

A Song of Pricks and Hassles

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9522731) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9522731>.

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warnings: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Fandoms: | Game of Thrones (TV) , A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin , A Song of Ice and Fire & Related Fandoms , Catfish: The TV Show |
| Relationships: | Jon Snow/Daenerys Targaryen , Khal Drogo/Daenerys Targaryen , Gilly (ASoIaF)/Samwell Tarly , Jorah Mormont/Daenerys Targaryen , Jorah mormont/jaquen hagar |
| Characters: | Stannis Baratheon , Davos Seaworth , Jon Snow , Daenerys Targaryen , Balon Greyjoy , Robb Stark , Catelyn Tully Stark , Jeyne Westerling , Oberyn Martell , Doran Martell , Barristan Selmy , Jaime Lannister , Khal Drogo , Rhaego , Samwell Tarly , Jorah Mormont , Nev Schulman , Max Joseph , Tyrion Lannister |
| Additional Tags: | Stannis owns a small SUV , Stannis is petty and vindictive , Stannis Baratheon is the only man alive who likes hazelnut coffee , Stannis lives in Phoenix , Humor , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Jappy , Daenerys , Jonerys , Barristan and Oberyn almost fight at a strip mall , Rhaego does not appreciate the solemnity of the 9/11 Memorial , Kleptomania , Jorah is gullible as shit and does not understand the internet , Jorah has too much porn on his phone , Dany briefly considers pimping out Jon in prison , balls in face |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2017-01-30 Completed: 2017-05-05 Words: 9,138 Chapters: 8/8 |

A Song of Pricks and Hassles

by [DanyKinkFic](#)

Summary

Game of Thrones/ASOIAF characters enduring mundane modern bullshit.

Stannis Disputes a Credit Card Charge

Chapter Summary

Stannis is bitter, but revenge is sweet.

“I want to speak to a supervisor!” Stannis Baratheon bellowed from the kitchen.

He did not, in fact, need to speak to a supervisor, but was told once that he would get better service if he demanded one immediately. “I don't know my reference number...I *have* one, but I don't remember it, it was too many digits...”

That was an objective fact, but Davos was enjoying his reclining sectional couch and his Landshark and his rerun of *The World Series of Poker*, and he wished his liege had chosen to do this on the patio instead.

“Anyone who says they write those down is a liar, myself included....Fine. S-T-A-N-N-I-S. Last name is Baratheon. B-A-R-A-T-H-E-O-N. ...No, no, B--No. B-A-R...Yes, B like boy. B-A-R, A-T-H, E-O-N.” He put his phone on speaker and set it down on the kitchen counter.

“And how can I provide you with excellent customer service today, Mr. Parthenon?” Asked a man who seemed rather indifferent on the matter.

Stannis sighed. “I'm disputing a charge from two statements ago. \$3.27 at Caribou Coffee in the Paradise Valley Mall in Phoenix. They were out of hazelnut syrup and wouldn't give me a refund.”

“I see, I'm sorry to hear about that, Mr. Parthenon. How can I help you resolve this issue today?”

“I got a message that you need documentation. I finally found the receipt in my cupholder. What's your fax number?” It was well known that Stannis preferred faxing to all other methods of communication.

“Okay, for that, I'm going to have to transfer you to the fraud department.”

He put his hands on his forehead and rested his elbows on the counter. “But it's not fraud, I just--”

“One moment, sir.” Stannis groaned and moved next to Davos on the couch, playing with a miniature cactus on the Westeros-shaped coffee table while he waited. *Does he have to sit right there?*

“DID YOU KNOW THAT WITH A BANK OF AMERICA PLATINUM REWARDS VISA CARD,” an excited woman enquired, as Davos rolled his eyes and muted the TV in resignation, *“YOU CAN GET THREE PERCENT CASH BACK ON--”*

“Hello, sir, this is Guillermo with the fraud department, and who do I have the pleasure of speaking with today?” *That was the wrong way to start a conversation with Stannis Baratheon.*

“With whom.”

Guillermo was no better at spelling names than he was at grammar. “And for security purposes, Mr. Bear Marathon, can you please give me the six-digit PIN code you set up when you opened this account?”

“Can I give you the last four of my Social?”

“I’m afraid not, sir, I’ll need the PIN code.”

“I don’t remember the damn PIN code.”

“Understood, sir, please stay calm while I help you. As an alternative, can you provide your mother’s maiden name?”

“Estermont. E-S-T...”

Mercifully, he didn’t have to spell the whole thing.

After recounting his story again, Stannis was informed that because he failed to provide the relevant documentation within thirty days of their request, his dispute was closed. Guillermo received not so much as a goodbye.

Furious, Stannis fished around in his cargo pocket. “Smuggler! Go to the mall!” *Damnit, I’m halfway through my second beer.* He flung the keys to his 2005 Ford Escape right into the Onion Lord’s balls. “Get all their Splenda.”

Jon Snow Returns a Cable Box

Chapter Summary

Jon is reminded that he's only a halfie.

“Hold on,” Jon grunted furiously as he extricated the cable box from its canvas Trader Joe’s tote bag.

He knelt on the floor of the Time Warner Cable office on 23rd Street, while the customer service rep tapped her fingers on the counter impatiently. Accessories came first; a short power cord, the remote, a longer power cord with some big black square thing in the middle of it, and a coaxial cable that he wasn't sure he had to return but brought along just to be safe. The rep grabbed each one like it was a bag of dog shit, and threw it into a cardboard box behind her.

“I'm returning this,” he said as his head popped back up above the counter, only then realizing how obvious that was.

The customer service rep tried and failed to scan the barcode on the underside of the box. “What's the name on the account?” She asked, as if it were his fault.

“Last name is T-A-R-G-A-R-Y-E-N, first name is D-A-E-N-E-R-Y-S.”

The Unburnt had recently proclaimed that paying for cable was a waste of money and canceled it, keeping only the internet service. “We watch everything on Netflix anyway,” she’d explained.

“I watch the Mets,” Jon reminded her.

“Yeah, but you know what I mean.” He knew precisely what she meant.

The sales rep eyed him suspiciously. “You ain’t no Duh-nay-russ.”

No shit. “No, but I should be on there too.”

“Not the primary.”

