Davos takes his youngest sons and Shireen trick or treating. No one understands why little Stannis is dressed as Renly, but it's cute.

“Come on, boys, let’s get going,” Davos Seaworth said, trying to corral his youngest sons out the door. It was a crisp Halloween night, and they were all itching to go. Devan fiddled with his Batman mask while Steffon, dressed as Smee, fixed his eyepatch. Davos himself was dressed as Captain Hook, with a fake hook covering his shortened hand. Steffon tugged on his father’s puffy sleeve and looked up at him.

“What is it, Stef?”

“Stannis is still in his room.”

Davos sighed and called to his son. “Stannis! Your brothers and I are ready to go! And we still have to pick up Shireen.”

A beat later, Stannis walked downstairs with a spring in his step, dressed in a business suit fit for a ten-year-old. “I’m ready, Dad. I’m Uncle Renly!” Marya and Davos had tried to change their son’s mind. ‘No one will recognize your costume,’ they’d said but Stannis was insistent on dressing as Renly for Halloween. He idolized him like no one else, much to the chagrin of his namesake and Renly’s older brother Stannis Baratheon. Eldest Baratheon Robert thought it was hilarious when he heard, laughing so hard he choked on his beer. After that, Davos gave up.

“I know,” Davos smiled, ruffling Stannis’s hair. “He’ll love that. Let’s take a couple pictures so he can see you tomorrow.”

Marya grabbed her husband’s phone, gesturing for her boys to get in a group. “Everybody say
cheese.”

“Cheese,” came a chorus of four voices.

Marya took a couple photos and previewed them. “Beautiful” was her assessment. “Good night, loves,” Marya said. She kissed Davos on the cheek and watched the four of them make their way down the driveway before closing the door behind them.

The boys were already running down the sidewalk to get to the Baratheons’ house, Davos chasing after them. “Hold hands, you three! And wait for me!” After half a block, he caught up with them, grabbing Stannis and Steffon’s hands. Devan slowed to a walk when he heard his father’s footsteps behind him. The boys kept their energy up by talking about all the candy they hoped they’d get and who would trade what for what. Their pillowcases were empty and dragging on the ground, ready to be filled with sweet treats.

A few more blocks of excited chatter passed and the Baratheons’ house came into view. Davos’s friend Stannis never took his daughter trick or treating. He was a dour man who didn’t see the point of dressing up and begging for candy when they could afford to buy their own. A few years ago, he allowed Davos to take Shireen trick or treating with his sons as long as she got home at a reasonable hour.

Devan raced ahead of his father and brothers and rang the doorbell. The sooner they got trick or treating, the better. A little stirring behind the frosted glass door and it opened to a smiling ten-year-old girl dressed as Princess Elsa.

Shireen Baratheon said her greetings to Davos’s sons then looked up. “Davos!” Shireen ran to hug him, her skirts rustling as she moved. She clung to him for a moment, happy as ever. She turned back to Stannis, standing in the doorway, “See you later, Dad!”

Davos chuckled, “Well hello there, Princess. You look pretty.”

“Why thank you, Davos—I mean Captain Hook arrgh!”

He laughed at her pirate arrgh then turned to her father, giving Stannis a brief hello.

“Have her back early, Davos,” he said. “It’s a school night.”

“Of course. I’ll make sure she doesn’t eat all her candy either.”

“Thank you. I appreciate it.” To Shireen he added, “Don’t give Davos any trouble.”

“I won’t, Dad.”

“Good night, all,” Stannis said, watching them walk down the street and closing the door.

Davos let Shireen and Devan walk in front of him, keeping his eyes on them, while he held Stannis and Steffon’s hands. Steffon began to whine, “Daddy, I want candy!”

“We’re gonna get some. Look,” Davos stopped and pointed up at the house next door. Stannis followed Devan and Shireen up the walkway, waiting impatiently for Steffon. “We’re right here. Go ring the bell.”

Steffon ran, pushing past his brothers and Shireen to ring the doorbell. The door opened and the children rang out with a “trick or treat!” in unison.
“Oh how precious,” said the woman at the door in a cool voice. She was dressed all in red with a garnet necklace around her neck. She reached into a red bowl, dropping some candy into each child’s pillowcase.

