Daemon Targaryen is the third Prince of the Seven Kingdoms. Before reaching the safety of Dragonstone with his mother and brother they were ambushed, he was taken to safety by a bastard knight and taken to the Riverlands. He became a protector of the innocent and became "The Devil" to his enemies. How will his presence change the GOT storyline? Partly AU
Daemon

AN: Hello readers, this my first fanfic ever. I’ve been a long time reader and I’ve always had ideas swimming around in my head that I’ve always wanted to put into writing but never got around to doing it. But here I am writing a GOT fanfiction.

Daemon Targaryen is the third Prince of the Seven Kingdoms. Before reaching the safety of Dragonstone with his mother and brother they were ambushed, he was taken to safety by a bastard knight and taken to the Riverlands. He became a protector of the innocent and became “The Devil” to his enemies. How will his presence change the GOT storyline?

So yeah, that is the description/summary thing. I hope you stick around with this story, it's going to be a fun ride. This story will include some book characters but not too many.

The first few chapters of the story are backstories of Daemon and The Devil

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: There will be blood, cursing, sprinkles sexuality, and all that good stuff

Enjoy!

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Daemon
No POV

 Daemon Targaryen II was born in King’s Landing in 776 AC to King Aerys Targaryen II and Queen Rhaella Targaryen, the younger brother to Rhaegar and Viserys Targaryen.

Growing up Daemon was always looked upon fondly by his mother and oldest brother Rhaegar. He was seen as the innocent boy born into a mad world.

Daemon was always a curious boy who loved talking to others. Who could worm his way into the hearts of anyone he talked to for more than a few minutes. His relationships with the people he met and talked to shaped him to become the strong man he became later in life.

Growing up Daemon always looked up to his mother as someone who was sweet and doting, but could be a great mama bear when she wanted. She was the one who shielded Daemon from his father, who insisted that Daemon come watch the burnings of criminals in the Throne Room. Daemon always credited his mother when people tell him he is so generous and sweet and kind and caring, he says that it all came from his mother, who was a great big ray of sunshine in the snake pit of King’s Landing.

Rhaegar was also someone to look up to when Daemon was growing up. Rhaegar was always the perfect Prince, he had the looks, the skill in swordsmanship, and was even an expert player with the harp, going to taverns within King’s Landing and playing to the masses. Although after his brother ran off with Lyanna, abandoning his wife and two children to a mad man, soured Daemon’s opinion of the perfect prince Rhaegar.

Someone who he saw as a second mother was his aunt (in all but technicality) Elia and her children Rhaenys and Aegon. Elia was always taking care of Daemon when Rhaella was otherwise occupied. She’d bring Daemon to her rooms to play with Rhaenys before he and Rhaenys escaped
the rooms to explore the Red Keep, Barristan Selmy and Jaime Lannister hot on their heels. He’d even play with little Aegon when he was born and help Elia and Rhaenys take care of him when he would get fussy.

Daemon’s father and brother Viserys were on the wrong side of the spectrum when it came to a loving family. Daemon had a shallow relationship with Viserys, almost never seeing him unless he was in the presence of their father. Viserys took to Aeris’ teachings like a fish to water, creating too many similarities between the two for Daemon to be comfortable around him. Aeris went against the urgings of his mother by forcing Daemon to watch criminals burn in the Throne Room. And that basically encompasses the entire relationship between himself and his father.

One thing that many people found interesting about the prince was his relationship with the people outside of his family.

In the Kingsguard Barristan Selmy was the one who taught him the basics of swordsmanship, he exchanged child friendly jabs with Jaime Lannister, and sparring with Arthur Dayne although he never came close to winning even when Arthur tied an arm and a leg together behind his back.

Elsewhere in the Red Keep Varys took great joy in teaching Daemon the inner-workings of a spy network. Everyday after Daemon practiced his swordsmanship he would learn politics and whispers from Varys, the inner-workings of King’s Landing and the basics to managing a spy network throughout a city, a kingdom, and even places across the sea in Essos.

Daemon’s primary teacher in his younger was a servant named Shiera. Daemon’s mother had a few reservations about a woman who always wore a mask teaching her little son about the word around him be eventually relented when Rhaegar said Shiera was a perfect teacher. Shiera would always encourage Daemon to push his boundaries and collect knowledge telling him that “it would be important to the future of his family”. Daemon always found it fascinating that Shiera seemed to know so much about Essos and the far east, from Braavos to the Frozen Grey Waste, she told so many amazing stories about Essos that he vowed that when he was older he would uncover all of the secrets of Essos and the Far East. When he told Shiera about his dream she just chuckled and told him that in time Daemon will have seen the world.

Before Daemon’s escape from the Lannister ambush on his way to Dragonstone he had only been out of King’s Landing one other time during the Great Tourney of Harrenhal.

There he met the beautiful Ashara Dayne who laughed and ruffled his hair when Arthur introduced him as his sparring partner he mentioned in his letters home. Aunt Elia introduced Daemon to her brother Oberyn Martell, who told Daemon to call him Uncle Oberyn and requested a spar with Daemon to see “how the little Dragon has progressed”.

When exploring Harrenhal away from the searching eyes of the Kingsguard he ran into the peculiar pair of Howland Reed and Lyanna Stark sitting in one of the empty towers watching the creation of the tourney grounds below. When he introduced himself as a prince Howland stooped into a low bow but Lyanna just laughed at Howlands attempt at humility and lead the little prince back to the Stark camp. There she introduced Daemon to the boisterous Brandon and the solemn Eddard. Lyanna decided to call him her Little Prince because a week into the Grand Tourney Lyanna would lead Daemon into exploring the ruins of Harrenhal and causing general trouble around the Stark camp.

He also met the Tully sisters when Brandon pulled him away from Lyanna and into the stands of the melee. Daemon noticed how wary Lysa seemed around him, Daemon didn't notice this, Daemon instead favored the nicer Tully sister Catelyn. She gave off a very strong motherly vibe when she made sure Brandon wasn't getting him into any trouble around the castle.
After the tourney is when life for Daemon started going to the seven hells. His father became even more violent and deranged. Viserys went along with this sentiment beating up on Daemon and insulting Rhaenys and Elia, even going as far as to yell at Aegon when he cried to much.

The worst came when Daemon was forced to watch the “trial” of Brandon and Rickard Stark. He couldn’t stop the silent tears that fell out of his eyes when Brandon was suffocated while he watched his father burn. By the time it was over Jaime Lannister was pale faced and as were most of the nobles, the only sound to be heard was the mad cackling of their King.

Daemon ran back to his rooms and began sobbing into the sheets. A few minutes later his mother came into his room and held him close her chest, shushing him quietly.

“So soon, very soon, we will be leaving” she whispered into his ear. “To Dragonstone, you remember Dragonstone?”

He just nodded. “Several months from now your brother Rhae will return, and before then we will go to Dragonstone” She continued. “Then when your brother has come back home we can come back and all will be well, ok?” She assured. He just nodded again, showing he understood, still sadly into his mother’s chest.

From then on Daemon counted the days until their departure. He avoided his father at all costs and only spoke to Viserys in short words.

He took comfort in the presence of his mother, Aunt Elia, Rhaenys and Aegon, who never failed to keep his spirits high.

Varys and Shiera were two who helped Daemon pass the days by. Varys continued teaching him the ways of a spymaster and Shiera continued to tell him amazing tails of the Shadowbinders of Asshai and the Dothraki in central Essos.

Soon enough the day for a heavily pregnant Rhaella, Viserys, and Daemon to leave to Dragonstone. When Daemon asked why Elia, Rhaenys, and Aegon were not coming with them his mother told him that the king won't permit it. He didn't understand why but he just nodded anyway. When the time came to leave Elia planted a kiss on his head and said: “Remember this little Dae, we will see eachother again, whether that be in this life or the next” He nodded and gave her a tearful hug before moving on to Rhaenys who told him excitedly: “One day we will go to Dorne together and explore the water gardens, then we will go to Essos and the Far East and explore the world, and we’ll learn special magic and fly Dragons!” They both laughed before hugging one last time. He planted a kiss on Aegon's little brow before mounting the horse being held out for him.

Varys told him: “Remember what I taught you, it will be handy in the future” and Shiera gave him one last cryptic message to send him off: “Be wary of the Lions for they are ready to show their claws, beware the deep ones where the water runs red, never show your back to the men of stone, and watch for krakens when you travel to a thousand islands. For you will be the first to run with red men, to discover golden pyramids in the deep reaches of the jungle, to discover the tombs of narrow sighted men, to light up black stoned forts, to bring black dragons to Westeros, and to bring the sun to a land of winter. Remember this and you will become a legend, something that others could only wish to be, you will have seen the world many times over with a fiery red wolf by your side, you will be someone who will be spoken of for as long as men have tongues. You have quite a life ahead of you, be sure to live it, because it's one of the best.” Shiera just patted his leg and let him depart.

With the idea of a great future planted into his mind, he rode out of the gates, a large true grin plastered to his face.
Only that grin would never return until many years to come.

On the road to Dragonstone is when the Lannisters ambushed their group. At first the only thing people heard were arrows flying into the group killing any who stood in their path. All Daemon could hear was the singing of arrows, the screaming of men, horses, and his mother. He heard hooves crashing through the woods, he turned and saw the last thing that he would see before his life changed forever, a golden lion.
The Devil

By the time Daemon had woken up, his head bandaged, he was deep in the Riverlands. He discovered that a bastard knight Avery Sand had recovered Daemon from the ground in which he was thrown and rode off towards the Riverlands.

He was sick with worry about his family. It only took a few weeks for Daemon’s fears to come true. When Daemon and Avery were sitting in a tavern did they hear that the Queen died in childbirth, the two surviving Targaryens fleeing across the sea. Whereas King’s Landing was sacked and Elia and her children were killed by the Mountain. His brother smashed at the Trident. Only then did Daemon cry and cry and cry.

Avery did his best to comfort him but they didn't know each other, Avery wasn't a parent or a friend, at best he was a knight and a blacksmith. Weeks later, after Daemon’s tears had dried and a short bout with a fever had ended, was when Daemon’s sadness turned into cold, unbridled fury.

Avery was only just able to keep Daemon from running to King’s Landing to kill Robert Baratheon. Avery told little Daemon that they have to lay low and cover his hair, make sure that they forget Daemon Targaryen and Avery Sand ever existed.

For a few years he and Avery moved from town to town, never staying any longer than a month. It took a bandit attack and Avery almost dying for them to be convinced that staying in one place for longer than a year could work for them.

They settled in the small town of Lisgoh, a small Blackwood town, several miles north of Riverrun. The people were suspicious of the pair. But soon Avery’s past as a blacksmith apprentice and Arthur’s, Daemon’s fake name, relentless work ethic when it came to menial chores around town helped the townspeople warm up to the pair. No more than 3 months later did the townspeople fully trust the two.

Daemon, now a boy of 10, was reclusive and sullen. He became increasingly ferocious during their sparring, Avery noticed that Daemon was the most focused when he explained how to dispatch an opponent the quickest way possible.

Avery did not only teach Daemon swordsmanship but blacksmithing as well. They learned that Daemon had a knack for creating things with his hands, usually found when he was working with a hammer and anvil, but also when he made hunting traps. Daemon would usually going into the surrounding woods to hunt, usually spending days in the
wilderness, always bringing back plenty of food for himself and Avery as well as enough to sell to some of their fellow villagers.

Daemon soon became 12 and started truly challenging Avery in their spars, Daemon using his speed and agility to get around any attack, before lunging in and either stabbing or slashing important vital spots on the body. Finding comfort in bastard swords gave Daemon enough room to be able to dodge around attacks and give his enemy a quick, strong swing or lunge. Daemon also favored a cross guarded dagger, which he could flick up and out of its sheath before flinging it towards his enemy, usually aiming for the neck.

Daemon also improved his skill with the bow. Some days he would accompany the village hunter and help him hunt with traps and snares. Some days, if game was plenty, the hunter would allow Daemon to try to improve his skill with a bow. Daemon was masterful when shooting stationary or slow moving targets, but fast moving targets were where Daemon found his problems with archery start to arise.

It was during his twelfth year that he killed a few bandits while out hunting. Daemon had come upon a little cottage deep into the forest. He could hear yells coming from inside the cottage. The door slammed open and out came 5 bandits, one dragging a woman by her hair while two other carried what Daemon presumed were her 13 year old daughter and 9 year old son.

Daemon knew what they intended to do who the two females and maybe even the boy, he had heard what happened to his Aunt Elia, the mere thought of that happening to others who were as innocent as his aunt angered him to no end.

The three men dragged the woman to the back of the cottage while the two bandits in front watched over the child. Daemon knew he had to make one of the bandits to scream, hoping to draw the rest of the bandits away from the woman.

He launched an arrow through the temple of one bandit, before breaking the tree line and stabbing the other bandit in his foot. The man’s screams echoed around the forest, Daemon knew that was loud enough. He kicked at the screaming man’s knees, pulling him down to the ground before cutting open his throat. At this point the two children had backed into the wall of the house, cowering together.

The three remaining bandits rounded the corner. Daemon got on one knee and flung his dagger, it impaled itself in the lead man’s neck. The other two ran past their fallen comrade, all three combatants drew their swords.

Daemon easily ducked a lazy swing and stabbed the man in the groin, spinning away from another attack to leave him screaming in pain on the ground. Daemon faced the last man, parried a lunge, a swing, another lunge. He dodged the over-head blow allowing the sword to hit the ground, Daemon stepped on the flat of the blade pinning it to the ground, swinging his blade upwards he cut the man's throat, spraying blood across his face.

He stood there for a second looking up trying to ignore the bile rising in his throat. The groined man still screamed on the ground. Daemon huffed to himself, before striding over to the man.

“Pl-please, I did-didn't mean it, I-” Daemon cut off the man’s painful begging with a sword through the face.

“Thank you, thank you”. He wiped his bloody face and turned to the woman observing her visibly shaking, pale form. Luckily she wasn't hurt, he walked to one of the fallen men, ripping his dagger out of his still heavily bleeding throat.
“You shouldn't be living out here on your own” he told the woman calmly. She was still holding her children, kneeling on the ground, shivering violently although she was gaining some color back to her face.

“My husband he-” She paused, taking a shaky breath “He died several years ago, we don't have a trade to be any of use to any village, we-we-”

“It’s fine” he interrupted her “Come back with me, I live in a village not too far from here, we can offer you a home” She didn't look certain. “Or you can stay out here and wait for the next group of bandits to visit you. I won't be able to help you every time”

Her face paled a little, she glanced at the dead bodies surrounding her, before turning back to Daemon. “Alright, I-I’ll go with you” she said. “I’m Marion, this” she motioned to her daughter “is Amber and my boy is Leland”. Both children were pale faced and shaking in the arms of their mother.

“Arthur” was all he said back

Daemon looked towards the setting sun. “We should be getting back” He turned to Marion and held his hand out, she took it and stood, as did her children. “Well, let's get going you three, we want to get moving while the sun is up”

The woman sped back into the house and collected the few belongings they had in a small rucksack. She walked through the ruined entrance of her home and nodded to Daemon.

With that he lead his little group back to Lisgoh. They walked into town near dawn, and after an entire night of non-stop walking, they all were ready to drop. Especially Daemon who had taken turns in carrying Amber and Leland on his back allowing them to rest a little.

Daemon explained the situation to the few surrounding villagers who noticed him arriving. Randy, the local wet nurse, said she could take charge of the family he had brought in. He didn't argue, a few villagers had asked if he was okay, blood had covered his face partly down into his chest. He brushed off their concern and headed straight to Avery’s smithy.

“The hell happened to you?” Was the first thing Avery asked when he walked into their shared home. “Bandits” was all Daemon said back. Avery hmphed and continued working on breakfast. After a minute of silence “Get cleaned up” Avery said “You still have to work in the shop today, and you won't be eating or selling with bloody hands”

Daemon grunted his affirmation and went to get cleaned up.

Only at the end of the day is when Avery asked how he felt.

“I’m fine” was all Daemon said.

“You sure?” Daemon gave him a look “What, im just asking, you killed someone. You don't just brush that off”

“I dealt with it in the moment, I didn't feel bad, all the blood was uncomfortable, that's all.” Daemon told him

Avery just sighed “Ok, if your sure, I’ll leave you be. Just a little concerned alright? All these years together and you don't expect me to be concerned?”
“Yeah yeah old man, dont get all sappy with me” Daemon said with a smirk

Avery chuckled “Ok I'm not that old”. Daemon raised a brow. “What? Im serious Im only 35 name-days. That's not that old.”

“Whatever” Daemon started down the hall towards his room “Im going to sleep”

“Night, kid”

And life went on.

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By age 13 Daemon was quite skilled when it came to blacksmithing. Learning under Avery almost every day allowed Daemon to start crafting his own blades and other leather based equipment.

It was also at age 13 when a sickness spread like wildfire through the Riverlands killing hundreds who contracted the unknown disease. Several people in Lisgoh also caught the disease, and it spread through the town. The disease fluttered out a month after it had arrived but it took Avery with it. The townspeople burned the bodies to stop the disease from going any farther.

Daemon only brushed the death off, he was used to it at this point, and continued working as a blacksmith. Continued his several day long hunts outside of the village. Continued killing bandits during his hunts as something he would do on the side of hunting. Soon enough hunting became second fiddle to killing bandits.

The villagers would notice how Daemon would leave on these hunting trips for days or even weeks longer than he would usually take. Within the next 3 years his kill count had reached the hundreds. Any someone who intended to hurt an innocent person whether it be thievery, rape, murder, or any other type of criminal act fell under Daemon’s sword, dagger, arrow, hands, or any other weapon he could get his hands on.

The victims of his judgement could be found anywhere. The woods, main roads, or the back alley’s of towns and villages. The state of the bodies he left behind could vary from a single stab to the heart to a head smashed into paste. The smallfolk started giving him the name “The Devil”. The tales of The Devil’s deeds spread throughout the lands reaching the lowest of peasants and the highest of lords. One such lord was Hoster Tully. Lord Hoster was not opposed to the justice this devil dispensed but it was his duty to bring the man in. Tully patrols were sent out to discover the whereabouts of this bandit killer. One lucky patrol got a glimpse of Daemon’s silver hair, and the rumor was spread that Daemon Targaryen was alive and deadly.

At this point Daemon had always covered his hair with a black bandana. But after one particularly brutal fight with a group of 3 murderers he had his bandana flung off, exposing his silver hair, distracting the 2 of the men enough for Daemon to make quick work of them. It is now that the Tully patrol had ridden down the small forest path and discovered a silver haired boy no older than 15, matching the description of The Devil minus the bandana, killing bandits in an obscure forest road.

From then on the word about Daemon the Devil had spread across the Seven Kingdoms. Even across the sea to the Free Cities, most notably Pentos, where a silver haired Prince and Princess were elated to hear that their lost brother was still alive and well in Westeros. It also reached Barristan Selmy and Jaime Lannister who had done their best to hide their smirks at King Robert’s raging visage when he heard the news from equally amused Varys, whose lips were twitching into an impossible to see grin.
Varys had received word years ago from Daemon’s own developing spy network that he was alive and kicking in the Riverlands. Varys had almost laughed aloud when he heard his little pupil was doing King Robert’s justice in the Riverlands. From there he had sent word to Illyrio telling him that the Targaryen’s still had family in Westeros.

Robert had sent out patrol after patrol into the Riverlands. Patrols consisting of Riverlanders, Westerlanders, and Stormlanders had all set out to catch the infamous Devil but could never stay on his trail for more than a day.

When asking smallfolk in the Riverlands, they wouldn't get any answers. The people of the Riverlands didn't care that The Devil was possibly a Targaryen, he was helping innocent people, keeping the roads safe and causing criminals to think twice about committing a crime. He even had an Inn named after him in Fairmarket, named the Devil’s Inn.

Of Course his hometown of Lisgoh supported him fully and always helped him and greeted him whenever he returned. Marion and Amber would always fuss over him like mother hens, they grew attached to the boy after he saved them many years ago, and thought of him as a part of their little family.

He had set up a safe house in another small town named Sherfield, where he had gotten rid of the constantly raiding bandits that plagued their farmers.

Another few months pass until Daemon met his first friend in forever, a young healer from Volantis named Talisa Maegyr. She had found Daemon injured, bloodied, and ready to collapse in the bed of corpses he had created.

She took him back to Fairmarket, where she was able to patch him up properly. They had spent a few weeks in Fairmarket but were unawares of the Stormlanders who had caught wind of the Devil’s Inn and had waited in Fairmarket for the return of The Devil.

Daemon and Talisa lead the patrols on a merry chase across the Riverlands and into the Vale and finally to Gulltown, where Daemon and Talisa caught a merchant ship across the Narrow Sea and to Braavos.

From then on no word had be given to King Robert about the Devil Prince who had escaped across the sea.

While many in Westeros were wondering about the whereabouts of Daemon, they were unawares of the grand adventure he and Talisa had embarked on. Only Daemon and Talisa know of their entire journey through Essos and the Far East. Many years later stories had been told of a wandering warrior and healer that had uncovered the secrets of the world. From children’s tales to horror stories to Maesters’ books were written about the journey those two took across Essos and beyond.

It took 6 years for Daemon and Talisa to return to Westeros. While his and Talisa’s story is not yet ready to be told. He had done many things in Essos. Two things were the establishment of The Devil’s Company of Mantarys, a notable sellsword company that patrolled the Demon Road and even ventured into the Ruins of Valyria. Another thing during his journey was that he had also met his little sister Daenerys. Making sure she was protected under the watchful eye of Illyrio Mopatis.

While both he and Talisa were great friends they both decided to go their separate ways for a little time due to the rumors of an impending war. The agreed to meet in the future while they both seperated and prepared for the coming war.
The most notable things they had brought back from their adventures for Talisa had been the vast knowledge of healing from several cultures, whether it be the method of a Sothoryos tribesmen or a Yi Ti forest hermit or a sorceress healer from the Shadow Lands, Talisa could heal you in anyway you prefer.

For Daemon he had brought back three special weapons. The first was a Dothraki war bow which he had one in single combat against a bloodrider. A ruby sat in the center of the crossguard of his Valyrian steel dagger. At 13.5 inches long and an 8 inch blade, it was perfect for Daemon. It had a black hilt and a blood read sheath hanging off of his left hip. He had found this dagger deep in the ruins of Valyria while fighting off hordes of stonemen with his Devil’s Company and Talisa by his side. Finally was his bloodsteel bastard sword. The steel of the blade has a red sheen to it, blood red hilt, and a black sheath that hangs off of his right hip. Bloodsteel can only be found north of the Five Forts and on the coast of the Bleeding Sea, Daemon forged the blade himself. Bloodsteel was heavier than Valyrian steel but just as sharp.

He wore his black bandana to cover his shaven hair (Thor’s cut from Ragnarok). Under a black leather cuirass and black leather bracers, he word a long sleeve black linen shirt. He wears loose black breeches which are held up by a double wrap belt which holds all of his weapons. His breeches are tucked into a pair of brown Funtasma Gotham 105 boots (They look cool, and I didn’t know how to describe them).

He has plenty of scars but there are two noticeable ones on his head. One starts right under his nose and stretches across his lips and ends at the curve of his chin. While he and Talisa were exploring the jungles of Sothoryos he was clubbed in the face by a local tribesman. The second is on his left side of his throat where he was almost assassinated by a master assassin in Mantarys.

It was the year 298 when Daemon and Talisa had returned and he had just turned 22 years old. They also returned only a month before the start of the War of the Five Kings.
Calm Before the Storm

AN: Next chapter! As for my posting schedule it will probably be once a week, probably during the weekends. Chapter 2 and 3 were a bit early cause I already wrote while writing the first chapter. Next chapter will be the weekend after this one. Sorry you guys will have to wait but it will be pretty consistent from there on out.

Any comments or criticisms give me a PM or review and I’ll try to respond in a timely fashion.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Short chapter, some swearing

Enjoy!

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War of the Five Kings
Daemon POV

“Is that right”

“Its what on the rumor mill now”

“Oh come on Amber, I need something more direct” Daemon said “I’ve been back, what three weeks, I haven’t been able to communicate with anyone.”

He was back in Lisgoh cleaning up the dust left in his smithy shop with Amber. After 6 years away he was not surprised that Marion, Amber, and Leland had stopped cleaning it for him. He had arrived in Lisgoh a week after his arrival in Gulltown. When he got back the entire village was clamoring around him, worrying, berating, and hugging him over and over. Marion and Amber had been especially brutal in their scolding of Daemon for leaving Westeros without any word of warning to them.

“Im serious, the King is dead and Eddard Stark has been arrested” Amber continued.

“You heard this from merchants?” He asked

“Yes” she sounded exasperated “How many times do I have to tell you, war is coming and the Riverlands are most certainly in the middle”

“Well… shit”

“Yeah” she finished

They continued cleaning in silence. Daemon knew he had to go to Fairmarket. His best informants were their and he needed to be sure that war was coming. If it was between the North and the South, the people of the Riverlands were probably going to be the ones to suffer the most.

“Mama is cooking her special stew tonight, you better not miss out” Amber said sternly

“Of course, of course” he chuckled. His face turned serious “But day after tomorrow I will be heading to Fairmarket, need to start preparing for the worst” He said solemnly
“Why?” she asked. He was about to reply before she interrupted the ward. “I know you have to protect the people and everything but we only just got you back from the land of bedtime stories” She hugged him gently, he dropped his cleaning rag and returned the hug. “We just want you to be safe and with us.”

They broke the hug. He looked into her watery eyes, held her arms at her sides, and just sighed. “You know why I do this?” she just nodded, looking to the ground. “Its to keep you safe. You know what to do when I’m not around. Go to-”

“Go to Riverrun, talk to Hal at the stables, I know” She huffed. “Well let’s enjoy the peace while it lasts, ma’s stew is waiting for us” She looked up and smiled

He smiled back and threw an arm around her shoulders, they walked out of the shop, looking forward to a warm meal and soft beds. The calm before the storm.

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The roads throughout the Riverlands were far from empty. Daemon’s knew all of the signs of war from his days in King’s Landing. Farmers were rushing to the holdfasts, depositing food that their lords commander to be given due to the incoming war. Patrols of Tully's, Bracken’s, and Roote’s men were keeping a watchful eye along the road to Fairmarket.

Luckily no one recognized him as the Devil. Over the years he had changed his clothing from a simple brown to almost all black, still keeping his black bandana tied to his head. He had also darkened his skin from pale to having a slight tan, mostly due to the long days in the Dothraki Sea.

He knew the possible ramifications of a war in the Riverlands. The land and people would be beaten and burned until the only thing left would be ash. The people would flee to the castles and fortified towns, maybe north to the Twins and beyond, the mountains of the Eyrie, or maybe even south to King’s Landing.

All of the food would be taken from land, either by the invaders or the defenders. Thus leaving the smallfolk to fend for themselves and probably starve to death. Bandits would come in droves leaching off of the land and the people. All of these thought angered Daemon. He had worked so hard and tirelessly to stop bandit presence in the Riverlands and the coming war would just throw all of his hard work to the wind.

By the time he had reached Fairmarket the sun was painting the clouds with beautiful oranges and reds. It was starting to get cold and he knew he must find the Inn in town to contact his spies.

Passing through the fortified town the signs of a coming war were out for all to see. Empty shops, boarded house windows, multiple guards on the walls. Passing the smithy in town he could see a Tully man discussing orders for swords and spearheads. All of which will likely be distributed to the levys of the Tully army.

He came to the Inn, identifiable by the sign hanging above the door. Its sign held the words ‘The Devil’s Inn’ under a picture of a single white dragon.

He tied his horse to a pole a few yards from the entrance and entered the inn.

He was immediately hit by a wave of heat coming from the roaring fire in the center of the room. The door was located in the center of the room, to his right was the bar counter and the stairs just in front, in the center was the fire, and to his right were where the tables were set.

The room was mostly empty besides a few patrons sitting scattered among the tables and a barmaid
manning the counter.

He pounded his fist softly on the counter, causing the barmaid to look up from her cleaning of an empty mug. She eyed the sword and dagger on his hip, before looking up at him. A slight blush on her cheeks.

“Whaddya want?” she asked crudely, despite her blush.

“Looking for a room in the back” he said, glancing over her shoulder at the door behind her.

She shot a look at the door before turning back to him. “And what business would you have back there?” she asked.

He sighed, taking a thinking pose. A few seconds look recognition caught on his face. “The Prince still has work do to, a stranger awaits his word”

Her eyes widened in recognition. “Of course sir, here, this way” she lead him around the counter and back to the door. She knocked twice and then a third time several seconds later.

A muffled voice behind the door replied to her knocks. “He returns?” the voice asked.

“Yes” the barmaid replied.

“Send him in” the voice called out again.

Daemon nodded his thanks to the girl before stepping beside her and into the dimly lit room.

The room was lit by a candle sitting on a desk, which had several papers and scrolls scattered on top. There was a bed in one of the corners and a small window looking out into the back alley of the inn.

At the desk sat a scruffy looking man. He had shoulder length hair that was tangles, stubble set on his chin and a small mustache growing. He stood at a short 5’5, several inches shorter than Daemon’s 5’11, he greeted Daemon with a nod before turning back to the table shifting through the piles of paper.

“Frederick”Daemon greeted the man.

“Sir” Frederick said without looking away from his papers. “It’s been a while hasn't it. You here looking for news of the war, yes?”

“Long time indeed” said Daemon. “You are right. I’ve been hearing and seeing” he continued. “Across the Riverlands, soldiers patrolling and gathering, farmers giving up their food, houses boarded up. All signs are pointing to a war.” He paused. “You have something for me?” He asked.

“Yes I do” the smaller man replied. He took a few seconds to sort through his papers before pulling out a scroll and handing it to Daemon. “Here’s a message from Lord Wode to Lord Tully, reporting troop movements from House Lannister” he turned back to his papers and shuffled a few again before pulling out another letter from his piles. “And this one” he read it for a second, then handed to Daemon. “Is from Tywin Lannister to Walder Frey, its coded of course, but luckily you have me” he quick turned to his desk and handed Daemon yet another paper, of the uncoded message.

Daemon whistled lowly. “This is big, very big”. He looked to Frederick. “How old is this?”
Frederick pondered the question for a moment. “Just about a week old”

“Hmph” He rubbed his chin deep in thought. “Well I never disliked killing Lannisters”

“Westerlands?” Frederick asked. Daemon nodded in answer.

“Well, I have work to do Dae, leave me alone and go do whatever you do best” Frederick said turning back to his desk.

“It was nice seeing you Fred” Frederick shot him a nasty look over his shoulder. “Hey” Daemon held his hands up in surrender “Its better than saying Frederick over and over and over again”.

“Whatever, just get the fuck out of my room” he groused back.

Daemon made his way out of the room, before the door closed he called out one more time.”Seeya Fred”. All he got back in response was a muffled ‘fuck off’.

He turned to the barmaid, who was looking at him with a little blush. “Goodbye mister Devil, Prince, oh um-”

“Just Daemon please” he said kindly, her face lit up like the sun.

“Oh”. He cackled at her response
“Make sure Fred in their doesn't get himself into any trouble, for me?” he asked her.

“Oh, um sure, yeah I can do that sir” his eyebrows started to rise. “Daemon”

He smiled again “Thank you…?”

“Brandi”

“Thank you Brandi” she just blushed again. He gave her a little bow and walked out of the Inn.

Once outside, looking up into the stars, he took a deep inhale of the night air and exhaled loudly.

Time to get to work.
AN: Sorry for the delay everyone, I was visiting family during the week so any updates were going to take some time. If any more hiccups in my updating schedule come up, I'll let you guys know. The length of my chapters will vary, it just depends on what I plan on writing in a chapter. Especially these first few chapters, which are mostly to let Daemon do a few things before the main story starts to pick up. Btw updates are going to be a bit of a mess for the next few months, getting into college, personal stuff, etc. is happening in my life but I will try to update once a week. A weekend posting date was unrealistic because my updates can come either in a few days or a little more than a week, so my updates will be mostly sporadic, but will take no longer than 2 weeks.

Any reviews would be nice.

Check out my profile to see some of the stories I want to write in the future.

Also thank you for the 1k+ views. And only 3 chapters in. It may not seem like a lot to you guys but it makes me happy! So there.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Violence, swearing, etc.

Enjoy!

Killing Lions
Daemon POV

Daemon was now a few miles south of Riverrun, talking with another informant in his network. Lillian, or Lily as Daemon calls her, worked as a cook in the kitchens of Riverrun. She’s a short young woman, with red hair, and pale skin. Before Daemon left for Essos he had helped Lily and her family while they were starving to death. He had brought her to Riverrun and got her a job in the kitchens. She personally set tables and delivered food, as well as cooked it, to the Lord Tully and any other visiting lords. She was a perfect informant.

“Looking like the Riverlands and The North going against the might of the Lannisters. What about the Stormlands?” he asked

“From what I’ve been hearin’ Lord Stannis and Lord Renly are at eachother’s throats” she told him. “And that Lord Renly controls most of the Storm lords as well as the armies of the Reach”

“Hard to see Stannis making it out of this one”. He paused thinking “What about the Martells? I wouldn't think they would sit out of a chance to go after Tywin Lannister. And the Greyjoys, what about them?”

She looked around the surrounding forest, small amounts of sunlight finding itself through the trees and into their clearing, it was the break of dawn and she would have to head back soon to prepare the lord’s breakfast.

“Look, I'll make this quick” she told him. “As far as anyone knows the Martells are staying where they are” she said “And I wouldn't say the Greyjoys are not involved either, Balon Greyjoy is
proclaiming himself the King of the Iron Islands”

“Oh for fucks sake” he murmured, running a hand down his face.

“Right? Bloody madness if you ask me. They might try raiding the coasts, take advantage of all the confusion?” she half stated, half asked.

“Sounds like something they’d do” agreeing with her. “Especially if Robb Stark marches south, the North will be empty of any standing army” He sighed breathily. “Well thanks for this Lily.”

“Of course, I’d do anything for you” she said in fake innocence. Daemon just raised a brow. She winked “Oh come on, it'll be fun”

He just chuckled “Very tempting, but” he said, holding up a finger “I have work to do and” he pointed his finger at her “so do you”. She pouted “Maybe next time I’m in Riverrun?”

“It wouldn't be the first time if you remember” she smirked

“Oh I remember, vividly, but… Riverrun, next time I'm there, I'll let you know” he planted a light kiss to her cheek. She smiled sweetly. He mounted his horse, and she mounted hers. “I'll be seeing you Lily” he told her and started to ride down the small trail that lead to the main road.

“Damn right you are!” she called to his quickly retreating back. He smiled to himself looking forward to his return to Riverrun.

He took the River Road down near the Golden Tooth castle. According to Lord Wode’s messages to Lord Tully the Lannisters have been amassing their army in Lannisport. The quickest way to reach the Riverlands is from the River Road which passes right by the Golden Tooth.

His plan was quite simple, dig up some roads, make a few traps, and ta-dah the Lannister army has been delayed by a few road complications. As silly as that sounds Daemon knew it was a good plan. If he was able to cover up some of his holes in the dirt, Lannister supply carts would likely fall into one of these ruts in the road and pop a wheel off. Thus halting Lannister food and weapons from reaching their soldiers in the Riverlands.

He had tied his horse several hundred yards from his intended target roads, just past the Golden Tooth castle. On foot he had all of his normal attire as well as a small shovel to dig and a hunting knife to carve sticks into deadly spikes.

He had proceeded to set traps for both the carts and the men for the better part of the day. ‘Dig, dig, dig, and more fucking digging’ he thought to himself. He sat on his haunches, looking down at his 13th hole dug that day. ‘Well now it's time for a sharp stick, and surprise surprise more fucking holes’ he angrily thought to himself.

He stood up and impaled his shovel into the dirt. Turning to the nearby forest he pulled his hunting knife, preparing to make more stick spikes. As soon as he got to stick spiking number two he heard several sets of hooves clop, clop, clopping their way towards him.

He turns around to see, through the small thickets in front of him, five Lannister soldiers all dismounted their horses. Three circled his hole as well as his shovel while two others held the five horses. ‘Easy’ he thought. ‘Kill one of the men holding the horses, make the horses panic, distract the ones around his dig site, stab one with a stick another with a knife, boom three left.’ An easy fight.

So he did exactly that, one arrow to the neck downed one. One sharp stick to the back of the neck,
another one. And one quick spin and one cut throat he counted a third. Time to improvise. He took aim with his dagger and launched it at one of the men drawing his sword. Boom, dead, with a dagger to the neck. Now two are left, on controlling horses and the other walking towards him. ‘Bad move’. It went better than he thought.

He parried a swing to his left, blocked to his right, another to the right. The enemy paused for a second then took another swing to the right, he blocked the blade and pushed it out. He stabbed the man in the chink between the his armor above the hip. The Lannister man grunted in pain, and fell to his knees, coughing up blood. Daemon turned to the man who was controlling the horses who was now half-way drawing his blade.

Daemon dashed forward and cut off the man’s sword hand. He screamed in agony holding his hand. He fell to the ground holding the stump of his right hand. His veins popped out of his neck as continued to scream. Daemon held his sword in a reverse grip and stabbed the man in his neck, cutting through his arteries and windpipe.

At least this man stopped screaming, the other one had stabbed was groaning in pain on the ground a few feet away. The horses were mostly scattered, only one remained, near the forest lining the road. He strode over to the man on the ground. He was holding his middle.

With a flick of his wrist the left side of the man’s throat was cut by his sword. Blood splattered the reddening ground of the dirt of the road. The man took a last few ragged breaths before he went still.

He looked up to the cloudless sky. “Wooh damnit” he said to himself. “It’s only past fucking noon. And that means more god damn sticks in some god damn holes.” he sighed to himself. “Okay, a few more holes and sticks and maybe a visit to Riverrun’s kitchens. Then I’ll call it a good day… and night.”

A few hours later, guess what, Daemon was still digging holes and sharpening sticks. Once again Daemon was not taking care of his surroundings, again horses approached his back, but this time he wasn't in hiding. He was exposed, out in the open, vulnerable. A stick wasn't even sharpened enough to do any real damage. He was holding his shovel and still had a dagger, but damn this was bad.

‘Okay’ he thought ‘cut them down a few, make it work’ closing his eyes he took a deep breath, then opened them ‘lets go’.

Seven Lannister men were in front of him this time. Three on horseback and the rest on foot. He held his shovel like a javelin and rocketed it towards the knee of the horse. The next thing they heard was the snapping of bone. The whining of a horse and the grunting of a man. Two on horseback and five on foot, no problem.

One man lunged. He dodged and grabbed the man's wrist and tugged towards him. Next thing the man knew he had a sword sticking in his neck and out the back of his skull. Blood spilling over his front, onto himself and Daemon’s face. Two on horseback and four on foot.

The next man prepared to swing but Daemon spat the blood in his face, blinding him. Another man swung. Daemon danced backwards avoiding the swing. “The Devil” one of the men whispered. Now three were in front of him and the two on horseback trying to get behind. He turned sharply drawing his dagger with his left hand and flung it toward one of the horses, braining it. The horse fell onto the man’s leg and pinned him to the ground. One on horseback, four on foot, one on the ground.
He spun around a lunge, and kicked the man’s knee from behind before ducking a swing and putting his sword into the belly of the man who swung. He was encircled and the best way to get out was force. He looked all around and spotting the man on the horse. He dashed forward catching the horseman by surprise, the horse reared leaving it belly exposed. Daemon cut it open putting the last horseman on the ground, an exposed neck, a quick swing, and another man was dead by Daemon’s sword. Four on foot.

One man was still blinded in his left eye and the man to his direct left was limping, leaving an opening. Daemon dashed for the middle of the two, taking a jab step towards the one and a half legged man putting him off balance before quickly turning the half blind man, ducking under his clumsy swing, and stabbing him through the armpit. Three on foot with one of them limping.

The two healthy ones dashed forward both overhead swings, both easily avoided with a quick turn of his body. He kicked in one man’s leg, breaking it, before taking a step towards him and swinging his sword towards the man behind him. This cut the man's throat open as well as spattered blood all over his last healthy comrade. Two more and one is limping. He turns to the last healthy man, but before he can make a move, the limping man stumbles behind him and cuts into Daemon’s side, leaving rivlets of blood to spill down his right pant leg.

“Fuck” he says through gritted teeth. He jumps back from the two, holding his side. One of them is on his knees and another on foot. Daemon takes a deep breath noticing the blood still flowing out of the cut in his right side, just above his hip. ‘Have to finish this quick’.

Daemon side stepped several times so as the healthy man was in front of the man on his knee. The man swung overhead and Daemon blocked high, proceeding to kick the man in his stomach, causing him to double over in pain. Daemon brought his knee up and introduced it the Lannister man’s face. The man fell to the ground holding his face and crying out in pain. Daemon held him still with a foot and stabbed the man’s face through his hands.

The last man was still trying to get up but Daemon kicked him in the face, putting the man on his back. Daemon ended the fight by stomping his boot down onto the man’s windpipe, snapping it.

Daemon walked away, not bothering to listen to the dying man’s attempt at breathing. “Urghrrr” squeezing his side in pain. He looked to the sky in an attempt to forget his pain. It didn't work.

He looked to the road ahead. Deciding that there were enough dug holes, sharp sticks, and dead Lannisters, Daemon decided that going back to Riverrun to spend some quality time with Lily and then on to Fairmarket to fully heal himself sounded like a great idea right now.

And back he went.

Tywin POV

Tywin sat in his solar in Casterly Rock. Outside his window he could look down on Lannisport and see the armies of the Westerlands gathering at his call. He was currently reading a report from King’s Landing. One about his grandson and his mother.

Tywin sighed irritably, rubbing his forehead, just thinking about those two idiots caused him to have headaches.

He put the letter to the side, eyeing another he picked it up and saw it was from Lord Lefford, reporting Lannister men dead on the roads. Some killed with a blade, some fell into traps, some even killed by a sharp stick. ‘Ridiculous’ he thought to himself irritably.
Lefford claimed it was The Devil returning to Westeros and haunting the men of the Westerlands. It was plausible, the protector of the Riverlands, killing men from the Westerlands, who were likely going to burn the Riverlands.

‘This Devil is smart, he knows the land of the Riverlands, better than anyone.’ he thought to himself. ‘If he aids Robb Stark, taking the Riverlands will be a harder task than it would usually be’ he paused. ‘Although it is unlikely I will find him, sending men to keep him from harassing Lannister men will be beneficial’

He would send a letter back to Lord Lefford telling him to send patrol of at least ten men to search for this Devil and keep him out of the Westerlands.

He set the letter aside and looked to his window, letting the breeze splash across his face. He sighed to himself and started writing his letter back to Lord Lefford.

Joffrey Baratheon started the war and he, Tywin Lannister, will have to finish it.

AN: This chapter was agonizing to write for me because I’ve been watching the second season of Luke Cage, I love Bushmaster’s accent. Also re-listening to Czarface by MF Doom, great album, recommend you listening to it if you are into Rap.
The Young Wolf

It had been almost a year since the war started. Since his father was executed. Since his sisters were either missing or stuck in King’s Landing. He knew the war wouldn't go in his favor if he continued the way he was.

The Westerlands were easy pickings after Tywin Lannister garrisoned himself in Harrenhal and Jaime Lannister’s army was crushed. He had pushed far into the Westerlands, occupying Marbrand and Lefford lands while sending smaller parties to raid the surrounding lands.

Now he was heading back to Riverrun to attend the funeral of his Grandfather Lord Hoster Tully. As he was riding his mind was on another subject entirely.

After a hard battle for Ashemark Robb discovered letters sent between the Lords of Ashemark, Golden Tooth, and Casterly Rock discussing a constant thorn in their side. The Devil they called him, a man intent on making the Westerlands die by a thousand cuts. Men falling into spiked pitfalls, supply carts losing their wheel and tipping on their side, and some of the officers being discovered dead in their beds with their throats cut or their food poisoned at dinner. There were even times when an officer would be killed mid-march by an arrow.

The list of ways the Devil had killed made Robb chuckle to himself. He had always heard stories about the Devil when his grandfather would send letters to his mother, detailing the deeds of Daemon the Devil.

‘Bringing the Prince or Devil or whatever he is into the fold would give us a valuable asset for the future’ Robb had thought to himself.

Several hours later they had arrived to a somber mood in Riverrun. The death of their lord has hit the people of the Riverlands hard.

The funeral had progressed normally, ignoring the fact that his Uncle Edmure made a fool of himself.

It was the night after the funeral, nearing midnight, he had yet to go to sleep. He stood by the window looking down on the moat illuminated by the full moon’s light. Robb couldn't keep the Devil off of his mind. The man was a good fighter, supposedly a good hunter judging by all of the traps he made, and was very knowledgeable of the land. Maybe even a good assassin judging by all of the officer deaths inflicted on the Lannisters. He would be an extremely valuable asset.

“Robb, you should get some sleep” he turned to see his wife Talisa sitting on the edge of their bed,
dressed in her night clothes. “What’s on your mind” she asked him.

“You spent a long time in the Riverlands” he asked. She nodded her answer. “Do you know of the Devil who protects the people and has been harassing Lannisters?” he noticed mid-sentence that a smile grew on her face.

“Of course I know Daemon” she told him matter-a-factly. “He one of my greatest friends, practically a brother” Robb was surprised, Talisa had never mentioned knowing this Daemon before. He sat on a chair next to the window and faced his wife, who was still sitting on the edge of the bed. “You know him?” he asked.

“Yes, we met each other around 7 years ago” she told him. “At the time I had just arrived in Westeros and was wandering the Riverlands when I came upon him. He had killed several brigands who were harassing the farmers several miles east of Riverrun.”

Robb leaned forward with a hand on his chin, letting her continue her story. “He was injured badly, I wanted to help, so he lead me back to Fairmarket, where he has an inn he frequents. At the time Daemon was being hunted by just about everyone in Westeros besides the people of the Riverlands. We escaped several ambushes and we were forced to flee Westeros together, from Gulltown to Braavos.” she had said.

“That was what, 7 years ago, what happened next?” he asked her.

“From Braavos we went on an adventure worth hundreds of lifetimes” her eyes sparkled and she had a stupid grin on her face.

Robb chuckled at the dazed expression on her face. “Was it really that grand?” he asked sceptically.

She stood quickly and placed her hands on Robb’s shoulders, the most serious look in her eyes. Robb looked at the hands then up at her in bewilderment. “It was worth every second” she released his shoulder and flopped backwards onto the bed, looking at the ceiling. Her arms made spectacular movements in the air as she spoke.

“From Braavos to the Dothraki sea to the jungle continent of Sothoryos. We even explored the ruins of Valyria with our own sellsword company. East across the mountains the remnants of Hyrkon and their fierce warrior women still exist. Going south you run into the beautiful forests of Yi Ti. There the trees grow in so many different sizes, some trees grow higher than the castles of Westeros. The colors can vary from bright yellow to blood red to sky blue.” she took a breath and looked down from the ceiling to see Robb’s face, full of amazement and wonder. “Shall I continue?” she asked him, a small smile playing on her face.

“Please do” Robb replied, his voice a low whisper.

Talisa smiled at that and brought her vision back to the ceiling, projecting images of her adventures in her mind. “From Yi Ti we went further east into the Shadow Lands. There the air was thick and the clouds black. The sun projecting blood red light throughout the lands. Asshai, which held all sorts of magical folk, black buildings protruded into the blood red sky. Then north across the Mountains of the Morn we reached black stoned fortresses also known as The Five Forts and the Bleeding Sea.”