“No, but she gave me a login thing so I could pay the bill.”

“Yeah but’chu can’t bring a box back. Only the primary account holder.”

He knew it was a mistake to do this before work. “Why?”

“Liability.”

“But I'm returning your own property to you, what does that even mean?!”

“Liability!” She shoved the box back into his chest.

“I'd like to speak to a supervisor.”

Jon could tell the man who came over was the supervisor because he was the only one with his polo shirt tucked in. And like a good supervisor, he gave Jon the same bullshit line: only Dany could hand them the thing that was sitting on their counter right now, because Liability.

“Just call her up and tell her to come down here,” He so helpfully suggested.

“I can't. She's in Israel.”

As a Reform Jew under 27, Dany was entitled to a free week-long trip to Israel to learn about her heritage. Jon's primary concern was that her heritage involved being drunk at the beach and surrounded by IDF soldiers who spent their nights seducing idiots from Manhattan like her.

“Do you want me to call her?” Jon offered.

“If you want.”

Not really. He dialed anyway.

“Shut up. Shut *up*! It's my boyfriend!” *Great way to answer the phone.* “Hi, honey!”

“Babe. Listen, I'm at--”

“Oh my god I miss you so much, it's *beautiful* here.”

“Great. Listen--”

“The people are all so nice and everything is so historic and I'm learning *so much* about where I come from!” *You're learning about the Upper West Side?* “When I get back, I really want to get more in touch with my roots.” *Please don't get in touch with your roots. It's exhausting when you do shit like that.* “I want you to come to temple with me. Maybe you can get bar mitzvah'ed. That would mean a lot to me.” *Are you out of your goddamn mind?* But he would have to fight that battle later.

“I'm at the cable place!” He finally managed to squeeze in. “They need to talk to you. You're the primary account holder.”

“Why?!”

“I don't know, something about liability.”

“Did you tell them you're on the account too?”

“Yes.”

“Did you say I'm in Israel?”

“Yes!”

“Did you speak to a supervisor?”

“Jesus, yes! Believe it or not, Dany, I know how to talk to people.”

Dany sighed. “Put him on the phone.”

Jon rolled his eyes and handed the phone over. *Do not go gentle into that good night*, he warned the poor schmuck.

The supervisor took the phone. “Good morning ma'am, I'm sorry, but--oh. I'm not authorized to--well, yes, that's true. Alright.” He motioned to the rep to print a receipt and be done with it. “Yes, ma'am, I'm sorry for the trouble. I never intended to--yes. No. I apologize. Can I offer you a credit for your next month of internet service? Okay, I'll make sure to note that on your account. Thank you. Sorry again.” He handed the phone back to Jon.

How the fuck does she do that? “What did you say?”

“I'm purposely not telling you. Did you walk Drogon?” *Yes, dear, I walked your terrible chihuahua that you named after your ex.*

“Yes,” he answered, as he left the cable office, taking subtle pleasure in throwing her canvas bag in the garbage on his way out.

“Did he poop?”

Goddamnit. “...No.”

“Jon! You *know* how he gets! Go home and walk him again until he does.”

“I'm late for work, he can poop tonight,” he protested.

“Do you know how much it costs to steam a carpet?”

Given that the lattes he made cost more than his post-tax hourly wage, he assumed he couldn't afford it. “Alright, alright, I'll walk him again.”

“Text me a picture of it.”

Oh, come on. “You don't trust me with dog shit?”

She laughed. “No. I don't.”

I won't fucking get to poop until tonight, why should I take a fucking half hour out of my fucking day for her fucking dog to do it? Jon cursed under his breath as he hustled back

toward their apartment, until he spotted a woman standing while her miniature poodle squatted by a No Parking sign. When it finished, she bent down to pick it up.

Go. Do it, you sick fuck. “Wait! Wait! Miss!” He bounded over to her and snapped a picture of the fresh pile of shit, smiling at her so he wouldn’t look like a nut. That only made him look like an even bigger nut, so he ran away. He waited until a believable amount of time had passed before texting it to her.

“Why isn't Drogon in the pic?” she texted back immediately.

Get on the subway and pretend you didn't see that. He did, and emerged to find another text with a link to the Yelp listing for an “organic” carpet cleaning company in the West Village. Jon knew nothing about carpet cleaning, and wondered how steam could be anything but organic. He opened the link and laughed like a crazy person when he saw the prices. *Fuck that shit, I can do what I want. Do you hear me, Dany? Fuck that shit!*

He was around the corner from work when the next one came. “No cheap stuff. I can smell the chemicals.” Azor Ahai turned his Reborn ass around and got back on the subway.

Balon Greyjoy Takes Issue With Robb Stark's Wedding Registry

Chapter Summary

What is broke may never buy.

Balon Greyjoy scrolled through Robb Stark's registry, slack-jawed. *Stuck-up little shit.* And with that, he composed the email.

Dear Lady Stark,

Congratulations on your son's engagement.

He paused, and replaced the period with an exclamation point.

Congratulations on your son's engagement!

The exclamation point makes it seem sincere.

I'm sure this is a joyous time for you and your family, and I wish you all nothing but the best.

Fuck you.

In the spirit of ensuring that Robb and Jeyne's wedding is full of nothing but fond memories, I would like to give you a word of advice on his registry. I noticed that the only stores where he registered are Sur la Table and Crate & Barrel, and that the least expensive item on either list is a \$250 espresso machine.

That's what I spend on coffee in a year.

While I appreciate that you want nothing but the best for your son, I must express my concern that not all of your guests may be able to afford to purchase something from amongst these options. I am currently employed part-time as a substitute gym teacher at a Catholic school in a parish where many of our congregants receive public assistance to get by.

That wasn't entirely true, but in Balon's experience, guilt was a great way to stick it to people like Catelyn Stark.

As such, my salary allows me to make ends meet, but does not leave me with the disposable income to make such large purchases without sacrifices. Since my invitation did not include a guest...

...Because you've got no problem being cheap with your own fucking money...

...I am unable to split the cost of a gift with my significant other. I'm sure Robb and Jeyne did not intend to make any of us feel inferior...

...Bullshit, Jeyne knows exactly what she's doing...

