Times the Green Eyed Monster visited Catelyn, Ned, Jon, Sansa and Gendry all because of Arya.
Standard Disclaimers Apply

Takes place before Season 1.

Catelyn Stark has been brought up to be a proper lady. She learned how to be a good wife and how to be a wise mother.

When Robb was born, she felt nothing but pride. That pride grew everyday she watched her son grow. This was the life that was meant for her, the life she grew up preparing for. But not even all the lessons by Septa Mordane could prepare her in facing Ned holding his bastard son in his arms, his face filled with guilt as he walked back inside the castle she has called home.

She knew this was a possibility; even the most honourable of all Lords can succumb to temptation. What she was not prepared for was her husband claiming the boy which was not commonly done at all. She accepted the infant in Winterfell, she would abide by her husband’s decision as she has been brought up to do.

Almost a year after Ned’s return, her daughter Sansa was born. She showered her daughter with all the love a mother should bestow a child, while keeping the bastard boy Ned named Jon Snow in the shadows. Robb and Jon were so close in age; it was not surprising to see them both together in lessons. As much as she’d rather have them separated, Ned had already claimed Jon. He may be a bastard, but a claimed bastard was entitled to some rights meant for trueborn sons.

As the years passed, her heart swelled as Robb and Sansa grew, both children giving her such pride that she could almost forget Jon existed.

When she was blessed with another daughter, Cat knew that she would have another Princess to dote on, a friend for Sansa and another child to erase Jon’s importance in Ned’s life.

Cat soon learned how wrong she was.

Arya was nothing like Robb and Sansa. She would cry longer, louder than her older siblings and not all the lessons she had learned had prepared her for the feeling of failure when Jon Snow, at a mere age of six held little Arya’s hand in his own and smiled, and the sound of Arya’s laughter filled the room.

The boy had managed to calm the babe with nothing more than a smile, when Cat had spent countless nights trying to soothe her daughter. The sight made her weak, and when little Arya stretched out her arms to Jon, Cat moved swiftly to pick up her daughter away from Jon.

As the years passed, she could no longer ignore the boy. It was almost a surprise that Arya’s first words were not the bastard’s name. Wherever Jon was, Arya was sure to be around, her daughter had form a bond with the bastard, and she could not fathom why Arya follows the boy around. For every laugh, and every smile Arya gave, Cat felt shame that she was jealous of a boy and soon, the seeds of bitterness she thought she had forgotten began to grow. Every time Arya would hold Jon’s hand as she rambled on stories about knights, widlings, and leaving for the Free cities, she would resist the urge to yank her daughter away.

All the etiquette lessons she had learned prevented her from demanding her husband to separate their daughter from his bastard son.

While Sansa was growing up the way she was meant to be, Arya was the complete opposite, and Cat
could only blame that Jon would encourage Arya every time she had a bow and arrow in her hands, how he would ruffle her hair and give her archery lessons that was not meant for a highborn lady. And most of all, she hated that it was Jon that Arya would listen to, it was Jon that she would run to for every scrape of the knee and it was Jon’s approval she would seek, unlike her sister who looked up to her, the way all daughters should look up to their mothers.

It was not Jon Snow’s fault for being a bastard, but she could never forgive him for stealing Arya away from her.

End Chapter 1
Chapter Summary

It was a strange concept; to be jealous because of how his daughter almost hero-worshiped the man from Braavos. Ned briefly wondered how it would feel when the time comes for his daughter to leave Winterfell and be married to a Lord.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Standard Disclaimers Apply

II: Ned

“No, I want Syrio to keep teaching me.”

Ned sighed as he watched his daughter walk on the the narrow beam of the wooden gate, ready to catch her should she fall.

“When I hired Syrio, I did not expect for you to return from your lessons with so much cuts and bruises. You’ve been hurt more than once, Arya!”

Arya stopped and gracefully sat down on the beam, her grey eyes determined as she looked at him. “Syrio says every hurt is a lesson and every lesson makes you better.”

Ned leaned against the gate, and gently lifted her left leg and raised the hem of the breeches she was wearing. The bruise on her leg was still an ugly shade of purple that joined bruises in different shades of yellow and green.

“Jory Cassel can teach you just as well.”

Arya shook her head. “He would never teach me properly, he’ll treat me like a Lady and he’ll never push me or train me as seriously as Syrio…”

“Arya.”

His daughter stopped and looked at him, he knew that one word was all it would take for Syrio to leave Winterfell, but he had never seen his daughter so happy and content dancing with the man from Braavos, learning a fighting technique that was uncommon to their lands.

His daughter was about to fight him, he knew it by the way her brows furrowed, but before she could speak, he gently released her leg and rolled the material down to cover her legs. “I am your father, it is only natural for me to worry when I see my daughter in blindfold attempting to jump and spin…”

“You would not worry if it was Robb or Jon.”

“Yes, I would.” Ned replied and smiled as Arya looked at him disbelievingly.
Father and daughter stayed silent as they watched the people of Winterfell retreat into their homes for the night.

“I want to continue to learn water dancing with Syrio… please?”

