

## One Chance

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# One Chance

by [DillyDillyknight](#)

## Summary

Shortly after the war in Iraq, Jon decides to not return home to Kansas but instead decides on going back to University get his Masters in Aerospace engineering.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Jon had been anxiously awaiting his interview to join the USAF. He was seated next to three other men. All of whom were vying for the same position as a possible pilot in the United States Air Force. Jon had been a member of the National Guard since he was 17 but now with the war in Iraq brewing he had decided to put aside University and apply as a full-time pilot. As a man walked out of the room Jon would have been next. A man walked out and asked for Jon who stood and joined him.

"Welcome Mr. Snow, my name is Captain Walters and this is Lieutenant Peters." Walters pointed Jon to the seat in front of his desk and sat himself down next to Peters. "We have your aptitude score, seems you are in the exceptional level in all phases. Fancy me impressed." Jon felt the sudden urge to sigh in relief but he knew he wasn't out of the water yet likely all the other applicants would have been just as good.

"It seems your University GPA is also incredible a 4.0 level." Peters chimmed as Walters stroked his chin. Jon only nodded. "It says here that you are an engineering student, well what do you want to do when you graduate."

"I wish to be a Pilot and some day fly the space shuttle and look at the moon." Jon said without hesitation. He must have looked stupid talking about Space I can't screw this up.

"Mr. Snow let me be honest with you, the screening is just standard procedure we've made our decision you will be flying planes for the United States Air Force whatever comes after whether it be NASA or Lockheed Martin or you end up choosing to spend your life with us. I think we would be honoured to have you." He handed Jon his hand and Jon shook it fervently. Captain Walters then stood up and grabbed himself a glass of water. "Still you need to pass the psych test and the fitness test but aside from that I'd say you look fine. Don't tell the others."

"Not a word." Jon replied smiling. As he walked out of the room he tried his best to make himself look uninhibited yet the urge to smile nearly broke through as he sped down to the parking lot.

3 Years Later

Jon woke up to his alarm when he looked at the time it stated 3:30 AM. Jon cursed and stood up from his bunk mission debrief would be at 5:50 AM and he had to eat breakfast before hand. He walked over to the sink and started to brush his teeth and shaved. When he got out he looked at the clock it said 3:43 he decided now was time for a jog. As he ran everything was becoming clearer the base was nearly vacant apart from several patrol men and checkpoint guards. He could see the Hamrin mountains and it made him smile his 6 months

in Iraq was nearly over. I wonder if my mother sees me here and now? Does she curse me or is she proud of me? Jon did not know.

As he made his way back to his cabin he undressed and showered. When he exited his girlfriend Val was waiting for him.

"You sure know how to wake up the dead Jon." She told him smiling. "I'm going to miss you."

"You'll be gone for 4 days no more Val." He told her trying to comfort her and himself as well.

"You'll be flying today won't you?" Jon nodded he couldn't speak as to exactly what he was doing because he did not know. Jon glanced back at the clock. 4:52 AM.

"Sorry Val I have to go., he kissed her cheek and stood before heading over to the meeting room.

When he arrived the room was empty. Just the way Jon liked it he would be the first there and the last to leave always working hard. The meeting passed fairly quickly Jon would just patrol the area and then provide air support for the forces on the surface. (Where Val would be.)

Everything was running smoothly as usual Jon was just about at 30000 feet when he learnt he had to take out an enemy tank hiding between two buildings to ambush the American convoy so Jon dropped the payload hoping he timed it properly so he wouldn't miss. The soldiers below counted on him. He saw that he struck true and was recalled to base. As he was flying he noticed one of the engines on his F-15 wasn't working.

"Control my right thruster is out, I'm having difficulties keeping altitude." Jon needed to stay calm.

"We have you 2-1 just keep her steady Snow, you can do it."

Jon was starting to sweat and his plane was buckling and shifting until he heard a pop. He checked his readings and noticed the left thruster had gone.

"Control, I lost the left I'm descending 30 feet per second. I can't control her." Jon was panicking trying to get anything to respond.

"2-1 use your parachute."

Jon reached over to pull the chute but it was jammed all he could do was watch.

"Control it's jammed I can't get it."

"Yes you can Snow." Jon looked over at his altimeter and saw that he was just at 12000 feet. I have to land it it's fairly flat or I die Jon thought morbidly. He looked back at the altimeter and saw that he was at 8000 feet and dropping. Thankfully the plane was gliding down rather than head first into the Earth soon Jon saw that he was only 2700 feet and desperately tried to

use the chute again but he managed to grab it and twist letting him free from the plane. It had served him so many times and he could only watch it cram into the Earth and be destroyed. Jon's chute had gone and he was slowly making his way back to solid ground. When he landed he was told that rescue personnel were on their way.

Jon woke to the sound of knocking on his door. He walked over and saw one of his friends Sergeant Grenn of the United States Army Rangers.

"Hey Grenn, what's up?"

"Here." Grenn handed him a shot of whiskey of which Jon drank reluctantly this was odd. "The insurgents caught us by surprise on the way back people died."

Jon shook his head when will this horrible war be over.