...but by not providing options for a wider range of budgets, they may inadvertently create the impression that the only guests truly welcome at the wedding celebration are those who afford to casually purchase high-end goods from upscale stores without feeling a significant impact on their finances.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could speak to your son and your future daughter-in-law about adding some items from other stores. In general, I find that Bed Bath & Beyond offers many products of the same or similar quality for about half the price.

Balon was of the firm belief that the whole concept of threadcount was a scam.

K-Mart also allows wedding guests to pay for registry items on layaway, which is a great way to help those of us on a budget get something they could not otherwise afford without racking up a credit card balance.

His Discover card was maxed out and 60 days overdue, which made him hate himself for a minute, but he still took a sick joy in suggesting that Robb Stark and Jeyne Westerling were not, in fact, too good for K-Mart.

If those stores don't have any items that the happy couple would like, Amazon sells almost anything, and gives buyers the option to purchase gently used pre-owned merchandise from verified third-party vendors.

He realized he might as well attach a dick pic at this point, but he really didn't care. It was the principle of the matter.

Again, I sincerely wish you, Robb, and Jeyne nothing but the best. I look forward to seeing you at the wedding!

Regards,

BG

Five minutes later came the response.

Balon--

I'm sorry to hear about your troubles. Please feel free to send cash in lieu of a gift.

Cat

Catelyn Stark

Licensed Real Estate Agent

651-776-9035

<http://coldwellbanker.com/agents/catelyn-stark-55410>

Sent from my iPhone. Please excuse any typos.

Please consider the environment before printing this email.

“Bitch,” he muttered under his breath and texted his son.

Do what you want, I don’t give a shit anymore.

The Martells Can't Get a Handicapped Spot

Chapter Summary

In Dorne, the abuse of the Americans with Disabilities Act is considered distasteful.

The Red Viper spotted a Mercury Cougar with a yellow "Support Our Troops" magnet parked in the only handicapped spot near the Hunan Dynasty Buffet.

"Look at this," Doran complained from the back of their Chevy Astro van. "We're gonna miss the early bird special."

"Fuck this guy," Oberyne concurred.

But this was not Oberyne's first rodeo. He threw the van into park, blocking the Cougar's way out, and took a picture of the license plate. As he stood at the back door of the van waiting for the hydraulic lift to set his older brother's wheelchair down on the ground, Barristan Selmy strolled out of the restaurant, chewing on a toothpick.

Selmy stopped in his tracks and shot daggers at Oberyne, but took great care not to look Doran in the eye.

"Is this you?!" Oberyne demanded. *Of course it is. I know your type.*

"Yeah, it's me, what the fuck are you doing, move!" Barristan shot back.

"I'm putting my brother right into oncoming traffic, that's what I'm doing!"

"Go to the back of the lot, then! Or wait your turn!"

Arrogant prick. "You wait your turn! You're not even handicapped!"

"*I have fibromyalgia!*" Barristan shouted, but the slight weakness in his voice betrayed that he knew his condition was widely regarded as bullshit.

"Fibromyalgia," Oberyne repeated derisively, in his Dornish lilt.

"Yes, fibromyalgia! It's a recognized medical condition!"

He's probably hooked on Oxycontin, like his best friend Rush Limbaugh. "Fuck your fibromyalgia! People like you are abusing the system! I'm reporting you to the DMV!"

"Go ahead, report me! State law says I can park here! You're probably not even supposed to be in this country!"

That's it. "I was born here, old man!" He walked over and shoved Barristan in the chest.

The former Kingsguard fell back a step, then raised his fist and cocked it back like he was ready to swing. "Oh, big man, hitting a senior citizen!"

Oberyn laughed. "Punch me, let's see how disabled you are. Go on, punch me!"

Doran threw his chair into reverse to get off the lift, then wheeled at full speed onto the strip mall sidewalk to break up the fight, inserting himself between the two of them and waving his hands. "Whoa, whoa whoa, calm down!"

"Stay out of this!" Barristan growled. *Don't tell my brother what to do, shitbag.*

The *woop* of a police siren stopped them from escalating the threats any further. All three of them stopped and looked as the cop pulled up behind Oberyn's van and got out of his car; one hand on his radio and the other on his gun. "*Hey!* What's going on here?!"

"He's not even handicapped!" Oberyn pointed an accusatory finger at Barristan, then motioned toward Doran. "My brother can't walk, look at him!"

The cop looked at Barristan. "Are you authorized to park here, sir?"

"Yes! I have the tag on my mirror!" He pointed.

"I bet you stole that from somewhere." Oberyn's face was red.

"Hey, hey, hey. Sir." The cop stepped toward him. "I'm going to need you to calm down."

Oberyn stepped back and took a deep breath. *Don't violate your probation, it's not worth it.* It was times like this that he really regretted trying to lift that men's Gucci bag. "Fine. Fine. I'm sorry."

"I was on my way out. He's blocking my way," Barristan explained.

The cop looked back at Oberyn's van. "Alright, listen." He turned to Doran. "You've got everything you need, sir?"

"I just want some fried rice," the Prince of Sunspear joked, in a failed attempt to defuse the situation.

"I'm a veteran!" Barristan made sure to inform the officer, in case he was thinking of citing them for anything.

"So am I! Two tours in Iraq!" That was bullshit. Oberyn did a stint in the Air National Guard, but never left Fort Dix, New Jersey. But he would not be one-upped by a man who scammed his way into a handicapped tag.

The cop turned back to Oberyn. "Sir, just move the van and let this gentleman be on his way, alright?"

Oberyn sighed loudly as Barristan gave him a shit-eating grin. He got back into his van and made an obnoxiously fast lap around the parking lot before positioning himself to take the spot as soon as Barristan left.

The elderly knight and the cop drove off, but before Oberyn could even put the van in gear, a BMW convertible weaved around him and screeched to a halt in the spot.

Oh, you mother fucker. Oberyn rolled down the window and stuck his head out. “Hey!”

Jaime Lannister got out of his car, looked Oberyn dead in the eye, and took off his right hand. “What! Asshole...”

Rhaego is a Little Shit

Chapter Summary

Somebody woke the Dragon, and it was about fucking time.

Drogo didn't see where the rubber duckie came from. All he knew was that it went from his son's hand straight into the reflecting pool at the 9/11 Memorial before he could open his mouth to stop it.