Ned turned and watched his daughter’s earnest eyes. So much like his own, and so much like his sister. He could remember a time when she shadowed him and Jon, demanding to be thought how to ride, and how to wield a sword.

Cat thought it was a phase that would pass, and so did he. Ever since the arrival of Syrio Forrel, there was hardly a sentence from Arya that did not contain the words ‘Syrio said.’ Ned Stark could count the number of times he had been jealous in his life, and they were few and far between. It was a strange concept; to be jealous because of how his daughter almost hero-worshipped the man from Braavos. Ned briefly wondered how it would feel when the time comes for his daughter to leave Winterfell and be married to a Lord.

“Father?”

He heard the hesitation in her voice, and Ned leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. “As long as you promise me that you will be careful.”

The smile she gave him was enough as she jumped down from the fence and made a dash back to their home. He could not help but feel a sense of loss, as if he was watching his daughter slip away from him. A selfish part within him wanted to hold her close like when she was younger, with no Syrio or water dancing, no bruises on her body and just the two of them, like before under the trees in Godwood as he told her tales of his travels and victories in battle. He was so lost in his memories that he did not see her come back for him until she wrapped her arms around him.

“Thank you.” Arya whispered against his chest before she stood on the tip of her toes, her kiss barely touching his chin. “I love you.”

Her words like sunshine as he ruffled her hair and Ned held her face in his hands gently before he spoke.

“We have time before we are called for supper. Why don’t you show me what Syrio Forrel has thought you recently?”

Arya responded with a huge smile that washed all the sadness and jealousy away from his heart. The sound of her laughter warmed his heart, as she tugged him to follow her to the training grounds. He knew the time will come when he would have to say goodbye to his daughter. She would no longer laugh mischievously and play tricks on her poor sister, and she would no longer hold his hands like she was doing now. She will grow and she will leave him behind, but not today.

-End Ch 2

Chapter End Notes

Once again, this is AU.

The Starks neve left Winterfell, Robert never came from Kings Landing. Jon never left for The Wall
These series of one-shots may become a background for a longer fic I’ve had in my head, but I’m so new in ASOIAF that I don’t want to bite more than I can chew.

I love the father/daughter bonding moments between Ned and Arya, and Arya just seems to be Daddy’s little Girl…
This pretty much came about after watching the scene between Arya and Ned in the Red Keep when Arya told him she was going to be chasing cats the next day. Awesome scene, especially the end of that scene.

Thank you for all the comments, kudos and bookmark!
Chapter Summary

“It looks like your sister has a new favorite bastard.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Standard Disclaimers Apply

III: Jon

There was nothing more Jon hated than hearing Theon talk about his exploits.

He ignored his friend’s tales which Robb tried so hard not to laugh at. They continued their walk back to the castle when Theon slapped Jon at the back.

“It looks like your sister has a new favourite bastard.”

Jon looked to the direction Theon nudged his head to, and watched Arya, who sat on a stool outside the forge, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

“What is that girl doing?” Robb asked out loud and Jon watched as his brother walked towards the direction of the forge, while Theon just stood behind him with a lecherous grin.

“Looks like Lady Arya had finally found something besides horses and swords to enjoy.”

“What are you talking about?” Jon asked as they watched the smith bow before Robb.

Theon chuckled. “Your sister has been seen in his company almost every day. I’m surprised you haven’t noticed. I guess your sister has a new favorite after all! Though I’m quite sure Lady Arya has a different type of sword play in mind…”

Jon silenced his friend with a look as he clutched the hilt of his sword. Theon just laughed as he raised both of his hands in surrender.

“I’m not the one you should be threatening, though Robb looks like he’s doing a good job already.”

They both watched as Arya hopped of the stool she sat on and gave her brother an angry shove. Robb just closed his eyes before placing his hands on his sister’s shoulders and tried to lead her away from the forge.

Jon watched in interest as Arya shrugged Robb’s hands from her shoulders, and if she was any younger, Arya would have stamped her foot to convey her displeasure and his eyebrows raised in surprise as she turned her body, almost as if she was protecting the smith. The smith must have caught her attention because Arya turned around, and from a distance, he could not hear what the smith had said, and Jon could not help but chuckle as Arya threw the half eaten apple at the smith before she walked away and Robb followed from behind.
Not even the distance can hide the smile from the smith’s face, and Jon continued to look at the boy who watched his sister walk away.

- *-* -*-

Theon told him that it’s been more than a year since Gendry arrived from King’s Landing, and he had never had the opportunity to formally meet the boy. Most of the time, Mikken was the one he spoke to if he needed something done, and there had been no reason so seek the boy out, until now. When he asked Arya about him she simply described him as a stupid bull, though he knew Arya meant no malice with her words.

He almost regretted his journey throughout the North with his Uncle Benjen, had he stayed at Winterfell, he would have seen the friendship develop between Arya and Gendry, and maybe he wouldn’t be as worried as if was now.