"Val among them." Grenn said defeated. "I'm sorry. And I'm sorry about you, I heard you nearly died today as well." Jon just nodded and waved him to the door. As he closed it he went back to his mirror. Staring at himself for a solid minute before he let a couple choked sobs escape him. In two days he would be allowed to return home. He didn't know what to do anymore.

# Sansa I

## Chapter Summary

Sansa and her friends start University.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"So Sansa what classes do you have this semester?"

Sansa looked back to Jeyne Poole giving a shrug. "Let me see, English, Theatre, Art and Physics. We have Physics together look."

Jeyne handed Sansa her own schedule and Sansa smiled at her friends commentary. Sansa then beamed and stood smiling down at Jeyne. "I wonder if Harry will be there too, and your Domic." Jeyne stood her and hugged her then the two girls giggled and danced until Jeyne tripped over herself causing Sansa to laugh.

Sansa looked over to her phone and noticed that Harry was texting her about dinner this evening. Sansa accepted telling Jeyne about the ordeal. Sansa ran downstairs and then Catelyn stopped her.

"Sansa before you come back home I need a box of detergent can you bring that for me?" Catelyn asked smiling down at her daughter.

"Of course mother, I'm off to see Harry tell father I'll be back before 9." Sansa replied. 'Not that it should matter when I'm back I'm nineteen a woman now.' She left the house grabbing her keys Jeyne hot on her heels going into the car. She turned to Jeyne. "Call Domic let's go to the club, University starts in three days, I think it's time to celebrate." Jeyne grabbed her phone and started dialing while Sansa drove her car out of the parking garage. Her family being comfortable her father being the Police Chief. Her dad as usual would be working later than his shift entitled but would be back before supper. The first thing Sansa did was pull into the grocery store parking lot to buy some detergent. As she entered the store she saw the awkward employee that always stared at her and gave her awkward smiles his name being Podrick Payne. She walked up to him and asked him where the detergent was and as usual he stuttered until he decided to just show her.

"Here Lady Sansa. All here, you know there is this one place.." Sansa only looked at the detergent.

"Sorry Pod, I have a boyfriend I'm sure there are a lot of girls for you." He just looked at the ground until Sansa decided to walk away. She went over to the cashier and handed some money for the detergent she ran back to her car. Opening the door she found Jeyne chatting on the phone and Sansa sat down and threw the detergent into the backseat. Sansa never told

Jeyne about Pod worried that Jeyne might have been rude to him and make matters weirder Pod was always kind if a bit odd.

When they finally arrived at the club Harry was waiting.

"Finally you're here God could you be any slower I told you I have hockey practice this evening." Harry looked at her angry. "Of course you went shopping, honestly do you ever think about anyone other than yourself."

Sansa just looked at the ground and didn't reply. Harry then placed a kiss on her cheek and she faked a blush. Once again he was being rude. He always was thought Sansa he never ever was considerate of others Sansa gaped enough. "I went to the store to buy something for my mother, good day there is a kind boy that works down by my house he's always polite to me maybe I'll date him." She nearly screamed at him with the last part and with that she took off. Jeyne was with Domeric so she didn't even ask to take her home she just drove down the road crying as she floored the gas pedal.

When she got back home her father's car hadn't returned but her older brother's car was. Sansa walked into the house and was greeted by her friend Margaery who was Robb's fiancée. "Hello Sansa. How are you, you look sad." Sansa just smiled.

"Fine actually, I've finally ended things with Harry." Sansa said it relieved yet she felt confused none the less. "I should have done it months ago, I don't know why I did not."

Margaery smiled and grabbed her by the elbow. "I know Robb will be very happy to hear that the amount of times that he threatened to beat Harry I've lost count."

"What?" Sansa beamed. "No way, why didn't you tell me."

Margaery smiled. "Tell you what. I shouldn't have said anything. Come your brother would like to see you I'm sure."

Sansa walked over to the dining room table and Robb, Arya and Bran were sitting. Rickon was apparently staying over with a friend. She sat next to Margaery and Catlyn. After supper Robb and Margaery bid them good night and Sansa decided to go to sleep for the evening.

She was outside of the University building looking for Jeyne as it was time to head to her physics class. Sansa was pacing until she saw her. Jeyne walked over to her and they soon walked into the class. The lecture auditorium was huge Sansa thought it likely could seat 400 students. Sansa and Jeyne sat about halfway through in the middle so they could see the full board. She was jotting some notes down when she saw that Jeyne hadn't said a word to Sansa the whole lecture.

"What's wrong Jeyne?" Jeyne just shook her head and went back to writing.

"You left me there, Harry was mad and yelled at Domic so Domic took off and I had to get an Uber thanks alot." Jeyne went back to her notes and started to fume again. "I was the one that set you up remember. You always do this Sansa, all the boys Joffrey, Willas, Harry you always ruin them aren't you still a virgin after all."

"That isn't fair and you know it." When the lecture was finally over Sansa decided to stay and ask the proff some questions but as she entered his office she saw a young man with black hair and dark eyes come out.