"HAAAAAAAAAH!!!" The Stallion Who Mounts The World clapped like a maniac and shrieked with glee.

"Rhaego!" Dany barked, frantically checking the stroller to make sure the rest of the choking hazards were accounted for.

Everyone around them was staring. "He looks Middle Eastern," whispered some lady with a southern accent.

Cunt. "Buddy!" Drogo picked him up and turned him away from the pool. "That's not how we behave in here, okay?" *Maybe now she'll finally let me slap the shit out of this kid.*

"Sorry, this is usually nap time for him," Dany explained to the security guard, laughing weakly.

The Moon of his Life had warned him of a history of mental illness in her family, but she never said anything about a history of kids being dicks just for the hell of it, which had been the essence of Rhaego's entire personality since he turned two.

In accordance with her wishes, he restrained his overwhelming desire to apply the belt-to-ass method of parenting that his family used on him. But his patience was wearing thin.

"No!" Dany refused him yet again when they got home that night. "Do you want to teach him that hitting people is an acceptable way to solve problems?!"

"Sometimes it is, Dany! He might need to throw a punch in his life!"

"DADDY DADDY DADDY!!!" Rhaego bounded into the room, a full two hours after they'd put him to bed. He proceeded to rip his diaper off like the finest male stripper money could buy, toss it aside, and stand there cackling to himself while a quantity of shit that Drogo didn't realize a human being could produce came tumbling down his leg onto the carpet.

"Rhaego, that's something we only do in the potty," Dany reminded him patiently as she picked him up and tossed him into the kitchen sink. "We've discussed this already." *We've*

discussed this,' she says.

She pulled out the extendable faucet and hosed down the back of his thighs, which only seemed to excite him more, and craned her head back toward Drogo. "Get the OxyClean!" She demanded, washing her son like a Thanksgiving turkey and ignoring his delighted squeals.

"What kind of problems is *this* teaching him to solve, huh?!" Drogo shot back as he drenched the carpet with stain remover. "Is this his personal statement for Harvard? 'One time I was faced with adversity so I shat on the goddamn rug?!'"

"Stop it! We'll talk to Dr. Eisenberg about it. He's probably in the anal phase," she declared, proudly recalling her Vassar College Psych 101 class.

No, he's in the asshole phase. "Call him now, tell *him* to get the OxyClean, see what he says!"

And so it went in the Son of Bharbo household, until the night they had tickets to the Philharmonic. The bedroom smelled faintly like urine; more strongly in the walk-in closet, but neither of them could pinpoint the source. Until Dany slid her foot into one of her \$1,600 Louboutin boots.

She hobbled over to Drogo with one boot on as he straightened his tie in the mirror, removed his belt from the loops and handed it to him. "You were right. Okay? You were right." She left and came back a moment later, dragging a confused Rhaego behind her and dumping him at her husband's feet. "Do your worst," she told him, as she sat on the bed and rubbed her one bare foot with Purell.

Jon and Sam Go to IKEA

Chapter Summary

Cohabitation is coming, and we all know what comes with it.

“I’m looking these names up on Google Translate,” Jon informed Dany, waving his phone in her direction as she ignored him. “None of this is even real Swedish. Look.”

I told him this was a terrible idea. Samwell Tarly was no expert on women, but if he knew one thing, it was that the IKEA in Elizabeth, New Jersey was without question the worst double-date venue one could access from Manhattan by hourly car rental.

Jon inspected a wall-mounted shelf, refusing to simply accept the false Swedishness of the names. “Look at this. Ekby Bjärnum.” He typed, cursed under his breath at his autocorrect, then typed some more, slowly this time, before pointing skyward in triumph. “No translation! That means, ‘piece of shit 2 x 4 you can get at Home Depot for half the price,’ that’s what that means.”

Dany finally let go of the price tag on the display cabinet she was looking at, and turned around. “Right. Then you’ll need white paint. Because when was the last time you painted anything? And a brush. And tarp, so you don’t get paint all over the floor. And paint thinner for when you get paint all over the floor anyway.”

“We have tarp. I just don’t know where it is.” The sassiness in his tone far outweighed the merits of his counterpoint.

Gilly intervened before the Dragon could fully wake. “Ohmygod, they have kitchen gadgets, too!”

Dany darted toward the cookware section like a cat to a laser pointer. “Look at these cute matching ice cream scoops...”

Sam gave Gilly a grateful thumbs-up, then turned back toward Jon. “*Mooooooooooooo.*” He playfully punched Jon in the forehead.

Jon swatted him away. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Knocking you unconscious before the blades come. Because this place is a fucking *slaughterhouse* for relationships.”

Jon looked back at him, confused and annoyed. “What?”

“Come on, you’ve never read *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair?”

“Should I have?”

“Maybe, during those five minutes in college when you were a Marxist.” Sam laughed. “Remember that?”

“They had valid critiques,” Jon came back defensively. “I was exploring my views.”

“Seriously, though.” Sam made a point of keeping them a healthy distance from the women. “Why on Earth did you think this was a good idea? This place is fucking huge, it’s packed with screaming kids, and all you’re gonna do is spend \$300 for the privilege of wasting your Sunday afternoon on a shitty dresser.”

Jon looked back at him, asking why on Earth Sam thought this was *his* idea.

“Remember when Maester Aemon said that love was the death of duty? This place is the opposite.” He pointed to three extremely tense couples, all within ten feet of them. “You will fall completely out of love with that woman by the time you get back to the car, and you’ll leave with a solemn duty to put together a bunch of furniture for a woman you can’t stand.”

“No. I don’t remember when Maester Aemon said that.” Jon said flatly. He put down a piece of fake fruit he’d been playing with, and shouldered past Sam. “I had to drop that class.”

Sam was surprised. “You did? Why?”

He paused. “It got weird, okay?” Jon seemed to have regained his appetite for talking Dany out of buying ice cream scoops, and looked around for her, flustered.

Sam followed him, trying to keep up. “Weird?”

Jon suddenly stopped in his tracks, and exhaled uncomfortably. “I went to his office hours once, and he started telling me about how he’s been at Castle Black for 50 years, and it’s cold, and he used to like this girl but she’s dead now, and blah blah blah, then he said, ‘you know, Jon, sometimes a mouth is a mouth and that’s all you need to worry about.’”