For the past week, Jon watched how his little sister interacted with Gendry, and it was almost like clockwork. Arya would spend a few hours with Septa Mordane before she would slink away and change to Bran’s tunics and breeches. She would spend a few hours with him, or with Syrio. After her training, she would get cleaned up and wear a new set of tunics and breeches and she would make her way to Gendry.

The sun was setting, and he stood outside the forge and made sure to stay hidden and watched as Gendry washed and dried his hands before he accepted a piece of bread from Arya.

“I was under the impression that your mother has forbidden you to come here.”

The boy’s voice was deep with a hesitant tone his voice as Arya snorted.

“What would people think? You must start acting like a proper lady, Arya!”

Jon tried not to smirk at Arya’s perfect imitation of her mother.

“If I cared about what people think and I wanted to be a lady, I wouldn’t be here, now would I?”

“Your mother just worries. It’s hardly appropriate for a lady of your stature to mingle with lowborn people, especially lowborn bastards… ouch! What did you do that for?”

Arya just threw another piece of wooden chip at Gendry. “How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t care? Why should you be treated with less respect just because of the circumstances of your birth? Jon’s a bastard too, you know? And he’s the best brother anyone could ever have. I hate it when people whisper behind his back, or they think he’s not worthy to be here at Winterfell!”

“Not everyone has your heart, Arya.” Gendry responded with a hint of bitterness, and Jon recalled a memory from long ago when he said almost the exact words to Arya many years ago, when she told him she didn’t understand why people treated him differently.

“It’s stupid!”

Jon just gave a smile and ruffled Arya’s hair. “Not everyone has your heart, little sister, and I thank all the old Gods that they granted you as my sister.”

She looked up at him, eyes that were grey like his own and she gave him a look so fierce it was almost as if he was looking at the eyes of an adult rather than a seven year old girl. “I will love you with all my heart so you’ll never have to worry about other stupid people.”
He would always recall that memory with so much fondness, he have always thought that in a way, Arya did not belong in this world, where bloodlines and titles were held in high regard over a person’s character. Arya was different, she saw people for who they were. Not for the blood that flowed through their veins, or titles that was inherited and passed down from generation to generation.

Her friendship with the baker’s boy, Micah and his cousin Hot Pie was proof of that. If he was right, and he prayed to all the gods, both new and old that he was wrong, there was now someone else that Arya would love with all her heart. That heart will surely break. Ned Stark was a good man, but there was no way he would ever allow his daughter to be with a blacksmith.

“It looks like your sister has a new favourite bastard.”

Theon’s words from a few days ago echoed in his head, and Jon felt the tiniest bit of jealousy at how easy it was for Arya to remain silent with Gendry. Silence and Arya did not mix, sitting still and Arya did not mix, and yet, there she was, sitting in complete silence with her eyes on the ground.

“I heard that how Robb visited you again, about you taking the black. I hit him extra hard this morning for it.”

Gendry snorted in amusement. “I thought it was supposed to be knights that would come to a lady’s defense.”

“I am no lady, and you are no knight.”

“Right.” Gendry replied, his voice tight. “Just a stupid bull, right?”

“You’re not stupid, stupid.” Arya shot back and Jon watched as Gendry picked up his hammer before he looked at Arya.

“That doesn’t even make sense,” Genry retorted as he continued his work.

The two of them became silent again as Arya just sat and watched the smith do his work and Jon knew that he had seen enough. He would not interrupt them, it was not a surprise that Robb visited the smith again, and he knew that the suggestion to take the black was a subtle threat from Robb. Soon, it would be Ned Stark himself who would visit the boy.

Gendry seemed nice enough, but he could be playing with his sister’s kindness and innocence, and that twinge of jealousy appeared again. Arya had never hidden anything from him, but she kept her friendship with the smith from him.

His little sister was growing up, and a part of him wanted to blame the smith for that. Jon took one last look at Arya and Gendry, before he walked away.

His father, their father would never allow Arya to marry a smith; it would only lead to heartbreak for Arya. He knew her well enough to know that she would deny any feelings for Gendry if confronted, and he didn’t know Gendry at all.

That would change tomorrow. After all, they haven’t been properly introduced, and Ghost hasn’t been able to walk around town for a few days. Tomorrow would be a good opportunity.

-End Ch 3-
The line ‘I love you with all my heart’ was taken from Naruto… for any anime fans out there… though used in a different context. :)

Jon is done!

The next one will be Sansa, and that will take place a year or two after this chapter. As I’ve mentioned before, these little fics almost serves as ‘extras’ for a longer piece that I’ve started to write, and hope that I would finish soon. I’ve always wondered if Arya looking like Lyanna will be an important factor in the future, or it is just a way of describing Arya.

Thanks again to all the comments, kudos and bookmarks!
Sansa

Chapter Summary

Old Nan’s stories told of Princes fighting for the love of the beautiful lady, there was never a story about a Prince fighting a bastard boy over a wild and unruly girl.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Standard Disclaimers Apply

IV: Sansa

She always wanted to be a Queen.

There was nothing else she loved when she was younger than hearing Old Nan weave tales of Princes fighting for their one true love. He would win against any rival and they would live happily ever after and rule together.