"Doctor Harrold someone here to see you." The black haired youth simole walked away and leaned against the door as she walked in.

"Hi, uh I was wondering if you could help me better understand with this formula here." When they were done talking Sansa existed the room and walked over to where the black haired man was standing.

"Are you in this class too?" Sansa asked he was handsome very handsome and something about him made her feel safe.

"No I'm a TA to Doctor Harrold for this course so I'll be running your labs for this semester." He looked at her with tired eyes.

"Oh I see, well what's your name?"

"Jon Snow."

"Well Jon do you have a social media account or a phone number we can keep it touch with?" Jon eyed her suspiciously for a second before starting to write something on a piece of paper.

"Don't think I'm going to give you answers to some quizzes friend that isn't proper." Sansa just smiled at him.

"My name is Sansa by the way Sansa Stark." She nearly stuttered her last words. Than it hit her she was acting like Podrick she needed to calm down. "Don't worry I won't ask for answers that is." She than said good bye and reached for her phone.

'Hey Jeyne our new TA just wait until you meet him.'

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to whoever reads these works.

Sorry for any punctuation errors.



# Jon II

## Chapter Summary

Jon is still adjusting to civilian life.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jon was finishing his corrections for Professor Harrold when he glanced over to his own notes. He had not even considered what to write for his thesis yet. He put down the papers and stood up. Walking over to the bathroom he looked at himself in the mirror. His beard was now evident and his hair had not been cut since he left the Air Force. His eyes were bagged and tired and his hair covered the scar over his left eye.

Jon turned the water on and poured some shaving cream in his hand. Rubbing it all over his face he started to shave his beard. Jon looked at the mirror following his eyes with his razor until he cut a little too aggressively and he saw blood seep out of his skin. Jon simply rinsed his razor and went on with his shave.

When he finished he rinsed his face and wiped himself with a towel. Looking at the red on his towel he shook his head and looked back to the towel. Jon stroked his cheek and looked at the smoothness. Jon walked out and went back to his laptop.

Jon Googled jobs and nothing was catching his eyes. Jon grabbed his phone and was about to call an old friend when he saw an odd number had texted him. It was a simple hey by a Sansa Stark. It was the girl from Harrold's class he replied with hello. Dialing his old Captain's number it went to voice mail. Not knowing what to say he just hung up. As he put the phone down his phone lit up again. Sansa again asking what he was doing. He told her looking for a job. Then he saw she was calling him he answered.

"If you're looking for work I know a few places, what are you interested in? What are you studying? If you're a TA that means you are trying to get a Masters could help." She asked so many questions Jon was having issues trying to answer. "Oh my brother's fiancée's family own a Vineyard maybe you could work for them."

Jon was dumbfounded he never really met this girl and she was offering him help to find a job. "I'm studying Aerospace engineering."

"Wow oh Lady Olenna would hire you for sure. I know worst comes to worst I could talk to Margaery and she'll definitely help you out." Jon started to tense did he want to work at a vineyard maybe. Sansa continued.

"Hey Jon I know a nice cafe by the University it's good and quiet want to meet there tomorrow morning."

Jon was nervous he had class tomorrow. "I'm busy tomorrow morning."

"Oh, alright sorry." She sounded deflated.

"I'm not busy tomorrow afternoon at like three o'clock if that's alright." He probably shouldn't have said that what if she just wanted him to give her good lab grades?

"Oh cool, see you then." She hung up and Jon looked over at his phone for about a minute until he finally seemed to grasp the situation. I shouldn't have said yes, the conflict of interest was an issue but so was Val she died barely three months ago. Jon only shook his head and went back to grading the papers he needed to focus on something else.

Jon woke up at his table where all his notes and papers were. The grading wasn't even done yet. It'd be okay he would just hand it in tomorrow he needed them done by Friday and it was now Wednesday. Jon walked over to the bathroom and brushed his teeth jumping into the shower. When he was done he got dressed and made himself some coffee.

Jon left in a hurry noticing the time. Driving over to University and getting to class. The day passed pretty quick when his phone went off. Sansa was asking if he was still planning on going to meet her. Typing yes he got into his car and asked her for directions he then saw the cafe and pulled into the parking lot. Sansa was there waiting for him already.

"Hi, you'll see the coffee is good here." Sansa reached for his hand and pulled him towards the cafe. Jon looked around and it was small and peaceful. "Here go sit down I'll get you something what do you like?"

"Uh black. A small is fine." Jon sat at a table next to the window where he could see the University. He grabbed his briefcase and was glancing at the papers he had to grade. One had nothing written but the name. He drew a big zero around the name. Well that made it an easy one only forty some left to go Jon thought miserably.

Sansa came and sat in front of him handing him his coffee. "So how are you today Jon?" Sansa asked smiling at him. Her eyes were sapphire blue and she had very pretty copper hair. She herself was gorgeous but Jon couldn't help but feel amiss about the whole situation.

"Fine, how about you Sansa."

"Great, so I talked to Margaery and she said she could help you if you wanted she wants to know if you have work experience you know for back checks and all that." Jon than thought for minute.

"Okay I see well I could go drop my resume soon." Jon said dismissively.

