### A Wolf That Met A Star

**Summary**

[BEING IMPROVED]

Chapters Done:

Chapters from 1 to 22 as of 16/12/2019

The story was updated today 16/12/2019 because of the new Chapter 22
Ned reunites with his siblings at Harrenhal for the greatest tourney in history. His oldest brother Brandon, the heir to Winterfell, wishes to meet his father’s expectations while craving for some freedom of his own; his sister, Lyanna struggles with the codes of society and how everyone seems to want her to be a proper lady, forbidding her to do what she really wants, and being promised to his best friend who she hates; his youngest brother, Benjen, wishes to join the Night’s Watch or perhaps the Kingsguard so he can prove he is as capable as his siblings…And him who struggles with his shyness, being in his oldest brother’s shadow and having an uncertain future ahead of him…

Ashara vows to help Crown Prince Rhaegar Targaryen, her brother’s best friend, and her best friend’s husband, dethrone his father for the sake of the realm and those she loves.

Little do they know that this very tourney would change their lives forever, for the Game of Thrones is always unpredictable…

Notes

This AU is a little different then most fanfictions about the Tourney at Harrenhal, the main focus will be Ned and Ashara, but the usual subjects about the tourney will still be present. It will develop into something a bit different than many AUs but I hope it can be credible and enjoyable to read.
Appendix

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Year 281 after the Conquest

House Targaryen

King Aerys II Targaryen (Born in 244 AC, 37 Years Old)

- His Wife: Queen Rhaella Targaryen (Born in 246 AC, 35 Years Old)

- Their Children:

  -- Crown Prince Rhaegar Targaryen (Born in 259 AC, 22 Years Old), His Heir

  --- His Wife: Princess Elia Martell (Born in 257 AC, 23 Years Old)

  ---- Their Daughter: Princess Rhaenys Targaryen (Born in 280 AC, Few Months Old)

-- Miscarriage in 263 AC†

-- Miscarriage in 264 AC†
--Princess Shaena Targaryen† (Born and Died in 267 AC, [Frailness], Newborn)
--Prince Daeron Targaryen† (Born in 269 AC and Died in 270 AC, [Frailness], Newborn)
--Stillborn Daughter† (Born and Died in 270 AC)
--Miscarriage in 271 AC†
--Prince Aegon Targaryen† (Born in 272 AC and Died in 273 AC, [Frailness], Newborn)
--Prince Jaehaerys Targaryen† (Born and Died in 274 AC, [Frailness], Newborn)

--Prince Viserys Targaryen (Born in 276 AC, 5 Years Old)

His Small Council:
- Lord Owen Merryweather (Born in 218 AC, 63 Years Old), Hand of the King
- Grand Maester Pycelle (Born in 216 AC, 65 Years Old)
- Lord Qarlton Chelsted (Born in 236 AC, 45 Years Old), Master of Coin
- Lord Symond Staunton (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old), Master of Laws
- Lord Lucerys Velaryon (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old), Master of Ships
- Varys (Born in 246, 35 Years Old), Master of Whisperers
- Ser Gerold Hightower (Born in 222, 59 Years Old), Lord Commander of the Kingsguard

His Kingsguard:
- Ser Gerold Hightower (Born in 222 AC, 59 Years Old), Lord Commander of the Kingsguard [Nominated in 242 AC, Made Lord Commander in 259 AC]
- Ser Barristan Selmy (Born in 237 AC, 44 Years Old) [Nominated in 260 AC]
- Ser Jonothor Darry (Born in 246 AC, 35 Years Old) [Nominated in 264 AC]
- Ser Oswell Whent (Born in 252 AC, 29 Years Old) [Nominated in 274 AC]
- Ser Arthur Dayne (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old) [Nominated in 276 AC]
- Prince Lewyn Martell (Born in 230 AC, 51 Years Old) [Nominated in 279 AC]
- Ser Jaime Lannister (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old) [Nominated in 281 AC]

Some Courtiers:
-Triston of the Mud Gate (Born in 219 AC, 62 Years Old), The King’s Justice

-Ser Willem Darry (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old), Master-at-Arms

-Ser Manly Stokeworth (Born in 233 AC, 48 Years Old), Commander of the Gold Cloaks

-Anibald Barefoot (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old), Court Jester

-Hamish the Harper (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old), Court Singer

-Wisdom Rossart (Born in 238 AC, 43 Years Old), a Pyromancer

-Thoros of Myr (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old), a Red Priest

-Lord Gyles Rosby (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old)

-Lord Ardrian Celtigar (Born in 239 AC, 42 Years Old)

-Lord Jon Connington (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

-Ser Myles Mooton (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

-Ser Richard Lonmouth (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

-Ser Alyn Langward (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

-Ser Mark Langward (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

Princess Elia and Queen Rhaella’s Ladies-in-Waiting:

-Ashara Dayne (Born in 262 AC, 18 Years Old)

-Jasline Vaith (Born in 263 AC, 18 Years Old)

-Emyly Yronwood (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old)

-Nysah Gargalen (Born in 265 AC, 16 Years Old)

His Principal Bannermen:

-Lord Elwood Rykker of Duskendale (Born in 241 AC, 40 Years Old)

-Lord Gyles Rosby of Rosby (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old)

-Lady Tanda Stokeworth of Stokeworth (Born in 244 AC, 36 Years Old)

-Lord Lucerys Velaryon of Driftmark (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old)

-Lord Ardrian Celtigar of Claw Island (Born in 239 AC, 42 Years Old)

-Lord Gowen Buckwell of the Antlers (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)

-Lord Lyle Hayford of Hayford (Born in 232 AC, 48 Years Old)
House Stark

Lord Paramount Rickard Stark (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

-His Wife: Lady Paramount Lyarra Stark† (Born in 244 AC and Died in 268 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 24 Years Old)

-Their Children:

--Brandon Stark (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old), His Heir

---His Betrothed: Catelyn Tully (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old)

--Eddard Stark (Born in 263 AC, 18 Years Old)

--Lyanna Stark (Born in 266 AC, 14 Years Old)

---Her Betrothed: Lord Paramount Robert Baratheon (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

--Benjen Stark (Born in 268 AC, 12 Years Old)

Some Friends of the Young Starks:

-Lord Jon Umber (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

-Mark Ryswell (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

-Edrick Tallhart (Born in 261 AC, 20 Years Old)

-Willam Dustin (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

-Lord Paramount Robert Baratheon (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

-Jeffory Mallister (Born in 263 AC, 18 Years Old)

-Kyle Royce (Born in 265 AC, 16 Years Old)

-Elbert Arryn (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old)

-Ethan Glover (Born in 267 AC, 14 Years Old)

His Principal Bannermen:

-Lord Roose Bolton of Dreadfort (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
-Lord Wyman Manderly of White Harbor (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)
-Lord Garth Dustin of Barrowton (Born in 238 AC, 43 Years Old)
-Lord Rodrik Ryswell of the Rills (Born in 240 AC, 40 Years Old)
-Lord Harlik Reed of Greywater Watch (Born in 238 AC, 43 Years Old)
-Lord Galbart Glover of Deepwood Motte (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
-Lord Rickard Karstark of Karhold (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old)

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**House Tully**

**Lord Paramount Hoster Tully** (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old)

- His Wife: Lady Paramount Minisa Whent† (Born in 246 AC and Died in 274 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 28 Years Old)

  - Their Children:
    -- Edwin Tully† (Born in 260 AC and Died in 264 AC [Smallpox], 3 Years Old)
    -- Donnel Tully† (Born in 262 AC and Died in 263 AC [Frailness], Newborn)

-- Catelyn Tully (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old),
--- Her Betrothed: Brandon Stark (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

-- Lysa Tully (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old)
-- Edmure Tully (Born in 272 AC, 9 Years Old), His Heir

-- Jared Tully† (Born and Died in 274 AC [Frailness], Newborn)

- His Brother: Brynden Tully (Born in 243 AC, 38 Years Old), Master-at-Arms

**His Principal Bannermen:**

- Lady Shella Whent of Harrenhal (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
- Lord Walder Frey of the Crossing (Born in 208 AC, 73 Years Old)
- Lord Justin Mooton of Maidenpool (Born in 237 AC, 44 Years Old)
-Lord Jason Mallister of Seagard (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
-Lord Tytos Blackwood of Raventree Hall (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old)
-Lord Jonos Bracken of Stone Hedge (Born in 259 AC, 22 Years Old)
-Lord Owen Darry of Castle Darry (Born in 237 AC, 44 Years Old)

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**House Arryn**

**Lord Paramount Jon Arryn** (Born in 220 AC, 61 Years Old)

- His First Wife: Lady Paramount Jeyne Royce† (Born in 222 AC and Died in 241 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 19 Years Old),
- Their Stillborn Daughter (Born and Died in 241 AC)

- His Second Wife: Lady Paramount Rowena Arryn† (Born in 238 AC and Died in 258 AC, [Winterchill], 20 Years Old)

- His Nephew: Elbert Arryn (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old), His Heir

- His Distant Cousin: Denys Arryn (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
--His Wife: Annara Waynwood (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)
---Their Son: Artos Arryn (Born in 278 AC, 3 Years Old)

**His Principal Bannermen:**

- Lord Yohn Royce of Runestone (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)
- Lord Marq Grafton of Gulltown (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)
- Lady Anya Waynwood of Ironoaks (Born in 243 AC, 38 Years Old)
- Lord Horton Redfort of Redfort (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
- Lord Eon Hunter of Longbow Hall (Born in 215 AC, 66 Years Old)
- Lord Benedar Belmore of Strongsong (Born in 254 AC, 27 Years Old)
- Lord Francis Corbray of Heart’s Home (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

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**House Lannister**
**Lord Paramount Tywin Lannister** (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

-His Wife: Lady Paramount Joanna Lannister† (Born in 246 AC and Died in 273 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 27 Years Old)

-Their Children:
  --Ser Jaime Lannister (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old), a Knight of the Kingsguard
  --Cersei Lannister (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old)
  --Tyrion Lannister (Born in 273 AC, 8 Years Old), His Heir

His Siblings:

-Kevan Lannister (Born in 244 AC, 37 Years Old)
  --His Wife: Dorna Swyft (Born in 246 AC, 35 Years Old)
  --Their Children:
    ---Stillborn Daughter† (Born and Died in 269 AC)
    ---Lyman Lannister† (Born and Died in 272 AC, [Frailness], Months Old)
    ---Miscarriage in 277 AC†

-Genna Lannister (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
  --Her Husband: Emmon Frey (Born in 238 AC, 43 Years Old)
  --Their Children:
    ---Cleos Frey (Born in 268 AC, 13 Years Old)
    ---Lyonel Frey (Born in 270 AC, 11 Years Old)
    ---Tion Frey (Born in 279 AC, 2 Years Old)

-Tygett Lannister (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)
  --His Wife: Darlessa Marbrand (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)

-Gerion Lannister (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)
His Cousins by His Late Uncle Jason Lannister:

-Lynora Hill (Born in 243 AC, 38 Years Old)

-Damon Lannister (Born in 244 AC, 37 Years Old)
   --His Wife: Ella Lannister (Born in 244 AC, 37 Years Old)
   ---Their Son: Damion Lannister (Born in 268 AC, 13 Years Old)

-Stafford Lannister (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old)
   --His Wife: Myranda Lefford (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)
   --Their Children:
   ---Daven Lannister (Born in 273 AC, 8 Years Old)
   ---Cerenna Lannister (Born in 278 AC, 3 Years Old)

-Margot Lannister (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
   --Her Husband: Lord Titus Peake (Born in 259 AC, 22 Years Old)
   ---Their Daughter: Jonelle Peake (Born in 280 AC, Few Months Old)

His Principal Bannermen:

-Lord Leo Lefford of Golden Tooth (Born in 247 AC, 34 Years Old)
-Lord Sumner Crakehall of Crakehall (Born in 222 AC, 69 Years Old)
-Lord Andros Brax of Hornvale (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)
-Lord Steffon Lydden of Deep Den (Born in 229 AC, 59 Years Old)
-Lord Reynard Banefort of Banefort (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
-Lord Mark Prester of Feastfires (Born in 227 AC, 54 Years Old)
-Lord Justin Westerling of the Crag (Born in 232 AC, 49 Years Old)

House Baratheon

Lord Paramount Robert Baratheon (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)
-His Betrothed: Lyanna Stark (Born in 266 AC, 14 Years Old)

-His Bastard Daughter: Mya Stone (Born in 280 AC, 1 Year Old)

-His Siblings:
--Stannis Baratheon (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old), His Heir
--Renly Baratheon (Born in 277 AC, 4 Years Old)

-His Great-Uncle: Harbert Baratheon (Born in 234 AC, 47 Years Old)

His Principal Bannermen:
- Lord Jon Connington of Griffin’s Roost (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)
- Lord Clifford Swann of Stonehelm (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
- Lord Alan Grandison of Grandview (Born in 232 AC, 49 Years Old)
- Lord Andrew Cafferan of Fawnton (Born in 243 AC, 38 Years Old)
- Lord Godwin Estermont of Greenstone (Born in 213 AC, 68 Years Old)
- Lord Derek Morrigen of Crow’s Nest (Born in 218 AC, 63 Years Old)
- Lord Ralph Buckler of Bronzegate (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

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**House Tyrell**

**Lord Paramount Mace Tyrell** (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old)
- His Wife: Lady Paramount Alerie Hightower (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)
- Their Children:
  -- Willas Tyrell (Born in 275 AC, 6 Years Old), His Heir
  -- Garlan Tyrell (Born in 277 AC, 4 Years Old)

- His Widowed Mother: Olenna Redwyne (Born in 228 AC, 53 Years Old)
-His Sisters:

--Mina Tyrell (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)

---Her Husband: Lord Paxter Redwyne (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)

---Their Children:

----Horas Redwyne (Born in 281 AC, Newborn)

----Hobber Redwyne (Born in 281 AC, Newborn)

--Janna Tyrell (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

His Uncles:

-Gormon Tyrell (Born in 232 AC, 49 Years Old), a Maester

-Garth Tyrell (Born in 234 AC, 47 Years Old)

--His Wife: Berenice Lowther† (Born in 233 AC and Died in 257 AC, [Bled out in an accident], 24 Years Old)

--Their Children:

----Quentin Tyrell (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)

-----His Wife: Alys Graceford (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)

-----Their Son: Olymer Tyrell (Born in 268 AC, 13 Years Old)

----Normund Tyrell (Born in 252 AC, 29 Years Old), a Novice at the Citadel

--Garth's Bastard Children:

---Garse Flowers (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old)

---Garrett Flowers (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

-Moryn Tyrell (Born in 236 AC, 45 Years Old), Lord Commander of Oldtown’s City Watch

--His Wife: Mara Risley† (Born in 236 AC and Died in 274 AC, [Fever], 38 Years Old)

--Their Children:
---Luthor Tyrell (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)

----His Wife: Elyn Norridge (Born in 254 AC, 27 Years Old)

----Their Children:

-----Theodore Tyrell (Born in 270 AC, 11 Years Old)

-----Olene Tyrell (Born in 272 AC, 9 Years Old)

-----Medwick Tyrell (Born in 275 AC, 6 Years Old)

---Leo Tyrell (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old), a Novice at the Citadel

-His Distant Cousin: Victor Tyrell† (Born in 252 AC and Died in 280 AC, [Killed by the Smiling Knight] 28 Years Old)

--His Wife: Sarah Westbrook (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old)

--Their Children:

---Leo Tyrell (Born in 274 AC, 7 Years Old)

---Victaria Tyrell (Born in 277 AC, 4 Years Old)

**His Principal Bannermen:**

-Lord Leyton Hightower of the Hightower (Born in 232 AC, 49 Years Old)

-Lord Paxter Redwyne of the Arbor (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)

-Lord Owen Merryweather of Longtable (Born in 218 AC, 63 Years Old)

-Lord Mathis Rowan of Goldengrove (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)

-Lord Randyll Tarly of Horn Hill (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)

-Lord Alester Florent of Bridgewater Keep (Born in 243 AC, 38 Years Old)

-Lady Arwyn Oakheart of Old Oak (Born in 246 AC, 35 Years Old)

*House Martell*

**Prince Doran Martell** (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old)

-His Wife: Princess Mellario of Norvos (Born in 250, 31 Years Old)

-Their Children:
--Princess Arianne Martell (Born in 276 AC, 5 Years Old), His Heiress

--Prince Quentyn Martell (Born in 281 AC, Newborn)

-His Siblings:

--Prince Mors Martell† (Born in 251 AC and Died in 256 AC, [Frailness], 5 Years Old)

--Prince Olyvar Martell† (Born in 254 AC and Died in 258 AC, [Fever], 4 Years Old)

--Princess Elia Martell (Born in 257 AC, 24 Years Old)

---Her Husband: Crown Prince Rhaegar Targaryen (Born in 259 AC, 22 Years Old)

--Prince Oberyn Martell (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)

---His Bastard Daughters, The Sand Snakes:

----Obara Sand (Born in 272 AC, 9 Years Old)

----Nymeria Sand (Born in 275 AC, 6 Years Old)

----Tyene Sand (Born in 276 AC, 5 Years Old)

-His Uncle: Prince Lewyn Martell (Born in 230 AC, 51 Years Old)

-His Cousin: Manfryd Martell (Born in 251 AC, 30 Years Old)

His Principal Bannermen:

-Lord Ormond Yronwood of Yronwood (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)

-Lord Solomon Dayne of Starfall (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

-Lord Franklyn Fowler of Skyreach (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

-Lady Larra Blackmont of Blackmont (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old)

-Lady Delonne Allyrion of Godsgrace (Born in 251 AC, 30 Years Old)

-Lord Harmen Uller of Hellholt (Born in 244 AC, 37 Years Old)

-Lord Quentyn Qorgyle of Sandstone (Born in 259 AC, 22 Years Old)
House Greyjoy

**Lord Paramount Quellon Greyjoy** (Born in 236 AC, 45 Years Old)

-His First Wife: Lady Paramount Mariela Stonetree† (Born in 236 AC and Died in 255 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 19 Years Old)

-Their Children:
  --Harlon Greyjoy† (Born in 253 AC, Died in 277 AC, [Secretly murdered by Euron Greyjoy], 24 Years Old)
  --Quenton Greyjoy† (Born in 254 AC, Died in 260 AC, [Winter Chill], 6 Years Old)
  --Donel Greyjoy† (Born in 255 AC and Died in 260 AC, [Winter Chill], 5 Years Old)

-His Second Wife: Lady Paramount Nira Sunderly† (Born in 240 AC and Died in 272 AC, [Winter Chill], 32 Years Old)

-Their Children:
  --Balon Greyjoy (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old), His Heir
    ---His Wife: Alannys Harlaw (Born in 254 AC, 27 Years Old)
    ---Their Children:
      ----Rodrik Greyjoy (Born in 270 AC, 11 Years Old)
      ----Maron Greyjoy (Born in 272 AC, 9 Years Old)
      ----Asha Greyjoy (Born in 276 AC, 5 Years Old)
      ----Theon Greyjoy (Born in 279 AC, 2 Years Old)

  --Euron Greyjoy (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)
  --Victarion Greyjoy (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old)
  --Urrigon Greyjoy (Born in 268 AC, 13 Years Old)
  --Aeron Greyjoy (Born in 269 AC, 12 Years Old)

-His Third Wife: Lady Paramount Sophie Piper (Born in 248 AC, 33 Years Old)

--Their Son: Robin Greyjoy (Born in 275 AC, 6 Years Old)
His Principal Bannermen:

-Lord Harron Blacktyde of Blacktyde (Born in 254 AC, 27 Years Old)
-Lord Sawane Botley of Lordsport (Born in 255 AC, 26 Years Old)
-Lord Dunstan Drumm of Old Wyk (Born in 218 AC, 63 Years Old)
-Lord Gorold Goodbrother of Hammerhorn (Born in 236 AC, 45 Years Old)
-Lord Rodrik Harlaw of Harlaw (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old)
-Lord Meldred Merylyn of Pebbleton (Born in 270 AC, 11 Years Old)
-Lord Waldon Wynch of Iron Holt (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

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**House Dayne**

**Lord Solomon Dayne** (Born in 242 AC, 39 Years Old)

-His Wife: Lady Elyana Blackmont† (Born in 242 AC and Died in 276 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 34 Years Old)

-Their Children:

--Arron Dayne (Born in 256 AC, 25 Years Old), His Heir

---His Wife: Clara Fowler (Born in 260 AC, 21 Years Old)

---Their Stillborn Daughter† (Born and Died in 278 AC)

--Ser Arthur Dayne (Born in 258 AC, 23 Years Old), a Knight of the Kingsguard

--Ashara Dayne (Born in 262 AC, 18 Years Old)

--Miscarriage in 266 AC†

--Stillborn Son† (Born and Died in 270 AC)

--Allyria Dayne (Born in 276 AC, 5 Years Old)

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**House Whent**

**Lady Shella Whent** (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)
-Her Husband and Cousin: Lord Walter Whent (Born in 245 AC, 36 Years Old)

-Their Children:

--Elmar Whent (Born in 261 AC, 20 Years Old), Her Heir

--Duncan Whent (Born in 262 AC, 19 Years Old)

--Triston Whent (Born in 264 AC, 17 Years Old)

--Melissa Whent (Born in 265 AC, 16 Years Old)

--Justin Whent (Born in 266 AC, 15 Years Old)

-Her Siblings:

--Sarya Whent† (Born in 246 AC and Died in 276 AC, [Dysentery], 30 Years Old)

---Her Husband: Walder Frey (Born in 208 AC, 73 Years Old)

--Minisa Whent† (Born in 246 AC and Died in 274 AC, [Complications of Childbirth], 28 Years Old)

---Her Husband: Lord Paramount Hoster Tully (Born in 240 AC, 41 Years Old)

-Her Cousins:

--Jason Whent† (Born in 250 AC and Died in 270 AC, [Killed by Robbers], 20 Years Old)

---His Wife: Suesane Bracken (Born in 250 AC, 31 Years Old)

---Their Children:

----Wynafrei Whent (Born in 268 AC, 13 Years Old)

--Ser Oswell Whent (Born in 252 AC, 29 Years Old)

Chapter End Notes

I have decided to start with an Appendix, its purpose is to show the ages and relations of many characters involved in the story. Many characters’ ages were chosen by me as there are no precise dates. Of course, some of these characters are OCs.

English is not my first language, so if any mistake is spotted or something sounds a bit off, I apologize in advance and I would appreciate if said mistake could reach my ears.
or in this case eyes so I can fix it.

Also, I warn everyone that this story has explicit sexual scenes, so read at your own risk.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Rhaegar felt as if he was flying and yet he couldn't see his body…His eyes only showed endless ice plains…A red comet flew high in the sky near a curtain of colorful lights, a weird scenery that never once he had seen…To make it all worse, he did not know where he was…only that it seemed to be night…a very dark night…not even the moon was in the sky…

All of a sudden, it got darker still…endless darkness…he could not see anything at all…he was now afraid…so afraid he began to tremble in fear and sweat as much as in those days he spent training hard with Arthur…

Then he glimpsed what seemed to be a pair of eyes…eyes that were as blue as the ice plains he had seen before…then came another pair of them just beside the first one…then came another followed by yet another one…and less than a minute later, Rhaegar found himself completely surrounded without a way to escape…

He wondered what were these eyes…whom they belonged to…why were they appearing before him…and most importantly…if they were dangerous…

It was when this notion came to his mind that he noticed whatever creatures those eyes belong to, moving…in his direction…closer and closer while he was unable to escape, to save himself from whatever evil they would force upon him…he thought his life would end there…in the darkest place he could imagine…

And then he felt a foul presence behind him which prompted him to rotate his head to his rear, as quickly as he could and…he woke up…

Rhaegar found himself panting and sweating, holding the sheets of his bed with a strong grip…What a terrible nightmare…It was just a dream and yet…and yet it felt so real…

He heard some noise next to him, it was his wife Elia who woke up with Rhaegar’s abrupt movements. “Is everything alright Rhaegar?” she questioned still sleepy as her eyes were half-closed.

“It is…I just…I just had a nightmare…” Rhaegar confessed as he rubbed his eyes and picked a sheet to clean the sweat off his face.

“Well, it helps to talk about it with someone…” His wife explained. “What was it about?”

“I don’t know…I just know I was flying…in some icy area…then it turned dark and a large amount of icy blue eyes appeared everywhere I looked. I had no way to escape and they began to slowly move towards me…then I woke up…”

“What a weird dream you had indeed…” Elia admitted as she patted his cheek. “But it’s just that, a dream and nothing more. It could be because you are nervous about this idea we were talking about before we went to sleep. But you ought to forget it and try to be as calm as possible and I
assure you that you will sleep like our girl.”

These dreams…they could be about all those prophecies he read… perhaps the Ghost of High Heart could provide him with some much-needed answers…it has been a while since he visited Summerhall and heard from her… “I believe you are right,” he said with a shy smile. “Though I don’t believe her wetnurses sleep that well…”

“I don’t believe so either…” Elia laughed. “Now go back to sleep. It’s still very early in the morning and we had a tiresome feast to celebrate the defeat of the Kingswood Brotherhood yesterday. We ought to be full of energy by breakfast hour.”

“Indeed…” he agreed as he lay down his back on the comfortable sheets of his bed. “I will have to talk with them first,” he whispered. “See what they think of the plan and if they can give me some other ideas.”

“Yes, do consult them. Five or six minds think faster and better than just two.” Elia said as she turned her back to him. “Now sleep.”

“I will.”

It took some time for him to sleep again but he did not have more nightmares once his eyes closed. The day went much slower than the feast day and when night came he waited for his companions to arrive at his study in King’s Landing. As he waited, Rhaegar stood near the window, watching the night sky of King’s Landing. It was one of those days in which the full moon enlighten the city’s narrow streets. It was a sight that always fascinated him…

A knock interrupted him from his musing and he proceeded to open the door finding his three closest confidants on the other side. “My Prince.” They all said as they bowed and entered the room. They were his best friend, Ser Arthur Dayne, the Sword of the Morning and Ser Oswell Whent, the Dark Bat, both members of the Kingsguard and with them was also Lord Jon Connington of Griffin’s Roost, a loyal companion since Rhaegar’s days as a squire.

“Please take a seat,” Rhaegar said as he pointed them free chairs, the ones he usually gave the visitors he received in his study. “I assume my father is asleep by now?”

“He is, My Prince.” Ser Oswell replied as they seated. “Prince Lewyn and Ser Gerold guard his room.”

“Good to know,” Rhaegar said as he took a seat as well. “What about the Lyseni?”

“He is not a problem for now,” Said Arthur. “Ashara assured me he is already in his room. Sleeping or not, he seems to be there.”

“I doubt his little birds are listening either. We seem to have some clear room to talk, at least until someone begins to suspect something is amiss here.” Jon remarked.

“So we can conclude that we won’t be disturbed for a while then?” Rhaegar inquired and they nodded. “Very well, let us begin…” he proclaimed. “I’ve called you all here, to discuss my father’s increasingly erratic behavior. The amount of sentences he has seen passed, since Lord Tywin’s resignation, is, to say the least, abysmal considering Lord Tywin has been off his position for less than a fortnight. Furthermore, my mother refuses to admit, but she is being mistreated more often as well. The scars and bruises she desperately tries to hide prove as much.”

“Your royal Sire gets aroused every time he burns someone.” Ser Oswell said with a plain face. “He believes that he is a dragon…so more burnings as punishment mean more arousal on his part
as well...Everyone in the Kingsguard repudiates it but there is nothing we can openly do about it as we made vows to protect him.’’

“I’m well aware of that,” Rhaegar assured. “And that is the main reason we are here, to discuss how to remove my father from the throne.”

“Your father already believes that you are conspiring to oust him from his seat since Duskendale, Rhaegar.” Jon remarked worriedly.

Despite Duskendale being something no one predicted, Lord Tywin certainly saw the opportunity to get rid of Rhaegar’s father as both men had an ongoing feud for years due to Lord Tywin’s wife. Rhaegar did not approve the plan but neither did he disapprove since his father was still mostly sane then.

None were, of course, counting on Ser Barristan single handily succeeding in rescuing his King from Lord Darklyn’s clutches, otherwise, the Lion of the Rock would not allow the man to try and they would not have come to the dire situation they were in now.

“Yes, those rumors have reached me, Jon,’’ he assured his friend. “Yet my father is mad and no one can deny it. Not even his most fierce supporters can deny it even if they benefit from it,’’ he explained. “And since he believes I’m already conspiring against him, perhaps it would be better, for the realm especially, that I indeed take the throne from him.”

“The Lyseni will know about your plan before you even have the chance to make a move against your father,” Oswell said while rubbing his chin. “He and his spy network are way too dangerous.”

“Yes, Lord Varys is indeed dangerous and most likely will find out about the plot, I can’t deny that,’’ he admitted. “But if I manage to gather enough support from the Great Lords, then there is nothing left for my father to do, he will have no support left.”

“And how will you achieve that?” Arthur inquired, now more interested in the conversation then what he had been at first.


“A Great Council?” Jon asked incredulously. “You of all people should know that Great Councils never end well. They always lead to more problems rather than fixing them!”

“I know about the outcomes of the previous Great Councils, Jon but I’m willing to take the risk as there isn’t a better option. I don’t wish to kill my father and be branded a kinslayer or to start a war.” Rhaegar explained.

“How can you guarantee that the Great Lords will support you?” Arthur asked. His friend was a man of few words and always went straight to the point without taking any long roads to get there and today was no different.

“I have talked with Elia last night, she assured me that Dorne will most likely support me and besides them, I think we can count at least with the Westerlands since Lord Tywin has admitted in public that he prefers me over my father. I will just need a confirmation.”

“It’s still just two out of nine regions. Not enough support nor confirmed support.” Arthur retorted.

“I’m quite sure anyone can see me as a better option then my father. There are no better options either,” he said. “But yes, we do need to confirm it somehow.”
“And how do you propose we do so without raising suspicions?” Jon asked with concern in his expression.

“It seems that we have arrived at the problem I have been struggling with,” Rhaegar admitted with a shy smile. “I need some sort of cover for this plot to work but I can’t seem to find any good solution…”

“Well…you could use a tourney as a cover,” Oswell suggested. “Everyone likes to partake in a tourney as it helps to showcase the children and power of a House.”

“Though I shall not deny your words, Oswell.” Jon began. “If the Prince was to suddenly organize a tourney, it would seem suspicious.”

“Well if that seems to be the problem, I have an alternative,” Oswell said. “Last time I visited my brother Walter, he invited me to defend his daughter Melissa’s honor as Queen of Love and Beauty in a tourney to celebrate her sixteenth namesday.”

“Your point?” Jon questioned.

“We could use my brother’s tourney as a cover,” Oswell said. “No one will suspect a thing and no one can trace it back to us.” Oswell explained.

“You are forgetting about the Starks and Greyjoys, Oswell,” Arthur warned. “They don’t partake in tourneys and so to get their attention we would likely need lavish prizes and so my question is, can your brother provide them?”

“I’m quite sure my brother can offer larger rewards if it’s needed…” Oswell said as he made a weird face, likely calculating the numbers in his head.

“If any of us wins the tourney…then no extra money needs to be spent.” Rhaegar deduced aloud. “We can, therefore, set the rewards higher.”

“And if we don’t win?” Arthur asked turning his gaze back to Rhaegar.

“Do you have such little fate upon us, my friend?” Rhaegar asked smiling. “Well if we don’t win, then I shall pay the extra money myself.”

“Money from where?” Arthur insisted. “Dragonstone doesn’t produce much income does it?”

“I have money in the Iron Bank I can use in this circumstance and I can ask for a loan if need be.” Rhaegar dismissed. Though his goal was to convince Lord Tywin into somehow sponsoring the event. “I do think it’s a good idea, Oswell, will your brother approve?”

“Of course he will!” Oswell assured him, almost taking it as slight. “He is fond of you and besides it will help him find good matches for his children. And not to mention that he is glory-seeking and his ego will only boost if he holds a tourney that even Starks and Greyjoys attend.”

“Then it’s settled then. Have your brother informed of our plan, Oswell, the sooner we can set this off, the better.” Rhaegar said.

“As you wish, My Prince. It shall be done in the morning.” Oswell assured. “I shall send a trusty messenger to deliver it as I fear the ravens might not be safe for the situation we are about to get ourselves in…”

“I couldn’t say wiser words, my friend.” Rhaegar agreed.
“And if the Lyseni finds out, what do we do?” Jon asked.

“He cannot prove anything so my father cannot blame us if Oswell’s brother wishes to host a tourney.” Rhaegar dismissed. “Now it came to me the idea of using a courier during the tourney… someone to gather the information and then pass it to us without anyone noticing.”

“And who do you have in mind?” Jon inquired.

Because Rhaegar hesitated a bit too much in his answer, Arthur quickly understood who he was going to suggest… “You wish to use my sister?” Arthur asked aghast. Sometimes, Rhaegar did wonder if his friend could somehow read his mind…

“Well…she was the one I had in mind…” Rhaegar admitted.

“No! I can’t allow that!” Arthur ranted as he got up from his seat. “She is my sister and if something happens to her I will…”

“Nothing shall happen to Lady Ashara, Arthur,” Rhaegar assured him. “She is a capable woman who knows how to handle delicate information, in fact, better than any of us here in this room. Furthermore, she is loyal and no one will suspect a beautiful woman dancing with men who happen to give her information for a plot that no one is certain about.” Still seeing his friend worried, Rhaegar continued with his explanation: “You can watch her if you so wish, making sure no one harms her in the process.”

“Oh, I will do that,” Arthur said with a very serious look. “But if something happens to her, I swear someone is going to pay.” Things certainly wouldn’t look bright for whoever finds himself in the pointy end of Dawn, Arthur’s legendary greatsword, when he was angry.

“Rhaegar there is something else that has been concerning me for a while…” Jon said in a murmur. “Since we spoke of the Starks…what exactly are they doing with Houses Arryn, Tully and Baratheon?”

“In my opinion, they are preparing for war.” Arthur plainly stated. “What else could they be doing with those betrothals we hear about?”

“A war?” Oswell asked. “Against who? Us?”

“That is the question we all should ask ourselves, Oswell…” Rhaegar said. His own theory was that they were tired of waiting for someone to depose his father and were going to do it themselves and by war if need be. If such was the case, then Rhaegar could rally their forces to his cause and get all the support he needed to dethrone his father. However…if he failed or they didn’t comply, then, there could be a large war in the making… “Whatever they are planning, they could be the key to our success. We must muster their support for our cause.”

“They have at least four kingdoms on their alliance, it’s enough to cause more damage than the Blackfyre Rebellions and perhaps rival the Dance of Dragons in consequences.” Arthur added.

“We will see how it plays out,” Rhaegar concluded that subject. “It’s also to note, that it’s getting late and you all should take your leave. We have been here perhaps for too long and some little birds might be suspecting something is happening around here and begin whispering.”

“You should rest as well, My Prince,” Arthur suggested as he got up from his seat. “With your permission.”

“I will do not worry,” Rhaegar assured them. “Permission granted. Have a good night of sleep.”
The three of them bowed to him and then exited his room leaving him to his thoughts once more. Rhaegar decided to return to the window and watch the city for a few more minutes before he went to lay with Elia.

Lord Tywin,

I have decided to finally take action and oust my father from his position as you have suggested me to. The realm is suffering with him in power hence why I have found it better to do what My Lord told me so.

I shall convene a Great Council after a tourney that will take place at Harrenhal in which I intend to convince the lords and ladies to support me. I hope for your support as well My Lord, as My Lord did at Duskendale.

Cordially,

The Prince of Dragonstone

A few weeks passed since the message was sent by a rider to Casterly Rock and Rhaegar hoped to have the Lion of Casterly Rock’s support in his difficult endeavor.

Rhaegar decided to visit Summerhall and see if he could get some answers to what consumed his mind the most.

He was playing his harp when finally the person who he wished to meet appeared before him and begged to hear a song for Jenny which Rhaegar granted.

“Thank you, My Prince.” The old lady said once he finished his newest song that he hoped to sing at Harrenhal.

“May I ask you some questions?”

“If I can answer My Prince.”

“Is the Great Peril coming?”

“Peril is always coming My Prince and so does the Great Peril,” she replied. “And when you least expected too.”

“Does it come from the far north?”

“And the far south and the far east and the far west.” she replied.

“I meant beyond the Wall.” he insisted. “I have seen them…”

“Then why must you question this old lady?”

“Because you predicted Duskendale,” he said. “And now you can give me better answers to my questions.”

“I can only say what the Gods deem me worthy of saying.”
“Then what can you tell me?” he inquired.

“That a wolf will fight for what’s right but cause the dragon’s wrath and be hunted by him. I dreamt of a woman and man entangled in a room as they whisper about their future. I dream of a brother that would do anything for his family and suffer from it. I saw a grave mistake be made and sorrow will be spread from it. I saw a huge battle occur where the fate of the land will be decided. I saw it all and no more.”

The only thing he could deduce was about the battle…It meant that a war was coming likely against the Great Peril… “I’m afraid it does not help me much…” Rhaegar confessed.

“Only you can help yourself, My Prince. Only you can save yourself.” she muttered.

“I thank you all the same for the words and I’m certainly glad you enjoyed this song,” he said with a shy smile. “I wish to sing it at a very important tourney that is coming,” he said with a shy smile.

“Oh, poor maids full of grief they shall be and for my Jenny too…”

“I…must return home, I have many things to plan,” he explained. “Feel free to remain here for as long as you wish.”

“Thank you My Prince.” she nodded. “And beware of yourself.”

Myself? “I will…” Rhaegar assured as he left the room and found his friend outside waiting and rather impatiently.

“Are you done?” Arthur questioned.

“I am, let us return and prepare for the greatest tourney in Westeros’ history.”

Chapter End Notes

New Prologue was written on 15/08/2019. Hopefully giving more depth to Rhaegar.

Thanks for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Eddard Stark I

Somewhere near Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

The sun was rising in the Riverlands’ green plains. Eddard Stark better known by his friends as Ned was mesmerized by the scenery he was able to contemplate while he rode his horse, Brooding. This was not the first time he was glancing such a beautiful view, but somehow it felt different than before…As if it was some sort of sign that meant that something good was to happen. Or something bad perhaps…

Ned was often called Quiet Wolf and he had his father’s looks: a long face, dark brown hair, grey eyes which reflected his mood, turning soft as the morning mist when he was joyful or as hard as stones when he was upset or angry. Because of this, most people found him cold, serious and emotionless but they simply didn’t know him well. The few who did, understood that beneath his grim appearance was a man who was kind and caring towards anyone he considered a friend. He just happened to be very shy and certainly not confident in himself.

Alongside him came a rather large group of men. Large enough to be branded as an army riding to war. But it was not the case this time. Jon Arryn, the Lord Paramount of the Vale and Ned’s tutor, considered by the young Northerner as a second father, led the host of men to what was already considered the largest tourney in history. Said tourney was to start in a few days at Harrenhal.

With Ned also came his best friend and fellow ward Robert Baratheon, the Lord Paramount of the Stormlands and Elbert Arryn who happened to be Jon’s nephew and heir since Jon had no children of his own.

Robert was by far the most notorious of the trio. He was very tall, towering above every man he came across and he had the classical Baratheon look: coal colored hair and bright blue eyes. His face was clean-shaven and he was absurdly muscular and strong. All this together made the women consider him excessively handsome, an embodiment of the maidens’ fantasy.

His friend was deeply loved by everyone who met him. He was known to be brave and proud, but also very impatient, rash and headstrong. When he set his mind on something, he would not back down from it, be it a good or a bad thing. But his biggest problem was that women loved him due to him being so handsome, and of course, he loved them back…Ned and Jon were certainly thankful with the resolution Robert took once a common woman he had slept with for a night brought him a beautiful baby girl in her arms with every bit of his coloring.

As Robert’s vices rolled in his mind and it somehow made him think of his little sister Lyanna who was now betrothed to his friend…she did not like to hear about Mya’s birth at all…

“Come on Ned!” Ned was startled by the sudden booming voice of Robert himself next to him…he had matched Brooding’s pace with his own black destrier’s. Perhaps he knew that Ned was thinking of him. “Why the serious face, my friend?”

“I do not know why you are complaining.” Ned retorted plainly. “This is my normal expression, Robert. I am half asleep as well.”
“I know how grim you bloody are Ned,” Robert yelled annoyed. “But Gods! This is going to be the largest tourney in history! Free drinks, dozens of fights, lots of action and of course, the best part of it...lots of beautiful women with beautiful teats!” Robert finished his crude speech with his booming laugh that he was famous for and made everyone else laugh as well. “You can’t keep that grim face of yours or none of them will give a bloody damn about you!”

“I’m sure my sister will love hearing those words about women and teats.” Ned warned his friend.

“Bloody hell Ned!” Robert yelled yet again. “You know that Lyanna is special to me! I love her above anything else!”

“You never met her before Robert.” Ned countered. “How can you say that you love someone you never even met?”

“Because I know it!” Robert growled proudly. “She will be mine as I will be hers.”

Ned merely sighed at his friend’s comment. “Robert, Lyanna belongs to no one but herself,” he explained. “She might be a Stark like me, but trust me, she is no wench or maid you think she is. She is a strong and willful woman.”

“I never said she...” Robert tried to counter.

“You didn’t say it, but you keep thinking that she is.” Ned cut in. “Do not expect her to sit and smile while you bed other women. She is not like that. You would sooner find yourself gelded before you can disrespect her again in such a manner.”

Robert went quiet into his own thoughts, perhaps choosing between his love for Lyanna and his love for women...Whatever choice he makes, it won’t affect Lyanna’s opinion of him. She made sure that her opinion was very clear last time Ned visited Winterfell a year ago.

“But Robert is right in one thing Ned,” Elbert remarked as he joined the conversation. “You ought to show a slightly happier face at least for this tourney. Do not forget that you are representing House Stark.”

Robert laughed one more time after Elbert’s speech. “At least someone does agree with me on something.”

Ned took a glance at Jon’s nephew. He was three years younger than Ned and had squired for Brandon, Ned’s older brother, for three years as well. Since Brandon was very similar to Robert in personality, Elbert showcased some of Bran’s and Robert’s worst vices, such as visiting brothels and female servants’ rooms at night. Elbert also had deep blue eyes like Robert, but sandy blonde hair. He had a prominent aquiline nose common in the Arryns, and a bright smile made to melt the maidens. He was said to resemble his late father Ser Ronnel Arryn and Jon himself when they were younger.

Both of his friends made valuable points with their speeches in regard to Ned’s facial expression...he was indeed representing his family and of course, he could not let his father down...especially after he insisted so much for Ned to attend. Ned would not have come if not for his father as he didn’t like crowded areas and this one tourney would be overcrowded.

“Fine!” Ned proclaimed. “I shall do my best to look less serious, but expect no miracles!”

Both of his companions began laughing at his resolution. “We were not expecting you to become like us or Brandon but I’m quite sure that a slightly happier Ned is something that everyone should see.” Elbert remarked with a big grin on his face.
“I have a feeling that our Ned will cease to be a maidenboy in this very tourney, Elbie…” Robert stated with his own grin, eyeing Ned in a weird way. “Oh, I can smell it!”

“You both know I will not dishonor a lady.” Ned quickly dismissed.

“I would like to hear those words when one of them undresses in front of you, my friend,” Elbert commented as he clapped Ned’s shoulder. “Then we can have a talk about it.”

“Whatever…” Ned scoffed as he made his horse gallop faster, ending the conversation there. *No woman will undress in front of me anyway.*

Their journey lasted for almost two days more. They finally glimpsed Harrenhal in the horizon in the day where the opening feast would occur. Robert looked visibly happy as he shouted proudly. “Look you bloody fools! The cursed castle of Harrenhal!” His rattling laugh followed his proclamation.

“Ned…” Elbert called quietly.

“Yes?”

“I think that if the castle wasn’t a bunch of rubble already…Robert’s laugh would definitely make it crumble down.” The young Arryn said with a big smirk and Ned smiled with the jape. “Seriously how can he be so loud?”

“I fail to know my friend. I fail to know.”

As the Valemen party got closer, they could see the castle in its entirety. Harrenhal was a huge grey castle with five half-burnt colossal towers. Ned was certain that it was larger than Winterfell by a large margin and that was saying a lot already. He read it in a book that only two of those towers were still being used to this day, the Kingspyre Tower and the Tower of Dread. These towers, in turn, were not even used in their entirety as the castle was far too large to be properly garrisoned.

The monumental castle stood in the middle of large green fields that made the revenue of House Whent. The Whents were a relatively old family of Andal origin but they were young in terms of holding a castle. They had been mere knights in the service of the previous holders, House Lothston. Once they took control of the castle they managed to double if not triple the revenues of Harrenhal, quickly amassing a great wealth to themselves.

The organizer of the tourney was Lord Walter Whent, whose wife and cousin-once-removed, Lady Shella Whent was the real holder of the castle, inheriting it from her late father. Ned couldn’t help but label the Lord and Lady Whent as an ambitious couple for not only were they organizing such a large and expensive event but if the rumors he heard at the Gates of the Moon were to be accounted as true, they were also trying to rebuild the burnt castle to some of its former glory.

This made Ned wonder, since the first time he heard of the tourney, if the Whents did really have enough money to do both things at the same time...These were simply two very expensive things that consumed a really large amount of money and the prizes offered were out of this world, in fact, Ned could only think of a few Houses who indeed had the wealth to do such expensive thing: The Targaryens, due to holding the treasury of the Seven Kingdoms, the Lannisters and the Tyrells, the Hightowers and Redwynes…perhaps the Velaryons and Celtigars, if the rumors about their wealth were true, but the Whents? Something was clearly off…

Forgetting about these thoughts, Ned watch in wonder as the premises of the castle were so full of
colorful tents. No doubt there were people from all over Westeros and most likely beyond as well, such was the size of the tourney. It was a noisy place as well, an entire city made of tents. Merchants and vendors were roaming the improvised streets, hoping to sell their many trinkets and make some quick coin.

As they approached the entrance to the walls, they saw Lord Walter himself waiting with an honorary guard beside him. The man was exaggerating in the showcase of his wealth as he was riding a beautiful well-bred white Destrier ornamented with expensive jewels in its saddle… unnecessary expenses in Ned’s eyes.

The lord held a brief conversation with both Jon and Robert and then led them to the designated space of the Valemen. Next to his space, Ned spotted banners from the Riverlands not too far from their right and those from the Westerlands to their left, although the latter’s space was thinly populated…

Despite the heavy bragging and unnecessary showcase of power, Lord Walter had done a decent job at keeping everything properly organized, a victory for him, because Ned feared the chaos that would pour if everything was left to its own.

After a little more time spent talking with Jon and Robert, Lord Whent left to see if more guests would arrive. They learned from him that the opening ceremony would begin close to dusk.

Jon told Robert and Ned that they were free to go and meet their own families and Ned, of course, decided to look for his as it had been a while since he last saw them.

Robert wanted to accompany Ned which of course earned protests from him. Everything would be fine if Robert was not a man grown already, and a Lord Paramount to top it off, who had duties to his bannermen. No matter how much Ned protested, Robert failed to listen to his words and went after Ned nevertheless.

The space reserved for the Northmen was to their northwest and thankfully, it wasn’t very far from them, they did not have to walk for long. Ned’s heartbeat quicken with joy as he glimpsed the many banners from his home…the rusted long axes of House Dustin, the horse of House Ryswell, the merman of House Manderly, the moose of House Hornwood, and many more flew with the gentle breeze of the Riverlands.

Finally, close to the center, he finally found the grey direwolf running in a white field, emblazoning two tents of roughly the same size. Not long after his discovery, a smile drew itself in his somber face as he took notice of them…two men, one still young, with a young woman beside them, enjoying a conversation while seated on the green grass…the older one noticed him not long after and pointed out to the younger ones.

When the young woman saw him approach, she spared no time, she rose from the green floor and ran towards him at full speed and the next thing that Ned remembered was being on the floor with his little sister clinging him and refusing to let him go by any means.

“Dearest Ned, how much I have missed you!” she said beaming before she drowned him in kisses. His little sister looked more and more like a grown-up woman now…A beautiful one too, even if she was wearing riding clothes instead of dresses.

“I have missed you too, Lya,” he said smiling as he planted a kiss on her rosy cheek. “Look at you! You have grown quite a bit yourself, sweet sister!”

“Not as much as you dearest Ned,” she remarked proudly as they both arose from the ground. “You
are almost as tall as Bran!”

And as she said this, Ned felt an arm grabbing him, wrapping itself around Ned’s neck, it belonged to his older brother Brandon. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it little brother?” Brandon said with his usual smirk, the same one he remembered him having since they were children. As usual, he proceeded to mess Ned’s hair in order to annoy him… “You haven’t changed much, have you? Same old silent Ned, the Quiet Wolf.”

Robert soon broke into laughter after hearing of Brandon’s teasing. “He will never change in that regard, Lord Brandon.”

“A good thing I must add, Lord Robert.” Brandon roared laughing too. “I fear we would be lost without him being this way.”

“That we would indeed!” Robert agreed as they both laughed even louder, like a pair of fools. They resembled each other more than Ned did with any of them.

Though Bran had the same hair and eye color as Ned, he was very different from Ned in character and appearance. Brandon was a few inches taller and much more attractive than Ned was. He was wild and not shy, he was hot-blooded, their father called it the Wolf Blood, Lyanna had it as well, while Ben had a small touch of it and Ned had none. His older brother was better than Ned at everything…Despite all of it, Ned loved his brother from the bottom of his heart just as the rest of siblings. They were siblings and siblings were supposed to support each other, they were a pack.

“Good to see you too, Bran,” Ned replied when they stopped laughing. “You haven’t changed much either, the only difference I see in you is your beard being slightly larger?”

“Aye.” His brother nodded as he touched his beard with a big smirk. “It did grow quite a lot, did it not? Yours seems smaller though…”

“I had to shave it a few moons ago, it was too big for my taste,” Ned explained. “But it’s already growing back.”

“Wait!” Bran interjected with his cocky smirk…Nothing good is coming… “Is perhaps my little brother…trying to impress the many comely ladies in this tourney? Watch out for the Quiet Wolf is on the hunt!”

“Bran…” Ned scoffed while Robert laughed.

“Don’t embarrass Ned, you stupid!” Lya ranted, hitting Brandon with many dabs.

“Me embarrassing Ned?” Brandon said as he faked a scandalous look. “What about the scene you just made when you saw him?”

“I’ve missed my brother and I didn’t say any filth to him!” Lya retorted. “Why, are you jealous perhaps?”

“Lord Brandon might not be, but I certainly am, Lady Lyanna.” Robert said with a smile as he turned their attention to him. “I must say it’s a pleasure to finally get acquainted with you in person, My Lady and do permit me to say that Ned’s words about My Lady’s beauty weren’t quite right for My Lady is much more beautiful than what your quiet brother led me to believe.” he then picked her hand and gave her a courteous kiss and his usual smile to seduce maids…which didn’t work with Lyanna…

Lyanna looked bored and not impressed at all, yet she gave him a smile as she was expected.
“Thank you, Lord Baratheon…”

“Robert, My Lady.” he corrected with a bright smile. “You can call me Robert, or Rob or Bob, maybe Bobby if it pleases you more.” Robert explained as he examined her more, from up to down.

“Of course…Robert…” Lyanna replied while she seemed to be trying her best not to beat him up for his indecent look at her body…

“Nice to see you as well Ned.” A still to mature voice remarked, it was Benjen’s, Ned’s youngest sibling, the only one of the pack who inherited their mother’s beautiful blue eyes. Ben’s face always had a certain mischievous look to it, but deep down, Ned knew he was a kind-hearted lad.

“Same to you Ben. I couldn’t even recognize you with how much you have grown.” Ned stated as they shook their hands and patted each other’s backs.

“Aye!” Ben said happily. “Soon I will be taller than you and Bran.”

“You have a long way to go, Pup.” Brandon remarked in a mocking tone, laughing again.

“I will be waiting for it brother.” Ned said as he patted his shoulder proudly making his younger brother smile.

There was no lie in Ben’s words, he already was as big as Lya and soon perhaps his words would come true and he would indeed be taller than him and Bran, but for now, Bran was indeed right in his mockery.

“Robert now that you have seen my family…” Ned began as he turned back to his friend. “I believe it would be for the best if you go see yours. You are the Lord Paramount of the Stormlands, you have responsibilities for your people.”

“This again Ned?” Robert barked with a bored look. “The Others take my responsibilities!”

“Robert we are not kids anymore, we have duties!” Ned explained. “And you failed to do yours when the Kingswood Brotherhood roamed the Kingswood.”

“Fine!” Robert shouted pissed. “I guess I will have to do it eventually anyway…Might as well be now, before they spit it on me…as fucking Connington does all the time.” Robert said as he gritted his teeth with anger.

Ned knew that Lord Jon Connington, was one of Robert’s most powerful and influential bannermen, besides being the one who criticized Robert the most. It was well known that they didn’t like each other at all. Both of them were proud, bold, energetic, reckless, and thirsty for glory and as such, they saw each other as rivals if not more.

“I guess I will see you all at tonight’s feast, My Lords and My Lady…” Robert finished with a blink of his eye to Lyanna who merely rolled her eyes in disgust when Robert was no longer looking towards her.

“So Lya…what do you think of your future husband?” Brandon asked with his smirk back, clearly ready to tease his sister.

“I hate him!” she replied plainly.

“Lya! You don’t hate him…just give him a chance to prove himself, he is a good man.” Ned tried
his very best to convince his sister but he knew very that Robert would be a hard husband to deal with…

“He will never be loyal to me, Ned.” she dismissed. “His bastard daughter proves as much.”

“He fathered her before your betrothal was even announced Lya.” Ned dismissed. “He loves you very much Lya and he has promised to stop all of his vices when he marries you.”

“And what happens when he grows bored of me?” she inquired bitterly. “I will tell what he will do, he will find a lover and I will be stuck in some tower for the rest of my life being his broodmare.” Lyanna hissed in a fit. “I told you once and I will tell it again Ned, love is sweet, but it cannot change a man’s nature. Especially a man like Robert or Bran.”

“Hey!” Bran scoffed when his name was brought to the conversation.

“Lya…don’t be like that…” Ned pleaded.

“Enough Ned! I do not wish to hear anything else about it.” Lyanna concluded refusing to look at him.