She always wanted to be the one that Knights or Princes would fight for.

Instead, if rumors were to be believed, her younger sister, the one she called ‘horseface’ would be the one that would rule the seven kingdoms as Queen to the Targaryen heir. She looked out of the balcony and watched as Arya walked with the bastard smith across the grounds. Sansa rolled her eyes. Did her sister really not understand how inappropriate her actions were?

Sansa felt a presence behind her and was surprised to see Septa Mordane walk towards her. The older woman clucked her tongue as she watched Arya drag the smith to a tree at the edge of the courtyard. Sansa crossed her arms as they both watched Arya and her friend from the balcony.

“I honestly don’t see why she insists on mingling with that lowborn bastard when she’s supposed to be betrothed to the Prince.”

“Jealousy is an unbecoming trait for a lady.”

“Jealous of what? Of how Arya is again doing something that will embarrass the Stark name? I honestly don’t see why the Prince is so interested in her when she ignores him as much as possible, and when she does pay attention to him, it’s to challenge him to a duel or a race.”

Septa Mordane shrugged her shoulders as she gave the scene below them a disapproving glare. Arya was now climbing a tree and chose the lowest branch to sit on. The smith just shook his head and sat on the ground, his back against the trunk.

“I don’t understand why father allows Arya to get away with all the things she does.”

Septa Mordane gently took Sansa by the elbow to lead her inside. “Well perhaps you can speak to your mother.” The older woman dropped her voice to a whisper. “The servants have been talking, it seems your cousin made a rather passionate speech on behalf of your sister. There is no betrothal.”
Sansa looked as scandalized as the Septa. “Jon? Jon spoke for Arya?”

The older woman nodded. After years of believing that Jon was her father’s bastard, the truth came out when the Dragons returned to the throne. Her father had hidden the ‘Prince that was Promised’ in plain sight, protecting him for all that wanted to kill him. Sansa still couldn’t believe it. Neither could her mother, who felt more betrayed that her husband led her to believe that he was unfaithful instead of trusting her with the truth.

“What did he say?”

Septa Mordane looked around to make sure they would not be heard. “The Queen was about to make a formal offer on behalf of Prince Aegon Targaryen when Prince Jon practically demanded the negotiations stop.”

_The way the Septa mentioned Jon’s name made it clear she was still getting used to the truth._

“What happened after that?”

_“He made it clear, that if they wanted him to lead the upcoming war against The Others, your sister will not be forced into any betrothal. He continued on to say that they should be talking about the war and our survival should be enough reason to fight together.”_

Sansa tuned out the older woman as she began to walk back to her chambers as a feeling of resentment started to grow. Arya never even wanted to become Queen, and the moment the rumours began to appear about the Prince’s interest in her, she made it very clear that she was never going to agree, despite having no choice in the matter. It would have been considered a great honor to be chosen as Queen, the opportunity was being handed to her on a silver platter. And yet, she was refusing it, and for what? A bastard boy?

A part of her that wondered why the Prince did not look at her the way he did her sister. She was the one that excelled in all the lessons thought by Septa Mordane and various tutors her parents have employed. She was the one that had the grace to carry out duties that would be required of a Queen. But he preferred Arya, who was everything a Queen should not be.

She could still remember when Prince Aegon and Queen Daenerys were formally introduced to the Stark Family. The Prince gave her a polite smile, but the look on his face when he saw Arya could only be described as desire. The way his eyes looked at her sister’s face, the blush that graced his cheeks, and the way his lips curved into a smile gave his feelings away. Arya on the other hand just looked embarrassed at the unwanted attention and eyed him warily.

_The air was getting colder, and just as Sansa moved to close her window, she noticed the Prince who was standing a few feet away, and as she followed his gaze, she saw Arya, still on the branch and the smith was still on the ground. Despite that they were not next to each other, Sansa could feel something, almost as if there was a bond that tied Arya and the smith together, and as she looked at the Prince who still had his eyes on the pair, she knew that he felt it too._

_She would have to be blind not to notice the way the smith looked at her sister, but unlike the way her sister reacted to the Prince, Arya returned his gaze with one of her own. She could not quash the jealousy that gripped her heart; instead she felt it grow as she watched the expression on the Prince’s face radiate with the same jealousy she was feeling. Old Nan’s stories told of Princes fighting for the love of the beautiful lady, there was never a story about a Prince fighting a bastard boy over a wild and unruly girl._

_As she closed her window and locked it shut, she wished she could do the same with the bitterness in
her heart.

End Ch 4

Chapter End Notes

Watching the 1st episode of GOT, Sansa looked like she wanted to marry Joffrey even when she didn’t know him all that well. She wanted Joffrey not because of his personality, but for an ideal life she had in her head. Maybe it was love at first sight for her, but Arya seemed to have caught on pretty early that Joffrey is a jerk.

If the bad events of GOT never happened, while I don’t think Sansa will be deliberately nasty, (referring to Gendry as smith, bastard etc.) But I think that she will be more conscious of the social hierarchy and would act appropriately. Arya never cared, and her friendship with Micah and how she wanted the Hound to pay for what happened to him displays that.