"I asked my dad since he's the Police Chief but he told me they prefer people with military service or have some form of policing degree." Jon's eyes lit up at that.

"Yeah your dad is the Chief?" Sansa nodded taking a sip of coffee. The sun reflected into her eyes and she closed her eyes trying to hide from the sun Jon found that cute though. "So what are you trying to study you've asked alot about me?"

" I want to become a psychologist. My brother served in Iraq when he got back he was different so I decided to help people like him. Margaery helped him through it I think." Jon just looked at his coffee while she spoke of Iraq and serving. "You could do the army I think they'd take you Jon an aerospace engineer it's not like there are alot of you."

Jon just shook his head. "I've done my service already. I signed a contract for three years and ended up doing nearly four." Jon looked back outside the window.

"Did you serve in Iraq? Maybe my brother knows you."

"I did and maybe." Jon now looked back at Sansa.

"He was a Lieutenant in the infantry." Sansa asked Jon hopefully.

"Sorry doesn't ring a bell." Jon told her he didn't like speaking about the war to anyone. After Val's death they asked if he needed someone to talked to and he refused.

"Oh well maybe you'd like to meet him. We're having a dinner party on Saturday if you want to come maybe you could talk to Margaery then she'll be there. My dad too since you have military experience he might take you." Sansa touched Jon's hand.

"Okay I'll be there." Jon looked at his watch I probably should get going I have half a hundred assignments to grade." Sansa nodded and smiled at him she then stood up and kissed his cheek before saying goodbye.

'Well she never once brought uo her grades.' Jon thought happily. Maybe he would try and see where things went.

## Chapter End Notes

Again thanks to everyone reading.

Sorry for the punctuation and grammatical errors.

# Sansa II

## Chapter Summary

Sansa tries to introduce Jon to her family members.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sansa's family was having a special dinner at their household this evening, Margaery had told her why Robb and Marge would tell everyone that a nee Stark was on the way. Sansa was excited and invited Jon when they went for their coffee. Sansa was then trying to compare Jon to Harry. Harry only ever talked about himself whereas Jon barely spoke at all. Harry was charming, Jon broody. 'It's because he went to war silly' Sansa thought to herself. Sansa had called Jon the day after their date and all he told her was that it was nice. Never made a comment about the coffee or a job Sansa was trying to get for him. 'Relax remember Robb when he got back he didn't talk at all for weeks.' Sansa then looked back at her phone she had asked Jon to pick up something for the dinner and she wasn't sure if he had remembered. The message only read "Will do." She shook her head and was feeling nervous what if her family didn't like him they hated Harry and that made things a lot harder all the time. Maybe she should have dated Podrick he was nice if a bit shy. Sansa told herself to calm down again. When she saw Robb pull a chair beside her.

"So what's his name?" Robb asked nicely.

"Jon." Sansa turned to face the window outside of the living room so she didn't have to look at Robb. It was his and Margaery's day she didn't want them feeling like she was usurping it. "He is one of the assistants in my Physics class."

"Yeah, that's good. I guess you could ask him to give you perfect grades." Robb said.

"No I don't think he would agree to that." Sansa replied sheepishly.

"Relax, I was only joking. Anything else about him we should know about?" Robb asked putting a hand on her shoulder.

"He's a war vet like you Robb, everytime I've tried to talk to him about he changes the subject almost immediately it's almost like... You know when you're ashamed of something that feeling. I wonder what he did or did not do." Sansa told Robb finally looking him in the face.

"How long have you known him for?" Sansa just shook her head.

"A week I don't know what came over me I saw him and I felt some connection it's hard to explain." She was expecting a harsh glance from Robb but his emotions had not changed.

"You have to give him time, talking about it isn't easy for anyone. Whatever it is that happened over there will follow him for the rest of his life just the same with anyone who's been there. And believe me when I tell you yet or not if he mistreats you in any way let me know the brain damage he'll suffer will prevent him from grading any of your future assignments." Sansa gasped at that and Robb gave her a playful smile before leaving her to herself. Sansa sighed and watched Margaery and Catelyn share a hug from outside the window. Sansa then glanced at her phone and a message from Jeyne popped up. It was saying how she failed her lab report and Jon was the one that marked it rudely suggesting how Sansa might convince Jon to change the grade. Putting down her phone she found herself trying to think of how to introduce him to everyone she had broken up with Harry barely a week ago. Just as she was pondering Margaery walked.

"Hello Sansa, you look well." Sansa the present she had on the table. "Oh you didn't have to, what is it?"

"It's a surprise you can open it after you and Robb go back home." Sansa told her smirking. "So has Jon applied yet."

"I've no idea, but Grandmother has asked if he was planning on it so I would assume not. I don't know if a vineyard will be what he wants to do Sansa. Honestly I'm surprised he isn't working in a lab already." Sansa frowned.

"I've given him several different possible jobs yet he hasn't even applied to any. I would call him lazy but he spends so much time working in class that I'm not entirely sure." Sansa then looked at her phone again. Nothing.