Robb saw her dazed smile begin to fade into a slightly more serious expression. “where human-like
creatures with scales of a fish and webbed hands and feet like a frog dwelled. Farther north is the Frozen Grey Waste, where we encountered beings and creatures that I still have trouble understanding their existence.” she was lost in thought for a moment. Robb, pushing past his confusion riddled mind, saw that fear was held in the eyes of his wife.

Talisa looked down again to see his worrying, questioning gaze. “It's fine, doesn't matter. Or at least I hope.” she said the last part with a whisper, but Robb still caught it.

“Well your journey must have continued after that though?” he asked her, trying to get her mind off of dark thoughts. “What happened after the Grey Waste bits?”. He was glad to see a smile found its way across her face again.

“Well from there we went even further north to a land with a huge forest that stretched as far as the eye can see. Then west again to the Plains of Jogos Nhai where the people have a similar culture to the Dothraki but seem so much more civilized. They are most accepting of outsiders and the color of their skin is a rusty red. From then we joined a crew of a pirate ship and sailed The Thousand Islands. We discovered treasures, fought other pirates, and observed some of the most colorful and beautiful animals that most would only dream of. From there we sailed the Shivering sea back west, past the island of Ib, all the way back to Braavos. From Braavos we stopped in Pentos for a few months before sailing back to Gulltown.”

She took a few moments to contain her excitement and control her breathing, before looking back to him. His mind was working furiously to understand just how much Talisa had traveled Essos in six years.

“Wow, that’s… well…” Robb didn't know what to say. He knew Talisa was from Volantis and had probably traveled a bit but the distance and time she traveled simply amazed him.

“'It was a journey worthy of the gods' is what Daemon told me” she told him.

“I am tempted to say that I agree with him” there was laughter in his voice. “By the way you described it and the look on your face I am not surprised”. He couldn't keep the impish grin off his face. “I thought that excitement was reserved for when I found my way into your bed, but I guess I was wrong”

A strong blush rose to her face. She hit him playfully on the chest, giggling all the while. “Oh shut up” she smiled at him. “We should get back to the question you asked before I told you my grand adventures” she suggested, still smiling.

He chuckled some more. “Yes, I was wondering if there was a way to contact him, from what I have heard and from what you have just said, he could be a valuable asset to the North.”

She thought for a moment. “Yes there is a way to contact him and yes he would be very helpful in the future, but dont phrase it the way you said it.” He shot he a confused look. “What I mean is that the way you talk about getting his help is how you talk about hiring a sellsword and not asking for help from a potential friend.”

“I suppose your correct.” he nodded.

“I am. Ask for his help and do not demand it.” she admonished him lightly. “He likes helping people but he is not a proper knight or some kind of saintly man. He would put himself and the people close to him above anyone else. He would let thousands die if it meant that the people he loves would be safe.”
“I think I understand.”

“Good. He will probably help for three reasons.” she told him. “One, I am with you and he would always help me. The second, he loves the people of the Riverlands and they love him, he wouldn't deny himself a chance to protect them. The third, he hates the people who hurt his family and the Lannisters are on the top of that list.”

He leaned in and kissed her lightly. “Thank you for telling me this. I didn't mean to disrespect your friend in any way.”

“Do not worry. I wanted to introduce the two of you to each other but now is a time as good as any. But be warned, he is like a brother to me, so when he hears we are married he might be a little overprotective when you two first meet.” he could tell she was semi-serious looking at the smile on her face.

“I don't blame him, if one of my sisters had turned up telling me they were married I would probably act the same” he said chuckling a little.

“He is probably in Fairmarket, in the Inn I told you about. It's called ‘The Devil’s Inn’.” she said.

“Alright I'll tell my mother and the other lords in the morn, then we can leave by mid-day”

“Good. We should get some sleep love. We have a long day tomorrow.” she told him.

He kissed her again before heading off to get changed into his night clothes.

Daemon POV

“What have we got here Frederick?” Daemon asked.

“Letters” he simply replied.

“Well no shit Freddy” Daemon said incredulously. “Don't look at me like that you fuckin’ smart ass.” Frederick continued to stare. Daemon snapped his fingers in front of Frederick's face. “What are you, deaf? C’mon Im waiting.”

Frederick huffed. “Fine” ignoring Daemon’s muttering of ‘ass’ under his breath. He picked five letters. “These are a correspondence chain between Walder Frey, Roose Bolton, and Tywin Lannister. They are coded obviously, but here is what they say.” Frederick shifted through the papers on his desk. “Here” he handed Daemon a long scroll.

As Daemon’s eyes flew across the paper his eyebrows rose higher and higher. “This could change the course of the war, or at least delay the destruction of the Northern armies.” Daemon continued to read. “Wait, who did Robb Stark wed instead of one of the Frey girls?” he asked Freddy.

Frederick picked up a paper on his desk. “Says here it is one Talisa Maegyr who married King Robb Stark. I believe you know her?” Frederick asked a shocked Daemon.

“Yeah I do, wow.” Daemon came out of his shocked stupor. “Ok thats big, I’m going to have to see Talisa and her husband soon, telling them about their backstabbers will keep them alive and probably preserve their armies existence.”

“Your most likely right.” He observed Daemon getting up from a chair heading to the door,
noticing the pained expression of Daemon’s face. “What happened to you?”

“Stabbed in the back by some Lannister fucker.” Daemon said, his face still showing his discomfort. “Brandi did a decent job of patching it up, but I’ll have to go to a proper healer before long.”

“Ok, if you see your friend Talisa soon, she can probably patch you up pretty good.” Frederick observed. “One other thing before you go. I just got a raven from one of ours in the Brotherhood Without Banners.” Daemon looked at him in interest. “Someone suspected to be Arya Stark has been traveling with the Brotherhood for sometime now.” Daemon just nodded to this information.

“Yeah, we’ll see.” Daemon walked to the door and looked back. “Keep me updated, eh?”

“Sure thing.”

Daemon exited the small room, offered a short nod and smile to Brandi who smiled back, and dragged himself upstairs to his private room.

He entered his room and lie face first on the mattress letting himself finally rest after months of incursions into the Westerlands.

He rolled himself over to stare at the ceiling. He smiled to himself thinking about seeing his best friend, basically sister, soon. His smile turned into a mild frown when he thought about how she was married to the King of the North. From what he has heard Robb Stark is a good man with strong convictions, a lot of praise for Robb Stark was thrown around the Riverlands. ‘I'll be the judge of that’ he thought to himself.

Next on his mind was the plan Tywin Lannister was concocting with the Freys and Boltons. They planned to marry Edmure Tully to some Frey girl and then they will proceed to murder the Starks and the army. Thus leaving Roose Bolton control of the North, the Freys mostly in control of the Riverlands, and Tywin Lannister will rule them all. Not literally but Tywin Lannister is the true ruler of Westeros not that boy idiot on the throne now.

Another problem for the Starks is that the Ironborn are raiding along the coasts, taking Moat Cailin and Winterfell. Also Arya Stark is with the Brotherhood. Daemon knows he could search for the little Stark. He has had run ins with Thoros and Beric before, so getting in won't be a problem. Getting her out of the greedy hands of the Brotherhood is probably a harder task.

He sat up, groaning in pain. A Lannister man had gotten into his blindspot and stabbed him in the back. Unknowingly the man stabbed Daemon in a very sensitive part of his back where Talisa had cut away several inches of skin to prevent a grayscale infection from spreading.

There was knock at his door, he bid them to enter.

Frederick stepped in. “I got news.” Daemon just nodded. “Robb Stark was taken a party and is heading here, to Farimarket. He should arrive in several hours”

“Oh?”

“This is a good chance for you to relay some of that information I gave you.” he suggested to Daemon.

“Thanks Frederick”

Frederick departed the room with a “Yup”, before closing the door.
‘Might as well get some sleep before they arrive’ he thought to himself.

He walked to the door and called down the stairs. “Brandi?”

“Yes” came her quiet reply.

“Would you lead our guests up to my room when they get here?”

“Sure thing sir”

“Thank you” he called one last time before entering his room and napping a few hours away.

AN: Next chapter should be out relatively soon. It's going to be a short chapter. The interaction between Talisa, Robb, and Daemon will be coming soon.
AN: As promised here is the next chapter, out just a little bit earlier than normal. But also a bit shorter than normal mostly because I couldn't fit any of these interactions within the “Young Wolf” chapter without feeling like it was forced in some way or another. More of a transition chapter if you will.

DullReign82: Thank you for the enthusiastic reviews last chapter. They really made my day so much better, so thank you.

Alec: I considered that but the way I wrote their interaction never showed (at least to me) any type of romantic dynamic. Daemon and Talisa’s relationship developed during their journey throughout the Far East and from the direction I plan on taking this story, I never intended for them to be any more then very close friends.

Disclaimer: I don't own A Song of Ice and Fire or Game of Thrones

Warnings: Short chapter, mild language

Edit: This chapter was reposted due to some grammar issues I looked over. Sorry about that.

Enjoy!

Among Friends

Talisa POV

The Stark party came into view of Fairmarket. With Talisa rode her husband Robb. Behind him Maege Mormont and the Greatjon Umber. Behind them 200 hundred soldiers from their army, some of the best rode with them, while the rest of the army remained in Riverrun.

The gates of the town opened to admit them after they were identified as Starks.

Riding through Fairmarket was a much different experience for her now than it was seven years ago.

Seven years ago the town was smaller, without walls, and many more people could be seen through the streets. Now the town was larger, with walls, and the street was not as occupied as before due to the war.

It only took them a few minutes of riding through town before ‘The Devil’s Inn’ came into view. The inn lay in the center of the town. Surrounding the inn were street vendors, a blacksmith, a cobbler, and many other shopkeepers looking to sell their trade.

Then the inn itself. Talisa thought it still looked like that inn she dragged an injured Daemon into all of those years ago. Three stories high with a stone exterior. Wood lining the windows and door.

Robb ordered the Stark men to keep to themselves and find a tavern or another inn to busy themselves with. Meanwhile she, Robb, Maege, and Greatjon wandered into the the tavern. It was cozy, just like she remembered, bringing a smile to her face.

A pretty young brunette girl walked around the bar counter and approached them.
“You the Starks?” she asked bluntly.

“We are” Robb replied.

“Well, Starks follow me, the rest of ya’ can stay down here.” she told them.

Robb nodded to Maege and Greatjon telling them to stay here.

“If you would follow me please.” the barmaid told them. “The person you are looking for told me to bring you up to his room when you arrived.”

She and Robb followed the girl up two flights of stairs before reaching a room at the end of a long hallway.

She knocked on the door, calling out. “Sir?”.

Behind the door there was some rustling, probably bed sheets, and then a reply. “They here?” the person asked.

“They are” the barmaid replied.

“Alright, send them in.” was all he said back.

She and Robb entered the room. The room was lit only by a few candles on a desk in the corner. Getting off of the bed was Daemon, the person she watched grow up from a young, vengeful, cold hearted killer to an older, matured, calculating killer. She was glad to see him grow out of that bad phase of death before growing into the person he was now.

“Talis!” he exclaimed, putting his arms out, asking for a hug.

She rushed over to him and crushed him in a hug. They stood there for a moment quietly happy to be in each others presence. She didn't miss the grunt of pain that came from his mouth when she broke the hug.

“What happened to you?” she asked him sharply.

His response came with a very sheepish look. “I got hurt a little, I was actually hoping you could look at it?”

She sighed in mock exasperation. “Alright where did you get hurt?” He motioned to his back. She clambered on the bed behind him and lifted his shirt. “By the way that is Robb, my husband.” Robb stepped forward offering a hand, it took a second for Daemon to finish his physical inspection of the man, eventually he shook the hand.

Talis inspected the wound and winced. “That must have hurt”. Daemon just grunted in affirmation. “You have any medical supplies?”

“In my desk drawer.”

Talis looked to Robb. “Could you please?” Robb just nodded and a second later returned with a medical kit. “Thank you” she smiled.

“The barmaid, Brandi, did her best to stitch it up.” Daemon told her.

“Well apologies to Brandi but she should stay a barmaid and keep it that way. Her suturing could use some major improvements.” she replied back.
“She worked with what she had, don't blame her.”

“Well I’m here now to take good care of you.” She patted his shoulder. “This’ll hurt.” She poured a small concoction that was supposed to clear the wound of infection. It burns the skin and unfortunately for Daemon it was in a really sensitive spot. As she was fixing him up she went for a little small talk.

“So, how have you been these last couple of months?” she asked him.

He shrugged “Oh you know, the usual stuff.”

She nodded. “I’m assuming that’s how you got stabbed in the back?” He just nodded. “Well next time be careful, ok, I don't want to find myself patching you up again.”

“Alright” he said.

This is where Robb decided to join in the conversation. “After the battle of Ashemark I found letters of correspondence between Lord Lefford and Lord Tywin about your movements in the Westerlands” Robb explained. “That was you then?”

Daemon nodded. “Was me. Although that was earlier in the war” He winced at Talisa starting to stitch up his wound. “After the Lannister armies entered the Riverlands I had started going for the officers more than I would usually. Take out the brains of an army and they become well trained rabble.”

Robb nodded to this statement.

Talisa interjected. “Just about done with the stitching, a bandage will come on next.” she explained to Daemon. “And before I forget, on our way here Robb and I discussed something.” Daemon hummed along with this. “We decided that you will be the Uncle to our son or daughter.” Daemon physically jumped and turned around.

“What?” excitement coloring his voice. “Your…?”. She nodded in answer to the unspoken question. He leapt up, obviously ignoring his painful side, and grabbed Talisa in a bear hug swinging her around the room in happiness for his friend.

“Careful now, her limbs might just start falling off.” Robb laughed

Daemon put her down, both of them breathless. “Well I’m honored to be an Uncle to whoever pops out.” he breathed. Talisa and Robb chuckled at the statement. “Thank you for this and patching me up.” he thanked her.

“Always a pleasure my friend.” she smiled back. “I am going to go downstairs and wash these medical materials, make sure their clean the next time I have to use them” she said jokingly. “You two be nice, I’ll be right back.” she smiled to both Robb and Daemon before exiting the room.

Daemon POV

He turned to Robb and held out his hand. “Congratulations are in order.”

“My thanks, I hope to call you friend, Talisa speaks very highly of you.” Robb told him.

“Yeah well, we’ve been through a lot together. We’ve had each others backs throughout our entire
time in Essos” he mused. “As for friends in time we shall see.” He said. Then he paused “I don’t mean to bring the mood down, but I should tell you this while Talisa is away, you can tell her later in Riverrun.” Robb looked at him questioningly. “A friend of mine intercepted and decoded several letters between Tywin Lannister, Walder Frey, and Roose Bolton.”

Robb’s eyes widened. “You sure?”

“The letters were genuine.” he told him. “The basic information in the letters explains a plan to get you out of power, leading Roose Bolton to rule the North, Walder Frey to rule the Riverlands, and bring an end to the war.”

Robb seemed shocked, hurt, and angry. He sat in a chair by the desk. “How do they plan on doing all of this?” Robb asked him.

“I’m not sure how Lord Bolton will acquire the North. But to kill you and your entire army is something I do know.” Daemon said. “The Frey’s plan to request a marriage between Edmure Tully and one of Walder’s girls. If the rumors about your honor are true, you would have accepted this plan to honor the agreement between your houses”. Robb nodded along with this. “So assuming you accepted you and your army would have rode to the Twins. At this time or sometime during the wedding the Freys and Boltons will have found a way to kill you, probably Talisa, the high lords of the North, and the rest of your army. Probably by poisoning wine or getting you drunk enough to not realize what’s going on.”

Daemon looked at Robb and could see his mind working furiously to understand what has just been said to him. “Robb”. The man in question looked up. “We can discuss this in Riverrun?” Robb just nodded in answer. “We should get ready as soon as possible. If we are to counteract this betrayal, we should do it in Riverrun, with all of your lords.”

Robb nodded his assent. “I agree, once Talisa returns, we will prepare to ride back to Riverrun.”
And to Riverrun they went.

AN: The next chapter is going to be a bit later than usual. It's definitely going to be longer than most chapters and the most important one so far.
AN: Apologies for the grammar issues last chapter. The chapter was a bit rushed, so sorry about that. This chapter is where parts of the canon story go into AU territory. Also I mess with the timeline a lot in this story, I’ll let you know when these changes occur.

Disclaimer: I don't own A Song of Ice and Fire or Game of Thrones

Warnings: Language, AU stuff

Enjoy!

Daemon POV

The party that left for Fairmarket only a day before finally came into sight with Daemon in toe. They had come into sight of the great castle of Riverrun. With Riverrun’s moat, ability to store large amounts of food, and large size it is one of the hardest castles to take. The danger of sieging a castle like Riverrun became obvious when Jaime Lannister was set upon by Robb Stark’s forces. Splitting his camp into three parts, Jaime Lannister put each of his camps in danger, unable to reinforce each camp unless they crossed a small pontar connecting the camps.

Daemon loved Riverrun for many reasons. One, Lillian way always a good incentive to visit Riverrun. Second, the castle was a bastion of the Riverlords strength in the region. The Riverlords were always loyal, besides Walder Frey, to the Tully lords. Much like the North the Riverlords held loyalty and honor above most other things. The Tullys especially. “Family, Duty, Honor” were the words of house Tully and were something Daemon could relate to. Family above all else, above duty, above honor, above anything. That was something Daemon did himself, family above all.

When Daemon thought about his family, he never thought about Aerys or Viserys. His family was the family he chose. He thought about his mother Rhaella, Elia, Rhaenys, little Aegon, and Daenerys. He thought about those outside of his immediate family, some that dont even share his blood. People like Talisa, Marion, Amber, Leland, Lillian, Frederick, and Egg. His teachers Varys and Shiera. He chose his family. He didn't let blood ties determine family.

When Daemon thought about his own house words “Fire and Blood” he didn't like thinking about it literally. His house words promised violence, death, suffering. There were times when he himself promised violence, death, suffering on others but he never used the Targaryen name to invoke these feelings. He’d rather use his own actions and his own emotions to invoke death instead of the previous deeds of his family to put fear into others. “Fire and Blood” weren't words he chose to live by, the words were something he could refer to when he fought and not when he lived his life outside of the swing of a sword. He wasn't always a dragon, but he became one when it was needed.

He shook these thoughts out of his head as the Stark party passed through the gates of Riverrun. The inner-courtyard was large enough to admit most of Robb’s party. Waiting for their party inside was Catelyn Stark, The Blackfish, and the rest of the lords of the North and Riverlands including Roose Bolton and two of Walder Frey’s sons.

Robb tells the lords to go about their regular duties, leaving Daemon, Robb, Talisa, Catelyn, Edmure, the Blackfish, Maege, and Greatjon standing together.
“So, who is this?” was the gruff questioning coming out of the Blackfish’s mouth. Maege and Greatjon seemed to nod at this question, wondering who the Daemon was themselves. Having traveled with their King and not knowing who their passenger was could be vexing at times.

Catelyn was looking at Daemon with curiosity and a little recognition. He still wore his black bandana but you can't fully cover the Targaryen face or his violet eyes, with hints of indigo.

Robb seemingly broke Catelyn out of her thoughts. “I suggest we take this up to the Lord’s solar” Robb the group. “We have a lot to discuss.”

The Blackfish led the group to the lord’s solar. It was a large room with a large wooden table in the center. Its windows could look out onto the castle and the fork in the rivers surrounding the castle.

“So, who’s your friend here?” questioned the Blackfish again.

“You may commonly know him as The Devil of the Riverlands or The Devil for short.” Robb introduced him. He could see their eyes widen in recognition. Especially Lady Catelyn’s probably recognizing him from the Tourney of Harrenhal all of those years ago. Robb continued past their silence. “Our new friend here has been harassing the Lannisters. For almost a year now?” Robb looked questioningly at him. Daemon nodded, Robb continued. “Killing officers, disrupting supply lines, really anything he can do to hurt them. He was also the one who roamed the Riverlands many years ago.”

Daemon imagined that the surrounding lords might have some conflicting thoughts about his presence. Especially The Blackfish and Maege Mormont. Both were smart, strong, good fighters, and not willing to suddenly bring a new member into the King’s fold.

As he expected the Blackfish spoke up. “And what does he do for us?” he asked Robb, still looking at Daemon.

Daemon spoke before Robb. “I have a spy network that spans across the seven kingdoms and far into Essos. I have a sellsword company I could call in to help. I have connections to some of the most powerful people in King’s Landing.” Daemon spoke loudly, making sure he was heard and understood. “Not to mention I am a good fighter, hunter, and assassin.” Daemon decided to say one last thing. “Even if you look past all of that I could use my family name to bring in supporters from all over Westeros.”

He looked around to see the lords. Talisa and Robb had small smiles on their faces. Catelyn’s eyes were wide in recognition. Maege, Greatjon, and Edmure were confused. The Blackfish seemed to be deep in thought before looking to Daemon and saying: “Your the Targaryen prince aren't you.” it was more a statement than a question.

Daemon grunted out his yes. Some of the other lords seemed wary about his presence in the room. The Blackfish and Maege especially. Edmure and Greatjon less so.

“So you can help us, eh boy?” the Greatjon boomed out.

Daemon felt a bit miffed about being called boy, but he sensed that was just the way Greatjon spoke. “I can, I have several personal ties with your cause and I wouldn't mind having an ally against the Lannisters.”

“Which ties are those?” asked Maege, curious.

Daemon, paused for a moment. He figured that a dislike for Tywin Lannister and most Lannister in general could be enough. But he didn't want to divulge his connection with Talisa in fear of how
they would react. Even though she was married to Robb, having spent six years with a Targaryen they dont trust might not look good for her.

“Well I assume you know what the Lannister did to my family?” they all nodded, Robb and Catelyn looked especially understanding. “They killed my second mother Elia, my best friend and sister Rhaenys, and my little brother Aegon.” he told them. “You may not have sympathy for Targaryens but you should have some for an innocent woman and her children.” They nodded all around. “You understand why I want to kill Tywin Lannister?” They all nodded once again. “Good” he finished.

Daemon didn't usually discuss the reason for why he fights, but he was a Targaryen. More than half the realm would likely throw him to the dogs if they knew who he was. But he needed to gain the trust of these Northerners and Riverlords. By catering to the personal loss they suffered by sharing his own story was a sure way to get their sympathy and eventually their trust.

His audience thought on his words for a few moments before they spoke up. “We sympathize with you” Maege had said “But it will take some time for us to trust you.” That got agreeable nods from Greatjon, Edmure, and Blackfish. Daemon understood their sentiment, it made sense why they would not trust him right away. Hopefully the fact that Robb, Talisa, and seemingly Catelyn trusted him would ease their worries for the time being.

The conversation moved on from Daemon and to the big problem at hand. Daemon tuned out the conversation from then on. Robb was explaining the information he had acquired from Daemon. The reactions were of shock and anger. They knew Roose Bolton was a slimy bastard but to do something so drastic against their King was something else entirely.

The news of Walder Frey’s betrayal was less a concern and more of an annoyance. It seemed that Robb’s inner circle had suspected the Freys would be offended against the slight of the deal they had made.

“This is a sure thing?” Blackfish had asked Robb.

Robb nodded towards Daemon, who spoke up to the unanswered question. “It is” the lords turned their head to look at him. “I got it from a very reliable source.” The surrounding lords didn't seem so sure but they took his and Robb’s word for it.

“So how do we reverse this into our favor?” Catelyn had spoken up.

Daemon had been thinking about this exact thing. “The best we could do is catch them unawares here in Riverrun.” He thought for a second. “Hold a feast. Get the Bolton and Frey soldiers drunk and disorientated. The important Boltons and Freys will be at the feast. From there we can either capture or kill most of the Boltons and Freys.”

“I have a few questions.” the Blackfish stated. “First, we need a reason to hold a feast. Second, what would the other lords think of this, they wouldn't know what was going on, they need to be informed of the situation.”

“I can answer the first.” said Daemon.

“And I the second.” said Robb, nodding at Daemon to go on with his answer.

“So to the first question should be fairly simple. The feast will be presented as a welcome feast to usher in the new Lord of Riverrun and the Riverlands.” Daemon said, pointing at Edmure. “He is going to be the Lord, so we just hold a feast in his honor.” The lords around him seemed agreeable.
to this solution, although Catelyn and Edmure looked slightly uncomfortable about using their father's death as something to celebrate. Daemon tried to brush off their concerns, he addressed the two. “Think about it, you need this win if you are to survive.” the siblings nodded, still looking reluctant. Daemon then looked to Robb to answer the second concern.

Robb took a deep breath before he spoke. “We know for sure the Freys and Boltons are going to betray us, there is a chance, a very small chance, but a chance all the same that some other Lords could be in on this plan.” They all agreed. He addressed Edmure, Maege, and Greatjon. “I am trusting you three to find out if anyone else is planning to betray us in the future.” They nodded, their heads held high, pride in being trusted by their King. “Once their loyalty is confirmed tell them of our plan, make sure they are aware of our situation so by the time the feast comes around, they will all be aware of our traitors. Can you start this now?” Maege, Edmure, and Greatjon nodded. “Oh and Lord Umber?” Greatjon turned to look at his King. “We know Lord Reed is loyal to us without fault, put him up to the same task I asked of you.”. Robb then turned to the Blackfish and Edmure. “You do this with the Riverlords and we will have covered all of our bases.” the two nodded their acceptance.

“It shall be done Your Grace.” Greatjon said with gusto. Robb nodded his thanks. The four of them exited the room leaving Robb, Talisa, Daemon, and Catelyn in the solar.

Robb POV

“Damn!” Robb exclaimed, slamming his fist onto the table, making his mother and his wife jump in surprise. Daemon gave him an indignant look. “Apologies” Robb told them. “It's just so frustrating” He murmured under his breath, rubbing his temples. Talisa made soothing motion on his back hoping to give him some relief.

Catelyn took his hand. “All will be well, the plan the two of you created is a good one.” she explained. “When this is all done, we can focus on the girls.” Robb just nodded.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Daemon perk up. “Oh, speaking of a sister, Arya might be with the Brotherhood Without Banners right now.” His mother was about to speak up but Daemon held up a hand. “I was going to go to the Brotherhood and see if that rumor was true and if it was, bring little Arya back to Riverrun.”

“You are willing to do that for us?” his mother seemed to be in disbelief. Catelyn sobered up slightly. “I’m not opposed to the idea, but from the rumors I wouldnt think you would just do this out of the goodness of your heart.”

“They are primarily for selfish reasons. And you may find those reasons a bit peculiar.” Daemon told them. “One, bringing back Arya will make you and Robb happy, in turn making Talisa happy. If Talisa is happy, then that makes my life easier.” he pointed out. “Second, from what I hear Arya is a little spitfire, much like Lyanna. So call me curious because I want to compare the two.”

“You barely knew Lyanna.” Catelyn pointed out. “I remember the tourney all of those years ago. Lyanna dragged you around the castle causing trouble.” Both his mother and Catelyn smiled at the memory.

“Yes I barely knew her, but I always wanted to see what possessed my brother to run away with her, leaving Elia, Rhaenys and Aegon at the hands of a madman.” Robb realized the conversation turned very serious very quickly. His mother’s face was somber, she was trying to look anywhere but Daemon’s face. Daemon’s brows were furrowed. “It's just an itch of curiosity, nothing more.”
Daemon told them.

“Maybe this topic of conversation can wait till later, its getting late.” thankfully Talisa broke the tense silence.

“Good idea.” Robb agreed. He could see Daemon was getting slightly heated, probably with thoughts about Robb’s aunt Lyanna. He understood the resentment Daemon probably held for aunt Lyanna but he didn't want Daemon to openly talk about his anger towards her, as he would have to defend her name in honor of his family.

“I’m leaving tonight.” Daemon told them. They all looked up at him in surprise. “To look for Arya.” he explained to their shocked faces.

“You just got here, we just got back together.” his wife sadly said.

“I know, but I have things to do other than lounge around here.” He told them. “There is a friend I’m visiting in the kitchens before I leave so I have to make this quick.”

“Alright.” Talisa accepted. She stood and gave Daemon a long hug before releasing him. “Stay safe alright?” she asked of him.

“Don't worry, I’ll be fine.” he told her. He shook his and his mother’s hands before leaving the room.

‘Time to prepare for the coming feast’ Robb thought to himself.

Catelyn POV

It had taken more than two weeks of careful planning, but the time of the feast finally came. Robb intended to send the majority of his lords North to deal with the Ironborn threat and the Northern Bolton loyalists after the false feast was over. It had been discovered that Smalljon Umber and Harald Karstark intended to betray their fathers and take hold of their homesteads as well has the rest of the North. Robb created a list of the lords he intends to send back to the North. The lords on this list were the Lords Tallhart, Dustin, Ryswell, Cerwyn, Manderly, Hornwood, Woolfield, and Locke as well as some of the minor lords and their entire hosts Flint of Flint’s Fingers, Wull, Norrey, Knott, Harclay and Burley. Keeping the older and loyal lords of Umber, Karstark, Mormont, Glover, and Flint of Widow's Watch to remain with Robb.

Maege had three daughters Dacey, Alysane, and little Lyanna Mormont. She requested to send Dacey and Alysane back to Bear Island to Lyanna but Robb refused saying that Little Lady Lyanna Mormont had control of Bear Island and that he needed all able warriors to stay with him.

Galbart Glover sent his brother Robett back to Glover lands to make sure everything was in order.

Howland Reed was sent back to the Neck to help stop possible Bolton soldiers returning to the North.

The Greatjon sent a letter to his two daughters Angelina and Joanna to make their way to White Harbour under the protection of the Manderlys, hopefully finding company in Wynafryd and Wylla, Lord Manderly’s granddaughters.

Rickard Karstark also sent a letter to his daughter Alys, telling her to find refuge in White Harbour, like the two Umber women.

Understandably both Greatjon Umber and Rickard Karstark were furious to learn that their sons
were betraying them for their own personal greed. They were unable to do anything about their betrayal as they were already in the North before the feast took place.

Catelyn had tried to take part in the planning but she was too stressed to continue after several hours of sitting and talking with her son’s inner circle of lords. The combination of her grief of the death of her father, the destruction of Winterfell and the possible deaths of her two boys by the Greyjoy, and worry over the return of Arya by the Prince had her mind wandering.

After two weeks of worrying she imagined Daemon would have arrived with Arya by now, they had gotten wind that the Brotherhood had faced the Mountain and fought the Lannister force off. By this time Daemon should have her little girl happy and safe. It’s not that she didn't trust the Prince. She enjoyed his brief company during the Tourney at Harrenhal, but the young boy she met all those years ago became a fierce fighter and a strong willed man who had his own agenda.

The ladies of Riverrun (besides the Mormonts of course) were instructed to attend the feast but leave halfway through as to keep them out of danger when they confronted Roose Bolton and the Freys. Catelyn didn't want to stay in the room, her mind was elsewhere with worry and grief. Focusing on a foolproof plan that was likely to succeed was the least of her problems.

She had barely taken a few bites of her food before excusing herself from the hall. She sat in the entrance hall on her own, staring at the large double doors that lead into the main hall. A little while later the attending ladies filed out of the hall and sped off to their rooms, to safety. Talisa split from the group to sit with Catelyn, not saying a word. Only minutes later could she hear chaos erupting outside of Riverrun’s walls. The trap had been sprung and the Bolton and Frey forces were being rounded up and most likely killed. She also heard shouting in the great hall. A minute later several guards came through the doors dragging a beaten and bloody Roose Bolton and the two Frey brothers.

Behind the guards came Robb. She and Talisa quickly stood and walked over to him.

“How did it go?” asked Talisa.

“Just fine, we-” Robb was cut off as a Stark soldier came rushing in breathing heavily.

“Sir, at the gates, Arya Stark.” was all the guard could breath out.

At the word Arya she, Robb, and Talisa rushed out of the entrance hall and into the courtyard.

Sure enough amidst all of the distant sounds of fighting, barking of orders, and general chaos stood The Devil Prince Daemon, The Hound Sandor Clegane, and her daughter Arya Stark.

AN: Whew, lots of things happened this chapter and a lot of it AU, obviously this is going to change the future of the story. The next few chapters will go back in time to show how Daemon, Arya, and Sandor came together and arrived at Riverrun. This chapter did come out earlier than I intended but I doubt any of you will complain.
Brotherhood Without Banners

AN: Chapters 7, 8, and 9 will take place before the false feast in chapter 6. Also these next few chapters will be a bit short. Sorry about that.

Disclaimer: I don't own A Song of Ice and Fire or Game of Thrones

Warnings: Language, violence, etc.

Enjoy!

Brotherhood Without Banners
Daemon POV

Daemon was in a pissy mood. The Riverlands were known for raining, but to the extent it was now was irritating. Almost four days of non-stop rain. Of course it would rain right as he set out on his journey, R’hllor was probably laughing his flaming ass off right now. He doubted the fire god could even conjure rain, maybe it was one of the old gods.

Daemon shook these thoughts out of his head. The point was, it was still raining, and Daemon had yet to reach a town that wasn't either burned down or refused him entry. All he had for cover against the rain were trees and the large, thick, brown cloak he picked up off of a corpse in one the burned down villages.

Although being denied entry didn't mean he couldn't talk to the guards of the towns. From what the majority of them said, the Brotherhood had been making their way south down to Acorn Hall, supposedly where the Mountain was riding towards to make his next attack.

As he moved south the rain continued to muddy the lands. The main roads were nigh impassable so he had to cut through several ashen farm fields. He also made a point to loot any of the bodies he came across. He knew that some might find that honorless, but he needed gold, so he took what he could get. Most of the bodies he came across were starting to decompose. Some of them were partly burnt or chewed on. Luckily for Daemon gold does not burn and animals didn't like eating anything that wasn't flesh.

Many of the farmhouses he came across were burnt to a crisp only leaving the skeleton of the building to remain. The charred wood was damp and rotten, sometimes breaking apart at the slightest touch. He tried to avoid going into the burnt buildings as much as possible. Sometimes he would peek inside, looking for something useful, but would never find much. As he got further south, he starting spotting Lannister outriders. Daemon refrained from confronting the small bands of soldiers. They most likely work for the Mountain and as much as Daemon wants to kill the bastard, Daemon knows he cant take the Mountain in single combat. And even if he did attract the attention of the Mountain, he would likely bring his entire force after Daemon. Right now Daemon’s top priority is to find Arya Stark and killing the Mountain can come later, it's not like any other man would be able to take him on. Maybe the younger Clegane, but he was supposedly loyal to Joffrey, so that fight wasn't likely to happen anytime soon. So, to avoid the soldiers, Daemon decided to use the cover of the trees to keep him away from the soldiers. The trees also kept some of the rain off of Daemon’s head, so that was a plus.

Moving through the woods meant he ran into some bandits. As per usual, he killed the bandits. They were always the easier opponents he faced around the world. He looted their corpses too they were bound to have some kind of gold on their person.
On his seventh day of travel he finally found the Brotherhood. In the distance he could see smoke reaching up to the heavens. If he strained his ears enough, the distant sounds of fighting could be heard. The screams of men, the clashing of steel, the sounds of battle became louder and louder the closer he approached.

He broke through the treeline, squinting through the pouring rain, he saw the battle. From what he could see the Brotherhood caught the Mountain raiding another town and were currently trying to put a stop to it. Daemon had a hard time seeing due to the torrents of rain, but he could see the Lannister red on some of the soldiers. He dismounted his horse and joined the melee.

He drew his sword and sprinted through the ankle deep mud. He dodged a slash and shoved his sword through the man’s knee. Daemon stomped on the downed man’s head, drowning him in the mud.

Daemon fought his way through the town towards the town center stabbing and slashing through red armored Lannister grunts. He dodged several men who were slipping across the mud. Hopping over corpses buried in mud. He dodged several fighting pairs and continued to cut down the enemy. He pushed a Brotherhood man off him, the man fell into the mud, Daemon just ignored him. Daemon glanced away a slash and killed the man, opening up his belly. Mud and blood splashing onto Daemon.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw a Lannister man barreling towards him, no weapon in hand. Before Daemon could kill him, the man tackled Daemon into the mud, splashing the substance everywhere. Daemon rolled the man off of him and straddled his waist, bringing his fists down onto the man’s face until he lost consciousness. Daemon flipped the man's body so he was face first in the mud to suffocate to death.

Daemon turned and tackled another man by his knees. Taking his dagger he stabbed the man in the gut. Quickly crawling up his body he stabbed the dying man several times in the chest and then finally shoved the dagger into the man’s eye socket.

Daemon stood, mud and blood covering his body, and recovered his sword. He took a breath and looked up. All he saw was a heavy mailed fist before it smashed into his face. Daemon was thrown to his back. Ignoring the flashing lights in his eyes he quickly rolled away from a giant greatsword smashing into the spot where he was just a second ago.

Daemon stumbled to a stand, blood flowing into one of his eyes, and looked at a giant man holding his greatsword in one hand preparing another swing. He jumped away from the Mountain’s wide swing and lunged forward cutting into the large man’s forearm. The man merely grunted in pain and swung again. This time Daemon had to block the powerful swing. The swing was so powerful that it knocked Daemon to the ground, his sword was ripped from his hand.

Daemon had to scramble away from the Mountain on all fours. Mud and blood now covering half of Daemon’s face. Rain continued to pour down onto the fighters. The sounds of battle a constant around them. Thunder clapping in the distance. He picked up his sword and swung around to face the Mountain.

The two started trading blows. The sound of their clashing steel mixing with the cacophony of the crashing thunder, falling rain, and sounds of battle that surrounded the two clashing warriors. Daemon had succeeded in cutting the Mountain where he was the least armoured, but even then the man had continued to attack Daemon forcing him to slip away from the large man.

The two fighter were in their own world. The heat of the battle seemed to gravitate away from the two and their ferocious fight. Bodies lay strewn in the now near knee deep mud. Most of them fully
sunken into the sea of mud and blood along with other weapons and stray body parts that escaped from their owners. The yellow and black Clegane banner had drowned in the mud, leaving a single dog raised above the mud.

Daemon’s foot got caught on an obscure body hidden in the mud causing him to slip. He was now on one knee staring up at the Mountain who prepared to bring his greatsword down unto Daemon. Being unable to dodge Daemon had to block the large man’s overhead swing before it cut him in half.

The Mountain’s greatsword crashed onto Daemon’s raised sword. All of Daemon’s muscles screamed at him, like they started burning within his body. Daemon saw the man pull his sword back. What he didn’t see was the Mountain’s foot throttling towards his chest.

All of the breath Daemon had ran from his lungs. He felt his ribs crack and cave within his chest. He lay sprawled on his back, looking up into the grey clouds, watching the heavens pour rain down unto his broken body. He tasted the blood starting to flow from his mouth.

He heard shouting and fighting in front of him. He slowly raises his head, ignoring the pain, to see a man with a flaming sword and several others beating the Mountain back. He heard the large man yelling to his soldiers to retreat.

Through the pounding of the rain on his ears and its intrusion on his eyes Daemon could see a man with long hair and a smirk plastered on his face standing over him.

“Hello little devil” said the man.

Daemon could barely get the words out. “Thoros of Myr”.

The man just smiled. “You look terrible.” Daemon couldn't get any words out to respond, the pain in his chest ever growing. Thoros turned to the men around him. The battle had finished the sounds of fighting gone, the only thing left was the sound of the rain crashing down from the sky. “Alright boys, lets get this man here back to the cave.”

Several arms started lifting him up, stars started exploding in his eyes from the pain. His vision blackened and he soon passed into darkness, blissfully ignorant of the pain in his chest and the world around him.

Arya POV

Arya stared out into the deluge of water currently hammering itself into the ground outside the mouth of the cave where she was sitting. She looked back to see the interior of the cave she and the Brotherhood had been staying in for several days. The cave was lit with a soft, soothing, orange glow by the lit fire pit sitting in the center. Around the fire sat several women, the healers that assisted the Brotherhood, their shadows dancing across the walls. Not too far from the fire was Gendry who sharpening some spare swords for the Brotherhood.

Her time with the Brotherhood wasn’t the most pleasant life. But it was far better than staying in Harrenhal to be tortured. Better than traveling with a bunch of rapists and thieves like the Night’s Watch recruits.

At least she had Gendry to keep her company, he was a good and loyal friend, something she lacked as of recently.

She turned to look outside once again when she heard the thundering of horse hooves. She stepped back to allow the riders to enter the cave. Several horses passed her before she noticed a large
makeshift sled with several incapacitated occupants.

The healer women stood and rushed to the sled to tend to the wounded. From what Arya could see some of the injured men had stab wounds and broken bones, another was breathing in pained gasps, his chest shuddering each time he took a breath. All the men who entered the cave had a multitude of cuts on their bodies. Or at least that's what she could see through all of the mud and blood covering all of their bodies.

The healers go to work, bandaging cuts and cleaning wounds, resetting bones anything they could do to ensure their patients survival. Cleaning the mud and blood off of them was a priority, so they could see what kinds of wounds each of them had.

One of the worst was the man who could barely breath. His nose looked slightly broken, he had a bruise covering half of his face and a large gash above his right eye as well as several cuts below the eye. When they took his shirt off Arya saw a huge bruise covering most of his chest. Looking past the bruise she also saw the man had many scar decorating his body. The healers started wrapping his chest in linen and then overlapped that with a layer of sturdy leather. The right side of his face was wrapped in bandages.

Arya observed all of this silently for several hours, watching the man who had half of his body wrapped in something. Noticing his silver hair and how Thoros kept referring to him as the Devil, Arya learned that this man was Daemon Targaryen II. She also learned he went up against the Mountain and got his arse kicked. Oh well.

Thoros and Beric started talking to other members of the Brotherhood. They were talking intensely about something although Thoros’ smirk was still in place. The small group nodded to each other, Beric splitting off to the healers and Thoros walking towards her.

She looked up at his smiling face. “Get your stuff little wolf.” He said

“Why?”

“Brotherhood is going to break up for a time, decrease our chances of getting caught by the Mountain.” he replied.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“Riverrun, little lady, they’ll pay for ya.”. With that he walked away to the horses were some Brotherhood members were reconnecting the sled.

Excitement made her body shiver. She was going to see Robb and her mother. She was going to be safe. With her family. A rare smile graced her face, she turned away from everyone so she could hide it. She was going to be with family once again.
AN: This story reached 100 followers! Thank you thank you thank you! Thank you to you guys who are continuing to read my story and are following/favoriting it. Thank you!

Disclaimer: I don't own A Song of Ice and Fire or Game of Thrones

Warnings: Language, violence, etc.

Enjoy!

Stray Dog
Daemon POV

Daemon knew pain. The multiple scars littering his body was a testament to that fact. He had physical proof of his pain, an indicator, something to show off. But now his pain was sharp, threatening, something that couldn't be seen by the naked eye. Daemon had his fair share of broken bones but those bones usually didn't threaten his lungs. They usually were not located in his chest. All these things Daemon became aware of as he woke.

His eye broke open to a forest canopy. Rays of sunlight peeking their way through the green leaves. At least it stopped raining. Birds were singing, the trees were rustling in the wind, the sounds of hushed talking and a small fire crackling here the first things Daemon heard as his mind returned from the dream world.

As he tried to breathe in the forest air he felt a sharp pain in his chest everytime he tried to take a deep breath. He felt something surrounding his chest, compressing it, restricting it, making it harder to breathe through the pain. He couldn't see out of his right eye and for a second he thought he had lost his eye, before realizing that there was something wrapped tightly around the right side of his head.

He brought his hands up to feel hardened leather wrapped around his chest. Could feel his bare shoulders rubbing against the cot he slept on as he explored his body with his hands. Bringing his hand up higher he could feel the bandages that were wrapped around his head protecting his sore face from getting worse.

“Hello down there!” exclaimed a man, Thoros he found out as he stood over Daemon. “How are ya feeling?”

“It hurts to breath, can see out of one eye, my entire body feels like shit. How do you think I fell?” Daemon asked sarcastically.

“Hm, true.” Was all Thoros said. “Well, let's sit you up.” Thoros held out a hand and starting pulling Daemon up. He could also feel another pair of hands supporting his back. Once he was sitting the man came around his back and stood next to Thoros. Beric Dondarrion, someone Daemon always found him fascinating. A man who could find so many ways to die, has yet to die, simply inspiring.

“Where the hell are we?” Daemon asked groggily. All he could see around him were the woods of the Riverlands. The mid-day sun lit up the surrounding woods and lit up the small camp erected in the clearing. Around him were Beric, Thoros, Anguy the Archer, a girl he assumed was Arya Stark, a stocky boy who looked like a Stormlander, and a brown haired woman who he assumed was one of the healers who fixed the mess that was him.
“We passed High Heart several hours ago.” answered Thoros. “Made camp for the night, now that we are all waking we will go to the Inn of the Kneeling Man.”

Daemon tried standing, but the healer woman Mya he just learned, whacked him on the back of the head. He groaned in pain, shooting the healer a mock glare. “No standing up for you.” she said sternly. “You have been comatose for almost three days now, no use in hindering your recovery.” she scolded lightly.

Daemon nodded along with this sentiment and stayed put. Thoros and Beric started getting the others ready as Mya fussed over his bandages. She unwrapped the ones on his head and lightly observed the cuts and bruises scattered around his face. “How's it looking?” he asked her as she continued her observations.

“Most of your cuts have healed into scabs.” she slapped his rising hand “And don't pick at them. The bruise has now turned mostly green and yellow and should be gone in the next day or so. You are slightly concussed so don't push yourself too much. As for your ribs the bones, thankfully, will fully heal within the next month and a half.” She became serious as she came to the last topic of his health. “Your lungs, from what I can tell, we're only slightly injured but you will be short of breath for most, if not not all, of your life. Meaning that you won't be able to fully exert yourself physically for the rest of your life.”

Well. Shit.

Daemon had stared down the worst beings imaginable in the Shadow Lands, fended off hordes of stone men in the Ruins of Valyria, and fought a Great War in the Frozen Grey Waste but one simple kick from one larger than average man permanently injured him for the rest of his life. Something so simple, something so unextraordinary, will hinder his physical abilities for the rest of his life. Taking breath, something that used to be so rudimentary, now became so much more important. A limited commodity if you will.

He took a deep breath, as deep as he could before it started to hurt, and released it. He needed to calm himself, to tell himself that he isn't dead yet because he isn't. He will just need to be more mindful of how he conducts his life from now on. Simple.

Daemon rubbed his face. “Fuck” was his simple statement.

The camp had finally been packed up. They loaded Daemon into a cart they found, more likely stole, on the side of the road. The girl, probably Arya, joined him in the cart as the rest of the party rode horses, with Anguy and Mya driving the cart that houses the two runaways.

It would take several hours to reach the Inn of the Kneeling Man and as he lay on his back, all he had for company was a reclusive girl and the pains in his chest each time the cart jostled.

Almost an hour later Daemon couldn't take the silence. “You Arya Stark?” he asked outright, luckily Anguy and Mya made no indication that they heard him.

The girl/Arya Stark studied him for a few moments. “Are you the Prince?” she asked right back.

Daemon smirked at the girl’s response. She was sharp, observant, and quick witted. “If answer your question will you answer mine?” She nodded. “I am a prince, yes.”

“Then I must be Arya Stark.” a haughty grin spread across her lips. Snarky little shit. Her eyes became more curious. “Are you really the Devil of the Riverlands?” she asked him. So a game then, Daemon thought.
“I am.” she was about to ask another question before he cut her off. “Wait, wait, wait. You get to ask a question, I get to ask a question. Fair?” She nodded. “Would you like to go to Riverrun with me?” she looked cautious, smart girl. “At Riverrun is Robb Stark, Catelyn Stark, and several other Northern lords.” he said enticingly.