The best thing to do was to do as she said. He knew how stubborn she was and there was no point on pushing her even more and likely make her hate Robert more. His sister would grow to love him someday. They would all grow to love their future partners. That was if he and Ben were to marry…as their father could send them to man the Night’s Watch…

“Hey, Ned…” Ben said a bit shyly considering the discussions that erupted soon after he greeted Ned. “Lya and I…we…prepared a bed for you…”

“You did?” he asked surprised, his gaze moving from his younger brother to his angered sister.

“Aye,” Ben assured since Lyanna was still angered with him, though it seemed as if her pose relaxed a little bit. “We thought you were staying with us…but if…”

“I was planning to,” Ned confessed with a shy smile. “I must thank you both for preparing my bed.”

Lyanna’s angered stance broke and a shy smile appeared on her lips. “I love having you with us dearest Ned,” she confessed. “And if for some reason you refused to not sleep in the bed we prepared, I would have forced you to sleep in it. It was hard work!”

Bran grabbed him again and rubbed his hair once more. “Ah see little brother?” he said amused. “They even prepared a bed for you! I wish I was that lucky!”

“Perhaps if you were nicer to us, you would have the same luck as Ned!” Lyanna replied expressionlessly.

“Oh, but little sister I’m the nicest brother you can wish for!”

“Not even when you sleep.” Lyanna dismissed while lolling her tongue out, laughing with Ben right after. “You snort too loudly.” And with that, they all broke into laughter and went for a big hug amongst themselves. The Pack was together again.

Harrenhal was already showing a great promise of a wonderful time with his siblings if not for anything else…This was probably going to be the last time all of them would be free. Bran and Lya were going to marry next year and be gone with their lives and duties, times like these would
certainly never come again so they had to make the best of it…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Updated on 17/08/2019 with mostly dialogues improvements.

Once again, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark I

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Brandon felt a sense of relief at Harrenhal. Winterfell had become the symbol of hardship in the previous couple of years...as Brandon tried his hardest to meet his father’s expectations and be a proper future Lord Paramount of the North. It wasn’t easy to conform youth and sex with duty and leadership as he came to understand after his wardship at Barrowtown ended.

Later on in that day, Brandon would have to meet the woman he was supposed to marry once again. Catelyn was her name and she belonged to House Tully, the family that held the title of Lord Paramount of the Riverlands. He couldn’t say that Catelyn wasn’t pretty, because she was, and quite a lot actually. That certainly wasn’t the problem, the problem was that he simply wasn’t ready to marry someone yet, he wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life for a while, particularly his lust for having sex.

Returning his attention to his siblings, for he was tired of thinking about such affairs, he found Ned telling some stories about his past year in the Eyrie to the younger ones. The stories were all rather boring, Ned didn’t do anything special at all...These were strong words and he felt bad for thinking them, but they were the plain truth. Ben and Lya seemed to think otherwise for they were focused on his words and occasionally even commented to whatever he said.

His two younger siblings loved Ned a lot. He knew Ned was their favorite brother, there was no doubt about that. He and Ned were so different in many things, they usually argued about everything and anything, but they always apologized to each other and all was well.

Ned always accepted him for who Brandon was, always listened to his opinions and ideas and always stood for him, Lya and Ben when they got into trouble with father. Being the well behaved one of the family, he always seemed to convince father into reducing the severity of the punishment. Sometimes he even offered to suffer half of it on their behalf...a bloody masochist...

Brandon couldn’t hide a laugh there...those thoughts about his brother made him remember the day in which he learned about this tourney from his father...and the conversation that came from it...

“Father, did you wished to see me?” Brandon asked as he approached the table where his father had been all day, in the Lord’s chamber, analyzing documents and messages from his bannermen.

“Brandon.” His father acknowledged with a shy smile on his face as he placed the letters he had been reading in the table and gave him a proper glance. “Indeed I did, son.” he then picked a parchment from the pile and gave it to Brandon. “Take a look at this, will you?”

Brandon read the said parchment to himself.

To Lord Paramount Rickard Stark,
The present letter extends an invitation to you and your kin to the largest tourney ever made in Westeros’s history. It shall happen in my humble seat of Harrenhal in five moons from the date recorded at the end of the letter. It shall last for ten days of a full moon. There shall be a joust, a melee, an archery contest, an axe-throwing contest, horse races, a competition for the best singers and a variety of other entrainments for every attendee to enjoy.

The competitions shall have the following rewards:

One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dragons for the winner of the Joust
Sixty Thousand Dragons for the runner-up of the Joust
Fifty Thousand Dragons for the winner of Melee
Twenty Thousand Dragons for the winner of the Archery Contest
Twenty Thousand Dragons for the Horse Race
Ten Thousand Dragons for the Axe-Throwing Contest
Ten Thousand Dragons for the Singer’s Competition

We sincerely hope to see you and your kin in this marvelous event of once in many lifetimes!

With the highest regards,

Lord Walter Whent and Lady Shella Whent, followers of His Majesty King Aerys the Second of His Name of House Targaryen.

There was only one thing in Brandon’s mind when he finishing reading the letter. “One hundred and twenty thousand Dragons for the winner of the joust? That’s a bloody lot of money!” Brandon shouted still amazed with the numbers…that was close to a quarter of the yearly revenue of Winterfell…

“Indeed it is…” his father agreed. “A truly absurd amount of money.”

“Do you wish to attend?” Brandon inquired curiously. If his father was showing this to him then certainly…

“No me.” His father quickly replied. “There must always be a Stark in Winterfell and I believe I’m too old for this nonsense. But I do wish for you and your siblings to attend.”

“Even Ned?” That was the first question that came to his mind…He knew Ned didn’t like such events or crowded areas at all.

“Even Ned,” he said smiling, perhaps having the same notion as he did about Ned. “I have
dispatched a raven informing him of my intentions.”

“Well, since I’m going I might as well partake in it,” Brandon said with his classic smirk on. The prizes were certainly tempting and fame even more.

“It’s your choice Brandon and if your brother wants to partake in any sort of competition as well, do tell him he has my full support.” His father said as he, once again, picked the papers he had been reading before their talk.

Brandon laughed with the prospect of Ned entering a competition. “Father you know Ned, he will not partake in any competition. It will be a miracle if he attends, but since you commanded him to, he definitely will…but perhaps if you ask Lyanna to partake in the jousts or something of the sort, you will have better luck than with Ned.”

“If he partakes or not it’s irrelevant.” His father remarked with a very serious expression, the same one he usually gave him or Lya when they behaved badly and Brandon could only wonder why his father was behaving in such an unusual manner…

“Father, why do you wish for Ned to attend so badly?” he finally asked.

“Why because he is eighteen namesdays old and still unmarried.” His father explained. “One day you shall be Lord Paramount of the North and this tourney will help you gain some necessary skills for your future role. I’m trusting my bannermen to you and also the job of finding a suitable wife to your brother.”


“It’s not that hard to comprehend Brandon.” his father plainly said. “Find a woman that can be Ned’s wife. She has to be southerner like Catelyn and with prestige, hopefully from the Westerlands or the Reach as these would certainly strengthen our position.”

“Westerlands, Reach? Strengthen our position? What in Seven Hells are you talking about?” Brandon was sure his father was going mad like the King or something. “First you force me to marry Catelyn Tully, who I barely know and certainly do not love. Then you betrothed Lyanna to Robert Baratheon and now you are making Ned marry some southern harlot as well? Why don’t you just send him to Dorne? I’m sure he will love being there and it is as south as it can be.”

Lord Rickard stood up angrily. “Watch your tone Brandon, you will not speak to me in such a foul manner!”

Brandon smacked his hands in the table looking directly at his father. “Or what? Are you going to beat me as if I was a child?” Brandon shouted as angrily as his father. “Forget it. I won’t do it. You may think of us as pawns but I don’t. I won’t make Ned marry someone he doesn’t want to. He deserves better than that!” he concluded and promptly exited the Great Hall in anger.

“Brandon! Come here, right now!” he heard his father shout but he paid him no mind and they didn’t talk afterward.

That day he made it his personal resolution to spoil his father’s plans regarding Ned. His brother didn’t deserve the pain of being forced into an arranged marriage like him or Lyanna, they weren’t pieces in some scheme.

Of course, he knew Ned would take the burden and do his duty to any wife his father chose for him, and without complaining but…Ned deserved better than that, for all he had done for him, for
Lya, for Ben, for father and House Stark, he deserved someone who accepted and loved him for he was and not someone who was forced into the marriage and could never love him back.

His thoughts were interrupted when he started to see many people converging into a single direction and with some haste as well. They all looked like ants hunting for food…

“What’s happening over there?” Ben asked as he looked at the crowds.

“You tell me Pup, I’m as clueless as you are,” Brandon replied, wondering what caused this commotion. “I say we should go and have a look.” he suggested and none of his siblings seemed to object, so they did so.

His siblings and a few Northerners followed him into the commotion as the crowds made their way to the main entrance of the castle. Every soul seemed to be in that bloody overcrowded entrance.

Looking around, Brandon saw some pretty ladies watching the scene just as he was, so he decided to inquire them to know what was exactly happening. “Hello there My Ladies!” he said with a seductive smile as he approached them, he could see them blushing like tomatoes upon seeing him. “The name is Brandon Stark, a pleasure to meet you all.”

“Alissa Beesbury, My Lord.” A brown-haired said. “These are my companions and friends, Elyse Oldflowers and Jeyne Roxton. The pleasure is ours of course.”

“Marvelous.” he murmured. “I meant to take the chance and inquire My Ladies as to what seems to be going on? You see, I have just arrived with my siblings and I don’t seem to know what this commotion is about.”

“It’s the royal family that is arriving, My Lord…” The blonde one, Elyse explained while she blushed even more.

“Oh…The Royal Family you say? That is certainly interesting…” he murmured aloud. “Well, I must appreciate the kindness My Ladies show this man. It was certainly a pleasure to get acquainted with all of you.” he proclaimed. “I will definitely look forward to meeting you at the feast.”

“Us too, My Lord.” They said giggling.

“My Ladies.” he nodded and blinked at them making them all melt. He then returned to his siblings’ side and they were still wondering what was happening.

“Did you find out what is happening?” Ned inquired as he saw him return.

“Aye. The Royal Family is arriving at any moment now.” Brandon explained as he arranged a spot amongst his siblings.

“Really?” Ben asked with an excited look on his face.

“Would I lie to you, Ben?” Brandon asked offended…or perhaps not…

“Yes, you would!” Ben replied with a serious look. Yeah…I probably would…Brandon thought to himself as he laughed in his mind.

“He is not lying this time.” Lya defended him…for once…pointing in the distance to the riders that were coming. “Look, there they are!”
The wheelhouse moved at a slow pace as the Royal Party arrived at the enormous castle of Harrenhal, the place where everything was to happen…

Her brother had informed Ashara of Rhaegar’s plan to dethrone his father and later the Prince himself confirmed it all in a small talk they shared in the gardens of King’s Landing, away from the watchful eyes of many courtiers.

Her task was rather simple, she was to dance with a variety of men throughout the length of the tourney. Amongst these men, some would provide her with precious information, crucial to the success of the plan. Afterward, she would tell this information to her brother which would, in turn, tell it to Rhaegar.

Ashara had always been one of Rhaegar’s biggest supporters in court. He was the closest friend of her dear brother Arthur and the husband of her own best friend, Elia, to whom she was a lady-in-waiting. He was also the son of Queen Rhaella who Ashara thought as a second mother ever since she met the woman almost two years ago.

In contrast, she hated King Aerys. The man was growing increasingly insane and the Seven Kingdoms were definitely not safe in his hands anymore. He simply had fits of anger and madness which led to him burning many criminals…for now it was just them but the penalties were getting harsher and harsher and she feared the day where it stopped being just criminals...

Life at the Red Keep was nothing but a bloody nightmare.

When she left Dorne with Elia and the girls, she dreamed of how the songs portrayed the capital, filled with noble and handsome knights, gentle and kind ladies, a magnificent King who cared deeply for the well-being of his people and his realm…never-ending fun…How wrong she had been…Life wasn’t a song and she learned it the hard way…

King’s Landing was nothing more than a nest of vipers waiting for any mistake made by someone higher in the hierarchy so that their position and job could be snatched by said vipers. Court intrigue, spies everywhere, friends and allies being bought and sold just before turning into enemies…No one really looked to the means to achieve their goals…

In order to survive in that cursed place and protect her loved ones, she was forced to learn how to play what some called the Game of Thrones. She began to join gossip sessions, she always had a sharp mind and tongue and her attention to small details was above average as many told her, so she could always get to know the players, their motives, their goals and most importantly, their weaknesses.

She created a spy network of her own with loyal spies, mostly were orphans from Sunshine Orphanage, an orphanage in King’s Landing in which Ashara, Elia and the rest of the girls performed charity and arranged for them earn better lives as servants in the Red Keep and Dragonstone. They also spent a great deal of their time there, bringing them food and clothes for them so the children loved them.

Through them, she could find everything she needed and she always reattributed the favor to her friends giving them as much as she could. She was no Varys of course, that man was something
else entirely, but no one could say that she wasn’t aware of the movement of each piece of the game. Ashara rarely used her knowledge to prejudice someone but she wasn’t going to let her friends be threatened either.

She hated this cursed life though, she wanted a brighter future, not just for her but for the realm. A future in which Elia was the Queen, a future where Queen Rhaella was finally free of her brother-husband’s cruelty and able to raise little Viserys into a proper man, a future where Rhaegar was the King and where he ruled the Seven Kingdoms justly in prosperous and peaceful times…the end of the vipers and their schemes…though the latter was much more difficult.

That was why this tourney would be so important for Westeros and she was going to do her share of work so that the plan could be a success.

In the wheelhouse, beside Ashara came, of course, Princess Elia with her smooth olive skin and slender complexion, she was Ashara’s best friend and also a very good person to everyone who deserved it, Ashara also found her the most beautiful woman together with the Queen. There was also Jasline Vaith, who was a Sandy Dornish with long curly black hair, greenish-brown eyes, and a near brown skin. She was also the boldest and most lustful of the group. Nysah Gargalen, a Salty Dornish of olive skin, black curly hair and green eyes was the shyest, the sweetest and the youngest of the group and a maiden still. And finally Emyly Yronwood, a Stone Dornish like Ashara but with blonde hair and blue eyes that were common in her family. All of them were beauties in their own right.

“Oh, I can see the castle already!” Emyly proclaimed all joyful with the sight. “It’s enormous!”

“That’s not new Emy.” Jasline dismissed with a grin. “We have long heard of this castle’s impressive size.”

“Still contemplating it for the first time is an entirely different thing, Jas.” Emy retorted. “You can’t tell me you are not impressed with it.”

“I have no mind to contemplate stones Emy,” Jasline dismissed. “I’m looking for some handsome flesh…”

“Might as well remind you that this is not King’s Landing and there is way more nobility here in these ten days than at the capital for a full year,” Elia advised. “You all should be careful about what you do. Rumors are quick to be formulated, especially against ladies-in-waiting and Dornishwomen.”

“We will keep a low profile, Elia.” Jasline dismissed while she hugged her friend. “You do not need to worry about us.”

“I do hope so.” Her friend said as she glanced at the castle. “Neither the Queen nor I wish to lose the ladies-in-waiting we so deeply love.”

“It was…it was cruel what the King did to Queen Rhaella,” Nysah whispered. “She was left alone in the capital…”

“Though she will miss us dearly, Nysah.” Ashara began. “I do believe she is quite happy to spend some time free of the torture and with a chance to be with her son without anyone disturbing.”

“I was beginning to think what bug bit you, Ash.” Jasline giggled. “You were so awfully quiet…”

“I’m quite fine and I assure you I was not bitten by any such bug.” Ashara smiled. “It’s just that my mind is a bit heavy with everything I ought to do in this tourney.”
“Is the Prince...you know?” Emy made a weird face in hopes to explain what she meant without words and luckily Ashara and Elia quickly understood what she meant.

“Yes,” Elia replied. “But everything ought to go as planned or we will have some problems.”

“We are to listen right?” Jasline asked.

“And tell us everything,” Ashara added. “Every rumor you hear.”

“Will do.” Emy nodded and the other two followed as well.

“For a better future.” Jasline proclaimed.

“For a better future.”

Lyanna Stark I
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

A large retinue of soldiers was entering Harrenhal’s inner yard, behind them came a black wheelhouse decorated with the red three-headed dragon of House Targaryen. Inside the wheelhouse was a man laughing and waving at the crowds. “The King!” someone had shouted in the crowd and then the line was repeated by many of those present.

Lyanna’s first thought was if it was really the King that she was glancing...She knew that the King had been mostly secluded from the outside world after the infamous Defiance of Duskendale...an episode she hardly knew the details of but whose many rumors she heard...about a massacre that followed it...

The only thing on her mind now was why now of all times did the King decide to show himself to the realm? Was it because of the scale of the tourney?

And the King’s looks...Gods what a horrible sight...Lyanna knew for a fact, since she had been forced by Maester Walys to study House Targaryen in her history lessons, that the King was around her father’s age and even though her father was showing a few strands of greyish here and there, the King looked as if he had reached far into his seventies or worse...His hair was long, greyish and dirty...His nails...Gods his nails were huge! As large as perhaps his own head, dark yellow and curvy, disgusting...He was gaunt to the point one could perhaps see his bones below his skin...Gods the King was ugly...

Yet, despite the King looking like if he had exited one of Nan’s horror stories, Lyanna couldn’t fail to notice that not a single comment was made on his bad looks, likely due to the fear of being punished afterward...It was well known, even in the North, about the King’s Justice and how worse it was becoming with each passing day...

In contrast to the King’s awful looks, the knights of the Kingsguard who encircled his wheelhouse looked every bit respectful and majestic as Lyanna thought they would be. Two of them at the front, two by each side and two behind the wheelhouse. All of them wearing their white armor and cloaks. Due to this, only one of them was recognizable to her: Ser Oswell Whent, Lord Whent’s brother, and this was because of the black bat he had carved in his helmet.

The other Kingsguard, she failed to identify were Lord Commander Gerold Hightower, Prince Lewyn Martell, Ser Barristan Selmy, Ser Jonothor Darry and Ser Arthur Dayne, all of them
renowned all over the Seven Kingdoms as the finest knights alive.

Behind Ser Oswell came what could only be the Crown Prince, fully armored on night-black plate armor. On his breastplate was the three-headed dragon of his house made of rubies. His helmet was also decorated with gold, orange and red silken streamers resembling flames. Does he think he is a dragon? She laughed amused in her head. It seemed these southerns fancied themselves with pretty and unpractical things.

The rumors about the Prince’s good looks had reached as far north as Winterfell, so Lyanna wished to see if these rumors about unreal beauty were true or not but alas, the man had his face concealed within his helmet and so she could see nothing. I’m quite sure I will be able to glance once or twice during the length of the tourney.

She noticed that by the Prince’s side came a lad of perhaps the same age as she and she knew exactly who he was…He was wearing the white armor of the Kingsguard but he didn’t have the cloak yet, Ser Jaime Lannister was the lad’s name, son and former heir to Lord Tywin Lannister, former Hand of the King. The news of Ser Jaime’s nomination to the Kingsguard, at just fifteen of age, had also reached Winterfell right before she rode south with her brothers just as the resignation of Lord Tywin from his position. There was certainly a tension between the King and House Lannister…

Behind them came multiple wheelhouses, probably with the Queen and the Princess, and of course all their ladies-in-waiting. These were followed by more soldiers and supply wagons and then the procession was finally inside the castle yards. The crowds, who came to see the Royal Family arrive, began to disperse to what they had been doing before they were interrupted by the royal sight.

“Well…I guess that’s the Royal Family.” Bran suddenly spoke up. “We should go back and prepare ourselves for the opening ceremony and to meeting the King.” he suggested as he turned to them.

“I agree,” Ned said. “We only have a few hours and we can’t be late, we can’t let father down.”

“Let us go…” Bran began before he interrupted himself. “Hey! You daydreamers!” he shouted pissed as he saw that she and Ben were not paying him any attention. “Stop staring at yesterday! We have a long walk back to the tents, so we better get on with it!”

“Did you all see the Kingsguard?” Ben asked marveled as he had seen all of his childhood heroes pass by him and Lyanna couldn’t help but smile at her brother’s excitement. “Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan just rode past us!”

“Aye, we all saw them and we will see them again, at the opening feast that we will most likely miss because we are losing our time here doing nothing!” Bran ranted. “We still have a lot of things to do back in the camp!”

“You are mean!” Ben ranted at him.

“Why it’s always me who is mean?” Bran asked pissed. “If Ned said what I just said, he wouldn’t be mean, would he?”

“No, Ned can tell us the very same thing and we would even smile at him…” she teased her oldest brother, enjoying his reaction.

“And you are mean, bossy and cocky!” Ben finished her line of thinking but perhaps a bit too
bitterly. They began to laugh at the wrathful Brandon right after though. Her dearest Ned just looked at the floor in shame, she knew he wouldn’t join their mockery, he was far too kind for any of that and that was one of the reasons she loved him so much. Ned had always respected her for who she was and never, ever judged her as not being a proper lady as most did. He always encouraged her to pursue what she liked and gave her his full support whatever she needed it.

His only mistake was the way he was handling her betrothal to Robert Baratheon…She confessed to him multiple times that she didn’t like the man or rather the idea of marrying someone, but every time she did so, Ned would always ask her to give him a chance…She would give him a chance, truly, but if it didn’t work? What could she do then? Get a divorce? No one would grant her that. She would be forced to be stuck with him for the rest of their lives, unhappy.

That was what angered her the most. She didn’t wish to marry, she was no broodmare. Lyanna wanted to be in Winterfell forever, not somewhere else. But if she really needed to marry, why did it had to be with someone like Robert Baratheon who would never keep to one bed and would shame her many times?

Why couldn’t she marry someone like her dearest Ned? She knew her middle brother was not confident and very shy, making the ladies ignore him and labeling him as cold and emotionless, dull and unattractive…but she was different, she knew her brother well, she knew he would be the ideal husband to any woman. A husband who would respect any wife, be she cold or kind, ugly or beautiful, a lady or a tomboyish girl. She would give anything for a husband like him if she could…unfortunately the only person like her brother was her brother and she couldn’t love him more than what a sister does to a brother…

And this made her think…who would Ned marry? Her father still hadn’t chosen a wife to him as far as she knew, but she had no doubt that sooner or later they would be informed of who it was…she herself just hoped it would be a kind lady who could love her dearest brother and respect him for who he was.

Even if Lyanna was annoyed with him about her own marriage, she loved her brother far too much for not wishing him to be happy. Perhaps she could indeed love Robert Baratheon one day, perhaps he would leave all of his vices for her…Only the future can really tell I’m afraid…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Updated on 19/08/2019 with a new Ashara POV and improved dialogues. I found out a couple of weeks ago that I made a mistake with Ynys Yronwood who would likely be too young to be a lady-in-waiting at this point since Quentyn Martell reflects on how he let her slip and marry someone else. So I created yet another OC called Emyly which is basically this story's Ynys just with a different name.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna's New Friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lyanna Stark II

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Contrary to what Bran had ranted earlier, they didn’t need that much time to finish setting up what was missing at their camp. And, because they were far quicker than what was anticipated, they were left with a couple of hours to spare until the opening ceremony.

Bran had gone to exchange pleasantries with various lords and fulfill his duty as heir to Winterfell. He would also meet his other foolish friends that were not from the North like Kyle Royce, Jeffory Mallister or Elbert Arryn. Dearest Ned remained in the tent reading a book about Harrenhal that Ben seemed to be interested in as well. She, however, did not wish to exchange pleasantries nor read a book, she wanted to explore the mysterious castle that was Harrenhal.

Lyanna loved to explore the places she visited but she loved even more to find every possible secret she could about them. Even in Winterfell, when she thought she had found everything, she would often prove herself wrong by finding a new passage or a new secret to get marveled with. Even after almost fifteen years, Winterfell was still mysterious to her.

She found herself in the joust fields after a long stroll. The servants were still busy preparing the fields. Said fields didn’t impress her one bit as she had expected something truly unique, like lots of gold and shining jewels…instead, it was all the same as she had seen in the books she read back home, just wood…

Lyanna was about to leave that dull place when she heard shouts nearby, she quickly followed the sounds to see what was happening. She didn’t have to go far, it was close to the kennels because she could hear the dogs barking at the noise.

And when she finally located the source of the noise, she was horrified upon witnessing three thugs bullying another boy by kicking him when he was already defenseless in the floor.

“Stupid frog-eaters!” One of them shouted. “You don’t deserve to be here! Go back to your swamps!”

“I always wondered if the frog-eaters poop frog-legs.” Another said as they all broke into laughter.

Lyanna took a better glance at the boy who tried his best to defend himself and she recognized his face. He was no boy but a Crannogman from the Neck whose name was Howland Reed, the only son of Lord Harlik Reed of Greywater Watch and one of her father’s most fiercely loyal bannermen.

She was not going to sit and watch one of her own be treated in such a foul manner, oh no she wouldn’t! They would feel the wrath of the She-Wolf! Glancing her area of action, Lyanna grabbed a huge tourney lance she found in a nearby basket and with it, she rushed straight at them.

“LEAVE MY FATHER’S BANNERMEN ALONE, YOU SHITS!!!” she screamed as she began hitting them. “LEAVE HIM NOW OR I WILL HURT YOU BEYOND YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES!!!”
“This woman is crazy!” One said as he tried to catch the length of the lance in order to steal it from her. “We better leave!”

“Yeah, she is going to kill us, look at her, she is crazy!” Another added.

“We were just having fun, Milady, nothing more…” the boldest of them remarked.

“Having fun bullying others you say?” she remarked with an evil grin. “Oh, I think it’s time I have fun kicking your arses!” she proclaimed and as she did, they made a run for it. “BLOODY COWARDS!!”

With them far away from Howland and her, Lyanna quickly dropped the lance on the floor and turned to the little Crannogman, worried if he had been somehow badly injured. “Howland are you hurt?” she asked.

“My Lady, remembers me?” he asked surprised.

“Of course I do, you stupid!” she ranted. “You went to Winterfell once with your father, of course, I would remember you!” she assured him. She did receive lots of praise due to her good memory. “Though…I have to say, you have changed quite a bit since I last saw you…your beard grew…and quite a lot…”

Howland laughed at her comment. “Aye, My Lady…I’ve…I’ve spent some time away from home…”

“You did?” she asked quite surprised and curious. “Where have you been exactly?”

“If My Lady doesn’t mind…I would like to keep that a secret…” he asked shyly.

She hated when people kept secrets from her, she really did, but this time she decided to respect Howland’s request. “I would like to take a look at your wounds if I may.”

“It’s nothing really, My Lady.” he tried to assure her. “Just minor bruises.”

Lyanna signed…she knew how men refused to say that they were in pain to women no matter the relationship they had with them, so she simply grabbed his arm and he winced, and how could he not? His arm was filled with nasty wounds, more like those were spread throughout the entirety of his body. “Come with me,” she demanded. “I will tend to your wounds in my tent.”

“My Lady, I assure you I’m fine I don’t ne…” Howland tried to dismiss her worries, but she grabbed his arm and led him back to her tent anyway.

Later, after the long walk, they were back at the Northmen tents, outside they found Ned and Bran arguing…as always…

“Brandon, you are betrothed to Catelyn Tully!” Ned said.

“I know!” Brandon barked. “But I’m not yet married to her and as such, I can have fun. Besides I didn’t lay with anyone…yet…let me be Ned!”

“The Tullys are certainly not going to enjoy seeing you leave the feasts with other women you seduced,” Ned stated. “And don’t forget we are in their homeland!”

She gave a polite cough and their attention turned to her and Howland. “I hate to interrupt the pleasant conversation you two ladies are having, but I would appreciate some help here.”
“And who is he, Lya?” Brandon asked with a raised eyebrow. “I hope you…”

“You stupid!” she hissed. “This is Howland Reed, son of Lord Harlik Reed! Don’t you remember him?”

He looked at Howland for a bit, trying to recognize the face, probably failing... “Ah, yes I do remember him. Though what happened to him? He is full of wounds…and his beard got bigger…”

“He was being bullied and humiliated by a bunch of rude stupid cunts.” she began explaining “But of course I kicked their arses away and now I brought Howland to tend his wounds here.”

“Though the situation is dire, Lord Reed.” Ned began with a shy smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. I have heard such interesting tales about you Crannogmen’s feats in defending the North from the many invaders we faced.”

“Thank you, Lord Stark…” The Crannogman said with a sad and disappointed tone, not because of Ned but because of those bullies and how they harmed his honor. She would need to do something to fix that...no one messed with the Northmen.

“Come inside Howland, I will tend you.” she proclaimed as she led him inside her tent with Ned and Bran following close by. A minute later, Ben returned from relieving himself and they introduced him to Howland as well.

“There!” Lyanna proclaimed at last with a smile on her tired face. She had cleaned all of Howland’s wounds and bound them with linen. “All done!”

“Thank you, My Lady.” Howland nodded with a shy smile. “You are so very kind.”

“Oh, it was nothing really,” she admitted quite proud of what she had done, father would certainly be proud of her...if he wasn’t ranting her for hitting some stupid boys with a tourney lance. “I trust you will grace us with your company in the opening ceremony and feast?”

“I don’t think it’s appropriate...for a Crannogman to attend…”

“Nonsense!” she cut in. “You are as hightborn as everyone attending and you have the right to attend just like everyone else. Ben find him some decent and clean clothes. And do help him cut that horrible beard.”

“Right away.” Benjen replied as left her tent for his own to do what she asked of him.

“My Lady…” Howland tried to refuse her once again, but no one refuses the She-Wolf.

“You are coming with us and we will have no more discussions about it!” she hissed.

“I have to agree with my sister on this one, Lord Reed,” Ned said smiling. “House Reed is of noble birth and no one shall question your presence in the feast. And if they somehow do...well, I’m certain they will have an unpleasant time with my sister…”

“We will take it as a slight if you refuse to join us, Howland,” Bran said with his usual smirk. “You are from the North and the North Remembers.”

Howland was defeated, Lyanna knew as he was certainly not opposing four Starks. “If My Lords and My Lady do wish for me to attend so badly, then I guess I cannot refuse…”

“No, you can’t,” Lyanna said smiling. “I promise you will have fun amongst us.”
“Lyanna is right, Howland.” Bran agreed. “We are a bunch of foolish and merry bunch aren’t we Ned?”

“Something along those lines…” Ned said with a plain look, they were still going at each other… How could they be so different? At least they all shared a common ground now.

Eddard Stark II

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

“Gods Lya! What took you so long?” Brandon ranted as Lyanna exited her tent, in a beautiful northern fashion grey dress that did not show too much of her cleavage, her hair loose to her waist and a simple pearl collar at her neck.

“A lady needs her time…dear brother.” she teased, enjoying Brandon’s wrathful reaction.

“Bah lady my arse!” Brandon hissed. “You the person who says she is no lady? You are bloody acting like one!”

“I had to find a good dress that wasn’t too much southern in looks…father forced me to bring more than a dozen of them and I’m quite sure I will not even wear half of these.”

“You look lovely.” Ned whispered earning a smile from her.

“Thank you Ned.”

“Let’s just go before the King or Lord Whent take us arriving late as a slight.” Brandon proclaimed. “We already lost far too much time waiting for Milady here.”

Lyanna slapped his shoulder as if she was a mother scolding her child. “Stupid!”

“Are you guys coming or not?” Benjen asked with an annoyed look. “Ned and I are waiting.”

“Calm down pup we are on the move.” Brandon said as they began their long walk to the Hall of the Hundred Hearths.

“Now he says calm down when he has been bothering us to hurry the whole afternoon…” Lyanna spat out.

“I love you too sweet sister.”

After their long walk, they found a huge crowd of people outside the Hall…it seemed Ser Jaime Lannister was swearing his vows as an official Kingsguard knight. The young Lannister had knelt in front of the King and the rest of his sworn brothers as he spoke his lines that would make him a white sword.

Once he was done, Ser Oswell Whent, the brother of Lord Whent helped the young Kingsguard rise to his feet and Lord Commander Gerold Hightower placed the white cloak on his shoulders with a proud smile on his face. The crowd cheered happily at the sight and both the King and Ser Jaime waved at them. Ned couldn’t help but notice that King Aerys believed the cheers were actually meant for him and not for the youngest Kingsguard knight…

Then the noble-born began making their way to the Hall of a Hundred Hearts and smallfolk to nearby tents where their respective feasts were taking place. As Ned set foot inside the gigantic
room, he knew that the books were not wrong when they said that the huge hall was not made for humans but for giants…

The hall was decorated with multiple banners from House Whent, House Tully and House Targaryen in the colossal walls, ceiling lights decorated in gold hanged in the roof that seemed to never end. He looked to his siblings and friends and they were open-mouthed as he was.

Ten servants were waiting inside, reuniting the various nobles in groups according to their origin, apparently, there was also Essosi nobility attending. After a few minutes, the servant who was responsible for the Northmen led them to one huge table where they were supposed to seat, more to the left than the rest of them. They began to seat on the benches, Brandon next to Willam Dustin and Ethan Glover and Ned, Lya, Ben and Howland in front of them.

“Finally seated heh, Bran?” Willam said smiling. “About time isn’t it?”

“Aye. About time I eat myself some elaborated southern food.” Brandon said grinning as well.

Ned briefly glanced around the room, behind their table were the Rivermen as he could see the sigils of House Tully, Blackwood, Mallister, Mooton and more in the doublets of the many lords. Across them, Ned saw some Valemen, including Jon, Elbert, some Hunters, the Royces, the Belmores and many more. He could also swear he was hearing Robert’s booming laugh somewhere across the Hall…

He had to admit that never before in his life had he seen so many people in one place, and those were only the highborn. It was truly a tourney without precedents…

“MY LORDS AND LADIES!!!” The King proclaimed as he stood up from his seat with a big grin. “I must thank Lord Whent and his lady wife Lady Whent for hosting such a large tourney, I’m quite sure we will have fun in it. Especially myself when I find all those traitors who want my throne!” What? “THE IRON THRONE IS MINE!” he shouted again. “ANYONE CONSPIRING AGAINST ME WILL BURN TO ASHES! NO ONE ESCAPES! NO ONE!!! I WILL BURN THEM ALL!!!”

Ned noticed Lord Whent, the Prince and some of the Kingsguard trying to calm the King down for he was having a fit of madness it seemed…So the rumors about the King being mad were quite true…

Ned could feel the shivers down his spine. Every soul in the room watched with anticipation, no one knew what could come out of that fit of madness…Even Brandon and Lya were like him and they were not easily caught off guard like this…Ned wondered why was Aerys still in the throne, he was clearly not sane and he was just a threat to Westeros and beyond. It had certainly been a mistake for him to come to the tourney as this would only make the crown lose more and more respect and support.

Luckily for everyone in the room, the Crown Prince and Lord Whent seemed to manage, after a few minutes, to calm the King down enough to stop screaming. With some room for himself, Lord Whent took hold of the speech. The man didn’t even need to request silence, as everyone was still quiet after Aerys’ fit.

“My Lords and My Ladies!” he shouted proudly. “I’m proud to welcome you all to the greatest tourney in Westeros’s history!” A wave of claps was then heard just some shouts from Brandon, Willam and many more before the lord could continue. “I would like to thank each and every one of you for leaving your holdings and to take some time of your lives to attend such a magnificent spectacle!” Lord Whent continued as more shouts and claps were heard. “And especially to His
“Grace and Crown Prince Rhaegar for sparing ten days of their busy schedules to be here and contemplate the spectacle themselves.”

“Now do let me introduce to everyone, my beautiful daughter, Melissa Whent crowned Queen of Love and Beauty in the Tourney at Maidenpool last year by my dear brother Oswell who won it.”

A beautiful lady of light brown hair, fair skin, high cheekbones, and bright blue eyes got up from her seat clearly overwhelmed by the large crowd that was cheering her up. She was six and ten namesdays old which was about Lyanna’s age, and her uncle was not wrong on crowning her.

“My daughter’s honor will be defended by my sons, Elmar, Duncan, Triston, and Justin!” The four men got up from their seats, all of them shared the light brown hair, high cheekbones, and bright blue eyes. “And of course, my brother, Ser Oswell of the Kingsguard!” The knight did the same as his nephews and got up as well, then they all unsheathed their swords and rose them to the air and pledge to keep Lady Melissa the Queen of Love and Beauty. Claps and cheers went around the Hall and they all took seat again. “My Lords and My Ladies, without further ado, I declare the tourney officially open! I hope each that every one of you has fun in those ten days!”

And so with his speech finished, the minstrels and musicians began playing their songs while the servants began their work with the first course of dishes was quickly served. Soon this first dish was followed by fourteen more…Ned had never, in his eighteen years of life, seen so many dishes, from chicken to duck, salmon to seafood, salads from the widest variety of vegetables and fruits…

“With this much food, we could feed the North in the next winter;” Lyanna remarked bored and even sickened by the quantity of food served. “Such a waste of food.”

“My Lords…” Howland murmured. “Is it bad if I can’t eat all of this? This way too much for me…”

They all smiled at the Crannogman’s question. “Of course not Howland,” Lyanna assured him. “You just eat what you wish to eat, no one will hold a grudge against you, my friend.”

“I don’t think anyone can eat this much food not even the hungriest men in the world,” Ned concluded. “It’s just to showcase his wealth…”

“Just eat, will you Ned?” Bran ranted at him with a chicken leg in his hand. “Let Lord Whent worry about the expenses. It’s his money, not ours.” And Ned did not rant anymore, there was really no point in it. Like Bran said it was Lord Whent’s money, not theirs.

Throughout the dinner, Bran kept telling jokes and japes with Willam. Had Jon Umber been there and it would have been a mummer’s show rather than a dinner…luckily he was not for his wife was having another child soon.

After the meal, the servants once again strolled through the gigantic tables in order to pick what survived from the huge dinner and a lot did survive. They hadn’t been the only ones to leave so much food on the plates.

With all the food eaten, they were left with a bit of time to enjoy some conversations. “Hey, it looks as if Lord Whent wishes to give us another speech.” Willam shouted from the other side of the table.

Ned turned back to the royal table again and Lord Whent was standing up again, demanding the attention from the Hall. When everyone seemed quiet and he understood his voice could be heard, he made another speech.
“My Lords and Ladies, before we proceed into the so awaited prom, I’ve been informed by Prince Rhaegar himself that he wishes to play and sing us a song in this so very special occasion. So please let us all cheer for the Crown Prince!”

Everyone clapped at the announcement, especially the ladies as Prince Rhaegar stood up from his seat and made his way to where the musicians were, then he bowed to the crowd, then he took a seat and began to play his harp.

High in the halls of the kings who are gone
Jenny would dance with her ghosts
The ones she had lost and the ones she had found
And the ones who had loved her the most

The ones who’d been gone for so very long
She couldn’t remember their names
They spun her around on the damp old stones
Spun away all her sorrow and pain

And she never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave
Never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave

They danced through the day
And into the night through the snow that swept through the hall
From winter to summer then winter again
’Til the walls did crumble and fall

And she never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave
Never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave

Ned did find the music quite good, well sung and with interesting lyrics but it seemed that all the ladies present in the Hall of the Hundred Hearths found it very sad as they began weeping. Was it really the song or simply the Prince’s good looks? That silver-blond hair and indigo eyes he possessed…the unnatural beauty that the Targaryens were blessed with.
“Hey Ned, Bran look!” Ben called sounding amused. “Lya is crying!” Ned looked towards his sister and to his surprise, she was indeed crying…it was a rare sight…Lyanna was not a person who cried...

“Shut up stupid, I’m not crying!” she insisted but she was clearly lying...

“Lya is a crybaby!” Ben shouted as he put his tongue out and made fun of her. “Lya is a crybaby! Lya is a crybaby!”

In a moment of rage, Lyanna picked Ned’s goblet of wine from his hands and poured it all in Ben’s head as she grinned with contempt. “This ought to teach you to not mess with me, stupid.” she proclaimed while his younger brother was completely aghast as the wine dropped all over his body. Every single soul in that table began laughing then…Ned knew he was a bad brother but even he could not contain himself...

Benjen then left the room in haste and every person who saw him laughed at him. Ned immediately felt pity for his youngest sibling. “Don’t you think you exaggerated Lya?” Ned asked his sister.

“Not a single bit!” she replied bluntly and with an angry expression. “He deserved it all!”

“You humiliated him.” Ned insisted. “It went too far.”

“And what did he do to me?” she questioned. “He called me a bloody crybaby!” she ranted. “I believe he humiliated me as well!”

“Women weep to songs, little sister. There is no big deal in it.” Brandon remarked from the other side of the table. “Everyone was bound to forget that you cried to the Prince’s song in the first place, but now that you did that to Ben…” he was now grinning. “Now everyone will remember that you cried. You messed up really badly, dear sister, now it will forever hunt you down…”

Lyanna looked worried with the prospect. “And what do you both want me to do?”

“To at least apologize to Ben.” Ned quickly said.

“I agree with Neddy.” Bran agreed. “You can’t do anything about the fame you just gained but at least little Ben will feel better.”

Taking a deep look at both her brothers, Lyanna sighed in defeat. “Fine, I will apologize to him!” she ranted while standing up, leaving the table and beginning her search for their brother.

Brandon turned to Martyn. “Go after her Martyn, its dark outside and Gods know what can happen to these two.”

“Of course My Lord.” The Captain of Winterfell’s household guards said as he followed Lyanna with some distance so that she could not see him.

“Well, that was rough!” Willam commented. “Poor Pup.”

“Aye.” Ned agreed. “I just hope Ben doesn’t resent her after this…”

“He won’t,” Brandon assured him. “He already knows that you can’t anger the She-Wolf and he did so, so he needed to suffer the consequences of it.”

“You seem to be quite keen on that, don’t you Bran?” Willam teased. “Mocking your sister I
mean.”

“You ought to know by now, Willam, that I’m the best at mocking my dear sister.” Bran said with pride.

“No doubt about that, my friend.” Willam laughed. “No doubt about that.”

It was then that Ned noticed quite a lot of people making their way to the empty part of the Hall, where the prom seemed to be starting.

“HEY EVERYONE!!” Brandon shouted. “It’s time we find ourselves some pretty ladies and have a good time in this tourney! Who is with me?”

“AYE!!” The Northmen roared in approval.

“Lord Brandon…” Howland said hesitantly. “I have a bride already…I can’t find…I can’t find other women…”

Brandon and Ned looked at him surprised. “Oh…You do?” Brandon asked. “Can we know the name of the lucky lady?”

“Her name is Jyanna…” Howland confessed flushing. “Jyanna Blackmyre. A crannogwoman from the Neck…she is very pretty and nice…”

Brandon grinned and clapped Howland’s shoulder. “Well, a betrothal is a betrothal…and if you wish to keep yourself fully ready for her, then I will certainly not hold a grudge against you.” he then proceeded to get behind Ned. “Though our Neddy here…is not yet betrothed as you are…so we ought to help him find a proper lady tonight!” Bran said with a smirk on his face as he clapped Ned’s back. “See if he smiles more often afterward…”

Ned blushed a bit but deep down, he knew none of them would care for him…he was just a plain-looking man who could barely keep a conversation with someone, especially with the women…This is going to troublesome…

Chapter End Notes

The classic of the She-Wolf saving the crannogman and the beginning of the opening feast...

Chapter Updated on 20/08/2019 with some improved scenes and dialogues, I also chose Jenny Song as the ballad that Rhaegar plays. It also has a new chapter name.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lysa Tully I
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Lysa was marveled with all the lords and ladies she was glancing, it was the first time she was allowed to come to a tourney or rather leave Riverrun and she was enjoying it so far.

She had dressed a crimson gown with a conservative cleavage and had a small collar made of pearls around her neck but somehow...no one wanted to dance with her...There were plenty of more beautiful ladies around and so no handsome lord would care for her...as always...

Petyr was dancing with Cat and it made Lysa jealous and angry that she was stealing him away. Her perfect sister would, of course, steal all the handsome lords away and leave with nothing for her as always. It was a shame that uncle Brynden did not come with them as at least he would spare her some company, unlike father who seemed so serious, quiet and absent...

“Lady Lysa.” Lysa turned to the deep voice and saw Brandon Stark, Catelyn’s handsome and gallant betrothed. “Are you alone here perhaps?”

It was true...she didn’t even see her father leave such was her distraction. “It seems so...” she said in a stutter. Brandon kissed her hand as he was due.

“Allow me to introduce you a friend of mine, My Lady, this is Ser Elbert Arryn, Lord Jon Arryn’s nephew.” The Valeman was so handsome...his eyes were blue as hers but he was blond and had such a lordly face... “He served as my squire for three years.” Brandon Stark added.

“My Lady...it’s a pleasure to get acquainted with you.” The young knight said eyeing her in a matter she was not expecting for his eyes fixed on hers, then he picked her hand and planted a kiss on it. “You look splendid in that beautiful red dress...”

Was this handsome Ser really complimenting her? No...was he? “Thank you Ser...you are far too kind...”

“I speak only true words, My Lady.” Ser Elbert said and she felt her cheeks get warmer.

“Brandon!” Her sister’s voice made Lysa curse herself internally because now she was sure that Cat would steal this handsome Ser’s attention. “It’s so good to see you.”

“You too Catelyn.” The handsome Brandon said while kissing her sister’s hand. “You look beautiful tonight.”

“Thank you.” Catelyn nodded with a smile as her cheeks got redder. She was wearing a dark blue gown very similar to Lysa’s but of course, she had to look better than Lysa...

“Baelish.” Brandon acknowledged Petyr who didn’t look too happy upon seeing him.

“Lord Brandon.” Petyr nodded as he was expected.

“Cat, may I introduce my friend Elbert Arryn? I have spoken of him quite often and I did promise I
would introduce him to you someday.” Ser Elbert came forward and kissed Cat’s hand too…

“My Lord, it’s a pleasure.” Cat said.

“Pleasure is mine, Lady Catelyn.” Ser Elbert said with a beautiful smile…Catelyn must have entranced him too as Lysa feared… “I was going to ask if there is a problem in me sharing a dance with My Lady’s sister?” What?

Even Catelyn was surprised by the request. “I’m sure you can if Lysa accepts the proposal.”

Everyone’s eyes turned to her and she flushed with the attention. “I…I will…Ser Elbert.”

“Great.” Oh, his smile was so bright…

“And will you concede me a dance Lady Catelyn?” Brandon Stark asked with a gallant smile. “It would be improper if we were not to dance.”

“Certainly.” Catelyn agreed as she extended her hand to Brandon and that reminded Lysa she had to do the same.

Ser Elbert brought her to the dancing floor and they began dancing. She was so nervous about it all…she wanted to dance with a handsome Ser but now that she was dancing she didn’t know what to do…luckily she had trained the steps for almost every ballad, her father forced her to.

“My Lady how old are you?” he asked.

“Fifteen…” she replied in a whisper.

“You look older…” What? “I mean you look so beautiful and…”

“You think me beautiful Ser?” she inquired surprised.

“I do, I like your hair color…” he said. “It’s so pretty…”

“Don’t you prefer my sister?” she found herself asking perhaps with a far too bitter tone. There was no way he would prefer me over Cat…

“Oh your sister is gorgeous but I find you much prettier than her.” By the Seven…this can’t be real…this can’t be real…

“I…” The ballad ended…The Seven were cruel to her…now that she was making progress…

“It was a shame the ballad was so fast, My Lady.” Ser Elbert said. “I enjoyed it nonetheless.”

“Me…me too…” she murmured defeated.

“You remind me of a friend of mine…with all that nervousness,” he said smiling. “Loosen a bit and smile for often, it will make wonders.”

“I…I…I will try.”

Ser Elbert picked her hand and kissed her while her heart missed a beats…then he looked at her with that handsome face. “I must return to my uncle’s side…I wasn’t supposed to share a dance now so he must be fuming…but if the opportunity arises, I would definitely share another dance with you.”
Oh… “You…know where…to find me…”

He smiled. “I will know indeed. Have a pleasant night My Lady.”

“My Lord as well.” she curtsied as she saw him leave… and she was left alone once more…

She returned to her seat and found Petyr staring at Catelyn still dancing with Brandon… He always preferred Cat over Lysa… for once she found a man who preferred her over her sister… but for some reason… she didn’t think anything would come out of that dance and that saddened her…

“Did you had fun with that lordling.” Petyr asked when she took a seat.

“I did. He was so nice and…”

“He doesn’t want you,” he said, his expression serious. “He was using you to get to Cat, anyone can see it.”

“He said he preferred me over her…” Lysa retorted. “He said so…”

“It was just a way to not let you find his true intentions,” Petyr explained. “He cares naught for you.”

Petyr was right… who would care for someone like her when there is Cat? Why did she think… By the Seven… “He said so…”

“Oh my sweet Lysa, he is a bad person for making you sad, but worry not for I am here. I love you Lysa.” Petyr loves me… Petyr loves me… he is the only one…

Ashara Dayne II

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Ashara had to look the best she could for this crucial night and so for that, she chose to wear her favorite purple gown. Besides being her favorite color, it accentuated her violet eyes, eyes that captivated so many people and attracted so many stares. She also allowed for her long black hair to go loose to her waist, just the way she loved, and to complete her look, the beautiful silver necklace that once belonged to her deceased mother, Lady Elyana Blackmont.

By now, she remembered her mother loosely, but the scene when her mother gave her the necklace on her final moments was still very much present in her head. Thinking about it all and mostly her mother’s smiles almost brought tears to her eyes… Mother… How things changed since you died…

“Ashara!”

Elia’s call snapped her from her sad thoughts, remembering Ashara that she needed to be a strong woman. Elia had been one of the few people who always supported her, from the moment they met, when Ashara arrived at the Water Gardens, heartbroken and abandoned to the moment they were both in now. Ashara, of course, repaid the kindness by being present in the good and bad moments the Princess faced throughout her life.

“Yes, my dearest friend?” she inquired.

“Have I told you that you look beautiful tonight?” Elia said smiling. “That gown really highlights the beauty of your eyes…”
“I chose it from that very reason, Elia.” Ashara smiled as she interlaced her arm with her best friend’s and led her to the side of the dancing floor. “And it’s always nice to have a friend complimenting you again.”

“That’s true,” Elia agreed, smiling as well. “By the way…Oberyn is there somewhere…” The Princess cocked her head towards the crowd. “He wishes to share a dance with you…and tell you something important.”

Oberyn was likely representing Prince Doran meaning that he would have interesting information for Ashara… “I’m looking forward to seeing him again and of course share a dance with your hot-headed brother. It has been a while since I last saw him.”

“And I assure you he looks forward to it as well,” Elia said before her happy face turned sour. “It bothers me however that you are taking so much responsibility all by yourself…I wish I could be more useful…”

“Do not fret about it my friend, you are helping quite a lot already.” Ashara dismissed her friend’s worries.

“Well, you certainly are leagues away from me in intrigue…” Elia confessed. “But that doesn’t mean I’m not worried, Ash! We are friends and I can’t bear to lose you…”

“Oh dear Elia, you won’t lose me. I can assure you that I will keep enchanting King’s Landing and Dragonstone and making many women jealous of me and my beauty for many years to come.” she assured her with a bright smile.

“Like Cersei and her minions?” Elia questioned with a smirk forming on her lips.

“Like them indeed…” Ashara nodded. “A shame she is not here…her father is certainly holding a grudge against the King for what he did to Ser Jaime.”

“I think I have seen Ser Kevan and his sister the Lady Genna somewhere though,” Elia said. “Maybe you will have to share a dance with Ser Kevan.”

“Oh I’m so excited to dance with him…” she giggled with her own sarcasm. “I hope to not insult his poor wife.”

“Listen…you are likely going to be the woman who will dance the most today and the days that follow so…perhaps…beside those men who provide you with crucial information…you may find…a man worthy of your love?”

Ashara laughed at the friend’s comment. “There is no such man Elia. They see nothing but the beauty and care for nothing but sex. Once they have the latter they have no reason to flatter me anymore.” Ashara was not a maiden anymore, she had been stupid and naïve…believing far too much in the songs and less in reality. There were times she thought things could work with some of the men she fancied but they never did…Because of her failed relationships she had lost hope in falling in love again. Men were all the same anyway…perhaps she should turn to women…

“I know you have lost hope Ash but I have not.” Elia continued to insist on the subject. “Call me a song lover but I do firmly believe that you will find happiness in a man’s arm. Or a woman for all I care…As long as you are happy then so am I.”

“You are way too hopeful still my friend.” Ashara still held true to her theory that she would never fall in love again, no matter what Elia said against it.
“You may not find him today, but I’m sure you will find him someday.” Her friend insisted yet again.

“If you say so…”

“Lady Ashara?” Ashara and Elia turned to the voice who had interrupted their talk. It was Ser Barristan Selmy, one of her brother’s sworn brothers, standing next to them with a polite smile. “Apologies for bothering you and My Princess…but I was hoping My Lady could be so kind as to grant me a dance?”

With all the courtesies she was expected to give and with a warm smile, she replied to him. “Well, of course, I will, Ser Barristan! Do lead the way.” And then she extended her hand to him which he promptly took.

“I shall talk to you later, Ash. Have fun!” Elia concluded with a wink, as she seemed to move towards her husband who was enjoying a conversation with Lord and Lady Whent. While Ashara granted Ser Barristan his dance.

After Ser Barristan, Ashara danced with many more men, some of them knights of the Kingsguard such as Ser Oswell, Ser Gerold, and even her brother others young heirs and whatnot. But of Oberyn or plot information, she still had nothing even after some twelve partners. She was getting tired…

And then, much to her joy, Oberyn finally made his presence be known to her as he finished a dance with Lady Melissa Whent, right beside Ashara’s side.

“Ashara!” Oberyn remarked with a smirk. “You look astonishing tonight, my friend. May I steal you for a dance?”

“Why, of course, My Prince,” she said with a smile. “I was beginning to think you wouldn’t ask me…”

“And miss a dance with the most beautiful lady in Westeros? After my dear sister of course?” he said aghast. “That wouldn’t be Oberyn Nymerios Martell.”

She and Oberyn were good friends since their days in the Water Gardens. He was a fun and caring man, but he couldn’t remain still in a relationship, his three bastard daughters proved as much, as they were all from different mothers. Still, she couldn’t forget the fun times she had with him when court intrigue and Aerys’s madness were no concern to them yet.