"I can't wait to meet him." Margaery told Sansa smiling. Turning her head at the sound of a car she saw Jon walk out of his car and walk over to his backseat pulling out a what looked like a covered plate. Instead of going up the stairs and ringing the doorbell he stood there Sansa saw. She watched him then grab his phone almost immediately her phone went off. Sansa felt mischievous and let it ring until it went to voicemail. Watching Jon her smile faded when he turned back to the car and looked like he was about to drive off when Sansa called him back.

"Yes Jon what is it?"

"I'm here." He replied right away.

"Did you bring anything?" Sansa asked.

"Yes." Jon answered. Now he was getting out of his car again.

"Well I'm on my way." Sansa stood and walked over to the door letting Jon inside and then giving him a hug. "I'm glad you made it, well what's that?"

"Just fruits and vegetables I'm glad to see you too." He told her taking off his sweater. "You look nice, well good not that you weren't good before I just think.." And with that Jon stopped talking and looked at the ground.

"Come the family wants to meet you." Jon threw off his shoes and walked over holding her hand to the kitchen where everyone was except for her father who was still at work. "This is Jon everyone."

"Hi." Was all Jon said. Her mother tried to make conversation with him but Jon being Jon answered with one word answers until Catelyn had enough.

Sansa had butterflies rolling around in her stomach people and Jon looked just as nervous and Sansa was now feeling somewhat relieved the hard part would be over soon when dinner was ready.

When she looked back to Jon she saw that he and Arya were having a conversation and Jon actually laughed it was the first time she saw him genuinely laugh. When dinner was served Sansa sat next to Jon and Margaery. Jon and Arya were deep in conversation which Sansa thought was odd given Arya speaks to no one and Jon wouldn't talk if he were forced at gun point.

"So Jon what is it that you're studying? Sansa tells us that you're her TA but what are you studying yourself?"

Robb asked not unkindly.

"Aerospace engineering." Jon answered and once again stayed silent until he was spoken to again.

"Well that's good but what exactly are you planning to do with that?"

"I no longer know, I'm probably going to get a second degree and find a high paying corporate job." Jon replied.

"Well my dad is the police chief here Sansa says you fought in Iraq, that's something. You wouldn't need to finish your degree."

Sansa noticed Jon's eye colour change from dark brown to almost black. "I've come too far now to quit." Jon replied his eyes turning back to their dark brown colours.

"What did you do in Iraq how many people did you fight?" Rickon asked. Jon stayed silent eating his food.

Bran looked at Sansa with a harsh glare when he asked her over to the kitchen. "Why is he here? I don't like him, he's wierd."

Sansa just laughed. "Yes I suppose he is but what's wrong?" Bran shook his head at her.

"I missed hockey practice for this to meet your new boyfriend." He told her angry.

Sansa just looked at him oddly until she finally responded. "I'm sorry. This dinner isn't for Jon though."

Bran finally opened up. "I'm just teasing you, you look almost as nervous as him. Arya seems to like him."

Sansa chuckled. "Hmm, I wonder if he'll replace me with Arya soon." Sansa said only half sarcastically.

Bran laughed as well. "Come let's go back."

When Sansa sat back down Margaery was asking questions about his life.

"Robb was an officer in the infantry had a whole platoon under his command isn't that right love?" Margaery asked.

"Yes. You know Marge Robb laughed."

Jon merely nudged his shoulders. "So what did you do?"

Jon looked resigned and finally just looked Sansa in the eyes before answering. "I was a pilot."

Robb looked down at his food. "I suppose Aerospace Engineering should have made it obvious." Robb laughed. Jon laughed a little too then. When Sansa heard the front door close.

Ned walked over to the dining room table. "I'm going to get changed than come back. Okay." Ned walked away.

"So Jon." Margaery began. "Are you still interested in working in my father's vineyard?"

"Yeah I could do it part time." Jon answered.

A couple minutes later Ned appeared sitting himself down at the head of the table eyeing Jon suspiciously.

The rest of dinner went well and Jon said he had to go for the evening. Sansa walked Jon over to the door when he told her thank you. Instead of waiting longer Sansa kissed him and kissed her back it was sweet even though it felt a bit rushed. When she pulled away she saw one of his genuine smiles that he would sometimes put on.

"I'll call you tonight." Sansa told him as he walked over to his car.

"I look forward to it." Jon replied smiling.

Sansa then walked back inside and noticed Ned was watching them the whole time. "Father he isn't bad I promise."

Ned only looked and said. "It can't be." As he walked away Sansa followed him and he soon entered his solar. Sansa saw him take down the old picture of her long dead aunt Lyanna. "It can't be." Ned said again before Sansa left the room.

What was he talking about? Sansa thought incredulously. Sansa had just noticed Robb and Margaery never announced the pregnancy. They must not have been ready Sansa thought.

Either way she was going to help her mother with the dishes and then go study.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to anyone reading this wierd story I apologize for any grammatical errors.



# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Jon tries to find a way to solve his financial situation.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jon was on his way to the flower shop that Sansa worked at she had asked him to pick up some flowers. The plan was to give them to Margaery and Robb as a baby shower present. As Jon got into his car he saw it was nearly empty and he only had seventeen dollars left.