She didn't look convinced. “The Brotherhood are already taking me there.” she stated.

“Ah yes, but for a price. They know your family would pay almost anything to bring you back, so they will squeeze them until they shit gold,” he told her. “I am on a personal quest that doesn't end with the crippling of your brothers financial situation.” He let the words sink in. “Sooo is that a yes.” he asked, his brows raised.

Her eyes widened. “Yes” she said a bit too loudly. They both glanced up to see Anguy and Mya looking back at the two inquisitively. Daemon just waved away their concerns. Once they turned back Arya whispered again: “Yes”

“Once I am fit to travel, we can get a horse or two, and head over to Riverrun. Your brother and mother implored me to bring you back, so I will.” he said.

They fell into silence for a time. “How old are you?” she asked him. Their little game of questions continued for several hours. Once they reached the Inn a light drizzle had started. The sun’s rays still gracing the Riverlands through the partings of the grey clouds.

The horses were tied and Anguy helped Daemon out of the cart while the rest of the party trudged into the Inn.

“Who’s that?” Anguy pointed down the road. Daemon looked and saw a large figure in dented armour, thin, matted hair, and a half burned face. The Hound was walking right towards them.

“We can't fight him, I'm hurt and your shit with a sword.” Daemon ignored Anguy’s offended scoff. “He obviously isn't with the Lannisters anymore, if he was he would be in King’s Landing with Joffrey.” Daemon looked at Anguy. “I say we talk to him.”

Anguy looked at him with an incredulous look on his face. “You better be right or I'll haunt you in the afterlife.” Daemon just chuckled.

Daemon leaned on the cart for support and Anguy knocked an arrow and keeping it pointed on the ground.

The Hound was now ten feet away, Daemon decided then to wave and hail the man down. “Hello friend.”

The big man stopped and grunted his greeting. “You want something?” the Hound asked the two, warily eying the bow in Anguy’s hands.

Daemon continued. “We are with the Brotherhood and would like to personally extend an invitation for you to join us in the Inn. We will pay for everything.”

The man still looked uneasy “You know me then?” he asked. Daemon nodded. “And you two are?”

“I am Arthur” Daemon said, using his fake name. “And this” he pointed to the Bowman next to him. “Is Anguy. Inside are some you will most likely recognize. Thoros and Beric. Besides them are a healer, a smithy boy, and a runaway cup-bearer.”

Clegane sat staring for a moment. “Fine” he spat out, as if the word was poison.
Daemon grinned happily. Anguy handed him a stick they picked up to help support him. The trio made their way into the Inn. They all sat at the table, Daemon sitting next to Arya. He could see anger in her eyes when she looked at the Hound but wisely kept her mouth shut.

“Ah a new friend!” exclaimed a drunk Thoros. He looked questioningly at Daemon and Anguy. The former shrugged while the other just nodded to the priest. “What brings you in here Clegane?” Thoros asked the man.

“A promise of free food.” came his gruff reply.

At that the night progressed smoothly, if you didn't count the glares Arya sent to the Hound, who in turn eyed the small girl with little interest. For that night they would sleep soundly, in warm beds with a belly full of mead and chicken and bread.

Timeskip…

Arya POV

The drizzling that had started several days ago refused to let up or increase, so it stayed drizzling for the last few days. She leaned back to rest on the chest of Daemon. They both sat in a saddle, a few paces beside them rode the Hound. The pitter-pattering of rain and the steady beat of Daemon’s heart nearly lulled her to sleep as she recalled the last few days.

After the Hound joined them, she still glared at the man from time to time, they set out again to Riverrun. Only several hours later did they run into a Red Woman and her guards. Anger set in as she thought about what they did to Gendry.

They sold him like cattle, like he wasn't human, like a slave. Her friend. The friend that helped protect her from idiot boys and could talk her ear off about smithing. The friend that had been with her on her journey from King’s Landing to Harrenhal. The friend that annoyed her to no end when he teased her about being noble born.

She had created a bond with Gendry and the Brotherhood snatched it away from her for some gold. It was then when she ran away from the camp, was caught by that disgusting man the Hound, and was promptly joined by a possible new friend in Daemon.

Over the past few days, she had bonded with the silver haired prince. Part of that bond could be attributed to the way he talked about smithing, just like Gendry. He was separated from her family, just like her. He loved to be independent and adventure, just like her. He told stories about his adventures in Essos, the types of stories she enjoys. He talks of the Warrior Women of Hyrkoon, warriors she now wants to emulate.

They were friends, she knew it, he knew it, that bastard the Hound probably knew it. She was internally grateful for the friendship he provided. He helped her forget her sadness over Gendry, her anger over the Brotherhood and the Hound, and her longing to be with her family once again.

With all of these things in mind, she finally fell asleep against Daemon’s chest, seeking out his warmth, and letting herself fall into a dreamless sleep.
The rain finally stopped. Daemon had covered her with a cloak but listening to the rain constantly, day after day after day, was starting to become irritating. They had continued traveling to Riverrun but their pace was slow. Daemon had yet to recover from his injuries so they held off on riding hard towards Riverrun as to spare Daemon the pain. Also the mud covered roads combined with the constant Lannister presence in the area caused the trio to veer off the round several times. Most of the time they camped in the woods under cover of the trees or in small natural shelters the trees provided with their roots.

Their journey was partly silent, mostly on the Hound’s side. She and Daemon talked about a number of things. Fighting styles, his stories of Essos, or how to play several different card games. Although now, while approaching a small roadside inn, did their topics of conversation ran out. Daemon had started it.

“At least it's not raining anymore.” her saddle mate said.

Arya hmmed. He wasn't wrong. “It will probably start up again though” she said.

Daemon looked up to the overcast sky. “Yeah.” he thought for a moment. “Hey, do you thi--” he was interrupted by the Hound.

“Would you two idiots stop fucking talking about the damn weather.” the scarred man gritted out.

“Shut up.” she said petulantly. “We were having a pleasant conversation.”

“Like hell you were.” the Hound said. The he muttered under his breath. “Talking about the fuckin’ weather, stupid cunt.”

“Well you don't have to listen.” she said back.

“The fuck else am I gonna listen to, huh.” he told her. “The fucking wind.” he said mockingly. Daemon chuckled at that.
They were approaching the inn by the road. They tied their horses in a group of trees not too far from the wooden building. Arya peeked through the trees and spotting something. Needle. The man was pissing but all she could focus on was the small sword sitting on the man’s belt. ‘He was the one who killed Lommy’, she remembered now. That bastard had took her sword and killed Lommy, a boy. Hot anger bubbled up in her chest, she would kill the bastard before he left that inn, she promised herself this no matter what happened. He took her sword, the one Jon gifted her, and he killed Lommy, someone she was starting to like. He had to pay.

She broke the tree line, her steps full of determination and righteous anger, she stalked to the door of the inn and entered. She ignored the calling of Daemon and The Hound. This was her mission, her revenge she will take. Daemon or the Hound didn't matter, the Lannisters or her family didn't matter, the entire world didn't matter. The only thing that mattered now was her sword and the man inside. That man had Needle and she would be damned if she didn't get it back.

He was a dead man when he took her sword, he's just walking around not knowing it.

Sandor POV

That damn wolf-girl running into places she has no business being in. This entire goddamn journey was fucking mess. The silver haired prince could bare ride. Of course it was his brother, somehow finding a way to fuck with him even when he was miles away. Also the damned rain, it didn't seem to want to stop. Every fucking time they stepped foot outside, the gods deemed him unworthy and fucking rained on him. The only reason he was on this damned journey was because of the Prince. His time with the Little Bird in the shithole of King’s Landing taught him that the Stark’s would give him a chance, no matter how fragile they may seem. The silver haired prince offered him a chance to work for the Starks, killing is what he did best, and killing is probably what they would ask him to do. At least they wouldn't treat him like a kennel dog whenever they asked him to.

Now he had to deal with the wolf-girl running off.

He entered the tavern after the girl and saw her sitting at one of the tables, staring at the four men seated several tables in front of her. He sat next to her giving her a glare telling her she was a fucking idiot. She probably didn't notice. One of the four idiots she was staring at walked over to their table, seemingly recognizing him. Sandor could see the toothpick of a sword the little wolf-girl wanted to retrieve. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the prince lean on one of the pillars, preparing for a fight. If he sat he wouldn't be able to stand up in time, at least he was smart.

He barely listened to the man babble about the King and himself. He didn't care. It only took a few more sentences for Sandor to become impatient.

“How ‘bout you buy me a chicken.” it was a statement more than a question.

The bald cunt didn't seem to understand this. “You payin’ for it?”

The Hound sighed with impatience “I think I’ll take two chickens.”

The idiot finally seemed to understand the common tongue. “These are the King’s colors.” the idiot pointed to himself. “You can force me to-”

Sandor reached over the table and took his drink. “Talkers make me thirsty.” he said before he downed the shite drink. Once he was finished, he still was hungry for some chicken.

“You-” he cut the idiot off before he can say another word.
“If one more word comes pouring out your cunt mouth, I will eat every fucking chicken in this room.”

“You gonna die over some chickens.” the cunt said.

“Someone will” was all he said back. He could see the bald idiots friends reaching for their weapons. Without warning he flipped the table and onto the bald one. A dagger cut through the air and impaled itself into one of the Kings men’s eyes. ‘Must have been the silver haired one, good with a dagger I guess’, were his thoughts before he engaged the two men in front of him. The two bumbling idiots in front of him had no idea how to use their swords. He made quick work of them. Punching one of their jaws off and cutting the second man in half. Easy work. He turned to see the wolf-girl smashing a pot over the bald idiots head. Pulling her toothpick from his belt.

The girl asked the bald cunt a question that the Hound couldn't hear. What he could hear was the silver prince saying; “Just kill him already so we can go.” The girl poked a hole into the bald one's throat, he began choking on his own blood.

They were soon back on their horses, back on the road again. It was then the Hound realized he forgot to bring a chicken for the road.

Daemon POV

Once night had settled, they made camp atop a small knoll in the middle of the forest. The fire was illuminating the forest around them. They could hear the crickets chirping away, they could see the bugs that had glowing butts float around their campfire.

None of them could sleep. Their minds in between the states of wakefulness and sleep. Not really paying attention, yet paying attention all the same. Daemon decided to ask Arya about her family.

She went on and on about them, she loved them.

Her father Eddard Stark. He would discourage her independence yet allow her to shoot arrows and ride horses whenever it pleased her. He rarely punished her if she were to skip out on her lessons. No matter how much he urged his daughter to become a proper lady, his heart was never truly committed.

Her mother Catelyn Stark. She was a strict mother scolding her when she skipped lessons or did the things the boys would usually do. She discouraged her attachment to Jon, which slightly soured their relationship, but she still loved her mother all the same.

Then there was Robb, a copy of their father scolding her lightly but never truly meaning it.

Arya obviously didn't like Sansa too much. Yes they were sisters, but they total opposites and never got along.

Bran and Rickon were younger than her and she loved pushing them around and teasing them. Especially when she beat Bran at archery.

Her favorite was obviously Jon by the way she talked about him. Jon would embrace her independence, he was there to hold her as a baby, to comfort her when she cried, to encourage her when she wanted to fight, watched her when she wanted to ride. Jon never restricted her, never told her she couldn't do something because she wasn't a boy. He loved her for her, that's why she loved him the most.

When the two turned to Sandor, he didn't speak much, but he basically said that his entire was full
of cunts. Daemon was inclined to agree.

When the two finally turned to him, he didn't disappoint.

He told them of the ‘Mad King’, his father who forced him to watch the executions conducted in the throne room.

About his brother Viserys who emulated his father in almost any chance he got.

He told them about his conflicted feelings towards his brother Rhaegar. How he loves him for him being a good brother and hates him for dooming their family.

He told them about his mother Rhaella and his good-sister/aunt Elia and how they raised him to be the man he is today. How they encouraged him to be strong and fierce.

About his sister and brother/niece and nephew Rhaenys and Aegon. How they all were basically siblings. How he and Rhaenys dreamed of exploring the world and riding dragons.

Once he was done, he felt like he had bonded with Arya Stark and Sandor Clegane. On a level that he had only done with a few others before them.

The three of them had slept well that night.

In the morning their journey continued. Through the mud and the rain and past the patrols. Maybe getting rid of a few brigands here and there. All in all the trip was longer than he wanted it to be. His chest still hurt, he was hoping Talisa might be able to work some of her healing magic but he doubted it. He was still coming to terms with the fact that he was permanently affected by his injury.

Before he knew it Talisa was hugging him tightly and out of the corner of his eyes he could see Robb and Catelyn smothering Arya. He was finally back in Riverrun.

AN: “He was a dead man when he opened his mouth, he just walking around not knowing it.”- Marlo Stanfield, The Wire. Took that quote out of The Wire (love that show) and changed a few words so it could fit into the story.

So yeah like I said, chapters will take longer to write and expect an Avengers/Marvel fanfic in the future. Check my profile if you want the details.
Back In Riverrun

AN: Here is the next chapter. Like I said before I am starting college so chapters will take longer to be released.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Bad language

Enjoy!

Back In Riverrun

Robb POV

Robb finally felt he could breathe again. Roose Bolton and Walder Frey were outed as traitors. Lord Bolton has been executed and The Twins are surrounded by the Blackfish and several other Riverlords. A civil war was being raged in the North.

The Boltons, Karstarks, and Umbers were going against the rest of the North. While Robb still had the loyalty of the Greatjon Umber and Rickard Karstark as well as some of their men, but apparently the younger generation of their lords have been planning a rebellion against the Starks with the Boltons.

The execution of Roose Bolton was a dull affair. No one was unhappy that the Bolton lord had been executed and his body burned. Robb was never fond of the Boltons besides Domeric, although he died. Some say it was Roose’s bastard son Ramsay who killed Domeric, some say it was a normal illness that took the young Bolton lord. No matter, Ramsay Snow will die for burning down Winterfell and threatening the stability of the North.

As for the Ironborn, they will die all the same. Theon had betrayed him, given up Winterfell and his brothers to the mercy of the Bolton bastard. He will die like the rest of the ironborn they find in the north. So far he has gotten word from most of the lords he sent back. Most of the coasts are secured and the Ironborn have been pushed out of the major castles and towns. Once the Ironborn are no more the North will crush the Boltons.

Robb wishes he could go to the north himself, but he is still fighting Lannisters in the Riverlands. Most troop movements indicate that the main Lannister force, lead by Kevan Lannister, is stationed in Harrenhal for the time being.

The Mountain is another thorn in his side. According to Daemon, who had just returned, the Brotherhood Without Banners was able to beat back the Mountain and his men. Although Daemon did suffer quite an injury. Robb laughed when Talisa demanded she put Daemon on a leash so he wouldn't go running around again.

And finally, to his and his mother's relief, Arya had finally returned to them. His mother had shed so many tears in the courtyard when they returned. She had almost kissed Daemon’s feet if he hadn't told not to do so. She crushed the prince in a hug that he seemed surprised to receive. Robb was the same, joining the hug between Talisa and Daemon. He had also shed a few tears when she returned. He had been so worried about his entire family. Whether Bran and Rickon still lived, whether Sansa was being tortured in King’s Landing, whether Jon has been killed by Wildlings. He was thankful to Daemon that he brought his sister back.
The other person Daemon brought back he was understandably wary of. Sandor Clegane was man to be cautious of. He did abandon the Lannisters and he did help his sister on her journey back to Riverrun. The Hound’s induction into the Stark Army was not something anyone was keen of. Robb, Daemon, Catelyn, Arya, Talisa, and Sandor met in his solar.

“Can we trust him?” was the first thing Robb asked Daemon, concerning the Hound.

“I think we can.” said Daemon. Arya nodding right along side him.

Robb rubbed his temples. Sandor Clegane would be a good addition to his forces. Name recognition alone could dissuade soldiers to attack the man. He was probably able to lead men into battle. Maybe taking a small expeditionary force into the Riverlands to start cleaning up the Lannisters lingering too far from Harrenhal.

If Robb could force Kevan Lannister out of Harrenhal he would be able to focus fully on the North and the South, two easy fronts. He was hoping his Aunt Lysa would appease him and send the Vale forces to help support him but all reports he got about his aunt were explaining that she was quite unstable. His mother also attested to these reports.

“Ser Clegane-” Robb started.

“I’m no knight.” the man in question interjected.

Robb just nodded. “Clegane, I could send you North. Far from the Lannisters. I want you to travel to White Harbour, to the Manderly’s. Once there you will command the retaking of Moat Cailin from the Ironborn. Once that has been accomplished you will oversee the rebuilding of the Moat. Once this has been finished you will start leading raiding parties in Bolton lands are start picking off their soldiers. Wither down their numbers, so by the time I am ready to retake the North their numbers will have been cut down.”

“You are trusting me with a lot.” The Hound commented.

“You will have an armed escort until you are proven trustworthy. I will also write out several instructions for you to follow. As well as a pardon with my signature and seal, making sure you have safe passage through the North.” Robb explained.

The large man seemed to accept his new position. Not like it was bad or anything.

Robb called in a few guards and maids to show Arya, Catelyn, and Sandor to their rooms. Leaving Robb and Daemon alone in the silent solar.

“What do you have planned next?” Daemon asked him.

“There isn't much I can do. The plan I set for the Clegane I was planning to assign to a minor lord, but he came along.” Robb motioned for Daemon to join him at the map on the table. He pointed to Harrenhal. “We know that Kevan Lannister is leading a force of at least 15,000 men. I dont have the men to go against him. Now that the Tyrells have joined the war, they might send their army north.”

“Well what about the Vale?” Daemon asked. “I know Lysa Arryn is not the most sane person, but wouldn't she help her kin?”

“That’s what I thought but when I called upon her, she refused.” Robb told Daemon. He noticed Daemon thinking. “You have something?”
Daemon hmmmed. “I do, last I heard Littlefinger was sticking his fingers into the Vale. Lysa Arryn always had a thing for Baelish. If Baelish were to control the Vale in some way he would encourage Lysa to stay out of the war.”

“Damn” he muttered under his breath.

“Yeah” Daemon agreed. “I am riding to King’s Landing tomorrow.”
“What!” Talisa’s exclamation nearly made the two men jump. His wife had been silent for most of their conversation until now. “What do you mean ‘riding to King’s Landing’?”

“I am meeting someone there.” Daemon held up his hand, as Talisa was about to interrupt again. “And I may have a plan to take control of the Vale, its not a fool-proof plan yet, but if I can pull this off you will have someone controlling the Vale for you.” he told Robb.

“Who are you meeting?” asked Talisa.

“What is this plan?” Robb asked at the same time.

Daemon held his hands up. “One at a time. First, who am I meeting, that’s private business that doesn't involve anyone here, or even Westeros. Or at least for the time being.” Daemon huffed. “What I am trying to say is that, it's my business and I will tell you when I deem it appropriate.”

Talisas still had a worried expression on her face. “Why do you have to go to King’s Landing to meet this person, can't they meet you outside of the city?”

“They can leave King’s Landing without destroying all of their hard work, something I don't intend to make this person do. And if I want my plan for the Vale to succeed, I need to be in King’s Landing.”

Talisas still didn't look happy but she nodded her assent, albeit reluctantly.

“And the plan?” said Robb.

“As for the plan, it involves a dead Littlefinger and someone we know taking control of the Vale.” Daemon held up a hand to stop Robb’s questioning. “To get said someone out of King’s Landing and to the Vale is where I am coming up short.”

“And who is this person?” Robb was starting to get impatient.

“Sansa Stark” said Daemon. “If we can get rid of Littlefinger and Lysa Arryn, Sansa can easily take control of the Vale.”

“But what about Robin Arryn?” Talisa asked.

“The boy is still young and from what I have heard, a very gullible person. I am hoping that we can have Sansa essentially take control of the Vale through the young Lord.” Daemon suggested.

“What about my Aunt Lysa?” he asked.

“Kill her.” Daemon said bluntly.

Robb was outraged. “Your talking about killing my aunt, my family!” Robb said incredulously.

“Ok listen. One have you ever met Lysa Arryn?” Robb shook his head, the angry expression still on his face. “Two, you want to win this war, correct?” Robb nodded. “Then this is how you win. You would control the Riverlands and the North, and you would have the support of the Vale. The
lannister only have the support of the Tyrells. Other than that Stannis still leads the Stormlands and Dorne wouldn't ever support the Lannisters. The North is still in question but you need to unite it soon or you will lose the support of the Northern lords, no longer a King in the North.”

Robb huffed angrily. He knew that everything Daemon said was right. Aunt Lysa had basically betrayed their family by associating with Baelish and refusing to help her own kin. He didn't like it but it had to happen one way or another. As for Sansa, he couldn't imagine his sister ever leading one of the seven kingdoms. She was a girl obsessed with shiny southern knights and fair haired princes, not ruling or politics.

Robb doubted Daemon’s plan. He didn't believe he could pull it off. He didn't believe he could outsmart Baelish. He didn't believe Sansa was fit to rule. Robb voiced all of these disbeliefs to Daemon. The angry look on Talisa’s face made him slightly guilty about putting Daemon on the spot, but he needed his concerns answered.

He looked at Daemon waiting for his answer, the look an the man’s face put off Robb but he stood by his decision.

“First of all, I don't give a damn whether or not you believe in my plan, it's going to happen whether you like it or not. Second, I’m going to have plenty of help getting rid of Baelish. Third, the fact that you think Sansa learned nothing in the few years she has been in King’s Landing is silly. You either learn or you become a pawn and die like the rest. If she didn't learn, she wouldn't still be living.” Daemon’s tone was angry. His face certainly told Robb that he was not too happy with Robb’s questioning of his plan.

“That still does not assure me of the strength of this plan.” Robb said.

“Like I said, I don't care whether or not you put anything into this plan, you are not involved.” replied Daemon 

Robb was going to continue his questioning but Talisa interrupted him. “Enough of this. The plan is going through, whether we like it or not.” she said to him. She then turned to Daemon. “It's getting late, you need sleep if you are leaving tomorrow. Both of you need rest.”

He and Daemon nodded. A good night's sleep would do them both good.

Daemon POV

Daemon woke earlier than he usually would. His bedmate, Lily, had to wake up shortly before dawn to prepare the lord’s breakfast. Unfortunately for the two of them, Daemon was still recovering from his injuries, so sex was off the table. They did, however, find comfort in sleeping together.

Lily was fully dressed but noticed him waking. “Sorry if I woke you.” she said softly. Leaning down on the bed to give him a kiss.

“S’ fine.” he mumbled into the bedsheets.

She giggled while she rubbed his back soothingly. “I suppose I won't be seeing you for a while.” she said sadly.

“Yeah” he said groggily. “I'll be sure to visit when I can but this will be goodbye for a long while now, maybe forever depending on how the future plays out.”

She nodded. “I understand” she sighed sadly. “I won't regret our times together.” a sad smile
playing across her face.

“Neither will I” he said.

“Be safe.” she said, giving him one last kiss before exiting the room.

He rubbed his eyes before turning in the bed to look out the window. The rising sun was peeking over the horizon, its light making its way into Daemon’s room.

He washed, dressed, and wrapped his weapons in a cloth before exiting his room.

Marion, Amber, and Leland came to see him off. They had arrived at Riverrun several months ago when the Lannisters pillaging small towns north of Riverrun. He gave them all a quick hug, promising them he would stay safe and see them again. He left them near the entrance hall and approached the stables. There he saw Talisa, Arya, and Catelyn waiting there for him.

Lady Stark came to him first giving him a quick hug thanking him, once again, for bringing her daughter back to her.

Next was Arya who also wrapped her arms around his waist. He mussed her hair. “Next time I see you I expect you to have practiced your swordplay, ok?” he laughed at her enthusiastic nod.

Finally Talisa. She hugged him tightly. “You stay safe.” she demanded. She looked into his eyes. “I don't want to find out you’ve been injured again.” she said seriously. “It just means more work for me.” she said jokingly with a smile while Daemon laughed.

“Don’t worry, all will be well.” he told her. He gave her one last hug before mounting his horse.

It was finally time to return to King’s Landing.
AN: Here’s the next chapter. This chapter is shorter than I would have wanted it to be. I’ve been sick this past week and could never get my mind on writing anything coherent, so I wanted to throw something out there for you all. Sorry about that.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Its rated M, text dump, etc.

Enjoy!

Into The Lion’s Den

Daemon POV

As Daemon rode south, the constant presence of the war was obvious. The lands were empty of smallfolk. Bandits and brigands were out in force, leaching off of the destruction caused by the Lannister armies.

Dameon passed the Stoney Sept after a week of riding south. The Riverlands were in complete chaos. The inconsistent rain showers paired with the constant traveling armies took its toll on the roads.

Half the time the roads were made entirely of mud. Mud that sometimes horses would sink knee deep into. The other half of the time, the roads were infested with less than favorable people. Either bandits or Lannisters.

This caused Daemon’s trip to take much longer than he anticipated. The roads were probably the worst problem he encountered. After three or four hours of trying to pull his horse out of the mud, Daemon decided that maybe traveling on foot would be better.

Daemon knew that without the wars plaguing the kingdoms, he would have arrived in King’s Landing much earlier than he was. But he knew that if the seven kingdoms were in disorder a new reign could easily take over once more.

The wars were beneficial for what Daemon intended to do in the future but the world could go without a Robb Stark. Just thinking about the stupid boy made Daemon want to bash his head on the nearest tree. The boy was always making the wrong decisions.

Marrying Talisa was a stupid decision. Instead of securing the Twins, putting at risk his entire campaign to marry a girl he only met a month or two prior. ‘True love my arse’.

Then the boy allows the Greyjoy heir back to the Iron Islands to get ships. What does he need ships for! It's not like he was going to sail to King’s Landing, it's not like the Baratheon fleet can suddenly grow legs and attack him on land. If he needed ships he should have ordered the Manderlys to build ships for him. The ships don't need to be built in White Harbor, he can just have the builders move to the other coast, easy.

But no, Theon Greyjoy, glorified prisoner of the Starks, was allowed to return home and somehow convince his father to support the people who took his son away from him in the first place. Idiot.

And then, he somehow doesn't notice the Bolton’s treachery. Looking back on it Daemon saw the
many clues that lead up to the betrayal. Half of the Bolton troops were left in the North. Roose Bolton left his bastard to secure the North. Lord Bolton didn't say much about his bastard but when he did he was always saying how Ramsay was a capable commander of troops. So why leave him in the North instead of bring him with them to fight the war?

Yet somehow Robb Stark ignored all of these signs and continued his campaign, blissfully unaware of what was going on right under his nose.

I mean seriously, House Bolton was one of the most treacherous houses in the seven Kingdoms, even the Dornish know this. But Robb Stark blindly trusted his bannermen. That kind of trust is for fools, and Robb Stark is certainly a fool.

And lets not forget that the boy, instead of taking advantage of Tywin Lannister’s precarious position in Harrenhal, he decides to stay in Riverrun longer than needed after his Grandfather’s death. Tywin Lannister, one of the most dangerous individuals is now in a bad military position, and he didn't take advantage. Opting to stay in Riverrun for a time instead of moving his army.

And finally the Stark boy refuses to leave the Riverlands, instead he decided to break up his army and hole himself up in Riverrun. This is where all of his mistakes came back to haunt him.

Theon Greyjoy betrayed him and has now started raiding in the North. Robb would go back but he can't move his entire army because he doesn't control the Twins. But even if he had control of the Twins, leaving the Riverlands exposed to the Lannister forces is not something he wants to do. But instead he is now stuck in the Riverlands, with Boltons controlling on half of the North and Ironborn raiding the other half. The Freys still control the Twins. And the Lannisters are still a threat in Harrenhal.

Now Daemon was going to attempt a crackpot plan in one of the most dangerous cities in the world all while doing it under Tywin Lannister’s nose. Yeah bad idea. But if Vary’s plans come to fruition, having some friends in Westeros wouldn't hurt.

If Daemon were able to put his plan into place he would have strong connections to the North and the Riverlands through Talisa, the Vale through Sansa if that worked, and Dorne through Oberyn and Ellaria. Four out of the seven kingdoms were in his favor.

The Tyrells, specifically Olenna Tyrell, were ambitious. If Daemon were able to coax some type of deal out of Olenna and if Joffrey were to die, Daemon could easily appeal to the Tyrell’s ambition and gain their favor.

When Varys is able to secure Daemon’s position in the Red Keep they would be able to start plotting against the current king, Tywin Lannister, and Littlefinger. Hopefully Varys would be able to get rid of Littlefinger without too much trouble. If Varys didn't do it Daemon would. How hard could it be to kill on man with a well placed dagger in the middle of the night.

Maybe Varys hasn't done that yet because he actually enjoys the verbal sparring he and Littlefinger partake in. No matter, Littlefinger will die one way or another.

It took another week for Daemon to reach the Goldroad.

There he met a fabrics man sent by Varys. He had brought brown dye so Daemon could dye his hair, hopefully to pass off as some lowborn servant from Starfall. Varys told him that with the Dornish lords coming to King’s Landing it would be easy to pass off that lowborn Dornishman would want to find work in King’s Landing.
As he got closer to the capitol he met up with a small band of mummers, all working for Varys, traveling to the city. With his weapons and signature clothing wrapped up in two large bundles, Daemon now donned simple browns and greys for clothing. Easier to blend in. If Daemon were to become a servant in the Red Keep he had better start getting into character.

Varys had set Daemon up for his time in King’s Landing. His appearance, his story, his job, everything. It was up to Daemon to act these parts and worm his way into the mind of Sansa Stark.

Daemon again used Arthur as his fake name. Easier to pass off now that he was pretending to be part Dornishman and Reachman.

His mummers group entered the city through the Lion’s Gate and made their way to the center of the city and up the Street of Sisters. All the way up to the Dragonpit. It’s dome like structure collapsed in on itself. The structure blackened by fire and ash, the doors sealed shut.

Passing the Dragonpit they arrived at the Street of Silk, a higher class part of the city. Down the Street of Silk they passed Chataya’s whorehoue. Daemon never had the pleasure of meeting Chataya but he heard from Varys that she would be willing to help Daemon in anyway she can.

The mummer group finally reached an expensive inn on the Street of Silk, only a few buildings down from Chataya’s. The three story timbered inn was neatly tucked in between two larger shops that double as living spaces.

His group payed for their rooms and split apart. Varys would find him surely. Daemon climbed into bed and leaned his head against the headboard. He sighed and closed his eyes.

These next few months are going to change everything.

Daenerys POV

After the meetings with Razdal mo Eraz, captains of the Second Sons, and Daario Naharis delivering the heads of said captains, Yunkai still stood in front of her with its gates closed.

The “wise” master was a fool to believe that she would simply leave to Westeros on a single ship, leaving her army of Unsullied and a myriad of freed slaves to become pickings of the slave masters.

And Daario Naharis was a fool if he believed that he would find his way into her bed and gain her trust so easily. Sure he was confident, strong, giving her quite a present in the Second Sons, funny, charismatic, attractive, she could go on.

But the voice of reason sounded off within her head. ‘He doesn't want Daenerys, he wants the Dragon Queen, the Targaryen’. Or at least that's what Daemon would have said if he were here. Either way Daario Naharis would stay an arms length from her like Ser Jorah.

Besides, she enjoyed Missandei’s company much better than anyone else’s. Ser Barristan was a close second.

Now she was forced to wait while Ser Jorah, Grey Worm, and Naharis infiltrated the city. Two of her closest friends and advisors with a man she can't trust. It was a risky plan but if it were to succeed, Yunkai would be hers without having to shed the blood of her soldiers. If it failed she would have lost two people very close to her. All she could do now is wait.

Her thoughts drifted to her brother as they usually did at times like these.
Is he okay? Probably.

Is he safe? Doubt it.

Is he thinking about me? Of course he is, you idiot.

Will she see him soon? I hope so.

The questions occupied her mind while she waited for her family to return.

‘Your family is the family you choose, not the family that is tied to you through blood’

That's what Daemon taught her when he was in Pentos for brief few months. While there he told all these amazing adventures he and Talisa embarked on. Stories about Yi Ti and Valyria. Stories she passed on to Missandei, both reveling in the wonders of the tales of Essos.

Daemon had helped her break away from Viserys’ influence. His madness and abuse. Told her that Viserys has always been a bit unhinged. He told her of their father, the man who gave all Targaryens a bad name. Their mother, who was sweet and strong and who would love and be proud of Daenerys, no matter who she became. Told her of her late aunt Elia who was as kind and gentle as their mother. Their sister Rhaenys who would have traveled the world with Daemon. Their brother Aegon who was little more than baby when Daemon last saw him.

Daenerys can't help but notice he never mentioned Rhaegar. Someone Viserys raved about.

He told her of his teachers Shiera and Varys. How they taught him almost everything he knew.

Like his teachers, he taught her.

Daemon taught her to take advantage of any situation. Bend it to her will, make it serve her purpose. Taught her how to be discreet, to observe, to pick up on minute ticks in a person's behavior. Taught her when to be kind or cruel. To be merciful or vicious. To be empathetic or dismissive. To wield a knife when needed. To kill a man quicker than a snake.

Most of all he taught her to do anything and everything for family. No matter the cost. Her family always came first.

This made her think of Jorah and Grey Worm out on their mission. Missandei and Ser Barristan, standing vigilant by her side. Daemon and Talisa, in Westeros, doing whatever they were doing. It was agonizing not knowing whether they were safe or not.

No matter. She would stay strong. For her family.

AN: Was struggling a lot this week, so please excuse the the lack luster chapter.

I started posting an ‘Avengers’ fic called ‘Black Widow and the Deathstalker’, if you all would go ahead and give it a read, I’d be so happy.

Thanks!
The Spider's Web

AN: N/A

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Rated M

Enjoy!

The Spider’s Web

Daemon POV

A soft knocking at the door woke Daemon from his light nap. Throwing off the light be sheet he covered himself with and opened a crack in the door. Peaking out he saw shorter man, bald head, and a robe that fit him hill snugly. Varys.

“My prince,” the man said softly, giving him a short bow of his head.

He opened the door wider and allowed the man to enter before he shut it right back up. He sat back on the bed, leaning his head against the headboard while Varys sat in the adjacent seat to his right.

He smiled at the bald man. It’s been a long time since they saw each other. When Daemon was younger the two of them were very close. Varys taught him so many things about creating his own network. When he should trust. Varys was also a friend. One who told him to be smart in difficult situations. One who distracted his mind while criminals burned in the throne.

Varys was also his number one supporter in Westeros, possible the world. Every step of his journey, Varys has always been there to help him in some way. Whether it means something as simple as directing Daemon on a different road through a passable forrest or it could be that Varys had contracted entire sellsword companies to keep watch over Daemon’s assets in Essos.

Varys would be an integral part to just about every plan Daemon would attempt to enact. And if he were to be successful in his gambit to bring Sansa to rule the Vale, Varys would be an a great ally to have.

Varys smiled back. “How are you, my prince?” asked Varys.

“So so. Surviving like usual.” he responded. “How have you fared in this snake pit?” Daemon asked back.

Varys seemed to think for a minute. “I’ve grown to enjoy the games played.” he said. “Besides, most of the snakes I’m forced to deal with are quite small. And the larger snakes deem me still useful enough not to kill, so I suppose that counts for something.”

Daemon chuckled. Varys was never one for humor, but when he made it a joke, it was always subtle. “Seems so. I never imagined you would actually stay here after Aerys dies. I didn't think Robert Baratheon had any sense in his small brain to keep you alive.”

Varys nodded. “I agree. I thought my life was forfeit if I stayed in the capital, yet I stayed. I thought the Lannisters would get rid of me as soon as Robert was off the throne. But alas here I am, serving their king.”
“Well I for one am glad all the kings you served were either crazy or stupid. It means you’re still living.” he said. “And it means you’re still creating those convoluted plans of yours. I’m sure you have a part for me to play?”

“Yes, but I am still unsure of your desire to come to King’s Landing early than you had originally planned.” inquired Varys.

“Yes, well Robb Stark was part of that desire.” he told Varys. “The boy can’t seem to do anything without tripping over his own feet.” he said matter factly, snorting in the process.

Varys chuckled. “That’s true. So I assume that your business in King’s Landing involves helping the Stark boy.”

“Unfortunately yes.” he said.

“He will need support in the coming war, and there are still two kingdoms who retain their neutrality.” surmised Varys.

“Yes”

“He wants the support of the Vale then?” asked Varys. It was more a statement than fact. Daemon nodded. “He won't be getting it from Lysa Arryn. She is far too influenced by Lord Baelish to ever consider a thing like that. Robin Arryn could easily be influenced to help Robb Stark, but he is too coddled by his mother and Lord Baelish. If you were to find a way to remove Lady Lysa and Lord Baelish as influencers to Robin, he would have sole lordship over the Vale. But the Vale lords wouldn't respect a green boy who has been coddled by his mother. You need someone with the right family name, enough experience, and the knowledge to influence and possibly rule the Vale.” Varys paused in his thinking. A look of realization crossed of Varys’ face.

“So you know who I want in the Vale then?” asked Daemon, knowing Varys already knew the answer to his question.

“Sansa Stark.” Varys stated. “Being the niece of Lysa Arryn connects her to the Vale by blood. Being the daughter of Eddard Stark will inspire confidence in her character. Her time in King’s Landing will be a testament to her ability to adapt, how to navigate the politics of a kingdom.”

“Correct” he said, a smile on his face.

“That’s all very well and good, but Sansa Stark still has many things to learn.” said Varys, concern coloring his voice. “The girl is smart I’ll give her that. But there is still some time before she can considered to be a good ruler to the Vale.”

“So we teach her. Or more specifically you.” he said to Varys’ intrigue.

“Wouldn't it be suspicious, especially to Tywin Lannister, if the Master of Whisperers took a sudden interest in the Stark girl. A girl, I may remind you, that is soon to be married to Tyrion Lannister.” pointed out Varys.

“So find an excuse to talk to her. I don't know, your smart, figure it out.” Daemon admonished Varys. All Varys did was raise a skeptical eyebrow. He relented, telling Varys his plan. “Look, if your grand plan is to work, we’ll need friends in Westeros. I, as you know, already have connections in Dorne. With Robb Stark in my pocket, that gives us the North and the Riverlands. If we are able to seat Sansa Stark as the ruler of the Vale, that gives us four out of the seven kingdoms.”
Vary nodded. “A sounds plan. But I can point out a few flaws.”

He nodded his agreement. He knew that his plan was not the best, he came up with it on the fly, so having Varys here to fill in some of the holes was always good. “I agree. The first is Lysa Arryn and Littlefinger. If both of them continue to live, Sansa will never have a chance to take control of the Vale. The second one I have yet to figure out is how I can get Sansa out of King’s Landing. I doubt the Lannister would even think of letting Sansa go anywhere other than the Red Keep.”

“You are right. Sansa Stark will not move anywhere without our intervention. She is to be married to Lord Tyrion Lannister.” Varys told him. “Fortunately for us Lord Tyrion has morals unbefitting of a Lannister and will refuse to consummate the marriage.”

He was surprised. Surely the Imp would give the Stark girl a child because his father would probably force him too. “You are sure of this?” he asked Varys.

“Lord Tyrion may be a Lannister but he does not emulate his father. Far from it really. This marriage was forced on him by his father. He would refuse to consummate the marriage just to spite his father. Even then I doubt he would force himself unto the Stark girl.” said Varys.

“Well that is some good news at least.” he sighed, rubbing his head. “How do you propose we get rid of Littlefinger?”

“That is a larger problem I’m afraid. A problem I am currently unable to solve.” Varys said. “Lord Baelish has his hands quite deep in the Vale. Lysa Arryn is in love with him, proclaiming they will marry when he returns to her.”

He snorted. “Crazy bitch.” he shook his head. “The Vale lords can't be too happy with her.”

“The lords of the Vale have expressed many times over that they would advise against creating a union with Lord Baelish. Being the widow of the late Lord Arryn, she has power over the entire Vale. Marrying Lord Baelish would transfer some of her power over to him.” Varys informed him.

Well that’s certainly something that would help them proceed with their plans. In the event in which they can get Sansa Stark out of King’s Landing they would arrive at a discontent court of Vale lords and ladies. If Sansa were to take power without any unhealthy connections to other minor or enemy houses, the Vale lords and ladies might be more lenient to a leader in Sansa Stark then a leader in Petyr Baelish.

“So what you're saying is that the Vale is ripe for the taking.” he stated.

Varys looked thoughtful for a moment. “Maybe not as ripe as you think, but given a few moves here and there, and the Vale will be all Sansa’s. Littlefinger has been unusually close to the girl. It will take some time to pry his hands away from her, but I’m sure I can manage it.”

Daemon just nodded. They sat in silence for a time. Their plans were coming to fruition. “I’m sure you have something else cooking in your batch of plans besides mine.” he said to Varys. There was no way the spymaster was sitting idle all this time while the world around him moved on.

Varys smirked. “Yes I do. The Tyrells are making friends with the Stark girl. Lady Margaery has taken a liking to the girl, the Lady Olenna was planning on marrying the girl off to her grandson Ser Loras. As you know that failed to happen, so Lord Tywin has intended to marry Cersei Lannister to Ser Loras Tyrell.”

“Interesting” commented Daemon, not really seeing the point.

“The Tyrells have betrothed Lady Margaery to the King. Although, realizing that the boy is the
second coming of the Mad King, they are planning to get rid of the boy king. This will be an opportune time to escape King’s Landing with Lady Sansa, as she would be a suspect in the murder of the King. So your chance of getting her out will be at that time.” Varys explained.

That was a very small window of time to get Sansa out of the city and, most likely, on a boat. But if she was out, it was a free ride to the Vale before anyone on the city knew it. She would likely be in front with the main guests, with her husband the Imp, the rest of the Lannisters, and the Tyrells.

But if the Tyrells intended to assassinate Joffrey, they would make a big spectacle out of it. Plausible deniability. If they weren't physically seen positioning the boy, no one would suspect it was them. The main suspect would probably be one of the Dornish emissaries or Sansa Stark.

In the shock and chaos of the death of the king, Daemon would be able to quick grab her and get her out of the public eye before she would be arrested.

He and Varys continued their comfortable silence. Until Varys broke it yet again.

“How have you been?” Varys had asked him.

“Fine.”

“How was the far east. I am curious of the tales you could tell.” Varys said.

“It was something to behold.” he said.

Varys smiled. “Your not telling me much.” he said. “How about this. You tell me the best part of your journey and the worst part.”

Daemon relented. “Fine” he said. “The best part of my journey had to be… Yi Ti. If you look past the bloody history, past the thousands of princes and warlords vying for power, you will see a beautiful land. The culture is amazing. The food, the dress, the language, just everything was something to behold. The women were beautiful. The architecture was unique, a beautiful and ornate timberwork. The food was exotic, it had character, it had meaning. The forests were amazing, containing colors you would never see in Westeros. The music was so different than what you would find anywhere else. The artwork displayed was always something to marvel at. Yi Ti was just so damn special, so different than anything I have ever experienced. Maybe once the fighting is over, and my family is safe, I’ll go visit Yi Ti a few more times.” Daemon had long regressed into his mind to revisit the memories of that distant land.

“Sounds truly special, not my taste, but I can appreciate beauty in all forms.” Varys begrudgingly told him. “And the worst?” he asked tentatively.

Daemon hesitated for a moment. Voicing the worst part of his journey was not something he was planning on revisiting anytime soon. The memories of those horrors still fresh in his mind.

He sighed deeply. “Alright. The worst was the nightmare that was my journey throughout the Shadow Lands. It’s…” he stopped, still in deep thought.

“You don't have to continue if you don't want.” Varys suggested.

“No, no, I’ll continue.” he said. “When Talisa and I arrived at Asshai, we really didn't know what to expect. There were so many tales and legends about Asshai that we had a preconceived notion that Asshai was some place where magic was practiced regularly, without bounds or restrictions. And we were partly correct. But when we arrived we learned that literally nothing stopped any kind of magic, there were literally no bounds, no moral line, no ethical standing. All magic was
practiced. The majority of it was blood magic. Most blood magic involves some type of animal, maybe a goat. But in Asshai, humans are the primary sacrifice.” at this point Varys was subtly revolted. Daemon continued. “Priests without limbs were carried by their followers on pillows. Others bled themselves, proclaiming to the black sky above. Others started amputating themselves, never showing an ounce of pain or remorse. It was terrible. Asshai didn’t look like a city, it looked like a prison, a place where humans go to die. Most people there have tattoos covering their entire body, wooden masks adorning their faces. The only reason Talisa and I didn't become human sacrifices was because we had two guides with us, Marwyn the Mage and Quaithe of the Shadow. Both strong and respected mages in Asshai. We left quickly after that.”

“Sounds terrible.” Varys grimaced.

“There was plenty more in the Shadow Lands, but I dont have the stomach to continue.” he told Varys, face slightly pale.

They sat in silence again. This time a very uncomfortable silence. With Daemon reliving his memories of Asshai and the Shadow Lands, while Varys remembering his days unwillingly experiencing blood magic. And once again Varys broke that silence.

“Well, I’ll leave you to rest for now. We’ll begin tomorrow morning.” Varys told him. “Sleep well, my prince.” he said, bowing his head before stepping out of the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Daemon sat in silence, thinking back over the conversation he just had with Varys. Littlefinger was his biggest problem as for right now. Once he has been eliminated getting Sansa Stark out of King’s Landing was next biggest problem. And finally Lysa Arryn, the crazy bitch. If he were able to kill Littlefinger first, the bitch would be racked with grief. Hopefully she would take her own life. Or maybe he could administer a small poison, making it look like she killed herself.

That would leave a sad and sickly Robin Arryn left to be ruler of the Vale. Obviously the Vale lords neither respected nor loved the boy. They would essentially be left leaderless. And that is where Sansa Stark steps in, taking control of the Vale with a firm, yet kind, hand.

From there, the Lannisters would be weakened, the Tyrells will be opportunistic, and Westeros would be due for a dynasty change.

Sansa POV

A light warm breeze wafted through her open window, allowing her to smell the salty sea just outside. Light shone into her room, lighting it with the warm glow of the sun. She sat and listened to the waves, methodically crashing against the rocky base of the Red Keep. The sea was a beautiful deep blue, twinkling in the sun’s rays.

It’s almost been a month since her wedding and her Lord husband hasn't slept in her chamber since their wedding day. She knew Lord Tyrion was kind but he was still a Lannister, the family that killed parts of her own.

Margaery said she should give Lord Tyrion a chance. Shae doesn't seem to like my Lord husband, always sending him dirty looks whenever he visited her. Shae always spoke her mind, even when it could get her in trouble. Sansa was glad for Shae’s company. She was a breath of fresh air compared to all the other scheming and lying lords and ladies of the court.

She also had a new addition to help Shae with the cleaning and upkeep of her room. A young man named Arthur. For the most part he was another face in the crowd of faces. But there were little
things about him that made him stand out to her. First were is beautiful violet eyes. They were nothing Sansa had ever seen before. Also the sharp features on his face stood out more than any other face she had seen before.

He also had a few scars on his face that only added to his looks. From what Sansa could see he was mostly unassuming and didn't speak too much. He wore the usual boring browns and greys of the servants uniform.

Whenever her caught her looking at him, she would feel a light blush rise upon her face. She would peak into his eyes and saw an inquisitiveness and danger she doubt she would see in any other commoner’s eyes.

He was smart, made her laugh, but Sansa caught herself thinking about him too much. She told herself some time ago that she was done with the silly fantasies of a little girl. She was going to be smart and strong. Staying alive in a place that wishes her dead.