Well shit. Though Sam supposed it did make perfect sense, in retrospect. “..Oh. I didn’t--”

“Yeah. That’s why I dropped the class.” He was clearly ready to drop the subject, as well.

Silently and awkwardly, the men each pretended to think about buying an egg beater for a few minutes. When the novelty of turning a crank and watching things spin wore off, Jon sighed his petulant, pain-in-the-ass sigh.

This is weird, this is weird, this is weird. “Dany and Gilly seem to get along well.”

“Yeah, I know.” Jon seemed relieved and grateful, and started walking aimlessly in the direction the girls had gone. “You keep saying Dany has a superiority complex, but she seems fine around Gilly, and Gilly’s not--”

Too hot for her own good? No. “Jon,” Sam explained in a hushed voice. “She likes Gilly because she knows she’s the hot one. It *feeds* the superiority complex!” *How do I know more*

about this than him?

“Hey!” Dany emerged from behind a bookshelf. *Shit. Fuck.* “Want to get out of here?” Her tone didn’t seem angry, but Sam couldn’t rule anything out yet.

“No ice cream scoops?” Jon asked her, nonchalantly. *Hedging your bet with an offer to buy some ice cream scoops. I like it.*

“Nah,” Dany replied. “When are we ever going to need four ice scream scoops in different colors?” *When you serve four flavors of ice cream at the same time and you don’t want to mix the scoops up. Jesus.*

The women hustled oddly fast out the door, and Dany flashed a coy smile at the security guard on the way out.

“Go, go, go,” Dany urged Jon once they were back in the car.

“Why? What’s the matter?” Jon was extra cautious pulling out of the spot, as he had declined insurance on the rental car.

“Go.”

Gilly tapped Sam’s shoulder from the back seat as soon as they were off store property. “Guess what!”

Sam turned as Gilly pulled two sets of multi-colored ice cream scoops from her fake Coach bag, beaming, and handed one to Dany, who looked like she’d just creamed her pants.

“Ice cream scoooooooooooooops!” They shouted in unison.

“What the fuck?!” Sam shouted, incredulous. “How did you--”

“That’s stealing!” Jon shouted into the rear view mirror, helpfully.

Dany turned toward the window. “You should go to law school,” Sam caught her saying under her breath. “But you’d have to open up that test prep book first.”

Interesting. Sam turned back to Gilly. “You stole the fucking ice cream scoops? You’re a kleptomaniac now?”

“I did!” Gilly confessed, with only the faintest hint of shame.

“Why?!”

“I don’t know...I just...kinda get off on it, I guess.”

“That’s not good, Gilly,” Sam warned her, ignoring his slight but unmistakable dick movement.

“Relax, Sam.” Gilly responded. “Sometimes a girl just has to feed her superiority complex.”

Jorah Gets Catfished

Chapter Summary

Jorah Mormont is literally every episode of *Catfish*.

Nev Schulman wiped some Fritos crumbs from Jorah's futon, pretended not to see the stain that he hoped was merely years-old gum, and sat. "So. Tell us how it all started with Kaylee."

"Well," the old knight began, "I was on MySpace..."

"MySpace?!" Max shifted the camera in his lap. "How long ago was this?"

"Eight years."

"Eight years!" Nev repeated. "So this has been going on a while."

"Yeah," Jorah acknowledged, preferring not to dwell on his age. "I had just moved to Meereen because I was in a serious relationship," he lied, "and she dumped me right after I got there. So I was all alone, I didn't have any friends, but then one day this girl messages me on MySpace like 'oh, hey cutie,' so I messaged her back, and we just started talking, and we just, like...it was an instant connection."

Jorah noticed that Max now had two cameras, and that one of the six professional cameramen standing around his studio apartment was focused solely on filming Max using his two cameras to film Jorah and Nev. He looked around the room, suddenly uncomfortable.

"Is this the part where you show all those text bubbles with messages we sent?" He asked.

"Yes," Nev said impatiently. "Don't worry about that, we'll take care of it. Keep going."

"Uh, so, yeah, we started texting each other, like, all day. We'd stay up until 3 in the morning, just texting."

"Wow," Max said, as if this were the first time anyone had told him a story like this.

"Yeah, I felt like I could tell her anything. She was always so supportive. She helped me through the breakup when I was really down about it. I told her all sorts of stuff I've never told anyone else, you know? It was that intimate."

"But you never talked on the phone, never video chatted, nothing," Nev confirmed.

"Well, I asked her about it, you know. I said 'hey, I'm really falling for you, I want to see your face,' but she always had some excuse like her webcam was broken, and I'm not much

of a technology guy, so I was like ‘okay, I guess that’s not gonna happen,’ and there was like a year or two when her phone was broken, so I sort of just got used to the texting.”

“Her phone was broken. For two years.” One of Max’s cameras almost slid off of his knee. “But she still texted you.”

“She said it was an iPod Touch. I don’t know.”

“You realize that’s ridiculous,” said Nev.

“Well, you know, I didn’t want to push it,” Jorah explained. “I didn’t want to seem creepy and scare her off.”

Nev and Max looked at each other, mutually deciding it was best to just move on.

“Okay,” Nev sighed. “So no phone, no video chat for eight years.”

“Right,” Jorah nodded. “And she lives in Braavos, so I kept telling her, ‘let’s meet up,’ and she’d always be like ‘oh, yeah, that’s a great idea, I can’t wait to meet you,’ bla bla bla, so one day I just bought a plane ticket and she said ‘oh, sure, I’ll meet you in this Wal Mart parking lot,’ but I get there, and she never shows up. I’m waiting there for hours, texting her, but none of them are going through. Then the next day I’m about to get on the plane back to Meereen, and she texts me back and says ‘oh, I’m so sorry, I was in the hospital, I was on my way to meet you and I got into an accident.’ So that’s when I got suspicious.”

Nev rolled his eyes. “Right, we’ve heard that before. Did she send you pictures?”

“Well, I asked, you know, because I wanted to make sure she was okay. So she texts me this picture, but it was just, like, her looking kinda sad. She wasn’t in a hospital and she didn’t look injured.”