Jon drove to a gas station first and saw a young man walk towards his car.

"Morning Sir, fill her up."

"No, just ten dollars thanks." Jon got out and headed towards the gas station. Getting over to the counter Jon payed and left. It was now time to head over to see Sansa. As he parked his car he saw all the sorts of flowers outside of the shop and flowers of all shapes and sizes colours bright and pretty.

Jon saw Sansa at the counter talking to her co-worker when Jon approached them. "Hi Sansa."

"Jon." Sansa lit up like a Christmas tree when she saw and walked over to him. Giving him a hug and a light kiss on the lips. Sansa smiled at him. "Hi, you look exhausted."

"I stayed up until four finishing my term paper. Do you know what flowers I should get her?" Jon asked.

"Her." Sansa asked with a hint of a smile.

"You know who for Margaery."

"Of course I'm just teasing you. Here I prepared a bouquet already they are all rejects so they won't cost you anything." She told him grabbing the bouquet.

"Sansa I can pay, it's alright." Jon asked and she turned her face yet her eyes were angry.

"Can you? Olenna tells me you haven't applied for the Vineyard. Father tells me you've sent him back the five hundred dollars. He gave you that so you would be able to pay your rent."

"We've been dating for a few weeks Sansa your father owes me nothing."

"Owe? We're trying to help you, look I care for you I need to get back to work tonight I'm going to come to your flat we can talk there."

"Talk?" Jon asked grinning at her.

"Yes, you got the only kiss I'm giving you today." As she turned Jon grabbed her wrist and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Tonight then." Jon said and she nodded. Jon took the flowers and left. Jumping into his car he placed the flowers on his passenger seat and drove down to his apartment. As he got there he walked up the stairs and opened the door. Once again there were several ungraded papers on his desk an unfinished Thesis next to it and he sat down and organized them.

When he finished he sat up and fell into his bed waking up to the sound of a knock coming from his door. It was his landlord.

"Hello Mr. Snow it's already the 15th and rent hasn't come by yet."

"I can't pay all of it yet but I can give two hundred."

"Okay, don't worry about it for now. You can pay me when you're able." He looked at Jon sadly. "Take care Snow." With that he left and he decided to go back to sleep. His phone however kept him from doing so it was Sansa.

"Yes babe, what is it?"

"I'm coming down now, father wants us home for supper." Jon sighed he didn't want to go look Ned in the face now. Surely he would have taken Jon's refusal for help as an insult and Jon just stared at the floor blankly.

"Yeah Sansa, see you soon." It sounded as if she was about to ask him something but she hung up the phone instead. Jon sat down at his desk and tried to finish grading his assignments. After about an hour he fell asleep again. With that his phone started ringing and his door knocked. He got up looked at his phone when he didn't recognize the number he went straight to his door.

Sansa was there and walked inside. "Hey Jon." Jon moved to kiss her but she backed away from him. "We need to talk." Jon looked at the ground.

"Is this where you break up with me?" Jon asked all had been going wrong lately why not lose his girlfriend too.

"What? No unless that's what you want." She looked no longer mad but sad.

"No, not at all I was worried what's wrong?" Jon asked a little relieved she wasn't dumping him.

"Why don't you work for Olenna honestly? You're barely surviving off Veteran Affairs checks. I'm not stupid Jon, that isn't enough. What is the problem honestly?"

"Sansa a Vineyard? I was flying F-15s in Iraq just six months ago." Jon told her honestly.

"So pride then. Jon you have to understand it's to pay bills that's it. They are nice people they will let you work when you want. Think of all the free wine."

Jon sighed. "Fine at dinner today I'll give Margaery my Resume."

"No we're going now grab it and we're going to give it to Olenna." Sansa said with a tone that would not take no for an answer.

"Okay, let's go." Jon said and Sansa pointed towards his coat. Jon grabbed it and locked his door. Jon was about to unlock his car when Sansa told him they were going in hers. He got into the passenger side and he she started up the ignition. On the way Sansa had not said one word which was very uncharacteristic of her.

Arriving at the Tyrell Vineyard it was very pretty with hills and trees and a commanding view of the area. These people had to have been rich very rich. As they walked over to the main building Jon finally asked her.

"Are you okay? You've been quiet." He asked giving her his hand.

She took it in hers and told him. "I'm okay, it's you I'm worried about. This will help, you just have to be accepting of change. I know you're an introvert but we always have to make the first step." When she said that she gave him a reassuring smile and kissed his lips. When they opened the door it smelled of pine, wine and fruits. Jon was finding that he liked the area a lot.

Sansa walked over to the reception desk. "Hello may we see Lady Olenna?"

The receptionist never took her eyes off her computer.

"If you have a complaint, wish to tour the area or want to buy some wine I can help with all."

Sansa answered. "We're here to see Lady Olenna."

The receptionist gave her Sansa a glare and then paged for Olenna to the reception area. Jon sat nervously at the waiting chair when an old woman with beady eyes walked in.

"Oh Sansa my you are beautiful, I swear your beauty grows each time I see you. This must be Jon." She handed Jon her hand and Jon shook it fervently.