Their dance was quite long and she was definitely happy to find him the way he used to be, joking and japing all the time. She had fun and somehow it was a bit nostalgic to her.

“Ashara…do tell to whoever needs to be told, that Dorne will provide its full support.” Oberyn finally said. “My brother was rather unconvinced at first, but in the end, he saw the light.”

“Then those are good news.” she proclaimed. “For Dorne and for the realm.”

“They are indeed…” he said as he smiled again. “For Dorne and for the realm.”

The music ended not long after. Oberyn then kissed her hand, followed by a bow and a mischievous smile. He then left to find a new dancing partner and because she was so tired, she returned to the royal table, where Elia was, alone, and she, of course, needed to do something about that, didn’t she? What sort of friend and lady-in-waiting would she be then?
Brandon went on to meet his friends and then the Tullys, it was expected of him to do so anyway. Ned was certainly thankful for that as he could not imagine what his brother might have done to find him a lady…

Lya and Ben returned not too long ago, with the latter having changed to clean clothes. They looked like they had forgiven each other and for that Ned was happy. Robert arrived not long afterward, teasing Ned and then begging Lyanna to share a dance with him. She was reluctant at first but after Ned begged her to give Robert a chance, she accepted and the pair of them went to the dancing floor.

Ben convinced Howland to go hear the tales from the wandering crow that the Night’s Watch had sent to captivate and recruit young men for the ancient order that was dwindling by each passing day. Ben had confessed to him one day that he wished to join either the Kingsguard or the Night’s Watch, so it was no surprise that his younger brother wished to get to know better the orders.

And that was how Ned ended up alone at the Northmen table…watching everyone else having fun and dancing, while he just brooded alone in his thoughts. Not that he cared much for it, he had fun brooding. His own horse was named Brooding so…yes…

There were lots of women on the dance floor, some weren’t anything special but others were… beautiful…just like Robert had said they would be when they arrived.

While he watched Bran dance with Catelyn, his gaze fell on one of those beautiful women…in fact, beautiful seemed like it was not even the proper word to describe said lady’s beauty…

She had long jet black hair and her lips were rosy and full, but what seemed to captivate Ned the most were her beautiful and haunting violet eyes, a rare color that normally was only shared by those of Valyrian descent. She certainly was not a Targaryen, but perhaps she could be from the Free Cities, like Lys or Volantis…She was wearing a purple gown and on her neck, there was a beautiful silver necklace that looked like it was shining just like the stars do in the dark night sky, making her look even more gorgeous, a true sight to be seen…

She looked to be around his age as well…and then she showed her beautiful smile…Gods what a beautiful smile…

He ended up watching her dance for the rest of the night…she was quite requested by the lords for she danced with so many of them…She looked so radiant…he wished to dance with her as well, for her happiness was infecting him in some weird way…but he couldn’t bring himself the courage to ask her, which made him angry and disappointed with himself like it always did…and besides what was he compared to all the men she had been dancing with? A nobody…

Ben and Howland returned to the table not long after and took their seats as they continued to talk about fighting wildlings and exploring the mysteries beyond the Wall. Ned was sure that the stories that the wandering crow shared were making Ben more certain on joining the Watch since for a Northerner it was easier to join them rather than the Kingsguard…

And all of a sudden, Lyanna came to the table in haste, she must have left Robert somewhere or Robert left her for another woman… “Hey Howland, I’ve seen those stupid bullies again!” she said
as she pointed out at three boys not far from them. “Look over there, near the Crowlands’ table, one of them seems to squire to a Frey and I believe that’s a Haigh’s sigil isn’t it Ned?”

Ned looked behind to watch the said boy and he did recognize the Haigh’s sigil. “I think it is.”

He looked back to the lady and saw her taking a seat next to Princess Elia Martell, perhaps she was one of her ladies-in-waiting? They talked and smiled at each other until the lady looked at him for some reason and gave him a smile, he felt himself blushing like a tomato and quickly looked to the floor in the most profound shame… *Gods Ned, you are a disgrace…*

“NED!!!”

His sister’s scream almost made him deaf, as he regained his composure and looked back at her, only to see her with an angry face, intended to him of course. “Gods! What’s the matter with you Lya?” he barked.

“What’s the matter with me, you say?” she barked indignantly. “Well dear brother, I have been talking to you but it seems you are paying me no mind!”

“I’m sorry…I got distracted…” he murmured in an apologetic tone.

Lyanna looked at him with a raised eyebrow before resuming her talk. “Well as I was saying, we have identified the last of those stupid squires, he is from House Blount.”

“So what are you going to do?” Ned asked them intrigued.

“I don’t know, Lord Eddard…” Howland replied truthfully to Ned’s question.

“Well, I know what you can do Howland!” Ben said proudly. “I will fetch you a horse and a set of armor for you to challenge those cunts in the lists.”

“Yes!” Lya agreed with her youngest brother’s plan. “You can teach them how strong the crannogmen really are and make them regret crossing you!” Lya shouted proudly as well.

“My Lords, My Lady…I can hardly ride a horse and never in my life have I used a joust lance.” Howland confessed sadly. “I would simply lose without much gain, only more shame.”

“That’s not a problem Howland, me and Lya can teach you how to ride and use a joust lance,” Ben said. “We still have time before the jousts begin.”

Despite finding the conversation interesting, Ned’s gaze befell, once again, to the coal haired lady, she was now dancing with Jon Connington himself, they were certainly speaking something, but Ned was just so focused on her beautiful face like a puppy that he didn’t even try to guess what.

He felt someone shake his arms in anger not too much later, it was Lya again, and with the same angry face… “For Gods’ sake Ned what’s the matter with you today?” she asked annoyed and concerned.

“No-nothing…” he murmured.

The three of them began looking at where he had been looking, and grins began to form on Lya and Ben’s faces. “Oh, I see…” Lyanna said amused as she turned back to him, her face was full of teasing. “My dearest Ned seems to be in love…”

“I’m not…” he confessed while feeling his cheeks burn.
“Oh, yes you are Neddy…don’t lie to your sweet sister! It’s not nice!” she said all giggling and bit too girly perhaps.

“What’s this commotion about?” Brandon asked as he returned to their company and took a seat in front of them. Great…just what I needed, the pack’s master of mockery… “Why are you holding Ned’s arms?”

“Ned is in love with a beautiful lady!” Ben said laughing in amusement.

“Is he?” A smirk formed itself on Bran’s face too, just like he had expected… “So the Quiet Wolf can fall in love?”

“Don’t be mean to him, Bran!” Lyanna hissed. “He has a heart you know? Unlike you.”

“I know, I know, it’s just that I’m not used to seeing our brother like a little damsel from the songs…being in love…” he said laughing loudly.

“Stop making fun of him, you stupid!” Lya barked at their older brother, ready to defend Ned, for some reason.

“Fine, fine…but who is the lucky lady who caught our quiet brother’s heart?” Bran asked curiously. “I must meet her somehow.”

“That one over there with black hair and…violet eyes?” Ben replied surprised as he found out that the lady had violet eyes.

His older brother looked to the lady in question and a predator look formed on his face, making Ned incredibly nervous and jealous… “Damn! That’s a beauty!” Bran proclaimed. “I didn’t know you aimed that high little brother.” Brandon teased. “Go on, Quiet Wolf, ask her for a dance, she is all yours.”

At that moment, Ned wished that he had some of the wolf blood that his siblings had, running through him as well…Brandon, for example, would certainly know how to best approach the lady, dance with her and being the Brandon he was, do more indecent things with her afterward…

“I can’t…” he finally replied. “I’m not as good as you, at getting ladies’ attention. I will just block and look awkward like every time I tried before…”

“Perhaps…” His brother agreed as his expression got sour. “I do remember that time you blocked in front of Sharley, Willam’s sister…I have to admit that even I felt a punch in the gut…”

Oh good and fair Sharley Dustin…hazel haired and hazel-eyed like Willam, certainly beautiful but she didn’t compare to the black-haired beauty he was so desperate to dance with. But just remembering what happen with Sharley, made him feel worse with himself.

“You can’t just give up before you even gave it try, Ned!” Lyanna said. “You will never know otherwise.”

Ned remained silent for a bit, ignoring his siblings. He could see them getting impatient with him, for his lack of confidence and courage to ask the lady for a dance. It just made him feel worse and worse…“I will just make a fool of myself like I always do…” Ned murmured. “Besides she is way too beautiful for someone plain looking like me.”

“For fuck sake Ned, stop with that not good enough bullshit!” Brandon ranted as he stood up. “I share the same opinion as Lya, if you don’t try, you will never know, so give it a go and ask her
for a dance, I’m sure she will accept! I’m mean it’s just a fucking dance!"

Ned just looked at the floor in the most profound shame, he couldn’t even lift his head anymore, such was his shyness and shame. A simple task for his siblings, especially Bran, was one of the most difficult challenges in Ned’s pitiful life…but they were right, if he didn’t do anything and just stood there, she would definitely not dance with him at all…

“Ned…” Lyanna muttered worried as she patted his back with pity.

“I’m sorry guys…really…I’m…sorry…” he cursed himself for his shyness and the disappointment he was bringing to his family…

“Gods, you are hopeless, Dumb Wolf!” Brandon continued barking. “Lya, Ben, Howland bring that Dumb Wolf along, we are making him dance with the lady, even if it’s the last thing we do!”

Ned’s face lifted up with abashment as his siblings began to pull him by his arms and shouted proudly. “Aye!” They didn’t stop…he couldn’t make them stop, they went straight to the lady and they were causing a bloody scene…Take me away from here…Please…

Chapter End Notes

A little twist to the classic way on how Ned and Ashara meet...I know some of you will probably want to hang me for taking too long introducing them to each other but, they will meet in the next chapter.

Chapter Updated on 21/08/2019 with a new Lysa POV, improved dialogues and a new Chapter title.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
“I’m tired.” Ashara confessed to Elia as she took a seat next to her friend in the royal table which happened to be quite depopulated with the lateness of the hour.

“I can imagine that you are…” Elia said smiling a teasing smile. “How many men have you danced with tonight?”

“Thirteen.”

“So many? I might be jealous now…” Elia teased.

“Don’t be,” Ashara dismissed, while she took a proper glance around the room, just to see many men still gazing her…most of them would probably ask a dance with her, and most wouldn’t give anything for the plot…and so she sighed. “Besides being very tiring, for your feet especially, most of them were rather dull.”

“I see…” Elia said while she returned her glance to the crowd. “What a shame.”

“And why are you here alone?” she inquired. “Where are the girls?”

“There were a few handsome men from the Reach and Vale who stole them away from a dance or two…” Elia explained. “I think Jasline left already…”

“And Rhaegar?”

“Went to bed already to avoid raising suspicions from you know who,” Elia added. “Said person went to bed quite early as well but his minions are still lurking here…like Lord Chelsted and Lord Staunton.”

“I see…and what about you, Elia? Have you danced enough for the night?” Ashara inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“Me? Oh, I shared a few dances with Oberyn and Rhaegar earlier, a few with Arthur and one with my uncle Lewyn. But I must confess I have been quite entertained right here, contemplating someone who has been watching you quite attentively…” Elia whispered in her ear with a smirk.

“He is certainly not the only one.” Ashara replied laughing. Another one who fell in love with her beauty it seems.

“This young man has been watching you since your first dances without stopping…” Elia added. “He is so lost into you that he didn’t even notice me staring at him…”

“Is he really?” Ashara couldn’t deny that she was rather intrigued now, despite her opinion on this unknown man, not many men would watch her that long without making a move... “And where is this man you speak of?”
“He is in the Northmen’s table,” Elia explained. A Northerner? That’s new… “He is still watching you right now.”

She took a look to the table that Elia indicated and saw a man staring at her and as soon as she laid eyes on him and showed him a teasing smile to see his reaction, he seemed to blush and look to the floor in shame. She was certainly not expecting that reaction, especially in a full-grown man… “He looks rather shy doesn’t he?” she said smiling.

“Apparently yes.” Elia agreed, smiling as well. “But he looks cute especially when he blushed to you…”

“He does look cute.” she found herself giggling at the sight. Perhaps she might have misjudged him a little…

“Perhaps you could grant him a dance, for his admiration to you?” Elia teased. “I mean, he has been watching you for quite some time.”

Perhaps I can…

“I will wait a bit more, see if he musters the courage to ask me and if not, I will go to him myself…”

“So you are interested in him?” Elia inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“Maybe a little…” she confessed. “But it’s mostly to tease him…”

Elia rolled her eyes with a smile. “You are evil, you know that?”

“Oh, I know it quite well my friend…” Ashara replied with a devilish smile.

“Lady Ashara?” A manly voice called and so they turned to their left to see Lord Jon Connington or like the girls liked to call him, Jon Cuntington standing next to them. He was one of Rhaegar’s most loyal and trustworthy friends, a diligent man and overall nice but…he was a cunt to Elia as he always tried to find flaws in her and was not afraid of saying them aloud.

Rumors in court said he was trying to be more than just one of Rhaegar’s friends…such rumors would explain why he was so mean to Elia or any woman that got to close to Rhaegar…The man in question offered his hand to her with a fake smile that he tried his best to make it look genuine. “Would My Lady, grant me the next dance?” he asked her.

Ashara noticed that Elia was not even looking at the man, returning her gaze to her admirer who seemed to have some companions now. Elia was kind and caring but she would never allow people to make fun of her or insult her, especially someone like Connington.

“I will.” she replied with courtesy, as always, and took his hand, despite not liking the man. She had to admit that she was quite surprised by his request…perhaps he was trying to discredit those rumors about him? Or more likely, he had something to tell her…

He led her to the dancing floor and they started the dance as soon as the next song did, a fast ballad much to her relief. Her surprise continued as Connington spoke something she did wish to hear…

“Would My Lady be so kind as to tell the Prince, that besides most of the court backing him up, I can assure him support from some of the Lords in the Stormlands that I met today. Not many but a considerable amount nevertheless,” Connington said. “I can’t, however, say what the big stag’s intentions are. When the proper opportunity arises, I shall give him more details, but I’m afraid it won’t be soon as I’m going to spend most of my time with the stormlords to gather their support to the cause.”
She nodded and gave him a smile. “I shall inform him as soon as it’s possible for me, Lord Connington, thank you.”

“I should thank you instead, My Lady,” he replied, this time with a genuine smile. “The best of luck to you.” With everything that needed to be said, said, they went on to finish the dance, in order to not raise unnecessary attention from the King’s minions. The tension between both of them was something that anyone could see and that was bothering Ashara but she danced with as much grace as she could.

“Excuse me, My Lord, may I have a word with the lady?” A handsome stranger asked of Connington as soon as the dance ended. Tall, with grey eyes and a dark brown beard and hair, her admirer also had dark brown hair and clothes of the same color as this stranger, were they related somehow?

“Of course, do go ahead, My Lord.” Connington replied and then nodded to her as he left, certainly happy to be free of her and the tension between them, just like she was.

“What does My Lord wish to talk about?” she inquired, interested in his looks, by far the most handsome man she had talked with that day…until she saw her admirer being dragged to her by a lady and a young man that looked a lot like him, together with dark blond man who was as tall as a child…”

“Brandon Stark, My Lady.” The stranger said with a smirk. “And these are my youngest brother Benjen and my sister Lyanna. The small man over there is Howland Reed, a crannogman and a friend.” he then grabbed her admirer’s arm and brought him closer to them. “And this My Lady, is my middle brother, Eddard Stark.”

Her admirer could not fix his gaze onto her, he was redder than a tomato. “Is there a reason on why My Lord is introducing your family to me?” she inquired, still wondering what his point was. “I’m certainly delighted to meet each one of you but…”

“I should perhaps cut the crap and go straight to business then,” he said boldly. “My Lady, we have a rather awkward request to make to you.”

“An awkward request?” she asked aloud, not knowing what he meant by that. Were the Starks such complicated individuals?

“Yes…you see…Eddard here confessed to us that he would like to share a dance with you, My Lady, but he is a shy person by nature and as such he is too shy to ask himself but…would My Lady grant him his wish?” Brandon Stark inquired.

She noticed that Brandon Stark had lost his smirk and stared at her with a serious expression. His siblings were all looking at her with worried looks, anticipating that she would rebuke their request somehow…but she found herself interested in the request and on this shy admirer that she had and somehow kept surprising her.

“I accept.” she said without hesitation surprising them all in the process, even her admirer who looked at her open-mouthed, his eyes were grey like his older brother, she saw and they were soft…soft as the morning mist…

“My…my Lady accepts?” Eddard Stark himself asked incredulous, still not believing she was actually accepting or perhaps on how quickly she replied positively.

“Shouldn’t I?” she teased him.
“Why, of course, you should, My Lady!” The girl, Lyanna joined in, in her brother’s defense. “My brother Eddard might be shy, but I assure My Lady that you won’t find a better man in the world.”

Eddard, gazed the floor, blushing so much that she began to worry if besides being so shy, he had fever…So I will not find a better man in the world? Interesting…“Come My Lord,” she said smiling as she extended her hand to him. “The next dance will begin shortly and we can’t be late can we?”

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**Eddard Stark IV**

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Ned had never been so nervous in his life as he was at that moment…His siblings had brought him to the lady of the violet eyes and asked her to dance with him and she accepted…she was now extending her hand to him with that smile he had grown so fond of.

She gave him the opportunity he wished the most…but now he was afraid to waste it…No! I can’t waste it! Without hesitation, he grabbed her hand, with, of course, every gentleness he could muster, as he was afraid of hurting her, luckily she did not seem to be injured by his grab, much to his relief.

With her free hand, she grabbed his other hand and he could feel her soft skin and warmth from the simple touch. “Let’s go to the dancing floor, My Lord.” she demanded and Ned obeyed without any questions raised. His siblings, on the other hand, were all shouting and cheering proudly and happily as Ned and the lady joined the other pairs on the dancing floor.

The music began shortly and so did they, it was a slow ballad, one that was good for conversations, or so Ned had heard somewhere…yet he, of course, remained quiet and embarrassed as he wasn’t good at dancing and his cursed shyness was making him unable to talk with her. Besides, what would he say to her? The only woman he had spoken more than one sentence with, was Lya, and Lya was…well, Lya…

“You really are quiet are you not, Lord Eddard?” she suddenly asked, catching him off guard.

“I…I…” Gods Ned, what are you doing you stupid! He thought to himself angry at every stupid reaction he made in her presence.

“It’s quite alright, in fact, you remind me of my brother who I love very much. He is as quiet as you seem to be.” she said.

“Your brother is part of My Lady’s family and family is supposed to love and support one another.” Ned certainly didn’t know where he had gotten that courage from, but he was enjoying having it as it was helping him talking with the lady and he needed it. “I’m just a complete stranger to you, My Lady.”

He saw her smile die and slightly sad face replace it. “Yes, My Lord is a complete stranger to me, but I’m glad that My Lord’s family cares so much for each other…to go to such lengths for a brother…it’s remarkable,” she remarked. Certainly, that scene would remain in her head for years to come… “Mine, however, is a bit…different…”

*Oh Gods!* “I’m very sorry My Lady…I…I did not wish for you to lose…to lose…to lose that…that lovely smile of yours…” *What in Seven Hells are you saying, you stupid! And the stammering, Gods…*
She took a deep look at him, with a piercing gaze from her violet eyes, they were rather intimidating if her face was serious…but luckily for him, the smile returned to her lips. “I can’t deny that I’m impressed, Lord Eddard,” she confessed. “Most men prefer to compliment my looks…my breasts…my ample behind…my beautiful violet eyes…but you are the first to compliment my smile…is it that lovely to you?”

Should he compliment those things instead? But that would be rude and perverted, wouldn’t it? Not that he didn’t appreciate them for she was well endowed…Well…Bran and Robert seemed to do it often and their beds were never empty…But Gods, why are women so complicated? “Yes…” he finally replied.

“May I ask why?”

Ned looked at the floor in shame, blushing more, perhaps to the point he looked like he was having a fever but he decided not to falter and returned his gaze to her. “Because it makes me smile as well.” And as he said that, he smiled at her, with a genuine smile.

She continued to gaze him for what seemed like hours but were just minutes. “Well, I’m certainly glad my smile has lifted your mood, Lord Eddard,” she confessed. “And you couldn’t know about my family and even if you did, I wouldn’t blame you for anything, for you did nothing.”

“Thank you, My Lady…” he agreed, it was certainly relieving to know that she didn’t blame him for anything.

“Well Lord Eddard, I’m growing tired of having you calling me My Lady, but once again I can’t blame you for anything as I have yet introduced myself,” she said. “My name is Ashara Dayne, I’m from Starfall and I’m one of Princess Elia’s ladies-in-waiting, a pleasure to meet you.”

Dayne? “Could it be that Ser Arthur Dayne is…”

“My brother? Yes, he is the quiet brother I spoke to you about. Ser Arthur Dayne the Sword in the Morning, my sweet shy brother.” she giggled with his reaction. “We don’t look much alike do we?”

“Well…I never took much effort to see his face and Kingsguard knights are supposed to wear helmet almost all day aren’t they?”

“Indeed they are.”

“Then I must disappoint you but I cannot really formulate an opinion on the matter…” Ned confessed. “If it serves as any sort of consolation, I do admire his feats as a knight.”

“Do not fret about it Lord Eddard.” she dismissed his first phrase. “And everyone admires my brother, me included of course. That is why he is a Kingsguard knight and not some random Ser. Evil beware for the Sword in the Morning will end you!”

He couldn’t help but laugh at her speech and her weird melodic voice…it had a slight hint of an accent…then he began remembering the maps of Westeros from the many books he read. “Starfall…is in Dorne is it not?”

“Yes it is, near the mouth of the river Torentine, on the western side of the Red Mountains of Dorne,” she explained. “I’m a Dornishwoman, Lord Eddard.”

That explained why she seemed to have some sort of trace of an accent in her speech… “I have always wished to meet a Dornish person myself…” he admitted. “They all say the Dornish are so very different from the rest of the Seven Kingdoms…”
“Well, we aren’t that much different from everyone else. We are a bit more open than you Northerners in matters of sexuality, succession laws, and bastardy but we are not…”

“Lady Ashara…” he interrupted her. “I merely meant to say, that I’ve heard that all Dornishmen were small and swarthy with black hair and small black eyes…But My Lady doesn’t fit that description at all…Forgive me if I made you think I had some sort of grudge against you or your people…”

To his surprise, she began to laugh. “Oh Lord Eddard, Dorne is very diverse. You should not generalize things. I’m a Stony Dornish, not a Salty nor Sandy Dornish. Those are the ones who have olive skin, but we, the Stony Dornish are closer to the rest of Westeros in coloring.” she explained. “And I guess I should listen to the end of conversations…my mistake.”

“No need to apologize, Lady Ashara,” Ned tried to assure her. “I can only thank the kindness you showed me tonight. I know that I’m shy, not handsome and not interesting…and…not much of a dancer either…” he slightly laughed at the last part to ease the tension he was feeling somehow…

“Nevertheless you allowed me this dance at my siblings’ request…most ladies would mock and rebuke me, but you showed me kindness. My Lady is certainly the kindest woman in Westeros, I have no doubts. Thank you so much, Lady Ashara, really it means a lot to me.” he finished with a bow in respect to her.

Her face seemed to turn slightly more pinkish but he was certainly imagining things…wasn’t he?

“You should not be too harsh with yourself, Lord Eddard…” she told him while she held his hands and kept the smile he had grown so fond of. “You might be shy and quiet, but I assure you, that you are much more interesting than most men I speak with. You have a peculiar sense of humor in you, and you are not as ugly as you think you are, I have seen far worse,” she confessed before she began to giggle. “Although…I must agree that you could definitely improve your dancing skills…”

Ned laughed at her comment about his dancing skills. Unlike other women’s giggles that made him feel uncomfortable, hers made him feel quite the opposite. “I appreciate My Lady’s honesty, I should have paid more attention to the dancing classes…I will do my very best to improve my dancing skills…”

“And since you complimented my smile…I must compliment yours as well, it makes you look much better…” she stated with her gaze once again on him. Those violet eyes of hers looked like lights on their own…attracting a moth like him to the light they emanated…

“I don’t know what to say…”

“Nothing needs to be said, Lord Eddard, except that the music is over…unfortunately…” she said, clearly sensing that he didn’t even notice the music ending.

“Oh…I didn’t even notice…pardon me, My Lady…”

“No harm was done, Lord Eddard, but I must insist on you calling me Ashara.”

“Pardon me then Ashara.” he corrected himself. “I will be a bit bolder and ask you to call me Ned then.”

“Ned?” she asked surprised.

“That’s what my friends call me.” he explained.

“Am I your friend?” she asked intrigued.
“You have been kind to me, Ashara. People that are kind to me, I consider them to be my friends.” Ned explained to her. “Unless you don’t wish me to consider you a friend, if that’s the case I will…”

“No, no…” she cut in quickly. “It’s just… I’m not used to making friends so quickly…”

Well, that certainly surprised him. “I understand someone like me having troubles making friends, but a kind and beautiful woman such as yourself should have no problems at all.”

“Let’s just say, when you live in the capital, people who say that are your friends are most likely your biggest enemies.” she explained and Ned couldn’t believe her words…Is the capital that bad?

He had heard the rumors and Jon had warned him before but…

“I can assure you, that I’m not your enemy…” he tried to assure her, fearing she might consider him a person he certainly does not wish to be.

“Oh, worry not, I have seen that,” she assured him smiling. “Well then, Ned… I’ve to confess I had a good time with you tonight, and I hope you did as well.”

“I did, Ashara.”

“Then I’m pleased,” Ashara said as her hands still held his. “Princess Elia will be needing me shortly…it’s very late and she must retire soon.”

“Your duty is to her and not to me, I do not wish for you to stop making your duty because of me.”

“The Princess and I are good friends, she will not punish me but I do wish to do my job,” she said. “Perhaps… I could find a break in my duty tomorrow so we might meet again before the feast?” she suggested and he couldn’t believe what he was hearing… “Have a little stroll by the God’s Eye…I heard it is a beautiful sight.”

“I would love to.” he said as quickly as he could and she smiled.

“Then it is settled,” she concluded. “We shall meet again tomorrow. Now I must wish you a good night of rest, Ned.”

He remembered the courtesy of a lord and planted a kiss on her soft hand. “Sleep well, Lady Ashara.” She left him but looked behind once and winked at him, making him melt…

Ned, in love, decided to return to his table and as he did, he could see the smirks on his siblings’ faces…Brace yourself, Ned… Winter is Coming…

“So how did it go, dearest Ned?” Lyanna inquired curiously.

“I sucked at dancing, but she said she had fun and wished to meet me again tomorrow.” Ned explained.

“She won’t accept a dance with me! She is far too beautiful for me!” Brandon mocked him in failed attempt to imitate his voice. “Now who was right, Neddy?”

“You guys were…” he admitted shyly allowing a boost Bran’s ego a bit… he wouldn’t shut up otherwise…

“It’s okay dearest Ned, you gave it a try and it worked. I’m so happy for you.” Lyanna admitted smiling as she hugged him.
“I wouldn’t have made it, without you guys…thank you…” he said.

“We have an old saying in Winterfell…I’m not sure if you remember it since you have spent a lot of time in the Eyrie…” Bran said. “When the snow falls…”

“And the white wind blows…” Ben added.

“The lone wolf dies…” Lyanna joined in.

“But the pack survives…” Ned concluded with a smile.

“The pack stays strong no matter what, don’t forget it, Ned,” Bran warned. “Winter is Coming.”

“And we better go get some rest, I’m not sure about you guys, but I’m tired!” Lya proclaimed as she stretched her arms.

“Me too, it was a long trip from Winterfell to here and I still haven’t recovered my full strength…” Ben said as he yawned.

“Some pretty ladies offered me a visit to their beds but…I guess I will snore in my little brothers’ tent tonight.” Bran proclaimed and Ned was thankful for his resolution. “Howland, are you coming?”

“Yes, My Lord.”

“It’s Brandon or Bran, not My Lord.” Bran barked, making Howland frightened.

“Don’t scare him like that, you stupid!” Lya barked herself, as they began to exit the Hall in open discussion.

Ned took a last glimpse at Ashara, she too was exiting the Hall with Princess Elia and a couple more ladies behind. *I really wish she does meet me tomorrow…I will not lose hope, she will come.*

Chapter End Notes

I hope I didn't disappoint too much with their first interaction considering how long it took...

Chapter Updated on 22/08/2019 with improved dialogues.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Dearest Brother

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ashara Dayne IV
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

The Hall of the Hundred Hearths was much less crowded in the morning after the first day’s feast. Only those close to the Royal Family or to the Whents were allowed to have a room inside the castle’s towers.

Ashara being one of Elia’s ladies-in-waiting belonged to that the strict group of people. Though her room wasn’t for just one person but for two, so she had to share it with Jasline. It wasn’t a problem since they were very good friends and because Jasline was the most lustful of the group she usually did not sleep in her room…

As she had deduced, Elia was happily eating her breakfast with the rest of the girls and to her surprise, Jasline was there though her friend would need to change clothes... Due to all the smiles and giggles that she was hearing, she knew that only one thing could provoke it, gossip.

They weren’t well-loved by most people due to all of them being Dornishwomen and because of it, they were perceived with very poor reputation north of the Red Mountains, especially in the Reach and Stormlands.

To these people, they were just a group of whores. Some even thought of them as below whores since they did not ask for any money after having sex. Yet, when the men who insulted them, wished to bed them, they weren’t whores anymore but the most beautiful women in all of Westeros. Ashara hated to be called a whore but she hated even more opportunistic and prudish men, as did every Dornishwomen she knew.

“Good morning to my beautiful friends.” Ashara proclaimed with a big smile as she approached the table. It was for the best if she forgot about those thoughts of hers and focused on less depressing things.

“Morning Ash!” They all replied in chorus, happy to see her.

“So what’s new?” Ashara asked as she took the vacant seat next to them and began to prepare a toast for herself. She had soft spot for toasts…they were her favorite thing to eat, she could eat as many as ten toasts in a meal but usually, she ate just five, she had no wish to become fat.

“Jasline is rather angry, Ash.” Emyly said while she prepared a toast of her own.

“What whatever for?” she inquired confused.

“I spent my night in Arthur Ambrose’s tent…” Jasline began explaining.

“You bedded a Reachman?” Ashara inquired with a fake scandalous look.

“I did.”

“And he wasn’t worth your time?” Ashara asked as she took a bite at her toast.
“Well…he was decent in bed,” Jasline admitted. “He told me it was a mistake and begged forgiveness. He also told me that no one could know about this last night, especially House Hightower to whom his father intends to find him a potential bride.”

“I hope this night doesn’t bring you problems, my friend,” Ashara said truthfully as she bit the toast yet again. “You should have been more careful with it, you hardly know the man to bed him so soon.”

“I have said so myself Ash.” Elia proclaimed. “Jas is warned.”

“Indeed I am,” Jasline admitted with a sigh. “But what about you Ash? From the five of us, you were the one who danced the most yesterday.”

“And with so many handsome men too!” Emyly joined with a mischievous smirk. “Darren Erenford, Walter Waxley, Addam Marbrand, our Prince Oberyn…I even saw you with that handsome Northerner Brandon Stark…”

All those men that Emyly referred were very handsome but for some reason the only one that remained in her mind was Eddard…Ned as he wished for her to call him, she was his friend, after all, wasn’t she?

Internally, she smiled at herself for having such childish thoughts…a woman such as herself that had to toughen up and learn the reality of the world through her many failed romances was reviving some of her damsel attributes…and to a man that belonged to a group that she avoided and considered dull and yet here she was, thinking about him and not the handsome lordlings.

Ned did not hide anything from her when they danced nor did he seem to have a hidden agenda behind his intriguing speeches…he was just kind and shy which to her was certainly a refreshing sight considering that she had to survive the capital where everyone had second intentions in their conversations.

“She has a lot to choose from…” Jasline muttered. “I envy you, Ash!”

“I’m certainly flattered Jasline and Emyly but I must confess that these men you speak of were nothing special. I have seen their types before and I’m rather tired of them.” she said in a dismissive tone, already preparing her second toast. The thought of Ned complimenting her smile returned and she wondered if somehow a spark was igniting…Could it be that Elia’s ridiculous theory about soulmates had some sort of fundament? No…I’m not in love…or am I?

“I’m sure that one of them caught your attention, Ash.” Nysah finally entered the conversation as well. “Someone is bound to at least do so.”

She noticed that their eyes were all centered on her, even Elia was watching her with a mischievous smile, sweet Elia probably had her own theories already too…likely involving Ned… “Well…” Ashara began as she bit the second toast. “There was this man…” she murmured, secretly hoping that they would not listen but…

“I knew it!” Emyly proclaimed happily. “From which family was he from?”

“He was a Stark…” Ashara confessed shyly, she was certainly surprised by her tone of voice, she never spoke like this to her friends before…

“A Stark?” Jasline remarked rather surprised but in the negative. “I can’t say that Brandon Stark isn’t handsome, because he is, but I didn’t think he would be the one to captivate you the most, considering the many men you danced with…”
“Isn’t he betrothed to Lord Tully’s eldest daughter? A niece to Lady Whent?” Emyly asked. “Ash, where are you getting yourself into, my friend?”

She couldn’t help but laugh at these two. “Oh, my friends worry not, it wasn’t Brandon Stark the one who caught my attention, you silly girls.”

“No?” Jasline asked intrigued now. “Are there more Starks in here?”

“There are in fact three more Starks besides Brandon Stark in this tourney,” Ashara explained. “One of which is Eddard Stark.”

“Who?” They asked confused. Clearly, Ned was not as well-known amongst the ladies as his brother was, and she knew why…but perhaps…it was better that way…less competition…

“Eddard is the second son of Lord Rickard Stark, Brandon Stark’s younger brother.” Ashara explained.

“Oh, look at our Ash girls…her face is getting redder…” Elia teased with amusement. “Doesn’t she look cute?”

“She does!” Emyly agreed giggling.

“I’m not blushing!” Ashara ranted ashamed of herself.

“Oh yes, you are!” Jasline giggled as well and then they were all having fun teasing her and she hated it!

“Oh, he must be quite the man to make the beautiful Ashara Dayne blush…” Jasline proclaimed.

“Has she ever blushed like this before?” Emyly inquired.

“I don’t think so. She is neither you nor Nysah…” Jasline teased. “I want to hear everything about this Eddard Stark now! Oh, I’m so excited!”

“Me too!” Emyly agreed. “Tell us about him.”

“Please?” Even Nysah was in this too? Oh Gods…

“I’m sure there is something else more interesting than the man who caught my interest…” she tried to divert the conversation but…

“No, no! No changing subjects Ash!” Jasline demanded. “You are telling us about him, and now!”

“Fine!” she barked at them. “It all began with one of the most awkward scenes I have witnessed, to say the very least. Brandon Stark approached me with his younger siblings dragging Eddard towards me, then he presented them all to me and they all begged me to spare a dance with Eddard as their middle brother was too shy to ask.”

“A shy man?” Emyly asked incredulously. “I didn’t think you liked the shy ones…”

“Well…I thought the same, until yesterday…” she confessed. “But he had been watching me since I began my dances and besides I couldn’t really deny him with all of his siblings looking at me with cute puppy faces of anticipation, so I accepted the request as it was nothing too serious and a little dance wouldn’t harm anyone.”

“And what happened next, Ash?” Jasline begged her to continue. “We want to know what
happened!"

“Calm down my friend, I will get there.” Ashara soothed her impatient friend. “We danced and I gave him some advice for him to be more confident in himself and he appreciated it.”

“Wait…did I hear it well? He appreciated your advice?” Jasline asked incredulously. “Can men really accept advice coming from a Dornish woman?”

“Well, Eddard certainly did,” Ashara said with a smile. “And he also tried his best to not make me regret the dance I granted him with, he kept apologizing for every small and insignificant mistake he made, which certainly is not something you usually see in a man. To me, he seemed to be nice and kind and he had a peculiar sense of humor as well, once he loosened a bit, he became less shy and much more talkative and still interesting. I’m actually more than surprised with him.” she confessed. “He was also unique in his compliments…he compliment my smile…”

“Oh! He complimented your smile…” Emyly remarked dreamily. “What a lovely man…”

“My! It seems you found quite the guy, haven’t you, my dear Ash?” Elia concluded with a teasing smile.

“Did I?” she inquired, unsure of what to think…

“Well, I certainly think you did,” Elia said. “He just wanted to enjoy your company while you enjoyed his, to me that seems special.”

“I’ve to agree with Elia, Ashara,” Nysah said with her shy smile. “He doesn’t seem to have ill intentions, like those men we see in King’s Landing and he cares for what you think, that’s a good prospect.”

“I guess…” Ashara agreed. “I did tell him that I would like to meet him today…”

“Then you should do what you said you would, my dear Ash,” Elia commanded with a smile while placing her hand on Ashara’s. “After you eat your beloved toasts of course…we won’t force you to leave them…alive…”

The five of them broke into laughter after this line. “What can I say…I’m guilty of murdering hundreds of toasts…” she smiled. “So I have you girls’ full support?”

“You have my full support, Ash,” Nysah nodded. “I wish something nice comes from this meeting.”

“Me too!” Emyly proclaimed. “I want my Ash to be happy.”

“I’m really curious about this finding of yours my friend. I want to see what he can do with the most beautiful woman in Westeros,” Jasline said with a wicked smile. “And who knows…I might find myself a shy man as well…”

“Then since I have all your blessings now, it’s a must for me to meet Eddard again.” Ashara concluded smiling as well.

“Oh, I just remembered!” Jasline shouted scaring them all. “Oberyn is trying to court Ellaria Sand!”

“He is?” Elia inquired with her gossip senses tingling. Not that she was the only one, Emyly and Nysah were too…yet Ashara was with her thoughts on Ned and the meeting they would share later
Arthur Dayne I
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Arthur found his sister in a table alone, playing with the cutlery. He knew she was waiting for him, otherwise, she wouldn’t be alone. They had agreed that she would tell him everything from those who she danced with yesterday. Everything that mattered.

He really didn’t know what he got himself into with all this, he was a knight of the Kingsguard, sworn to protect his King against everything and anything and yet here he was…plotting the downfall of that same King he swore to protect…If one was to consider the mental state in which the King was on and the treatment he gave his sister-wife, then surely they could understand Arthur’s position. But he would not honor the vows he made five years ago. His word would mean nothing then…

“So what’s the story morning glory?” he asked his sister, while he took a seat in front of her.

“I was thinking you had forgotten about me, my dear brother…I have a busy schedule today you know?” she said.

“I’m sorry but the King was being particularly demanding last night…Me and Ser Barristan were having trouble with him screaming treason every single minute…” he confessed tiredly. It was truly awful and tiring, the only thing he wanted at that moment was to lay in bed and sleep as much as he could and forget all of his troubles.

“I see…well, I guess you are forgiven…” Ashara said smiling. “You must be very tired then?”

“I am,” he confessed. “But I can get whatever information you have for Rhaegar first.”

“Well…I hate to disappoint you both, but I did not get much information yesterday…” His sister admitted sighing. “Lord Connington assured the support of most of the court as we already anticipated, and of some Stormlords as well. Which ones and how many I do not know nor do we know the intentions of Robert Baratheon. Lord Connington will also remain with his fellow Stormlanders in hopes to acquire more support.”

“I don’t think Robert Baratheon is aware of any plots going around him,” Arthur suggested. “I believe he is just here to get himself drunk as much as he possibly can.”

“Does he?” she questioned with a surprised look. “That is not proper behavior for a Lord Paramount but then again who am I to question the way he rules his people?”

“He attempted a drinking contest against Richard yesterday at the feast.” he explained to his sister, a smirk forming on his lips.

“Poor soul…Nobody beats Richard in drinking contests.” Ashara commented with a giggle.

“Richard lost and heavily…” Arthur dismissed her statement and began laughing when he glanced her abashed face. “Seems Richard found himself a proper opponent…”

“I don’t believe it! Richard Lonmouth lost in a drinking contest?” Ashara remarked. “Now I must say that I heard everything…”
“You should have seen the scene they made…they were so drunk that they had to be carried to their tents…they couldn’t even move anymore or stop laughing.”

“It must have been a beautiful scene to watch…” she laughed. “Two big drunkards on the floor like a pair of stones laughing…such shame I lost it.”

“Indeed…” he laughed as well. “Anything else?”

“Well yes, Oberyn assured Dorne’s full support despite Doran’s skepticism.”

“Doran was always cautious…a good thing really since I can’t imagine Dorne being ruled by Oberyn…”

Ashara laughed again. “Neither do I Artie…I wonder what the rest of Westeros would say of Dorne then…”

“I can only imagine, sister of mine…” Arthur said. “Very well, I will inform Rhaegar of what you told me after I get some sleep. Now that I think of it, did any of the Great Lords approach you by any chance? I know it’s early and well did not approach them but…”

“Well…I was approached by the Starks, not Lord Stark himself but by his children,” she said. “They wanted me to dance with one of them who was too shy to ask me himself…”

“That’s a weird request…did you dance with him?” he asked, certainly curious about the subject…

“I did and I had fun with him.” she confessed.

“Did you…do anything else with him by any chance?” he asked with a raised eyebrow, knowing his sister too well.

“No, I have not,” she assured. “At least yet…”

“Ash…”

She laughed again. “It’s always funny to see your reactions, when I speak about men, Artie.” she remarked.

“It’s not funny Ash. You know what father thinks about that sort of behavior…”

Her smile died in less than a second as he mentioned their father. “Fuck father!” she shouted angrily. “He never cared about me when he should have! Why should I care about what he says now?”

“Father still has control over you and you know it,” Arthur said. “You know I always supported you but you have stepped the line of appropriate more than once. You might be a lady-in-waiting to Elia as of now, but someday you will cease to be. You are getting older.” he tried his best to make her understand his point… Gods knew what plans his father had for his sister when she became too old to be a lady-in-waiting…

Their father, Lord Solomon Dayne thought of her as a whore, corrupted by the Rhoynar cunts, a very conservative speech that still persisted amongst some Stony Dornish. Father thought Ashara was trained to spread her legs to every man she saw and it was a mistake to send her to the Water Gardens. Perhaps he should have thought better of it and be a father to her…just some thoughts he had, not that they would make any difference anyway…
“That day is still far away.” she dismissed. “I’m still young.”

“One day it will come and you can’t deny it, sweet sister.”

“Let’s just end this subject here Arthur,” she said bitterly. “I quite like this shy Stark and I intend on meeting him today as I promised him. And you do not need to be worry as I will not lay down with him.”

“Then I will not say anything else.” he agreed. “I have shared my opinion with you, now you do what you wish to do with your life.”

“And I will.” she scoffed. “I must be going now. Whatever I learn during tonight’s feast I will tell you tomorrow as we agreed. Now go and have some rest.”

“Will do.” he replied as she stood up from her seat and made her way to the door, exiting the room. *Take care, sister of mine…* 

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**Kevan Lannister I**  
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Kevan was eating his breakfast together with his sister Genna, nothing too fancy but boiled eggs and bacon.

“I’m getting fat.” His sister proclaimed as she sighed, saddenness spreading across her face.

Kevan simply looked at her with a surprised face. Genna had a big bosom that made many women jealous but he did not think she was fat… “I disagree with your statement sister, you seem fine to me.”

“You are sweet Kevan but I know about these things, a woman can feel it, I tell you.” she insisted. “I was beautiful you know? I was always beautiful but father wasted my beauty in my dumb husband…I could have married a Targaryen or a Stark or an Arryn and I married a coward Frey who holds no holding of his own…”

“Would you really want to marry Aerys?” Kevan asked with a shy smile.

“No!” she quickly replied. “I said a Targaryen, not Aerys, the Gods know the troubles that man caused to our family. And to his…”

“Was there another Targaryen beside him?” he asked shyly.

His sister’s eyes narrowed at him. “Kevan, listen to me and be quiet!” she said and he sighed.

“As you wish…Genna.” he said as he took a bite at the bacon he was eating.

“Now as I was saying, I’m getting fat because my sons are taking after their father more than me…a woman has to sink her sorrows in wine and food…I swear the Gods are cruel to me Kevan.” His sister said saddened. “Do you realize how hard it is to have that feeble man inside you?”

“I’m afraid I will never know…” Kevan plainly said and his sister began laughing rather loudly. “But at least you have children.” he added.

Genna’s laugh stopped as soon as he said that. “Kevan dear, I’m sure you and Dorna will have a
healthy child…”

“We tried more than often but we have not been lucky…the closest we got was with Lyman but the boy was too frail to live…” Kevan sighed. It all took a heavy toll on both him and Dorna the death of their three babies…they decided to not try again after she miscarriage a child four years ago. “You know, you were right when you said the Gods are cruel, whether the New or the Old Ones.”

“I say when we return home you go and give a good pounding to your wife.”

“Genna!” he barked. “Mind your tongue, I know it is sharp but still.”

“Sorry Kev…I’m far used to speak to Emm that I forget some of my pleasantries at times,” she said smirking. “But I believe you should do what I just told you. You and Dorna love each other otherwise you would have not married her after Tywin’s Emancipation as some singers at home call it.”

“I shall keep your counsel in mind.” Kevan avowed.

“We are to wait until the Prince calls for a Great Council right?” she asked.

“Indeed, that was what Tywin told us to do. Still, perhaps we could have arrived at final days…”

“Don’t be a pesky man Kev.” His sister quickly dismissed. “I’m quite happy with this tourney, I may find myself a young stud…oh and before you ask, all my children are Emmon’s, I own him that much…I think…”

“I wasn’t going to ask,” Kevan said. It had been a topic of talks at Casterly Rock at times, whether Genna’s children were Emmon’s or not…Tygett for one said they were but Gerion said they were not as he found her abed with a household guard knight that was lucky it was the youngest of Tytos’ brood to find them because if it was the eldest…

“I know, you are a sweetheart, my dear brother.” Genna smiled sweetly. “But enjoy the tourney that we are paying almost every dragon of. It’s the very least you can do.”

“Whatever you say, sister of mine.” This talk with Genna had actually made him long for his Dorna more…perhaps he would…lay with his wife upon returning…

Chapter End Notes

As I promised, Ashara’s reactions to the dance and Ned overall and what is in Ser Arthur’s head with current events.

Chapter Updated on 23/08/2019 with improved dialogues, a Kevan POV and a new title.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
A Walk Together

Eddard Stark V

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

It was a nice morning, it truly was and yet, Ned was more tired than what he was before he went to sleep…All thanks to Lya who had to wake him up by hitting him with a pillow from out of nowhere…as she always did when he was at Winterfell…Apparently, he had been sleeping for far too long for her.

The Northerners were people who woke up early in the morning so that they could be more productive so he was expected to wake early. As a consequence of her action, he fell from his bed and got all scarred in the process.

“I’m sorry Ned…” His sister said as she pressed a kiss on his forehead after she returned to his tent with a plate in her hands. “I didn’t think you would fall from your bed…I…I made you a small breakfast as some sort of compensation…I know it’s not much but…”

“Forget about it Lya, I had to wake up somehow…” he assured her as he rubbed his eyes to send the sleep away. “Don’t worry about me Lya. The bruises aren’t anything special and will heal in a couple of days. I do appreciate the breakfast though…”

“I know they will heal, but I felt bad anyway…” she murmured with a saddened look.

“Don’t be, I’m fine sweet sister,” he said kissing her own forehead just before he began blushing...

“Do you think…Ser Arthur Dayne will hunt me down if I’m seeing his sister?” he asked nervously, it was still something that tormented him since yesterday…being chased by the Sword in the Morning...

She laughed at his comment. “For just seeing his sister, I doubt he will, but if you do something more…naughty…then perhaps…”

“Lya!” he barked. “You know I won’t dishonor her in such a way!”

Her smile continued despite Ned’s desperation. “I do know dearest Ned. I was just teasing you!” she replied shaking him gently. “Anyway…if Ser Arthur does come to hunt you down, just try to give him a fight or run while you are at it.”

“It’s not like I’m going to give him much of a fight is it?” he murmured disappointed.
“Then I guess you will have to run then…” she said slightly amused. “And come on Ned! Have some confidence in yourself, you stupid! You danced with such a beautiful and kind lady yesterday and she wishes to meet you again today! You should be excited brother.”

“It’s hard to have confidence in yourself when you lack the experience with women and you are around so many handsome men that can steal her at any moment…” he replied shyly. “Do…do you think she likes me?”

“Well, I hardly know what goes on other women’s minds, especially those from the south like Lady Ashara…But if she has brains in that pretty face of hers, which I do hope she does, she will fall in love with you. That is if, of course, if she hasn’t already because you are a good man.”

Her words pierced right through his heart like a dagger… “I’m not that good of a person as you say I am Lya, especially to you…”

She looked at him with a confused gaze. “What do you mean you are not good to me?” she asked. “You are the kindest of my brothers, you don’t tease me and you respect me, so how can you not be good to me?”

“I was the one who brought Robert’s proposal to father…I know how much you hate it…” he confessed to her, saddened at how much he knew it was paining his sister…

“Ned, if it weren’t you bringing the cursed thing, it would be that drunkard oaf himself,” she explained with a rather bitter tone. “And if he didn’t propose to me, there were plenty of other offers for my hand besides his to compensate it.”

“I know but if I…”

“Ned, it’s true, I have been upset at you, but not because you brought the cursed thing but because you don’t see things the way you should.”

“And which way should I see things?” he asked wanting to know so he could improve himself.

“Things…” she whispered. “Anyway…forget it, you have a lady to court.”

“Lya I want to know so I can…”

“Forget it!” she hissed. “I love you, Ned, I really do, but if you bring this one more time, I swear that I won’t talk to you ever again!”

He loved his sister deeply, he truly did, and if she did what she just threaten she would do, he… “Okay, I won’t bring it again Lya…I’m sorry…”

She looked at him angrily but her facial features softened and for that, he was very relieved. “I forgive you Ned, but don’t bring it ever again, please,” she demanded and he nodded in agreement. “Now how do you exactly intend to court Lady Ashara?”

“I…I was…hoping you had some ideas…” he confessed shyly.

She looked at him abashed and he thought she was going to hit him… “Ned! I’m a woman for Gods’ sake, I don’t know how to court a lady!”

“I know but since you are a lady, I thought perhaps…ah, forget it…”

“I’m a woman but I’m not a lady!” she hissed. “Why don’t you ask Bran help? He knows his way
around ladies…”

“Bran?” he asked. “Lya you know Bran will never give me sane advice regarding women. When I tried to court Sharley, Willam’s sister he said this to me: grab her, unclothe her, and fuck her.”

Lyanna laughed a bitter laugh. “I really don’t know why ladies are so attracted to that stupid.”

“He is handsome in their eyes…” he replied a bit too bitterly as he was jealous of his brother’s good looks and easiness with women, if only he had a bit of that in him…

“Well…I think you are making an unnecessary fuss about this meeting with Lady Ashara, Ned. I believe she wanted to meet you for what you were to her yesterday and not whatever Ned you are trying to create today.” Lyanna assured him with a caring smile as she patted his back. “So my advice to you would be, to be yourself and the rest will come soon after.”

“But I want to make it perfect…I…I think…I’m in love with her…” he shyly said, blushing.

She got closer to him, hugging him with a big grin. “Oh, my sweet lovesick brother. It’s such an amusing sight to see you like this, the lady just scored big with you.” she mocked. “And do what I told you to do, you will not regret it, I’m sure.”

“I will try.” he smiled, still not fully convinced…

“You better do it.” she said kissing his cheek. She then exited his tent so he could eat his breakfast.

What was troubling Ned the most was how selfish he had been with his little sister…He knew Robert, he was his best friend after all and Ned knew he would treat Lyanna right despite his behavior and little Mya’s existence but…but he failed to consider her opinion and she was the one being married after all, not him…Yet despite all of that, she still loved him…What a fool I am…

Ashara Dayne V

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Ashara arrived at the Stark tents in order to meet Ned as they both agreed upon yesterday. She had to confess that she wasn’t expecting the sudden nervousness that she was experiencing…it wasn’t a common feeling to her, last time she felt this way was when her father sent her to the Water Gardens…so the bad memories were haunting her…Perhaps it would be better if I return later when I’m calmer?

Her plan was ruined when she heard noise coming from the tent right in front of her and right afterward a figure exited it. It was Lyanna Stark, Ned’s sister who donned a surprised face. The Northerner was wearing riding clothes which was certainly unusual…or perhaps Ashara’s mind was consumed with too much court etiquette…

“Lady Ashara.” Lyanna managed to mutter with courtesy and a polite smile despite her surprise. Ned must have had told her my name…she quickly deduced…

“Lady Lyanna, so good to see you!” she replied in the same polite manner. “How fare you?”

“Quite well, My Lady.” The Stark lady replied. “I assume you are looking for my brother Ned?”

“Indeed I am. We agreed on having a meeting today,” she explained. “Is he here?”
“Yes, he certainly is My Lady, but not in this tent though,” she said before pointing to another one that also had the grey direwolf flying proudly as well. “Ned shares that tent over there with the rest of my brothers and Howland Reed.”

“Oh…” she said slightly blushing in shame for the mistake she could have done had she not met Lyanna... “I’m sorry Lady Lyanna, I didn’t know…”

“It’s certainly not My Lady’s fault,” Lyanna replied slightly amused. “If My Lady was to enter my tent, you would find it looking like a man’s tent anyway…”

“I can see from Lady Lyanna’s choice of clothes, that you don’t enjoy ladylike things…”

“Besides taking care of flowers and brushing my hair, no, I hate it!” she replied bitterly and Ashara understood that she perhaps stepped on something she shouldn’t have… “Does My Lady have a problem with it?” Lyanna asked in a defensive stance.

“My deepest apologies if I sounded rude to you, Lady Lyanna. I merely stated something and had no intention in offending you, truly.”

Lyanna’s expression softened and a worrisome one made its way to her face. “Oh…I’m sorry…I thought, well, never mind…"

“I’m surprised with your honesty Lady Lyanna,” she confessed, knowing exactly what to do in this situation. “Not many ladies would admit what you just did. To some, it would be a scandal…but if I’m to be honest with you, I hate embroidery as well, it’s so boring!”

“Do tell me about it! There is nothing more boring than embroidery!” Lyanna agreed fully, it seems her plan did work… “I wish I was a man. That way I could be a knight and joust in this tourney.”