Arthur was a mere fantasy in a world where such things are spat upon.

AN: We will be getting more Sansa in later chapters. I just wanted a small introduction for her before we get started on all the craziness that is King’s Landing.
The Manifold Man

AN: Thank you for the continuous reviews. I read all of them, makes my day.

Also sorry for the delay in chapters. I’m not sure how frequent I can write chapters. School is starting in earnest now and I am focusing on my studies. But I’ll try to find time to write and post chapters.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Mild language, possibly violence

Enjoy!

The Manifold Man

Daemon POV

Daemon sat in the same room he had slept in when here arrived in King’s Landing so many months ago. The room was still only lit by a single candle and was protected from prying ears that may try to listen. Like last time Varys softly knocked, greeted him with a quiet ‘my Prince’, and entered the room.

The room they sat was their main way to communicate to each other. While in the keep they never talked to each other, there could be a chance that someone might be listening. They sent each other times to meet by way of Varys’ little birds. A quick note with a time was sufficient enough to inform the other of when they need to meet.

“You wanted to meet?” he queried to Varys. It was nearing midnight and he had finally finished his jobs for the day.

“I’ll try to be short.” Varys told him. “You look tired. Long day?”

“Everyday is a long day.” He said tiredly.

Varys just nodded. “Well two quick things. First, the day of the wedding between the King Joffrey and Lady Margaery Tyrell has been set. The second, I have a good idea of how Littlefinger intends to leave King’s Landing with Lady Sansa.”

“Ok, so the wedding feast then?” Daemon asked. That was probably the best time Olenna could end the reign of the good king Joffrey.

“Indeed. Olenna Tyrell would never allow her most beloved family member to marry such a man as King Joffrey. She and Lord Baelish may have found a way to involve our dear Lady Sansa in their plot.” Varys told him.

Daemon felt irritation and a spark of anger at this. Over the several months he has been in King’s Landing he has started to create a bond with Sansa. He liked her a lot. So when he saw snakes such as Baelish trying to sweet talk her into believing some silly tale he spun out of his ass. Any time Daemon had alone with Sansa he would quietly and subtly dissuade her from believing anything the man says.

“Oh, and how do they plan on doing this?” he asked Varys.
“Lord Baelish recently bought a very expensive diamond necklace which he gifted to Ser Dontos,” said Varys.

“The fool?”

“Indeed”

“How does that make it into Littlefinger’s plans?” he wondered.

“Lord Baelish also made another purchase. From a merchant of mine from Essos. He bought a rare poison called the Strangler.” Varys told him. “This particular poison can be subject to crystallization. When crystalized it will look like a beautiful diamond, and the buyer is none the wiser.”

“So you are saying this Ser Dontos is going to gift this necklace to Sansa and that somehow will find a way to kill Joffrey?”

“I must confess I don't know how Lord Baelish intends to poison Joffrey through the necklace Lady Sansa will wear, but I do know the necklace play a part in his plans.” Varys confessed.

How would that work. Giving the necklace to Sansa is a nice gift and all but how does the poison enter Joffrey. The crystalized death would need to find a way into Joffrey’s cups. Is Littlefinger and the Tyrell’s relying on pure luck and coincidence? Olenna Tyrell is too smart for that, she would leave the fate of her granddaughter up to luck, no. Then how would they do it? He racked his brain but couldn't have an idea how they would accomplish their goal.

He was broken out of his thoughts as Varys continued his report.

“Lord Baelish is leaving tomorrow night to the Eyrie to marry Lysa Arryn. He has also hired a second crew to stay near King’s Landing until the wedding feast, they were instructed to take Lord Baelish to Blackwater Bay and await a rowboat, that is all.” Varys told him.

“How do you know this?” he asked. No way Varys learned all of this through his birds.

“They told me.” Varys said simply.

“And why would they tell you?”

“I paid them.” Varys said indifferently.

“You paid a crew more than Littlefinger, one of the richest men in the world?” he asked disbelievingly.

Varys simply nodded.

“Where the hell did you get the gold for that?” he asked incredulously.

“The Targaryen coffers in the Iron Bank are quite full, and I believe you gave me permission to use them.”

Daemon sighed and rubbed his head. He knew Varys would take advantage of that, why should he be surprised.

“So Littlefinger cannot leave the city alive.” he stated.

Varys nodded. “I agree, the crew I paid will have the same orders, but will work for me.”
“That's very convenient.” Daemon commented dryly. All seemed to be going well.

“That’s my job isn't it?” Varys queried back. “So you intend to get rid of Lord Baelish tomorrow.” Varys stated.

“Yup. Before he reaches his boat I’ll having him dead before midnight.” he said. He can probably catch the man on his way to the docks. He’ll probably have minimal guards seeing as his departure is a well kept secret within the Red Keep. Throwing his body in the Blackwater would probably be for the best. If his body washed up, many would ignore it thinking it was another rotten body from the Battle of the Blackwater.

“Well, I’ll leave you to planning it then, good luck.” with that Varys exited the room, closing the door softly. Allowing Daemon to get a few hours of sleep before the next day of work.

The next night, Daemon was on one of the roofs that overlooked the emptying street that lead to the docks. His chest ached with pain again. After Lady Sansa tucked in for the night, Daemon was directed to the cellars of the Red Keep. His job was to transport food from the cellars to the kitchens each night. The heavy crates of food put a heavy strain on himself.

He rather enjoyed helping Sansa through her times at the Red Keep. Her times being tormented at the hands of Joffrey were coming to a close at the arrival of Lady Margaery and the Tyrells. His cruelty curved by the manipulation of his soon-to-be wife. He soon forgot about his plaything in Sansa and found a new fascination in Lady Margaery Tyrell and the ways she responded to his cruel interests.

He relished in the thought that she actually listened to his advice, especially when it came to Littlefinger. She didn't discard his words without a second thought, she actually listened and thought on what he said. She didn't take his word for granted. He could see herself distancing from Littlefinger as the days went on. He could see how her eyes shone with hidden intelligence whenever he talked to her. She was smart and at the rate she is going to now, she is only going to get smarter.

He accompanied her most of the time, especially if she was requested on by Littlefinger or the Queen of Thorns. Littlefinger was too preoccupied with Sansa to notice his presence but whenever he visited the Tyrells with Sansa, he could feel their intelligent eyes burning into his skull. Both Lady Olenna and Lady Margaery never mentioned him during conversation with Sansa, but the never ceased stealing glances at him whenever he was near.

Other times when Sansa was summoned by the court, mostly that shit on the throne, she would be escorted to the Throne Room. There he would see all the likes of Lannisters, Tyrells, and other minor insignificant lords and ladies. Even then the Tyrells kept a close watch on him.

Tyrion Lannister was another matter entirely. He and Sansa didn’t interact that much, mostly because Sansa’s handmaid Shae was fucking her husband. Tyrion didn’t seem to pay him any attention, probably because he trusted the word of Varys who told him that a new servant or escort for Sansa would be good for her. Little Lord Lannister was too trusting of Varys, it made for an easy infiltration into the inner-circles of the Red Keep. And the other kitchen staff and handmaids seemed to like him, so that was a plus.

Now, after the long working hours he rushed to retrieve his bow and dagger, then ran all the way through the sewers and out to the docks. All this putting a strain on his breathing, leading to the pain in his chest.

He ignored the pain as he watched Littlefinger and his two guards approach his position. Daemon
dropped a small stone, it clacked against the cobbled streets. That was the single for Varys’ paid
crowd to move from the docks to down the street. Hopefully this will divert Littlefinger’s path to
the alley.

It worked, the annoyance on the man’s face was apparent as he directed his two guards to the alley
as a shortcut to avoid the crowd.

Daemon hovered over them, his Dothraki war bow knocked. He waited until the trio passed
through a lantern’s gaze back into the shadow before he let the arrow loose. It connected with one
of the guards’ skulls, he pitched forward, lifeless on the ground. The second guard got into a
defensive stance, he looked up only to see the rapidly descending knife that found its way into his
chest. Daemon felt the man’s legs snap under his weight.

Littlefinger’s attempt at running was laughable. Despite his pained breathing, Daemon caught up to
the man quickly, kicking his knees out and bring him to the ground.

“Pl-please-I-I-I could o-offer anyth-”’ the man’s attempt at beginning was cut short when Daemon
slid his Valyrian dagger across Littlefinger’s throat. The man choked on his own blood, scratching
at his throat, blood spilling down his robes.

Daemon moved off him and tied his hands and legs with rope and proceeded to drag the man the
edge of the water. The trail of blood shone a pale red in the moonlight.

He dumped Littlefinger’s body into the bay, sending ripples through the perfect reflection of the
moon.

A quick end to a slimy man who deserved so much worse.

Sansa POV

The sun beat down upon the beautiful pathed gardens of King’s Landing. The collection of bright
colored flowers bloomed across the garden gracing her with their gentle scents and smells.

Once again she and Margaery walked the gardens. It was her favorite thing to do to waste the
pointless hours away. Most of the time she preferred the company of solitude or her friend, she
thought he was, Arthur. Today she accepted an invitation to walk with Marg through the gardens.
Again.

She didn't know what to think of her servant or friend, whichever he was at certain times.
Whenever he was cleaning her room or bringing her food he usually kept to himself. But whenever
she ordered him to stay in her room and talk he became a wealth of information. The more she
listened to him the more she realized he was smarter than he looked. The more she listened to him,
the more she learned. He talked about everything throughout the Red Keep. Rumors, deaths,
marrriages, who to trust, anything. She found it all very useful when navigating around the Cersei
Lannisters and King Joffreys of King’s Landing. Those that would harm her lost the tools to do so
thanks to Arthur’s wise words.

This lead to this moment currently, walking with Marg, through the gardens, discussing how to
treat those of lower status.

“Well with authority of course, but they are humans like everyone else.” Marg giggled a little as if
it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Well, do you talk to them?” she asked timidly.
Margaery laughed. “Of course silly.” she said, patting Sansa’s arm. “They are not mute or deaf.”

“Oh” she said, looking down.

“What brought about these questions?” Marg inquired looking up into her eyes.

“Well...it’s just that, one of my servants...he’s just very knowledgeable. Especially when it comes to affairs of the kingdom.” She struggled to get the right words out, she really didn't know how to describe Arthur’s intelligence in some matters.

“Who are you talking about?” Marg asked her.

“His name is Arthur.”

“Oh, is he the handsome one who follows you around most of the time.” Marg asked in fake innocence.

She blushed. He was rather handsome. “Yes” she said demurely.

“Ohoho, what is this?” Margaery laughed. “Does someone have a forbidden attraction to their handsome servant.”

Sansa blushed even more, looking around to make sure they weren't being overheard.

Margaery continued. “The one with those beautiful violet eyes, that angular face, with the broad shoulders.”

Sansa shook her head, not trusting herself to say anything.

“Oh it’s alright, he is quite handsome. I’ve had my eye on him for quite a while now. He seems loyal enough, respectful, smart.” Marg winked. “He seems like someone you can rely on.”

“You’ve been watching him?” she asked her friend.

“Well when I learned that a servant was assigned to my friend I had to make sure you were safe.” Marg told her.

Sansa smiled at that. “I really appreciate that. Thank you.”

Marg just smiled sweetly. “You are my friend, I want to keep you safe.” she said while holding Sansa’s harm protectively.

“I really do like Arthur though, he helps more than he knows.” Sansa said with a sigh.

“Maybe you can show him some appreciation later.” said Margaery with a wink, giggling all the while.

Sansa’s face glowed like the sun for the rest of the pair’s walk, her mind occupied with less than appropriate thoughts about her friend and servant Arthur.

AN: Littlefinger died, hooray. His death wasn't supposed to be anything huge, he bleeds the same blood as everyone else. His death was as quick as anyone else. I didn't see any reason to make it a huge shebang.
I was going to make his death so much worse (torture, drowning, etc.) but Daemon never had any harsh feelings against Littlefinger to generate that response, just him being dead is good enough.

I’ll save a gruesome death for later. ;}
AN: The story just hit triple digits in Favs and Follows. Thank you all so much for supporting the story!

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Mild language, possibly violence (probably next chapter)

Enjoy!

Of Plans Enacted

Sansa POV

It was another dreary day in King’s Landing. The birds were chirping in the gardens. The flowers were in full bloom, their colors decorating the beautiful gardens of King’s Landing. The sun was out in full heat, the clouds blissfully floating along the breeze, blocking the sun’s rays. The nobles of the Keep seemed especially ignorant today. They missed her disdainful grimaces at their words. Hey eyerolls, her skeptical words of conversation.

Yes the day was better than most for others. But for Sansa it was a day of reality. That no matter how hard you hope for something, the gods won't hesitate to destroy your hope. Stamping it out like an errant flame.

Arthur was right about Lord Baelish. For all of his sweet words and offerings of friendship, it all turned out to be his lies and manipulation. Hearing the news that Lord Baelish had departed the city last night felt like a physical blow. Of course he wouldn't bring her along. Arthur had chastised her when she expressed her excitement, her hope at a chance. It all turned out to be the hopes and dreams of a silly little girl who didn't know any better.

She realized now that the world she lived in was never truly about tall tales and knights and princes. No, those are the thoughts of a naive child. Someone who believes the world around them would be good to them. Now she realized the world was not a bright and colorful place no matter how much the sun shined. The world she lived in was brutal. It was harsh, unforgiving, deadly. That realization took time to worm it’s way into her strangely naive head. It started after she watched her father was executed. It continued when she was beaten by knights in shining golden armour. It continued when she was nearly raped, yet was saved by a man who wasn't a knight, who wasn't handsome, who wasn't gallant.

Now here she sat, in her room, married to a man half her size, wishing she was swept off her feet by a man with strong figure and beautiful violet eyes. Even the notion of being ‘swept off her feet’ seemed silly now even if it wasn't a gallant knight doing it. What a silly idea. She berated herself internally. She can keep thinking like that. Like a powerless girl who was waiting to be given away like cattle. Like a girl who was beaten by men she used to admire, ordered by a boy king who she used to think she ‘loved’. No, she was Sansa Stark of Winterfell. Daughter to the most honorable man in the world. Daughter to a woman who would go to war for her. Sister to the King in the North who was nothing more than a boy, sister to a little wolf who she wished she could argue with again, sister to two little boys who loved to hang off her skirts, sister to a bastard boy she should have treated leagues better than she actually did.

She made many mistakes in her life and with her family. Especially when it came to Arya and Jon.
She felt like she never loved her father like she should have. Like she never appreciated the lessons her mother taught her. Like she didn't spend enough time with Robb. Like she wasn't the sister Arya needed, a sister that could love her and hold her like all sisters do. Like she wasn't the second mother figure in Bran or Rickon’s lives. Like she wasn't a good person for treating Jon the way her mother did, for not realizing that Jon was as much her family as Father, Mother, Robb, Arya, Bran, or Rickon. She wanted to fix those things. Make her family whole again. She wanted everyone back in Winterfell, even Jon.

But with this declaration she realized some other things as well. In the grand scheme of things her life didn't matter. But she wanted to change that. Change the fact that she had fallen into the trap of the game of thrones. Change that she had become a near-useless pawn in the game. She wants to be strong. For herself and for her family. She wants people to depend on her, to feel like she can change the endless cycle of death. She wants people to be able to look up to her and say ‘I want to be like her one day’. She wants to be a leader. To be a leader you have to be strong, for yourself and your people. She isn't strong now, she knows this, everyone knows this. But Arthur offered a way to be strong, so she will take it.

These thoughts brought back the conversation she had with Arthur earlier. He had been fussing around the room when he told her the news about Lord Baelish’s departure of the city.

(HOURS EARLIER)

“Lord Baelish departed last night.” he said, seemingly out of the blue. Taking Sansa completely by surprise.

“He left?” she barely stuttered out. Her head full of the feelings of betrayal, anger, sadness, and the feeling of being resigned to her fate.

“Yes, he did.” said Arthur.

Sansa rubbed her face. She could feel the heat building up her in her eyes. Unwanted tears threatening to run down her face.

“You shouldn't have put so much of your fate in a man like that. You wouldn't have gotten anywhere in life following Littlefinger’s footsteps. You need to make due with you own opportunities at your own risks.” he encouraged her.

“How?” she asked desperately. “How can I do all of these things? You say make an opportunity, but I don't know how to do that. There are so many things I can't do that you think I can. How can I be strong and protect the people I love when I am stuck here in King’s Landing?”

Arthur moved to sit next to her on the bed, putting his arm around her shoulders, allowing her to lean into him and close her eyes. “You are strong.” he said gently. “You survived this place longer than most enemies of the crown would.” He paused for a second. “Think about the seven kingdoms. Which ones would you be an acceptable leader?”

Sansa thought for a few moments. “Well obviously I cannot do the Westerlands or the Crownlands. The Lannisters rule those two. I could possible obtain some kind of ruling position in the Reach due to my connection with Marg. The Stormlands are still under the King’s name or Lord Stannis. No chance with the Iron Islands. Dorne definitely wouldn't accept a Stark into their inner-circle. The North is under Robb’s name. The Vale under my Aunt Lysa and the Riverlands under my Uncle Edmure. The most likely one would be the Riverlands if my Uncle Edmure were to pass away. The Vale second because of Lord Robin Arryn.”
Arthur smiled wildly. “That was great!” he exclaimed. “You thought about your options and organized them due to the possibility laying a claim to a leadership position. See, your smart.” he said while jostling her shoulder. “I heard that right now your brother is still located in the Riverlands, still fighting the Lannisters and Reachmen. I think you should start thinking about the Vale. From the rumors swirling around the nobles of the court, your Aunt Lysa is unstable at best and not fit to rule a kingdom. As for her son Robin, he is a sickly boy who isn't respected by the Lords of the Vale. That is where you come in. A stable woman to lead a stable kingdom.”

“That seems like an awful lot to think about it don't you think?” she wondered.

“Think about it.” He urged gently. “You have the right family name and relation. You have the experience to rule after all your years in King’s Landing. Finally you have the ambition to become strong and protect your family. The Vale lords are discontent and restless. They want to join in the war and either retaking the North or fighting in the Riverlands would be a great start.”

She sighed and buried her face in his shoulder, accepting his warmth and comfort. “Thank you again for helping me.”

“I want to help you.” he told her.

“Thank you, whoever you are.” she replied.

“What do you mean?” he wondered.

“You expect me to believe your just a simple Dornish servant after all of the things you’ve said to me?” she asked incredulously with a laugh.

He just shrugged and looked the other way, grumbling under his breath as she laughed.

(PRESENT)

It wasn't just Arthur that presented her with an opportunity. Varys also became a constant figure in her life in the capitol.

Her talks with Arthur always seemed to correlate with Varys’ visits. Everytime Arthur brought up a topic of discussion or discussed something of interest, Varys always seemed to find her several hours later talk to her. There were little things in her conversations with Varys that suggested there was something more to Arthur.

The biggest outlier she could sense was the topic of discussion. When Arthur would talk about Lord Baelish, Varys would talk about Lord Baelish. When Arthur talked about the royal wedding, Varys would bring it up.

After her latest conversation with Arthur, she wouldn't be surprised if Varys came to talk about the Vale several hours later.

And just like she predicted she received a knock on her door who turned out to be Varys. And the first thing he says when he enters the room?

“Have you ever been to the Vale Lady Sansa?” Varys asked her.

She internally shook her head.

She wasn't surprised by his visit.
Of course Varys couldn't keep his mouth shut about the Vale mere hours after Arthur had brought it up himself.

Daenerys POV

She hates Meereen. The very concept of it bothers her to no end. Many in Pentos described it as the pinnacle of the Old Ghiscari culture. With its great sky reaching pyramids and its fighting pits Meereen is full of reminders of the Ghiscari ways. Their slavery and brutality manifested itself into the culture and architecture of normal Meereenese life.

Even now she resides in the Great Pyramid which was built on the backs of slaves who died by the thousands to build it. Her entourage of Missandei, Ser Barristan, Ser Jorah, Grey Worm, Daario, and countless others lived in the Great Pyramid. Her dragons roamed free across the outskirts of Meereen feeding off of the livestock. Paying the farmers for their lost livestock was a small price to pay for keeping her dragons happy.

Messages in the form of little delivery children brought word from across the Narrow Sea. Her heart felt immense relief when she received word of her brother. Although it also brought out a string of curses out of her mouth that had Missandei’s eyes almost falling out of her skull. Apparently her brother was in King’s Landing. She wanted to slam her head on the desk for the immense risk he is currently taking. The message said that he was working on forwarding Targaryen support in Westeros.

That was good and all, she was thankful actually that Dae wanted to support her from hundreds of miles away. But why did it have to be King’s Landing. She had heard many stories from Ser Barristan about the place. How it was a snake pit full of treachery and betrayal. How you can trust nothing that comes out of the mouths of anyone who resides in that city.

Dae never really had any good memories of the capitol. From the stories he told her the capitol was never a true home. Not like Dae’s small town in the Riverlands. No, King’s Landing was a reminder of their father. Daenerys, of course, had never seen the atrocities her father committed but the look on Dae’s face when he described their father and what he did was a look of contempt, disgust, and horror. It was a look she never wanted to see on her brothers face again.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Enter” she called out.

Missandei entered through the door, carrying a small scroll in her hands. “We have received another message Your Grace.” Her loyal friend handed her the sealed scroll. The symbol of a spider adorning the sealed wax.

She cracked it open and read the letter.

‘The bastard king choked on the stalk of the rose. The third prince and his red wolf have flown to the clouds. The Dragons still fly in Westeros’

She set the letter down with a smile. Her brother was safe and away from King’s Landing.

Her dragons screeched, letting the world know that dragons still fly.

AN: Fuck my rotator cuffs, they hurt, and I can barely lift my arms. This sucks.
Also a timeskip next chapter. (And kinda in this chapter too.)
Cowbird

AN: I’m sick as hell and can barely breathe. Next chapter!

alec-potter: It’s still unclear. I’m introducing a character in this chapter who could have negative implications on Daenerys’ claim to the throne, especially in her mind’s eye. And yes Daenerys cannot have children. Will that change? I doubt it.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Language, mild violence

Enjoy!

Cowbird

Daemon POV

He and Sansa had finally reached the Eyrie. The escape from King’s Landing was relatively simple. Arthur was a servant and was not tasked to do anything during the actual wedding, he posted up in the rooftops near the docks. Ser Dontos still thought he was reporting to Littlefinger, so he did his job flawlessly quickly rushing Sansa away from the scene and to a small rowboat located near the docks. With that Dontos brought Sansa to the awaiting boat. Daemon, once assured that Sansa was on her way to the boat, acquired his own small boat and rowed behind them, out of sight of Dontos but when Sansa looked back at the Capitol could spot his boat quickly following the pair. Daemon was glad to see his presence put a bright smile on her face.

Once he finally reached the boat his chest had a mild ache, he ignored it in favor of helping Sansa up the rope ladder that hung off the side of the boat. He led Sansa with a hand on her back, assuring himself that she didn't have to see the death of some she marginally liked. Ser Dontos didn't matter in the end, he didn't know anything and could be bought like a cheap tool. His death was necessary. Well, maybe it wasn't, but keeping him alive was a risk he wasn't willing to take.

The boat ride they shared was relatively quiet besides the orders barked out by the captain and the quiet conversation held between the other occupants of the boat. Sansa rarely came out of her cabin. Whether it was seasickness or the utter relief she felt she was almost always resting in bed. They talked whenever Daemon brought her food in her room but other than that she kept to herself. Almost two weeks later their ship reached the small coastal town of Snakewood. Where an exhausted Sansa stepped off the boat and onto dry land. Sansa was tense on the entire boat ride over. But now that she could see the mountains of the Vale in full view in front of her all of her muscles loosened, releasing the tension she has been holding in for days. Daemon was glad to see her finally relax somewhat.

From there they were escorted by a contingent of Vale knights, probably sent by Lysa expecting Petyr’s and Sansa’s arrival. The ride from Snakewood to Heart’s Home was short and sweet. It gave them time to admire the surrounding mountains and wilderness. Daemon was sure if there weren't 200 Vale knights around them, the mountain clans would have launched some kind of attack. But luckily for them their trip was free of wild clansmen.

Another short rest stop and ride later they finally reached the summit of the mountain that held The Eyrie.
The journey from the base of the Eyrie to the very top was something to behold. After an hour of trekking up the mountain side with a donkey and their guide Mya Stone, his chest began to ache in earnest. Maybe it was because the effort it took to actually get up to the Eyrie or maybe it was the amount of times Mya got him to laugh. Once they reached to gate of the mountain fortress Mya bid them farewell and trekked back down the mountain.

“Here we are.” he stated quietly to Sansa. She was looking up at the castle in awe. It certainly was an awe inspiring castle.

“Here we are.” she repeated breathlessly.

They both craned their head to look up at the sky-reaching limestone towers as the few remaining knights of the Vale passed by them and entered the large metal door that opened up to the throne room of the Eyrie, showcasing its Moon Door. The white stone reflecting the sunlight down onto the Vale of Arryn. The tall pointed tops of the minarets glinted in the sunlight, piercing the low hanging clouds.

“I’ve only seen this place from a distance and I’ve got to say, this is pretty damn impressive.” he said, still looking upward. Sansa nodded in agreement beside him, he mouth still slightly open in aw.

“Come” they heard. The voice was older, rougher. Broken from their revelry, they both looked down to the now open large metal doors. “Bronze” Yohn Royce stood there his glinting chestplate prominent on his large body. He didn't look too pleased to see them, but his Lady Lysa had probably ordered him to escort these two strangers into the main room.

On their journey to the Eyrie he had finally changed into his normal black outfit minus the black bandana. His hair was still brown. The dye will wash out of his hair soon enough, hopefully Sansa would be able to discover who he truly was before his silver hair came onto full display.

Barring his wardrobe change, they entered the hall and immediately spotted Lysa Arryn sitting the knotted wood throne. Its white branches curling around the outline of the chair.

“My dear niece.” she called down to Sansa. “How wonderful to finally meet you.” She walked down the stairs smiling, a hand on the rail the whole way down.

“My Lady.” called Lord Royce “I am happy to present to you Lady Sansa Stark and her… friend Arthur.” All the while looking supremely unhappy that Daemon was there. Even though his face was set in a permanent frown, he still looked mightily unhappy whenever he casted his gave towards Lysa Arryn. It was a faint expression on his face but Daemon caught it.

“Ah yes her loyal servant I hear.” Lysa commented as she reached the base of the steps. Probable heard that from Littlefinger while he was still alive and trying to pull on Sansa’s strings. The servant part was a bit grating but he could deal with it until she was gone.

Lysa Arryn approached Sansa and gave her tight hug. She seemed to melt into the embrace of her aunt, hugging what little family she had left. Too bad Lysa Arryn was likely going to fling herself out the Moon Door when she hears Littlefinger died.

“How are you?” Lysa asked after she pulled away from the hug, still holding Sansa by her shoulders.

“Good” Sansa said unconvincingly “I’m good Aunt Lysa.”

“Very good, very good.” Lysa said back patting her nieces cheeks.
Lord Royce stood stock still alongside Daemon, neither moving or saying a word, watching the awkward family exchange.

“Now where is Petyr?” she smiled her sickly sweet smile, Sansa still in her hold.

His eyes found Sansa’s, both knowing the reaction Lady Lysa would give when she heard her lover was dead. They both winced.

This wasn't going to be pretty.

Sansa POV

It was horrible, but mostly sad. Not in a ‘oh I feel so sorry for you’ way but in a ‘that’s is just pathetic’ way. Her wailing and screaming was almost physically painful. Lord Royce looked at the retreating figure of Lysa Arryn like she was an incompetent child. The Vale really was not happy with Lysa Arryn. After the guards and a maester escorted her deranged aunt away, several servants led her and a black-clad, fully weaponized, Arthur or whatever his real name was.

His new outfit was quite nice. The black made the scars of his face stand out more, something Sansa had no problem admiring. Also the fact that he was heavily armed was a plus. She’s surprised she didn't notice the outfit earlier. If she did she probably would have continued to oggle him every chance she got.

Now on to the question that has been bothering her since she escaped King’s Landing.

Who exactly was Arthur?

Was that his real name?

Where did he come from?

Why is he helping her?

So many question swirled around her head as she looked out onto the mountains surrounding the Eyrie.

She remembered seeing Prince Oberyn around King’s Landing but she couldn't see any glaring similarities between Arthur and the Prince of Dorne. His violet eyes specially stood out from his brown hair, they would be even more prominent if his hair was a lighter color. His skin had a tan, but not a natural tan she saw on Prince Oberyn or his paramour. She could see places on his skin that were lighter shades than other parts, suggesting that his tan was something he gained from hours of being out in the sun.

He also seemed to be very close with Varys. She had never seen them interact but she had caught a few discreet glances whenever they were in the room together. They both seemed to be helping her, teaching her, encouraging her. She was grateful of course but she was starting to question their motives. She knew there was some alternate motive they had and they definitely weren't helping her out of the goodness of their hearts.

She would have to figure these things out later.

She saw Lord Royce joined her on the balcony while she was thinking. It had been almost a week since her aunt had nearly lost her mind, if she hasn't lost it already. She had been conversing with Lord Royce for some time now and fostered some familiarity with the man. He was being respectful and not interrupting her thought. When he saw that she was looking at him he
approached.

“Lady Stark, I would like to inform you that your Lady aunt has been confined to her rooms and is now resting.” he told her. The health of her aunt was something she worried about. She had ran out of her room and to the Moon Door before some guards were able to stop her. According to Arthur her aunt had been unstable for the last few years. After hearing that her beloved Petyr was dead she looked ready to jump through the Moon Door.

She nodded to herself. “Make sure the maester visits her everyday, and I think guards outside her door she help her feel secure. After the death of her soon-to-be husband, I worry about her health so make sure she is as safe as possible.” she ordered.

Lord Royce seemed slightly taken aback by her assertiveness. Taking control of this situation is exactly what Arthur suggested while they were still in King’s Landing. She wasn't going to let this opportunity escape her. Now was her chance to make a strong impression on the largest bannermen in the Vale. If she could garner Lord Royce’s support the whole of the Vale would start to warm to her and hopefully choose her to lead them.

“I agree Lady Stark, your aunt’s health has always been a precarious thing. As well as her son, we all worry for them both.” Lord Royce agreed with her.

“Tell the maester to alert the rest of the houses of the Vale. If our enemies find out that my Lady aunt has been unable to lead us, we might be susceptible to an attack.” she told him seriously.

She wasn't just saying that to be manipulative in making Lord Royce see her as a leader.. She was truly worried that if it got out that the Vale was leaderless they could be under an attack soon. The standing armies of the Westerlands, the Reach, and a scattering of Stormlords were stronger than the scattered armies of The North and the Riverlands as well as the healthy and well rested army of the Vale. She thought it would be a close fight but from Arthur told her about the current armies, the Lannister would win out in a close war that would bleed the country dry.

Lord Royce nodded appreciatively at her words. “I agree again my Lady. I am glad you are making these things a priority. Who knows when an attack might come.” he told her.

Sansa sensed the underlying relief and bitterness in his words. Relief that he might actually be in the presence of a competent leader. Relief that the Vale might finally get involved in the war. But bitterness at her aunt. Who sat here and worried more about her sickly son and her soon-to-be husband Lord Baelish. These were the first steps to leading the Vale, her first steps into a leadership role of one of the seven kingdoms.

“Do you think that we will be able to prepare the Vale for an upcoming battle or invasion?” she asked.

With those words she tried to show that she wasn't a total fool. That even though she had the last say she would listen to her advisors and make sure their words were not unheard. She could see the man’s eyes gleam in happiness that she was actually asking for his expert opinion.

“I can't say for sure my lady. There are many factors when determining the logistics and manpower of a war. But I believe your thinking is going in the right direction, we should call a war council my lady. If we are to prepare for war, all of the major lords and ladies should meet together in person.” he told her. This was a perfect opportunity to demonstrate, to all the lords of the Vale, that she could become a leader for them.

“Thank you for the vote of confidence Lord Royce, I will take your words to mind. And yes, please
inform the maester that he should send ravens to all of the lords and ladies of the Vale imploring them to convene her at the Eyrie in a fortnight.” she said.

He nodded his head slightly. “I shall do this my lady, shall I also say that it is Lady Sansa Stark that calls for them?” he asked.

“Yes” she said strongly.

He nodded again, turned on his heel, and left the balcony entering into the heart of the castle once again.

She turned and looked out among the misty clouds and the mountains that towered over them. She looked out to the lush valley that was hidden by the mountains. She thought of the lords of the Vale, the mountain clans, the people of the Vale. She will lead them, whether it be to victory of defeat she did not know, but she knew that she was the one to rule the Vale.

Young Griff POV

The Black Dragon of Mantarys they called him. He really preferred Egg though, or Griff, that worked too. He used to be Young Griff, but now that the original Griff was gone, he took up the name Griff. The names he was given never really, truly, mattered. Griff wasn't real, maybe even Aegon wasn't real. Who knows his real name.

He sat in Dae’s office, well his office now. After Dae left for Westeros all those years ago he was left in charge of the Devil’s Company. Before that though, he was supposed to be a king, or THE king.

The king of Westeros.

He was the rightful heir to the Iron Throne.

Or so he believed.

He was deceived by those around him. They gave him the tools to become king, an army, the knowledge, the charisma, the honor, everything to be a good Targaryen king. Except he wasn't Targaryen, or not partly so. He was a Blackfyre, son of a long line of Essosi Blackfyres. He wasn't meant to be king. That was reserved to his cousins Daemon or Daenerys.

When the lies were exposed he never felt like he deserved to be king. Someone who manipulated by others to serve their purpose. He was a tool with no value, a person with no purpose. Daemon gave him purpose. To still be a leader, yet not a king. Now he leads the Devil’s Company, promptly named after his cousin. Now he fought the wars of Essos, whether it be between Free Cities or Dothraki or other foreign goals.

He nearly took a contract from Yunkai until they told him that they wanted him to fight the Dragon Queen, his cousin.

Yeah, no.

Two red dragons and one black dragon still remained in the world. Daemon, Daenerys, and himself. All that’s left of a great dynasty. The Dragonlords of Valyria merely reduced to a handful of survivors who either fled to the surrounding free cities of moved on to conquer Westeros. Now their home was reduced to ashes and mystery, a place where no sane man will venture. Well except them. Daemon, himself, and their company of complete madmen.
He wished he could retake the Valyrian freehold, to make the Dragon lords rulers of southern Essos. He even suggested it to Daemon, that's why they went into Old Valyria in the first place. Perhaps in another life some Jaehaerys or any other Targaryen would retake the ruins of Valyria, but not him or anyone else in his lifetime. Fighting off hundreds of stonemen was something he never wanted to do again.

Barring those thoughts, here he was. One of the lasts dragons in the world. Their enemies tried to put them down but they couldn't kill the dragon. One dragon had three children and ruled over half of the Old Ghiscari empire. Another dragon was the leader of one of the most sought after sellsword companies. The last dragon was one of the most feared and admired warriors in Essos.

And when the three dragons turn their heads to Westeros, castles will melt, flesh will burn, and the dragons will rule once again.

AN: A rare three POV chapter. Might have some of these in the future, not sure, we’ll see.
A Place in the Clouds

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

AN: So, sorry for the random update/explanation that came last week. Here is the next chapter.

Also might be changing up my posting schedule a bit. I’m experimenting with a few things and hoping that a new schedule will work out. Hopefully updates will become more frequent.

Disclaimer: I don’t own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warning: Language and violence

Enjoy!

A Place in the Clouds

Sansa POV

It was official.

The Vale was going to war in the North to fight the Ironborn and Boltons alike.

Lysa Arryn committed suicide several weeks after she was notified of Petyr Baelish’s death.

Robin Arryn was deemed too sickly to rule the Vale by a counsel of the lords and ladies of the Vale.

Sansa Stark was the interim Warden of the Vale until Robin Arryn is of age and fully healthy.

Things had changed for Sansa quicker than she could have expected. She was now the leader of the Vale. After she called a counsel to collect the lords and ladies of the Vale, urging them to convene at the Eyrie, she had sat in on several meetings and voiced her concerns and ideas for protecting the Vale. After several of Lord Royce’s passionate speeches about how she had taken initiative in protecting the Vale and making sure things were in order the lords of the Vale finally accepted her as the interim leader of the Vale until Lord Robin Arryn became of age and was of good health.

The Vale lords had been unsure of her leadership at first but the fact that she had Lord “Bronze” Yohn Royce supporting her, including the elderly but respected Lady Anya Waynwood and Lord Benedar Belmore, convinced the rest of the lords to accept her as acting leader. She later learned that she was supported by most of the ‘Lords Declarant’, a group of lords that opposed Petyr Baelish’s influence in the Vale. Support she was all too happy to accept.

She soon realized that she had been spending most of her time in the Lord’s Solar doing work. She had asked for her meals to be brought to the solar on several occasions. After the lords of the Vale dispersed back to their holdfasts to gather the army, she had to start answering letters that were intended for her aunt, started spending hours with Maester Colemon reviewing the logistics concerning the army, and spent even more hours pondering war strategy with Lord Royce.

Daemon, yes Daemon Targaryen II. Brother the Rhaegar, Viserys, and Daenerys Targaryen. Son to the Mad King Aerys Targaryen and Rhaella Targaryen. Known as ‘The Devil’ of the Riverlands and one of the most notorious killers in the world (according to him). A son of the most notorious dynasty to ever exist. A descendant of the dragonlords of Valyria, the most prosperous and
terrifying empire to ever exist in recorded history. She only realized this several weeks after they arrived at the Eyrie when Daemon’s silver hairs started to grow in.

Long story short Daemon is so much more than Arthur. The mystery that was Arthur turned into the history book that was Daemon. Arthur was someone who she was curious about, he could be from Dorne or maybe Essos or even somewhere in the Crownlands. Daemon was someone who grew up in the capitol as a prince to a dynasty. He was someone who had traveled the world and seen spectacular things.

Arthur was a mystery but Daemon was special. He had the wits to sneak his way into King’s Landing, with the help of Varys, and change the way he acts completely. He was able to out maneuver the Lannisters for years while sitting right under their noses. He was a dangerous killer if the stories were to be believed. Stories that told of his ruthlessness and ferocity when he disposed of bandits in the Riverlands. And so many questions. Like how did he end up in the Riverlands in the first place? Why didn't he flee to Essos with his brother and sister? Where did he go when he vanished off of the face of the planet for six years?

Ignoring those facts and questions about him, she knew she didn't spend enough time with Daemon. Not to strategize or to receive advice but just to rest and relax her brain. Even though the revelation that he was Daemon Targaryen didn't stop her from spending time with her friend. He wasn't Arthur anymore, he wasn't playing a character to infiltrate the capitol or the Eyrie. He was just her friend Daemon. A friend who soothed her mind with calming words and soothed her muscles by rubbing away the tension in her shoulders.

She was happy for his quiet support. He was always there as a shoulder to lean on. A friend to talk to. He was able to keep her stable while she was swept up in the long hectic hours that was ruling.

She was notified by Maester Colemon that he visited the ravenry often, either sending or receiving letters that the maester himself couldn't read before Daemon got to them. She requested that Colemon give the letters directly to the silver haired prince. She trusted Daemon fully. Even though he deceived her for most of the time they knew each other but she still trusted him. She was curious of course and planned to ask what the letters about, but she wasn't going to go out of her way to read what was contained in those letters before he did.

Lord Royce was another valued confidant that she held close to the chest. She could see that Lord Royce has been warming up to her in the past few weeks. He was a wealth of information and Sansa couldn't help but converse with him for hours discussing problems around the Vale and beyond.

They were looking out onto the green valley of the Vale once again. The wind was chilling but this was their favorite spot to converse with each other privately.

“I must tell you My Lady, before you arrived here in the Eyrie, Lord Baelish had employed some informants across the sea in Essos.” he told her. “Now after his death, we continued to pay them as they were a great source of information from across the sea.”

“I assume you're telling me this because there are things to report.” she queried.

“Indeed, My Lady.” he pulled a long sheet of parchment from the folds of his cloak. “As you can see we have received quite a bit of information regarding Daenerys Targaryen.” he handed the parchment over. “To summarize, Daenerys Targaryen has conquered most of Slaver’s Bay and has taken up residence in Meereen with 8,000 Unsullied soldiers and several mercenary groups. And of course there are the reports of three large dragons.”
Sansa noticed that what Lord Royce didn't mention was that there were whispers that Daenerys might turn her gaze to Westeros soon.

“I assume there is another reason you are giving me this information My Lord.” she said. “And I believe you want to talk about our resident Targaryen?”

Lord Royce nodded. “I do My Lady. I know that you trust the man but how can we know where his true loyalties lay? What happens when his sister does come to Westeros, even if she does have three dragons, she still has an elite army that could take King’s Landing and maybe most of Westeros. With the War of the Five Kings still being fought the kingdoms are still unstable and ripe for the taking.” He spoke passionately.

“I trust Daemon with my life. The only reason I am here talking to you is because of him. And if what he tells me is true, which I believe it is, then my brother and mother and possible the rest of the Northern army would be killed or captured if it wasn't for him. If it wasn't for him my sister might have never made it to Riverrun. I do believe that if his sister does come to Westeros that he will support her and join her side. But I think he would do anything to come to a peaceful resolution with the Vale, the Riverlands, and the North.” she took a breath, trying to regain lost air from her lungs.

They stood there silent, Lord Royce seemed to be contemplating her words. She thought back to the time he discovered that Arthur was really Daemon Targaryen in disguise. To keep it simple, he was very very unhappy. He had nearly cut down Daemon in the middle of the hall. Luckily she was there to convince him to talk in her solar before he went around killing people.

She explained the situation as best she could, with Daemon interjecting at several parts. She explained how Daemon had disguised himself as a servant named Arthur and infiltrated the Red Keep. How he had coached Sansa to become the woman she was now. The leader she was now, strong and assertive. She attributed these things to Daemon.

Even so it took time and many oaths were exchanged between the two. Sansa knew that the men of the Vale took honor and oaths very seriously. She trusted Lord Royce to stay his hand when it came to Daemon.

The name Daemon Targaryen was synonymous with the title ‘The Devil’ in the Riverlands and in parts of the rest of the Kingdoms. That title cowed Lord Royce’s anger but didn't cow his distrust. Hopefully Sansa’s words eased some of the tension of Lord Royce’s distrust.

“I will trust your words for now My Lady but I will continue to keep an eye on the man.” Lord Royce finally said, breaking the silence.

Sansa nodded. “And I don't blame your distrust and I will not ban you from observing Daemon. Your eyes are your own.” she replied.

“Thank you My Lady.” said Lord Royce.

“Now tell me Lord Royce, how many troops should I expect once we have called all of our bannermen?” she asked.

“Well here in the Vale we pride ourselves in being one of the best trained and organized armies in Westeros. We can muster up to 45,000 men to your call which is what we are doing to combat the numerous enemies outside of the Vale. If our troop estimates are correct your brother split his forces, allowing some of the northern houses to return to the North. Leaving a combination of 22,000 Northmen and Rivermen still in the Riverlands where as he sent around 7,000 men back to
“And what about our enemies in the North?” Sansa asked.

“Our estimates for the rebel Bolton, Karstark, and Umber alliance range from 5,000 to 12,000. But we believe this number is continuously dropping. As for the Ironborn raiders we estimate around 1,000 maybe 2,000 scattered across the North. Their largest contingent of men are located at Moat Cailin counting just under 1,000 men.”

Robb’s enemies in the North were extensive. Especially the Boltons stationed in Winterfell. Their biggest problem would be the nearly 1,000 Ironborn in Moat Cailin, but that would be a problem she will have to solve later.

“And the Riverlands?” she asked slightly worried about her family.

“The Riverlands are far more confusing. As of now there are a combination of Tyrells and Lannisters. The Westerlands have around 25,000 men left in their force. 15,000 of those soldiers returned to King’s Landing with Tywin Lannister while the remaining 10,000 are still stationed at Harrenhal with Kevan Lannister. Meanwhile the Reach has been mostly untouched and can muster around 70,000 men. From what we know 20,000 Reachmen remain in the Reach to protect from the Ironborn raids. While another 20,000 remain in the Crownlands and King’s Landing. And finally 30,000 have travelled to the Riverlands to support the 10,000 Lannister men.” Lord Royce reported. “But for some reason Mace Tyrell has forced Lord Randyll Tarly to remain in the Reach and combat the several thousand Ironborn raiders that have landed on their shores. Making the Reach’s 30,000 men in the Riverlands nearly worthless without their best commander.”

That was good. The Reach splitting up their forces throughout three kingdoms was good. But also the fact that the Reach didn't have a greatly trained army like the Westerlands or the Vale meant that defeating them in battle, despite their high numbers, will be an easier feat to accomplish rather than if Lord Tarly was in the Riverlands leading the army.

“Very well, make sure the maester has written copies of everything you have told me, and tell him to get them done by tomorrow.” she told Lord Royce.

“It will be done My Lady.” the man said obediently.

“Do you have anything else to report?” she asked. “Especially of the North?” She knew her family was safe in Riverrun. What she worried about was the division of the North. Between the other Northern Houses, the Boltons, and the Ironborn the North was being ravaged. Her home was occupied by monsters. She would do anything to get her home back.

“Jon Snow, who I believe is your half-brother, has been gathering an assortment of wildlings and Northern houses to battle the Boltons and retake Winterfell.”

Sansa’s eyes popped at the mention of Jon. Her thoughts racing, but Lord Royce just continued.

“There are several rumors swirling around how he left the service of the Night’s Watch, all of which become more preposterous than the last. Barring the ridiculous rumors Jon Snow has gathered 3,000 fighting wildlings, as well as several thousand Tallhart, Dustin, Ryswell, Woolfield, Hornwood, and Mormont men. He might also be looking for the loyalty of the other non-rebel Northern houses.” he continued to report.

That changed everything. Jon was leading the North to symbolic victory. The bastard son of Eddard Stark was leading the North to retake Winterfell for the Starks. It was the a test of Jon’s utmost
loyalty to the Stark house, even though he wouldn't win any lands or titles. That made Sansa appreciate Jon even more. It also made her feel even more guilty about how she treated him when they were younger.

This made her want to go to the North even more. Robb was still in the Riverlands sitting idle, not making much effort to go anywhere besides Riverrun. Where as Jon didn't owe her family anything but he either broke or got out of his Night’s Watch vows to band together a motley crew of smaller Northern houses and wildlings to retake Winterfell and claim the North for the Starks.

She felt her heart go out to Jon. He was her brother, it didn't matter that he was a bastard or that she didn't treat him right, she was his sister and she had the power to help him and support him. She would be damned if she didn't send troops to his aid.

“Ok, well. Ok.” she took a few deep breaths, schooling her features away from deep thought. “This is good. I’ll need to think on it more but I have a plan. I’ll notify you later about it.”

“Very well My Lady.” Lord Royce said dutifully

“One last thing,” she said. “Is there any chance for us to ally with the Mountain Clans?”

“I highly doubt it My Lady. Lady Lysa never made an effort to contact the clans. And Lord Jon in his many years only tried a few times with no results.” he told her.

“Ok forget about it. Thank you Lord Royce, that will be all.” she told him.

With that Lord Royce bowed respectfully and walked back into the castle depths. With that she got to planning.

Currently the Ironborn held Moat Cailin, preventing the Vale troops to travel north on land. Any southern army looking to enter The North would have to pass Moat Cailin. If the Moat was held by a minimum of a few hundred soldiers, no army under 10,000 men would be able to pass in under a fortnight. The Moat was simply impassible to any large standing army and the only way to go north was through the Moat.

