in public,” he laughed, his hands on her lower back. “No more kisses!” She laughed and stuck her tongue out while he ducked her face. “Don’t lick me,” he laughed. “Don’t!” She held his face with her hands and licked his cheek, making them both laugh out loud. “Why are you like this?!” he laughed.

She finally let him go and took her phone out of her pocket and took a picture with him. They both laughed when they looked at their faces.

“Look at your eyes!”

“Look at **your** eyes!”

He rested his head on her shoulder while she took more pictures, laughing when they looked at themselves and noticed how high they looked.

Soon, they both started feeling lazier.

“Do you think dragons are real?” she asked suddenly, pulling his curls softly with her fingers as he kept his face on her shoulder, hugging her by the tummy.

“What are you talking about? I think someone would have noticed if there was a dragon flying around.”

“Not now. But maybe they have existed before, right?” she asked, her eyes closed.

“No, they fucking breathe fire,” he replied.
“Why have they been so popular in ancient cultures then? In every part of the world…” she stopped.

“In every part of the world…?” he asked.

“I don’t remember,” she laughed, stroking her eyes. “Fucking weed.”

Both her feet were now on the blanket, her knees up. She tilted her head for her cheek to be against his hair, while she kept carding her fingers through it. It was growing, he could probably put it in a bun now. She wondered which of the two had better hair and then laughed about it on her own.

“What?” he asked in a sleepy voice.

“Nothing…you cutie,” she replied, making him chuckle. They didn’t call each other names, but there were times when cheesy nicknames just popped out of her mouth and she couldn’t help herself. “How do you feel?”

“Comfortable,” he replied in a low voice, holding her tightly.

“I think we should take a nap.”

“Let’s go back to mine.”

“I’m too lazy to walk all the way back.”

“Come on,” he said, “We’ll get into my bed and be all warm and cozy and get some sleep.”

“I can’t move. You’ll have to carry me back like you did last night.”

He laughed, “From the kitchen to my room! You can’t compare the distance. And I’m tired too.”

“I feel like…the floor is a giant magnet, and it’s pulling me down. It’s not letting me get up,” she said, making him chuckle and shake his head. “I’ll fall asleep here,” she said.

“No,” he said. “It will get too cold.”

He stood up and she remained lying down on the blanket, she felt too sleepy. She extended both arms up to him and told him, “Just take my hands and drag me to your place.”

He laughed again. “You crazy woman. Stand up.”

He extended a hand to her and she finally decided to take it. He pulled her up and she lazily stood up. They took their things and Jon put them in his backpack. She walked behind him, holding both his hands in front of her as he stretched his arms back, they probably looked hilarious to the people they crossed.

Getting to the third floor climbing up the stairs felt like a huge achievement, which she wanted to celebrate by getting a whole evening of sleep. She lay on the bed, pulled the covers over herself, and curled herself up.

“I can’t keep my eyelids open,” he said as he lowered the curtains to darken the room. “And I’m hungry too, though.”

“Oh fuck it,” she whispered, more tired than ever. “We’ll eat when we wake up.”

But he was so hungry he rushed to the kitchen, quickly ate a loaf of bread, and walked back to the bedroom. He groaned as he lay down on the bed and got under the covers. He felt her cold hands
under the sheets and pressed them between his to warm them up. She tried to smile or thank him, but she had no strength now, she was sure she would fall asleep at any second. He yawned and put an arm around her shoulders. She smiled at all the sounds of laziness he was making, and snaked her hand under his t-shirt to meet his warm belly. She slowly moved it upwards, caressing his ribcage.

“You’re so cozy,” she said quietly, with the little strength she had left.

They both stayed still, her head resting on his shoulder and her arm kept on hugging his torso. His fingers were buried in her hair, but neither of them moved anymore. His chest rose and fell under her arm as he breathed, and she breathed slightly quicker next to him. It was the only sound they made. It was so warm to be under the covers and tangled with him. It wasn’t difficult to fall asleep.

When she woke up, she noticed she had dampened his t-shirt with slobber and that a slight pain stung her neck because of the position it had been in. She breathed in the scent of the room, that same scent of his pillows and pajamas every morning when he woke. She adjusted her body, looking up to the roof, and he turned to his side after a moment.

When he opened his eyes, she smiled at him and placed a hand on his neck, pressing a kiss to his lips.

“Jon,” she whispered.

“What time is it?” he asked in a sleepy voice, that same sleepy voice she had told him many times how much it turned her on.

“Don’t know,” she said.

He faced her and rested his hand on her warm neck. He pulled her face to his and pressed a kiss to her lips, and then another one.

“Let’s do this again some other time,” she found herself saying. “Or…when we’re like eighty in our retirement home.”

He chuckled, “You liked it?”

She nodded with a hum, “I did. You know what? I would actually like to feel like this…but without the weed. To just be myself and forget about all these things that I get so stressed about.”

She knew that now that the effect of the drug had worn off, she had to go back to her usual thoughts, to the real world, a world where she always struggled to have the best grades, a world in which her adult life was starting and she was now practically on her own. Her mother was not there for her the whole time as before, her older brother was now married and had a life of his own, his other brother only increased her headaches and anxieties…a world where it seemed frightening to grow up, where uncertainty if she would fail or not was always creeping in.

“Weed,” he told her, staring at her, “is not the solution to how you feel, or to what you want. But it is not bad for you, I would not give you something that harmed you. Just know that whenever you want to have like three hours for yourself, or for ourselves, you can have this. But that’s the problem: they are just three hours. Once it wears off, it wears off.”

“I just feel like…I give too many fucks about life,” she told him, and put her hand on his cheek.

“That’s not wrong. You just have to decide what’s actually worth giving a fuck about.”

“That’s wise,” she chuckled. She pressed a kiss to his lips and he sighed with his eyes closed.
“You should still study, you should still…thrive, and learn, but…you should not ruin yourself by doing so.” She nodded, and suddenly felt a pressure in her eyes and nose that signaled tears wanting to leak out again, but she held them in as much as she could. “And there are therapists at school. I’m sure they’re much more qualified than I am to tell you all this. But I care for you…so I will do my best to help you. If you don’t necessarily want my advice, then I will do the job of distracting you from of those books when it’s not study-time.”

“Yes,” she said, feeling the sting of tears. “Yes, I would like that. Oh, Jon, thank you,” She curled up more under the covers and told him, “I love you.”

“Me too, very much.”

She wondered how many times she had told him she loved him. How she probably hadn’t really understood the weight of her words the first time she’d said so, but how true she now realized they were. Jon…she wanted to see him happy above everything and he wanted to see her happy above everything. A lightness in her chest invaded her, she felt so lucky to have him.

“I will go out to drink with my friends tonight but I just don’t ever wanna get up from here,” he told her, his body was also curled up under the covers.

“Go,” she said. “Have fun.”

“You wanna come?”

She exhaled. “I think I’d rather have the night for myself.”

He didn't beg her to come as he used to do. He didn't insist to be with her in every social gathering either. He still preferred to be with her, he said he felt safer that way, but he was definitely improving. He said he didn't think he was, just like she thought she wasn't improving but he said she was. Maybe they both thought too low of themselves. Maybe the other, from the outside, saw their growth in a different light, a little more objectively, perhaps.

Later, after he prepared them a salad as an attempt for dinner for both, he went out and she stayed in bed. At least for tonight, she didn’t want to think about anything that would bother or worry her.

Chapter End Notes

AH I HAD THIS IDEA OF OTP GETTING HIGH AND COULDN'T STOP MYSELF FROM WRITING IT I'M SORRY!! Idk your opinions on weed so I was kind of nervous!
Next chap will be up the 1st week of september when my exams are over! Cheers!
Dany had ever liked nighttime. When she was a kid, she was afraid of ghosts or monsters in the dark. Later on, nighttime was the moment in which she could silently cry herself to sleep thinking about her father. As she kept growing, nighttime had become the moment for her anxieties to come up. It was true that she was slowly learning to control and handle her worries about school, her grades, her future, though, but it still was the most complicated moment of her days. No one would ever guess how overwhelmed she could get about such things, Jon had told her. Most people saw her as someone cheerful, talking to others with a grin and joking around. The more she thought about herself, the more similar she felt to Jon, or the more she felt she could understand his anxieties.

Nighttime was better with him by her side, though. She didn’t try to evade her thoughts by going to the library until late—she would rather sleep next to him. It always felt better to finish the day curled up under the covers with Jon, rolling in the mattress when she was asleep and bumping into him, sometimes putting an arm around his stomach. Sometimes each of them slept by their side but her feet could be touching his legs. It always felt better to sleep with Jon.

But she preferred to keep to herself some thoughts that occasionally appeared at night... when Jon was beside her sleeping and she stared at him in the dark: his features, barely visible, his dark hair, his chest moving as he breathed... What if he didn’t love her? What if he only liked her, while she was madly in love with him? Or maybe he did love her, he had showed it to her in many ways, but... what if he suddenly stopped loving her? How could she deal with it? What if one day he decided that it was enough... that they had had a good time together, but that it was time to let go...

She thought there was no problem in having those thoughts in their early months, but why did they keep creeping out at night after two years of being together? After sharing so much with each other, after opening up to each other as they hadn’t done to anybody else, after talking about their future and knowing they want to be together in the long run, after telling the other they loved them, after the willingness of both to solve every problem they had as a couple, it made no sense. Why were there times when she would fear he might leave her or stop loving her one day?

Maybe that was why, she thought to herself. Being together for two years had meant that they knew the other so well by now, that both were sure that they loved each other. So ending this strong, two-year love would be devastating. The more time they shared together, the more days and nights they spent together, the stronger their relationship became. And so, ending the relationship would be terribly worse every second that passed.

But these thoughts belonged in those moments. They belonged in the nighttime when she woke up at three am or when she couldn’t fall asleep and she rolled nervously on the sheets, either alone in bed or with him by her side. During the day, a simple ‘have a good day’ or ‘are you sure you’re not forgetting your keys?’ was enough to remember how much he cared for her. A simple goodbye kiss in the mornings was enough to imagine the same situation ten years from now. She knew he loved her, she knew he could get on top of her and hug her tight as they rolled on the bed, wanting to be
closer and closer to each other, and when they couldn’t get any closer, they still wanted to get even closer, to feel each other in every inch of their body and not wanting to let go.

Yet sometimes she desperately wanted to shake him and wake him up and ask him if he loved her, just to hear it one more time and be sure of it again. Did he also feel the same way about her? Did he also have these type of thoughts at night?

They had been having breakfast together in his flat before class, sitting across each other at his small table.

“You’re a Hufflepuff,” she told him, her phone in one hand while she drank her orange juice with the other one.

“I am not a Hufflepuff,” his eyes were wide in surprise. She turned her phone to show him the screen. “The test is wrong,” he said. “Give me your phone, I’ll do it again.”

Dany laughed. “Nope. It’s done. That’s your house.”

He laughed, shaking his head.

Jon would move to a different flat after graduation. He didn't want to go back to Winterfell. He wanted to find a job in King's Landing instead.

"I really hope you can find a place close to school,” she told him. Otherwise, she would miss being with him almost every day.

“Yes. This is a good area. I’ll find a flat with a big bed,” he said, making her laugh. “Really, I’ll work hard for it. Like, two jobs! And you can stay over when you want. Robb won’t be there anymore, of course.” Her elbow was against the table while her cheek rested in her hand, smiling at how excited he sounded. “And we could even live together.”

Her smile vanished in confusion. They had talked about living together a couple of times, but never this soon, this was his last semester at school. She looked at him, waiting for him to continue.

“You could stop living in those shitty school dorms and rent a flat with me,” he continued.

She took his hand and caressed it with her thumb, “Wait for me to graduate too, Jon.”

“Why?”

She sighed. She knew it was him with whom she wanted to live. She’d rather live with him than with Missandei in her small room. But even so, she felt that it was too big of a step to take this soon.

“Because I…I’m not sure I’m ready for it.” He blinked. “Don’t take it the wrong way. I’d love to live with you and you know it. I just feel like I need more time before we actually live together.”

“But we practically live together now. You just said it, we’re together almost every day, we eat together, sleep together, what would be the big difference? Having your own closet full at the same place as I?”

“It’s not just that, it’s…we have to…share so much together, and…I’m in school to get an education and I want to make the most of it.” He stayed silent, looking at her. “Plus, my mum would tell me to fuck off if I told her I want to live with you,” she added.

“We’re both adults and can make the decision,” he replied quickly.
“She pays for my rent so, no.” And she didn't feel like an adult at all.

“But...you could talk to her!” he exclaimed, getting uncomfortable. “You could tell her that you really want this and that living in school is not that good.”

She sighed. "You're not listening, Jon. I'm not ready yet."

He frowned. "But...why?" She stayed silent. "We've talked about this, haven’t we?" he said. "We both want this for the long term."

"Yes, but moving in together is like…the previous step before marriage. It’s like, full commitment."

"I thought we were both on the same page. I thought you wanted this as much as I do."

"I do! You know I do. I just feel like it’s still too soon. I'm still in school...I still feel so...young! I don't know!"

"Aren’t you sure about our relationship? Aren’t you...certain that this is what you want?"

“Yes! Of course I am.”

“But you’re not proving it!” he scowled.

She flinched. Not proving it?! “Since when proving that I love you means accepting everything you want?"

“Not everything! But this…this is important!”

“Exactly! It is important, that’s why I need more time to think about it! Jon, I’m here to study.”

“Yeah,” he said, “always studying.”

"Really? Jon, are you being serious right now?" she scoffed. “You're being such a baby."

“Oh, I’m the baby? You’re the one who seems insecure right now.”

“Really?! I’m the insecure one in this situation?” she exhaled a laugh, as her insides started to burn up with anger. She wanted to strike back, but knew it wouldn’t calm Jon down.

“Jon, I want to finish my bachelors.” If he was this upset, she needed to explain herself further to calm him down. “It’s one more year, then I’ll talk to my mum. I’ll get any job to be able to afford a place to live when we’re both out of school,” she sighed, meaning what she was saying. “But now, school is my priority, okay?"

He pursed his lips. He clearly wanted to talk more but was holding it back. She sighed, she did want to live with him, to sleep with him every night and come home to him after a full day of studying, without worrying if his brother was or wasn’t home and freely make love whenever they felt like it. Also, moving in together did demonstrate that they both loved each other enough not to leave the other. It meant that the probabilities of Jon leaving her one day—out of the blue, as she feared sometimes—were much smaller.

But she meant what she said about it feeling like one step before marriage. Her relationship with Jon was steady, healthy, it was much better than how she had thought it would be when they were going out. It was infinitely much better. But just one more year of being together, growing together and learning more about the other was what she wanted before she could make that choice. And if she lived with him, the two of them alone, it would be harder to succeed in school as much as she
wanted to.

He closed his eyes and held the space between his eyebrows, with his elbow resting on the table. Dany sighed and stood up to take the plates and mugs to the sink.

“Leave it there,” he said, not moving from his position. “I’ll wash.”

“Alright,” she said. “Thanks.”

She checked the time on her phone. She had to go to class. She hesitated about how she should say goodbye to him. Should she give him a kiss? Was she angry at him? Was she supposed to be angry at him? Was this even an argument?

“Bye,” she told him after grabbing her purse.

He adjusted himself on his chair, probably not knowing what to do either. “Bye. Have a nice day.”

Her lips quickly curved into a tiny smile. No matter the argument, he would always wish her a good day in the mornings. Before closing the door, she hesitated again if she should say ‘I love you’ before leaving, but the thought of him telling her she wasn’t ‘proving it’ crept in again. She sighed, annoyed by how selfish he had sounded in that conversation, and closed the door to leave.

Why was he so eager to move in together now? Why not wait one year more? Wasn’t he certain that she loved him anyway?

Dany was sitting with her laptop in a study room, working in her finance group project with Margaery and Grey Worm.

“I think you should decrease the subsidies a bit. At least by one percent,” Grey Worm said.

‘Can I come over?’ Jon texted her.

‘I’m studying,’ she replied. ‘I’m not in my room.’

“I’m saying, let’s drop the interest rate,” Margaery said, Dany left her phone aside to listen to her. “More credits will be issued, there will be more investment.”

“Yes but...there’s also a higher risk of a bubble if we lower the interest rate too much,” Dany replied.

Grey worm sat back to think. He had started hanging out with Dany and her friends that semester and had easily become good friends.

Her phone kept vibrating with messages as she continued discussing her finance project with her group. Margaery looked at the phone and then at Dany, probably wondering why she wasn’t even looking at it.

After a while, her phone started ringing. She sighed and picked it up.

“Hey,” Jon said. “I was texting you. I don’t know if you saw my texts?”

“Yeah, I was gonna answer in a bit.”

“Okay, uhm, so can I come over?” he asked anxiously. “I really want to talk.”

“I'm not in my room now,” she replied coldly.
“Okay, then, later?”

“I’m in group work for my finance class. I don’t know at what time we’ll finish. I thought you were gonna work on your thesis today, though.”

“Yes, I am working on it. But…tonight, can I see you tonight?”

She sighed, they would have to talk about it again eventually. “Sure. I’ll be in my room.”

After she hung up, Margaery asked, “Jon?”

“Yes,” Dany sighed.

“You don’t seem so happy about him calling you.”

Dany looked down, “We had…kind of an argument.” She wasn’t even sure if it could be called an argument, but she didn’t feel like explaining herself further.

Margaery gave her a sad smile, “Everything alright, though?”

“Yes, we’ll sort things out.” After a pause, she cleared her throat and said, “So, investment.”

“What happened, though?” Grey Worm asked.

“Everything alright, though?” Margaery asked.

“She clearly doesn’t want to talk about it, Jason. Don’t be nosey,” Margaery said.

“I’m just checking if she’s okay. And you know I hate it when you call me by my actual name.”

“Grey Worm is just not a nice nickname,” Margaery laughed.

“We’re fine I guess,” Dany said. “He just wants us to move together.” She cleared her throat. “So, the next section is about issuing secured bonds.”

She met him downstairs at the entrance of her dorm. He greeted her with a kiss on her lips. She sighed, not sure if she should actually be angry at him. He followed her into her room and sat on her bed, Missandei hadn’t arrived yet.

“What was it you wanted to talk about?” she asked, her back to him while she took her pajamas off her drawer.

“About today of course. I don’t know why I acted like that earlier.”

She rolled her eyes, her back to him. Selfishness was the only reason that came to her mind right now. She took her shirt off, waiting for him to continue, and put on her pajama t-shirt.

He cleared his throat, and said, “I don’t wanna pressure you to do something you don’t want to do.”

“I do want it. Just not yet.”

“Well, I don’t want to pressure you to do something you're not ready for,” he corrected himself. She turned around to face him, standing up in front of him. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his legs spread apart and his hands pressed together.

“It’s like…” she hesitated, searching for the right words. “When you were so nervous about having sex for the first time. Remember? Do you remember that I wanted it and that I told you I wanted it
but you still felt nervous, and it was okay, because I was willing to wait for you to be ready?” He gave her a small nod, silent. “I never told you that if we didn’t have sex it meant that you didn’t like me, or that you didn’t want to be my boyfriend. So why were you telling me that if I don’t want to move in as soon as you graduate it means that I don’t love you?”

“I… I know I…” he mumbled. He scratched his neck, thoughtful. “But… I had so much anxiety back then. I was too anxious when it came to having sex for the first time, I got too nervous.”

“Exactly! You weren’t ready…and I was. And now I don’t feel ready to move in together, yet you are…and I waited for you! Can’t you do the same?” she was starting to feel unsettled again.

“But do you want to do this? Are you sure you want it? To move in with me? At some point?” he asked quickly.

“Yes!” she exclaimed, annoyed. “Yes,” she said again, a little calmer. She closed the space between them. “We will live together, alright? Later on.”

She held him by the shoulder and looked down at him. How could he still doubt that? They had been together for over two years and had talked about this before. How could he still think she wouldn’t want to live with him later on?

She hugged him by the nape of his neck and pressed a kiss on his head, resting her chin on it. He put a hand on her waist.

The door opened and they separated from each other. Missandei walked into the room and dropped her purse on the bed. “Hello, guys.”

“Let’s go out,” Dany whispered to Jon. She felt like this conversation had not ended. She still wanted to know why he had been so upset about this topic. He followed her into the common room, but too many people were there. They went outside and sat on a bench, in the dark and windy night. She thought he was probably thinking about how they would have privacy in a flat of their own. She couldn’t deny it sounded tempting.

“Why does it bother you that I don’t want to move in now?”

“I don’t know.” She held his hand between them. With his other hand, he anxiously played with his phone, turning it from side to side on his thigh. “Sometimes I wonder…” he broke the silence. “What if one day you just decide that…you don’t love me anymore? God, I must sound so stupid.” She frowned in curiosity. “I love you, okay?” he continued. “And sometimes I’m scared that…maybe one day you could get bored or… think that it’s always the same or… just decide that I’m not for you or something?”

“Bored of you?”

He shrugged. “Maybe… It scares me sometimes, how much I love you, ‘cause I’ve never felt like this about anyone else. So with you, it’s all new. And I want to be with you always but sometimes I get worried because, what if you suddenly decide one day… that I’m not the one for you? Or find someone else… or not necessarily someone else but just think… that I’m not enough for you?”

“No,” she said. “No, no, no, no, no.”

She turned her body to hug him around the neck. He returned the embrace, tighter. It was at that moment when she understood she wasn’t the only one who had these thoughts. He knew she loved him, but he still had that fear sometimes, of her leaving him, or of their relationship just not lasting.
“Oh my god,” she whispered. “I love you. And I’d be lying if I told you I don’t feel this way sometimes.”

“I don’t always feel like this, though. I know you love me, but sometimes I…wonder…or think…that, I don’t know.”

She understood what he was telling her. She couldn’t deny she still felt upset about him insisting on living together, but she understood that he was trying to tell her that this was the reason behind his insecurities.

She didn’t know what else to say for him not to feel that way. She knew how it felt and wished desperately he didn’t feel like that. It hurt to know that he had those thoughts too sometimes, but at the same time, she felt relieved to know she wasn’t the only one who did; even after all the time that had passed and everything they had been through.

“There are times,” she interrupted herself to give him a kiss. “There are times when I can’t believe you’re my boyfriend, that out of all the people in the world you chose me.”

"Please, don't leave me," he said. "Don't break up with me."

"No, no, no. I won't. I love you. Trust me."

He held her jaw with his fingers and pressed it. “I’ll tell you what frightens me.” She nodded, holding his hand. “I’ve realized love holds us in such a risky, or, dangerous position. You make me happy, and by the second you become more and more important to me. So, the thing is, my happiness is in your hands. You control it. You might lose interest, you might meet someone else, you might even die. And that…” he shook his head, “that would be…that would wreck my life, completely. That would…” he breathed.

She pressed his hand. “I know what you mean, yes. My happiness is also in your hands.”

“So there’s always an anxiety in loving someone, isn’t there? There’s so much at risk, we could lose it at any moment! We are putting ourselves willingly in this risk, opening up to one another and loving each other so much. Our well-being is at risk.”

The stronger their relationship got, the more painful its ending would be, she thought again. Moving in together meant both the reassurance of their mutual love, but also a risk of losing a bigger portion of her well-being and happiness, if things were not to work out. She knew she loved him and he loved her, she knew she wanted to live with him, but a part of her still felt too insecure or young to take such a step, to risk a mistake being made from either of them that could end such a strong relationship. And what if their relationship just didn't work out? It would be terribly difficult to end it, she would have to find another place to stay, move out, it was too much to think about. The stronger their relationship got, the more painful its ending would be. The more time passed, the more they had to lose. Commitment was frightening, she couldn’t deny it. But she felt like she would never break up with him. Would he break up with her, though? He had just told her how much he wanted to be with her and how he was afraid of them breaking up, so it didn’t feel plausible at the moment. But in the future? Would their relationship always be this strong? Would it always feel this good? She hoped so.

Everybody has these thoughts, she said to herself. They felt so horrible, so frustrating at times. It felt even more frustrating to think that Jon had them. How she would do everything in her power to keep these thoughts away from his mind, to take them all away and only leave happiness in him.

Did a good relationship have to be free of conflict? Arguments about not putting his feet on her
pillow or if Bob Dylan deserved the Nobel Prize or not weren’t transcendental. They were two different people, after all, and would never agree on absolutely everything. On the other hand, conflicts like this one, even though they hurt, were extremely necessary. They helped each other to know one another better, to break even more barriers between them that they either hadn’t noticed or were hiding; and the more they knew one another, the purer their love was: it meant they loved the actual person behind the curtains.

In her finance project, and in the financial world, one could ‘secure’ a bond with an asset if it was too risky. That asset was a guarantee that the borrower would pay back the bond. That way, the risk diminished and so did the interest rate. How easy, how damn easy! Was there a way to secure a relationship for it to have a risk equal to zero? Was there any asset she could give Jon and he to her to lower the risk? Even though a small argument or a discrepancy in moving in together could raise the risk again, many of their acts could lower it back down. Even simple ones, like a hug or a simple demonstration of their interest about the other's day...didn't all those details proved how much they cared for one another? Didn't they lower the risk and secured the relationship in some way? What better way to calm these fears, then, than by giving the other a reason not to doubt their loyalty? A reason that they would never leave? That would be the best security. In the end, there was no better thing they could do than to love, and allow the other to love them back. She shut her eyes as she hugged him tightly. She loved him. She wanted to be with him always.

Chapter End Notes

Conflict--the one that comes from deep within--is inevitable, but also cathartic and necessary. It brings change, and, painfully, it can bring a lot of healing.

Thank you very much for reading and OMG I CANT BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING IN GOT FINALLY! OUR SHIP HAS SAILED AND IT IS CANON! After so many years of fangirling about them and everyone telling me they wouldn’t get together! I am still recovering from the season finale!
Despite the semester being over, Dany had stayed in King’s Landing for a few more days to go to Jon’s graduation ceremony. He had officially finished his bachelor’s now and it was time to receive his degree. He had lifted her in joy after he walked out of that last final exam. She couldn’t wait to see his face wearing the gown and cap with the diploma in his hands. She was going to buy him flowers to congratulate him. He loved flowers, while she hated to receive them as a present. She considered them a complete waste of money and had asked him many times that if he wanted to give her a present, he should give her something useful.

She was sitting at her desk in her room now, on her own, as Missandei had already gone home. She was looking for plane tickets to Dorne, where she and Arianne would do volunteer work during the break. They were going to a public primary school to teach or tutor children in math. Now that both had been accepted, they just needed to buy their plane tickets to spend a month in one the poorest towns of Dorne.

Her phone buzzed, distracting her from her search.

‘Dany,’ read a text from Rhaegar. ‘Are you alone now? Can I call you?’

She frowned in confusion, and texted him back, telling him to call. The phone rang seconds later and she picked it up quickly.

“Rhaegar?” she said. “Is everything okay?”

“Dany.” Her brother breathed from the other side of the phone. “What I’m gonna tell you right now won’t be easy to hear, and I beg you to keep this to yourself…at least for now.”

“Wha-wha’s going on?” she replied, she stood up quickly, nervously.

“Arthur, my friend, do you remember him?”

“Sure, he-he was at the wedding, wasn’t he?” she asked, and started to pace around the room.

Rhaegar paused, he was probably trying to find the right words to say, but those pauses only made Dany more nervous.

“Oh, I’ll get straight to the point,” he said. “Jon…his parents are not his real parents, he was adopted.”

Dany exhaled in relief. “Yes, yes. I know this.”

“You know this?” her brother asked, surprised. She felt maybe as surprised as him, how could he
know about this?

“Yeah, he knows, Rhaegar. His parents-Eddard and Catelyn, his adoptive parents, they told him some time ago.”

“Jon knows?”

“Yeah.”

“He knows who his biological parents are, though?”

“Ashara and Brandon?” Dany replied.

Rhaegar exhaled loudly. “I can’t believe he knows.”

“Anyway, how-how do you even know?” Dany asked.

“It’s such a small world,” he said. “Such a small world. I was telling you, remember Arthur? Arthur Dayne. He is Jon’s uncle.”

“Holy shit,” Dany said quietly.

“He had lost touch with the Starks when he left for the army, Jon was just a baby back then. The thing is, we were just talking about you and him and the name ‘Jon Stark’ is not too common, you know.” Dany stayed silent, not knowing what to say. “He wants to meet Jon,” Rhaegar said.

“He wants to meet Jon? Where was he all these years? Couldn’t he be family for him?”

Rhaegar sighed, “It’s a long story, Dany. He wants to explain it all to Jon. I’m sure he’ll understand. Mum is leaving tomorrow to King’s Landing for Jon’s graduation ceremony, right? Arthur and I will go too.”

“What?” she said. “Why? No! You can’t ruin his day like that.”

“He’s not gonna ruin his day!” Rhaegar replied, seemingly slightly offended.

“No,” she said again in a harsher tone. “He should be happy and celebrate tomorrow. Arthur is only going to make him…sad and frustrated! Don’t do this to him! Not now.”

“Well, this is not really your call to make,” Rhaegar said more firmly, reminding her again that he was almost like a father to her. “And he really wants to see Jon graduate.”

Dany held the space between her eyebrows as she frowned.

“Don’t do this now,” Dany said. “I know what I’m telling you, he’s my boyfriend. He’s…sensitive about that subject.”

“Yeah, I get it,” said Rhaegar. You don’t, she wanted to tell him, “But his parents will be there and Arthur wants to see them again too. Look, he…he really thought he would never see Jon again.”

Dany sighed, “Rhaegar…just tell Arthur to talk to Jon after it’s all over. We will all eat out together after the ceremony and have some time with the family…just tell him to be patient, please.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Rhaegar told Dany. “I’ll tell him all this, alright?”

Dany didn’t answer. She still felt worried for Jon.
“See you tomorrow, then.”

Dany rolled on the bed as she woke up, bumping into Jon’s side.

“Good morning,” he said.

She hummed and lifted her face to give him a kiss on the lips.

“You were awake already?” she asked.

Jon grinned. “Yeah, I woke up at five and I can’t sleep.”

Dany held him by the neck, sleepy, resting her head on his shoulder.

“You’re excited?” she asked.

“Yeah…or nervous. I don’t know which one it is, but it didn’t let me fall asleep again,” he said, and held her by the shoulders. She put a hand over the arm that hugged her.

“There’s nothing to be nervous about,” she told him, still half asleep. “It’s not like you have to give a speech in front of everyone. You just have to take that cardboard in your hands and leave.”

She yawned and threw her arms over her head, stretching her whole body to wake up. She turned to grab her phone from the night drawer and unlocked the screen.

‘Just talked to mum,’ read a text from Rhaegar from the night before. ‘She got emotional when she heard the news, she really cares about Jon. We’ll go to school to meet his parents, but Arthur will talk to Jon at night, alright?’

Dany sighed, wondering how Jon would take the news.

He turned his body to her and lazily hugged her by the stomach. She quickly locked her phone and left it by her side, afraid he would read anything. She hugged his head and stroked his curls, wanting to stay a bit longer like this before such a crazy day started.

He lifted his gaze to hers and said, “A quickie?”

She chuckled, looking down at him and moving the curls that were on his forehead. His hair was so much messier in the mornings now that it was longer.

“Only if you brush your teeth,” she grinned, “your breath smells.” He hummed in protest, making her laugh, and put his leg over her hip. “Will you let me tie your hair today? You need to look dashing in those pictures,” she smiled, pulling curl by curl with her fingers. He only responded by humming more. “Is that a yes or a no?”

He stayed silent for some seconds and then pushed himself up to put his face next to hers. “Okay, yes. Be my hairdresser.”

He pressed a loud kiss on the corner of her mouth, and another one on her lips, and then another, making her protest. He seemed so happy now, she was scared he would fall into depression again as he had done when he first found out he was adopted.

"Okay, a suuuuper quick quickie. But after we both brush our teeth."

He quickly held her head and left a wide, tonguey kiss in her mouth, laughing and making her laugh.
At the entrance of the campus, Dany introduced Rhaella to the Starks, who greeted Ned and Cat with a warm hug. She then introduced Rhaegar, pulling him by the arm and introducing them both to all of Jon’s siblings. Ned and Cat couldn’t thank them enough for coming, Dany hoped they could realize how much her family cared for Jon.

“What a gentleman Jon is, so good to Dany,” Rhaella told Ned and Cat. “We love to have him over.”

“We’ve heard he loves to stay over at your house as well,” Cat replied with a warm grin. “He says he always eats well there.”

Perhaps Cat wasn’t the nicest to Dany all the time, but she was a darling with Rhaella. They kept on talking for a while until Rhaegar looked at Dany and made a sign that meant that they should talk to Cat now.

“Now?” she whispered to him.

Rhaegar nodded, and said, “Before the ceremony starts.”

Dany sighed, and approached Cat when her chat with Rhaella was over.

“Mrs. Stark,” she said. “Could we have a word for a second? With my brother?”

Cat looked at her confused and then at Rhaegar, and nodded. Dany turned to look at her mother, who gave her a warm smile as in saying good luck.

“Ned, keep an eye on Rickon,” she said before following Dany and Rhaegar. The three of them walked down the pavement outside of campus, as Arthur didn’t have tickets for the ceremony. Dany didn’t know how to start, she was hoping Rhaegar would. She didn’t even know what was she doing there, shouldn’t this conversation only be between Cat, Ned and Arthur?

“My friend from high school,” Rhaegar said to her ease, “is Jon's and he wants to meet him, but would like to talk to you and your husband first. He came all the way here because…he didn’t know where else he could contact you. I hope it’s not too much trouble.”

"A relative?” Cat asked, pressing her hands together.

Dany felt weird. She wasn’t sure how Cat felt, was she angry? Dany sighed, she knew that this wasn’t the right place and time. They just wanted a day for their family. She hoped this didn’t make Cat like her less.

They turned the corner of the building and found Arthur sitting down on a bench. He stood up right away.

“Hello, Cat,” he only said.

“Oh my god,” Cat gasped, covering her mouth with one hand. “Arthur? Is it you?”

As his whole class, now graduated, walked to an open field next to the auditorium, Jon’s family waved at him, everyone with a huge smile on their face. Standing next to them were Dany with Rhaella and Rhaegar. He knew Rhaella was coming, but Rhaegar too? It caught him off guard.

Arya ran to hug him first, he held her by the shoulders while her face was pressed against his chest.
She caught Jon off guard, ever since she started entering puberty she had been less and less affectionate with him, or with her family in general, and more reserved, as opposed to how she was when she was little. Catelyn then smiled, with tears in her eyes, as she held both his cheeks and told him how proud she was. He was the first one of his siblings who was graduating. She hugged him, then Eddard hugged him, then Sansa and Rickon and Bran hugged him at the same time. He laughed trying to hug the three of them.

Dany stood behind them with a big flower bouquet. He laughed at the sight, she never liked flowers yet he did. She walked up to him, looking beautiful in a pink dress, hugged him tightly, congratulated him with a grin and pressed a kiss to his lips. She was so proud of him, she told him. She handed him the flower bouquet and he received them with a grin, and said, “Flowers! What a romantic present! I didn’t know you liked them!” Then Robb hugged him tightly, patting him on the back. It felt weird to graduate from university before him. He felt sad for Robb when he let go of the hug and smiled at Jon. He hoped next year it would be him with the degree.

Dany brought her mother and brother to them and they walked up to Jon to hug him too. They congratulated him in Valyrian and they exchanged some phrases in it. Rhaella, so sweet as always, was telling Jon with a grin she felt like her own son was graduating. They were given glasses of champagne, and they talked and laughed as Rhaella wanted to know more about his big family and tried to learn all his sibling’s names. Jon, holding Dany’s waist with one hand and his glass of champagne with the other, could not stop smiling for a moment.

The field was full of all the graduates with their families, shaking hands with professors and getting their pictures taken by cameramen everywhere. Jon had asked some professors if they needed an intern, a research assistant, anything. None answered positively. He knew it was not easy to find a job after graduating, especially for someone of his major, but he hoped he could find something soon.

They all went together to eat at a pasta restaurant afterward. They made a toast, ate, talked and talked: about the family, about Jon’s job search once again, about Dany’s volunteer work, about his flat search...They even mocked him about how long his hair was getting, like the typical ‘philosopher look’. Dany laughed and pulled his beard down between her thumb and index finger.

“And I sat down and started listening to the class but something about it was off,” Sansa was telling her family, “and it was a completely different class! It was not medieval arts, it was anatomical design or something like that!”

“And what did you do?” Dany asked. Her chair was close to Jon’s and he had put his arm over her chair’s backrest, and with his other hand, he held a glass of wine over his lap.

“I got up and grabbed my stuff and just left the room running,” Sansa laughed. “The professor even stopped talking to look at me in surprise. And that’s how my first class went.”

Jon laughed. “Well, it could be worse.”

“Yeah,” Sansa said. “I guess I could have enrolled myself accidentally in an advanced calculus class. And that wasn’t even your first semester.”

Dany laughed out loud.

“Yes, thank you, Sansa,” Jon said.

“I still can’t believe that happened to you,” Arya said. “Advanced calculus. You’ve hated math all your life.”
“At least he met Dany there,” Sansa grinned, putting more salad in her mouth.

Jon nodded. “She was the top of the class. As in every other class.”

“Not all of them,” Dany smiled at him.

“Most of them, alright,” Jon replied.

They asked him about his Valyrian. Dany and his mother insisted that he was doing great, although he still felt like he had a long way to go. He tried to watch movies without subtitles but it was too difficult to follow up.

“How do you say, ‘hello, how are you?’ in Valyrian?” Ned asked him.

Jon said, “Rytsas, skorkydoxo glaesā.”

“Dany, now you say it,” said Arya. Dany said it, and everyone laughed at Jon as they noticed the difference in the accents. “Jon, you gotta practice that ‘r’,” Arya said.

Jon laughed. “You try it, it’s so difficult.”

“Brandon, don’t play with your food,” Ned told Bran firmly, and suddenly Jon felt a pressure in his chest. Brandon, his father’s name. He remembered once more that these were not his real parents sitting before him and that these were not his real brothers and sisters. He forgot about it sometimes, and when he remembered it, it always hurt.

“Jon?” Cat told him, he raised his head to look at her, he had been staring at the table. “Your father asked you a question.”

“Sorry, I, um-yes, dad?” Jon asked.

“How are the plans after graduation going?” Ned asked. “You’re already looking for a job, a place to live?”

“I’ve been checking flats around the center,” Jon nodded, trying to get back to the moment. “I still gotta search for an internship somewhere.”

“Ask your professors,” Ned told him. “I hope you have with you all the columns you’ve written for The Western, they’re your best reference.”

“Yeah,” Jon said. “I’ll ask around.”

“So, you won’t come back to Winterfell?” Rickon asked. Jon gave him a sad smile, he would like to come back and live here for a while, but King’s Landing had more jobs and, well, had Dany.

“I’ll try to visit you guys more often, though,” Jon replied. "But King’s Landing…it’s a much bigger city. It’s great. And there’s definitely a higher chance to get a good internship there rather than here.”

“Do you also plan on staying in King’s Landing after you graduate, Dany?” Cat asked her.

“Yeah,” Dany smiled with a glass of wine in her hand. “Definitely. I love Dragonstone but I would like to work in…something related to the government,” she said. Jon knew she still wasn’t ready to tell others she wanted to be a politician. “So, King’s Landing would be the place with the best internships, I think.”

Ned told Dany he had good friends in the Central Bank and that he could try to get her an internship
there. Dany's face had lit up as she covered her face with her hand, thanking him. If that would be the case, they would definitely stay in King's Landing together.

"Dany," Rickon said later, sitting right in front of her and Jon, next to his mother. "Can I have some of your scampis?"

Dany didn't hesitate to push her plate for him to stab a scampi with his fork.

"Thank you, Dany," he said in his tiny voice. "I love you."

Everyone around them, inevitably, grinned or said, 'awwww', which made Rickon blush right away. Dany replied, "I love you too, Rickon."

But the tenderness of the moment was replaced with a terrible awkwardness when Rickon turned to Jon and asked him, "Who do you love the most, Jon? Dany or me?"

"Rickon!" Cat exclaimed.

"Rickon," Ned echoed her.

His tummy stirred and his face heated up. His siblings were holding their laughter back with smiles they could not help. Even Rhaella was there!

"You don't have to answer that, Jon," Dany said.

"You can't ask those questions," Cat whispered in Rickon's ear.

"Why?!" he asked loudly.

A laugh escaped Arya's mouth, but she covered it and said, "Sorry."

"I love you both the same," said Jon.

"But there must be someone you love the most," said Rickon.

"Rickon, stop," said Sansa.

"I…" Jon hesitated. "I love you both as much, but in a different way. You as my brother and Dany as my girlfriend."

"So…" Rickon frowned in thought. "You don't love her more than you love me?"


Rhaella gave Jon a warm smile and a nod. Dany placed a hand on his knee, trying to calm him down with a simple contact. He breathed. He hoped his answer had been alright.

When the day was over, they went back to the hotel where the Starks were staying. Rickon had fallen asleep and Robb was carrying him in his arms as they walked into the hotel. He and Sansa took the kids upstairs after they said goodbye to Jon and Dany at the doors of the elevator. Robb said he would stay with the rest of them in the hotel and leave later to his and Jon's flat. After they were gone, Jon noticed Rhaegar and Rhaella speaking to his parents on the other side of the lobby. They all looked worried but nodded as they spoke. He decided to go and check what they were talking about, but when he started walking, but Dany pulled him to a side by the arm.
“Did you have fun today?” she asked him, holding his hand.

“Yeah, and you?”

“Yes! I loved it! My mum met your parents, finally!”

His parents were now saying goodbye to Rhaegar and Rhaella, so he asked her, “Should we leave now as well? Are you staying over tonight?”

“Oh, no, no. I think I’ll…I’ll just go to my room, I’m quite tired.”

“Sure, yeah, yeah,” He thought it was an unusual excuse for her not staying over for the night. Usually, their good days together ended up with a good night together.

His parents said goodnight, Rhaella said goodnight, but Rhaegar told him, “Maybe you could walk with me to the hotel where I’m staying? It’s not far from here. There’s something I want to talk about.”

“Sure, yeah,” Jon nodded, confused. He turned to look at Dany, who smiled at him. What could it be? He hoped it was a job offer or a recommendation, or something of the sort. Finding a job was now in his head all the time. He finally felt the pressure of getting one, as opposed to those times in which Dany insisted for him to find something to do and he didn’t want to. Now that he really had to find a job, it felt much more difficult. Dany held his upper arm to kiss his cheek goodnight, and he walked out into the night with her brother.

Rhaegar walked by his side in the dimly lit street. Jon was waiting for him to talk, but as he did not start, Jon decided to say something and break the silence.

“How’s everything with Elia?” Jon asked, his hands in his pockets as he walked.

“Great, great. Everything’s good. Thanks for asking. And with Daenerys?”

“Good too. Very good.”

“I’m glad. She’ll be gone for a month now. Volunteering in Dorne! Always so altruistic, your girlfriend. You won’t go with her?”

“I…want to find a job here first. I think that’s my priority for now.”

Rhaegar nodded, and just like that, the conversation died. He put his hands in his coat pockets and lowered his gaze to the floor, walking, but spoke nothing about work. Maybe this was not going to be a conversation about work at all. Maybe it was gonna be one of those brother-boyfriend or father-boyfriend conversations. As Rhaegar walked beside him, looking all older and bigger, Jon could totally picture him saying ‘I know you and Dany have been together for quite a while...’ and then some kind of relationship advice or maybe even a warning. Rhaegar wouldn’t think bad of him, why would he? The Targaryens were all fond of him, they had even come to his graduation. Well, with the exception of Viserys.

“Listen,” Rhaegar said, and he cleared his throat. “There’s someone I want you to meet.”

And the job thought popped back into his head. Jon felt a tiny rush of excitement in his chest. Who would he introduce him to? Did Rhaegar even have contacts related to his field?

They both walked into the lobby of the hotel. It was much smaller and modest than the one where his family was staying, but it still had a number of sofas and tables for guests. A man stood up from one
of the sofas as they entered. He was tall and fit, around Rhaegar’s age, which made him guess it was him he would be introduced to. He looked oddly familiar, had he seen him before?

As they walked towards him, he approached them as well.

“Jon,” Rhaegar said when they were close enough. “This is my friend Arthur. I don’t know if you remember him, you guys met at my wedding.”

The man stared at Jon and a tiny smile drew on his face. Jon smiled back kindly.

“Sure,” Jon smiled as he extended a hand to Arthur. He nodded at Jon and shook his hand. “Good to see you again.”

“Good to see you too, Jon,” Arthur said, still staring at Jon’s face.

“He, uh, he has to talk to you about something important,” Rhaegar said.

So, this really was about work, Jon thought. What else would be so ‘important’? He got excited for a moment, he knew he needed a good job to be able to pay for the flats he was interested in.

They sat down, Rhaegar and Arthur in front of him. Arthur kept staring at him and not speaking, which felt kind of annoying for a moment.

“So, uhm,” Rhaegar hesitated, scratching his beard, “Should we get straight to the point?” he asked Arthur. He replied by nodding. “It’s about your biological parents, Jon.”

“What?” Jon replied, and just like that, the rush of excitement was replaced with a choking feeling.

“I’m your mother’s brother,” Arthur suddenly said. “Your real mother.”

Jon gaped at him in silence. His stomach dropped even more and a pressure invaded his chest at the same time…he was not sure how he felt. He was not sure if he believed him, and if it were true, he was not sure if he was happy about finding someone from his real family, sad about not having seen him all his life, or angry about Arthur not looking for him before.

“Are you…serious?” were the only words that could come out of his mouth.

Arthur nodded and said, “I’m Arthur Dayne. Your mother was called Ashara Dayne. She was my sister.” Jon frowned, he couldn’t believe what was happening. Was he his uncle? “Arthur and I were friends in high school,” Rhaegar explained. “At the wedding, he…he had no idea it was you when he saw you. He had lost touch with your parents…well, I guess, he will explain it all in a bit. We were talking about Dany and you, and when he heard your name was Jon Stark, that you were from Winterfell….well, he connected the dots. Again, he will explain it all, of course, not me. I’m just here to…introduce you two. I spoke to Dany on the phone…”

“She knew this?” Jon asked.

“Don’t get angry, she found out only hours before you. So, Arthur and I took the first train to King’s Landing today.”

Jon stayed silent, looking at Arthur.

“You’re her brother?” he asked him, as if he had not already told him some moments ago.

“Yes,” Arthur replied. “I can’t believe…I can’t believe I didn’t recognize you when I saw you at the wedding. You look so much like Brandon, though.”
Jon stared at him, not knowing what to say. Despite feeling overwhelmed about finding someone from the Dayne side of the family, he couldn’t get a question out of his head: Why had he waited for so long to meet him?

“I will leave you two now,” Rhaegar said. He put a hand on Arthur's shoulder, which made him turn to him and nod. Rhaegar stood up and searched for something to say before walking away, “Let me know if you need anything.”

Jon understood now why Rhaegar had come all the way to King’s Landing. He had already known Dany’s mother was coming, which he understood, as she had grown fond of Jon over time and wanted to see him graduate. But Rhaegar? They both got along well, but he would have expected him to take a train to King’s Landing only for his graduation.

“Please, explain to me...” Jon said firmly, perhaps too firmly, but he wanted to know the truth right away, “…why didn’t you come look for me?!” he blurted out. “Where were you and your family all my life?”

“Let me explain. Let me tell you everything.”

“Please, do.”

“I had you with me, I took care of you those first weeks after Ashara had…” he sighed. Killed herself. He clearly could not say it aloud. Jon understood how it hurt just to think about it. Perhaps it hurt Arthur even more, he had actually known her.

“Ned and Cat always came over to see you, Robb was still in Cat’s arms back then.”

“I was nineteen and had been chosen to join the army. I’ve been in Essos for so many years, I’ve been at war...” He paused. “They were gonna give you a better life. I wanted to keep you at first, I wanted to raise you myself. But they insisted for you to grow up with them, with a brother just about your age, with a quality education and a nice neighborhood and...” Jon breathed, staring at him. “It’s what we agreed with Ned and Cat. That this would be the best for you.”

“But you could have...visited, maybe, for Christmas or something, I don’t know,” Jon insisted, confused.

“We talked this through, the three of us, and agreed it would be better for you if you just...grew up without knowing. Above all, we just wanted you to be happy. To grow up as a happy child. Oh, Jon, you’ve had such a good life with Ned and Cat...if you had stayed with me...Look at you! You just finished your bachelor's,” Arthur sighed. “I just couldn’t have given you a happy childhood.”

Jon sighed, looking down at the floor. If he didn’t picture himself having a child now, at twenty-three, with a degree, he couldn’t even imagine what it would be if he had to raise one at nineteen, with no money nor education and while getting trained for a war.

“They used to send me pictures of you as a toddler,” Arthur continued. “But then when I went to war in the East, I lost touch, completely. They also wanted...they thought that it would be better if we...lost touch, I think. At least it was my impression. They didn’t want you to know about all this while growing up, so I guess they also thought the safest way from preventing you to find out about anything was to cut the communication.

“However,” Arthur continued. “They promised us they would tell you when you got older. And they did. It was...such a surprise when Daenerys told Rhaegar you knew about this. I thought...I’m sorry but I really thought your parents didn’t want anything to do with me. I thought they wanted you to
believe your whole life you were their kid and never see me again, I…”

“My parents are good people,” Jon said.

“I know. I know. I was with them today. I talked to them, they…they know I’m here with you, they told me everything about you.”

“What about the rest of your family?” Jon asked, he had countless questions in his head, he didn’t know in which order to say them.

“Ashara was most of the time a lonely girl, so not all the Daynes know about it,” he said. “Well, they know she died, they just don’t know she left a child behind, I guess. Besides our father, who was senile, so…he wasn’t an option to raise you either. So, either Ashara’s brother or Brandon’s brother would keep you.”

Jon stared at him. He pitied him. They were such a broken family. How could it all have been if he had stayed with the Daynes?

His phone buzzed. His screen lit up with a message from Dany: ‘Message me whenever you want,’ she had written. ‘Whatever the hour.’

She knew he was talking to Arthur now, she definitely did. He didn’t blame her for not running to tell him the gossip as soon as she found out, it was obvious it was Arthur who should be telling him all this. A simple ‘Thank you,’ and a heart emoji was enough to let her know that he’d gotten her text, but for now, he wanted to ask Arthur more questions.

“Can you tell me more about her?” Jon asked him.

Arthur looked at him and nodded sadly. “She was my little sister. Only two years younger than me, but she always felt like a child to me.”

Jon smiled. Arthur talked much about Ashara. She was smart, she was intelligent, but she was lonely and shy. She had serious problems with depression and wouldn’t talk to others most of the time. They didn’t have a mother, she had left them when they were little. Jon wondered again how could she have abandoned him if she knew how abandonment felt like. But she was too sick, Arthur had told him. They had no money for therapy and Arthur always thought it would pass at some point. She met Brandon then, and he was the only thing she had. She clung to him, she could have maybe thought that he would heal her. Arthur shook his head, she was so young and naïve, he said.

He thought about her. Ashara, lonely and shy Ashara. Perhaps that’s where he got his shyness from, why he felt so different from his brothers and sisters who had never struggled with making friends when they were little, talking to the opposite sex when they were teenagers, or just socializing in general. Could it be? His tears were burning in his eyes, he had held them back for a while, but they fell anyway.

Talking about his real parents was not something he precisely liked, his family and Daenerys knew it well. it always hurt. But tonight, he couldn’t stop asking Arthur questions about them. She liked music? She played the piano? Which songs did she play? What was her best class at school? And her favorite food? And Brandon, was he a nice guy? Did he treat his mother well? He studied engineering? So, he was older than her? How much older?

And time flew by that way, until it was 2:30 am and he had to go back to his flat. Arthur stood up after him and they both hugged tight. He had a strong embrace, he was in the army after all, but at the same time he tried to be tender with Jon, and gave him a pat on the shoulder. Jon insisted to go
home on his own, he needed to be alone and to think about everything he’d just heard. They would
meet again though, they told each other. They exchanged numbers, he would not lose again the only
person he knew from his other side of the family. They would meet again when Arthur came back to
Westeros, they would go out for a beer and talk a bit more about their own lives instead of his
mother’s, and Jon invited him to spend any Christmas or holidays he wanted with him.

He couldn’t stop thinking about all this as his head was resting on the window of the empty subway.
He thought about his adoptive parents, only a bit older than he was now, visiting him and Arthur
when he was just a baby, and trying to convince him that they should raise him. He imagined Arthur
carrying him to sleep, and handing him to Cat or Ned’s arms. He lay awake that night, hoping once
again his parents had seen him that day, his real parents. He didn’t believe in any religion, but if it
were true that the dead can see the living, he hoped that his parents had seen him graduate today and
finally meeting Arthur after twenty years.

‘Mum,’ he sent Cat a text as he lay on his bed. ‘Are you awake?’

‘Yes, dear, we are awake. Let us know if you want to talk.’

‘Thank you for taking me in.’

‘You don’t need to thank us for anything,’ Cat replied. ‘We love you.’

After standing up to wash his face in the sink, he took his phone in his hands once more, this time to
talk to Dany.

‘Dany,’ he wrote as he lay down again in bed. ‘I talked to him.’

He waited some seconds, thinking that she must already be as asleep, before hearing the phone buzz.

‘Do you want me to call?’ she only replied.

‘Yes.’

Her name popped on his screen as she called, and he breathed and cleared his throat to avoid his
voice from breaking.

“Hello?” he said.

“I love you, Jon,” she told him. “I love you so much.”

He felt two tears fall down his eyes right away. He knew she did, but hearing it in moments like this
always felt much stronger.

“I love you too.”

“Do you want me to come over?”

“No,” he replied. “Don’t walk on your own at this hour.”

“I can drive there,” she insisted.

“Don’t worry. Don’t.”

He couldn’t deny he would like to lie next to her as she hugged him and consoled him, but for now,
he felt like staying on his own. This was only about him.
Dany breathed. “I was a bit afraid…you know…of Arthur telling you this, I didn’t know how you were gonna take it. I was afraid of you going back to how you were after you found out you were adopted, to those weeks afterward. They were so difficult. I don’t want you to suffer like that.”

“It won’t be like that again. That was just…the initial shock. I…I don’t feel bad now. I feel a bit better about knowing more about the truth. We’ve talked a lot about my parents.”

“You have? Oh, Jon, that’s wonderful! When Rhaegar called me to tell me about this…I couldn’t believe it! What the hell?!” she exclaimed, making him laugh silently in the dark.

“I know, I can’t believe it either. What the hell,” he said, making her laugh. “It has been a crazy day, a true emotional rollercoaster.”

“Yes, you need to sleep. I just needed to talk to you, check how you were.” She sighed, “I was so worried for you, I had no idea how you would react.”

“Much better than even I myself would have expected.”

“I’m so proud of you.”

“It’s the second time you’ve told me that today, I’m blushing,” he joked.

“Well, it’s true! I’m so motherfucking proud of you, so so so proud, holy shit.”

“Sorry what?” he joked, wiping his tears, “I didn’t really understand.”

She laughed, “Okay then listen closely: So…motherfucking…proud…of…my…strong…ass…boyfriend…whom…I…love…so…dearly…with…all…my…fucking…heart.”

“A bit slower please,” he laughed, “I can’t understand.”

She laughed out loud. “Fuck you!”

He laughed and said. “Thank you. I’m also proud of you…for finally taking a step and deciding to get into the volunteering programme.”

“Yes. But still…I would like to spend these vacations with you, I want to be with you. I already bought the plane tickets to Dorne but…I don’t want you to be alone right after this.”

“I will be alright. I promise it won’t be like the previous time,” he insisted. “I will go to Winterfell for a couple of weeks, I guess, and then I’ll come back here and find a job. I’ll keep myself busy, you don’t need to worry.”

She sighed. “You’re sure you’re ready now?”

“I need to take my mind off things. And yes, I’m sure that I want a flat of my own and I need to pay for it. When you come back from volunteering you’ll be able to come whenever you want.”

She kept talking to him, her voice sounded more and more sleepy. Her voice on the other side of the line bloomed a smile on his face, she was probably lying in her bed just as he was, just some blocks away from him. His tears had dried but his body felt heavy against the mattress, it was becoming more and more difficult to keep his eyelids open and Dany noticed so, perhaps by his low voice and how long it took him to reply. They said goodnight and hung up. She always made him feel a little less alone.
So I reached a thousand Kudos after posting the last chapter. I don't know why this fic seemed interesting enough to read past the first chapter, and it warms my heart that other people in the world enjoy reading about these daydreams I sometimes have about my OTP. I always thought they were bs or maybe a little stupid but seeing others also enjoying them makes me incredibly happy and has been one of the best things that has happened this year.

There are so many great authors in this website and most of them write fics settled in asoiaf times, so I really thought no one would give a fuck about a uni au, but the thousand likes make me think that there is something I'm doing right.

I hope you stay tuned and that you like the way I will continue Jon and Dany's story now that they're both almost out of school, and I'm not lying when I say that comments are the biggest motivation for me to open a Word document and keep on writing.

Next up: smut!
Shoutout to that couple standing in front of me in the line to buy churros yesterday, that guy with black curls and that blonde girl he was kissing looked totally like jonerys irl and inspired me to open this word document and finish this chap lmao

Jon was going to Winterfell to spend some time with his family and would be back in King’s Landing to find a job, or hopefully with a job already found. Dany was going to Dragonstone before flying off with Arianne to a volunteer programme in Dorne.

They were sitting together in Jon’s living room, where they had spent so much time this couple of years. Now it was probably the last time they would be here, as Jon was determined to move out on his own with the money he would earn. These were the last hours they would spend together before she left. He was sitting on the couch with his back to her, as she pushed his hair back from his forehead and held it all in the back of his head, tying it in a bun.

“You’re gonna do great,” Jon told her when she showed him a tiny bit of anxiety. “You’ve always wanted to do this.”

Reading about inequality, poverty, lack of health and education was one thing. Doing something about it was another. She wanted to help, to learn more about people’s needs, to meet them and hear what they had to say. Only that way she could know how to change their situation, whether it was from helping directly or by public policy. This was the first time she was doing a trip like this one, going to a completely different culture, being in an extreme weather and living in conditions not even half as good as the ones where she had lived all her life…but also meeting people who truly needed help.

But now was not a moment to be anxious or nervous about what would come the next month. Now, it was only about the two of them, in their last hours together. She wasn’t going to be away for long, but would miss being with him every day. She had gotten used to that. She adjusted her body on the couch for their bodies to be next to each other, he put an arm behind her on the upper part of the couch and pressed a kiss to her lips. She pressed a kiss on his neck and rested her face on it, caressing its opposite side with her the tip of her fingers.

She couldn’t deny she would miss this flat. It felt like she almost lived there with him. Sleeping over, having breakfast or dinner there, studying there, and when Robb wasn’t home, having so much sex there…

They kissed. Their lips were moving slowly despite their evident hunger, knowing this would be the last time they would be intimate in a while. While one arm rested behind her on the couch pulling her close by the shoulder, the other one went down, slipping under her shirt and touching her belly, to finally slide down to lower her zipper. Her eagerness built up until his fingers finally met her cunt, tracing circles gently with on it, building up her arousal slowly. He looked at her face as her eyes opened and closed slowly, and small sounds started coming out from the back of her throat. Her liquids started dampening his fingers soon.
“Yeah, yes,” she moaned.

She rested her forehead on his lips while she breathed hard. She held his arm with both hands, its muscles tensed and relaxed as his fingers moved. His free hand moved from her shoulder to her head, caressing it. She ducked her head and bit his neck, making him jerk, and then kissed it.

“God, your pussy is so hot,” he said.

“Literally or figuratively?”

“Literally,” he said, in a low, husky voice that sounded sexier than ever. “It’s so warm.”

She hummed in approval, her lower lip bitten by her teeth.


His fingers kept working along her cunt, pressing circles, pushing his thumb up and down her clit. They had been having sex for so long they knew well what the other liked, how they liked it and when. She breathed hard and deep with her eyes closed, her forehead against his lips and his arm around her shoulders, holding her close to him as his fingers got wetter from her liquids. She opened her legs even more, feeling her hips tingling and wanting him to go even further.

But he suddenly stopped, gasping. “I got you a present! Days ago! I’d totally forgotten!”

“A...present?” she breathed, confused. “Later.”

She pulled his fingers back against her cunt but he said, “Wait!” He stood up and rushed to his room.

“Jon!” she complained, lowering her hand to touch herself. “Don’t leave me like this!”

“Come here!”

“Are you kidding me?!” she protested.

“No, no, come to bed,” he insisted, “I know what I’m saying.”

Annoyed, she got up and walked into his room.

“Lie down,” he told her, while he searched for something in his drawer. She sighed and lay down looking at the roof while he climbed quickly on the bed again, grinning. He took her pants and panties again off completely, while she moved and stretched her legs to help him do so. He lay down on his side, next to her.

“Close your eyes,” he told her.

He restarted pressing circles on her clit with his thumb, just as she liked it. She frowned with her eyes closed. He kept going as she breathed deeply, her eyes shut. Suddenly, she felt a hard material vibrating against her clitoris. She opened her eyes straight away and looked down. Jon was holding a white vibrator in his hands.

“Oh my god!”

“I’ve had it here for days. It was a present for you when you left but I think we could use it now for the first time.”
“A vibrator?”

“Well, we’re not gonna have sex in a while so I figured you might miss me.”

“You want me to take a vibrator to my volunteer programme?” Jon nodded. “I can’t!” she laughed.
“I’m going to sleep in a room with so many people. Where would I even use it?”

“I don’t know,” he smiled, caressing her hair down her shoulders to her chest. “Be creative.”

“And where did you buy it?”

“Online.”

She smiled back, cupping his cheek with her hand while he lowered his face to press a soft kiss on her lips. Sex was so important in their relationship. It had allowed them to open up completely to each other, to lose nervousness with the other, to trust each other on a whole other level. It had been complicated to start when they were initially dating. But once he was ready, he was ready.

He lay next to her, supporting his head up with his elbow on the mattress, holding the vibrator with the other hand. He turned it on.

“Okay, ready?” he asked. She nodded. “Alright, minimum vibration now.”

She felt a tingle in her body of excitement. He placed the vibrator on her inner thigh, close to her cunt. Just the contact against her skin made her shudder.

“Okay breathe”, he said, “close your eyes and relax.”

She put one knee up with her feet on the mattress, allowing her cunt to open more for him. He moved the vibrator slowly up her inner thigh, working its way to her cunt. She breathed deeply, waiting for him to move it more. Was he going to penetrate her with it? Or would he just hold it against her clit? She wondered what his plans were. It moved up slowly until he pressed it against her cunt, approaching her clit. She hissed in pleasure and surprise when she felt it initially.

“Is it okay?” he asked, “do you like it?”

“Yes,” she breathed.

“I will go slowly, alright? Let me know what you like and what bothers you.”

She nodded with her eyes shut, “Thank you,” she said quietly.

He moved it around her cunt, exploring different parts of it, every point giving her a different sensation.

“There!” she suddenly squeaked, “there!”

She held his hand with the vibrator at a low point on her clit. The pleasure there was amazing. She breathed while she held it there, and gasped when he turned up the level of vibration. She squeaked again and felt his other hand in her hair, stroking it, and he leaned down to kiss her forehead tenderly. She breathed deeply with her eyes shut, not really sure what to do. He planted one last kiss on her forehead and sat up next to her.