“That is certainly an interesting pursuit, Lady Lyanna,” Ashara admitted smiling. “A knight…it does sound like an interesting life to live.”

“Please if you could just call me Lyanna,” she begged. “I’m no lady.” she doesn’t want to be a lady at all it seems... “And tell that to my father and the Maester at Winterfell. Had it been for that weasel and my father would have forbidden me from riding a long time ago.”

“Unfortunately we do live in a male lead society and women are not allowed to pursue most of their dreams due to it.” she concluded, wisely if she was to tell...

“True…” Lyanna agreed sadly. “Well, it seems I have kept you for far too long, Lady Ashara, Ned will most likely think he was forgotten.”

“Oh, I certainly don’t wish to abandon him.” she proclaimed smiling.

Lyanna, all of sudden, got very serious and looked towards her with a piercing gaze. “Lady Ashara…” she began. “Do you love my brother?”

That caught her off guard…what could she reply to this? She felt something for Ned, but she didn’t know if it was love or not…and she didn’t wish to have her heart broken once more but somehow she felt that this time it could be different…she was hopeful. “Well…I can’t really say I love him…at least yet…” she confessed, deciding to be honest. “But I do feel something for him…It must sound silly I know…”

“Not really…” Lyanna admitted. “I don’t know the concept of love that well either…But I have
told my lady yesterday about my brother, I really meant it and I do hope you don’t break his kind heart.”

“You can rest assured, for I don’t wish to break his heart,” she said. “Your brother was indeed very kind towards me yesterday, and I think it’s only fitting I do the same to him. The rest will come afterward if the Gods see it fit.”

Lyanna kept watching her with a serious and analytical glance…Ashara didn’t really want to make an enemy of the Stark girl…so she just braced herself. “Let me call Ned for you then.” she finally said after a long pause and Ashara mentally sighed in relief. “NED!!!” she shouted with some really powerful lungs…

Some grunts were heard from inside the other tent. “Lya! What’s the matter with you?” Ned ranted as he exited the tent in haste, just before he saw her and petrified in the spot… “Ashara…you came….” he murmured surprised.

“Ned!” she said with a smile and waving at him, seemingly to regain most of her confidence back, a good thing. “We did agree on it didn’t we?”

“Yes, we did…”

“You thought I wouldn’t come? That I lied to you?” she faked an indignant look as she moved towards him. “How could you!”

“No…no….I…”

She smiled at his reaction. “I’m teasing you! I know for a fact that you were patiently waiting for me and that you did not have any doubts that I would come.”

“I-I…”

“Go on Ned, Lady Ashara is waiting. It’s impolite to make a lady wait!” Lyanna said, clearly amused by their interaction.

“I’m sorry Ashara…” he murmured blushing and she couldn’t help but find his reddish face so very amusing.

“There is no problem with it, Ned,” she assured him while facing Lyanna. “It was a great pleasure to get better acquainted with you Lyanna, truly.”

Lyanna smiled back and nodded. “The pleasure was mine, Lady Ashara and have some fun dearest Ned.” she said proudly as they left, their arms intertwined as protocol demand.

Soon they were away from the North’s tents, strolling by the Riverlands area. Ashara could see from the corner of her eyes that Ned seemed to be in a colossal effort to say something to her but couldn’t do it. Finally, she glanced him fully and he got nervous but did manage to speak some words. “This must be the most awkward walk of your life Ashara…I…I must apologize for it…”

“Oh fear not, sometimes a bit of silence can do wonders.” she assured him and she spoke the truth, better silence than shitty talks of court.

“I suppose so…”

He still looked disappointed with himself so she decided to help him further… “How about you tell me more about the North? Your family as well.” she asked curiously but with a second objective in
mind as well, to learn what his father was planning.

“You wish to hear about the North?” he sounded surprised with her question.

“And why should I not?” she asked back, a slightly serious look ever-present. “It’s not just Dorne who is victim of common misconceptions, the North is as well. They say it’s filled with cannibals, giants, barbarians that have not a single trace of emotions…I know it’s all lies to scare little children at night, but I’m genuinely curious about the North as it always marveled me when I was but a child.”

“Well… I’m sure that by now you noticed that it’s not a question that people usually ask me but…I will tell you everything you wish to know,” he said with a shy smile. “You already met my siblings, especially my sister Lyanna. My father, Lord Rickard Stark rules the North for a long time by now, he was there even before I was born. Our people consider him a fair ruler.”

“And your mother?” she asked.

“My mother died a day or two after she gave birth to Benjen…” he explained and it pierced right through her heart, for now she felt bad for asking…

“Oh, I’m so sorry Ned…I did not mean for you to revive painful memories…I didn’t know…”

“It’s quite alright Ashara,” Ned assured her with a tired smile. “I don’t have painful memories of her as I was very young when she passed away…I do remember her warm smile, her light blue eyes of the same color as the waters of the northern lakes...her calm and sweet voice…” It looked as if a tear was making its way to the corner of his eyes…and for some reason she wanted to hug him...love or not...she wanted it. “You know…” he said with an amused expression. “She had a nickname for all of us...Brandon was my wildest Bran, Lyanna my sweetest Lya, I was my dearest Ned which my sister still insists on calling me...she had some strength left in her to call Benjen her beautiful Ben…”

“Dearest Ned…” Ashara smiled brightly, enjoying the sound of it. “It’s a well-thought nickname if I’m to be honest.”

“I do think my sister likes to use it still because it means she can have some sort of connection to our mother with the help of these words…” he explained chuckling. “I don’t mind it at all either, so I let her do as she wishes.”

“How old were you when she passed away?” she questioned curiously.

“We were all young...Ben was, of course, a newborn baby, Lyanna was two, I was five and Brandon was six,” he said. “Our father refused to let us see her last moments...she said goodbye to us and then we never saw her suffer.”

“Oh...you were so young…” she said saddened...she had forgotten of her second intentions because she was captivated by his story as it was so similar to hers but he had lost his mother when he was much younger than her.

“I was indeed. I did cry a lot when my father told me I would never see her again...Brandon did as well…” he said. “Three years later my father sent me to be fostered at the Eyrie...and it was then that Lyanna and Benjen cried as much as I did when my mother left us…”

“And how was your time at the Vale? Pleasant? Unpleasant?”

“At first it was hard,” he confessed. “I was so far away from Winterfell and my siblings but I
slowly got used to it. Lord Jon Arryn, my foster father was always a good man to me, like a second father actually and I also met some good people there, true friends such as Robert Baratheon and Elbert Arryn.

“Wait…you are friends with the Robert Baratheon?” Ashara asked incredulously as she still remembered what Arthur had told her earlier…How could they be friends? Robert Baratheon was everything Ned was not…loud and crazy…they were opposites, just like him and his older brother, sister and her…

“The Robert Baratheon, indeed.” Ned laughed with her surprise. “It may surprise you and many people but it’s quite true.”

“You must attract wild things to yourself Ned…” she teased. “Robert Baratheon, your brother, your sister…” The only one she left out was her…

Ned laughed with amusement at her comment. “I guess I do…lucky me…”

“You don’t seem to be living such a bad life Ned,” Ashara stated with a warm smile that she found herself making quite often around him. “Sure you have lost your mother when you were young… but you do have a good family and good friends by the looks of it.”

“I do…I just seem to lack the confidence they seem to have on me.”

“Why so?” she asked.

“I should not have bothered you with my problems, I’m sure you have your own to worry about…” he tried to dismiss but he did not know who he was messing with…

“Yes, I do have my own problems…” she admitted. “But talking with someone can help. You can bother me, Ned. I’m willing to listen and I assure you that I will not judge you in any way.” she then picked his right hand and held it with both of hers. “You said we were friends, did you not? Friends help each other in times of need.”

He was glancing her for a while and then sighed in defeat, she had succeeded. “I just don’t know what my future will be…” he confessed. “Brandon will inherit the North, Lyanna will marry Robert and become Lady Paramount of the Stormlands and my younger brother Benjen intends on joining the Night’s Watch…it just me who doesn’t know…”

“I’m sure that whatever future awaits you, it will be a bright future,” Ashara assured him. “You are kind and honorable and I’m sure the Gods will reward that.”

“I don’t know…” he murmured still not confident. “Especially when no one knows what my father will do anymore…In the North, everyone thought he would follow tradition and marry us amongst the Northerners but he proved everyone wrong…” he explained and she was a bit disappointed for him not knowing about the plans and goals of his father but it wasn’t as unexpected as one may think. “But I’m quite sure he intends to follow the same path with me, that is if he does intend on having me married in the first place…”

His speech made her remember the talk she shared with Arthur earlier…she too did not know what the future held for her…for now, she had a duty as one of Elia and Queen Rhaella’s ladies-in-waiting but she could not remain a lady-in-waiting forever as her brother told her…How would married life be with perhaps someone like Ned? He did not seem the type that would only use her to be a broodmare and he did seem taken with her…but what would he say about her long lost virtue? He would likely call her a whore and leave her heartbroken yet again…
“Well if your father does marry you to someone, then I’m sure the woman that pledges herself to you will be a very lucky one.”

He smiled then. “I doubt it…I couldn’t even muster the courage to ask you for a dance yesterday such was my shyness…and I’m neither as handsome nor charismatic as my brother or Robert are. I’m shy and quiet and no woman loves such a man.”

“Oh, you are quite wrong in that statement.” she quickly retorted. “I do know lots of women who would die for a man like you.” she wasn’t lying, Queen Rhaella was one of such women and so was Ashara…

The conversation was dying yet again so she decided to change the subject and let it revive. “Are you partaking in any competition Ned?”

“I wasn’t planning on it…” he replied plainly and once again she was surprised.

“Really? You don’t like to showcase your fighting skills for the world to see and cheer?” she asked curiously and with a hint of tease in her question.

“You got it all right.” he laughed. “A man should keep his abilities hidden for the time he needs to show them, no one will expect them. It was my father’s words I just spoke and I do live by them,” he explained. “Besides… I don’t like competitions nor crowded areas…”

“So fighting does not make your blood boil?” she inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“Not really…”


“I…”

She was amused with his flushed face before something else came to her mind… “You do like women? Don’t you?”

“I do.” he quickly replied full of resolution and she felt way more relieved with the answer and at the same time… she felt rather ashamed for the question…

She made them stop when they were approaching the tents of the Stormlords, she grabbed his hands once more and looked straight into his misty grey eyes. “As I said, whatever woman marries you, will have a wonderful husband.” Their stare lasted for almost an eternity… she felt something in her stomach and had a sudden urge to kiss him but…

“ASHARA!!!” Jasline’s voice interrupted the moment and she both cursed and thanked it in her mind. “Oh thank the Seven I found you!”

Ashara felt a feeling of foreboding since Jasline wasn’t a person to get nervous… “What is it Jas?”

“Oh, its horrible Ash, Elia fainted!” Jasline stated frighten as she tried to catch her breath. “We called the Maester of Harrenhal to see her but we would like you there as well.”

“Oh by the Seven!” Ashara exclaimed worriedly for her friend as well, Elia always had a more fragile health than the rest of them so it could potentially be very bad. She returned her gaze to Ned once more. “Ned, I must go and see what happened to Elia…it could be something bad…I’m sorry to end such a pleasant conversation like this but…”
“I understand your worries Ashara and the last thing I want is for the Princess to need you and you not being there for her. Our conversation can be resumed at any time. I would if you could ask you to give the Princess wishes of a quick recovery, from a humble man of the North.”

“I shall transmit her your good wishes, thank you.” she nodded before both Jasline and her gather up their skirts above the ankles and made a run for the castle.

They arrived at the Maester’s chambers after a good run, not giving too much importance to the scandalized glances. Elia was resting in a bed, cornered by Emyly and Nysah, the Maester was seated on his desk writing.

“Elia!” Ashara called worried as she knelt in front of the bed. “How are you, my friend?”

“Ash?” Elia sounded surprised with her appearance. “Oh I didn’t wish for you to be disturbed when you were with your crush…” she whispered with a shy smile.

“I couldn’t leave you be like this and Ned understood the situation so here I am,” Ashara said. “Now pray tell me what happened to you?”

“Elia is pregnant again Ash.” Emy proclaimed, a smile on her face as she rubbed Elia’s hand.

The sudden news sparked Ashara’s heart. Elia and Rhaegar had been trying to have another child for quite some time, so the news made her happy for her best friend. “Really?” Ashara asked with a smile who joined her surprised look.

“Yes…” Elia said blushing. “I threw up and fainted because of this little one inside me…I’m three months in.”

“Those are wonderful news, my friend.” Jas proclaimed happily and less worried. “I’m sure Rhaegar will be pleased when he finds out.”

“I’m sure he will, but I’m worried…” Elia admitted nervously, in a whisper to make sure the Maester did not overhear them. “When my sweet Rhaenys was born I almost died afterward…and I fear what the King might do to me if it’s another girl and not a boy…”

“Nothing will happen to you Elia, Rhaegar would never allow it.” Jas assured as she grabbed Elia’s other hand to comfort her.

“Jasline is right Elia, Rhaegar will protect you and sweet Rhaenys.” Nysah agreed.

“You should be excited to have a new baby and not worried, my dear friend!” Ashara added.

Their words of comfort seemed to have a positive effect on Elia as she began to smile and clearly got more confident. “You girls are more than right, nothing will happen to us and I will give birth to a new delightful child, I’m sure of it.”

“And we will be with you to help you raise them into proper royals.” Emy assured.

“True to that.” Ashara agreed.

“Thank you girls, your support means a lot to me.” Elia confessed as they hugged.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter Updated on 4/09/2019 with improved dialogues, a new title and bunch of dialogue about Elia's pregnancy that used to be in Ashara's Chapter 8 POV being transferred here to fix the plot hole of Elia's fainting.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Late Night Plots

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Arthur Dayne II

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

The Hall of the Hundred Hearts hosted yet another feast tonight but slightly smaller than yesterday. Arthur stood behind his friend Rhaegar as it befell upon him the task of guarding the Prince that day. After a good while of sleep.

“Lord Whent is spending far too much in those feasts…” Rhaegar muttered in front of him. “At this rate, I might have to get involved in paying for these absurd courses as well.”

Arthur knew that Lord Whent and Rhaegar divided the expenses of the tourney among themselves, with the first covering the expenses of food, feasts, and maintenance while Rhaegar would pay the prizes and other sudden expenses that could happen during the tourney. Still he couldn’t help himself from chuckling at Rhaegar’s comment.

“So you are laughing at this Arthur?” Rhaegar asked indignantly. “Have you seen how much food is being wasted?”

“I have, though I have yet to eat any of it.” In order to fulfill his duty, Arthur was not yet allowed to have a taste of these courses but tomorrow he would be on free day so he could finally have a taste of it. “Oswell did warn you about his brother seeking glory…”

“He did, didn’t he?” Rhaegar said as he rolled his eyes. “I wasn’t expecting this though…”

Arthur remembered what Ashara and Emyly had told him and Rhaegar earlier…that Elia was with child once more and that she fainted due to the morning sickness…He only felt relieved when he saw Elia join the feast, rather pale still but she seemed fine and that was everything Arthur needed to see and know.

Elia was cornered by Jasline and Ashara at each side as she was escorted to the Dornish table where Oberyn quickly got up to help her seat.

Arthur and Elia had once been lovers…if it could be called as such, when they were younger…they didn’t do anything considered improper besides a few perhaps too much passionate kisses but he never took her maidenhead…they never had the courage to do so…It all stopped when Elia’s now-deceased mother, the late Princess Doriah Martell told him one day that their romance, which he thought to be still a secret, as neither Ashara nor Oberyn knew about it, had to end.

By that time, Arthur had been deemed worthy of carrying Dawn by the sword itself, much to his brother Arron’s demise and so he proposed himself to join the Aerys’ Kingsguard and of course due to the fame of the Sword in the Morning title north of the Red Mountains of Dorne he was accepted.

It worked well while it lasted, Aerys wasn’t too mad back then, he was away from his cold home and he could forget Elia. Then Duskendale happened…

Aerys got madder, Elia married his best friend Rhaegar and now he had to see her everyday
again…without being able to kiss her the way they did once…luckily Rhaegar made sure Arthur was never guarding his door when he and Elia coupled…it still didn’t stop it from hurting but alas there was nothing else that could be done. Arthur made his vows.

“How do feel you about Elia being with child again?” he decided to ask his friend.

“As well as a father can be I suppose.” Rhaegar replied.

“Having children seems to warm everyone’s hearts,” Arthur said with a shy smile not that his friend could see it due to him wearing a helmet all time. “I hope it does the same to yours as well.”

“I assure you it does,” Rhaegar assured him. “It’s my duty to have heirs as the dragon has three heads.”

“Prophecies again?” Arthur asked while he rolled his eyes. “Do you even care for Elia’s well-being, Rhaegar? The mother of your daughter and the child that is coming?”

“Of course I do.” Rhaegar avowed. “Elia is a good and kind woman, she is smart and very patient with everyone…well…everyone except Jon, my father, and his minions…but I really don’t blame her. She gave me a delightful child that I can be proud of and I’m certainly that the ones coming will be the same.”

“I do hope you don’t hurt her in any way…” Arthur pleaded more than he threatened. Elia was still the woman he loved…

“Don’t worry, I’m not my father,” Rhaegar assured him. “But changing the subject of our conversation…it seems your sister is…rather distracted tonight…is she not Arthur?”

Although he knew she was interested in a Stark, she did not specify which one, so at first he thought it was the oldest Brandon Stark as the man seemed like a skirt chaser. But then, with some more thought put into it, Arthur understood that he was not the Stark she meant. A skirt chaser was definitely not shy to ask for a dance and the youngest was too young for his sister so it could only be the middle one.

“She is.” he replied. “Is this perhaps some sort of revenge for my comment about Lord Whent?”

“Revenge? No…”

“I’m watching you Rhaegar Targaryen.” he warned.

“I thought you were watching your sister flirt…” Rhaegar countered, amused of course.

“I can watch the whole room at the same time.” An overstatement, but he could certainly watch Ashara and Rhaegar at the same time.

“Of course you can…” Rhaegar said chuckling. “So she is interested in a northerner now?”

“She is,” Arthur replied plainly. “A Stark to be exact.”

“A Stark you say? That’s certainly interesting…” Rhaegar admitted. “I hope it’s not the eldest one as he is betrothed to the eldest Tully…”

“At first I thought it was him, but after analyzing her words more carefully, I realized it is the second son she fancies,” Arthur explained. “Looking at him from here doesn’t really make me understand how he managed to seduce my sister but he did so.”
“She must have seen something in him that she liked,” Rhaegar said. “Or maybe she is trying to extract information from him regarding the Starks plots?”

“If she merely wanted information she would have approached him in a different way and not with this I look at you and you look at me nonsense,” Arthur said. “Plus the Starks seem completely oblivious to intrigue, I mean look at them.”

“Speaking of intrigue…” Rhaegar turned towards him. “My father is abed already as he finds everything boring and very tiring, his minions aren’t paying proper attention either so…what else did she tell you?”

“That Dorne will support you along with most of the court,” Arthur explained. “And Jon will be spending his time trying to convince the Stormlords on backing you and it seems he has convinced a few already.”

“Not much support, but I had expected as much, after all, it was just the first two days…It’s still early, so I’m not yet concerned.” Rhaegar admitted.

“Still…It would be much better if Lord Tywin attended.” Arthur said. “I don’t think there is a man angrier with your father than him. His oldest son and heir made a knight of the Kingsguard and disinherited, his heir being a dwarf…You could capitalize on this situation to your favor.”

“Well, I can’t deny that raising Ser Jaime to the Kingsguard was both a genius and stupid move,” Rhaegar confessed. “Even if Lord Tywin is not here, there are plenty of other powerful lords, like the Tyrells, the Starks, the Tullys, the Arryns, and the Baratheons. We should convince them and worry about Tywin Lannister later.”

“If you say so.” Why is he changing the subject?

“I think I will need to get more involved with the lords than what I originally anticipated.” Rhaegar concluded.

“More involved than what you are doing now?” Arthur quickly glanced at him, concerned as one can be. “It’s very risky and your father will certainly know if you do.”

“Leaving my father in the throne in the state he is in, is risky as well, Arthur.” Rhaegar retorted. “Don’t worry I have been brooding some ideas for the matter that will protect me from my father while allowing me to do what I must.” Rhaegar explained.

“It’s doesn’t end the danger…”

“What needs to be done, needs to be done,” Rhaegar said. “Who knows about you know what, amongst the Kingsguard?”

“Me, Oswell and Prince Lewyn.”

“How likely would it be for the three of you to convince Ser Gerold?” Rhaegar inquired.

“Not too much I believe…he likes you well enough…and hates the treatment that the Queen is receiving.”

“Then have him informed as well. He is Lord Hightower’s uncle and a member of the second most powerful house in the Reach and has multiple connections there, which we certainly need.” Rhaegar commanded. “I will approach the Tyrells and Hightowers first since they aren’t tied to any alliances that we know of and then I shall move to the alliance or whatever the other four houses
“And Ser Barristan, Ser Jonothor and Ser Jaime?” Arthur inquired. “What will we do about them?”

“Ser Barristan will be informed in due time, but not now. He has far too much honor to betray my father in a plot. He will come to our side eventually when everyone else does especially if Ser Gerold comes as well. Ser Jonothor is far too loyal to my father, he will have to remain in the dark as otherwise, we risk our necks.” Rhaegar explained. “As for Ser Jaime, he is to be kept in the dark as well. He is still green and secrets such as these can’t be trusted to someone so young and whose loyalties aren’t known to us yet. Besides he is not with us anymore.”

“If that’s your plan…” Arthur murmured, still focused on his sister… “I’m not sure if it will work though.”

“Oswell should start approaching the lords from the Riverlands. We need to start working on making this plot happen.” Rhaegar said as he ignored Arthur’s comments.

“As you wish, My Prince.” Arthur nodded, seeing that no matter what he said, Rhaegar’s opinion would not change…

“So now that we have discussed everything, I believe I will retire lest to make Lord Chelsted and Lord Staunton think that something is amiss.” Rhaegar proclaimed as he got up from his seat. “Feel free to watch your sister in peace now.”

“I will watch her just like everyone else in this room.” Arthur said.

“Just try to not kill the Stark man.” Rhaegar japed and Arthur smiled as well.

“Don’t worry, Dawn is still being polished to be ready when she needs to intervene…”

“If you say so. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

As Rhaegar left the Hall, Arthur noticed the Stark second son approaching his sister and he felt a strong urge to draw Dawn out and carve himself some wolf pelted boots and gloves to warm him when winter returns, but he would have to contend himself from causing a scene, especially with so much at stake…Where did I get myself into?

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Jon Arryn I

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Jon received a message from Hoster Tully in the afternoon calling for a meeting in Jon’s tent. He was getting tired of Hoster’s impatience, as yesterday the man bothered him with it as well. He dispatched a servant to bring Lord Tully in and braced himself for the talk that was to come…

When only one hour remained for the feast to begin, Hoster appeared before him. The Lord Paramount of the Riverlands was taller than Jon, broad and strong looking as well. Donned with brown hair that was a shade away from auburn but with some strings of grey starting to be noticeable. He had deep blue eyes like Jon’s, the only resemblance they shared.

While Jon was known to be cautious and prudent in his decisions, Hoster was clearly impatient,
proud and ambitious. In fact, had it been Hoster’s choice and the war between them and the Targaryens would have been fought a long time ago, something that neither he nor Rickard wished.

Rickard Stark was the one who acted as the middle ground between both, ensuring that Hoster didn’t do anything reckless but also to push Jon to be a bit more ambitious.

“Do take a seat, My Lord.” Jon offered and then man did as he was told, taking a seat in front of him. “What is it that you wish to talk about, Hoster?”

“About the plan of course,” he replied. “Yesterday we did not talk much but I would like to know the situation.”

“Haven’t we all agreed to see if Rhaegar Targaryen takes the initiative?” Jon asked as a way to reply.

“Indeed we have, but Aerys is here as well…Do you think he will go against his father like this? With so much to lose?”

“If he didn’t take in consideration that his father could attend as well, then he is a fool which I doubt Rhaegar Targaryen is,” Jon explained. “I’m sure he has something up his sleeve to fix the situation.”

“And if he doesn’t?” Hoster inquired.

“Well, tough luck for him then, if we convince the Westerlands and the Reach to join us, Aerys is going to be deposed no matter what, it’s just a question if Rhaegar is or is not with us.” Jon concluded.

“What if Rhaegar Targaryen is as mad as his father?” Hoster inquired worriedly. “What will we do afterward, start the whole thing again?”

“Only two days of tourney have elapsed, Hoster. We have plenty of time to get to know better Rhaegar Targaryen and formulate an opinion on him. Calm down and enjoy the tourney.” Jon said smiling. “Patience is certainly a virtue you lack.”

“And you have far too much of it,” Hoster said bitterly. “Any room we give them and they will get stronger!”

“We wait until the tourney ends as the three of us agreed and no more discussions.” Jon countered.

“Fine,” Hoster said bitterly. “That’s all I wanted to know, I shall go and get myself ready for the feast.”

“As you should.” Jon nodded as the Riverlord got up and exited the room without so much as a respectful nod. The man was very wrong if he thought he could take charge of things. He was fine with working with Rickard Stark but Hoster was another matter entirely.

Later on, while the feast was entering his last quarter, he excused himself from his bannermen and went on to see if Robert had gotten himself into another drinking contest as Elbert had told him in the morning. It was up to Jon to try and control Robert’s many vices...

He loved Robert and Ned as sons, but while Ned was shaped into a proper man taking many traits after him and his real father Lord Rickard, Robert was unpredictable as one could be, mostly because of losing Steffon and his mother. It certainly took a toll on him, even if he tried his best to not show it by laughing and drinking and whoring like a man on a never-ending feast.
No one could deny that Robert was charismatic but he lacked the will and the capacity to rule and both he and Rickard saw that. He could certainly pass as a decent Lord Paramount, but being King as Hoster suggested once was something else entirely. On Jon’s head, Robert was the last resort if everything else failed and Rhaegar Targaryen refused to see reason.

He also noted the clear contrast between the plots happening in the shadows and the innocence of most of those attending. In the Stormlands’ table, Robert was boasting about something amongst his bannermen, with a cup of wine in his hand of course and his booming laugh…but not truly drunk yet…In the North’s table, Ned’s siblings were laughing and Lyanna Stark, Ned’s sister was hitting Ned’s older brother and two more Northerners with a cup of wine…but…where was Ned?

He looked around to the Vale’s table, to see if he was with Elbert but he wasn’t, Elbert was arm wrestling against Jasper Redfort, a foolish task since Jasper was older, stronger and taller than Elbert.

Sending his nephew to squire for Ned’s older brother was probably one of his worst ideas…Elbert looked like a copy of Robert and Ned’s older brother, already making his way to brothels and soon enough, to highborn women’s skirts, if of course, he didn’t start it already…His distant cousin Denys looked more like his late brother Ronnel than Elbert by now which saddened Jon.

Another glimpse at the Stormlands’ table to see if Ned was there, and no, no signs of him there either, nor was he in the Westerlands or Reach’s tables…or the Riverlands, or Crownlands…

With only one last place to look, he finally found Ned…leaving the Dornish’s table with a woman in his arms…It took some time for Jon to process everything…Ned and a Dornishwoman? That certainly brought a smile to Jon’s face. A beautiful lady as well with black hair like Robert’s and violet eyes?

Besides the Targaryens only the Velaryons, Celtigars and Daynes had violet eyes. Since Ned left the Dornish table, then it meant that she was a Dayne. Now that he thought of it, old Solomon Dayne the Bitter Star had a daughter that should be around Ned’s age who was a renowned beauty.

To see his ward, whose shyness was known by all the females of the Vale and branded as boring dance with such a beauty and the fact that they were both smiling and laughing…made Jon’s old heart melt with pride…

Could it be that Ned was becoming a little bit like Robert as well? No…Ned would never dishonor a highborn woman…still…you never know with a woman like that…

He watched them dance for quite a while, another of his worst ideas was not giving Ned the proper education on dancing…Seriously, he knew nothing of the steps from any dance, but Solomon’s daughter didn’t seem to care at all…perhaps they met earlier? Interesting…

Finally, after some good fifteen minutes of dancing, they stopped, talked and she left him with a smile, Jon approached his ward and decided to inquire him about this woman…

“Ned…” he called with a raised eyebrow.

“Jon, how are you?” Ned replied with a shy smile.

“Not as good as you seem to be…” he teased and saw Ned get red.

“I…I…”

“A lovely lady you found,” he confessed to his ward. “A Dayne?”
“Aye…how did you…”

“Know? I know a bit about Lord Dayne and his family.” Jon admitted. “Have you met her before?” he asked in order to satisfy his curiosity.

“I…I met her yesterday…” Ned replied looking at the floor, like if he was facing some sort of trial.

“I see…And what are your feelings about her?”

Ned looked at him sadly. “My feelings really don’t matter, I’m sure my father has some plans for me…”

We did have plans for you…Marry you to Cersei Lannister or Janna Tyrell…but it doesn’t seem like Tywin will leave his precious daughter so easily and there were talks that the Tyrells were arranging a marriage of Lady Janna with a Fossoway. “Why don’t you talk to him and ask him what he plans for you at the very least?”

“Do you think I will have a chance of convincing him on such a marriage?” Ned asked worriedly as his gaze went to the Dayne.

“You can expose your case and you might make him consider your proposal and even accept,” Jon explained, the woman was a lady-in-waiting to Elia Martell, wife of Rhaegar Targaryen…perhaps the key to everything… “You have to give it a try though.”

Ned seemed to give it a thought and finally looked straight into Jon’s eyes. “I will ask her first, see if she accepts me. There is no point on inquiring father if she doesn’t want to marry me in the first place…”

“That’s true, do talk to her and express her your feelings and your wish.” Jon said.

“That’s very hard for me, Jon,” Ned said disappointedly. “I’m not Robert…”

“No you are not, you are Eddard Stark, son of Rickard Stark and you will have to do it your way,” Jon told him.

“I will!” he decided. “I will tell her how I feel. I don’t know when but I will! I swear it by the Old Gods and the New!”

“That’s how I like it but don’t take too long, you only have eight more days.” Jon explained. “Perhaps… I’m going soft am I not? Perhaps…"

As Ned returned to his siblings’ company, while Jon went on to control Elbert who looked like he was going to start a fight with Lyn Corbray for some odd reason.

“Stop this nonsense Elbert!” he shouted at his nephew who struggled on his hold as Jon led him close to the walls to scold him.

“He started it!” Elbert hissed. “He said I wouldn’t even reach the finals of the joust! That I was a weakling!”

“You will be a weakling if you drop to his level,” Jon explained. “Listen, Elbert, you are my heir. The Vale will be yours not too far in the future as I am but an old man now, and when you rule the Vale, many of your bannermen will disrespect you. Violence can only be used as a last resort when nothing else works.”
“But Uncle Jon…”

“No more Uncle Jon!” Jon hissed. “I loved your father Ronnel. He was a good brother and good friend and I will not have you disrespect his memory just because some guy called you weakling!”

Elbert looked to the floor in shame as Jon scolded him. “I’m sorry uncle…”

“Listen to me, you are going to prove he is wrong by reaching the finals, okay?” Jon commanded. “And whatever people tell you, you must control yourself.”

“I will, I’m going to show him,” Elbert said proudly in his resolution. “But uncle…may I inquire something?”

“Yes?”

“Is Lady Lysa Tully promised to anyone?” His nephew inquired.

“No one as far as I know, why?”

“Just asking…” His nephew said in a quieter tone…was he…was he in love?

“Elbert…are you in love with the girl?” he asked aghast.

“No…no I was….I was just curious, that is all uncle…” His nephew said with a flushed face. “Anyway, I’m going to drink some more wine…to calm myself…”

“Don’t get yourself wasted boy.”

“I won’t…I swear it.”

There is still hope to shape this boy into a proper Arryn somehow, but I will have to be more attentive to him in the future…and…is this some weird love pollen that my nephew and wards are inhaling?

Chapter End Notes

This chapter didn't originally have Jon Arryn as POV and took a long time to finally say it's ready to be published. I'm not sure if my take on a Jon Arryn's POV didn't seem to out of his character, but still...

Anyway...we finally end day two! Day three will be done in one chapter only, I can tell that much. I'm trying to increase the speed of the narrative but there are certain things I can skip.

I will like to end this big note be saying I hoped everyone who celebrates Christmas or the respective variant on his/her religion, had a good time and also since I won't post another chapter before the year ends, I hope 2019 turns into a prosper and a great year for everyone.

Chapter Updated on 5/09/2019 with improved dialogues.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a great day.
Brandon Stark II
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

“SER AXELL FLORENT AND SER BRANDON STARK, PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO JOUST FIELD NUMBER FIVE!” One of the many stewards that were present shouted and Brandon promptly made his way to the field, eager to fight a Reachmen from such a prominent family as the Florents.

Having already defeated nine weak opponents that stood no chance against him, Brandon was quite disappointed since he had expected more struggle in a tourney of such grandiosity. *Hopefully, this Ser Axell Florent guy can put up a fight…*

His hopes were soon crushed when said man appeared before him, he was fat and small and certainly didn’t look like a good jouster at all. “Good luck Ser.” Brandon politely said as it was expected of him.

The Reachmen began to mock him by laughing. “I don’t need luck against a barbarian such as you.”

*A barbarian you say? “You are right, you will need a miracle now.”* Brandon quickly retorted while he moved his horse towards his side of the field, angry for the disrespect this man gave him. *You are going to see what a barbarian can do…*

“FIGHT!!!” The steward shouted.

Brandon commanded his charger Wildbeast at full speed against the destrier of his opponent, he extended the lance to his left side ready to hit. He was going to capitalize on Wildbeast’s speed to gain more raw power. The Florent guy wasn’t expecting it at all and when he was hit, he went flying a good couple of yards. *Take that you cunt.*

“SER BRANDON STARK WINS!!!” The steward shouted yet another time.

Brandon made his way to the Florent guy and stopped his horse in front of him. “Next time show some courtesy and skills, big mouth!” Then he turned around and made his horse create a cloud of dust with his legs that enveloped the Florent cunt and forced him to cough while the crowd cheered. *That will teach him some humility.*

“Ser Brandon, could you please leave your opponent be…” The steward asked with a bored face as he called Brandon to his side.

Even though Brandon felt good for the humiliation he gave the Florent fool, he was a bit ashamed as well… “My apologies goodman, I will stop.”

The steward most likely knew he wasn’t sorry but continued on with what he wanted to say. “My Lord is done with his official matches for today. The betting matches, are, however, still opened until the dinner feast.”
“I certainly appreciate the information.” he replied with a nod and went looking for Ethan, his squire, which he found quickly seated on a bench right next to the fields.

“The Reachman didn’t stand a chance against you, Bran! That was great!” His squire Ethan said beaming, as Bran unhorsed and gave him Wildbeast’s reins. “But what did he tell you for you to make a dust cloud around him?”

“I wished him good luck and the cunt said he didn’t need luck to win against a barbarian,” Brandon explained while taking his helmet off. “I gave him a little lesson to be more humble.”

“Served him right then.” Ethan agreed fully. “What a cunt.”

“That he was. Many of those southrons don’t respect us the way we respect them and that angers me, Ethan, it really does.” Brandon ranted. “But whatever. The world is what it is.”

“Indeed.”

“Are the others still jousting?” Brandon asked curiously as it seemed he was one of the few who had finished all of his jousts.

“They are.” Came Ethan’s reply.

Brandon noticed others already done such as Ser Barristan Selmy and Ser Arthur Dayne who were leaving the jousts fields. Brandon took the chance to glance right into the Great Lords’ stands where he saw his siblings talking with Howland…or rather his younger siblings as Ned was to their left with the violet-eyed beauty, laughing…Ned laughing and with a lady…now he had seen everything…

“I guess…I will wait here for the rest of them so I can joust with Jeffory, Elbert, and William,” Brandon said, eyeing his siblings still. “I will do some jousts with them in the betting matches.”

“Alright, I will keep Wildbeast busy and fed.” Ethan assured.

_I really don’t know how that Dumb Wolf seduced that beauty…_ When Brandon first saw her, he too was captivated by her beauty, who wouldn’t anyway? She had a perfect shaped body, her face was worthy of being used as a model for statues and her eyes were something else entirely. Yet, despite it all, he decided to allow Ned to have some fun for once, see if he could smile more often…He honestly thought that the beauty would rebuke his brother sooner rather than later after the dance but…it seemed like he had been wrong…she kept seeking Ned’s presence and Ned hers…there was definitely something cooking there…

To him, the lady would be yet another conquest, to his brother she seemed to be the world so it was better that she preferred the Quiet Wolf over the Wild one. And perhaps the Wild Wolf could pull some strings with his father…making sure that Ned was not used as a pawn and forced to marry someone he did not wish to…yes…that would be his new plan…

“Bloody Hell!” Robert shouted angrily as he made his way to his squire and woke Brandon from his thoughts. “Take the bloody horse away, Justin and feed him something for tomorrow.”

“Yes, My Lord…” The pale blond squire from House Massey replied, afraid of Robert’s outburst.

“What’s the matter with him?” Brandon asked Ethan who certainly knew better than him what was happening since he had been watching instead of competing.

“He lost his joust against Lord Connington,” Ethan explained. “Now he has little chance of going to
the final rounds even if wins everything because Lord Connington did the same.”

“Really? What a pity…” Brandon confessed. He had hoped to joust against Robert to see how he would fare against one of the strongest and largest men of the realm. Ned did say that Robert hated Lord Connington or something along those lines… That would explain why he was so angry…

“Get Wildbeast ready Ethan.”

“For what?” Ethan asked confused but Brandon gave him no answer and simply walked away.

Brandon approached the enraged Robert Baratheon who kept cursing at everyone and no one, “Lord Robert, would you care for a friendly match with me?”

“I’m tired of jousting, Lord Brandon.” The man replied bitterly. “I have no patience for it.”

“What if I offer to pay you some Arbor Gold afterward?” Brandon asked. “Even if you don’t win against me?”

“Arbor Gold?” Robert asked with a raised eyebrow.

“The finest one we can find in Harrentown.” Brandon replied grinning.

“I guess…we can make an exception…” Robert grinned as well. “JUSTIN, BRING ME THE DAMNED HORSE!!!”

Robert’s squire came running as fast he could with the horse as Robert put on his antlered helmet back on his head. With that helmet, he truly looked like a war machine…but, of course, Brandon wouldn’t back down, he wanted to test his limits.

“Ethan, the horse!” Brandon shouted as he placed on his helmet as well, compared to Robert’s, it was a joke of a helmet. Perhaps…he could ask Mikken to make one with a direwolf head after the tourney…

“Here,” Ethan said as he returned Wildbeast to him. “Are you sure about this Bran?”

“Of course I am,” Brandon said smirking as he jumped to the saddle. “Wolves don’t fear stags.”

“Stags don’t usually look like armored giants.” Ethan retorted. “Be careful.”

“Everything will be fine, Ethan,” he assured as they made way to the betting joust fields. “It’s just a friendly match, I will go easy on him.”

“I shall go easy on you as well, Lord Brandon,” Robert said next to him, apparently having listened to everything said. “May the best man win.”

“May the best man win, Lord Robert.” Brandon agreed as they went on to their respective sides, waiting for a steward to tell them to begin fighting. And then they began.

They both rode at full speed with their chargers, as Robert managed hit Brandon’s shield with his tourney lance, the shield broke in half, such was Robert’s strength. Brandon was then forced to return to Ethan. “Give me another shield.” he asked and Ethan gave him one.

Robert and he ran at each other again, and then again and then a third time as they managed to get a crowd of people cheering for both. Finally, after five more charges, they hit each other so hard, that they went flying and hit with their asses on the hard floor, and damn did it hurt!

They were like a pair of stones cursing at everything before beginning to laugh loudly as two
madmen. “Gods that was great!” Robert barked.

“Aye, it was but the end was shit!” Brandon retorted.

“It was, but now I want my Arbor Gold to end this the proper way!” Robert said laughing as he took off his helmet.

“Aye, let’s all go.” Brandon agreed as he did the same.

“What about our fight Brandon?” Elbert barked bitterly as he seemed to have been watching the joust just as Jeffory, Kyle and Willam. “You promise you would fight with me today after we were done with our matches!”

“I’m tired Elbert, tomorrow.” Brandon dismissed, irritating the young Arryn more.

“It’s not fair!”

“I will buy you all a round of Arbor Gold.” Brandon proclaimed. “I think it’s fair if you ask me.”

“Fine,” Elbert said defeated. “But only because I love Arbor Gold.”

“I never say no to free wine,” Willam said laughing. “Especially from Bran’s pocket and not mine.”

And so they went…to the tavern in Harrentown just outside the castle walls…the hours passed and they all got drunk.

“I swear to ya, Bran!” Robert hiccupped in the middle of his sentence and pointed his cup to him. “Ya should have seen Bessie and her big teats, ya could drown in ‘em!” Robert laughed as loudly as…well Brandon knew not. “Thank the Gods for Bessie and her teats!”

“And I tell ya, Bobby…” Brandon hiccupped as well and pointed his cup to him just like Robert had done. “I met the whore with the biggest arse in the fucking realm! Right at Wintertown, Eli was the whore’s name and Gods her arse was something out of this world!”

“I’d try that Eli someday…” Robert confessed laughed.

“Ya won’t…” Brandon said, a hint of remorse making him slightly less drunk. “She is dead…of child labor as far as I’m told…” Eli…she was a good woman even if a whore and Brandon missed her. “And you will marry ma sister so you ya better respect her or I will cut yer balls off, ya hear me?”

“Aye…I hear ya…” Robert nodded with a hiccup…he seemed to have been slightly affected by Eli’s story as well but not as much as he was… “I promise I will be a good husband to her.”

“Good.” Brandon said as he drank another cup of Dornish wine…Arbor Gold was way too expensive but Gods be damned that the Dornish wine was way too strong…

Every other soul that was not part of their group were watching them aghast and there were a few reasons to do so: Willam and Jeffory were happily singing The Bear and the Maiden Fair, Elbert was trying to hold the table, so the table wouldn’t fall to the ground it any event…Ethan and Justin were sleeping like the little kids they still sort of were, while Kyle was throwing up already…

“Ah, Gods Kyle…” Brandon shouted disgusted at the Valeman. “Gods…”

“What is the meaning of all of this?”
Ned’s voice made them all, except those who were sleeping, look towards him. Ned seemed to just have entered the tavern with Mark Ryswell, Wendel Manderly, Jorah Mormont, Martyn Cassel and Lord Arryn…none had smiling faces…

“Hello brother…came to have a drink as well? Brandon asked smiling, ignoring the serious looks from the newcomers.

“You all had far too many drinks it seems.” Ned dismissed it all. “Gods…Kyle is throwing up already…”

“Kyle can’t take shit…” Elbert proclaimed half asleep.

“Look at all of you, you look a disgrace.” Lord Arryn barked. “Elbert you can’t even stand up can you boy?”

“M…maybe…not?”

“By the Seven…” Lord Arryn sighed as he picked Elbert’s arm and with the other he picked Kyle. “You two have had enough.”

“Oh come on Jon!” Robert hissed. “It was just a few cups!”

“I can see it very well Robert. A few cups…” Lord Arryn said with sarcasm. “I’m going to take these two back to their tents.” The old lord said to Ned and the sober Northmen. “Take the rest of them to their tents if you can.”

“Will do.” Ned nodded as he picked Brandon’s arm. “Come, you drunkard, you need to rest.”

“I’m still standing…better than I ever did…” Brandon retorted but stood up nevertheless.

“For now.” Ned wisely said…wisely said…

Once they were out of the tavern, Brandon decided to satiate his curiosity. “How did you found us, brother?”

“When you all took too long we got worried and apparently we were right in doing so…” Ned said. “It was Jorah who saw all of you walk towards Harrentown so we came to see if you were here somehow.”

“Ya didn’t have to take me to my bed, Ned,” Brandon told Ned. “I’m a grown man ya know? I can walk by myself.”

“Sometimes I do wonder if that is true…” Ned whispered and they both chuckled.

“Did I happen to interrupt your…date somehow?” he asked.

“What date?” Ned questioned with a confused look.

“With the raven-haired beauty, you Dumb Wolf!” Brandon barked. “Who else?”

“It wasn’t a date and you didn’t interrupt us,” Ned said. Of course… “I led her back to Princess Elia’s company as soon as the jousts ended.”

“So…have ya fucked her yet?” Brandon asked with a smirk.

Ned stopped walking and looked straight into him. “Of course I haven’t!” he said annoyed.
“Brandon, you know I won’t dishonor her!”

“Oh come on Neddy!” Brandon remarked bored. “Ya ought to bed the lady!”

“I won’t bed her!” Ned insisted.

“What’s her name? I have to know her name.” he asked curiously, he certainly wanted to know the identity of the woman who conquered his brother’s heart.

“Her name is Ashara Dayne.” Ned replied shyly, half blushing. Look at this little fool… But… “Dayne?” he inquired surprised. “Is she related to Ser Arthur Dayne of the Kingsguard?”

“Aye, she is his sister.”

“So she is Dornish?” Brandon asked aghast at the realization he just had.

“She is.”

“And ya just flaccid about it?”

“What do you mean flaccid about it?” Ned asked confused yet again. This Dumb Wolf…

“A Dornishwoman is fancying ya and ya just do nothin about it? Do ya even know the big reputation the Dornishwomen have in bed? You’d be in heaven now! Yet, here ya are…in the living hell with the rest of us mere mortals…Gods Ned, you’re hopeless!”

“Yes, I’m hopeless, that’s how I am.” Ned scoffed. “Stop annoying me with it.”

“And what makes ya think she is still a maiden? She is Dornish so her maidenhead perhaps doesn’t matter that much to her.” Brandon inquired and he saw his brother shake.

“It matters not if she a maiden or not, I don’t care about it.” Ned barked. “I think…I think I love her truly…not her maidenhead.” he was now blushing…what a lovesick fool…

“Ah, I knew the Quiet Wolf was in the heat!” he barked laughing and hiccupping. “But in all seriousness, you just proved my point, brother. If you don’t care about her maidenhead, then why don’t you lay with her?”

“Because there are other people who will care,” Ned said. “Like her father, brother and else. I will not bed her.”

“Fine, fine brother. I got your point…” Brandon decided to ignore the bedding part. His brother did have a few valid points though he still thought she was no maiden. “And does she love you too?”

“I don’t know…”

Gods be damned… “Do ya know anything, Dumb Wolf?”

“I know nothing…” Ned replied with a very serious, stoic face.

“Course ya don’t, ya fool.” Brandon chuckled with his brother’s foolishness. “Ya just a Dumb Wolf!”

“I guess I am.”
“Why don’t you propose to her?” Brandon inquired prompting his brother to glance weirdly.

“I’m gathering the courage to do it,” Ned murmured shyly and Brandon was certainly surprised by it...he was not expecting Ned to seriously ask for her hand... “But I lack it of course...”

That will not be a problem... “Don’t worry I got ya back, Ned!” Brandon confessed between more hiccups. “You tell her that you love her, she tells ya that she loves ya and then we all tell father to allow the bloody marriage and ya all live happily ever after, like the maidens from the songs.”

“You should really go to sleep,” Ned said chuckling. “Your brain is not working properly...”

“I’m not lying Ned!” he tried to sound as serious and as convincing as a big drunkard could sound. “Father wanted me to find you some southern harlot to marry in this bloody tourney...”

“He did?” Ned asked surprised.

“Aye, some bitch from the Westerlands or the Reach, but I always knew you would fall for a Dornish woman,” Brandon confessed in the middle of laughs. “I actually said something like that to him when we had this conversation.”

“But if he wants me to marry a wo...”

“You will marry the bloody Dornish Lady!” Brandon barked, as he saw his brother doing what he thought he would, accept whatever fate father had chosen for him. “I won’t even attend your wedding otherwise.”

“But father...”

“Screw father, Ned!” Brandon ranted angered. “He gave me full authority to find you a wife and I bloody found you one!”

“Brandon...” Ned still sounded unconvinced still...but Brandon would make it work.

“Ah, give me a hug ya Dumb Wolf!” he asked or more like he demanded, as he grabbed Ned into a bear hug. “I’m proud of you brother.”

“Are you sure about this?” Ned asked. “Father...”

“I’m as sure as I am sure that I’m going to throw up...Fuck!” he made his way to a nearby bush as fast as he could and began throwing up.

“You should restrain yourself from drinking after today...until the tourney ends at least...before you cause another stupid scene like this one.”

“I love ya too, Ned.”

“You are hopeless, you know that?”

“Let’s just hope your Dornish girlfriend doesn’t do what the Dornish wine just did to me tonight...I can’t see myself bringing you to your tent.”

“Neither can I see you carrying me to my tent...” Ned countered. “Even drunk I still think I would have to carry you back...”

Brandon began another fit of laughter at Ned’s jape and this time Ned joined him as well. This brother of mine...
It was rather late in the night, and Lyanna wasn’t yet asleep, she was patiently waiting for someone to come into her tent…and there he came…her brother Benjen together with Howland bringing more armor pieces of which some of them she would use in her plan to avenge Howland from those bullies.

“So do we have the whole armor set, Ben?” Lyanna asked while the two of them dropped the spares onto the quite large stack that she already had.

“Yes, we have enough for two or three full sets,” Benjen replied rubbing his head from the sweat. “I stole bits from different people, so it will always be mismatched, but they are surely sturdy enough for jousting…”

Stole? “What do you mean you stole them?” Lyanna asked aghast upon hearing her younger brother’s deed. “I told you to ask for them, not steal them, you stupid! It will get us in trouble!” she barked at her brother’s stupidity. “We are trying to be discreet here, not making a bloody mess!”

“Calm down Lya, these were spares of their armors, they won’t care about them!” Benjen insisted.

“Still…” she murmured worriedly while glancing the stack of armor pieces.

“They won’t care Lya, just trust me on this one!” Benjen hissed.

“Fine! These will have to do…” she concluded sighing. “And let us hope you are right, brother or we will be in trouble!”

“My Lady, My Lord…I beg you both to reconsider your plan.” Howland pleaded worriedly. “I don’t wish for any of you to get in trouble, because of me and it seems we already are in quite a mess…there is still time to…”

“Do not worry Howland, these fools will pay for what they did to you.” she assured him with a confident smile, but his face remained unchanged.

“That’s precisely why I’m worried, My Lady…” Howland confessed in a serious face. “I didn’t ask for any of this…”

“Then why have you been praying if not for something like this to happen?” Ben asked a bit too bitterly.

“I prayed for the Old Gods to lend me the strength to endure and ignore my feelings of dishonor and resentment,” Howland replied sadly. “Not for this.”

“But they hurt your pride and honor and of your people, Howland!” Ben said wisely in her eyes. “And the North Remembers.”

“I know they did, but it’s all because I came here. I should have remained where I was before I came here…” Howland admitted, still not revealing where he had been…

“Too bad that I already joined the lists as a mysterious knight, Howland.” she proclaimed. “There is no turning back now I’m afraid and worry not for I will avenge you and your people from these
“My Lady, please I beg to reconsider this…I don’t wish for you to be in trouble or to get injured…If something happens to you My Lady…I…”

“I’m the best horse rider of the North and I know how to use the tourney lance,” she explained. “I’m sure I will be able to kick their asses to dirt.”

“But My Lady, we saw them jousting today and they know how to do it properly.” Howland retorted.

“I will send their arses to the ground!” she hissed. “I’m no weak flower Howland, I can take them down and I sure will. And for fuck sake stop calling me My Lady, my name is Lyanna and I’m certainly not a bloody lady!”

“Give up Howland, she won’t back down, she is too stubborn for that and you are just making her fuss about it. Soon her tent will be full of Northmen asking what is happening,” Ben said, playing around in her favor. “We should leave the tent before someone hears us…”

“Yes, you should, I need some privacy now, shoo with you. Shoo!” she interjected as she kicked them all off her tent.

Alone now, she soon began imagining herself as the Knight of the Laughing Tree, the name she gave to the steward because she painted one on her shield. It was her chance to shine brightly and avenge her newfound friend and maybe, just maybe…her name will be kept on those songs she hated…

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone's transition to 2019 was great as it should be.

Anyway...yes I know this is more of yet another filler chapter and an awkward one as well, but I thought Brandon's opinion of everything was needed. The bright side is that I manage to make a full day of the tourney in just a chapter.

Chapter Updated on 12/09/2019 with improved dialogues and minor plot hole fixes.

Once again, thank you for all the support the story has been receiving and I hope everyone has a nice day and week. Thank you for reading.
Lyanna Stark IV

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

The day was ending and it was finally time for Lyanna to make an appearance and joust. She couldn’t deny that she was more than nervous since she had never jousted before and to make matters worse, she was to face with trained and experienced jousters…But she would prove her worth, she would prove that she could do it even if she was a woman.

Benjen was helping her don the armor set they chose. Luckily for her, Ned was too entranced with the Lady Ashara and Brandon had been jousting all day, so a little lie from her such as I’m not feeling well due to my moon blood worked pretty well to avoid any of her brother’s unwanted suspicions, so only Benjen and Howland knew.

“There, all equipped.” Ben finally said as he patted her armor.

“Alright…I’m ready…” she said as she put on her helmet. “Let’s do this.”

“Be extra careful in your jousts Lya,” Ben said with a worried face. “Ned and Bran will fall on me if something was to happen to you…”

“I will be, don’t worry, everything is fine.” Lyanna dismissed her younger brother’s concern. She knew she could do this. “I’m going to kick their arses,” she said as she mounted Winterstorm, her white charger. “Wish me luck brother.”

“I already did,” Ben said. “You are going to need it…”

“Good boy.” she then commanded Winterstorm to move and there she went, to her challenge.

She arrived at the betting joust fields as the official matches of the day had ended a while ago. She wondered if Brandon had made it to the finals…If he did or if he didn’t, mattered not for she had three targets to defeat: Ser Harys Haigh, Ser Boros Blount, and Ser Hosteen Frey.

While galloping in the fields she noticed so many pairs of eyes staring upon her, no doubt asking who this mysterious knight was. Amidst them, she also found her older brother with his friends and Robert staring at her as she stopped in front of a steward.