Sansa would also probably be more inclined to think she is Queen material over her sister, who is everything a lady should not be.

Again, this is completely AU, and there will be a fleshed out version of Jon defending Arya against being married off…
The Dragon Queen walked inside their temporary accommodation in Winterfell as her hands gripped the thick coat that was given to her as a gift by Jon Targaryen.

“You’re upset with your nephew’s actions.”

She looked at Jorah who shut the door to her chamber closed before she spoke. “I don’t understand his affinity with the Starks!” Dany whispered harshly, careful that her words would only reach Jorah’s ears. “Ned Stark kept him from his birthright!”

“He kept him alive, Khaleesi. He betrayed his own King, a man that was practically his brother, by claiming him as his own, he slighted his own honor.”

Dany just frowned, unable to counter the argument Jorah presented. “I know it is difficult to become allies with the houses that betrayed the Targaryen, but the involvement of House Stark is complicated. In the eyes of the world, your brother stole Lyanna Stark. Lord Stark had no choice but to ride with Lady Lyanna’s betrothed to bring her back.”

Dany walked around the room in agitation. She could still remember the look on Jon’s face as he spoke against Lord Stark, against her. He did not speak as a Targaryen, or a Stark, but as a brother with such fierce protectiveness in his tone that made Dany feel resentful of the young female Stark.

“He is supposed to be one of us! I have given him a name, a legacy that the Starks have denied him…”

“Give him time, he spent all his life believing he is just a bastard. He is still adjusting, and he is most likely trying to find a balance between the Targaryen and the Stark in him.”

“But he is choosing the Starks more! Did you not hear how he spoke on behalf of that girl and
demanded that she not be betrothed unless it is her choice?”

Dany looked in surprise as Jorah just nodded and gave her a look of understanding. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“You are upset because you think he is choosing Lady Arya over his responsibilities as a Targaryen.”

“I do not think, I know!” She replied as she sat down on the edge of the bed. “Is he not allowing the girl to be betrothed to anyone because he wants her for himself?”

Her question surprised her most trusted Queensguard and he sat on the chair next to her dresser.

“No, I don’t believe so. From what I have heard, Lady Arya and Prince Jon have a tighter bond than any of the Stark children. If the stories around here are to be believed, Lady Arya always made sure your nephew was never mistreated when he was still a bastard.”

“How?” Dany asked completely curious.

“One of the Knights mentioned a story that happened many years ago, when the Prince was only a child. Winterfell hosted some nobles that were on their way to King’s Landing. One of the Lord’s sons decided to make it difficult for the Prince, he taunted him and made sure everyone knew that he was nothing but a bastard. Lady Arya, she could not have been more than six decided she didn’t like the way the boy treated her brother. She pelted the boy with mud…” Jorah stopped and chuckled before he continued. “Apparently, she tried to shove more of it in his mouth after she knocked him to the ground.”

Dany didn’t say anything, and the crackling of the fire in the fireplace accompanied was the only sound in the room until Jorah spoke again. “They are as close as brothers and sisters could be….”

“She is not his sister.”

Jorah nodded. “True, but they have been brought up together as such. They may be cousins by blood, but by heart, I suspect she would always be his sister.”

“He would risk my wrath, the safety of the Seven Kingdoms to protect her happiness…” Dany murmured and Jorah sighed.

“It was a gamble in his part, his time beyond the Wall had earned the respect of the Wildings, and they will follow him. As the ‘Prince that was Promised’, he knew he had the power to bend the outcome of that meeting to his advantage.”

Dany didn’t speak for a while as she thought of the way Jon had surprised everyone by giving them an ultimatum, Arya Stark’s freedom for his cooperation. She could not help but compare how her own brother treated her. “My own brother would have whored me out for an army so he could get his crown, Jon would give up his crown and risk angering his allies for that girl.”

“You are comparing your relationship with your brother to Lady Arya and Prince Jon?”

“I’ve seen them together.” Dany said softly as she looked at Jorah. “She could cover herself in dirt and he would still smile for her. When he looks at her, I see a man who is gentle; he looks at her with such kindness and affection. He would touch her, but I see the love and respect he has for her. That was not how Viserys looked at me or touched me. He saw me as piece of property he can barter.”

Dany let out a shaky laugh as she stood up. “I try to remember the goodness in him, there was a time
when he loved me, I know he did. There was a part of him that loved me as his sister. I wanted Viserys to be proud of me. After I married Khal Drogo, I thought that the brother who loved me would return... why does she get to have the freedom or the brother I want? She’s still playing with wooden swords while hidden safely within these walls when she has done nothing to deserve everything she has been given?”

“Does she deserve any less?” Jorah asked kindly and Dany felt shame with the words she had spoken. She knew it wasn’t that girl... it wasn’t Arya’s fault. “I know life was difficult for you, being exiled from your own home, the loss of your family. You have risen above that where your brother could not. Your people will follow you to the land beyond the wall if they must because they love you. You have shown them the love, respect and kindness you were never given and they respect you for that. Do not lose yourself with the jealousy you are feeling.”