He was making an effort to please her as best as he could that night. He touched everything he could with the vibrator while his fingers held her folds open and he moved the vibrator around. His fingers pressed her cunt from the top as the vibrator moved closer to her hole.
“Do you want me to put it in?” he asked her quietly while he moved his fingers.

She hummed. “Maybe. Slowly to see how it feels.”

She opened her legs wider and she felt the tip of the vibrator against her hole, making her moan. She opened her eyes: he was sitting between her legs, determined, watching everything he was doing with his hands. He inserted the tip into her hole and after her approval, he pushed it in a bit more, and then out. What had taken them so long to start exploring sex toys?

“I…” she breathed, “I love it.”

And with her eyes closed, it was exciting but not surprising to feel how his fingers were replaced with a kiss of his lips, and then his tongue running up her clit while the vibrator went in and out of her slowly. She breathed deeply, quickly, her eyes shut as she held Jon’s hair and stroked it slowly, lovingly. His beard felt funny against her cunt, almost ticklish. This way, she started moaning every time his tongue licked her and the vibrator went in. They stayed like that for a while. The pleasure made it difficult not to frown, and she breathed deeply trying to remain relaxed to reach her orgasm more easily.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “Now…you..” she couldn’t even articulate the words well. “Now…sit…” She grinned, “Let me sit…”

“What?” he said, as he planted kisses on her inner thighs and pushed the vibrator inside her.

“Let…” she breathed, “me sit on you-“

“On my dick?” he smiled.

She nodded, looking down at him. She would love it for him to go on until she finished, but this was their last time together, and it felt unfair to be the only one getting all the fun. He lowered his pants just enough for his cock to stand up. With an embrace she kissed him on the lips, he hugged her from the back and she held him by the face, kissing him hard. She took off her shirt and he did the same, they reconnected each other with their naked torsos to embrace each other again while his hands moved in circles on her back and finally unzipped her bra successfully without any help of hers. Embraces, kisses, tongues and strokes, it was all so hot and so passionate. She couldn’t help herself from surrounding him with her arms and legs, giving him everything she could before leaving. She held him tightly, overwhelmed by her feelings: of not seeing him in a while, of his effort to please her, of his skin against hers and of the throb in her cunt asking for him. She didn’t know what feeling was stronger. She only felt an immense amount of love inside her, and a crazy need to give it all to him.

She finally sat on his cock, with a groan and a hiss from them. She held the vibrator hard against her clit as she moved up and down his cock. she didn’t know on which of the many stimuli to focus. They went on, holding each other, kissing and licking each other while she moved around his cock, her walls clenching around it. Both moaned, groaned and squeaked.

And that’s how it all happened. The energy increased around her whole body, her blood rushed along her body to her cunt, her muscles tightened. It felt like going up a rollercoaster, like filling up a glass of water that she knew would overflow. Her body quivered, her breathing got even faster and her thighs were completely tight. Her mind was completely blurred with such an intense feeling she couldn’t control her moans—which now were almost screams—, the way her body shook between Jon’s arms, or the way her back arched and her toes curled. Moans, tears and sweat. The muscles in her cunt contracted again and again with all her concentration lost while Jon held her in his arms.
Then it all ended. Jon lay down and she sat up to get off his cock and lay down on top of him, breathing fast and deeply, trying to regain her strength and trying to get her breathing back to normal. He placed his hands on her lower back, running the tip of his fingers up and down. Her head laid over his shoulder and he rested his hand on it, softly stroking her hair again and again. He planted a kiss on her head, and then another one and another one. She felt so weak now, so out of energy. He tried to move but she groaned and begged him not to, she begged him to stay still. Her cunt ached and her body felt as tired as she had run all afternoon. Tears fell down her face while he held her, still stroking her head. She was so tired now, she felt like taking the best nap of her life. She regained the strength to roll to his side and cuddle next to him holding his hand with both her hands.

She turned her head and grinned against his shoulder. She put a leg up on his waist and hugged him around his torso. She sighed, feeling light, tired and sleepy. Nothing else seemed to matter in those moments, this was all about her and Jon.

“Dany,” he whispered.

“Hmm?” she asked.

“I was thinking…would you like to…” he didn’t finish the sentence and just cut himself off. “No, never mind.”

She moved up a bit and pressed a tender kiss on his lips and said, “Tell me.”

“No,” he said, “forget it. It’s embarrassing,” he chuckled.

“What?” she laughed. “You already started! You gotta finish!”

He giggled. “Okay, I…I…would you like to take a picture?”

She lifted her face to see him. “That’s what embarrassed you?” He giggled, holding her head again. “Like this? Right now?” she asked, still hugging him by the torso. He nodded. “Okay,” she grinned. “But hide them well, I don’t want any of your friends suddenly bumping into our nudes on your phone.”

He stretched his arm to his night drawer and held his phone. He took pictures of them both as she hugged him and her face rested on his shoulder. She smiled and hugged him around his head, holding it fiercely while she planted kisses on his cheek and he snapped a picture. He moved her arm and laid her gently back on the bed, with her back against the mattress. He pointed the cell phone at her.

“Take a shot of whatever you want,” she just smiled.

He breathed. “I’m getting hard again.”

She grinned, and opened her arms as a sign for him to hold her. He dropped his body over hers and she hugged him by the neck while they kissed again slowly, tasting each other. His hand held her by the hip while hers lowered down to hold his buttocks down against her hips.

“Can you go once more?”

She grinned. “wait a moment. I’m still a bit tired.”

They kissed, hugged, sniffed each other, ran their hands touching each other’s bodies completely. He held her breasts, kissing them while she arched her back up and held his head. They rolled on the bed, trying to figure out which position would be best. And once more she had her boyfriend inside
of her, kissing her neck and jaw and mouth and occasionally licking everything he could. She grabbed his cell phone and took a picture of his frown with his eyes closed as he moved and moved, laughing at the expressions she was capturing. And then she dared to point the phone down and take a shot of the place where they united, of that part of his cock that was visible for a second but for the next one it was inside her cunt, and then out again. She took a picture of it entering her cunt and laughed out loud. When they were done, she sent them all to herself.

Jon had insisted on driving with her to Dragonstone to keep her company, but she saw no use if he also had to leave to Winterfell now. With her luggage in the trunk and some snacks in the front next to her for the long ride, she turned the volume up and prepared herself for a long ride, but not before lowering her window and receiving a kiss from Jon.

“Hello there!” she said in Valyrian as he picked up her FaceTime call. She was sitting on the top bed of the bunk bed where she slept, in a room with wooden walls where other seven people had to sleep as well. She had just come out of the shower and had a towel around her head.

He was Face Timing her from his phone, wearing earphones. The quality was terrible, but she could tell his hair was up in a bun and his beard was getting longer. He was walking out of the kitchen in his parent’s house.

“Hello, my dear,” he replied in Valyrian too, grinning and going up the stairs. “How are you?”

She exhaled loudly, “Tired, tough day. And you? How’s life over there? Have you cheated on me?”

He laughed, closing his bedroom door, “I’ve slept with like three girls already this weekend. Don’t ask me who they are ‘cause I didn’t even ask their names.”

“I’ve slept with four guys, I win,” she joked.

“Ah, shit,” he grinned, “Fucking dornish men.”

He texted her often, tried to call her often, but she was busy all day and at night was extremely tired and just thought about showering and going to sleep. Jon had gotten slightly upset by her lack of communication, which only annoyed her. Every day in Dorne was tiring and she only had wifi in her room, where she only was when she had to sleep.

“You’re so tan,” he told her, lying down on his bed.

“You’re so white,” she grinned. “You look like a goddamn snowflake. And your hair! You finally learned how to tie it yourself.”

He moved his head to the side to show her his bun. “You like it?”

“It’s so cute,” she smiled.

Dany showed him the place where she slept. In total, eight people slept in her room. They had three other bunk beds in the room—besides the one where she and Arianne slept—lockers where each one could store their personal things, three small metal fans on the ceiling which were not enough to cool the room, but they barely made any difference with such a suffocating heat. She showed him how slim her mattress was, it was extremely uncomfortable to sleep there and it sometimes hurt her back.

“I just hope that wherever I move is better than that,” he laughed.

“I can’t ask for much, though,” she smiled, “I’m not here for vacations. But I’ve got everything I
need to survive—a bed, we share a kitchen and a huge but shitty bathroom…I’m just missing some really good dick, though.”

“OH MY GOD!” Arianne shouted from below. She had been in her bed right under Dany.

“Oh shit! I didn’t know you were still here,” Dany laughed out loud, blushing.

“Did Arianne listen?!” Jon asked, his eyes wide.

Dany nodded, laughing out loud. Arianne laughed and left the room, with the excuse that she would take a shower.

“God, I miss my bathroom,” Dany told Jon, making him laugh, “any nice bathroom, really. We have one here for like fifty people. It’s not easy to take a shit in toilets that only one out of four work properly. We also have to shower in super small showers with shitty curtains.”

She liked being there, though, she told him. It was extremely tiring and demanding, but worth it. They had to wake up before dawn to get ready and go to school, which seemed like a completely different type of institution than where she had attended as a kid. The classrooms were in terrible conditions: from the tables to the books. The food they ate was not good enough, how could they learn properly with such diets? And children from eight until around twelve years old were in the same classroom. The teachers had a terrible wage. The minimum wage was nowhere near enough. It was so different to hear about it than actually being there, she told him. But the children were so optimistic and cheerful anyway, and willing to be there and learn. They taught them a song to learn the multiplication table and were also focusing on fractions.

“Ah, they’re probably better at math than I am,” he laughed. “You started teaching me math and now you’re an actual math teacher!”

It was so different from the times she had been at Dorne before. Every time she had been there in her childhood with Arianne she had stayed at the Martell’s house in Sunspear, the capital. They had a huge house with huge gardens in the most expensive area of Sunspear. And when she went back for her brother’s wedding she had stayed in a fancy beach resort with her family and even sailed in a yacht. It felt like that was a completely different place, it was hard to realize that she was in Dorne, in the same Dorne, just a few miles further from the places where she had been.

“I feel like I’m…growing here, you know?” she continued. “I feel like I actually have a purpose when I’m here, it’s like…I’m more and more sure that is what I want to change. Now that I see things from the inside, god, it’s so different than just hearing or reading about percentages of poverty on the news. This is what it’s really about.”

“You’re so great,” Jon said, making her blush right away. “You know? You should become president and tax the rich to help the poor.”

She smiled. “Good call, you’ll be my advisor.”

She was slightly worried about Jon not finding a place to live in King’s Landing yet. She did not want him to stay on Winterfell for long after she went back to the capital. He had visited a couple of flats, he said, but the only one that caught his eye had a high rent of six hundred golden dragons a month. His parents would only pay for his rent as long as he lived with Robb, as they did not want to pay two rents, but Jon was sick of living with him. But he knew that if he couldn't find an affordable place, he would have to go back to his drunk and nosy brother. Dany knew Jon would rather live with her and share the rent with her, but she still wasn’t sure when she would move in. She wouldn’t do so this year, she guessed. So he would have to bear the entire rent for a while.
“But, well…” he said. "I have a job offer, kind of. Well, it’s not strictly speaking a job. Professor Rayder had taught me a couple of Law courses and read some of my columns in The Western. He’s writing a book about criminal law and he basically just wants someone to check his spelling and grammar. So yeah, at least I’ll get paid and have some money.”

“Great! Like an editor! That’s perfect, isn’t it?”

He hummed, hesitating. “I did not graduate from Philosophy to check someone’s spelling,” he replied.

“Well, we have to start somewhere, don’t we?” she replied. “Do you plan on getting a job with a wage of fifty golden dragons the hour if you just graduated?”

“It’s so hard to find a job. I knew it was gonna be hard but, it’s harder than I imagined. And with a degree! God, it’s so difficult.”

A couple of Dany’s roommates went back in from showering. The other ones would be back soon and it would be time to go to sleep. So, they said goodnight, but before they hung up, Jon told her, “Wait, Dany!” she looked at him and he asked, “Do you still love me?”

“Yes, Jon, I still love you,” she laughed.

“Okay,” he replied, “just checking. I love you very much.”

“I love you more. A lot, a lot, a lot.”

One of her roommates said, “So cheesy.”

“Are you using my present?” he grinned.

“I’m not,” she smiled, “I sleep here with seven other girls. We’ll use it together as soon as I arrive, alright?”

She had not even wanted to take the vibrator to Dorne but Jon insisted to put it in her suitcase. She tried to hide it as best as she could. She was terrified of someone seeing it every time she opened her suitcase.

After she hung up, she went down her bunk bed to the large bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face. It was dirty, muddy, it seemed like absolutely no one had ever cleaned it. She would not even dare to step on the shower floor without slippers. But her problems seemed so small here in Dorne. Working with people and children who struggled to have not even half of what she had made her not even care about the conditions in which she had to live here. She would wake up again the next morning before dawn and walk a mile with the other volunteers to get to the school, but most of the students had to walk much more every morning to get an education, and not even a good education. Terrible infrastructure, teachers not prepared enough, not enough books, not even healthy food in a good state. And this was only the tip of the iceberg of inequality in Westeros. She was sure that this was what she wanted to change.

As for Jon, she was used to spending most of her days in King’s Landing with him. It was the life she was used to now. She missed falling asleep with him at night instead of having to sleep in a bunk bed with such a slim mattress, but she would be back in the blink of an eye and he would probably have a place of his own. She shut her eyes and fell asleep quickly, unlike all the times in which she had trouble sleeping before exams.
Chapter End Notes

I am so happy! One year ago there were only like 150 jonerys fics and now there are like 700?! Holy shit! I'm so happy our community is growing :))

This chap was initially only about dany in dorne and her videocall with jon, but hell, sex got in the way and tbh it's fine by me!

Ideas, suggestions and advices are always welcome. The next 7 chapters are already on the way, but if you have request on anything you'd like to see them doing together let me know and maybe I could incorporate it in one of the chaps!
Paying Attention

Chapter Notes

This chap is dedicated to @ray in the hopes of cheering up another day of yours :)) it’s not a happy chapter, but I will try to write quickly the next one and make it a bit less sad. Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

PART I: ROBB

Jon had had high expectations for the following semester. He would start a new job, he didn't care much about the pay as long as he could live on his own, even if it was in a tiny room. He did not want to live with Robb anymore, but he didn't want to share a flat with friends either. He had always enjoyed some features of solitude, maybe its quietness. However, he deep down wished that having a place of his own would make it easier to convince Dany to move in one day.

In the end, this semester ended up being anything but what he and Dany had expected of it. When Jon was still at Winterfell and Dany at Dorne, Jon had realized that the only job offer he had gotten, which consisted in helping Professor Rayder with his new book, would not give him a pay high enough to move on his own. Dany found a job faster. Actually, it felt more like the job found her, as Margaery’s grandmother had been looking for an economics student to help her with a research. Margaery recommended Dany and Professor Tyrell was happy to have such a good student to help her. She just had to search, collect data and organize it, but it was enough to gain some money of her own. He could not deny he felt slightly jealous of her. He had been avidly searching for an internship or just an okay job, and she had found one so easily. He was happy for her, of course he was, but it felt embarrassing to have a degree and only revising book, with a pay so terrible he could not even think about moving out. So Robb and he would have to go back to King's Landing together when the semester started. Robb would go to school and Jon would work. Yet nothing went as planned. In this semester, Jon and Dany's personal problems had been so similar to one another that it had been a challenge to learn how to cope with them.

Before the start of the semester, Jon had sat down with his parents and Robb at Winterfell, after everyone else went to sleep, to tell them he had not found an internship which allowed him to pay for a place of his own like he had planned.

“Yeah, about that…” Robb sighed, looking down at the floor, his leg bounced up and down. Jon and his parents turned to look at him. “I don’t know how to tell you this. I…”

“Tell us what?” Cat asked.

He closed his eyes and breathed. “I won’t go back to school.”


"I got a letter at the end of the semester. I didn’t know how to tell you guys.”

“Too many absences, too many courses failed, a terrible GPA…”
“Robb!” Cat only exclaimed, taking her hand to her mouth.

“I’m sorry,” Robb only replied.

WU was one of the best schools in Westeros, and Robb had never been brilliant in his studies. He only cared about partying and drinking and going out every day. He was always hungover in the mornings. Before he had a girlfriend he brought home a different girl all the time. The last thing on his mind had been his studies. Jon had had to clean his vomit and change his clothes multiple times. Dany found him and Jeyne snorting a line of cocaine in the bathroom. Perhaps he hadn’t wanted to admit it, but he knew deep down that it was only a matter of time until this happened to his brother.

“Jon, you were living with him!” Cat cried. “You were supposed to be watching him and keeping him on track! I bet you spend the whole damn day with your girlfriend—”

“I’m not his nanny!” Jon snapped.

“It’s not Jon’s fault, mum,” Robb said quietly. “I’ll apply to another school. I’ll keep studying, really.”

“No, dad, please…”

“Of course, you will!” Ned exclaimed, furious. “You will get a degree no matter what it takes.” Robb nodded, looking down. “We will cut your allowance in half,” Ned continued.

“Half?!” Robb exclaimed, his eyebrows lifted quickly. “I’m not his nanny!” Jon snapped.

“Half, his mother replied. “I can’t believe how irresponsible you have been. Your younger brother has graduated before you! And you get kicked out…only because you don’t give a damn about school, about everything we do and how hard we have to work to pay for everything, and you…” she cut herself, shutting her watery eyes and shaking her head. “How could you do this to us?!”

Few times in his life had Jon seen such expressions in his parents’ faces. Anger, pain, and disappointment. Maybe even regret of not being harsher with Robb before, maybe even confusion about why was he this way, so different from their other children.

Ned shook his head. “I don’t know where we went wrong with you. Not even your smallest brothers are this immature.”

Robb had his head down, looking at the floor. A tear fell from his face. Jon suddenly felt like an intruder in a conversation that should maybe only be between Robb and their parents.

“Get out of my sight,” Ned just said.

Robb left the living room and went up the stairs. When the sound of the footsteps faded, Jon remained in silence sitting before his parents in the living room, not knowing what to say. Ned let his back fall against the couch, pressing his hands against his face. Cat stood up and walked to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water.

It would sadden Jon if Robb had made an effort to learn and pass his classes. But there he always had an excuse not to study enough or to miss classes. He would now leave to another school, an easier one, and he would probably start all over again with his previous lifestyle.

He wanted to punch Robb in the face. Their parents worked to pay for their studies, their rent, everything, yet he didn’t really care. Meanwhile, Jon was giving the best of him, even graduating, and his parents were still doing more for Robb. He felt angry, jealous, frustrated as he was locked in his bedroom now, trying not to punch Robb in the face.
And their parents? They just wanted Jon to be a nanny for Robb, taking care of everything he did, something impossible with someone so stubborn as Robb.

He remembered one time in which Jon had spent the night with Dany in her room. They woke up early for class the next morning. He went straight to his flat to take a shower and found Robb completely asleep on the hallway against their door, he had most probably forgotten his keys once again and Jon had not been there to open up. His phone had no battery. Robb was using his jacket as a pillow as he slept on the floor and had his legs curled up. A bit of slobber ran down his face and the smell of alcohol intensified the more Jon approached him. He kneeled down next to him and shook his shoulder.

“Robb,” he said. “Robb.” But he didn’t move. “Goddamnit,” Jon whispered to himself. He shook him harder and gave him a couple of pats on the cheek, but nothing. Jon exhaled, exhausted, and pulled him away from the door to be able to open it. “Robb, wake up or I’m gonna drag you inside, and I’m not gonna carry you into bed.”

After his brother’s lack of response, he kneeled down again and slapped his cheek slightly harder.

Robb blinked quickly, “What-what?” he only mumbled. He couldn’t even articulate a sentence.

“Don’t don’t have class today?”

Robb held his forehead. “My entire body hurts.”

“Do you have class today?”

“I-I don’t know, I gotta check my schedule.”

Jon sighed. “Get your ass inside. Now.”

“Don’t talk so loud!” he complained, covering his eyes with his forearm.

“I’m not talking lou-“ Jon interrupted himself and exhaled. “Whatever.” He pulled his brother by the arms to help him stand up. Robb walked inside holding the walls for balance and threw himself on his bed. “What did you take?” Jon asked him, entering his messy room behind him.

“What do you mean?” Robb replied.

“Did you only drink alcohol last night?” he asked, annoyed.

“Who are you, my mother? God, I feel like shit.”

“What did you take?” Jon said.

Robb grunted. “Just let me sleep, Jon. I feel like shit.”

And now, at Winterfell, Jon fell asleep angry and full of pity for his brother. He never thought he would pity Robb. He had always been better than him, in everything except school, of course. He was so good at making friends, he was good with girls, so outgoing and so freaking extroverted. His parents loved that about him. When he thought about it, he thought it was funny how these were all qualities he saw in Daenerys. Good at meeting and talking to people, outgoing, extroverted…but in her he had always seen them as something admirable, something he loved about her and that had drawn him to her from their first meeting. Could that be a signal of a hidden admiration he had had for his brother during his childhood and teenage years? When he was younger, he had wished he could be more like Robb. He wondered if now Robb wished he could be more like him. The weird
satisfaction he felt for a second was immediately followed by guilt. He knew that deep down, the strength of his anger and frustration about Robb being kicked out of school only showed how much he cared for him, and how scared he was about his future now.

Yet his anger exploded the following morning when he overheard his parents in the kitchen, talking about the Westerlands University and how much the rent there would cost, as it was an expensive city.

“You’re going to keep paying for his rent?!” Jon blurted out, storming into the kitchen and making his parents jerk in surprise. “For HIS RENT?!"

“Jon-” Cat started, but Jon interrupted her.

“I’m the one who did well in school, who even finished my studies, and yet you don’t want to help ME pay my rent but want to pay for HIS? Are you freaking kidding me?!”


“He’s lazy, he doesn’t do shit, he spends half his money partying and yet you want to pay for Robb’s rent and not mine?!” he insisted. His head burnt, his blood boiled, his fingers closed into fists.

“Jon, you are more mature,” his father said. “You have a degree now. You are the one who can find a job and…”

“HE CAN FIND A JOB TOO!” he raised his voice even more. “He can be a waiter, or a bartender, shit, I don’t know! He can make some money of his own, maybe that way he can grow up.”

“Lower your voice and watch your language in my house!” his mother snapped.

“Jon,” his father said more calmly, “you don’t need our help. You have everything now to make your own life.”

“I can’t believe this,” Jon said, holding his head. “I deserve your help more than he does.”

“He needs our help more than you do,” he only replied.

Jon stormed out of the kitchen. It took him weeks to convince his parents to give him a small financial aid to be able to pay for a place in King’s Landing while he worked with Professor Rayder, otherwise, he would have nowhere to stay and hence he wouldn’t be able to work.

He started his job there the following month and found a room in a flat with three other people. One girl and two guys, always out at work all day. The flat had one small kitchen, too small for four people, four small rooms with a one-piece bed each and one bathroom only. It did not even have a washing machine. He washed his underwear in the shower and took his clothes in a suitcase to a laundry a couple of blocks away, having to walk under King’s Landing hot summer sun. His roommates were alright, friendly, but not too friendly, and not too clean either. He was determined to move out the following month. It would be so much easier if Daenerys wanted to live with him and could split the rent in half.

He went to Professor Rayder’s office during the day to revise his book, and only read all day and made annotations. He was also allowed to take the draft home with him and keep reading there, but Jon preferred to stay there rather than spending more time than necessary in his flat.

Dany came back from Dorne, that was enough to cheer him up a bit. He had opened the door of her
car as soon as she parked it at his door and leaned down to kiss her while she was still sitting down. She laughed against his mouth and hugged him closer by the neck. She seemed to not be bothered by his new accommodation, but he was sure she was. She only joked telling him it was a five-star hotel compared to where she had been living at Dorne. Yet it was difficult to have privacy in such a small apartment, where every sound could be heard all over the place. Intimacy was not as easy as before, the size of his bed made sex more uncomfortable and complicated, and spending the night together, impossible.

One night, he woke up wanting to pee and while he walked back from the bathroom to his room he overheard one of the boys saying, “She’s too pretty for him, isn’t she? Too much of a woman for him.”

He only closed his door loudly for them to notice he was awake and had heard them.

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**PART II: VISERYS**

Margaery had an amazing grandmother. Not only she was one of the few female lecturers in school, but she also was one of the first women who graduated from this university. They had only been working together for half a semester and Dany already admired this woman. She was so wise and analytical with everything Dany showed her during the research. They spent together most evenings in her office after Dany finished class, each one of them with a computer or a book. When Dany was not there, she was at the library looking for more information. And she was getting good money for it.

It had been some months since Robb had told his parents he had been kicked out of school. He was Dany’s opposite when it came to studying, but the news had saddened her terribly. It had also bothered her, though. Robb’s laziness had screwed up Jon’s plans for this year. To see Jon so unhappy in his flat, with roommates he didn’t even like seemed unfair.

Yet Jon wasn’t the only one who had a hard semester. Sometimes life was like that, one problem after the other. It had been some time since Robb had gotten kicked out. It took him a while to pluck up the courage to tell his parents about it. But still, both Jon and Dany having such similar family conflicts in the same year had meant a huge challenge for them as a couple.

Dany’s phone rang as she walked into her room after working all afternoon with Professor Tyrell. It was her mother. She picked up the phone and heard her mother’s broken voice from the other side of the line, as if she had been crying.

“Mum,” she said, pressing her free ear with her finger to hear her better. “Is everything alright?”

Her mother sighed. “It’s not. Oh, darling…Viserys…”

Dany held her forehead, she knew a call about Viserys wouldn’t be any good.

“Viserys what, mum?” she asked, worried.

“He’s not going to school,” she replied.

“What do you mean he’s not going to school?”

“I just found out today. He isn’t attending school. He’s wasting all the money we send them in god knows what and I’m here paying for all his expenses,” she paused, sniffing “tuition, his rent, absolutely everything! And he hasn’t been going to school in a year! A whole year!”
Dany was speechless, she didn’t know what to reply. Viserys was going to an expensive private school, so expensive Rhaegar had to also pay part of his tuition and expenses as their mother could not pay for all of it and Dany’s expenses by herself.

“Have you talked to him?” Dany asked.

“I did, this morning. I told him to drag that butt back here to Dragonstone. I’m hoping he tells me everything. Rhaegar might come too.”

Dany could not believe what she was hearing. She was raging, she felt a pressure in her chest and in her throat, she wanted to hang up and call Viserys and insult him for hours, to hit him, to scream at his face. The anger was like none she had ever felt. She felt like punching the wall, like throwing a plate to the ground. Her hands were pressed into fists so hard her nails dug into her palms, her face was hot, she felt all her blood going up to her head. How could he lie to everyone? How could he do this to their mother? After everything she had done for them? After how hard she worked to pay for their studies?

“Dany, do you have any idea about what could he be spending all that money in? Drugs? Do you think it’s drugs?”

Dany sighed, “I don’t know, mum, but I want to kick his ass.”

“Me too, darling. I shouldn’t have sent him to study by himself on the other side of Westeros. He is not ready nor mature enough to live on his own. How could he have lied to our faces all this time? Dany I’ve worked and worked so much to give you three the best lives you could have and it’s like he’s been…laughing about it in our backs.”

Dany cried all night. Missandei was there and tried to console her, but only in vain. It was not possible to console her after hearing such news. She wondered what her brother had been doing for a whole year without studying, a whole year pretending he was doing something for what her mother worked so hard to pay.

The time came when Missandei had to go to sleep, but it was so difficult to stop crying that she went to the bathroom of her dorm floor and locked herself in a stall to cry even more. Jon rushed to her dorm as soon as she called him, and hugged her tight in the bathroom. For some reason, his strong embrace made her cry even more.

She had never gotten along with Viserys. There had been many times in which they had tolerated each other, and tried to live without arguments and pointless fights, but it had always been difficult. But now, she did not know what feeling was stronger, was it anger or worry? She had not probably cried this hard since the time his mother had told her the truth about her father.

The hours passed and the common room was eventually empty, so she sat on a couch there with Jon, a lot of toilet paper, and a terrible headache from how much she was crying. She hugged him by the chest and he stayed silent, maybe because he knew nothing would calm her down now, or maybe because it was so late he was falling asleep. She blew her nose with the toilet paper and grabbed her phone to text Rhaegar.

‘He won’t tell all the details to mum. I’m gonna have a serious conversation with him tomorrow when he arrives,’ he replied to her.

Jon fell asleep on the couch and she shook him gently to wake him and take him to her bed. They opened her door silently not to wake up Missandei. She hated not being able to have privacy here, and going to Jon’s place was not an option for the same reason. She wished they would be living on
their own. They squeezed their bodies under her covers. She lay on her side and hugged him by the abdomen. He fell asleep instantly, but she did not sleep for a minute that night.

She went to Dragonstone the following day. Her whole body hurt from not sleeping the previous night, so she took a train. She could not drive such a long distance with such pain in her body, with such a headache and with lack of sleep.

She was sitting in the living room next to her mother, while Rhaegar sat across them, telling them he had talked to Viserys and he had told him everything. Viserys would not go out of his room. He was crying against his bedroom door. It was a long talk and a sad night for her family. Dany learned many things about her brother from what Rhaegar told them, things one would never want to hear about their own family.

He grew up in a violent environment. The things he’d seen since he was little had definitely left a mark in him. Viserys never felt safe growing up, not even after the man who hit his mother, brother and even him left their lives forever. Rhaegar was a teenager when he kicked Aerys out of the house, but Viserys was just a kid. He couldn’t cope with it the same way Rhaegar did, and he couldn’t understand the situation so well.

Rhaella nodded, she was holding Dany’s hands while Rhaegar talked. “That’s why he always needs to be in therapy. No matter that it’s been more than twenty years since Aerys left the house. Viserys didn’t know how to interact with people well.

“He was scared as a child, always, and he never knew what to do about it. And so, he started trying more and more drugs as he grew up.” He’d always been an asshole, Dany thought, but not an addict. “He just wanted to avoid people and avoid the burden that came with having to interact with them. In the family, it seemed like everyone got along except for him, always annoying or upsetting us.”

Dany shut her eyes, wishing everything she was hearing could go away. She didn’t know what sentence hurt the most.

“So, cocaine was what he liked the most.”

“He never cared about therapy, he hated it.”

“He had always been unhappy.”

“How could we not know?”

“He lived far away from home. He went away to study and we knew nothing about him for most of the year, he only went home for a couple of weekends and for the holidays.”

“Was he high at the wedding? He didn’t seem so,” Dany said.

“Well, he didn’t spend the following day on the yacht with us, did he?” Rhaegar asked, sending chills through her body.

“I have failed as a mother,” her mother cried. A tear fell from Dany’s face after hearing this.

“Mum, you are the strongest person I’ve ever met,” she told her. She didn’t usually talk like this to her mother, she didn’t really tell her how much she loved her, how thankful she was every day for everything she did for the family. How she was the one who taught her to be strong.

“It is not your fault, mum,” Rhaegar added.
Rhaella held her forehead, crying, “How could I have not noticed this from my own son? My own son?! I am a doctor and I cannot even tell if my own son is an addict?!”

“Maybe because he is your son you couldn’t see it?” Rhaegar asked. “One always sees their children better than they are...I think.”

And then, when it seemed like it couldn’t get any worse, Rhaegar cut to the point, “About where has our money ended up,” he started. “He used to sell drugs and owed a huge amount of money to his supplier.”

“What?!” Dany exclaimed. What else was it going to be? She could not cope with more of this news about Viserys.

“According to him, that’s the main reason why he left school. He had to use our money to pay his debts.”

“But he never really wanted to go to school in the first place. He never even wanted to start. He is twenty-seven years old, for god’s sake.”

She threw her head back on the couch. How long did Viserys think this could go on?

“Why is he consuming so much now that he’s twenty-seven? Why did it get to this level this late, why not during his teenage years?”

“I’m guessing that it could be because now he lives on his own and has less control. When he was a teenager at least he lived at home with the family. Plus, things have been getting gradually worse with time because of how long he's been avoiding his own problems, I guess.”

It was too much to take. Her mother stood up and went up the stairs and knocked on Viserys’ door. Dany put her elbows on her thighs and hunched her back to press her forehead on her hands, sniffing. Viserys’ life was so different from his friends’. They had nice jobs, a car, many were already engaged and some were married. Yet here he was, alone and hating everything around him.

“Open up!” Rhaella said. “I’m your mother. Open your door.”

Dany only heard the door opening and then closing again, her mother had probably entered the room.

She went upstairs later to get ready to go to bed and said goodnight to Rhaegar, who left to go back to his house. She had never seen that face on Rhaegar. It wasn’t clear if it was pain or anger in his face, maybe a mixture of both, along with disappointment, as he was almost like a father to Viserys and Daenerys, and he must have been feeling like he failed as a parental figure, just as their mother was feeling.

She walked past Viserys’ bedroom door to get to hers and it was inevitable to hear her mother’s loud voice saying, “I broke my back to get my degree to give my children the best life they could have! I graduated from med school with two children, I’ve been through hell and back for you and this is how you thank me? Not only dropping out of school but lying to my face?!?”

She decided to sleep with her mother that night, hugging her as she cried. No one in the world deserved more love from her kids as she did. She did not want her to feel like she failed as a mother. She would be the best daughter one could think of.

PART III: ATTENTION
Jon called Robb from King’s Landing one night. Their parents had told him Robb hadn’t applied to a new school yet.

“How long will you go on like this?” Jon asked him. “It’s been months already.”

Robb sighed. “Just leave me, Jon.”

“No,” he insisted. “No. What the hell are you doing with your life? Why are you acting this way?” But Robb stayed silent. “Robb, please. If there’s anything you want to talk about, you can tell me. I want to know what’s going on.”

“You wouldn’t understand,” Robb just said.

“I want to, though.”

“No, you wouldn’t understand,” Robb said harshly. “Not you, nor dad, nor mum.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I’ve told you. Since I was a kid, I’ve told you guys. But you never listened.” Robb sighed.

"Listened to what?" Jon asked calmly.

“Studying is…not my thing.”

Jon rolled his eyes. “Oh, come on.”

“No, shut up.” Robb went on. “Didn’t you say you want to listen? I know judging me is what you do best, but for fuck’s sake, make an effort for once. I’ve had shit grades my entire life. I can’t study. The stuff that I read or listen doesn’t stay in my head. I’d love for it to be that way, but it just isn’t. It may be hard for you to understand—always doing well in school, staying in your room reading while I went out. I always told mum and dad: I can’t do this, I can’t study. But when I got bad grades, they got angry. I felt stupid. I felt worthless. Academic performance is all it takes for parents to be proud of you, I guess. And you guys only think that I’m fucking lazy—” he trailed off as his voice broke. Jon had not listened to this tone of voice in him in years. “I know you think you’re better than me. You’ve always been so condescending, always thinking you’re better for being quiet and an avid reader. I can’t read a fucking book! I can’t! And I had to live with you just ’cause mum and dad think I’m a fucking child who needs a nanny.” Robb scoffed.

Jon couldn’t bring himself to speak right away. He sighed. “I…I’ve always thought you were better than me,” he said. Robb exhaled a sarcastic laugh. “Really. In every single way. Well, except in school, but I always thought you were…better.” Robb sniffed. “Don’t think so low of yourself, Robb.”

After a moment of silence, Robb just said, “I don’t want to go back to school.”

“Then what do you want to do? I thought you wanted to have your own business?”

“Yes, but I don’t want to keep on studying business ‘cause I’m wasting my time.”

Jon exhaled. He had no clue about his brother’s struggles. And he had lived with him. What kind of brother had he been?

“Sorry for not listening to you when you needed it,” he said.
As Jon and Dany didn’t have much privacy where they lived, they went out in her car and stayed inside, just like they used to do when they had started going out. They were sitting in the backseat now, eating a three-scoop ice cream they had just bought.

“I think we have a thing for eating sweets in your backseat,” Jon said, burying his plastic spoon on the top flavor.

Dany laughed. “This time it won’t end up sexually. I just thought a little sugar could cheer us up.”

He told Dany about his phone call with Robb. Broadly speaking, of course, he didn’t want to give away many of his brother’s private feelings.

“I feel terrible about it,” Jon said, looking down at the ice cream. “I haven’t…been there for him as I should have. I didn’t try to understand him.”

She sighed. “I feel the same about my brother.” He caressed her thigh with his free hand and she rested her head on his shoulder. “You know,” she told him as she hugged his arm. “I think the problem is…we’ve focused on the bullshit stuff, on the superficial. ‘Viserys don’t do this, Robb, don’t do that.’ Yet we never asked ourselves, or asked them seriously, why they acted that way. It was quite mature of you to ask him that.” She sighed. “I think we didn’t pay enough attention to what was going on.”

He caressed her thigh with his thumb. “Pay attention,” he exhaled.

She lifted her head to look at him. “‘Cause that’s what love’s about, right?”

Was it? Dany had paid attention to him from the moment they met. She had listened to him carefully when he had much to say but could only get himself to say little. She paid attention to him when he was depressed. She paid attention to the things he liked and to the way he felt. He felt loved when he felt listened, when he felt cared about.

“Why, though?” he thought out loud. “Why do we feel so loved when someone pays attention to us?”

Dany shrugged. “I guess it means that you care about their wishes, their point of view, their fears. You try to understand the other when you pay attention to them, instead of just…trying to make them be what you want them to be…” She rubbed his arm. “You’re making an effort to know them as they are and to love them as they are.”

He held her hand. “Come here;” he pulled her to sit sideways on his lap. He carded his fingers through her hair and pressed a kiss to the side of her head. “You have no idea how intelligent you are.”

She sighed and kissed his neck. Her ice cold kisses made him jerk. “Too cold!”

She laughed and kissed him below his ear. He jerked again with a laugh.

She ran a hand down his arm. “This thing that happened with our brothers… us… not listening to them, not taking their point of view, wanting to change their attitude without trying to understand them…” she paused. “Let’s always, always be careful that it won’t happen to us.”

He placed his hand on her neck, scratching its nape. “I promise.”

“I promise too.”
She placed a cold kiss on his jaw that made them laugh and forget about their problems for a little while.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve wanted to write about the brothers for so long! I always procrastinated with other chaps. Family issues can’t be left behind. A bit more on how personal problems affect a relationship soon.

“When you plant lettuce, if it does not grow well, you don’t blame the lettuce. You look for reasons it is not doing well. It may need fertilizer, or more water, or less sun. You never blame the lettuce. Yet if we have problems with our friends or family, we blame the other person. But if we know how to take care of them, they will grow well, like the lettuce. Blaming has no positive effect at all, nor does trying to persuade using reason and argument. That is my experience. No blame, no reasoning, no argument, just understanding. If you understand, and you show that you understand, you can love, and the situation will change.” -Thich Nhat Hanh
Jon was sitting cross-legged on his small bed with his back against the wall, while Dany lay down on the bed with her head resting on his lap. With one hand, he held a book, and with the other, he scratched her head softly, his fingers buried deep in her loose, messy hair, and his reading glasses resting on his nose. He wanted to pee and was not sure if she was awake or not.


She only turned her head to a side with her eyes closed. Maybe he should hold it in. He did not want to wake her up when she was this tired after work. He took his phone and tried to distract himself. He started scrolling down on Facebook, through uninteresting pictures, videos, ads, more videos. He stopped scrolling when he saw a video about how to prepare pasta with vegetables and butter in ten minutes. Little did he know that these damn videos now start automatically with a high volume. He closed the app as soon as it started playing and turned his gaze to see Dany’s face. With her eyes still shut, she only frowned and hummed and turned her body to her side, with her face now against his bulge. He giggled at the sight and caressed her head once again.

“Dany.”

She opened her eyes and turned her head to look at him. Her eyes were small, she had probably been asleep. “What?” she said in a tiny voice.

“I need to pee.” But she closed her eyes and adjusted herself against his bulge again. “I’m gonna pee on your face if you don’t move,” he joked.

She moved her head and he finally got up as carefully as he could.

He walked to the bathroom and tried to go in, but the door was locked.

“Busy,” his flatmate Deanna said from the inside.

“I really need to pee,” he said.

“What do you think I’m doing?”

He sighed and lay his back against the wall of the stretch corridor with his hands in his pockets, waiting for her to finish.

The door made a horrible, loud sound when she opened it.

“All done,” she said, standing before him. She was short, brunette and slim. She was older than him but seemed like a teenager, and not only physically.

He walked into the bathroom and the door screeched as he closed it behind him. He took his cock in his hands and finally started peeing. He had planned to stay in this place for only a month, he had not even signed a contract to be here. But now almost the entire semester had gone by and he still had not found a good and cheap place to live. It was not easy to find a cheap place in the capital, especially if it was close to the center like he wanted, but now that he had saved some money, he could maybe convince his parents to help him out with a better place as he could pay a fraction of it.
Why the hell did I study philosophy? He only thought as he pulled his underwear and sweatpants back up.

He walked back into his room and Dany was sitting up on his bed, her back hunched as she stared at the screen of her laptop in front of her. She was the only pretty sight in the mess that was his room: cardboard boxes in the floor filled with notebooks and books, clothes that didn’t even fit in the drawer piled up over it or on his chair, dirty clothes on a corner on the floor and his shoes lying on the floor against the wall.

“You woke up,” he said.

“I’m searching for flats,” she replied, her eyes on the screen. He smiled. Could her determination be because she wanted to move in with him to that place? “But the same ones keep popping up.” He walked up to her and leaned over to see the screen. She stretched her neck and kissed his jaw. “You’ll find a place, alright?”

He nodded and kissed her back. “Thank you. Are you hungry? Would you like to eat?”


Viserys had agreed to go to rehabilitation, which at least was a big step. But Dany was usually sad, without much energy, and this was the first semester in which she was working while studying. She had to put extra effort into her studies, and he worried about her well-being. He was extra gentle with her, more attentive than usual. He went over to the kitchen and opened the fridge. He drummed his fingers on his lips, wondering what to prepare. Vegetables were the only thing he had. He threw them in a saucepan and let them cook while he boiled rice on a pan at the same time.

It was always complicated to go back to normal after any family trouble. When Jon found out he was adopted, it had even affected their relationship in their everyday lives. It was always reassuring to remember how much she had cared for him that time, and how she had stayed with him through it all. And then the news about their brothers had been a shock for both, yet coping with it now was not as complex as the time Jon found out about his parents. Not only they were older now, but they had been together for almost three years and trusted each other much more, enough to share their emotions, sorrows or worries more easily.

He knew couples had many relationship problems, but he had no idea how open one had to be to the other about their own issues. Even the family issues which people usually hid, the ones that were too difficult or embarrassing to tell, were trusted to the other. Being in a relationship meant willing to let the other person in with their strengths, flaws and their own problems. He came with his own weight and Dany with hers.

“Jon, come here!” she said from his room.

“Almost done!” he replied, probably bothering his roommates by the volume of their voice.

He hurried to take two bowls out of the cupboard and pour the rice with veggies in them. He left the saucepan and pan on the sink, he would come back to wash them later. His bedroom door was ajar, so he only kicked it open as he went in with a bowl in each hand.

“Look at this place!” she exclaimed, pointing at the screen as he sat on the mattress next to her.

She drove him on a Sunday with his luggage to the new flat. They had already been there together to visit, and Jon decided this was where he would move in.
He met the owner to receive the keys. The payment had been made, the contract had been signed and the only thing left to do was to move in. Jon would be on his own, at least for now, but Dany had insisted on helping him moving in. The owner first showed them every tiny detail in the house to check its state. Dany was much more observant than he was, so next to the owner she checked the state of the oven, fridge, chairs, table, mattress, closet, shower, toilet, heating, AC. This was going to be, most probably, a place for both in the future. They counted how many glasses they were receiving, how many plates, how many bedsheets and pillows, all of that had to be written down and signed.

And so he took into her car his suitcases full of clothes and cardboard boxes full of his belongings to a new flat. They struggled to walk up the stairs to the third floor carrying his luggage.

The owner greeted them and let them in. It was a small and cozy place. Almost at the entrance, a wooden table was attached to the wall, which fit three, and with much effort, four people. On its right side was a couch stuck to the wall with a low table in front of it. The kitchen counter was against the wall in the back with the sink and burners. Underneath the counter were cupboards—made of light brown wood, just like the floor. Next to them was a small fridge. Everything fit accurately in a small room.

On the left side of the kitchen was the bathroom, with a toilet, a sink, a shower, and a washing machine. The only bedroom in the house was to the right. It had no bed, nightstand, nor desk. Only a wooden chair and a closet and a two-piece mattress standing against the wall. It was clear why this place was cheaper than average: small, no dishwasher, no elevator, and the location wasn't the best, but they didn't need more than that.

The owner handed him the keys. As soon as he held them, a rush of joy took over him. When he left and he and Dany were finally on their own, a grin lit up her face, pushing up her cheeks and shrinking her eyes. It was enough for him to hug her by the waist and press a kiss on her lips as she hugged him tight around the neck.

EDIT (27/03/2018): I just used a website to design the map of the flat!! So it's kinda like this:

At this point in the story, the bed doesn't have a base yet, nor a nightstand, but (spoiler) it will in a few chaps lol. The proportions are not the best, I imagine it a bit smaller and compact in my head, but this is the idea :)
He opened his suitcases, full of clothes, to put his clothes into the drawers in the dresser. When he had packed them, Dany had had to sit on them for him to close the zipper. Squatting down, he took out his socks, t-shirts, jumpers, pants. Dany leaned down and held his head by the sides with both hands, kissing the top of it. “I’m gonna take a quick shower,” she told him, and he kept on unpacking. He took his coats and jackets and hung them in hooks behind his door. He took out his books and stacked them on the floor as he had no desk nor desk. He stared at the blank wall, perhaps he could nail a shelf there. He had never enjoyed arranging his room this much. This was finally a place of his own. And, finally, something good had happened in a long time.

“Jon!” Dany’s voice interrupted his thoughts. He stood up and rushed to the bathroom.

“Yes?” he asked, from the other side of the door, hearing the shower running.

“Bring me a towel please.”

He went over to his room to find a towel and walked over to the bathroom. He knocked on the door and she answered, “Come in!”

He opened the door and the sound of the shower running grew louder. He walked in and placed the towel on top of the toilet, right before the blue curtain that hid her from his sight, steam leaked out from its top and sides. He stood before the curtain, wondering if he should move it a tiny bit with his finger to take a peek at her body as the water ran down over it. She always looked stunning in those moments.

What if he got in with her, though? Showering together had never been their favorite intimate activity, though. They had tried it many times in Jon and Robb’s small shower in their shared flat. It was always the same: Dany washing her hair while Jon stood next to her, freezing because the water didn’t fall over him, and then Dany stepping aside when it was his turn. Of course, it was fun when she stroked his body with soap or washed his hair, making a maw-hawk on his head with the shampoo and then laughing about it. Yet having sex wasn’t easy: Dany never knew where to place her hands to have balance, and she couldn’t raise her leg to allow him better entrance without fearing for her life.

But now, with more joy in him than there had been in months, he wanted her to feel as good as he felt. He would not overthink. He lowered his pants and underwear, took off his t-shirt and socks and opened the curtain quickly, to which she reacted turning around with her fingers in her hair and her eyes wide in surprise, and stepped in. He felt the hot water running from the top of his head down his body as he hugged her from the waist and planted a kiss on her lips.

“I just wanted the towel,” she laughed, resting her fingertips on his cheeks as she gave him several kisses on the lips. He moved his face as he pressed more and more kisses all over her cheeks, nose, eyes, and she kept on laughing. The water had now straightened his hair down as it ran hot down his back. She had not laughed this loud in a while.

After changing, they both held the heavy mattress from opposite sides and they tried to place it on the floor, yet it fell loudly.

“Phew,” Dany exhaled, “this might do for a while.”

“I think it’s fine for now, I’m too lazy to go and buy the base for the bed,” Jon replied.

They made the bed—or the mattress. They held the first blanket from either side and pulled it to cover the whole mattress, folding it under its corners. They placed another blanket, the covers, the
dark blue quilt, and the pillows. He leaned down and pushed the mattress against the wall to have more space in the room. But while he was leaning down, Dany kicked him in the arse and laughed when he fell on the mattress.

He turned his body and lay on his back. She let herself fall on top of him, curling her body around his head. He laughed as she pressed his face against her tummy and he held her by the buttocks, laughing. She moved on top of him, placing his face on her chest as she moved her hands all around his head, laughing as she tangled his hair. He hugged her by the lower back and threw her body on the mattress beside him.

She exhaled loudly with a smile as their laughs ceased. “So much space.”

He rested his hand on her ribcage, looking at her while she stared up at the roof. She said, “Do you remember, god, it was so long ago, when I told you we would have a place together, no matter how small it was and no matter if we only had a mattress on the floor?”

He smiled and kissed her on her ear, making her chuckle. “Then move in,” he told her. “Let’s go get your things now and come live here.”

Her answer was not immediate, which made him regret bringing up the subject again. But, actually, it had been her who had brought up the subject. She turned her body to her side for them to be face to face. Her laughs had ceased completely now.

“I will move in, Jon, just not now,” she replied. He closed his eyes and sighed. She rested her fingers on his beard. “I will move in, Jon, just not now,” she replied. He closed his eyes and sighed. She rested her fingers on his beard. “My mum…she’s been through so much these past months. Actually, she’s been through so much her whole life. My brother fucked up and…I just want to prove her she’s a good mother. I want to be the best daughter she could have. I know I’ve been trying to care less about my grades but, at least now I want to do the best I can for her.” He breathed, lowering his gaze. What difference would it make to move in together now or in half a year? “This is not an easy moment for my family,” she said, as if she had heard his thoughts. “And living together… I feel like that’s where the adult life officially starts, I feel…” she breathed. “I feel like a child sometimes, I feel so immature. I feel like I’m not ready to live this…quasi-married life.”

“You’re not immature,” he affirmed. Her gaze had transformed completely. It was hard to tell she had been laughing and smiling just a moment ago.

They had already talked about how he sometimes felt insecure or worried that one day she might stop loving him, or gradually get bored of him, or just think he's not enough for her. He couldn't bear the thought of it. Dany had loved him for who he was and accepted him from the start despite his flaws, shyness, and anxiety. She had been there for him in his hardest times and had cared about him with her whole heart. He knew this. He knew how much Dany loved him. Her actions evidenced it: her help searching for a flat, her cups of tea at random moments, her kisses and embraces when he needed them the most or when he didn’t need them, the coffee she made in the mornings and the books she rented for him in the library now that he wasn’t a student anymore. Why, then, would she ever leave him? It seemed irrational, then, to think that the reason for her not to move in was that she didn't love him enough.

She closed the space between their bodies and pressed her forehead against his.

“I’m going to live with you. I don’t want you to doubt that. You’re my favorite person in this world.” she pressed a kiss on his lips. “Just wait for me.” And by his lack of response, she separated her face from his again and continued, “Please,” she closed her eyes. “Jon, I love you so much. You have no idea. Please, I…”
“Please what?” he asked in a low voice, separating his face from hers.

“Don’t ever stop loving me,” she replied, and her eyebrows trembled. “I always want to be with you. Please, please, never leave me. I don’t want you to think that I’m not moving in yet because I don’t love you enough, and I don’t want that to maybe make you love me less.”

And there it was, her fear. He knew she also feared him leaving her. He couldn't bear the thought of it. A rush of thoughts invaded him. Words he wanted to say to her. Countless. He didn't know what to say first, what he meant the most. He only knew he wanted her fears to go away, and when he opened his mouth, the avalanche of words burst out of him.

"No, no, no. I won't ever stop loving you. I will always, always be there for you, I'll love the shit out of you and will do everything in my power to make you the happiest person in the world. I won't ever, ever leave you. Dany, I swear on everything I love I'll do everything I can to give you the life you deserve because life has been so...so unfair to you! So unfair when you only want good in this world and to make everyone's life a little better. You have no idea how better my life is with you! Dany, don’t fear I will ever leave you-“

He couldn’t shut up, he didn't care if he sounded cheesy or too desperate. Words kept on coming out and out and out. He had never been a person of many words but now he just couldn’t shut up. He only thought about her and how he desperately wanted to free her from her pain. And with tears filling her eyes, she hugged him harshly by the head and pressed a kiss to his lips. She held it there, breathing hard with their mouths pressed together. He knew it wasn’t her intention to cut him off—she was as overwhelmed by her feelings as he was.

She sobbed quietly with her cheek on top of his. “What did I do to deserve you?” she cried. Her words made him feel like crying as well. “I’m such a mess.”

“No, Dany-“

She kept on crying. “I truly am a mess. I’m such a child who cannot even control her feelings and cries about stupid shit like exams and getting perfect marks like a fucking ten-year-old who doesn’t even know how to control her emotions and yet here you are, always wanting the best for me and helping me to be better and...” She sobbed. “I’m such a child! How can I move in and start my adult life when I can barely take care of myself? I’m a fucking mess!”

“You are not a child, and you are certainly not a mess. Dany, we’ll learn together. You don’t have to wait until becoming the perfect adult who has her life completely sorted out for you to decide to live with me. Live with me whenever you want to. But listen, we’ll grow together. We’ll learn together like we’ve been doing so all along, to be better people, to be a better boyfriend and girlfriend. Live with me and I will be here for you and will help you and support you in your all challenges.” She shut her eyes in front of him and more tears fell down her cheeks. "But now, take care of yourself, Dany. It is not an easy time for your family, I know. And it's not an easy time for you, which is why you cannot live inside your books as you always have, don’t go back to that. Don’t numb your pain by not thinking about it, distracting yourself to ignore it. Dany, this is not an easy time for you, don’t overdemand things from yourself. Be kind to you, please. Be gentle with yourself.”

“But my mum-” she started.

“Your mother loves you no matter what and she knows she has the best daughter in the planet and just by looking at how you’re growing into such a strong woman is enough for her to realize that. Your mother doesn’t care about your grades above it all, she cares about your happiness and your well-being. As do I.” She cried, hugging him. “I think...I think everyone you know would be worse off if they didn’t know you,” he said, hugging her from the back. “That’s how great you are.” He
sighed. “You’ve changed my life completely. Would I even be talking this much if it weren’t for you? Without someone who listened to me, someone who made me feel comfortable and safe about my flaws, I’d still have so much trouble with communication…”

She sobbed, hugging him while they both lay on their sides on the bed. He stroked the back of her head and she held his back tighter, to which he responded with a kiss on her forehead. He hugged her head to his neck, stroking it while she sobbed even more.

It took some moments for her to calm down. Jon brought her toilet paper from the bathroom and she sat up to blow her nose and dry her face.

“Put on a movie,” he suggested after she calmed down.

Her tears had dried but her face remained red and swollen. She extended her arm to take his hand and led him to sit down in front of her in the mattress. She took his hands in hers and met his gaze.

“No more fear that the other could leave,” she said. “These almost three years have been enough proof.” He nodded, and her mouth curved into a tiny smile with her shiny eyes stuck in his. This was how love felt. “Okay,” she drummed her own legs with both hands and stood up, stepping out of the mattress. “Let’s go to the grocery store, let’s get some popcorn and some candy for the movie. It’s a Sunday, let’s not waste our whole fucking day.”

He grinned and quickly stood up from the mattress.

"Wait, are my eyes still too red? Do I look like I've cried much?"

"Nah, you look like you're stoned," he replied, which made him hear her laugh once again.

He grabbed his new keys and walked out of the flat with his hand in hers.

Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT: The chapter that was originally after this one has been deleted, but I posted it on my tumblr if someone wants to read it. Dany's friends take her out for drinks to cheer her up and they talk about her relationship, and in another scene, Olenna Tyrell gives Dany relationship advice ;) You can read it here!

The following chap, "Rain", is super important and one of my favorites!
Viserys had been in rehab for a couple of months now. Rhaella had told Dany he had wanted to leave a couple of times but had not done so, which was a good indicator. Even though the thoughts of work and school took over and outweighed the ones about her family, it was inevitable to worry constantly about them. So she liked to keep her mind busy from those intrusive thoughts, by working more time than she was asked to or by studying restlessly, something rather easy for her. Jon and her friends would insist that she spent too much time on those activities and needed more time to relax, though. She had said no multiple times to going out clubbing with her friends, which she hardly ever used to deny. Yet her friends took her out to a bar sometimes, insisting they would pay, which did distract her and cheer her up for the duration of the night. Yet she would rather curl up in bed and put on a movie or read a book, sometimes by herself, but usually with Jon. Cuddling with him in bed, hugging him and feeling his body warmth and his scent on the sheets, was a somniferous. It lulled her to sleep as opposed to silently staring at the roof on her own.

She did like to stay in with him, buying or preparing some dinner, reading a book, watching a movie and having sex until late.

The first time in months she was going to a party was Greyworm’s birthday. They were good friends, so at least she had to be there for a while.

Dany rang the doorbell to Jon’s door. He opened up, only wearing a towel around his waist. His hair was still damp.

“You still aren’t ready?” Dany asked him. Jon leaned towards her to kiss her lips and stepped aside to let her in.

“I’ll be done in a second,” he replied.

“The pre-drinks have already started,” she said, walking in.

He rushed back to the bathroom and she sat at the table which they called ‘the dining room’. Even though it was only a small space where the table and chairs and the couch where all together, they spoke separately about the dining room, living room and kitchen as if they were multiple areas. He leaned down to dry his legs with the towel and rushed naked across the room to his bedroom.

“What are we even going to do at a freaking rave?” he asked while he put on his clothes.

“It’s not really a rave,” she replied. “It’s…I don’t know, an electronic music festival, but smaller.”

“Same thing.”

“I don’t love that type of music either but…let’s just be there for a couple of hours and then leave on our own.”
“On our own?” Jon asked, walking out of the room in his jeans and putting a t-shirt on. “Have you checked where that place is?” She shook her head. “The middle of nowhere,” Jon said, grabbing a towel once more to try to dry his hair. “We have to come back all together in a cab or maybe there are buses in the morning, but taking a cab from there on our own will cost a fortune.”

She sighed. “We’ll see what we can do, then.”

When he was done, he told her, “We could take your car, though. I’ll drive.”

“Won’t you drink tonight?”

“Yeah but… just a bit.”

“No,” she said, meeting his gaze. “No, Jon. Of course not.”

“It’s gonna be complicated otherwise.” He held the chair in front of him. "The closest subway station is not too close and there are no buses at night close to that place.”

“Then we’ll stay till the morning and come back with the others.”

“I’ll drive back, really. I won’t drink much,” he shrugged.

“If you want to drive, then don’t drink at all,” she said.

“It will be a huge thing," he opened his arms, "we’ll need a bit of alcohol to stay up.”

“No, Jon,” she said again, starting to get annoyed.

“But…”

“Oh my god, are you freaking kidding me?” she snapped. “I’m not gonna get in the car with somebody with alcohol in their body.”

“I won’t get drunk.”

“Do you know how many people die because of this? Because they think they’re sober enough to drive and end up either dying or killing someone on the road?”

“But it’s the best option now.”

“The best option?” she frowned, taking a step towards him defiantly. “Even walking back would be a better option.”

“Don’t be so exaggerated. I wouldn’t drive drunk, I just want to have a couple of beers tonight and that’s it.”

“Look, you’re gonna risk your life and you’re gonna risk my life and you’re gonna risk my fucking car,” she raised her voice. He pursed his lips and stayed silent. Didn’t he even remember his dad died in a car crash? “It’s not an option. Not now and not ever. Don’t propose it again.”

"I'm doing this for you, I'm going to your friend's birthday for you. At least let me leave early."

"You can, you can leave whenever you want!"

"Well, I'm not planning to pay fifty bucks for an Uber..."
"Well, then, if you don't want to go, don't go! I'm not forcing you to go. I've never told you that you have to come with me everywhere I go," she wailed. "My life's been shit lately and I need to get distracted. I need to take my mind off things. I figured you'd want the same too. Look, I don't wanna argue. If it bothers you that much, stay," she said, and opened the door fiercely to leave. Yet he put on his jacket anyway and walked out past her, tightening his jaw.

Tension was still in the air as they arrived at Grey Worm's place for the pre-drinks. It was a large flat where he lived with three more people and had managed to fit around thirty people now: in the kitchen, in the living room and even inside the bedrooms. Jon and Dany walked in with a bottle of gin and greeted their friends—or her friends, according to him.

She was usually cheerful and sociable when she went out with her friends, but was still annoyed at Jon’s behavior back in his flat. Dany stood in the kitchen talking to Grey Worm and some other people from their Advanced Finance class, when Jon came in and handed her a glass of gin and tonic he had just served.

“My boyfriend, Jon,” she smiled. She always introduced him to new people to help him out. But now, she was barely talking to him and would rather have a drink and talk with her friends and forget about their argument.

A couple of hours later they all took cabs to the party. It was farther than she had expected, in the outskirts of King’s Landing. She had expected it to be like a rave in the open air with hundreds of people there, but it was a club full of drunk people and loud, electronic music.

“This music is shit,” she told Margaery as they walked in.

“Come on,” she replied. “It's not that bad.”

Margaery pulled her by the arms and started dancing, Dany felt like she had to dance as well. She would have to stay for hours in this place, so she thought she should try to have fun. She felt tipsy, which at least helped her dance more easily, but she wasn’t really drunk as most people around her were.

“What’s wrong?” Myrcella asked her.

Dany shrugged. “I just haven’t partied in a while, you know?”

But now she wasn’t sure what bothered her more, was it her argument with Jon? Being sober while everyone around her was drunk? Or that she was still a bit moved about Viserys?

“I guess we need more alcohol,” she told Jon when. They were standing while the rest of their friends danced to the same kind of music, same annoying beat all night.

They walked up to the bar, and after ten minutes of waiting for people to move and have some space to talk to the barman, they only bought a beer each. They walked to the side of the club, where it was not too crowded.

After a while, he closed the space between them and shouted over the loud music, “I’m sorry!”

“What?” she asked.

“I won’t ever drink and drive.”

She nodded. “Okay.”
He held her by the waist and kissed the side of her head.

They were not in the mood to party, so time went by impossibly slowly.

“What time is it?” she asked him.

“Two forty-five.”

“I’m a bit tired.”

“I’m so tired. I was waiting for you to say that.”

“Should we leave now?”

He nodded. “How, though? Could we share a cab with the others?”

“They’re all saying they’re gonna stay until five in the morning.” Dany exhaled loudly. “The taxi that brought us here, how much did it cost us?”

“Forty-seven bucks,” he replied.

She dropped her head back and hummed in protest. “We’re so fucking far...Is there another option?”

“We could stay until five,” he said. “Or we could walk to the nearest subway station.”

He adjusted his body to get his phone out of his pants’ back pocket and check the information.

“How far away is it?” she asked as the map loaded.

“Two point five kilometers away. Only a couple of subway lines work at this hour, so we gotta walk to the closest working station.”

She held the space between her eyebrows and said, “Okay, let’s walk.”

It was a cold night. The wind slapped their faces mercilessly and tiny raindrops seemed like a threat for more. Dany always carried a tiny umbrella in her purse at this time of the year just in case, but for now, the drops were small enough to walk on the street without much trouble. They walked side by side, silent, each of them with their hands in their pockets to warm them up. She was not wearing any gloves, so when her hands were out, the cold hurt her fingers. She regretted not putting on a thicker coat, she was only wearing a thin one and a scarf.

“I should have brought a beanie,” Jon said. “My head and ears are so cold.”

“Yeah,” she exhaled steam. “Same.”