“Look Ethan, another cunt who thinks he is Ser Barristan the Bold…seriously these kids…” It was her bloody brother speaking…Did that stupid just call me a cunt? No, she had no time for this now, she would take her sweet revenge later, but not now.

“Ser? What is that you wish?” Asked the steward with a confused stare.

She tried her best to sound as manly as she could. “I’m the Knight of the Laughing Tree and I wish to fight three men present in this ground.”

Laughs began to be heard and she turned around to see Brandon laughing the loudest. “OH GODS…THE KNIGHT OF THE FUCKING LAUGHING TREE!!!!” he said as he couldn’t hold
himself anymore. “Where did this kid came from?”

Brandon fucking stark…you are going to pay dearly for this, I swear on the damned tree I have painted in this stupid shield Benjen stole somewhere.

“And who do you wish to joust against?” asked the steward, liberating her from her thoughts of revenge. “Your matches have expired.”

“I care not for them,” she said loudly and confidently though in reality she would have liked to partake in the official jousts. “I only care about betting matches against three opponents. The first of which is Ser Harys Haigh.” After having watched all three of them yesterday, she concluded that Ser Harys was the weakest of the three.

The steward turned to Ser Harys, just as many of those present. “Ser Harys do you accept this knight’s challenge?”

“I do!” The man said without blinking. “And I shall have that fine horse afterward!” he said confidently. Lyanna wondered if her older brothers would find out about Winterstorm…Bran did not seem like he noticed but Ned…she was unsure but hoped he did not either …Focus Lyanna! You can do this!

Both her and Ser Harys made their way to the jousting field, a boy she didn’t know was placed as her squire because they figured she didn’t have any which she did not and could not. The kid gave her a tourney lance…it was heavier than what she thought but it seemed as if she could hold it with just one hand if she positioned it right…when she was comfortable with it, she got herself in position. Please Gods, give me the strength to send this man to the ground.

“FIGHT!!!” The steward shouted and so she went, commanding Winterstorm at full pace, she positioned her lance a bit lower than normal in hopes to surprise the opposing knight, while she lifted her shield to match his own lance. When they hit each other the Haigh knight went on flying and she was still on her horse…she had won her first joust…

“The knight of the laughing tree won!!!” Shouted the steward and she heard cheers from the crowds after her match, she felt so happy and proud of herself…but there was still work to do…

“Next, I challenge Ser Boros Blount!” she shouted with more confidence now that she had actually defeated someone.

“Ser Boros, do you accept the knight’s challenge?” The steward inquired as he was supposed.

The man seemed hesitant upon agreeing but men were proud and so he finally proclaimed. “I do!”

Like against Ser Harys, she made her way to her side of the field and got the lance from the boy. The steward called for them to begin fighting not long after. Once again she commanded Winterstorm to gallop at full pace and she did exactly as she had done with Ser Harys hoping for the same results but this time, it did not work quite well…they both broke their lances instead.

Lyanna returned to her improvised squire and asked for another one. She had two options…find a new strategy or do the same thing twice and surprise Ser Boros with it as most likely he was not expecting her to such a thing. She decided on doing this last option.

They clashed once again, but her gamble proved the right thing to do, as she managed to hit Ser Boros’ shoulder and make him lose his balance and fall off his horse. Once again the crowds cheered for her but with even more intensity than before. One more to go…
“My final challenge is to Ser Hosteen Frey!” The most intimidating of the three…a lesser version of Robert…uglier as well, but like Robert very muscular and certainly with a lot of strength…

“I accept the challenge.” Ser Hosteen proclaimed confidently as he grabbed his helmet from the boldest of the squires as she remembered it. Okay Lyanna, only this one remains…focus...

The joust began soon enough and she quickly understood she wasn’t able to compete with his strength at all. But he lacked the skill and horsemanship so she had to take advantage of that.

After breaking seven lances, her confidence was running away as fast as it came…she tried different strategies like aiming higher, aiming lower, focus all of her strength at a specific point, but she wasn’t going anywhere and worse still, she was now getting very tired…she was in need of a new strategy or Ser Hosteen would be able to defeat her and let all of her work go to waste.

On her eighth lance she decided to aim for the only the thing she hadn’t yet, his head, she was betting everything on that move, if it failed she would lose all of her strength and be an easy prey for the Rivermen’s next clash.

She gave Winterstorm the order to move as fast as it could and when she was close to Ser Hosteen she moved the lance to his neck area, giving the man no time to react and consequently, he hit the lance with such force that he almost looked like he was floating before hitting the floor as there was no horse below him anymore.

She had won…despite the difficulty she faced against the Frey knight, she won…Not only that but she was receiving cheers from the crowds, it was like a dream come true, at that moment, she was a true knight somehow. She decided to wave at the crowds and thank the support they were giving her.

“Excuse me Ser…” It was Ser Harys who spoke and with a worried face. “I need my horse and armor to compete in the tourney…and…my father will not forgive me if I don’t bring them home…so please Ser…is there a way I can ransom them back? For a fair price, of course…I don’t have much money with me…”

She had been practicing this since she decided to compete. “You can have your armor and your horse, back, if you teach your squire about honor.”

The knight was surprised by her conditions. “Teach him about honor?”

“Yes, good Ser.” she insisted. “Your squire, Ser Boros’ squire and Ser Hosteen’s squire lack any real condition to be knights as of now as they lack honor. They attacked a defenseless man for no reason and should be scolded for it.”

“Does that mean you will give us our things if we teach them about honor?” Ser Boros asked. “That simple?”

“Indeed.” she replied.

“Kean come here now!” Ser Hosteen shouted at his squire, even if still in pain from the impact he received.

“Yes Milord…” the squire asked scared and she had to contain herself from laughing at the sight.

Ser Hosteen then proceeded to hit the squire and Lyanna almost felt pity for the boy…almost… “Apologize for whatever you have done, now!” Ser Hosteen demanded.
“What for Milord? I don’t know what I did!”

“All the same! Apologize so I can have my horse back.” The Frey knight insisted.

“I’m sorry Ser for whatever I did…”

“That’s enough. Ser Hosteen the armor and horse are yours.” she concluded.

“Thank you Ser, I’m sorry for whatever he did as well.” Ser Hosteen apologized while she could see him humiliated from the whole affair…

“As you should be,” she boldly said.

“Ser…” Ser Boros said with a displeased look on his face. “My squire Larris has something to say as well.”

“I’m sorry Ser…”

“There, can I have my things back now?” Ser Boros asked impatiently, she could see the wonderful example that squires were learning from…

“Yes, and I hope this doesn’t happen again, Ser Boros.” she said.

“It won’t, I can assure that much Ser.” Ser Boros remarked but she didn’t know what he truly meant by it… “Rest of a good day to you.”

“Ser, me and Elden…we are sorry for whatever trouble he caused…” Ser Harys apologized in a polite nod.

“Truly, Ser…I’m sorry…Ser…” The squire agreed stammering.

“I hope this doesn’t repeat itself,” she said. “The horse and armor are yours, Ser Harys.”

“Thank you, good Ser.” Ser Harys and the squired nodded.

Now for as she much as she wanted to keep jousting, she had to go away and disappear, perhaps the Knight of the Laughing Tree could return some other day…in some other tourney…

“Ser.” The steward called with a troublesome face. “His Grace, King Aeris wants to speak to you.”

Oh Gods…what does that ugly man want with me?

“Of course…” she had no other choice but to follow him.

As the steward led her to royal stands, which were above the Great Lords ones, she glanced at her family…Ben and Howland were worried and so was Ned who wasn’t in Lady Ashara’s company like she predicted he would be…Her middle brother likely knew it was her…Did Benjen tell him? She was into so much trouble now…

“Good knight!” The King shouted from his stands all joyful as she stood in front of him. “What a magnificent spectacle you presented us with this afternoon!”

“Thank you Your Grace.” she shouted as well, to be heard, less to make the man angry…

“Please do remove the helmet so we can see the face of the Knight of the Laughing Tree!” The King commanded with a smile…Now she was fucked…she couldn’t remove the helmet because if she did, she would bring trouble to her family and to Howland…
“I’m afraid I cannot do what Your Grace requests of me.” she politely said, hoping the King would somehow understand but…she knew he wouldn’t…and he didn’t…

The King lost his smile and began to look at her in a weary way, she could see it even if quite far from her…Then he began shaking and gritting his teeth…“NO? YOU DARE TO DISOBEY YOUR KING?” he screamed. “I’M YOUR KING AND WHAT I SAY, YOU DO! YOU HEAR ME?”

“Your Grace I seriously can’t take off my helmet, please forgive me…”

“LIAR!!!!” The King screamed. “I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, A TRAITOR!!!!”

“Your Grace I assure you, I’m no traitor!” she was now desperate as her worst thoughts were slowly becoming a reality…Gods why is the King bloody mad!

“LIES AND MORE LIES!!! THAT STUPID TREE YOU HAVE IN YOUR SHIELD IS MAKING FUN OF ME! I KNOW IT IS! AND YOU WANT TO KILL ME!!!” The King continued his shouts. “SER GEROLD, SER JONOTHOR FETCH ME THIS TRAITOR!!!!”

Left with no options, she commanded Winterstorm to ride away at full speed, away from everyone’s eyes in the direction of the Godswood. She had planned with Ben and Howland to have a meeting with them there, after the deed was done…the conditions were different now but she couldn’t go back to her tent as there would be way too many people seeing her in the city of tents and they could trace her escape all the way to her people’s tents.

Upon arriving in the Godswood, she unhorsed and took the cell of her horse, throwing it behind a large sentinel tree. Then she hit the back of Winterstorm, commanding it to run away. On foot now, she dropped off her shield behind another tree and a little farther in, she took refuge behind the Heart Tree, a massive tree, scarred during the times of the Dance of Dragons and with a very ugly face, which resembled despair…just as she was feeling in that very moment.

I just need to wait for Ben and Howland to rescue me…I will wait, they won’t be too far away, I’m sure…I hope so…

But she waited and waited, and no sign of them, her despair was getting unbearable, tears were flowing down from her eyes at the thought of someone other than them finding her and she being killed…Oh Gods…I’m done for…Ben, Howland…Ned…Bran…please…save me…

Suddenly she heard steps and voices coming in her way…

“Judging by the sigil on the shield, the knight followed the Old Gods so this seems like a logical place to take a look…” A woman’s voice remarked with far too much accuracy…so much accuracy that she took a peek to see who the bitch was and…Lady Ashara? “Besides some of my friends such as little Clarisse saw the knight run in this direction.”

“What if little Clarisse lied to you?” A knight of the Kingsguard asked. The black bat of his helmet betrayed him as Ser Oswell.

“And why would she lie to me, Oswell?” Ashara asked indignantly. “I brought her along to keep me informed about things, not to lie to me. I know she will not do such a thing.”

Wait…informed of things? Did Ashara have spies somehow? What in Seven Hells is happening here?

“Spying isn’t something very honorable for someone who values honor so much, Ser…”
A manly voice remarked behind her and as she quickly turned to it, scared, she saw the Crown Prince with her shield and another Kingsguard right beside her, she was cornered with nowhere to go…desperately, she tried to make a run for it, but the knight was expecting it and placed his feet to make her trip to the floor and quickly immobilized her…

She tried her best to get free of the knight’s grip but to no avail…she didn’t have enough strength and he had blocked her arms and legs…she was done for…

“You caught him?” Ser Oswell asked as he and Ashara approached.

“Arthur don’t be so aggressive with him!” Ashara demanded at what was certainly Ser Arthur Dayne, her brother. “You will make him more scared than what he already is! This isn’t why we came here for!”

“If I give him room, he will run away, Ash.” Ser Arthur said and he couldn’t be more right, she would escape if given the chance…she had to, she didn’t want to die…

“Well my friends, I don’t know about you all but I’m going to unmask this one!” Ser Oswell said as his hands approached her helmet, she gave it her all in one more final struggle to get free, but she failed…Ser Oswell took off her helmet…

“By the Seven…” Ashara said as if she had seen a ghost. “Lyanna? Oh Gods…”

Lyanna didn’t reply and kept struggling with all her might, trying to gather strength she didn’t even have…

“Lyanna?” Ser Oswell inquired aghast as well. “As in Lyanna Stark? So the Knight of the Laughing Tree is a bloody northerner woman and not a man like we anticipated?”

“Leave my sister alone!”

At the shout, they all turned to her left side…There, were Ben, Howland and Ned as well, her brothers had swords at hand and Howland had his three-pronged spear. While Ben and Howland were nervous, Ned was not. If two days ago he had been afraid of Ser Arthur Dayne chasing him because he was seeing the latter’s sister, now any trace of fear had evaporated from him…

“You should hide that sword away before you get yourself killed.” Ser Oswell said as his hand rested on the hilt of his sword. “I think you know who you are speaking with.”

“I said, leave my sister alone!” Ned shouted again ignoring Ser Oswell’s threats, he wasn’t backing down, she feared the worst…a clash between her brothers and the Kingsguard…

“If it’s a fight you want, you will have it.” Ser Oswell shouted back as he unleashed his sword and began to move towards Ned…

“STOP THIS NONSENSE!!!” Ashara was the one shouting now, desperate as she was, she grabbed Ser Oswell’s shoulder. “We weren’t going to harm the Knight or rather your sister Ned, we wanted to find him or rather her before other people could. I swear it to you by the Old Gods and the New.”

“Oswell back off.” The Prince commanded. “There is no need for a fight. Arthur, let her go.”

“As you wish.” Both knights complied with the command.

When she was let free, she didn’t wait a single second, she got up and ran straight into Ned’s arm,
immediately feeling safer… “I’m so sorry Ned, I…” she felt more tears run down her cheeks and she couldn’t help but hug her brother harder, not wishing to leave him by any means.

“It’s okay Lya, you are safe now,” Ned cued with a shy smile and hugged her back. “I won’t let them harm you.”

“I urge you all to leave the Godswood as fast as you can, Lord Stark.” The Prince said. “Lady Ashara shall help you in that regard. I’m aware you are both…well acquainted…”

“Aren’t you going to do escort her back to your father?” Ned asked, forgetting the etiquette he was supposed to have with the Prince but she did not think he cared at this point.

“So he can burn her?” The Prince asked. “No, I never had that intention in mind, Lord Stark, my intentions were what Lady Ashara said nothing else.”

“I’m sure it will cause you problems with your father, the King, My Prince...” she remarked worriedly.

“It might cause him some fits of anger, but nothing too extreme, I can assure you that, My Lady.” The Prince explained with a shy smile.

“Come with me Ned,” Ashara said as she approached them. “All of you, we ought to get rid of that armor.”

The Prince, Ser Arthur, and Ser Oswell nodded and left with her shield while her brothers helped her get rid of that cursed armor. Lyanna sighed in relief once she was free of the armor…but, not from the sweat it seemed

“Okay, let us go, we do not have much time.” Ashara commanded and they all followed her, but Lyanna was wary of Ned’s crush now, she had spies!

Speaking of Ned… “Ned, how did you find out it was me?” Lyanna asked curiously and nervously.

“House Haigh, Blount, and Frey…these were the Houses to whom the squires who bullied Howland were squiring to weren’t they?” Ned asked without expecting an answer. “Besides, the horse looked like yours and Benjen confirmed my suspicions when I asked him.”

She turned to Benjen with an annoyed look. “Don’t look at me like that!” Benjen muttered. “He already knew most of it, I just told him he was right…”

“Still, you were supposed to keep it a secret, you stupid!” she hissed wanting to strangle her younger brother so very much…

“You were reckless Lya!” Ned ranted, having now calmed down a slight bit. “You could have injured yourself or worse, the King called for your head! You can be killed if he catches you! What the fuck were you thinking?”

“I wanted to avenge Howland’s honor…” she confessed. “I wanted to do the right thing…”

“Why didn’t you ask me or Bran to do it? We would do it if you asked…why take such a large risk when you never jousted before?” Her brother asked.

“I wanted to prove I am worthy!”
“Worthy of what?”

“Of being equal to a man! That I’m capable of doing it myself!” she proclaimed bitterly. “I never thought it was going to end like this Ned, I swear! I was going to disappear after I finished the three jousts but the King did not allow me to.”

“Lya…”

“It’s done now Ned,” she concluded sadly. “I just hope the Prince keeps his word…”

“He will,” Ashara replied. “You don’t have to worry about that, you can trust Rhaegar.”

As they exited the Godswood, a young boy was waiting for them.

“Go and spread the rumor that the Knight most likely went further south towards the God’s Eye.” Ashara commanded the kid.

“Yes, Milady.” The boy said as he quickly disappeared.

“He was a spy of yours too?” Lyanna asked with a serious look intended to the violet-eyed beauty that her brother was infatuated with, catching the woman off guard.

“What do you mean by a spy?” Ned asked confused.

“She found where I was because of them, Ned!” Lyanna hissed, she didn’t trust Ashara anymore. “She has spies!”

“Is it true Ashara? Do you have spies?” Ned asked incredulously.

“Yes.” The Dornishwoman said with a sad face.

“How many spies do you have around us?” Ned asked getting more serious by the second…

“Around you, I have none.” The woman quickly replied.

“Because you can spy on us yourself?” Ned asked as his anger was getting out of control…

“What? No! Ned, you got it all wrong…” Ashara sounded genuinely desperate at that moment…

“Why do you need spies for, Ashara?” Ned asked in shouts already, Lyanna had never seen her brother so angry…

“Because I need to protect those I love!” she confessed in shouts as well. “I told you that King’s Landing is a nest of vipers and I meant every word of it! How am I supposed to protect my loved ones if I don’t know who is threatening them?” she signed after calming down a bit. “In King’s Landing everyone has spies Ned, everyone finds secrets to mess with other people. I don’t do that, but I will never, ever let someone hurt my friends without me knowing about it!”

“So you drop down to their level? You have spies because they also have them?” Ned continued barking and she had to stop her brother for he was the one making the fuss now.

“Ned, calm down!” Lyanna urged. “You are not being yourself!”

“She betrayed my trust!” Ned shouted angrily, now to her as well. “How am I supposed to calm down?”
“I’m sorry you don’t understand it then Ned…” Ashara said signing. “I will not say anything else to you today as I believe the best solution is to allow you to calm down and formulate your opinion after what I told you…”

“It is better that way…” Lyanna murmured, cursing herself for this mess she made…it seemed today was not a good day for her at all…

“I was planning on…us…having a little horse ride tomorrow…I…I…don’t think you will come now but…if…if you find it in yourself to at least understand me…meet me by the stables tomorrow morning…” The Dornishwoman turned towards Lyanna with a shy and broken smile. “Lyanna…I did enjoy you sending those three men to the dirt…but please…be more careful…the King was very angry and I swear to you that is not something you should do…”

Even if she was distrustful of Ashara, something about the way she was speaking seemed to tell she wasn’t lying and she just destroyed the relationship between her brother and the woman…she was feeling worse than shit now… “I’m sorry…Lady Ashara…”

“If you have to apologize, please apologize to your brother,” she said as she took a last glance at Ned, she looked like she had tears at the corner of her eyes but began walking away certainly not wishing for them to see them… “I…wish you all…to be safe…” she said while she disappeared from their line of sight…

When Ashara was out of their view she noticed Ned was shattered. “Do you hate her now?” Lyanna asked worriedly and sad…

“I can’t hate her…” Ned confessed while he sighed. “But she certainly has been hiding far too much from me and was naïve enough to not hide anything from her…love has made me stupid…”

“Ned…” she muttered.

“You know it’s true Lya, so don’t deny it.” Ned said.

“Will you meet her tomorrow though?” Ben asked. “Like she asked of you?”

“I don’t know…” Ned replied. “Let’s just go back to the tents, this was far too much to my head, it’s hurting and people are after Lya…it will be better if she…stays in bed sick from her moonblood…” At this Lyanna blushed…

“I’m sorry My Lords…I shouldn’t really have come to this tourney…” Howland finally broke the silence he had been this entire time. “It’s all my fault this happened…”

“It’s not your fault Howland,” Ned assured. “You have been a great friend to all of us. I wish I could have done more for you, but Lya beat me to it. Don’t worry about it though, everything will surely fix itself somehow.”

I hope it will…My stupidity led to this…Gods…

Chapter End Notes

And there we go, The Knight of the Laughing Tree made its appearance...

Chapter Updated on 16/09/2019 with improved dialogues and minor plot fixes.
Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
“You should have entered the lists, Ned,” Brandon commented while he, Ned, Ben, and Howland took breakfast in the morning of the fifth day, in their tent. “I’m sure you would have gotten yourself into the finals as well. Perhaps we could have had a Stark duel in the final joust…I would have allowed you to win, little brother so you could crown your Queen of Love and Beauty…”

Ned glanced his older brother with a frown. Ashara and her spies were still tormenting him…maybe he exaggerated with his anger…she wasn’t a bad woman…but…“The bright side is that you will not need to share the glory with anyone else.”

Brandon must have noticed the heavy faces of all of them…“Why am I having breakfast with two Neds and one even broodier Ned today?”

They all looked at Brandon with grim faces and then returned to their eating as if Brandon didn’t deserve any importance…which was bad really…

“Now, I’m seriously starting to get worried with you all…” Brandon confessed as his expression got darker too. “What in Seven Hells happen to you all? And why hasn’t Lya joined us for breakfast? Is she still sick because…because of her moon blood?”

“Lyanna is the Knight of the Laughing Tree.” Ben spat out and both Ned and Howland glanced with murderous glances.

“Now you are joking!” Brandon proclaimed laughing loudly until he noticed that neither Ned nor Howland were imitating him. “It’s not a jape?” His brother asked Ned himself, hoping for him to dismiss Ben’s statement but Ned knew not what to say…“Lyanna is…the Knight of the Fucking Laughing Tree…”

“Before you freak out, everything has already been fixed.” Ned quickly said in hopes to avoid his brother’s outburst, seeing the anger build up. “She did what she did and the Knight of the Laughing Tree will not appear again. I swear it.”

“I have half a mind to teach that little troublemaker how to behave!” Brandon ranted angrily. “She is not a fucking knight! Why the fuck did she do this shit? Gods!”

Brandon!“ Ned shouted. “She learned her lesson already, I ranted her yesterday!”

“The King wants her fucking head for fuck sake!” Brandon hissed. “Tell me you are not worried about it!”

“I am!” Ned confessed. “But the King will not find it’s her and so she won’t lose her head.” Ned said, hoping that what Ashara and the Crown Prince guaranteed was true.

“You are far too soft on her, she will never learn this way!” Brandon continued his rant.
“And what will you do, beat her? Make her run away?” Ned inquired pissed as well. “Forget it, Brandon. Lyanna got the ranting she deserved and she is afraid. Ranting her more will do no good and will bring more attention to us when what we need is secrecy.”

“Fine!” Brandon said as he got up and made his way to the entrance of the tent. “But if this shit brings us more trouble, I swear to you, Ned she will be having no more thoughts of being a knight!” And with that said his older brother left the tent.

“Fuck me!” Ned cursed. “Everything is going south now!”

“We can’t allow ourselves to sink in despair Lord Eddard.” Howland wisely said, yet easier to say than do.

“Howland is right…” Ben agreed.

“Couldn’t you keep it to yourself, Ben?” Ned questioned indignantly. “You just had to tell what happened, to the most unpredictable of us! Great job!”

“I’m sorry…I…”

“Forget about it…” Ned quickly dismissed, seeing his brother almost breaking into tears. “We must keep an eye on her…she is afraid…”

“I was planning on doing that brother.” Ben said, still sad with the rant he got if it could be called a rant…

“Howland, I must ask you to stay with us as well. I know I’m probably abusing your kindness but…”

“Far from it Lord Eddard, you Starks have been nothing but good to me. It’s the least I can do considering it was because of me this all happen…” Howland said with a shy smile. “And I say you should go meet the Lady Ashara and fix a problem that is easy to fix.”

“I…”

“Come on, Lord Eddard, you fancy the lady and you know her explanation had fundaments and that you can’t really blame her,” Howland said. “Go My Lord. Me and Lord Benjen are enough to watch Lady Lyanna. And I swear by the Gods that no more things such as the one that happened yesterday shall happen again.”

Ashara didn’t deserve that ranting he gave her and she was the woman he loved and the woman besides his sister that he felt more comfortable with…it was stupid of him to remain so angry if she was using the means available to her to protect her loved ones. Gods, I’m truly going mad… “You are right Howland…I will go meet her…I must…”

“Go and worry not, I will keep an eye on all of them for you.” Howland assured smiling.

“Thank you, Howland,” he said before turning to Benjen and clapping him on the shoulder. “Don’t let this affect you, brother, but please, for Gods’ sake do something to control your big mouth…”

“I will, I promise,” Ben replied. “I’m sorry Ned…”

“And I’m sorry for ranting you this way.” Ned apologized as well. “You meant well.”

“No…you did the right thing,” Benjen confessed signing. “We…must learn from our mistakes…”
“Indeed, that’s what makes us stronger.” Ned nodded.

“I will get stronger.”

“I know you will.” Ned assured as he exited the tent.

His conflicting thoughts returned while he walked towards the stables, the streets of the tent city thinly populated as it was still quite early in the morning. What to think about all of it? He actually didn’t know…What if all the talks they shared were nothing but a mummer’s show? Ned did not know if he could trust her anymore and yet he still loved her and still wanted to confess his feelings to her…

Finally, he arrived at the stables that were inside the castle walls. He took the chance to pat his horse, Brooding since he rarely had the opportunity to do so since he arrived. Brooding had been a gift from Brandon on Ned’s sixteenth namesday. It was a copper brown charger with black mane and tail and it once belonged to House Dustin’s prized herds. It wasn’t too wild as Brandon’s but he was fast and strong, a reliable horse.

“That is a very nice horse you have there.”

Ned turned behind at the sound of the melodic voice to see her behind him, smiling a sad smile as she approached his side.

Ashara had laced her hair in a large braid, she had breeches like those Lyanna loved to wear, instead of the fine dresses he had seen her with, in the previous days. It had various shades of blue and gray and on her neck, a neckless with her house’s sigil. Ned was certainly surprised to see her like this, but he was also able to confirm his theory that Ashara looked gorgeous in any type of clothing.

“Brandon gave it to me when I made sixteen namesdays,” he replied, admiring the sight of her, it seemed that him being angry with her, made her more attractive than what she already was… “He called it Brooding.”

“Brooding?” she giggled upon hearing the name. “A fitting name I suppose…”

“Perhaps…” he smiled as well.

“So are you up for a ride? You, Brooding, me and Starlight?” she inquired.

“Starlight?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes,” she replied. “It might seem strange, but I also received him when I became sixteen, a present from Arthur. It were the girls who named him Starlight but I do like the name. He is my noble sand steed.” Ashara pointed to a beautiful beige colored horse with a white mane and tail.

“Starlight…” he laughed. “A fitting name…”

She looked at him a bit seriously, before laughing as well. “Perhaps…” she said between laughs. “So what is your answer?”

“And to where shall we ride?” he asked.

“Everywhere and nowhere.”

“And where is that supposed to be?” he asked, allowing her charades.
“Everywhere and nowhere, where else could it be, dummy?” she questioned sarcastically. “You will have to find out.”

“Alright, let’s ride then.” he finally replied. “I hope you are not like my siblings…”

“How so?” she asked intrigued as she placed a basket on the back of her horse.

“They ride like the wind,” he told her. “I mean you saw them joust have you not?”

“I did,” she said while she mounted her horse with grace. “But I’m not that good. I just enjoy a pleasant ride, that is all.”

He mounted Brooding and trotted to her side. “Shall we go then?”

“Of course.” she replied smiling that beautiful smile he loved so much. He noticed that she seemed much happier now and he was glad she was still such a wonderful person towards him even after that temper tantrum he had yesterday.

Ashara Dayne VI
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Ashara hadn’t expected the situation to turn so soar as it did yesterday. This ride she and Ned were having had been conceived by her after that very first stroll she shared with him a couple days ago.

No one was expecting the mysterious knight that appeared at the end of the previous day to be Lyanna Stark…Ashara was certainly impressed with Lyanna’s skill, she wouldn’t beat her brother, or Rhaegar or Oswell or Ser Barristan of course but she did prove to be a good jouster, especially when she never jousted before.

She understood why Ned got so angry with her but he also had to understand Ashara’s own motives. Somehow her heart almost shattered yesterday when seeing him angry with her…she had felt so down after yesterday’s incident…Elia the good person that she was quickly noted that Ashara was not well and demanded an explanation which of course Ashara provided.

“My dear Ash, I’m sure your dearest Ned will forgive you,” Elia assured while patting Ashara’s back. “From everything you told me about him, I know he will.”

“He may forgive me for this but…but what will he say when I tell him that I’m not a maiden? A man as honorable as he is will want nothing with a soiled woman. He will rebuke me as so many did.” Ashara sighed defeated. “And I think I really like him…that is why I’m so concerned…I wish to build something with him…”

Elia smiled a kind smile. “This is a good opportunity to see if you should commit to this relationship on that level.” Her friend proclaimed. “If he meets you and accepts you being soiled than you should commit to him. If he doesn’t go or does not accept you for who you are, then you have your answer about him, his true colors.”

“Another heartbreak?” she said saddened.

“I know it hurts my friend but you are a strong woman and I know you will surpass it,” Elia assured. “But I would like for Eddard Stark to accept you…he seems like a good man.”
“But…”

“He will come, don’t worry. Now go to bed and forget those dances, just a day…or two off shall not harm the plot.”

And so Ashara went to bed, laid down and ended up falling asleep after a long while for being nervous. She dressed her riding clothes and prayed that Elia was right. And her friend had indeed been right…Ned did come to meet her at the stables as she asked him to. And more relieved she got when he accepted her proposal to go riding with her.

In what was left of the morning, they rode almost as far as Lord Harroway’s Town, she challenged him to a few horse races the way she did with Arthur when younger. She was surprised that even though sand steeds were known for their speed, Ned still beat her by a considerable margin. It was a perk of having siblings like Lyanna or Brandon who rode like the wind as he said.

To further ease the tension between them, she tried her best to make japes and to her surprise, he too did the same. It seemed both of them were trying to fix things which was a good sign.

At midday, they stopped near a small stream of water that likely ran all the way into the God’s Eye. She took a basket in which she had brought with food from Starlight’s back and gave him some toasts with blood orange juice and some lemon cakes she prepared a few days ago. She was quite surprised to see Ned eating lemon cakes as if he was a possessed man… “I did not know you liked lemon cakes this much…” she said.

“I…” he was now blushing from the scene he caused and she couldn’t help but laugh without stopping finding it hilarious that the Quiet Wolf was a fanatic for lemon cakes…

After their meal, they rode back to Harrenhal where they arrived just in time to see the most awaited of the troupes, the Clown and the Maid troupe from Oldtown. Their performance resolved around the Dance of Dragons in which a dwarf man did the role of Aegon the Second and a dwarf woman played Rhaenyra. She and Ned spared quite a few laughs and yet she felt the plot line rather overdone to her taste. Not to mention that if Aerys had seen them making fun of House Targaryen there would have been dire consequences...

Sunset came quickly and made the day turn night. She and Ned were strolling by the shores of the God’s Eye and their mood was brighter than yesterday. “Aren’t you tired yet?” Ned suddenly asked with a smile on his lips.

“Me tired?” she asked indignantly. “I’m afraid you are speaking to the wrong woman…I have the stamina of a horse.”

“Well…if we keep going like this…I might have you pushing me back to my tent…” Ned said.

“So tired already?” she teased. “I thought you were stronger than this…”

“If being around my sister has thought me anything over the years…is that woman have more stamina than men.” he confessed and she couldn’t hide a laugh.

“You are the strangest man I ever met Ned…” she admitted and she never found a man willing to go as far as he just did.

“I hope not too strange…” he said smiling.

“I have seen stranger men.” It was then she notice him stop walking. “Is something wrong Ned?”
“Listen…Ashara…I’m sorry for my outburst yesterday…it was…it was ill done…” he said. “You are trying to protect your loved ones in the way you can and it shouldn’t be me the one judging you from doing so.”

She felt another weight be lifted from her back. “I’m glad you understood my position…I never intended for what happened yesterday to actually happen…I’m sure Lyanna was terrified…”

“She was and still is,” Ned said. “She never thought that she would be branded a traitor for avenging a friend.”

“We live in perilous times but I promise that I will do everything in my power to protect her too.” Ashara avowed. Aerys would never find out who the Knight was if it came to her. “But you and Lyanna must do your part as well. The Knight must never be revived.”

“I think Lyanna learned her message yesterday…” Ned said.

“That’s for the best really.” she admitted.

“It is.” he agreed.

The moon lighted the sky now, both she and Ned were now seated on the shores of the God’s Eye, side by side. She had much fun with him throughout the day…he truly was different than other men…he was her special one…

But…

“Ned…” she whispered, feeling scared of this moment…

“Yes?”

“I enjoyed this day, in your company.” she confessed. Why wouldn’t she when she truly did?

“And I enjoyed mine in yours.” he said, making her smile.

“There is something I have been meaning to tell you…for quite some time…I would like you to hear me till the very end please…it’s important…” she demanded of him as she prepared for one of the hardest tasks of her life.

“Is something troubling you?” he asked worriedly. “Something I have done?”

“To some extent…yes…” she admitted. “I have to confess…” she signed in between… “The thing is that…I love you. Plain and simple.” There…half of it was done… “It wasn’t love at first sight, but it was close to it.”

“Ashara…” he tried to interrupt her but she led her finger to his lips.

“I said no interrupting please.” she ranted, not in an angry tone. “And that’s precisely why I must be honest with you, Ned…” she said as she gulped with the pressure she was feeling. she would definitely lose him…but she had to do it anyway… “I’m not a maiden.” she finally said it, her curse, her downfall…she looked to her hands and then to the stars…hoping it would stop her from actually crying… “I’m a soiled woman…I have laid with a few men already…they were failed relationships but the act happened…I thought you deserved to know because…I know you love me too, from the way you look at me…and it would be unfair if I wasn’t honest with you when you clearly have been more than honest with me.” she paused for a bit, before finishing everything she had to tell. “I know you probably hate me right now and want to curse me and spit on me, call me a
whore and…”

He led his finger to her lips this time and caught her completely by surprise, so much she didn’t even have time to close her mouth. “Ashara…” he quietly said. “Do you think I fell in love with your maidenhead?”

“What…you mean?” she didn’t know what to say or think…

“Because I didn’t,” he told her. “If I’m to be honest with you…I didn’t have my hopes high on you being a maiden…because…you know…Dornish fame…” he blushed a bit as he said this, probably ashamed of insulting her people… “What I mean to say Ashara is…is…that I fell in love with you and not with your maidenhead.”

“You don’t hate me for being soiled? For having laid with men before?” she asked, still shaken by his words, tears forming in the corners of her eyes…

“Were you engaged when you lost your maidenhead or made love to those men?” he asked.

“No!” she quickly replied. “I was never betrothed to anyone…”

“Then how could I hate you?” he asked smiling. “I tried to hate you yesterday…I felt betrayed and now I know I was being unfair to you…but I still tried…and failed miserably…” he confessed. “Besides…you just made me the happiest man in all the Seven Kingdoms by telling me that you feel the same way I feel for you.”

She felt her cheeks wet, she was crying heavily… The last time she cried was when her mother died and she was sent to the Water Gardens…how could she be crying now? She had sworn that she wouldn’t cry anymore, that she would be strong, but in the end, she was just a human being who felt emotions, and suppressing certain emotions…was just not possible. And her tears were from a different kind nevertheless…joy.

Ned was truly what she had dreamed of, the man who saw her for who she was and not just her beauty or ability to bear children…It was so stupid how Elia’s stupid theory, in the end, proved right, but she didn’t care anymore… “Truly?” Was all she could ask after all this.

“Truly,” he replied smiling, feeling very emotional as well. “I love you, Ashara Dayne.”

“Oh Ned…” she murmured before looking straight into his grey eyes, his plain-looking face as he kept saying, but to her, it was the most beautiful thing. She wasn’t going to hold back anymore, she grabbed his chin and kissed in his lips with all her passion and joy.

He was caught by surprise and almost lost his breath in the process, but soon calmed down and returned the kiss, as best as he could of course…His lips were rough but they were like many men’s, but unlike other men’s it felt genuine and unique.

When she finally separated their lips, he was still entranced with it. “Did it feel good?” she asked giggling with his look. He merely nodded and so she led her palm to his cheek. “Was it your…first kiss?”

“Robert and Brandon tried many times…but…” Oh…I’m the first girl he kisses…

“Then I’m glad it was…” she confessed smiling. It felt wonderful just like her very first kiss all those years ago but…she wished something more…

“So…” he began confused. “What are we supposed to do now that we…openly admit our love for
“each other?”

“I have an idea…”

Chapter End Notes

And there we have it, the confession. I know I should have probably capitalized the conflict between Ned and Ashara a bit more but I think them confessing their feelings was more important.

Chapter Updated on 17/09/2019 with improved dialogues, a different title and minor plot fixes.

Anyway, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope has a nice day.
As the night progressed, Ashara was leading Ned to her room in the Tower of Dread passing by the nearly emptied corridors with haste.

“Ashara…” Ned muttered worriedly. “Where are you taking me?”

She turned her head to him without stopping her movement. “My room…”

His eyes bulged and he became nervous as soon as he knew where she was taking him. “Ashara, we can’t do that, it’s wrong…”

“How wrong is it?” she inquired having turned her head to see where she was going. “We love each other and I told you that I’m not a maiden anymore. If you are worried about dishonoring me, I’m afraid you can’t do such a thing,” she explained plainly as she glanced him once again. “You said you loved me anyway…”

“And I do!” he said. “But if I don’t dishonor you, I can leave you pregnant and I can’t let that happen, you must understand that…”

“I can always drink moon tea…” she said smiling. “Don’t worry about it Ned, I want to make love to you my sweet Quiet Wolf. I want to see how real love feels and how it makes the bedding feel.”

“But Ashara…”

She dismissed him as they arrived at her room. She quickly opened the door without letting him free of her hold and proceeded to drag him inside, and as she did, she pulled him closer and kissed him again. She once again felt his rough lips on her soft ones and she truly enjoyed those insecure and truthful kisses they shared.

“I want you to make love to me, Ned,” she demanded. “Everything will be alright, I promise.”

“We can’t Ashara, it’s not right…” he murmured. She began gazing him with a saddened look, she wanted him but he insisted on resisting her…why was the only man that truly loved her refusing to do what both of them wanted to do? She had just conceived a little plan…to make him do what both of them wanted to do…
She knew he wouldn’t harm her, he was far too sweet and kind, and too honorable to harm a woman, so the keys would remain in her possession for the entirety of the night.

“Ashara…what are you doing?” he asked worriedly and confused as he saw her do all of what she just did.

“Me?” she inquired. “Well, Ned I’m going to get ready to sleep.”

“And why have you locked the door?”

She giggled at the question he made. She was enjoying it already… “Why would a lady like me lock the door, Ned?” she looked at him with a fake confused expression. “Who knows what ill-intentioned people might do to me at night…while I sleep if I do leave the door open?”

“Then why have you locked the door with me inside as well?” he asked.

“Why because you don’t wish to have sex with me and for that, I know you are not ill-intentioned,” she explained with a teasing look. “You will, however, stay here as my sworn shield and make sure ill-intentioned people do not do naughty things with me…”

“But…”

“Besides…” she interrupted him, by touching his lips with her index finger, teasing him further. “Isn’t sleeping in a room better than in a tent?”

“It is, but I can’t just stay here with you!” he hissed. “Didn’t you say that you shared your room with your friend Jasline?”

“I do!” she replied smiling. “But, unfortunately, she will not provide me with company tonight… she found…someone else…if you get my meaning…” Likely already doing what I want so desperately to do with you…

“Still…” He kept resisting and resisting, but she knew, that he would break…eventually…

“Don’t mind me now Ned, but I’m going to undress now.” she explained as she undid her braid, letting her hair loose like she loved the most.

“What?” he asked aghast. “Ashara! You can’t do that!”

She took a seat on her bed and quickly removed her riding boots, as much as she loved riding Starlight, she hated using riding boots, they were so bloody heavy. “Watch me…” she defied with a serious yet seductive face.

Standing up, she began to take off her tunic…slowly and surely and with a seductive look on her face. As she took off her corset, she saw him blush heavily with his eyes wide open at sight of her bare breasts…she stood there rubbing her ear free of a nonexistent itch for a bit to let him gaze her buxom a little while.

When she thought he had contemplated them enough, she turned around and very slowly removed her breeches, showing her buttocks to him, she took another glance in his direction with a teasing smile of course and saw him with his mouth open, watering…like the wolves do when they see meat…she giggled mentally at the notion and wondered how much could her wolf withstand…

“It seems to be…rather hot tonight, don’t you agree Ned?” she inquired. “I think I shall sleep like this…”
“A-asha-ra…” he stammered to say her name and she knew she had him trapped…

“Oh, you are hot too? Oh, I certainly can imagine…a man from the cold North such as yourself…so used to the cold and hardness…to suddenly feel the heat of the Riverlands…it must be…very, very difficult and stressful for you…”

“A-a-sha-ra…” he repeated…*almost there…*

She lay down on her bed, making sure he could see her breasts and sex…she then placed her right arm below her breasts to make them appear larger, though she knew they were quite big already…

“Ah! Such a cozy and warm bed…such a peaceful and quiet night…I think…there is only one thing that could make it better…”

“Ash…ra…” Now he wasn’t able to say her name, such was his colossal effort to not take her there, but she knew he just needed another…little push…

“Ass?” she asked. “You wish to see my buttocks again? Okay…I guess I can allow you to see them again…” she rolled in her bed in order to show her behind to him. “Do you…know what I like to do with my ass…Ned?” she asked seductively. Yes, *this would do it*… “I like to lay in bed, just like this and then…exercise it…” and as she said this she began to bounce it up and down…

“Aaargh! I can’t take this anymore!” he finally shouted, almost as if possessed. *Yes! Finally you give in, my sweet Quiet Wolf!*

He began to undress as quickly as he could, hastily and improperly, probably taking more time than if he did it properly, but she didn’t care…she just wanted him. When he was finally standing naked in front of her, she saw his manhood hard…he was well endowed…to say the very least…she felt her insides get even wetter with the sight…

“My sweet Quiet Wolf…it’s quite a good thing you don’t show this friend of yours so often…I’m sure it wouldn’t be just your brother and Robert Baratheon in the gossip of the servants…” she confessed…gazing his grey eyes.

“Fuck them all!” he roared, surprising her in the process. “You are the only one I want!” *So this is where his Wolf Blood has been…hidden away from the world…waiting for the right moment to come out…By the Seven, what have I done to find this sweet man?*

“Why don’t you…come and hunt your prey, my wolf?” she defied with a grin.

Ned wasn’t hesitating anymore, his eyes looked like they were from a real wolf at that moment…he merely jumped to her bed, making her jump with the impact, she began to laugh uncontrollably even when worried that he could have broken the bed…

He began to kiss her immediately, in her face, in her lips and then in her neck and Seven Hells it felt heavenly…Ashara couldn’t stop giggling either…He quickly moved to her collarbone, then to her breasts and finally her nipples, where he began to lick, suck and bite on them…

“Ohhh…” she moaned with pleasure. “Ned…”

He merely smiled, a cocky smile of all smiles. “Your breasts are so big and round and nice…” he commented as he blushed. “I would drown in them if I could…”

“Ohhh…” she moaned again. *Drown in my breasts?* “You are filthy!” she giggled as she hit his chest with her palm and then held his head with hands while he did his deed.
“I can’t help it Ashara…you are so perfect…” he blushed even more. “Even I get filthy with your perfection…”

“What can I say? I guess…you can…keep doing what you are doing…I certainly don’t mind” she replied amused with his filthy lines. “Ohhh…yeess…”

“They taste so good…you taste so good…” he muttered smiling. “I must be in the Seven Heavens…” I’m turning him into heathen it seems…but…no one will know…only me…

“Why don’t you…taste something a bit…further down…my sweet wolf…” she murmured while she pointed her sweet spot to him.

Knowing him, she actually thought he would hesitate a bit so she would have to give him another push, but no…he didn’t need more than the initial push…he didn’t look like he was going to stop…

He spread her legs wide, surprising her yet again, but by now she shouldn’t be…He spared no time and he began licking her clit and placing two fingers inside her cunt…now this she was certainly not expecting…and with such intensity…and such pleasure… “OOOHHH!!!” she screamed with the pleasure she couldn’t hold anymore, grabbing the sheets of her bed tightly. “OOOH! SEVEN HELLS!!! OH NED!!! DON’T STOP!!!”

She saw him looking at her with those wolfish eyes and what seemed like a grin…she couldn’t take it anymore…he was driving her insane. For as long as he kept licking her cunt, she moaned and screamed with pleasure…He was the maidenboy and yet he was close to making her spend herself with just his tongue and fingers…

“STOP!!!” she finally shouted in deep ecstasy, after some five minutes of the greatest pleasure she ever felt…

“I did something wrong didn’t I?” he asked worried as his wolfish look disappeared. “I knew I was doing something wrong!” he cursed himself. “I’m sorry…it’s my first-time …I…”

Before he could start doubting his decision and force her to seduce him again, she kissed his lips once again before giggling again. “Oh my Quiet Wolf, you surely are a gifted fellow! You almost made me spend myself with that sweet tongue of yours and those two fingers…”

“I did?” he asked surprised.

“Oh yes you did and it felt heavenly!” she assured him as she patted his cheek. “I mean it.”

“I guess…hearing those filthy conversations that I had with Brandon and Robert had some use then…” he said laughing. “Who would have guessed…”

“Who would have guessed indeed…” she nodded. “But…we ought to make you reach your limit too don’t we?”

“How?” Oh, my sweet summer child…

“Like this…” she grabbed his cock and he squealed a little bit…she loved to do this to men…hear them squeal like little mince… She began pecking his cock with multiple kisses before mouthing it and getting used to its size…

“Ashara…” he moaned and she smiled again. Love did seem to make everything better, for she was enjoying herself like never before…
“Mmmhh…” she began to moan those lewd noises, as she went up and down at his cock. He was losing it as she had been a little earlier…so to stop him from spending himself already, she stopped sucking not too long after and separated her mouth from his shaft, before planting it another kiss in the head. “Shall we…go for the main event?” she inquired seductively.

He nodded in approval and so she laid down again on her bed and brought him closer to her in the process, helping him insert his cock inside of her… “Go on my Quiet Wolf…hunt me down…” she purred as a whisper at his ears…the feeling of his cock touching her walls was enough to give her pleasure already…

“Your seductive lines are certainly…interesting…” he confessed with that wolfish grin coming back.

“I do pride myself on my…OOOOOOHHHHH!!!” Before she could finish her sentence, he pounded her slowly but hard…she lost whatever notion she had of what words were coming next…but she quickly lost interest in actually retorting him…

His pace began to increase by the second and she placed her arms behind his neck… “OH FUCK!!! NED!!! OOOOOHHH YEEESSS!!! AAAAAHHHH!!! YEEESSS!!! HUNT ME DOWN MY QUIET WOLF!!! HUNT ME DOWN!!!” she screamed in pleasure.

“Ashara…” he moaned smiling.

“NED!!!” she shouted in reply.

“ASHARA!!!”

“MY WOLF!!!”

“ASHARA!!!” he shouted. “I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!!!”

“OOOOOHhh, MY QUIET WOLF!!! YES, YESSS!!! I LOVE YOU TOO!!! OH GODS!!! I LOVE YOU TOO!!! FUUUUCK!!!” she was going insane, it never felt like this, never…this was beyond words…

“Ashara…I can’t hold it much longer…I’m so close…It’s too much for me…I’m sorry…” he apologized as kept trying his best to hold on, but she too was going to explode…

“ME TOO!!! I’M GOING, I’M GOING TO…OOOOHHH NEEEEEDDD!!!” she shouted very loudly one last time before she reached her peak…she released herself at him…

“I CAN’T HOLD IT ANYMORE, GODS!!!” he roared as he pounded a couple more times before she felt him release his seed inside her, ending with one last hard thrust that made her moan more with it…

It ended…who knew a quiet maidenboy could do so much damage…with a bit of more practice…he would put his brother and his best friend to shame…And to top it all…she couldn’t stop smiling…she had loved it all…she truly did…

Her sweet wolf was panting as hard as she was, he proceeded to take his cock out of her, as he took a seat in her bed…

“Are you tired my sweet Quiet Wolf?” she asked amused, still feeling his seed quickening in her…she would have to drink moon tea to truly not get pregnant or else she might have an unpleasant surprise…
“I am…” he replied. “Just give me a few minutes and I will go…”

“Go where?” she inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“To my tent, it’s very late and my siblings will be worried if I don’t show up…” he began to explain.

“No!” she hissed.

“What? Why?” he asked confused. “I did what you…what we wanted to do so much, so why are you not letting me go?”

“Because you are to be my sworn shield tonight, or have you forgotten it?” she questioned.

“And what do you want me to do now?” he questioned.

“I want you to fulfill your duty by sleeping with me, in my bed.” she said.

“What? Ashara, what will the people think when…”

“First, no one will come in because the door is locked,” she replied without allowing him to finish his sentence. “Second, with just made sex, Ned, and third, we are in love, so what’s the problem with it?”

“But…”

“No buts!” she barked. “No one will find out and if they do, I can dismiss it all!”

“With your spies?”

“Yes.” she agreed. “Please Ned…stay here with me…” she begged as she held his hand and looked at him with sad eyes.

He smiled a shy smile at her. “You really like to manipulate me with those eyes of yours, don’t you?”

“I guess it’s a perk I received when I got them…” she said smiling. “I was certainly blessed by the Seven…or by the Old Gods when I was born with these beautiful eyes of mine…”

“You truly were…” Ned agreed, gazing her. “Blessed in everything…”

“I wouldn’t go that far…” she told him. “But I will use every trick in my sleeve to convince my sweet Quiet Wolf on staying with me because I love him so much.” she explained laughing as she planted yet another kiss on his lips.

“I still can’t believe that you are real…” he murmured as he turned to face her. “You are so beautiful, so kind, so smart, so resourceful…you are much more then what I could imagine of a woman…” he confessed shyly. “And you say that you love me? A plain-looking and shy northerner of all people? Can you pinch me? So I can truly see if I’m dreaming or not?”

These small things were what made her fall in love with him in the first place, she was sure of it. While other men would brag that they bedded her or treat her like a whore…he didn’t…he treated her with respect and accepted her for who she was, no matter what.

“I think I can do better than that…” she said as she once again grabbed his face and kissed him deeply one more time. It was to note that she never kissed a man so many times… “You always
sell yourself too short dummy,” she said as she squeezed his nose. “You love me for who I am and not just my beauty and to me, it’s all I need. And I have told you more than once than you are handsome.”

“You truly think I’m handsome?” he asked shyly.

“Of course I do, I also find your eyes amusing because they tell me how you are feeling,” she explained. “They sell you out.”

“They do?” he seemed surprised with her statement.

“Yes, they can be as hard as a rock when you are sad or angered and soft as fog when you are happy or embarrassed.” she explained, patting his cheek.

“I never…thought I was so easy to read…” he said as he looked to his hands, she began to get scared if perhaps she somehow insulted him or made him angrier with her for her spies and ways around the court, once again…


“Marry me, Ashara.” he said catching her off guard.

“Marry…you?” she asked surprised.

“Marry…you?” she asked surprised.

“Yes…You know I love you Ashara. I’m braver and bolder with you around me…I don’t really know if it’s a good thing or not…” he smiled in between. “But, I forsake my bloody honor for once, for you and…and I wish to spend my days until my final breath with you by my side. If, of course, you accept me as your husband…” Since she had been praising his mysterious eyes, she noted that they seemed almost white, as the snow of his homeland and they were gazing her with a lot of hesitation…

“Do you…truly want a soiled minor house woman like me as your wife?” she asked worried as well.

“I already told this beautiful woman that I don’t care if she is soiled or not,” he replied. “And I will certainly accept her if she says yes to my proposal, even if I have no holdings or riches to promise her but love.”

“Holdings or riches mean nothing to me, Ned,” she explained to him, stammering a little with the emotion she was feeling. “Of course!” she said without hesitation, tears once again appearing at the corner of her eyes. “Of course, I will marry you my sweet Quiet Wolf!” she was clearly overwhelmed with joy now, as tears began dropping.

She wasn’t the only one overwhelmed with joy though, he too was smiling like she never saw him before. He pulled her closer to a hug. “Thank you, Ashara…” he thanked almost breaking down in tears as well. “I will have to write to my father, no, better yet, I will ask him personally, to show him how serious I’m with this. I will convince him!”

“I know you will succeed, Ned,” she said as she patted his cheek yet again. “After proposing to me, I believe you can ask your father permission without a sweat.”

“I can do it!” he shouted with determination in his eyes. “We will marry!”

She smiled and kissed him again. “We will marry, my sweet Quiet Wolf.”
“We will…” he concluded yawning.

“Someone seems to be tired though…” she said amused.

“I am…” he agreed, blushing. “Do you really want me to sleep here, with you?”

“Of course I want, you dummy!” she said as she pulled him down and curled up between his arms. “I meant every word of it.”

“Then…I guess I can stay…” he said blushing. “If I was to return…I would probably sleep halfway through the tent city…”

“Yes…better for you to stay…” she continued his little jape as she squeezed him tighter. “Goodnight my sweet Quiet Wolf, sleep well.” she finished with a kiss of a good night in his forehead.

He returned the gesture by doing the same. “Goodnight…my Shining Star.”

“Shining Star?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I-I…”

“I quite like it!” she confessed. “Shining Star…never thought on that one…”

And so it ended, their first night together, five minutes more and they were sleeping, holding each other, smiles on their faces with the plans they made for the future.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I believe this will be a controversial chapter but it's here anyway. This story has been rated as explicit since the very beginning and it's likely that there will be more scenes like this, but there will be a warning of course.

But I do hope the controversial part of the chapter wasn't too rubbish anyway...

Controversial subjects aside, I thank you for sparing time reading and hope everyone has a nice day.