"Yes I'm Jon." Sansa handed Olenna Jon's resume and she read it for several seconds.

"So with all that education what are you planning on doing?"

"I don't know anymore." Jon said defeated.

Olenna went back to reading the resume and then she turned to Jon. "You know my grandson Loras needs help, maybe you could work with him, what's your availability like?"

"Weekends that's it really." Jon answered honestly.

"My son was in the Army for a couple years, the oaf did nothing of course but I do have a soft spot for you serviceman. Talk to Loras next Saturday he'll get you sorted out. And we'll pay you about eight hundred dollars every two weeks is that sufficient?",

"Yes, very much so." Jon said with a smile.

"Oh good, and Sansa you should come visit me more often. I miss you."

Sansa smiled and laughed. "Me too my lady, how is Loras?"

Olenna scoffed. "His head is still in the clouds puff fish just like his father thank God for Margaery, Willas and Garlan too many Maces and I fear we would go underground."

"Lady Olenna." Sansa gasped. "Loras is very bright."

"Bright yes but very boring. Anyway I must return to work and Jon I'll see you next Saturday. She said smiling.

Jon looked at Sansa nervously and then they left the Vineyard back to Sansa's car.

"Sansa could I drive?" He asked.

"Sure, here the keys." Jon sat in and started the ignition.

"Was that so bad?" Sansa asked as she started stroking Jon's cheek. Sansa kissed Jon again and looked at him. "They're very good people here, me and Marge have been friends since I was like seven."

"You're not mad at me anymore?" When Sansa shook her head Jon grinned. "So can you still come to my place tonight then after your family dinner?"

"If yiu behave at my parents house." Sansa said with a wicked smile.

When they finally arrived at the Stark household Jon noted that this time the parking lot was full it was pretty apparent that they were the last ones.

"Jon did you bring the flowers?" Sansa asked before they walked inside.

"Huh no I left them in my car damn it." Jon grumbled.

"It's okay we'll give them to her tomorrow." Sansa told him.

Catelyn was the first to welcome them inside, she waved Jon and Sansa over to the table. Jon sat next to Robb and Sansa. As they started eating Eddard was looking at Jon oddly and it made Jon feel odd.

After a long silence people started to chatting Margaery asked Jon about the Vineyard telling him alot about Loras and what he'd be doing. When supper was finally over Jon stood and Ned asked him to follow him.

"I got the money back, you don't need it?" Ned asked Jon without a hint of emotion.

"No Sir."

"Do you know who your mother was?"

Jon tried to recall she died when he was born but he knew next to nothing he was moved around from orphanage to orphanage, foster home to foster home that he never knew. "I don't know. Why?"

Eddard looked nervous for a second. "It comes with being a cop just want to know who my daughter is involving herself with." And with that he turned around.

Jon then left the room and saw Sansa. "Come darling let's go."

She looked to Jon for a second smiling. "I've never done it before Jon so maybe we can do other things until a bit later." She suggested nervously.

"You've never..." When she shook her head Jon just smiled. "Alright we can do other things I can teach you come. Let's say goodbye to your folks."

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to anyone still reading means alot.

# Jon IV

## Chapter Summary

Jon starts to work at the Tyrell Winery.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Jon arrived today Loras asked him to pour the wine into caskets too allow them to ferment and age properly. Jon found the work easy but tedious fairly the same all the time. When Jon finished filling the fortieth cask Loras came up to him.

"Jon, I think that's enough for today wouldn't you say? Come let's go do something fun." Jon looked at him oddly than nodded. Jon rather liked Loras with his friendly and easy going nature. When Jon timidly came to the winery on his first day Loras was the first to greet him. "Look at the countryside here, my father owns some stables want to drink some wine than go riding?"

"I'm not sure I'm allowed to drink on the job, Loras they may not..." Loras just shook his head.

"It's only me and you today and we filled the fifty caskets. Now we have seven hours to do what we want."

"Fifty? You made me do forty." Jon chuckled as Loras replied with laughter.

"Well what are you gonna go do now, empty them so I can do my half, come on it'll be fun." Jon nodded and Loras grabbed a bottle a wine from the counter. He sniffed it and moaned. "Jon this is our reserve." He poured Jon a glass before pouring himself one. Jon tasted it and realized how good it actually was. He soon drank the glass and Loras filled it back up. On and on it went until Loras grabbed another bottle. Jon was starting to feel a bit fuzzy as he drank and realized he must be drunk.

Loras came back with two bottles of wine this time handing one to Jon. Loras poured himself a glass but Jon decided to just drink from the bottle until it was empty again. Loras gazed at him with amusement. "I'm going to get you another but take it easy Jon."

"Yea sure, just put more of the thing in the thing that stuff goes in." Jon then felt himself falling over until he got up and saw Loras immediately come to his side to help him stand. "I'm good my man, get more please." Loras laughed and left again. When Loras came back Jon tried to grab the bottle.

"No, I'll give it to you when we're on the horses." Jon grunted and followed Loras to the Tyrell stables. Loras helped Jon mount and handed Jon the wine. "Try to make it last this time I don't want to stop every two minutes because you have to piss."