That’s why they weren't going to push their army north by land. The ever growing fleet of the Vale was mostly stationed at Gulltown. She would take 15,000 of her available 45,000 men and sail them from Gulltown to White Harbor. She knew the Manderlys were still loyal to the Starks, a quick raven to Lord Wyman and her army would be secure to sail to White Harbor. From there her army would be able to support Jon in his endeavor to retake the North from the Boltons, rebel Karstarks and Umbers, and the Ironborn raiders.

And if what Daemon said about Ser Clegane was true, Sandor and a few hundred men would be led by the Reeds of the neck to maneuver through the marshes of the Neck and to the true North. It was likely that at the moment Ser Clegane was already doing his job in the North and harassing and killing their enemies. He should have arrived at White Harbor already.

Daemon’s later assessment of the North rang through her ears.

‘The North is like a piece of meat being fought over by three weak dogs in the Bolton Alliance, The Houses of the North and Wildlings led by Jon, and the Ironborn raiders. The Vale can be the larger and stronger dog the can rip the meat away and share it with the North and to Jon.’

A knocking on the door brought her out of her thoughts.

“Enter” she called.
The door opened quietly, Daemon slipped in. “Hello, hello.” he greeted. He leaned himself on the desk right beside her, looking down on her piles of parchment.

She smiled “Hi, how are you?”

“Oh, I’m doing fine.” he seemed a little nervous.

“Ok?” she said, a single brow raised. She sighed deeply at his silence. “What’s wrong?”

He paused for a second. “I have to go back to King’s Landing.”

“What!” she exclaimed, standing out of her chair. “What do you mean you need to go back? For what purpose?” she would have continued to grill him if he didn't take her hands in his.

“Sansa please,” he was silent for a few moments. “I’m going to Essos for a bit, to go to my sister.” he said.

“Oh.” all the air was knocked out of her lungs. He was leaving her, leaving the Vale, leaving Westeros. She looked down to her boots as the lump in her throat grew. Of course he had to go. His sister was all the way across the world. He can't stay here entertaining her silly dreams, of course not.

“This is something that must be done. I don't know when I’ll be back, but when I do come back, you’ll be the first person to know.” he put a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

She looked up at him, her eyes watering with tears. He just smiled. She hugged him around the waist and leaned her head into his chest. Not wanting him to see the tears leaking out of her eyes. He started shushing her, rubbing soothing circles into her back while she cried silently. They stood there for what felt like hours, swaying in their prolonged hug, never letting go.

“I don't want you to go.” she said into his chest.

“And I don't want to leave you.” he said back, kissing the top of her head.

He left the next morning. Mya Stone leading him back down the mountain. She had almost cried again when he left, only to rush off and do it silently in her solar. She tried not to dwell on his departure by diving back into her work like never before. Finally deciding to send letters to her family in Riverrun.

She had sent three letters to Robb, Arya, and Mother and received three responses. Unfortunately the letters had to be short as they could be shot down by their enemies

Dear Sansa,

You don't know how much it means to me that you are safe. When our mutual friend told us that he would be able to save you I admit I didn't believe it possible. But here you are sending me letters. I send my love and appreciation.

Your brother,
Robb

Hello Sansa,
I honestly didn't expect to ever get a letter from you. But I did, and I am happy. I am getting good with Needle. And I’ve been sparring with some knights. I don't know what else to write.

Arya Horseface

My darling daughter,

How it fills my heart with joy to know that you are safe cannot be expressed into words on a paper. It’s all I’ve ever wanted for my girls and now my wish has been granted. I am so proud of you. Although I am saddened to hear of my sister’s death, I do believe in you. I believe you can be a strong leader like your father. I believe that we will see each other again. I love you, I love you, I love you. I cannot express how much I do.

Love,
Mother

She read these letters everyday before she went to sleep. She smiled at Robb’s lack of writing. Laughed at Arya’s inability to talk about anything other than fighting, laughed at her little joke about Horseface, and smiled when she read that Arya was happy to see her even if she couldn't explain it in writing. She cried when she read her mother’s words about how much she was loved and how proud her mother was of her. It filled her heart with joy and she hopes that one day she can eventually have a similar connection with Jon.

That night she closed her eyes dreaming of the Starks back in Winterfell with her parents looking at her with pride, her siblings looking at her with love, and Daemon right by her side.

Daenerys POV

“I can protect me from Hizdahr zo Loraq.” she said dismissively. The man wasn't a threat physically. But he could be planning something behind her back, now that was something that she had to think about. She waved off Daario “Tell them I’ll be down soon.” Daario nodded, his eyes flicking back to Ser Barristan, before he stalked off.

She turned back to Ser Barristan, still smiling. “So you’ve told me about Rhaegar, how about Daemon. When we met in Pentos all those years ago he never mentioned his life in King’s Landing.” she said.

“Ah yes” Barristan said smiling. “Daemon was a special boy. I remember how he could make anyone laugh, even when he was still a babe in his mother’s arms. All of the Kingsguard enjoyed guarding him. Especially Arthur, Jaime and myself.”

Her eyes narrowed. “The Kingslayer?”

Barristan nodded. “Yes, the Kingslayer. Believe it or not but I used to like Jaime Lannister when he first entered the guard. He could be cocky and arrogant at times but he and Daemon had a special relationship. Later in life Jaime Lannister is sharp with his tongue, but back when he was coming of age and guarding Daemon around the Red Keep they shared quips with each other, jawing back and forth. It was quite a sight to see a boy of ten and seven and the young prince arguing with each other while they passed you in the hall.” They both shared a laugh. Daenerys slightly reluctant but the sounds still spilled out of her mouth.

“While Jaime guarded him, I taught him the basics of swordplay while Arthur and myself took turns sparring with the young prince.” Barristan said with a wistful smile on his face. “This one
time Arthur tied his sword arm and his leg together behind his back. It was the funniest thing to see one of the greatest fighters in Westeros hopping on one foot while battling the prince, who was barely older than a toddler.” They both laughed again.

“He sounded like a joy.” she said with a smile.

“He was Your Grace. I’m glad he fulfilled his dream to travel the world once again. He and little Rhaenys had dreamed about traveling the world. Creating fantastical tales they would tell Elia before they went to bed. He loved his family Your Grace it was a terrible thing that happened. But he still has you.”

Daenerys nodded. “He does.”

They sat in a comfortable silence for a time. Both reminiscing over memories about their beloved prince.

She broke the silence. “I do have things to do, so if you will excuse me Ser Barristan, I will go attend to my duties.”

“Of course Your Grace.” he replied.

“And sing a song for me Ser Barristan.” she said smiling.

He smiled. “I shall Your Grace.” he said, nodding, before walking out of her solar.

She made her way to the pyramid’s throne room preparing herself for hours worth of ass-kissing and a stiff back.

It was now night, she held a cup of wine while the jug sat on the balcony edge. A cool breeze mixed well with the warm nights of Meereen. She could see the little fires dotting across the city like little heartbeats. She heard a distant knock to the door of her bedroom. She turned to look through the screen to see Missandei walk through the doors. She spotted a letter held between Missandei’s clasped hands.

Missandei came out onto the balcony. “My Que-Daenerys.” she quickly corrected herself when she saw Daenerys’ brows raised. She had told her friend to call her Daenerys when they were alone. It took time but she got her friend comfortable enough to say her name in private. “A letter for you.” her friend said, holding out the parchment that was previously held in her connected hands.

She nodded her thanks, taking the sealed letter, recognizing it being the seal of her brother.

Sister,

I am pleased to report that I have left the capitol and arrived in the Vale. My plans have advanced significantly with the help of our resident Spider and the lovely Lady Sansa. By the time you are reading this I’ll be on a boat back to the capitol where I will rendezvous with a friend and will be heading your way.

I hope the years have treated you well since we last saw each other. When I heard about the silver princess across the sea had become the Dragon Queen and a conqueror I couldn't have been more proud of you dear sister. Yes I may have given you advice but your accomplishments are your own. I am sure that without my help you would have been as great or even greater than you are now.

Know that I love you and can hardly wait to see you again.
Your Brother,
 Daemon

She smiled as she tore her eyes from the letter. She could feel the tears building in her eyes when her brother told her he was proud of her. That he loved her and that he is on his way to see her.

“Is something wrong Daenerys?” Missandei said referencing her tears.

She chuckled. “No my friend these are happy tears.”

“Oh” Missandei paused. “May I ask what has caused you such joy?”

“Yes you may” she said smiling. “My brother wrote, he’s coming here.”

“That’s wonderful news. I too want to meet your brother, especially after all of the stories you told me of him, he sounds like an amazing person.” Missandei smiled too sharing in Daenerys’ happiness.

She laughed. “Yes I have told many stories. I am sure you want to indulge yourself in some of his fantastical stories.”

Missandei just smiled at that. “I would like that very much.” she was silent for a few moments.

“You should get some sleep Your Grace, tomorrow awaits you.”

She nodded. “Indeed it does.” she sighed. The days were only going to be longer now that Daemon has notified her of his impending arrival.

“Goodnight Your Grace” Missandei said.

She smiled. “Goodnight my friend” she said before turning to look out to her city once again.

The moon shone brightly tonight lighting up her silver hair and her white dress.

From a distance she looked like a beacon of light in a world of darkness.

AN: I got all of the troop numbers off of A Song of Ice and Fire wiki and even changed them a little bit.

Chapter End Notes

And so ends the copy and pasting from FFN to here. I will be posting both here and on FFN. Hopefully updates every week, if not, oh well
AN: Next chapter! Sorry this update took a bit longer to come out with. It’s been a tough couple of days but I was barely able to get this one out.

alec-potter: TBH I just wanted Daemon and Daenerys to start interacting again. As for Marg, she was already planned to be wed to Joffrey and the Tyrells had thrown in their lot with the Lannisters. He might not get his own dragon, but he’ll have a special relationship with them.

Saskia D. Fox: Thanks, I’m glad your enjoying the story so far.

jiubantai-taichoCalmejaneJose: Ok, this is not your story. You don't have to like it or how the story progresses or how the characters interact or their motivations. Sucks that you think that. First, he has hinted and expressed that he has no desire for the throne. Second, sellsword companies actually work for other people and have jobs. They don't follow their founder (he isn't the leader anymore, Aegon is) just cause he went somewhere else. The war wasn't even being fought in Westeros when he returned, there were only rumors. Third, he fights to protect the Riverlands because its his home, simple. He works WITH Robb because he is married to Talisa, simple. For example, he didn't help Sansa become the leader of the Vale just because of Robb, he had his own motivation for doing that. He does have a special relationship with Dorne, but that comes later in the story (And is even mentioned in the beginning of this chapter). The Tyrells wouldn't have supported him because they were planning to marry Marg to the current King and probably don't want to support a lone Targaryen. He didn't take Dany because she isn't a fighter and wouldn’t be useful in the Riverlands. By the time Drogo and Dany got married, both characters were different (vastly different in Drogo’s case) because of previous interactions with Daemon, this has been hinted at in the story. If you don't like it you don't have to read it. I for one actually like how my story is turning out and it's too bad you don't seem to agree.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Language, violence

Enjoy!

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A New Day

Daemon POV

Daemon was mildly annoyed by the time he snuck into King’s Landing at nightfall. One of his traveling companions he had briefly picked up was some Volantine merchant. He went on and on about Daemon without actually knowing he was complaining to the Targaryen prince himself. The
merchant had gone on and on about how the Targaryen boy could have taken Westeros and used his sellsword company and garnered support from old Targaryen supporters and blah blah blah. The man went on and on. It was quite annoying, not because he was besmirching Daemon’s name, it was just the sound of his voice that annoyed him.

But the silly stupid man was merely an annoying afterthought by the time King’s Landing came into view.

After the apparent chaos that was the aftermath of the trial of Tyrion Lannister the city was less focused on the things outside of their gates than the things on the inside.

One piece of news that displeased him was the news that his friend and considered Uncle Oberyn was killed and Aunt Ellaria escaped back to Dorne. Daemon hadn’t seen the pair since they parted ways in Leng Ma all those years ago. He missed spending time with Oberyn, Ellaria, and their daughters. Obara, Nymeria, and Tyene were brash and sometimes arrogant but were loyal and good friends once you got to know them.

While on the road Varys contacted him, updating him on the precarious situation that has engulfed King’s Landing. That the main suspects in Joffrey’s murder were Tyrion Lannister and Sansa Stark. That Tyrion called a trial by combat and Oberyn volunteered for him to get a chance to kill the Mountain. He trusted in his Uncle Oberyn’s skills but apparently he had become too cocky and arrogant before deciding to land a killing blow. Hopefully the Mountain would die of his poisonous injuries.

Daemon shook his head disappointedly as he headed to the docks, the place Varys told Daemon to meet up with him. If Oberyn had just killed the Mountain and had been done with it, he would still be living, a constant reminder of the death of Tywin Lannister’s dog. It would have made for a great story too. The Prince of Dorne protecting a member of the family that ordered the death of his sister, valiantly defeating the Mountain and gaining revenge for his dead sister, and continuing to live and spite Tywin Lannister. Oberyn had acted a damn fool and Daemon hated to admit that, especially when is uncle is one of the smartest and most level headed men in the world. But Daemon knew that the death of Aunt Elia always sent Oberyn into a rage.

But alas it was Oberyn’s decision to fight and die in the trial by combat. A situation he had no business involving himself in. He could have killed the Mountain a thousand times over before eve facing him in combat. Of course Daemon wanted to end the Mountain. The big bastard killed people in his family, people he loved and cherished, Elia brutalized, Rhaenys stabbed to death, Aegon’s tiny body smashed against the stone wall. Even recently man nearly killed him and permanently injured him. Daemon had had plenty of reasons to want his revenge on the Mountain but he didn’t intend to blindly rush into a fight like he did in the Riverlands, a fight that broke him for months to come.

Daemon shook the thoughts out of his head.

The city was mostly quiet. Most people were back in their homes. There were a few people walking the street but nothing to warrant any concern over being identified. During his younger years in King’s Landing whenever he ventured out into the streets of the capitol, Kingsguard at his back, the crowds would wave at him and would smile widely when he waved back enthusiastically. He was only a child at the time but there are sure to be residents of King’s Landing that lived through the time of the Mad King.

He weaved his way through the streets and alleys and finally came upon the docks.

The docks were full of activity. Sailors and dockhands were bustling back and forth, around several
ships. He saw a smaller crane lifting up a large wooden box. Several yards away from the box was Varys, silently observing the workers load the box. Just as the man started walking back to the city proper they both heard the bells of the sept of Baelor ring out.

Varys abruptly stopped, and as if he could feel Daemon’s gaze, Varys turned and saw Daemon. Varys jerked his head towards the boat that loaded the large box. Daemon quickly followed the man onto the ship, both of them sitting next to the large crate that had been loaded only seconds before.

“What the hell is going on?” he hissed questioningly to Varys.

“Call it a hunch but I believe our little friend in the box has killed his Lord father.” Varys responded.

“And who is our little friend and why is his father so important?” he asked.

“Lord Tyrion Lannister.” Varys whispered in his ear.

He heard a bumping from the crate they had been sitting next to. Realization dawned on him.

“You don’t mean…” he trailed off pointing to the crate. Varys only nodded. “Wow, you have a lot of balls Varys.”

He received a dry look from the bald man. “Funny” he said, dry as his look.

“Ok, your lack of balls are beside the point.” he ignored Varys’ pointed look. “So you’re taking him with us?” Daemon questioned,

“Indeed I am. His imprisonment offered up quite a unique opportunity. If Joffrey wasn’t murdered and Tyrion wasn’t imprisoned, I would have never thought of bringing him with us to join your sister.” Varys said. “But I recognized Lord Tyrion’s ability to rule, to protect the common folk, to keep others in check. He has a strong skill set your sister will need if she is to take Westeros.”

Daemon just nodded. He hasn't interacted with the little Lannister much at all during his time in King’s Landing. The little man almost never spent time with his young wife and when he did they barely spoke or interacted with each other, giving Daemon nothing to work with. If Daemon were inclined to listen to the rumors that surrounded the man he would have seen some sort of demon monkey with horns. It was a silly notion but the public’s perception of the man was not favorable at all.

But if Varys was this optimistic about employing Tyrion’s services to his sister, he would just have to have faith in his old teacher. Yes Tyrion was a Lannister but if Varys’ hunch was correct, he had just killed the most feared Lannister in the world. That may not be a good reason to have him join his sister but it was a promising start.

“Allright, I’ll go along with this plan.” he told Varys, he started to raise his voice enough for the man in the box, even though said man would have no idea what he was talking about. “He makes one wrong move and I’ll make him smaller than he is now.”

Varys nodded gravely. “I understand, lets hope it doesn't come to that. I would very much like to keep our little friend alive.” said Varys.

He just shrugged. Tyrion Lannister has yet to prove himself to him, let alone his sister. Only time will tell if he is truly worth all this trouble.
The Sweet Rose POV

“But you can't know that for sure grandmother.” she said.

“Oh but I do know my dear.” her grandmother said.

She sat back in her chair. Her eyes widened as she realized the heavy implications.

“You didn't think I’d let you marry that beast would you?” The Queen of Thorns asked.

She stuttered for a moment. The words of shock refusing to escape her mouth. “Then what about Sansa?” she said, pausing for a moment. “And-and that servant of hers? Arthur I believe his name was.”

“Oh Sansa? I might have an idea dear. A mutual confidant of ours told me a few interesting things about Sansa’s little servant.” her grandmother said. She too muttered something under her breath that Marg barely caught. “A spider indeed.”

“What do you mean grandmother?” she asked. She felt totally out of her element. Secrets and manipulation is what she was groomed for. Every move she made was to put her first, she was the one to be the manipulator not the manipulated.

“What I mean dear is that there is much more to that young man than meets the eye.” Olenna said. “Have you noticed his eyes?” grandmother asked.

Margaery nodded. Of course she noticed his eyes. The striking violet eyes stood out more than anything. He must have been Dornish or of some Valyrian descent. No others had such a strong and prominent color in their eyes since the Targaryens. If he-

Oh

Her eyes widened considerably. She took a deep breath to steady her thoughts.

If that man truly was a Targaryen there was only one dragon she could choose from. Daemon Targaryen was the last dragon in Westeros. A remnant of the old dynasty that had put the Tyrells in power. A dynasty the Tyrells remained loyal to for hundreds of years. Of course her grandmother wouldn't willingly and fully put all of the Reach’s support for the Baratheon and Lannister usurpers.

Her grandmother was one of the best schemers in the land but she still held the old loyalty to the Dragon’s dynasty in her heart.

She remembers her grandmother telling her about the last Targaryen children. How they still held power. Daemon the Devil and Daenerys the Dragon Queen they were called. One was a queen who freed thousands from slavery and rose from a beggar to one of the most powerful and influential people in the world. Margaery greatly, yet secretly, admired the Dragon Queen. As for the Devil, he was shrouded in mystery with rumors of his travels in Essos, as well as his stout conviction to protect the people of the Riverlands in times of crisis.

The Targaryen name had been besmirched and run through the mud by the Mad King. Many houses publicly denounced the Targaryens, saying that they all should be killed or exiled to the far corners of the world, though some are said to still stay loyal to the Targaryen dynasty. Ironically many hate the last Targaryens simply for their name and seemingly ignore their deeds of protection
and generosity, of their will and conviction to protect those who cannot protect themselves.

The last two Targaryens were some of the few good people still walking the lands of Westeros and Essos and she was in the presence of one of them.

“But what will we do?” she whispered to her grandmother.

Her grandmother just smirked at her. Before she said proudly, “Our roses may take time to grow my dear. But when fully grown, our thorns are sharp.”

AN: I am so sorry that this chapter took this long to come out (and it's really fucking short and I hate it). Especially with the recent FFN problems going on just making it harder to get anything done. But here I am, making things work.

Also sorry for the update spam yesterday, that was me just scrambling to make sense of the things going on with the site right now.
Across the Sea

Daemon POV

Daemon took a deep breath of the salty sea air as the ship slowly made its way through the Bay of Pentos. The warm summer breeze caused goosebumps to prickle along his arm in response to the cool blue water below.

The journey across the Narrow Sea had been grueling. Boredom had been his enemy for the time being. He spent his time either teaching and sparring or helping the crew manage the boat. The teaching had come from a late night challenge from Belquo, one of the deckhands, who challenged Daemon to a duel with wooden swords over who would sleep in a bed that night.

Obviously Daemon had won the fight but it meant that many of the other crew members would challenge him for a night to sleep on one of the few featherbeds on the ship. What had been a friendly competition turned into a way for Daemon to teach selfdefense to many of the crewmen. The merchant ship had yet to be set upon by pirates but the chance was always there. Now they were adequately prepared to deal with smaller bands of pirates before they would need to call on sellsails.

Besides the sparring practice every night he worked around the boat doing whatever he could to help using the knowledge he learned from sailing the Thousand Islands. Daemon had never been one to sit idle while others do the work for him. After many years growing up in a community where everyone had to pull their own weight he had never been one to shy away from physical labor. Putting his back and sweat into something felt infinitely more satisfying than giving orders or strategizing or scheming or any of that.

He had expressed as much to Varys but the bald man only chuckled without responding otherwise.

He shook the memories out of his train of thought as the merchant ship docked. There was a small retinue of guards and servants waiting for them at the dock. He and Varys stepped off while four servants rushed up the plank to retrieve the box holding the dwarf.

Daemon stretched his arms and looked around. Pentos was beautiful combination of Essos and Westeros. Pentos has always had ties with the Targaryens even before Aegon had conquered
Westeros. But Pentos had always been known as the most vulnerable of the Free Cities. It was built with yellow bricks and tiled roofs. Many large estates filled the city creating a rich and wealthy lifestyle for many inhabitants as well as making Pentos a prime trading port in Essos.

Around the dock markets you could see many wearing the lighter and thinner clothes of the wealthy of Essos, turbans adorning their heads. Others wore hard brown leathers or thick linen shirts and vests. Some men had their beards dyed in blues, yellows, and greens. Both men and women sporting piercings in their noses, eyebrows, ears, lips, and other places around their body. Some of the richer merchants wore the cool silks, their hair cropped short and clean, their nails trimmed perfectly.

Daemon smiled as he watched the market bustling and busy. It had been many years since he had enjoyed the markets of Essos. He had missed the extravagant affairs and beautiful trinkets, the ornate swords and carefully and intricately designed armour. The colorful dyes and spices being sold. The street vendors selling grilled meats and maize or the sellsword or sellsail representative offering their services to passers by wearing expensive silks.

As their small procession passed the market stalls and empty alley ways they caught some attention from the surrounding population. Most either glanced and looked away or just flat out ignored them. The few that kept their eyes on the procession were the merchants and others. The merchants were looking for customers and those with a healthy guard at their back were most likely very rich. As for the others, most were pickpockets looked for a vulnerable coin purse. Daemon eyed the unsavory figures, daring them to make a move. He caught some of the men looking very intently at the box, reaching for hidden weapons. They passed quickly and without fuss.

Besides the few odd and dangerous looks given from the market, their journey through the neighborhood to Illyrio Mopatis’ estate was without problems.

Finally they reached the large walled estate.

He and Varys entered the estate, allowing the entourage of guards and servants to transport the large box to the balcony view, the pair watched as the box was carried upstairs.

He turned to Varys. “So what happens to him now?” he asked.

Varys tore his eyes from the now empty stairs. “I go convince our little friend to support your sister in the wars to come.” Varys said matter factly. “Lord Tyrion will likely drink himself to an early grave without a purpose in this world. I can't say I’d enjoy watching him waste away, his potential untapped and useless, never doing what he was born to do.”

Daemon just sighed tiredly. “What makes you think he’ll join Daenerys?” he questioned.

“It’s in his nature. He had always done his best to protect the city and its people either from Joffrey Baratheon or Stannis Baratheon. He isn't one to watch as others suffer needlessly. Westeros is suffering under Lannister rule and won't get much better. Joining Daenerys Targaryen gives him a chance to go back to Westeros and stop the suffering from getting much worse.”

Daemon scoffed internally at Varys’ little speech. “You sing a lot of praises for a man who would likely drink himself to death and enjoy doing so before actually getting his head strait and doing some good in the world.” he said.

Varys shrugged ever so slightly. “I truthfully have no idea whether he will take us up on the offer, in the end it is his choice.”
Daemon shook his head. “No, no, none of this dancing around. He either joins us or you keep him here. If he isn’t of use to us he won’t be of use to anyone else.”

“That’s almost as good as killing him if he doesn’t join us. Your essentially asking him to be useless for the rest of his life if he doesn’t join us.” Varys said dryly.

“Ahh” Daemon exclaimed. “Good idea, if he doesn’t join us, kill him.”

“My Prince I don’t thi-” he cut Varys off.

“Ahh ahh ahh,” he held his finger up “what you think doesn’t matter right now. You purposely went behind my back to bring him here. All I got was a message saying to meet at the docks. Nothing about your little dwarf friend up there. Right now, what I say, goes. If he doesn’t join, get rid of him, or I will.”

“But My Prince, this didn’t directly concern yo-” he was cut off again.

“Does not concern me?” Daemon asked dangerously. “Who am I?”

“I don’t understand, I-”

“Who am I?” he asked again, voice still dangerous.

“Prince Daemon Targaryen.” Varys said simply, caution coloring his voice.

“Correct” he said curtly. “You expect to try to introduce someone into Daenerys’ inner circle without my knowledge and expect me to accept this without question. I am the older brother of the woman you want to be queen. I am one of the last living Targaryens in the world. You report to me or Daenerys, you don’t keep things to yourself, and you certainly don’t tell anyone else. Make sure this doesn’t happen again or the consequences will be unpleasant.”

Varys bowed lowly. “I apologise my Prince. It was a decision I was still contemplating at the time and I was unable give you forewarning. I was hoping we could discuss Lord Tyrion’s involvement in Daenerys’ rule later. I should have found a way to consult you before hand and I apologise.”

There was silence. Daemon stared at Varys’ bowed head. “Good” he said simply. With that Varys stood from his prostration. “Now go convince the little man to do something good with his life. Me, I’m going to get out of this stuffy mansion and walk the streets, maybe walk down a few familiar streets.”

Varys bowed shallowly “Of course My Prince” the bald man said before walking away and up the stairs.

Daemon rubbed his head in irritation. He was sure Varys made an honest mistake and meant nothing by it. But Varys was Varys, mistakes are something he avoids very well, and going against Daemon or Daenerys was never his intention. These things can’t happen no matter how minor or insignificant.

One thing Varys did tell him during the journey was that he intended to hire the Windblown to Daenerys’ side but they were already hired by Yunkai’s masters. But there were whispers that the Tattered Prince would defect to the Targaryen side if a battle were to break out.

He and Varys planned to sail down the Rhoyne to Volantis and from Volantis to Mantarys by the Demon Road. And finally from Mantarys directly to Meereen with the Devil’s Company already heading to Dragonstone.
He stepped out of the main estate gate onto the street that led to the market. He had seen several men following their little procession to Illyrio’s estate. They had stayed far enough behind but kept throwing glances towards their group. Now Daemon, without the burden of an escort, can finally see what these men want.

Strolling through the market, he made a show of checking each market stall, making himself as noticeable as possible to anyone who would be looking for him.

As he perused the many colorful wares being sold on the main street, out of the corner he could see two men casting glances towards his figure every once in a while, not even attempting to be subtle about it. The objects they held in their hands were soon forgotten when they spotted Daemon moving on from a stall.

The quiet chase continued for several more minutes before Daemon decided to end their little game.

He took a sharp left down a deserted alley where it was narrow enough to keep to men from standing side by side. The walls were a sandy yellow and were totally blank. He was on his own here.

He drew his dagger and turned, brandishing it towards the two assassins who followed him into the alley. Both were dressed in browns, the man in the front brandished a knife while the man behind held a wooden club. Both were no more than 10 feet in front of him. He heard more footsteps behind him. He put himself flat on one of the walls allowing him to see each end of the alley out of the corners of his eyes. The two newcomers were similarly dressed to the other two men but one held a sword and the other man behind him a spiked mace. The two of them were a good 40 feet or more away but were approaching fast.

He turned and sprinted towards the men closest to him, their eyes widening in surprise as he approached rapidly. The first man sliced with his dagger, barely catching Daemon’s shoulder before it slammed into the man’s chest, knocking away his breath and putting him on his back. He blocked an oncoming swing from the club man with his dagger, pinning the wooden club to the wall, the Valyrian steel nearly cutting through the thick wood. He swung his elbow into the man’s face causing his nose to break, spilling blood over his chin.

He ripped away his dagger taking the club that was still impaled by the knife. He tore the club off and flung it towards the oncoming swordsman. He ducked low, allowing the club to fly over him, hitting the man with mace square in the face making him lean on the wall for support. The sword came swinging down in a high arcing slice. He blocked up with his dagger and plunged his fist into the man’s stomach, knocking the breath from his lungs.

He kicked away the doubled over man and turned, just to side step a wild lunge from a knife, he sliced open the man’s guts like a knife through cheese. The knife man’s guts spilled out of the bloody opening created by Daemon’s Valyrian steel. The man fell to the ground dying. His hands still helplessly clutching at his stomach as he bled out.

The now clubless man looked very wary of approaching Daemon. He barely gave the assassin time to react as he lunged with his dagger. Daemon stabbed into the man’s raised arm, ducked under his guard, and swung a vicious uppercut into the man’s jaw cracking the few teeth he had in his mouth. The man staggered back allowing Daemon to get crouched and sweep the man’s legs out from under him.

Turning around once again he saw the man with the mace, a darkening bruise growing on his face, approaching him with his mace held high. His swings kept Daemon at a distance and slowly stepping back after each nearing swing. Next thing he knew two arms encircled his arms, one of
them bloodied, the clubless man had sneaked up on him. Before the mace could come down on his
head Daemon used the leverage of the man behind him and planted both of his feet into the mace
man’s chest, knocking him back into the swordsman and sending them both to the ground.

He and the clubless man struggled for a few moments until Daemon was able to get his feet
planted on the opposite wall, pushing the man holding back into the wall behind them. He threw
his head back once, twice, three times into the man’s nose before he was dropped. He stabbed the
man in the calf bringing him to the ground before he threw his weight on the downed man and
firmly planted his dagger in the now dead man’s forehead.

He rolled off the man’s corpse and stood, ready to face his last two opponents.

The man with the mace was rushing towards him, the swordsman following just behind, both with
their weapons at the ready. He parried a few blows from the mace and kicked the man back,
allowing the swordsman to squeeze by the staggering man and stab at Daemon. He parried the
blow outward and punched the man square in the jaw, causing him to stumble backwards and
topple over the mace man, limbs entangling as they both fell to the ground.

Daemon was able to rip away the mace from the loose grip of the man on the ground and danced
away just before the swing of a sword could take his hand off.

Daemon blocked a sword blow with the mace and locked the sword onto the nearby wall. Thus
allowing him to stab the now defenseless man repeatedly in the gut until he fell to his knees before
he finally stuck the blade into the man’s temple, leaving him to lean lifeless and bleeding on the
yellow brick wall.

He finally set his sights on the last assassin with a mace and dagger in his blood soaked hands.

The man was visibly sweating and probably preparing to piss his pants. The man tried to scramble
away but found a dagger sticking out of his back, thrown with precise accuracy. Daemon
approached from behind, the dagger had severed that man’s spine, leaving him paralyzed and
helpless.

Daemon kneeled onto the man’s slowly numbing back and brought the mace down upon his head.
He brought it down again and again and again and again before all that was left was a bloody stain
on the ground. Blood matted hair, skull fragments, and brain bits littered the surrounding area.
Blood and hair dripping off the spikes of the mace.

He pushed himself up and off the body and cleared his throat several times before spitting out a
wad of congealed blood and mucus onto the cobblestoned ground. Daemon dropped the bloody
mace onto the headless body, wiped his dagger clean on the man’s clothes before sheathing it, and
exited the alley onto the busy street.

The ends of his silver hair was speckled in drying blood while his hands still dripped the substance
onto the cobbled street. His clothes had already dried and started to harden with blood in the
beating Essosi sun. Many glanced his way, the smart ones looked away without question, while
other stared pale faced a few moments before turning forcing themselves to look away.

Daemon trudged his way back to Illyrio’s estate still covered in blood. He entered the gate and was
swarmed by servants and healers checking his condition. He waved them off without a word
saying that he could treat himself. The healer gave him a needle and some twine to stitch up the cut
on his shoulder.

He decided to treat himself up on the balcony. Might as well give himself a nice view while he
Tyrion swished the water around his mouth, cleansing his mouth of the taste of bile, before spitting it out over the edge of the balcony. He looked out on the bay appreciating the clean blue waters and the comfortable breeze blowing in. He took a deep breath, filling his nostrils with the sea breeze, before tearing his gaze away from the pristine view to pour himself another goblet of wine.

He took a sip and turned back to the view contemplating what Varys had told him only several hours earlier. To join Daenerys Targaryen. Of course he was going to say yes. It would be like one of those adventure stories he had read when he was a child. And the dragons, they were said to be huge beasts that could breathe fire, so terrifying yet so fascinating. Tyrion had always wanted to see a dragon, no matter how small, but now he was given the chance to see a dragon that is much larger than the dog sized one he had asked for when he was a child.

He was broken from his thoughts when he heard someone climbing the stairs behind him. He turned to see a silver haired man, suspicious speckles of red coloring his hair, his violet eyes standing out. He was shirtless, blood was spilling down his right shoulder, and it stained his pants. He had a plethora of scars that marred his body. The most prominent scar was on his back, it started at the base of his neck and ended near his left rib cage.

The man had a needle and twine in one hand while he dragged one of the chairs from the table and set it at the edge of the balcony looking over the bay. He sat himself in the chair and began stitching up the wound on his shoulder. Still not even acknowledging Tyrion’s presence on the balcony.

Daemon Targaryen was not what he expected. Truthfully he didn't know what to expect when Varys had mentioned that the silver haired prince had traveled with them across the sea.

“Greetings” he decided to start out with.

The man barely acknowledged him. “Hmm” was the grunted response. He didn't even pause while still stitching himself up.

Tyrion nodded, a little put off that the man hasn't yet responded to his polite greeting. “I suppose you don't like me.” He stated bluntly

Daemon seemed to pause momentarily in his stitching before resuming. “That’s not true. I’m wary of you.” The man said, still not looking at him.

Tyrion nodded his acceptance. “I can't blame you for that.”

Daemon just grunted as he pulled his last stitch through his arm. He stood up and walked over to the table, set all of the medical tools down, and washed himself with the basin water. His silver hair was finally clean, his hands free of dried blood, and his shoulder all cleaned and closed up.

Now Tyrion finally got a good look at the Prince without the blood staining his body. His scars were still prominent around his body but Tyrion also noticed how they stood out because of the light tan the body had acquired. His hair was short on the sides while just a little bit longer on the top, his hair sparkled in the sunlight, the droplets of water sliding of each strand. He made for a
striking figure Tyrion could admit.

“So I suppose you thought over Varys’ proposition?” Daemon asked.

Tyrion hmmed. “I always read stories about grand adventures. I also read a lot of stories and history books of the Targaryens and their dragons. And ever since I was little I always wanted to go on an adventure, preferably with a dragon. But as seeing I was a Lannister and the dragons were gone from the world, I thought I would never have a chance to go on one of these adventures. Yet here I am, given the opportunity to go on an adventure in new lands to eventually meet a dragon, it’s a dream come true. So of course I accepted.” He was smiling slightly at the thought. “I fucked my life in Westeros, why not make a new one in Essos.”

Daemon was smirking. “An adventurer indeed. Maybe I’ll tell you a few stories sometime. I’ve seen many places in Essos.” But his smirk slowly melted off his face, Daemon grew serious again. “But your not here to enjoy life, your here to assist my sister in ruling. I’ve been told you are good at ruling.”

“Yes, Varys has told me I do a decent job at it.” Tyrion responded.

“He’s told me that as well and as much as I want to trust the man, I simply need to see this magical ability of yours before you actually gain my trust.” Daemon told him before he walked away and down the stairs out of Tyrion’s sight.

Tyrion just sighed and turned to face the blue Bay of Pentos again. Now he thought on Daemon’s words as he looked out in contemplation.

The man didn't seem like a leader, he seemed more like an asset, a man you would trust to be your general but not your ruler. Maybe that’s why he refused the throne in favor of his sister. Tyrion wasn't sure what kind of man Daemon Targaryen was but he sure as hell was going to find out in the coming months.

AN: I’m still really nervous about writing fight scenes. Any feedback would be great.
AN: I added a Daemon story into Tyrion’s chapter. Not sure how it’s going to work out but I hope it’s somewhat good.

Also this is mostly a Daemon POV/centered chapter, even when it says Tyrion POV. So it’s two POVs in a sense.

alec-potter: More on why Daemon doesn't want to be King in later chapters. Also I never saw Daemon and Daenerys together, it just never crossed my mind for me.

Disclaimer: I don't own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Language, maybe violence

Enjoy!

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A Prince, A Eunuch, and A Dwarf

Tyrion POV

He idly sipped his sweet berry wine while he jostled in the cart. Here he was making another long journey across the world in moderately more comfortable box. They had sailed down the Rhoyne before stopping several miles north of Volantis to avoid a small coupling of pirates.

It’s not that the company was bad. On the contrary it was very good. He was stuck in a box with one of the most secretive men in the world and one of the most traveled men in the world. At least Daemon could tell an interesting tale. Varys insisted on discussing matters that pertained their journey, Volantis, Mantarys, the Demon Road, Meereen, and on and on. He and Daemon shot the bald man down before he could go on about something that wasn’t interesting.

Tyrion was stuck idly watching the open fields and rolling hills pass by their shared cart before they reached Volantis.

The stories Daemon told were by far the best part of the trip to Volantis.

(Daemon story/flashback: START)

Daemon and Talisa had been sailing with a group of Sarnori sellsails contracted by Pol Qo, the self proclaimer Orange Emperor of Yi Ti, and the most powerful man vying for power in the broken empire. They had been sailing the Thousand Islands for several weeks looking for a black stone treasure that Pol Qo believed held magical powers and could help him unite all of Yi Ti.
The collection of islands were mostly bleak and eroded. There was an odd island that held unparalleled beauty, holding great big turtles and birds with colorful tail feathers, but those green islands were rare out of the many grey and rocky islands as far as the eye can see. Pol Qo believed that the Thousand Islands were the remnants of an ancient drowned civilization, much like Valyria, which held many secrets and horrors alike.

But unlike the cursed ruins of Valyria the Thousand Islands had actually residents. Albeit quite weird and sometimes downright disgusting residents but residents all the same. The inhabitants’ skin was a tinged seaweed green, their heads completely bald, eyes a beautiful deep green with flecks of gold around the pupil. Daemon and Talisa observed that the men had cut parts of foreskin off their members for some odd reason. And the females’ teeth were as sharp as any blade and could rip a man’s throat out like an angry direwolf.

If a sailor was caught by them he was either killed on the spot or was sacrificed to their fish headed gods that poked their stone heads out of the sea when the tide was low. Communication was off the table as the inhabitants of the island spoke their own language and were totally uncaring to any attempts to communicate otherwise no matter how hard Talisa tried.

The Thousand Islands were said to be empty besides their green skinned inhabitants but on this day the crews of the three Sarnori ships discovered that the islands held other dangers as well.

A morning mist hung over their heads and in their midst as the trio of two galleys and a cog made their way through the collection of islands.

Daemon and Talisa were located on the middle galley, another galley sailed behind them, while the cog was farther in the front.

“Nǐ rènwéi tāmen shì shí rénzú?” asked Xian in YiTish. Xian was an envoy of Pol Qo who accompanied the sellsails. She was quite short, no taller than five foot two, but was deadly with her blade. She called it a wǔshì dāo, which translated to katana in the common tongue. Her hair was jet black and was braided down the center of her back. Daemon looked at her questioningly before turning to Talisa.

“How would he learn YiTish being a pit fighter all the way in Tolos?” Daemon wondered to her.
“Fuck if I know.” She shrugged.

Daemon sighed and shook his head. “This is boring as hell.” He muttered. “How are we supposed to find this damn rock anyway?” He asked Xian.

The woman looked at him questioningly before turning to Saartjie for a translation. Once his question was relayed Xian looked out across the islands and thought for a moment.

“(Any rock formation that includes several figures of stone we are tasked to search and clean out. If nothing is found, we move on, looking for another formation.)” Saartjie translated for Daemon and Talisa.

“But that’s not a-” Daemon was interrupted by a loud whistle sounding from the cog sailing in front of them.

The group turned to the front to see what the commotion was. Their confusion soon turned into a growing fear.

Emerging from the thick fog came a monstrous longship. A Kraken on the sail with a single ominous red eye. The longship has several side sails, making it a hulking monstrosity that could fly through the water. A green skinned islander was tied to the bow of the ship, her eyes gouged out and her lips cut off.

The only man they could spot on the incoming ship was a man with long hair and an eyepatch. A wicked bloody smile playing across his face.

Behind them a suicide raider came slicing through the water and rammed the rear galley in the center of its back. Raiders started boarding the galley behind them, the sounds of fighting began.

“Shit” he swore. He turned to Talisa. “Stay with Paiwai.” he told her. He turned to the big man in question. “You need to protect her, she’s the one of the only healers on the boat, we’d be fucked if she dies.” he explained.

Paiwai nodded. “I will do.” he said.

Daemon smiled. “Thanks big man.” he said, patting the man’s chest as he pulled out his obsidian club and sidled over to Talisa.

Daemon pulled his machete out of his belt. Beside him Saartjie crouched and readied her spear while Xian got into a low stance and kept her hand on the hilt of her katana, ready to draw at a moments notice.

The Kraken’s ship crashed into the cog, breaking the smaller boat nearly in half before pushing it into Daemon’s galley, crushing the small boat in between the larger war galley and the raider longship. Splinters were flying everywhere causing the crew to dive to the deck before they were killed by the dangerous shards of wood. A few were unsuccessful, causing them to fall onto the deck, blood seeping into the wood of the deck.

“Up! Up! Up!” yelled the captain. “Let’s kill these fuckers.” he encouraged his crew. Weapons were drawn as the oars of the longship retracted into its belly. Rope hooks were thrown upon the rails of the deck, wooden planks were connected between the ships, the Ironborn were upon them.

The raiders and crew fought in a vicious melee that consumed the front of the ship. Daemon, Saartjie, Paiwai, Xian, and Talisa were stood 20 or so feet away front the true melee while a few raiders got through the melee but were easily cut down by Daemon’s machete and Xian’s katana.
Two gangplanks were connected with the rail next to them by a smaller longship that had hidden behind the Kraken’s longship. A raider was about to jump on board but he was impaled by one of Saartjie’s spears and flew off into the water. Paiwai stepped to the rail and grabbed one of the planks and pulled it from the small longship, causing six or seven raiders to fall into the blue waters below. Paiwai growled lowly in pain as he released the gangplank into the sea, he had several bolts stuck into his chest. He staggered back and fell to a knee allowing Talisa to rush over to him and treat his wounds.

“Shit, there goes our big man.” grunted Saartjie as she impaled a downed raider in the head with her spear. Xian just hummed her agreement as she sliced off a man’s legs, causing him to tumble legless into the sea.

“We seem to be surviving ok.” Daemon said. He ducked an ax swing before he swung upward and cut the man’s arm off. He glanced behind him. “Seems like our galley in the back took care of itself.” He parried a sword blow and cut open the man’s throat, spitting the blood out of his mouth. “We’re getting help boys.” he called to the men around him as the galley behind theirs moved up to support them.

Talisa patted Paiwai’s chest as she tied off the last bandage. “You should be good Pai, especially with those big bones of yours.” they both chuckled.

“I thanks.” Pai grunted back before standing up, his seven foot frame dwarfing Talisa. He gripped his club and prepared to fight off the oncoming raiders.

After Daemon cut down another raider he looked towards the front. The fight was close but it was clear that the raiders were losing. He looked up a little to see the Kraken’s captain sitting on the bow of the longship. That one eyed man still smiled down at his men as they fought and died for him. Seemingly reveling in the simple fact that blood has been spilled on his orders.

Daemon couldn't glance at the man for long before another raider was upon him.

The skirmish didn't rage for long but the blood was sufficiently spilled and the captain of the Kraken seemed to be satisfied that the blood of his men and his enemies had started to stain the wood and leak into the lower decks. He had made his mark on the deck of the ship in red.

“Come on back.” the one eyed man called as casual as a man ordering a dog back to his side. The Ironborn pushed their way back to their remaining longship as the second punctured galley pulled up beside the first. The Ironborn were outnumbered and losing quickly, they pulled away quickly disappearing as quickly as they came into the mist, leaving the battle-stunned galleys floating in the water.

Daemon leaned against the mast and observed those around him. The crew was bloody and injured. Paiwai’s chest was completely bandaged because of the bolts he took. Xian had a few hairs out of place as well as a cut on her cheek. Saartjie had lost one of her braids with a nasty cut that ran across her skull and down to her chin, Talisa was bandaging it now. Speaking of Talisa she was relatively unharmed but was covered in blood. Even before the Ironborn were off their ship she was rushing around treating anyone she could.

Daemon blocked out the moans of the injured, Talisa’s fussing, and Saartjie complaining about her hair.

He looked down on his slumped form only now noticing the knife that was stuck below his left set of ribs.
“Shit” was the last thing he said before he passed out.

(Daemon story/flashback: END)

Daemon pulled his shirt down. “And that’s how I got that scar.”

Tyrion hummed. “I wonder what Ironborn were doing on the opposite side of the world?” he wondered out loud.

Varys just shrugged indifferent while Daemon piped up. “Euron Greyjoy is a beast I hope is taken care of before I ever see him again.”

They sat in silence for several moments before the driver announced that they were crossing the bridge of Volantis. Tyrion could tell they were in the city with all the voices and bustling being heard outside of their pulled carriage.

“I need to get out of this box.” he said suddenly.

Daemon POV

After Tyrion’s sudden declaration and a short argument between Varys and Tyrion, Tyrion got himself out of the box, Daemon gladly followed his example. Being stuck in that damn thing was driving him nuts, he couldn't imagine how crossing the Narrow Sea was for Tyrion, another small-ish box and another long journey.

Soon enough they were off the Bridge of Volantis and into the city proper. There they were able to see all of Volantis in its splendor. Even though walking on foot was seen as unbefitting of a noble it was a special experience to walk around the city from a commoner’s perspective.

They saw the many headless statues that frequented many of Volantis’ squares or centers. They saw the multitude of palanquins and hathays passing by them. They saw the elephant transportation that walked through the street like any other horse.

They passed many nobles sitting atop the shoulders of their slaves. Those who wore collars or tattoo to signify their status. They passed normal commoners and workers who broke their backs everyday to feed their families. The city was an amazing experience even if the Volantene nobles or those of the Old Blood were strange people. Subtle in their words and actions always made talking with a Volantene a puzzle in its own right.

But the rumors they heard as they walked the markets of Volantis were less appealing than the sights.

Meereen was under siege.

The Dragon Queen has gone mad.

The Dragon Queen had more dragons.

The Dragon Queen left Meereen.

And a myriad of other rumors that could have been fact or fiction. Daemon didn't know but the general consensus of a single rumor was that Meereen was under siege.
He subtly turned to Varys. “You hearin’ that?” he asked.

Varys nodded. “That does not bode well but the plan should stay the same with a few minor changes.”

“And those are?” Tyrion asked.