They kept on walking silently through a field of dirt until they finally reached the tarmac with sidewalks. It was still dark, though, and only a few houses and lampposts appeared every once in a while. Both she and Jon looked around at all times, attentive of anyone that could show up, yet it seemed like no one else was out there at that hour. And, to top it off, the rain increased.

"Fuck!” she said as the rain dampened her hair. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! How much more do we have to walk?"

“Two kilometers,” he replied, looking at his phone.
“What?!” she replied. It felt like they had walked much more. She opened her purse and took out the small umbrella.

“Oh, thank God,” Jon said. “You’re a genius.”

“This is just one of those shitty umbrellas that break easily, though,” she said, pushing it open.

“At least it’s something,” he said, and took it from her hands. He held it up above their heads as they walked closely side by side. He put his arm around her shoulders and hugged her close for them to fit better under the umbrella while he held it with the other hand across his chest, covering them both.

“I can hold it if you want,” she told him.

“No, no, keep your hands in your pockets.”

They kept walking that way. She moaned, uncomfortable. The umbrella couldn't shield their whole bodies, and the fabrics of her sneakers and pants were so thin that they were starting to dampen. At least Jon was wearing corduroy pants and thicker shoes.

“I’m freezing,” she said. “Holy shit.”

“Do you want my jacket?”

“No, no, you’re only wearing a t-shirt under it.”

“You need it more than I do.”

“No, Jon, keep it,” she said, panting. “I’m fine in my torso, it’s just my feet and legs that are freezing. But thank you.”

He rubbed her shoulder with his hand in a comforting way, probably not knowing what else to do. Her face and her head were freezing and her ears were starting to hurt.

“How much longer?” she asked.

“Pull the phone out of my pocket. My hands are busy.”

She did so as he kept on grabbing the umbrella with one hand and holding her with the other. Her hands hurt from being against the cold.

“Okay, one point five kilometers,” she said, moving the map around with her finger. “So it’s approximately twenty more minutes-“ She shut up as she stepped on a small puddle on the sidewalk. “Oh…my fucking…” she breathed, “God.”

She walked out of it, gathering all her strength to keep herself from screaming. The water leaked into the fabric of her sneakers and her socks until it met her feet and dampened them completely. Her ankles and the lower part of her pants had dampened as well.

“Oh, Dany,” Jon said.

She put her hands on her face and groaned. “This is just great.”

She breathed deeply to keep herself from bursting with anger, exhaustion and cold. There was nothing left to do but to keep on walking, yet it was impossible to ignore the feeling of stepping on her wet socks and wet shoe plant when she did so. The fierce wind felt like cutting knives against her face and damp legs, freezing her to her bones. Having Jon hugging her shoulders made no difference
in how cold her feet and legs felt. She moaned, complaining, while Jon held her tightly by the
shoulder and continued walking with her as she tried her best to keep tears—from cold or anger, she
didn’t know—from slinking out of her eyes.

Finally, more buildings and lampposts started appearing on the streets, which brought her a dash of relief.

“Okay, we’re not so far anymore,” he told her. “Come on, let’s walk fast so we can arrive at the
station quicker. Fifteen more minutes.”

She was only focused on her feet now, looking down and thinking about how cold and damp they
were as she lifted and pressed one after the other on the ground. The ache in her body sharpened, yet
she remained quiet and swallowed back her desperation. The only sounds audible were the raindrops
against her umbrella, the wind in their ears and their footsteps against the ground.

“Jon, I’m freezing,” she moaned.

“Put your scarf around your head,” he told her. “Around thirty percent of the cold enters through
your head.”

She did so while they kept on walking. He stroked the shoulder he was holding and kissed the side
of her head.

However, she stopped abruptly. “Stop,” she exhaled steam loudly with a frown. “Ask for a cab, I
give up. Ask for an Uber.”

“The subway will arrive soon and it only passes through the station every forty minutes at this hour,”
he told her. “We’re close. Just ten more minutes, maybe less. If you don’t think you’ll make it, we’ll
ask for a cab, but we would have to stand here in the cold as we wait for it, so there’s not much
difference. At least the station will be a little warmer.” She nodded with her eyes shut and he placed
a kiss on her forehead. They kept on walking. “Come on, one last effort,” he said, attempting to
sound cheerful, yet she was sure he was freezing as well.

They finally saw the entrance to the subway station at the distance and started walking faster. She ran
down the stairs breathed loudly. The dirty, old, steel chair looked as inviting as a throne from how
exhausted she was. She stretched her legs in front of her. 8 minutes, read the screen. It was a good
time considering the forty-minute gap between every subway. Sitting next to each other, Jon took her
hands in his to warm them up, pressing them and by exhaling deeply on them.

She dropped her aching head on Jon’s shoulder, and he put an arm around her shoulders to hug her
again. He kissed her forehead and rubbed her outer arm from the shoulder to her wrist, slowly. She
closed her eyes, defeated, picturing how it would feel to arrive at his place, put some warm pajamas
on and go to sleep.

In the subway, she pressed her body against his, holding his hands again to warm herself up. Only a
couple of people sat on the other side of the wagon, so she didn’t mind cuddling and hugging Jon by
the torso and trying to feel his body warmth.

“Hold my belly,” he told her, unzipping his jacket.

“Hm?”

“Put your cold hands on my abdomen, that part of the body is usually super warm.”

She passed her hands under his shirt, placing them on his belly. He hissed right away, shutting his
eyes in pain. He was right, it was a warm belly.

“I’m so sorry,” she laughed weakly, “You insisted.” She kept her hands against his belly while it expanded and contracted with his breathing. She would keep them there all night if she could, but didn't want him to suffer this much. “I’m so sorry,” she said, taking them off.

Yet held her hands and pressed them there again. “It’s fine,” he said in a voice that said otherwise.

She gave him a small smile and two tiny kisses on his lips.

After her hands slightly warmed up, she hugged him by the torso, placing one on his hip, and rested her forehead on his neck. It was also warm.

"How can you not be cold?"

"Oh, I am cold. I'm cold as hell too. My dick has contracted so much on that walk." She chuckled with her eyes shut. He moved his face to kiss her head. “Patience, darling, we won’t take long.”

“I like how you call me ‘darling’,” she laughed in a quiet voice with her eyes shut.

“Well, you never wanted me to call you ‘babe’.”

She chuckled again. “No.”

“Nor ‘my love’.”


His body moved under her hands as he laughed. He rested his mouth on her head and they stayed that way during the ride.

Dany exhaled loudly as they walked into his flat, throwing her purse on the couch and hurrying to the bedroom. She sat on the mattress, took off her wet shoes, socks and pants and lay down on her back, enjoying how every inch of it sank into the mattress.

Jon rushed to the bathroom, grabbing a towel and a hairdryer. He sat at her feet and dried them with the towel quickly before connecting the hairdryer to the outlet and turning it on. The hot air embraced her feet as he moved the hairdryer around them, stroking and massaging one foot with his free hand and then the other.


He looked up at her and she gave him a weak, tired smile, which he responded with another warm smile.

He asked her in Valyrian if she was feeling better over the loud sound of the hairdryer.

“Yes,” she said, shutting her eyes. “But keep going, please. Don’t stop.”

He kept on massaging her feet and pointing the hairdryer at them, passing it over her bare legs as well, making her feel a bit less shitty.

She would have loved to keep on going for hours, but he had to get some rest as well. So she told him it was enough and he turned off the hairdryer. He walked to his bureau and took out a pair of thick socks, pants and a shirt of his for her.
“Ooooh, perfect,” she grinned. “Thank you so much.”

She hadn’t left her pajamas in his flat like she did other times. Sometimes she just wore a t-shirt or a sweatshirt of his and it was enough, but tonight, she needed to cover every inch of herself. She sat up as he handed her the clothes. She took off her blouse and bra and put on his shirt.

“You know what? A jumper too,” he said, and handed her a one, which she put on straight away. Then, she put on his pants, which looked baggy and long in her, stretching her legs to pull the hem up to her belly. She put on one sock while he grabbed her other foot to put on the other one.

“Okay.” He caressed her knee. “Get some rest now. Are you still cold?”

She nodded. He stood up and turned the heater on. She hummed in delight, as a ‘thank you’ sound, yet asked him, “Aren’t you gonna suffocate with the heater on? Cause you’re not as cold as I am.”

“I’ll be fine. I just don’t want you to wake up with a fever or a cold.”

She smiled and nodded at him. She knew she would most probably do so, anyway.

“Alright, what else?” he thought out loud, tapping his thighs with his hands. He pointed at her and said, “a hot cup of tea to warm you up.”

Dany shook her head. “We should get some sleep. I’ll warm up soon, don’t worry.”

Her eyelids felt heavy, she didn’t even check what time it was, but it was probably past four. With her eyes half open, she watched him as he took off his shirt, pulled his belt out of his pants and lowered them to the floor. He took off his underwear and changed into more comfortable boxer shorts. He turned off the lights, leaving on the lamp on his nightstand. He lay down under the covers on the side of his body, with his elbow on the mattress and his head on his hand, watching her beside him.

“I love you,” she smiled at him, her eyes barely open. “What an awful day. I feel like shit.” He caressed her head, moving the locks of hair she had on her forehead with his thumb. “My head hurts... I hope I don’t get sick.”

He laid his head on the pillow, right next to her face, placed an arm across her chest, folding it up to touch her head with his fingers. He pressed two kisses on her cheek.

She held his arm and stroked it with her thumb. Her body still felt too cold and uncomfortable. She turned to her side, her back to him, and pulled the arm that was still hugging her, as a way of asking him to come closer to her. He closed the space between them, pressing his chest against her back and hugging her close.

“Are you warmer now?” he whispered.

“Not much,” she replied in a tiny voice, pressing her hands between her thighs.

He pressed a kiss on her head, and then another one, while carding his fingers through her hair.

“Well, if you want to…” he said in a quiet voice, “we could have sex so you can get a bit warmer?”

She hummed, her eyes shut fiercely. “I’m not feeling too well. My entire body hurts. I still feel my legs ice cold and my head hurts terribly. I don’t think I can.”

“Okay, yeah, it was just an idea.”
She turned her head and kissed his lips slowly. “Thank you, though. Much appreciated.” He chuckled and hugged her tightly by the abdomen.

She was starting to tremble despite all his efforts to keep her warm. Her body still ached—her head, shoulders, legs, all the way down to her feet. She would only get worse. But despite it all, deep inside, she was relieved: to be in his flat, to be alone with him cuddling in the stillness, to be at home. That feeling undermined the others: she felt at home with Jon as he hugged her on a mattress on his bedroom floor with the heater on—even though the room would get too hot for him. She reached for his hand, which held her abdomen, and squeezed his finger. She loved him so much, in a way she had never loved anything nor anyone else.

Wasn’t he always like this with her? She remembered, for instance, all the times he took care of her when she had menstrual cramps. Yet she remembered, specifically, that time she had met his boss, whose beauty and similar interests to hers had struck her, and had wondered how it would be to date him instead. She remembered how those thoughts had vanished when she remembered how much she and Jon loved one another as they took care of each other. It was exactly that what had made her realize she was sure she wanted him and no one else. Menstrual cramps, his depression about his parents, when her brother went to rehab, when his brother got kicked out of school, when he ingested lactose and had nights full of farts and tummy aches: those moments reminded her of how human beings needed one another to survive, how there were times like these when, on their own, they were vulnerable. Sometimes she needed help, sometimes he needed help, and whoever’s turn it was, they helped the other to get back up and go on. That help, that company didn’t necessarily have to be a partner, though. It was the same way with her mother or with her closest friends. The strength of their love, any type of love, was what drove them to be that caring, that attentive with one another.

She thought about that philosopher Jon had told her about years ago, whatever his name was, who said that human beings were happier in a small hut with people they loved than in a huge mansion but alone. Even after having an awful day, she was happy lying with him like this in a tiny flat, on a mattress on the floor. Whoever that philosopher was, he was right. Jon was who she came back to after a hard day or a happy day or a sick day. Jon was home.

“Jon,” she said quietly, pressing his fingers.

“Hm?”

“The day after I finish school, literally, the day after my last final exam,” she said. “I’ll move in with you.”

“Alright,” he whispered. “Whenever you want.”

Chapter End Notes

OMG they’re finally gonna live togeeeetthhhheeeer! <3
So, this shit happened to me just a bit ago, the almost 3km walk at like 4am under the rain in coldass Amsterdam freezing myself and stepping into a puddle with thin sneakers walking back from a party with my friends and wanting to D I E, but at least dany had jon here to take care of her. I had to hairdry my feet on my own lmao.
Opinions, suggestions, criticism, recommendations, more ideas, anything is welcome in the comment section! Cheers!

PD: Come on, Dany. Epicurus was the name of the philosopher.
Rhaegar had called Dany that morning with news she had no idea could liven her up this much: Elia was pregnant. They had been trying for years to have a baby and they were finally able to do so. This would be the first baby in the family.

"You know," Dany told Jon as she tried to braid the hair on the back of his head. He was sitting cross-legged on the couch with his back to her. "We're gonna eat out this weekend at Dragonstone to celebrate the good news with my family. Perhaps I could tell my mother there the news that we're gonna live together, as she'll be in such a good mood."

"I think that's a great idea-ouch!" he exclaimed as she pulled his hair. "I don't think I can go, though, I gotta buy some clothes for my first day of work on Monday."

“You're gonna do great in that internship, Jon,” Dany said. “It was clear professor Rayder would take you in after seeing how hardworking you were with his book.”

“Yes, I-ouch!” he exclaimed again. “I didn’t think I would end up doing an internship in a law firm…but it will be alright, I guess. At least I’ll make some moneeeeey!” he sang, making her laugh. “And then when you graduate and work too…we’ll be rich!”

“And we’ll pimp up our house,” she grinned.

“And we’ll pimp up our house!” he laughed. “We’ll buy a base for the bed, a super cool couch, we’ll clap and the lights will turn on.”

She laughed out loud and tied the bottom of the small braid when it was done. She hugged him from behind, pressing his chest with her hands.

“Is it done now?” he asked, touching the back of his head.

“Yes,” she said, and grabbed her phone to take a picture.

She showed it to him and he laughed out loud. “It is ridiculous! So small!”

“I know,” she laughed. “You still have relatively short hair for a braid.” He dropped his head back again and kissed her jaw. “Anyway,” Dany said. “We were talking about our house. If this could be called a house.”

Jon turned his body to face her. “We should buy equipment to make desserts together. Like a mixer and all that stuff.”

She grinned and leaned in to press a kiss on his lips. “Well, about that…I have to tell you something.”

He kissed her back, holding her hips, and said, “What?”

“Well,” she said, as he leaned in closer to her to kiss her neck and she held his hair. “These might not be such good news as we’re going to cook and eat together always now…I think I’m gonna become a vegan.”
“What?!?” he raised his head.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

She sighed, “So many reasons…animal cruelty, environmental pollution, all the hormones injected in the animals for their rapid growth and reproduction that we ingest later when we eat them…and big corporations profiting from people’s illnesses…I’ve been reading a bit about it for a while.”

Jon sighed. “So, no meat, no eggs? What else?”

“No cheese, nothing that comes from animals.”

“Grocery shopping won’t be too easy.”

She held his hand between them. “You can still eat whatever you want. if I need anything different I’ll go get it myself.”

“Well, at least I’m not gonna be the only one now who doesn’t take in lactose.” She chuckled and he smiled back, kissing her once again. Yet despite how she was radiating joy from the news of a baby, she couldn't deny she was worried about what her mother would say about moving in with Jon. Rhaella had been clear to her that she shouldn't rush the relationship, that she should always be careful because of how her relationship with Aerys had started out well and hell had broken lose later. Yet Jon wasn't Aerys in any way.

At Dragonstone, after eating out with her family, Dany went back home with her mother. They were both in a good mood from the news of a baby on the way, so this was the moment to tell her mother she was going to live with Jon. She put on her pajamas and walked up to her mother’s bedroom, where she was sitting on her bed under the covers with her feet up the mattress, reading a book with her glasses on. Dany took a deep breath and pressed her hands on the sides of her thighs as she walked in.

She sat at her mother’s feet on the edge of the bed, and without hesitating more, she said, “Mum, I’m gonna move in with Jon.”

Rhaella looked up at her and closed her book.

“With Jon? In his flat?” She took off her glasses.

“Yes, mum.”

“You’re twenty-three.”

“I know, but…”

“And I thought you would come back to Dragonstone for a while after graduating,” her mother frowned.

“I’ll come over on the weekends, seriously,” Dany said, placing a hand on Rhaella's legs.

“This is serious stuff, Dany,” Rhaella sat up straight.

“I know, mum,” Dany said, “I’ve thought about it a lot. I know this is the right thing to do. Plus, the rent's cheaper than many other places I could find…I’d have to pay two hundred and forty bucks a
“Oh, so you’re doing for the rent?” her mother asked in a sarcastic tone.

Dany sighed. “Mum…we’ve thought this through a lot. I know I want to live with Jon.”

Rhaella put her hands together in front of her stomach. “This is serious. If you two have problems, you know it will be extremely difficult to break up?”

“We won’t break up.”

Rhaella sighed with a frown. “How can you be so sure?”

“We’re starting our life together. We’re sure we want to be together.”

Rhaella held the space between her eyebrows. “I don’t want you to be stuck with a man you don’t love.”

“I love him, mum. That won’t happen.”

“Well, I used to love your father too.”

“He’s not my father.”

“I know. But you need a good amount of time to get to know someone completely well…”

“It’s not just about…time,” Dany said. “It’s about everything we’ve been through together these years. We know each other so well. Mum, I am sure about this.”

Her mother pursed her lips, looking down. “What about your master’s? Are you still thinking about grad school?”

Dany nodded. “Yes, but…I need some time before going back to school. It has consumed me so much these years.”

“And instead you want to do what?”

“Find an internship and work! Get some experience, some more money to pay the rent and my own expenses. You know King’s Landing is the best place for it, mum. I will come to Dragonstone to visit you often. It’s not like we’re on opposite sides of Westeros.”

“Are you looking for an internship already?”

“Yes! Yes, mum. And Jon’s dad, he sent my CV to the central bank! He has friends there.”

Rhaella leaned in towards her and hugged her, Dany hugged her tighter, hoping this could be a good sign.

“You’re growing up so fast, my love,” Rhaella said, letting the embrace go. “When you were born, I promised myself you would never have a life like mine. Both your brothers and I, we’ve done our best to give you the best life we could. Oh dear, Jon is so good to you. Jon is a complete gentleman…”

“But?” Dany asked.

“But this is so serious. You’ll be living under the same roof, sharing your things, sharing your whole
life.” She sighed. “I’m worried, my dear.”

Dany held her hands. “No, why are you worried? Am I gonna find a better guy than Jon? Ever?”

Rhaella rubbed Dany’s hands with her thumbs. Dany stared at her. Rhaella's shoulders rose and fell as she sighed.

“Are you sure he’ll be good to you always? That he’ll always take care of you and put you first?”

“Yes, mum.”

“Are you sure he’ll never raise a hand to you?”

“Never,” Dany shook her head. “No. You know him, mum. He is so gentle, so calm and centered. You have to trust him. He loves me so much.”

Rhaella let go of Dany’s hands and sat back against her pillows, rubbing her eyes, “I would have loved it for you to come to Dragonstone,” she let her hands fall on her lap and said, “I miss you.”

Dany crawled next to her on the bed and hugged her by the neck, “I miss you too.” Her mother rubbed with her thumb the arm that hugged her. “But I have to be at King’s Landing. I’ll work there and then I will do my master’s there. Same for Jon. I will come more often. Now that I’ll finish my bachelors I’ll come over more often during the weekends, alright? But I just can’t leave it all and come here with you.” Rhaella stayed silent, holding Dany’s arm. “And when the baby is born,” Dany continued, “I’ll be here every time I can. I’ll come every weekend to visit.”

Rhaella dried her tears with the back of her hand and Dany hugged her tighter.

“You’re growing up,” her mother said softly. Dany hummed, agreeing. “Why is the place that cheap?” Rhaella asked with a slightly broken voice.

“It’s…a very small place,” she replied.

“I don’t want you to live in a matchbox either. I’ve worked hard all my life to give you a good quality of life, I don’t want you to live in any terrible place just because it’s cheap.”

“It’s actually super pretty, mum. We have everything we need there, it’s very illuminated...you’re gonna love it. I’ll send you pictures.”

Again, silence. They lay together for a while, breathing quietly.

“Does it have a parking spot?” she suddenly asked.

“Yes, outside on the street.”

“Okay,” she replied. “Send me the address now. I need to know where you’ll live.”

“Okay!” Dany said, sitting up. “Sure, sure.”

“And I’ll go visit you any weekend to see how you’re living.”

“Yes! That’s fine! Thank you, mum! Thank you!”

“And Dany...I’m not done yet, come here,” her mother held her hands again and looked at her straight in the eyes. “Dany, for the love of god, never forget to use protection.”
“I never do, mum, it’s alright.”

“Are you still taking birth control?”

Dany nodded.

“You never forget to do so?”

“No, mum. I have an alarm for it.”

She nodded. “And Daenerys... promise me you’ll leave him if things get bad. You have a place here in Dragonstone where you can always come. Don’t feel stuck there just because you live there.”

“I don’t think that'll ever happen,” Dany replied, letting go of her mother’s hands. “But yes, I promise.”

Her mother looked at her and smiled. “At least you are an independent woman, you’ll make your own money, so economically you won’t be tied to him.”

Dany nodded. “I’ll be okay.”

Her mother leaned in and kissed her forehead. “I love you.”

“I love you too, mum.”

“Tell Rhaegar,” she told her.

Dany sighed. “Yeah, I’ll tell him. Tomorrow maybe.”

“He’ll want to talk to you about this, I’m sure. Things did not end too well when he lived with his ex-girlfriend.”

She exhaled. She knew this type of talks with Rhaegar were eternal.

“Okay,” Rhaegar sat in the living room. “Sit down, we’re gonna have to talk about this.”

She sighed, letting herself fall on the couch opposite from him. “Do we have to?”

“Yes, Dany, the voice of experience has to talk. I’ve lived with two women. The first time was a mess, but at least I learned how to choose better and how to know when Elia and I were ready to move in together.” Dany nodded. “You find out a lot of things when you live with someone,” Rhaegar said, resting his elbows on his knees, while his hands hung down. “Many things which you won’t like. How clean and organized they are, how lazy they are, how patient you both are with the other.

“They might have some habits you didn’t know before or didn’t really care about, but now that you’re living together, everything counts. From who cooks when, who washes the dishes, who cleans the floor and who makes the bed, to who doesn’t want to have sex as much or who poops for half an hour in the mornings and doesn’t let the other shower before work.”

Dany laughed, covering her face.

“I’m serious,” Rhaegar laughed too. “All these things create conflict, many tiny conflicts, and you’ll
have to learn how to handle them. You’re moving in because you guys want to see how it is to have a life together, I guess.” Dany nodded. “And also because of the sex, of course,” he said. Dany rolled her eyes, refusing to answer that. “Don’t roll your eyes at me, you can’t lie to me. One of the biggest reasons is to be able to have sex every day.” She exhaled, but didn’t interrupt him. “But don’t do it just because of that. Those aren’t good enough reasons. My point is, don’t have lower standards than what you would have to get married. You have to be absolutely sure, otherwise, you’ll be locked in there. One of you could want to end the relationship but moving out and separating the furniture, leaving and finding a new place and moving all the stuff, is such a big cost in terms of time, money and effort, that many couples choose to stay in to avoid all that trouble. Then they end up getting married because it’s still easier than to go through all the trouble of the break-up, splitting stuff and moving out.

“So, it must be a big commitment from both of you. You both must be committed as if you’re gonna get married. So, that’s what worries me. That’s why I want to talk to you about this.”

She nodded. “Yes. I’m sure about this and we’re both committed. He’s been asking me to move in for a while now, and I asked him for more time. He waited for me to be ready. So I’ve really thought it through. If I hadn’t, I would have moved in when he first asked me to a year ago, but I didn’t.” Rhaegar nodded. “I’m not just moving in for the sex. He already lives on his own, we can have all the sex we want without living together,” she said, uncomfortable about saying that to her brother. “This is so much more, we’re starting our life together, you know?”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure. I love him so much. He is so good, Rhaegar.”

“Enough to marry him?”

“Yes,” she replied without hesitation, feeling funny about saying it out loud. Saying it out loud was a reassurance of its truth.

Jon sat on his underwear, cross-legged behind her on the mattress, holding three strands of her hair and trying to make a braid. She had just arrived home from Dragonstone, and before Sunday ended and another week started, they wanted to have a bit of fun. She was wearing only her panties, and had put on a YouTube tutorial in her laptop next to them. After watching it a couple of times, he was determined to make a braid successfully.

“I don’t think you’re doing it right,” Dany told him as he pulled her hair, confused.

“I think I’ll try again,” he said, letting go of the strands of hair and combing it down with his fingers. “So, overall, the general feeling,” Jon continued, passing one strand of hair above another one. “They’re fine with it.”

“They didn’t love the idea, they say I’m still pretty young,” Dany answered. “But they trust you a lot, you know?”

“I’m happy they do,” he said, passing another strand of hair above another one. “Let’s go to Winterfell to tell my parents, come with me next weekend.”

She hesitated. “I…don’t know if I should be there when you tell your parents…”

“Why?”

She sighed. “Your mum…she doesn’t like me much.”
He stayed silent, stopped moving her hair and said, “I mean…”

“You can’t deny it,” she said.

He started moving the strands of hair again and said, “She’s just a bit special, but… I don’t know, I think I’d be less nervous if I’m there with you.”

“I don’t know, Jon,” she replied.

He didn't insist, though, and the conversation died.

After a while, he exclaimed, “Oh my god! Yes!” as he started braiding her hair more fluently.

“Is it going good?” she grinned.

“Yes! Oh my god!” he exclaimed. “This is so much easier than I thought! It’s so fun!”

Dany laughed and handed him a hair tie. He took it, tied her hair, and grabbed her head from both sides to plant a kiss on top of it. He took a picture and showed it to her.

“Not bad!” she smiled. “A bit messy, but it’s nice for a noob!”

She dropped her head back with a grin and he responded by lowering his head and giving her several, short kisses. Placing his feet on the mattress and his knees up, he moved closed the space between them and held her stomach. She smiled as she pushed her tongue into his mouth, holding one knee of his with one hand and his hand on her stomach with the other. As they deepened the kiss, she lowered her hand from his knee down his hairy thigh, stroking it softly.

The kiss continued as she sat back against his warm body, raising her hand to touch and scratch his neck softly with her fingertips. It went on until she forgot about announcing the news to his parents. Her fingers abandoned his neck to travel lower to touch herself, and started moving quickly up and down her clit. Jon tasted her with his eyes closed, only noticing how she touched herself a while later. He replaced her hand with his and with his other hand held one of her breasts, passing a thumb over her nipple.

While her back was still to him, she took off her panties and kneeled to sit on top of his cock as he lay down on the mattress. He moaned. She started moving and leaned forward to grab his legs for balance as she moved her arse up and down and he watched how his cock disappeared inside her and then appeared once more.

He squeezed both her buttocks with his hands. She moaned every time he went back inside, holding his legs hard.

“Dany,” he moaned. “I think your ass is growing.”

She laughed. “From doing this too much, maybe?”

He laughed, opening her buttocks apart, as if wanting to watch every detail.

So, as usual, the week ended with them in bed together, just as they liked to start their Mondays together in the same way. She got off his cock to move her body to face him and kiss him as she lowered herself on it again.

“Can we just…” Jon breathed with his eyes closed, “have sex…always?” She laughed, quickening the pace, making him moan more. “If I go to Winterfell on my own next weekend, it would be three
days of abstinence,” he told her, pressing her arse down every time she went in. “Are you sure you can survive?”

“We’ve gone through much longer periods of no sex during the holidays,” she laughed, her arms at either side of his head.

“Let’s have some quiet, sneaky sex at night at Winterfell.”

“With everyone there?”

He held her from the lower back and turned both their bodies, placing himself now on top of her, making her laugh. He lifted her leg up against his waist and went in again, looking down at her with an arm above her head. She moaned quicker now, with shorter moans, as did he.

“Don’t you want me to keep fucking you like this next weekend?” he asked her with a smile.

She only nodded, and he lowered his head to give her a full kiss on the lips.

And just as he promised, they lay on his bed at Winterfell the following Friday after everyone had said goodnight. She stood on her fours on top of him with her hands and knees on either side of his body, grinning with her hair falling down on the sides of his face. They had arrived a few hours before, so they had decided Jon would tell his parents the news the following day, maybe after cooking dinner for the family to get their parents in a good mood, especially his mother.

They kissed slowly, opening and closing their clashing mouths. He snaked his hand under her pajama t-shirt, grabbing one of her breasts and squeezing it, making her shudder and holding back a moan, as they had to be extremely quiet tonight. He stroked her back all the way down, arriving at her hips and grabbing the hem of her pants to lower them to the level of her knees. He held her and placed her down on the mattress. He lowered his shorts as they kept on kissing. He took his cock out in his hand and stroked her cunt with it.

She laughed, opening her legs wide. “Put it in.”

He chuckled and kept on moving it against her clít, increasing her arousal even more. He moved the tip up and down against it, while they both watched and chuckled.

“Put it in!” She lowered her hand to take a hold of his cock but he moved it quickly. She held his wrist and said, “Come on,” she laughed, “put it in now, put it in.”

“Jon, can you help me with my phon-” Cat’s voice made them turn their heads to the door. She was standing at the frame with her hand on the doorknob, silent and with wide eyes. She only shut the door hard, and Jon adjusted his shorts and stood up, cursing.

“Mum!” he said.

“Jon,” Dany said, lying down on her back, “Leave it.”

Jon opened the door and ran to the corridor. Dany pressed her hands on her face. This was the worst embarrassment she had ever felt.

“Jon, what is wrong with you?” Cat said. Dany could hear her from the room.

“Sorry,” Jon said, “I should have locked the door. But you really oughtta knock.”

Cat laughed sarcastically. “This is my house and you’re not gonna do these things with your
girlfriend here. It could have been Bran…or even Rickon instead of me!”

“I know, I know.”

“No, you know what? I don’t want her to sleep in your room anymore, next time she’ll sleep in the empty room upstairs.”

“You can’t do that! We’re both adults and she’s my girlfriend,” Jon raised his voice.

Dany stood up. This was not a good time to have an argument with his mother if they were going to tell his parents the following day that they were moving in together.

“This is my house so whether you’re of age or not you must still follow my rules.”

Dany walked out to meet them in the corridor. “Jon.” She held him by the arm from behind. Cat stared at her.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Stark. We should have locked the door. It won’t happen again,” she said, unable to make eye contact with her. She pulled Jon to go back into his room and said, “We’re going to sleep now.”

They entered his room as Cat said, “To sleep!”

Jon closed the door behind him and rested the back of his head on it, shutting his eyes. Dany threw herself on the bed and roared against the pillow. Cat didn’t like her before and this would only make it worse.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to look at your mother in the eye ever again,” Dany told Jon the next morning, while she sat at his desk with her laptop and he put his shirt on. He sighed, standing behind her. He held her loose hair and pulled it behind her shoulders.

“I’ll tell them another day that we’re gonna live together,” he said. “I don’t think now’s the right time.”

“Yeah,” Dany said, and dropped her head back for him to lean down and kiss her lips. He did so and caressed both her shoulders.

They went downstairs to get breakfast. Dany hoped they would not have to sit down to eat with his parents. Bran, Rickon, and Arya were sitting at the table in the garden having milk and cereal. The sound of the mixer came out of the kitchen and Dany’s stomach turned. She stopped, she didn’t even want to walk in if Cat was there. Jon turned to her and pulled her softly by the fingers to enter. She breathed and started walking, relieved to see Sansa in the kitchen using the mixer.

“Good morning,” she told them as they walked in. She was wearing pajamas and her hair up in a bun. “Do you guys want some strawberry smoothie?”

“Um,” Dany said, looking around to see if Cat was anywhere near. “No, thanks, I’m fine.”

“My mum is not around, by the way,” said Sansa. “She’s out buying some bread with dad.”

“Why…why do you say so?” Jon asked.

Sansa looked at him and smiled. “Well, I heard her calling you out last night. You guys were talking a bit loud in the corridor.”
Jon dropped his head back. “Oh my god.”

Sansa laughed. “How embarrassing was it?”

“Terribly,” Jon said.

“The worst,” Dany said.

“I feel sorry for you, guys,” Sansa laughed, pouring her smoothie into a cup.

Ned and Cat arrived. Jon and Dany had to sit with them at the table to have breakfast with Robb and Sansa as well. It was quiet, Cat almost didn’t speak. Sansa tried to talk a bit more, aware of the tension.

“So, you’re a vegan now?” Sansa asked Dany.

“Yeah,” Dany smiled.

“Is it difficult?” Robb asked.

“Not that much,” she replied. “I just have to know well how to eat a balanced diet, with enough protein and all that.”

Robb nodded. Every conversation died easily. After breakfast, Dany didn’t even want to get out of Jon’s room. She wanted the weekend to be over or to just take the first train back to King’s Landing.

“This is such a good recipe for tomato soup,” Dany told Cat while she stirred with a wooden spoon the soup she was cooking. Jon stood beside them cutting loaves of bread. She hadn’t expected Cat to get into the kitchen with them as they were cooking together.

“It needs more pepper,” Cat said, standing next to Dany and staring down at the soup.

“No, it’s…okay like this,” Dany replied. “Really.”

“Jon, it’s your turn to play!” Bran called him.

“I’m coming!” Jon said. “Be right back,” he told them, and walked out the kitchen.

Dany kept on turning the soup with the spoon and Cat turned the heat up.

“No,” Dany turned it down again, “it has to cook slowly.”

“Well, it’s too slow.”

“This is my grandma’s recipe and it has always cooked well in a four,” she insisted.

Cat stared at it, Dany was sure she was thinking about more things to say about it. Dany poured salt into the pan and Cat hummed. “Too much salt.”

“It’s fine.” Dany swallowed hard, trying her best not to lose her temper.

“I don’t think it will taste that good with all this salt.”

“Well, Jon loves it like that.”

Cat turned to stare at her. “I’ve fed Jon his whole life, I know very well what he likes.”
“Okay,” Dany said, and put the lid on top of the pan. “Tell me. Why are you like this with me?”

Cat’s silence evidenced Dany had caught her off guard. Actually, Dany had even caught herself off guard.

“Daenerys, I…”

“Don’t deny it. It’s been three years and you still don’t like me. And don’t stay it’s about last night. From the day we met, you have never treated me like part of the family. You’ve never been half as kind to me as my mother has always been to Jon. Have I done something wrong?” Cat frowned with a confused expression. “What is it?” Dany kept talking, annoyed and a bit worried about her lack of response. “Am I not good enough for Jon?”

“It’s not that, I…it’s complicated.”

“I love Jon,” Dany said in a softer voice.

Cat nodded. “It’s always complicated for a mother, you know.”

“He’s is an adult now, though.”

“Yes, yes, but…I will always want the best for him…”

“Am I not?” Dany asked. “The best for him?” Cat stayed silent. It felt like a punch in the stomach. “Well, things must change between you and me,” Dany said. “And I’m willing to work hard to get along with you, because as much as I love him, he loves me, and at least let’s do it for him, as he loves us both.”

Cat broke Dany’s gaze and turned her body to open the lid and look at the soup. “I’m his mother. It’s not like you’re his…wife, you’re just a girlfriend.”

Her fist clenched and she pressed her lips to keep herself from raising her voice, from shouting at her in anger. Did she really see her as ‘just a girlfriend?’ She fought to keep her comeback to herself as it struggled to slink out…yet she failed.

“We’re moving in together,” she said.

“You what?”

“It was a matter of time. They’ve been together for a while,” Ned told Cat as he crossed his arms, sitting on a couch in their bedroom. Jon was alone with them.

“Are you sure about this?” Cat asked Jon with sad eyes.

“Absolutely,” Jon replied, sitting on the edge of their bed.

“This is a big decision, Jon,” Ned said.

“I know.”

Cat pursed her lips and crossed her arms, standing before him. “So, she’s just gonna waltz into the flat we’re paying for you and start living there?”

Jon rolled his eyes. “We’re obviously gonna pay half-half, and you guys aren’t paying one hundred percent, I also pay a bit and I’ve just been accepted into an internship.”
“Jon, you’re still so young! You’re twenty-four! Why do you want to move together now?” Cat asked.

“She’s not pregnant, is she?” Ned asked.

“No! No, she’s not.”

“Then, why, Jon?” Cat asked.

“We want to start our life together and we don’t see why we should still be living separately in the same city. We spend so much time together anyway. I’m sure about it, we’re both sure.”

“But how can you be so sure that she’s the one for you?”

“Mum, I really really love her. I see myself having a family with her.” His mother only stared at him. Why couldn’t she appreciate Dany as the rest of his family did? “She’s such a good person, mum. She’s so good. You’ve just never given her the opportunity to show it to you. You haven’t cared at all about getting to know her better. All my brothers and sisters have except for you.”

“That’s not true,” she replied.

“It is. They all love her! But you…” he sighed. “You have to trust me. Our relationship is…serious, we know we want this for the long run. You have to give her a chance and notice all the good things about her.”

Cat stayed silent, and walked over to Ned to sit next to him.

“She’s a good girl, Cat,” Ned said. Jon exhaled by hearing him say so,

“And what are these things you say I haven’t noticed about her?” she asked Jon.

“Her good heart, for one, how caring she is about others. How cheerful she is, despite everything that’s happened in her life. How much she loves me and how much she cares about me…how supportive she’s always been with me and with my problems and flaws…how she’s helped me with my anxiety and…haven’t you even noticed that I’m so much better talking now than I was before?”

“Well, she did teach you how to talk back to your parents,” Cat said.

Jon groaned. “Mum!”

“You’ve grown up Jon, that’s what happened. You can express yourself better because…you’re more mature now."

“Mum, stop seeing the negative side of everything! I’m telling you how she’s helped me and you’re not even listening.”

“Oh okay,” Cat said. “Okay, sorry. I’m listening.”

“Cat, Daenerys is a good girl,” Ned told her. “I’d rather Jon live with her than with someone else.”

“You’re just kids,” she told Jon.

“She’s graduating soon, we’ll both be working…we’re not kids anymore.”

“How can you know it will work out?” she asked him.
“There’s no reason for it not to,” Jon said. Cat rested her elbow on the side of the couch and pressed the space between her eyebrows. “This is it, mum.” Jon tried to sound softer now. “As soon as she finishes school, she’ll move in and we’ll both do our internships in King’s Landing.”

Dany held Jon’s torso as she lay next to him in his bed, unable to fall asleep, the long and deep breaths she felt under her arm evidenced he had been asleep for a while. As a broken video, the image of Cat telling her ‘you’re just his girlfriend’ played in her mind over and over again.

She got up, put her slippers on, and walked downstairs in the dark to pour herself a glass of water, as if it were a solution to quiet down her loud thoughts. She was crossing the dark living room to get to the kitchen when she noticed, through the glass wall that separated the living room and the garden, someone sitting outside at the table in the garden. It was Cat, with a mug next to her on the table and an arm hanging down, petting Ghost. Dany took a deep breath and slid the door open. Cat jerked as she turned around with a gasp. “You scared me.”

“Sorry. Everything all right?” Dany asked calmly.

“I can’t sleep.”

Dany sat down, on the other side of the table, yet Cat's gaze was locked on the wall at the other side of the garden. Dany put her hands together. Despite how terrifying it seemed to talk to Cat, she knew it was necessary.

“I understand you’re a bit worried about Jon and I living together,” she said softly. “My mum was too when I told her. But Jon and I have really thought this through. There’s no need to worry.”

“Jon…” Cat replied in a low voice. “You know, when I look at my children, I truly think he is the one Ned and I raised the best.” She paused, looking across the garden before her. “When we took him in, we promised to give him the best life we could.” Dany nodded silently. “I don’t want to be the evil one in the story, Daenerys.”

“And I don’t want us to have a conflict for the rest of our lives. Cat, I love him,” she dared to call her by her name. “I would never do anything to hurt him. I’ve never cared this much about anyone’s… happiness.”

“Dear Lord, I hope that’s true,” Cat exhaled and took a sip of her cup of tea. “We’ve always wanted the best for him, always protected him and took care of him and loved him as our own son. Because he is our son. It’s not easy to let go of someone whom you’ve taken so much care of your whole life.”

“We will always come to visit, you’re not losing him. But he has to stay in King’s Landing for work, as do I. He grew up,” Dany paused. “And listen, I also think Jon is the one who you raised best, that’s why I think you should trust him. He wouldn’t just move in with any girl just because he likes her. He understands how serious this is and how sure he is that he loves me.”

Cat closed her hands around her mug, staring down at it.

“I don’t want him to ever get hurt,” Cat told her. “Don’t hurt him, Dany.”

“No,” Dany replied quickly. “No, I would never hurt him. No.” Yet how could Dany prove it to her? Dany breathed. She could do so by opening herself up to her. But if it was difficult to do so with people she trusted, it was even worse with someone with whom she didn't get along. “My mum was worried as well when I told her this. She’s always been quite protective of me, just like you with Jon. I mean, we’re your children. I get it,” she said. “Look…Has Jon ever told you about my
parents?"

“That your dad passed away when you were little?”

Cat clearly didn’t know. On one side, it was a relief—because Jon had kept a secret she didn't want others to know about—but on the other side, it was nerve-wracking to tell it herself. Yet this way she could prove to her that one, she would never take such an important step in a relationship without being completely sure about it—given her mother's inability to get out of an abusive one—and two, that she would never think about hurting her boyfriend in any way.

She beat her lower lip, not wanting to start but wanting to get over with it at the same time.

“My dad beat my mum,” said Dany. “And he beat the hell out of her.”

She told her how much her mother had suffered for years, how locked in she had felt in the relationship. An unhappy relationship was the last thing Dany wanted. Of course she knew Jon was not like her father at all, he was the complete opposite, but she knew how important this decision was. She knew choices like these carried huge risks. She knew a relationship was a commitment. Yet she and Jon knew one another too well. They knew and trusted the other entirely. And she knew she wanted to give Jon the complete opposite of what her parents had had. She knew she wanted the best for him and that she would never make him suffer.

“I want Jon to be happy. He’s been through so much this last couple of years,” Dany said. “And I’m not just moving in to spend more time with him. We want to have a life together, a family in the future.” Dany exhaled. “We’re a broken family, you know. One of my brothers never really overcame it, and he grew up lonely and unhappy. He's in rehab right now. However, maybe because I never experienced it directly and from the way my mother raised me I learned from it, I learned… that I want to live as different from it as possible.”

Dany hoped she was creating a bond with Cat, showing her that she was willing to trust her this much, enough to tell her something like this, because she wanted to be a part of this family for good. This way, she asked her to trust her back when it came to living with Jon.

“And Jon, they love him. They know he’s not like my dad. They know how good and gentle he is,” Dany said, noticing a small smile on Cat’s lips. “I will do my best for him.”

Ghost walked to Dany, placing his head on her lap. Dany smiled at him and pet his head, wondering if he could sense her feelings. Cat left her mug on the table between them.

“I’m sorry,” Cat sighed. “It’s so difficult for me to see him all grown now. And wanting to live with a girl…” Cat sighed, “I did not think it would be this quick.” Dany wanted to retort and say it was not quick, but she chose to stay silent. “All my life I’ve done so much to protect him, and now that he’s doing a life of his own…it feels like I’m missing something. And I have five other children, imagine that! He's just…he has a special place in my heart, for being the one we took in.”

“Please,” Dany said. “Give me a chance. I know protecting him has been one of your priorities in life, just like my family with me. But please, we’re gonna move in together now, and you and I need to get along.” Cat sighed, looking down at her hands. “And I don’t see a reason why we shouldn't do so.”

Cat turned to look at her and nodded.

Chapter End Notes
God cat is such a pain in the ass tbh.
opinions, suggestions, whatever you want is welcome in the comment section!
Birthday

Chapter Notes

cheers to my beta @arthurt! <3
hugs to longerclaw and allenefanfics for their help!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

She blinked and rubbed her eyes when her alarm woke her up. She was lying next to Jon on his mattress and had class at eleven. She looked up at him, awake and grinning at her.

“Happy birthday,” he chortled, caressing her head.

“Oh, right,” she replied, remembering what day it was. “Thank you.”

She held his naked chest and he leaned in to kiss her lips repeatedly.

“Let me bring your present,” he said quietly.

Dany hummed, complaining, “No, later,” she kissed him again. “Stay here for a while.”

She ran her hand over his chest but he broke from the kiss and said, “Come on, I’ve been waiting for so long to give this to you.”

She smiled, holding his bearded jaw as she pressed one last kiss to his lips, “Alright.”

She raised her arm to touch his naked body while he stood and then dropped it to the mattress.

He walked over to his closet, opened it and squatted down to grab a box with a bun on top. She sat up, gleeful, putting on a t-shirt of his which was tangled in the sheets. He stepped on the mattress again and sat cross-legged in front of her, placing the heavy box on his lap.

“Open it,” he smiled.

Dany grinned as she took the box, which was heavier than what she would have expected, and placed it on her legs.

“What did you get me?” she asked him as she took off the lid and moved all the colorful papers. “A stack of books!”

“I figured not having the school’s library at your disposition next year was going to drive you crazy,” he replied. “And thank god you had these books on your Amazon wish list, otherwise it would have been a little harder to look for ones that you could like.”

“Inequality and the 1%!” she exclaimed, “I’ve wanted to read this one for ages.” She took the book out of the box and looked at the one beneath it. “Mrs. Dalloway! Oh my god, you’re such a babe! The Vegan Cookbook!”

She left the books and the box on the mattress and he leaned in to kiss her, pressing his hands in fists on the mattress on either side of her, she grabbed his face with her hands and pressed loud kisses on
his mouth.

“But books are fucking expensive!” she said.

“I’m working now and I have extra income, don’t worry about that,” he smiled and kissed her nose. “Happy birthday, my darling.”

He tried to move but she pulled him back to her and sat up on her knees, hugging him by the neck and dropping him to the mattress. He laughed as he lay facing the roof and she curled her body against his head, her tummy pressing his face.

“Stop!” he laughed.

She laughed harder, “No!”

She lowered her body for her face to be at his level and stuck out her tongue to lick his mouth and nose, making him laugh. She made a mess of his hair with her hands.

“Let me make you breakfast!” he laughed.

“No!” she replied, pulling him to turn both their bodies in the mattress, hugging his waist with her leg to get him to be on top of her and hugging him down with her arms and legs. “I’m going to climb you like a tree!”

He laughed loudly, and while she had her face pressed to his, with her mouth inches from his, he said, “But I want to bring my girlfriend breakfast to bed!”

“I don’t care about that. Do that tomorrow,” she laughed while she hugged him by the neck, pulling his head next to hers. He kissed her cheek and bit her ear, making her laugh even more.

The rest of her day went on. She went to class, received phone calls from her family—even Viserys called her from rehab. He was getting better, according to her mother and himself. Such news felt like the best present she could receive that day.

At the end of the day, Jon took her out for dinner, but had insisted on rushing home as soon as they finished their meal. She thought he wanted to arrive quickly for sex, but when she hugged him from behind and tried to lower her hands under his belt as he searched for his keys to open his door, he only shook his head and let go of her. “In another moment, darling.”

“Come on,” she said, hugging him from the waist. “It’s my birthday.”

“Not now,” he replied, looking for his keys in his pockets. “Just not now.”

“Why? You were desperate to leave the restaurant and get here.”

“Because…I gotta…go to the bathroom, it’s urgent,” he said quickly as he tried to insert the key in the lock. “I gotta take a shit. Like, now.”

“Okay, okay,” she said. “I get it, no more details.”

He turned his keys to open the door while she ran her hands down his arms from behind. He stepped aside to let her in first. She stepped in and pressed the light switch at the wall.

“SURPRISE!” said a crowd of people she had not even seen in the dark. All her friends were there, fit like sardines in such a small place.
“Oh my god!” Dany exclaimed covering her hand, as Jon grinned and rested his arm on her shoulders.

People stood up to greet her and wish her a happy birthday. Arianne, Myrcella, Tormund, Grey Worm, Margaery, Missandei, almost twenty people were there.

Jon’s bedroom was open, and the mattress had been put up against the wall for people to hang out there as well. The kitchen counter and the table were filled with bottles and glasses, from champagne to gin, tequila, and rum.

Some people sat on the couch, some people sat on the four chairs they had around the table while others only drank and chatted standing up or leaning against the walls. Even Jon’s bedroom was crowded. She couldn’t believe how they had all managed to fit in such a small place.

“Happy birthdaaaaay!” said Margaery as she handed Dany a shot of tequila with lemon and salt. They put the salt on the side of their hands and drank a shot together, making a face as they licked the salt on their hand, swallowed the alcohol and sucked the lemon.

Greyworm approached them with another bottle of tequila, though, insisting it was much better. She gave in and he poured it in her mouth, yet his terrible pulse made a squirt fall to the ground. She was having such a fun night, celebrating with all her friends and chatting with people as she sat on Jon’s lap on the couch with her arm surrounding his shoulders. She danced with her friends, with Tormund, with Jon, holding his hand up in the air while their arms moved up and down and her other hand rested on his shoulder.

Yet, around midnight, Daario Naharis walked in with a smile and a six-pack of beers in his hands. He looked just like she remembered him: tall, handsome, with a dark beard and a dashing smile. It had been two years since they had met outside of the building where Jon wrote for The Western. She had forgotten him, and even if she had felt some hints of attraction towards him when she had met him, she had completely erased him from her memory in two years.

“You invited…your ex-boss?” Dany asked Jon.

“Yeah, I hadn’t seen him in a while, I figured I could invite some of my friends too if we’re doing something here, right?” he said.

“Y-yeah, yeah, sure,” she replied, not sure how she felt about the situation.

“I’m a bit late,” Daario said, and hugged her by the shoulders as if he were her friend. “Happy birthday.”

“Thank you,” she said, slightly uncomfortable about how familiar that had been. He carried a strong scent of alcohol, maybe he had been drinking elsewhere before.

Daario turned to Jon as they clashed their palms and hugged each other by the shoulders.

She felt a bit drunk and was starting to feel slightly nervous, remembering how attractive he had seemed to her two years ago. Unsure of what to do, she fled out of the scene and left him talking to Jon. She had not even heard about him in so long.

After a while, she walked over to the kitchen, dizzy, when she tripped and almost fell down but Daario held her arm.

"Whooaah," he chuckled. "Had too much to drink?"
"Sort of. Gotta enjoy my birthday," she tried to jest.

He leaned back against the kitchen counter and asked her, “So, how’s economics?”

“I’m about to finish my bachelors,” she replied, taking a bowl to put a bag of chips in it. “I’m applying for an internship now.”

“Nice,” he replied. “Where?”

“The central bank,” she said, focusing on the chips and avoiding his gaze. “What about you? How’s everything?”

“Wow, the central bank! I’m doing good, thanks, I’m working at The Guardian.”

Dany nodded. “Cool, good for you.”

He smiled. “Will you go to grad school?”

“Yeah,” she said. “I’ll do my masters next year.”

“Good. You should. You’re smart. You know a lot about your major, I remember.” Dany smiled, hoping the conversation would die soon. He looked around. “Jon has a nice place.”

“Yeah, it’s cozy,” she replied.

“Cozy,” he laughed. “It’s small, yes.”

Dany frowned, his words had struck her as slightly rude. So she said, “I’m moving in soon, when the semester’s over.”

His eyes widened. “Here?”

She nodded with a smile. He forced a smile back, and stayed silent for a moment.

“So, you’re gonna stay here in King’s Landing?”

“Yeah,” she put a chip in her mouth. “The central bank.”

“Oh, right,” he said. “Nice, are you more interested in monetary or fiscal policy?”

“F-fis, no, monetary,” she replied as her drunkness betrayed her.

He chuckled, clearly noticing she was drunk as well.

She was trying to balance her words by being nice but also cutting enough to make it clear she did not want anything with him. But apparently, she hadn’t been cutting enough. After more small talk, he closed the space between them. Dany turned to look at Jon as he chatted with other people sitting down.

“We should meet up sometime,” Daario told her. “And chat a bit like we used to. Would you like that?”

She turned to look at him, ‘Like we used to?’, she thought, it had only been a couple of times, and like two years ago.

“I haven’t seen you in a reeeeeally long time,” she chuckled.
Now she really wanted to get out of this situation. She turned to see Jon again, laughing with Grey Worm and Tormund walking to the door. He looked at her and she waved at him, telling him to come.

He walked up to them with a smile and kissed Dany on the side of her forehead, holding her waist. He said, “We’ll be right back. We’ll go get some beers and weed. Do you guys want anything?”

Daario shook his head, and Dany said, “No, I’m fine. Thank you,” and leaned in to kiss his lips.

“Okay, be right back,” Jon said, and left the flat with a couple of people.

Daario scratched his beard and looked around him. “How long have you been together?”

“Over three years,” she replied quickly. “And it’s going great.”

She hoped it was enough for him to not go any further and to not keep asking her out. She grabbed a glass and poured some water from the sink in it. But he seemed determined.

“Come have a drink with me,” he told her, “one day after work.”

Dany frowned, shrinking her eyes. “I just told you, Jon and I are moving together.”

"Just a drink, I'm not proposing anything else," he chuckled. "I used to enjoy...chatting with you, back then." She shook her head. “Dany, don’t kid yourself,” he half-smiled.

“What?” She was getting annoyed now.

“You know we both wanted it,” he smiled. And that smile who had seemed so confident and attractive to her at some point, only seemed arrogant and cocky now.

She turned to him. “Wanted what?”

“Did you go to the faculty so much earlier, before Jon came out, to what? Wait for him on your own? I liked being with you, and I know it was the other way around too.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” she asked. “Come here.”

She left her glass on the kitchen counter and walked out the door with him, afraid that anyone else would listen. She closed the door and stood in front of him in the dimly lit corridor.

“So, your plan was to come to my birthday, to Jon and I’s place, and try to get me to cheat on him?”

He dropped his head back and sighed, not saying a thing. When he looked back at her, she stared at him, waiting for a reply. But he only put a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

“Go out with me,” he said. “Once. Let’s go for a drink.”


“One time, just give me one shot,” he said, and put a hand on her waist.

“Don’t touch me,” she pushed his hand away. “Get out now.”

He stepped towards her again. “Let’s get out of here,” he whispered. "I'll bring you back quickly. No one will notice."
“You get out of here,” she replied.

She pushed him away. They had not even talked in such a long time. If he had a real interest in her, at least he would have texted her. But now that he was drunk, and that she was drunk, he wanted to get on with her.

“Dany…”

“Please, stop ruining my birthday and get the hell out of here,” she said fiercely.

“You have me on Facebook, talk to me whenever you want, alright?” he said.

“Ah, you’re right,” she said, taking her phone out of her pocket. “I do have you on Facebook.” She clicked on his profile and blocked him.

“What are you doing?” he frowned.

“Don’t contact me.” He tried to pull her phone from her hands but she whimpered as she pulled it harder. “Daario, can’t you get a no for an answer? Are you so used to everyone kissing your ass and never turning you down? Jon is my boyfriend!” she said. Tears threatened to fall down her cheeks, but she did her best to hold them back.

“What a bitch,” he said under his breath, giving up.

“Oh, I’m a bitch?!” she forced a laugh. “For not wanting to fuck you?”

“For leading me on,” he replied.

“Leading you on? Daario, that was two years ago, and I was just being nice!”

“Oh, come on!” he frowned. “You came over to the faculty to talk to me.”

“I went over to pick up Jon. And I stopped talking to you and never talked to you again because, guess what, I was not interested. Has anyone ever told you those words?” Daario clenched his jaw, staring at her. “You better get out now,” she warned. “Jon will come back at any moment.”

“I still can’t understand why you’re dating him,” he scoffed. “You’re too much for such a mediocre…”

She pulled him down by the neck of his shirt and punched him on the nose. He groaned. Her knuckles throbbed. She had not thought it would have hurt this much.

“You wish you could be half as good as he is,” she said. “And wasn’t I a bitch? And now you’re saying that I’m too much for him?” He shut his eyes hard in pain. “Jon liked you very much, you know?” she told him. “I hope he never hears what you think about him.” He remained silent, blood started falling out of one of his nostrils and he covered it with his forearm. “I pity the person who ends up with you.” She pushed the door open again. “Don’t talk to us ever again.”

“At least let me go back in to wash the blood off my nose,” he said, staring at the blood in the back of his arm.

“No.”

“There are no pharmacies open right now.”

“I don’t give two shits.”
They heard Jon’s voice as he walked up the stairs with his friends. Daario went down the stairs quickly, passing them by with his arm covering his nose.

“Daario?” Jon asked. “What’s up?”

But he only rushed out of the building.

Dany rushed back into the flat before Jon could see her and dodged everyone to lock herself in the bathroom. She stared at her face in the mirror and finally let the tears fall down her cheeks. They were tears of anger. She breathed and opened the sink to dampen her face and her throbbing knuckles. Was she really going to let a douchebag ruin her birthday night?

She heard cheers and laughs outside over the music. She didn't want to talk to anyone about it at the moment. She dried her face with the towel, breathed, and went back out.

“Dany!” her friends grinned, “Look what Jon just brought for you!”

A chocolate cake was on the table with candles that said '24'.

“It’s vegan,” Jon smiled.

She grinned and pressed a kiss on his lips.

“I bet it tastes like shit then,” Tormund said, making them laugh.

And despite her asking them not to do so, they all sang her 'Happy Birthday'. She couldn’t deny it was hilarious to hear drunk people singing it. She grinned while she stood in front of the cake, hugging Jon by the waist while he held her by the shoulders.

She leaned down towards the cake, blew off the candles, and felt two hands pushing the back of her head and pressing her face into the cake. She couldn't breathe for a while, but when she took her face out she shouted “Jon!” and he laughed and said, “It wasn’t me! I paid for that cake!”

She rubbed her face with her hand to take all the fudge and cake out of it, and noticed Grey Worm laughing behind her, so she lifted her hand and put cake all over his face, while everybody else kept on laughing loudly.

“Grey Worm!” she laughed. “You ruined my hair and my vegan cake!”

He kept on laughing, took a bit from his face with his finger and tried it. “It’s really good, though. Thank you.”

Her friends took her to the bathroom and helped her wash the bits of fudge and cake off her hair and the party started again. They sang, drank, and smoked some more, and without knowing, they were helping cheer Dany up. She would talk to Jon about it after everyone left.

Myrcella coughed as she smoked a joint they were passing around. “You sure you don’t want…” she coughed, “some?”


Myrcella nodded, still coughing, and passed the joint to Jon. He turned to Dany and said, “Don’t worry, I have more inside.”

She smiled and chuckled and he kissed her forehead, holding her by the waist.
It took long for everyone to finally leave, and as the effect of the alcohol was wearing off, she would talk to Jon about tonight’s incident.

“So, then I punched him in the nose,” she told him as she took off her clothes and stayed in her underwear while he sat at the table and rolled a joint for her. He opened his mouth in surprise.

“I can’t believe this,” he told her. “My ex-boss…wanted to fuck you?”

Dany nodded, standing next to him. “I know.”

He frowned, confused, “He seemed so nice, though.”

She scoffed. “He knows you’re my boyfriend, he knows I’m moving in soon and he still insisted so fucking much.”

Jon groaned and shook his head.

“You know, I…” she hesitated, “a couple of times when I went to pick you up to the journalism faculty…I met him up outside, you know? While I waited for you. And we chatted for a while…while I waited for you,” she repeated. “He was nice, you know? He never tried anything, though.”

Jon nodded as he listened to her, and handed her the joint when it was done and said, “Happy birthday.”

She smiled and took it in her hand while he lowered his head and kissed her bare thigh.

“Let’s go to bed,” he said, and stood up.

She walked behind him into the room, hesitating about what she was going to say. She sat down on the mattress and told him, “I’m not gonna lie, I did think he was…kinda cute. There was a bit of…physical attraction to him.”

“To Daario?” Jon asked.

Dany nodded, “I…it’s not like I wanted…” she swallowed. “I loved you then and I love you now. You know I’d never cheat on you, right?”

He nodded. “I know.”

“So, you’re not angry?” she asked, putting her pillows in a pile so she could sit up against them.

“What?”

“The fact that I used to think he was cute.”

He smiled and shook his head. He squatted next to her and placed his hand on her ribcage. “I’ve also thought other girls are cute, it’s fine.”

She smiled at him and nodded. Then she laughed, “Who are those bitches?”

He laughed and hummed. “Val from my Sociology class, super pretty and intelligent.” He took a lighter out of his pocket and lit up the joint in her hands. She coughed a bit when she inhaled the smoke, and he chuckled and stood up. “This girl Gilly from my theology class,” he continued, taking his shirt off, “She was gorgeous, but a bit stupid, to be honest.”
She laughed. “There are a lot of pretty people in the world. No one like you, though.”

He smiled at her. “No, no one like you.”

She was half sitting with her back against the pillows in the bed, with the joint between her fingers, inhaling the smoke. He took off his shoes and supported himself on his fours on the mattress, advancing towards her with his hands and knees.

“I swear, I’ll never cheat on you, Jon. I swear there was no way I would do it tonight, and not even back then when I saw Daario outside of your class. Not now and not ever.”

He smiled, sliding his hand into her hair slowly. “I believe you. You punched that fucker in the face, that is so hot.” She laughed and he pressed a kiss to her lips. He added, “I wish I had been there to see it. I would have had a boner.”

She laughed out loud and pushed his head down to kiss him, with her hands on the nape of his neck and the joint resting between her middle and index finger. He lowered the rest of his body over hers, and she opened her legs to allow him to rest his hips on hers. With a deeper kiss and his tongue inside her mouth, he pressed his bulge against her cunt, the thin fabric of their clothes was the only thing in between. What a relief it was to know that Jon didn’t mind about Daario. He clearly was not as insecure as he was before, not about himself nor their relationship.

Their mouths were open wide against one another, tasting everything they could. Dany took his face in her hand and gently pushed him away, putting the joint to his lips and making him chuckle. He took a hit and buried his face in her warm neck, smelling her scent over the scent of the weed and leaving hot, wet kisses with his lips and tongue all over it.

“You smell like chocolate,” he told her, making her laugh.

She arched her back for him to pass his hands underneath and unzip her bra. He took it off as she moved her arms to help him and left it beside them. He held one of her breasts with his hand while he kissed the other one.

She raised his head with her hand and put the joint between his lips once more. He inhaled and she finally left what remained of the joint over the grinder on the floor.

Jon kissed her mouth again, holding her face with one hand while his other hand traveled from her waist to her ribcage and his thumb caressed the lower part of her breast, making her moan softly. She hugged his neck as she deepened the slow but hungry kiss, and put her legs up against his waist, hugging him against her.

He started bucking his hips against hers, making her smile against his lips.

“Happy birthday,” he told her once more.

“It’s not my birthday anymore,” she chuckled.

“Still,” he said, “This counts as birthday sex.”

“Alright,” she grinned. “Then you’ll have to fuck me as I deserve it for my birthday.”

She passed her hand under his underwear, stroking his buttock. His hips bucked against hers again.

“Yeah,” he moaned. “I’m so…horny.”
“I love you,” she reminded him. "It was a lovely day. You're the best."

“I love you too,” he replied.

“There’s no one else in this whole damn planet I'd rather have,” Dany told him. “I swear.”

He hummed and kissed her neck. "I believe you. There's no one else I'd rather have either."