“Alright.” Nev had heard enough. “Do you have your phone? Let’s see some pictures.”

“They’re not on my phone, I have too many apps so I don’t have the space.” It was porn, not apps, but that wasn’t the point. “They’re all on my computer.

“Fair enough. Alright, let’s see the pictures.”

Jorah turned on his Sony Vaio laptop. The fan came on and the hourglass popped up immediately, as his Windows XP loaded for what seemed like an eternity.

The desktop came up, but the hourglass stayed as the countless browser toolbars loaded, along with the factory-installed video editing software that Jorah could neither figure out how to use nor get rid of, and two anti-virus programs, both of which were years out of date.

“Sorry about this,” said Jorah.

“It’s fine,” Nev assured him. “We’ll edit this out, don’t worry.”

“Oh.” Jorah hesitated for a moment. “Do you know how to get rid of these toolbars? They keep popping up, I don’t know where they come from,” he asked, sheepishly. “And--and look at this, it says it recommends I update to the latest version of Java. Should I do that? Is that a virus? Should I just click it?”

Nev put his hand over the tracking pad. “Yeah, probably, but not now, okay?” He looked over at the most junior production assistant in the room. “Our guys will handle that for you.” The assistant rolled her eyes.

Jorah’s desktop was filled with hastily arranged icons, all of which were pictures of Kaylee. He opened the first one the mouse happened to land on.

Nev groaned and looked at Max, then back at the screen. “Dude. I don’t even need to do an image search. You don’t know who that is?”

“It’s not Kaylee?” Jorah sounded more surprised than he should have been, his mind still shaking itself out of the eight-year delusion.

“That’s Myrcella Baratheon! She was a princess in Westeros. She’s *dead*. She was poisoned by the Dornish years ago.” Nev wondered if this was a prank, but his gut told him that no, this man is truly that stupid.

“So that’s why she hasn’t sent any pictures in a while...”

“She was also, like, fourteen when she died,” Max could not help but add, eyeing Jorah sideways.

“Oh, wow, she said she was--I didn’t know--I’m not that type--” Jorah stammered.

“Did you ever send her a dick pic?” Max pressed him.

“No,” the exiled knight lied, again.

Nev had neither the time nor the budget to call off the episode and start a new one from scratch. “Alright. Alright. Don’t worry about it. I can say for a fact that this is not the person you’ve been talking to. Her name’s not Kaylee, and she’s fucking dead.”

“Oh, man...” Jorah said, dumbfounded. “...man, that’s messed up.”

“Sooooo, do you still want to meet this person?” Max asked, not sure he wanted to help facilitate that.

Jorah paused. “Yeah. I do. I want to find out who I’ve been talking to for eight years, you know?”

“Alright, just give me her phone number, I’m gonna call her right now.” Nev just wanted to get back to his Courtyard by Marriott.

Jorah read off the number, and Nev went downstairs to a dingy alley to make the call.

Someone answered, but for the first few seconds, all Nev could hear was dead air and throat-clearing.

“...Hello?” A voice on the other end finally said.

“Hi, is this, um, Kaylee?” Nev asked.

More silence followed. “...A girl is Kaylee,” said the person who was clearly not a girl.

“Hi, ‘Kaylee,’ my name’s Nev, I don’t know if you’ve ever seen the MTV show *Catfish*?”

“...A girl has seen it...”

“Cool, well, I’m here with your friend Jorah, who you’ve been talking to for a while, and he really wants to meet you, and I want to see if we can make that happen.”

“...Um...a girl has a lot going on right now. A girl is not sure this is a good time.”

“Look, we know the pictures you’re sending him aren’t you, but he still really wants to meet you. So it might be good for both of you if you just meet up and clear the air.”

“Yeah. A girl guesses she should tell him some things.”

“Great. So here's what we'll do. We'll fly to Braavos tomorrow and find a time to meet, does that work?”

“Yeah, a girl can make some time.”

“Cool. We'll see you tomorrow.”

Nev went back inside and told Jorah about the conversation, conveniently omitting the fact that Kaylee was totally a dude. They flew to Braavos the next morning, making sure they filmed enough gratuitous horseplay in the airport for a ten-second montage.

“So, how are you feeling?” Max asked, filming from the back of the poleboat as they made their way through the canals. Nev stood at the front like George Washington crossing the Delaware, because Nev gets off on power trips. It was cloudy, but he wore his Ray Bans anyway, to show the world how perfectly they fit his face.

“Nervous.” Jorah’s leg was bouncing up and down. “I told this girl a lot of really personal stuff that I never told anybody else, I want to know if all these feelings were real.”

“Alright, it looks like this is it,” Nev declared, as they reached a large temple with black and white doors. They got off the boat and stood at the base of the stairs. “You guys stay here,” said Nev as he climbed the steps, because only Nev was allowed to knock on the door.

“I don’t know if I can *do* this...” Jorah said to himself, pacing around in a tight circle with his arms folded.

“You’ll feel better once you know the truth,” Max assured him, as a cameraman filmed him filming Nev knocking on the door, which several other cameramen were also filming.

The door creaked open.

“Hi. Kaylee?” Nev blocked Max and Jorah’s view, because this was when they would cut to a commercial before revealing who answered the door. “So you’re the person Jorah’s been talking to? Okay, why don’t you come out.”

A man in his late 30s with red hair and a gray streak in his hair shuffled out hesitantly onto the front steps.

“Whaaaaaat?” Jorah said, trying not to yell. “Oh my god, daaaaaaaaamn.”

“So, clearly, you’re not the girl in the pictures,” Nev said calmly as he ushered the man toward the disgraced former heir to Bear Island.

“...A man can be a girl,” the stranger answered, weakly.

“I don’t--I don’t think that’s how it works,” Nev put it as diplomatically as he could. “You’re a man. Obviously.”

“A man has many faces. A man, a woman, it is nothing to the Many-Faced God.”

“Come on, cut the shit,” Max interjected. “You’re a guy!”

“...Yes,” he finally conceded.

“What’s your name?” Nev asked, because he couldn’t let Max do more of the talking.

“Jaquen.” He moved to shake Jorah’s hand.

Jorah leaned back and kept his arms folded. “So you’re who I’ve been talking to all this time?”