Chapter Updated on 18/09/2019 with dialogue improvements.
The Morning After

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Eddard Stark VII

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

The first beams of sunlight made their way to torment Ned by waking him up from his slumber. He gazed the grey bricks of the ceiling, unsure of where he actually was…

Movement to his right side prompted him to remember everything and look in that very direction to behold his Shining Star cuddled in his chest with her eyes closed, mouth slightly opened and covered in sheets right to about her shoulders…she looked so innocent and yet it was her who made him forsake his honor and actually bed her…

He still couldn’t believe that he actually did such a thing…Even if she was soiled, it was all still messing up with his mind…part of him was annoyed of what happened and part of him enjoyed every part of it, after all, he slept and made love with the most beautiful and kind woman in the entire known world. So…perhaps forsaking his honor for just a night…was not that bad…

Of course, he wouldn’t hear the end of Bran, Robert, Elbert or Willam’s mockery if they were to found out, but…he didn’t care about it. Elbert had been right though, once a woman undresses in front of you…there is nothing a man can do…

After she confessed to him that she actually loved him just as he did to her…and then accept his proposal to her…it simply sent Ned to the Seven Heavens. The most beautiful woman in the world as his wife…no matter what she told him last night about how she considered him handsome stopped him from being incredulous at the entire thing. Sure he still had to convince his father, but he was sure he could do it somehow. Besides, Brandon said he was going to give him help somehow, how Ned did not know but still appreciated it his brother’s support.

Ned noticed Ashara’s beautiful eyes slowly opening…violet orbs focusing on him and a smile formed itself on her lips enchanting that beautiful face of hers. “Good morning my sweet Quiet Wolf. Did you sleep well?”

“Quite well…” he replied. “I guess…sleeping in a room is indeed better than sleeping in a tent…”

“But that’s precisely what I told you yesterday, isn’t it?” she grinned, rubbing his chest with her index finger. “You weren’t listening to me…but now you know it’s true. I have a pinkie finger that tells me things…”

“A pinkie finger that tells you things?” he asked laughing.

“Yes…it’s my…secret weapon…” she said with a smirk.

“I will not doubt you anymore.”

“Wonderful then. That is certainly good to hear,” she assured while she cuddled up in his arms, leaning her head to rest on his shoulder. “Now get back to sleep.”

“It’s late already, Ashara,” he said. “My siblings will be worried…”
“Late? It just dawned Ned!” she interjected open-mouthed. “You will need to elaborate on how it’s late to you.”

“We Northerners wake up as soon as the sun appears on the horizon, so we can be more productive since our nights are very cold.” he explained to her.

“Aren’t you perhaps trying to get rid of me?” she inquired with a frown.

“No! Of course not!” he quickly said, less to make her angry or sad. “It’s how we do it in the North, I swear it! I don’t wish to get rid of you…I love you…”

Her expression broke into a kind one. “I was just teasing you, Ned,” she said. “But we aren’t in the North, we are in my room so here we follow my rules and I command you to sleep. Now!”

“But Ashara…”

She proceeded to get on top of him, kissing him on the lips and then she gazed him once more with those eyes... “Pretty please?” How could he deny that beautiful face?

“I suppose…I can stay for a little longer…” he said just before she kissed him again. Those kisses would definitely be the end of him…

A few hours later of some more sleep, they were finally getting dressed to face the new day, him with the clothes he had brought the day before which would need to be replaced tomorrow, her trying to choose a gown from the many she had in the closet.

“I’m not sure which one I should go with…” she confessed, now with only two gowns in her hands, one light blue, and one green. “What do you think? Which one do you think I should pick?” she inquired.

“You look beautiful in both.” he said, hoping to avoid using his horrible skills regarding fashion.

“I know that.” she scoffed at his reply. “But I want a truthful answer from you, Ned.”

“Pick the blue one then,” he told her, seeing he couldn’t avoid it… “It…it emphasizes your eyes.”

“Does it really?” she inquired with a teasing look, probably laughing inside by his lack of fashion sense…

“I don’t know…it was just a guess…” he confessed blushing. “I do think you look beautiful in anything you wear.”

“Oh, my Quiet Wolf is becoming so romantic now.” she teased him further. “But I do think I’m going to wear the blue one as you suggested. Thank you.”

“You are welcome, Ash…” Thankfully the talk involving clothes just ended…Gods be merciful…

“And what is my Quiet Wolf doing today?” she asked as she placed the green gown back in the closet.

“Watch the melee and see either Robert or Brandon win it,” he told her. “I don’t know which one but I’m definitely sure it will be one of them,” he confessed. “Will you join me in the stands today?”

“As much as I wish I could, I’m afraid I cannot…” she said saddened, the same feeling he had. “The melee is not an important affair to most nobles and Elia was not interested in watching it and
since I have been rather absent from Elia’s side these past few days and she is pregnant, I decided to remain by her side.”

“The Princess is pregnant?” he asked surprised.

“She is.” Ashara nodded. “Around three or four moons in. Though nothing has been announced to the public yet, so you are actually one of the very few that knows about it.” Ashara admitted as she began dressing her gown.

“I’m not sure what to say about it…” he confessed. “Please do give my congratulations to her.”

“Why don’t you give them in person?” Ashara inquired. “Tomorrow at the jousts? She will be there and you and your family can join us in the stands.”

“Are you sure about that?” Ned asked, a bit afraid of meeting the Princess and the other ladies-in-waiting. He had seen them once when he went to ask for a dance with Ashara in the second day but didn’t really interact with them and he was quite frightened with so many women gazing him, especially with their smirks…

“I’m quite sure the girls will love to meet you…and your siblings of course…” she assured as she finished dressing, now making some adjustments in the fabric of the dress, but already looking like a goddess…as always…

“I will…talk with Ben and Lya then…” he said. “I hope Lyanna does feels better today…I’m very worried about her…”

“Tell Lyanna that she will be safe and no harm will come for her, I assure her,” Ashara said as she got closer to him and patted his cheek. “And…are you perhaps afraid of my friends, my love?”

“How did…”

“Pinkie finger,” she said laughing. “I told you it tells me things…” Then she kissed his forehead. “Don’t mind their smirks and looks when you see them. They are teasing me more than they are teasing you. They are all good and friendly people.”

“I’m just not used to this…” Ned replied shyly.

“I will be there for you, you have nothing to worry about.”

“I know.” he nodded. “Also…for as much as I loved what we did yesterday, we must…control ourselves at least until we are married,” he explained to her. “I don’t want to make a scandal with you in it, even if you have spies to fix it.”

“But Ned!”

“No Ashara we cannot do it! We must control ourselves.” he insisted.

“Fine…” she murmured. “You meanie…”

“Ashara!”

Once again she smiled that smile he loved. “I know you cannot resist me…my sweet Quiet Wolf…”

“I will, for both our sakes,” he assured her as he grabbed her for a hug.
“I promise I will behave,” she said as she fixed his hair and clothes. “You have not to worry.”

“I guess… I will see you tomorrow then?” he inquired after kissing her forehead.

“You definitely will.” Was the answer she gave him together with a bright smile. “You can count on it.”

After making the long walk from the Tower of the Dread to his tent, he stood a bit gazing entrance perfectly knowing what was going to happen next…he gave one last sigh as he entered the tent. _Winter is Coming_...

Inside were his siblings, seated on wood chairs…Brandon and Benjen with smirks, Brandon’s was something entirely out of this world type of smirk…Howland looked happily too and Lyanna was also there, though she didn’t look as happy as the others…did Brandon rant her even when he told him not to?

“Good morning…” Ned murmured shaken…

“Good morning little brother…” Brandon quickly replied. “I assume you had…a pleasant night?”

“I did…”

“Good, that’s very good indeed…” Brandon continued, the joy he was having was clearly visible… “Did she had a pleasant night as well?”

“Who?”

“Ashara Dayne, of course…wait…don’t tell me you bedded another girl?” Brandon remarked scandalized. “I didn’t think you would betray her so soon…”

“I didn’t betray her and for what she told me she had a pleasant night too…” Ned quickly replied. Then he realized he had bitten Brandon’s trap…

“Ah!” Brandon shouted as he got up from his seat. “I just got my Dumb Wolf of a brother to confess he is no maidenboy anymore!” he said laughing loudly before he got behind Ned wrapping his arm around Ned's neck. “I’m so proud of you little brother, now we are partners in crime!”

Ned just blushed and look to the floor in shame… “We are not partners in crime…”

“Is it true Ned?” Lyanna asked worriedly. “Did you dishonored her?”

“I wasn’t her first…” Ned shyly admitted, making the smirks and happy faces disappear, even Brandon’s…there was some silence around the room afterward. “But I did manage to ask her to marry me afterward and she accepted…”

“Finally he grew a pair!” Brandon shouting laughing. “I think I’m going to cry of joy…”

“I’m glad everything worked out for you, Lord Eddard.” Howland added.

“I happy for you, Ned,” Ben said amused. “She is lovely even if…you know…”

“Are you sure you want this Ned?” Lyanna asked. “She wasn’t a maiden and men don’t appreciate that do they?”

“Most don’t but I really don’t care,” Ned explained to his sister but she seemed unconvinced still. “I value her more than her maidenhead. She is kind to me and loves me as well, to me that is
“I got you another nickname Ned, the Romantic Wolf.” Brandon barked laughing, it seems it wasn’t just Ned who went to the Seven Heavens... “Maybe you should become a troubadour and roam around the realm singing your romantic poems, making the ladies weep…like the Crown Prince…”

“Or maybe he should go around the realm singing how stupid his older brother is sometimes.” Lyanna scoffed.

“That too…” Brandon continued laughing before stopping and looking straight into his eyes. “But in all seriousness, Ned, do you want to go through with this as we talked?”

“Yes.” Ned replied without hesitating, he wanted Ashara to be his wife more than anything. He was convinced that she was the one.

“Then we just got our new mission guys!” Brandon shouted proudly. “We ought to bribe, threaten and convince father so Ned…”

“Brandon!” Ned barked at his older brother’s nonsense.

“Okay, okay…we will just convince him then…” Brandon sighed.

“Will father accept though?” Ben inquired.

“If we annoy him together, I’m sure he will,” Brandon explained. “But now, the melee will start shortly and I will be late for it if we don’t hurry up. Come on everyone, let us see me gaining fifty thousand dragons. You too Romantic Wolf,”

“Only if you don’t get unhorsed first…” Ben murmured to their amusement.

“Quiet Pup!”

Arthur Dayne III

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

“Ser Arthur…could you spare...a minute perhaps?” Asked Ser Barristan as they were relieved from patrol duty by Ser Gerold and Ser Jonothor. Now they were free to enjoy a pause day before having to relieve Oswell and Prince Lewyn in guarding the King the following day.

“Of course, Ser Barristan. We can talk about it as we eat some breakfast.” Arthur suggested. “I don’t know about you Ser, but I’m starving.”

“I think it’s a good idea.” The older knight said.

They took a seat on the Hall of the Hundred Hearths, which was still thinly populated as it was still early in the morning, and began eating bread with butter. To drink they each had a cup of milk. Arthur noticed the knight was clearly not well so he wasted no more time. “Are you perhaps feeling ill Ser Barristan?”

“No, nothing like that Ser Arthur, it’s just…” What did this to Ser Barristan of all people? Arthur wondered curiously, this man in front of him had slain Maelys the Monstrous and single handily rescued King Aerys from Duskendale…”
The knight was not explaining anything at all and simply looked at his cup of milk… “Ser Barristan, I can’t help you if you do not explain to me what’s troubling you,” Arthur informed the man. “You were the one who wished to talk, so talk. I don’t bite.”

Ser Barristan looked at him before sighing. “When I was on patrol duty, yesterday, in the Tower of Dread…I heard some…some strange noises coming from your lady sister and Lady Vaith’s bedroom…”

Jasline rarely spent a night at her room if what Ashara told him stills stands true here at Harrenhal…Pushing his memory a little further, Arthur remembered seeing her leave yesterday’s feast with Lyle Crakehall, all merrily…In contrast…he didn’t saw his sister yesterday at all…she had told him that she had something important to do and nothing else…perhaps he should have been worried about her…Ashara what have you done now for Gods’ sake… “What sort of noises?” Of course, he knew sort of noises they were but he had to keep the act somehow, less to make a bigger fuss out of it…Gods be damned Ashara…

“Moans…moans of…pleasure…” Ser Barristan confessed ashamed and blushing. She had sex with someone…but who? Eddard Stark? Would the man actually lay with her?

“Perhaps…they were pleasuring themselves…my sister and Lady Jasline…It is not…uncommon in Dorne…” What am I saying? The man is looking at me aghast…

“Lady Vaith…she went with Ser Lyle Crakehall after the feast ended…” Ser Barristan said blushing even more. “I doubt she…gave your lady sister company…in…such affairs…”

“Then…it was…it was probably her…pleasuring…herself…” Arthur couldn’t even look at Ser Barristan anymore nor could the knight look at him…Damn you, sister…

“I would…I would believe you, Ser Arthur…” The knight murmured. “But…I saw the back of a dark brown-haired man exit her room this very morning…”

“Are you sure the man was exiting my sister’s room?” Arthur asked trying to find excuses as best as he could, but only Ashara knew how to properly make them…and this conversation was beyond awkward already… “Couldn’t he be passing by?”

“I’m quite sure he exited her room, Ser Arthur…” Ser Barristan insisted. “I saw her looking at him from the door, she…even greeted me with a good morning Ser Barristan…”

Well…there was nothing else he could do now. His sister just fucked him up… “If she somehow had sex with someone, I can’t really do anything to restore her maidenhead as you know.” Arthur explaining fully knowing she had lost it long ago in failed relationships, but Ser Barristan didn’t know and it felt like the best solution to end this awkward conversation…

“Oh course, Ser Arthur…” Ser Barristan said as he got up from his seat, having finished his breakfast and ready to take his leave. “Let us hope I’m wrong…and…it was just my imagination…”

“Indeed…” Arthur agreed having survived…but it was one more person knowing of his sister’s irresponsible behavior at times…Ashara what have you done…You are not being careful…

Arthur decided to go to Harrentown in hopes to find a certain someone there…which he quickly found without much effort…he knew her too well…

“So it’s true?” Arthur asked as he surprised his sister who jumped with the fright he gave her. She was wearing a brown hood to conceal most of her face and dress, in her hands was a cup of moon
tea she had bought from a nearby wood's witch who happened to be still glancing her from afar. Ashara never took the risk of getting a cup from a Maester, especially those she did not trust. She had a valid reason on doing so but he would prefer her not having to drink moon tea at all…

“Seven Hells, Arthur you scared me!” she hissed. “What is true?” she asked seemingly confused. “How did you know I was here?”

“Ser Barristan said he heard moans coming from your room yesterday…” he explained to his confused sister. “And that he saw a man leaving your room this morning…”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” she tried to dismiss, beginning to walk away.

“He said you greeted him with a good morning Ser Barristan…” Arthur retorted as he followed her around. “You seem to be getting more rash, Ash. This is not Chataya’s where you can be undisturbed.”

“Well…you seem to already know what happened so why should I bother answering?” she inquired.

“Who did you lay with?” he inquired, preparing to hunt the man down. *If it’s Stark then I shall get a new pair of shoes…*

“Who do you think I laid with?” he inquired, preparing to hunt the man down. *So it’s indeed him…*

“Eddard Stark?” he asked just to be sure. “He laid with you?”

“Yes, Eddard Stark, the Quiet Wolf warmed my bed last night,” she clarified quite proud of her deed. “I made him lay with me actually. He wanted and at the same time he did not but I pushed him to the limit and he could not hold it anymore.”

“You seem to be quite proud of making a seemingly honorable man do such a thing.” Arthur scoffed. His sister was something else entirely at times…

“And why should I not?” she asked. “We are both in love. I see no harm in it, it’s not like he dishonored me or anything.”

“And what tells you that this love will last?” Arthur retorted, having already decided on carving himself some new wolf letter boots… “What makes you think he wasn’t using you?”

“Firstly, it was actually me who used him in your words, not him,” she explained. “Secondly, he is the last person who is going to use someone. Thirdly I know he is the one and finally, he proposed to me afterward…” Ashara finally murmuring smiling. “He intends for us to marry…”

Arthur could only but smirk at the last part…Of course, she wouldn’t marry him, so it must have ended already, this affair of theirs. “So you ended this lovely romance after he proposed right? Poor Eddard Stark…”

“Who said I refused?” she inquired with a smirk.

“You accepted?” His sister had now left him speechless…and she was giggling with his reaction. “You wish to marry him? Truly?”

“Yes I accepted and yes I do want to marry him,” she confessed slightly getting redder in the cheeks. “Of course Ned still has to convince his father but…I’m pretty sure we are indeed getting married.”
“And about our father?” he was almost afraid of her reaction…

“Father could never find me a better marriage prospect even if he tried,” she said almost as angry as he predicted. “Ned is a Stark, a family which has ruled the North for millennia besides being one of the Great Lords. Ned may not have a holding of his own now but I’m more than sure that his father will give him something, but I don’t care if he doesn’t because more importantly, I will have a husband who I love and that loves me back.”

“You really want this?” he asked just to be sure, he was still speechless, to say the least…

“I do, Arthur, truly,” she assured him. “I thought you wanted me to find someone to marry…” she always knows what to say and when to say it… “I just did.”

“I just…wasn’t expecting this…For you to actually fall in love and to…accept a marriage proposal like this…” Arthur confessed smiling. “But you know you have my full support, Ash. If you need an extra recommendation just ask and I will send a letter and if Eddard Stark disrespects you in some way I…”

“He won’t and you know it, Artie!” she scolded him. “He is a good man and if anything scold me, not him.”

“Of course…as you say future Lady Ashara Stark.”

“Already teasing me aren’t you naughty brother?” she said smiling as she began drinking the moon tea, making an ugly frown from it. All of a sudden she led her hand to cover her mouth as she burped. “Gods! It tastes horrible and makes you burp every time.”

“Well…you know what I say about that…”

“Don’t lay with men…blah…blah… I know…blah…blah…” she rolled her eyes in between. “It should not be a problem anymore…Ned is going to be the only man I will be laying with from now on.”

“As you say…” she at least seemed to be serious about this marriage thing and it was a plus. “Shall I escort you back?” he asked.

“No need,” she replied. “But I would like to know how things are going with the plot?”

“We met the Tyrells yesterday…me and Rhaegar.”

“And how did it go? Any troubles?” she questioned.

“Rhaegar managed to convince Lady Olenna Tyrell, the true mastermind behind the Reach…” Arthur explained, still remembering the aging woman scolding Mace Tyrell as if he was a kid, they had to restrain themselves for laughing…at least him...

“As I have heard…” Ashara laughed. “The Queen of Thorns is the heroine of many ladies, me included.”

“She is willing to support Rhaegar if everyone else accepts him. They were also adamant on having one of Mace’s sons marry Rhaenys…or some other marriage that could perhaps happen in the future.” Arthur said. “So technically, it’s not going as well as we expected…”

“It was expected if I’m to be honest with you Artie,” she said. “We only have Dorne on our side then?”
“For now…” Arthur nodded. “Oswell has arranged for us to have a meeting with Lord Tully and Lord Arryn tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Really?” she said disappointedly.

“Why?”

“I was going to introduce Ned to Elia and the girls…”

“I’m not going either, I have to guard King Aerys,” Arthur explained to his little sister. “I’m sure there is no problem if you don’t go either. Rhaegar is perfectly capable of conducting negotiations himself.”

“If you say so…honestly if I’m to be honest…I prefer spending time with Ned, Elia, and the girls more than in plots.” Ashara said.

“If Rhaegar succeeds, tomorrow we may have the Vale and the Riverlands on our side,” Arthur said. “Potentially, we can have the North and the Stormlands on our side as well. We will be closer to have this damned plot done.”

“Indeed…” Ashara murmured. “Then it’s pretty much only the Lannisters missing…I don’t think it will take that long to convince them though…even if Lord Tywin isn’t here.”

“I think the same…perhaps you will need to dance with Ser Kevan…”

“I quite sure it would be better if you were to dance with Lady Genna…she is much more comely…” she said giggling.

“I fear she may be too much for me…” The Lannister woman was comely indeed but a Lannister and a married woman nonetheless and Arthur was a knight of the Kingsguard.

“You are wasted in those vows of yours. I would much prefer seeing you married rather than as a Kingsguard.” Ashara told him with a serious expression, she was scolding him for failing to protect the Queen who she held dear. It wasn’t like she was wrong in what she was saying…he wanted to do something for the Queen but… “Anyway…now that I did what I needed to do, I’m going to meet Elia and the girls.”

“Just be careful Ashara…” Arthur warned, leaving his conflicted thoughts out of his mind…it was better that way… “Ser Barristan will not tell anyone but imagine if someone else found you…”

“I promise I will be more careful Artie,” she assured him. “But I really wanted what I did yesterday.”

“I know.” he replied with a shy smile. This Eddard was something else it seemed.

“Take care as well brother.” she wished to him as she went on with her life. At least she found someone special...though...I still wish to make myself some wolf pelted boots…

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank the support the story has been receiving so far, it means a lot really, thank you to everyone who gave it a shot.
Chapter Updated on 22/09/2019 with dialogue improvements.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Eddard Stark VIII

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

A brand new day had just started and with it, the jousts. Ned had gathered his younger siblings and Howland to meet Princess Elia and her ladies-in-waiting in the stands as he had agreed with Ashara. Brandon had woken earlier still as he had to joust.

“Robert dominated the melee yesterday!” Benjen said still amazed by what he had seen yesterday. “He unhorsed twenty-seven men in total!”

“With his war hammer, Robert is a whole different fighter.” Ned explained while remembering the many fights he and his friend shared before. Usually with Robert winning especially if he was using the hammer.

“Robert looked like a bloody fool,” Lyanna said plainly. “Laughing as he unhorsed his opponents…does he think that he is the Laughing Storm come again?”

“He was just having fun,” Ned said. “You ought to admit he was good at what he was doing. Not even Brandon, Willam or Yohn Royce stood a chance against him.”

“Yes Ned, not even I can deny it was entertaining to see.” His sister agreed. “But he did not need to cause that bloody scene after he won did he?” Lyanna was talking about the way Robert came to stand in front of her, dedicating his victory to her and that the smile she was giving him was the best reward he could receive. Though it was not a true smile the one she was giving…

“Why are you making it such a big deal out of it, Lya?” Ned inquired confused. “I know you don’t like the betrothal, but he is supposed to do those things to his future bride and at least he is trying…”

“I was trying to be discreet after what happened three days ago, trying to avoid the spotlight, and he had to make everyone look at me!”

“The King wasn’t even there Lya,” Ned said. “And nothing will happen to you. You are protected.”

“I’m just worried…you can’t blame me…” she confessed with a sad and half frighten face. “I never meant to be branded a traitor…”
“Ashara and the Crown Prince assured us that the King would never find out about it and I trust Ashara.” Ned told her as he wrapped his arm around his sister’s neck and brought her closer to him. “And if all else fails, the North will rise to protect you.”

“Lord Eddard is right, the Crannogmen will fight for you if need be.” Howland said.

“Thank you, Howland.” Lyanna smiled. “Father and the North will protect me…”

“We will,” Ned assured her. “You are loved by everyone in the North and never forget it, Lya.”

“I won’t…” His sister leaned closer to him as if she felt safer in his embrace. “I’m sure…you are quite excited to see your love again…” Lyanna teased. Good, that’s a good sign…she is returning to her usual self.

“Maybe…”

“Maybe?” she asked with a raised eyebrow. “Ned…”

“Okay, I’m very excited to see her…” he confessed.

“I’m quite overwhelmed with us meeting Princess Elia…” Benjen confessed. “I never thought we would…meet her…”

“Me too if I’m, to be honest…” Lyanna admitted. “It’s not every day we get to meet a Princess…as Ben said.”

“I’m sure they can’t be that bad…” Howland said. “Lady Ashara seemed nice, I’m sure they will be as well.”

“You are not nervous Howland?” Ben questioned.

“I have been nervous ever since I arrived,” Howland admitted. “Meeting the Princess is yet another occasion. It gets to a point in that you are so nervous that you can’t get more nervous.”

Howland’s profound and wise words made Ned smile. “I think we have both arrived at such point, Howland.” Ned said.

“I think we did, Lord Eddard.” Howland nodded. “We have gotten better this way I believe.”

“I actually never thought about things that way,” Lyanna admitted. “It’s a different perspective altogether and it does suit you both.”

“I think it does.” Ned nodded as his time with Ashara proved exactly this theory.

“Well, let us hurry so we can see Bran joust,” Lyanna suggested. “It would be impolite to make the ladies wait for us.”

“Aye.”

Once they arrived at the stands, the Princess and the ladies were already enjoying a conversation amongst themselves. “Ned!” Ashara exclaimed upon seeing them exit the stairs that led to the stands. She promptly stood up and strode to embrace them. “I’m glad you decided to join us.”

“Thank you for the invitation.” Ned said as he politely kissed Ashara’s soft hand.

“Lord Eddard.” Princess Elia politely greeted as Ned and his siblings got closer, extending her
hand for Ned to kiss which Ned promptly did. “I must confess it’s a pleasure to finally get acquainted with you.”

“Likewise, My Princess,” Ned replied with a shy smile and a bow. “Please allow me to introduce, my sister Lyanna, my brother Benjen and Howland Reed who is a great friend.”

“My Princess.” They replied in unison before pleasantries were exchanged back and forth.

“A pleasure to meet you all.” The Princess replied. “I know that all of you are…rather well acquainted with my lady-in-waiting, Ashara…” The Princess specifically looked at him when she said this and with a smirk as well…this, of course, made Ned blush heavily and allowed some giggles from behind the Princess…*She knows*… “But do allow me to introduce my other ladies-in-waiting, Lady Jasline Vaith, Lady Emyly Yronwood, and Lady Nysah Gargalen.”

“My Lords, My Lady.” The Dornish ladies greeted in unison too and more pleasantries were exchanged.

“The jousts are about to begin, shall we take a seat and proceed with the conversation more comfortably?” The Princess suggested.

“Oh course, My Princess.” Ned agreed as they all promptly took seats. Ashara took a seat to Ned’s right, Princess Elia to her right and the rest of the ladies-in-waiting were positioned to the Princess’ own right. His siblings took the seats to his left.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” The steward shouted proudly after a few minutes elapsed. “THE FINAL ROUNDS ARE TO BEGIN NOW, PLEASE LET’S GIVE CHEERS TO THE FINALISTS!!!”

The sixteen finalists began parading on top of their horses around the jousts fields, they were: Crown Prince Rhaegar, Ser Oswell Whent, Ser Gerold Hightower, Prince Lewyn Martell, Ser Jonothor Darry, Brandon, Prince Oberyn Martell, Lord Yohn Royce, Lord Randyll Tarly, Lord Jon Connington, Lord Jason Mallister, Ser Hosteen Frey, Ser Boros Blount and Ser Harys Haigh. All of them were good jousters so these matches should be interesting.

“Weren’t Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan competing in the finals too?” Came Lyanna’s confused question. He too noticed that only fourteen jousters were in the arena and not the sixteen that were supposed to be.

“They are but protocol demands that two Kingsguard knights remain by the King’s side at all times unless the King decides against it. Today was their day to guard His Grace.” Ashara explained to them, clarifying their confused minds. “They will fight once they can be relieved.”

“I see…” Lyanna murmured. “It makes sense but alas I was not expecting it nor knew about it.”

“Court protocol is so rigid at times that even us that have been there for almost three years forget it.” Princess Elia said with a bright smile.

Upon hearing the Princess’ voice which had a stronger Dornish accent that Ashara’s,

Ned remembered what he intended to do upon meeting the woman. “My Princess…someone we both know…said My Princess was pregnant…so I wanted to congratulate My Princess and wish for a safe delivery once the time comes.” Ned wished with a shy smile.

“Really?” Lyanna interjected beaming. “My Princess those are such good news, congratulations!”
“Congratulations My Princess.” Ben and Howland said, one after the other.

“You are all so very kind.” The Princess said smiling. “I can see why Ashara enjoys the company of House Stark so much…Thank you so much, but please call me Elia, I don’t like it when nice people call me by my title.”

“We would love if you could keep the pregnancy as a secret until Elia and Prince Rhaegar announce it at the feast of the last day,” Ashara begged. “Court protocol…”

“Of course we can keep it a secret!” Lyanna said as she glanced towards Ben with narrow eyes. “We just need to control our younger brother a little bit and we should be fine.”

“Lya! Don’t embarrass me!” Ben hissed, much to their amusement.

“How old are you little Stark?” Lady Jasline asked with a weird look.

“Twelve almost thirteen, why My Lady?” Ben replied confused.

“Still have to wait a few more years…” Lady Jasline murmured sighing. “Oh well…life sucks at times…”

“Jasline!” The ladies scolded as if scandalized with the other. But what was happening?

“Okay, okay...sorry…” Lady Jasline flushed and looked away.

“Is something wrong?” Ned finally inquired confused.

“No, not at all Ned.” Ashara replied with a weird smile that the Princess and other ladies-in-waiting except Jasline reproduced. Strange...

“Look, the jousts are beginning!” The Lady Emyly shouted excited. “Finally!”

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” The main steward shouted. “THE FINAL ROUNDS WILL BEGIN NOW!!!” Cheers were heard from all over the place, everyone was excited. Even Ned was feeling excited if he was to confess...

“TO START, CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR TARGARYEN AND LORD YOHN ROYCE!!!”

Both men greeted and soon went to their respective sides. The steward called for them to begin and so they did. Old Yohn Royce had more power as he was taller and stronger but Rhaegar seemed to have more skill with the lance. After five tilts, Rhaegar managed to hit Yohn Royce in the neck area and the man was unhorsed.

“CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR WINS THE MATCH!!!” The steward announced and Rhaegar was met with many cheers as expected, especially from the female audience.

“Prince Rhaegar won as expected.” Lady Emyly commented.

“My husband is a very good jouster.” The Princess said to them, smiling. “I have a feeling he might win.”

“It does have skill with the lance,” Lyanna admitted. “He lacks strength but the skill makes him dangerous.”

“NEXT, LORD JASON MALLISTER AGAINST BRANDON STARK!!!”
“Look, its Brandon’s turn!” Ben said happily as he began shouting and supporting Brandon with Lya following suite.

As the steward called for the jousters to begin, Brandon ran at full speed against Lord Mallister in hopes of using his strength to his advantage, but Lord Mallister was an experienced jouster and safely blocked the hit with his shield. The joust continued for some time with both of them being rather even. Finally, after nine tilts, Brandon rammed Lord Mallister who was probably not counting on Brandon’s strength after all that time and as such, Brandon won.

“Yes!” Lyanna shouted proudly and so did Ben. “Brandon won!”

“I’m sure you are happy your brother won aren’t you…” Ashara began as she patted his right hand and then whispered in his ear. “My sweet Quiet Wolf?” A giggle following her whisper.

“Quite happy,” Ned replied. “Not as much as to hear him bragging about it…” Ashara smiled at his statement and so did the Princess who seemed to have a rather good ear…

“NEXT, SER ARTHUR DAYNE OF THE KINGSGUARD AGAINST PRINCE OBERYN MARTELL!!!” The steward announced. “THE FIGHT SHALL BE POSTPONED UNTIL ALL OTHER MATCHES ARE FINISHED DUE TO SER ARTHUR’S KINGSGUARD DUTY!!!”

“I didn’t think they would put Oberyn against Arthur right in the first round…” Princess Elia commented. “Well…Oberyn will have to wait it seems…”

“And he hates to wait…” Ashara added.

“He does but I’m afraid there is nothing he can do about it.” Princess Elia said.

“Your brother sounds like ours, My Princess.” Lyanna said amused. “Brandon of course, both seem to be impatient at times.”

“Always arranging problems with their hotheads?” The Princess inquired smiling.

“Always indeed, Elia.” Lyanna agreed. Perhaps she was growing fond of Princess Elia? That would certainly be good, father would be rather happy if she did befriend southern ladies, especially the Princess who would be Queen someday.

“NEXT SER OSWELL WHENT OF THE KINGSGUARD FIGHTING FOR HIS NIECE’S HONOR AGAINST SER JONOTHOR DARRY OF THE KINGSGUARD!!!”

A fight between two Kingsguard knights was something Ned was quite adamant on seeing, yet it seemed Ser Jonothor was nothing out of the ordinary in regards to skill, strength or speed. The man lost in just three tilts because Ser Oswell hit him in the shoulder. This also showed Ned that Ser Oswell was quite a jouster…

“NOW SER HOSTEEN FREY AND SER BARRISTAN SELMY!!! IT SEEMS SER BARRISTAN IS ALSO IN DUTY, SO THE MATCH WILL BE POSTPONED!!!” The steward announced. “SO WE CALL SER GEROLD HIGHTOWER, LORD COMMANDER OF THE KINGSGUARD AND SER HARYS HAIGH!!! PLEASE PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE NEXT MATCH!!!”

The Lord Commander of the Kingsguard was a tall man who certainly commanded respect even with his quite old age, they called him the White Bull for that…His opponent was one of those that Lyanna herself had defeated, so Ned expected a quick fight…Just not so quick…Ser Harys was hit by the pointy end of the lance and went flying to the ground like nothing in just one tilt…Poor
“Poor Ser Harys…” Lyanna said smirking. “It’s the second time he loses…” she got interrupted by Ned’s hand touching hers to remind that the Knight of the Laughing Tree was dead.

“Ser Gerold is very strong though, he hardly had a chance.” Ben commented still amazed by the White Bull’s massive strength.

“When he was younger he was a true war machine.” Princess Elia explained. “They say he could take five men by himself without sweating.”

“That is cool!” Ben said beaming. “I wish I was that good.”

“But now Ser Gerold is old and with an injured hand… Courtesy of the campaign against the Kingswood Brotherhood in the first moon of this year.” Lady Emyly added to the conversation, a grim expression on her lips.

“The same campaign that made my dear brother so famous.” Ashara appended. “Arthur was the one who killed the Smiling Knight who he says was the second-best opponent he faced after Ser Barristan Selmy.”

“It must have been a fearsome fight that one.” Said Lyanna with curiosity and wonder in her tone. “It has already become a famous fight even at Winterfell.”

“We too were attacked by the Brotherhood when we traveled to present my daughter Rhaenys to my dying mother and my brothers,” Elia said. “You girls still remember it?”

“As if it was yesterday,” Jasline stated with an expressionless face. “I was never so afraid in my life.”

“Thank the Gods for Ser Gerold…if it wasn’t for him we would have been hostages… like poor Jeyne Swann.” Lady Emyly said.

“Truly.” Lady Nysah murmured as well. “The Gods were merciful to the poor woman and nothing bad happened to her besides the fear she must have felt…”

“It was more Wenda the White Fawn’s actions than the Gods’,” Ashara said. “Ser Barristan said that it was her who stopped many of the outlaws from attempting to rape Jeyne and her poor Septa. She was a fierce woman and now she is Silent Sister, a better outcome than what many in that group got.”

“It must have been a horrible experience… You all got very serious…” Lyanna said rather shaken. “Poor Lady Jeyne too…”

“Luckily we all survived with just minor bruises and the fright of our lives.” Said Ashara smiling but the memories still seemed to affect her… “I think Jeyne is to marry soon as well, a Reachmen or a Stormlander if my memory is still well enough.”

Meanwhile, throughout the interesting conversation, they were having, Lord Tarly defeated Ser Boros after five tilts and Jon Connington defeated Princess Elia’s uncle Lewyn after seven. These were good matches, all were skilled.

“My poor uncle Lewyn is not young either…” The Princess commented saddened at her uncles’ loss.
“By the positive side,” Ashara began. “Two Kingsguard were eliminated so there won’t be more postponing battles from now on as Prince Lewyn and Ser Jonothor can fill Arthur and Ser Barristan’s positions…”

“That’s certainly good!” Lady Emyly proclaimed.

“CALLING SER ARTHUR DAYNE OF THE KINGSGUARD AND PRINCE OBERYN MARTELL ONCE MORE!!!” It seemed Ser Jonothor had already relieved Ashara’s brother from his duty…

“It’s Arthur’s time to shine!” Ashara said happily.

“What about Oberyn?” The Princess inquired with a raised eyebrow. “Have you forgotten about him?”

“Oberyn will lose of course;” Ashara said so confidently in her brother’s skills. “He is no match for my brother Artie!”

“We shall see about that…” The Princess said smirking.

Ser Arthur and Oberyn Martell’s fight was even better than Brandon’s against Lord Mallister, it lasted some eleven tilts before Oberyn Martell lost his balance with one of Ser Arthur’s rams, falling from his horse as a consequence.

“Yes!” Ashara shouted happily. “I’m putting my bet on my brother Artie to take the win!”

“Perhaps…” Elia admitted. “But there are still a few good jousters left.”

“Artie will beat them all, won’t he Ned?” she suddenly asked him. Her violet eyes shining with mirth as she caught him off guard with her question.

“I’m just watching not making predictions.” Ned said.

Ashara didn’t seem to like the answer though… “Meanie…”

“NEXT SER HOSTEEN FREY AND SER BARRISTAN SELMY OF THE KINGSGUARD!!!”

The joust was quite a surprise to everyone…Ser Hosteen did give quite the trouble to Ser Barristan, but not enough, Ser Barristan was used to fight strong men like Ser Hosteen, after all, he was the one who slew Maelys the Monstrous. Ser Barristan won the match after five tilts which was impressive considering how good both were.

“Ser Barristan is great!” Benjen shouted happily. “What a brilliant match.”

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” The steward shouted. “THE ROUND OF SIXTEEN HAS JUST ENDED!!!” Cheers from the crowds were heard once more. “LET US CONGRATULATE OUR WINNERS!!!” The steward begged. “CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR TARGARYEN, SER GEROLD HIGHTOWER, SER BARRISTAN SELMY, SER ARTHUR DAYNE, SER OSWELL WHENT, BRANDON STARK, LORD RANDYLL TARLY, AND LORD JON CONNINGTON!!!” More cheers followed, everyone was excited. “THE JOUSTERS WILL HAVE A FIVE MINUTE BREAK BEFORE WE BEGIN THE ROUND OF EIGHT!!!”

“Finally a pause!” Ashara suddenly said.

“Are you bored?” Ned inquired.
“A bit…” she whispered to him, as she rubbed his arm up and down. “I would rather…be somewhere else…right now…”

“Ashara!” he hissed in a murmur but the Princess and the ladies-in-waiting somehow heard and began giggling. *Seriously why women seem to have such good ears? Sometimes I wish I could hear as well as them…* Ashara merely lolled her tongue to him and began laughing as well.

“So Lady Lyanna, what do you enjoy doing?” The Princess inquired as to make conversation.

“Not ladylike things, My Princess.” Lyanna replied in the plainly, good old Northerner frontal honesty.

“And what are these unladylike things if I’m allowed to ask?” The Princess insisted.

“Riding, sword fighting, exploring…” Lyanna replied. “I’m sure My Princess must found me strange…”

“Far from it, Lady Lyanna.” The Princess said. “Those aren’t unladylike things in Dorne.”

“I have never been to Dorne before…” Lyanna admitted.

“I think you would enjoy it,” Elia said with a smile. “Maybe you and your siblings can join me on a trip to Dorne when I go there to present the baby that’s coming…if I do survive the labor of course…”

“Elia you will make it dear, I’m sure of it!” Ashara said with a saddened look that all the ladies shared. It must be hard knowing that you can die from childbirth…his mother died that way after all… “And we will show the Water Gardens to the Starks and Lord Reed too if he so wishes.”

“That sounds exciting!” Benjen said. “What do you think Howland?”

“I’m not sure…I do want to return home after this tourney…” Howland said. “I’m afraid I’m not made for wandering in the desert…”

“The desert is tough indeed.” Said Lady Jasline.

“My Princess I would very much like to visit Dorne,” Lyanna said. “Thank you for the kind invitation.”

“It’s nothing really Lady Lyanna, but please call me Elia.”

“Of course Elia…you could simply call me Lyanna too.”

“I shall do that then.” It seemed they were becoming...

“And you, my sweet Quiet Wolf?” Ashara inquired in a whisper. “Will you join us too? On our trip to Dorne?”

“I think I would melt in my way there…” he confessed. The prospect of riding in a desert was something that seriously scared him. He was a man used to the cold, even in the Vale it was cool in the summer time. Dorne would be hot even in winter…

“I think I would much prefer…you melting somewhere else…” *What?*

“I thought someone promised she would behave…” he whispered to Ashara’s ear.
“She will…do not worry…she is just having some fun with her wolf…”

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” The steward announced. “IT’S TIME FOR THE FIRST FIGHT OF THE SECOND ROUND!!! PLEASE WELCOME CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR AGAINST BRANDON STARK!!!”

“This should be a great fight!” Lyanna proclaimed. “I hope Bran wins though.”

“Me too…” Ned agreed.

The fight was indeed a beautiful one. While Brandon was using his raw strength as always, Rhaegar was skillfully avoiding every heavy hit. Lance after lance, Brandon was yet to seriously hit the Prince…Use your brains…

It seemed like Brandon did read Ned’s thoughts as he began planning where to attack, but the Prince was still blocking well…All the effort was for nothing because Brandon got impatient and tried to use brute force again but this time, he recklessly left an opening in his right side…an opening that Rhaegar did not waste and as such, Brandon was unhorsed when Rhaegar hit him in the abdomen area with calculated strength.

“He has no patience!” Lyanna hissed. “He could have won this match!”

“Still he made the fight last twelve titles in the round of eight, on his first-ever joust…” Ned went on his brother’s defense. “He can be proud of coming this far.”

“He surely can.” Elia agreed. “My husband did struggle with him and my husband is experienced in jousts.”

“CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR WINS!!!” Announced the steward. “NOW SER ARTHUR AND SER OSWELL OF THE KINGSGUARD PLEASE COME TO THE FIELD!!!”

“It’s my brother again!!!” Ashara screamed excited while holding his hand. “GO ARTHUR!!!”

“She is all fired up isn’t she?” Lady Jasline commented amusedly.

“Must be the company…” Lady Emyly muttered and Ned was blushing again.

Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell clashed multiple times and both were very skilled but in the end, choosing where to strike wisely and not recklessly, Ser Arthur proved the better jouster in the end and won after twelve tilts as well.

“Yes!” Ashara remarked beamed. “Only two more matches to go!”

“It’s going to be Rhaegar against Arthur next round…” The Princess said.

“That will be a fight to watch.” Ned expressed. “Both are very good.”

“Rhaegar is a friend and your husband Elia, but my brother is going to win, no doubts.” Ashara confidently said. “Right Ned?”

“I’m…”

“Just watching not making predictions.” she cut in, rolling her eyes. “Meanie…”

“SER BARRISTAN SELMY AND LORD COMMANDER GEROLD HIGHTOWER PLEASE
MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE FIELDS!!!"

This was certainly the best match…sure both of Ser Arthur and both Brandon’s were great, but this one was better. Ser Gerold combined raw strength with skill while Ser Barristan combined agility and skill. They hit each other many times, almost falling in half of them, making the crowds feel as if they were the ones fighting instead. Plans made and abandoned at any point in time, just raw strength or evading…just perfection…

After seventeen tilts, Ser Barristan finally managed to overcome the Lord Commander who fell to the ground. Everyone got up from their seats clapping in approval of such magnificent display, while Ser Barristan was helping his fellow brother up, then they both politely nodded to the crowds, accepting the cheers.

“What a match…” Lya said. “It could have gone either way, epic until the last second.”

“I wish I was that good with the lance…” Ben remarked disappointedly.

“Practice and you might beat them someday.” Ned said to him, making his brother smile.

“Do you think I could join the Kingsguard if I did?” Ben asked. “Do you think I would have the skill for it?”

So Ben was still unsure between the Night’s Watch and the Kingsguard? “Maybe.”

“I wouldn’t mind having a Stark Kingsguard, Lord Benjen.” Princess Elia commented. “Maybe you can make it there.”

“My Princess thinks so?”

“Why not?” The Princess inquired. “For what I have seen of House Stark, you have perhaps more qualities for great knights that most southern knights.”

“That’s true.” Ashara agreed.

“So true.” Lady Emyly also agreed.

“I have no doubts.” Lady Jasline agreed as well.

“I share the same opinion.” Lady Nysah agreed too.

“My Ladies are certainly so very kind to us…We are nothing but humble servants of the crown,” Ned said. “Nevertheless thank you for the consideration.”

“We ought to give credit when it’s due.” The Princess said.

“Thank you, My Princess.” Ned said before Lyanna and Benjen joined in as well in thanking the Princess.

Meanwhile, the final match had begun and ended. Jon Connington against Lord Randyll Tarly. They were both above average but it felt like an anticlimactic end after having such a great match. Connington won due to Randyll Tarly making the mistake of putting his shield too low for Connington to hit his breastplate after six tilts and send him flying. *Never forget to raise your shield high up…*

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” Announced the steward. “THE ROUND OF EIGHT HAS ENDED!!!” The crowds cheered loudly. “TOMORROW, WE WILL HAVE THE SEMI-
FINALS!!! CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR AGAINST SER ARTHUR DAYNE AND SER BARRISTAN SELMY AGAINST LORD JON CONNINGTON!!!

“I’m excited to see my Artie against Rhaegar,” Ashara said as they began standing up. “It will be a great match.”

“I’m sure it will be a memorable match.” Ned said as he led to the exit of the stands.

“Lord Eddard, I must say that I enjoyed the company you all provided me with today,” Elia said with a smile. “Perhaps we can watch the remaining matches together as well?”

“What do you guys think?” Ned inquired his youngest siblings.

“I enjoyed the company as well, Princess Elia,” Lyanna said. “I would love to.”

“Me too.” Ben agreed.

“I go where My Lords go since I’m the guest.” Howland said.

“Then I guess…we accept the offer, Princess Elia,” Ned said with a smile. “But tomorrow we will likely have our older brother with us.”

“It shall not be a problem, please do tell him he is welcomed here.” The Princess assured. “The rest of a wonderful day, My Lords, Lyanna.” Elia concluded with a smile.

“Likewise.” Was the Stark’s reply just before Princess Elia and ladies-in-waiting left.

“See you tomorrow Ned.” Ashara said while she kissed his cheek and left them with her friends.

They waited for Brandon by the fields. Benjen and Howland were having a conversation amongst themselves and Ned decided to know his sister’s opinion about the encounter.

“How do you find them?” Ned asked.

“They all seem nice and understandable towards us,” Lyanna said. “I actually would like to visit Dorne someday…”

“Maybe we can go there when I ride to Starfall to be married perhaps?”

“You already talk as if father has approved the match…” Lyanna said a bit bitterly. “I don’t want to sound mean or anything, but father is complicated.”

“I know…but I still hope he accepts.” Ned murmured saddened.

“I hope so too, I like to see you, happy brother,” Lyanna said smiling. “She seems to make you a bit looser and that is always good.”

“She does make me smile quite a lot.” Ned admitted.

“You know who makes me smile?” she asked.

“Brandon’s angered face for being eliminated?”

“You know me far too well, dearest Ned.”

“Go easy on him, his pride was tarnished.” Ned begged.
“I will have my fun teasing him, I still have a score to settle with him.” Lyanna said with a devilish smile.

Chapter End Notes

The action on this chapter was slow-paced I know, but this was a resume of two larger chapters that I managed to combine into just one. The next few chapters will be much more eventful.

Also if someone spots spelling mistakes or grammatical mistakes, please do point out, as English is not my first language and I'm only human after all.

Chapter Updated on 29/09/2019 with improved dialogues, some minor inconsistencies fixes. Some minor information about Jeyne Swann and Wenda the White Fawn that I thought were interesting.

Thank you for everyone who spent their time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
It was very early in the morning, it had just dawned and there were very few souls around the castle's premises. Jon was one of those souls and Hoster was another. “Lord Arryn, Lord Tully.” Prince Rhaegar greeted in a polite nod as he approached where he called them, the Godswood, near the Heart Tree. Jon was sure that Prince was finally going to explain his plans to them which he was certainly thankful for since it would perhaps calm Hoster and his uneasiness.

“My Prince.” They both replied in a courteous nod as well.

“I assume My Lords were not followed here?” The Prince asked.

“No, we were not My Prince,” Jon replied. “We can assume My Prince wasn’t either?”

“I was not.” The Prince assured now standing in front of them. He had the looks of a proper King but…you never know…Robert had the looks as well but he was not King material…

“Are we safe here, My Prince?” Hoster asked concerned. “I don’t like Godswoods nor being spotted whilst committing what could be perceived as treason.”

“Worry not Lord Tully, I can assure you that we are perfectly safe here. I have loyal allies watching the entrance of the Godswood at this very moment.” The Prince explained. “Only the Northmen and House Blackwood worship the Old Gods and it's quite early in the morning for them to come and pray. We won’t be disturbed here and I assure you that we shall not take too long.” Jon knew that Ned woke up very early and so did every Northmen but he too did not think that anyone would come this early to pray. He hoped at least…

“And what exactly does My Prince wish to speak to us about?” Jon inquired, hoping his theory was right…

“To start, I shall explain to you the real reason behind the grandiosity of this tourney.” The Prince began. “I am one of the main sponsors of this tourney, together with Lord Whent of course, and another anonymous sponsor.” Everyone who put some thought into it could figure as much. Lord Whent was certainly rich but not so rich for the absurd expenses everyone was witnessing…he had assumed Rheagar Targaryen was behind it but…who was this other anonymous sponsor? Mysteries are never good…

“We had that figured out, My Prince,” Hoster said with an impatient tone in his voice. “But why is My Prince sponsoring this tourney? We have our theories but…”

“One of the reasons we are sponsoring this tourney is to of course celebrate Lady Melissa’s coming of age. But the other reason behind it and the one you must likely have deduced already was to gather the Great Lords’ support into calling a Great Council.”

“A Great Council you say?” Hoster asked surprised. “For what? Take action against your father perhaps?”
“Yes, with all the Great Lords supporting my suggestion for a Great Council, my father will be forced to accept it, Lord Tully.” The Prince explained. “And with the Great Council in motion, the Great Lords or their representatives here will be called into choosing between two possible claimants to the Iron Throne: my father and I. I think no one shall cast a vote on my father, not in the state he is in, therefore my father shall be deposed peacefully.”

“An interesting plan, My Prince.” Jon politely said after listening. In his opinion, it was a good plan indeed. There were a few little problems here in there but it was solid nonetheless. “But whose support does My Prince have?”

“As of now, I have Dorne and the Westerlands behind my cause.” The Prince replied. If the Westerlands are supporting Prince Rhaegar and Tywin Lannister is not here, then he must be the anonymous sponsor…it had to be…the man almost join their faction before his heir was taken from him… “I was hoping to convince My Lords into providing me with the Riverlands and Vale’s support as well as to convince the North and the Stormlands to support me too.”

“And the Reach?” Hoster asked concerned and with fundament, the Reach was still the region with the most troops in all of Westeros. “What about them? What is their position on things?”

“They shall not be a problem, Lord Tully,” Rhaegar replied. “Six Great Lords’ support should do the job if need be but Lord Tyrell is also inclined to support me, provided I receive enough support from the other Lord Paramounts which I should if My Lords do support me.”

“And what do we have to win, My Prince?” Hoster further inquired. Of course, he would ask such a thing…he is getting far too ambitious for my taste no matter what Rickard says…I don’t like this at all...

“I can arrange My Lords positions in my future Small Council.” Stated the Prince. “I still have no one in mind to fill the positions of Master of Coin or Master of Laws so My Lords could fill these spots. If I can’t arrange a position for one of My Lords, I shall award you with the title of Advisor and have you in my Small Council nevertheless.” Rickard would probably want the title of Advisor and so would Jon if given the chance.

“I have a different question in mind, My Prince.” Jon began, wishing to satiate his curiosity. “How far is My Prince willing to go if your Royal Sire refuses the Great Council or its outcome?” If he was to commit himself to this plan, Jon needed assurances, he needed to think about his own future and of his family too, not just the realm.

“My Sire will have no support left.” The Prince proclaimed. “Not even his most loyal lapdogs will do anything for him when he finds himself without any Lord Paramount supporting him. But if for some reason it comes to it, I can go to war with my father and imprison him but I shall not kill him.”

“Kinslaying is a vile sin indeed.” Hoster agreed. “But when is the council to be called?” Finally an interesting question coming from this ambitious fool...

“It will come to happen when I win the jousts. I will crown my wife Queen of Love and Beauty and call the council to begin. Then all of you shall accept and it will begin in the tenth and last day of the tourney and last that very same day.”

Prince Rhaegar had it all planned so that his father would be left without allies and be a prisoner right here at Harrenhal…It was conceivable that all of his opponents would be throwing the matches away since two of which were Kingsguards…Ser Arthur himself was said to be a close friend of the Prince so… “I approve the plan, My Prince. The Vale will stand behind you.” Jon
assured.

“As shall the Riverlands.” Hoster said right after, smiling.

“Thank you Lord Arryn, Lord Tully, your support means a lot to me and the realm.” Rhaegar said with his own shy smile.

“Lord Stark has given us the power to choose the course of action as we see fit,” Jon explained. “We had hopes My Prince would take action against the King and that this tourney was what would set it in motion and we are certainly glad we were not wrong. Brandon Stark and My Prince’s cousin, Robert will do as everyone else does so it should not raise any problems.”

“Once more I thank My Lords for the support you have blessed me with.” The Prince said with a smile as they shook hands.

“Let us work for a better realm My Prince.” Jon concluded with a smile.

“Yes, Lord Arryn, thank you for hearing me.” Concluded the Prince with a nod as he began to leave the Godswood. Jon was about to leave as well but Hoster stopped him by grabbing Jon’s arm.

“A moment Jon…” he said while he watched Prince Rhaegar finally disappearing in between the trees.

“What is it, Hoster?” Jon asked concerned. He had a feeling that nothing good was going to come out of this…

“Prince Rhaegar forgot about some other claimants…” Hoster said in a murmur.

“Prince Viserys? He comes after Rhaegar…” Jon said. “And the little Princess is a girl so…”

“I meant Robert Baratheon.”

Robert? “What?” Jon asked incredulously at the mention of his ward. “Robert is even farther down the line…”

“Yes, Robert may be the fourth in line to the throne but he is our best option.” Hoster clarified. “With him as King, our houses would reach prominent positions like never before. You would be his Hand, Rickard the Master of Laws and I the Master of Coin or Master Ships.”

Robert as King isn’t what I want…it wouldn’t work as you bloody think it would… “Prince Rhaegar promised the same.”

“He did, but which of us wants to be an Advisor?” Hoster asked. “I certainly don’t.”

“You are…” Jon was going to call him mad but was interrupted of course.