"Don't worry about it. I'm totally fine I drunk better when I ride. Haha." As Loras led both of them onto the path he slowed his horse down so he could be next to Jon. Jon gulped a large sip and nearly threw up but somehow it didn't happen.

"So Jon, we've never really talked about your life before." Jon just nodded. "Sansa tells me you don't speak about Iraq why not? I'm sure it helps to talk."

"I don't like, to talk Loras you. Know right?" Jon started laughing hysterically before coughing and drinking another gulp of wine.

"Sansa is worried Jon, she says you've closed that part of your life off." Jon was shook his head.

"I can't talk with Sansa, she doesn't know she wasn't there. How could she know?" Jon felt angry for a minute but realized it was the wine talking. "I just can't Loras look at the trees over there let's go."

Before waiting for a response Jon sent his horse into a gallop and Loras called after him. Jon wasn't listening Sansa asked Loras to talk about the war with him. Why couldn't she mind her own business? She chose his job why couldn't she leave him alone. With all the mindless thoughts racing through Jon's mind Jon retched onto the horse and it wheezed and and jumped until Jon had fallen from the saddle. Jon watched the horse run off.

"Damn you, damn you all." He punched the ground until his hands couldn't move anymore. Shouting and screaming. Walking up to a tree. "Why do you care Sansa? What do you want to know? Do you want me to tell you how Val and almost all my friends are dead in that place?" Jon was beating his fists into a tree now and started crying.

"I'm sorry Sansa, I can't I'm too weak. I tried but I can't." He sat down and heard some rustling next to him but he was too tired he couldn't move and he felt himself being picked up until it all went black.

Sansa

Margaery was picking out some new pregnancy clothes and asking Sansa her opinion on them.

"I think you'd look fine in them. Robb won't mind."

"You sure I don't want him to think I look overly big, you know." When Margaery's phone went off. "Hey Sansa can you get that?"

"Hello." She heard frantic breathing.

"Sansa put my sister on the phone please."

"She's busy I can help."

"Can you ask her to come here ASAP? Drop you off first though."

"Yeah, hey Marge Loras sounded worried we need to go to the Vineyard." Margaery nodded and put down her clothes.

"I'll get them next week. If I'm too big by then Loras will come with me." She chuckled.

"What did he do? I wonder if he forgot how leave the Wine to ferment again. I swear he never knows that to do." Sansa started laughing and the time went by alot faster when they reached the vineyard. Margaery walked up the steps and Sansa followed.

Margaery rung the doorbell and Loras came out immediately and stopped dead when he saw Sansa.

"Sansa I thought maybe you should have gone home."

"I thought I could help with whatever happened." Loras shook his head.

"I think me and Margaery are quite enough." Loras said with a stutter.

"Loras she's here anyway, come on did you drop an entire case of wine on the floor?" Loras shook gos head. "What then oh it has something to do with Jon."

Loras nodded slowly.

Sansa sighed incredulously "what has he been fired?"

"Fired? No just come I'll show you." Sansa was fuming had he done something stupid and caused the Vineyard a problem. When Loras opened the door she found him unmoving on a bed with makeshift bandages over him. Sansa ran to him and knelt beside him. He was breathing and he reeked of wine. "We had some wine to drink and he fell of his horse."

"Some" Margaery scoffed. "Look at him he smells worst than the oak caskets downstairs, how much did he drink? Be honest I know when you lie Loras."

"Three bottles a little less I suppose." Loras answered with his head down expecting backlash. "I meant to help him, Sansa said he never talks about his past so I thought if I were to get him drunk."

Sansa was about to speak when Jon grabbed her arm.

"I'm fine my car is here come on Sansa let's go can you drop me off at my place I can't really drive."

Sansa saw his hand sticky with blood and she started to stroke it gently. "Fine what happened here? I'm going to drive you. Yes but not to your apartment but to the Hospital than you're coming with me to my parents house." Jon was shaking his head mumbling nonsense about being fine when Loras helped her sit Jon in his car.

"Thanks Loras for calling us, and for taking care of him."



Loras looked at her sadly. "He's a strong man, but broken I think. I don't know if you can help him."

Margaery shot Loras a glare and Sansa felt her fury rise. "Why? Why can't I help him? I love him."

Loras just looked down. "He's sick he needs help and I don't mean with his hands. I mean with his head."

"I know Loras I'm trying to help him." She said in a low whisper. "Goodbye Margaery and thank you." As she started the car she noticed Jon was looking out the window.

"How are you feeling Jon?" She asked.

"Fine Sansa how are you feeling?" She ignored his question and looked at him again.

"How's your hands they look hurt." Jon looked down and back outside the car.

"They hurt, Loras said I was punching a tree." He looked at his hands again and Sansa looked at Jon.

"We're almost to the Hospital."

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks to anyone still reading.

## End Notes

I've been tempted to write this story for a while, to see how it does with you guys. I had not intended on using any real character names but I wasn't sure how else to get it started. It really is a story about PTSD war and the opportunity to go into space to land on the moon.

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