“...Yes. A man is sorry. A man--”

“Not Kaylee.” Jorah cut him off.

“There *is* no Kaylee.” Max wanted to burst the bubble as thoroughly as he could.

“...No.”

“I can’t--wow.” Jorah had been warned by a producer not to say anything homophobic because that didn’t reflect MTV’s corporate values, so that was all he could say. “Wow.”

“Okay, so why don’t you tell us how this all started,” Nev said impatiently.

“A man just--a man wanted to escape.”

“Why do you always talk in the third person like that?” Max demanded.

“Because of a man's religion.”

Nev shot a look at a producer, asking silently if it was okay to call bullshit on a man's religion. The producer seemed to prefer to just let it slide, so Nev looked back at Max, shrugged, and continued. “Okay. Religion. Keep going.”

“A man had a very hard time when he was younger. A man grew up in Utah, and everyone was Mormon. A man could not come out to anyone. So a man made a profile and took a girl's pictures, because a man could get a lot more attention from guys that way.”

“But they're not guys who would be interested in you,” Max jumped in again. “You led them on.”

“I told you some personal shit, man!” Jorah could no longer contain himself.

Nev glared at both of them, annoyed at the prospect of them dominating the conversation. He wished he could slip into his “strict but sensual” Tumblr Dom persona, because he's a neat freak who needs to subtly control everyone around him, and thus is definitely a secret Tumblr Dom.

“A man is sorry,” Jaquen responded. “But a man--everything a man said was true.”

“Except your gender,” Nev corrected him before Max had the chance, because Max needed to remember his place.

“...Everything but that. A man didn't mean to hurt a man. It just happened so quickly...a man had feelings and didn't know how to tell a man. A man meant to tell a man eventually, but a man was scared. A man really does care about a man.” He started to choke up. “A man helped a man through some really rough shit. A man was there for a man.”

Jorah had lost track of which man was which. “Pffffffffffffff, jeeeee, I need to get back on the boat for a minute.” He ran back to the poleboat with his arms still folded. Max followed.

“Okay, it looks like Jorah needs a bit of time to process this,” Nev stated the obvious to Jaquen.

“A man understands.”

“So why don't we take some time, talk things over with Jorah, and if he still wants to get to know you, we can meet up tomorrow?”

“A man would like that.”

“Alright, cool.” Nev shook Jaquen's hand awkwardly and turned back toward the boat, as Jaquen trudged back into the House of Black and White.

“All this time I've been talking to a dude?!” Jorah groaned, as the poleboat made its way back to yet another Courtyard by Marriott.

“Well, most of the time if they won’t get on the phone with you, it’s because they’re the wrong gender,” Max explained, as he’d explained to others more times than he could count.

“I told him about--oh, man.” Jorah put his head in his hands and ran his fingers through what was left of his hair. “I told him about the slavery, and the assassination plot, and--I just feel so freakin’ stupid!”

“Look, what he did was not okay,” Nev pronounced his judgment. “But he does seem like a decent guy, just kinda mixed up.”

“Yeahhhhh, I guess,” Jorah conceded.

“I mean, maybe if you talked to him some more, you guys might be able to leave on a good note. How about we meet him tomorrow at a coffee shop?” Nev had about ten minutes of airtime to fill, and he was determined to get this motherfucker to the coffee shop, come hell or high water.

“Fine, yeah, let’s do it.” That was good enough.

The next day, after noting the quirky charm of the local independent coffee shop at which they’d chosen to meet, Nev, Max, and Jorah sat and waited for Jaquen. He joined them, seeming much less miserable than the day before.

Nev led off. “Alright, hopefully you’ve both had some time to think things over, so maybe if we leave you two alone, you can have a conversation and resolve all of this amicably.”

Jorah and Jaquen both shrugged, knowing that was what would happen regardless. Nev and Max left the two alone, save for the six cameramen hovering over them.

“A man is really sorry,” Jaquen started, as he sipped a cappuccino from a giant mug.

“Why did you let it go so long, though?” Jorah asked, sipping his own cappuccino from an equally giant mug and regretting having bought it. “I put my whole life on hold, I was move to Braavos for you. Dude, I had a ring picked out!”

“A man knows. A man does not know what to say. A man hopes a man can forgive a man eventually. A man still has feelings for a man. Maybe one day a man and a man can--”

Jorah shot that shit right down. “I mean, I could never be with you like that. No, no, no.”

Jaquen put down his cappuccino, grabbed his face, and pulled it off. Suddenly, he was a fourteen year old girl with platinum blonde hair and purple eyes.

“Wait.” Jorah reconsidered. “Did that--what about the rest of you?”

Jaquen smirked and nodded. “A girl would have done this years ago, but she told you, her webcam was broken.”

Ten minutes later, Jorah emerged from the coffee shop, alone.

“Where's Jaquen?” Max asked.

“Gone,” Jorah replied smugly, as he got into the poleboat.

“Gone?! What happened?”

“We fucked behind a dumpster.”

Jon Gets Arrested on the Subway

Chapter Summary

Tyrion and Dany exchanged concerned, skeptical looks. *I know, I thought his dark side would be much sexier, too.*

“Well?! Is it true?!” Dany demanded to know, as soon as they left the police station.

“Of course not!” Jon insisted. “What kind of person do you think I am?”

“I don’t know, Jon. I really don’t know.” According to Officer Grimaldi of the 8th Precinct, Jon was the kind of person who liked to stick his balls in children’s faces on the subway.

“Well, I’m not a pedophile, okay?!”

Dany was about to finish the scoop of vanilla ice cream with espresso poured over it that she picked up while “hurrying” from work down to the precinct. *Offer him a bite.* She looked at him. *This cost eight dollars, and you just bailed his ass out of jail. Fuck that.* She finished the last bite and threw it in the trash by a stop sign. “Okay, what happened, then?”

“So the girl was sitting, and it was crowded, and I was standing right in front of her.”

“Uh huh...”

“And I had these short running shorts on.” He gestured to his absurdly short shorts.

Why did I let him leave the house in that? “Yeah...”

“And I had to reach up to hold the bar.”

“Mm hmmm...”

“Annnnd I guess they kinda just...popped out.” Jon reached into the air. Besides being too short, they were way too tight around the waist, and it was hot enough to cause just enough droopage for a Class A misdemeanor.