“I’m nothing but truthful Jon!” Hoster ranted. “Rhaegar is likely to be as mad as his father is. You remember Aerys around the time of the War of the Ninepenny Kings, do you not? You remember how sane he was back then, around Rhaegar’s age and how he is now.”

“I do but…Robert is not ready to be a King, Hoster, I have told you so.” Jon insisted. “Rhaegar is better suited for the position.”

“He will be mad Jon! It’s just a question of time!” Hoster continued. “If we take a madman and we put another one, we will end up doing the same again and again. The Targaryens no longer have
dragons, they only have madness. It’s time for a new dynasty to take charge of the realm.”

“For as much as I love Robert as if he was my own son and how good of a friend Steffon was to me, I will not put him on the throne. I’m done with this nonsense Hoster, my vote is to Rhaegar Targaryen and so will Robert’s and Brandon Stark’s.”

“You say that now Jon but I know you will come around to your senses,” Hoster said as he laughed a cocky smile. “You are smart and you know I’m right.”

What I know is that you are mad and ambitious. Jon promptly left the bloody fool alone as he should. After the Great Council elects Rhaegar as King, Jon would not need Hoster’s support for anything and it was better that way, he just brought problems.

Lyanna Stark V
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Lyanna made her way to the Godswood as she had done in the first days of the tourney before she stopped after her jousts. She wondered if she should have called for one of her brothers to come with her…no…she needed to regain the confidence in herself and for that, she needed to do things the way she did before the whole troublesome affair happened.

Upon arriving she began to pray in front of the Heart Tree for the Old Gods to lend her strength and confidence, to be back to her former self, the Lyanna that was not afraid, the former self that was not on the King’s death list as well…And while she was at it, she decided to pray for her brothers’ happiness as well, for Lady Ashara to not break her dearest Ned’s kind heart and for them to be happy together, for a safe delivery for Princess Elia as the very least she could do for the kind Princess. She also prayed to grow to love Robert and withstand her future life as Lady of Storm's End as she was asked to by her father.

Suddenly she heard voices coming in her way, worried that it could be someone looking for her, she hid behind the Heart Tree knowing she would not be found. She hoped that she would be able to see who it was from there…

She took a peek and saw Lord Arryn and Lord Tully which surprised her since none of those lords followed the Old Gods...

The lords in question did not seem to talk much, some words were said about what the weather seemed to be in this day that just began and some words of finances as well…curious, she decided to stay awhile longer and see what they were really up to. “Do you think he will come?” Asked Lord Tully seemingly worried. Who will come?

“I’m sure he will, he was the one who called us after all.” Lord Arryn replied.

Not a minute past and someone else indeed arrived. The person they were patiently waiting for…was…the Crown Prince? What’s happening here?

“Lord Arryn, Lord Tully.” The Crown Prince greeted in a polite nod as he stopped right in front of the two lords.

“My Prince.” Both lords replied.

“I assume My Lords were not followed here?” The Prince asked.
“No, we were not My Prince,” Informed Lord Arryn. “We can assume My Prince wasn’t either?”
“I was not.” The Prince assured. Something was amiss here…What is all this? I’m so confused…

“Are we safe here, My Prince?” Lord Tully asked. “I don’t like Godswoods nor being spotted whilst committing what could be perceived as treason.” Treason? Seven Hells…

“Worry not Lord Tully, I can assure you that we are perfectly safe here. I have loyal allies watching the entrance of the Godswood at this very moment.” The Prince explained to them. “Only the Northmen and House Blackwood worship the Old Gods and it’s quite early in the morning for them to come and pray. We won’t be disturbed here and I assure you that we shall not take too long.” Well…she was there though…

“And what does My Prince wish to speak to us about?” Lord Arryn inquired.

“To start, I shall explain to you the real reason behind the grandiosity of this tourney.” The Prince began and she stood there…hearing everything they said…how Harrenhal was nothing but a folly so that Prince Rhaegar could dethrone his father…it seemed as if everyone was plotting behind everyone’s backs…even her own father was plotting…Gods…

“Once more I thank My Lords for the support you have blessed me with.” The Prince said with a smile as they shook hands.

“Let us work for a better realm My Prince.” Lord Arryn concluded with a smile of his own.

“Yes, Lord Arryn, thank you for hearing me.” Concluded the Prince before he disappeared in the maze of trees that filled the Godswood. But it seemed as if Lord Arryn and Lord Tully had more to speak off…

“A moment Jon…” Lord Tully begged the older lord.

“What is it, Hoster?” Lord Arryn questioned as he did what Lord Tully begged.

“Prince Rhaegar forgot about some other claimants…” Lord Tully said in a murmur, but she heard him all the same.

“Prince Viserys? He comes after Rhaegar…And the little Princess is a girl so…” Lord Arryn said.

“I meant Robert Baratheon.”

Lord Arryn’s next question was exactly her own. “What?” Robert…for King? What? No…No! “Robert is even farther down the line…”

“Yes, Robert may be the fourth in line to the throne but he is our best option.” Lord Tully clarified and Lyanna was overwhelmed. “With him as King, our houses would reach prominent positions like never before. You would be his Hand, Rickard the Master of Laws and I the Master of Coin or Master Ships.”

She couldn’t listen to it anymore…It was too much for her…Robert as King… “Prince Rhaegar promised the same.”

“He did, but which of us wants to be an Advisor? I certainly don’t.” Said Lord Tully.

“You are…”

“I’m nothing but truthful Jon!” Lord Tully ranted. “Rhaegar is likely to be as mad as his father is.
You remember Aerys around the time of the War of the Ninepenny Kings, do you not? You remember how sane he was back then, around Rhaegar’s age and how he is now.” So they think the Prince is mad as well?

“I do but…Robert is not ready to be a King, Hoster, I have told you so.” Lord Arryn said. “Rhaegar is better suited for the position.”

“He will be mad Jon! It’s just a question of time!” Lord Tully continued. “If we take a madman and we put another one, we will end up doing the same again and again. The Targaryens no longer have dragons, they only have madness. It’s time for a new dynasty to take charge of the realm.”

“For as much as I love Robert as if he was my son and how good of a friend Steffon was to me, I will not put him on the throne. I’m done with this nonsense Hoster,” Lord Arryn said as she noticed him beginning to walk away. “My vote is in Rhaegar Targaryen and Robert and Rickard will be as well.”

“For as much as I love Robert as if he was my own son and how good of a friend Steffon was to me, I will not put him on the throne. I’m done with this nonsense Hoster, my vote is to Rhaegar Targaryen and so will Robert’s and Brandon Stark’s.” Lyanna noticed the lord moving away from Lord Arryn.

“You say that now Jon but I know you will come around to your senses,” Lord Tully insisted in a loud tone. “You are smart and you know I’m right.”

Lord Arryn did not seem to pay him any mind and left, Lord Tully did not spend too much time in the Godswood either. She, however…Robert as King…Robert as King…She would need to marry Robert which…meant…that she would be…Queen…No! No! Just no! She didn’t wish to be Queen! She didn’t even want to be a Lady Paramount! No! Why were the Gods being so cruel to her? What horrible thing had she done to deserve this?

Lyanna made her way back to her tent, shaken and not knowing what to do…she couldn’t be Queen, she wasn’t made to be one, she was a tomboyish thing…not a proper image of a Queen…

“Lya? Are you alright?” Ned asked concerned once he noticed her approaching. She must look like shit for him to do so…

“I’m fine Ned,” she said with a weak smile. “I’m fine.”

“Are you sure?” he insisted. “You look even broodier than me…”

“It’s nothing Ned…I’m just…a bit tired, that’s all…” she replied. “My head hurts a little and I shouldn’t have woken up so early…I think…I will go lay down for a while…”

“Is it the moon blood?” Her brother asked shyly and half blushing. “Lya, you do look very pale…” Ned murmured worriedly with his flushed face. “I think I will fetch a Maester to take a look at you…”

She smiled a genuine smile with his question, even if her mind was a mess. “No need Ned, I’m just tired, I’m not sick, I swear.”

“If you say so…” he said before kissing her forehead. “I will be in my tent. If you need anything just shout, okay?”

“Okay…Thank you, brother.”
“Sleep well sweet Lyanna.”

She didn’t rest that well at all…she kept being consumed by what she heard in the Godswood...Lord Tully wanted Robert as King, Lord Arryn said he did not but the man loved Robert like a son and a man like that will always support his son. Robert himself would want to be King as who didn't? Bran in doubt between the Prince and Robert would choose the latter since he was better acquainted with him. This meant that four votes of Great Lords would be casted on her future husband whilst the Prince would only have the votes of Dorne and the Westerlands…

Lyanna was crushed and she thought that warning her brothers would do nothing good for her since they would prefer to have Robert as King and her as his Queen. It was the sad truth of her situation…she would have to find the solution by herself.

She stood up and dressed a white gown with grey laces and a tin belt around her thin waist. When she was done, she exited her tent only to find her brothers sharing a conversation with rather worried faces. Perhaps they were speaking of her…

“Lya!” They said in unison upon seeing her, quickly moving in her direction.

“Hello everyone.” she greeted with a shy smile.

“Are you alright little sister?” Brandon asked with a concerned expression. “Ned said you were not feeling well...”

“I’m fine Bran, you don’t need to worry about me,” she assured. “I was just tired.”

“If you say so…”

“The semi-finals are to begin soon are they not?” she asked as a way to change the subject. “We should go and meet the Princess and the Lady Ashara as it is impolite to make ladies wait.”

“We should.” Her older brother agreed with her. “Ben told me they were teasing Ned yesterday…is it true?”

“They were.” Said Lyanna with a happier tone and smile as she remembered her brother being teased without mercy by the Dornishwomen… “I’m sure you will like them. And don’t forget you are promised to Lady Catelyn.”

“Doesn’t mean I can’t have fun…” Brandon murmured before he glanced their murderous looks... “Fine...It's about time I switch with Ned in regards to being a skirt chaser...”

"Brandon!" Ned scoffed at their older brother's comment while the brother in question simply laughed with his booming laugh.

“Come on ladies, let us go.” she commanded and they did so.

Half an hour elapsed…They were now seated by the stands waiting for the jousts to begin. Ned was entranced with Lady Ashara as always…Brandon was holding a conversation with Prince Oberyn Martell, Elia’s younger brother, while they both made japes to the delight of the other ladies-in-waiting. Ben and Howland were talking about the Kingsguard, the Night’s Watch, what lies beyond the Wall, and the Neck…like always…

“It seems we were right all along Lady Lyanna.” Princess Elia said amused while pointing towards Brandon and Prince Oberyn. “My brother and Lord Brandon are so very similar.”
“They are…” Like Robert too…

“You seem rather unwell, Lady Lyanna…” The Princess said. “Is something troubling you?”

“No, My Princess, I’m fine.” she tried to assure the kind woman, she had tried her best to look normal while she figured out some plan to stop Robert from becoming King…she seemed, however, to be failing at both…

“Are you sure?” The Princess insisted.

“I am,” she replied. “Do look. The jousts are about to begin, My Princess.”

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!!” The steward announced. “WE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN THE SEMI-FINALS!!!” Cheers were heard throughout the entirety of the joust fields. The crowds were overwhelming excited. “LET US WELCOME THE FOUR REMAINING JOUSTERS!!! FIRST CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR!!!”

The Prince entered in the black colored armored she had seen him use since he arrived at Harrenhal. The Prince who was conspiring against his mad father and the Prince which would be betrayed…

“SER BARRISTAN SELMY OF THE KINGSGUARD!!! SER ARTHUR DAYNE OF THE KINGSGUARD!!! AND LORD JON CONNINGTON!!!”

Maybe Ser Arthur would unhorse the Prince at this all would fail? Or maybe Ser Barristan?…Lord Connington? “Who does My Princess think will be the lucky lady to be crowned Queen of Love and Beauty? It seems Lady Melissa does not have that many prospects now that her brothers and uncle are not competing anymore.”

“Well…if Rhaegar wins, it will certainly be me who gets crowned. I’m his wife and it would be a scandal if he crowned someone else…” The Princess was most likely involved in this plot…now remembering her first interaction with the Prince…he was with Ser Arthur, Ser Oswell and Lady Ashara which meant they were his allies…it made sense since Ashara had spies… “If it’s Ser Arthur or Ser Barristan…it will most likely be Ashara…”

Surprise from the Princess’ words made her forget her thoughts for a little while… “Ser Barristan crowning Lady Ashara? Why?” she inquired surprised.

“Well…I must ask you to keep it a secret…but Ser Barristan has a crush on Ashara…” The Princess explained in a murmur so no one could hear.

“Does…”

“Ashara like him?” The Princess completed her line of thought. “I think you can clearly see where her heart is, Lyanna. She loves your brother quite a lot and no good can come of loving a Kingsguard knight sworn to celibacy.”

“That’s true…” Lyanna agreed. It was quite a shame and at the same time, it wasn't.

“Still Ser Barristan may not crown Ashara,” Elia said. “It would make his passion too obvious. The safer bets for him are to crown Lady Melissa, her mother or me. Same with Lord Connington though with him I doubt I stand a chance…”

“CALLING CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR AND SER ARTHUR DAYNE OF THE KINGSGUARD FOR THE FIRST MATCH OF THE DAY!!!”
Both the Prince and Ser Arthur greeted each other, before riding to their respective ends. The steward called for them to begin and so they did. Both were great jousters, but somehow…she felt like Ser Arthur was holding back…Then it finally came to her…the Prince said when he wins instead of if I win the jousts which meant he was sure he was going to win…Normally it could be seen as confidence but this was not the case, it was all a bloody folly! The Prince was destined to win the bloody jousts.

And this line of thought was proven correct when after twelve tilts Ser Arthur threw himself to the ground...he tried to make it believable and to a common person it would be but her eyes were already trained...

“SER BARRISTAN SELMY OF THE KINGSGUARD AND LORD JON CONNINGTON PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE FIELD!!!”

This was not a folly match like the Prince’s, Jon Connington made his best efforts but he finally met someone better than him in the person of Ser Barristan the Bold who won after seven tilts.

“It seems it’s my husband against Ser Barristan in the finals…” Elia said to her. “Who do you think will win Lady Lyanna?”

Rhaegar Targaryen of course, it’s all a folly… “Ser Barristan.”

“Given the experience that Ser Barristan has, you might be right in your choice…” But I’m not and you know it…”

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE HAVE OUR TWO FINALISTS!!!” The steward announced within many shouts of the excited crowd. “THEY ARE THE CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR AND SER BARRISTAN SELMY OF THE KINGSGUARD!!! THEY SHALL DECIDE THE FINAL MATCH TOMORROW!!! DON’T MISS IT!!!”

During the feast that occurred at night, like the previous days, she was still debating what to do but it seemed nothing was enlightening her…The feast ended and she went back to her tent with her brothers. There she grew restless and desperate, moving from left to right to Gods knew whatever side she was turning. She had to figure something out…without betraying father…something…just something…Please, Gods, give me an idea…

And finally, it came to her…the solution she needed…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Updated on 10/10/2019 with improved dialogues and scenes. Lyanna does not run away before hearing everything but still doubts Lord Arryn's intentions because she knows from Ned's letters and words that the man sees Robert as a son. I did not think the changes worthy of an entirely different chapter.

Once more thank you for everyone who gave this story a chance and like always, I hope everyone has a nice day.
The final match of the tourney between Rhaegar and Ser Barristan was to begin shortly. Arthur was guarding Rhaegar who had his armor on already and Arthur was quite amused to see his friend rather nervous.

“Are you nervous?” Arthur asked with a teasing smile.

“I am indeed a bit nervous…” Rhaegar replied. Though he was set to win the match, what was to come next could and would put anyone nervous.

“Ser Barristan has conceded the match for you, you should not be so nervous.” Arthur tried to comfort his friend. “Though I do believe we should have explained to him more than what we did concerning the plan. He is a good man.”

“Ser Barristan is indeed a great man, but I simply don’t wish him to be informed more than what he already is,” Rhaegar dismissed Arthur’s suggestion. “He will learn of the truth today, like the rest of the realm anyway.”

“As you say,” Arthur said. “I almost forgot, Ashara informed me that neither Ser Kevan nor his sister approached her or anything…so she was rather worried…”

“They did not?” Rhaegar asked but with dismissive tone…almost as if he knew something neither he nor Ashara did…

“Why does it sound like you are hiding something?” Arthur ended up questioning. Rhaegar, however, didn’t seem to be inclined to answer, so Arthur had to insist… “Rhaegar…”

Rhaegar sighed before speaking. “Lord Tywin is sponsoring this tourney as well.” What? “He had assured me that someone from House Lannister would attend the tourney and represent him and I already talked with the Lannister siblings here a few days ago. Though their support was long gained.”

“And why haven’t you told us about this?” Arthur asked incredulously as he felt betrayed by his friend.

“Because I promised Lord Tywin that I would keep this a secret until the Great Council was called and finished,” he explained. “My father is here and any ties he finds leading to Lord Tywin he will certainly use them as a pretext to imply me as well. We couldn’t take such a risk.”

“But we are in this with you, Rhaegar!” Arthur barked indignantly. Didn’t he trust them enough? Them who were putting their necks on the line for his plot? “If you fall, I will fall, my sister will fall, Oswell will fall, Elia will fall, your mother, your children…”

“Nobody will know anyway…”
“That is not the damn point!” Arthur hissed. “Gods be damned just go and finish the bloody thing already.”

“Don’t be mad at me, I…”

“You kept this from me and everyone involved, Rhaegar! I don’t like that, nor will the others, you betrayed our trust!”

“Arthur…”

“My Prince, a lady wishes to speak to you with urgency.” A servant interrupted before Rhaegar could give more excuses and Arthur was thankful for that.

“Who may she be?” Rhaegar asked confused.

“She did not state her name, My Prince.” The servant replied.

“Can’t it wait?” Rhaegar inquired.

“She said she needed to talk with urgency, My Prince. My Prince will know what to do with this information.” Spoke the servant, he was trying to get the blame and responsibility out of his back…

“Then let us see what the lady wishes,” Rhaegar concluded. “Bring her here please.”

They waited for a minute or two before the servant returned with the lady in question, a short woman with dark brown hair and grey eyes…he had seen her before…Lyanna Stark… “My Prince thank you for accepting to see me at such a bad time…”

“Lady Lyanna…is something amiss?” Rhaegar muttered surprised with the woman’s presence.

“I have something very important to tell My Prince,” she explained, very worried as well… “It’s important.”

“How so?”

“I know about the council that’s coming.” Both he and Rhaegar were certainly aghast upon hearing her speak this…a subject that was hidden to the public…had Ashara spoken of it to the Starks?

“How…did you get…to know this?” Rhaegar asked as he began rubbing his chin with some anxiety.

“I heard the conversation My Prince had with Lord Arryn and Tully in the Godswood, yesterday.” Came her explanation.

“You were there?”

“I’m a Northerner, My Prince.” she plainly said. “I don’t pray to the Seven in case My Prince hasn’t perceived that yet.”

“But it was so early in the morning, My Lady…few souls walk around the castle…do Northerners pray so early?” Rhaegar inquired.

“I’m sure there is no right time for praying is it, My Prince?” she merely said. “And we Northmen wake up with the sun.”
“Still…”

“I heard about your plans…” she began. “But I also heard of the discussion Lord Arryn and Lord Tully shared afterward when My Prince left…”

“A conversation you say?”

“Yes, they were planning to nominate Robert Baratheon as an alternative claimant to the throne right at the council My Prince is organizing.”

Robert Baratheon for King? That can’t be truth… Was the only thing that came to Arthur’s mind.

“My cousin, you say?” Rhaegar asked surprised as well. “They wish to make my cousin King?”

“Yes.” Lyanna Stark insisted. “I believe it’s not the first time a non-Targaryen is suggested in a Great Council.”

“It certainly isn’t…” Rhaegar admitted. “And besides my cousin is very close in the line of succession… still to think they were going to suggest him…”

“But why is My Lady telling us this?” Arthur asked curiously. “Isn’t Robert Baratheon your betrothed?”

“I don’t want to be Queen!” she said in a fuss. “It’s already difficult for me to marry Robert and leave my home but to be Queen? That would be a nightmare, I would have no freedom! I don’t want any of it, which is why I’m telling My Prince this in hopes something can be done about it.”

Most women would want the opposite of her… these Starks are rather interesting, to say the least…

“My Lady…”

“Please… I don’t want to be a Queen…” Lyanna said almost crying, Arthur felt pity for the girl… dragged into the playing board and being a piece without her even knowing of it until now… politics were a bloody mess…

“Worry not My Lady everything will be alright,” Rhaegar said whilst giving an assuring smile to the child-woman. “Everything will be fixed, I swear it.”

“My Prince,” Said the steward from afar. “The match is about to begin, please make way to the field.”

“My Prince… I…” Lyanna insisted.

“Do not worry, Lady Lyanna I will fix this,” Rhaegar said as he began his way to Myles Mooton, Richard Lonmouth, and his horse. “Everything will be alright.”

While they walked the short distance to their objective, Arthur, who was concerned decided to inquire Rhaegar. “How exactly are you going to fix this?”

“I do not know… I didn’t expect these turn of events…” Rhaegar confessed as he patted his majestic black destrier. “I completely ignored my cousin’s claim… Damn them all!”

“There must be something we can do…”

“There is no time to do anything,” Rhaegar said as he mounted his horse. “I will have to improvise…”
“What is happening?” Asked Myles with a confused glanced, the same one Richard shared.

“Wish me luck.” Rhaegar said as he rode away.

“Rhaegar wait!” Arthur pleaded but to no avail. *This can’t be good… Rhaegar what in Seven Hells are you going to do… Oh Gods…*

Brandon Stark III
Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Brandon was seated right in the middle of the Great Lord stands, to his left was the spot in which Lyanna would seat, once she returned from relieving herself. To what would be her left was Ned, followed by Ashara, then Ben and Howland. To Brandon’s right was Prince Oberyn, followed Princess and her ladies-in-waiting.

While he held a conversation with the Dornish Prince about sexual exploits, he noticed Robert approaching Ned and his feminine company... *This is going to be fun to watch…*

“Ned!” Robert shouted with a big smile on his face. “Where have you been this whole tourney? I thought you left earlier…”

“I have been busy Robert.” Ned replied simply. *Busy heh? I’m sure you have…*

“With what?” Robert asked confused.

“Family matters.” *More like future family matters… well… Lyanna did that nonsense too so it was true as well…*

“Is everything alright with your family?”

“Aye, I just wanted to spend some time with them, that’s all.” *What a family man…*

“And may I ask who this beautiful woman next to you is?” Robert questioned with a confused look. *His lady love of course Robert… who else would it be?*

“I’m Ashara Dayne, Lord Robert, a friend of Ned and the Starks,” Ashara said with a bright smile. “Pleasured to meet you.”

“Wait… the Ashara Dayne?” Robert asked with his mouth open, clearly surprised.

“I don’t think that there is another Ashara Dayne in the realm, Lord Robert.” she simply replied. “So I believe it’s me who is next to Ned.”

“And how did My Lady Ashara Dayne got acquainted with Ned and the Starks?”

“Oh Ned and I met a few days ago and became good friends.” she simply replied. *But the truth is much more complex than that… is it not Quiet Wolf? Maybe… I should tell Robert? Another partner to mock this Quiet Wolf… hehe… so many possibilities…*

“Ned making friends with beautiful women…” Robert murmured amazed. “Next thing to shock me will be that he laid with My Lady and asked you to marry him afterward…” Everyone looked at the Stormlander surprised. “I guess I’m abusing my luck… forgive me if I offended My Lady with my prudish speech.” *Does he… nah… does he?*
Ned was beginning to blush and Ashara had a smirk on her face. “I took no offense, My Lord. I think…it would be very interesting if such a thing was to happen…”

“What?”

“Nothing My Lord…” What a pair these she and Ned made…hopefully their children will take it after her because I’m afraid of an army of brooding Neds gazing me…saying Winter is Coming…Just imagining the concept sent chills down his spine. Terrifying scene indeed…

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” The steward began with more energy than in the previous days, maybe because he would not be shouting any longer. “IT’S FINALLY TIME FOR THE FINAL MATCH OF THE GREATEST TOURNÉY EVER HELD IN WESTEROS!!!”

“AYE!!!” Brandon shouted with the crowds. “WINTER IS COMING!!!”

Brandon!” Ned barked.

“What?”

“Calm down!”

“Okay…” Ned as always spoiling everything…bloody hell…

“PLEASE WELCOME CROWN PRINCE RHAEGAR TARGARYEN!!!”

The Prince rode on with his usual black armor and Brandon couldn’t be more annoyed with himself because it could have been him there instead of the Prince. Ned and Lya’s criticism for his lack of patience was true…he was awful at being patient…he would have to change that somehow…to be a proper Lord Paramount of the North.

“AND SER BARRISTAN SELMY OF THE KINGSGUARD!!!” If Brandon had to pick a winner, it would be Ser Barristan, due to the man’s skill or maybe because he was just jealous of Prince Rhaegar defeating him in the previous rounds…one of those was right…or both were…

The two knights wished luck to each other and went to their respective sides before the steward gave the signal for them to begin, they clashed and then clashed again and again…and Brandon was finding it odd…Ser Barristan looked as if he wasn’t fighting at his full potential…compared to his joust against Connington this was a bad joust…but the Prince wasn’t fighting properly either…they both looked like a bloody mess…

“Hello everyone.” Lyanna said as she was returning, she still looked worried even though she said she was alright…to Brandon, it felt as if she was hiding something from them…but what?

“Lady Lyanna!” Robert exclaimed happily as he saw her. “So good to see you, how are you feeling today My Lady?”

“Well enough, Lord Robert,” she replied. “And My Lord?”

“Much better now that you have graced me with your presence.” Helpless romantics…Is Lord Arryn raising future troubadours in the Eyrie? Ah, I should have asked father to raise me there as well…not really…

“Good…” Lyanna replied before turning her glance to him and her other brothers. “Did I miss much?”
“No, Ser Barristan and the Prince are still going at it.” Ben assured her.

“I’m glad then…”

“Please Lady Lyanna, have a seat here,” Robert begged while pointing for a free seat next to him. “I…”

“Oh I’m deeply sorry Lord Robert but I have promised my brothers I would seat next to them…perhaps some other time?” she said while she strolled and promptly took a seat in between Ned and Brandon himself without any hesitation.

“But…this is the last match of the tourney…” Robert murmured disappointed. Even Brandon had to take pity on him…would his sister ever give the man a chance?

He gave a few chances to Catelyn already. He even invited her to take a seat with him and his family as well but she preferred to remain with her sister, cousin, and aunt. She was a nice, beautiful and kind woman but she was very pious to the Seven just as much and because of that Brandon often wondered how she would react to Winterfell and the North…

“There will be more tourneys, Robert.” Ned said while patting his friend’s shoulder, feeling pity for him as well.

“I guess so…” Robert sighed. “You with the pretty woman and me alone…the tables have turned…”

Brandon began laughing rather loudly at the comment and so did everyone there, even Lyanna who had been ignoring Robert ever since she took a seat.

But returning to the joust, the two jousters had both manage to break two tilts already and then they broke the third ones. Ser Barristan was getting worse by the second…Had the man reached his exhaustion? No…it couldn’t be…something was clearly off…

And then it happened in the fourth tilt…Rhaegar Targaryen didn’t even land a proper hit on the Kingsguard knight and yet Ser Barristan fell from his horse almost as if he had been forced…What the fuck was that?

“That was rather boring…” Robert said. “A fast and bad joust, I’m not happy I tell you all this much.”

“It was rather bad indeed.” Ned agreed.

The crowds of smallfolk didn’t even seem to notice this as they went into an uproar of shouts as a surprised Rhaegar ended up circling the field in a victory parade. Lyanna, however, looked very tense…

“Lya…” he was to begin but the steward cut in his speech…

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PLEASE GIVE A HUGE CHEER FOR OUR PRINCE RHAEGAR, THE WINNER OF THE JOUSTS!!!” The steward asked as he himself was clapping while Rhaegar Targaryen stopped his horse right next to him and awaited the arrival of Lord Whent.

The lord brought a crown made of winter roses which surprised him and his siblings…where did he arrange them? “LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!” Lord Whent began. “I BRING FORWARD THIS MAGNIFICENT CROWN OF WINTER ROSES, THE FINEST IN THE NORTH WITH
“I have never seen such beautiful flowers…are they really from the North?” Lady Ashara asked clearly enchanted with the roses’ beauty.

“They are and they only bloom during Winter,” Lyanna explained still rather shaken. “They are my favorite flowers…”

“Yes, Lyanna grows an entire garden of them in Winterfell,” Benjen said. “Bran and Ned said that our mother took care of them when she was alive.”

“I believe that they were the only flowers available to be used as a crown during winter,” Ned spoke. “The other flowers haven’t bloomed yet.” Of course, how could Brandon forget that little thing?

“Yes, Lyanna grows an entire garden of them in Winterfell,” Benjen said. “Bran and Ned said that our mother took care of them when she was alive.”

“They are really beautiful…” The Dornishwoman said clearly interested in the tale and in the flowers she was so enchanted with, flowers that were now on Rhaegar’s lance. “They are really beautiful…”

The Prince arrived at the Great House’ stands, stopped in front of his wife with a troubled look and then he extended the crown of flowers and…gave them to…Lya? WHAT? WHAT IN THE SEVEN FUCKING HELLS IS THIS?

The arena that had been cheering for their Prince was now in pure silence, everyone was glancing the crown of roses that Rhaegar was presenting Lya with, everyone from simple peasants to high lords, even the fucking Mad King must be aghast at this…at this…at this…insult!

Suddenly a booming laugh began amidst the silence…Robert’s laugh…The Lord Paramount of the Stormlands said nothing, he just kept laughing and laughing louder than any laugh that ever graced anyone’s ears. This made everyone afraid of whatever reaction Robert would have and yet he simply left the stands laughing and laughing and never stopping…Anyone with brains knew that Robert was furious. Furious enough to maybe even turn on Rhaegar Targaryen. To be honest, Brandon himself wanted to do the very same thing. That stupid inbred cunt had just shamed Brandon’s little sister and his family in front of the whole realm. And the poor Princess too! Poor woman…

Seeing that Lyanna didn’t pick the crown up, Rhaegar merely threw it from the lance to Lya’s lap and then galloped away as if nothing happened…Not a single soul spoke, people just began leaving the joust fields aghast and in utmost silence.

Brandon and his siblings went in utter silence to their tents were Brandon would demand some explanations from his sister who only the Gods knew what she had been doing…Ned diverged from their path in order to check Robert whom they had seen going into Lord Arryn’s tent with haste.

Finally they arrived at their destination and entered Lyanna’s tent, well Ben and Howland remained outside because they knew what was going to happen. “WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?” Brandon shouted angrily at Lyanna.

“I DON’T KNOW!!!” she shouted back, tears forming in her eyes. “I don’t know…”

“WHY DID HE GIVE YOU THAT FUCKING THING? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH HIM?”

“I HAVE DONE NOTHING WITH HIM!!! I DIDN’T ASK FOR ANY OF THIS!!!” His sister
hissed as the tears began falling with intensity down her cheeks.

“I FUCKING HEARD SOME CUNTS CALLING YOU THE DRAGON’S WHORE WHILE WE WERE COMING HERE!!!”

“AND YOU THINK I LIKE IT?” she questioned with an abashed look. “I’M NOT A WHORE!!! I NEVER SLEPT WITH ANYONE IN MY LIFE!!!”

“IT’S BETTER IF YOU BLOODY ADMIT…”

“I DIDN’T SLEEP WITH ANYONE FOR FUCK SAKE!!!” she interrupted him. “MUCH LESS THE BLOODY FUCKING PRINCE!!!”

“THEN WHY THE FUCK DID HE DO THAT?”

“I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I DON’T KNOW!!!”

“ENOUGH!!!” Another shout made them stop their argument. The shout had been Ned’s who had returned to the tent much sooner than they were anticipating. He seemed to have run there from Lord Arryn’s tent as he was panting. Ned was certainly a welcoming sight for perhaps he could soothe their boiling tempers. Perhaps Brandon was going too far with his anger… “First you two will stop screaming at each other like little children because you are not children,” Ned began with an authoritative tone. “Secondly, if she says she didn’t sleep with anyone especially Rhaegar Targaryen, then it’s true. Just as true as for why she doesn’t know why he gave her the crown.”

“Then why the fuck did that cunt give her the bloody thing?” Brandon asked slightly calmer than what he had been.

“I don’t know,” Ned said. “What I know is that Jon Arryn is soothing Robert’s temper at this moment and he told me that it would be best if we leave in the morrow, to avoid more conflicts and problems.”

“Bloody fucking hell…I’m going mad with this shit…” Brandon confessed while laughing a nervous laugh. “I went too far Lya, I’m sorry…I should be helping you against the rumors not making you more miserable…I’m sorry…”

“I didn’t have sex with anyone…” she said still crying. “I want to go home…please…”

Ned approached her for a hug, but she ran to his arms before he even had time to do it. She began weeping harder while on Ned’s hold, he and Ned just exchanged concerned looks… “We will all go back home in the morrow Lya,” Ned assured her. “All of us will visit father and Winterfell.”

“Still this can’t be left unanswered!” Brandon remarked. “He shamed our house!”

“Father is not here Brandon, and we can’t take revenge for our family if our lord is not here,” Ned explained. “I’m sure father will have a way to fix this and demand a proper repayment.”

“Aye, you are right…”

“Now you both calm down your Wolf Blood and relax,” Ned said. “Everything will be alright.”

“Can we enter now?” Ben inquired while peeking his head inside. “Are you guys done shouting?”

“Aye, you can come in.” Brandon motioned for Ben to enter.

“Finally.” Ben scoffed. “There is a whole army of Northerners outside Lya’s tent concerned with
“Gods... We have to give them an explanation right?” Brandon asked Ned since his head was still bloody hot and Ned coped better with his emotions.


“Yes…” she murmured, her eyes full of tears still… It angered Brandon so much that his sister was in such a state. Regardless, both he and his brother exited the tent and they were quickly under fire from all sides...

“What was that all about?” Maege Mormont asked angered, armed with her spiked mace already.


“But why did he do that?” Willam barked indignantly from behind Maege. “Just because he is a Prince doesn’t mean he can go around shaming women like this!” Roars of approval followed Willam’s words.

“Yes, he can’t go around doing this, it’s not proper.” Ned nodded in agreement.

“He shamed Lyanna, he shamed House Stark and he shamed the North!” Maege barked. “These Southrons are messing with the wrong people are they not?” Roars of approval once more followed the speech, all the Northmen seemed to be in the mood for war which was something that Brandon realized as not being what he wanted… they would need to soothe their tempers...

“Everyone we appreciate the support given to House Stark, but we must remain calm and cool-headed,” Ned begged. “Let’s prove we are better than those Southrons.”

“And what are we to do then?” Wendel Manderly inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“Tomorrow we will leave back home…” Ned began explaining but was quickly interrupted.

“Back home? With tails between our legs? We can’t do that!” Maege hissed and roars of approval followed her. “I say we show them that the North Remembers!”

“We can return North and we will,” Brandon said firmly supporting his brother’s decision. “Causing a war is not what we should do and it’s certainly not what Lyanna wants, she wants to go home. If you are all so willing to support my sister, then support her by doing what she wants to do. But I will not condone any war on my watch.”

All of those enraged Northerners began to calm down slowly and steadily. They also glanced each other in hopes to find someone to counter Brandon and Ned’s decisions… but no one did.

“It’s for the best everyone,” Ned added when he saw the spirits milder. “We thank you for the concern, but leaving is the best solution for everyone.”

“Fine!” Maege said angered. “We will begin packing our things to leave but the North Remembers and those Southrons should well remember that!”

“AYE!!!” All the northerners roared before they dispersed after this shout of resolution and both Brandon and Ned sighed in relief.

“That was bloody hard…” Brandon said smiling. “Gods…”
“Aye…I don’t know how father does it…” Ned confessed smiling as well.

“Neither do I…” Brandon laughed as he clapped his brother’s shoulder. “But we somehow did it.”

“That we did.” Ned agreed. “Do you think the Princess holds a grudge against us now? I mean it was a shameful act and she must think ill of us now…”

“I don’t know…she must feel betrayed by her husband now and Lyanna as well…I feel bad for her…” Brandon confessed. “Perhaps it would better if you go and apologize in the name of our family…” The plan he had been conceiving to help his little brother with their father was returning to his head at full pace.

“Me? Why me?” Ned asked as Brandon predicted he would. *Time to inform him then…*

“Because you will invite the Lady Ashara Dayne into joining us on our trip back to Winterfell.” Brandon explained.

“Ashara…coming with us?” Ned inquired surprised.

“Aye, brother.” Brandon nodded. “I have a plan that will make father agree to our proposal no matter what, but Ashara has to come with us for it to work properly.” There were more details into his masterpiece but…he will keep them a secret from Ned since…Ned was Ned…

“What about Lya?” he asked.

“She will understand.” Brandon tried to assure him. “She will have me, Ben, Howland, and all the Northerners to comfort her.”

“But…”

“Oh and if you want to take all night with her…go ahead…Romantic Wolf…” *Hehe…*

“Brandon!”

“Bark as you want Dumb Wolf, I know you will stay with her the whole night…” he smirked as he said this. “Once you get the taste of the honey, brother…you won’t stop trying to get it.”

“Brandon!” Ned hissed again and Brandon just laughed amused at his brother’s reaction… “Gods you have no cure…”

“I do not…” *I love to tease this Dumb Wolf so much…But for once…I’m right…and he knows it…*

Chapter End Notes

A lot of people had predicted this outcome already so it's not new...We are finally approaching the tourney's end and boy it has been quite a few chapters in this already...

Chapter Updated on 13/10/2019 with dialogues improvements, plot-hole fixes, a new title, and few more things as well.

As always thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Now It Ends...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ashara Dayne VIII

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

“WHAT IN SEVEN HELLWS WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?” Elia shouted at Rhaegar as soon as she entered the room that both her and Rhaegar shared, in the Kingspyre Tower, Ashara was following her but stayed near the door preventing other people from entering and hearing the discussion that was about to unfold… “EXPLAIN IT TO ME RHAEGAR!!!”

“The council was called off.” Rhaegar replied simply. Well...Anyone can see that much...

“You don’t say?” Elia retorted as if it was an offense to her intelligence and with fundament in her reaction…Ashara had also never seen her friend this angry at someone before… “Why in the Seven Hells have you decided to crown Lyanna Stark, Rhaegar? Do you realize the number of people you have infuriated with this? My people, the Northmen and your cousin too.”

“Lyanna Stark heard of my plans when I talked with Lord Arryn and Lord Tully in the Godswood yesterday,” Rhaegar began explaining. “Then when I was gone she heard them put forward the name of my cousin as an alternative to me and my father. I couldn’t call the council in these circumstances, as you may guess.”

“But why her of all people? Why not Ashara perhaps?” What? Don’t drag me into this Elia! Ashara barked in her mind but said nothing. “Or Jasline, or Emy or Nysah? Or some other woman that wasn’t betrothed or married? Seven hells you could even have crowned me and not call the damned thing! Why Lyanna? Just why?”

“I don’t know, Elia…I was nervous and I wasn’t thinking properly…” he muttered. “I only had two women in my mind then, you and her…”

“And why was Lyanna Stark in your head?” Questioned Elia with a grim expression and a raised eyebrow not liking the way this was going.

“Because she was the one who told me that Lord Arryn and Lord Tully were going to betray me for my cousin!” he said. “Think of the situation I was in Elia, would you be able to not act rashly where you in my shoes?”

Elia’s expression seemed to soften a little. “So you are not interested in her?”

“No.” he replied. “I’m married to you, your daughter is my daughter as well, just as the child you carry in your womb.”

Elia seemed conflicted and unsure of what to do and say. “I can’t believe you just did this to me Rhaegar…You have humiliated me in front of the whole realm by crowning a betrothed woman, supposed to marry your own cousin.”

“I had no choice Elia…” he pleaded. “I…”

“Even if you couldn’t call the council, you could have done much better than this stupidity,” Elia
said simply and without blinking or showing any emotion at all while she walked in Ashara's direction. “Ash, let’s take a walk, please. I need to catch some fresh air.”

“Of course Elia…” she replied as she extended her arm to Elia, who promptly took it and with it, they left Rhaegar to his thoughts. All the stress and commotion while being with child could really prejudice Elia so Ashara hoped her friend would be alright...

As they left the Kingspyre Tower into the Hall of Hundred Hearths, they found her brother Arthur standing there like a statue, waiting for them as it seemed. “Elia…forgive me I should have prevented this incident from happening…” Her brother said refusing to look them in the eyes.

“I do hope you were not planning on staying there for the rest of the day Arthur…” Said Elia with a grim face. “Join us please.” Her friend begged as the three of them resumed their walk to whatever destination their Princess had in mind. That is if she had one in the first place as destinations were hardly someone’s priority when your head was boiling with emotions.

“You couldn’t know that this was to happen Artie.” Ashara tried to comfort her brother. “Don’t push yourself this hard…”

“I was with Rhaegar when Lady Lyanna told him what she heard,” Arthur explained. “I could have done something more…”

“You were with them?” Ashara asked and by the looks of it, Elia seemed to want to ask the same.

“I was. The young Stark was almost crying with the notion of becoming the Queen due to her marriage with Robert Baratheon.” Explained her brother and both Dornishwomen were caught off guard. “Rhaegar assured her he was going to fix this situation…I…I seriously thought he would…but…”

“It seems as if Rhaegar just made everything worse…” Sighed Elia. “Ashara…do you think he was speaking the truth? That he was indeed nervous and was not properly thinking?”

“Well the situation arose at the very last minute so his reply does have fundament and it’s quite normal.” Ashara expressed her opinion on the subject. “Though…even if he was in such a precarious position…the decision to crown Lyanna is rather odd, to say the least…considering she said she didn’t want to be a Queen…and she is the Knight of the Laughing Tree who Aerys is still searching for as far as I’m told…Rhaegar just placed her on the mouth of the realm which was not what we were trying to achieve in this regard…”

“I seriously thought I knew him well but…it seems I did not…” Her brother said depressed. “It turns out that he was in contact with Lord Tywin this whole time since we decided to organize the tourney…the Lion of the Rock has been sponsoring this tourney as well…”

“What?” Both she and Elia asked abashed. This could not be real...

“And why hasn’t he told us anything about it?” Asked Elia, offended.

“He said he didn’t want anyone to be able to tie him to Lord Tywin or for someone to find out the Lion was involved.”

“But we are his supporters!” Ashara said indignantly. “We are supposed to be informed of these things so we can plan things properly! Did Rhaegar think we would betray him? We are his bloody allies and if we were to betray him, we would be burnt alive!” Her blood was boiling too much but she was angered for the lack of trust Rhaegar gave them.
“I don’t know anymore…” Arthur confessed looking at the ground in shame. “I’m disappointed in him as well, Ash.”

“Lyanna seemed like a good potential companion…a friend perhaps…” Elia admitted sighing once more, feeling betrayed by Ned’s sister too. “I don’t know what to think about her now…nor what to think about everything else…”

“I don’t think Lyanna had anything to do with this Elia,” Ashara suggested. “It makes no sense…I haven’t seen her interacting with Rhaegar besides that day in the Godswood and from what Ned told me she had been rather afraid these past days.”

“By the looks of it, she doesn't wish to be a wife either,” Arthur added. “She is not looking forward to her marriage with Robert Baratheon.”

“I suppose…” Elia sighed. “And what about the plan? What are we to do now? We certainly lost the support of the North, Stormlands, Vale, and Riverlands…I suppose I can talk with Doran to appease him but…is our cause still alive?”

“That’s indeed a good question…” Her brother said. “It just got a lot harder…”

“Not necessarily…” Ashara murmured shyly. “If…I marry Ned as he and I plan…then House Dayne forms an alliance with House Stark and with them, their entire circle as well, those we just lost. House Dayne is a vassal of House Martell which in its turn ties this entire alliance to House Targaryen more precisely, Rhaegar once again.”

“Someone would be very happy if her marriage helped the realm wouldn’t she?” Elia commented smiling. “I don’t see it as a farfetched plan…”

“Well…if my happiness can save the realm…who am I to say no?” Ashara smirked as well. “You both have to admit that it’s a solid plan considering the circumstances.”

“Except that now these Great Lords are likely distrustful of Rhaegar and I wouldn’t blame them either.” Said her brother. “It’s going to be very hard to convince them to support him again especially if they are more inclined into pushing Robert’s claim.”

“Of course we would need some serious negotiations for the whole matter to be sorted out,” Ashara said. “Hence why no matter what, this is going to take a very long time. But we must give it a try, if the Great Council did not work, then we ought to try different solutions. Aerys cannot remain in power. That is a must.”

“Indeed.” Elia agreed. “We should at least give this a try.”

It was then that they noticed a servant running towards them. The man seemed pleased about finding them as well. “Thank the Seven I have found My Princess.”

“Is there something amiss my goodman?” Elia asked concerned with the state of the man in question.

“My Princess, Lord Eddard Stark requested some time for a small conversation with My Princess and the Lady Ashara.”

“Ned?” she said aloud. “Why does Ned wish to speak to us?”

“There is only one way to find out,” Elia said. “Tell Lord Stark to meet us by the God’s Eye if you could.”
“Certainly My Princess.” Said the poor panting servant as he went on his task while the three of them went to the place that Elia just decided.

They spoke a little bit more about the situation they were now in before Ned arrived. Ned being Ned, approached Elia and got down to his knee right in front of her. “Princess Elia, I ask you to consider my deepest apologies in the name of my family for what happened during the final joust. I came here in hopes of clearing my sister’s name for she had nothing to do with the Prince’s deed.”

Of course, it wasn’t just Elia who was suffering…her wolf and his family were as well…his sister was in the tongue of the world now and there was little she or anyone could do to fix it…Maybe if Ashara was to create another rumor to change people’s attention from Lyanna…perhaps it could work…

“Lord Eddard, please get up…” Elia begged a little embarrassed. “You are making a scene…people are looking at us…”

Ned began blushing as he got up, looking to the ground in shame and it seemed neither she nor Elia could hide a smile, but Arthur was a different subject… “I’m deeply sorry Princess Elia, I…”

“No need for apologies Lord Eddard.” Elia cut in with a smile. “I don't believe Lyanna had anything to do with any of my husband’s follies…”

“She did not…I can assure My Princess.”

“And how is Lyanna coping with the situation?” Elia inquired, with a concerned look. “Not well I presume…”

“Not well indeed…” Ned replied truthfully. “She has been crying most of the time since she got back to her tent, people are saying filthy things about her…my brother, our bannermen and Robert Baratheon are speaking of…” Ned was probably going to say something like treason but then he decided against it. “She just wishes to return home.”

“Poor girl…” Elia confessed saddened, the look she gave told Ashara she was being truthful about it. “You can tell her, I hold no grudge against her,” Elia said. “I know it’s not much, but it might cheer her up a little if not just making her conscience a little lighter.”

“Thank you, My Princess. I will be sure to transmit your will to her.” Ned nodded in respect. “Also…to avoid future problems and conflicts, we won’t be present at the feast tonight and together with the Valemen and Stormlanders, we shall leave in the morrow.”

“So soon?” Ashara asked aloud, making their attention turn to her.

“Yes…” was his reply, still glancing Arthur.

“Then you must wish to spend some quality time with Ashara, I presume?” Elia questioned with a smirk on her lips, whilst Arthur remained expressionless.

“Yes…I mean…I…” Ned said redder than a tomato. “I enjoy both of My Ladies’ company so…”

“Do you now?” Elia teased him a little more. “Well, I never said you did not Lord Eddard, but have some fun with Ash before you leave and began missing her.”

“My Princess…” he muttered looking at her brother, afraid or seeking approval from him…Oh Neddy my wolf…she thought amused. “I would like to…invite…Lady Ashara…to…join me and my siblings…on our return to Winterfell…”
Hearing these words made her heart beat faster…she wanted to go with him but she couldn’t simply leave Elia, she had a job to…

“Sure,” Elia replied, surprising Ashara, Arthur, and Ned in the process. “I have three more ladies-in-waiting to keep me company. I believe Ashara is perfectly capable of accompanying you for a few moons. If she so wishes of course…but I would enjoy her company when I’m to give birth.”

“I promise it won’t take too long Princess Elia…I wish to…present her to my father…it’s some weird plan my brother conceived…” Ned explained still wary of Arthur…“Gods Arthur, you are having fun torturing my wolf, aren’t you? You naughty brother…"

“So Ash do wish to go with the Starks?” Elia asked but she already knew the answer.

“I do!” Ashara said without giving it any thought… “And I have remembered that you haven’t yet to meet my brother Arthur.”

“Ser Arthur…” Ned politely nodded.

“Lord Stark…” Her brother did the same.

“A pleasure to…meet you Ser…”

“Likewise…”

“I…wish to…marry your sister…” Well…she wasn’t expecting this…but she liked it a lot…

“I had a feeling you did…”

“Does Ser Arthur have a…problem…with it?”

“If she is treated fairly I don’t, but if she is disrespected in some way…”

“Arthur!” she barked as she hit her brother in his head.

“She says you are a good man Lord Stark and as such my consent is given.” Her brother said. "Treat her well."

“Thank you, Ser…I will do my very best to make her a happy woman.” he bowed in respect to her brother.

“You are welcome,” Arthur said. “And warned…”

“Now Arthur how about you escort me to my ladies’ company? There ought to be worried about me…” Elia said while she picked Arthur’s arm and dragged him away, though Arthur kept glancing back at her and Ned. “Have fun you two!” Elia wished to them as they left.

Now it was just Ashara and Ned who remained by the shores of the God’s Eyes, a special place for her.

“I didn’t mean for the Princess to leave in such a way…” Ned murmured worriedly.

She smiled while she immersed her feet under the waters of the lake. Ashara loved water, so much she couldn’t survive a day without having a bath. Well it was an overstatement for she certainly could spend days without touching the water but it wasn’t the same. “Do not worry about Elia, she doesn’t hold a grudge against you or your sister. In fact, you actually cheered up a bit.”
“I did?” she nodded to his question and he spared a nervous smile. “I happy then…but your brother…”

“Arthur approves the marriage and that is what that matters. I assure you that he is not going to hunt you down…” she told him.

“Okay…”

“Ned…” she began. “I’m sorry for what happened…” I never anticipated this outcome to happen… had I known...

“As am I…” he murmured as he took a seat next to her but he did not dove his legs in the water as she did. “But you had nothing to do with it Ashara, so don’t feel bad.” he patted her shoulder after saying those words and kissed her cheek. “I’m a bit worried about this plan of my brother’s…” he confessed with a shy smile. “Whatever it is, I just hope it’s nothing stupid like most of his plans…”

“By the positive side…I will be able to see Winterfell and snow for the first time in my life…” she said beaming, anticipating the white substance and the mighty castle of the Lord Paramount of the North.

“You never saw snow before?” Ned asked surprised.

“Never.”

“It doesn’t snow in the Red Mountains of Dorne?”

“Only on severe winters and in the tallest mountain peaks, which I dare not to climb even if I have the energy of a horse.” she explained.

“That is interesting.” he laughed at her jape. “In the North, it even snows in Summer. Of course, it doesn’t compare with the blizzards of Winter which should return soon if I’m to guess.”

Ashara took her legs out of the water so they could dry because it was getting darker. “It takes more than snow to make me falter you know? I assure you I will not be afraid of ten feet deep snows.” Of course, she was slightly afraid of the sizable snows of the North but she really wanted to visit the North.

“I never expected anything less from the strongest and most beautiful woman in the known world…”

“Always flattering me…what a nice sweet Quiet Wolf I have with me…” she smiled before her expression got grimmer upon remembering her past… “You know…I used to wish to be ugly when I was younger…”

He looked at her with a surprised look upon hearing her statement. “Why?”

“After my mother died and…my father sent me…to the Water Gardens near Sunspear…I had no friends…” she explained as her heart began hurting. “Other girls were…jealous of me…for my beauty…” Perhaps she shouldn’t have begun this dialogue with Ned for she was sure that she had tears at the corner of her eyes. “I was lonely…I had no one to talk with while my body was growing and soon enough I was having my first flowerings…back then I felt all the emotions one can feel at the same time…not knowing what was happening to me…these were hard times for me…”

“I’m sorry…” he murmured.
“For what?” she inquired, half crying, half laughing. “You didn’t even know I existed back then.”

“I made you remember those painful memories…” he explained to her. “I don’t like seeing people I care about sad…”

“Oh, my sweet Quiet Wolf, they are painful memories indeed,” she said as she patted his own cheek now. “But they gave way to beautiful memories when I met Elia and she befriended me, quickly becoming my best friend. She introduced me to Oberyn and so many more people and I was never lonely again.”

“Elia does seem like a wonderful woman…”

“She is.” Ashara agreed while she thought how unfair Rhaegar had been for her.

“But you did not mention your family…” Ned pointed out. “What happened to them?”

Her family… “They did not know, my brothers were still at Starfall and my sister was but a newborn baby. I hold no hate towards any of them. I only blame my father.”

“You hate your father?” he asked surprised.

“I used to hate him, yes. Now I simply pity him and despise him a little.” Ashara confessed. “He never cared for me because I was a woman, he didn’t have sisters of his own and he was quite distant with my grandmother as well. Only my mother cared for me and once she died, my father grew bitter for he came to appreciate her. To my father, my sister and I are nothing but broodmares he can sell to the highest bidder and once I lost my maidenhead, I lost whatever value I had to him. I’m nothing but a whore to him now, not his daughter. He told me so many times…” she finished with a sigh.

“That’s why you said your family was not like mine?” Ned asked but he already knew the answer for he was not a fool. “Your father…did wrong…”

“As I said in what seems like a lifetime ago, I’m indeed glad your family cares so much for each other, it warms my heart,” she said smiling. “I wished every family was like yours.”

“You will be part of it as well, once we marry.” he avowed and she hoped it would happen… perhaps it would do well for her to be part of the Stark pack…

She cleaned her tears and cocked her head to rest on his shoulder. “I do hope so,” she confessed. “Even if I turn out to be a horrible lady of whatever household we end up in, I shall give my very best at it.”

“If you are to be a horrible lady of whatever household we end up in, I can’t even imagine what I will be like.”

“A good and fair lord perhaps? Who cares deeply for his wife?” she suggested.

“The first one I will try as hard as I can, the second one is granted.”