“We will go to Mantarys as planned but instead of sending the Devil’s Company to Dragonstone, the Prince will take them with us to Meereen.” Varys said.

“And lift the siege.” Daemon stated.

“Exactly” Varys nodded. “I assume they are still patrolling the Demon Road?” he asked him.

“Of course.” Daemon told him. “Unless Egg told them otherwise they should still be patrolling the area. I did send a message to him about the company staying in Mantarys and preparing to depart but even then there should still be patrols.”

Varys nodded. “That will make our journey all the more easier.”

“So you plan to break the siege?” Tyrion asked as he stepped closer to Daemon to avoid an elephant’s foot.

“Well our Prince will be the one to break the siege. Neither you nor I have any experience in leading troops but our Prince and his second in command do.” said Varys.

Daemon nodded solemnly. He didn’t like leading troops or commanding armies. He’d done it before but he never found any enjoyment in it. Oh he was good at it, better than most, but he was a fighter not a commander.

He and Aegon made a strong commanding duo, especially Aegon, for he was raised to be a leader. Daemon will lead his Devil’s into battle and the dragon banners will fly over a field of blood and death once again.

AN: The Thousand Islands is a really cool place with a few interesting theories. I wish GRRM expanded a lot more on the far east, too bad he’s stuck still writing Winds of Winter. Ah well, that’s why we have fanfiction.

Euron is a very hard character to write even if it was only for a few moments. I hope my trying to make Euron be Euron worked out somewhat. If not, oh well, I’ll do better next time.
Sansa POV

The familiar cold of the North nipped at her nose as her horse cantered towards the war camp that flew the bastardized sigil of House Stark, the white wolf’s army they were called.

Her own Vale army was stationed just two miles north of White Harbor, seat of House Manderly. It had been several fortnights after her troops landed in White Harbor. She followed a week after her 15,000 men arrived at the Manderley harbor.

Her campaign to drive out the rebel Northern lords had barely started and they were already engaging in small skirmishes with the Bolton forces. Both sides never lost more than a dozen or so men each time. Her forces were slowly cutting down the number of Northern rebels, but at the cost of her own men.

Sansa, even though she was of the North, was unable to help in strategizing. She had mostly learned how to be a lady and very little about the politics of the North. She had barely been outside of Winterfell at an age she can remember, she wasn't taught war strategy like her brothers and the only training she had was a few short months with Lord Royce cooped up in her solar. She wanted to conduct her men in battle but she knew she would need many more years to be able to lead her men like that, for now she will leave Lord Royce in charge of winning the battles.

She had ordered her army to start splitting up and taking the rebel holds of the North. Places like Karhold and Last Hearth and other smaller holds scattered around the vast North. Her army split into three groups. Her host consisted of knights, infantry, and archers totaling to 6,000 men heading to Winterfell. A second group of 5,000 knights, infantry, and archers will go and take the Dreadfort. After the Dreadfort is taken this group will split into two separate hosts of 3,000 infantry and archers heading to Karhold and 2,000 knights, archers, and infantry going to Last Hearth. Leaving 4,000 men near White Harbor protecting her lane to land more men in the North.

For her taking the North meant she was always racing against time, against winter. Her father had always said “winter is coming”. The signs were clear for her, the air was chilly, game was becoming scarce, farms were almost fully harvested, overhead she could see the migration of birds going south. She had to take the entire North before winter, if not, she and her southern army will freeze to death in the cold.

If her messengers were to be believed Jon and his host were off collecting some of the Northern
lords west of Moat Cailin, so she wasn’t alone in her retaking in the North. Sandor Clegane and a few hundred men were harassing the Ironborn in Moat Cailin, keeping the islanders cooped up in the ruined castle and not allowing them to attack her army from behind.

She and Jon had exchanged letters, planning to meet before they attack Winterfell, she was on her way to meet her brother now.

The inverse House Stark sigil flew over Jon’s camp. It was a white wolf, quite fitting in her opinion, especially when she saw her brother’s dire wolf Ghost trotting around the surrounding forest.

Her group hailed the guards standing above the palisade which opened the makeshift gate that led her into the camp. A Mormont man took the reigns of her horse as she dismounted. She had spotted Jon even before she got off her horse.

He looked different than she remembered. His hair was longer, still curly, but was fashioned into a tight bun behind his head. She saw the scars on his face, on crossing over his eye, the other tracing the edge of his eye and down his cheekbone. He wore a cloak that made him look larger than he actually was, making him look much like Father. A rare smile crossed his lips as she approached, almost running. Once she wrapped her arms around him she felt warmer than she ever felt before. She had finally reached her brother after so many years of distance from her family. She almost cried.

Their embrace broke and she looked at his face again, surprised to see him smiling so openly. His face look tight and strained meaning he probably hasn't smiled for quite a long time. The thought saddened Sansa.

“It's been a while hasn’t it.” Jon said gruffly, a slight smile still crossing his lips.

She nodded, smiling, still not able to speak.

“Come on.” He said motioning behind him. “Let’s head back to my tent and keep you warm.”

He turned his back and strode back to his tent, Sanda following close behind. She took the time to notice the two other men who were beside Jon. One was a large man with red hair similar to hers dressed in furs. The second was a smaller man who was balding and much older than most of the men she had seen around the camp. Speaking of, many men of the North who watched the small procession walk by greeted her or waived, acknowledging her presence as a Stark and the Lady of the Vale.

They entered the tent at the center of the camp. There was a brazier going in the middle of the tent and a woman wearing a revealing blood red dress that matched the color of her hair. Otherwise there was a table with several chairs, a bed, and a washing basin. It was quite bare but Sansa thought it was very Jon.

“Here we are.” Said the older man, a strong accent coloring his voice. He must have seen her confusion and promptly introduced himself. “Davos Seaworth, of Flea Bottom.” He said referring to his accent.

Sansa shook his hand and turned to the second man.

“Tormund Giantsbane” the red haired man greeted. Sansa nodded to him and finally turned to the women who was still staring into the flames.

“This is Lady Melisandre, a Red Priestess of R'hllor.” Jon introduced. The woman looked up to the
The Priestess nodded towards her. “Greetings Lady Sansa.”

Sansa inclined her head towards Melisandre and turned back to Jon. “May we have the room?” she asked Jon. He nodded, inclining his head towards all those that were not them. Tormund left without hesitation, Davos and, with a nod from Sansa, Lord Royce not far behind. Melisandre lingered for a few seconds before a look from Jon sent her out of the tent.

It was silent for a few moments before Jon broke it. “You’ve grown.” he said simply.

Sansa chuckled. “That what happens when time passes Jon.”

He smiled. “Yeah, yeah.” he laughed. “Lady of the Vale, how’d you manage that?”

“I had a lot of help getting there.” she said smiling, thinking of Daemon. “It took some time but I knew I wanted to help you.”

“Why not Robb?” he asked, his brows scrunched.

“Because Robb is not home, he is in Riverrun with an army of his own. He could have found a way to come North but he decided to stick in the Riverlands with his wife, Arya, and Mother.” she said irritability. “But you were making an effort to take back our home even though you didn't have any true obligation to do so. Robb is no longer King in the North when he spends all of his time south.”

“I’m sure Robb has his reasons.” Jon said placatingly. “He has many enemies now. He’s nearly surrounded by them. He is still our king.”

Sansa rubbed her forehead, willing the incoming headache away. “Jon, he is no longer King in the North, no one is. Now the North is just in chaos, it’s the same in the Riverlands. You know that all of the Northern lords would have told him to come back to the North and reclaim our homeland, not sit in the Riverlands and continue fighting the war.”

“Well we can't change what he has done or is doing.” Jon told her. “We focus with what we have now and we prepare for the things to come.” she could tell he was holding something back but she didn't pry. “Your men from the Vale allow us a much easier path than before, all we have to do is execute and Winterfell as well as the rest of the North with be ours.”

Sansa nodded, finding no reason to oppose Jon’s reasoning. She strode over to the table in the center of the tent, looking over the various pieces on the map, before looking back up at Jon. “Shall we begin?”

Daemon POV

“Last time I was here I almost got my throat cut open.” he said casually while looking around the ruined city, very similar looking to the ruins of Harrenhal, only more sinister.

Mantarys was a city of monsters, assassins, lies, and death. The city was dark, with rainless clouds lingering over head. It’s spires melted like a candle and its ground an ashy black. It’s houses seemed to be stacked upon one and other without any real semblance of order. Further into the city where the rich ones lived the ones were more akin to the ones found Volantis or King’s Landing,
but still looking grey and dull and dark. The sun seldom shined in Mantarys and it showed.

After the Doom of Valyria the city was said to have fallen into chaos, it’s people changed by the Doom. Some acted like rabid animals and others acted as if they were the noblest of the noble. But everyone here had a secret. They could be cannibals or murderers or both. Teeth as sharp as a dagger, slitted eyes like a reptile, an extra tooth, long ears, other abnormal body parts, extra body parts. Many things were different in the city of Mantarys but their brains were either as smart or as stupid as they would normally be.

“Is that where you got that scar?” Tyrion asked while motioning to Daemon’s neck.

He nodded. “Yup, this city is full of assassins.”

“And you thought it would be a good idea to bring the most famous dwarf in the world with a high price on his head to a city full of assassins!” Tyrion whispered animatedly.

“Oh don’t worry.” he said smiling. “Your a dwarf, you’ll fit right in around here. Besides, I don’t think Cersei would go that far as to hire an assassin from Mantarys.”

Tyrion just shook his head. “You don’t know my sister. If she had the gold she would hire the Golden Company just to bring back my head.”

“That seems very excessive.” he commented, his eyes still scanning the busy streets in front of him.

“Well that is Cersei.” Tyrion retorted. Daemon could see Varys nodded slightly out of the corner of his eye.

He shrugged. “Suit yourself then. We’re almost there anyway.” he said pointing to a small alleyway beside an inn that lead off the main street.

The inn he created as a front for the company was called Vali Hen Nopāzma which translated from High Valyrian meant Men of Hell in the common tongue, meaning a place where you can join the Devil’s Company. He couldn’t even remember why he moved the company to Mantarys. The only reason he can think of now is that it is the closest settlement to the Ruins of Valyria. He had lead three expeditions into the ruins and he was lucky to come out alive each time.

Mantarys was close enough and established enough to be able to station his company there. It was also a plus that Mantarys fighters could be particularly brutal. A good portion of his company were made of Mantarys natives. Speaking of, the last time he left his company they totaled to around 7,000 men, now he’s hoping Aegon is was able to grow the company more. If he was to break the siege of Meereen he would need at least 10,000 men, probably more, to be able to fight the Wise Masters of the slaving cities.

They entered the alley next to the inn and walked to a little nook that was nestled between two wall. There was iron door there with a peep hole for anyone to look out of.

Daemon banged his the fist on the door. The eye slit slid open revealing two red eyes looking back.

“Rēbagon udir.” the woman stated her heavy accent flowing over the High Valyrian words.

“Nyke māstan naejot gūrogon źuha vali naejot vilībāzma, naejot tepagon naejot źuha dārion, naejot reap lī qilōni kessa daor obūljagon naejot nyke.” he recited.

He could see the woman nod before closing the slit and opening the door. Nycrea, one of his first lieutenants in the company, eyed him up before nodding to him. “Good to see you again.” she said
in greeting. Her red piercing eyes never leaving his. Her skin was a dark ashy grey her hair long and jet black reaching down below her shoulders in a simple braid.

“And you.” he said back.

She jerked her head down the dark tunnel. “He’s waiting for you, I sent Loraz to tell him you and your guests have arrived.” she said. They started walking down the dark tunnel that lead into Mantarys’ sewer system. Their entire base was located under the city and could hold up to 3,000 people, the rest of their company living in the city above.

“How is that man still alive.” he said, referencing the crazy, one-eyed, long bearded Loraz. The man must have been over sixty summers old, his hairs starting to grey, his skin starting to wrinkle.

“He’s still one of our best fighters and lieutenants. But I’m just as surprised as you are. That man fights like he is casually browsing the market, no urgency.” she told him. “He must be good.” she joked.

He laughed along with her. They passed open doors that lead to rooms with sleeping men, some were playing drinking games, others reading scrolls. The best men were rewarded with rooms under the city allowing them to indulge in whatever they wished.

“Looks like we’re doing well here.” he commented.

Nycrea nodded. “We have, since you left, we’ve been on several high profile contracts. A few in the Disputed Lands, some fighting Dothraki, even one smaller one for a Yi Tish prince. We’ve become quite popular with over 12,000 soldiers. Second only to the Golden Company.”

“I’m glad Egg has found his calling here.” he said to her, eyeing the door at the end of the hallway with two guards on either side.

“Since you left he put those kingly skills to work and really led us well. You made the right choice giving the company to him.” she told him.

“Good. That’s really good.” he said under his breath. Nycrea must have heard him as she smirked.

The group stopped at the door at the end of the hall. “Here we are.” she said as she knocked.

“Enter” they heard from the muffled voice from behind the door.

One of the guards moved to swing the door open revealing a cozy office. The fire was crackling away, the shelves were full of book, and a desk sat in the middle of it all. At that desk sat a young, blue haired man. His eyes blue, almost purple, in the firelight. His cheekbones and eye shape similar to Daemon’s.

“Dae” Aegon said smiling as he walked around the desk to embrace him. They swayed for a moment before breaking, a big smile on each of their faces. Egg turned to Nycrea. “Head out and tell the lieutenants I’ll be briefing them in two hours.” he ordered.

Nycrea nodded her head and walked out, closing the door behind them.

“Come, sit.” Egg said motioning to the three chairs before his desk.

He, Varys, and Tyrion all sat and waited till Egg had settled in his chair.

Daemon looked at Varys and Tyrion before looking back at Aegon. “Let’s start then?”
AN: I’m really sorry I didn't get this chapter out sooner. I’ve been bogged down in tests and a bunch of other stuff. It’s hard to write this story when you have to work on other shit. I’ll try to get chapters out consistently but I can't guarantee anything. Again, sorry about this.

Also using a handy dandy High Valyrian translator I found I was able and continue to be able to do some cool stuff with the language.

If any of you are familiar with the Elder Scrolls series you should know a little of what Nycrea should look like.
AN: Again sorry for the late chapter, life is moving quickly and shit is taking up time. Also being super sick doesn't help either.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Blood, gore, and language

Enjoy!

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Battle of Meereen

 Daemon POV

 He and Egg looked over the field that will soon be filled with corpses. They were located on a hill just north of the Meereen. Before them lay a shallow incline that led to an open field where the green was scarce. To their right was the rocky shoreline of the Bay of Dragons and to their left was a rock formation the covered their flanks and hid from their view the farmlands that stretched away from the city.

 In front of them they could see the armies of the Slavers. Their armies were split into groups of 17,000 to siege three sides of the city. Another group was out in the bay blocking the ports. Once they commenced their own battle they would soon be set upon by another 17,000 after they defeated the first group. It was going to be tough but they had the height and terrain advantage, hopefully that would be enough with their own 12,000 troops.

 Daemon wore old Targaryen a set of Greenwich armour that was colored black and red. The armor set was created by Henry Almain in a small village called Greenwich located in the Westerlands and was custom made for Daemon himself after he paid a small fortune for two sets, one for himself and the other for Aegon, who’s set was colored white and black. Both sets engraved and gilded with golden dragons. Both his Valyrian steel dagger and his Bloodsteel sword were sheathed on his left hip.

 Now he and Aegon were making some last minute strategic plans.

 “We counter their pikes with ours.” Daemon stated.

 Beside him Aegon nodded. “Agreed. Ours our simply better.”

 “Should we fire a few ballista shots into the pikes?” he asked.

 Aegon seemed to think on it for a moment. “No, we use our ballista on the short spears, with their shields, you’ll need help tackling them. We don't know where they plan to use them, I suspect on
the flanks.” Aegon said while pointing inland to the left.

“That will be a problem.” Daemon said. Aegon nodded beside him.

“We draw out their pikes with our cavalry. Once we pull back our cav they’ll chase with their own. That’s when we use our pikes and chase them away. Once again we’ll charge with our cavalry and draw out their pikes. Once they are close enough they’ll be forced to go against our pikes, giving us the advantage.” Aegon said, strategies running through both of their heads. “But their archers will be a problem.”

Daemon nodded at Aegon’s musings. “True. I say we use our cavalry to charge the flanks of their pikes.”

“They will counter with their own cav and their crossbows will do enough damage as is.” Aegon said easily.

“I know, that’s why we let our cav take the shots as well as the charge from both their crossbows and cavalry. Then under the cover of the melee Nycrea takes a smaller contingent of our lances, hugs the coastline around the melee, and attacks their archers while they stand unprotected.” he suggested while pointing to said location.

Aegon nodded in agreement. “A plan will require sacrifices.”

“It will.” he agreed. “But also this will draw their short spearmen away from the flanks of our pikes and towards the archers, leaving it open for me to take my infantry around the pikes and into the backs of the spears. Thus leaving our ballista to save ammunition and surrounding our enemy.”

Aegon looked at him and smirked. “Damn good plant that is Dae.”

He laughed. “Thanks Egg

Aegon became serious again. “I think we leave our archers behind and watching our left flank. Who knows how quickly they will respond.” he looked around towards the rock formations to their left. “We set a few of our archers there.” he said while pointing to the rocks. “They can act as scouts and sharpshooters. They will have a high enough vantage point to see approaching enemies as well as being able to shoot down into the current battle.”

Daemon nodded. “Once we have initiated the cavalry charge against the pikes we can bring up the ballista to look over the field.” he said.

They were both brought out of their planning as they saw several riders approaching bearing a white cloth. Once they were close enough Daemon was able to recognize two of the captains. One was Brown Ben Plumm, the primary leader of the second sons. The second was Bloodbeard leader of the Company of the Cat. The last he recognized was the Tattered Prince who commanded the Windblown. Along with them was a Wise Master whom he didn't recognize.

He and Aegon sat tall on their horses prepared to deny anything they were offered.

The Wise Master spoke first. “The Wise Masters would like to encourage you to drop this fruitless venture. Attempting to break the siege of Meereen would only result in your death. The Masters are willing to-”

“Shut up.” Aegon said smirking. “We won’t be accepting any of your worthless deals.”

“Shut yer mouth boy.” said Bloodbeard, his face serious. “You’ll be dead in your armor soon
enough, your life is worth a lot, I suggest you think about keeping it.”

Daemon scoffed. “Whatever your deal is we’re denying it. We don’t want it. Our stance is quite clear.”

“Are you sure you’ve thought everything through? There are many opportunities to be had in a battle.” Said Ben Plumm, his accent coloring his words, a smirk clear on his face. Daemon spotted the glance the Tattered Prince threw Plumm’s way.

“Quite sure.” said Daemon dryly. “Have you?” he asked.

“If course I have.” said Plumm, laughing a little. “I wouldn't be where I am if I didn't think everything through.”

Daemon laughed at that. He and Plumm had a secret correspondence in that couple of weeks traveling to Meereen. Plumm always claimed that he had a drop of Targaryen blood and was always planning to support Daenerys in the end. Daemon was just giving him another way to help. That Tattered Prince was also supposedly in on the plan but that remained to be seen as Ben Plumm had only promised him their loyalty. There was always the chance that Plumm could be lying but their shared past history led Daemon to trust the man.

“Very well.” spoke the Wise Master. “The death of you and your men will be inevitable.” the man mounted his horse and rode away, the sellsword captains following behind.

He and Aegon relaxed in their saddles once again. The sun was only just starting to set. A beautiful time for a battle.

Aegon turned on his horse and waved his hand behind them. A horn was blown and the armies started to march. Dust filled the air as the company advanced past their position on the hill.

“Lozar” Aegon called. The grizzled man rode up to the pair in the middle of the sea of men. “Get some archers on those rocks.” Aegon said pointing. “And once we initiate the attack tell the ballista to set up on the hill where we are now.” he ordered. The one-eyed man nodded and rode off through the men again.

Aegon called over Nycrea and relayed their plan to her. The red-eyed woman nodded and set out to give orders to the remaining lieutenants.

He and Aegon glued their violet eyes to the battlefield, preparing themselves for the worst.

The plan started without a hitch. Both cavalries mock charged at each other while simultaneously allowing the pikes to get closer and closer to each other until they finally met, locked in a deadly stalemate in the middle of the field. Passing them quickly was the cavalry but the enemy was ready.

The crossbows fired into their charging cavalry with devastating effects. Not a second later the Slaver’s lances crashed into our own, filling the air with screams. He gave the signal to Aegon, who in turn hailed Nycrea. She sounded the horn as the second wave of their cave passed around the brutal melee and charged for the exposed crossbowmen.

“Now for the spears.” muttered Daemon.

Except the spears didn't change course and stop advancing towards their pikes.

“Shit” he muttered. He turned to the ballista commander. “Fire two volleys into that shield wall
there.” he said while pointing to the target. The man nodded and rushed off to each ballista, relaying the orders.

“Be careful coz.” Aegon said calmly.

All he did was nod.

He turned his to look away from the battlefield and to the several thousand infantry he had waiting behind the hill. “You all ready!” he exclaimed from the top of his horse. He smiled at the loud and raucous answer he received. As he dismounted his horse the first volley of ballista shots flew out and made contact with the approaching shield wall. The attack was devastating, breaking the defensive wall of shields, as well as killing the men behind them.

He closed the visor to his helmet and waited another second before giving the order. “Charge!” he yelled, more tells joining his as he raced forward unsheathing his sword.

The ballistas barely fired it’s second set of large bolts at the shields before Daemon and his men rushed passed them, down the hill, towards the broken wall of shields. The sounds of yelling men and thundering footsteps following behind him. His legs moved faster than he thought they could, the momentum carry him down the hill, toward the enemy.

He was a few feet away from the bronze and wicker shield before he launched himself shoulder first into its center. He and his enemy went flying into the ranks before Daemon scrambled up as to no be crushed by his charging men behind him. He was knocked in the back and thrown into a spear which slid off his armour. He slashed his sword wildly and nicked the man’s belly, causing him to fall back and hold the wound. Daemon stepped forward and shoved his sword into the man’s head killing him.

It was absolute chaos surrounding him. The shield wall was completely broken, the spearmen were hastily dropping their spears and pulling out their swords while Daemon’s infantry crashed into them. Blood was already watering the dry ground as the two armies battled. Daemon focused his attention back on the enemies in front of him. He parried a spear and kicked in the man’s knee, breaking it, leaving him screaming on the ground.

The fighting was cramped and brutal. Honor didn't exist in battles, only winning.

The spearman's armor was light and light and think. Daemon’s sword had no problem cutting through the men in front of him. Another sword glanced off his armor before he killed the man it belonged to.

“Push them back!” He bellowed, pushing a man off his arm and cut into his body.

He threw his forearm into a man’s throat, crushing it, before grabbing the man by the hem of his armor and head butting his face into a bloody mess.

He spotted a shock of read in the midst of tan. Bloodbeard was fighting his way through the melee towards him, laughing away at the slaughter before him. His large frame was pushing lesser men aside, his axe cutting a bloody path towards Daemon. When the man spotted Daemon his grin turning into a bloody smile.

The large man dashed over corpses and brought his axe down, Daemon was just able to step out of the way before his head was caved in. He brought his sword up to block the blunt side of the axe before breaking away.

He ducked a sweeping swing and brought his elbow up into the mas jaw. He pushed the red haired
man off and put up his guard once again. Bloodbeard was spitting out broken. He was definitely angry now, he let out a roar with his axe held high over his head. Daemon had to finish this, he could feel his breath becoming labored.

Daemon got into a low stance and put his sword in the Sixte parry position, overhead with the blade over the body diagonally, point slightly facing the opponent. As the axe came down he swept his blade to the right catching the axe and then brought it down below his waist and then finally across his body, letting the axe fly into the air and across the battlefield.

Thus allowing him to get in a quick riposte into Bloodbeard’s chest. The dead man fell back heavily, squashing the other corpses he was added too. A second later he fell into a coughing fit, he could feel the blood escaping his mouth, his breath became worse. If the battle continued for long his old injury would come back to haunt him mortally.

He rose from his knees and looked ahead, his men were still fighting, but it was clear the battle was falling into their favor. With the death of Bloodbeard and the lost support of archers clearly wore on the enemies moral. Their couldn't get any worse as Daemon’s men surrounded them. Their only hope would be a supporting army come help them.

Just then an armor rattling roar was heard from behind.

Flying over the rocks was a great black dragon and the Queen of Meereen.

Daenerys POV

From Drogon’s back she could see Meereen in the distance. Smoke covering it’s golden pyramids and billowing out of it’s walls. Her city was burning in her absence. The surrounding near-barren landscape was filled with troops and siege equipment. The camps were set up but were empty. All of the troops were in the field, either fighting or preparing for battle.

Below the walls of Meereen a battle raged. Dragon banners were flying from the battalions closest to her. It seemed that her friends were winning the battle but they were still vastly outnumbered, numerous Slaver controlled battalions were advancing on the dragon banners positioned on one of the hills near Meereen. The only indication that she had that the dragon banners were on her side was that they seemed to be cutting through the Slaver’s men.

She could see the rows of pikes fighting each other for ground in the center. Near the coastline she could see a large cavalry melee, the Slaver’s archers being caught behind the main force. A shieldwall of short spearmen that were approaching the friendly pikes flanks were intercepted, penetrated, and were heavily combated by more friendly ground forces, even some Slaver forces from behind who were attacking their allies. All being lead by a man in red and black armour.

Not too far behind her were her new and untested Dothraki army. Thousands of fighter under her call who were all just itching for a fight. She was lucky enough to give it to them just after she became their Khaleesi.

She willed Drogon to swoop low over the advancing and uncontested Slaver battalions that numbered in the thousands.

“Dracarys”
Her call was heard as Drogon let loose a column of flame that engulfed hundreds on his first pass. She could scarcely hear the screams her enemies burning below her as the winds from her dragon’s wings swept their ashes away.

She willed Drogon to sweep around for another pass which allowed her to catch quite the sight in the Bay of Dragons. Out in the bay she spotted hundreds of sails displaying the Kraken of the Iron Islands, their longships cutting through the Slave Masters’ ships with ease. It looked like she had gained an ally but what would they want in return. Land, gold, her hand. She’ll soon find out.

She and Drogon turned to face the Slaver’s army again. Her Dothraki were absolutely decimating the unprepared enemy forces. Drogon let out another jet of flame into the helpless sea of soldiers. The smell of burning flesh scenting the air of battle. Drogon quick turned out made a pass at the siege equipment sitting snugly in the camps. He set everything alight and made sure to leave nothing but ashes behind.

She looked across the battlefield and saw her enemies fleeing. The men under the dragon banners were cheering and hollering her way while her Dothraki rode down her enemies who are attempting to run. Small fires raged across the landscape that was already covered in bodies. In a matter of minutes the once great Slaver’s army that numbered over 50,000 strong was reduced to a paltry number.

After Drogon’s final pass he landed on the charred walls of Meereen and let out a ferocious roar at her fleeing enemies. What they left was a burning wasteland of thousands of their dead comrades and a dragon banner flying over their corpses.

The battle was won when Drogon entered the playing field.

Several hours later she sat where she belonged. Atop the Great Pyramid, an armada of ships waiting for her out in the bay. She had just closed the deal with the Greyjoy siblings.

She had one last group of visitors before she could turn in. She had a strong suspicion on who was her last visitor.

In walked in her brother. He looked mostly the same as he always had. His black clothing, his weapons strapped all over his body, the scars she could see, his hair on the other hand was much shorter than she remembered. She could tell he had fought in the battle outside of Meereen. His hair was damp and his skin mostly clean, she could spot some smudges of soot on his cheek but she didn’t mind.

He smiled up at her and she smiled down at him. She would have ran down the steps to crush him in a hug but she noticed her brother’s companions.

The other man, maybe not man, was younger and shorter than Daemon but he shared some characteristics with both herself and her brothers. His hair was a deep blue and set in curls that resembled how Daemon’s hair looked when he was in Pentos all those years ago.

Next was a bald man who was more plump than fat and looked at her with acute interest. She remembered Dae describing one of his teachers in King’s Landing, this was definitely that man. Varys, the Master of Whispers, and the man who advised several dead kings in his time.

The last was a small man, a dwarf, who had shaggy hair and a scar running diagonally across his face. His hair was a dirty blonde but also had the Westerosi look about him.

Of course she didn’t forget who was standing beside her. Missandei and Grey Worm both looked
down to their guests curiously, recognition sightly shining in Missandei’s eyes. Slightly below them was Ser Jorah and Daario looking on as well, Jorah also with recognition in his eyes, while Daario most likely saw a challenge.

All except Daemon kneeled before her. He just stood there smiling up at her, pride evident in his eyes.

“My Queen” he started, making her smile even more. “May I present to you Egg, the leader of the Devil’s Company, who just lead the battle against the Slavers” her brother said while pointing to the blue haired youth. “Also my old teacher who you may remember, Lord Varys” he said while pointing to said man. “And finally, Tyrion Lannister, for what he lacks in size he makes up in brains. A very valuable asset to your future campaign in Westeros” he said while pointing to the dwarf.

Egg she knew she could trust. Dae wouldn't have put a nobody in charge of his own sellsword company. Varys she could also trust, but will keep an eye on. The Lannister would be something she would need to discuss with Daemon. Of course she would take into consideration that Daemon himself willing brought this man into her court but she would need to see if she could trust him herself.

“I’m happy to see you’ve made it through the battle and safely back to me, dear brother.” she said jokingly. “You’ve always had a knack for escaping my sight.”

Dae laughed. “But of course, no one could keep me away from you.” he said while giving her a mocking bow, a hand over his heart.

“Shall we bring this meeting into my solar?” she asked, wanting privacy with her brother.

Daemon nodded. “I think we should. We have many years to catch up on.”

AN: So, not used to larger battle sequences, I’ll try to improve on them. Next chapter I’ll be taking a break from Essos and looking to the goings on in Westeros. Also be a timeskip. Not much to re-hash back in Essos, next time we see Daemon he’ll be on the boat to Dragonstone.

Greenwich armour is an actual armour set. If you look it up you can see I changed a few of the words around to make this armor fit the story a bit.

For most of the Slaver infantry I looked at a lot of pictures of ancient persian armor styles.
A Journey Into Darkness

AN: Wow, another chapter, who woulda thought.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Death, violence, gore, etc.

Enjoy!

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A Journey Into Darkness

Sansa POV

There was a new King in the North. Sansa didn't pretend to be shocked. She had to admit, Jon was a good leader even though he made some decisions she didn't agree with. The Northern Lords had accepted him as their leader and soon their king after the battle outside Winterfell’s walls. She tried not to cry as they brought in Rickon’s body. Jon faced stayed stoney as he told his men to bury their brother down in the crypt.

His ability to strategize the battle utilizing her Vale men and his own North men impressed many. The fact that he fought in the battle with his men gained the respect of their army. He was able to corral enough order in Winterfell to start making the North stable once again.

The next problem was winter.

Jon always hinted at something else coming during the winter but he said that he needed something from the Night’s Watch first, she wasn't sure what it was, but he said it would be something they could learn from before winter comes and that he’ll tell her soon enough. That was a little irksome but she understood.

She herself was busy receiving and sending messages to and from the Vale. She still had a kingdom to run and her campaign in the North delayed most of her letters detailing Vale business. There will still many minor lords that were wary of her rule. Most accepted her due to the backing of Lord Royce but they still needed proof that she would be able to lead them when they needed her most. So far their opinions of her have risen slightly due to her steadfastness in leading the troops through the North.

She planned to return to the Eyrie with most of her army after the North was fully secure. Moat Cailin was still an issue because it seperated the North from the Riverlands. If Robb were to return to the North he would need Moat Cailin to be secured before he could move his forces back. But Robb was still fighting a war she didn't know when that war would be over.

From what her spies and scouts reported the Riverlands were mostly occupied by Lannister men.
The Tyrells pulled back most of their forces due to a buildup of Dornish troops on their southern borders and the increased raids by Ironborn. Thus leaving the Lannisters to occupy the important parts of the Riverlands in places such as Harrenhal, Maidenpool, and Pinkmaiden. Leaving the rest of the Riverlands unoccupied and for the most part peaceful. It seemed that the Lannisters main goal was to snuff out Robb at Riverrun as they are gathering forces in Harrenhal not too long ago.

Sansa rubbed her head tiredly as she stared into the small light of the candle that sat on her desk. She missed her mother, Robb, Bran, and Rickon, Arya as well. She missed Daemon a lot too.

The last she heard of Daemon was the letter he sent just before he and his sister departed the city of Meereen.

Dear Sansa,

I am happy to inform you that I have entered Meereen and have reunited with my sister. We are preparing to depart and I can’t wait to see you again. I don’t know if I will be able to message you while at sea but I will certainly try. We will meet again soon.

Best Wishes,
Dae

It was a short letter, not a lot of details, not even Daemon’s full name. Of course there was the possibility that the letter could have been intercepted after being sent from halfway across the world.

She was happy to hear that he reunited with his sister and was even more happy when he told her that he wanted to see her again. She had missed her friend. It had been many long months since he left for Essos. She felt lonely, of course there was Jon, Ser Davos, Lord Royce, and some of the other lords. But she didn't feel the same connection she had with Daemon.

But she couldn't let her personal connection dull herself to the ramifications of the Dragon Queen returning to Westeros. She knew Daemon would do anything in his power to make sure war didn't breakout between his sister and the Vale or the North. The intentions of the Northern lords seemed to lean away from complete independence and more towards solid stability, something that has been lacking in the North for a couple of years now.

Soon the North would be a frozen wasteland where the food was scarce and the sun a rare sight. She feared that if the North wasn't united in time the winter will break them internally. The North has been through a lot these past years and now she wants to see her home see peace. She hoped a peaceful resolution could be found with the Dragon Queen, maybe even an alliance, both of them would want Cersei off the throne and put in a grave.

She rubbed her eyes as to keep them open. She was exhausted, another day of going through numbers, answering letters, and meetings with Jon, Davos, and Lord Royce.

“Time to go to bed.” she said to herself tiredly. She tucked Dae’s letter back into the desk and made sure to organize all of the remaining papers that sat on the desk.

She prepared herself to bed. Throwing on some night clothes, brushing her hair neatly, and washing her face.
She crawled into bed sluggishly, finding immense comfort in the softness of the bed and the pillows and the blanket, all coaxing her to fall into their warm embrace. The candle still allowed the shadows to dance along her walls. She mentally prepared herself for an early waking and another long day.

She blew out the candle plunging the room into darkness.

Arya POV

She would watch the guards fight, then should practice herself under the cover of night. Some of the guards saw her on their shifts but paid no mind thinking she was a boy. Day in and day out for months she never stopped. Only growing stronger and taller and better as each month rolled on. She was no lady to sit and watch as the men got themselves killed in war.

She watched as wounded men would come into the the hands of the healers and would sometimes leave missing limbs or eyes or their lives. She saw how the makeshift hospital was stained in blood. How they smell when they die and their corpses started to rot. After everything she’s seen those kinds of things didn't affect her as much as they used to before.

It had been nearly two years since Daemon rode out of those gates of Riverrun. Almost two years since she witnessed the horrors of war, since she killed her first man, since she lost any child like innocence she had left. She put up a facade to fool her mother as not to hurt her to the realities of how she really feels.

There would be long periods of time where she would barely see her mother. On particularly busy days she wouldn't see her at all. Her mother was doing her best to help Robb, manage many aspects of the castle, and trying to keep the Riverlands intact among all the chaos. She didn't falt her mother for working so hard to keep her home and her family safe, she actually admired it, but she would never become a good a lady as Lady Catelyn Stark.

There were times when she tried. Like when she looked after Little Ned, Robb’s son, while Talisa was working with the healers. Or when she was seldom allowed to accompany her mother and brother to meetings that brought together all of the lords of the alliance. But even then she couldn't make herself become something she never wanted to be.

So she trained to be something she always aspired to be. She always wanted to be a fighter, a warrior. But the reality of her situation caused her to change her aspirations. Fighters, warriors, and knights all had one thing in common. They were killers. She didn't have the tools or the body to become a fighter or a warrior or a knight. But she, like anyone, could be killer. She aspired to be a good one.

She became good at hiding her footsteps. Luckily for her cats were still lounging around the castle. She became good at climbing remembering how Bran used to do it all the time out of childish glee. She kept to the shadows and made sure to never be seen unless she wanted to. The only thing that she hadn’t been good at was killing. She had little experience with the act only committing it herself a few times. She knew she wasn't good but she wanted to get better.

Her mother, being from the Riverlands, always reluctantly entertained Arya with stories of The Devil when she was little. How if the bad men continued being bad, The Devil will visit them in the night and make them go away. How if she didn't go to bed that night The Devil might visit her
too. But now the realities were exposed, The Devil was only a man, someone who is as fallible as any other living man.

The reality was that The Devil was a killer, brutal and uncaring, a man who would do anything to kill his enemies. Daemon Targaryen wasn't The Devil anymore. He wasn't a cold hearted killer, he wasn't uncaring of people around him. He had friends and family and people he cared for as well as people who cared for him. The Devil died somewhere in Essos long ago.

She had to become something similar to The Devil if she didn't want to sit around be useless for the rest of the war. The battles against the Lannisters and Tyrells were tiring the Northern and Riverlords armies. Slowly dwindling down their men. Soon enough the Lannisters and Tyrells will bring their entire armies to besiege Riverrun and there will be nothing they could do but starve and hope for a miracle.

She started sneaking out of the castle, not actually going anywhere after, just in and out of the castle at night. Just to prove to herself that she can do it. Every night she would exit one part of the castle and enter at a completely different part of the castle, using anything to her advantage, training her mind to adjust to situations and scenarios she could be put in when she went out into the surrounding villages.

Finally when she did eventually travel out to the nearby villages she did so in a dead sprint. And when she would finally get there she would peak around a village for a mere second or two before sprinting back to Riverrun and snuck into the castle exhausted. She started doing this every other night. Sneaking out, running until exhaustion, observing a small village, running until exhaustion, then sneaking back into the castle an entirely different way then she snuck out in the first place.

She was good. But she still got caught by someone she never thought about in the first place.

Talis shook her head after hearing Arya’s reason for being out at night. She looked haggard, blacks bags forming under her eyes, slightly thinner than Arya remembered her. “You know, I do know how people look after they’ve been training.” she said dryly.

Arya just nodded her, admonishing herself for making a stupid mistake. “Sorry.” she mumbled looking to the ground.

Talis just sighed, resting her hands on the stonewall, while looking over the parapet and into the darkness. “We’ve been living together for a while now and I know you’ve been doing. But sneaking out of the walls at night? Arya to what end?” she asked.

Arya stayed silent. Embarrassed that she was so arrogant to think she would never get caught. The sounds of the crickets a constant presence in her mind while the moon was caught behind the clouds.

Talis shook her head and turned to face her. “Are you going to tell me or not?” she asked. “I will tell your mother if you don't tell me what your up to.” she threatened.

Arya winced slightly, knowing what her mother would do if she caught wind of her doing this. “I just want to help.” she said sadly.

Talis’s eyes softened in the torchlight. “I know how you feel.” she said once again looking into the darkness. “That’s the reason I came to Westeros. I wanted to help people and to heal them. In a way where I’m not a slave to others’ wishes but where I can be free and help those who I know need helping.” she said quietly but passionately.
“Then how did you meet Daemon.” she blurted. Talisa looked at her sharply. Arya lowered her voice. “It’s just that he mentioned you a lot when I was with him and you talk about him a lot as well. I just figured you knew each other.”

“An astute observation.” Talisa said nodding. “When I first saw him, I was younger than him, I just saw a very young man who was hurt. Who had just killed several men and was injured. I decided I should help. From there we were together from Westeros to Essos and back again.” Talisa told her tiredly.

“But he was different wasn’t he?” she asked.

Talisa looked at her for a long moment before turning head back to the darkness again. “I know what your trying to do Arya. Becoming the person he was when he started killing and for a good portion of our travels in Essos is not the person you want to be Arya.” Talisa said sadly. “To see how he bottled up his emotions to the point of insanity was very hard for me. To see someone I care about so much hurt themselves so badly was just awful.”

Arya nodded listening intently.

Talisa continued. “Everything he ever cared for was taken from him. Even before he left for Essos the first time there were people who cared for him, but he shut them out of his mind and his heart. He didn't want to be hurt like he was before. He felt powerless when he lost friends and family and that’s why he became someone who protected the people while being disconnected from everything. Killing made him feel like he had power and he was helping when in reality he was almost as bad as those he slaughtered. It only got worse in Essos where it came to the point where he was the only thing that mattered and if fulfilling himself and his dreams meant that he had to kill anyone that got in his way, criminal or innocent, he would do it in a heartbeat.” Talisa paused to take a shuddering breath, a tear sliding down her cheek. “It took many many things to break him out of that mindset of reckless self-fulfillment and numbing pain. And I had to watch him go through all of it trying my best to help him in anyway I could.”

Talisa took a deep breath after her rant and wiped the errant tear that slid down her cheek while Arya watched on motionless. Talisa turned and looked into Arya’s own dull grey eyes.

“I don’t want you to willingly become that person Arya. You still have so many people I know you care about and who care for you as well. Don’t throw all that away, please.” Talisa told her.

She was surprised to feel Talisa’s arms wrap around her and hold her close. She had never felt particularly close to Robb’s wife but something changed. Arya found herself slowly wrapping her arms around the figure in front of her, holding on lightly.

“I care for you Arya, your a part of my family, I always want to help you.” Talisa said with her chin still on Arya’s shoulder. “If you have to do certain things to help, then I will reluctantly let you do those things. But please, don’t hurt yourself anymore than you need to, not in the way Daemon did to himself.” She nodded against Talisa’s shoulder.

Their hug broke and Arya took a step back. “I understand.”

“Good.” Talisa said with a sad smile on her face. “I won’t tell your mother but I implore you to be safe. And if I find out something worse is happening to you I will tell her and Robb straight away.”

Arya nodded and they were silent for a while, looking out into the night, the constant sounds of the crickets filling their ears.
Talisa put a hand on her shoulder and gave it a silent squeeze of support, letting Arya know she would always have help in Talisa. She listened as Talisa’s footsteps faded away into darkness.

Arya intended to continue her training to become a fighter. She also decided that she would become a better daughter, a better aunt, and a better sister. Maybe she wouldn’t become strong like The Devil but she would be strong in her own right and in her own way. She still aspired to become that dangerous and strong person. But they way Talisa described that strength opened her mind. She could still be dangerous and still care for her family and those around her, more Daemon than Devil.

Her thoughts were broken when she noticed the torch next to her would be flickering out soon. She decided to leave the walls before the darkness swallowed her whole.

AN: So, long time no see with Arya, I was hoping to put a few of her POVs into the story now that everyone is starting to convene back in Westeros. I wanted to show how much the terrible things she has witnessed made her very apathetic to the world and tragedy around her.

I wanted her to become similar to how she is in canon but I wanted to explore the mental aspect of her turning herself into a different kind of killer. How she becomes a very dangerous person in her own right, especially after practicing for almost two years, and how her ability to turn herself into a that dangerous person without the Faceless Men changes how she is in the story. That included with Talisa’s bit about Daemon in the past and how Arya shouldn’t become a person like that.

I also wanted to give a contrast between the North and the Riverlands and how the Stark family is different between the two fronts of their own wars.

As for the outer villages around Riverrun I just made them up because you wont find any villages on a Westeros map near enough for anyone to sprint to.
Surrounded By Water

Daemon POV

In front of him the sea seemed to stretch out endlessly but he could see land approaching on the horizon.

“It’s been a while for us hasn’t it?” Dany queried as she stood next to him gazing across the water and to the incoming land. “Dragonstone specifically.” she clarified.

He nodded absentmindedly. More keen on breathing the sea air instead of rehashing old memories of Dragonstone. But Dany kept pushing.

“I don’t actually remember it of course. But you do.” she said while looking at him out of the corner of her eye. She frowned at his continued silence. “What was it like?” she asked, the final push.

“It was…” he finally said, pausing to think for a moment. “Very old and very Targaryen. Old dragon statues and the tapestries lining the walls. Some of which have probably been taken down by Stannis.”

“You went with Rhaegar though, right?” she said questiongly. “I noticed you haven’t talked much about him. Viserys did.”

“Yes, well, I’m not Viserys. Viserys was blind and a fool.” was all he said.

“Well of course, I know that, but you never talk about Rhaegar.” she pushed.

“Well I don’t like Rhaegar.” he said simply.

Dany huffed at him. She waited for a moment before breaking the silence. “Well why not?” she asked.
“He had forsaken his wife and children, he caused a war, he destroyed our family.” he explained. “We wouldn't be in this mess if he didn't do what he did. Obsessing about prophecies and the likes.”

“I’m sure he had his reasons but from what I understand he is a good man.” Dany said placatingly.

“Thousands would be alive if he had just kept it in his pants. Aunt Elia, Rhaenys, Aegon. Our mother stressed for weeks while he was gone making the strain of her pregnancy all the worse at the time and ultimately causing her death, again Rhaegar’s fault. Maybe Viserys would have no delusions of grandeur and wouldn't go mad.” Daemon said hotly. “He was so delusional about some prophecies of a great savior being born of Targaryen blood that he ran off with Lyanna Stark and caused a war.”

Dany just sighed sadly.

“Mother loved him dearly but even she would wonder where Rhaegar’s mind would go at times.” he said as an afterthought.

Dany just nodded. “Maybe you can tell me about Mother. I remember much about her other than Viserys ranting to me about how I killed her.” she said glumly.

“Viserys can bugger off.” he told her while rubbing her back. She chuckled a bit. “I’ll tell you about her when we get to Dragonstone. Seems more appropriate.”

Dany smiled at him happily, glad to hear of her mother.

Overhead he heard the ringing of bells indicating a shift change for the guards.

The ringing of the bells reminded him of another trio of bells named Noom, Narrah, and Nyel, the Bells of Norvos.

He turned to Dany. “Did I ever tell you about Norvos?” he asked her.

She looked away from the sea and to him, searching into the depths of her memory. “In Pentos if I remember correctly.” she said, once again turning back to watch the blue waters. “You didn't say much in the way of a story but more of a mere mentioning.”

Daemon nodded. Norvos was relatively uneventful for him but he did enjoy experiencing the culture and one of the Nine Wonders Made By Man. Growing up he was an avid reader of Lomas Longstrider, a man who traveled the world, and named nine wonders across Westeros and Essos. His time spent with Rhaenys when he was young included reading about these great wonders and daydreaming about visiting them someday.

“It’s just a little memory that came up. With my proximity to the ship bells ringing a lot recently I just remembered about the Bells of Norvos.” he told her. Dany seemed to be listening intently, a small smile gracing her face, as she always enjoyed Daemon’s stories of Essos. “The three bells of Norvos practically ran the city or the ones ringing then. Nyel, high pitched, almost like screaming. Noom, a low, deep sound. Finally Narrah, the loudest and strongest of them all. The sounds of each bell signified whether the people could eat, sleep, have sex, to work, when to fight, anything that the bearded priests think need to be controlled.”

“That’s fascinating.” Dany breathed out. “Truly. I can’t imagine having three bells dictate my entire day and night life. They could control practically anything like when children are born or population. That’s both amazing and terrible at the same time.” she said.
Daemon chuckled. “That’s true but it's worse if your a visitor.” he said smiling.

Dany laughed along with him. “Oh of course, I can imagine looking for a quick shag but it turns out the whorehouses are closed because some silly bells haven't been rung yet.” she said with her hand still at her mouth, laughter still spilling out.