Chapter End Notes

This was a necessary chapter bc of the following reasons:
- Some ppl thought either 1. dany was gonna cheat on jon with daario at some point 2. dany still had feelings for him.
- I wanted to see a fierce dany punching fuckboys in the face.
- To show Jon's character development in how he took the situation: he's much more confident now.
- To show more loooooove

Next up: Dany moves in. And they have a lot of sex. YAAAAASSSS.
The time came!!! And the otp is moving in together! Credits to the lovely bloomsbury on tumblr for portraying this scene so damn beautifully in the fanart below!

PART I: THE MOVE

The warmth of such a sunny day in King’s Landing demanded to be spent at the beach. Dany pictured the scenario, yet realized that nothing else —not even a day swimming in the sea or lying in the sand— could possibly better than the present moment. She was parking her car at Jon’s door as he sat next to her, with all her suitcases and boxes in the trunk and backseat.

She had been counting the days for her final exams to be over and her thesis to be done. Their
masters programmes still lay ahead, but at least they would spend this year without the pressure of university, and they would spend it together.

Jon groaned as he carried a cardboard box full of her books up the stairs. He left it on the floor when he reached the second floor, pressing his fists on his lower back and bending it backward, grimacing. She was pulling a suitcase full of clothes up the stairs behind him, yet she told him, “Let’s carry the books together.”

“No, no,” Jon shook a hand, “It’s fine.”

“Come on,” she said bending down, “I’ll grab this side and you’ll grab the other one.”

He ended up giving in. They held the box from either side and carried it together. They dropped it to the ground at their door, exhaling loudly. They went down the stairs again and carried the suitcase Dany had left midway, and then went back downstairs to her car to take her last suitcase of clothes. She looked around her at the flat, a tiny place, yet private. A place where they could finally be together in their daily lives, completely on their own.

When everything was inside the flat, he sighed and put his hands on either side of his waist.

“Nothing left to carry then?”

Dany shook her head and he quickly carried her by the waist, making her laugh out loud, hugging the back of his neck. He grinned and kissed her neck, turning her around in the air. This was it. This was the start of their life together.

“I thought you were tired of carrying stuff,” she laughed.

He put her back down on the ground with perhaps the widest grin she had ever seen on him—and she had seen many grins on him. His joy lighted up his face in a way that sent a rush of happiness through her, which unwittingly pushed her heels up and her head towards his to kiss him on the lips as she hugged him tightly around the neck. He held her face from both sides now, deepening the kiss.

Her entire body tingled, begging her to be closer to him. She pushed him against the door and held him by the neck as she kissed him harder. But this was not how it usually felt to just be horny and wanting to have sex. She felt love. She physically felt it all over her body, as she thought about everything they’ve been through together and everything they’d go through in the future.

“I knew this was the first thing that would happen after moving in,” he said, while her lips planted kisses down his jaw and neck and he stroked her waist up and down. “Let’s go to bed.”

But her legs would not move and her lips would not stop pressing those sweet kisses on his neck. So he carried her with one hand under her arse and the other one under her waist, and walked clumsily as she blocked his view. She laughed out loud when he walked into a chair and hit them both with it. He finally put her down when they arrived to the bedroom and they sat down on the mattress, pushing off their shoes. She hugged him once more, furrowing her brow as she pressed a long kiss on his lips. She sat on his lap, placing her hands on his shoulders as they both pressed several short kisses against each other’s lips, grinning between each of them.

He held her bare thighs which pressed both sides of his hips between them, caressing them up and down as she kept on holding his face and kissing his lips. She pushed him for his body to fall on the mattress, while she stood over him on her fours, her hair falling on both sides of his face. They both grinned at each other and chuckled. She loved him, she loved the way he was smiling with his whole face, the way his toothy smile shone between his dark beard and mustache. She lowered her face
again to restart their kiss, stretching her legs for her hips to fall on his.

She wanted him to be happy, nothing else seemed to matter now. She wanted him to feel loved, she wanted him to feel like she was feeling. Such joy was too big to fit in one person only. She had to share it with she loved the most.

This was the way in which she could at least try to express all her feelings to him. She had always considered herself to be good with words, with talking to people; but now, she was not even close to finding words which could carry all the weight of her thoughts and or the feelings that physically ran all over her body. So, it was all silent, speechless, she hoped she was communicating her feelings to him with her mouth, with her hands, with her hips rocking against his and with every movement and touch. A hungry kiss and a tight embrace was her way of telling him that she never wanted to let him go, that she would always be there. Her hands taking off their shirts for their bodies to be against each other with nothing in between was her way of saying that she never wanted anything to get between them in their lives. Her desperation to have him inside her as she kneeled up and pushed her shorts down was her way of saying she would always want them both to be one, always together, always united.

Tears fell down her face. It was joy, love, lightness. It was everything Jon meant to her. It was how she had finally made such an important decision. She felt like a grown-up, not like a little girl like she sometimes felt, unable to control her emotions and terrified about having to cope with adult life. And it was a decision made with him, with Jon, with whom she was making love for the thousandth time yet it felt much more intense, emotional, and reassuring than it had never felt.

“I love you,” he breathed.

She moved on top of him, pressing her forehead against his while holding the back of his neck. She couldn’t control her hips, her body had a plan of its own. She loved him too, she wanted to reply, but that wasn’t enough. ‘I love you, I'll never leave you, thank you for everything, I love you, I'll always love you, grow old with me, thank you, don’t ever leave me....’ She only knew she wanted to say something, yet she couldn’t bring her mind to decide what to say from that avalanche of thoughts.

She stopped moving and, hugging him by the neck, said in his ear, “Jon,” almost weeping, but no more words came out.

He held her head gently, and softly said, “I know.” He turned his head to kiss her cheek and once more said, “I know.”

She breathed hard as she kept on hugging him tightly, allowing more tears to dampen her cheeks. His hands stroked her naked waist as they had done many times before, but she couldn’t recall when else had it felt this good to be held this way, when else had it felt this true?

“I like how we always have sex completely naked but with our socks on,” he laughed as they both lay naked on their sides, staring at each other. She placed her hand between her cheek and the mattress. He loved how messy her hair was after sex.

“There’s no need to take them off,” she smiled, looking down at their feet. She wore white socks and he wore striped ones, blue and yellow.

“Mines are prettier,” he smiled.

“But mines smell better,” she replied. He laughed, bumping his toes on her feet.

“So, I guess we should buy a bed frame,” she grinned. “And probably a desk too. And we should
put another shelf on the wall for my books as well. Oh! And a coat hanger, totally. And a nightstand. We can’t keep putting all our stuff on the floor. My family’s coming to see our place when they come for my graduation ceremony. This needs to look a bit better.”

Jon nodded, passing a loose strand of hair behind her ear and caressing her chin. “Can you believe this?”

Dany smiled, holding his hand between them. “I’m moving in with my boyfriend! With the love of my life!”

Jon grinned, pressing his lips against hers. “Finally, we’re gonna live together.”

“And we’re gonna do our lives together...and we’re gonna have a family.”

“A big family.”

“We’ll see how big, ’cause I’m the one who has to give birth,” she said. He smiled and held her by the back to pull her closer to him.

“And we’re gonna buy a house of our own...and kidnap Ghost for him to live with us.”

“And we’re gonna have so much sex!”

“So much sex.”

“We’ll wait every night until our kids fall asleep next door,” she chuckled.

“Or we could send them to camping trips on the weekends and have the whole day for us.”

She laughed out loud, kissing his lips, and rested her head back on her hand. The loveliest woman he had ever seen. She looked at him with a more serious gaze now, and touched his cheek with the back of her fingers. “And we’re never gonna cheat on each other,” she said.

“Never,” he agreed.

“And whatever problem we have, we'll work it out, and give it all to work it out.”

“And we will love the hell out of each other.”

“We will love the living shit out of each other,” she grinned, making him laugh out loud. She softly pulled down the beard in his chin.

Just like time had flown by these years with her, he knew time would also fly by in their future years together. He knew they wouldn’t be this young again, with all this energy and such few responsibilities and worries compared to how the future would be. He ran the back of his fingers down her arm, wondering for how long they would have all this free time.

“At what age do you think we could have children?” he dared to ask.

She dropped her head back with a smile. “When we finish our masters I guess, and we make enough money to afford another person’s life.”

How crazy was it to be having this conversation with her? With the girl who once helped him pass a calculus class, who used to make him as nervous as nothing else ever had? He could have never guessed how she would have made him question the way he used to see himself, how she would have seen beyond his flaws and his shyness and made him feel so worthy, how she would have
loved him in a way he didn’t even know could be possible?

“Don’t you feel like…” he asked, and paused to think, “we told each other I love you for the first time so long ago…and things were so different back then? We didn’t really feel like we feel now,” he told her, remembering that time they had said these words to each other in his flat so long ago, sitting on his couch, how it had hit him like an ice bucket when she had told him she loved him, how crazy she had made him and how he had replied with those same words. “Now that I think about it, now that being together is such a habit, I’m so sure I love you, but it feels so different. Now it’s the intimacy, how deeply we know each other—that you know me as no one else knows me. We understand each other. That’s what makes me realize that I truly love you.”

“I’m not even sure if we knew what it meant when we said it to each other for the first time,” she replied. “I was in love with you, and crazy about you, and I guess I thought that meant that I loved you. I guess that I realized how love really felt when we were there for the other in our worst moments, when I realized that your happiness mattered to me like nothing else ever had, when I realized that I never wanted to see you cry again.”

Dany grinned again, holding his neck to kiss him and then lowering her hand to squeeze his nipple, making him jerk and laughing about it.

“Should we stay in bed all day?” she asked.

“Don’t you want to unpack and organize your stuff?”

“There’s nothing there that I need today. I can do that in another moment.”

He looked down at her body, at her breasts and her stomach and her cunt and her bare legs. He nodded and said, “Yeah, let’s stay in bed all day.”

She chuckled as he leaned in towards her and she let her body fall on her back. He placed himself on top of her as she opened her legs and put them up his waist, ready to start once again.

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**PART II: THE FIRST WEEK**

The past year had been packed with personal and family-related struggles for both and it finally seemed like life was getting better: Jon had a job and an acceptable income, Dany had finished her bachelor's and would start soon an internship, Viserys had come out of rehab, and, of course, Jon and Dany were living together. Even the warm summer in King’s Landing contributed to their good mood.

Dany stayed at home that week, as classes were over and her internship had not yet started. Jon went to work and she slept late, read, or watched something on Netflix. On one hand, he liked going to work because he was making money, but he couldn’t deny he would like to stay at home with her being lazy together as they were on the weekends, staying in bed till late, hugging under the covers, watching a movie or cooking something. Many times they didn’t do anything together. Sometimes they just lay in bed reading or using their phones.

In their first week, however, their libido was as high it used to be in their first year together. It felt funny to be so turned on lately, given the long time they had been together. But living with Dany and having a private place of their own where no one could bother them was a huge temptation for Jon. He knew their life together was just starting, and that they would have plenty of time for sex in their lives, but being together this much made it so easy to do it at any moment.
He loved either walking around their place naked or wearing underwear only, so comfortable and free, especially when she also walked around the same way. He loved it when he leaned back and rested his hips against the kitchen counter while having his morning coffee wearing only his tight white briefs—which Dany loved because they showed the outline of his cock. She made herself a cup of tea next to him and her hand ended up gently cupping his bulge and holding his balls from underneath as she kissed his lips. Then she would softly caress his bulge over the fabric. Then each of them would leave their mugs by their side and forget about them. On their second day living together, it was impossible not to forget about his coffee when she tilted her head as she kissed him, holding his lower back with one hand and cupping his dick and balls with the other one, moving her thumb slowly up and down his cock while he held her arse with one hand and her face with the other one.

She broke the kiss with a loud sound and whispered, “Do you want me to stop?”

Breathing unevenly, he only shook his head, staring at her lips.

She pressed her hand harder against his bulge, taking him by surprise. “How much do you want me?”

“A..” he mumbled, “a million.”

“You want me a million?” she chuckled, pressing her palm against his belly and sliding her hand underneath his underwear.

“I…” he tried to say something coherent, “very much,” he breathed, “please.”

And her hand went up and down slowly, stroking him from the point where his dick met the rest of his body to its tip as he breathed and tried to remain under control. He lowered his briefs enough to free his cock and her hand, to allow it to stand up more easily and for her to move her hand more comfortably. He placed his hands on the edge of the counter and stared down at how her hand worked on him. Her other hand’s fingers curled and stretched against the skin of his lower back, scratching him softly. He closed his eyes and breathed as she pressed a small kiss on his cheek and then on his neck. His hands left the counter and went back to her buttocks, caressing them gently. Her kisses turned hungrier against his neck, her tongue massaged his skin as her mouth was wide while open. He placed his hand on her head, stroking its back softly.

Her kisses stopped and she nudged his neck with her nose, and then his ear.

“You wanna put it in my hole now?”

“Yeah,” he breathed and touched her cunt, passing his fingers under her panties. But she pulled his hand out and held both his hands next to them, pressing small kisses to his lips. And before he knew it, she was kneeling down on the floor.

“I didn’t say which hole,” she smirked, and he chuckled breathlessly, dropping his head back.

Making a circle with her thumb and index finger, she passed the tip of his dick between them, slowly, as an electricity ran through all his body in an aching but delicious way. She moved her fingers along the length of his cock torturously slowly. He hummed as it hardened.

“Feeling good, sir? Are you enjoying yourself?” she looked up at him. He nodded.

She touched the tip of his cock with the fingertip of her index finger, and slowly ran it underneath his cock, all the way up to his balls. He moaned softly.
He could not control himself when she took him in her mouth. His breathing, his hands on her hair, his hips moving forward and backward...his body acted on its own in those moments. Though it always made him feel slightly uncomfortable when he was about to cum and didn’t want to do it inside her mouth. He had done that once, but she had hated the taste of cum. He never did it again.

So, now, with her permission to cum on her breasts, he took his cock out of her mouth and jerked off as quickly as his wrist allowed him to until he spilled himself on her, moaning and with a tense body, watching everything.

She chuckled, looking down. “I don’t understand why you like to do that.”

“To be honest, I don’t know either,” he laughed, breathless.

He brought a small towel to clean her up and then helped her to get up.

“My knees hurt a bit,” she said, hugging him against the counter, pressing her body on his and her forehead on his neck.

“You don’t have to do it on the floor,” he replied, caressing her head. “We could do this in bed, even with a sixty-nine if you want.”

It was clear she wanted to please him orally as he did with her. But he was fine if she wasn’t too comfortable about it, he loved driving her crazy with his mouth but that didn’t mean she should feel the same. He told her he didn’t want her to feel like she was in debt to him when he did that to her. But he couldn’t deny it felt amazing, and that he lately wanted her more than usual.

On their third day living together, Jon was sitting at the small table they called ‘the dining room’ using his laptop, when he turned his head and saw Dany in the bathroom, wearing only her white bra and light blue panties. She had her back to him while she leaned forward over the sink, inches away from the mirror, as she tweezed her eyebrows. His cock hardened just from the sight.

He was so used to seeing her like this, though. It usually didn't mean any distraction. But as he watched her now, he could not understand what made him feel such a strong desirability. He couldn’t look away from her arse nor focus back on whatever he was doing on his computer. He felt like the horny twenty-one-year-old Jon who had just started his sex life with Daenerys, who couldn’t go a day without having sex after their first time and got turned on by the smallest of things. And now, again, they were having sex whenever they could; a quickie in the morning to get up, a longer and hotter session to have a good night's sleep, or even a ‘hello again’ greeting when he was back home. Now it felt like the guy who ran away from sex at the beginning had been a whole other person. At least for now, they were taking Professor Tyrell’s advice by heart.

So, he stood up and decided to walk up to her. He would give her a pat on her arse first and then squeeze her buttocks, then he would press his cock against it with only his thin pajama pants in between, and he would grab her cunt and touch her for her to lean over a little more over the sink and take her there.

But when she heard his footsteps as he walked up to her, she said, “Don’t come in, I’ve just farted.”

He stopped walking and laughed out loud, but then rushed into the bathroom as she said, “Get out!” and he grabbed her head to press a loud kiss on her cheek. He walked out, laughing at how easily she killed the mood.

And even though the bed was their favorite place for sex, they both still tried other parts of the flat to see how it felt in other surfaces and positions. For example, on Thursday that week, Jon opened the
door as he arrived home from work and said, “Honey, I’m home!”

Dany was sitting on the couch with her laptop, only wearing a t-shirt and panties. He leaned down and kissed the top of her head but she raised her face and pouted her lips for him to give her a kiss on the lips.

“How did your day go?” she asked.

He sat down on a chair at the table and sighed. “Good. It’s tiring, though. When I’m not answering the phone, or organizing the mail I have to do legal research and help with the drafting of some documents. I’ll have to interview clients too later.”

Dany smiled, stood up and sat on his lap. Jon placed his hands on the sides of her thighs. "And your day?"

“I just slept, cooked, read and watched a movie.”

“How are you liking the life of a housewife?”

“For now, it’s not that bad. I guess I’m still a bit tired from school. But I’m pretty sure I’ll get bored soon.”

Jon hummed and nodded. “You need and deserve some rest.”

He sniffed her hair and kissed her behind her ear. She lifted an arm to caress his jaw and his neck, his beard was much smaller than before.

“I like how you’ve cut your hair and how nice your beard looks now.”

“Thank you,” he kissed her cheek so she turned her face to kiss him on the lips, as every inch of his palms ran slowly up and down her thighs.

She let her head fall back next to his head, laughing, “I haven’t moved from the couch all day…” he kissed her neck and she exhaled loudly, “I guess I need a little…exercise.”

He chuckled and pushed all her hair to one shoulder to kiss the side of her neck better. She caressed his ear and his hair. He hummed along with his kisses, soft but longing on the skin of her neck. “Then I guess you need to make a quick pause to your veganism.”

“Why?”

“To get some meat…”

She laughed out loud. "That one's the only meat that will keep on entering my body, no matter what.”

He chuckled and licked her neck as his hands ran up her thighs to her panties. She sat up straight, pressing his bulge with her butt. He passed his fingers under her panties, getting a touch of her hairs and of her warm, soft skin when he pushed them down between her folds. A small moan went out of her mouth, but it was enough for him to feel his cock harden. She started moving her butt, massaging his bulge, while his breathing started getting faster and a moan escaped his mouth.

“What a nice ass,” he said.

She kept on moving it and pressing his bulge while his fingers pressed her clit. A moan of hers made his cock harden even more, so much that Dany stopped moving her arse and chuckled. He couldn’t
keep it inside, so he just unfastened his belt and opened his zipper to pull out his erect cock. Dany turned her head and torso to look at it.

“Oh my god,” she chuckled. “It stood up so fast.”

He laughed, pressing her clit once more and kissing her ear. She chuckled and moaned when his fingers started pressing her cunt harder and his free hand grabbed one of her breasts over her t-shirt. She breathed hard and he closed his eyes as they kissed again, opening their mouths wide and closing them, his lips capturing hers and hers capturing his. She lifted her t-shirt just above her breasts for him to be able to touch them. She twisted her torso even more and put an arm around his neck, hugging it. He couldn’t resist the view, so before he himself could even notice it, his lips were already around her nipple, sucking it, kissing it and licking it, and not letting go of her cunt as it dampened his fingers even more. Her breathing was faster and he could feel it as her breasts moved faster along with her whole chest. Her hand stroked his hair while she let out more moans, soft and short.

He was not sure he would be able to wait much longer. He lowered her panties and, still holding him by the neck, she stood slightly for him to put his cock inside her, sitting back down and hissing from the pleasure. He held her hips as she started moving around his cock, up and down, her walls expanding and contracting, so hot and so wet. He moaned, not even wanting to control the sounds when they were in a place of their own.

“Jon,” Dany breathed, “I love how you moan.”

Jon laughed and faked a loud, exaggerated moan that made Dany laugh out loud.

While she kept moving on top of him, he noticed the empty table in front of them and thought ‘why not?’.

“Wait,” he held her hips for her to stop.

“Hm?” she turned to see him.

“Let’s go to the table,” he pushed her up to help her stand up, and kissing her buttock before standing up behind her.

“The table?” she asked as he turned her around and carried her to sit her down on the edge of the table.

He gently pushed her to lie her back against the table. He took her panties completely off and threw them on the ground, and did the same with his own pants.

So he went back in and started moving his hips forward and backward, holding her legs. He stared at her, lying on the table with her eyes closed and breathing hard. Her fingers went down to her cunt and started moving up and down against her clit, it was a beautiful sight. He had all the control of the speed and depth in this position, and his thrusts were quick as he moved in and out, completely lost in the pressure of her cunt around his cock. When she opened her eyes to look at him, her beauty made it irresistible to kiss her. He leaned down, resting an arm on the table, next to her face, and kept thrusting, but slower. He kissed her lips while one hand passed under her shirt and squeezed her breast. She moaned and pressed his cheeks with her hands, surrendering to his kiss. His back arched and stretched as he kept on thrusting in this position. He moaned against her mouth and she smiled, breathing loudly, cursing under her breath.

“Why did you even want to fuck on the table?” she chuckled.
“It’s fun,” he replied, sliding his hand into her hair as he kissed her again, his back arching and stretching as he kept on moving inside her. She moaned while he kissed her, driving him crazy with her sounds.

But suddenly, she gasped.

“I left the stove on,” she said, pushing his face away with both hands.

“What?!” he stopped moving and pulled his cock out. “Oh my god, let me check.”

He stood up and stepped out of his pants on the ground but she laughed. “I’m joking, I’m just kidding.”

He threw his head back and exhaled. She lay down chuckling, almost naked if it weren’t for the t-shirt that was so rolled up it even showed her breasts, with knees up and her feet on the edge of the table.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t resist,” she laughed, extending her arms towards him with her fingers open wide. He intertwined his fingers with hers in the air. “You were doing great, though! Keep going.”

He shook his head with a smile, leaning down again and placing his face just above hers in the air, supporting himself with an arm above her head, holding her hand there. She smiled and kissed his lips, “I love you.”

He pressed his forehead to hers and moved it playfully from side to side.

“Me too. But you scared me, holy shit.”

She grinned, stretching her arm to hold his cock and stroke it up and down. He hummed, kissing her lips, until the memory of her cunt around his cock begged to be brought to life again. He stood up and thrust his cock back inside her, moving his hips easily. He stretched his arm to grab her ribcage while he penetrated her, and then moved his hand to her breast. He kept going, moving forward and backward as her cunt surrounded his cock, giving it the finest of massages. It was such a familiar feeling, yet one he would never get tired of. Dany shut her eyes hard but let her mouth parted open as sounds starting coming out of it once more. She was frowning from pleasure, stretching her arms down to grab a hold of the edge of the table, her knuckles evidenced how hard she was holding it.

“Let’s try something…” Jon said.

Dany opened her eyes to look at him. He grabbed the upper part of her thighs and told her, “Put your hands firmly on the table for balance, just in case.”

He helped her sit up. She looked at him with a confused gaze and pressed her hands on the surface of the table.

“Okay, ready?” he asked her, and pulled her thighs up to lift her hips off the table.

She laughed out loud. Her whole body was in the air, her hands were the only part of it against the table. Jon held her hips in the air as he continued penetrating her. Her body, and especially her breasts, bounced every time he pushed in.

“No, okay,” she said suddenly, “My arms, and my wrists…enough…enough…”

He put her back down right away, and continued the same way as before. She buried her hand in her own hair as she kept on breathing and moaning, and with her other hand, she started touching herself
again. He pulled one of her legs up against his shoulder and rested her ankle there, holding her thigh as he kept on moving, lost in his pleasure. Soon, his hips moved faster and more desperately, alien to his control. His breathing got faster as well as his heart pounded in his chest.

He moaned and breathed, “I’m cumming soon.”

Dany laughed under her breath, “You sound like a bloody movie trailer.”

He chuckled, shutting his eyes, he couldn’t focus on anything else than the warmth and the smooth texture of her walls stretching around his cock. She lowered her leg and sat up on the edge of the table, hugging him by the neck as she kissed him on the lips. He held her hips and felt his muscles tensing as his hips moved quick, allowing his body to do as it pleased now, and moaning as he spent himself inside her.

She sighed after he was done. “I couldn't finish, though. I think that last part of me swinging in the air felt too uncomfortable.”

“Alright, I’ll make you finish.”

He pulled up his underwear and sat at the chair they had been sitting on initially. Dany chuckled, bending her legs up, knowing what was coming.

“Dinner’s ready,” she grinned.

He parted open her folds with his fingers, running his tongue up her clit and making her whole cunt contract at the initial contact.

“Woohooo!” she exclaimed, making him smile and kissing her in all her wetness.

He planted more kisses on her cunt, dampening his lips with her liquids and feeling her scent and taste while her moans started once again. Her hands grabbed his head, keeping it against her cunt, while her feet hung up in the air just above his shoulder blades. Tilting his head, he captured her clit with his lips and pulled it up, making her moans louder and her back arch up. Three years of experience with his tongue always promised those moments would end well.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so excited this is finally happening!
Btw, find me on tumblr if you wanna talk about the fic or whatever else!
@bendthekneejon

Let me know what you think!
With the passing of weeks, their passion cooled down back to normal. Dany liked the small changes in their daily life: their dirty clothes mixed in the same basket, their toothbrushes in the same cup, a shared toothpaste, her facial creams next to his shaving cream. Every detail was a reminder that this place was where they both lived.

They had more freedom on their own, with no flatmates around. Dany could put on music while cooking without caring about the volume. Sometimes she swayed her hips to the music while they cooked together and Jon pressed his hips to her arse and danced with her, kissed her lips and went back to chopping tomatoes.

Yet deciding what to cook was one of the most exhausting topics to discuss, given their different diets, so Jon often gave in to eat vegan like her. They took turns cooking. The days she cooked, he washed the dishes, and vice versa. However, they cooked together whenever they had the time to do
so in the evenings. They also took turns cutting onions, as both cried every time. Jon’s eyes were slightly more sensitive so he cried harder than she did, and she couldn’t help laughing and filming a quick video of him with her phone.

In bed on a Sunday, Dany had her head on his shoulder, hugging him by the chest as she opened on her phone. Rhaegar had shared a picture in the family group chat, showing how Elia’s belly was growing. The baby’s name would be Aegon. Dany showed the picture to Jon, grinning, unable to keep in the excitement of the first baby in her family. Viserys also replied in the chat. He was now out of rehab and living with their mother, looking for a small job in Dragonstone.

She started scrolling on social networks, trying to kill her boredom. He pulled up strands of her hair while he also played phone with his other hand.

She hummed and pressed her forehead to his neck. “Should we go do the groceries? We’re running out of food in the fridge.”

“Sure,” he said. “In a bit. I’ll buy some meat, I think. I’m actually pretty bored of tofu and seitan and all that. I think I do want beef or pork every once in a while.”

“Yeah, it’s fine. You know you don’t have to eat vegan every day.”

Yet they kept on laying on the mattress for another half hour, Jon read a book and Dany an article about circular economics, and when she checked the time on her phone, she realized the supermarket was about to close.

“Fuck grocery shopping, I guess,” she said.

Jon chuckled. “I don’t wanna move.”

He turned to his side, facing her, and pushed a leg to rest it between both of hers. She passed a hand under his shirt and moved it up, resting it on his ribcage, feeling his warm skin. He pulled her hair down to her face completely, making her chuckle. She sighed and put her hand on his neck.

Unlimited, daily cuddles and snuggles were one of the best things about living together, that and sleeping together every night. If they used to do nothing together before, living together meant three times more of that. Yet lying or sitting down next to him without doing anything, occasionally hugging his chest or putting a leg up his waist, was so much better than being lazy on her own.

She pulled the neck of her shirt up to cover her mouth and burped.

“Bless you,” he jested.

“Thank you,” she replied, and they both focused back on their phones.

She was amused by the memory of their first year together, when she used to dress up and put on perfume and makeup every time she would see him. Now, she couldn’t care less if she had not showered for an entire day or if she burped in front of him. They peed with the door open or with the other one in the bathroom as well. Jon could now lay naked by her side and she would not even flinch, she could keep on doing whatever she was doing without the minimum distraction, and the other way round was just as true. Three years ago, that would have been impossible.

With the passing of years, the dynamic of their relationship had evolved completely. During the initial dates, they wanted to impress one another, to prove they were worth the other’s time and care. During their first year, though, they also talked, talked, and talked yet with the aim of learning everything possible about one another, instead of wanting to impress the other as at the start. Dany wanted Jon to know everything about her, all the funny stories from high school, about her
childhood, her travels, and she wanted to hear the same from him. Now, the need to talk was gone. They were in a comfortable silence neither of them saw fit to break. It even felt like they had told the other everything worth telling about their lives.

During their first year, they used to want to be together all the time. They wanted the holidays to be over soon to go back to one another in King’s Landing. Now, it was alright if Dany wanted to spend a weekend at Dragonstone and Jon at Winterfell. They didn’t have to be together every second of the day. And to think Jon used to get upset when she chose to study instead of spending time with him.

She didn’t daydream about him during the day as she used to, eager to finish class to go back to him, and she was sure it was the same with him, as they now knew the other would be waiting at home, anyway. They were used to being together now. She was used to rolling on the mattress at night and bumping into his body, putting an arm around his torso or a leg over his waist and falling back to sleep. The crazy passion from the start, which she didn’t think could cool down, had actually done so. Even though she had enjoyed the feeling of falling in love, of an eagerness to see the guy she had a crush on, she realized such a feeling had evolved. They were still in love, yet no butterflies danced in her stomach, nor did her heartbeat quickened when she saw him, but instead, he felt like a part of her now. Being together was a habit, it was deep in their system. It couldn’t be pictured as different. Now, instead of the initial nerves they used to have in the presence of the other, they felt at ease together. There was no reason to be nervous around someone who knew her well, who loved her despite her flaws, but, as opposed to her family who also loved her despite her flaws, he had the choice to be her boyfriend or not. Choice added value to relationships.

Yet not everything was fun and games. Sometimes she wanted some time alone. Sometimes they annoyed each other. It was inevitable. They were different human beings with different wants and different minds, after all. Agreeing on everything was impossible.

“The toilet seat!” she would exclaim.

“You also have hands, you can also lower it, if it bothers you so much,” he would say, rolling his eyes.

“You also have hands. Lower it when you’re done, it’s not that hard!”

“Exactly. It’s not that hard.”

In moments like those, she would love to go to her bedroom on her own and avoid him. Yet her bedroom was his bedroom too, and there was no other space to hang out other than the living-slash-dining room. Maybe if they didn’t live together, she could go pee without almost falling into the toilet because its seat was up.

Yet one of the easiest moments of the day to lose their temper was during the mornings. One time, she brushed her teeth quickly while Jon washed his face next to her in the sink. She had to be at work a half-hour before him and had to rush to make it in time. She took her clothes off and stepped into the shower, and before she closed the curtain he said, “I can get breakfast ready if you want,” to which she responded with a ‘thank you’ and a kiss on his lips.

After showering, she checked the time on her phone. Time seemed to pass by three times faster in the mornings. She dried her body as fast as she could and put on her work clothes. With a towel around her head, she walked out of the bathroom and saw Jon in the kitchen, he had just served two plates of scrambled eggs and toasts and was now making coffee.

“Jon,” Dany said, looking at the plates.
He looked at her, waiting for her to continue. She stared at the scrambled eggs and he lowered his gaze to them too. His eyes widened and he said, “Oh, shit. I forgot, sorry, I’m still half-asleep.”

She rolled her eyes. “It’s been months already. It’s not like I started last week.”

“I’ll eat two eggs then, what’s the big deal?”

“It’s not that difficult! If it’s an animal product I won’t eat it!”

“Oh, like you haven’t forgotten so many times that I’m lactose intolerant.”

“I don’t forget it anymore.”

“It took you more than just a few months.”

She exhaled and opened the fridge. She wanted to continue and tell him that she had only forgotten a couple of times, but he was gonna say he did so as well. She prepared herself some oatmeal, put it in a bowl, and added a handful of blueberries and slices of banana, which she had cut quickly and angrily, nervous about being late to work. After eating, she dried her hair while Jon changed his clothes. Fortunately, he often showered at night, which made mornings easier.

When she was ready to leave, she held the neck of his shirt and fixed it. She gave him a smile, feeling a bit guilty for the way she had talked to him when he had been making breakfast for both. Mornings carried the threat of a lost temper, so she would raise her guard against her impulses, even if he didn’t necessarily do so with his.

“Have a nice day,” she said.

“You too,” he replied, and lowered his head to give her a small kiss.

Yet when he arrived back home that evening, a bit later than she did, as usual, he greeted her as nothing had happened. She walked up to him to kiss him and he picked her up by the bottom of her thighs and thrust into the air, faking moans, making her laugh out loud.

“Are you sure you’re not hungry?” Jon raised his voice later from the kitchen.

“No, thanks! I already ate!” she replied as she watched a movie in bed.

He walked in moments later with the plate in his hand, wearing only his boxer shorts, and sat on the mattress. She turned her face and watched his plate as he ate. She leaned in and opened her mouth. He turned to look at her, chewing, spun his fork in the noodles and put it in her mouth.

“I thought you weren’t hungry,” he said after swallowing.

“I’m not,” she replied with her mouth full.

Moments later, though, she opened her mouth again for him to put more food in it. He did so and watched her as she chewed.

“I’m not hungry,” she responded to his stare, again with her mouth full.

Jon laughed and kissed her lips while she chewed.

“Let’s do the Lady and the Tramp thing,” he said, holding up only one noodle with his fork.

She grinned and held the other end of the noodle with her fingers and put it in her mouth. They tried
to suck the noodle from each side but it wouldn’t move, it hung still between them and they hummed, laughing, as they tried to suck it in. Dany pushed it further into her mouth with her fingers, and when it seemed like they would make it, the noodle broke in half.

“What a bullshit movie, this is impossible,” Jon said while Dany laughed.

She kept on watching the screen until she sighed, closed it and said, “I’m bored.”

She lay down diagonally across the mattress, with her feet on Jon’s lap and her head almost on the lower corner. She yawned, stretching her arms back and her legs up, putting a foot on Jon’s shoulder.

“I’m eating,” he said.

She smiled and put her toes against his cheek, laughing. With her foot, she pushed the arm that held his plate to a side. He watched as her foot approached his face slowly.

“Let me eat.”

“No! I’m almost done.”

“Okay, but kiss my foot first.”

“Kiss my foot,” she giggled. He tried to dodge her foot but she kept on moving it from one side to the other to be just inches away from his mouth.

“I won’t,” he said, and pursed his lips hard, hiding them behind his teeth.

She put both her feet on each of his cheeks and said, “I’m not gonna let you eat, then.”

He giggled, pursing his lips. He put his plate on the floor and grabbed her ankles and pushed them to a side, while she tried in vain to keep them up. He lowered her legs to the mattress while she laughed, trying with all her strength to put them up again, yet he kept on holding them down and sat down on her lap.

Dany surrendered and sighed, “You know what? Eat your fucking food.”

As their lives were going well individually, it was also easy for their relationship to go well. There were laughs, cuddles, sex, driving down to the beaches of King’s Landing in the summer and many, many moments of silence and doing nothing together. All the good things about living together surpassed the tiny, meaningless arguments they sometimes had, like when she insisted for him to tidy his clothes in their bedroom, or how annoyed he got when she forgot to wash her dishes.

In a romantic relationship, just like in every other close relationship, there is a nice side and a not so nice side. There are times when partners argue about not washing the dishes, when one cannot pay their bills, when their political views clashed in an argument, yet there are times when they feel such an overwhelmingly strong love, when they know they had never felt such a need to make someone else happy. Just like Dany and Jon when they moved in together. These moments aren’t always present, though. Those emotions go away. The nicest part of the nice side, however, didn’t only consist of the big moments like moving in together or getting married, but in the mutual support in personal problems, the arm hugging their body in the middle of the night, the ‘how did your day go’s. The nice side has to beat that other side. The nice side should not only overshadow the useless bickering, but also help solve it.
Happy new year, my friends! I hope you had a nice Christmas and that next year will be a better year for all of you. I’m pretty sure we can all agree that no matter how hard this year may have been, we got canon jonerys, and for that 2017 will always have a special place in our hearts! This was a crazy year and our shipping community has grown so much and I’m so happy about it. Finally, I cannot thank you enough for your nice comments on this fic and for your suggestions and motivation this year. I consider you guys friends for being on the other side of the screen and reading these ideas that sometimes pop into my head.
This fic will still go on, so don’t get bored lol!
Hangover

Chapter Summary

Yoooo just wrote this thing in a day. It's short, but I thought it would be funny to see how they would work this out. Enjoy! :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’ll try not to wake you up when I’m back,” Jon told her when he finished getting ready to go to Grenn’s birthday. “I’ll be as quiet as possible.”

Dany lay under the covers in bed, which now had a base, texting Grenn happy birthday and apologizing for not going to his place. She had to get up at five am the following day for a volunteer programme she had signed up to, to teach refugees the common tongue on the outskirts of King’s Landing. She had to go every Sunday for two months. Her mother did not love the idea, as Dany would not go to Dragonstone on the weekends, and she had not done so much these past months as she always ended up staying at home with Jon.

He leaned down to kiss her, turned off the bedroom lights as he left the room.

“Don’t forget your keys!” Dany shouted. She couldn’t see him, but he replied by shaking his keys. “Okay! Have fun!”

“Love you!” he said before closing the door.

It was almost eleven pm. She left her phone on the nightstand and tried to get some sleep.

Her phone ringing woke her up in the middle of the night. Trying hard not to shut her eyes from the brightness of the screen, she read it was Grenn calling.

“Sorry to wake you up, Dany,” he told her.

“I…what happened?”

“I’m sorry, Dany. Do you think you could come to pick Jon up? If I could, I’d drive him home, but we’ve all drank too much.”

“Can’t he take the subway?” she frowned, shutting her eyes in the dark.

“Well, he’s…completely wasted,” Grenn replied. “I don’t even want to put him in an Uber by himself.”

“Jon? Are you kidding?” she said.

“Sorry, Dany. I don’t know who else to call.”

With a groan, she got up from her bed, tied her hair up and put a sweatshirt on sharply, unable to ease the frown on her face. She grabbed her car keys and ran downstairs. She opened the door of her
car angrily, closed it angrily, put on her seatbelt, turned on the engine angrily and took off.

“What’s going on?” she asked as she entered Grenn’s flat.

“Too much gin,” Grenn said. Jon, lying down on the couch, opened his eyes, his face was a mess.

Everybody else had left, she could only see the clutter of bottles and cans and cigarette butts on ashtrays. Dany sighed and walked up to Jon, looking down at him.

“Dany,” Jon said weakly.

“Get up,” she commanded.

“He can’t get up,” Grenn said.

Jon raised a hand for her to help him up, but Grenn rushed to do it himself. Jon was falling down, so Grenn helped him walk to the elevator. He was taller and stronger. The three of them got in the elevator, Jon’s body was leaning back against one of the walls, his face up.

“We…were playing too many drinking games and shit like that,” Grenn told her.

Dany only pursed her lips and nodded.

Grenn helped Jon get to her car, sat him down on the passenger’s seat and put on his seatbelt as Dany sat on her seat.

“Happy birthday again, Grenn,” Dany forced a smiled and tried not to be harsh with him. After all, it was Jon’s own fault to be drunk.

“Sorry, I know you have an important thing tomorrow morning,” he replied, a hand on Jon’s door.

“It’s alright,” she said, before saying goodnight. Grenn closed Jon’s door and they took off.

“It’s not alright,” she told Jon in a strong voice. He could not even move his head to look at her. “I have to get up early tomorrow, Jon. You know this and you still decide to drink your ass off the night before and I have to get up in the middle of the night and bring you back, when it’s so difficult for me to get a good night’s sleep.”

He hummed. “I’m sorry.” She exhaled, focused on the road. The whole car smelled like alcohol. “I’m sorry, Dany.”

She could not relax the tense muscles in her face. “You look like a fucking teenager.”

But afterward, neither of them said a word during the ride. Until he pressed a button to lower his window.

“No,” Dany said. “No, please, no, Jon.” But he put his head out the window anyway and threw up. She stopped the car and put the gear in P. “Fuck,” she frowned, leaning in towards the steering wheel.

She opened her door and walked up to him, noticing the vomit sliding from the bottom of her window all the way down the door. His cheeks bloated and he regurgitated. She opened the door quickly, he leaned his head out the car and puked on the tarmac. She looked up, trying to avoid the view but listening to every single sound anyway. He hummed, pressing his eyes and frowning. She put a hand on his shoulder, she was angry as hell with him but knew how painful it was to throw up.
He grabbed his t-shirt and cleaned the vomit off his chin with it.

“No,” said Dany, trying to stop him. “How are you feeling? Do you want to throw up again?”

He raised a hand as in asking her to wait, facing the tarmac again while holding the side of the door. She waited for him to move or speak and put her hands in her pockets, the night was cold. She sighed. She had nothing to clean up neither her car nor the tarmac. He threw up again. The stink turned her face into a grimace she could not control, yet she held his head while he kept on breathing, anyway.

When he finally said he felt better, she got back in the car and drove back home carefully to avoid him getting more nauseous. She helped him walk up the stairs, scared he might fall at any moment. In the flat she walked him to the bathroom, commanding him to wash his face and mouth while she searched for kitchen paper to clean the vomit off her car door. He leaned completely over the sink, letting the water fall into his hand and then rubbing his chin and mouth with it. She walked him to the bedroom. He lay down on the bed and she took his pajamas out of his drawer and threw them on the bed.

“Sit up,” she said. “Change your clothes.”

Jon frowned. “I can’t move.”

“Sit up.”

“I swear I can’t.”

With a loud sigh, she sat next to him on the bed. She pulled him up, first by his arms and then holding his back, while he complained.

“You’ve got vomit on your shirt,” she said. Jon sat with his head down, unable to move. “Put your arms up,” she told him, trying to take his t-shirt off.

“Y-you don’t have to do this,” he mumbled.

She pulled his shirt up and he raised his arms weakly to help her take it off. He leaned in and kissed her neck.

“No,” she said. “Don’t kiss me. I’m angry at you. And vomit has come out of that mouth so don’t put it on my neck.”

He placed his forehead on her shoulder and hummed. “I’m sorry.”

“Go to sleep now,” she said, standing up. She left the t-shirt in the bathroom and went downstairs to clean the car.

When she went back up she got into bed tense, tired and cold from standing out in the cold cleaning. She asked him anyway, “How are you feeling?”

Curled under the covers, he replied, “A little less dead now that I threw up. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t kiss me,” she said when he tried to approach her. “Goodnight.”

She cuddled under the covers, her back to him, and tried to fall asleep. It was not possible, though. She stayed awake with her eyes closed or looking at the wall until it was five am and she had to get up.
He woke up at eleven with an aching body and a throbbing head. A bitter taste invaded his mouth and the scent of alcohol filled the dark room, with the black-out curtains still down. He pressed his face with his hands, remembering Dany had driven him back home. He tried to remember more of the events from the previous night. Did he throw up? The taste in his mouth hinted he did.

He extended his arm to grab his phone from the night table, but it wasn’t there. He touched his pockets and felt it in a front one.

‘How bad did she take it?’ read a text from Grenn. The brightness of the screen worsened his headache.

‘Not too well, I think.’

He remembered her calling him out in the car and figured she must still be pissed.

‘I’m sorry, I hope everything is going good,’ he texted her. ‘Sorry again for not letting you sleep.’ He breathed deeply. He waited, but she did not open the message. ‘At least let me know you’re okay and alive,’ he added.

After locking his screen from getting tired of waiting for a response, he stood, slowly, still drunk, and opened the bedroom door. The daylight hurt his eyes, he quickly covered them with his hand and went back inside the room and searched for his sunglasses. He and put them on to went to the kitchen that way, feeling quite stupid. He drank a cup of water, put some bread in the toaster. He poured a cup of orange juice but didn't feel like drinking it.

His phone buzzed and he grabbed it quickly.

‘I’m alive and I’m ok. How are you feeling?’ she wrote. ‘I can’t talk much.’

‘Terrible,’ he replied right away. ‘I’m gonna stay in bed all day.’

He went back to the bedroom and opened up the curtains slightly for some light to get in. He sat on the bed and ate his toasts with marmalade, waiting for his laptop to turn on. He chewed them slowly, with no appetite. He kept on thinking about Dany, he hoped he had not taken too many hours of sleep of hers. He closed his eyes and hummed when he remembered he threw up and she cleaned his vomit. He really wasted her time last night.

He stayed in bed, his mother texted him not to forget it was Sansa’s birthday that week. He had to go buy a present. He tried to distract himself with a movie, yet he fell asleep half hour into it, and woke up to take a shower and wash off the smell of alcohol and tobacco in him. Dany would arrive in around an hour. Would she arrive upset? He wasn't sure, but he was sure she would arrive hungry, so he decided to cook her the usual noodles with whatever vegan things he found in the fridge. He made enough for the two of them and held in his hunger, waiting for her to arrive and eat with her.

When she crossed the front door with her key in hand, he paused his tv show, sitting on the couch.

“Hello,” she said, not even looking at him as she crossed the living room to get to the bedroom.

“Hey,” he replied. “Had a good day?”

“I was really tired,” she said from the room. “How are you feeling?”

“Better,” he replied. She walked out with her pajamas in her hand, heading straight to the bathroom.
“I made some food!” he said. “Are you hungry?”

“No, thanks,” she said coldly before shutting the door.

He stayed on the couch, pondering on what to say or do to prove he was sorry. Eventually, she came out of the bathroom in her pajamas and with her hair up in a towel. He stood up as she walked past him to the bedroom as if he weren’t there. He followed her anyway.

“I feel bad, I…” he started, “Sorry for not letting you sleep.”

“I had like three hours of sleep,” she replied in a stoic voice.

“Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“I know,” she nodded. “You’ve said it a lot of times.”

She sighed, grabbed the hairdryer over the bureau and walked over to the bed.

“Things got out of hand yesterday night and…you know I’m not like this, you know I never drink this much.”

He felt like Robb last night. He knew perfectly well how annoying it was when he arrived home like that.

She nodded, untying the cord of the hairdryer fiercely and plugging it to the outlet. “Just don’t do it again. At least not when I have to wake up early the next day.”

“No, no,” he shook his head. “Of course not.”

“I’m gonna dry my hair now,” she said, signaling the end of the conversation.

“Wait,” he said. “Did I throw up much last night?”

Dany nodded. “A lot.” She couldn’t hold back a chuckle after saying this, which made him chuckle too.

He guessed her mood was probably better, so he asked her, “You wanna eat?”

She nodded and said. “Thanks.”

He served the food while she dried her hair. They sat together at the table but she remained distant, cold and cutting. He tried to ask her more about her day but she gave short answers.

“I’ll wash,” he told her when she was done. “You already cleaned my vomit.”

“Alright.”

“I feel bad. I want to make it up to you.”

She chuckled. “Do you, really?” He nodded. He wasn’t meaning it in any sexual way, but hoped she was. “Then wash my dishes for the whole week.”

He had not expected that.

“Okay,” he nodded. “And the stoves and pans…I’ll cook for the whole week if you want.”

She exhaled a laugh. “Okay, fine.”
She stood up to leave to the bedroom.

“Anything else?” he said before she entered the room.

“Huh?” she turned to him.

“Anything else I can do to make it up to you?”

She hesitated and shook her head. “Not really.”

“Sure?”

She held the door frame with one hand and said, “We won’t have sex, if that’s what you’re asking.” She turned to enter the room and from inside said, “Goodnight.”

“It’s eight pm,” he replied.

“I didn’t sleep last night, I had a long day, I’m tired,” she said firmly. “Thank you for the food.”

He stood up to do the dishes. “I love you!”

She chuckled. “I love you too, very much.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm putting a lot of effort in what's next! Rhaegar's baby is coming, along with some baby talk <3
The Beach

Chapter Summary

Just a bit of smut before we go on ;)

@ArthurT dear beta u da bestttt

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They had gone for a run along the pier of King’s Landing on a Friday evening, on the asphalt next to the beach. They sat back against the seats of her car, panting and with shaky legs, after not even fifteen minutes of running. Jon joked that the only physical activity they were used to was sex—although maybe it wasn’t really a joke. With red and swollen faces and their bodies dripping with sweat, they drank up their bottles of water, which had warmed up already. Dany turned the AC on to its highest point.

“The cost for a healthy life,” he breathed, “is too high.” He batted his t-shirt against his chest repeatedly in a lousy attempt to fan it. He shifted his body to face her and rested his head on the window, giving her an exhausted smile. “Your face is so red... This is how you look during an orgasm. I’m turned on.” He covered his bulge with his hands. “I gotta hide my erection.”

She chuckled with the little strength she had. They had not had sex in a week, as she had been on her period. Seeing Jon all tired and sweaty inevitably reminded her of how he looked during sex as well. She wondered if he, just like her, was thinking about having sex tonight.

They regained their strength as they sat back on the seats, watching the sea. The night had just fallen and most people had left the beach.

“Do you know what sucks?” she said. “That we can’t see the sunset from here.” It set at the other side of Westeros. “We should come to see the sunrise some time,” she proposed. She had been living there for years and had never seen it.

Jon chuckled. “It’s so hard for us to get out of bed in the mornings. Would you honestly do it to watch the sun rising?”

“Yeah! Just one time, one effort.”

“I think I’d need a convincing reason to get up that early,” he only said with a laugh.

At home, he showered first. While she did after him, she imagined him there with her, rubbing the soap on her body and touching her a little further. It was a pity they had such a small shower that did not let them shower together comfortably. When she got out of the shower, she rushed to the bedroom, hoping to find him naked and ready for her. He was, indeed, naked, yet completely asleep.

She pulled the covers on top of him, which had been tousled at his feet. She put a hand on his head and planted a small kiss on it, and his head reacted moving slightly to a side—his cheek against the pillow and his mouth parted open. She took off the towel that surrounded her torso and put on panties, shorts, and a t-shirt.
It was still too early to fall asleep, though, so she took a book from the shelf he had nailed on the wall and went to read for a while in the living room.

“Dany,” she heard. She opened her eyes and the first thing she saw was Jon’s cock.

“What?” She rubbed her eyes. The living room’s light was so bright she had to cover her eyes with her hand, yet she could see him naked before her.

“Woke up to pee and found you here,” he said. “Go to bed.”

He grabbed her by the arms and helped her sit up. She looked at his cock as she stood up with his help. His body movements as he leaned down made her slightly horny, despite still feeling half asleep. She realized he had crouched down to pick up the book, she had probably dropped it in her sleep.

She watched his body up and down as he walked towards the bathroom, and locked her eyes on his buttocks before he got in. What a delicious body he had, so pleasing to the eye. It was slim, pale, with hairy legs and arms. He didn’t have notorious muscles but she had never been too attracted to too muscular bodies anyway. He had a lovely arse, beautiful long legs and such a nice cock between them.

She lay down in the middle of their bed, and, when he came back, she pulled him as he lowered his body for him to be on top of her. She opened her legs to place his hips between them. He chuckled. She felt half-asleep and half-horny, perhaps a bit hornier than just a half. They kissed, she held his arse down and pressed her hips up against him, a mild ache in her cunt was already present for him.

He let go of the kiss. “Hey, let’s go to the beach.”

“Huh?” she said, lifting her face to kiss him again, but he avoided the kiss.

“Let’s drive down to the beach, we can maybe catch the sunrise. If you’re not too tired, of course, but I see that you’re not.”

“What?” Dany asked, she thought he was the one who did not want to watch the sunrise. She only said, “Fuck me,” and pulled his head down as she held the nape of his neck.

“I’ll drive,” said Jon, avoiding her kiss.

“Jon!” Dany complained. “Afterwards.”

“My god, Dany,” he chuckled, “Aren’t you getting what I’m saying? Do you want to go to the beach?”

“I…” she said, “Oh.”

He must be going crazy, she thought. They had almost gotten caught at the school’s library and his mother had walked in on them, their success rate was not too good when it came to having sex somewhere that wasn’t home. Yet they got up.

The weather was colder at night, so they put on long pants, a jacket, sneakers, and took a blanket for the sand. Jon drove, Dany was still a bit sleepy. She leaned back on the passenger’s seat as she stared at his hands on the steering wheel, the way they moved in every turn, and how his fingers held it firmly again. He had pretty fingers, skillful fingers, she wanted him to use them with her already.
It was four thirty am. They were the only ones out on the street. She breathed. The beach was half hour from their place, approximately, but without traffic, they could probably do it in half the time.

In the middle of their silence, he turned to look at her and grinned. He extended a hand to her and she held it between them. She pressed her legs together. Her thoughts about what they were about to do had an immediate reaction to her cunt.

“Hurry, hurry, hurry,” she said.

He let out a small laugh and sped up just a bit. She let go of his hand and stretched her arm to grab his thigh, not being able to help herself.

Jon grinned. “Patience, patience.”

They reached a red light and he reduced the speed. She said, “No, fuck it, drive past it.”

But he stopped. She took her seatbelt off, put the gear in P and leaned over to kiss him. He moaned and she leaned over even more, almost standing from her seat and leaning on top of him. She moaned, she panted, she felt her cunt throbbing. She was almost on top of him, supporting herself with a hand on the window. With her other hand, she touched his neck and he passed his hands beneath her t-shirt, as her jacket was unzipped. He squeezed her breast and her nipples hardened. She breathed hard, frowning, and squeezed his bulge with one hand. He moaned, “Dany, god.”

She couldn’t look at the lights behind her and tell if they were green already. She didn’t care, there were no other cars outside beside them. She finally sat on his lap and kissed and licked his neck, making him shut his eyes and moan, breathing fast. She pressed his bulge again and he groaned, “Fuck.”

She placed her feet on either side of him to have her legs completely spread apart, kissing him hungrily as he squeezed a breast with one hand and ran the other one up her back. He let go of the kiss for a second and moved his face to look behind her head, “The light is turning red again.”

She breathed, nodded, and slid her hand into his pants, lowering them a bit to take his cock out. She stroked it quickly, it was hard and standing up. He moaned with his eyes shut. She passed her free arm behind his neck and hugged it as she kissed his jaw while her hand kept on moving. “Dany,” he said. She bit his neck and he moaned louder. “Da-Dany, stop. We’re close. Let’s fuck there.” He pushed her head away from his neck and pressed a kiss to her lips. She slowed down her hand, and when he held her wrist softly, she stopped. “Let’s get to the beach,” he said.

She sat back down on the passenger’s seat, exhaling loudly. He fixed his cock into his pants again and kept on driving. She breathed hard, horny, as her cunt throbbed almost painfully as she noticed how his cock was still hard under his sweatpants. She slid her fingers into her own pants and pressed circles on her clit, an easy task given how wet she was. Jon noticed and frowned, he said, “Oh my god, no. Don’t do this to me.” He tried not to look, focusing on the road.

She didn’t think she would make it. Arriving at the beach felt like a success. She got out of the car with the blanket in her hand and ran to the sand. They both turned on the lanterns on their phones to watch their step and to look around if there was anybody. Everything looked completely dark, maybe scary if she weren’t horny. The sound of the waves was growing louder as they approached the sea, and they finally placed the blanket down next to a rocky mountain.

They took off their shoes and she lay down on the blanket. He looked around them once more, checking that they were alone before he dropped himself on her to kiss her. He pulled her up by the
waist as she arched her back. Their breathings were loud, but not as loud as the waves crashing and receding. She breathed with her mouth parted open as she felt his fingers, talented from four years of learning how to move in her cunt, with his other hand on her nipple. The loudness of the waves made her feel comfortable enough to moan, hearing how the sounds of the sea overshadowed hers.

He lifted her t-shirt up to her armpits and the breeze cooled her torso and breasts, followed by his warm lips around her nipple, sucking it. She hugged his head, breathing fiercely, her chest moved aggressively under his mouth. Yet her cunt was burning for more. She had been horny for too long already.

“Take me now,” she breathed, her legs spread as they could be. His eyes were still shut as he enjoyed her nipple. She caressed his hair from his forehead to the top of his head, softly. “Please.”

He planted one last kiss on her breast and got up on his fours, pulling her pants down and then turning her around easily, her cheek pressed against the blanket. He lowered his pants just a bit and lay down on top of her, pushing his cock inside her. She moaned. He placed his elbows on either side of her shoulders and started moving in and out. He rested his forehead on the side of her head, moaning softly, hard inside her, moving easily with the help of her dampness. He kissed the side of her lips and she touched his jaw gently. Their hips moved rhythmically, his back arched up and down on top of her. She opened her legs further and lowered a hand to touch herself, a difficult task in this position. She pushed her arse up, but he kept pressing her body down.

“Wait,” she breathed, and he stopped.

She got on her fours and he started once more, holding her by the waist as he pushed his cock in and out of her. He ran his hand up and down her back under her jacket and t-shirt. He pulled her hair, not too fiercely, making her raise her head as she moaned. She moaned with every thrust, trying to touch herself but finding it hard to maintain balance, so when he noticed, his fingers went straight to her clit to pleasure her further. His other hand held her hip firmly as he kept on moving his hips. His fingers, given how well they knew her needs—the right movements, the right pressure—didn't take long to drive her to the edge. She had been horny for a long time, so she knew she would not last long.

“I'm,” she breathed, “I'm almost there.”

“Me too,” he replied. “Let's try not to be too loud.”

She placed both her elbows on the ground and he held her hips with both hands. She couldn't control the volume of her moans, the tightening of her muscles and the electricity that started to run all inside her body. She let her head fall between her arms, and when his fingers were back on her clit, moving fiercely and impatiently, it was impossible not to cum. Her voice was loud, his voice was loud, the waves were loud too, but this time they both probably won.

They lay down, Jon on top of Dany, with his cock still inside. They breathed. She raised her legs to press his buttocks down with her feet, not wanting him to move out yet. He kissed the side of her head and eventually moved to her side, lying down on the blanket and hugging her.

"Let's try not to be too loud?" she laughed.

He chuckled, breathless. She thought about what they had done. Making decisions while horny was not the wisest thing to do, but this would definitely be a fun and lasting memory. She wished so damn hard that nobody had seen them. What if they had gotten caught? It was illegal. How would she explain that to her mother? To her brothers? To Jon’s parents? What if that information leaked when she became a politician?
“We forgot the most important thing,” he interrupted her thoughts.

“What?”

“Cum towel.”

Dany hummed, complaining.

He took off his t-shirt and cleaned them both with it.

“I’ll wash it later,” he said.

He left the dirty t-shirt beside him, put his jacket back on and lay down on the side of his body beside her. She smiled and closed the space between them, holding his waist. He held her head and planted a kiss on it.

They stayed snoozing for a while. She didn’t know if he had fallen asleep, but she was just breathing with her eyes closed, holding him. When she opened her eyes later, the sky was a beautiful shade of blue, not too dark but not too light either, it matched the ocean perfectly. A tiny bit of the sun was starting to show behind the sea, with an orange line stretching up to both of its sides.

“Jon! Jon!” she exclaimed, shaking him. “The sunrise!”

He opened his eyes and looked before them. She sat up and crossed her legs and he moved his body to rest his head on her lap. She smiled and stroked his ear. She took a picture with her phone when half of the sun was out, but Jon was apparently asleep. She placed her hands behind her back and leaned back as she watched the view, she wanted Jon to see it too but felt bad about waking him up.

“I’m not asleep, by the way,” he suddenly told her. “I’m opening my eyes like every two minutes.”

Dany chuckled. “Good.”

He eventually sat up and she put her knees up. He hugged them and rested his cheek on them, looking at her. “Did you like it?”

“Yes! It was beautiful!” she smiled.

“I meant having sex here.”

She chuckled. “Very much, but…If someone had shown up…God, I don’t know what we were thinking.”

This was the second time they had had sex in a public place, and both had been Jon’s idea. They had been together for so long but he still didn’t fail to surprise her.

Chapter End Notes

There was a short and fun scene in this chapter that I deleted where Jon and Dany have a staring contest. You can read it here if you want!

Ok, time to move on with the actual plot. Next chap is where things start to get preetttyyyy serious.
Aegon

Chapter Summary

This chapter marks the beginning of a new subplot: their future family.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jon and Dany got the news of Elia being in labor and asked for permission at work to leave. Dany picked him up and they rushed to Dragonstone with the few belongings they had with them.

At the hospital, they both walked quickly to meet her mother and brother in the waiting room. There was no need to rush, though. Aegon had not been born yet and it would still take a few hours. Jon had been in this situation many times before but this was completely new to her. She hugged him tight by the waist at the elevator, unable to keep all her excitement inside her.

She walked out of the elevator holding his hand and found her mother sitting in the waiting room with Viserys. It had been hard to miss how Dany, Jon and Rhaella were all wearing their work clothes, clearly getting out of work to get there, and Viserys was just dressed casually, not having found a job yet. Rhaella kissed both Jon and Dany on the cheek. Dany hugged Viserys who just gave Jon a handshake.

Rhaegar was inside with Elia while she gave birth. Rhaella, a pediatrician, would go in as soon as the baby was born to help to check his vitals. Elia's parents and brothers would come as well, so Arianne was on her way with Doran and her two brothers.

The four of them sat together outside, waiting. Dany sat between her mother and Jon, holding both their hands, while resting her head on Rhaella’s shoulder. Her leg bounced up and down. Viserys sat on the other side of Rhaella, holding her other hand. Time went by slowly, she checked the clock on the wall every minute, she didn’t even know why, it was not like she knew how much time was left for Aegon to be born. They went downstairs to the cafeteria and had some snacks. They also bought balloons with welcome messages for the baby. They went back upstairs and kept on waiting. Dany stood up and paced before them, talking and talking in an attempt to force time to go by faster.

“Jon and I were trying to guess on our way here if he will have black or blond hair,” she said.

“It will probably be black,” Rhaella replied.

“He might be born bald, though,” Viserys said.

The wait felt eternal. When the door finally flung open, the sound of Aegon’s cries came out of the room. A doctor walked out but Rhaegar pushed him out of the way in excitement.

“He’s here!” he said, standing before the doctor. “Mum, you can come in!”

Rhaella stood up quickly. Dany stood up too but the doctor told her she could not go in yet. So, she sat back down with Jon and Viserys, and the three of them had to keep on waiting. And now time seemed to pass by twice as slow as before. Now that Aegon was actually born, she couldn’t wait to meet him, to know if he had been born healthy, to finally hold him. Arianne arrived eventually with
her father and brothers and many presents, her mother was at Dorne. At least with more people there, it was easier to get distracted and chat as they all waited.

When Rhaegar opened the door, Dany stood right away, holding Jon’s hand.

“You can come in,” he nodded.

She walked in. Elia was lying down with the baby in her arms. Dany squeezed Jon’s hand unconsciously and covered her mouth with her other hand.

“Three point one kilos, fifty-two centimeters, and very healthy,” said Rhaegar.

With watery eyes, she raised her eyebrows in awe as her mouth froze, ajar. It was his nephew, his brother’s son, the first baby in the family. He had calmed down now as his mother held him against her chest. Dany could only see his tiny, round head, his closed eyes and his short and thin blond hair.

“He’s blond!” Dany exclaimed to Jon.

“That’s the first thing you’re saying? He’s blond?” Rhaegar asked.

Dany chuckled, not averting her eyes from Aegon. Elia gave her a weak smile.

“I…he…” she mumbled, not knowing what to say. She was speechless by Aegon's beauty, by how tiny and delicate he looked in Elia’s arms.