Dany was about to deny that she was jealous when she saw the look that Jory gave her. “I would not refer to it as jealousy. I am merely trying to understand the reasons behind the actions of my nephew.”

“Of course, Khaleesi.” Jorah responded with a smile. “I believe it’s time we pay a visit to your Dragons? You have not seen them since yesterday morning.”

Dany nodded, grateful for how Jorah has steered the conversation away from her feelings, but as she stood up, there was still a part of her that wished she was the one with a brother that loved and protected her over a crown.

Chapter End Notes

I love Dany, she kicks ass! But as I was watching Game of Thrones, there was a scene in which Viserys essentially said he didn’t care if Dany was passed along Drogo’s men, as long as he gets his army. Compare that to Jon and Arya, even if they only have one scene together in the tv series, based on what I’ve read, there’s plenty of chapters in which they thought of one another.

So I just thought how will Dany react when she sees how Jon treats his (cousin) little sister and compare it to how her brother treated her in the later years.
Aegon

Chapter Summary

Arya has been described as having a face that would launch a thousand ships, and as Aegon watched her, he would have to disagree. It wasn’t merely her face, but there was a spirit in that body that would draw men into madness. He felt it stir within his chest every time she rolled her eyes at him, every time she would challenge him to a duel.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Green Eyed Monster
Standard Disclaimers Apply

VI: Aegon

The first time he saw Arya Stark, he expected to hate her. After all, she bore the face of the woman that caused his father to humiliate his mother. It didn’t matter whether Lyanna was stolen, or came willingly. She became a curse to their family.

What he did not expect was to be mesmerised. There was a pull to her that he could not explain. Her sister was the vision of the perfect princess. She bowed her head; she gave him a courtesy and a smile that was so natural and graceful. But she could not have compared to Arya. He could feel his cheeks get warm when she eyed him with a hint of distrust. She gave a reluctant bow after a glare from her mother and she did not smile at him.

The bards have begun to describe her as having a face that would launch a thousand ships, and as Aegon watched her, he would have to disagree. It wasn’t merely her face, but there was a spirit in that body that would draw men into madness. He felt it stir within his chest every time she rolled her eyes at him, every time she would challenge him to a duel.

Arya Stark did not play coy, and he knew that her disinterest in him wasn’t a ploy to catch his attention. Aegon had never met anyone like her. She was friends with highborns and lowborns alike. She dressed like a man, but could still command in that maddening way women did when they want something done.

Aegon had already heard about how she had dismissed a few suitors, and without any rivals, he knew that he would have a chance to win her affections.

It wasn’t until he met the bastard blacksmith that he realised that he was wrong.

Perhaps it was his pride that was hurt that she would rather spend time with the smith called Gendry Waters, but there was a feeling of contempt every time the bastard made her laugh. She would call him stupid, and he would call her m’lady. It was almost as if they were sharing a secret every time those words were uttered.

His Aunt didn’t object when he told her of his plan to wed Arya Stark, and this time, their houses would be joined to strengthen both Houses, and in turn, merge the North and South. He didn’t
expect his own brother to trash that plan.

As Aegon walked closer to his destination, the feeling of anger mixed with jealousy continued to boil within him as he recalled the events last night as the Starks celebrated Arya’s betrothal to Gendry Baratheon.

She was betrothed to a Baratheon.

A fucking Baratheon.

It was already a bitter pill to swallow, to acknowledge that they needed the Baratheons to win the war after what happened years ago.

The Baratheons might have bended their knees, but Aegon could never forgive, nor could his Aunt. But for the future of Westeros, the remaining Baratheons were pardoned for their act of treachery against the Targaryens. An act of mercy and forgiveness, Jorah had explained. Let the people see that the Targaryens are neither greedy nor bloodthirsty, show the people that you can bring peace within the lands. It was a political move, one that the Dragon Queen had been very reluctant to make, but had to out of necessity.

As Aegon walked in the solar, his hands clenched as he watched his so-called brother eye him warily.

“Are you going to demand that her betrothal to that bastard not go ahead?”

Jon rolled one of the maps scattered on the desk as he sighed. “Gendry is no longer a bastard, Lord Baratheon legitimized him.”

“So you would allow it then?” Aegon asked as he walked closer, hands still clenched in anger. “You will give her to a Baratheon but not to me?”

“If you recall correctly, I said that Arya will not be betrothed unless she gives her consent.”

“I am supposed to be your brother! We share the same blood…”

“And you think that I would owe you that? Arya and I share the same blood too. All I did was give her a choice, Aegon. I did not give her to a Baratheon. If she chooses Gendry…”

“He may be a legitimized bastard but he won’t have anything to offer her! Storm’s End belongs to another one of Robert’s legitimized bastards!”

“You are upset because you think she is choosing someone who can’t provide for her?”

When Aegon didn’t answer, Jon walked towards the window. He looked at Aegon and beckoned him over. The future King of Westeros looked outside and his eyes narrowed as he watched Arya and Gendry as they sat outside the forge with a boy whose name he can’t recall.