“So you *did* put your balls in her face!” She hectored him as they descended back into the subway. *Is he even allowed to be here?*

“I didn’t ‘put’ them there, they just ended up there!”

He’s either an idiot, or a far better politician than I thought. “Well, what did you do about it?”

He shrugged. “Nothing!”

“Why the fuck not?!”

“Because we were still moving! I couldn’t let go of the bar, or I’d fall.” He paused, realizing the stupidity of what he was about to say. *Let’s hear it.* “Sooooo, I told her to close her eyes.”

Brilliant. “You told her to *close her eyes?!?*”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“She probably thought you were going to rub them all over her!”

“Oh, stop it.”

“You’re on the subway, dressed like fucking Richard Simmons, leaning over some kid with your fucking balls out, going, ‘*close your eyes, little girl,*’ and you’re wondering why you got arrested for being a pervert?!” Dany noticed how many eyes were on them, but was out of fucks to give. *That’s what he gets.*

When the train came, she led him on by the hand, like a child. Jon moved to grab an overhead bar, but Dany sat his ass down. He sighed, and without thinking, opened his legs. Dany slapped his knees together. “What is *wrong* with you?!” She hissed.

After a brief stop at home to get Jon some proper pants, they made their way to Tyrion Lannister’s office in a law firm with a name that read like a combination of Schindler’s list and the passenger manifest of the *Mayflower*.

“You know, it costs \$10,000 just to walk through that door,” he warned them, because his job was to be an arrogant prick to everyone at all times.

“Fuck you.” Dany sat across from him, and dragged Jon down into the chair next to her with her eyes.

Tyrion sighed. “You still have the dick pics.”

“Of course I still have the dick pics.” Tyrion was hoping to make Partner, and Partners do not send dick pics to women half their age; at least not ones who were smart enough to threaten to forward them.

“What dick pics?!” Jon demanded.

“The ones that are about to keep you out of jail, don’t worry about it.” *They’re also why we never talk about what I did my first summer after college.* Manhattan had surprisingly few job openings for entry-level Art Historians, so Dany did a stint at the Hustler Club to pay the rent while she came to terms with the fact that everyone in her life had lied to her about finding a job that paid well and made her happy. The result was a job in advertising that paid extremely well but made her hate herself, as well as a Google Voice inbox with a stream of dick pics and dollar amounts from gross old men. Tyrion was wealthy and funny enough to keep around until about four months after she met Jon, but Jon didn’t need to know that.

“Alright,” Tyrion cleared his throat. “What’s the problem?”

“Well,” Dany poked Jon’s arm. “Tell him *the problem*.”

“Balls out on the subway,” Jon grumbled.

“Louder, he couldn’t hear you!”

“Balls out on the subway!” He growled with a defensive, almost spiteful pride. *Yeah, own it! Idiot.*

Tyrion’s look turned more serious than either of them expected. “You took your *balls* out on the subway?!”

“They *came* out!”

“Into some 10-year-old’s face!” Dany clarified.

Tyrion was astonished. “Jesus. That’s--what--*why* did you do that?”

“It was an accident!”

Tyrion and Dany exchanged concerned, skeptical looks. *I know, I thought his dark side would be much sexier, too.*

Jon recounted his short shorts/bar-holding story to Tyrion. The dwarf searched his eyes for a lie, but seemed satisfied. “I could understand that, I suppose.”

Dany was miffed that Tyrion had the gall to care if Jon was guilty or not. “So waddle your ass down to the courthouse, hand the prosecutor your business card, and make this go away.”

The court date was two months later. Against her better judgment, Dany took off work to provide moral support.

“Ah, fuck.” Tyrion cursed under his breath as he walked into the courtroom. This was a misdemeanor, and he expected the prosecutor to be some pimple-faced 25-year-old fresh out of law school. Instead, he got the District Attorney himself.

“I didn’t know you were still on Balls-in-Face Duty.” Tyrion did his best to smile as he shook Stannis Baratheon’s hand.

“It was my daughter’s face. *Imp*.” The Rightful King did not bother standing up.

Well, he’s fucked, now I’m gonna have to get back on Tinder, Dany thought, as she flipped through her phone and re-downloaded Tinder.

Tyrion took a deep breath. His plan was now woefully inadequate, but it was all he had.

“Look, my client is a nice kid, okay? It was an accident, and he’s really, really sorry about it. Can’t you just let him off with a warning?”

Jon gave Stannis his best ‘really, really sorry’ nod. *I need a cigarette.*

Stannis eyed the perp up and down. “He looks like a *very* nice kid. He’ll be the belle of the ball at Rikers.” *Yup*, Dany knew. *Though if he brings his short shorts, he could earn me an endless supply of cigarettes.* That was a horrible thought. *No, but seriously. Men would pay many cigarettes for him.* But then she would need an enforcer, and someone to count them to make sure he wasn’t holding out on her...it was too much to manage with her office job.

“You know,” Tyrion countered, “my firm is looking for a partner with experience in white collar crime. Maybe I could--”

Stannis pounded the table. “New York Penal Law Article 200.03!” He recited it by heart, because he was a fucking freak. “‘A person is guilty of bribery in the second degree when he confers, or offers--*dot, dot, dot*--to confer, any benefit valued in excess of ten thousand dollars upon a public servant upon an--*dot, dot, dot*--understanding that such public servant’s--*dot, dot, dot*--exercise of discretion as a public servant will thereby be influenced.’ Did I just hear you commit a felony? Or did you mean to say your client will plead guilty?”

Dany was trying to find the unicorn emoji for her Tinder profile when the commotion made her look up. *Wait a minute.* “You used to go to the Hustler Club.”

Stannis went pale. “Tyffani...”

“Yeah, that’s right, Sam Waterston, it’s fuckin’ Tyffani.” Dany scrolled through her Google Voice app. “Here we go. \$700 to dress up like a nun, and--”

“Alright, alright, alright. Get out.”

Dany quickly deleted her Tinder app. *There will be no unicorn emojis today.*

“What just happened?!” Jon shouted as they descended the courthouse steps.

“Nothing. Buy me a carton of cigarettes and we’ll call it even.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!