The sounds of everyone congratulating Rhaegar and Elia were blurred. Her focus was solely on Aegon.

Arianne sat by Elia’s side, touching her arm. “How are you feeling?”

“I’ve been better,” Elia smiled.

“Does it hurt as much as they say?” Arianne asked.

“More.”

Arianne caressed her aunt’s hair. Doran stood next to her. They talked to Elia but Dany had no idea what they were talking about. She only looked down at Aegon, wanting to talk to him already, wanting to carry him. Jon’s hands held the side of her arms and planted a kiss on the back of her head.

“Dany,” Elia said.

Dany lifted her gaze to meet Elia’s and wiped a tear that was falling down her cheek.

“Do you want to carry him?” Elia asked her. It was obvious.

Dany smiled and nodded.

“Wash your hands, dear,” Rhaella said.

There was a bathroom inside the room where she quickly washed her hands and hurried back out. Dany sat next to Elia’s legs and Rhaegar handed her the baby. He was small, light, and with the tiniest nose, mouth, and eyebrows she had ever seen. She was frightened to drop him. He opened his eyes and she grinned—they had an ambiguous color, they were dark, but kind of a dark blue. She knew newborn’s eyes usually changed within the next few weeks anyway.
She thought she should perhaps say hello. She was not sure what she could say first, though.

“Aeg…aeg…” she mumbled.

“Egg?” said Jon, the rest of the room laugh.

Dany chuckled. “Aegon. Hello, love.”

Jon stroked her upper back. Dany looked up at Rhaegar and smiled at him. But Aegon started crying. Dany got desperate, wanting him to calm down so he could remain in her arms. Yet she handed him to Rhaegar with the utmost care, and he tried to calm his son down. He couldn’t, so he handed him back to Elia. She rocked him, whispered to him, but his screams kept on filling the room anyway.

Eventually, Aegon was taken to a room with the other newborn babies. Dany finally felt like she was brought back to the real world. She hugged Rhaegar and congratulated him and then Elia, a little later than everyone else. Now, she could see Elia better: her hairs were a mess on her forehead, her eyes and her whole body looked tired.

“Just looking at her hurt so much,” Rhaegar said. “Elia, you’re so damn fierce, I could have never done it.”

Elia chuckled, holding his hand.

The Martells did not stay long. They insisted they wanted to let Elia sleep and recover, and Rhaella told Dany they should leave as well. Luckily for her, though, Aegon had been born on a Friday, which meant they could stay with her mother for the weekend.

“And all the diapers they’ll have to change!” Rhaella said at the table during dinner. “Well, he did practice changing your diapers, Dany. I hope he remembers something.”

“Did I change them too?” Viserys asked.

“You tried, but always hid when I asked for help,” Rhaella replied, making them laugh.

“Can’t blame you,” said Jon.

“Jon has done changed way too many diapers,” Dany said.

“Oh, I can imagine,” her mother chuckled. “You’ll help them with Aegon whenever you come over, then.”

Jon laughed. “I’ll try.”

“And you could teach Dany a thing or two about it, she’s never done it before!” she said.

“It’s not like I need to learn,” Dany replied. “…Yet.”

“You have to practice anyway,” Rhaella said. “And don’t keep me waiting for too long for more grandchildren.”

Jon chuckled and looked down at his plate while Dany shook her head, laughing the awkwardness off. “You’ll have to wait. We don’t earn enough money yet and we haven’t finished our education.”

“Just don’t make me wait as much as Rhaegar did, though,” Rhaella jested.
“But how long have Elia and Rhaegar been together anyway?” Jon asked Dany in her bedroom, putting on some pajamas Rhaella had insisted for Viserys to lend him. They had not taken any clothes to Dragonstone as they had rushed out of work. Jon didn’t need Viserys' pajamas, he could sleep naked, but they preferred not to say so.

“Like eight years,” she replied as she finished taking some clothes out of her drawer to take to King’s Landing. Now that they were actually living and not just studying there, she took more of her stuff to her new home every time she came over to Dragonstone, and Jon did the same whenever he went to Winterfell.

“Well, yeah, they waited for a while,” he said.

Leaving her night lamp on, she turned off the lights and they both got into bed. He lay on his side and she hugged him.

“I know they kept postponing their wedding because they were saving to pay for a huge party,” she told him. “But they were trying to have kids from long before. Take off your clothes.”

“How was it to meet your nephew? I noticed you were a bit…”

“Overwhelmed. Speechless, I don’t know, just very…emotional.”

Jon caressed her head. “And he’s just your nephew. Can you imagine how it must feel like to see your child for the first time?”

Dany rested her head on her pillow at the same level of his and touched his beard from his ear to his chin.

“How many kids?” she smiled.

“Four.”

“Two.”

“Four.”

She shook her head. “Two.”

“Three,” he said, and Dany hesitated. “You have two brothers, don’t you think three is a good number? Or that two is too little?”

“I just don’t want to give birth three times. I think two is enough.”

“They’ll get bored…”

“They won’t!” Dany said. “And it’s so damn expensive.”

“We’ll earn good money, or at least you obviously will.”
She frowned. “What?”

“Even now, you earn almost twice as me. I mean, you’ve studied economics and I’ve studied philosophy, it’s no news that your career is more demanded and well-paid.”

“Ugh, come on, that’s not true,” she chuckled awkwardly.

“It’s the truest thing in the world,” he smiled. "The average economist earns more than the average philosopher, I don't think I need to show you any statistics to prove my point."

“So what?”

“So, I just hope it doesn’t get too weird, later on.”

“No, alright? No. Okay, there's a higher probability that I'll earn more, but in every couple someone earns more, right? Plus, what makes you think you won’t be an exception and earn a lot. I mean, you’re working in a law firm now…”

“As a paralegal intern.”

“Which is still great!”

“You work in the central bank, for fuck’s sake!”

She stayed silent, hoping he didn’t feel jealous or less than her because of that.

“These are…our first jobs,” she said.

“Exactly.”

“Exactly! You don’t know how well it’s gonna go with the next jobs. You don’t even have your masters degree yet! It’s gonna be much easier after that.”

Jon turned to look up at the roof. “You’re gonna be in the parliament and I’m just gonna be…there.”

“Come on, Jon. You’re being ridiculous.”

“I shouldn’t have studied philosophy.”

“Wha-Jon.”

“Was I stupid to choose that major?”

“No!”

“I wasn’t?”

“No!” She sat up and looked down at him. Her lamp’s yellow light was weak but she could see his watery eyes. “You’re not stupid, fuck no. You’re so intelligent, you have a degree from the best university in the country, you’ll get a good job, alright?” He stared at her. “You believe me, right?” She held his hand on her lap. “You believe me?”

He sighed and pursed his lips. “Okay,” he finally said. Did he mean it or did he just want to end the conversation? She leaned down anyway and gave him a couple of full, noisy kisses on his lips.

“I love you,” she said. She cuddled next to him again and hugged him to sleep.
The next day they went back to the hospital. Elia was recovering quickly and in a couple of days she would be able to go home. Her brother Oberyn arrived and also Dany’s grandmother. She was an old woman, with her hair completely white and could only walk with the help of a cane. She smiled, kissing Rhaegar on the cheek and hugging him tightly. He helped her sit down and afterward, carefully, handed Aegon to her when she asked him to.

Jon watched Dany interacting with her family. She was happy and in a good mood. She held her grandmother by the shoulder while they both looked down at Aegon, she joked with Rhaegar and chatted with Viserys with a smile and hugged her mother often. She held Jon’s hand all the time, always met his gaze for a moment and smiled at him.

Dany was sitting on a sofa holding Aegon, while Jon sat a bit above her level in the armrest, holding her by the shoulder. It was unexpected to see Arthur Dayne walk through the door, though. Jon stood up to greet him with a hug even before he had the time to greet Rhaegar.

“You made it just in time,” Rhegar said. “Visits are over at six.”

Arthur sat down and they all chatted. He carried Aegon as well. He was glad to find out that Jon was living with Dany and that they were both working. Jon was still sitting on the armrest next to Dany, her hand rested on his leg as they spoke.

Jon checked the time: it was almost six, he asked if he could carry him. He had been too shy to ask because he knew that his relatives or his parents wanted to hold him and he didn’t want to intrude. But he couldn’t help himself now. He had always loved to hold his siblings when they had just been born. Rhaegar handed him Aegon and Jon smiled down at him, slightly nervous about accidentally dropping him. Dany turned her head to look at Aegon next to her, holding one of his tiny hands. She rested her other hand on Jon's back. She looked up at him and they smiled at each other.

“It suits you two,” Arthur smiled at them. They both chuckled nervously.

“She’s still a baby, she can’t be having babies yet,” Viserys joked.

When the time for visits was over and they were walking towards the parking lot, Rhaella said, “Arthur, why don’t you come and have dinner with us at home?”

Rhaegar was not even going to be there, he was going to stay with Elia again, so Jon knew Rhaella was doing it for him to spend more time with Arthur.

“Yes, you totally should!” Dany smiled. “Jon, why don’t you show Arthur your ultimate culinary skills?”

Jon laughed and told Arthur, “My ultimate culinary skills are mostly cooking vegan for my girlfriend.”

“How do you try vegan food?” Rhaella asked him.

“We didn’t have that in the army, actually,” Arthur laughed.

Jon laughed too, and held Dany and Rhaella by the shoulders as they walked to the car.

Chapter End Notes
Hello to a new targ! Super excited to introduce him to the picture! I hope you liked this chap <333
“My baaaby,” Dany sang to Aegon as he lay on her chest. She was lying horizontally on the couch at Rhaegar’s flat in Dragonstone, with her head on Jon’s lap.

“He’s not your baby!” Rhaegar laughed, coming from the kitchen. She shook a little rattle next to Aegon’s face, he stared at it. “Give him to me,” Rhaegar said, standing in front of her.

“No!” Dany replied.

“Well, as he’s your baby why don’t you go and wipe his ass? It smells terrible,” Rhaegar said. “Besides, Jon can teach you a thing or two about changing diapers.”

Jon laughed, closing his eyes. Dany hummed, complaining, and caressed Aegon’s cheek with the back of her finger.

“Oh no,” she said. “I’ll try to do it.”

Elia came in from behind Rhaegar and held his arm.

“This is why we love to have you guys over, you know? You give us some time to rest,” she joked.

When Rhaegar and Elia left to the kitchen walking past them, Jon felt comfortable enough to bury his fingers in Dany’s hair. Aegon’s chin was now against Dany’s chest, making them chuckle, Jon kept on scratching her head softly. When they were finally going to get up, Jon took Aegon in his arms and placed his tiny face on his shoulder while Dany stood up. He gave her a pat on the butt, he liked to do that to her whenever she stood up. Dany turned to look behind him and laughed. Jon blushed like he never had.

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Rhaegar said. “Look, I’ll grab Elia’s butt too if that makes you feel better.”

He walked up to Elia and grabbed one of her buttocks, making her squeak, “Rhaegar!”

“Okaaay, thank you Rhaegar,” Dany said, pushing Jon by the back while he held Aegon with both hands.

In the baby’s bedroom, Dany took Aegon’s onesie off, but hesitated before opening his diapers on the changing table. So, Jon unfastened and lowered them. It was impossible not to laugh at Dany’s reaction. She couldn’t even look for more than a second, she turned around with her eyes shut and her arm covering her nose.

“Egg! My god!” she exclaimed.

Jon gave her instructions on what to do. She took the diapers off with the tip of her fingers while Jon
chuckled beside her. Many times, she shut her eyes and looked away. Jon held Aegon’s legs up for her to clean him, hoping he didn’t pee on them as Rickon had done on Jon when he was this little. Aegon stared at them the whole time with wide eyes. After Dany finally fastened the clean diaper on Aegon, she gave Jon a high-five. They put his onesie back on and she picked Aegon up. Jon put a little towel between Dany’s shoulder and Aegon’s face for him not to dampen her shirt with his drool.

Rhaegar and Elia took a nap. They barely slept now, so they asked Jon and Dany to stay a while longer with Aegon. Back on the couch, Dany showed Aegon different toys while he stared at them and sometimes smiled. Jon had an arm around her on the couch’s backrest, while he read about his master programme on his phone, Philosophy of Psychology. It seemed the most interesting of the options. He didn’t know yet what he could do with it, but was interested in learning more about the philosophy behind emotions, moods, and even mental illnesses. It made him think about his mother and her suicide, his anxiety and introversion—which had been much stronger some years ago—Dany’s unhealthy worry about school, her father’s behavior. Dany had loved the idea of him following said master. She had, of course, chosen Political Economy.

She held Aegon in front of her by his armpits and pressed a loud kiss to his cheek and then another to Jon’s cheek. Then, she did it again. She lay him down on her arms and rocked him from side to side. Aegon lifted his hand and touched Dany’s boob, making her and Jon laugh. He opened his mouth and drew near it.

“No, Egg,” Jon pushed his chest down with a finger. “I’m the only one who can do that to your aunt.”

The baby burst into tears. Dany tried to calm him down but he started screaming at the top of his lungs.

“I think he’s hungry,” Jon told her.

So, Dany took him to his parents. Aegon was still too little, but in a few months they would probably be able to spend more time with him on their own, perhaps as babysitters. He was okay with that.

Back in her mother’s place at night, they enrolled in their respective master programmes sitting next to each other in her bed.

“Dany,” he told her.

She turned to look at him. “Jon.”

“You’ve done so well this year, emotionally. You haven’t had breakdowns like in school, you’ve slept better, even with such a complicated job in the bank! I’m proud of you.” She smiled and looked down, blushing. “That’s why I can’t deny I’m a bit worried about going back to school,” he continued. “I know you’re better now but I’m a bit scared that you’ll obsess over your grades again and kind of let it take over.”

“I’ll be alright,” she said. “Really.”

He nodded, “Okay. You’ve grown a lot since then, so I’m pretty sure things won’t be exactly as before. But I’m just saying, if it were to happen again, if you’re feeling too stressed and overwhelmed again about your studies…just tell me, please. If you’re not okay, I want to help. I don’t want to find you crying in the middle of the night again without knowing what’s going on, or…”

She nodded, “Yes. Thank you. I know.”
He kissed her lips. “I’ll distract you from school if things get to that, I promise you that.”

“You’ve done that since day one,” she laughed, holding the back of his head and kissing his lips. “Taking me out on dates, having so much sex I could barely think about school, even giving me weed…”

He laughed. “You can have any of those whenever you want.”

She held him by the stomach and sighed. "Oh, Jon, I love my nephew so much."

He stroked her arm, from her shoulder to her elbow. “You’re sure you’re still taking birth control?” he joked.

She raised her head and looked at him with the angriest face he had ever seen on her. “That’s not funny.”

“Okay!” he laughed. “Okay! Sorry!”

“I don’t want to become a mother yet, are you kidding me?”

“I know! I’m just kidding,” he laughed, kissing her head, “I’m joking, I’m joking.”

At night he dreamt about his mother. She was young, beautiful, with long, dark hair, just like he had seen her in pictures. It was crazy that the only images he had of his mother were of a girl younger than him. She didn’t really feel like a mother sometimes, such a small dark-haired girl could totally be someone who went to school with him. He saw himself in her arms, a tiny baby, as tiny as Aegon. She left him on the snow on a cold night and then walking away. Jon, the adult Jon, ran after her, she walked slowly, with her head down, but could not reach her. He turned back: the baby was still in the snow, crying, probably freezing from the cold. When he looked to his front again, he could only see Ashara’s tiny figure, how could she have walked so much so quick? He ran with all his strength to her, yet his feet sank into the snow. He got closer and closer to her, but right before reaching her, he woke up.

Dany was sleeping in a fetal position, facing the wall. He could only see her messy hair on the pillow and her body moving as she breathed. He couldn’t help his hand from grabbing her shoulder.

“Hey,” He shook her. “hey.”

She hummed and turned. “What?”

“Do you still love me?” he whispered.

“What?” she asked. “Jon you woke me up-“

“Do you still love me?”

“Of course I love you,” she rubbed her eyes. “What time is it?”

“Are you sure you won’t leave? And that you want to be with me always?”

“Yes, I’m sure, Jon. We’ve talked about this. Are you okay?”

“God, I’m so sorry for waking you up.”

Was he talking in his sleep? Would he remember this the following morning? Would she? He felt guilty for waking her up, yet he knew that if the most important person in his life had abandoned
him, he couldn’t afford for the current most important person in his life to do so as well.

She turned to him and placed her hand on his neck. “I love you.”

“I love you too, very much. I don’t want you to leave me. Please.”

“Jon.” She pushed his hair behind his ear. “There’s a reason why I moved in. Because I won’t leave.”

“Okay, okay,” he replied. “Okay.”

Both had their legs curled up. She rested her hand on his neck and moved closer to him, placing her knees against his belly for her legs to be curled above his. She kissed his lips softly, making a low sound. After caressing his neck with her fingertips for a while, she held his hands between them.

When he woke up the next morning, her hand was still holding his fingers. He untangled his fingers from her hand to grab his phone from the nightstand. His mother had sent him a text, complaining about how long it had been since the last time he had been in Winterfell. Dany moved slightly next to him and opened her eyes, which were still quite small. She frowned, looking at him.

“What happened last night?” she asked him in a hoarse, sleepy voice.

“Nothing, I…I don’t know. You know how sometimes I think about weird shit at night,” he chuckled.

“I…I remember you asking me if I…” she frowned, “loved you? Something like that?”

He shrugged. “I was just talking bullshit.”

She hugged him by the chest tightly and rested her head on his shoulder. She stared at his phone in his hands when a text popped in, lighting up the screen.

“What does your mum say?” she asked.

He sighed. “She wants me to go to Winterfell next weekend.” Dany nodded. “You don’t have to come if you don’t want to,” he told her. “I know you’d rather be here.”

“Yeah, I think so,” she hugged him closer and he held her head. “And don’t feel like you have to come here all the time.” She looked up at him with her chin on his chest. “We’re together every single day.”

He loved coming over and visiting the baby with her, yet he felt that he was missing out much of his younger sibling’s childhood. The following weekend, Jon visited his family and Dany visited hers, and he spotted many new attitudes and behaviors from them—especially in Bran and Arya—that reminded him of all the changes their age implied. He would have loved to have a laugh with Dany, talking about how hard it was to raise kids every time Bran or Arya talked back to their parents or looked annoyed. Aegon’s birth had made it difficult not to talk about children. Lately, he brought up the subject more often, and it was always reassuring to remember she also wanted a family with him. He thought about marriage too, about when would it be reasonable to get married. Next year? In three years? In five years? His family had even asked him about it but he had not known what to answer to them. He guessed time would tell. Right now things were going well living together. Sometimes it already felt like they were a married couple.

He was talking to Dany on the phone with his earphones on while he played PlayStation with Rickon and Bran. Arya was the one who used to play the most with Bran, but lately, she would
rather spend time with her friends than with her family.

“Say hello to everybody,” Dany said to end the call. “I’ll let you play in peace.”

“Okay, bye, darling.”

“Bye, I love you.”

“See you tomorrow.”

“Tell me you love me,” she said. He could hear her smiling.

“I-I’m…you know I do,” he chuckled. He did not want his brothers to mock him when he said so.

“A lot.”

“I said 'I love you' and you didn’t say you love me back, come on! That’s disrespectful,” she laughed.

“My brothers are here.”

“I know.”

“Please,” he begged her.

“You don’t have a choice.”

He breathed, looking at his brothers at his sides. He cleared his throat, “I love you.”

Bran and Rickon laughed out loud, Dany heard them and laughed too.

“I love you, I love youuuu,” they repeated, making kissing noises.

“Byeee Jon!” she said before hanging up and leaving him alone with his brother’s mocks.

Rickon lost as usual and started crying. Bran got pissed when Jon asked him to let their little brother win at least once. He texted Dany to tell her about it. She laughed, ‘Children,’ she replied.

At night in his bed, he kept on thinking about their future. They had a great life together, there was no need to rush, nor with an engagement nor a wedding. Plus, an engagement ring wasn’t cheap. He did not even have any idea how much it costed. But was it necessary? Given the life they had together now, as just boyfriend and girlfriend, why would they have to get married? He remembered the previous weekend when he woke up at night, frightened of abandonment, even though they had been together for so long…would marriage be more reassuring? At the end of the day, if she ever wanted to leave him she could divorce him anyway. He turned in his bed. It felt unlikely. The only reasons he could think of were either cheating—which he would never do—or maybe earning too little, but she had already told him she didn’t really care about that…at least not enough to divorce him. What about not being in love anymore? It was harder to think about a counterargument for that. He sighed. He couldn’t deny he would love it for them to assure each other they wouldn’t leave. He would love to celebrate with all the people they cared about and then get into bed a bit drunk on their wedding night and then flying off to the other side of the world for their honeymoon. They would probably spend their whole honeymoon in bed anyway, so maybe they could go somewhere not too far and save some money. He chuckled about it in his dark and quiet room. They would have to save a lot of money for a wedding, for a honeymoon, for a baby, for moving into a bigger place to start a family. His bank account balance didn’t even allow him to buy a ring. Was she thinking the same
thing right now, holding Aegon in her arms or singing a song to him, wishing she could start a family already? He shut his eyes tightly. An engagement could wait for when they finished school.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaand a pivotal chapter is up next...
I hope you’re enjoying the story :)
“Negative again!” Dany said out loud as she watched the pregnancy test in her hands. “Negative,” she exhaled to Jon, who stood at the bathroom door. She wiped a tear off.

“Okay,” he replied. “Great. I don’t think there’s a mistake in three tests, right?”

“I don’t think so,” she said, putting her pants back on. Still, the absence of her period was weird. There had been times before when it had arrived a little later than usual, but never this long. There had been times when only a few drops of blood had come out in five days, and times when there had been heavy bleeding for a whole week. She bit the nail of her thumb, this could be another irregularity.

She opened the door and faced Jon. He gave her a smile of relief.

“You know I can’t do this, right?” she asked. “I can’t just leave my studies and become a mother.”

He nodded. “I know.” She hugged him by the waist right away. He held her head. “Well, you’re not pregnant, so, no need to worry. God, I was so nervous.”

“Me too,” she replied.

Her master’s degree was crucial for the future she wanted. A pregnancy would mean a huge risk to her plans. She let go of Jon’s embrace.

“I’m a bit…shaken,” she replied. “I was already thinking what I would tell my mum, my brothers, my friends…your family…”

“Okay, relax, breathe with me,” he said, taking her hand between their bodies. “Inhale,” he counted to four with his fingers. “Retain,” he said, and counted to five. “Exhale,” he said, and counted to eight.

She followed him with her breath. Everything was okay. Maybe she would do a fourth pregnancy test later, just in case.

“You should see a doctor,” Arianne texted her after Dany told her the results of her tests.

“I bet it’s nothing. I’m sure my period will come soon,” Dany replied.

“Still. You need to get yourself checked. Something’s not right in your body. I’ll go with you after class,” she insisted.
Dany had her hands crossed over her belly, staring at the roof with her legs open and pants down as the doctor examined her. Arianne was sitting at the other side of the curtain.

“So, despite the birth control, you still have a strong pain during your period?” the old woman asked her, touching her walls with gloves on.

“Yes, especially in the first two days,” she replied.

“And the amount of blood is…”

“Usually high,” she replied, “but there have been times when I haven’t bled much or my period just started some weeks later than it should have. But it’s never taken this much.”

The doctor told her to put her pants back on.

“Do you always take your pills on time?” she asked.

“Always,” Dany replied.

“Have you ever noticed drops of milk leaking from your breasts?”

“Sometimes, but only a little,” she replied.

Many more questions came up in that appointment. Do you have pain in your breasts sometimes? Can you rate the pain of your menstrual cramps from one to ten? Have you ever had a miscarriage?

“We’re gonna start with a blood test,” the doctor said, writing everything down. “We need to check your levels of androgen and prolactin, which stimulate your breast milk production, and your thyroid hormones too to see if they are affecting your menstrual cycle. Two months without bleeding is an uncommon time, especially if you’re on birth control.”

The conclusion of the appointment was that she most probably had a hormone imbalance. At least she got the reassurance that she wasn’t pregnant.

On the following appointment, Dany gave the doctor her test results.

“There are a couple more things we need to evaluate, just to make sure you’re alright.” She took a sheet of paper in her hands and wrote quickly. “Get a pelvic exam and a Pap test. Come back with the results, I will be in charge of an ultrasound for you.”


She had never had one before, but she knew pap tests hurt like hell. She couldn’t deny she felt a bit nervous, not about being pregnant, that was already discarded, but about other illnesses, cancer, perhaps? Her father had died of cancer. She hoped she would not ever have ovarian cancer or something of the sort. However, knowing she lived a healthy life was a bit comforting.

When she got home, Jon was cutting tomatoes in small pieces next to a bowl of chopped basil. She went over and hugged him from behind, kissing his cheek.

She hummed. “Tomato and basil go so well together.”

He nodded. “How did your appointment go?”

She sighed. “I don’t know. She didn’t really say much. I just have a hormone imbalance and I need
some more tests to know what treatment she can give me, which pills or whatever. I need a *pap* test.”

He hissed. “The one where they take a piece of your skin out?”

She hugged him tightly. “That one.”

“Oh no,” he said, holding her hand over his belly, “I’m so sorry. But everything’s okay, though?”

“Yes, yes,” she said. She kissed his ear and let go of the embrace. She washed her hands next to him and asked him how she could help.

“You could boil the pasta,” he told her. “And what else could we put in here? Spinach?”

Dany nodded, drying her hands. “And mushrooms.”

It was a quick meal to prepare. When the ten minutes of the penne in the pan were done, the tomatoes, spinach, mushrooms, and basil were already sautéed with garlic, ready to be mixed with the noodles. They were perfectly organized now when they cooked, they knew what to do and how to do it, how much salt, olive oil, and garlic.

“Bed or table?” Jon asked her, holding both dishes in his hands.

“Bed,” she said. He placed the dishes on the food tray and they took it to bed. It was one of the best purchases they had made since they had moved in, given the time they spent in bed.

“Sansa has a boyfriend,” he told her as they sat down.

“Really? She told you?”

“No,” he chuckled. “Apparently they’ve been together for quite a while. My parents talked about it in the group chat and I was the only one who didn’t know.”

“Good for her. I think she’s our age when we met, isn’t she?” she said. How quickly had time had flown by.

When they were done eating, he kissed her lips. His mouth tasted too much like food, especially garlic, and she was sure hers did too. So they brushed their teeth, standing arm to arm in front of the bathroom sink. Once she had finished brushing, she exhaled her fresh breath loudly on his face, making him laugh and do the same with her.

Back in the bed, she hugged him from behind as he lay on the side of his body. She put a leg up and hugged his hip with it.

“I don’t even know how much it costs to raise a baby,” he told her, caressing the thigh that hugged his hip. “I was really scared.”

“Me too. It’s just not the time yet. Just diapers cost a shitload…and then there’s also the opportunity cost of not getting my master’s degree.”

He hummed, holding her arm. “Well, it’s all good now. It was just a scare.”

She kissed the side of his face and rested her head on his.

“My classes start late tomorrow, you wanna go for a run?” she asked.

He hesitated but then said, “Alright, okay, yes,” and she gave him a loud kiss on the cheek.
After the pelvic exam and the Pap test, which had indeed hurt like hell, were done, the doctor did an ultrasound on Dany. Arianne was with her the whole time, even when the doctor finally told her the diagnosis.

“I hate to be the bearer of bad news…” the doctor exhaled, sitting at her desk across Dany and Arianne.

Dany’s blood pressure fell instantly. “Am I gonna be okay?”

“Yes, you…your life is not at risk, Daenerys,” she answered, pressing her hands together in front of her.

Dany exhaled, it wasn’t cancer, then.

“Your body can’t ovulate,” the doctor said.

“What?” Dany replied, hoping she had heard it wrong.

“You cannot ovulate. Or it’s extremely difficult for your body to do so.”

“What?” she said again, frowning. “Wha-I…I don’t…”

“You’re not pregnant. You are infertile, I’m sorry,” she said. Dany was a bit taken aback the straightforwardness of her words. “Your body…has a high hormone level of androgen and prolactin. That’s why drops of milk leak out of your nipples every once in a while. Now, given how scared you were when you walked into my office the first time, I imagine you are not planning on getting pregnant anytime soon.”

“No…not soon but…I do want children later, I…I do want children,” she frowned. She could not believe this was happening to her. She would have never thought it could happen to her. Arianne extended her arm to hold her hand.

“There are…” the doctor cleared her throat and looked down, trying to hide the obvious pity in her eyes. “There are drugs that could be prescribed to you to promote ovulation, although it…it will be difficult for you. But you could go through a strict treatment anyway when the time comes. I wouldn’t get my hopes up, though. I’m sorry.”

Dany’s eyes started burning, she tried to hold back her tears in vain, they fell down anyway.

“You could at least try some other options,” the doctor continued, “IVF, artificial insemination…We can discuss the options now if you want, or another time when you’re calmer, or…when you want to try to get pregnant.”

A stung in her chest hit her like a dagger. She put a hand over her mouth and wept. The doctor opened a drawer beneath the desk and handed her a Kleenex. What was she going to tell Jon? What was she going to tell her mother? How was her whole life going to be?

“I…” she said. “I live a healthy life. I’m a vegan, I…don’t smoke, I don’t drink much. Wh-why?”

“These things sometimes happen even to women with healthy lifestyles. The probability is lower, yes, but it’s still there.”

“But…” she wanted to retort, as if looking for a different diagnosis from the doctor.

She cried in the car. Arianne had to drive her back home in Dany's car. She looked out the window,
at the buildings, the houses, the cars, but mainly the people. She looked at their expressions. She felt jealous of them, naively thinking about how they all must be having such normal lives.

“Are you gonna tell Jon today?”

Dany rubbed her eyes. “I guess so. The sooner, the better, I guess.”

Arianne tried to talk to her, to console her, but it was in vain. Dany preferred for her to stop talking and leave her to her thoughts. They were mainly about how the conversation with Jon would go, or if she should her and Jon’s families. Sometimes they made jokes, asking when would she and Jon start having babies. At some point they would have to let them know that they wouldn’t have any grandchildren or nephews coming from them.

“I’m sorry,” Arianne said as she parked her car at the door of the building. “You know I love you, right? Very much. Just text me or call me whenever you want to talk or meet up.”

Dany nodded, “Thank you.”

She stayed in the car for a while, trying to get her tears to stop.

“Is Jon upstairs?” Arianne asked.

Dany shook her head. “He’ll arrive later.”

“No you want me to come up with you?”

Dany shook her head again. “I want to be alone for a while.”

Before getting out of the car, Arianne gave Dany a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Arianne gave her back her car keys and went home on her own. Dany entered the building and allowed her tears to fall more easily. Walking up the stairs was more tiring than usual, every step ached. Once she closed the door of the flat behind her, she let herself cry as much as she could.

It was his face what broke her. It was his expression of pain, his tiny frown of confusion. Her tears tried again to make her way out, a lump in her throat wanted to prevent her from speaking further. She couldn’t control the reactions in her body.

“I’m sorry,” she said with a broken voice and a tear leaking out of an eye.

She held him tightly. “I’m gonna…look for a second opinion, though.”

She felt him nodding. He cleared his throat, she hoped he wasn’t crying.

He said, “I'm alright with being together and having a couple of dogs and...a cat, and...”

She snorted, an arm was bent up for her hand to hold his shoulder, "You told me you wanted like five kids."

“We’ll figure out what we can do,” he said, caressing her back.

She nodded as more tears fell down. She let go of his embrace.

“Look, I...there’s a small chance if I get a treatment. And I'll try an IVF and all that...I’m so sorry Jon,” she said, sniffing.
“Don’t apologize,” Jon told her. “My God, don’t apologize, Dany.”

“I’m sorry!” she repeated anyway. The lump in her throat ached. “I guess we could probably consider adoption too. Right? I mean—“ She broke into tears. Jon hugged her again and she cried against his shoulder.

"Let’s not talk about this now, we'll discuss it when the time comes." She kept on crying, dampening his t-shirt, as he caressed her head. "We're gonna be fine. You're gonna be fine, alright?"

Jon was being strong for her. He wasn’t showing his pain the same way as her to not make her feel worse. But she was sure he was hurt. He wanted a huge family and she was going to be unable to give him one. Keeping her hopes up, they could have maybe one successful IVF. She was not allowing him to have the future he wanted.

He took her to bed and covered her with the bed's quilt, made her a cup of tea, and brought her a roll of toilet paper. She unrolled it enough to blow her nose. He sat next to her, crossed his arms over his knees and pressed his chin on his arms. He turned to look at her. “I love you,” he said.

She sniffed, wanting to give him a smile but being unable to, “I love you too.”

He lay back and hugged her head against his chest, planting a kiss on top of it. She held his arm and shut her eyes. The thought of never carrying a child in her belly, of having someone hers, teaching them to walk, to talk, haunted her terribly. And deep within, the most haunting of all the fears was the one of Jon leaving her. They had told each other many times they wouldn’t leave one another, but this was a scenario they had never thought about, she was depriving him of one of the things he wanted most. She knew how much he wanted a family, a child of his own. They had spoken about how they wanted to be better parents than theirs, about how to raise their children right. She was taking this away from them, and the guilt was consuming her.

He hugged her and stroked her head. She pressed her eyes hard, trying uselessly to keep her tears from falling. He kissed the back of her head. The thoughts kept on bombarding her. Maybe he wouldn’t leave her now, but what about later? Maybe in their thirties he could get tired of being with her, a barren woman? Would he rather have a family with someone else than being the two of them alone? So many people left their partners, even when they already had kids. Why wouldn’t he? Everyone who left, at some point they had been a good partner, a good boyfriend, at some point they had probably promised not to leave.

“I love you,” he whispered to her. More tears fell down her cheeks.

“Say it again,” she begged softly.

“I love you, Daenerys, I love you.”

She held his hand and he took hers to his lips. She adjusted her body for his head to be on her chest. She buried her fingers in his curls and moved them softly. She wanted to beg him to stay with her, to go to a fertility clinic with her in a couple of years, to not give up on trying to have a family together.

“Jon,” she whispered. “I gotta go home this weekend. I have to tell my mum about this.”

“Okay,” he said. “Do you want me to come with you?”

“No, I should be alone with her.”

“Yes, okay. Let me know if you change your mind, though.”
They didn’t talk much that night. She wanted to be in her own head for a while. Maybe he did too or maybe he knew better not to push her to talk it all out yet.

She noticed him crying at night. She hated herself for it. She couldn’t stand it for him to suffer because of her. He sniffed and his body made small movements, evidencing he was weeping. After a while she couldn’t bear it anymore and pulled him to her and hugged him tightly.

He wept, holding her by the shoulder. “Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.”

She stayed in bed the next day. Waking up and realizing the previous day had not been just a bad dream was one of the worst ways one could start a day. She had entered that office for the first time expecting to get a treatment for period irregularity and to make sure she wasn’t pregnant but instead was told she was infertile.

Jon got up to bring her a bowl of oatmeal with blueberries and raspberries to bed, but she didn’t sit up. He sat down next to her, wearing only his underwear, while he drank a cup of orange juice. She moved her body closer to him and rested her head on his hip, caressing his hairy thigh. He stroked her head softly.

“I’m gonna stay,” she told him. An unbearable ache filled her head from all she had cried the previous night. “I won’t go to class.”

“I’ll stay too.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” he scratched her head.

It wasn’t only about her. It affected him as much as her. It was unfair that a problem with her body could affect his life too. She wanted him to be happy above everything but her body was taking away something so important to his happiness. She kissed his thigh and caressed it again.

It was a quiet morning, spent mostly in bed, either in silence or trying to have conversations that died easily because they didn’t want to talk about certain things yet. It felt too soon to be discussing adoption, the way they would tell the news to their parents and siblings, or their life plans. It still hurt too much.

In the afternoon searched for information on her laptop: IVFs, surrogates, adoption, stories of other people who had been diagnosed as infertile. Jon did some research on his own too. Many said to get a second opinion. Others claimed they had gotten pregnant unexpectedly one day, some said it was a miracle, some said their initial doctors hadn’t been accurate enough in their diagnosis. Many talked about the difficulty of treatments as IVF. There were plenty of infertile people out there, more than she had imagined.

He went into the bathroom, took a shower, and when he got out she was sitting at the table in front of her laptop, her elbows on the table and her face against her hands, breathing in silence. He walked up to her and kissed the top of her head. She held his hand and kissed the back of it. She pressed her cheek against it. Her eyes burnt—when she cried and used her computer it was easier for them to hurt.

“Take a shower,” he said, taking his hand off hers to scratch her head.

“Do I smell that bad?” she asked, looking up at him.

“No,” he chuckled softly. “No, no, no…I mean, to take your mind off things, to relax…I don’t
She did as he said. She let the water run hot on her body and breathed in as the water massaged her head and arms. She wished they could both fit in there, not to have sex, only to be together. She stayed inside longer than usual, in the warmth and wetness, where, for some moments, the sound of the shower running replaced the loudness of her thoughts.

When she walked out of the bathroom with a towel around her body, she found him sitting at the table with an Excel sheet open on his laptop with something that looked like a budget.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“Oh, nothing,” he said, and changed the tab.

“What are you doing a budget for?” She usually was the one who did the math and kept a record of their expenses and incomes.

“Nothing, nothing, just…” he said. “Just checking how much money we’d need for…for…an IVF or something.”

She sighed. “We’ll earn some money and in a few years we’ll see if we can make it. An IVF, God, that must really hurt.”

She walked over to the bedroom and put on her pajamas.

"You're strong as hell, Dany, you've been through worse things," he told her from outside. She wondered if that was true or if this was, in fact, the worst thing she's had to go through.

“I knew this happened, I just never thought it could happen to me,” Dany said in a brittle voice, walking to him again and sitting next to him. “I’ll go to Dragonstone tomorrow. I can’t wait till Friday. My mum will probably take me to see other doctors there, I gotta take my tests results,” she told him. “Stay,” she continued, “go to class, I'll be fine.”

He looked at her and nodded.

“Just don’t drive,” he said. “Take the train.”

He always insisted she shouldn’t drive when she was upset, especially not on the highway.

“This sucks,” she told him.

“Everything’s gonna be fine, we’ll find a way,” he said. Dany didn’t know if he meant a way to have a child or a way to cope with not having the family they wished for. But she knew he was just trying to calm her down, to act strong, given how he had cried the previous night. Jon wanted her to feel like ‘everything was going to be fine’, while she was sharing her feelings with him...why couldn't he open up?

“No, Jon, this sucks,” she said again. “This sucks for me and you. Aren’t you angry? Or frustrated? Don’t deny it!” He only frowned silently. She had clearly caught him off guard. But she couldn't stop. "Don’t tell me everything’s gonna be fine. We had plans for our lives and now they’re all gone. It sucks, Jon. Don’t try to deny it, or don’t try to look strong for me. We’ll have to go through extensive treatments, draining and expensive, just to see if there’s a probability! It’s gonna be tough, it’s gonna be tough, I… I never…” she groaned, “Why?! Jon, why? Why do we have to go through this? It upsets me, it frustrates me! It…it…”
She shut up when he broke into tears in front of her.

“It sucks,” he said in a broken, high-pitched voice, “it sucks, yes. But we’ll try everything we can, we’ll try all the options, we-we-we...” He wept. She held his hand on the table. Neither of them spoke for a while. He rubbed his nose and she brought toilet paper for him. “There are people...who had zero chance of getting pregnant and they just got pregnant one day! Without treatment or anything! And if nothing succeeds, we’ll worry about it when it comes.”

He rubbed his eyes and placed his forehead on his hands, his elbows on the table.

“It’s unfair. Jon you...you want a nice, quiet life with kids. And I’m giving you everything but. I want to get into politics and will most probably have a crazy, busy life, not quiet at all. And now, I can’t have kids.”

“Dany, don’t worry about that,” Jon sniffed, lifting his head.

“You want a quiet life, I want a busy life. You want kids, I can’t give you kids.”

“Don’t worry about that,” he repeated. “You wanna be a politician? You wanna be president? I’m not gonna be an impediment for you to do that.”

“I’m saying that I will be an impediment for you! I'm the one who's not letting you have the life you want, who's fucking up all your life plans...”

“My life plans? Since when has life gone according to plan! Never. Could we had even guessed all the things that would happen to us when we first met? We’ve been through so much and we’ve made it through.”

“But this life you want...”

“I want to be with you! Dany, I don’t care if I don’t have a chill and quiet life, I want to be with you! And about children, Dany, you’re so much more than just a baby-bearer. I love you, it’s not like I’m with you just because I want to have a family with someone. I’ll stay with you no matter what. Is it not the life I wished for? Fuck that. I’d rather choose you a million times with a crazy, busy life on the side.”

She wiped a tear, hoping he meant every single word, hoping he would not change his mind. She held his hand tightly.

“I don’t want this to break us apart,” she said.

Chapter End Notes

I understand it if you 1) hate me 2) think this is cliché af. But I have to say I started this fic knowing that Dany and Jon would struggle with infertility issues, so I wanted to build up a relationship strong enough for them to be there for each other during hard times as this one, but I had never planned for the fic to be this long. I had initially planned for this to be chapter 15, and then I pushed it to be chapter 27, and well, it ended up being ch37 lmao.
Also, I’m no doctor, please don’t trust ANYTHING of what I just said. I just did some research about infertility but don’t trust me omg if you have cramps, breast pain and
milk leaks it doesn’t necessarily mean you’re infertile. Don’t trust mee I’m just a fic writer.
Final request: Don’t kill me please, I've been incredibly nervous to hit the Post button. You guys and your amazing feedback have been the only reason why this fic is this long and didn’t end a year and a half ago. I've put so much effort and time in this chapter and the ones to come. Bear with me, I still have plans for them <3 The fic won’t end yet. Don't hate me, I beg you.
A Pillow of Winds

Chapter Notes

This chap is about Jon's feelings about the subject.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There are things no one’s ready for. One is to arrive home one evening and hear your partner tell you they’re infertile. In every scenario Jon had imagined of his life with Dany, infertility had never been present. It was the most bizarre way of grief Jon had ever felt. There was nobody to grieve for—a dead relative, a dead son or daughter. It was grief for a future they wanted together, for the children they thought they could have.

So many unexpected events had happened to him in the past few years, the truth about his parents being the most relevant one, yet this one was the most confusing one. It was complicated to get advice. Dany's best friends only told them things like: ‘Adoption,’ or ‘sometimes infertile people suddenly get pregnant’, but it never seemed enough. It was never comforting, it was usually pitiful. He didn’t know how he would tell such news to his family.

Dany was always at home. Their days were flat and monotone. The flat was messy and untidy. They didn’t put the ingredients back in the cupboards after cooking, they forgot to take out the trash, their dirty clothes ended up in huge piles before finally putting them in the washing machine, they left their dirty dishes overnight in the sink after dinner. He used to tell her to not lose hope, but he also wondered if it would be better to lose all hope from now to not get disappointed or devastated later if the treatments failed.

She didn’t want to go out nor see many people. One time, she had a group work for school, so she invited them over to not leave the flat. Jon had insisted for her to go for a run with him. It amused him how it was the other way around now. She only accepted once, though.

One evening, Jon went out to do the groceries on his own. When he arrived back to the building, Mrs. Dogget, an old lady that lived on the first floor, asked him to help her to take some old chairs outside of the building. Jon agreed and she led him into her flat. It was just like his and Dany's but with a small terrace. Two small dogs greeted him as she showed him which chairs she wanted to throw away. Stacks of newspaper lay on the corner of her living room.

“They’re mainly for the dogs,” she told him when she noticed him looking at them. “Although I also take them outside to do their business.”

When Jon was finished throwing away her old furniture, she thanked him by offering him a piece of cake and a cup of tea.

“Thanks, but, I…I gotta go see my girlfriend. She’s upstairs and…she’s a bit…she…”

“Oh, well, tell her to come, then,” Mrs. Dogget smiled.

“I…really?” Jon asked. It could maybe be a good idea to get Dany out, even if it were for just five minutes.
“Yes,” his neighbor told him. “And you’ll keep me company, at least for a while. I don’t really have people over often.”

And so Jon took the bags upstairs and found Dany sitting at the table watching Parks and Rec, but not laughing at a single joke.

“Let’s go downstairs, the woman from the first floor is inviting us cake and tea,” he walked over to her and kissed her lips. He left the bags on the table.

“Why?” she asked him, pausing the video.

“I helped her move out some furniture.”

Dany nodded. “You go, it’s alright.”

“No, come with me,” he said. “She’s really nice, really! We’ll have cake.”

“I can’t have cake anyway.” He made an exaggerated sad face that made her chuckle. “Alright,” she said. “But one cup of tea and we leave.”

They sat at the table with Mrs. Dogget while she served Jon a piece of cake and tea, and Dany only a cup tea. She asked Dany why she couldn't have cake, and when Dany told her she was a vegan, she asked her what that meant. It seemed to Jon like Dany was having a good time, at least she was getting distracted a bit. When they were done with their cups of tea, they were about to go, if it wasn’t for Mrs. Dogget insisting for them to stay a little longer. They agreed, she was nice and was alone in her house. She told them about her life, her kids, the death of her husband, her dogs. She asked them about themselves too, what did they study, how long they had been together.

“Mrs. Dogget, you have a deck of cards!” Dany said to Jon’s surprise.

“Oh, of course I do, dear,” she stood up to grab them from the counter next to the fridge.

Jon and Dany had wanted to buy one since they moved together but always forgot to do so.

“Should we play a round of Rummy?” Jon said. “And then we won’t bother you any longer.”

“Oh, you’re not bothering me at all, dear,” Mrs. Dogget sat back down with the deck of cards.

She shuffled them and gave away ten cards each. They played while they talked more, Dany was the first to place down a sequence down at the table, a Q-K-A of swords. Jon was happy for them to be distracted and with a new friend. Everything was going great until Mrs. Dogget made the worst question one could do to them.

“So are you planning on having children soon?”

Dany chuckled nervously, Jon stared at his cards. This was an old woman talking to a couple in their mid-twenties, it was obvious that the question was going to pop out at some point.

“No, we…” Jon said, looking at Dany, asking her with his gaze if they should tell her or not. He knew Dany didn’t want to go around telling everybody, she said she didn’t want everyone to pity her.

“We can’t have children,” Dany said anyway, though.

It got slightly uncomfortable, but it wasn’t as nerve-wracking as telling it to a relative.

“I…I can’t ovulate,” Dany said. “It’s just that.”

“Oh dear, I…don’t lose hope, sometimes miracles happen. You two would make great parents, I’m sure.”

Jon held Dany’s hand. “Yeah, we’ll, we’ll see what we can do.”

“Just keep on trying,” she told them. Jon wanted to laugh at her telling them to have sex, but he held himself back.

“We’re not trying yet,” Dany said. “But we will, later.”

“Yes, and…and if nothing happens then…there’s adoption… there are children with no parents and…”

Dany nodded. “Yeah, we know.”

The game continued and the subject changed. The three of them knew none wanted to keep talking about it. When they were done, they thanked her and she insisted on them to come back whenever they wanted.

Back upstairs, they lay down on their unmade bed. Jon was wearing a pajama t-shirt and boxer shorts, Dany was wearing a pajama t-shirt and panties.

“I wonder if people think we’ve never thought about adoption,” Dany said. "They think it’s such a great idea of theirs, something we had probably missed. ‘Oh my god, but adoption! It exists!’”

Jon chuckled, scratching her head. “I think they just don’t know what to say.”

He pulled her by the arms for her to lie on top of him. She placed her head on his shoulder. He stroked her back up and down with his eyes closed. She sighed on top of him and kissed his neck.

He exhaled, scratching her head. “I love you, Dany.”

He felt the need to say it more often nowadays. The last thing he wanted was for her to think he loved her less because of this.

“I love you too,” she replied. “We should buy a deck of cards. They cost nothing.”

“Yeah, we should.”

She kissed the side of his jaw.

“You’re so good to me, you’re so supportive,” she said quietly. “You’re such a prize, Jon. You’re fucking amazing.”

He also was upset, he also was frustrated about this and didn't like to suppress his feelings, but when he was with her, it felt a little more important for her to feel better. His fingers were now scratching softly the nape of her neck. He turned his head to the side and kissed her forehead, making her lift her face to press her lips to his. She held his chest with one hand while he kept his face turned to the side as they deepened the kiss. Dany slid her hand up to his neck and he slid his tongue into her mouth, making her jerk. This was the first time they had kissed with tongue since they had received the news of her infertility. They had not had sex since then, either. They kept on kissing slowly, carefully. Jon held her thigh and moved it up, making her bend her leg. He caressed it from her arse
to the inner side of her knee. Dany breathed and held the side of his face, running her fingers down his short beard. When his hands were on her buttocks, he started moving his fingers underneath her panties. She hummed, letting go of him.

“I don’t want to,” she said.

“Why?” he asked her, not to insist but out of curiosity. He thought it would be good to have sex, not because he was aroused but because he wanted to have a moment of showing his love for her, a moment to distract her and make her forget about their troubles, to either make her feel loved or to give her enough pleasure to forget about everything else, even for a little while. “Don’t…don’t see it as baby-making, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“I can’t not do that,” she sighed. “It’s crazy how it was so easy not to relate them before, but now…I don’t know. Also, I’m just not horny lately.” She made a pause. “Are you too horny, though?”

He shook his head. “Don’t worry.”

She looked down at his neck and he scratched her thigh softly. She kissed him some more anyway. He moved his hands up to gently scratch her waist. She separated from him and then pressed another kiss to his lips, stroking his cheek with her thumb. Jon stuck out his tongue comically to lick her lips, she laughed and stuck hers out to lick the tip of his. He passed a lock of hair behind her ear and held her head with both hands, pulling it to press another loud kiss on her lips. She chuckled and bit his nose, which ended up hurting terribly.

“Oooouch!” he exclaimed, grimacing and covering his nose with both hands. His eyes were tearing up a little bit.

“Oh my God,” she laughed, “I’m so sorry. I didn’t think it would hurt that much.”

He shook his head. “It’s fine, it’s fine.”

She kept on laughing, letting her head fall on the side of his neck. He pressed his nose with his hand but didn’t mind, at least it was the loudest she had laughed in a while.

Dany fell asleep first that night, he could tell by the rhythm of her breathing. It hurt so much to see her suffer, and every time he thought about not having kids, it hurt like a sting. But his love for Daenerys was stronger than his wish to be a father. She was completely asleep, so peaceful and calm, not worrying nor crying like when she was awake. At least for some hours, she was forgetting about their problems and was able to be at peace. His love for her so overwhelmingly strong now that he felt like crying. She finally was at peace.

Most times, when he felt a rush of love for her, he wanted to hug her and kiss her right away, to feel her loving him too. But now, he did not want to do so. He would not dare to do so. He wanted her to keep on sleeping, to remain this calm for the duration of the night. With a hand between his face and the pillow, he watched her silently in the dark. Her long hair was a mess on the pillow, her eyelids were closed, her body moved as she breathed. ‘Be happy,’ he only wanted to tell her. He loved her. He had a desperate wish for her to be happy. Nothing else seemed to matter.

She agreed to go to Winterfell with him. It was Bran’s birthday, she couldn't say no.

The train ride was long and boring as usual. Dany downloaded Mean Girls on Netflix which at least distracted them for an hour and a half. It never failed to make them laugh. No matter how many times he had watched it, he always laughed out loud when Aaron Samuels told Cady it was raining and she replied, “Yeah.” However, during the rest of the ride, they just had their earphones on, Jon trying
to sleep against the window and Dany with her head on his shoulder, their hands either intertwined or resting on each other’s lap.

They said happy birthday to Bran as soon as they arrived and gave him a video game as a present. They sang happy birthday and sat down in the living room to eat the cake. Jon had his arm behind Dany on the couch. She was the only one not eating cake.

“You guys are growing up so fast,” Cat said. “Fourteen years old, Bran! Rickon is the only child left in the family. You know, I was thinking...when the kids are all grown, how many grandchildren will we even have, Ned?”

“Plenty,” he answered. “Let’s say that...each one of our kids has two, no, three, three children! Three children each, then we would have...”

“Eighteen grandchildren,” Dany replied, quick in maths, as always.

“Eighteen! Plus our six kids and their spouses,” Cat said. “Can you imagine? Christmas at home will be wonderful!”

“And seeing how things are going,” Ned said, “the highest probability is that our first grandchildren will come from around here,” Ned said pointing at Jon and Dany.

“Oh, come on, dad!” Jon laughed awkwardly. “Let’s not talk about that this early.”

“Do you also plan on having these many kids?” Cat asked them.

Jon exhaled. “I don’t know. I don’t think so.”

“Jon, Dany, before you decide, you need to make a budget,” she replied. “Your finances must be in place.”

Dany only smiled politely, looking down.

Jon cleared his throat. “Dany and I bought a deck of cards before coming, should we play a game?”

“Up to you, Bran, it’s your birthday,” Dany smiled, finally saying something.

Bran agreed and Jon brought downstairs the deck from his suitcase. He split the deck into various equal parts and gave one pile to each person. They all had their pile face down in front of them and couldn’t look at it. It had been a long time since he had played that game with his family.

“One,” he dropped a card to the middle of a table.

“Two,” Sansa dropped one.

“Three,” Bran dropped another.

“Faster,” Jon said.

“Four,” said Arya.

“Five.”

“Six.”

They went on until finally Dany dropped a four and she said “four.” All their hands flew to the
center of the table over the card. Screams, laughs, and groans of pain filled the room, especially from the ones who had their hands below everyone else’s. Ned didn’t even move his hand.

“Oh, sorry, I haven’t played this in years,” he chuckled.

Arya’s hand was the one beneath all the hands. She had been the one who suffered the most from every other hand pressing hers against the table. Ned had to take the whole pile of cards from the center with him. Rickon gave up easily, he was much slower than the rest of his family and lost the next three rounds before deciding to just watch. They all started going much faster. Arya won first as she was the first to get rid of all her cards. But they had to continue until only two people had cards, and the duel would be only between that couple. For a round, the numbers they said and the cards that were placed on the table did not coincide, so the pile in the center grew and grew. When they finally coincided, Robb lost and had to take the whole pile with him, throwing his head back as he complained. Ned and Robb were the last ones, and their round to see who was the final loser was so long that they all started getting sleepy. Sansa got up and left. Dany lay her head on Jon’s shoulder as they watched, but he suspected she had her eyes closed for most of the time. He held her hand and kissed her head. Ned lost in the end.

Behind the laughter and the distraction, having such a good time with his family pushed him to the realization that he and Dany would never have one this big. The idea of them having, with luck, a small family, sank in by being surrounded by his huge family.

Jon sighed as he and Dany went up the stairs before going to sleep.

“My parents have been asking me about having babies a couple of times before,” he told her quietly. “I know they’re also kinda doing it as a joke but…it’s getting annoying.”

“Should we tell them?” Dany asked him quietly. “Your parents, at least, for them to stop asking questions.”

Jon nodded. “God, I don’t know what they’ll say. My mum will be incredibly sad—“

He stopped at the sight of Rickon on his bed wearing pajamas.

“Can I sleep with you guys?” he asked them.

“No,” Jon said, walking to him and pulling him up.

“Please!” he begged, letting go of Jon’s hands.

“No Rickon, you’ve grown a lot, we don’t fit in the bed.”

“I don’t wanna sleep on my own,” he insisted.

“We don’t fit,” Jon replied.

“Maybe you could go to my bed or Dany could go to my bed and I’ll stay here with one of you.”

Dany laughed. “Jon and I have to sleep together, darling.”

“Why?” asked Rickon.

“’Cause we’re gonna kiss a lot!” Jon said, and kissed Dany all over her face, while she shut her eyes and grinned.
“Ew, oh my god, stop!” said Rickon.

“If you stay here, you’re gonna watch us kiss all night,” Jon said, holding Dany by the sides of her face and kissing her lips repeatedly, making loud sounds.

“Jon, stop! Please!” Rickon said, sitting up on the bed. Jon threw Dany on the bed next to Rickon and kissed her lips again, no open mouths, no tongue, just pressing his lips to hers. Rickon screamed and jumped out of the bed. Rickon pushed Jon and said, “Don’t do that to her! She’s so nice!” Dany laughed out loud beneath Jon. “I’m gonna tell mummy you’re being nasty with Dany.”

“Don’t,” Dany said, “please.”

“Do that and I’m gonna tell her you’re playing more hours of PlayStation than you’re allowed to,” Jon told him.

“No!” Rickon said.

When he left the room, Jon got up to lock the door and took his pajamas out of his suitcase. Dany turned her body to lie face down, with her hands between her face and the mattress. He sat beside her on the edge of the bed and caressed her arse softly.

She sighed and smiled at him. “Tell me things that will make me happy.”

He hoped she wasn’t feeling too sad. It seemed like everything here reminded them of the infertility: his little siblings, his big family, his parents talking about babies...He gave her pats on the butt, thinking about what to say.

“Things that make you happy...” he thought out loud, and lowered himself to kiss her neck. “Taxes on the rich...” he planted another kiss. She laughed and her neck vibrated against his lips. “Lord of the Rings,” he said, sitting up again. He pulled her hands from beneath her head and pulled her arms down, “high marks on exams,” he started massaging her shoulders “feminism, veganism...a Gini coefficient close to zero...”

Dany laughed out loud. “How do you know about the Gini coefficient?!?”

He kept on pressing his thumbs in circles as he held her shoulders. “I’ve heard you talking about it, darling, when you were doing that group work at home with your classmates.” He pressed his palms on her shoulder blades and moved the base of his hands in circles. “Hmm...what else makes you happy? Your boyfriend...”

“Yes,” she laughed with her eyes closed.

“Your boyfriend’s dick,” he chuckled, moving his hands down her back.

She laughed. “That too.” He moved his hands in wide circles on her back. She hummed, grinning, with the side of her face against the pillow. “I love you,” she told him.

“Me too.” He ran his hands down the length of her arms and caressed her hands with his palms when he reached them. He ran the back of a finger down her spine, from the very top until it reached her butt, and then passed it over the center of it. “I’ll stop when you tell me to stop, okay?”

He circled her buttocks with his hands, slowly, testing the waters. She hummed deliciously. Hesitantly, he pulled her pants down just a little bit, waiting for her to say if it was alright or not. She did not answer and he lowered them more, slowly, revealing more of her bare buttocks and panties. “Everything alright?” he asked.
She nodded. He pressed her buttocks again, making wide circles with his thumbs, twisting her skin. He pulled her pants down even more until he took them off completely. He ran his hands up her legs from her ankles, his thumbs running up her inner legs until reaching her cunt. He did not go further in, though. Instead, he went back to massaging her back. Her breathing was quicker now.

“Dany,” he said quietly. “I want to make love to you.” He would not go on without her telling him she wanted it too. She opened her eyes to see him. “Look,” Jon continued, massaging her back. “It’s not that I want to fuck. I wanna…” He looked for a way to say ‘give you a lot of love’ or ‘make you feel loved’ without sounding that cheesy. “I wanna make you feel better,” he just said, running his hands up and down the sides of her back slowly.

It was, after all, a way of loving her without words. When it was not just fucking, not just having fun or calming down their arousal, it was a way of loving each other in a way that transcended verbal language. She nodded with her eyes shut. He held her arse again, with his palms wide in each buttock. He circled his thumbs from the bottom until they naturally reached her cunt, and sneaked them inside under her panties. She hummed with a frown, breathing hard as he pressed her there. He knew they had to be as quiet as possible here. He pressed it slowly, deeper each time. He lowered his whole body next to her but one hand remained in her cunt as the other arm was beneath his head. She breathed hard next to his face and he kissed her mouth. She hummed softly, in a low volume, as his fingers worked on her clit. He made out with her gently and slowly, until he gave her one last kiss and sat back up.

He positioned himself behind her and dropped his head to capture a buttock in his mouth. He made a loud sound as he separated from it, they both chuckled. He kept on kissing it, pressing his tongue on it with his mouth wide open against it. His mouth moved slowly to the side, to the interior of it, and he lifted his head when it was just above her cunt. He moved her panties a little bit to the side, revealing the pink skin of her cunt. He opened his mouth and closed his lips slowly against the side of it, tasting a bit of her liquids. He lifted his head right away to look at her: she was pressing a pillow against her mouth. He kissed her again. She wasn’t loud, she was humming and squeaking quietly, but her hips moved in arousal. He went on.

They woke up early the next day. They went to the garden and opened up Ghost’s door to let him out of the laundry room where he slept. They had sweaters on, it was getting cold. Jon sat down in one of the armchairs outside and pulled her to sit on his lap. She sat sideways on it and passed an arm around his neck and kissed the side of his forehead repeatedly. She put her feet up on the armchair and Jon hugged her knees. He stroked her thighs up and down and planted a tiny kiss on her neck. Snuggles and kisses were sometimes an easier way to tell each other that they wanted to stay together despite the struggles. He rubbed her feet and pulled her toes up. Ghost placed his head next to her feet on the armchair and made a crying sound.

Dany chuckled. “Oh, my baby. We also have affection for you.”

She leaned over her knees to pet his head and he licked her feet, making them laugh.

Ned walked silently into the garden, making them jerk when he said good morning. He asked them to help him feeding Ghost while he made breakfast. They did so, and eventually, Cat also got up. Jon realized this could be the only opportunity in the day they would have with his parents alone.

“Should we tell them now, or should we wait for another time?” he asked her as he finished pouring Ghost’s food on his plate outside.

“I hate talking about it,” Dany told him, leaning against the wall and looking down at him. “But we’ll have to do it eventually, so…” she shrugged, “let’s do it.”
He held her hand and kissed her head. He guided her inside the house and into the kitchen. His parents were both in their pajamas, still looking a bit sleepy.

“Hello,” Cat said, putting some bread in the toaster.

“Do you guys need help with anything?” Dany asked.

“Oh, no, it’s fine, thank you, Dany.”

Dany rubbed her thumb on Jon’s hand.

“We…we wanted to tell you, we just wanted to let you know…” Dany started to Jon’s surprise.

“We, we…” Jon said, fidgeting nervously.

Ned chuckled. “What is it, guys? You're not pregnant, are you?” He joked with a smile. How convenient.

Jon exhaled.

“No, I…” Dany’s gaze jumped from Ned to Cat repeatedly. "I can’t have children. We wanted to let to you know.”

Cat let go of the plates she was holding on the kitchen counter, and the loud sound echoed around the kitchen, lingering in the air in a silence none of the four knew how to break.

“The doctors are pretty sure about it,” Jon explained. “It’s a hormonal thing.”

Cat gasped and covered her mouth with her hand. She hugged Dany around the shoulders. Dany let go of Jon’s hand and held Cat’s back.

Cat let go of her, “Oh, darling,” she said, and held the side of Dany’s face.

Seeing his mother this way with her, for the first time ever, had lighted a pinch of warmth amidst the worry that predominated in him. He caressed Dany’s back.

“And…” Ned cleared his throat. “Have you guys thought about…what to do?”

“There’s…” Cat said, “there’s IVF, there’s surrogacy, there are options out there, there are options, there’s adoption, too. The-there’s…”

“We know, mum, we know,” Jon put his arm around Dany’s shoulders. She placed her hands in her sweatshirt’s middle pocket, nodding and nodding.