“The first gift Gendry made for Arya was a puzzle box he made out of scraps of steel he found at the forge. It was well made, though I doubt it will catch a high price in the markets, but Arya still treasures that puzzle box because she knew how hard Gendry worked to make it for her.”

They both watched as Arya laughed while the boy gave Gendry a mock bow before handing what looked like a loaf of bread.

even any of the other noble women who would be more than happy to be your Queen?”

“Arya is different. She looks at me, and she sees me. She doesn’t see the crown or the dragons.”

Jon nodded. “When everyone else saw me as a bastard, she saw me as her brother. That is how she is. That boy having lunch with them, his name is Hot Pie. She met him when he tried to bully her many years ago. He didn’t know she was the Lord’s daughter of course. She beat him up, but still offered him her friendship after that. She sees people for what they are, not their blood or their titles. If she chooses you over Gendry because of what you can provide that he could not, then she wouldn’t be Arya.”

Aegon unclenched his fists, unwilling to concede. Was this fate’s way of mocking him? The very trait he fell in love with was the same reason she would choose another man over him?

“Does he love her?” Aegon asked instead as he turned away from the window.

Jon nodded as he turned away from the window and leaned against it before he responded. “When I first noticed the closeness between Arya and Gendry, I was worried. It didn’t matter that he was a bastard or a blacksmith, Gendry was a man who was spending time with my little sister. I made sure Ghost was always watching them, what Ghost sees, I see.”

Aegon just looked at Jon. He knew about the ability of his brother to warg with his direwolf.

“I saw a man who cared for my sister deeply, who kept his distance because he knew he would never have been accepted as a suitor for Arya. He never took advantage of her; he protected her in his own way. He tells her when she is wrong, and he won’t apologise to her just to make her feel better. He doesn’t let her do as she pleases if he sees that it’s not safe. He respects her opinion, he listens to her…” Jon paused before he continued. “And Arya… she has given her heart to Gendry long before you came, Aegon. I’m sorry.”

Aegon just nodded as he faced his brother. He had seen the way Arya and Gendry looked at each other. He still refused to accept the truth, but he had seen enough battles to know when he has lost.

“I need to rest. Will I see you this afternoon before we speak with Aunt Daenerys? We still have to finalise the treaty with The Wildings.”

Jon just nodded his head and Aegon turned and walked away from his brother. He made his way to the cold corridors of Winterfell and made his way towards his room. He paused in his steps as he looked out of the many windows along the halls and watched as Arya and Gendry sat side by side, the boy called Hot Pie already gone.

For the briefest of moment, he understood why his father acted the way he did. To watch the woman you have fallen in love with be betrothed to someone else. It was almost as if there was something in his chest that was caged that screamed to be released. He looked away when he saw the blacksmith intertwine his hands with Arya.

He could never resent Arya for not choosing him, but Aegon cannot stop the feeling of resentment and jealousy against Gendry. Not for being a Baratheon, but for being the man that Arya chose to give her heart to.

End Chapter

Chapter End Notes
- Face could launch a thousand ships: A line from one of my favorite songs by Bread, ‘If’
- I just realised when I wrote this… Part VI for Aegon VI. It was not intentional, but I found it cool, anyway :)
- I have no other plans for other character POV other than Gendry, so the 7th one might be the last. There will be a separate one shots, centered on Jon and how he spoke up for Arya as mentioned in one of the chapters. The other one-shot will be Jon and Arya, as mentioned in the previous chapter in which Arya makes a bully eat mud for being rude to Jon.

Thanks to all your comments, kudos and bookmarks!
Chapter Summary

Arya was never impressed with titles. Bastards on the other hand, Arya seemed to have a soft spot for.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Green Eyed Monster
Standard Disclaimers Apply

VII: Gendry

He was drowning.

That was one word that Gendry would describe what he felt at the moment. Tension coiled in his body while he glared at Edric Storm as he danced with Arya. Edric was the only bastard that Robert had claimed; He heard of the gifts Robert sent, how Storm’s End will belong to Edric, but Gendry never cared about any of that. It didn’t matter to him that Edric lived a life of luxury while Gendry had to fight to survive when he was growing up.

But the sight of Arya with a smile as she danced with Edric made everything he ate taste bitter.

It was almost a week since he found out he was Robert Baratheon’s bastard, and Stannis legitimised him on the spot. He could remember that very moment Stannis said the words. He could hear Stannis declare him as a Baratheon, but all he could think of was Arya. He vaguely understood that he was not going to inherit Storm’s End, but he was going to be adequately compensated. The words didn’t really register in his mind because all he could think of was that he was now a lord, and a glimmer of hope began to shine in his heart.

The same glimmer of hope slowly died the very next day when Edric Storm arrived.

Unable to watch Arya dance with another man, he politely excused himself and made his way back to the forge. Gendry walked as fast as his feet could carry him, and it was not until he reached the forge that he allowed himself to relax. He took his tunic off and carefully hanged it in a place where he hoped it would not get dirty. He needed to think, and having a hammer in his hand, with the heat of the forge and the sound of steel singing always cleared his mind.