They laughed together for a bit but soon stood in a comfortable silence. Daemon could feel the seasickness creeping up on him.

But the bells of the ships didn't just remind him of Norvos. It reminded him of a much more sinister set of bells.

The Bells in the Five Forts. Within the massive black stone structures were five bells. These huge, massive, bronze and black bells that haven’t been rung in hundreds of years. It is said that if all five bells were rung at the same time that a great beast larger than cities would emerge from the sands of the Grey Waste and cause destruction and death in the entirety of Essos. Some say the Five Forts were built for the sole purpose of keeping this enormous beast away from civilized lands.

He doesn't know if there is an enormous beast lurking under the frozen sands. What he does know that there are still horrors wandering the Grey Waste no matter their size or life status. Death always seemed to follow you in the frozen sands it was just a matter of time before it caught up to you. There was a reason 50,000 men were stationed at those forts, a reason their walls were 1,000 feet high, 300 feet higher than the Wall.

But who would choose to station themselves at a part of the world where creatures of the night lurked? Just north of the forts lay the Land of Shrykes where half-human lizard creatures dwell, shrieking throughout the night like crickets, their screams as terrible as a 100,000 men burning on a battlefield each and every night without fail.

North of them sat arguably the oldest city in existence, K’Dath, where blood rituals were as common as breathing, making sacrifices to mad gods. A city so terrible that some say even the Shrykes avoid it’s borders and others say the Shrykes originate from that terrible city. Whatever the truth my be Daemon didn't know.

East of K’Dath was the city of Bonetown. Where the entire city as made up of or carved out of bones belonging to enormous ancient creatures that have not seen life for many thousands of years. Just south of Bonetown was the Dry Deep which was devoid of water or life, a deathtrap for any unprepared adventurer.

West of K’Dath and bordering the Five Forts was the bleeding sea. Where the water was the color of blood and where the Deep Ones lurked. There were times when he could see their bright yellow eyes staring at him through the deep red waters. Waiting for the moment he would turn his back so they could drag him to his watery death. Some fanatics say that the deep ones constructed the Five Forts as well as the base of Hightower in Oldtown, maybe even the toad idol on Toad Isle.

North of Bonetown and the Dry Deep was the Cannibal Sands where tribes of nomads consumed human flesh, eagerly eating any who were unfortunate enough to wander into their lands.

And finally to the north of the Cannibal Sands was the Frozen Grey Waste. Others who didn't believe in the unfounded generosity of the Deep Ones thought that the Pearl Emperor during the Great Empire of the Dawn built the massive forts to keep out demons of the Lion of Night, who sat on a throne of ebony as he watched the world suffer during the Long Night. It’s said that a descendant of the Lion of Night, the Bloodstone Emperor who ruled during the Blood Betrayal, brought about the Long Night unleashing demons from the depths of the seven hells upon the
No matter the history of Yi Ti or the Five Forts, the Grey Waste still held demons and monstrosities that seemed to never die since the Long Night and the times of the Bloodstone Emperor and his Blood Betrayal. A land where it was as cold as the lands surrounding The Wall, snowed almost constantly, and was vast and unforgiving. Whether it was the black stone from the sky that he worshiped or the tiger-woman he married or the human flesh he consumed, the Bloodstone Emperor brought about the Long Night, or so Daemon believed. Many sources pointed to the Bloodstone Emperor himself and the Grey Waste for the origins of these demons that terrorized the world during the Long Night.

But that all came back to his original question: who, let alone 49,999 others, would willingly go to a place where the world will forget them and demons will feast on their flesh? Especially out of the broken and selfish princes and nobles of Yi Ti. Why would they willingly allow manpower, a possible advantage over their enemies, to waste away at these massive black stone forts at the edge of the world?

It never made sense to him. Even his own experience staying at the Forts didn't answer that question. Of course Daemon, Talisa, and hundreds of other men and women who were stationed at the Forts made expeditions throughout the Land of Shrykes to the Bleeding Sea or Bonetown or even past K’Dath to the edge of the Grey Waste. But what he saw in all of those places just made Daemon want to never go back to the Forts and still dissuaded the idea that 50,000 soldiers, fighters, or whoever stationed themselves at the Forts out of their own volition.

The lands beyond the Five Forts was hell on earth, places he would never visit again, things he never wished to see in a hundred more lifetimes.

With all those thoughts running through his head combined with his growing sea sickness caused him to lose his breakfast over the side of the boat.

Dany rubbed his back soothingly. “Are you alright?” she asked softly.

He nodded quickly, spitting out the bile that was left in his mouth. “You’d think after all the times I’ve been on a boat I’d never get sea sick again.” he grumbled as he laid his forehead against the rail of the ship.

Dany chuckled easily while still rubbing his back. “I was going to ask the same thing brother.” she said smiling.

He breathed deeply, the sea never agreed with him, any extended periods of time spent on a boat usually resulted in him getting sick. Breathe, happy thoughts, repeat. He propped his chin up on his hands while he looked over the waters to the approaching land.

His time spent in Pentos meeting Dany. Good.

A particular night where he, Marion, Amber, and Leland ate a nice meal and gambled with each other for hours.

Most of his time spent in Yin. Just exploring and experiencing the culture of Yi Ti with Talisa.

The few times he and Sansa were able to break from their long hours of planning. They would usually go out to the balcony in Sansa’s solar and look out upon the valley where they could see green fields surrounded by tall mountains. They would do whatever felt natural, lean against each other, enjoy their joined presence, just enjoy the time they had together. Those times were always
Dany looked at him. “What’s that look in your eye?” she asked smiling.

“What look?” he asked. He knew what she was talking about.

“The look that you had when you thought you were in love with Talisa.” she commented idly.

Daemon snorted. As if that would ever happen. The thought of being in a romantic relationship with Talisa was like being in a romantic relationship with his sister. Just weird. Yes, he and Dany were Targaryens, but it was still just not a comfortable thought for him.

“I was young and stupid and didn't know what love was.” he told her.

“And you know what love is now?” she asked smirking.

“I would like to thinks so.” he said grinning.

Dany smiled at his expression. “Then tell me about this person who you seem to love.”

“Ok ok, let's not get ahead of ourselves here, I said nothing about love.” he said, his hands over exaggerating in urging his sister to slow her roll.

His sister laughed shaking her head. “Let’s hear it then.” she told him.

“We’ve spent a lot of time together. Not like I did with Talisa exploring the world, more idle time, just talking or whatever else came to mind. We didn't do much in the terms of adventuring like Talisa and I, we got to know each other more through words instead of actions.” he told her thinking. “

“Well that seems really good.” Dany said smiling. “I’m happy for you, to find someone like that, it’s a special thing.” she said wistfully looking out over the waters.

“You’re still young.” he told her when he saw her look.

His sister snorted. “I’m still a queen.” she responded simply.

He nodded. A queen can’t just find whomever she likes, she has to think about her people and her kingdom first.

They were silent for the rest of the short trip before they reached the shores of their home island.

In the distance he could see Dragonstone, bleak and imposing, just like he remembered it all those years ago.

Jon POV

The snows started falling as he made his way north. He could barely spot The Wall through the falling snows. He would likely reach Castle Black in less than an hour with his horse trudging through the snows covering the roads.

The announcement of his departure brought commotion into his hall. He knew the Northern Lords
wouldn't be happy that he would be traveling up to the wall but he entrusted Sansa to hold Winterfell while he was gone. With him came a mix of Northern and Vale men. Sansa had made sure that her people were represented in the meeting to take place at the wall.

Sansa insisted that she come as well allowing another to hold Winterfell. Bran who, to their shock, recently arrived home. He looked the same but acted different. He, in his own monotonous voice, told Sansa that she should stay in Winterfell for now. That in time they would both leave for the South. Jon had no idea what his little brother meant, he had no intentions of going south and as far south as Sansa would go is the Vale.

Brienne likely would be accompanying her.

It had been shortly after they took Winterfell when Brienne arrived at the gates bearing a letter with the signature of Catelyn Stark. A letter that told Brinne to ‘protect her girls’. Jon snorted at that. Sansa rarely needed protection as she had one of the seven kingdoms following her.

She had definitely changed from the girl he used to know. Who loved the stories of knights and tourneys, of glorious battles and beautiful blonde princes. It was expected of course, she had spent lots of time around some of the most cunning people in King’s Landing and survived, Jon knew he would have failed miserably at trying to interpret the honeyed words of the southern lords.

She would do fine in Winterfell.

Currently he was more worried about the problems ahead. Not squabbling lords.

Ahead loomed his old home where his brothers still watched the lands beyond the Wall.

Castle Black looked no different than how it looked when he left.

The old gates groaned open, their hinges squeaking and complaining, a noise he was all too used to.

He and his company passed through the open gates and into the castle courtyard. Looking around he saw his Black Brothers still standing. All watching him along with some wildlings he had sent north to protect the Wall. Some were still wary of his presence, although not as much as before, he couldn't blame them. How could anyone explain that they've been killed and then brought back some time later.

He himself couldn't wrap his head around it. But now it didn't matter, the dead were approaching and he was still alive.

He dismounted and met the approaching Edd in a gruff hug. They broke and Edd looked him up and down. “Look at you, King in the North.”

“Says the Lord Commander.” Jon replied smiling.

Edd’s face turned sour. “Oh shut up.” Edd muttered irritably. “I suppose you aren’t here to visit us?” he asked.

“You know I’m not.” Jon said grimly.

“The fucker was making so much damn noise we had to bind him and gag him.” Edd explained as they walked towards the ice cells. “It’s your problem now.”

“Aye, it is.” Jon acknowledged. He had requested Edd to get a wight so he could show it as proof
of the coming darkness to all those that wouldn't believe him. Draggin the wight to Winterfell in the thick snows would be another issue he would have to deal with.

They finally reached the cells, he heard several men behind him gasp and curse, they were those who had accompanied Jon north. Seeing a living dead man for the first time was never a pleasant experience.

“I sent a couple of wildlings out to fetch one of ’em. They know the land better than we do.” Edd explained as they both looked past the bars of the cell and at the thrashing corpse writhing on the ground. It had a bag over its head, it wore torn Free Folk furs, some of the skin on it’s left arm was peeling revealing the rotting flesh beneath. It was a relatively fresh wight, probably from Hardhome.

Jon just nodded.

Edd tore his gaze away from the dead man. “I’ll get some of the Brothers to stuff it in a box.”

“Good” Jon said. “I’ll probably stay the night. My men are tired and a night’s rest would help.”

“We can feed ya’ but finding sleeping areas might be a pain in the ass.” Edd told him. “I’ll make it work.”

“Thanks Edd.” Jon said, a ghost of a smile playing across his face.

Edd just rolled his eyes. “Always.”

They walked back towards the hall. Edd was grunting orders to some of the Brothers. Jon has content to sit back and watch. He didn't miss the Night’s Watch or the cold or the snow. But he could stand it for a night.

AN: The Bells of the Five Forts aren't actually a thing, just something I came up with. Also added few theories I like about the Far East. Honestly who knows what is going on in these places. But with those things in mind I really like possibility that there is something enormous dwelling under the sands of the Grey Waste along with other creatures or beings or whatever.
Parts of the Past

AN: Surprise! I had a paper and exam and another exam and more work. Finally getting this chapter out.

Just a note. My Ellaria Sand is based off the one from the books not the show. Show Ellaria was just silly. Also the Dorne stuff is mostly based off the books.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Eh, not much

Enjoy!

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In The Past

Daenerys POV

Dragonstone was full of mixed emotions for her.

On one hand it was the seat of the Targaryen powerhouse that started the hundreds of years long dynasty that shaped Westeros forever. It was where Aegon, Visenya, and Rhaenys planned the conquest of Westeros. It had been the seat of Targaryen power, besides King’s Landing, for hundreds of years. Lastly it was her birthplace. The place where she and her brother fled for Essos.

On the other hand Dragonstone meant little to her. Sure, it was where she was birthed, but she didn't remember that or the storm that took place. It was where her mother died birthing her. It was a bleak blackened rock fortress. It wasn't colorful like the cities in Essos or the estates in Pentos. To her it was just another castle.

She tried to take it in. The damp sand, the long winding staircase, the ornate dragon statues, and finally the table map of Westeros where her ancestors planned the taking of the country.

She turned away from the balcony for a moment, away from her thoughts.

“Call my allies.” She told the bald man Varys. “We have strategies to discuss.”

“Of course, My Queen.” Varys said as he bowed.

One of her new advisors turned away from her and exited the map room. Lord Tyrion was walking around the table, observing the intricate mapping, a cup of wine in his hands. Daemon sat not too far from her his eyes straying out to the sea watching her armada approach Westeros. Missandei and Grey Worm chatted in a far corner, far closer than just friends, Daenerys just smiled at her old friends’ infatuation towards the the Unsullied man.
She turned away from the room and back to the sea just like her brother. She thought about her two new advisors and the allies she brought with her.

First there was Varys. One of Daemon’s old teachers when he was growing up in King’s Landing. She remembered how Daemon told her about the bald man with enthusiasm. Even now, many years later, Daemon still trusted the man. She had her own reservations about the Spider. She remembered how the Usurper sent hired knives to kill her when she was young, no doubt the Spider was involved in that somehow.

She’d have to question him soon.

Tyrion Lannister was less of an enigma compared to her other new advisor. He was sarcastic, witty, and most of the time buzzed or drunk. She’d been working on lessening his wine intake, especially while in stressful situations. He was smart she had to admit. He was also someone she could look to when she sieged King’s Landing and Casterly Rock. He knew the capitol quite well, Varys included, they would be a big help in making sure she took King’s Landing swiftly.

The Greyjoy siblings were quite the pair. On one hand she had to deal with the fiery and outspoken Yara Greyjoy. She commanded most of Daenerys’ fleet and was the heir to the Iron Islands. Theon Greyjoy was quieter and solemn, bearing the scars of his grisly torture on his face and likely on the rest of his body. Both judged Daenerys with sharp dark eyes, only Yara willing to make her opinion known, while Theon seldomly spoke to those who weren't his sister. Both were smart, she knew that, but she was worried about the cunning Yara Greyjoy, not the quiet Theon Greyjoy.

Arianne Martell, Ellaria Sand, and the Sand Snakes were much welcome allies, bringing the majority of Dorne along with them. Doran would have joined her but with the current unrest in Dorne and his health Doran deemed it better if they kept the southern tip of Westeros stable for Daenerys. Doran sent the Sand Snakes to Daenerys to push away their disruptive nature from Dorne so he could settle Dorne. The Sand Snakes present, according to Dae, were different parts of Oberyn Martell's personality.

The oldest Snake was Obara, she was quick-tempered and strong, preferring a man’s clothes as they were easier to fight in. The second oldest was Nymeria who was more beautiful than her eldest sister Obara but was just as dangerous, concealing a multitude of knives and other blades on her person. The third oldest and most beautiful of the present Sand Snakes was Tyene, she was soft spoken and well mannered, but was one to watch for as she was a master of poisons. The fifth oldest, as the fourth oldest Sarella was away, and final Sand Snake on Dragonstone was Elia Sand. She was brash and arrogant, she was found at the Dothraki stables as her love for horses outweighed her need to greet her new Queen.

Ellaria was of a much different mind than her fellow Dornish. Ellaria didn't want revenge for her paramour Oberyn’s death. She was even against the war in general but she was here with the Sand Snakes anyway, maybe to try to keep them in check. Ellaria understood that the Lannister queen should be overthrown but needless violence was something she greatly opposed, she was probably a large reason why Myrcella Baratheon was still alive in Dorne. Unfortunately for her the Sand Snakes were of a very different mind than her own, wanting violent revenge against all golden haired Lannisters, they missed their chance with the Princess in Dorne, now they want a piece of Cersei.

Arianne Martell silver-tongued and beautiful, one of the most beautiful people Daenerys had ever seen, she was also very very smart. She was a manipulator, a seductress, a power player. Arianne seemed very much in support of Daenerys but her focus was more on her own ambitions in Dorne than Daenerys’ campaign. The only reason Daenerys could think of as to why Arianne was here
was to somehow further her goals in Dorne.

Daenerys would have to keep an eye on her. She’d have to warn Dae as well.

Ellaria and the Sand Snakes, barring Elia, greeted Daemon with fierce hugs while Arianne just watched with Elia, a smirk planted on her beautiful face. They cited their shared family through Oberyn as well as their times together in Essos for the reason of their affections. She remembered some of the stories Dae told her that involved his run-ins with the Prince of Dorne and his daughters as well as his paramour.

On to the Tyrells who withdrew their forces from the Riverlands and the Crownlands back to The Reach after Cersei burned Margaery Tyrell in the Great Sept of Baelor. The Tyrells and Lannisters were officially at war furthuring the already growing cracks between the Kingdoms of Westeros.

Olenna Tyrell was especially supportive of her intentions for the Lannister queen. The older woman was a much needed breath of fresh air compared to some of her other advisors who ask her to use words and political savvy to gain the throne when she would much rather march right up to the damned iron chair. After her precious granddaughter went up in emerald flames the older woman had been especially thorny and bitter. Daenerys couldn't blame her.

Egg or whatever his real name was, maybe Griff, she’d even heard Aegon. It was clear from his features that he was of Valyrian descent. Daemon had skirted around the subject of Egg’s origins quite a bit, saying that he was from an old line of Essosi Valyrians. It made sense but she couldn’t get the old nagging voice out of the back of her mind saying that there was more to this boy that meets the eye.

But she trusted Daemon. Whether it came to Varys or Tyrion or Egg. Especially when it came to the Iron Throne.

Everytime she approached him with the subject of taking the Iron Throne he had been adamant that he wanted nothing to do with it. Dae believed that the Iron Throne corrupts whoever sits upon it, no matter how good or bad. How it corrupted their father, especially after his imprisonment at Duskendale, making him a monster hated and feared by all.

He told her that every moment he spent in the Red Keep and in the Throne Room felt like he was reliving his old life. Like he could see ghosts of his younger self running the halls with Rhaenys or stuck in the Throne Room while their father burned men and women alive. With the news that Cersei Lannister blew up the Great Sept with wildfire significantly darkened Daemon’s thoughts on the newly crowned Lannister Queen.

Daenerys could understand her brothers unwillingness to sit upon the throne. He grew up in a small village in the Riverlands with a bastard knight. His worries were not about who was going to rule or any matters politically. In the Riverlands growing up Daemon was more worried about planning his hunts when the weather was calm or how much coin they would have at the end of each day or how can I help the village today. Where as Daenerys was told over and over by Viserys that she would be watching him ascend the Iron Throne and that ruling Westeros was the most important thing in the world.

Sometimes she wished Rhaegar or Viserys were still living so they could take the responsibility of the throne from her. The closer and closer she got to the Iron Throne the less and less she felt like she wanted it. She wished her mother was alive, wished the rest of her brothers were alive and slightly less mad. Maybe she would go mad herself when she ascended the Iron Throne.

It troubled her greatly.
“What’s on your mind?”

She turned to the voice to see her brother still lounging in the chair but was observing her intently.

“Just wondering what I’ll be like after this is all over.” she mused to him.

“What happens when you sit the throne?” he asked.

She nodded. “What will I be like, changed, happier, what?” she wondered frustratedly.

“You mean whether or not you'll be mad?” he asked, the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice told her that he had been thinking about this himself.

“Yes” she nodded again. “I don't want to find myself changed or twisted. I just want to be me. The best queen I can be.”

“I think you'll just have to find out.” he said simply.

“What do you mean?” she asked looking at him questioningly.

“Well let me explain.” he said as he shifted in his chair. “We all have our moments of madness. It depends on whether or not we let it take us over or we suppress our ancestry.” Daemon told her.

“Obviously Aerys the Second, father, was completely insane. The mutiny at Duskendale solidified his madness. From what I remember of mother she never had these moments of madness, she was pure through and through. Rhaegar wasn't mad like father, but his moment of madness came with his unadulterated obsession with the prophecy of Azor Ahai and that he was to be born of the Targaryen line of Aerys and Rhaella. We all know how that turned out. Viserys, from the few times I observed him and I’m sure you can attest, he was quite mad and unfiltered. Illyrio Mopatis didn't help his madness much.” her brother paused for a moment. “I guess my moment of madness started in the Riverlands. How I felt such immense satisfaction in the deaths of those who I thought deserved it. Even later in Essos it became to a point where I could barely control myself, it’s like I saw red and would kill anyone or anything in my path. Thank the gods I overcame that madness. Who know what I would have been like if I hadn't been stopped.” he said all this with a grimace, it was a hard subject, especially when talking about yourself.

“And mine?” she asked. “What was my moment of madness?” she asked again, almost desperate to know the answer, she hated the pleading she heard in her own voice.

Dae just looked at her kindly. “That’s something you’ll have to discover on your own little sister.”

She felt frustrated and relieved at the same time. She hadn't been terrible this far, surely she must be doing something right.

“What about mother?” she asked her brother. “You said she never had a moment of madness.”

Daemon thought on it for a moment. “As long as I remember our mother was never angry or mad. Maybe there was a point when she was younger that she had that moment but I don't remember anything distinct from my childhood. She had to have overcome it.” he said proudly.

“She was good then.” she stated sadly, silently wishing she had memories of their mother, Daemon could obviously hear it in her voice with the sad look her gave her.

“Mother was sweet and kind. Strong in her own way, like you.” he said. She smiled at that. “It was hard for her to have so many children running around Westeros. I know Aunt Elia made it easier for her while she had to deal with Aerys on the rare occasion.” he grimaced but quickly wiped the
look from his face. “She would have loved you.” he said smiling at her, she couldn't help but smile back. “Would have been proud of what you have become and how strong you are.”

She felt like she wanted to cry but no tears were shed. She was happy. She barely ever heard of her mother, sometimes from Viserys or Barristan, a little from Dae for the time he was in Pentos

“Thank you.” she said happily. Imagining the strong but kind woman her mother was.

“Of course.” Dae said back simply.

Daemon soon stood from his chair, preparing for the coming meeting, as her advisors started entering the room behind her.

She reluctantly pulled out of her fantasy and soon turned to the present.

Daemon POV

He breathed a heavy sigh of relief when the meeting finally adjourned. As good as it was to see Ellaria and her daughters again he had no desire to remain in the dusty castle while Dany questioned each one of her advisors to ensure their loyalty. Of course he didn't blame her but he had no inkling to watch her do it.

He knew Egg felt the same way by the way he was shifting on his feet while Daenerys’ words cut through thin excuses and weak words.

The storm had mostly died down but it was still raining when he exited the castle. The feeling of the cold rain drops sliding across his face was a comfort compared to the heated interior of the castle. He had walked a ways down the winding stairs to a small outcropping in the path where he could look out on the sea and think.

She had watched his sisters’ questioning of loyalty from Varys. He understood but it miffed him a little that she didn't trust him enough to trust Varys, he brushed it aside as it was nothing to worry about. He knew his sister trusted him and that sometimes she needed to make herself trust someone instead of following someone else's trust in someone.

He heard quiet steps approaching him from behind. He turned to see Varys, his arms folded over his chest as he stepped carefully down each slick step.

“Greetings, My Prince.” Varys said as he finally joined Daemon on the outcropping.

Daemon nodded back. “Better out here isn't it.” he stated.


Daemon chuckled at that. “Don’t forget the risk of breaking something when your walking down those stairs. I almost slipped once or twice.” He saw Varys crack a small smile. “I hope you know Daenerys didn't mean anything by it.”

“Of course not.” Varys said amicably. “I understand to question the loyalty of myself and any others within her inner circle, it’s only natural she would want to be sure herself.”
“Good.” Daemon said nodding. “What do you think of Arianne Martell?” he asked his bald mentor.

“She’s more of a snake than Prince Oberyn’s Sand Snakes.” Varys told him lightly. “She’s probably after something. She’s quite good at making opportunities for herself.”

“I agree. The way she speaks, how she looks at certain people, how she talks about herself. It’s all very…” he paused for a moment thinking. “…doubtful.”

Varys nodded his agreement. “She is something of a manipulator in Dorne, notable for going against her father’s wishes, acting on her own terms and conditions.” Varys said. “Dorne is her top priority as of now.”

“The only reason she came to Dragonstone is to further her interests in Dorne.” Daemon said.

“Yes, Tyrion and I already surmised that her plan is to increase her support as the potential heir to Dorne.” Varys told him. “Prince Doran is not getting healthier and Arianne is still young. Dornish customs are much different than the rest of Westeros. She has a good chance of leading Dorne if Doran were to pass soon.” Varys explained.

“But ultimately what does that mean? When my sister takes the throne we’ll have guaranteed support from the Reach, Dorne even if it is ruled by Arianne, and the Iron Islands. With my connection to Sansa and Talisa, as well as the long wars endured, the Riverlands, Vale, and The North are likely to seek a peaceful resolution with us rather than try to fight.” he said to Varys. “Thus leaving a broken Stormlands and a weak Westerlands to oppose us.”

“Barring the fact that we have no guarantee whether or not the North, the Riverlands, and the Vale will oppose us, I am inclined to agree.” Varys said. “If Daenerys is to succeed in reclaiming her throne we are likely to retain Lady Arianne’s loyalty. The people of Dorne are split with Doran being the stable leader, the Sand Snakes being their means of revenge, and Arianne being the young leader, a new one, someone the Dornish might find more appeal in then the aging Doran.”

Daemon nodded agreeing with Varys, besides the Vale stuff. “But what about Ellaria?” he wondered. He didn’t want to find his pseudo-aunt caught in the middle of all the in-fighting.

“It’s hard to tell.” Varys said mildly. “On one hand she would support Doran because he is Oberyn’s brother and the most logical leader of Dorne. She would support the Sand Snakes because they are Oberyn’s daughters and she feels like she is responsible for them. As for Arianne, I don’t have any definitive answers, but I’m sure she would fine some kinship in a woman who wants to be the leader of Dorne.”

Daemon shrugged moodily. He was unhappy to find that his aunt would be caught in the middle of those vying for power in Dorne. He didn’t want to see his family fight, his aunt Elia told him many years ago that seeing your own family fight is always hard, obviously Viserys didn’t agree with this sentiment. He felt like everyone past his aunt Elia was his family, whether it be her brothers Oberyn and Doran, her brother’s paramour Ellaria, her brother’s daughters and sons.

The times in Essos with Oberyn, Ellaria, and the Sand Snakes made them his family. Although he had never met Doran and just met Arianne early today, he still wanted to get to know them as they were closely connected to his Aunt Elia.

Varys interrupted his thought when a scroll was presented to him. “A letter from Lady Sansa and new from the Riverlands.”

He opened the scroll containing the Riverlands report. It seemed that after Cersei burned several
Tyrells at the Sept of Baelor the Tyrell forces were not so happy to be with Lannister forcers anymore. Fighting had broken out leaving both sides bruised and battered, the Tyrell forces had removed themselves from the Riverlands and the Crownlands to regroup and recover back in the Reach, to support a new Queen.

As for the Lannisters they were weakened severely during the fighting, there were also mentioning of chaos being caused in the camps by an unknown assailant, some saying the Devil was back in the Riverlands. He chuckled at that part. The blows to the Lannister forces allowed Robb to sally out of Riverrun and chase the Lannisters all the way to Ashemark before returning. And finally the death of Walder Frey who was on his deathbed when his sons started fighting each other. Allowing the Blackfish to storm The Twins and take over the castle killing all male Frey’s within and cutting open Walder Frey’s throat.

He hand the scroll back to Varys. “All good news.” he thought for a moment. “Though my sister might not see it that way.”

Varys nodded his agreement. “When I presented her the report she expressed her unhappiness that the Riverlands and the North have become stable again. She said that the stable Riverlands entered a powerful alliance with the North and the Vale. While I am inclined to agree I believe we’ll have some leeway when it comes to negotiations.”

Daemon nodded. “I doubt the North or the Riverlands are strong enough to oppose us and I’d rather not go to war with the Vale after all the shit we pulled to get Sansa into a position of power there.” he said to Varys.

“We will see soon enough. Your sister is going to invite the leaders of the North, the Riverlands, and the Vale to Dragonstone to discuss a treaty.” Varys told him.

He nodded. “Yeah she told me. Who do you think would come?” he asked. Secretly hoping Sansa would be here. He still had her letter clutched in his hand.

Varys must have read him easily. “I am sure Lady Sansa will be the first to choose negotiation.”

the bald man said smiling coily. “From what I heard Jon Snow is King in the North and Robb Stark is still crossing the Neck as the Ironborn have abandoned Moat Cailin in favor of following Euron Greyjoy.” Daemon shivered at the mention of the Crow’s Eye. “I think Lord Stark would be weary after a long war away from home. The most likely two would be Jon Snow and Sansa Stark. One being a king and the other being the leader of the Vale. Lord Robb holds neither of those titles.”

Daemon sighed deeply. The rains finally slowing to a light drizzle.

He then opened Sansa’s letter, his back towards Varys.

Dae,

It pleases me greatly to hear you are returning to Westeros. Jon and I have the North well settled and if it wasn’t for your help I wouldn’t be sure if Jon could have taken the North on his own. Jon and I are eternally grateful to you.

I have missed you, I miss our times out on the balcony away from all the ruling, I miss you talking to me and soothing my mind, I miss you so very much and I know you miss me too. It feels different without you. I know I have my brothers with me, Robb, Arya, and Mother coming here
hopefully soon. Even so, I still miss you differently then I miss them. I’m not sure what that means now or what it means for the future, I just wanted to let you know. It could be a good thing or a bad thing, it feels good, I hope it’s good.

Sorry, I’m rambling. I hope to see you soon.

Love,
Sansa

He smiled as he tucked the letter into a pocket.

Yeah, he missed her too.

“Good news I take it.” Varys said, commenting on the grin that had formed on his face.

“Yeah, it was.” he said absentmindedly.

“Lets head back to the castle.” Varys said.

He just nodded, they both started up the winding staircase, careful not to slip on the still slick steps.

They both entered the castle and went their separate ways. A short nap sounded very nice right now but he saw Ellaria and Arianne approaching him down the hallway, maybe catching up with Ellaria wouldn't be so bad.

“Hello hello.” greeted Arianne with an easy smile. “I know we didn't talk much when we met but I am glad to make your acquaintance.” Arianne said easily with a smooth bow, subtly showing a little bit of her cleavage to him.

She may be beautiful but he had his eyes set on another. He kept his eyes up and away, quickly shooting Ellaria a look. She just rolled her eyes at him, basically telling him to deal with it.

“Yours as well Lady Arianne.” he said when she stood from her bow. “May I borrow Ellaria?” he asked politely.

“Of course of course.” Arianne said smiling. “But expect me to find you later.” she said smirking as she breezed passed him and down the hall.

He led Ellaria to a small balcony on the side of the castle.

“How are you Dae?” she asked kindly.

Daemon smiled, he always enjoyed Ellaria’s rather loving nature, it was a breath of fresh air among all the negatives he was surrounded with. “Good Aunt Ellaria, and you?”

“Better day by day.” she said smiling sadly.

“I’m sorry I couldn't do anything.” he said tiredly.

“It’s ok Dae.” she said while patting his cheek. “It was Oberyn’s choice, he always wanted to avenge Elia, it always drove him to be better. Sometimes those things destroy us.” she said. “You look tired. You should get some rest.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yes mother.” he said sarcastically.
She swatted his arm, a small smile on her face. “Get some sleep Dae, we’ll speak on the morrow.” she said kindly. “Rest well.”

Ellaria gave him one last hug, a kiss on the head, and smile before she left him on the balcony, allowing him to drown in memories of long ago.

AN: Arianne is going to play a very small role in the story overall. I really like her character but couldn't find any good ways to fit her character into a story like this one. But I do have big plans for her in some other stories I’m currently drafting.
The Pack Survives

AN: Updates will be slower for a bit as school and my personal life haven't given me much time to write.

Disclaimer: I don't own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Nothing crazy

Enjoy!

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The Pack Survives

Jon POV

The recently repaired gates of Winterfell started to raise to accept the incoming party of Northerners who had been far from home for many years. The fat flakes of snow fell like rain sticking to everything in Winterfell.

Robb had quickly sent a letter to Winterfell shortly after he broke the siege of Riverrun. It was a simple letter containing when he was due to arrive and that he, his wife and child, Lady Catelyn, and Arya were all safe and with him coming to Winterfell.

Another letter had arrived shortly after Robb’s written by Tyrion Lannister asking him and a representative from the Vale to come to Dragonstone to negotiate peace. This one letter gave him a chance to gain an invaluable ally in the coming war. Daenerys Targaryen wasn't called the Dragon Queen for nothing. She has bloody dragons, something that shouldn't sound crazy to him, but it still awes him all the same. He can't imagine what it would be like up close.

Bran had declined the invitation to meet his family in the courtyard, saying that they will meet him in the godswood, as he had important things to see. Jon didn't know what that meant but he decided this new Bran knew more than he did.

For now his thoughts were in a much more important place. Through the opening doors of Winterfell rode Robb, Arya, Lady Catelyn, and Robb’s wife Talisa with a boy in her arms who Jon could only assume was Little Ned.

They all looked tired in some way. Robb looked like he had grown much older than he should. Lady Catelyn already had a few greying hairs, her wrinkles prominent. Arya looked alert and ready for a fight but he could tell by looking at her eyes that they were anything but focused. Lady Talisa looked like she hadn't slept in months with dark circles under her eyes, which were pink, and was slightly sagging in the saddle. Little Ned looked a bit skinnier than a boy his age should but he looked relatively happy and healthy.
Several stable hands rushed out to help them off their horses. Robb tried to deny the help but an attempt to get off his horse almost resulted in him eating mud, he reluctantly took the boy’s hand to help him off his horse. The others looked positively relieved to be on their own two feet even with help.

Lady Talisa hung back with Little Ned and watched to tired reunion with a smile on her face.

Robb and Lady Catelyn trudged over to Sansa and all wrapped themselves in a weak hug. They were all exhausted and tired and could have all cried in relief at being back home.

He was sure if Arya could run she could, but the best she did was shuffle quickly to Jon and wrap him into a tight hug. He could feel her sink into his body like ice on a summer day. The relief he heard in her shuddering breaths made him just hold her tighter. They broke and he looked down, not as far as he used too, at the young woman that had grown from that mischievous little girl that once terrorized Winterfell.

He could hear Robb and Sansa talking but all of his focus was now on his little sister. “Look at you. All grown up on me.” he said softly looking down at her.

“That’s what happens when several years go by.” she quipped, the shimmer her eyes told him that there was no fire behind her words, only happiness.

He chuckled at that, recalling the time Sansa and he reunited. He caught her look. “Sansa said the same when I told her she’d grown.”

She scowled playfully. “You putting Sansa on the same level as me?”

He smiled at her, he could see the corners of her mouth twitching.

“Yes he does.”

They both turned to see Sansa smirking at the two.

“Oh yeah?” Arya said challengingly stepping up to Sansa.

Sansa just looked down still smiling coily. “And your still quite small too.” she commented a second later.

Arya lightly smacked Sansa’s arm before pulling her into a hug which Sansa had no hesitation to reciprocate. Lady Catelyn could be seen just behind the two wiping her eyes. Robb was also smiling as he stepped around the two and reached Jon, pulling him into a gruff embrace.

It felt so similar to the time before he had departed to the Wall all those years ago. Both young boys with no idea that their worlds we be upended to this degree. No idea that they would have fought wars for survival against the living and the dead. No idea that they would both come full circle to meet each other again as very different people than they used to be.

The embrace broke and Robb motioned for his wife to come over. “This my wife Talisa and my son Eddard, but we call him little Ned.” Talisa was not a very tall woman but wasn't too short. Her skin was darker and her hair long but was noticeably looking exhausted. The war had taken a toll on her but Little Ned looked as healthy as can be. His respect for the woman increased, she took the health of her son probably higher than anyone else, even her own wellbeing.

The woman just nodded kindly to him. “It’s good to meet you, Robb has told me many things about you, Little Ned and I have been looking forward to meeting you.” she said smiling.
“All good things I hope?” he asked

“No to worry, all good things.” she said smiling. She whispered to little Ned, he was a shy child hiding behind his mother’s leg. He had dark brownish red curls on his head. His skin was slightly darker than Robb’s was at that age but it was only noticeable to those who had seen Robb when he was young. Besides a few minor differences Little Ned had lot’s of Tully and some Stark and a little bit of wherever Talisa was from, Volantis if he recalled correctly.

“Hello.” the young boy said quietly. Jon crouched down to shake the boy’s hand. Little Ned did so shyly but smiled all the same and Jon didn't have a problem to smile back.

“Come along now.” Talisa said quietly to Little Ned leading the boy over to Sansa.

Robb once again turned to Jon. “Turns out you're not wearing all black like I expected.” Robb said with a tired smile.

Jon chuckled. “And your not dead, I suppose I got that one right.”

Robb nodded and looked him up and down. “You look bloody good as a Stark I’ll tell you that.” he said smiling. “King of the North and all. I’m proud of ye.” his brother said putting a hand on his shoulder. “You earned it doing what you did.”

Jon nodded solemnly. “You can have it back. I don’t want it.”

Robb laughed and shook his head. “No brother, you earned it, you deserve it. You and Sansa took the North back from our enemies. The Northern lords chose you as their King, it shall stay that way.”

“I’m glad we didn't have to fight over it.” Jon said jesting.

“I am too, but I don’t want to be King anymore. I’ll stick with being Lord of Winterfell for the rest of my days.” Robb said, the exhaustion visible in his eyes. But he soon smirked. “Though if we did have to fight you know I’d win.”

Jon laughed. “I don’t know about that brother. Have you heard the rumors, I’m the second coming of Ser Arthur Dayne.” he said jokingly.

“Oh that’s bloody well likely. And what’s this I hear about Sansa being the ruler of the Vale?” Robb said loudly bringing the rest of the group into the conversation.

“All true I can assure you.” Sansa said smiling. “Although it is only until the young Lord Arryn regains full health. And who knows when that will be.” she commented.

“And your doing a good job are you?” Arya asked.

Sansa looked affronted but you couldn't tell she wasn't serious by the small smile on her face. “I believe I am. My men kicked a few Lannisters out of the Riverlands. We also helped retake Winterfell and single handedly took the Dreadfort, Karhold, and the Last Hearth, as well as a few smaller holds while Jon retook the other half of the North. I think I did quite well.” Sansa said smugly, it didn't take long for Arya to bump Sansa with her shoulder, both smiling.

Jon just stood back and watched as his siblings quipped back and forth without a care in the world.

“I’ll take you to go see Bran.” Sansa said to her siblings. They all nodded. Sansa stepped forward and introduced Lady Talisa to the new Maester Wolkan. The older man lead Lady Talisa and Little
Ned into the castle presumably to let the little man sleep, Lady Talisa looked like she need some sleep as well.

The trio of siblings set off to the godswood. Lady Catelyn made to follow her children but stayed back for a moment. He could tell there were many things she wanted to say to him but only two words came out of her mouth before she went off to join her children in the godswood. “Thank you.”

She didn't wait for his response. He didn't have one for her. He never expected her to thank him for anything but he supposed this would be the best he would get now or ever.

Seeing his family made the reality of his situation all too real. No matter how good things may seem it was going to get worse. ‘Winter is Coming indeed. He decided right then and there that he would be traveling south to Dragonstone. Hopefully Sansa would agree to accompany him. He thought about all the people he could save if he enlisted the help of the Dragon Queen Daenerys Targaryen.

Little Ned was already over three years old and growing to be a happy and healthy boy. Giving Jon more reason to visit Dragonstone to ask for the help of the Dragon Queen.

Jon decided now would be the best time to show his lords the wight he had traveled to the Wall for. To convince them that getting the help of the Dragon Queen would be their only hope for survival.

Sansa POV

Sansa gasped but quickly slapped a hand over her mouth as to stifle the noise, as if the dead thing would focus on her if she made a sound.

The wight was dead and decaying. Many of the lords recoiled in horror, cursing all the gods. Jon didn't seem fazed by the walking dead man in their midst, calmly explaining the incoming horrors beyond the Wall, Sansa barely heard him as she observed the wight and the reactions of those around her.

Robb’s wife Talisa had barely reacted when the wight was brought into the hall, she eyed it with a frown, all the while rubbing her husband’s back as to calm him. Sansa wondered what Talisa had seen to garner such a tame reaction. Talisa was Robb’s rock. Robb was scared and resigned. Scared that a new foe had presented itself for him to fight. Resigned that he still had to fight to keep his family safe even when the War of the Five Kings was essentially over.

Bran reacted much like Jon did but his emotionless exterior yielded nothing about his thoughts. He merely watched Jon as he tried his best to explain his reasoning to travel south, she was starting to support his idea more and more as each second went on.

Arya’s flinch was stamped down and deep resolve replaced it. She saw a challenge in her little sister’s eyes as they narrowed at the wight. It comforted her to know that her sister wouldn't go down without a fight. Their mother was terrified, it was easy to see in her wide eyes and white knuckled fists, scared that another enemy has come to try and take her children away.

“This…” Jon said loudly, gathering the partial attention of everyone in the room, all still keeping an eye on the now thrashing wight. “… is why we need the help of the Dragon Queen. No matter what it takes we must ensure our survival, our children’s survival, and their children after. If we
don't stop this threat in the North they will spread and bring winter to the southernmost tip of Dorne. We need all the help we can get if we are to stop them.”

Silence was his answer. The silence persisted, only breaking when the hall started to empty, all of the lords and ladies leaving to think on what they had just witnessed.

Sansa slowly followed them out, barely glancing at Jon as she stepped into the cold. She had to clear her head. Several hours later she found herself on the walls of Winterfell looking over the camps of soldiers that had arrived at their call.

Her mother and Arya approached her on the wall as she looked out over the white fields of snow and heavily snowed in Wolfwood. A white haze being casted over the sky as the snows continued to fall. Her mother looked older, her face was starting to wrinkle, her hair had some gray strands. She was still loving as always, always wanting a hand on one of her children, as if they would be taken from her so soon after being with them again.

Arya on the other hand had only grown taller and leaner. She still wore boy clothes but she filled them out, her arms were more muscular, the rest of her body was taking shape, Sansa could feel the muscles on her sister when she hugged her tightly only hours before. She had a thin blade hanging on her right hip while a knife was strapped tightly to her left thigh, for throwing reason Arya had said earlier.

She had also matured, she was still the mischievous and rebellious Arya, but she was somber, dark, sometimes silent for long periods of time where her eyes would dart back and forth around the room. One of her hands was always near one of her blades at all times, hoping to never be unprepared for an attack, even in her own home. Sansa felt a pang of sadness each time she saw Arya do these things. She missed her innocent but rebellious sister back. She hated how Arya was forced to lose the things that made Sansa miss her, the things she had to have seen after she left King’s Landing and into the heart of the war.

But Sansa would love her all the same.

“My dear Sansa.” her mother said kindly as she ran her fingers through her long hair, shaking away some of the stray snowflakes. “How are you?” she asked, a kind smile on her face.

She couldn't help but smile back. Her mother was still kind as ever, something that didn't change in the war.

“Good, mother. I was planning to turn in soon.” she said to the older woman. Her next question was directed at Arya. “You staying out of trouble?”

Arya scowled. “Of course I am. I asked for a spar from Lady Brienne but she hasn't given in yet, i'll get her soon enough.”

Sansa chuckled. “You can't spar with every person who has a sword. A good bunch of them will beat you.” she pointed out.

Arya grumbled some more. “Well I know that. That’s why I need practice to get better.” Sansa just shrugged in agreement. “But Daemon ‘The Devil’ Targaryen is the one I want to fight.” her little sister said fiercely. She was slightly surprised at hearing Daemon’s name brought up.

“You can spar with him soon I am sure. He has been back in Westeros for a bit now.” she said, the looks Arya and her mother gave her made her feel like she said something wrong. “What did I say?” she asked.
“Well how do you know he’s back?” Arya asked shrewdly. The look on her mother’s face made sure she wanted to know as well.

“We write.” she stated while blushing.

“You write?” her mother asked incredulously.

“To Daemon Targaryen?” Arya asked a second after their mother.

Sansa blushed even harder. “He helped me a lot, getting out of King’s Landing, taking control of the Vale.” she paused for a moment. “And just being my friend.” she said quietly.

They were silent for a moment until Arya shrugged. “I mean, cool, I guess.” Sansa snorted. Her sister wasn't one for words. It definitely showed.

Her mother still looked concerned. “You do know that his sister probably intends to retake all of Westeros. As much as I appreciate what he did for you all, my children, in the end he will support his sister no matter what.”

“Of course I know that.” she bit back. “But I trust him to stick to his promises. I know he doesn't want to or intend to fight us.”

Arya just shrugged her shoulders but Sansa could tell she was thinking about what Sansa had said. Her mother still looked worried and she couldn't blame her but she knew Daemon and knew she could trust him.

“Let’s get inside.” her mother said to the two of them. “Wouldn't want you getting sick out here in the cold.” Sansa and Arya shared a glance and smiled. Their mother would still worry about her daughters getting sick after all these years. Also an easy way to change the subject.

They three of them made it quickly into the castle as soon as they realized how cold they actually were.

Once they entered the castle their mother started heading the other way. “There are a few things I still need to check up on.” her mother told them. “Sleep well my loves.” after two quick hugs and kisses on the brow their mother strode off deeper into the castle.

Now it was just her and Arya making their way to their rooms. Their silence was soon cut by her sister.

“I’ve noticed a look on your face when you talk about Daemon.” her sister stated.

She didn't know what to make of that so she just nodded.

“Like the same look you gave Joffrey.” Arya said bluntly.

Sansa looked at her sister sharply. Yet she still stayed silent.

“Back then you thought you were in love.” Arya said again.

“I was an idiot back then.” she finally replied.

“Well your not now are you?” it sounded like a question but Sansa knew it was a statement.

They abruptly stopped, in her wandering mind she didn't notice that they were at Arya’s room.
“Think about it.” was all her sister said before she disappeared into her room.

Sansa just stood there for a moment before walking a short distance down the hall to her own room. She slipped inside and immediately spotted the letter on her desk, it’s seal a Targaryen one. She knew who it was from.

She opened Daemon’s letter and read.

Dear Sansa

It makes me very happy to hear that you have taken the North and are safe. It’s always a breath of relief knowing that your safe and happy.

I’m sure having most of the family being back is great for you. I know it has been a long road but your were strong and resilient even when faced with terrible things. You should be proud of all the things you accomplished, it’s an amazing thing to see.

I’m also glad to hear that Talisa and her son are now in safe hands. Of course I’ve been writing her to make sure she was staying safe and all, if I didn't she’d probably have my head. Don’t tell her I said this, I know I won’t be writing to her about it, but can you make sure she is safe. I know she is as safe as it can get where she is but it can never hurt to have someone looking out for her, she’s one of the most important people in my life practically a sister to me, I want to make sure she is in good hands.

I miss you a lot too, although I don't think I can put it into as many words as you do. I’ll see you soon. I promise.

Best Wishes,
Dae

She didn’t want to admit she smiled giddily at the end of the letter but she couldn't help it.

After reading the letter several more times she tucked it into the drawer of her desk. It only took her a few moments to prepare herself for bed, many things dancing across her mind. Finally she crawled under the thick blankets of her bed and closed her eyes.

Soon she, Arya, and Jon would depart to Dragonstone with knowledge of a bleak future in tow.

Arya would only care about the dragons when she is there.

The thought made her smile as she drifted off to sleep.

AN: A little different than the show with Sansa and Arya coming along with Jon and Davos to Dragonstone.
Ice and Fire

AN: Skipped right to the confrontation. I won't be rehashing the main confrontation in the throne room because that would be really boring.