“Try!” Cat said. “Try everything! Try everything. If you don’t have enough money, let us know.” She turned to Ned. "I’m sure we could help.” Ned nodded. “And if it doesn't work out…adoption! But a private adoption would be better, right Ned? You…you never know what genes the child is carrying...Maybe they…they can inherit certain behaviors or mental illnesses, or…”

Jon shook his head, “Mum, that…that won’t stop us. It’s gonna be an option, yes. But we don’t want to have kids yet.” He put a hand on her shoulder, noticing her eyes were starting to fill with tears. “We’re gonna try…in fertility clinics and all that. And adoption, it’s so expensive, mum-”

“Don’t worry about the money,” Cat told him.

She looked at Jon and Dany with sad eyes and then hugged them both. Ned caressed the nape of her
“Guys, you can count on us on whatever you want, alright?” Ned said. He kissed Cat’s head and then Jon’s. He rubbed Dany’s shoulder. Jon wondered when had been the last time his father had given him a kiss, he couldn’t even remember.

“Mummy!” Rickon exclaimed from the top of the stairs. They all sighed simultaneously, almost comically.

“Cat, don’t worry. I’ll take care of breakfast today, go to bed,” Ned said.

Cat did so after wiping her tears, and Ned walked to the staircase when Rickon shouted again.

“Rickon, what have we told you about shouting in the mornings? You’ll wake up everybody else,” Ned told him.

Jon leaned against the kitchen counter and Dany pressed her body to his, placing her face against his neck. They exhaled.

Chapter End Notes

The stack of newspapers will play an important part next chapter. There will be one or one and a half more chapters about this subject, and then we'll move on. They're both super strong people and their lives won't freeze completely because of this. They will move on, it won't be easy, but they will. Things are getting a bit more difficult and delicate for me because this is something I've never experienced, as opposed to various other things I've written. So I've spent entire nights on internet forums reading about the experiences and feelings of women going through this to try to understand them a bit more. Anyway, I hope this feels real. Much love <3
If you’re still reading this then I hope you're invested enough to stay with me till the end, which I’m sad to say will be this year. This is a special chapter. Hope you like it as much as I do <3

She didn’t like telling it to others because they always answered the same thing: "adoption". She knew it existed, she and Jon had talked about it and had it as an option. But she was tired of how everyone assumed it was an immediate, obvious solution, as if she were a mean person for not adopting every parentless child on the planet. They all made it seem like they had to adopt.

Rhaegar was the exception, though. Dany and Jon went to Dragonstone for a weekend, after many weekends of not going. At his flat, he said Rhaella told him Dany was infertile. Dany tried to hold her anger back, it was not her secret to tell.

“Don’t get angry,” Rhaegar said right away, as he made her a cup of tea. “There’s a reason why she told me.”

They all sat in the living room. Elia held Aegon in her arms. Dany, sitting next to Jon, stared at them from the opposite couch.

“I’m thirty-eight and just had my first child. We’d been trying to have a kid for so long. Even long before we were married,” Rhaegar said. “I couldn’t have children either.”

“Mum didn’t tell me,” Dany said.

“I asked her not to tell anyone,” he replied. “But she wanted me to tell you about this. So yeah. Here we are,” he looked at Elia and smiled. “We have a son. We probably won’t have another one, though. But here he is.”

Talking to Rhaegar and Elia gave Dany a little bit of hope. They had been through extensive treatments together and told her and Jon the details, the costs. It seemed a bit frightening. But they succeeded in the end, after eight years together. Jon held her hand, she pressed his tightly.

Jon and Rhaegar went to the store and Dany stayed with Elia and Aegon at home. Being with Aegon now felt slightly different. It wasn’t all smiles as before, it could also sadden her all of a sudden, wishing she would have a baby just like him in the future.

“How did Jon take it?” Elia asked her quietly as she placed Aegon in his crib, he had just fallen asleep.

“He was sad about it. He has such a big family, he wanted the same for his kids,” she chuckled sadly, looking down at the baby sleeping peacefully. They walked out of the room.

“It’s not your fault, Dany,” Elia said. “I love your brother and I didn’t love him any less after knowing we would most probably never have kids of our own. Jon doesn’t love you any less for that. He’s too smart to blame you for it.”
Dany nodded. “We had this life kind of planned, kind of…envisioned.”

“Things don’t always have to go as planned, sometimes that’s a good thing,” her sister-in-law told her.

These were the only people who knew so far: Ned, Cat, Rhaella, Rhaegar, Elia, Arianne, Myrcella, Margaery, Tormund, and their downstairs neighbor. Jon and Dany didn’t feel as terrible as they used to. They went to school, went out for a run every now and then, and had sex more regularly now. Weeks had passed and their normal lives went on. Of course, knowing such news made things feel not too normal anymore, Dany felt like a bit of her had died, like her body had betrayed her, and even though she felt better now, it always stung in the back of her head.

She was in bed, speaking to her mother on the phone one night while Jon was in the kitchen. They were having a casual how-are-you call, but it always came down to infertility. One way or another, the subject always popped up. It was always there, waiting to be brought up. *It’s fine, I’m better now, we have to save some money for the treatments first. Now I just want to focus on school, mum.* She tried to be cutting with her mother, but couldn’t blame her for being worried about her.

“Oh, Viserys just arrived!” Rhaella said on the other side of the phone, probably to let Dany know that they weren’t alone anymore.

“Treatments for what?” she heard his voice from afar. She sighed.

He was working at the local supermarket, at least he had a job now. Dany and Rhaegar were trying to convince him to go back to school, but Rhaella was a bit scared about letting him live on his own again.

“Do you wanna say hi to your sister?” Rhaella asked Viserys.

“Treatments for what?” he said again.

It was always uncomfortable, always cumbersome to talk about it. The last person she wanted to tell it to was him. Just his presence angered her sometimes. The guy who fooled her family. The guy who stole money from her mother and brother, the cause of so many of their headaches. But this guy was still her brother, and until they were both dead they would still be brother and sister. So she still cared for him, deep down. Some days much less than others, sometimes she didn’t give a shit about him…but when he was in rehab, she wished with all her strength he would get better, that he would get clean. Which is why now, as he took the phone from Rhaella’s hand and greeted her with a ‘hey sister’ that made her want to hang up right away, it crossed her mind that maybe it wasn’t fair for him to be the only one who didn’t know about her infertility. And, most probably, he would find out anyway.

“Nothing, um…” she hesitated. “I…it’s just that Jon and I can’t have kids. Well, I can’t have kids. That’s all.”

It would be great if conversations didn’t go on for long after she said those words. Sometimes she wanted advice, but an “okay” as a response was enough. It would be less awkward for everyone. But this was Viserys she was talking to. He didn’t shut up about it for minutes. *So you guys want to have children now? Wait, why do you have a hormone imbalance? What does Jon say about it? What are you gonna do about it? IVF? Isn’t that extremely expensive? Also, haven’t you guys considered adoption? You know, there are like…a million orphans…*

“SHUT UP!” she shouted, grasping the phone tightly. “SHUT THE HELL UP!”
“Wha-wha…” he mumbled.

“You think I don’t know adoption exists?” she sat up. “Does it make me feel better about my pain? No. I know adoption exists. Jon was adopted, did you know that?” she wondered if she should be saying that. “I know there are a million abandoned children. I know it well. Does that mean I am obliged to adopt them? Does that mean that I’m selfish if I don’t? Does it fucking mean that I have to get all the fucking money it costs out of nowhere? Because it is much more expensive than IVF or whatever other treatment I could possibly take.” Jon appeared at the door frame, he stared at her with a sad gaze. But Dany couldn’t stop. “Does it help me cope with the frustration of girls around me getting accidentally knocked up? Yes, there are a million abandoned children, and what are you doing about it? Are you gonna adopt one, or two? Are you? Do you even go to orphanages to offer your help?”

“Dany, I-”

“Am I supposed to…to stop whining and crying because…there’s a solution!” she laughed angrily as tears threatened to fall. She held them back. “Isn’t there? Adoption! Adoption…just tell me explicitly to shut up and to stop complaining, because that’s all I’m hearing. You know what? I have considered adoption. I consider it every day. Every fucking day. Because I want a family and I’ve seen how these children live, I’ve met them, I’ve talked to them and played with them. Because Jon is adopted and I’m forever grateful that he was. But what really gets on my last fucking nerve is how every fucking person that I’ve talked to tells me ‘but adoption!’, as if it was a magic wand that solved all my problems, as if I’m not allowed to cry about this, about feeling betrayed by my own body, because there’s a solution…and a solution I should take. I’m tired of everybody shutting me up with that word. I feel like shit and no one acknowledges that I should feel like shit." She paused as her voice quavered.

She closed her free hand into a fist and pressed her eyes against it. Not only she felt angry, she felt embarrassed. She wasn’t sure if she felt more embarrassed about talking down to Viserys like that or about Jon listening to her like that.

Viserys stayed silent.

Dany said, “I can’t talk to anybody about my feelings without them telling me to adopt. And the ones who don’t tell me to adopt tell me that ‘God will make it possible if he wants it to happen’ or something like that. They all shut me up. Like I should not…feel this way.”

“I…did not mean it that way. I'm sorry,” her brother said calmly to her surprise.

She wasn’t angry at him. She was angry at everybody for saying the same stuff all the time. It built up for weeks, same words from different people, and she let it all out with her brother. Now she was also angry at herself. The tears hurt as the fell, she wanted to punch something, or maybe someone. After not knowing how to reply when he called her name from the other side of the line, he hung up.

“I'll be right back,” Jon said, and pressed a kiss to her forehead before walking to the door.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“Just wait a second, just wait,” he said, and left the flat.

"What?!” She barked. She’d rather Jon stay with her when she was feeling this way. She threw herself on the bed, letting herself cry. She heard the front door opening again some minutes later, followed by Jon’s voice calling her. She didn’t want to move, but he insisted. She got up complaining and walked barefoot with strong footsteps to find him in the living room with a huge
She frowned in confusion, “What?”

“Okay, so in my class about mental health they were telling us how to express your anger safely,” Jon said. Did he just pick up the newspapers from Mrs. Dogget’s flat? “This is much safer than breaking dishes. I don’t know if it works but my professor says it can,” he held an open a bunch of large newspapers in his hand and tore them in half, making a long, loud sound.

She grabbed a newspaper too and tore it in half in a frown. Jon tore apart the torn papers he had in his hands once more. And then she tore again the already torn papers she was holding.

He laughed. “The sounds were louder than I thought.”

She did not laugh though, she kept on tearing the papers, aggressively, fiercely, with a frown on her face, not playfully like him. She tore more of them, let the pieces fall slowly in the air, even kicking them as they fell. In her fury she tore them more quickly, more aggressively, until she opened her hands and let all the papers fall, throwing her head back and crying. She pressed the base of her palms in her eyes. Jon let go of his papers as well and hugged her. She cried loudly against his shoulder.

“You need therapy, darling. You need counseling.” He sighed. “You’ve cried so much these past weeks, you’re gonna run out of body water.”

When they went to bed they put the first Lord of the Rings on her laptop, and spooned as they watched it.

“He wasn’t even being mean to me or anything,” Dany told Jon. “I feel horrible.” He sighed and stroked her hair all the way down. “Did I sound like…like a crazy bitch?”

“A bit,” he chuckled lightly. “But just sounded like one. It’s not like you are one.”

Dany chuckled sadly. She hated that Jon had seen her like this.

“I wouldn’t talk to you like that,” she said.

He chuckled. “I know.”

“I…don’t know what happened.”

“I know,” he said quietly, rubbing her shoulder.

They both stayed silent, and after a while, he said, "You know, there was this guy...René Descartes."

"Yeah, the one of the Cartesian plane," she said. She wasn’t in the mood to talk about math, but listened to him anyway.

"Right," he chuckled. "Well, he was both a philosopher and a scientist, and besides coming up with your plane of X and Y and all that, he made a huge contribution to philosophy with his ideas about doubt, and about how we should be careful about the things we think as true. He came up with the Method of Cartesian Doubt, which basically tells you..." he planted a kiss on her head, "...to not accept anything as true if there is the slightest possibility that it isn’t." She smiled and stroked the arm that held her with her thumb. "To this day, it's still one of the most important contributions to humanities and sciences."

She sighed, hoping with all her strength that this guy Descartes was right. There might be a slight possibility of her being able to get pregnant, could she hold onto that? Or would it be better to
The next day she called Viserys and apologized. Few times in her life she had apologized to him, but
guilt and embarrassment had taken over. Arianne and Margaery went over to hang out with her that
evening. Margaery had gone to therapy for years, so Dany asked her to recommend her a
psychologist. Jon had class until six that day and went to the bookstore to buy a book before going
home, but ended up also buying a puzzle of a thousand pieces of an image of the world map. Even
her friends were excited about it when he arrived.

They sat around the table and opened the bag with all the pieces. The first step was to turn them all
face-up. It took a while, but with four people it was a quicker task. Then, they grouped the pieces by
color. Countries had different colors and oceans had different shades of blue. Then, they built the
perimeter.

Time passed by quickly. Dany served some wine for the four of them, she didn’t want her friends to
leave. They were talking about anything but infertility, which felt like a refreshing, deep breath.

Days passed and Jon and Dany kept on working on the puzzle at night. In those moments, they were
both focused, looking at each piece and trying to make it fit. She grabbed the box to look at the
image often, wanting to check where a piece could go. They both felt incredibly stupid when the
puzzle was done and they realized they should have put a cardboard board beneath it before they
started. Moving it without breaking it would be extremely difficult. So after class, she went to the
store to buy a board to frame it later.

She entered the flat with the board in her hands and found Jon in the kitchen.

“You arrived just in time!” he said. “The pizza will be done in a bit.”

“You’re cooking pizza?” she smiled. “Why didn’t you just buy one?”

“Well, I wanted to make one on my own. Just to practice my culinary skills.”

“We could have done it together, though.”

He shook a hand in the air. “No, no, don’t worry. I wanted it to be ready for when you arrived.”

The pizza still needed some minutes in the oven, so they put the puzzle on the cardboard board in the
meantime. Jon held the board next to the table, at its same level, while Dany pushed the puzzle for it
to slide to the board. When they were done, they placed it on the table and took the pizza out of the
oven, which filled their small flat with its scent. He had used vegan cheese and had put on some
artichokes, aubergine, mushrooms, and pepper. She cut it into slices and put it on the food tray to
take it to the bed. He opened a bottle of wine and poured two glasses for them. They both sat with
their legs crossed on the bed, and before they started eating, she caught him off guard by holding the
side of his jaw and leaving kisses on its opposite side, down to his neck.

He chuckled. “Dany, don’t you want to eat?”

She caressed his neck softly with her fingertips and nudged it with her nose. He was so good to her.
He bumped his head on hers and insisted again to start eating. She finally grabbed a slice and bit the
tip.

“Is it good?” he asked her.
She smiled and nodded. He tried it too.

“How did your classes go?” she asked him.

“All good. They’re interesting. I’m happy with this master. I think I might work in something related to it in the future, to psychology. What do you think?”

“Go for it,” she smiled.

“It makes me think a lot about…how I was when I met you,” he chuckled. “A nervous wreck…very insecure about myself. It makes me think about my mother…how she got to the point of killing herself. It makes me think about you and how anxious your grades used to get you. And it makes me think about us with all this…” he moved his hand in a circle, “thing that’s going on. I don’t know yet what I’ll work in but, something related to it could be nice, right?”

Dany smiled. “You’re a great person.”

He blushed and held his glass of wine up and said, “Cheers.”

She held hers too and clicked it with his. “Cheers.”

They both drank a sip from their glasses.

“Oh, right!” he said, handing her his glass to get out of the bed. “There’s also dessert, I forgot.”

“Dessert?”

“Well, if you can call it dessert,” he said from outside. “I have to admit, I didn’t do this one myself.” He walked in holding his backpack. He opened the zipper, turned it around, and several bags of candy fell on the bed. Dany laughed out loud. “They’re all vegan,” he said. “I saw them at the store.”

He opened a bag and she ate one.

“It’s so good,” she said. “Thank you.”

They left the tray in the kitchen and the pizza leftovers in the fridge. They lay in bed together with the bottle and glasses of wine on the bedside table. They were half-sitting against the pillows, she hugged his chest and he hugged her shoulders, while they kept on eating different types of candy from a bag he put on his belly.

“Do you remember our first time?” he chuckled.

She laughed. “I was just thinking about that.”

“Did the candy make us horny?”

“I don’t know,” she laughed. “We’ll have to see if it works again.”

"Has our aim improved, though?” he said as he moved to the edge of the bed, from where he tried to throw a gummy into Dany’s mouth, but failed.

She laughed out loud. “All these years and the same mistakes.”

She sat up and pulled his t-shirt up to his armpits. She placed a gummy on each nipple, making him laugh. She laughed too and leaned down to grab the gummies with her teeth, and she jokingly but softly bit one of his nipples before grabbing the gummy. He laughed out loud and covered his nipple.
with his hand.

She sat up and laughed too, throwing her head back. “You make me so happy!” she grinned with her eyes shut.

He sat up with a grin and threw her down on the bed. He grabbed two gummies in his hand and she grabbed the hem of her shirt to take it off. But he held it down and shook his head. He put them on top of each of her eyelids. She laughed with her eyes shut. “What the fuck?” She felt him moving across the mattress. “What are you doing?” she laughed.

She felt his lips against her eyelids as he took the gummy bears in his mouth. As he chewed them, he lifted a finger, asking her to wait for him to finish. He helped her sit up, and from behind his back, he took a small, dark blue box in his hand. A gasp escaped her mouth as her eyes widened, looking at the box and then up at him. He put a fist in front of his mouth and cleared his throat.

“I love you,” he chuckled. “I care for your happiness more than anything, you…I’ll make you happy. I’ll be with you my whole life making sure that you’re happy. I promise.” Tears were trying to slink out of her eyes, but this time, it wasn’t like all those times she had been crying lately. This time the tears didn’t hurt. “Daenerys...”

She put a hand over her mouth and exhaled, “Jon.” His hand trembled as he opened the box and revealed a beautiful ring with a small diamond on it. He looked up at her. “Oh my fucking god, just say it already!” she begged.

He chuckled nervously, dropping his gaze, and said, “Alright.”

He looked up at her again.

“Just freaking speak!”

“Marry me, Daenerys,” he finally said. She let out a laugh of joy with her hand over her mouth. “I mean…if you want to.”

“Of course I want to,” she said quickly, and dropped her arms around his neck as she pressed a long kiss on his lips and he hugged her around her back. She let out a laugh. “I love you.”

“I love you so much,” he replied. “Oh, shit. I wanted to kneel...I forgot.”

She laughed and wiped a tear. “I don't give two shits.”

“I was too nervous.” He broke the embrace. “Let me put the ring on.”

He slid the ring onto her ring finger. The joy, the lightness in her chest, the love inside her were a new version of those feelings, so intense and true they held her back from speaking. She wished she could store these feelings somewhere to go back to them whenever she wanted.

“I know it’s not much,” Jon said, holding her finger. “It’s not the best ring.”

She shook her head. “It’s perfect. Ho-how did you pay for this?”

“I asked for a loan.”

“You asked for a loan?”

“I asked my dad for a loan,” he chuckled. “I’ll have to pay him back, most probably next year when I go back to work. I’d been saving for a while too, while I worked last year.” He exhaled a laugh. "I
didn’t know when to do this exactly, but with this whole..." He waved a hand. "...situation, I wanted to make sure you knew I’ll always love you. So it was time.”

She wiped a tear, unable to stop smiling. “Is that why you cooked the pizza instead of buying it? Did you spend all your money on this ring?”

He chuckled. “Not all of it. Don’t worry. I’ll still pay my part of the bills. I’ll pay my dad back in parts.” She laughed and leaned towards him to press kisses to his lips again. “You know, I...” he chuckled, “had so many ideas for where to hide the ring. Inside the pizza, in the glass of wine, inside the puzzle...I even though about doing it Deadpool style and putting it in my asshole.” She laughed out loud, cupping his cheek with her hand. “I thought maybe I could ask you the question in Dragonstone, maybe in Winterfell, maybe in the café where we had our first date, maybe in the school’s library where you found me asleep when we had just met, or where I fingered you...” he chuckled, she covered her face and laughed. “Just kidding. But here at home...it made more sense, you know? It’s where we live, where we do everything together, it’s our most private place.” She wiped another tear, trying to assimilate what was going on. She would marry Jon. “I wanted to...be sure you’d say yes,” he said. “And I...was talking to Rhaegar...”

“You spoke with my brother?”

“Yeah,” he chuckled. “He said you told him you loved me enough to marry me.”

She thought about it, trying to remember when. She chuckled when she did, it was when they talked about Dany moving in with Jon.

“I don’t know how I got this lucky,” she told him.

“I was asking myself the same thing.”

They kissed. She held his face with both hands, aware of the ring in her finger.

He let go. “Since we found out, I’ve been telling you the same thing. You’re not just a child-bearer. I don’t love your womb, I love you,” he laughed. She laughed too. She had never loved anyone as she loved him.

Chapter End Notes

"And when you choose a life partner, you’re choosing a lot of things, including your parenting partner and someone who will deeply influence your children, your eating companion for about 20,000 meals, your travel companion for about 100 vacations, your primary leisure time and retirement friend, your career therapist, and someone whose day you’ll hear about 18,000 times."

— Tim Urban, Wait But Why - How to Pick Your Life Partner

I hope this proposal was what you expected of it or at least close to it. I never imagined Jon doing something ostentatious or a huge, public thing. I just didn't feel like it was their type of relationship. This is a very close and loving relationship in which they've both taken care of each other and supported each other since the start, and that's what I wanted Jon to do this chapter, to show her how much he cares for her and her happiness, mixing it with elements from their early dates, like wine and gummies and
the "I mean...if you want to," which he said a lot when they were initially going out.
Thank you for reading, guys.
NEXT UP A 69 SO BUCKLE UP.
Chapter Notes

Thank you so much guys for the lovely feedback last chap. A special thanks to ArthurT and Longerclaw, who have been helping me out with ideas for the future chaps. And thanks to the loyal people who comment on every chapter and keep me going!

“To love somebody is not just a strong feeling—it is a decision, it is a judgment, it is a promise. If love were only a feeling, there would be no basis for the promise to love each other forever. A feeling comes and it may go. How can I judge that it will stay forever, when my act does not involve judgment and decision?”

― Erich Fromm, The Art of Loving

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their relatives knew now, their friends knew, their picture on Facebook got many more likes than what they thought they could ever have. And their mood, their mood was the best one they had ever been in. Not even when they had moved together they had been this happy.

“Tonight I’m making dinner,” she had told him one night, after taking the pans out of the cabinet. He hugged her from behind, placing his hands on her belly. “What do you want to eat?” she asked him.

“Hmm?” he asked, planting small kisses on her neck, pushing her hair to the other side of her neck.

“Honestly, Jon!” she laughed, those tiny kisses always gave her tickles. His hands traveled lower and lower and stopped over her mound. “Jon, what do you want to eat?” she chuckled.

“Your pussy,” he whispered.

“Mmm,” Dany hummed, “Chef’s recommendation.”

“Is that so?” he asked with a grin against her neck.

It was irresistible to have sex. How could it not be? They felt more in love than ever, they had just promised each other they would be together forever. They celebrated it in every possible way they could think of.

They were not the only ones who wanted to celebrate, their friends got together in Grey Worm’s flat to get them both drunk. In the living room, they drank and talked and laughed more than they had in a while. Margaery asked them to tell the details about the day they met and studied together. Jon was feeling more than tipsy, and was talking much more than usual.

“And then the asshole told me," he said, "‘there’s NOTHING I can do to help you, but see that blonde there? She’s the top of the class. Maybe she can help you out.’ And I turned to see her and thought ‘fuck, she’s pretty.’ How the hell was I supposed to talk to her?”

“And then he came over and was like ‘Can you sell me your notes from the class?’” Dany grinned.
“Sell?!” Tormund laughed. Jon had told him he and Dany had kissed that same night, but had never shared many details. Now that they were drunk, it was easy to tell the story like it was.

“I know right? Who the fuck asks that?” Dany laughed. “Anyway, so he begged me to help him somehow so I told him, ‘sure, I’ll help you solve some exercises.’”

“So then we’re in one of the study rooms at the library,” Jon continued, placing a hand on Dany’s leg, “and when it was about to close Dany was like, ‘why don’t we keep studying in my room?’”

“Oh my gooood!” everyone said.

“Wait, wait,” she laughed, lifting her index finger.

“And did you fuck there?” Grey Worm said.

“No,” Jon said. “We just kissed, but still. I was in her room and asked her for help with some lame thing and she did not answer me, she just kissed me.”

“Oh my gooood!” people kept on laughing.

“Wait,” Dany said. “You think you’re so smart, skipping all the details. You’re not telling it like it is.”

“Oh, how is it, then?” he asked.

“He,” she pointed at Jon, “he was staring at my mouth while we were at the study room, calling me pretty and what not.”

“He called you pretty?!” Tormund asked. “The day you met? I didn’t know you could do that without throwing up from anxiety back then, Jon.”

“It pretty much slipped out,” Dany said. “But he was staring at my mouth! And I thought, wow, this guy actually wants to kiss me here, while I’m striving to teach him math! I was a bit annoyed. But… I don’t know.”

“And you invited me to your room anyway,” Jon said.

“And then…yes, I kissed him! But…it was only like…a quick kiss! I was so freaking embarrassed, I swear. But then he kissed me back.”

More ‘oh my god’s filled the room.

“You guys…” said Margaery, “were so damn horny.”

“But then my roommate stormed in, messed up,” Dany said. “And Jon chickened out and left.”

“No, it wasn’t like that,” he said, as everyone laughed.

“How was it, then?” she asked.

“I asked you out…and then I left,” he laughed.

“Are you gonna tell your children this story?” Grey Worm asked.
Dany took a sip of her drink. He didn’t know about the infertility yet.

“We might tell them the part where we studied math together because I was failing…we might avoid the details of snogging the day we met,” Jon said with a laugh.

Walking around campus one day, they ran into Professor Barristan Selmy by the Faculty of Economics.

“Professor!” Dany went to him, holding Jon’s hand. “Do you remember us? You introduced us! I was good at calculus and he was terrible at it,” she laughed. “We’re engaged now!”

The professor laughed out loud and they chatted for a while, they told him about their masters and their plans for the wedding. They were going to wait a while, they had to work a bit first and save some money for it. Selmy asked them about their honeymoon, they had no idea about it yet.

“Essos?” Jon asked her that night, lying in bed naked together.

“That plane ride is too expensive,” she replied. “We could maybe spend more money on the wedding and less on the honeymoon.”

“Well, we’re gonna fuck all day on the honeymoon, anyway.”

Dany laughed. He got in his fours on top of her and pressed a kiss to her lips.

“Don’t you want a wedding like Rhaegar and Elia’s?” she smiled.

“They saved up for years for that,” said Jon. “And they’re much older so they have a much better income. Also, Elia’s family has a shitload of money.”

Dany laughed, touching his neck with a finger. “Yes, that’s true. Although our parents will help us out a bit to pay for the party.”

He nodded. “I know I proposed without us having the money for a wedding but…it was time for an engagement.”

“Yes,” she laughed beneath him, “it was time.”

He leaned down and kissed her, pressing his hips down to hers, making her hum. He felt so happy, even school’s responsibilities couldn’t change his mood now. He let go and saw her panties next to them on the mattress, and grabbed them to sniff them hard, playfully, making her laugh.

“You’re gross,” she laughed. “You know what I was thinking? Now that we’re having so much sex…We’re not gonna bang this often when we’re older, especially if we…one way or another, have kids,” she said. “I was thinking…” she chuckled. “I was thinking we could film ourselves having sex…from start to finish.” He opened his mouth in surprise. “Think about it. We’ll be forty or fifty. We won’t fuck so often anymore. And we could watch that video then,” she laughed. “Right? I mean, look at us now, we’re so hot,” she made him chuckle. “Honestly, in twenty years our bodies won’t be like this…let’s always remember how fun and hot our twenties were.”

“We’ll have to hide it well. We could put it in a USB port and hide it somewhere. It would be like a time capsule.”

She laughed and lifted her head to kiss his lips.

“How do we film it?” she asked him.
"We could put my phone on one side of the room and yours on the opposite side."

They deleted some apps and music from their phones to free some storage. They placed a phone on her bedside table looking at the bed slightly diagonally to film their sides but also a bit of the view from the top, and they placed his phone over a suitcase next to the bed but also slightly diagonally, to catch the whole other side of their bodies but also to have a good view of what was happening down in their genitals. They put the lube on the bedside table. They would edit the videos together when they were done. They put some clothes on, only a t-shirt and underwear, thinking it would be sexier if they took off their clothes on camera. They laughed out loud, they couldn’t believe it.

They pressed the record button at the same time and giggled as they climbed into bed. She lay down, laughing, as he got on his fours on top of her. He first planted a couple of sweet kisses to her lips and then wider and hungrier ones. He let go and looked down at her, asking her if she was sure of this. She nodded with a smile. He grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and she arched her back up to allow him to slide it up. He stopped when her breasts were revealed, leaving the shirt rolled up right under her armpits, and buried his face between her breasts, humming as he pressed them to his face with both hands. She chuckled, scratching his head softly. He breathed in her scent and let go to take her shirt off completely and stared down at her. With the back of her hand, she caressed the side of her own face as she stretched her arm above her head. The side of her torso, her ribcage and her breast stretched too. She looked delicious. He passed his thumb over her nipple and moved his hand to her ribs. He lowered his head and planted wet kisses on her neck. She hummed softly and pulled his shirt up. He sat up to take it off more easily, and while he did so, Dany quickly pulled down his briefs, catching him off guard. He laughed and took them off completely.

"Lie down," she told him. He laid his back on the mattress and Dany positioned both her knees on the sides of his face. "Take my panties off with your teeth," she chuckled.

He supported himself with his elbows to lift his head higher, and when he was about to bite her panties, he licked them softly instead, right where her clit started. Her legs trembled as a reaction. He opened his mouth and closed it slowly against her panties.

She chuckled, breathing hard. "Just take it off." His cock hardened as he looked up at her body: at her stomach, the lower part of her breasts, and her face smiling down at him as she buried her hand in his curls and scratched his head softly. He finally bit the hem of her panties and tried to pull them down, but it was too difficult to do so. So he used the help of one hand. "That's cheating," she chuckled, but he was too hard and impatient for that.

He sat with his head and upper back against the pillows and pulled her to sit on top of him, and she placed her arms on either side of his head on the pillows. She leaned in for her breasts to be right above his mouth and he sucked one of her nipples. She dropped her head down and kissed his head. Her legs were on either side of his torso, curled up. He held her arse from the sides and his fingers moved slowly below her buttocks to touch her cunt. She breathed with her mouth against his head. He moved an arm and passed it between their bodies to move his fingers quicker against her clit, but his kisses on her breast remained gentle. Pressing her hands on the pillows, she lifted her torso a bit, passed all her hair to one shoulder, smiling down at him, and lowered herself again on his mouth, but this time put her other nipple in it. His fingers kept on moving, circling her clit and pinching it softly, making her thrust her hips to him and open her legs even more.

"Put them in," she said, arching her body to kiss his lips. "Push them inside."

"Beg me," Jon chuckled, slowing his fingers down.

Dany chuckled, dropping her forehead to his. “Can’t you feel how wet and open I am?” She moved
her cunt up against his abdomen, dampening it. He closed his eyes and groaned as his cock hardened. “Finger me.”

He nodded quickly. “I’ll finger you.”

She lowered herself again, kissing his mouth as she held both sides of his face. He pushed two fingers into her cunt, making her hum. Her walls stretched fiercely as they welcomed his fingers inside. Their mouths were being part of a hungry kiss, wet and wide open, while her hips moved as his fingers curled inside her cunt. With her knees pressed on the mattress, she moved a leg to touch his cock with her ankle. It was hard as a rock and standing up.

“You’re so hard,” she smiled against his lips. The lower camera probably caught on tape how it got harder by the second.

“I am, I am,” he replied, fingering her harder.

She moaned. “What should I do about it?”

“Whatever you want.”

She gave him one last wide, tonguey kiss before sitting up and then back down on the mattress between his legs. He knew she was about to suck his cock.

“Dany,” he said. “Come here.”

“No,” she said, passed her hair to a shoulder again and leaned her body down.

“The other way round. I’ll eat you out at the same time.”

She nodded and sat up. She crawled up towards his face but stretched her body to grab a hairband from the nightstand and tie her hair as she sat on his chest, facing him, her body stretching as she threw her head back to tie her hair. He stared at her body, holding her breasts and lowering his hands down her torso.

“My god,” he said, holding her hips with both hands. Her cunt was open against his chest. “We’re officially gonna fuck for the rest of our lives.”

She laughed and asked him to pass her the lube. She turned around, balancing herself on his body. She kneeled on the sides of his chest and started by putting some lube on his cock to jerk him off more easily as she usually did. He moved his hands up and down her back, asking her to sit on his face. She finally lowered her body until his cock was against her face. He drummed his palms loudly against her butt, making her laugh before taking him in her mouth. One camera filmed her perfectly and the other one filmed Jon perfectly as he planted a kiss on her cunt. She moved her face up and down, hollowing her cheeks to touch his cock with their interior, making him moan. The electricity on his whole body, but especially on his hips, was so strong it was almost painful. He licked the walls of her cunt, making her shiver and move her hips. He pushed his tongue into her hole and she moaned. He felt the vibrations of her voice against the most sensitive part of his body. She probably felt the same when he moaned against her cunt.

She moved her head up and down as she sucked him while he pressed her hips down with his hands as he ate her. She planted kisses on the side of his dick and then licked it like an ice cream palette, laughing and making him laugh against her cunt.

“Should we do this till we finish?” she asked him.
“I think it could be fun to also show some penetration in the video, don’t you think?”

She agreed and gave one last kiss to the tip of his cock. She turned around and sat on his tummy. She arched her back down and held his face with both hands as they kissed. They both laughed as they tasted their own genitals in each other's mouths. He turned them around easily, placing her on the mattress while he lay on top of her, his erect penis was against her cunt but he didn’t put it in yet. She lifted her head to untie her hair and restarted the kiss. They kept on making out, he held her breast between their bodies and moved his thumb from side to side of her nipple. When he grabbed his cock in his hand to put it inside her, she said "Wait," and grabbed the phone from the bedside table and filmed it up close, giggling. She opened her legs wide and he placed with his hand the tip of his cock in her hole, and then pushed it in easily, smoothly with the help of her wetness and the lube.

He pumped in and out of her, both breathing quickly. She had her legs completely parted open as her walls stretched around his cock. She placed the camera back on the bedside table to put her legs around his waist and for him to lay on her and kiss her. They moaned, not too hard, but when Jon had the idea for them to moan like in porn videos, they both made it comically loud, moaning like true porn stars.

"Yeah," he moaned loudly, pressing his eyes hard with a frown.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" she shouted above his repeated moans.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" he moaned, trying hard not to laugh.

She moaned exaggeratedly loud every time he penetrated her. "Fuck me harder! Harder, harder, daddy!"

They laughed as he kept on pumping in and out of her, a little quicker than he usually did. She pushed him and got on her fours for him to fuck her in doggy style. Her tits would probably look hilarious in the video from how they were moving so fast.

“How close are you to finishing?” he asked her.

“Not that much, keep going. If you wanna cum, hold it in a bit more.”

He laughed and nodded. He placed her down on the bed again, and they lay down on their sides as he hugged her to him. With her arse pressed against his hips, he went back in but now it was easier to work on her clit with his fingers at the same time. She turned her torso while he kept on pumping in and out, kissing his mouth hungrily. The camera was probably capturing perfectly how both his dick and his fingers were working on her cunt.

“I’m close,” she finally said, “I’m almost there.”

“Relax,” he told her, and she hugged the pillow next to her, pressing her cheek on it, as she shut her eyes and moaned. Her muscles contracted so hard around his cock, and he moved as fast as he could, moving his fingers fiercely in deep and perfect circles against her clit. He allowed himself to cum too, moving his hips vigorously before spilling his liquids inside her, this time genuinely cursing and moaning hard.

They both breathed hard as he hugged her by the stomach. He did a thumbs up to the camera and she laughed. She remained breathing deeply, regaining her strength, and neither of them stood to turn off the cameras. So their slow and tender kiss after sex was also caught on tape, his hand caressing her hair as he kissed her so sweetly, running his hand down her body. She pushed him to lie down facing the roof and she placed her knee on his stomach. He breathed, turning his head to kiss hers,
and she ran her hand down until she grabbed his dick softly. She held it up and let it fall down. He chuckled.

“We can probably do another sex tape another time,” he said.

She grinned with her eyes shut. “Sure.”

She placed a hand on his chest and lifted her head to plant a small kiss on his lips.

“If someone finds this…” he said.

“It would be a thousand times worse than your mum walking in on us,” she said.

“Where do we hide it? The USB port?”

“Below the mattress.”

“Inside the mattress.”

“Let’s cut a hole in it, put it inside and sew it back.”

Dany laughed, “We’re gonna forget! And then we’ll move out of this place and someone else will come and we will never see it again.”

He pulled her to lie on top of him again.

“Look,” he said, pushing her hair out of her forehead. “We’re gonna be ninety years old, all wrinkled and old and will barely be able to walk on our own, and I will still…” he kissed her lips, “eat pussy.” She laughed out loud. “You thought I was gonna say I’ll still love you, right?” She kept on laughing, nodding. “Well, I wasn’t going to state the obvious, there’s no need to say that. I’m just telling you not to worry because it’s true! I’ll keep on eating you out, so fear not.”

“Good,” she chuckled. “This is all caught on tape so this proof will live forever.”

“Let’s edit the video, shall we?” he smiled. “Let’s put both videos simultaneously the whole while, one on top of the other. Like you on me right now.”

They downloaded the videos to her laptop to edit them and deleted them from their phones right away.

Chapter End Notes

Next up: we’re closing their twenties before jumping up in time
Philautia

Chapter Summary

“The near enemy of love is attachment. Attachment masquerades as love. It says, 'I will love this person because I need them.' Or, 'I'll love you if you’ll love me back. I’ll love you, but only if you will be the way I want.' This isn’t love at all – it is attachment – and attachment is rigid, it is very different from love.” -Jack Kornfield

Chapter Notes

Can’t start without saying thank you to thescarletgarden and itsaboutvale for listening to my ideas and worries about the following chapters.
This chapter and the next one (which were originally one but I ended up writing so much I had to divide them in two), are the closure of their twenties, so soon we will jump in time.
This chap is one of my favorites and I may or may not have a few tears on my cheeks after writing it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Almost five years ago, Dany had woken up for the first time in Jon’s bed. She never slept naked back then, so looking down at her bare breasts half-covered by the sheets was surprising. She lifted the covers and took a peek at Jon’s cock, smiling to herself. She could barely see it, given the darkness under the covers, but she remembered it well from the previous night.

She checked the time. She turned off the alarm setting, she was already awake anyway and had a few minutes before it was time to get up and get ready for class. She passed an arm carefully around Jon’s abdomen, hugging him close. He groaned and moved slightly.

"Hey," she whispered. “Sorry, I didn’t want to wake you up.”

He hummed beautifully. It was the first time she had heard that low, deep hum she would hear in the mornings for the following years. He passed an arm behind her head and hugged her by the shoulders. She adjusted her head and rested it on his shoulder, just above his armpit, and hugged him tighter. The bed, his body, the bedroom, it was all so warm and cozy it impeded her from getting up. She took in his scent and felt his chest rising and falling under her hand while he breathed. He turned his body lazily until he was face down, now with an arm across Dany’s chest and a leg over her hip. She chuckled. He grabbed the side of her face and pressed a kiss on the opposite cheek.

"Did you enjoy last night?" she asked him.

“Yes,” he replied. “So much. So much. It was so… so nice.” She chuckled at his description. “But…” he continued. “But so short. I’m sorry.” She laughed louder. He turned to his side, looking at her. She turned to face him as well. She could see his eyes open in the dark. “Did you like it, though?” he asked her.
“Very much,” she smiled.

More than the sexual act itself (she had not even finished), she had loved being naked with Jon... Jon! Who used to mumble and stutter and swallow his words! She had opened up so much to him and he to her.

He pressed a couple of kisses to her mouth. She couldn’t help scratching softly the nape of his neck with her fingertips while she kept on kissing him slowly. She let go and breathed with her face against his. She already wanted to start again for the second time, but it was time to go to class. She tapped the mattress under the covers, looking for her phone to check the time. She moved her hands but couldn’t find it.

“What are you looking for?” he asked her, and turned on the night lamp.

“My phone. I gotta go to class now.”

She finally saw it on top of the covers, next to her hip. She checked the time. She should leave now to go to her dorm, shower, change her clothes—she had shown up to Jon’s flat in her pajamas the previous night—and go to class. But Daenerys, with her twenty years of age back then, only had her boyfriend in her thoughts. How in the world would she sit for hours in class, trying to listen to the professor, when she was madly falling in love with a guy with whom she had just made love for the first time?

And Jon, the shy guy she had met outside of her calculus class, who had slowly started to trust her to the point of opening up to her that previous night like he never had with anyone, told her, “Stay.”

“Hm?” she hummed in surprise.

“I think…I think it could be fun…it could be nice, wouldn’t it?” he said in his quiet and husky voice. “We could not go to class today and, and just...do it again!” he chuckled.

She chuckled too, with a wide grin. Jon took his time to trust people and let someone into his life that way. He took his time before being comfortable enough to be himself around others. So hearing him say these words had not only filled Dany with joy—it was proof that he trusted her enough to propose this—and with an irresistible will of staying in his bed the whole day.

“Yes, I want to,” she replied, not even giving a second thought to the classes she always worried so much about. “I want to. I really want to.”

And so, she climbed on top of him for the first time in her life, not even imagining the countless times she would do that again, and opened her legs on either side of his torso, sitting on his abdomen, and placed her hands on the pillows on either side of his head.

She felt rebellious, but most of all, she felt in love. The night lamp’s yellow light lit up his face a little bit, but not as much as the grin that pushed up his cheekbones and squinted his eyes. Her hair was falling on the sides of his face and he pushed a lock behind her ear. She lowered her head to kiss his lips and felt the tip of his fingers brushing the sides of her torso, from under her armpits down to her butt, and then down the sides of her thighs. Such gentle brushes would be typical of him ever since.

That day, they had knocked down plenty of barriers between them. They had never allowed anyone else to touch and kiss them that way. That day, the adrenaline, the electricity, but also the tenderness, had made them feel the strongest emotions they had ever felt with one another, or toward one another. In the end, their relationship had always been about tearing down walls. It had been about trusting the other enough to tell them how they felt, what they liked, or what bothered them.
Sometimes it was hard to tell the other negative thoughts or feelings, but she wouldn’t have guessed it would also be difficult to sometimes say extremely positive ones. Sometimes embarrassment or shyness got in the way of telling the other how much they loved them! So, in almost five years, they had made sure they delayered all obstacles possible between their communication and affection. They made sure that they understood each other, for which they had to know the other well. So, they never took intimacy for granted. Intimacy, not only in the sexual sense, but in every other way, like the emotional one, and hard work had to be done to achieve this—conflicts included. Once Dany knew Jon like the back of her hand, her love for him seemed infinitely bigger than it had ever been.

Also, their relationship had been one of mutual admiration since the start. Dany admired how calm he was, how balanced his life seemed as opposed to hers. Jon admired her easiness of expression of her feelings or whatever was on her mind, as opposed to him. However, when the relationship started getting more serious, their flaws had started to annoy the other: her fervent need to study which reduced her time with him, his difficulty to tell her his feelings which did not allow her to understand why he reacted a certain way sometimes. At the start, both had wanted to change the other’s flaws and fix them to their own individual liking. Jon used to insist her to spend more time with him than with her books, and Dany had tried to push him to find a job when his uncertainty about his future bothered her immensely. It was later that she realized how it was her own insecurity of having an unemployed partner what had driven her to act that way. They both had tried to fix the other to their own convenience, to their own benefit.

But as they grew together and learned to talk things out, the other’s flaws became one more element that made them human. Now, instead of insisting on changing them to their own liking, they helped the other grow. The main difference between now and then was that their current motivation was the other’s happiness and growth. It had not been easy, though. Actually, the moments where they had realized how important the other’s happiness was to them had been the most difficult ones, like when they found out about Dany's infertility.

When Dany had sat on Jon that morning and had seen his grin pushing up his cheekbones, she had felt for the first time a wish for him to always be that happy. Besides learning how to make love, that day they had connected on a much deeper level than the physical one. During the previous months, she had learned what made him nervous, what made him laugh, what made him feel comfortable with her, or what made him uneasy. Forgive the redundancy, but Jon used to be so terrified of social interaction back then, that opening the doors to ask her to miss class to have sex, to do the deepest form of human interaction, had been the first big sign that he cared about her as much as she about him. That grin had been one of the first most explicit signs that hard work would pay off in their relationship. From day one, literally, from the day he had made the effort to talk to an unknown girl and she had made the effort to teach a stranger half a semester of advanced calculus, their relationship had been hard work. Yet Dany had always been used to work hard, though. She looked at Jon as they had dinner in their flat now, and knew that such a simple, homely act could only be happening because of their hard work.

“What are you thinking about?” Jon asked her, breaking the silence while they had dinner. Lately, he asked that often. He thought it was fun, especially because Dany always answered the truth: ‘About how bad I want to take a shit’, ‘About your penis in my vagina’, ‘About how spinach tastes better raw than cooked.’ He always laughed out loud.

Dany snorted with her mouth full. She smiled. She had her hair up in a bun and was wearing a pajama tank top. He was only wearing underwear. “How convenient. Do you really want to know?”

“Sure.”
“About our first time.”

“Oh no,” he said, blushing right away. He put a piece of chicken in his mouth.

“No, actually, I was thinking about the next day. When you asked me to stay in.”

Jon laughed. “And you chose my dick over your education.”

She laughed, pointing at him with her fork. “It was not just your dick. I wanted to be with you. God, I really wanted to be with you.”

“Same. I really wanted you to stay. I think I woke up and was already hard again.” She laughed out loud. “I was so…so terrible at sex, back then,” he continued.

“But it was a fun day, wasn’t it? Robb was in class. We were home alone all day. We bought lube in the pharmacy on that street next to your flat. I taught you how to finger me. That was fun,” she laughed.

“I learned more than whatever I missed in class that day,” he said. “We also bought a toothbrush, you were insisting you didn't want to have sex with your morning breath.”

Dany laughed. "I remember."

That day was such a particular memory: funny, embarrassing, but also sweet and, well, educational. He had fingered her for the first time and she had chuckled, telling him he should curl his fingers inside her cunt instead of just pushing them in and pulling them out. He thought that pleasuring her clit only meant scratching it up and down. He laughed to himself, thinking about how obvious it all seemed now.

“We had to take those sheets to the laundry afterward,” she laughed. “And I even ended up with a bit of irritation down there.”

“We had been holding it in for…how long? Months! We had to take out so much…literally.”

“Well, it was much better than the first time you put it in my tooshie,” she said as she got up to take her dishes to the sink.

“After you begged me to,” he replied, following her. “And you’re forgetting that tiny detail of you fingering my tooshie out of nowhere!”

She laughed. “I caught you off guard, I know.” She took his dish from his hands and said. "My turn to wash, tonight."

“Speaking about washing,” he said. "I’ve decided I’ll never wear clothes inside the house again. If I use fewer clothes, there are fewer clothes to wash.”

“Such laziness!”

“And the more you wash your clothes, the more they get screwed.”

"Not even underwear?" she asked him. "You just can't put your ass and genitals on the chairs and couch where we also sit with the clothes we've used during the day! You'll get infections."

"Okay, yes, underwear only."

“What about when we have guests over?”
“They’ll have to see my dick and balls or my pretty underwear,” he said. “There’s no choice. Are you complaining, though? You don’t want to see my hot bod?” he asked, leaning back on the kitchen counter next to her.

“I can never get enough of that Calvin-Klein-ad body, my darling.”

“Where have you seen a Calvin Klein model with legs this skinny?” he said, pulling up his boxer shorts to show his complete pale, hairy thighs.

She moaned loudly, in a hilarious way, and said, “Stop! I’m getting soaked!”

The next couple of hours, though, were spent in complete silence as they both studied on their own. She sat on the couch reading a book about monetary policy for her class. She had a leg stretched with a foot on the low table, while her other foot was on the couch. He sat at the table with his laptop, making a PowerPoint presentation. Years ago, studying together had not been easy. They got distracted by any little thing, started talking about it and left their books aside. For this reason, Dany used to insist on their first year that she wanted to study on her own, which used to bother him as it reduced their time together tremendously. Now, it was anything but a problem. Now it was difficult to see how it could have ever been a problem.

“I’m done for the day,” she said as she closed her book. “How’s it going over there?”

“It’s fine. I have a presentation on Monday. It has to be half-hour long.” He adjusted his reading glasses on his nose, “Just me by myself.”

“Are you feeling alright about it?”

He exhaled. “I’m a bit nervous. More than a bit,” he chuckled. “I’ve mostly done group presentations before.”

Only the thought of it stirred his tummy. Even though he was not as socially anxious as before and had lost his shyness entirely with Dany, strangers still made him nervous. So he asked her for advice.

“Just don’t tell me to imagine everyone in the room naked. That’s the worst advice I’ve ever heard,” he said.

“I wasn’t going to say that. It’s never worked for me either. The best advice I’ve had for calming down during presentations…is that your classmates don’t care much about what you’re saying.” He chuckled. She stood up and walked to him. “Really. I always got nervous because I felt that all the attention was on me and that people were judging me. But actually, no one’s listening to you. They’re either daydreaming or thinking about what they want for lunch or who they wanna fuck, they don’t give a shit. Honestly, people aren’t as judgmental as we give them credit for.” He nodded. She scratched his head and kissed the top of it. “Are you gonna stay here longer?” she asked him. “Or are you finished?”

“I think I’m done for the day. I can keep working on it tomorrow.”

It was ten pm and they usually went to sleep at midnight. Jon sometimes fell asleep at eleven. But they were not tired yet, so Dany proposed to play a round of Rummy before going to sleep. Jon agreed. Dany was going back to being her usual self again. Maybe not her exact usual self, he still found her crying sometimes, just like him. The past events had changed them as a couple and as individuals. Both viewed life in a new light now, both had to rethink certain goals and expectations they used to have. But, just like with every other problem they had faced before, life went on with or without them wanting to. During the first weeks after finding out about Dany’s infertility, Jon did not
want to move from his bed, but life did not wait for him. He still had to get up to either go to school, to cook, to study or to write essays. If only they could freeze time to have some time for themselves!

It had been months now, though. So she was almost back to her usual self, although with a few but not irrelevant changes, just like him, he guessed. She made jokes, she could sleep well, she ate well, organized her time to study well, and her sex drive had also gone back to normal. She had been seeing a therapist once a week, which she said had been extremely helpful. Her energy had helped him get up and go on with his life as well.

‘Jon, do you know how a vegan gives head?!” she had asked him after peeling a banana the other day.

He shook his head and she gave the banana a blowjob. He laughed. ‘You’re fucking weird.’

‘It’s because I don’t eat meat! Get it?’

‘Yes, I get it. I was the first one who made that joke, actually,’ he laughed.

She rolled her eyes, ‘When?’

‘When you told me you were going vegan, I told you that you were still going to eat my meat,’

‘Liar,’ she said. ‘You’re just jealous of my great joke.’

These silly conversations made him a little happier, but things were not exactly easy. They were not working and did not have an income at the moment. Jon had spent his savings on the engagement ring, and Dany’s mother transferred less money to her now, as she was taking care of Viserys more than usual. Jon and Dany saved money whenever they could. They didn’t go out to eat anymore, they only cooked their food at home, they didn’t go out much to drink anymore either. Jon wanted to save on food, for example, buying cheaper brands, but that had caused an argument with Dany, who insisted that they should never save on food as it was crucial for good health and mood. Jon had bit his tongue. She knew more about balanced diets and he preferred to maintain their lives free of arguments, as it had been difficult enough for them to get back to normal.

Dany sat down at the table after bringing the deck of cards from their bedroom. She shuffled them and dealt them. He watched her as she lifted her cards from the table, loving how she looked when her hair was up in a bun and her neck was left exposed.

They hadn’t played with their downstairs neighbor for a while, although they did have a chat every time they ran into each other. She had taught them some fun games, like Black Jack or Golf, but they usually preferred Rummy.

Jon grimaced at the sight of his cards. “Terrible.”

“So, what’s your presentation about?” Dany asked him as she took a card from the deck. Rummy never ended quickly, so they always had time to chat while they played.

“Emotions and language,” he replied.

“In which way?”

He took a card from the deck and stared at his cards.

“Well, we understand and describe our emotions differently depending on the language we speak. You know, our reality is shaped by our perceptions…we can perceive things as terrible and we will
live miserable lives…The thing with language is that it shapes our perception because an event itself means nothing to me until I describe it to myself. So language shapes what we feel. We label emotions and describe them. Like, in Valyrian, there’s no difference between being ‘angry’, ‘mad’ and ‘upset’.

“Oh, darling! You’ve learned well!” She grinned.

Dany always said that he should keep on improving his Valyrian as their kids would grow up speaking both languages. He wondered now how true could that be.

“Emotions…they’re a pain in the ass, aren’t they?” Dany said. “I’ll tell you about something I’ve been thinking for weeks and can’t get out of my head. I want to know your opinion from your philosopher point of view. I’ve been thinking about how… our mood and emotions are so conditioned to everything that happens around us, or to us. Like…I found out I was infertile and I turned sad, then, you asked me to marry you and I turned happy, then I had an argument about corporate taxes with this asshole from my class and I got angry, then I ate ice cream and felt kind of better. It’s kind of annoying, isn’t it? For external things to condition the way we feel inside. It kinda bothers me. We don’t have much control over ourselves.”

“Yeah,” he replied. “But realizing this can give you a bit more control over yourself, don’t you think? Next time you’re sitting down, stuck in traffic and you’re starting to feel angry, you can hesitate and think why the hell should you let it make you feel bad, and what use is there to get angry. Which is none.”

“What do philosophers say about this?”

“That emotions are unreliable,” he said. “We usually think that what makes us feel good is good for us, or that what makes us feel bad is bad for us, but in the end, just like a drug that is giving you a delicious feeling of joy or calm but is harming you in terrible ways, being stuck in traffic with a feeling of anger could be for good.”

“How?”

“Maybe you…arrived to school a little late but just in time to…find an empty desk next to someone who you then meet and they become a great friend in the future.” She laughed. “It’s a random example,” he said. “And now I have three sets, which conditions me to feel so happy!” He placed on the table three sets of cards. Dany’s jaw dropped with a funny frown. “They sum thirty, but you do the math too, just in case.”

“Yes, it sums thirty,” she answered right away. How the hell could she be so good with numbers?

She took a card from the deck and said, “Do you think that being infertile could bring any good to our lives, then?”

He exhaled. “I don’t know. But that’s the thing, you never know if a situation is truly good or bad. So emotions aren’t really reliable. Plus, they come and go so easily. They come easier than they go, sometimes, but they’re so temporary. They’re also shaped by perception. The same event can create different emotions in two different people. Actually, no one feels the exact same way in the same event.”

“Look at that, I also have three sets,” she said, placing her cards on the table.

He cleared his throat. “Lovely,” he said angrily, making her chuckle.

“So, infertility could be good or bad for us, depending on how we see it?”
"You know," he grabbed another card from the deck. "As a philosopher, I don’t like to think that everything happens for a reason. So I’m not gonna tell you that bad things happen because there’s a better, positive outcome attached to them. And as a philosopher who studies emotions and human behavior, I would say that being infertile is not something we should attach a positive or negative connotation to."

She stared at him. "It’s easier said than done."

"Yes, of course. It hurts and it’s screwed up lots of our plans, so it makes sense that we kinda hate it. But we’ll never know if it ends up being for the better or the worse. We cannot see the future and compare how our life would unravel if we were a fertile couple to the future we will have as an infertile couple. So, philosophically, it’s better to just not be fatalistic and avoid seeing it as a pure tragedy—there might be positive outcomes in the end. Maybe we can find comfort in that."

"Like what positive outcomes?"

He shrugged. "We’re saving on birth control."

She laughed out loud and he couldn’t hold back a laugh as well.

"Well, actually, it’s brought us closer together, don’t you think?" she said. He nodded and placed four cards on the table. He had two to go. "If you win, it will be a pure tragedy," she said, "with no positive outcomes attached to it."

"For you," he said. "Different perceptions, my darling."

He won that round in the end.

"It was luck," she said and pouted. He laughed.

They got ready to go to bed. He peed while she washed her face next to him and applied a number of lotions that he still did not understand what they were for. Although there was one for dry skin that she insisted he should use, especially on his forehead. When he was done peeing she made him turn to her and applied the lotion to him. He thanked her and left the bathroom, passing behind her and giving her a pat on the butt.

"Jon!" she said when he walked out. He turned to her. "I wanted to tell you something!"

"Sure."

She grinned at him and said, "Well, I’m gonna get cheesy, alright?"

"We’re very past the point in our relationship when we used to care about that."

‘Let’s not get cheesy,’ they used to say in their first months going out.

‘It’s always awkward to get cheesy,’ Dany used to say.

‘I’m lactose intolerant, I don’t like cheesy either,’ Jon had joked back, making her laugh.

When the relationship got more serious, though, especially when they promised each other to always talk their feelings out, they decided that whatever they wanted to say, cheesy or not, they should say it. They realized that way that sometimes cheesy felt great, just sharing what they wanted to share was much better than holding back words or feelings because of embarrassment.

“I’m dying of curiosity,” he said as they walked together to the bedroom. “Get cheesy with me.”
She sat on the bed, still holding her smile, and applied her last lotion to her knees.

“Well, now that we were talking so much about emotions and all that…I was actually thinking a lot about the year we met. About how I was when we met.”

“In what sense?” he asked, setting his alarm for the next morning. He sat with his legs crossed on the bed.

“In the sense that…I was really naïve, immature, confused…”

“…Horny,” he said.

She chuckled, rubbing her elbow with lotion, “Horny, thank you.”

“Wait, why did you only say negative things?”

She sighed. “I’m just thinking about my own perception of myself back then. I didn’t like how I was. My priorities were things that should not be priorities, school was way above my self-care and above the people I loved, I was impatient, I was…I got angry at stupid things, I could barely control my feelings.” She closed the jar of lotion and left it on the nightstand. She turned to him. “I’m not perfect now, but…Jon, since I’m with you…I love myself more.”

He looked at her, wondering if he had heard her correctly, and she gave him a tiny smile, answering that he had in fact done so. He threw himself towards her and hugged her by the neck.

“Dany,” he whispered, and let go to look at her. “I used to hate so many things about myself. I hated my shyness, my anxiety, my lack of confidence in everything: in being a philosopher, in being a failure in life for having such a hard time socializing. I compared myself too much to Robb, I think.”

She had loved him anyway back then, though. Maybe that had made him realize that if she could, he could. Maybe directly or maybe indirectly, she had helped him see the good in him.

She sniffed and caressed his beardy jaw. “Jon! How it hurts to hear you say this! The most amazing person I’ve ever met did not love himself? Look at you, my God, look at you. Do you love yourself now?”

“Yes.”


“Because,” he cleared his throat. “I…I am…a good person. I’m always trying to be kind to others, to not hurt anyone. I’m kind to myself too now, I wasn’t before. I don’t hate me for the decisions I made. I’m…strong, I’m strong. I’m honest. I’m intelligent, I’m…” he laughed out loud.

‘What do you see in me?’ he used to ask her during their first year together. ‘Why did you fall in love with me, someone so boring and quiet? Why did you wait so long for me to be ready to have sex? Why didn’t you just leave me for another guy?’

The situation back in the day had been the following: both thought the other was amazing, but both thought that themselves were anything but amazing. Both had been extremely insecure that the other would leave them. Both had their happiness in a tightrope, it depended solely on the other’s affection to them.

“Thank you for telling me this!” he told her. He could not help wondering in how many other ways could they have benefited one another, or helped the other grow, yet they didn’t know because they
hadn’t told one another.

It would have been optimal if he could have loved himself without someone else loving him to prove him he was worthy of love. Until he had not been loved -romantically- he had not realized his worth. But he didn’t mind. Dany had been like a push towards realizing so, she had opened his eyes and made him notice he was not the boring and nervous guy he reduced himself to be. Apparently, he had meant the same to her, a little push, a little help to realizing her worth. He wished he could have felt this way in his teenage years, before he had ever had a girlfriend, because how good did it feel!

And when he proposed to her, he had promised her he would make her happy. What better way of doing so than by helping her realize her worth?

“Do you see how important this is?” she asked him. “We are the happiest together,” she said. She leaned towards him and rested her hand on his thigh. “the happiest. But we won’t always be together. We won’t ever break up, but one will die first. I mean, at some point we’ll get separated. But now I’m at peace knowing that you love yourself and can be happy with or without me. You love yourself! Will you suffer if I’m gone before you? Yes, but you won’t depend on me to be happy, or…or to feel loved. And I am the happiest by knowing this!”

He burst into tears. Dany had suffered so much lately, life had been so tough to them, yet she still acknowledged she loved herself, and she still thought they were the happiest. And his happiness was what made her happy!

He remembered when he feared she would leave him and she told him she feared the same about him. Behind that fear was the thought that they weren't too worthy of the other's love, or that the other could find someone better. They were insecure back then, they did not love themselves. He wanted her because she made him happy, and vice versa. He had wished (in a subtle and unperceivable way) she depended on him. If she depended on him, she would not leave him, and hence he would be happy. It was selfish. It was for their own good. It was not about the other. They were attached to the other. By wishing she depended on him, he depended on her to be happy.

He had read plenty about it in eastern philosophy books. We cling to those we are attached to, we want to be with them at all costs, to the point where we even want to control them. We smother them like a child hugging an animal so hard that they suffocate them. It was a terrible thought. It was not love. On the other hand, non-attachment meant to let the other live, to pay attention to them and to understand them. If she were the happiest without him, would he cling to her and force her to stay with him, even though that made her less happy? He had promised he would make her happy, that meant her happiness was above his desire of her making him happy. Relationships were too damn complex!

Dany hugged his head. “Oh, darling, I love you, I warned you I was going to get cheesy.” She stroked his curls and kissed his head. “What are you thinking?”

He sniffed, holding her close. “That this is too much philosophy for me. Too overwhelming.”

“Listen to me,” she said. “We will lose one another one day. It will be fine.”

He sniffed and nodded, his face was buried in her breasts but he lifted it to kiss her jaw. She caressed his ear.

“I’m happy you don’t depend on me either,” he said.

It felt like that time he had watched her sleeping in the midst of their suffering and had felt like crying. His love for her had felt so strong that he wanted her to be happy no matter what. He had
been so overwhelmed by how much he loved her that he did not even want to hug her, because that would have woken her up from a peaceful sleep, and ruining her calm in a hard time was the last thing he wanted. No matter what, he wanted her to be happy, no matter if that meant he would not have the embrace he would have wanted. Such a simple moment had felt like one of the purest feelings he had felt in his life, and he hoped he always remembered it with the tenderness he was remembering it now.