As he began to work, his thoughts drifted back to Arya. He knew that there were many lords who have shown interest in her, and the future king was no exception. He wasn’t worried; Arya was never impressed with titles. Bastards on the other hand, Arya seemed to have a soft spot for.

He pounded the steel harder when he remembered how Edric made Arya laugh, and the feeling of irritation crept up his entire body as he remembered his half-brother walk with Arya. There was an ugly sensation that weighed him down; it was a feeling that Gendry could not shake off.

Gendry let out his frustration on the steel before him. All his life, he grew up with nothing, and he was content with that. He was a good smith, he knew he could live a good life and that was enough
for him until he met Arya. He could be the very best smith in all of Westeros, but he would never be
good enough for a lady, no matter how much Arya doesn’t want to be referred to as such. He had
one night of hope when he was legitimised, he finally felt he could be worthy of Arya, until Edric
arrived the next day. And just like that, the hope that flickered within him was extinguished as
quickly as it sprung.

He wiped the sweat of his forehead with a cloth before he continued to work the steel. Arya liked
Edric, he could tell. She would walk with him around Winterfell without having to be forced to. She
never deliberately did anything to annoy Edric like she did with Aegon. He was absolutely certain
no one would protest if Arya announced that she would like to marry Edric.

The bitterness of jealousy had coiled all over his body as it dragged him further down to drown.

“What are you doing out here, my lord?” Arya’s voice teased him and he looked up in surprise as
she walked inside.

“I needed to think.” Gendry replied curtly. “What about you? Shouldn’t you be back inside?”

“Bored.” Arya replied simply as she sat on wood block. “Edric’s actually hoping you would come to
visit him in Storm’s End so he can show you around. He feels bad about the whole thing, like he’s
taking something away from you.”

“Does he?” Gendry asked, completely unaware of how icy his voice sounded.

Arya snorted as she looked at him. “What’s with the tone? Edric’s been trying to talk to you.”

“He seemed just fine talking to you.”

“That’s because you kept avoiding him, you stupid bull! All we do is talk about is you and
Mya.”

Gendry stopped mid-strike as he looked at her. “What?”

“He wants to know about you, he’s already met your older sister, Mya. He said she’s nice; you’d like
her I think. There are only three of you now after… you know.”

Arya didn’t have to say it. He didn’t even know how many of Robert’s bastard children were killed
under the orders of the former Queen Cersei. “You should talk to him before they leave.”

Gendry just nodded as he continued with his work. “So what else did you and Edric talk about?”

When Arya didn’t respond, he looked at her and watched warily as she grinned before she stood up.
There was a glint in her eyes that he had never seen before.

“Is that why you’ve been acting stupid? You think that I’m spending too much time with Edric?”

Gendry’s jaw clenched as he put the hammer down. It was no use to avoid the conversation. “You
seem to favour bastards.”

“Renley wasn’t exactly subtle in pushing Edric in my direction, he feels awful about it, and you
would have known that if you were actually around instead of sulking.”

Gendry opened his mouth to protest, but Arya beat him to it.

“Don’t lie, you’re always in a corner with that growl, even Nymeria was worried.”
“I don’t growl.”

Arya smirked as she walked closer to him. “He knew that out of anyone here in Winterfell, I was the one who knows you best. He just wants to know more about you.”

Gendry could only nod, as he began to notice just exactly how close they were. She was beautiful. Everything about her was beautiful. Her hair, her face, her heart, body and soul was just beautiful, and he could feel himself getting intoxicated with her scent.

“Arya…”

“Jon has given me the freedom to choose.” Her voice was soft but sure, even if her eyes looked at him with nervousness he had never seen in Arya before. “I would choose you. Lord or not, I would choose you.”

Arya raised her head and he lowered his to give her a gentle kiss. Her lips were soft, and his hands moved to her waist to pull her closer to him as he deepened the kiss. His tongue swept inside her mouth, the jealousy that dragged him down slowly began to uncoil from his body as Arya returned his kiss with the same fervour. For the first time since Edric arrived, the feeling that weighed him down began to disappear, and Gendry began to feel like he could fly.

Her hands wrapped around his waist and his own hands tangled through her hair. The sigh she made distracted him as he pulled away. “Anyone could walk in…”

“Let them.” Arya replied before she stood on the tip of her toes to kiss him again. Gendry couldn’t have pulled away even if he wanted to as he lifted her up. With each second that passed, Gendry realised that he never really had any reason to be jealous of Edric after all.

Chapter End Notes

Green Eyed Monster is DONE! This is the third version of this chapter. I posted the earlier versions, but I kept deleting them because it didn’t feel right. I also ended up having to edit Aegon’s chapter.

The events in this chapter happens BEFORE Aegon’s, but it just seemed fitting to end it this way. There will be separate one-shots as previously mentioned! Including why Gendry doesn’t get Storm’s End, and the reason that he was legitimized.

Once again, thank you for all your comments and kudos! I hope you enjoyed this as much as I have. This is my first GoT fanfic and I’m so happy to finish this!

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