Sorry for the late update too. Life has been packed with moving, college, and all that other boring stuff. It sucks but I'm still updating as always.

Disclaimer: I don't own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Just chill

Enjoy!

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Stalemate on Dragonstone

Sansa POV:

The black castle she could scarcely see on the horizon an hour or two ago now looked much more imposing than it looked before. It was not as large as Winterfell or most of the other castles she had seen in her time around Westeros but it was still impressive. The history behind the bleak and imposing castle was very impressive, Aegon and his sisters planned the conquest of Westeros right where Daemon and his sister are doing the same.

Well Daenerys is.

Her thoughts drifted to the lower decks of the boat she, Jon, Arya, and Ser Davos were traveling in. Under them was stored the ugly beast that Jon had introduced to the Northern lords nearly two fortnights ago. She hadn't seen the thing since that evening in Winterfell. She didn't want to see the wight, as Jon called it, unless she absolutely had to. She wouldn't relish the moment they introduced the monster to the Dragon Queen and Daemon.

The times when they retired to sleep she could distantly hear the creature rattling the chained box it was in. Sometimes she felt as if the rattling was right beside her, haunting her everytime she dared to close her eyes in an attempt to sleep. She could tell Arya was having similar problems sleeping. There were dark rings under her eyes but the difference between herself and her sister was that Arya relished the challenge.

She could see it in her eyes everytime she came to break her fast in the morning. Everytime she looked out to see. Everytime they spoke. Arya wanted to fight these creatures, it was as if she was forcing herself to see the enemy in her dreams, memorizing everything about them. Their weaknesses and how to kill them were the only things on her sister’s mind. That and dragons. The ones they could see circling Dragonstone at this very moment.
These great winged beasts that circled the island, things that were supposed to be long extinct, just like the creature they held in the depths of their ship. She could even hear them, their roars were as loud as they were intimidating. She couldn't help but tense each time she heard them cry out to each other. Even without hearing the rattling of the wight in the hold of the ship, surely the sounds of fire-breathing lizards would keep her up at night.

Hopefully Daemon could help her on that account.

“Why are you blushing?” Arya asked from beside her.

She huffed. “Nothing.” she said, before seeing Arya’s eyebrow start to raise. “Shutup”

Arya just smirked and shrugged. She felt like slapping herself. And Arya.

Soon the water started becoming lighter and lighter, indicating they had to board one of the small rowboats and finish their approach to the island. It felt like hours even though she knew it was minutes but they finally landed.

She could see the familiar figure of Tyrion Lannister standing beside a dark skinned woman, both dressed in black that matched the castle they resided in, the young woman smiled pleasantly like she was born to do it. The Dothraki and Unsullied that she had heard the Dragon Queen had brought to Westeros looked on silently. The slave soldiers’ eyes were expressionless and blank, their stances rigid, while the Dothraki looked on relaxed but she could tell that they were ready to draw their weapons at a moments notice.

The sand was rigid under her feet as she walked towards their greeting party.

“The Bastard of Winterfell.” Tyrion called out as they approached to shake hands. Judging by Jon’s reaction it seemed to be something between the two of them. This was confirmed a moment later.

“The Dwarf of Casterly Rock.” Jon responded smiling slightly with their forearms clasped. “Picked up some scars along the road.”

Tyrion nodded. “It seems you did as well. It’s been a long road but we’re both still here.”

“Indeed we are.” Jon responded lightly.

Tyrion turned to her. “Lady Stark.” he said as he bowed his head. She kept her expression neutral but it was nice to hear that he considered their marriage void and never to return.

“Lord Lannister.” she responded with a kind smile on her face.

Arya stepped forward offering her hand. “Arya Stark.” she said, her face still blank as Sansa had expected it to be.

“Lady Arya.” Tyrion greeted while shaking her hand.

Sansa internally laughed as Arya’s face muscles twitched in irritation when she was called ‘Lady Arya’.

“This is Ser Davos, my Hand.” Jon said introducing the older man beside him.

“Seaworth?” Tyrion asked as he shook the man’s hand.

“Yes, Davos Seaworth.” the man confirmed curtly.
“This is Missandei, one of the Queen’s most trusted advisors.” Tyrion said introducing the pretty brown skinned woman who stood beside him.

“Welcome to Dragonstone.” the woman announced pleasantly. “The Queen appreciates the long journey you have made to meet with her. The Queen awaits you in the throne room, if you may release your weapons we will begin our ascension to the castle.”

It took a moment but Jon eventually did so, as did Arya, both reluctant. But Sansa was sure that Arya had a dagger hidden somewhere on her person.

They climbed the steps off the beach and onto the stairs leading up to the gates of Dragonstone.

“It’s very...sunny.” Arya commented as they walked behind Jon and Tyrion, their loose conversation drifting back to them.

“We are not far from King’s Landing.” she told her sister. “Cooler than I remember but I suppose that is to be expected.”

“True” Arya said. “But nothing compared to the North is it?”

Sansa scoffed. “Of course not. We are always some kind of cold at home.”

Arya chuckled a bit. “Always is.”

They continued their walk, she saw Arya tilt her head for a moment before looking up. Sansa looked as well and saw a giant, fire-breathing dragon swooping low over the steps. It’s ear shattering roar spilling from its mouth as it passed by. She would have thrown herself to the ground if it wasn't for Arya keeping her steady with a hand holding her sleeve.

“I’d say you get used to them.” Tyrion said as he pulled Jon up from the ground. “But you never really do.”

With that decidedly unwelcome interruption, in Sansa’s opinion, they continued their trek up the winding stairs that lead to the castle. Arya looked on in fascination as the largest of the dragons circled the castle in view of the approaching party.

The gates of the castle swung open, another pair of Unsullied soldiers guarding this one as well. The halls seemed to be carved out of black rock, Targaryen banners decorated the unfilled spaces, large ornate dragons seemed to follow them down each hall until they finally reached the throne room.

Two Dothraki parted the doors inward, revealing the throne room, dark stone dominating everything she saw. In her opinion it looked much better than the Iron Throne room looked. She heard Arya’s intake of breath and understood that history lay before them.

But now was the time for talking.

Tyrion took up the spot on the Queen’s right and stood to face them. Sitting closer to the shadow’s was a beautiful olive skinned woman, probably the most beautiful person Sansa had ever seen, she wore a silk dress and a small scheming smirk on her face. To the Queen’s left stood another darker skinned man who was mostly bald and wore armor similar to those of the Unsullied soldiers outside, Missandei took her place just next to him.

Immediately to the Queen’s right, much closer than any other person in the room, stood Daemon.
He looked mostly like what she remembered him. His clothes still black, his short silver hair contrasting his clothing, his sword and dagger strapped to his hips. When his eyes landed on her she couldn't help but smile at him and his returning smile was as bright as his hair. She tried to shake the giddy feeling she had when she turned to his sister, the Dragon Queen, but she felt so confident now that she had her friend back in her sights.

She also saw Daemon smile and nod to Arya in which he received a sly smile and a nod back. She wouldn't be surprised if her sister challenged Daemon to a spar as soon as she could.

And finally the Dragon Queen. Dressed in mostly black like Daemon but she could see hints of red on her clothes, clearly emulating the colors of her house. Her silver hair was eye catching compared to the rest of her outfit, much like Daemon, yet her hair seemed to be brighter.

“You stand in the presence of Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen. Rightful heir to the Iron Throne, rightful queen of the Andals and the First Men, Protector of the Seven Kingdoms, the Mother of Dragons, the Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, the Unburnt, the Breaker of Chains.” Missandei announced to the hall. The seemingly shy girl’s voice powerful in the presence of her queen. Sansa hid her amusement at the amount of titles this queen possessed.

Davos stepped forward. “This is Jon Snow, he is King in the North. With him is Lady Sansa Stark, the current Warden of the Vale as well as their sister Arya Stark.” She smiled when she caught that Ser Davos left out the ‘Lady’ that would usually go in front of Arya’s name. She could tell Arya appreciated it.

“Thank you for traveling so far, My Lord.” The Dragon Queen called from her ebony throne. “I hope the seas weren’t too rough?” she asked courteously.

She could see Jon about to speak before she decided to interject. “Your Grace, Jon is King in the North, he should be addressed in a manner that befits his station.” she could the Dragon Queen wasn’t too happy about her interjection. That made her smile on the inside. “And the seas were kind, Your Grace.”

“Forgive me Lady Stark, I never received a formal education, but if I remember correctly the last King in the North Torrhen Stark bent the knee to Aegon Targaryen, my ancestor.” a good counter-attack by the queen. She wasn’t bad at playing the game, Sansa smiled internally, she was going to have fun poking and prodding this dragon.

The Dragon Queen continued. “In exchange for his life and the lives of the northmen, Torrhen Stark swore fealty to house Targaryen in perpetuity, or do I have my facts wrong.”

“Maybe, maybe not, none of us were their, Your Grace.” Sansa replied to the queen’s jab.

The Queen smiled a fake smile, like a mother indulging a child. “But still, an oath is an oath. And we all know what perpetuity means.”

“Forever.” came Tyrion’s voice.

“Forever.” the queen reaffirmed. “So I assume, My Lord, you are here to bend the knee.”

She could see Arya smirk out of the corner of her eye, Sansa almost did the same, they both knew what the answer was to that question and they knew no matter how much the queen didn't like that answer there wasn't much she could do about it. Killing them would destroy her honor, and as far as Sansa could tell this Queen wasn't mad like her father. Tyrion supported her and she knew Tyrion had a smart head on his shoulders.
“We are not.” stated Jon firmly.

It was like she could see fire in the Queen’s eyes. It seemed to also bring a small knowing smile to Daemon’s face as he glanced at her, she couldn't help but reciprocate.

“Oh”

It could have gone worse.

At least that’s what Sansa thought as they were escorted to their rooms in the bleak castle. She could tell that the presence of Daemon significantly calmed the queen’s demeanor. She would have to thank him later.

It didn't take them long to reach their rooms in a bend of the castle, all their rooms sat next to each other in an L shape, clearly signifying to them that they were on the corner of the castle.

Her room was lavishly furnished, Daenerys had spared no expense in making her guest rooms as comfortable as possible. A small fire crackled in the fireplace, adjacent to it was a desk with an ink well with a feather pen sitting beside it and a stack of blank parchment sitting on top. Across from these was the large bed fully equipped with several pillows, sheets, and blankets. Next to the bed was a wardrobe with grey silks and linen, it seemed Daenerys was prepared for Starks. There was also a large tub where baths were taken. Everything was clean and proper ready for her guests.

Finally she stepped out on the balcony, she could see Arya doing the same as her, and looked out upon the beautiful view before her. The sound of the sea crashing on the rocks. The beautiful ocean that lay out before her with the occasional dragon dropping into the water to catch whatever food they could find. It was almost enough to distract her from the fact that their pet wight was still in its box, on the ship, docked halfway across the island. Jon had already sent some men to retrieve it, his logic being that shocking the Dragon Queen with it would be a bad idea.

A knock on her door broke the dark thoughts from her head, making her step away from the balcony and the sunlight, back into her dark room.

She hoped a certain someone was knocking on her door. Wrenching it open she was proved correct.

“Sansa” greeted Daemon, smiling, looking as he did when she saw him in the throne room. He took her hand and kissed it, acting the proper lord when greeting a lady. She couldn't help but smile at him and the gesture. “Want to take a walk on the cliffs?” he asked. “It’s a great view.” he said enticingly. She would have gone even if all she could look at was him.

“I would love to.” she said smiling like him, she couldn't help it.

So they went to the cliffs of Dragonstone.

Up on the cliffs she could feel the cool sea breeze, could smell the salty air, could see the sea before her better than she could when she was on the balcony in her guest room.

She took her eyes away from the sea and to Daemon.

She suddenly hugged him, her head tucked under his chin, his arms wrapping around her. She let her shoulder relax and her breathes came easier as she relaxed against his hold. He felt him press a kiss to the top of her head and her heart soared.

She broke the hug and looked up at his bright smile.
His smile was infectious, stretching the scar that cut through his lips and down his chin, it ending just under the dip of his chin.

She forgot how many scars he had, the front of his shirt was slightly parted, allowing her to see another scar that adorned his body. “Where did you get that?” she asked as she stepped closer and parted the loose linen, showing that the scar slashed over his heart.

“In the Patrimony of Hyrkoon, located on the eastern side of the Bone Mountains.” Dae said, it could have been mistaken for pride. “A Warrior Woman didn't take kindly to my trespassing in certain areas.”

“Well, that sounds very interesting.” Sansa said giggling. “But I have no idea where in the seven hells that is.”

Daemon laughed, it was full, pleasant. Sansa felt much pride in making him laugh.”It’s east of the Red Waste, which is east of Meereen. I hope you know where that is.” the laugh tapering off in his words.

She laughed a little in response. “Yes, I do know those places are.” she responded.

“Good, good.” he said, still smiling, his gave fixed on her.

His gave made her blush and avert her eyes to the sea that stretched out before the cliffs, letting the wind cool her warm cheeks. Her heard his chuckle beside her.

“You look well.” he said from beside her, she could hear the grin in his words.

“I was.” she said. “But I’m feeling much better now.” she said as she turned back to him, his smile greeting her own.

They were silent for a time but no words were needed. She glanced at his slips and back to his amused eyes. “May I?” she asked him nervously, her heart beating quite fast at this point. He nodded quickly, his eagerness causing her to laugh a bit, but she didn't blame him as she was just as eager.

She gripped his shirt and pulled him down enough so she could press a slow kiss to his lips. She sighed out of her nose and let herself enjoy the kiss and the company. The kiss was slow, calm, but loving all the same and neither of them made a move to break it.

However long later when she broke the kiss she was smiling, her cheeks were starting to hurt, but the smile on Daemon’s face was worth endless amounts of silly aches in her cheeks. She leaned her body into his as they both looked out to the sea. His arm sliding across her shoulders and securing her to him, her arm snaking around his waist, securing him to her.

The rest of her day was spent with Daemon around the island of Dragonstone, her worries washed away by their shared words and laughs with her short-haired silver Prince.

Despite their rough start in the throne room Sansa thought this was quite a good day.

**Daenerys POV:**

She rubbed her temples hoping to relieve the headache the meeting in the throne room had brought.
First she gets backtalked by the King in the North’s sister, then the northerners refuse to bend the knee even though they presented themselves to her, and then they tell tales of an army of the dead that was marching on Westeros. Now she had to regulate the Greyjoy siblings and their ships, organize the movements of the Dornish and Tyrell armies, and making sure her khalasar was satisfied lest they get restless and start causing trouble in places they shouldn't be. At least her Unsullied didn't complain about the simple things yet she wanted them to live in comfort and have all they desired, however little it may be.

All of that would have to come later. It was just her and her brother sitting in the map room discussing the things that have transpired not too long ago.

“So, barring all of the other things we have to worry about, what do you think of the northerners?” she asked her brother.

Dae seemed to think for a moment. “Well from what I saw from this Jon Snow, he seems like an honest man, all the Starks i’ve met have been nothing but honest and kind to me, even when I was a mere toddler being introduced to Brandon and Eddard Stark by their sister Lyanna at Harrenhal.” Daemon told her, she recalled long ago in Pentos when Dae told her of Harrenhal and the Starks.

Daemon continued. “Arya acts like a younger Lyanna but mature is way that I don’t think Lyanna Stark was, Arya has seen what war is like and what it does to the people on the bottom. I like her though. Smart, witty, and a sharp mind when I first met her. I’m sure she has honed her skills over time.”

“Well I’m sure soon you’ll be able to spar with words or with swords with this Stark.” she said, not surprised that he had favorable thoughts towards the Stark family. She couldn't blame him. Before and after their father’s rule the Starks always seemed to treat Daemon respectfully.

“And Sansa is… Sansa.” Dae said sheepishly.

“So” she stated clearly. “That’s the woman you like.”

He laughed at the indignant look on her face, which only strengthened the more he laughed. “Yes, that is her.”

“She has a smart mouth.” she said sharply. “She should learn to control it.”

Her brother continued to chuckle. “I’m sure you two will like each other in time, she has a sharp tongue, she’s also very smart. You two will have your verbal spars but I’m sure you’ll warm to each other soon enough.” he said grinning hopefully.

“Mhm, ok.” she snorted unbelievingly. “So then what do you think of their claims of the Army of the Dead and some Night King.”

Daemon shook his head contemplatively. “At first it is hard to believe but i’ve seen plenty of things that any normal person would scoff at.” he told her. “I’ve been around the known world to lands of fantasy and legend. Things that were passed down through the generations. Legends of the White Walkers have always been around in Westerosi myths and I say there is always a kernel of truth in the depths of a myth.”

She nodded to what her brother said. Everything she had heard from Daemon and other sources about the Starks gave her no reason to distrust them. But even still it was hard to wrap her head around something so fantastical and mundane. Even her dragons were much more believable than White Walkers. The world had known dragons from the time of the Valyrian Empire to the
Targaryen Dynasty. White Walkers have not been seen for thousands of years unlike dragons who have been gone from the world for only a few hundred, even physical proof in the skulls of dragons were common information throughout the houses of Westeros.

“I’ll have to think on it.” she told her brother, who nodded in agreement. “It is a lot to take in and I’d rather focus on the enemy I can see in front of me.”

“Fair enough.” Dae said shrugging. “I’ll let you rest, you seem tired, a nap will do you good.”

“Uh huh.” she said smirking. “You just want me to sleep so you can go talk to Sansa without being disturbed.”

“Could be.” he said smirking back.

“It is isn't it.” she said still smirking.

Daemon shrugged. “Maybe.” he said grinning.

She smiled faintly as her brother kissed her cheek and walked out of the room to his lady love. She would have said it out loud but she knew he was eager to be off without her teasing.

He would be a great father one day and she a great aunt who would spoil her nieces and nephews.

Her own children liked Dae. She could easily see it when they approached him for the first time in Meereen. Viserion was the first to let Dae touch them and eventually pet them and all the rest. Later Drogon would approach her brother, roar in his face, and stare at him for a time before bending his head down close enough for Dae to stroke his snout. Rhaegal, seeing that his siblings were mostly friendly with the new man, circled around her brother for a time before knocking him in the chest with his nose. Everything from then on was like magic. It was true that Valyrians, especially Targaryens in recent history, had a strong connection to dragons.

Her children also seemed to be barely amicable towards Egg who, after her spending some time planning the invasion of Westeros with all of her commanders, seemed to be more and more Valyrian every time she looked at him.

Speaking of Egg he and the Devil’s Company as well as the Tattered Prince with his Windblown company and Ben Plumm, a self-proclaimed distant relative of her and Daemon, with his Second Sons had separated from her main fleet, avoided Blackwater Bay altogether, and traveled to take the Stormlands.

Egg and the Devil’s Company landed south of Storm’s End to take Griffin’s Roost and then move on to Storm’s End. The Tattered Prince and the Windblown would take Rain House, Crow’s Nest, and The Weeping Town and eventually to Mistwood, controlling Cape Wrath, then moving past Storm’s End to Bronzegate and its surrounding towns. Finally Ben Plumm would take the Second Sons to the island of Estermont to take the castle of Greenstone, then he would take his ships to Stonehelm and from there move to Blackhaven and whatever was left of Summerhall. Thus leading to a near complete occupation of the Stormlands in favor of Daenerys.

The Sand Snakes still stalked around the castle and kept out of trouble. Arianne Martell was still the one she was most worried about. She hoped Ellaria would be able to keep an eye on the group, her daughters and her step-niece, as she was the one who seemed to keep a level head in the midst of all the chaos that surrounded her.

The Greyjoy siblings had their ships patrolling the parts of Blackwater Bay closest to Dragonstone and the Bay of Crabs. She trusted them to stay out of Euron Greyjoy’s way, wherever that man
may be, Daemon’s warnings had been adamant and excessive. Whatever this man had done caused Daemon to seek out any opportunity for their armies to stay on land and away from the Crow’s Eye as Daemon called him.

Daemon was certain that any plan Euron concocted with the Lannister Queen would always lean in favor of Euron.

Otherwise, Olenna Tyrell traveled back to highgarden to help her grandsons Willas and Garlan organize the remaining armies of The Reach. She would miss the sharp tongue of Olenna Tyrell but maybe this Sansa Stark could make up for it.

She took a jug of wine and a cup to her chair and table on her personal balcony that looked over the cliffs. Several cups of wine and the sea breeze should help her temporarily rid her of the thoughts of northerners and the troubles of the kingdoms she intends to rule.

AN: Daenerys’ chapter was shorter than intended but most of her thoughts will be expressed in the coming chapters. If you’ve read the most recent books in the A Song of Ice and Fire series you’ll notice that the trio of sellsword groups’ conquest of the Stormlands is similar to how ‘Aegon’ in the books takes the Golden Company to start his invasion of Westeros.

Also a little romance to break the tension of the first meeting and interjecting a little more into the future chapters.
Connecting

AN: The show’s writing has been rough recently so I made an executive decision to make the new Long Night longer that a night in my story.

Disclaimer: I dont own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: T for now

Enjoy!

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Connecting

Daenerys POV

It had only been few days after the Northerners arrived at her island and she was already intrigued. The three Starks that graced her shores were all unique in their own right and presented a different problem for Daenerys each time she thought about them.

First was the youngest Stark, Arya, a short girl about her size. She had been around the Dothraki long enough to know a dangerous person when she saw one. Her talks with Daemon about her revealed enough for her to know that Arya Stark wanted to emulate Dae but was also fierce in her own ways that made up for her lack in size. She saw her communicate with the few of her Dothraki that could speak the common tongue, later when her guards told what was said she wasn't surprised, the girl wanted to spar. Daemon had mentioned the night before that the young Stark girl had asked him to a spar so she could “test herself”.

Daenerys understood the notion. Wanting to be better than those you admired. Arya Stark went against everything she was taught and became a fighter, that was something Daenerys could admire in the young girl, even though she herself held plenty of power she never bothered to learn how to fight. Maybe she could learn one day, when all of her problems wash away, when she is Queen and she can finally take a breath away from all the politics.

Hopefully one day. Dae had always offered to teach her.

Next was Jon Snow, basically a Stark according to Daemon, and the King in the North. Daemon seemed to have a fixation with all the Starks even though he had only met Sansa and Arya recently. The man was stubborn and closed off. Unlike his sisters he was not projecting power or confidence, he was quiet and humble, but a King all the same. She’d have to talk to him in a different setting, where she isn't on the throne and he isn't beneath her, maybe on the cliffs or one of the many viewing spots across the castle. After granting his request for dragonglass he had started mining it and shipping it to Winterfell quickly.
He had showed her the drawings within those caves depicting the struggle between living and
dead. She knew now because those drawing weren't the only things she had been shown. Whatever
magical creature had crawled out of the box was nothing like her dragons. It’s flesh was rotted and
smelling, it’s blue eyes were cold and wild, it scared her even though she would never admit it.
And if what Jon Snow said was true, an army approaches the North and the Wall, another war for
her to fight.

Just another war for her to fight. Hopefully this one will endear herself to the Northerners.

Finally, the last Stark on her mind, was Sansa Stark. The woman who was standing in front of her
on the cliffs looking out over the sea. Both of the Stark sisters were there conversing. There was no
better time for her to talk to them than now.

“Lady Stark.” she greeted cordially. The sisters turned towards her, Arya just dipping her head in a
shallow nod.

“Greetings, Your Grace.” Sansa replied.

She turned to Lady Arya. “I believe the Sand Snakes look for your company. Something about
another spar.” she told the younger Stark. They knew that it was the closest to a dismissal without
actually saying it.

The young Stark hesitated for a few moments before nodding. “I shall seek them out then, Your
Grace.” The sisters exchanged a glance before the older Stark nodded her acceptance to the
younger.

Arya Stark silently stepped past her and started walking back to the castle.

“My brother spoke many good things about you.” she stated.

Sansa’s face remained indifferent. “I am happy to hear that he did, Your Grace.”

There was silence. It was awkward to say the least. “I came here to see if those good things are
true.” she told the woman.

“I hope I can meet some of your expectations, Your Grace.” the auburn haired woman replied.

“No more of this Your Grace stuff.” Daenerys told the woman sharply. “I saw you and my brother
out here on the cliffs for the last couple of days. You do know your in full view of the castle?” she
queried.

The Stark blushed and turned away from Daenerys. “We’re happy and I have nothing else to say
about it.” the woman huffed.

“It’s not that I think the both of you aren't happy, I can clearly see it by the way he talks about you,
it’s about what it means to everyone else.” she told Sansa. “What I see is the Warden of the Vale
and the prince to my kingdom courting each other.”

The Stark woman’s head dipped down, although she couldn't see Sansa’s face she knew that her
eyes were staring at the ground. “It could work in the grand scheme of things.” the auburn haired
woman stated as she looked from the ground to turn back to Daenerys.

Daenerys just nodded. “I agree, but what will the others think. The relationship between the
Targaryens and Starks has always been volatile. The actions of my brother and father in recent
history has only made it worse.” Daenerys pointed out.
“True.” Sansa nodded.

“You’re also the current Warden of the Vale and your responsibilities lie in the Vale. What will your lords think of this match?” she asked rhetorically. “Not good if it doesn't go well.” she said.

“But if it does go well and one thing lead to another, marriage, it could mean that the Vale and the North will become apart of your kingdom.” the Stark replied. “All good news for you if all goes well.”

“And how do you think I could make it go well?” she asked Sansa.

“It would be a matter of convincing the lords to accept your rule, my brother Jon included as their King, as well as the lords of the Vale. If I were to marry Daemon I wouldn't have much a choice but to accept your rule.” Sansa answered her. “But there is much time from now till the time I hypothetically marry Dae for you to do that. There is also the problem brewing in the North that will need to be dealt with sooner rather than later. If the threat is beaten with your help I know the northern lords may not fully accept you but they will be warmer than they previously were.” Sansa continued.

Daenerys noticed that she referred to her brother as Dae. A name her brother only allowed Talisa, herself, and a select few others to call him. It seemed that Sansa was now apart of that exclusive group.

“...A raven arrived from Eastwatch by the Sea, one of the castles on the Wall.” Sansa explained while holding said raven scroll. “The Army of the Dead is at the Wall.”

Daenerys sighed deeply. “Then I suppose it is time for me to go North?.” she questioned.

Sansa nodded her agreement. “The war in the south will mean nothing if the war in the north is lost.” she said. “Knowing Jon he’ll be eternally grateful to you if you go North now.” Daenerys knew that meant that the King in the North will possibly be willing to be bend the knee.

“You think the northern lords will accept what happens next?” she asked the Stark woman.

“Yes. I know Robb will, same with my mother. There are plenty of men loyal to them.” the woman said, then as an afterthought. “Ghost and Brienne are there as well.”

She didn't know what ghosts or Brienne meant but she found herself starting to trust the word of this particular Stark.

They stood on the cliffs in silence for a few moments. Both relishing in the steps they took to connect with each other. “I suppose you want to go see Dae now?” Daenerys asked of the other woman.

Sansa smiled languidly. “I would.” she could see that that the Stark was quite comfortable when mentioning Daemon. She hoped that their relationship would progress and a marriage between their houses could help bring the North and possibly the Vale into her fold along with Dorne, the Reach, and the Iron Islands.

“I would like to talk to you more.” Daenerys told Sansa. “If you and my brother grow close I see no reason to not get somewhat familiar with you.”

Sansa smirked slightly. “You sound reluctant.” the woman stated over a gust of wind.

“Maybe I am.” she said strongly. “Either way I should get to know more about the Warden of the
Vale and the King in the North if I am to rule them one day.”

“We will see, Your Grace.” Sansa stated. “If I may?” Sansa asked motioning towards the castle.

Daenerys just nodded and turned away as the Stark woman made her way back to the castle to see her brother.

Daenerys was unsure of the match as she was worried about her brother just as much as she was worried about her kingdom. She knew if she asked Dae to marry the Warden of the Vale now he wouldn't have a problem, same can be said for the Warden herself, she was worried what the lords who supported said Warden would feel because without those lords the Warden meant nothing.

She sighed and shook her head. One day she’ll be sitting on an ugly and uncomfortable iron chair and she’d be damned if a couple petty lords stopped her from taking the throne.

Arya POV

Jon had been painfully busy. While he usually had time for her when they were Winterfell, what with Robb and her mother to help shoulder the load of preparing the North, now his sole focus was getting the help of the Dragon Queen. Sansa had been similarly occupied but Arya had spotted her with the Silver Prince from time to time. This gave her plenty of free time to explore both the castle and the island. She could observe everything while scarcely being interrupted.

Dragons were something she had always dreamed about when she was younger. Wishing she was Visenya and Rhaenys riding those dragons, swords in their hands, fighting battles as warrior Queens. But now realistically she knew that riding a dragon wouldn't be something she would be doing anytime soon. They were magnificent yes but they were also terrifying. Large scaled beasts, lizards, whatever they could be described as besides fucking dragons.

Rumors said that the Dragon Queen was able to have some semblance of control over the beasts. The evidence was in front of her. If the dragons were truly wild beasts they would have flown all across Westeros by now burning whatever and whoever they pleased. The fact that they were still content with roaming the small island was a testament to the Dragon Queen’s ability to make her “children” listen.

But dragon were not the only odd things that she observed on the island.

The Unsullied were unflappable soldiers that did whatever they were commanded no matter what they were commanded to do. She spotted them all across the island and the castle itself. It seemed like the soldiers she saw were never off duty, always watchful, always guarding. She didn't even attempt to speak to them since the only one who seemed to speak the common tongue among them was their commander Grey Worm who was always at the Queen’s side.

The rest of the bulk of the Queen’s army that was currently on Dragonstone was the thousands of Dothraki who had pitched tents across the island. She had seen ships ferrying Dothraki screamers to and from the island on raiding or scouting missions. She knew that the Dragon Queen wouldn't be able to keep every Dothraki fighter in check and calm. It seemed that Dothraki blood always boiled for a fight causing the Queen to constantly rotate Dothraki from the island to the mainland, keeping them busy.

Very few spoke the common tongue and the ones that did were none too friendly with the curious
girl asking them questions.

Arya had though them similar to the Wildlings Jon had allowed through the Wall.

Speaking of similar to the Dothraki, she had also recently met the Sand Snakes of Dorne.

“Are you lost wolf-girl.” asked one of the Snakes. Their accents coloring over their words.

Her wolf’s blood mixed well with the Dornish bastards blaze. All ferocious and deadly in their own way. Safe to say that they became quick friends. Especially though sharp words and sparring.

They were quicker than anyone she had faced. Her old dancing master had been quicker. It took her time to adjust to fighting the whips and spears. Both weapons kept her at a range and she was at a disadvantage with her short-sword, Needle, and a knife.

Obara, the one with the spear and shield as well as a whip on her hip, was the most formidable. She may not be as fast as her sisters but she was the strongest and the largest. Her spear and shield combo frustrated Arya to no end. When she was to get past the spear she was met with the shield and by that time Obara will have lashed out with it or gained some distance, starting Arya back to square one. She used Needle in her spars with Obara as she was quicker and could poke her full of holes. Their spars were long and hard with Obara coming out as the winner on most days.

Nymeria was proficient in knives whether it be throwing or otherwise. Though they never actually spared physically they were quite fond of verbal sparring, although Arya was never good with words. She learned that Nymeria had knives concealed around her body even when her clothing was revealing. In her boots or high on her thighs were good places to start looking. She asked the woman to teach her how to throw certain knives as Arya had rarely thrown one before. Nym was happy to teach her the basics of knife throwing as well as giving her a few tips but Arya could tell that the woman was withholding a few tricks up her sleeve.

Tyene was the oddest of the currently present Sand Snakes as her hair was almost as golden as a Lannister, her blue eyes matched with the rest of her sisters. Tyene was easily the most beautiful of the Sand Snakes she saw but was the most proficient in the verbal spars Arya partook in. She taught Arya about the lesser poisons, where she could procure them, and how she should use them. Arya could only guess that Tyene would tell all of this if she had already built a tolerance for those poisons. Either way Arya accepted the knowledge eagerly.

Finally there was Elia, younger than the fourth Sand Snake Sarella, who according to the elder Sands was off in the world seeking knowledge. Although it wasn't put as eloquently. Elia was wild and even more fiery than her older sister Obara. It was easy to see that Elia looked up to her older sister much like Arya looked up to Jon and Robb, Tyene had mentioned the same could be said for their younger sisters Obell, Dorea, and Loreza, although Dorea and Loreza worshipped Elia and Obella. Much like Bran and Rickon looked up to Arya.

The sisters were a breath of fresh air considering all of the political focus her brother and sister were involved in. Having honest relations with people were much more rewarding for her than an alliance written on paper or based on political assets.

It was after another day of sparring when she learned that they were to depart to Winterfell soon with the Dragon Queen in tow.

Sansa entered her room with a quick knock and calling her name.

“You look tired.” Sansa commented as she placed herself in the desk chair as Arya finished drying
off from her bath.

She quickly put on a set of loose dry clothes and plopped herself on the bed, looking at her sister. “Hours of sparring usually does that to you.” she replied. “Maybe you should learn a few tricks as well?” she suggested.

Sansa shrugged thoughtfully. “I really haven’t the time to learn something in depth, maybe you or Dae could teach me something.”

Arya just raised a single brow at the nickname Sansa had seemingly developed for Daemon. Although she had remembered that Talisa had used the nickname as well.

“I learned a few tricks from the Sand Snakes, well mostly Nymeria, but I could still teach you a thing or two.” she said to her sister.

Sansa seemed to ponder over it for a second. “Maybe when we are back in Winterfell.” she said thoughtfully.

“Are we going back soon?” Arya asked after the mention of her home. As much as she loved everything she saw on Dragonstone, the people she met and everything else, she still missed the bite of the Northern winter winds on her skin. She was a Stark after all.

“We are” Sansa said. “A raven from the Night’s Watch men on Eastwatch had spotted the Army of the Dead marching towards their part of the wall.” Sansa told her.

“Will we have help?” Arya asked her sister cautiously.

“It seems so yes.” they both sighed a small breath of relief through their noses. “Daenerys is coming North with us, most of her army will follow as well as her three dragons. Jon hasn't asked yet but he wishes to continue mining the dragonglass while we are gone and to continue sending it North and to the Neck.”

“The night approaches.” Arya commented darkly.

Sansa just smirked at her. “And we’ll carry a torch through it all.”

AN: N/A
A Day in the North, A Day in the South

AN: A different sort of chapter and developing the story in the south. During this time most of the characters from Dragonstone will be making their way to Winterfell.

Disclaimer: I don't own Game of Thrones or A Song of Ice and Fire

Warnings: Violence and death

Enjoy!

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A Day in the North, A Day in the South

Robb POV

Days have been getting shorter. Jon had mentioned that during his time with the Wildlings some days had only lasted a few hours before plunging the land beyond the Wall into darkness again. Maybe it was a sign

He had received a raven a week ago that informed him that the Dragon Queen as well as the Northern retinue that went south would be arriving in Winterfell to plan for the coming battle against the White Walkers.

Another war to fight. Somehow it was going to be worse than trying to outmaneuver Tywin Lannister. At least when the enemy died they would stay dead. But now steel weapons wouldn't do. Their own men could fight and die then fight again but not for them.

It was a funny thought. Tywin Lannister might actually be some help now. All of the soldiers they killed in the Riverlands and Westerlands could be some help now. Only if all their wars they fought had disappeared and their armies fresh but alas it won't be. From one war to another.

Again another war that would put his family in danger. They were all tired of war but the enemy wouldn't wait for them to be prepared.

It put a strain on everyone in the family. His mother had been even more stressed than when they were basically trapped in Riverrun for years. Now she had to be one of the ladies of the house alongside Talisa. Bran had changed as emotionless as his little brother has been he was a wealth of information. Telling them when they could expect the ‘Night King’, the best places to hunt for game for the next few hours, anything they need to survive.

They never had time for each other as a family. Their interactions were almost always purely war related and it didn't seem like it would change over time.

Especially Talisa and himself. That might never change.

At the end of the day they would come into their chambers late and exhausted from a day of
extensive preparation. No energy left to do anything besides sleep. It helped to have Little Ned start sleeping their room. With all of the guests who were going to have to be housed at Winterfell no room should be wasted. It was nice in a morbid fashion, wake and kiss his wife and child good morning, work for hours and hours on end, come back to his chambers and kiss his wife and child goodnight.

Talisa had been teaching the able seamstresses about medical practices. A maester or two couldn't sustain the medical health of an army so teaching those who knew how to be nimble with their fingers medicine practices would help in the war to come. There were times when she came to their chambers late at night always kissing Little Ned on the cheek before coming to Robb to kiss him goodnight, at that point her eyes were already drooping shut, not even bothering to change.

Over the years their relationship was strained. Talisa was never going to be content while being someone’s wife. He could see it even if she didn't. Even then they had no time for each other. It had been months, maybe even a year, since they had personal time together. Now their lives were split between eating, sleeping, being a lord and a lady, and taking care of their son.

But now all that personal shite didn't matter. It was his duty to protect them from some beasts that had lay in myths and legends. They were his family and as a son, and as a brother, and as a husband, and as a father it was his duty to protect them all.

Egg POV

He cut open the throat of another man as he took another step up the Griffin’s Throat, the narrow ridge that led to the keep of Griffin’s Roost. The linen gambeson that most of the defenders wore were largely insignificant when faced with his spears or piercing swords. Small thin helmets were easily negated with mauls, mallets, or maces. Their grieves easily slashable with swords and axes. The thin armor on their legs vulnerable to arrows and all types of weapons.

Their advantages were their numbers and the geography of Griffin’s Roost. One side was faced with cliffs and Shipbreaker Bay, any assault from the sea would be useless and costly, the other side was land but it was a steep climb to the castle and the only reasonable area to stage an attack without getting peppered by arrows was the Griffin’s Throat. Even then the Throat had a gatehouse that was easily breached but still caused his men to take casualties by the archers as they rushed through the breach.

The defenders raced down the ridge on the narrow stone path to meet the invading force. In their rush a few tripped and rolled a ways down the incline before struggling to make it back up to their comrades. The stone path in which the battle was fought was wide enough for three grown men to stand side by side, and so the battle commenced, the grueling fight to the keep continued and Egg needed to find a way to end it before the sun set. Nevermind how pretty the setting sun made his armor look.

The sun was reaching the horizon painting the sky and landscape in yellows and oranges. Half of the ridge was basking in shadow. He took a step back from the frontline allowing Franklyn Flowers to step in front and rain blows upon the enemy. He stepped off the stone path where the fighting took place and into the shadowed half of the ridge.

His eyes were forced to adjust to the abrupt change in light as he looked away from the sun. The shadows of the fighting men danced on the crags that peppered the landscape. He could see bodies
that had rolled away from the fighting were starting to pile up at the bottom of the ridge while a few corpses remained on the incline, not allowing gravity to take them away.

An arrow pinged off of his helmet, halting his thoughts of the scene before him, he knew his carelessness would result in a headache later but the arrow reminded him of his task.

He made his way along the slope, his swords acting as a walking stick so he didn't roll his ankle a hundred times before he reached the gatehouse. On his way he received greetings and cheers from his men. Some even laughing and offering to help as they saw their leader struggling along the shadowed slope.

“Fuck off and keep your eyes forward!” he yelled at his men, some of them chuckled at this. “We’ll get an opening soon! Be patient and you’ll have your glory!” he made sure he was heard over the din of clashing metal and dying men. His men responded with a resounding cheer, drowning out the sounds of fighting for only a second.

He continued down the line, encouraging his men, keeping them engaged.

Finally he had made it to the gatehouse. “Get Balaq and his archers up here now!” he ordered to one of his lesser officers, a young Volantine bastard if he remembered correctly. The young man, no older than Egg himself, scampered off quickly squeezing through the crowd of men at the gate.

As he waited he slid down the slope a couple feet before forcing himself to stop. From here he had a decent view of the front. In front fighting wildly was one of his officers, Franklyn Flowers, the man who overtook him in the fighting was swinging his great Pernach mace without fault. The lightly armoured host of Griffin’s Roost could barely contend with their arming swords and steel tipped wooden spears. But Flowers would get tired soon enough and the stalemate would continue until another was willing to take up the job of moving the line.

“Make way! Make way!” he heard behind him. It was his Volantine officer, just behind him was Black Balaq, as well as twenty or thirty archers squeezing through the crowd.

It took a moment for the officer to spot him but he soon called out. “Sir, Balaq and his selected archers.”

As soon as Black Balaq reached him the Volantine officer made his way back to the gatehouse trying to bring some semblance of order to the chaos.

“Orders?” Balaq asked of him in his thick Summer Islander accent while the other archers gathered around. His white hair was a strong contrast to his soot colored skin. His orange and green feathered cloak clashing wildly with the many golden arm rings he wore.

“You all will stay as far down as possible on this slope here,” he said pointing towards where the corpses started piling up. “Hit them from the sides so we can start pushing them back towards the castle. Use the dead as cover.” he explained to his men.

“Understood?” he was answered with a chorused ‘Sir!’: “Good, now go!” The men rushed past him, scrambling across the slope to their positions.

A hand clasped his shoulder. “My men and I will get you in that castle, do not worry, the battle will be ours.” Black Balaq told him.

“I know we will Balaq. I just want to finish this before dark.” he told his officer.
Balaq chuckled. “So it will be. Though I am half tempted to let this fight fall under darkness, I doubt you’d be able to find me out here.” Black Balaq japed.

His laugh sounded more like a scoff, Balaq had a reputation in the company of avoiding orders, especially after a battle. “You’ll have orders whether you like it or not.” he told the man.

Balaq just shook his head and went to join his men on the slope who were already firing arrows into the flank of the enemy with deadly effect.

He turned towards the gatehouse again. “Oi!” he yelled. “Bring the handheld ram. We’re gonna need it up at the keep!” he yelled over the sounds of battle. His officers nodded and squeezed through the throng of men. He used his sword to help him himself up onto the path, accepting an offered hand from one of his men.

“Make way! Make way for the ram!” was heard over the din. The men parted for a group of ten men who held a carved log ram between them, using hand holds carved into the log itself.

The men in the path of the ram quickly stepped off the path before stepping on again. Egg turned towards the keep and let the ram through the men. It didn't take long before he spotted the back of Franklyn Flowers. They were almost to the thick door that lead into the keep.

“Shields!” he called. “Over the ram!” The shields flew up over the ram preventing the arrows from felling it’s holders. The archers’ attention had been pulled from the front to the ram, a large target.

“Flowers! Move now!” Egg ordered just as Flowers’ mace took off a man’s jaw. The large men stepped away as the last of the defenders were cut down, the thick wooden door behind them closing, leaving them to their deaths. Oil was poured down, Egg was lucky to step away, it was unheated and did nothing to his men besides covering them in the black viscous liquid. It didn't deter the ram for slamming into the door again and again and again.

Ravens flew from the keep but Balaq’s archers easily prevented them from going any further.

Again and again and again the ram slammed into the door, splinters flew from the dent, but it didn't deter his men. With another ramming the door flew off its hinges, splinters flying everywhere, the defenders behind the door making a hasty retreat into the inner great hall. There the fighting became brutal with punches thrown and blood being spilt like spoiled wine. It was a cacophony of fighting and screams and death.

His men flooded in filling the hall and it’s surrounding hallways. Any resistance they found would be met with death.

Egg was able to make it a ways into the hall while the fighting shifted away from him. But a man approaching caught his attention and he knew exactly who came before him.

Ronnet Connington stood in front of him, the full plate armor of a lord covering his body was splattered with the blood of comrades and enemies, his longsword at the ready. Egg wasn’t particularly fond of fighting but it seemed that he would have to make another example in this battle, for leading his men would not be enough, thought the death of a lord on his sword would be impressive.

Ronnet dashed over corpses to get to Egg, his sword held high, a battlecry spilling from his lips. His upraised sword blocked Ronnet’s powerful overhead swing as it came crashing down.

Egg responded with a slash to the gut which Ronnet easily stepped away from before stepping into another heaving overhead attack. The Connington man was certainly stronger than Egg and if he
kept up with these heavy attacks Egg would soon tire.

Egg deflected the attack and stepped in close negating Ronnet’s reach and power with his sword. Quick slashes were his own territory. He started aiming for the gut, knees, and feet causing Ronnet to make hasty steps back that would allow him the space to block Egg’s attacks.

Ronnet had started to tire. It could be seen in the sluggishness in which he blocked. The man had been of the defensive for the better part of this fight and Egg could tell he was also getting frustrated.

Ronnet blocked again before throwing his shoulder into Egg’s, creating distance, allowing Ronnet to slash at Egg’s throat causing him to throw up a hasty block and taking a few steps back.

It was clear that Connington had seen some sort of opening as he sword came overhead intent on cleaving open Egg’s helm and head.

Egg was able to bring his sword up to the apex of Ronnet’s swing, the steel clashing, the cries of battle drowning it out. Their hilts locked and Egg let up and allowed Ronnet to force his sword down, overcompensating his strength, before he quickly broke his sword from the lock causing Ronnet to stumble. It wasn't enough to give Egg an opening to end the bout but he started to find a weak spot in Ronnet’s form.

The tired man swung his sword overhead. Again.

He guided the interlocked swords low to the ground again, this time stomping on their joined hilts, disarming Ronnet and almost dragging him to his knees. Egg’s armored knee rushed up to slam into Ronnet’s exposed face. The man fell back with a pained cry, his nose twisted and broken, teeth flying out of his bloody mouth.

Before the dazed man could reach for his sword Egg’s armoured boot crushed the man’s fingers causing Ronnet to scream in pain. On his back holding his broken hand and screaming in pain, Ronnet Connington made for a pathetic sight. Egg reaffirmed his grip on his sword and shoved it under the man’s helmet and into his throat, cutting off his screams, replacing it with the pained and bloody gurgles of a soon to be dead man.

As soon as the defenders saw that their lord had fallen they started throwing down their arms. Unfortunately for them prisoners could not be taken, they sat where they once stood and fought and bled, awaiting the knife to slide across their throat and their corpse to be tossed to the crows. Griffin’s Roost has fallen.

He ordered Franklyn Flowers to hold the Roost with a hundred men for a fortnight before rejoining the Company at Storm’s End. By that time most of the Stormlands would have fallen to the Second Sons and the Windblown. Ben Plumm and Tatters were both capable commanders and he trusted them enough to know that the Stormlands couldn’t win against the might of the Devil’s Company, the Second Sons, and the Windblown.

His ride back to the main camp saw him on the Griffin’s Throat once more. He saw the broken corpse of a maester joined the rest of the bodies of the defenders, probably Flowers’ doing. Bodies littered the stone path as well as the slopes that surrounded it. The battle had been bloody but his men won the day and Black Balaq’s archers minimized the potential casualties.

The taking of Griffin’s Roost did not require the entire Devil’s Company. He only brought 1,000 infantry and 300 archers to take the castle, if he had brought the entire company the fighting we be cramped and his men would have suffered unnecessary casualties. Ronnet Connington had recently
returned from the Riverlands with a couple hundred men so taking the castle proved to be more difficult than he initially anticipated but in the end it fell.

Jon Connington or as Egg had known him as, Griff, always muttered about the Stormlands and about Griffin’s Roost for many nights. Egg no longer felt anything towards the dead man but as a last honor to the man who raised him he took personal command in taking Griffin’s Roost.

Now with the Stormlands soon to be under their control Daenerys’ inevitable victory will come even easier than before.

AN: Look up a picture of Griffin’s Roost. It’s a really cool location that I don't think I did justice to.

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