However, he knew that having a selfless love bursting in the room right now did not mean it would be that way their whole lives. They would have to work hard to keep it that way. They would have to make sure they did not fall back to the almost unperceivable mistake of caring about the relationship for their own individual happiness. Maybe they had not achieved such utopian love in its entirety, but at least they understood it and knew what it meant. It was an amazing realization to have in their twenties, at the start of a life together. He remembered once again he had promised he would spend his life making sure she was happy. He could not forget this particular night.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed closure #1 I POURED MY HEART INTO IT OMG. This has been a very reflective chapter with parallels in almost every scene. The next one is also emotional (at least for me this one was emotional lol), so I’m doing it as best as I can. Bear with me! AND THANK YOU FOR THE 2K KUDOS WTF!!!!!!! BRB GOTTA CELEBRATE I LOVE YOU HAVE A LOVELY WEEKEND!!!
'Why?' Dany had asked Jon when he told her he loved himself. It was a powerful question, so powerful that Socrates based the famous Socratic method on it. Jon now understood why. It was useful, it was introspective, it allowed critical thinking without the need of an argument. He had learned it probably four years ago, yet had just realized how reflective it could be.

“Okay, so, lights off, heater off, windows locked,” Dany said, suitcase in hand. “Everything set?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“Your phone charger?”

He threw his head back with a frown, he was about to forget it once again. “Thank you,” he said, and rushed to their bedroom to look for it.

It was his turn to drive to Dragonstone this time. The news was on the radio when the car started. As usual, it was about politics. A heated argument was breaking out in the parliament regarding equal pay between men and women and better laws for family-friendly policies at work.

“Why would that even be a debate?” Jon said.

Some members of the parliament strongly opposed these laws, claiming they would "endanger productivity” by not allowing organizations to freely set the wages they saw fit or by forcing them to have higher expenses by extending the maternity leave or providing assistance with childcare costs. Dany was annoyed, so she connected her phone to the car and put on some music. She always got annoyed when she listened to the news, especially if they were about an argument regarding equal rights.

“Much better,” she said when her music replaced the news reporter’s voice. She turned up the volume a bit.

“Can I ask you something?” Jon said.

“No,” she replied. “I’m kidding.”

He chuckled. “Why do you want to be a politician?”

“What do you mean?”

It felt funny. She had been the one who had been smothering him with questions about work four years ago. It had annoyed him terribly. However, they would finish school for good soon and their working lives would be shaped from now on by their job choices. He knew that she had to be sure
about politics if she was going to put all her effort into it, as she said she would.

“We’ve talked about this,” she continued. “I want to help others and I think this could be the most effective way to do so.”

“Are you sure it’s the most effective way? Are you sure that, maybe an NGO, couldn’t be more effective? I mean, just passing a law is incredibly hard. You’ll have people from other parties wanting to tear down every single one of your bills. There will be a shitload of assholes like these ones who will have the stupidest arguments…”

“Why are you suddenly thinking about all this?” she asked with a frown.

“I want you to be absolutely sure about what you want to do and I want you to know all you can about it. And why does it bother you?”

The only answer he could think of was that she was insecure about it. Didn’t he use to get even more annoyed when it was her asking him these questions, though?

“It doesn’t bother me.”

“I know you want to help others, but I don’t want you to harm yourself doing so. You know what Einstein said? Politics is more difficult than physics.”

“I know I’m not going for an easy career,” she said as her fingers played with the armrest below the window.

“Okay, but, seriously, why...why do you want to be a politician?”

“I want to help others,” she repeated.

“Why?” She turned to look at him with a furrowed brow. “Tell me why,” he said calmly, trying not to make it sound like a command.

“I don’t want people to suffer because their government and laws don’t care about them.”

“Why?” he asked again.

“Well, it bothers me that there’s a lack of opportunities for so many Westerosi and that no one cares about it.”

“Okay, forget about others and just think about yourself, why do you think it bothers you? Why would you want to change this?”

“For myself?” Dany asked. “I’m not doing it for myself.”

Jon nodded, looking at the road. “I get it. You’re doing it for others. But there must be a reason that’s only about you yourself. You’re choosing to dedicate your life to this.” She stayed silent for a while, looking out the window. “Listen,” he went on. “I’m not doing this because I don’t want you to be a politician. I’m doing it to make sure that you’ll do what you really want to do.” She still did not answer. The silence prolonged, hinting the end of the conversation. So he just sighed and said, “I’m hungry.”

“You want a sandwich?” She had packed some snacks for the way in her purse.

He shook his head. “Thank you. But later, I think.”
She nodded and stayed silent. He hummed to the tune of the song that was playing.

“I guess it would make me feel better to make a change,” she suddenly said, staring out the window. She turned to him. “I guess you’re gonna ask me why?”

He chuckled. “I guess.”

“I think… I think, I’m not sure, but I think… that it could be because I would… stand out from the rest.” Jon lowered the volume of the music. Dany continued, “I’ve always cared about standing out, right? At least when it comes to school.”

Jon pondered on it. Her willingness to stand out in school had only made her more anxious. It did her more harm than good. Being a politician meant constantly standing out. Did she want to keep on living that way?

Dany continued. “Or… maybe because changing something that bothers me would mean that I would be less bothered, and that way I would feel… centered. And I want that.”

“Why?”

“Because I’ve never felt centered. I want balance in my life. I want to handle my problems and emotions.”

“Okay,” he said, his hands were steady on the steering wheel. “Okay. And making a change…”

“Making a change—changing my environment into something that suits my beliefs—would make me feel more positive than negative emotions,” Dany hummed with her eyes closed. “It all goes back to emotions! Those bitches.” He chuckled. “I know what you’re thinking,” she told him.

“What’s that?”

“That I’m saying I don’t feel centered or that I can’t handle my problems but that I’ve also told you that I love myself.”

“Sure, okay,” he replied. He was actually thinking about how in the world could politics give her a balanced life, but she had an interesting point anyway.

“The fact that I love myself doesn’t mean that I don’t see my flaws. I do! They’re terrible and a little haunting, but I’m willing to work on them.”

“I know, I get it. One doesn’t have to be a perfect human being to love themselves. No one would do so if that were the case.” Dany nodded in silence. “Why do you want to feel centered?” he went on with the why’s.

Dany hummed. “To…to have peace? Oh, Jon. I just want to have peace.”

“You want to have peace, then,” Jon turned his head quickly to look at her and then back to the road. “That’s your major goal.”

“Are you a therapist now?”

“No,” he replied. “That’s philosophy. It’s the Socratic method… kind of.”

She chuckled, and dried a tear from her cheek. He held her hand. She sniffed.

“We’re getting super philosophical lately, aren’t we?” she asked.
“Just how I like it,” he grinned.

“You have a complicated major too. Not less complicated than politics or physics.”

He chuckled. “Maybe. But with less scope for arguments and fights, at least less than politics.”

She chuckled. “Tell that to Jean Paul Sartre and Albert Camus.”

“You got me there.” A smile bloomed on his face. He had told her about them a long time ago and she remembered.

After a while, she said, “Peace and politics. I’ll think about alternatives, just in case.”

She was stubborn. She didn’t like to admit she was wrong. So it wouldn’t be easy for her to leave aside her idea of becoming a politician and admitting she had been mistaken. But at least he had given her the option to make a better decision. Either by choosing something else or by reassuring herself that she would achieve her personal goals with politics.

“What about you, though?” she asked him.

“What about me?”

“What do you want to do?”

He exhaled and shrugged. “I’m fine with research, I think.”

She nodded. “Research is fun.”

“I guess… I guess I…” he chuckled and shrugged again. He was so much more insecure than her when it came to work. Now that the tables had turned, it felt ironic that he, someone who did not know what could he even do for a living, could question Dany about her future work goals.

“We’ll see where life takes us. Maybe I’ll find something else along the way, maybe you will too. It’s not like what we decide now will be what we work in for the rest of our lives.”

He nodded. “Yeah. We’ll see.”

“Look, I really want you to choose whatever you want. Whatever, Jon,” she said. “Whatever you do, don’t do it for the money.” He sighed. “Look, the more I think about it—about everything we’ve been through, that my mum has been through, my brother, my other brother, you...we’ve all gone through tough stuff. The more I think about it... I appreciate a life with harmony, a life where I take care of myself with every decision, much more than a successful job and a house in front of the sea and a seat on the parliament. I think... I think we're first. I value... a good life so much, that’s what I want to have. Of course, financial security comes along with having a good life—insufficient money can't allow you to live well. But being rich... it wouldn't solve my inner troubles. It won't solve the grudges I hold against my father, it won't solve my relationship with Viserys, it won't bring your parents back from the dead...” She sighed.

Jon nodded. “I’ve been lucky enough to grow up in a family where we never had financial troubles, or not that I ever noticed. My parents earn good money. But we still had our problems. I guess that made me realize that money isn’t everything. If everything could be solved with money... rich people would never have a single problem.”

“Yeah,” she replied. “We will have good incomes, I’m sure of that. We have a great education. But it won’t be our priority. School has been my priority for too long, and it never made me happy. In fact,
it made me unhappy. Making work my priority would be the same story. We're first, alright? We will always be first.”

Jon smiled. “Good. I had been worrying about you making politics your priority like you had done so with school.”

She hummed in approval. “Yeah, it’s not a nice feeling. Standing out…as I said, it could have been a reason why I thought about politics. Maybe, subconsciously or something, I don’t know. But it’s not anymore. I know standing out won’t make me happy because it never did.”

“A philosophy professor told us once that the problem with thinking that you have to be successful in life…is that you think that being an average person is a failure. If that’s the truth, then you’re considering all the millions of average people, including you, a failure. It’s not a good way to think. The thing is, under which variables do we define success? Fame, wealth?”

“It could be on…honesty? Harmony? Love?” she replied.

“Harmony! That one’s great,” he smiled. “Those three are great, actually.”

“We won’t measure our success or our worth by our income, alright?”

“Yeah, but…on the other hand, there are all these things we’ll have to pay,” their wedding, their honeymoon, fertility treatments or adoption, the list could go on, “and our parents will only help us for so long.”

She sighed. “Well, that’s a problem. But if there’s something I’ve learned lately is that being in a good state of mind is much more valuable than any high wage. But we need money, so we’re kind of in a pickle.”

“I have an idea,” he said. She turned to look at him. “Let’s sell meth.” She laughed out loud. “No, but jokes aside,” he continued, “we will need money... adoption is so expensive. What do you think about it?”

“I think we could save well and see what we can pay.”

“Do you think we should accept the money our parents will offer us?”

“If we really need it in the future, then, I guess so, yeah.”

“Look, I…I have to say it, I really want to adopt, Dany.” They had already talked about adoption and it seemed a good idea for both. But he hoped she wouldn't change her mind. At least he wanted to make it clear why he wanted to adopt. “Sorry for bringing this up now. I know we’ve said we’ll talk about it when it’s time to have kids. I’ve been holding it back for a while to avoid talking more about this subject. We’ve been quite happy lately, I didn’t want to kind of…ruin how good things were going for us.”

“It’s alright, Jon. There’s no problem,” she said. “I get it, yes. There are many kids without parents out there, without the chance for a good life, who are suffering. It’s unfair. It’s difficult for me to understand. They’re just children, you know? What have they done to deserve this? Nothing! They’re supposed to be happy, to play and learn and just have fun.”

“Yeah, and, we both know how terrible it is to not have our parents, or a parent, with us. We always talked about wanting to be better parents to our kids than our parents were to us. If I hadn’t been adopted…I don’t know how my life would be right now…I don’t know.”
“Yes, Jon, oh my God, I’m so happy you were adopted,” Dany said. “And, you know, the kids I’ve met in the volunteer programmes…they’re all…they have such a positive view to life despite it all, they’re all so cheerful and willing to learn anyway. Life doesn’t knock them down like it does to adults.”

He nodded. “I’m glad we’re on the same page. I want to give someone the chance that was given to me. I have a family because I got adopted. I would gladly be that for someone else, without hesitation. And I know…I know there are risks in adoption…I know there’s a chance that the kid will have serious…disorders or genetic issues but…we can’t have kids, and there are kids who don’t have parents. There’s…there’s a lot of people in the world, right? Orphans, or pregnant women who won’t be able to raise their kids.” He sighed. “There are…enough people.” Although he wondered if he was saying so because he actually believed it or because he wanted to believe it.

“Yeah,” Dany said. “It won’t be easy, that’s for sure. We have to consider every detail. It’s gonna be so complicated to raise an adopted kid, much more complicated than a biological one. They often have…abandonment issues, or telling them we’re not their real parents…” she sighed.

“Yes,” he nodded. “But let’s do both…adopt and try to have our own biological kids. I hope we can some time see both our features in a single person.”

She sighed with a sad smile. “Me too. I don’t want adoption to be the last resort, though. Like a plan Z if other things don’t work out.”

Jon smiled at her words. “Well, let’s start by saving some money from now,” he chuckled and gave her a pat in her hand. “I know it’s not gonna happen any time soon but…God, it’s gonna be so expensive.”

“Let’s not have a huge wedding then, not a huge honeymoon either.” Pain leaked in her voice when she said so.

“We’ll see,” he said, although he knew it would most probably have to be true.

“You got yourself fired from the supermarket?” Dany asked Viserys.

He nodded, leaning back on the wall of his messy room. His bed was unmade, his clothes were piled up on his chair and desk, and the whole room stank like an armpit. Every single detail annoyed her.

“When?”

“Couple of months ago,” he said quietly and pursed his lips.

“Viserys,” she said, and before continuing she closed his door. “How could you be so irresponsible?”

“I’m looking for another job now…”

“You got yourself fucking fired and mum has to pay for all your expenses! You’re thirty years old and still living with her.”

“Come on, it’s not like she can’t afford it. She’s a doctor, at least until I find a new job she can handle it.”

“It’s not about how much she earns! You can’t keep on depending on her!”
“I know. I will find something, I will find something.”

“Aren’t you tired?” Dany frowned. “Of being such a burden for mum to carry?”

Viserys’ expression changed: from looking down at the floor, he now stared down into her eyes with a frown.

“I’m trying really hard to have a normal life, Daenerys. You have no idea. I really want a normal life. And no school is accepting me-”

“Well, you should have thought about that before you spent all your tuition-“

“Stop,” he said. “Don’t say it. We’ve talked about this. I’ve apologized. I’m sorry, I mean it.”

“Then do something. Are you sitting around all day while mum goes to work? My God, do something.”

“I wish you could be a little more supportive…”

“Of what?!”

“Because I’m trying so hard to be a normal, functioning member of society and you don’t even realize ‘cause you’re too busy living your perfect life!” he wailed.

“Perfect life?” She shrunk her eyes.

“Yes,” he said. “Perfect boyfriend, perfect education, perfect everything! Congratulations! We’re not all so lucky.”

“You think my life is perfect? First of all, no, but I’m not gonna give you my list of complaints. Second, if my life is good, or better than average, it’s because I’ve made a huge fucking effort. I’ve studied my ass off, I’ve made sure that every penny mum spent in my tuition was worth it, even my relationship with Jon has been a huge effort. It’s not like I haven’t done shit and asked for money anyway.”

His lips tensed and his gaze went back to the ground. “I wish I had made better choices. But I can’t change that and I’m trying to keep going with what I have.”

Dany’s phone vibrated in her pocket with a message. Her mother was asking her to cut off the argument and to meet her in her bedroom. She exhaled. She did not want to talk to Viserys yet she still wanted to continue arguing with him. She knew that feeling well, it had been that way their whole lives.

“For my mother’s sake,” Dany said. “Make an effort. She deserves to be happy. Stop giving her more things to worry about.”

“Dany, I don’t even…I don’t do drugs anymore. I don’t even smoke cigarettes. I don’t drink alcohol. You say every day is an effort for you? For me too.”

Dany pursed her lips in thought. Viserys was not a bad person. Since Dany was little, he had allowed her to play with him and his friends, he had made sure no one bothered her. He, Rhaegar and Rhaella had promised one another that she would grow up safe. He had still annoyed her, though. He made stupid jokes, stupid comments, even the way he walked annoyed her. If he weren’t her brother, she doubted she would ever befriend him. But he was her brother, and all these years arguing were another weight on her shoulders.
When she left for her mother’s bedroom, she wondered why she even walked into Viserys’ room before. What had her purpose even been?

Rhaella was half-sitting against her pillows, watching TV, already under her covers in her pajamas. She turned off the TV when Dany sat at her feet.

“Do you find any use in arguing with Viserys?” she asked Dany. “What do you get out of it?”

“I’m just pissed at him.”

“Well, that’s not a difficult thing to do. Do you know what truly is a difficult thing to do?”

Dany shook her head.

“Overcoming an addiction.”

Dany rolled her eyes. “Are you seriously going to defend him right now?”

“I want you to stop seeing things as black and white,” her mother said. Dany pursed her lips. “I’m serious. Listen to me. You are more intelligent than him. Not only academically. In many ways. Well, he burnt a lot of neurons, of course. He-”

“He says so much stupid stuff....”

“Ignore him. Listen, you are more intelligent,” her voice was low, maybe to make sure Viserys would not overhear. “Choose not to argue with him. Knock it off. You’re not achieving anything by doing so. You guys have been doing this your whole lives. You’re adults now, when will it stop? When he becomes what you expect him to be?”

Dany was frowning now.

“Princess,” Rhaella said. “I know he’s done some awful stuff. You have to forgive him. It’s over.”

“Do you believe him?”

“Yes, I believe him. It’s done. You can’t change it. Look, your father-”

“I don’t want to talk about him.”

“Well, I have to say something about him, and you will listen,” her mother said firmly. “I’ve loved him, I’ve feared him and after he left, I hated him. With all my guts. That was a great deal of energy I wasted on hating him every day. Not only for hurting me but for hurting my kids. And if I…look at me,” she said, and Dany raised her head to meet her gaze. “If I could forgive him, you can forgive your brother for the stupid choices he’s made. It wasn’t easy, dear, it took me decades. I’ve been holding grudges against him for too long. Did I change anything by doing so? No. What’s done is done...”

“But-” Dany said.

“Just listen to me for a second. Don’t interrupt me. This is important,” her mother continued. “I’ve raised you to be fierce, and you are, Daenerys. Unfortunately, since you left home I haven’t been able to talk to you as much as I’d like to. I only see you once a month or every two months, and knowing what you’re going through! Oh, my love, there’s so much I still want you to learn. You left home too soon.”

“You’ve raised me well,” Dany said. “Don’t think it wasn’t enough. It was, really.”
“Dany,” her mother said. “This is one of the most important things I’m telling you. I am old now, I’m about to retire, I know what I’m talking about. You have to let go. You have to. You have to accept what’s happened. I learned it the hard way. There is nothing else you can do but to accept that your brother has screwed up. There was nothing I could do but to accept that my husband hurt my family. You have to accept that...that you cannot have children.”

A tear fell down Dany’s cheek as a stinging pain hit her chest.

“Dany, everything I do, everything I teach you, is for your life to be the complete opposite of what mine has been. Including this. You have to stop complaining and accept, Daenerys. It’s the only thing that will allow you to keep on going with your life, to improve your relationship with your brother, because he will always be your brother and you guys will have to get along at some point. It better be soon because this conflict has lasted too long.”

“I don’t want him to keep on hurting you,” Dany said. “You work so hard.”

“Don’t worry about me. I’ve been through worse things than providing for my thirty-year-old son. And he keeps me company here! Haven’t you thought about that?” Dany looked down and didn’t answer. “I’ll retire soon, I’ll get a dog, and I’ll live a quiet life. Viserys won’t be an impediment for me to enjoy my retirement.”

Dany wiped a tear and hugged her mother. “You know, I...hate being all...sad or...upset in my twenties. These are supposed to be the best years of one’s life,” Dany said, and let go of Rhaella.

“Really?” her mother said. “I’d say they’re the most difficult. All the responsibilities and choices you kids have to make nowadays! All the pressure of getting the most degrees, the best jobs, a place to live, a relationship! When I was your age, we were married with kids at like twenty-one and our life was already sorted out,” Rhaella chuckled sadly.

Her twenties were, indeed, the most difficult years of her life. There were so many decisions to make during these years: what to do with her life, where to work, how to make her relationship with Jon work out, to move in with him or not, how she would have children, what to study in her masters, how to distribute her money for her daily expenses and how she would pay for her future expensive treatments, all that plus her family issues. These were great years, she could not deny it. She had learned much about herself and had found love. But she could not deny these had also been the harshest and most uncertain years she had had in her life. And now that she was doubting if she would get into politics, now that she wanted to look for other options for her future work, she had to carry another burden of uncertainty.

However, seeing her mother smiling in front of her—someone who had been through terrible pains, much worse than she would ever go through—gave Dany reassurance that every challenge in her twenties would eventually be solved. None of these things would be a burden forever, not even infertility.

“Will you go see Aegon tomorrow?” Rhaella asked her.

“Yes,” Dany replied. “Aren’t you coming?”

“I have to work.”

Dany hummed, hugging her tightly. “You doctors, working on the weekend.”

Rhaella chuckled, caressing her hair. “I see them every week. Say hi to Egg from me.”

“I will.”
Rhaella kissed Dany’s head and said, “Jon must be wondering what you're doing.”

“He’s probably asleep. He falls asleep quickly.”

Dany placed her head in her mother’s warm neck.

“Daenerys,” Rhaella said in a sigh.

“Rhaella,” Dany replied.

“I consider myself happy despite it all. I hope you do too.”

“I’m happy,” she replied, yet wondered how happy could she be when she wanted to change so much about her life.

Before going back to her bedroom, she decided to go into Viserys’. Once again, she did not know why. To apologize? No. She had done nothing wrong, had she? She turned the doorknob and opened the door. The whole room was dark. He was probably asleep already. So she closed the door silently again and promised herself that another day she would go in and at least try to understand her brother.

When she went back to her bedroom, the lights were off and Jon was asleep. She used her phone’s lantern to watch her step and got into bed. Jon turned when he felt her. He hummed.

“Wha-where were you?” he said quietly.

She placed her elbow on the mattress and pressed a kiss to his cheek and another loud one next to his mouth, as his beard brushed her lips.

“Sleep,” she said, kissed his hot neck, and rubbed his shoulder.

“Then let me sleep,” he chuckled. She chuckled too and pushed his hair out of the side of his forehead to press another full kiss there.

“Just one more kiss,” she said, and pressed a loud kiss to his lips. He kissed her back. “Goodnight.”

She curled under the covers and he hugged her by the back.

“Mamamama,” Aegon said in a tiny, sweet voice. He was staring at Elia and Dany had him on her lap as she sat next to Jon in Rhaegar and Elia’s living room.

“I’m so jealous he learned to say mama first,” Rhaegar said, packing the baby’s bag.

Aegon had not only said his first word, but he was also slowly learning to walk. He was terrible at it, he mostly crawled around the place, but it was evident he was trying his best. Rhaegar put the bag on his shoulder and they all went to the car to drive down to the beach. It was a windy day. They were all wearing jackets and Aegon had a beanie on his head and a scarf around his neck.

“Rytsas,” Dany said to him in the car. “Rystas.”

“He’s not gonna learn Valyrian so quickly,” Rhaegar told her.

“He has to get used to it. He has to learn it as soon as he can,” Dany said. “Rhaegar, you can’t let him grow up without a second language.”
“Yes, okay,” Rhaegar spoke as he drove, “I’ll talk to him in both languages, but right now we should focus on him learning how to say daddy or just papa.”

Jon tried to get Aegon to say ‘Jon’, as it was a simple and easy word, but Rhaegar joked he would punch him if Aegon said Jon before daddy. They parked in front of the beach—empty as it usually was in days that windy. The sky was grey and so was the sea. They got out of the car and walked into the sand, getting as close as they could to the sea. Aegon was in Elia’s arms, she had his back against her chest for him to look at the sea. He stared at it in awe, probably listening to the loud sound of the waves as well.

Dany held Jon by the arm as they walked until the point where the sand was slightly damp from the water. Elia squatted down with Aegon in her arms. The surface of the damp sand was completely plain, so Aegon could try to walk there more easily, and if he fell, it wouldn’t hurt as if he fell on hard ground.

Jon and Dany sat on the dry sand before them. It was hilarious but also tiring to watch Rhaegar and Elia trying to teach Aegon to walk without succeeding. First, Rhaegar put Aegon’s feet over his and tried to walk, holding his arms, but Aegon kept on falling down. Then, Elia tried to do it, while Rhaegar sat just a meter in front of him with his arms open, wanting Aegon to reach him, but they weren’t successful. Jon laughed, resting an arm on Dany’s knees which were up against her chest. She took out her phone to film them. Rhaegar and Elia insisted for Jon to try to teach Aegon to walk, as he had helped his parents when Bran and Rickon were learning as well. It had been a long time ago, though, and he insisted he didn’t remember much, yet he stood up anyway and Dany helped him put Aegon’s feet over his, but it was too difficult for the baby to maintain balance. Dany laughed in front of them every time Aegon fell down.

In the end, Aegon ended up crawling in the sand. His little hands were buried in the dark, damp sand, which was also sticking on his pants. Rhaegar walked next to him all the while, making sure he didn’t get close to the sea. Elia sat on the sand and Aegon crawled to her, babbling “mamamama.”

“I think…” Dany cleared her throat, “I’ll think I’ll go…buy like a snack or something to the store, I’ll be right back. Do you guys need anything?”

Rhaegar and Elia looked at each other and shook their heads.

“You want me to come?” Jon asked.

“Sure,” she replied.

They got up and walked away from the others.

“What do you want to buy?” Jon asked her, holding her hand.

“I don’t know,” she replied, watching her feet as she lifted each sneaker off the dense sand. “I just wanted to get out of there for a while.”

Right behind the low wall which separated the sand from the asphalt, stood a small convenience store. Dany bought a bag of chips. Jon didn’t get anything.

They sat on the low concrete wall, facing the sea. The heavy winds pushed to their faces the scent of the sea and the sound of their laughs, as Aegon crawled to Elia’s arms and she kissed his blond hair, sitting on the sand.

“These chips taste horrible,” she said, diverting her thoughts from the view.
He chuckled. They stayed silent for a while. Dany placed the bag of chips between her legs for it not to fly away, and Jon held her hand on his lap. She put her free hand in a pocket, she was cold. She rested her head on Jon’s shoulder and he sighed. It had been a while, but it still hurt a bit. Jon rubbed her hand.

She lifted her head and tried to sneeze. Jon turned to look at her as she inhaled deeply with a funny face, but in the end, she couldn’t do so. He chuckled at the sight.

They stayed silent for a while. Dany was only thinking about her brother’s luck when it came to family, and was wondering if she would get as lucky. Aegon tried to walk again and fell. Got up. Fell. Got up. Fell. He was as patient as he could be. She wished she could be that patient to wait for what life had in store for her and Jon, instead of wanting every answer right now.

“We think too much about the future,” she told Jon. "We’re always worrying about it, haven’t you noticed? Our future jobs, our future kids, our future financial stability.”

She stared at his face, focusing on his features. He was squinting his eyes as he watched the sea. He looked down and sighed.

“Let’s think about what we’re gonna do today, tomorrow, this week, okay, maybe this month…but in years?” Dany said. “We have no idea how different everything will be then, right? Maybe things will get easier and right now we’re worrying excessively about this stuff…let’s worry about the things we gotta do now. Have lunch, study for next week, do the groceries when we get back home…we could start doing the budget for our wedding, just to have an idea…I’m just tired of worrying so much about a future that is so far away we have no idea how it will be. How much can things change from now to the time when we’ll want to have a family? I’ve worried about the far future my entire life. It’s too much.”

“Yeah,” he just whispered.

He passed his arm around her and rubbed her shoulder. She tilted her head to him and he rested his head on hers. They watched Rhaegar and Elia. He wanted that so bad.

But that was Rhaegar and Elia’s story, she thought to herself. They would have their own.

As the weather got colder, Rhaegar and Elia got up to take Aegon home.

“Hello, Egg,” Dany greeted him with a grin when he was in front of her in Elia’s arms. She tried to hide as best as possible the uneasiness that being with them had sprouted in her. “Did you have fun?” Her nephew smiled with his whole face by hearing his favorite aunt’s voice. “What a dashing smile!” Dany said.

“Should we go get something to eat?” Rhaegar asked. “There’s a new vegan place near mum’s place.”

“Really?” Dany asked, standing up. “I’ll become a loyal customer, that’s for sure.”

As they all walked to the car, Dany pulled out her phone and texted Viserys to meet them up for lunch. She hesitated before hitting Send, wondering if she actually wanted to spend time with him, but hit Send anyway.

Jon put an arm around her as they kept on walking on the sidewalk. How could she have guessed that the guy she helped with calculus equations would be her future husband? How could she have even imagined how complicated and challenging it would be to have a relationship as stable as theirs? How could she have guessed back then all the things she would live with him? How could
she even imagine all the things they would live in the future? It was a long future. Let’s say they lived until they were eighty-five, maybe ninety, they had a healthy life. They had been almost five years together and would be together for other sixty-five years, approximately, that meant that they still had to live thirteen times the time they had been together already. All the events that had happened in five years, all their growth, were unbelievable. So why the hell were they worrying so much about how their life would be in five or ten years, when so much could happen and change completely in that amount of time? They still had thirteen more five-year periods to live together! A whole life ahead! How liberating did that feel! How refreshing!

They got into her brother’s car, and with her nephew on her lap and her fiancé smiling at her, the previous almost painful wish of this baby being her and Jon’s son instead of her nephew was replaced with a final acceptance to turn the page. Thirteen times of what they had lived lay ahead. In the end, there was nothing left to do than to accept that this was their life. There was no other option.

Aegon held Jon’s finger with his whole, tiny hand, so fiercely Jon couldn’t free himself. Jon laughed, looking up at Dany. She smiled. They would have their own story.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone. This has been the closure of their twenties. Of course, not everything has been perfectly "closed". Some stuff like Jon's insecurity with his job or Dany's relationship with Viserys are still on hold, I don't want to make it seem like all our problems will be solved in our twenties, because that ain't the truth! I hope I have sort of showed how difficult and challenging the twenties are, and honestly, we don't need to have it all sorted out at this age. So their story will go on in the future. The following two chapters will be the ending of the story (I ended up writing a super long ending so I divided it in 2, just like this chap and the previous one lmao). Thanks a lot for all the love, I beg you to leave a comment to let me know if you've liked how I've closed their twenties. See you soon!

PS: The part of Aegon falling and getting up is inspired in a book by Erich Fromm called The Art of Loving
Hi everyone!!!!! I greet you all with much excitement but also some nervousness! The time has finally come…We can now picture these jon and dany exactly like kit and emilia look now (but emilia with long hair, ofc, and kit less muscular lol). Long ass chapter because this fic is so hard to let go that I just kept on writing and writing more scenes. Enjoy the ride!

Recommended song.
You'll see why lol

SEVEN YEARS LATER

The flat where they lived now was significantly larger than the one where they lived before they were married. Dany was sitting across from Jon at the dining table as she opened an email on her laptop with the final adoption documents she and Jon had to sign, and a zip file called ‘ALYSSANE – MORE PICTURES’.


He sat down beside her. She clicked on the pictures and they both smiled when they saw the five-year-old girl they would adopt. That small, chubby girl with brown skin and big black eyes had woken in them a similar feeling to the one Dany had had when Aegon had been born. They had played together, talked, and had gotten along incredibly well. In her kindergarten class, she had learned some Valyrian words and exchanged some basic phrases with Dany and Jon. She had even asked them if they would be her future parents, before they knew if they would be accepted or not. They chuckled and said they hoped so.

Alyssane was dornish. She had no memory of her parents. They had migrated to King’s Landing but had been murdered when she was a baby. However, unlike Jon during his childhood, her caretakers had actually told her her parents were dead. They told Jon and Dany that, given her age, death was still a difficult concept to grasp.

They had made the payments and had been approved by the court and the orphanage. Soon, she would move into their home.

“I’m so excited,” Jon told Dany as she passed the pictures of Alyssane. “You have no idea.”

“Me too,” she said, placing a hand on his arm and caressing it with her thumb.

“Mummy? Daddy?” Their three-year-old daughter stood in her pajama dress on the other side of the dining room. Her blond hair was a mess in her head. “I can’t sleep.”

“Why, darling?” Dany asked.

“I’m not tired,” Rhaella said in her tiny voice, squinting her eyes from the light. “And I’m scared of the dark. Can I stay with you for a while?”
Dany sighed, it was very past her bedtime, but she agreed anyway. Rhaella ran to them and Dany carried sat her on her lap. Rhaella was three years old now, but the journey to make her come to life had been much longer. They had started trying to get pregnant young. Dany had started taking drugs to stimulate ovulation as soon as she finished school. Some doctors were optimistic about it, some weren’t as much. Dany liked to think there was a fifty-fifty chance, yet during the hardest times, that percentage seemed to skew.

Jon used to lie on the bed horizontally beside her, with his face against her belly, saying ‘Please, ovulate, please, stick to the uterine wall.’ Dany only chuckled and stroked his hair. But the drugs didn’t work. They cried. Dany tried to hold it in at the start, but her frustration became too overwhelming, especially when she saw posts on social media of girls she knew getting pregnant. Elia got pregnant for the second time and she and Rhaegar had a baby girl, Rhaenys, who looked just like Elia and nothing like Aegon and Rhaegar.

"Rhaenys," Rhaegar had told his family, "the name is a mixture of Rhaella, Daenerys and Viserys. What do you think?"

It had been so lovely Rhaella burst into tears. While Dany was happy about having a new niece, she also told Jon she felt like his brother's luck reduced her probability of getting pregnant. Three lucky pregnancies in the same family were not going to happen, she said. Jon thought that was nonsense. He said her brother’s success rate had nothing to do with her own, they were mutually exclusive events (Jon had been learning much about statistics as he was working in research now) and medicine was quite developed nowadays. And then, even Sansa got pregnant, accidentally, from her boyfriend at that time. She decided to keep the baby, and that’s how Rickard was born. She and her boyfriend broke up, but he still visited them and did his part as a dad. Ned and Cat had not been happy when they found out about the pregnancy, though. All their kids were finally either adults or teenagers, and when Sansa got pregnant, it meant there would be another baby in the house, as she was still living with them, and her parents were exhausted. Dany couldn’t take it, she cried when she found out. Accidental pregnancies seemed like the most unfair thing in the world when she and Jon wanted a kid of their own so bad.

The doctors had given Dany two options: intrauterine insemination and in vitro fertilization. IUI was much cheaper, so she and Jon wanted to go for it and then take IVF if it didn’t work. However, given Dany’s difficulty to ovulate, the doctors then suggested them to go straight to IVF.

They both worked hard to make money and pay for better treatments, their wedding and an adoption. They kept on living in their same small flat for a long time because of the low rent. Dany worked in an investment fund. Stock analysis was not her favorite thing to do, and she did not do anything regarding inequality with such job, so it was just a way to make money. She had had more job offers, even another one from the Central Bank, but she had chosen the one which would give her a higher pay. For Jon, finding a job had been terribly difficult. Dany had to cover the majority of their expenses for a while. She didn’t complain. She did want him to have a job, though, not necessarily for the money (although the more they earned, the more they saved for treatments), but because she wanted to see him happier, instead of feeling like a failure. Jon started working then as a research assistant in school for the psychology department. He loved it. Dany was genuinely happy that he loved it.

Their first large expense was their wedding, even before their IVF. It was not big, though. The reception had been held in a hotel in Dragonstone with their families and closest friends. She did not mind having a small party, their priorities now were not parties. It had been a wonderful wedding anyway, they had been surrounded by the people they loved the most and had seen many family members drunk. They had a crazy amount of pictures and videos which were always fun to rewatch.
Time passed and, finally, they were able to afford their first cycle of IVF. It did not work, and they could not afford another one for a while. Their parents insisted on helping them out. Dany had not felt comfortable accepting such a sum of money at the start, but her and Jon’s frustration grew exponentially every day that passed, so they accepted it and went on to try a second IVF. And this time, it worked: a fetus started growing in Dany’s uterus.

Her pregnancy had been a period of extreme care. She had to be as less stressed as possible, and could not do much physical activity. She had a careful diet which she followed religiously with the help of a nutritionist. Working in an investment fund, though, is the opposite of a relaxed lifestyle. As opposed to how she used to stay until late in the office before, now she worked the hours she had to, went back home, and rested. But stress at work was still so high that she asked more than once for a sick leave to be able to rest, and when she asked for her maternity leave to be forwarded to her pregnancy, her boss denied it.

Jon was raging. He couldn’t believe her boss’ lack of empathy. He insisted for her to quit the job and he would pay what he could. Her compensation could also help them stay afloat for a while. However, staying in the company and getting a maternity leave paid by them would be even better. She went up to her boss, anyway, and told her she would resign. Risking a miscarriage would be the worst scenario she could think of. The chances of getting pregnant again were minimum. But her boss didn’t want to let go of her, though, and practically begged her to stay. So they called her to bargain: she would work part-time at the office to be able to use the Bloomberg terminals, she could keep on doing what she could at home, and her maternity leave would be intact. She agreed and her pregnancy went well. She tried her best to make the few hours at the office as less stressed as possible. She took blankets to be warm in the cold office, earphones to listen to music, and always had a warm cup of tea with her.

She got bored at home sometimes, so besides reading, she tried to find some new hobbies. That’s how she learned how to knit, with the help of Mrs. Dogget, her downstairs neighbor. She invited her over for a cup of tea every once in a while, as all her friends worked and didn’t have as much free time. Her mother helped her out a bit with money, too. She understood how delicate her pregnancy was and how important it was for her to have a healthy lifestyle, which was not too cheap. She had even asked Dany to go to live in Dragonstone to take better care of her. Dany refused, she and Jon had to keep on working.

The more her belly grew, the smaller the chances of a miscarriage became. Jon used to caress her belly and talk to it. He loved it with all his heart. They felt like the most cliché parents ever as they took monthly pictures of Dany standing sideways to capture the growth of her belly. She loved seeing him so happy, so excited. He bought toys and books about parenting. He cuddled with Dany and they watched a ridiculous amount of movies together with the free time they had on the weekends. She even discovered she kind of liked romcoms, which she used to hate. Perhaps it was just because the pregnancy made her more emotional. She didn’t know. But Jon wasn’t the only one now enjoying those romances with silly jokes.

How they used to wish they could make time pass much faster! A wait of nine months was torturously long. She found herself feeling the same way she did when she was a child and counted the months and days left for Christmas and for her birthday, a childish feeling she had forgotten and came back in such an unexpected time, when she finally felt like a grown-up, when she had a soon-to-be-child inside her.

“We were looking at some pictures of your new sister Alys,” Jon told Rhaella as she sat on Dany’s lap.

“I want to see! I want to see!” Rhaella grinned, and adjusted herself in Dany’s lap to see the laptop’s
“This is her having lunch,” Dany said as she pointed to the picture of Alys eating at a large table with many other kids. She clicked on the following photo. Alys was in a garden with more kids. “This is her playing with all her friends from the orphanage.”

“It looks fun,” Rhaella said. “Will I have to share my toys with her, though?’

“She will have her own toys, but yes, you should share yours with her, as she’ll share hers with you too,” Jon said.

“So, in the end, you will both have more toys and everyone will be better off,” Dany said.

“I want to play with the toys in her room,” she said.

“They’re not yours, so you have to wait until she arrives for her to share them with you.”

She looked down with a sad smile.

“Rhae, you just have to wait one more week and then you’ll have a new sister and so many more toys to play with! So much joy and new beginnings in just one week!” Jon said. “You’ll finally have someone to play with here at home, besides Genna.” Genna was Rhaella’s nanny.

“Literally, every day you’ll have someone else to play with. It will be like Aegon and Rhaenys, who are together every day,” Dany told her. “How cool is that?”

Rhaella smiled and nodded. She had Dany’s hair and nose, but her eyes and mouth were definitely Jon’s. She stood in Dany’s thighs and walked to Jon’s, while he held her arms to keep her from falling down.

“Let’s go to bed,” Jon said, and stood up with her in his arms. Dany followed them. “We have to get up early tomorrow.”

“Please! Can I sleep with you?!” she asked them.

“Rhae, you slept with us yesterday,” Dany replied. “You gotta learn to be fierce! There’s nothing in the dark, nothing’s gonna happen. You are brave. Remember how you got into the pool with daddy the other day? How brave is that?!’

Rhaella stared at her while she hugged Jon by the neck. Jon kissed her little head as they entered her room. He turned on the lights and tucked her into bed, stepping on all the pillows on the floor next to it that they put just in case she fell off the bed, which had already happened once. Rhaella stared at Dany with sad eyes.

“You are a brave girl, Rhaella. Strong like your grandmothers, your mother, and father,” Dany said sitting on her bed. “You see the dark and you say ‘hey, darkness, how are you doing?’” Rhaella laughed out loud. “You say, ‘I’m sorry, but I gotta go to sleep now. See you tomorrow night again, sleep well!’”

Jon laughed. “You should sing ‘Hello darkness, my old friend…”’ Dany laughed. “I’ve come to talk with you again…”

“What song is that?” Rhaella asked.

“Because a vision softly creeping…” Dany joined Jon. “Left its seeds while I was sleeping…”
Rhaella laughed, they both sang terribly.

“Really!” Jon said. “You just greet it, say goodnight, and fall asleep, nothing’s gonna happen.”

“I don’t know…” Rhaella said.

Dany sighed. She didn’t want to raise her in such a spoiled way, letting her sleep with them so often. Plus, she wanted some time alone with Jon too.

“Say goodnight to daddy now,” Dany said.

Jon leaned towards Rhaella and she grabbed his face from both sides with her small hands and kissed his cheek. Dany leaned into her and Rhaella gave her a kiss too.

They walked out of her bedroom as Jon held Dany by the shoulders and kept on singing, “People writing songs! That voices never shared!”

Dany laughed and sat on their bed. He asked her quietly, “Do you think she’ll get up again?”

Dany sighed and nodded. She held Jon’s hand and kissed his knuckles. He caressed the back of her head.

“Let’s just go to sleep,” she told him, and they did so.

Making love was one of the most difficult things to do now. Not only because of Rhaella’s insistence to sleep with them, but because they got home so tired, they just wanted to spend their time playing or just cuddling with their daughter. Sometimes (not many, though) Dany stayed until eleven or twelve pm at work to finish what she was doing. Some of her coworkers stayed until even later. Staying until late was a way people in the company showed they were committed or hardworking, but she would rather choose Rhaella and Jon, no matter how bad she wanted to leave her work neatly done. It had been extremely difficult going to work and leaving Rhaella with a nanny or at a nursery, but the company didn’t want her to leave so they doubled her pay and gave her a promotion. The promotion made her job even harder, though, and she came back home exhausted. Jon hated the fund. He was always interrogating her about why she took that job, about why she had chosen something so different from what she had always wanted. Money was the only reason there was, though. Jon had also found a better job. He started working in a research center, which had a better pay than for a research assistant at university.

Adoption had been incredibly more complicated than what they had thought: the procedures were cumbersome and expensive, and they had to prove they had a good and stable income, good mental health, even a bedroom for her. They both had a better income now. Life was stressful, but they found comfort in how that stress had been paying off. They had a daughter, lived in a bigger flat, and the fund had given Dany a nice car. It saddened her how Jon could spend more time with Rhaella than she could, but as affording an adoption was her biggest motivation, she kept on postponing her plans of looking for another job.

They adopted Alyssane on a Monday morning. Both Jon and Dany had an adoption leave. Dany had woken up early, with a belly tingling from excitement. Jon had barely been able to sleep. She hoped her new daughter loved her, she hoped she loved the three of them. She desperately wished Alys felt like they were her true family and to not feel different for not being biologically theirs, or for their physical differences. She hoped she got along with Rhaella, not just at the start, but their whole lives.

Alys was shy at the start. It was reasonable, everything was new to her. But in the car home, she and Rhaella started getting to know each other.
“What’s your favorite color?” Alys asked Rhaella.

“Pink, and yours?”

“Green,” she replied. “Do you like animals?”

“Yes, I love them. My favorite animal is the squirrel. And yours?”

“The giraffe,” Alys said.

“The giraffe?”

“Yes, they have a funny shape.”

Jon, Dany and Rhaella showed Alys around the flat. The kitchen, the living room, the bathrooms, the bedrooms, and Alys’ bedroom. They knew she liked animals so they bought her a stuffed animal for every species they could find. Alys gasped in excitement when she entered her room. It was a gasp that made Jon and Dany grin. She hugged them both tightly.

“Well, what do you want to do today?” Dany asked her. “It’s your choice.”

She smiled and looked down, moving over her place shyly. “I…I would like…to go to the beach,” she smiled, looking down.

“The beach! What a great idea!” Jon said.

They did so. The beach was not as full as it was on the weekends, tourists always filled every corner of it during summer. They pressed their parasol into the sand, and had only two small folding chairs, so they put towels in the sand for the girls.

Dany wore a dress over her bikini and had a beige hat and sunglasses. She took off her hat and put it on Alys’ head. It was way too big for her and it made them all laugh. They put sunblock on their daughters, which was Rhaella’s least favorite part of going to the beach because she hated how it felt. Dany took off her dress and Jon put some on her, and she put a lot on Jon, whose pale skin got incredibly red incredibly fast.

“Do you want to go into the sea?” Dany asked the girls after waiting for the sunblock to stick to their skin.

They both nodded.

“Just to get my feet wet,” said Rhaella.

Dany put arm floaters in Rhaellas’ arms anyway but stayed in the shore as Jon took the girls by the hand. She took pictures of the three of them from behind.

As for Jon, he had always hated the feeling of the cold water going up his body, but it had been hilarious when the sea touched his and his daughters’ feet and the three of them squeaked.

“Daddy, it’s cold!” said Alys.

“No, not that much,” Jon smiled, although it was, indeed, cold.

They walked further inside, but Rhaella got scared. She was too little and even though there were not many waves, she was frightened. She shouted asking for Dany. Dany got up and went to meet them up at the sea. Alys wanted to go further inside but Rhaella did not. Dany ended up walking with
Rhaella back to their spot. Jon stayed with Alys, holding her by the hand. The waves were small, but they still swayed her back and forth, making her laugh out loud. Jon laughed too. They walked further in and the water level reached Alys’ belly. Jon told her to lie down to float in the water.

“No! I’m gonna drown!” she laughed.

“You won’t,” Jon said. “You’ll float. And I’ll be here whatever happens.”

He helped her lie down, facing the sky. She got scared, and stood up right away. Jon lay back and showed her how to do it.

“See?” he told her as he lay on the water. “I’m not drowning.”

She giggled as she watched him. He stood back up. He helped her lie down again, and this time she didn’t stand back up. He had his hands under her back and slowly took them out. She got scared when he did so, but then she realized she was not drowning. A smile grew in her face, with her eyes semi-closed because of the hot sun. Her dark hair was spread around her head in the water.

“How’s it going?!” Dany asked from the shore with Rhaella on her lap.

He grinned at her and did a thumbs up. Moments later, Dany and Rhaella approached them. Rhaella was still in Dany’s arms, hugging his neck, curled up in her mother’s arms as Dany stepped into the sea. Rhaella looked scared, but Dany held her firmly.

“It’s alright, princess,” she told her as they approached Jon and Alys.

“Rhae,” Jon told her. “Look at what your sister’s doing!”

“Wow!” Dany said. “Rhae, look! That’s so cool, isn’t it?”

Rhaella nodded, hanging to Dany’s neck for dear life.

Dany told Jon, “She saw you guys having fun here and wanted to come back.”

Alys stood back up and said, “You should totally try it, Rhae! It’s so fun!”

Rhaella shook her head.

“Do you want to maybe get your feet wet?” Jon asked her. “The water’s really good!”

Rhaella hesitated and said, “Maybe.” Dany lowered her slowly until her little feet were in the water. She squeaked. “Too cold, mummy,” she said in her tiny voice.

Rhaella was scared but wanted to stay there with everybody anyway.

“How do you say water in Valyrian?” Dany asked them. She always tried to teach Rhaella some words, and now she was excited she had one more student.

“I know!” Alys said. “Iēdar.”

“Yes! And sand?”

“Rizmon,” Alys said.

“Sea?”
“Embar,” said Rhaella.

Dany grinned and high fived both her daughters.

“Sky?”

“Jēdar,” they said.

“Three and five years old!” Dany said as they walked back to the sand. “I told you it wasn’t too early to teach Rhae Valyrian, Jon,” she grinned. “The sooner, the better.”

“Yes, I wish I’d learned that fast,” he smiled. “They’ll have to keep on learning in school.”

“Alys, you know you’ll now go to another school, right?” Dany said.

“Yeah…so I’ve heard. I’m gonna miss my friends.”

“You can still meet them up whenever you want,” Jon said. “You can even invite them over sometimes. And you’ll make new friends, you don’t have to worry.”

The girls tried to build a sandcastle but were not too successful, yet Jon and Dany told them it was great. They also made Jon lie down on the sand and covered his whole body with more sand. Dany laughed out loud and took a picture. When he was finally free again, he went back into the sea to wash the sand off himself. Their daughters then put on their parents’ sunglasses. Another picture. They took a selfie but asked the people next to them to take a better picture of the four of them. They wanted to keep a record of everything that was happening on the day that Alys arrived at the family. She would probably remember this day always, but Rhaella was too little for this memory to be with her in the far future.

The girls arrived home exhausted but wanted to play with Alys’ new toys. While they played, though, Alys’ eyes were closing repeatedly because of how tired she was. But when Jon told her to go to sleep, she wanted to keep on playing. When they finally went to bed, both girls ended up falling asleep quickly.

Dany and Jon hugged each other tightly as soon as they got in their bedroom. Jon kissed her head and Dany kissed his neck.

“I’m so happy,” he said quietly.

“Me too. She loves us.”

Even though they were exhausted, they had to take advantage of times like these, when their daughters were so tired they were completely asleep, when the probabilities of Rhaella running into their bedroom were minimum, and they still didn’t know how well or how badly Alys slept. Sex used to be easier when they weren’t parents, naturally. Yet they didn’t mind much, they would take more time with them over sex.

Apparently, Dany felt the same way as Jon now, seeing an opportunity in the stillness in the house, as she hugged him from behind while he dried his face with a towel in front of the sink. She kissed his neck and placed her hands on his hips.

“I love you,” she told him.

“Me too,” he replied, looking at their reflection in the large mirror.
It wasn’t difficult to fall more in love with her when he saw her in days like this one, where she was such a good mother and wife, and had been so welcoming with their new daughter. They were finally giving someone the opportunity that had been given to him. He was bursting with joy and love for his daughters and his wife.

When Dany lay down in bed in her pajamas, he knew that making love—something they hadn’t done for a couple of weeks—would be the perfect way to close a day like this one. She opened her legs a bit, enough for him to lower himself between them. He kissed her ear and pressed his hips down to her, making her hum. She hugged his head with her whole arms as she kissed him more hungrily. He desperately hoped they wouldn’t get interrupted.

“What a hot mum,” he said, running a hand down her waist and hip. “What a MILF.”

She chuckled and pushed him to lay back on the mattress.

The door was locked. They had never again made the mistake of leaving it unlocked during sex. Their new flat had a bed with a strong base that didn’t move or make a sound like the one in their previous small flat, which had started to weaken with the passing of the years. Being quiet now was a must. So now, as Dany sat on Jon’s cock and he massaged her clitoris with both hands, she bit her lip to remain as quiet as possible. When he sat up and put his face between her breasts or took a nipple in his mouth, she pressed her mouth against his head and kept on moaning quietly. They kissed hungrily and they finished tangled together, his arms hugged her by the back and her arms were around his head and her mouth against his neck, moaning softly against it. But even when they bit their tongues to keep quiet, when they swallowed their moans during orgasms, it could be amazing. It was a private, secret moment of their own, when their daughters or jobs were not the center of attention, when it was all about the two of them and their silent giggles and heavy breathings. And when they had days as happy as this one, sex felt better than usual. They were lucky their daughters were extremely tired today.

Jon let his body fall to the mattress. He stared up at her and grinned, holding her thigh. She smiled and lay down next to him, hugging him by the stomach.

“What a lovely day,” she said.

“I know,” he smiled.

“Wanna go again?”

“In a bit.”

They kissed. He would never get tired of having sex with Dany. He knew how common cheating was on marriages; many people liked the adrenaline, many were turned on by the forbidden, and found it arousing to have new bed partners.

"But habit...habit is great," Dany had told him with a grin one time after sex, when they were discussing the statistic that over fifty percent of couples went through infidelity at some point. "No one knows what turns you on better than I do, and vice-versa. We've been fucking for years," she pressed a kiss to his lips. "We know exactly what we like and how we like it. Are people drawn to trying new experiences? Yes, but if we ever get to that point of being more curious, of needing a new and refreshing experience, we'll tell the other, alright? And together we will have that fun, new experience. When the time comes, we'll see how."

He nodded. "Yes. I agree."
Their daughters’ voices woke him up the next morning. Jon stretched his body, kissed Dany’s head as she hummed beside him, and walked out of the bedroom. His daughters’ laughs got louder and he found them both in Alys’ bedroom playing with her stuffed animals on the floor in their onesie pajamas.

“Daddy!” Rhaella said.

“Daddy! Good morning!” Alys said.

“Good morning, ladies,” he grinned.

“We’re naming all of Alys’ animals!” Rhaella said.

“This one is Patricia, that one’s Alex, that one’s Emma, Erick, Hugo, Tito,” Alys laughed. They’re the names of my friends from the orphanage.”

Jon laughed too. “How do you know which one’s a girl and which one’s a boy, though?”

“The prettiest ones are girls,” Alys said. “The other ones, like the elephant, are boys.”

“What?! The boys are the ugly ones?” Jon laughed.

“Well, in real life it’s kinda like that,” Alys said and Rhaella laughed hysterically.

“Am I not pretty then?!” Jon said, putting a sad face.

“You are! Daddy, you are!” both his daughters insisted.

“No, you hurt my feelings,” Jon turned around.

“No! I’m sorry!” Alys said.

“Okay,” Jon said, and kneeled next to them. “I’ll only forgive you if you give me a kiss.” He pointed at both his cheeks.

His two daughters rushed to kiss his cheeks. Jon grinned and held them by the backs. He told them he forgave them and to go wake Dany up. The girls ran to his bedroom and jumped on the bed. Dany gasped, scared. She had probably been asleep.

“Sorry, I told them they could come,” Jon said. “Were you asleep?”

Dany squinted her eyes and said, “Yeah, it’s fine, it’s fine.”

“Mummy, you gotta get up!” Rhaella said, crawling next to her mother.

“We’ve been naming my animals all morning,” Alys said. “Emma, Alex, Hugo, Tito,” Alys said, Dany laughed.

Her daughters pulled her out of bed and took her to Alys’ bedroom.

Breakfast was easier than lunch. Both girls ate all their cereal with hazelnut milk and did not complain. Lunch was another story, though. At least with Rhaella. She did not want to eat her quinoa nor her chicken. She only ate her mashed potatoes. Alys, however, ate without complaining.

“Come on, Rhae, look at how your sister has finished her quinoa!” Jon told her as he tried to get the spoon to enter her mouth.
“I don’t like it!” she said, and shut her mouth hard.

“Then a piece of chicken,” Jon said. “It’s organic!”

“What does organic mean?” she asked.

“Just…it’s just better than average.”

“What does average mean?”

Jon sighed. Dany chuckled as she put her and Jon’s dishes in the dishwasher. They had finished eating a while ago, they were only waiting for Rhaella to be done.

When Dany was pregnant, a long debate had arisen between her and Jon about the food they would give to Rhaella. Dany insisted Rhaella should also eat vegan, Jon insisted otherwise.

“I don’t want you to impose your beliefs to her,” Jon had said.

“Beliefs?!” Dany had frowned. “Beliefs? This is science! Meat is gonna harm her. It’s gonna do her more bad than good, it’s going to skyrocket her risks for diabetes and cancer and…”

“Kids need a lot of protein to grow.”

“I eat my necessary daily dose of protein with a plant-based diet! You know it! How many times have we talked about it?”

“I know there are risks in meat and in the hormones and all that, but I’m scared that we’re taking away from her diet something that could be vital. The debate in the scientific community is too strong for me to decide that my kid should be vegan. There are still many scientists that say that meat…”

“Because they are freaking being lobbied by these huge corporations that make millions out of farming!”

Jon frowned. “I don’t want to argue with you. I don’t want to get you stressed.”

They agreed to gather all the information they could about veganism in children and weight the pros and cons. Jon took pride in being a researcher, Dany took pride in always being informed about nutrition for almost ten years now. The debate was settled in a middle point: their future daughter would eat meat, but only organic, with no hormones injected. She would eat organic eggs as well. She would not drink animal milk. She would eat superfoods often, like pollen or quinoa. She would not drink sodas nor eat junk food. However, it was easy to make those decisions for her while she was still sleeping quietly in Dany’s uterus instead of complaining at the table.

Sometimes, they had to settle and allow her to eat a bit of junk food. They understood how frustrating it could be for her to watch her friends eat them. But if they let her grow up eating only what she liked, she would grow up eating only junk food. So Dany searched for ways to discretely hide some ingredients in her food without her noticing. For example, she liquefied the quinoa and mixed it with almond milk and a bit of vanilla essence and gave it to her that way, without telling her it had quinoa. Rhaella didn’t love it, but at least she drank a reasonable amount.

When the weekend was close, they went to the supermarket to do some shopping for the welcome party they would throw for Alys with their families. Jon pushed the shopping cart while Dany put the things from their list in the cart. Rhaella was sitting on the high seat in the cart and Alys was sitting on the wide area of the cart. For every ingredient Dany grabbed, they both had to say its name in
Valyrian. Salt, pepper, chicken, bread, cake, cookies, rice, noodles, bananas, carrots, lettuce, apples…they both liked to learn.

Alys asked her parents what their jobs were. They told her they were an economist and a philosopher. Naturally, she asked them what those words meant. Dany exhaled, wondering how the hell could she explain that to a five-year-old. “Economists study…how people behave…when it comes to producing, buying and selling things.”

“I don’t get it.”

“Well…some people like to drink coffee, some like tea. Some people produce a lot of coffee, some people buy a lot of coffee, and some buy less.”

“Why?”

“Well, some may love coffee and some may just like it, some may have more money so they have more to spend, but maybe both have a lot of money but some prefer to save it while others prefer to spend more. What else? Could you think of more reasons?”

“Maybe they get sick when they drink coffee,” Alys said. “Mrs. Botley from the orphanage once said she had diarrhea for drinking too much coffee.” Jon and Dany laughed out loud. “So at your job you say why people don’t buy coffee?”

Dany laughed. “No, princess. That’s just the basic idea. I work in an investment fund, which is a group of people that decide to buy little parts of companies, for example. If you invest in a company that makes coffee, then every time someone buys coffee, a little part of the money they earn goes to you.”

“It goes to you?”

Dany chuckled. “Not to me, honey. It goes to the investors. I just do the math for them and analyze the stock market.”

“Where is that market?”

“It’s not an actual place. It’s…” she sighed. She’d rather take the baby-making question now. “It’s just the prices of those little parts of companies.”

“Actually, I like daddy’s job more,” Rhaella said, which made both Jon and Dany laugh.

“Thank you, Rhae,” Dany said sarcastically. But little kids do not understand sarcasm, so Rhaella replied with an honest “You’re welcome.”

Alys was delighted with philosophy when Jon explained it.

“It’s basically what you guys do all day,” Jon said. “We ask why to everything.”

“Daddy says I already am a philosopher,” she said.

“You are, you both are, and much better than me, actually. You’re more curious. Adults take everything for granted and don’t question things.”

“Why?” Alys asked, and Jon laughed.

“Maybe because we’re already used to being in this world, as we’ve been here for way longer. You guys are kinda new here, so you’re still exploring everything around you.”
“I’m not that new here, I’m five,” Alys said, making her parents laughed.

It had seemed like these first days with Alys had flown by. Having a break from work was an opportunity they did not take for granted, so they wanted to have all the fun they could with the girls.

While Jon put away everything they had bought, Dany showered the girls. When they were done, they went to their parent’s bedroom and started jumping on the bed. Jon went over and lay on the bed. He put his knees against his stomach and his feet up, and placed Rhaella’s stomach on his feet. They called that ‘the airplane’. Rhaella loved it, she laughed hysterically as Jon pushed his feet up and down and she hung in the air. Alys laughed and asked him to do it to her too.

“Jon, move to the center of the bed please,” Dany said. “They’re gonna fall to the ground.”

He did so and carried Alys the same way. She was heavier and he had to put her back down faster, but she had loved it anyway.

The number of Alys’ questions about their families, about their brothers, sisters, nephews, and parents, made Jon and Dany decide to watch their wedding video and show her some pictures. Dany took their wedding photo album from a shelf in the corridor and went back to bed. Jon took a food tray with hummus, carrots, and cookies to the bed, where she and their daughters were lying down.

“Look at that,” Dany said, sitting up. “What a darling. Thank you.”

Their daughters echoed her thank you, and Jon sat down next to them. Dany opened the album in her hands and they cuddled around her to see the photos. It had been a lovely party. Jon had used a bowtie and had his hair shorter than usual. Dany had her hair up in an updo and wore a long white dress.

“Mummy, you look so pretty!” Alys said.

“Daddy, you too,” Rhaella said.

They had pictures with all of Dany’s family, with all of Jon’s family, all dressed in suits and dresses. Their friends were there as well. They were all smiling, laughing, hugging, dancing. Dany was happy they chose to throw a party with only their closest friends and family, they had had a blast with them.

Jon pointed at everyone in the pictures and said, “This is your grandma Catelyn, your grandpa Ned, your uncles Robb, Bran and Rickon, your aunts Sansa and Arya…”

Alys listened attentively and tried to learn everybody’s names.

Some pictures of Jon and Dany kissing on the mouth made Alys squeak.

“I’ve told them not to do that,” said Rhaella.

“Yes, well, we’re adults so we can do that,” Jon said.

Dany chuckled and ate the carrots with hummus. Alys and Jon did so too. Rhaella, however, insisted that the carrot was too hard for her to bite.

“One step ahead of you, love,” Jon said. “That’s why I brought cookies. But if you want them, you have to eat them with hummus.”

“Why?” asked Rhaella.
“The protein in the chickpeas will make you strong, the garlic will help you have good defenses and not get sick, the olive oil is good fat for you too,” Dany explained.

Rhaella dipped a cookie in the hummus and tried it.

“It’s not that bad, is it?” Dany said.

“It’s delicious, actually,” Jon said.

Rhaella hesitated and then nodded. Jon and Dany were so excited about it. Dany looked at him with a mouth parted open in surprise and they did a high five.

When they put the videos on the TV, they skipped some of them. Dany had drunk a bit more than usual, and some videos showed her singing loudly while dancing with Ned. They were hilarious but she would rather not show it to her daughters, at least not yet. As they watched the TV in front of them, Alys was lying next to Jon with her head on his belly, Rhaella was on his other side with her head on his calf, and Dany was hugging his chest from the same side. Jon had a hand on Dany’s waist, and the other one on Alys’ head. The kids had their eyes fixed on the TV, so, without them noticing, Jon stuck his tongue out and licked Dany’s nose. She laughed quietly without her daughters even turning their heads. Jon scratched Dany’s waist as they watched themselves dance as a newlywed couple. They were on their own on the dance floor. He remembered his nervousness too well. He had always been terrible at dancing, and doing so in front of so many people had been nerve-wracking.

When they were watching a video of Dany dancing with her friends, Alys asked, “Mummy, when will I grow boobs?”

Jon laughed out loud.

“When you’re a teenager, my love,” Dany said.

Dany went back to the Valyrian vocabulary. She told them the name in Valyrian of almost everything in the video and they had to repeat it after her: dress, wedding, bride, groom, wife, husband, dance, party, cake, to cut the cake, love…

“How do you say *consummation* in Valyrian?” Jon asked her and laughed.