“What do you say, kids?” Davos asked.

“Thank you!” they said together, running back down her walkway to get to the next house.

Davos nodded to Melisandre as he turned towards the next house, hands holding his youngest sons’ hands.

The next few houses gave out candy to a swirl of children. Devan and Shireen stopped in front of one house for fifteen minutes talking to their friend Edric until the younger boys whined at them to stop. At house after house, no one knew who Stannis was supposed to be. When the boy explained that he was “uncle Renly,” as if he was describing who Superman was, most people smiled and nodded politely, not wanting to dampen his spirits. It wasn’t until they knocked on the front door of the Lannister mansion did anyone recognize his costume.

Cersei Lannister opened the door with a scowl, giving out candy to trick or treaters. “Charming children,” she told Davos.

“Thanks.”

“And who are you, darling?” she trilled to Stannis.

He puffed out his chest and said, “I’m Uncle Renly.”

Cersei’s face turned into a frown. “Oh how…lovely. I’m sure he loves that.”

“That’s what daddy said.”

“Did he now?” she asked as she handed out full-sized candy bars to the kids.

Davos smiled by way of an affirmative answer.

“I see.”

They parted company and continued trick or treating. There was a tiff between Steffon and Stannis over who got more candy at one house. Davos had to separate them, leaving Shireen to hold tight to Steffon’s hand.

The last house they got to was Renly’s. He opened the door to the four children, laughing good-naturedly at the sight of them in costume. Renly complimented, hugged, and gave each of them some candy.

“And who are you supposed to be?” he asked Stannis.

“You! I’m you, Uncle Renly!” He threw his arms around Renly’s legs, beaming from ear to ear.

“Are you now?” Renly smiled. Through chuckles he shouted, “Loras! Loras, come here. One of Davos’s sons dressed as me for Halloween.”

Footsteps grew louder until Loras Tyrell came into view. He took one look at Stannis clinging to Renly and laughed himself. “Is this the one who’s obsessed with you?”

“Yeah.”
“Davos,” Loras looked to Davos. “How did he come up with this?”

He shrugged. “He said that Renly wears suits to work so he wanted to wear a suit. He insisted. Couldn’t say no.”

“That’s hilarious. I have to put this on my snapchat story.” Loras took a picture of Renly, his arm around Stannis dressed as Renly. When they finished, Renly gave them more candy and bid them a happy Halloween.

Once they were out of earshot, Stannis shouted, “Yes! It worked!”

Davos turned his head to his son. “What do you mean?”

“I knew he’d give me more candy if I dressed as him. It totally worked.” To Shireen he added, “Did you see him? He gave us more candy.”

“Is that why you dressed as him?” Devan asked.

“Kind of. I love uncle Renly but I wanted to be Poe from Star Wars.” He wrinkled his nose, “his costume was too much effort though.”

Davos shook his head, laughing. “Oh Stannis, my little trickster. I think Uncle Renly would appreciate your reasoning.”

Davos and the kids walked back to Shireen’s house, enthusiastically extolling all the candy they got that night, trading with each other for their favorites. They knocked on Stannis’s door, which he opened a moment later.

“Prompt as usual, Davos,” he approved. “How was your trick or treating?” he asked Shireen.

“It was the best Halloween ever!”

“You say that every year,” he said dismissively.

“I mean it this time. This was. The. Best.”

The last thing Davos heard before they parted ways was “the best.” With his sons, he made his way back to their house.

Marya was sitting on the couch, waiting for the four of them. “Happy Halloween, my favorite boys! You know the drill. Put your candy on the kitchen table and you can have one more piece after I look it over.”

They grumbled but acquiesced all the same. Sounds of haggling and candy wrappers could be heard from the kitchen.

Marya turned to Davos, giving him a peck on the lips. “How were the kids?”

“Oh you know the usual, excited and full of sugar.”

Marya smirked. “Should we go in there and borrow some of their candy?”

“I don’t see why not.”
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