Dany nudged him with her elbow and shot a terrible gaze at him.

He chuckled and said, “Sorry.”

“You know very well how to say that word,” she replied. He knew the slang for the verb ‘to fuck’, but not really for consummation. He laughed to himself, he wasn’t going to insist, though.

“Which word?” Alys asked.

“Communism,” Jon replied. Dany held back her laughter.

“What’s that?”

“A political ideology to seize the means of production and eradicate social classes,” Jon explained.

Alys turned to look at him confused. She probably did not understand a single one of those nouns, not even the verbs. She did not ask any further questions and kept on watching the video.
Late at night, Dany was sitting on the edge of her and Jon’s bed with her arms behind her, talking to Jon as he washed his face in their bathroom.

She exhaled. “Finally, some time away from work! That office raises my cortisol levels to the roof! And my boss just wants me to stay there till late, as if I had no family, no fucking responsib-“ She jerked when she saw Alys at the door. “You didn’t hear me say that, did you, love?”

“Yes, mummy. You said the f-word,” said Alys.

Jon giggled from the bathroom.

“Just, don’t…don’t say that,” said Dany. Alys nodded, looking at the floor. She stood silent for a moment before Dany heard her sniff. “Alys?” she asked.

“Mummy,” her voice broke. She ran to Dany to hug her.

“Oh my god, Alys,” Dany held her head, her eyes were red and watery. “What’s wrong, princess?”

Jon came out of the bathroom right away. He stared at Dany as Alys wept in her arms. Dany looked back at him, not knowing what to do. She held Alys and helped her sit on the bed next to her, hugging her around the shoulders.

“What happened?” Dany said.

“I’m…I’m just a bit scared…”

“Of what? Of the dark?”

She shook her head. “Will you and daddy abandon me as my previous parents did?”

Jon gasped, “No.”

“No!” Dany echoed him. “No, no, no, my love. Never.”

Jon rushed to them and sat on the other side of Alys.

“Never, never, no, no, no,” they kept saying.

Alys dried her tears with her hand.

“And your previous parents didn’t abandon you,” Dany said. “They…they died, princess. They didn’t do it on purpose, they loved you.”

“These older kids at the orphanage said,” Alys cried, “that we could be sent back there if our new parents don’t like us…”

“What?!” Jon said. “No, don’t listen to them. That’s a lie. We love you.”

“We love you, darling,” Dany said. She leaned down to kiss her head.

“And you’re…you’re legally ours now. We’ll always be with you,” Jon said. He a tear from his cheek.

Dany exhaled, “Oh, love,” and kissed his cheek. They both held Alys between them.

Dany brought toilet paper from the bathroom and gave some to both. She helped Alys blow her
nose. Holding back her tears, she squatted down on the floor, looking up at Alys as she hugged Jon.

“We love you very much,” she said.

“I love you guys too,” Alys replied.

Dany hugged her and felt her daughter’s little hands hugging her head.

Jon dried his face. Dany looked up at him and held his knee. He touched her hand.

“Remember, when we met,” Jon told Alys, caressing her head. “I told you I was adopted too.” Alys nodded. “I get it that you’re scared,” he said, even though he didn’t know so when he was little, “but we won’t leave you. I promise.”

“I promise,” Dany said too. “Okay?”

She knew that just saying this to her was not enough. They would have to prove it. They had been told from the start they would have to follow therapy. Alys needed a therapist, and they both needed therapy for parents too. But they had always known this would not be an easy road.

Their flat had a large living room, which made it possible to have their whole families over. Alys had been excited all morning to meet them, but being surrounded by so many new people had made her nervous at the start. The Targaryens were the first to arrive. Alys looked at them shyly, holding Dany by the hand, as they all entered their flat with presents and food in their hands. Rhaella, the grandmother, was the first one who went up to Alys and greeted her and welcomed her to the family. She was followed by her two children, Elia, and finally Aegon and Rhaenys. Little Rhaella ran to hug her cousins and her grandma. They hugged Jon and Dany tightly, congratulating them.

“I’m your uncle Rhaeger,” Rhaegar told Alys. He had a present for her in his hands, but Rhaenys insisted she wanted to give it to Alys. Rhaegar handed it to her and she handed it to Alys. She opened it right away. It was an electronic toy giraffe.

“How did you know I like giraffes?!” she asked Rhaegar.

“I didn’t, it was just a hunch,” he replied.

“No! My aunt Dany called him and told him so, I was there,” Rhaenys said.

“Okay, thank you, Rhaenys,” he said.

“You’re welcome,” she replied.

“What do you say to your uncle, Alys?” Dany asked her, holding her shoulder.

“Thank you, uncle.”

There were two more presents for her, from Viserys and Rhaella, but they had also brought a present for Rhae to avoid her feeling jealous or left out. It was a set of crayons with a big book to paint. She loved it, but she asked out loud why she had fewer presents.

“Rhae, this is a welcome party for your sister,” Jon told her. “It was just like that when you were born, everybody brought presents for you to welcome you. You were just too little to remember. Now just say thank you and be happy for your sister’s presents, which she will share with you.”

The four kids were opening up Alys’ new toys when the Starks arrived. They were louder, and all
walked into the flat with a “Heyyy!” which made Alys grin. She got up from the floor of the living room and they all made a line to greet her. First her grandparents, then Sansa with Rickard, then Robb, Rickon, Bran, and Arya, all with warm hugs and grins and welcoming Alys to the family.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,” she said as she received all the presents.

“This feels like Christmas!” Dany grinned next to her. Everybody greeted and congratulated her and Jon too.

“Your parents tell me you’re from Dorne,” Elia told Alys when they were all eating. Some were sitting at the table, some were sitting on the couches with their plates. Elia and Dany were sitting on either side of Alys. “I’m dornish too.”

“Yeah… I was born there. But I don’t remember anything,” Alys said.

“Rhaegar! We gotta take her to Dorne!” Elia said. “We’ll kidnap you and take you with us there, then!” she joked to Alys. But she turned to watch Dany with worried eyes.

“Your aunt is joking,” Dany smiled with Alys’ plate in her hands. “They’re not gonna kidnap you. We’ll go together.”

“Sorry,” Elia whispered to her.

“It’s fine,” Dany mouthed to her.

The kids ran around the dining table chasing each other after eating, screaming and laughing. Rhaella was the smallest one so she fell often and couldn’t keep up with her cousins’ speed.

“Yes, you guys need to go to therapy,” Cat was telling Jon and Dany as they sat in the living room and watched the kids. “And Alys too. It was difficult for us with Jon, and he didn’t even know he was adopted. It’s much more difficult for you, for her. And you guys have to listen to her fears for you to understand how to handle them.”

Jon and Dany listened and nodded. Cat was a sweet and caring with her grandchildren, and so was Ned. Jon and Dany felt comfortable enough to ask them for advice whenever they wanted. Rhaella’s middle name was Catelyn, actually. Not only because Jon insisted for it to be fair but because Dany wanted to avoid Cat getting jealous or thinking that there was much preference with the other grandmother.

Dany walked into the kitchen later that afternoon and found Viserys with Rhaenys there.

“Uncle, my mum said I could drink some soda,” Rhaenys told him.

“Are you sure about that?” Viserys asked as he poured some soda into a glass for him. “I don’t think so.”

“Really,” she said.

Viserys walked to the door of the kitchen. “Elia, can Rhaenys drink soda?”

“A little bit! Mix it with water!” Elia replied.

Viserys did so and gave the plastic cup to Rhaenys. She left the kitchen happy with her soda and water.
“That’s gross,” he laughed, turning to Dany.

He took a sip of his soda. She had a glass of wine in his hand. He had not touched alcohol in years.

“She still loves it, though. Who understands children, honestly,” she grinned.

“Alyssane is lovely, by the way,” he told her.

“She is, isn’t she? Thanks for coming all the way to King’s Landing to meet her, by the way,” Dany told him.

“Nah, thank you for inviting me.”

She smiled. “You’re doing fine?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

He had not asked her for money in a while, so she guessed things were alright. He was working as a secretary in the hospital where their mother used to work.

“Are you planning on taking Alys to Dragonstone soon?” he asked her.

“Yes, of course, she has to see it. We’ll go for mum’s birthday,” Dany told him.

“Good…good, that’s good.”

Dany smiled.

“By the way, I’m dating someone,” he told her.

“Are you?! That’s great to hear! Who?”

“She works at the hospital too. She’s nice, I like her.”

Dany was glad he had company. Rhaegar and Dany had always been close. Ever since they were little, they had a sort of father-daughter relationship. Viserys had always perceived that she was his favorite. He used to look up to Rhaegar during his childhood, and he hadn’t liked that. Not only he was left out in school, as he was a little annoying and not many people wanted to hang out with him, but he also felt left out at home. He always felt too much of an outsider. So he himself started isolating himself from them, he chose not to hang out with them, he would annoy them anyway. Dany cried when he told her so, she had felt terrible about it. She couldn’t change how close she and Rhaegar had always been, but she could integrate Viserys more nowadays, she always insisted for him to be with them when they were together. Did he sometimes say a stupid comment that made her want to shut him up? Yes, but fewer times. She tried to see those few times as a test for her patience. She would rather have to put up with annoying comments every once in a while than her brother falling back to drugs and depression. She hoped this woman he was going out with was patient too.

“Dany! Dany!” different voices called her. “Dany! Mummy!”

She walked out of the kitchen with Viserys. They were building the teams to play charades. The Starks played charades at Christmas eve, when they spent it with all their cousins and uncles. Dany and Jon spent Christmas with them in odd years and with the Targaryens in even years. While she loved to be with her family, she couldn’t deny that Christmas at the Starks’ was always more fun.

“I think it should be two teams,” Robb said. He looked at Dany. “My family against yours?”
“We’re too many,” Cat said.

Dany counted them all with a finger.

“Two people could come to our team and we’re even,” Dany said.

Rickon and Arya were fine with being on the other team. Jon and Alys were in the Stark team, but Rhae was in Dany’s team. They all tried to fit in the couches and chairs but they were too many. Jon sat on the ground with his legs crossed in front of the couch where his parents were sitting, and Alys sat on his legs. Next to him were Sansa and Rickard.

The Targaryens had to think up of a word or sentence for Bran, now twenty-two years old, to act. They giggled between their whispers as they chose something. Rhaegar whispered in Bran’s ear, “Shopping in IKEA.”

Bran’s jaw dropped to the floor, he whispered back to him, “That specific store?!”

Rhaegar nodded.

“That’s so mean,” Bran said. “We will take revenge.”

He held three fingers up as he stood in front of his whole family.

“Three words!” said Sansa.

Bran nodded. He tried to act like he was shopping chairs and then building them, but no one guessed the store. The Starks took revenge. They told Elia to act out “Someone who has forgotten to pay their Netflix subscription.”

They told each other incredibly difficult phrases, words or movies which were almost impossible to guess, but had been hilarious to watch anyway.

It had been a fun day. Their daughters had had a blast, which had been the most important thing for Dany and Jon. They would still see their families the following day, as they had visited them over the weekend, but now, as they all left the flat to go to their respective hotels, Alys was sad to see them go.

“Bye uncle Rickon, bye uncle Bran, bye aunt Sansa, bye grandma Catelyn…” she told everyone as they walked out, despite already having hugged them all goodbye.

When the four of them were alone, Dany put her hands together and said, “Alright, time to tidy everything up.”

“Noooo!” her daughters complained, and Jon echoed them.

The first week of their parental leave had been over, and it had already changed their lives. They had a new daughter, they spent the whole day with their family, they were not going to work, they could rest. They could lay in bed with their daughters and think about anything but work. This last bit used to be difficult for Dany to do, especially since she had been promoted. A worry about work always crept in in the back of her head. Even at home, she was always checking the stock values on her phone and computer. Sometimes, when she closed her eyes before going to sleep, she still saw numbers dancing around.

Jon didn’t like that. He hated to see his wife come home so exhausted after working in an investment
fund, something she did not even enjoy much. They argued about it every once in a while, but Dany still felt tied to that fund, especially to that wage.

“You were the one who always told me to work in whatever I wanted, and you’re doing the complete opposite,” he told her once.

“Well, is there any other way we can cover everything we have to pay for?” Other jobs would pay her less, and Jon’s wage was not as good either.

In her stressful routine, she never had the moment to question what she was doing. She got up, went to work, went back home, spent time with her family, and slept. She couldn’t afford to question if she truly liked what she was doing. Perhaps, she didn’t even want to question it, as she knew what the answer was.

“What the hell are you gonna do in finance?” Jon asked her when she decided to take the job. “You’re a macroeconomist.”

“I did amazing in all my finance classes at school. I’m good at it.” She was great at it actually, she had been told. But only now, having time off, finally able to rest well, to breathe and have a pause from finance, she could truly ponder on it. Such an issue deserved to be pondered on carefully. Her fatigue now was different, for one. She was tired from spending the day with her daughters, but it was an exhaustion that felt good, a rewarding one, no matter how tired her body felt. It was not the fatigue that she felt as she drove back home from the fund, where she felt relieved about finally leaving the office.

She didn’t like it when Jon questioned her job, though, and he did it more often than what she was comfortable with. He didn’t seem to give a damn about their expenses. Ever since they graduated from school, they had needed crazily high amounts of money. A wedding, IVFs, a new flat, adoption…they wanted to do everything, and they wanted it now. They didn’t want to wait until they were almost forty to adopt. Yet they had now what they had been dreaming about for so long: a family, two daughters they could take care of and give them a better childhood or life than theirs, the opportunity to be better parents than their own.

“You used to tell me to work in whatever I wanted without caring about the money,” Jon said to her another time.

“Yeah, well, we’re parents now. We do have to care about the money and the kind of life we want to give to our kids.”

“What kind of life? A fancy life in a big house in a fancy neighborhood? Or a life where they spend time with their parents?”

She sighed. “Jon, you’re being exaggerated.”

Jon shook his head.

But those moments where Dany seemed to be defending the fund or her job, were just a shield to stay a little longer in a place with a good income. She knew she would not stay there forever. She knew she would eventually leave, once they had the money they needed. It was a tough choice to suddenly leave behind an income like that one, though. But Jon, on the other hand, didn’t seem to care about money that much.

Dany had now truly realized how better her life had been these days outside of the fund. She realized that not being in the fund felt so much better than being in it. So she told Jon about it.
“The fund…” she started as they both sat on their bed at night. “I’m tired of it. I don’t wanna be there anymore.”

“Finally,” he replied, relieved. Her words and tone made her grimace. She knew he had been pushing her in order for her to work at something she liked, but she didn’t like it for him to complain about her job so much.

“Jon, I feel like…” she hesitated about what she was going to say, and how she was going to say it, because she knew this would be an important conversation. “Oh, darling, I work so hard to earn money and I feel like you just complain about it.”

“I don’t complain,” he turned to her.

“Yes, you do, darling,” she said. “And I never complain about your job because I am so happy you like what you do. I am so happy you will spend your life doing research and reading and writing, which is what you like to do the most. And I’ve been breaking my back to cover all these expenses that we need for the kind of life we want…but I get home and you keep on asking me when will I work at something I love. I’ve always told you, this job isn’t permanent.”

“I did not mean…I wasn’t being…ungrateful or anything.” He frowned. "I…I’m so sorry. I don’t do it to bother you. I did it because since school, since we met, I’ve seen you struggling and crying and even throwing up because of how stressed school made you. I didn’t want to see you fall back into that…but you’re in finance, such a stressful sector. You studied economics for the social part, not the money-making part.”

“I know I did,” Dany said. “I know. I want to leave the fund, but…I don’t know!”

“We’ve been talking about our jobs and what we want to do with our lives since we were…kids. We knew we wanted to be happy with our jobs no matter how much we earned.”

“But we have other responsibilities now that we didn’t really foresee back then,” she insisted. “And you don’t earn much, but that’s fine. I can put up with that, ’cause the fact that I gotta work hard doing something I don’t love doesn’t mean that you have to do it too. At least one of us is doing what they love and that’s great.”

Jon pulled her hand to him and rubbed it. He sighed. “I just hope that if you’re stressed, at least it’s because you’re doing something you love, where you feel like you’re achieving something…not just making money for others. You come back home exhausted, with no energy.”

Dany nodded. “I know.”

“All jobs are stressful, but at least get stressed doing something you enjoy.”

She looked down. “I just don’t even know where to go if I leave the fund.”

“Look, the government…the government needs economists for different stuff, maybe ministries! I’m not telling you to be the minister of economics, but you could work for the ministry, right? Designing policies and stuff? I don’t know, you know more about economics than I do.”

“I’m gonna check some stuff out,” she said. “I don’t know how I would quit, though. And in the government, I’d certainly have a lower wage.”

“They doubled your wage in the fund, which means that you’re good. So you’ll get a job with a good wage elsewhere. People are going to tear each other’s eyes out to employ you!” Dany laughed. “Really! When you graduated you had, what, three job offers? You know how much I struggled to
have one offer?” he chuckled. “Well, of course you do, you’re my wife.”

“What about…what about the house we said we wanted to buy?”

“Dany!” he sighed. “There will always be something else, something new we’ll want. First, we needed a lot of money to get pregnant, to pay for a wedding, to move to a bigger flat, to adopt Alys. Now, to buy a house…what’s it gonna be next? To buy another car? A house at the beach? We have the life we want. If we keep on working just to make money, we’re gonna miss out our daughters’ childhood.”

“Yeah,” she said. “I know, I know.”

“You gotta look around, my love. We have the life we want. There’s no need to keep on suffering so much about a job because of its wage. We’re first.”

“I know.”

She did know. She knew all these things Jon was telling her, but had been pushing them away for too long. She had learned the hard way that school was not the most important thing in the world, and neither was work. She had told Jon to do whatever he wanted to do because she loved him, but what about herself? She had been choosing to have a hard life herself. No one was pushing her to do so. So if it wasn’t her who decided to end this, no one would ever decide it for her.

“And you…” Dany said when they were under the covers with the lights off, ready to fall asleep. “You’re happy with your job, right?”

“Yeah,” he replied. “You know I am.”

“Just making sure.”

Relieved after hearing the reassurance of her husband not suffering the same problem as her, she turned to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

YO. What a long chapter. But you made it, you read it all. I hope you loved it at least HALF as much as I do (bc I love it a whole damn lot, it’s difficult for someone else to love it this much!). And I’ll ask you, from the bottom of my heart, to leave a comment and let me know if this is what you wanted, or if it’s worse, or better than that, lol. Just let me know that I’m not the only one satisfied with this. The next chapter is...DUN DUN....the last one!!!! Soooo buckle up! It won't be as long as this one, but will be longer than average too because I love this family and writing these scenarios gives me life. Hope you liked this first part of the ending and that it was up to your expectations!
Chapter Summary

"Maybe happiness is this: not feeling like you should be elsewhere, doing something else, being someone else."

— Isaac Asimov

Chapter Notes

Welcome to the final chapter! The next chapter isn’t really a chapter, it’s just a message.
I hope you enjoy this last bit. Thank you for everything <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

TWO YEARS LATER

I. DAENERYS

“Mummy, today in school we learned about banks,” Alys told Dany as the four of them had dinner.

“Really? What did you learn about them?” Dany said.

“Well, you can give them your money so they can store it safely. And if you need money, they give you money.”

Dany smiled. “Well, it’s not that easy. They lend you the money, you have to give it back later, and you’ll have to pay a little more when you give it back.”

“Okay,” she replied. “And some kids raised their hands and said that their parents work in banks, and I told them my mum works in the World Bank, the bank of the world.”

Dany laughed. “It’s not the same type of bank, Alys. Actually, it isn’t really a bank.”

“Then what is it?” Rhaella asked with her mouth full of food.

“Close your mouth while you’re chewing,” Dany told her. “So, it’s a group of people, of a looooot of people, who help some countries out. So we sort of lend money to those countries to help them, for example, build more hospitals, more schools, even more roads, just to name a few things. But only to the countries that truly need it. The goal is to reduce poverty.”

“Okay, okay, so, you give them your money…”

“Not mine, darling,” Dany said.

“Whose?”
“It’s the World Bank’s money. I just help them decide where and how to help people. That’s why I travel with them every once in a while.”

They were short field business trips, maximum two weeks long. She traveled with her peers to different countries and visited schools, hospitals and met up with people from various organizations there. She FaceTimed her family every night. She liked working there and was not planning to leave. While she was not working in politics directly, the World Bank helped developing countries with policy-making and financial assistance. They even worked directly with governments.

Choosing where to work had not been an easy decision. She had not had a good time in the investment fund where she had worked for years. She hadn't had many family-related benefits there, but, most importantly, she had not helped people in need in any way. Then, after months of intense research, she made the decision not to work in the government. Letting go of something she had wished for so badly in her early twenties had not been easy. She had spoken with many economists who worked in the government and they all told her the same: even if she wanted to, it would be extremely difficult to make an impact to improve the country's conditions. On her best days, she could prevent government money from being wasted on useless projects or in corruption, but it was too difficult. Even as a politician, as a member of the parliament or a minister, to pull off a project that made a meaningful impact was extremely complicated.

At first, she had refused to believe this and would have wanted to try it out herself. But if her real goal was to help others, then she would have to choose the best way for it. She had first considered an NGO, but when the opportunity to work in the World Bank had been presented to her, it caught her eye. There were plenty of ways she could help others there and she could develop her skills as an economist. She could have a line of career there. She was now working in the health sector and was planning to be promoted as an economic policy analyst.

“I think this is it,” she told Jon when she had been hired there. “I’m sad that my previous plans didn’t work out, though.”

“When have our lives gone according to planned?” Jon replied.

She stared at the roof that night before going to sleep. A wave of nostalgia struck her from not working for the government as she had wanted when she was in school because, maybe, it was one of the last things she clung to about her youth. Many things about then were gone now. They had been fun times, despite some tragic events. Back then, she had fewer responsibilities, plenty of time with Jon, she could go out freely to party and drink or even smoke a joint. Now, her friends did not even live in King’s Landing anymore. The only thing she kept on having from that time was Jon. He was what she had taken with her from school to her future, besides her degrees. So there was a bit of nostalgia from those times, when they went out on dates, studied together, had sex so often. It had been a complicated time, she had been uncertain about many things about her future, but she would like to go back sometimes. At least for a day. Then she would gladly come back to the present moment when she had two awesome daughters with Jon. So, politics was one of the last things that reminded her about school, and it was hard to let go of the past. But her real intention was to help, so the choice she had to make didn’t necessarily have to be what she had wanted as a twenty-year-old. She had had to let go, and it had hurt a bit. But now, she liked working at the World Bank, it was rewarding and she helped others.

As for Jon, he was still working in psychological research in the same organization. He had different projects every once in a while and he loved it. Some of the projects were harsh, he was now in charge of a research about PTSD in rape victims. He sometimes got home way too moved and cried in the bathroom for a while. Dany wanted him to take on a different type of project the next time, but he refused, it was important, he said.
On the other hand, he had heard from Professor Rayder again, his former boss and Law professor, telling him that the Faculty of Humanities in their university was looking for new part-time professors, and among them, one for Introduction to Philosophy. It was quite a basic course, but the pay was alright for only teaching two classes a week. Jon had said he would think about it, but he did not mean it. There was no way he could talk so much in front of so many people. He told Dany about it, she had thought it was a great idea.

“You’ve grown so much,” she told him. “And this could be an opportunity to develop some abilities, right? Public speaking, interactions, I don’t know! And you’ve always liked to share your knowledge about philosophy. You know so much about it! Why not share it? And being a professor in uni, it will give you such a good image and reputation, right? It will look so well in your CV, it will…”

She had many reasons to say yes, but only one of his was enough to ignore them all: he had always been nervous around others. Now much less than before, of course, but still, freezing in front of a crowd seemed frightening. And in front of teenagers! His students would be first-years, the most judgmental people ever.

So, he initially thought it had been a bad idea to tell Dany about it. Of course she would want him to take the job.

When it came to Dany, though, it saddened her that the only thing that held him back was a fear he had when he was younger.

“If it really makes you that uncomfortable, then don’t do it. But you’re not the same guy you were back then, you have to remember that. And if you see this as a challenge…you’d grow even more than you already have. But I’m not gonna push you, I’m not gonna push you. If you don’t want it, there’s no reason to do it.”

And a couple of days later, Dany was in bed with Jon, right about to fall asleep, when he said, “Fuck it. I’ll do it.”

She turned to him and hugged him by the stomach.

The girls usually behaved well. Jon and Dany had a bunch of rules about raising their daughters, but the most important ones were not shouting at them, not spanking them and listening to what they had to say. Sometimes, however, it had been difficult to keep it together, especially when it came with the 'not to shout' rule. One time, in Dragonstone, Dany’s mother had taught the two girls how to use the stethoscope. Alys had placed it on little Rhaella’s chest and was listening to her heartbeat through the earpieces. Rhaella, the grandmother, explained to them that the stethoscope made the sounds inside the human body much louder than they would normally be heard. She then went over to the kitchen and was chatting with Dany when they heard a scream and then the cries of Alys. Dany had rushed to the living room to see what had happened.

“I’m sorry, mummy,” said Rhaella.

She had screamed into the resonator and it had hurt Alys’ ears. Dany had gotten pissed and raised her voice at Rhaella in a way that had made her cry more. Another time, Jon had found Alys drawing on the hallway's wall with colored pencils. ‘ALYSSANE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!’ he had shouted, which made Alys cry hard and loud. When these things happened, she always feared they wanted to abandon her. She had wept the first day of school when she had just been adopted, and they always tried to pick her up on time. One time, Dany had been stuck in a meeting at work and arrived twenty minutes late for Alys and found her crying desperately, sitting on a bench, which
later ended up in a heated argument between her and Jon. Parenting was much more difficult than any course from university or any job she had had.

They kept in touch with their friends, but sadly, not all of them were still living in King’s Landing. Arianne was living in Riverrun, Myrcella in the Westerlands and Margaery in Highgarden. Tormund did live in King’s Landing so Jon saw him often. Dany was happy he had such a close friend with him in the same city. She had made new friends at work, but she couldn’t deny she missed the ones from school.

So Dany and her three best friends met again in King’s Landing one time, it was sort of a middle point for everyone, and it was where they had the most memories together. They went out for some drinks after having dinner in Dany’s flat with her family. Dany was the only one married with kids. Myrcella lived with her boyfriend, Margaery had a girlfriend, and Arianne had just broken up with her boyfriend after he cheated on her.

Dany thought she had gotten really lucky with Jon. Their relationship seemed so much better than her friends’, so they asked her for advice. ‘Happily married’ seemed like a confusing concept for many people, she had noticed.

“I’m afraid that if we get married we might become less in love or something,” Myrcella said. “Or argue much more. I don’t know. Married couples seem unhappier than unmarried ones.”

“How did you…not break up in those moments of…arguments and all that?” Margaery asked Dany.

Dany exhaled. “We talked it out…we always did,” she hesitated and looked at her glass of beer as she pondered on it. “It wasn’t…it wasn’t really like, magic, like love was the solution to everything. There were a lot of moments in which we didn’t understand what the other really wanted or…how we were feeling. But in the end, it was all hard work, and it was totally worth it. And then…when I found out I was infertile, that was...the test of fire, you know?”

It had not been luck. Maybe luck had played a bit of a part to get her to meet Jon, to accidentally enroll him in her calculus class, but it did not play a part in the strength of her marriage. They had always been willing to solve their problems, to listen to one another, to talk out what bothered them instead of keeping quiet about it. That’s why they understood each other, that’s why they could be there for each other all the time, even in the hardest times, like when she couldn’t get pregnant.

“I…I don’t know,” Arianne looked down at her glass, “I mean, I…kinda want to give up some times. I’ve gotten cheated on, so many friends have gotten cheated on, fuck, I even think my parents got a divorce because my dad cheated on my mum, I’ve overheard some fishy stuff from my aunts and uncles. I…I don’t want to go through that again, putting my trust completely in someone and doing plans together and then…” a tear fell off her face, “I can’t really trust someone again.”

Dany placed a hand on hers. "Relationships shouldn't be...a categorical imperative."

Myrcella nodded. “They’re like a damn obligation. And they shouldn’t be. It’s true that it’s great to be in one, yes, but they can also be terrible, and…I mean, are they necessary? Are they?”

“There are stronger friendships,” Margaery said. “stronger bonds with…family members. This is not the only type of love out there. It feels good, yes, it’s great to share everything with someone, to get laid often, but, in the end, are we only worthy if someone wants to have sex with us?”

“It’s a social construct,” Myrcella continued. “And it’s bullshit. People get to a certain age unmarried and they feel terrible, but why? Because everyone expects you to be in one, because people think
there’s something wrong with you if no one wants to fuck you. Isn’t that fucked up?”

Arianne kept on looking down, nodding.

“We don’t even…we don’t even need a man to be a mother,” Dany smiled. “We can adopt or have IUI, but there’s no need of having a man even if you want a family. But also, don’t lose hope in men because you’ve gotten cheated on. Maybe a goodie will cross your path and his love for you could be stronger than his stupid dick. But don’t feel like you are a better or worse person if a man is or isn’t in love with you.”

“I wish I was a lesbian,” Arianne said, and all of them laughed.

“Well, as my grandma says, you’ll never know unless you try,” Margaery said. All of them laughed. “The sex is better, take my word for it,” Margaery said.

“We know, we know, you’ve said it many times,” Myrcella laughed.

“Seriously, I can’t believe you guys are in your thirties and have never had sex with a girl! You’re missing out,” Margaery said.

They all laughed out loud again.

Dany went back home and tried to make no noise when she entered the flat. She took off her coat and hung it behind the door, it was winter and she was freezing. Everyone was asleep, even Jon. She put her pajamas on and got into bed. Jon made a weird sound while he was asleep that made her laugh quietly. She lay in the bed, face down, trying to look at him in the dark as he turned to his side to face her. He moved his body closer.

“Hi,” she said quietly.

“Hi,” he replied in a low voice. “You smell like alcohol.”

He ran his hand through her hair, down her back.

She chuckled. “I’ve been out drinking, genius.”

He chuckled quietly. “Are you drunk?”

“Just a bit tipsy,” she smiled.

She hadn’t been tipsy in a while, it felt good. She felt like a twenty-year-old again. How far she had come when she was twenty! All the effort it had taken her and Jon to be in this point in their life, to have Rhaella and Alys. She was a hard-working woman, that’s for sure. And the goals she had achieved by working hard were evidently rewarding. Eating an ice cream didn’t feel as good as graduating from school or getting a job in the World Bank after a difficult selection process. It felt so much better when she had worked hard for something. Her family was an outcome of that, and how happy it made her!

All those days when she and Jon cried—when they found out they couldn’t be parents, when they tried to get pregnant but couldn’t—were just a memory now. It had hurt terribly back then, their life plans had seemed ruined, but in the end, it had not been too bad, had it? Alys had brought nothing but joy to the family. Rhaella was a literal, biological piece of her and Jon, a walking proof of their love, while Alys was the child she and Jon chose and who chose them too.

‘If I had known back then, how happy she’d make me...’ she had told Jon once, ‘I would have cried
She meant it. They used to say they didn't want to attach any positive or negative connotations to events when they used to get all philosophical, that one never knew if a situation could truly be good or bad, but how could it be possible now to not attach a positive outcome to their past troubles? Having such a wonderful human being as their daughter, who they would have probably never met if they had been a fertile couple?

The amount of love inside her was unmeasurable, she realized as she watched her husband falling asleep. She had loved Jon for years. Before they had kids, she loved Jon more than anyone else. Then, when Rhaella was born, she realized she loved her daughter a little more. However, her love for Jon had not diminished. It was not a zero-sum game. It was not a limited amount of love which had to be split like a cake, where every time someone new came into her life, the fraction of love for others diminished. It was not like in finance, where issuing new shares of stock to new investors meant that the current investors’ shares should be diluted down. And when she had a second daughter, more love appeared out of nowhere! While her love for her husband and other daughter remained as strong as it had always been, if not stronger. Where was all this love growing out of? It was crazy, it seemed even impossible. How daring to the laws of mathematics and sciences?! She wanted explanations. How could there be something so strong and infinite? She looked at Jon's silhouette one last time before closing her eyes to fall asleep. No, no explanations needed. It was enough to know that there was love, that it was powerful, that it was infinite. She would continue to harvest it, to help it grow out of herself, out of her family, and if she could, out of everyone who crossed her path. If the whole world felt like she felt, it would be a better world.

II. JON

Jon had reviewed plenty of philosophy books to prepare his lectures. He and Dany still liked to read, yet it was impossible to do it as often as before. Jon loved how their shelves full of books looked in the hallway. Dany, however, was leaving behind physical books and choosing e-books over them, saying she didn’t want to support deforestation. Jon disagreed, it was not like they had ten thousand books, but he didn’t say so out loud.

The night before his first lecture, he practiced what he would say in front of Dany. Even though he had been in public speaking classes and had practiced on his own, he felt nervous. He stuttered sometimes, something he hated, but never forgot what to say. He handled those topics well.

“I think you’re more than prepared,” she had said when he asked for her opinion. “You’ve prepared this course for months. There’s no reason for anything to go wrong.”

But when he walked into the classroom the following day and saw a hundred first-years in front of him, his stomach dropped right away. As the presentation loaded on his laptop, he drummed his fingers on the podium, trying to ignore the amount of people who would be listening to him. He wanted to walk out back home and tell Dany it had been a terrible idea. But he had already made this decision, had already signed a contract with the university and had already changed his schedule at work to be able to have two free mornings a week for these classes. There was no turning back.

“Good morning,” he smiled at the class when his PowerPoint finally loaded. No one answered. Of course they didn't. He breathed. What else should he say? ‘How are you?’ No way. “I will be your Introduction to Philosophy professor.” How obvious, he thought. “I'm Jon Stark, I have a bachelors degree in Philosophy and a masters degree in Philosophy of Psychology… I work in research now…” Some people were staring at him, some at their laptops or phones. He swallowed hard. He wanted people to participate in his class. He considered Philosophy shouldn't be taught in one
direction only, but in debate and conversation. He knew that would be almost impossible. “So, I'm sure this course is compulsory for the ones with a humanities major,” he continued. “Are any people here taking a major unrelated to humanities? Anyone’s taking this course as an elective?”

A bunch of people raised their hands to his surprise.

Jon pointed at a guy in the middle with his hand up. “What’s your major?”

“Economics,” he replied.

“Economics!” Jon smiled. “My wife is an economist and I can assure you philosophy and economics can be well combined...and not just in bed.”

His whole class cracked up, laughing out loud. Jon smiled, a bit proud of himself from making a successful joke and partly hoping it didn't sound creepy or weird. He was going to tell Dany about it when he got home.

“So, before we start, I'd like to know your expectations about this class,” he said. “What do you expect to learn here?” No one answered. “Anyone?”

His tummy turned from embarrassment. He did want to know what people wanted to learn, so he decided to pass around papers from his notebook and make everyone write something anonymously, saying what they wanted to learn or what they expected from this class. Everyone wrote something. Why hadn't anyone raised their hand, then? Well, if it had been him sitting there, he wouldn't have raised his hand either.

The students passed the papers to the front and Jon received them.

“Okay, let’s see,” he said, and read some of them out loud. “To philosophize,” he read. Everyone laughed. “To see everything from different perspectives.” That one was nice. “To get high and think about the meaning of life,” he laughed and everyone did so too. “I’m not going to stop you from doing that, but outside of the classroom.”

“Have you ever done it?!” a voice asked.

Jon looked up at the crowd, who were all cackling. He was blushing and didn’t know what to reply.

“Let’s continue,” he laughed, and everyone laughed as well. “To learn better how to think critically', 'My expectations are to just get a degree', 'To see if it can help me solve my problems in life,’” that one caught him off guard. “It will, by the way.”

It had been a good start, he thought. They laughed and diffused the tension—a tension that perhaps only he felt.

Jon started by telling his class about the importance of learning philosophy.

“The sciences have sort of taken over the academic curricula in modern times. They’re extremely necessary and useful. I work in research, so I need them to, for example, create causation. But school nowadays is so centered in logic and following scientific methods that it leaves aside critical thinking. For example, in economics,” he looked at the economist in the room, “a social science, you guys make assumptions for everything to derive equations, don’t you?” he smiled. “Can you tell me one?”

The economist replied, “That we’re all rational, that we maximize our utility in every decision we make.”
Jon nodded. “Do you think that’s true?”

Dany had told him many times it wasn't. A whole branch of economics focused on the falseness of those assumptions.

“No,” he replied.

Jon nodded. “Right? It’s bullshit.”

His whole class laughed again. Jon laughed too.

“Human beings are irrational animals. There’s another assumption in economics that says you only think about yourself when you make a decision. Come on, that’s not true. It leaves aside emotions, like jealousy or envy, which drives us to consume so many things! But all these assumptions make the math easier, so we all just roll with them. The problem is that economic policies are still being made under false assumptions, so how accurate are they? Philosophy will help you question these things at work or in your daily life.”

He didn’t stutter a single time. He wanted to jump in excitement. But he didn’t. That would look weird. So, he started with the content in the syllabus.

“Now, philosophy is called *philosophia* in Greek,” he started. “*Philo,*” he wrote in the blackboard, “means love. *Sophia* means wisdom…”

He continued talking about the beginnings of philosophy, the sophists, the Greeks...and once he started talking more, his nerves started fading away.

At night at home, Dany laughed out loud when he told her the joke he had made, as they brushed their teeth next to one another. When she was about to reach the water jet with her hand to rinse her mouth, he spat. It all fell in her hand.

Dany twisted her face in disgust and met his gaze in the mirror.

He laughed. “I’m so sorry, so sorry.”

He washed his spit off her hand as he kept on laughing. But she rinsed her mouth with her opposite hand, anyway.

When they were done, she hugged him against the sink and he stroked her buttock in circles. Then, he moved only his thumb against it. She kissed him under his ear and ran a hand down his neck, shoulder, and arm. He could feel she was happy for him.

“Did you enjoy spitting in my hand?”

He chuckled. “Not as much as I enjoy cumming in your hand.”

“*Haha,*” she forced a laugh. “I know.”

“Are the girls asleep?” Jon asked her.

“I’m pretty sure they are.”

“Are you tired?”

“What do you suggest?” He could hear her smiling.
Rhaella didn’t knock on their door as much as she used to. Now, when she got scared of the dark, she chose to sleep with her sister and not necessarily knock on her parents’ door. But she still did so sometimes, and liked to sleep between them both. So, they did have sex more often now. They had a drawer in a nightstand that was locked with a key, and that key was inside a safe. Obviously, inside that drawer were their sex toys, lube, weed, a grinder, a pipe, everything they couldn’t allow their daughters to see. And, of course, the USB with their sex tape and a whole lot of pictures they had taken when they were young.

“Let’s take a bath,” Jon told her.

Having such a large bathtub was tempting, but they mostly used it to bathe the girls, as Jon and Dany usually took quick showers, given their tight schedules. The first time Jon had suggested her to get into the bathtub together, she had hesitated and talked about the environment, saying that they would waste too much water, but then Jon looked it up online and showed her that bathing instead of showering actually saved a good deal of water. So, ever since, when they could, they would get into the bathtub together.

Their bathroom was inside their bedroom. The bedroom’s door was locked and the bathroom’s was open, just in case one of the girls knocked on their door. However, Jon and Dany couldn’t make much noise as there was a chance that they could be heard too.

Jon was filling up the bathtub and touching the water to feel the temperature. “Is it alright?” he asked Dany.

She touched it. “A bit hotter.”

“Hotter??”

“Just a little bit.”

Jon turned the handle and the water came out hotter.

He took off his t-shirt and bent down to take off his briefs. Dany took off her clothes too.

When the bathtub had enough water, he shut off the jet and dipped a finger in.

“It’s too hot,” he frowned.

Dany touched it and agreed. “Let’s let it sit for a moment till it cools a bit.”

Jon agreed. Too much steam was coming out of the water. Maybe they could have a little fun before getting into the bathtub. He could carry her and place her on the sink counter and finger her. But he didn’t, because she said, “Look,” as she pointed at the mirror and grinned at him.

“What?” he asked, looking at their reflections. “What?”

They were standing side by side in front of the large mirror. She grabbed him by the waist, staring at them both.

“We’re getting old,” he smiled.

“Just shut up,” she said, and tilted her head to rest it on his shoulder.

His hair, beard and mustache were short now. Their bellies were flabbier. Neither cared about shaving their pubic hair. He wasn’t too muscular, he’d never been so, but his legs were strong, as he
liked to bike. Dany's hips seemed wider, and her breasts were not as perky as they were in her twenties, but she still looked gorgeous. They looked well for a couple in their thirties with two kids. Dany said it was their healthy diet and lifestyle.

He put his arm around her shoulders. To think that at some point in his life he had been frightened about being naked with her! About being too anxious and freezing and not knowing what to do to her, about her not liking his body enough... It had all flown away, time had slowly replaced that Jon with a new one. How transient was everything in life. Those feelings had felt so true, so strong back then, he had physically felt them in his body, in his stomach and chest, they had been strong enough to hold him back from making love to his girlfriend, something he wanted to do so much it hurt. And now, it was nothing, just a memory, he could barely remember that feeling of his stomach turning or his heart beating so fast it was scary. Everything had its own time and then flew away.

Now, they were together in front of a mirror in their home, they had two daughters, good jobs, and a steady marriage. But it was only a matter of time until he forgot this moment. Dany turned her head and placed her lips on his shoulder, soft and full, pressing a kiss on his skin and letting go. She placed the side of her head against his shoulder again and smiled. He caressed her waist in return with his thumb. He hoped he could remember this moment in the far future.

Yet walking into school that day after many years had brought back memories of his classes, his friends and Dany. He remembered when they went to a wine exposition together and Dany got a little drunk, but he didn’t remember anything else about it. He remembered when they went to Dorne together for the first time and she jumped off the yacht to the sea and he chickened out and did not do so. He remembered when they had watched Forrest Gump together in one of their first dates and he had to rush to the bathroom as soon as the movie ended to dry his tears. And, of course, there were unforgettable moments, like fingering her in the library or having sex at the beach. Yet the details were gone.

Would he forget it all when he was old? He hoped not.

Dany let go of him and bent down to touch the water. “It’s still hot, but it’s better now.”

Jon touched it and agreed. He stepped into the bathtub, held the sides with both hands and lowered himself down, feeling the hot water against his waist, abdomen, until his chest. Dany tied her hair up in a bun and stepped in. She frowned and hummed in pleasure as she lowered herself into the water, which covered her until the lower part of her breasts.

“It’s perfect,” she said, and sat on the other side of the bathtub, resting back. She placed her feet over his thighs. He held them.

“What do you remember the most from school?” he asked her.

She exhaled. “A bunch of things. Good ones and ugly ones.”

“Which good things?” he asked her. The ugly ones seemed like the easiest to remember, sadly.

“I remember the first time we smoked weed together,” she grinned. “I remember...when you dried my feet with the hair dryer after walking a lot one night, also when you fingered me in the library...”

“I remember that well, too.”

“Do you remember that other people walked in?”

“Yes! Oh my god!”
“What did we do?”

“I can’t remember.”

“What about... when I threw pizzas at you in the supermarket.” She smiled.

“Right, when was that?” He laughed.

“I have no idea,” she shook her head with a grin.

“Do you remember, in one of our first dates, when we were in the subway and I fell over you?”

Dany laughed. “No, I don’t. That’s funny, though. I remember when I taught you math—”

“And you kissed me…”

She laughed and looked down. “I’m still embarrassed. Can we alter our memory and think that it was a mutual kiss? That we both leaned in at the same time?”

“I’m never gonna let you forget that. You’re crazy!” he laughed. She laughed and rubbed his thigh with her foot. “Do you remember those tiny fucking showers, in our first flat and in my first flat with Robb, where we couldn’t even shower together.”

“Oh, yeah,” she laughed. “I couldn’t raise a leg without fearing for my life.”

“We couldn't even enjoy showering. You stood there under the water, washing your hair, and I was freezing next to you waiting for my turn.” He shook his head.

“I think we deserved a bathtub,” Dany smiled.

He smiled back. “Come here.”

She held the sides of the bathtub, sat up and moved towards him as the water ran down her body. She sat back down on top of him with her back against his chest. He exhaled and placed a hand on her belly and the other one on her thigh. He sniffed behind her ear and kissed her there. They stayed silent. They could only hear their breathing, or the water if they moved an inch. It was a precious moment. Jon didn’t know if Dany was cherishing it as much as he was or if she also hoped she would remember this in thirty years, but he wished that at least she was feeling satisfied, like nothing else was missing now.

It's difficult to reach a point in life and think the present moment was enough, that there was no need for anything else. Maybe it’s almost impossible. Maybe he had learned that in philosophy at some point. He didn’t remember. It usually felt like there was always something more to crave: a trip to a fancy beach, a bigger house, a better car, a better position at work, a Ph.D., no more traffic in King’s Landing. Now, he didn’t wish for anything else. It even seemed foolish to do so, such a fixation in the future would undermine his enjoyment of the present moment.

But these external elements weren’t his only source of satisfaction. Jon had grown. He felt comfortable the way he was, flaws included, and so was Dany. No matter their good jobs or their nice flat, this internal satisfaction couldn’t be bought with money, neither could the strength of his relationship with Dany, or his ability to be a good father. It was love what drove them to grow and appreciate life: love for his wife, for his daughters, his parents and himself. He stopped seeing his life in a couple of clouded goggles that only showed the foggy side of the world, of himself. And when the thought of his parents came back in every once in a while, catching him off guard, he had learned to accept that as they came, they would leave too. It had been difficult as hell, but the present
moment was an anchor to bring him back, a reminder living was much better than the dread his mind manufactured, and that the future presented all the opportunities that the past had seemed to have blocked. Jon hugged Dany harder, she stroked his hand and rested the side of her head against his.

The future always came loaded with more problems and challenges, but now he felt invincible. What could possibly be stronger than this?

They celebrated Jon's birthday in Winterfell. His family sang Happy Birthday to him as he stood smiling in front of his cake. His mother filmed the scene with her phone as if he were still a kid. And just like when he was a kid, he still felt embarrassed and uncomfortable when they sang to him.

"Daddy, can I blow the candle?" Rhaella asked him.

"It's your dad's birthday, Rhae, not yours," Dany told her.

But in the end, Jon carried her and they blew it together on the count of three. Yet after he did so, he realized he had not even made a wish. He only laughed to himself.

His entire family was there. Sansa had finished art school and worked in a marketing company, her son Rickard was there with her, now seven years old. Robb had finished school and worked in a consulting company. Arya was in university studying physics and got in with a sports scholarship. Bran was studying civil engineering and Rickon was still in high school, but he would finish soon and go to music school. Arthur was also there, his hair seemed to be getting whiter every year that passed. Only Ghost was missing, he had died at his fourteen years of age. They hadn't had a new dog ever since. It had been too sad for the Starks.

But being together now, after a while of not seeing each other, felt great. Everyone loved being around the kids, especially their grandparents. Cat had prepared hot cocoa for them and they couldn’t be more excited.

"You have to give me a kiss for me to hand it in," she told her three grandchildren.

Each of them pressed a kiss to her cheek and she handed them their cups of hot cocoa.

Jon sat on the living room talking with his siblings about their work and school while Dany chatted with Ned about the economy.

"So, you see, that's the problem with trusting statistics," Dany told him. "The percentage of extreme poverty in the country, which is measured by living with less than two dollars a day, has reduced in five years. But so many people are now earning, I don't know, two dollars twenty, so they're out of the statistic. So, we think we're doing a great job, and the foreign donations for NGOs keep getting smaller..."

Ned nodded and agreed and kept on listening to her. Jon had already heard her saying that plenty of times. On his other side, his daughters were talking to Arthur and Rickard close to the fireplace.

"Uncle Arthur, my parents have told me you have traveled around the world," Alys said.

"Not thaaat much but...a bit, yeah," he smiled.

"And which has been your favorite place?"

He frowned, thoughtful. “Pentos.”
“My mum has been there! She also travels around the world,” Rhaella replied.

“So I’ve heard! Do you miss her much when she leaves?”

“Yes, but we talk to her every night…and my dad is also fun.”

Arthur laughed.

“And do you guys know already what do you want to be when you grow up?” he asked them.

“Maybe a teacher,” Rhaella said.

“A vet,” Rickard said.

“A banker,” Alys said.

“A banker?!” Arya intervened.

Alys nodded. “They lend money to people who need it.”

Jon laughed to himself.

“I mean…sure…” Arya said. "If that’s your way of seeing things then…that’s fine, I guess. Dany, how did you convince Alys to be a banker?!”

Dany turned to her and laughed. “I have nothing to do with that. Nothing.”

Cat chuckled and said, “I think everyone here has wanted to be a doctor at some point. Robb, do you remember what you wanted to be when you were older?” Cat asked him.

“Yes, ‘cause you tell it to everyone, mum,” he said.

“He wanted to be the weatherman,” she told Dany.

“I wanted to get it right, unlike the ones on TV,” Robb smiled.

Later, the girls were later looking from inside at the snow falling. They wanted to go out, they loved the snow, and they didn't have it in King's Landing. Before nightfall, Jon and Dany took them to the playground in the park. They put on their jackets, beanies, and gloves. They asked the rest of the family if they wanted to go too, but they were all tired of winter, they had snow every day here. Only Arthur went out with them, as he had to catch the bus at a stop next to the park.

At the playground, the girls lay down to make snow angels. There were many other kids around doing so. Dany laughed and took pictures of them. Jon grinned, he always used to do that when he was a kid.

Dany walked to him with her head hung low and her hands in her pockets. She moaned and said, “It’s so cold, I can’t believe you’ve managed to live here for so long.”

She sat next to him and held his arm with both hands.

“Feel my nose,” she said, and bumped her nose on his cheek.

Jon flinched, “It’s freezing!”

“When it gets dark, I think we could go get a cup of hot wine or something to the market, don’t you
think?"

Jon chuckled and gave her a pat on the thigh, “Sure, we could.”

She nodded and placed her head on his shoulder.

He loved Winterfell. King’s Landing was also great: the weather wasn’t as harsh, the sea was close, there was always something to do in such a populated city…but he loved being in Winterfell. This white landscape with naked trees was what every winter had looked like in his childhood and teenage years. He loved to see and hear his daughters laughing and playing in the same landscape.

He had looked for the meaning of his life for too long, had asked himself endless questions about his way of being, about his relationship with Daenerys, about his parentage…and as he looked back at his life now, he could coin a commonality in all the events of his life: time was fleeting, uncertainty was eventually solved, and love had been a compass, guiding him through it all.

The two girls ran to them.

“Mummy, daddy,” Rhaella said. It was so cold that steam came out of her mouth as she spoke, “we want a little brother.”

“A little brother?!” Dany said. “You guys have so much fun together, though!”

“Yes, but a little brother could also be fun. We could teach him to draw and paint, it could be fun,” Alys said.

“And if not…it could be a puppy,” Rhaella said.

“Raising a child is so expensive, darling. We want to move to a house, that’s a big expense, you know?” Dany said.

“Bigger than our flat?”

“Yes, darling.”

“Then there will be room for one more person!” Alys said.

Dany didn’t know what to reply, so Jon tried to save the day and said, “You guys wanna go ice skating?!”

“Yeeeessss!” they replied. But then he realized they would actually have to go ice skating now.

“Okay,” Dany said. “But let me buy a cup of hot wine first.”

They got up. Dany held Rhaella’s hand and Jon held Alys’.

Rhaella said she wanted snow in King’s Landing. Dany laughed out loud. It felt like the exact same laugh he used to hear fourteen years ago. Definitely, definitely, the same laugh. It reminded him how they were the same people, only a little older and with bellies a little bigger. Sometimes it felt like those two people had been replaced with new ones: Jon did not freeze anymore when he talked to someone new, Dany didn’t cry or stay up all night because of school or work. But this hadn’t happened out of the blue. They had helped each other grow by being there for each other.

It seemed scary how long ago that had been. Life was rushing, every year seemed shorter. They were still young, but not for too long. He knew they would encounter more problems along the way in the future, that life was good now but that it wouldn’t always be that way. But with these three
girls, it wouldn’t be too bad. How good it felt to be loved, how much it had helped him grow! They would not live forever, not he nor Dany, nor Alys, nor Rhaella. In the limited time they had left, whatever it may be, he could only love and let himself be loved.

Chapter End Notes

The story started with Dany, so it seemed fair that it ended with Jon. Thank you so much for finishing this fic. I knew from day 1 I wanted a happy ending. I’m pretty positive they’ll also have a happy ending in canon, but I think in absolutely every scenario Jon and Dany deserve to be happy, they’ve suffered enough. As I said before, the next “chapter” is just a message. So I beg you more than ever to drop a comment here and tell me what you liked about this chap before reading that final message. Thank you so much for sticking with me during all this time and words! I’m forever grateful, you have helped me realize there is a writer in me.
Afterword

Chapter Summary

Afterword?? Does she think this is a real fucking novel??
I want to take the time to talk a bit about this fic because if you’ve read this huge ass thing, I feel like we have a cosmic connection by now or something of the sort. We’ve shared a long journey. You have read more than the length of Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire. I’m staring at it right now, that hugeass book in my shelf, and I can’t believe I’ve written that much.
I posted the first chap on feb2016!! I consider you guys my friends for getting to this point with me, so if you want to keep on talking, I’m always on tumblr!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

So, this started off as a one-shot.

I know, I laughed out loud after writing that sentence. I can’t believe it. I was studying calculus for an exam and came up with this idea, a little inspired by the movie Mean Girls where Aaron teaches Cady math. I started to ship Jonerys during season 3, when I saw a tumblr post about their parallels and instantly fell in love with the ship. Back then, our imagination was all we had to bring the ship to life. So, a couple of years later, I made the decision to start writing down my headcanons of them as real-life people who went through what most of us go through.

Anyway, about the fic. I wanted to make sure that the relationship was about two whole people (I tried not to make it look like Jon was “Dany’s boyfriend” or Dany, “Jon’s girlfriend”), instead of two incomplete halves in need of the other. Whole doesn’t mean they had to be perfect, they were both imperfect but helped each other grow. I put a bunch of bumps on the road for the relationship to be strong enough to endure the hardships of life in the future, like the news of the infertility. Support is crucial in a relationship, but for that, talking stuff out is even more important. I gave a lottt of importance to the “breaking barriers” idea. Even Jon, who wasn't too talkative initially, learned to open up once he trusted Dany more. This is what allowed them to know each other like the back of their hands, the purest form of intimacy.

Now, by no means I wanted to give the impression that a relationship is the biggest goal in one’s life. If you’re in your mid-twenties and have never had a partner or have never had sex, fuck it, we all have our own pace. That being said, I want to take a second to discuss the ending. I don't love how every happy ending of romantic stories is marriage/children. It gives out the message that those are the definitions of happiness, or the greatest achievements in life. But there are many other ways to be happy—doing what you love, loving and having people who love you, yet not necessarily having a romantic partner. Actually, most couples without children are happier than the ones with children. Children can be the reason for your happiness, of course, but it doesn't have to be that way for everyone. However, I wanted to sort of parallel Jon and Dany’s canon storyline and wishes where they want a family together, and I’m a slut for seeing Jon and Dany married with babies. I’m a soft romantic bish and just the thought of Targlings makes my heart M E L T. And when it comes to their happy marriage, Jon/Dany here have put a lot of effort in having a strong relationship where they talked things out and strived to know each other well, which is why they have a better marriage
than average. So, marriage/children aren’t a prize nor a guarantee for happiness, that’s a social construct and a myth that mercantilism sold us especially during the industrial revolution to have more babies and hence more workers in an economy, because, according to it, the basis of a productive nation was having a shitload of workers (why am I bashing mercantilism in fanfic lol). So, with economic purposes, the idea of becoming a parent was sold to us as the best thing ever, but it’s not for everyone. So I just want to point out that I wanted this ending SO BAD for this ship, given their storyline and plot and be the essence of the fic was to show the "common" dynamics of a modern-day relationship. But it’s not everyone's road to happiness. God why am I rambling so much?? Ok. I just hope I didn't give out the wrong message. Moving on...

I'm not a psychologist nor a couple's therapist. This has just been based on experience and much reflection. So, this relationship had its ups and downs yet it was better than average, I think. It was “goals” in many ways (I smiled every time I read a comment that said so), but it’s fine if your relationships aren’t this good, as long as they aren’t toxic, of course. I only showed the most important plot points—given the time leaps and how isolated every chapter is—which often were happy times. I did give some space to small arguments and stuff like that but not realistically enough, I think. Even healthy relationships have to have bickering sometimes. It's natural. Two individuals can't agree on everything all the time. And we don’t always have to get it right in the first relationship, or in the first three. Jon and Dany here were each other’s firsts and they worked together to make their relationship what it was, ’cause in the end, a relationship is hard work from both sides. ALSO, sex doesn’t always have to be this awesome lmao.

I also tried not to leave aside other factors that also affect their personal lives and hence their relationship, like family issues, which we all have. However, I did feel like I ended up leaving their social life a little bit aside, but it was mostly because I wanted to focus on the scenarios that affected the relationship. Anyway, I kind of hesitated about some scenarios because I thought I was being overdramatic, like the problems with their brothers or the infertility, but then I thought, fuck it, these are actually common problems and not so hard to believe. I think most of us have some issues in our families, so it would have been unrealistic to not include any.

Also, I never planned to write cheating, that fucks up trust in a relationship completely and they both loved each other too much for that. When I talk about this topic with my friends, most of them think that every relationship will go through cheating at some point, many don't believe in monogamy, but hell, I like to think loyal people exist. And I do think that the level of love and trust between J/D here is so strong that even if at some point one of them gets curious to try sth else (as it happens to all of us, eg. that's why the Daario chapter exists), they trust one another enough to propose something "exciting and new" as they said in the last chapter (which obviously means going for a threesome or to a swinger club or sth lol). But cheating, having an affair...I can't see them do that here.

A topic I didn’t cover is jealousy because I hate it so much omg. But it’s a natural human emotion like any other so I might add a chapter about it in the future. Instead, I did focus on the root of jealousy: insecurity. They wondered if the other would want to be with them forever, especially Jon, who had some abandonment issues bc of his mother. Finally, there can be arguments, there can be bickering, but at the end of the day, if they have each other’s backs, that’s what matters.

Omg. This fic has so much of my time and effort in it, it feels like another limb. It's taken me three years and a half to finish it (rewrite and everything). I've written it in trains, planes, during class with a tiny text size, in line at the bank. I've stayed up till five am because I couldn't stop writing. These Jon and Dany have been so important to me. I've put a bit of myself in both (more than I’d be comfortable to admit), so this has also been kind of like a self-discovery journey for me in some stuff. A lot of dialogues are actually reflections about my own life lmao, and thank you to the people who have taken the time to tell me about that they've also reflected about their own life with this! A friend told me that this fic helped her realize that she would keep on studying her major because she
loved it regardless of the uncertainty of her future income, so I'm happy that I've helped to plant the seed of introspection in someone else besides myself. I guess this is what fiction is for, to see real-life situations in a different light and reflect about them.

AND if you want more, I've posted on my tumblr some deleted scenes or chapters that I took out while doing the massive rewrite in 2018/2019! <3

FINALLYYY I would like to ask you:

- What the hell made you like this story. Honestly!! what made you hit next so many times? Maybe I’m too hard on myself but I wrote the one-shot with the expectation of getting like 20 kudos ( + back then the market for Jonerys fics was pretty weak).
- What was your favorite chapter/moment?? Mines are when they walk under the rain and get home and cuddle, their first time, and probably when Jon finds out he was adopted bc that was the first time I’ve written drama in my life and it was fun lol.
- And—completely out of curiosity, you don’t have to answer this—what country are you guys from???? or just continent! Or hemisphere!! I wonder from where in the world people are reading this.

And THE MOST IMPORTANT THING I HAVE TO SAY: I don’t think this story has ended 100% for me. It’s such a big part of my life. It’s been in my head for over 3 years. The good thing about its structure is that most chapters are pretty isolated from one another, kind of like one-shots—they’re not too immediate. So, in the future, when I have new ideas, maybe from the early days or from their adult lives, I’ll write them down. And maybe one day, in two months or in five years, you’ll get a notification of me posting a “chapter 15” or “chapter 60” or something, 'cause I can’t keep my head out of this story. And if you click on it and read it, let me know you've done so! It will make me extremely happy!

Also, if you have ideas, write them down, even if 'you’re not a writer'. I started this with no training on creative writing, I just had this idea and went on with it and realized I loved this hobby. My first fanfic was an explicit af porn of kit harington and emilia clarke banging like rabbits in a hotel room, so what?!!! Don't lift barriers around your creativity, even if it may seem a little embarrassing at first. Believe me, it feels good to take those ideas out of the head<3

Guys! You've shared with me such a journey! Thank you for reading a book-length fic about Jon and Dany in modern times. Thank you to the readers who have been following this from the literal start of 2016 (you have a special place in my heart), but also thank you to the ones who joined the party later and binge read it all!!!! You’re the best! Thank you so much for the comments, I reread them in my sad days to cheer me up <3 Now, I have to leave this chapter of my life behind (or these 10000 chapters lol). But I’ll come back. If you have more suggestions or requests for new chapters, tell me in the comments and I’ll take them into account, promise. Don’t worry if you write the requests tomorrow or in five years, the comments arrive at my email and I read them all.

Dear friends, cherish the people around you. Make good friends and love your family. Make peace with the ones who matter. But the truly toxic people, leave them behind. There are many ways in which you can give and receive love besides a romantic or sexual relationship.

Wish you all the best in life and in love.

Chapter End Notes
PS: to everyone who is writing or planning to write a multichapter, I just posted on my tumblr some writing tips for huge ass fics.

PSS: A lovely reader (hi Eve!) once asked me the references for some of the philosophical stuff I've written about in this story, so I'll share here some links on readings or book recs if you want to learn more about love, attachment, emotions, and other things that influenced this fic:

- An Ethic on Emotions

- How Language Shapes Thought

- The non-attachment bit is purely Buddhism. The current Dalai Lama and the monk Matthieu Ricard are incredibly wise when it comes to love and attachment. I recommend you to read any book written by them or maybe just a youtube video of a speech or ted talk or whatever!

- The bit about Rhaella talking to Dany about acceptance is Buddhism and Plato.

- The part of emotions and their temporality and unreliability is also 100% buddhism. What Dany said about emotions being conditioned to external things is also buddhism. What is lovely about buddhism is that it actually helps you to see the nature of emotions and teaches you how to depend less on them. I don’t want to seem like I’m shoving a ‘religion’ down your throats or anything. Actually, I don’t have any religious views so I don’t want to make this look like propaganda or anything lol. I’m just sharing the sources of some things I’ve learned with time thanks to this lovely and super ancient philosophy (huge debate on whether it is a religion or not, so it’s safe to just consider it a philosophy).

- The Consolations of Philosophy by Alain de Botton is a nice explanation of how some philosophical ideas in history could be useful to our day-to-day lives. Used for chapters 10 and 18. It’s a nice book which summarizes a lot of ideas by the Greeks, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spinoza, etc.

- And this is the song behind the name of the fic!!! Put it on now and have a blast with this dope ass music!!<3

- Can’t leave economics behind!!! In the first five or six chapters, most of what Dany says about Econ is based on the book Predictably Irrational by Dan Ariely, which questions the basic assumptions of classic economic theory. It is SUPER fun and I recommend it completely, even for non-economists.

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