“I know.” she agreed while pinching his nose. “You Northerners wake up with the sun if I recall correctly?”

“Yes.”

“Then I guess we should retire so we are fresh to go in the morrow.” she suggested while she put
on her sandals again.

“Aye…I think we should do that…” Ned agreed. “But do let me escort you back to the castle.”

“Of course.” she extended her arm to him which he took. “Do lead the way.”

Eddard Stark IX

Harrenhal, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

When dawn came and their party was almost ready to leave with just half a dozen tents still being dismantled, Ashara appeared before them mounted on her Dornish Sand Steed, Starlight with all her belongings at its back.

All the eyes of the Northmen were fixed onto her and they all looked wary with a hint of curiosity. “Good morning.” she said with a bright smile.

“Lady Ashara,” Lya said with a warm smile while she approached to scrutinize Ashara’s steed. “It’s so good to see you join us.”

“Oh, I’m quite excited to join you all and see the North.” Ashara said.

“I’m sure you do…and with Ned’s company…it’s gets much better…”

“Do you happen to read my mind Lyanna?” Ashara laughed and so did his little sister.

“Perhaps I do…” Lya went with the jape. “Very nice horse you have here.”

Ned was much happier now that his sister was calmer and much better looking. He was certainly thankful for that. Now beside him were Brandon, Willam, and Ethan. They were all readying their horses for the long journey that awaited them but they stopped to see Ashara…

“Who is she?” Asked Willam with his mouth open.

“That’s Ashara Dayne, Willy, my brother’s…lady friend…if you get my meaning…” Brandon proclaimed with a smirk. “And she is coming with us to Winterfell so we can introduce her to our father.”

“No way…” Willam said abashedly before he went into a fit of laughter. “Bloody hell didn’t the Quiet Wolf score big now?”

“A Dornishwoman to top it off,” Brandon added. “My dear brother is friends with a Dornishwoman…if you get my meaning…”


“I wish I was this lucky,” Ethan muttered. “Gods Ned you are making me jealous now…she is gorgeous…”

“You better learn your place, Ethan,” Brandon said to his squire. “Ashara Dayne is not yours to covet, the Quiet Wolf will not allow it and be warned that he has sharp fangs…”

“Brandon…” Ned warned.
“So the Quiet Wolf is in the heat, heh?” Willam continued his laugh. “I never thought I would see this day come but I’m proud.”

“I told this Dumb Wolf the very same thing,” Brandon said as he clapped Ned’s shoulder. “He is a man now!”

“You guys should stop being so prudish.” Ned warned them.

“And you should go say good morning to your lady love, brother.” Brandon retorted. “It’s impolite to make a lady wait.”

“Indeed Neddy boy, get on with it before Ethan tries his luck with her.” Willam added.

“You all have no remedy.” Ned barked as he did what they told him for they were right, he had no greet the woman he loved.

“We love you too little brother.” Brandon shouted before the trio of them began laughing like some bloody fools.

Once Ashara saw him she quickly embraced him with a hug. “Ned, it’s so good to see you.” With a better glance at her, Ned noticed that she was dressed the same way as Lyanna: with breeches and a tunic.

“Good morning Ashara, did you sleep well?”

“I struggled a little to sleep but once I did, I slept wonderfully,” she said. “And you?”

“I suffered from the same problem I must confess.”

“Excitement right?”

“Yes, it has been a while since I have been in the North and Winterfell.” he agreed. “I will go fetch Brooding to where we have the horses grazing. Care to join me?” he asked Ashara.

“But of course, I have missed the beautiful horse of yours,” she told him. “And so did Starlight.”

“You coming with us Lya?” he inquired.

“Yes, yes. I need to fetch Winterstorm as well.” His sister said.

“And how are you feeling today Lyanna? Better?” Ashara asked with a concerned tone.

“Much better than yesterday I must say.” His sister agreed. “Very happy to leave this cursed place if I’m to be honest.”

“I’m glad you feel better.” The Star of Dorne said. “Elia wished for you to feel better with yourself and ignore the rumors for they will eventually dissipate.”

“I have been trying to that. I’m thankful the Princess does not hate me…”

“She couldn’t hate you, Elia is not like that.”

“ALRIGHT EVERYONE!!! FETCH YOUR HORSES FOR IT’S TIME TO GO HOME!!! TO THE NORTH WE GO!!!” Brandon suddenly shouted scaring everyone in the camp in the process.

“AYE!!! TO THE NORTH!!!TO THE NORTH!!!” Barked the Northmen proudly.
“Looks like we are leaving.” Said Lyanna whilst rolling her eyes. “I just wished my foolish brother didn’t have this fit…it was unnecessary…”

“Agreed.” Said Ned as he wrapped his arm around his sister. “But it wouldn’t be him without these fits.”

“It wouldn’t.” she agreed.

And so it ended…Ned’s presence in the largest tourney in history, he met a new friend in Howland Reed, he enjoyed his time with his siblings, met a lot of new people, found the love of his life and because of her…he believed that somehow he became a better man…

But the repercussions of such a tourney will impact Westeros for many years to come…

Chapter End Notes

And now it ended indeed, nineteen chapters in and I finally concluded this first portion of the story. I know that I could have thrown other things in Harrenhal, add depth to other things but overall I'm pleased with the result.

Now we will dive into another portion of the story, the aftermath and the consequences of the largest tourney in history. Besides the POVs already introduced until now, there will be a few more coming and I hope I will be able to write them well.

I also can't thank the support the story has received as well, I'm sure I have lost readers in the way to here as I can't please everyone, but I'm pleased that there are still some readers who enjoy the story and return for more chapters, but I thank all of them anyway, those who left and those who stayed.

Chapter Updated on 20/10/2019, this one suffered the largest changes until now, I contemplated on making an entirely new chapter but in the end, decided against it as the POVs are the same, I took a sex scene between Ned and Ashara because I felt it was bit out of place but kept important dialogue from that scene in Ashara's POV; I rewrote most of Ned's POV as well but centered around the theme of his original POV.

Anyway, this final note seems like a testament already, so without further ado, I thank everyone for sparing time reading and hope they have a nice day.
The Life Of A Kingsguard

Jaime Lannister I

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 281 AC

For about two moons Jaime had been a Kingsguard knight. And for about two moons, his initial eagerness to join the order was dissipating with each passing day, being replaced instead with disappointment. Sure that being a sworn brother to the likes of Ser Arthur Dayne, Ser Barristan and Lord Commander Gerold Hightower was like a dream come true to any man calling himself a knight but so far he wasn't able to fulfill the main reason he joined the order, being close to his other half...his beautiful sister Cersei...

Many would say that longing for a sister the way he did was wrong but he cared not. The Targaryens had done it for centuries so why couldn't they, the strongest family after them, do the very same thing? Was it so wrong when your love was to your sister?

It was Cersei herself who convinced him to join the Kingsguard after she told him that their lord father intended on having him marry that trout mouth, Lysa Tully. You and I can be together this way Jaime...she had told him then, after a night of pleasure. My sworn shield...

But does anything ever go the way it should? Of course not. Neither he nor his sister were counting on their father resigning his position as Hand of the King, just a minute after hearing about Jaime’s new role. And much less were they expecting Cersei to return to Casterly Rock at his command...

Jaime had hoped to partake in the great Tourney at Harrenhal, where he was donned with the white cloak of the Kingsguard in a ceremony for the entirety of the realm to see. He had hoped to see his sister and crown her his Queen of Love and Beauty but the only thing he remembered from his family there were his uncle Kevan and aunt Genna’s disappointed looks...That was of course before the King found fit to send him back to King's Landing to guard the Queen...

And here he was...guarding her...as he was told. Queen Rhaella was a nice and kind woman by his own account, she seemed to have a soft spot for him mainly because of his mother, Joanna Lannister who had been a great friend of hers besides a lady-in-waiting. However, Jaime still missed Cersei's embrace and Tyrion's mismatched smiles...his boring and funny uncles and his vivacious aunt...the Rock in itself...

It wasn't Cersei’s whispering that made the King accept Jaime as a Kingsguard like he thought before he donned the white cloak. No, it was the King himself who wished to slight Jaime's lord father even further. No one cared for Jaime’s skill with the sword or how good of a knight he tried to be, he was a Lannister and that was all that mattered, he was Lord Tywin Lannister's precious heir, not Jaime Lannister.

One or two days ago, whilst playing with her son, the Queen received word from the Small Council members that did not travel to Harrenhal, specifically from the one who went by the name of Lord Varys, the King’s Master of Whisperers, that the Royal Progress had left the castle of Hayford which stood a few miles away from the capital and that the King was expected to arrive at the Red Keep sooner rather than later.
House Targaryen was a bloody mess in his opinion. It was a miracle that it survived this long as their members loved to destroy each other...they did so during Maegor's reign, at the Dance, at the Blackfyre Rebellions and from what Jaime saw and heard, King Aerys and Prince Rhaegar were at each other too...Then you add the fact that Prince Viserys was kept secluded from most of the court as the King feared him to be poisoned and you have the recipe for problems.

There was also the Prince Rhaenys as he believed the little girl to be called who remained at Dragonstone with wetnurses. The girl was the only Targaryen he had no seen yet but he heard she was a copy of her mother, the Princess Elia with just a few strands of silver-blonde hair.

If he was, to be honest, Jaime would not mind being a Targaryen because if he was, he could have wed his sister, make the unofficial, official.

He was now strolling behind the Queen, a rider had come earlier that day saying the Royal Progress was on the horizon, and so the gentle Queen did what was expected of her, meet her brother-husband upon his arrival. She did not look happy, however. Well…with a mad and ugly brother as a husband, Jaime doubted anyone would be happy anyway…

“My Queen, is everything alright?” he decided to inquire as he was getting rather concerned by her grim and absent facial expression.

“Yes…” That was certainly not a proper yes…

“Isn’t My Queen excited to see My Queen’s family once more?”

“I’m very happy to see my Rhaegar, Elia and her ladies-in-waiting, of course. They are always good company…” But what about the King? She said nothing of him so Jaime was indeed curious but decided against bothering her more, it wasn't his place to tattle the woman.

At the outer bailey of the Red Keep stood Lord Lucerys Velaryon, the Master of Ships, Lord Varys and Grand Maester Pycelle who was a friend of Jaime's father. The Queen took her place in front of them as protocol demanded and with the sun enlightening her figure she looked regal and quite beautiful...almost as beautiful as Cersei...but...she had many scars cursing her pale skin...what were they from? She did not seem the type that would constantly fall as some dull ladies did…

There was not much time for Jaime to come up with theories for the Queen’s look as the royal carriages began entering the walls of the Red Keep. Not too long after, men and women alike began exiting them with the castle's servants running to tend the horses and highborn alike.

All the women were pretty enough but oddly enough the better-looking one in his opinion, Ser Arthur's sister, was not among them...where had she go?

It was then the King exited his carriage quite agitated and with an angry look. “WHERE IS HE?” he began shouting at everyone and no one. “WHERE IS THAT TRAITOR?” Who was he talking about? “AH!!! THERE HE IS!!!” he smirked as he pointed his ugly nails at Jaime. Me? “I KNOW YOU ARE THE KNIGHT OF THE LAUGHING TREE, LANNISTER!!” Who? “SER GEROLD, SER JONOTHOR SEIZE THE TRAITOROUS LANNISTER NOW!!”

Luckily for him, both Ser Gerold and Ser Jonothor were caught off guard by the royal command and did not make any attempts to actually seizing him. “Your Grace, what have I done that can be seen as treason? I have been here doing exactly as Your Grace commanded me to…” Jaime asked slightly shaken.

“LIAR!!!” The King hissed angrily, his eyes bulging. “I KNOW IT WAS YOU! I KNOW YOU
“ARE THE KNIGHT OF THE LAUGHING TREE!!! YOU DEFIED MY ORDERS AND
JOUSTEM AGAINST THREE WEAKLINGS!!!”

“Father if you could…” Rhaegar urged, trying to contain the King somehow.

“QUIET BOY!!!”

“Your Grace I swear I have been here the entire time!” Jaime insisted.

“LIES AND MORE LIES!!!” The King barked. “YOU ARE ALL LIARS AND TRAITORS!!!”

“Aerys, please, Ser Jaime speaks the truth!” The Queen pleaded in his defense as she approached her brother-husband. “He has been guarding me since he arrived in King’s Landing.”

“DON’T YOU LIE TO ME WOMAN!!!” he shouted as he slapped Queen Rhaella on her face, making her hiss in pain. *This is not right! She is a woman and you simply don’t slap them like this!* But no one did a thing…no one defended the Queen…not even him… “AND NOBODY ASKED FOR YOUR STUPID OPINION!!!”

“Your Grace…” The bald man, Lord Varys called, managing to gather the King’s attention from his sister-wife. “Both young Ser Jaime and the Queen speak the truth, my little birds confirm their stories and I have seen it with my very own eyes as well.”

“Me too, Your Grace.” Said Pycelle but he seemed less confident than Varys. “Ser Jaime has been fulfilling his duties with clear distinction if I may say so.” Lord Lucerys confirmed this as well, after Pycelle’s unnecessary praises that is…Everyone seemed to prove the King’s theory wrong it was just a question if the mad man would accept it.

“So he came here then? After I sent him away?” The King asked as he didn’t sound convinced yet, but at least he had calmed down…Thank the Gods for that…

“He did, Your Grace.” Pycelle insisted with the other two counselors nodding.

“Then who is the fucking Knight of the Laughing Tree?” *Yes, who the hell was this guy that is causing this bloody ruckus?*

“That is something I, unfortunately, do not know, Your Grace,” Lord Varys replied. “I have never heard of such a knight.”

“Now you have so find him for me!” The King demanded. “As for you Lannister, you are safe for now, but do remember I will be keeping a close eye on you! Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Your Grace.” Came the answer without hesitation.

The King scoffed and left to the Throne Room while Princess Elia and her ladies-in-waiting took the chance to tend the poor Queen. Jaime felt bad with himself for he failed to help her. The seven greatest knights of Westeros were all present and none lifted a finger for their Queen…

“Ser Jaime.” Ser Gerold called with a serious and unflinching face. “The Kingsguard is to assemble in the White Sword Tower in ten minutes.”

“Yes Ser.”

“Do you know your way there Lannister?” Ser Oswell inquired in a jape but Jaime was not in the mood for them. “Do we have to guide you there?”
“I do know the way Ser,” Jaime replied. “I can go there myself.”

“Good boy.” Ser Oswell laughed with most of the Kingsguard knights. What is there to laugh? A woman was slapped and none of us did a thing.

“Don’t be late, Ser Jaime.” Ser Gerold warned.

“No Ser.”

A quarter of an hour later, all the knights were seated in accordance with their longevity in the Kingsguard. Ser Gerold was seated on a large chair made of old black oak with blanched cowhide cushions, the most elaborated chair in the room. To his right, were Ser Barristan, Ser Oswell and Prince Lewyn while to the Lord Commander’s left were Ser Jonothor, Ser Arthur and he, the youngest of them all.

“The Kingsguard has seven knights once more.” Ser Gerold began his speech. “Meaning we can make new pairs to fulfill the tasks needed to be done. I tried to make these pairs as balanced as I could. The first one will be Ser Barristan with Prince Lewyn, the second Ser Jonothor, and Ser Oswell and finally Ser Arthur with Ser Jaime. Anyone against these pairs?” No one seemed to oppose as no one said anything. “Wonderful then, I shall guard Princess Elia, Ser Barristan and Prince Lewyn will watch the King and Prince Rhaegar, Ser Jonothor and Ser Oswell the Queen and Prince Viserys and Ser Arthur and Ser Jaime will be on patrol duty.” Ser Gerold commanded. “The shifts will switch in that order. When Prince Rhaegar and his wife move to Dragonstone we will have another meeting to discuss the tasks in accordance. Questions or doubts?” Asked Ser Gerold glancing each one of them. “None? Alright then begin your work.”

“YES SER!!!!”

As the others began going on their way, Jaime waited for Ser Arthur to call him to begin as well, but the knight was simply gazing him with a very serious look from his dark blue eyes, judging eyes... “Is there any problem Ser Arthur?” he asked worriedly. “Shouldn’t we begin our task as well?”

“Why did you join the Kingsguard, Ser Jaime?” Ser Arthur questioned, not moving his glance from him.

To be with Cersei and prove everyone I’m a good knight. “To prove my worth as a knight and to serve the realm in every possible way I can.”

“Then you don’t seem to be right for this position, Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur said bitterly. “You were the heir to the Westerlands, you should have remained as such.” Why was he saying this to him? Was he that bad? “I will patrol the outer bailey, you will patrol Maegor’s holdfast and the inner bailey.”

“Yes Ser.” If he says I’m not worthy then I will prove him wrong. I will show the great Ser Arthur Dayne that I am as good of a knight as he is. Hear Me Roar.

Elia Martell I

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 281 AC

Elia was filled with anticipation ever since she returned to King’s Landing earlier that day, the King was as mad as he had been before she left. So she was quite glad she would be leaving for
Dragonstone in less than a week and with it, she would be free from watching more burnings and hear people scream, the thing that tormented her the most was not being able to take poor Queen Rhaella with her so she could see her granddaughter Rhaenys once more.

Elia missed her baby daughter dearly and wondered if she had spoken her first words already...she was certainly of age, if Elia's lessons about babies were correct...perhaps she was even giving her first steps too...and she was missing it all...it was horrible to be away from her daughter...Her belly was getting quite shapely as well, she was around five moons into her pregnancy. Her hopes were that it was a boy this time because if it was yet another girl and looking Dornish she would get into serious troubles with Aerys...

One thing that did not leave her mind was what Rhaegar did at Harrenhal...Elia still felt that there was more than what meets the eye in regards to that whole affair but she had no proof nor did she truly believe that Lyanna Stark had something such as an affair with her husband but...you never know...

Speaking of Lyanna...Elia was quite worried about her...the Northerner was the Knight of the Laughing Tree and judging by Aerys’ earlier outburst, when he saw poor Ser Jaime, the King was still keen on finding whoever the Knight...especially now that Rhaegar made Lyanna famous by the worst reasons...

There were plenty of rumors circling around already, rumors that hurt Elia more than anything. They spoke how sickly she was, incapable of pleasuring the dashing and handsome Prince Rhaegar...These people knew nothing at all. They didn’t know how much it cost for her to give birth to Rhaenys and how much it will cost for her to give birth in a few moons to their second child. She was sacrificing her life for the realm by giving Rhaegar children...but all that mattered, in the end, was that she was Dornish and sickly, the worst in a person.

Elia recalled the moment she married...It had been her late mother's idea to make this marriage happen in order to spite Lord Tywin Lannister, after the humiliation he gave them when they visited Casterly Rock all those years ago. Elia accepted the marriage plan after she saw her mother so excited with the prospect of having a daughter as Queen and Elia herself had fallen in love with Rhaegar's otherworldly good looks. But almost three years later, she learned that her reaction was exactly what a blind woman would do. She should have learned more about her husband before she married...

She never questioned her relationship with Rhaegar, she supposed it was like any arranged marriage would be like...He was distant but always provided her with love and comfort, she never lacked it. There were certainly many women in worst conditions than her, one such example was poor Queen Rhaella...so Elia couldn't really complain...Maybe his words were true and she was making a big deal out of nothing...

It did not stop her however from imagining the different lives she could have had provided she married one of two men she had fallen in love before she met Rhaegar. One was Baelor Hightower, with his handsome face, blond hair, beautiful bright blue eyes, and a captivating smile. Baelor had been very nice to her, despite the ancient animosity between both of their families, and made her laugh more times than what she wanted to admit, especially after he farted in her and Oberyn’s presence...Elia always laughs when remembering that episode...

The other...the other was her first and true love...Arthur and his jet black hair and dark blue eyes, which almost appeared to be purple. His kind nature, soothing aura and peculiar sense of humor...the look he gave to her, the kisses they shared when they were younger...the dreams they held for a future that never came to be...
Two possible husbands, she turned down and could never get back...

There were very few things that warmed Elia's heart these past weeks...besides being so close to seeing her precious daughter again, she also smiled upon remembering the joy that Ashara manifested the last time they saw each other still at Harrenhal, on how she was so excited to see the North and hoping that Lord Stark would accept a marriage she wished so much.

Looking back at that sad and shy little girl that made every female jealous because of her god-like beauty and always bigger breasts than the average girl and the much more confident and comfortable with herself present-day Ashara, who no longer cried in some corner because she was lonely. Elia was certainly proud of the part she took in shaping her friend into the wonderful woman she was now. Hopefully Lord Stark wouldn't destroy her hopes and dreams...Elia had lost hers by refuting Arthur and Baelor Hightower but there was still hope for Ashara to be truly happy with the man she loved.

While Elia strolled by the Red Keep, she witnessed people whispering as she and her ladies passed by. Most likely these courtiers and servants were speaking of what happened at Harrenhal. She herself couldn't stop thinking how different things were supposed to be now...Rhaegar being the King and the realm preparing itself for a new era of prosperity...But it didn't happen that way, it never does...Lord Arryn and Lord Tully had blown off months of planning in a single day...And she hated repeating herself but she couldn't avoid it in this situation, Rhaegar made their work much harder with only Ashara's plan being the viable option to still change things now.

Before dinner time, Elia and the ladies met Queen Rhaella in the latter’s room in which they all sat by the balcony enjoying the remains of the sunset. She was just finishing explaining the Queen, what happened in Harrenhal, while her friends talked about gossip.

“To think Rhaegar did such a thing…” The Queen murmured with a sigh. “He was always a smart boy, pondering every decision very hard before making any move…it was indeed a reckless move from his part…”

“Things are going to be difficult from now on My Queen.” she murmured back. “Without the Great Council, your brother will rule for longer than what we anticipated.”

“Indeed…” The Queen sighed yet again as she took a long glance at the sea. “And the little wolf girl? What happened to her?”

“Lyanna Stark was devastated according to her brother.” Explained Elia, whilst glancing her hands. “I can imagine why…”

“Poor girl…It seems I need to have a conversation with Rhaegar one of these days…” The Queen decided. “But speaking of other things…where is my beautiful star? I didn’t see her arrive with the rest of you...Did something happen to her? I’m quite worried…”

“Oh, Ashara went with the Starks to Winterfell, My Queen.” Emyly explained.

“Winterfell? With the Starks?” Asked the Queen confused. “Why?”

“Our Ash fell in love with one of the Starks at Harrenhal.” Jasline added with a smirk.

“She is hoping to get permission from his father to marry him.” Said Emy as she hugged herself with a dreamily face.

“Oh by the Seven!” The Queen interjected with a laugh following. “Our beautiful star found love?”
“She did My Queen.” Elia smiled.

“Not the oldest Stark I presume?” The Queen questioned with a raised eyebrow. “As far as I know, he was to marry Tully girl wasn’t he?”

“Not him of course, My Queen.” Jasline quickly dismissed. “It’s Lord Stark’s second son, Eddard.”

The Queen held a beautiful smile full of joy which made Elia happy too. “And how is he?” she asked. “The Stark boy?”

“At first glance, he seemed cold and distant.” Explained Nysah. “But when you make an effort to meet him, he is kind, gentle and nice.”

“And oh so very, very shy.” Added Jasline. “And for that reason, he seems to be everyone’s favorite victim to tease.”

Queen Rhaella began laughing rather loudly with Jasline’s comment, making everyone in the room laugh as well. “I can see why our star chose him then...she must have her fun teasing that poor Northerner…”

“They look very cute together, My Queen,” Elia assured. “She makes him exit his cocoon while he makes her feel appreciated for what she is.”

“I think if everything works out the way it should,” Jasline began with a wicked smile. “We can expect a happy marriage with a lot of little stars and pups.”

“Ashara deserves as much.” The Queen said. “May the Gods give their blessing for this marriage.”

“May the Gods bless them indeed.” Elia agreed fully. *And may the Gods bless us as well, My Queen…*

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**Lysa Tully II**

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 281 AC

Lysa watched as Catelyn danced another dance with her uncle Brynden…she was so jealous of her sister as Cat’s betrothal to Brandon Stark was formally announced to most of the Riverlords meaning that the wedding itself was to happen very soon. Lysa, however, had no prospects at all…

She still remembered quite fondly the handsome Ser Elbert from Harrenhal...he had complimented her and said she was prettier than Cat, that he wished to dance again with her but...he never came back...Petyr had been right about the young Arryn...he just wanted Cat not her...

Petyr was the only one...Petyr was the only one who loved her...Petyr...only Petyr...no else...Petyr who had danced six dances with Cat begging a kiss from her but receiving nothing but rejection and mockery...Cat did not deserve Petyr, he was too good for her.

Lysa had tried to comfort him but he did wish for her company but she was getting worried with him. So she glanced at the table he had taken his seat on and...he had passed out! *Oh by the Seven!* Lysa began to panic upon seeing Petyr like that...she begged the Seven for him to not be dead, she could not have him dead...he was the only one that loved her…

“Lysa is everything alright, sweet child? You look troubled…” It was her uncle Brynden who
asked her that, he had finished dancing with Cat and now was next to Lysa with a confused look.

“Oh uncle Brynden look at Petyr!” she told him while pointing her index finger into her Petyr, the one who loved her. “He has passed out…I…”

“Calm down, sweet Lysa.” Her uncle told her in a soothing manner but she remained worried. “Let us see what happened to that little troublemaker,” he motioned for her to follow him and she did without hesitating. Upon arriving, her uncle pressed his hand at Petyr’s neck. “His pulse is right so what could…” Her uncle grabbed a cup that he found in front of Petyr and took a look at its contents. “Well…it looks like I found the reason why Petyr passed out.”

“What was it uncle?” she asked worriedly. “Was it something bad?”

“Not really, he just drank a powerful Dornish red,” he explained to her. “This isn’t a wine you drink and expect to remain sober afterward. Even I struggle with it.”

“Will he be alright?”

“Aye, he will.” Her uncle assured her with a smile. “On the morrow, he will have a terrible headache but it will pass. There is nothing to worry about.”

She sighed with relief, knowing that Petyr would be fine. “I feel much more relieved uncle.”

“As you should do Lysa.” Her uncle said while patting her shoulder. “In the meantime, I will take this foolish boy back to his room before your father sees him in such a state.”

“Okay.”

“There are a few young lordlings here, ask them for a dance, I’m sure they will accept such a pretty woman like you. Go on, you deserve it.”

“I will try uncle.” she nodded but deep down she knew none of them would care for her…only Petyr did…only Petyr…

Cat was scolding Edmure for their younger brother was drunk at just nine of age, he had taken the opportunity that there were no adults to control him to do such a thing. Uncle Brynden returned not long after and had to take yet another person to bed. Cat retired to her bed too for it was late and Lysa did as well.

While Cat went straight to her bedroom, Lysa did not. She went to Petyr’s room instead. Part of her conscience told her she was committing a mistake but the other part of her told her she was doing the right thing. She ended up entering…

Petyr was laying down on his bed, seemingly a bit soberer. “Cat?” he whispered in a murmur, his eyes were sleepy as she could see despite the darkness. “Is it you?”

Cat…it was always Cat…stupid Cat and her perfection…stupid Cat who steals everyone…stupid Cat who cared naught but for herself…but stupid Cat would never do this...

Lysa climbed into Petyr’s bed, rubbed the bulge on his breeches and felt something hardening. She knew what this something was, so she pulled Petyr’s breeches down together with his smallclothes and contemplated his hardened manhood…it was an ugly thing but it was Petyr’s so could grow to love it. “Cat…” he whispered again. “Let me take you…”

She pulled her skirt up and took off her smallclothes, then she pressed her bud onto him and she felt
sharpening pain on her womanhood…she had lost her maidenhead…to sweet Petyr…her Petyr…the feeling was of pain and pleasure, so much she had to cover her mouth as to not scream…it was wonderful and then, after pressing herself onto him, she felt something entering her…

“I love you Cat…I love…it was so wonderful and then, after pressing herself onto him, she felt something entering her…

Petyr fell asleep then…she took her soaking womanhood from him and laid down there, next to the man who loved her…the man who loved her…he was hers and hers alone and with this notion in mind, Lysa fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

So we begin the next part of the story with two new POVs, there will be a few more coming though not at the same time.

Chapter Updated on 27/10/2019, with a minor change to the title, dialogue improvements in Jaime and Elia's POVs as well as some fixes. The biggest change is a new Lysa's POV which replaced Littlefinger's POV. The reasoning for this is that originally Littlefinger was going to have more than two or three POVs but then ended up having less importance for a POV, so I decided to take off his POVs entirely and replace them with Lysa's. By the way, it's very hard for me to write in her perspective simply because I have to make her in love with Littlefinger and it is just...awful...

Anyway, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
The Lannister party arrived at the Lion’s Mouth at the beginning of the night, the main entrance to Casterly Rock. Kevan walked to his sister Genna’s carriage as she had asked for him to join her. The charioteer opened the door and he entered, made his best as to not hit the ceiling and sat in front of his sister. He knew what she wished to speak about but he allowed her to take the reins of the conversation.

“What are we to say to him, Kev?” she asked with a concerned look. “How do we explain Tywin what happened in Harrenhal?”

“I believe our best course of action is to explain the truth to him,” he said to his sister. “There is no point on lying to him, he will find out no matter what and we will just getting into his bad graces for no reason at all.”

“I’m pretty sure our dear brother knows what happened already…” she murmured. “Everything seemed to be going fine until Rhaegar Targaryen crowned that Stark girl…and without so much as to explaining why…”

No one but Rhaegar Targaryen himself would know the reasons for his surprising actions. Kevan had been wondering if Rhaegar Targaryen had fallen in love with Lyanna Stark or something of the sort…perhaps from composing so many songs the Prince thought himself to live in one…Either way, the damaged had been done and the Prince, as Genna said, did not try to fix it yet.

The Stark girl was not ugly by all means and she seemed to have a wild and exotic look to her but what was she compared to his niece, the Light of the West? Cersei was way more beautiful than Lyanna Stark could ever hope to be but alas Tywin did not allow her to go to Harrenhal to prove as much. Not that it would matter that much since the Prince had seen Cersei countless times in the Red Keep and did not seem interested in her or maybe she seemed too young for him then?

“It’s how things are Genna.”

“Oh well, at least I had some fun with a few young fellows…” she said giggling. “There was this Reachmen I…”

“Genna…please do spare me of your conquests or whatever nonsense you did at Harrenhal…” he pleaded and scolded at the same time.

“Gods Kev! Sometimes you sound like Tywin or Tygett, all serious and without a sense of humor or fun.” she barked bitterly.

“I’m their brother so it’s likely that I share some personality traits with them.”

“But you could be a slightly bit like Gerion…just a slightly bit?” Said his sister.

“Gerion is Gerion and I’m Kevan Lannister.”
“I know your name brother, I know how you are and how you will not be.” she shrugged. “I’m simply trying to get you in the mood.”

“In the mood?” he asked confused. “For what exactly?”

“To provide our dear Dorna with a night that she will remember,” she said winking her right eye. “You ought to do your duty as a husband or she may…well…Dorna is not me, she would never betray you in any way…but still! You ought to do what you ought to do.”

“And you believe I will get in the mood by hearing of your conquests?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“It never hurts to try bold solutions…” she said. “Emmon never cares much for me, he fears me at times…he prefers some whores over me, they are more submissive to him than I will ever be in my death bed.”

Perhaps he and Dorna should focus more on enjoying themselves rather than trying to conceive a child. Somehow their coupling had turned more into a duty rather than a pleasure in which their marriage began. House Lannister had more than enough spares from his siblings, his cousins, and his distant kin at Lannisport. It was time to return to their roots of love nights. “After I inform Tywin, I shall search for Dorna.”

His sister’s face could not hide a big smirk. “That is what I like to hear Kev! I want to hear your lion’s roar tonight!”

“Genna by the Gods what are you speaking of?” he asked. Sometimes he did not understand his sister.

“I thought that since I scream at times…when I…you know…I thought…”

To his own surprise, Kevan began chuckling. “Sister of mine you tell me of such obscene things…I’m quite sure Gerion would be thrilled to hear these conversations you have with me.”

“I know he would but he will not.” she smiled. “That foolish brother of mine would never leave me alone with it.”

“He would not.” Kevan agreed.

“Anyway, it seems we have finally arrived at the top of the Rock.” Genna proclaimed. “I’m looking forward to having a bath and sleep in my comfortable bed for a while.”

“And if Emmon wishes for you to go to the Twins to meet him?”

“Kevan, don’t be a pesky man please,” she begged as she rolled her eyes. “Emmon will wait or he will come here to fetch me himself, I will not leave the Rock without his escort.” His sister was a piece of work on her own, she had a strong personality and he couldn’t really blame poor Emmon Frey if he was afraid of her…

“As you say, sister of mine. As you say.” A servant opened the door of the chariot and Kevan gestured for his sister to exit, as protocol demanded, which she promptly did with him following her. He didn’t like to ride on wheelhouses so he thanked the Gods for exiting that thing.

“I have missed these cold winds…but I guess I long for the summer cool breezes more.” While they returned home, the days got colder again and it seemed it was snowing up in the Rock already which was not an uncommon sight considering how tall the hill was. “ Bloody winter has returned
“The Starks words do mean something, after all, sister.” he attempted a poor jape…he was never that good with them…

“Of course…Winter is Coming…those bloody Northerners do know what they speak of.” she smiled. “I fail to think how cold those winters up North are…just thinking of it is making me cold already…let us get inside.”

“You have no complain from me, Genna.” Kevan said as they began walking in the direction of the keep. Once they got inside it was much warmer already, courtesy of the many hearths and torches spread by the endless corridos inside. He then noticed three young women approaching them and their faces were familiar to him.

Leading these girls was his niece, a beauty despite her young age, with her golden Lannister curls and her bright green eyes, fair skin, ample bosom, and graceful figure. Cersei had her mother's face and beauty but if he was to confess, she did not resemble Joanna that much in temperament, she was quite proud and impatient at times, she could be mean, very mean, to the point of being cruel at times, especially to her younger brother Tyrion. Neither she nor Tywin had ever forgiven the poor lad for Joanna’s death…

Next to her came her friends, though his niece insisted on calling them mere companions, yet another sign on how proud she could be…One of them was Melara Hetherspoon, a pretty girl with long waving coal-black hair and light brown eyes, her face was adorned with thin freckles. Melara was blessed with an attractive look and a graceful figure too. The other was Jeyne Farman, a little bit plumper than what was normal but still pretty, wouldn’t she be a Farman whose men and women were renowned for their beauty. This one was donned with flaxen hair and blue eyes, carrier of a nice, simple and pretty smile as well.

“Uncle Kevan, aunt Genna, welcome back.” Greeted his niece with a nod and a half fake, half-true smile. Genna had acted as a motherly figure to three girls in front of them, especially to Cersei as it had been his sister the one who thought them the courtesies of ladies and its weapons, but according to his sister, Cersei had a natural talent in such affairs as her mother Joanna used to have. “I trust the journey was enjoyable?”

“It was, my dear niece but now the cold is starting to mess with my delicate skin,” Genna said with a frown. “I will definitely have a warm bath.”

“It will definitely do wonders, Lady Genna.” Spoke Melara Hetherspoon. “Shall I call the servants to have it arranged?”

“If you could darling. I would indeed appreciate it.” His sister said. “I certainly appreciate this warm reception.”

“It was my father who commanded me to come,” Cersei said. “He wishes for uncle Kevan to join him in his study and with haste if it could be.”

This was rather expected… “Of course, I shall do that with haste. Thank you for informing me Cersei.” he thanked. “My Ladies, I must be excused.”

And with that, Kevan walked the corridors adorned with crimson and golden tapestries until he arrived at the Great Hall, his younger brothers were not there much to his surprise but he decided not to wait further and knocked on the of his brother’s study. “Come in.” he heard from inside and so Kevan entered.
Inside, Kevan found his brother in the balcony glancing the Sunset Sea in the distance. As always he had to wait a little a bit before his brother addressed him. If he was to confess, it was at times like this that Kevan feared his brother the most.

“Welcome home, Kevan.” Said his brother without glancing him still. “Was the trip bearable?”

“It was Tywin,” Kevan replied. “I had a…good time with Genna's japes if I’m to confess.”

Tywin finally turned to face him, his expression was the same as it always has been since Joanna died all those years ago…well…expressionless… “Good.” His brother said as he walked towards his desk carved in weirwood and emblazoned with gold and other precious stones just as the seat he sat on. “At least some of us still find amusement these days. I’m not by all means condemning you in case you are wondering.”

“Of course.” Kevan nodded. “I presume you wish to know what exactly happened at Harrenhal?” he knew the answer to his question already but still…

“You presume well,” Tywin replied. “As far as I know Aerys was supposed to be deposed by now and yet I got no word of such thing happening.”

“Prince Rhaegar did not crown Elia Martell as he originally planned to.” Murmured Kevan. “Instead…he crowned Lyanna Stark, the daughter of Lord Rickard Stark.”

“Is that so?” Tywin inquired with a raised eyebrow, clearly, his brother was surprised to say the very least… “And the reason for such action?”

“Rhaegar said nothing I’m afraid.” Said Kevan. “They speak that the Stark woman has become his mistress as his Dornish wife was not good enough for him…”

“And a Northerner is?” Tywin asked as if Kevan knew the answer.

“Her brothers did not seem very happy…I know not how deep into this folly they were or how deep Rickard Stark is. What I know is that Robert Baratheon, her betrothed, left the stands laughing like a fool but if he is anything like Steffon or Ormund Baratheon then…”

“The Baratheons are known for their fury, no doubt the man is furious with his cousin,” Tywin spoke, his eyes told Kevan he was thinking on future plans already. “Now speaking on more concrete matters that affect me, you are telling me that I wasted around seventy-five thousand golden dragons for this folly?”

“I’m…I’m sorry Tywin…”

“You are not the one who should be apologizing to me.” His brother said. “I thought that Rhaegar Targaryen was a proper heir to the throne but it seems I was mistaken. By the looks of it, it seems he has his father’s madness him as well.”

“It’s a possibility…” Kevan admitted though he hoped they were wrong about it, Aerys had caused so many problems to their house that he feared what another mad Targaryen would do…

“And so for that reason, it seems I cannot count on Rhaegar anymore.” Said his brother.

“If we aren’t supporting Rhaegar Targaryen, who are we supporting now?” Kevan inquired rather confused. “Viserys Targaryen? Rhaenys Targaryen? Robert Baratheon?”

“Whoever wins what’s coming.” Was Tywin’s response to his question. “Any hopes of gathering
the support of all the Great Lords has been wasted in such ridiculous, stupid and foolish action. I have no doubt that Lord Stark and Lord Baratheon will oppose the Targaryens now, Lord Arryn and Lord Tully will follow them as well. Or perhaps House Stark will join House Targaryen and betray their alliance with the rest of the kingdoms. The possibilities are endless but I have no doubt that a conflict will ensue soon, Kevan and we will be at the top no matter what.”

He hoped they would come out at the top… “So we wait for this conflict then?”

“Yes…” Tywin replied. “I have no bargaining chips to ally myself with anyone as of now…I don’t want to waste Cersei yet, she is going to be Queen, that I do know.”

Tywin’s obsession with having a Lannister Queen was something Kevan didn’t quite agree fully but he would support his brother and family until his final breath and if Tywin had that wish, then so would he. “May I be excused Tywin? I wish to…see my wife.”

“Of course, do take the opportunity to do so…You never know how much time you will be able to spend with her.” His brother said, a hint of sadness in his voice…no doubt he missed Joanna a lot, she had been the one who completed him as he used to say, who made him smile and who made him laugh at times, now Tywin is just a rational person without emotions. “You are dismissed.”

Kevan bowed and left the room, walking quite fast towards his wife’s room. It was not one of the major rooms of the Rock but neither was it a servant’s room. He knocked on the door upon arriving and waited a little bit before he heard her voice… “Yes?”

“It’s me, Kevan, may I come in Dorna?” he inquired.

A noise of chair rattling the ground was heard and then the door opened revealing his wife. Dorna was not the most handsome woman but neither was she ugly: she had dark blonde hair closer to brown than to gold and brown eyes. Her chest was quite flat especially compared to Genna’s but her personality matched Kevan’s and that was what mattered to him the most. “Kevan? You returned?”

“I did and…I must confess that…I missed you…”

She smiled a bright smile. “I have missed you too…I feared…that you would not come back for me…”

“Why did you think so?” he asked aghast. “You know I love you, do you not?”

“Yes…but I have failed to give you the child you so wish…”

“There are plenty of Lannisters already so I say we should not care so much about having a child,” he told her. “If by any chance one comes, wonderful but if not, we shan’t worry about it. I…I long for you…”

“Me too…” she said as she moved to allow him to enter. “But are you really sure about this?”

“Perfectly sure.” he assured her while he entered her room.

“Then…perhaps I should close the door…”

“So no one disturbs us tonight…” she nodded and the door closed behind him. Kevan and Dorna soon began to rekindle their love, without roars…
Their trip had lasted quite a long time and they were still in the middle of the Barrowlands. In the meantime, the cold returned twice as hard as it had been. Its strong winds made her skin crawl as it had done countless times. The southerners believed that Winter had ended but they were all wrong. Not by their fault anyway, the smallfolk did not receive the white ravens from the Citadel.

Lyanna’s mood had changed quite a bit since she left Harrenhal, she now felt much happier and confident in the presence of her brothers and her people, as she galloped on Winterstorm’s back, her long hair flying with the winds…she felt free once again and that made her smile.

She hoped to never set her foot on that bloody cursed castle and to never see Targaryens again for the rest of her life, she was done with all of it. When she told the Prince about Lord Arryn and Lord Tully’s plan to betray him, never in her wildest dreams did she expect him to crown her and ruin her reputation by making lots of people question her virtue. She expected him to just let Ser Barristan, that certainly wasn’t so difficult to do, was it? It was Ser Barristan the Bold, a man who slew Maelys the Monstrous in single combat and rescued the Mad King from Duskendale alone. How hard would it be to lose against the man?

The smallfolk at Wintertown always praised how smart the Prince was but to her, he was nothing but plain stupid. Handsome, yes, talented with the harp, at singing and at jousting yes, but stupid.

Returning to reality and abandoning her thoughts she saw her party making camp near a huge barrow to spend the night, dozens of fires were being lit to warm them during the coldest hours, tents were being erected and dozens of blankets being brought to keep them as comfortable as they could get.

She was helping her brothers erect her tent, she would be sharing hers with the Lady Ashara since they were both females. The Dornishwoman amused her a lot if she was to be honest, besides being funny and retorting Brandon’s japes with a sharp tongue, putting Brandon’s wolf tail between his legs countless times, she was also fearlessly protective of Ned but at the same time, teased him without mercy and made him laugh quite often, which Lyanna certainly loved to see. Her brother looked much better with a smile on his lips.

At first, Lyanna was quite concerned with Ned bedding her, it meant he got very intimate with her and even if they loved each other…the Dornish was no maiden…she had been with more men before dearest Ned and Lyanna had been taught since she was a little child that her maidenhead was something sacred and she was expected to have it still when her marriage was to be consummated, less to make her future husband angry with her and shame her family…at least it was what that old weasel Walys said multiple times and father certainly endorsed him so she did obey them. Conserving her maidenhead almost cost her favorite activities such as riding Winterstorm and practicing with sword and bow, but in the end, her father did allow her to do what she loved. Somehow she thought her siblings had something to do with it…

Another thing that tormented her was Lady Ashara’s spies…it was rather creepy and…she didn’t quite know how to feel about it…

But after all this time with the Dornishwoman, Lyanna’s opinion of her changed quite a lot, she now saw that the woman was a good influence in all of them. She enjoyed talks with all of them and they never were bored in her presence. The woman had quite the knowledge of horses and carried a dagger hidden in her clothes which made Lyanna awe with how cool it was, she would want one for herself too. Even some of their bannermen have started to fancy Ashara, although
only Willam and Ethan engaged in a conversation with the Dornishwoman. Some people clearly wished to talk with Ashara but did not like Maege who acted quite strangely around Ned’s crush, remaining quiet and watching from afar.

While anyone could see that Ashara was struggling with the cold, as of course she was not used to it, she seemed impressed by everything in the North, little things pinewood trees, barrows, frozen lakes and rivers, even the white snow left the Dornishwoman open-mouthed. In the Neck Ashara had been like a little child exploring everything to the point Howland had to warn her to not touch poison flowers and whatnot.

Thinking about the Neck and her dear friend Howland made Lyanna feel sad…her friend had left them a while ago to his home and family back at the Neck…He had been one of the few positive things that happened at Harrenhal, a friend to her and all her siblings.

She still remembered that moment where they said farewell to each other.

Brandon had called for their retinue to stop near what seemed like a river or perhaps a lake, she couldn’t really distinguish it due to the cold fog that covered the bogs. It had been Howland himself who told them to stop there.

There, they waited for a little while before another Crannogman appeared from nowhere in a little boat made for two or three people only, dark-haired and dark-eyed unlike Howland’s dirty blond hair and bright green eyes as she remembered.

Howland then turned to them with a sad look in his face, just as she and her siblings’. “This is the boat I’m meant to catch My Lords and My Ladies.” he had explained.

“You are going to be missed, Howland,” Ned assured as he had extended his hand for Howland to shake. “It was a pleasure to meet you and share your company these past few moons.”

“Thank you, Lord Eddard.” Howland thanked with a smile. “I say the same.”

“You are going to be missed, my friend.” Brandon said next extending his hand to him as well.

“I will try to visit Winterfell once in a while.” Assured Howland. “Perhaps I will take my wife next time…”

“Go ahead, my friend, I assure you that neither of us will try to steal her away…” Her eldest brother had proclaimed in a jape. “In all seriousness we will be expecting you.”

“I will visit, I assure you all.” Howland had insisted.

“Promise?” Benjen had asked concerned.

“Yes, Lord Benjen, I will.”

Ben had looked at him warily but then went in for a hug to his new friend. “I will miss you, Howland…”

“Me too,” Howland had replied, patting Ben’s back. Then Howland looked at her just as she had been looking at him. “Lady Lyanna, I can never forget what you did for me and my people, I’m in a debt to you.”

“Nonsense.” she had scoffed. “I always help my friends without expecting anything in return and it’s not going to be this time that it changes.”
“Even if My Lady says that…one day I shall repay my debt.” Howland had insisted.

She herself had gone in for a hug as well, thinking on how she would miss the little Crannogman.
“Don’t be stupid Howland, visit me at Winterfell some time and the debt will be paid.”

“I will try My Lady.” Was his answer as she remembered.

“It’s Lyanna.” she had corrected him.

“Lyanna…”

Afterward, Howland jumped into the little boat and disappeared in the shallow waters of the Neck’s swamps, whilst they resumed their journey along the Kingsroad.

And she missed him already…

An hour or so after they finished erecting the tent, Lyanna noticed Ashara carefully shaping snow in the form of a ball and Lyanna immediately wondered what she was doing… “Lady Ashara, what are you doing?”

“Oh Lyanna…I was making some snowballs…You see I have always dreamt of doing this when I was a child…and then use them to start a snowball fight…I have a few targets you know quite well in mind.” The Dornishwoman said with a smirk. “I think it will be fun.”

Lyanna liked this idea… “What if I give you hand?”

“Of course I would accept it…” The Dornishwoman nodded and Lyanna began helping her with her devilish plan. They spent ten well worth minutes creating an arsenal of snowballs and when her brothers passed by looking for them, they were met by a barrage of snowballs and feminine giggles.

“Bloody hell!” Brandon shouted as he covered his face the same way Ned and Ben did. “We are being attacked by an army of wildlings…”

“Lya!” Ned hissed. “Stop it!”

“Surrender Ned or face the consequences!” Ashara barked back with a big smile.

“Ash? You are there too?” Ned asked surprised.

“It’s not Ash, dear Ned, it’s Queen Ash of the Snow and you shall yield to me!” Ashara said with a devilish smile as she kept throwing snowballs to Ned.

“I yield!” Ned said as he dropped to his knees.

“Me too!” Ben said. “Gods! Have mercy!”

“Bran?” Lyanna asked with a smirk as she kept throwing snowballs at her oldest brother. “You yield or not?”

“Gods I yield too…” Her oldest brother said. “Gods, how many snowballs did you made?”

Lyanna and Ashara clapped their hands in victory. “We win!” Ashara said laughing and panting at the same time for they did quite the effort. At then she was hit by a snowball right in the face catching the Dornishwoman off-guard. “What the?”
To their surprise, it was Ned who threw the ball. “I lied My Queen of Snow!” he said with a smile on his lips. “I’m afraid I will have to fight you until my last breath.”

“Will you now?” Ashara asked with a smirk as she grabbed a few more snowballs. “Oh my sweet Quiet Wolf…you are messing with the wrong woman I’m afraid…Lyanna get ready because this is war!” And the barrage of snowballs resumed.

“Bring it on!” Ned called.

“Why are we being dragged into this?” Brandon asked with a confused and amused look before Lyanna herself hit his face with another snowball.

“Because we said so, you stupid!” she said.

“Ah you little weasel, I will show you who the Wild Wolf is now!” Her older brother barked. “Ned, Ben let’s hide behind these rocks and show them who rules the North!”

And he was hit by another snowball. “That is not necessary for me and Lyanna are clearly the ones you are referring to.”

“You wish.”

And the smiles and laughs they shared afterward as they played with snowballs like little children, seemingly oblivious of responsibilities. Lyanna loved it all.

Chapter End Notes

So even though this chapter kept dialogue from the previous draft, it ended up completely different and the comments that readers gave me don't fit it anymore.

To start, I completely remade Kevan's POV, keeping his dialogue with Tywin but exploring his relationship with his sister because...I don't know, they seem like a peculiar duo and Genna Lannister is at least in my opinion an interesting character.

During my first draft, I avoided bringing Cersei to the story because I know how many people feel about her but that was quite stupid on my part because even if I don't show her, people will not change their opinion on her so here she is, as a minor character still. And yes Melara is still alive. I'm pretty sure Cersei killed her in canon or at least "refuse to help her live" likely because of the prophecy which I believe most of Cersei's bad traits are derived from. In this story, Cersei did not meet Maggy the Frog, "as a lioness does not need some witch to tell her future because she knew that she would be Queen anyway..." this will be developed further in Part 2 once Cersei has her own POVs but yes, poor Melara Hetherspoon is still alive and well, suffering from Cersei's ego but alive...

Then I rewrote Lyanna's POV as well, cutting their arrival at Winterfell from this chapter and putting a snow fight in it just for the Starks to have some fun before things get rough.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
To my friend Rickard,

This is my version of what transpired at Harrenhal which I’m sure you are eager to read.

I must confess that everything was going smoothly at first. As we anticipated, Rhaegar Targaryen’s intention was to use the tourney to call for a Great Council in order to depose his father and this was all to be set into motion upon him crowning Princess Elia the Queen of Love and Beauty. However, for some reason, he canceled it at the last minute and instead donned your daughter with the title.

It bothers me that your daughter is being called a whore by the entire realm because of the Prince’s action, I would hate my daughter to be called such prude things and I doubt any child raised by you would be what they insist.

The biggest consequence of this mummery is that we will need a new plan to fix our problem regarding the Mad King. I still believe that Rhaegar is the best candidate to replace his father but he must be closely watched from now on as he may have some sort of madness in him as well.

This leads me into something else I wish to write to you and it is about your son Ned. It turns out that during the tourney he has taken a liking to Lord Solomon Dayne’s daughter and from what I have seen she seems smitten with him as well…and I…I couldn’t help but suggest for him to ask your permission to marry her…I know it wasn’t what we originally planned for him but you ought to consider that the woman is a lady-in-waiting to Princess Elia and from what I saw they seem quite good friends so she may be a good way to enter Rhaegar Targaryen’s inner circle.

And yes…I may be slightly biased into seeing my foster son happy with a pretty lady…he is like a son to me and what father doesn’t wish to see his son happy? Especially when it benefits his family or in this case, families? I leave this to your judgment, you are the Lord of the North, not me.

And finally, the last thing I wish to inform you about, I have found Hoster incredibly obnoxious at Harrenhal, he kept insisting on us crowning Robert the new King but as I have said many times before, I don’t believe my foster son to be suitable or ready for the position. I’m growing tired of our ally and I do hope he calms down because this is getting on my nerves.

I trust you will do the right thing with this information and I hope to hear your thoughts on how we should proceed next as soon as possible.

Lord Paramount Jon Arryn
With his letter finished, Jon went on to the Gates of the Moon’s rookery so he could send the raven to Rickard Stark but while he did so, he found his nephew in one of the balconies, watching the mountains in the distance. His first thought was of course what the lad was doing…

“Elbert, what are you doing there?” Jon asked. “Where is Robert?”

“With Mya.” Came the reply to the second question. “While I have been here…thinking about… life…”

“Have you now? And what exactly have you been thinking about?” Jon questioned as he walked to his nephew’s side. Sometimes the lads surprised him and it wasn’t such a bad thing at times.

“About how I’m your heir…and how you were…right at Harrenhal…I have been acting not as a proper heir…to you…but…as a cunt…”

“Don’t be too hard on yourself lad. You are no cunt or something of the sort no matter what you do.” Jon couldn’t help but think that there was something odd with his nephew…the way he was talking…it wasn’t the usual way he talked. “I was young once…” Jon admitted. “I used to show my smiles to the maids too, court them…and I found myself in some fights too…what I’m trying to say is that we all need time to understand that we are not young and without responsibilities as children are. It’s never too late to do it, some of us do it earlier others do not but we will all get there someday and you are getting there by the looks of it.”

“I…I had responsibilities…I…I promised…Lysa Tully…I would dance with her…again…but…” The Tully girl? Was he smitten with her too?

And there was definitely something wrong with Elbert…he was struggling to speak… “Elbert are you alright?”

“I failed her…” When his nephew said this, he collapsed and Jon caught him barely before he could fall into the floor and potentially break something…His first instinct was to place his hand onto Elbert’s forehead and as he did this, he noticed that his nephew was boiling with fever. Not good…not good…

Jon quickly brought him inside the castle walls and looked around for servants. He found a few female servants coming in his way. “You there, I need the Maester and quick!” he ordered as one woman ran to do what he ordered while the other two came to assist him.

As he looked to his nephew he couldn’t help but remember Ronnel’s last moments or Rowena’s… or Jeyne’s…or his sister…Don’t die on me lad…not like them…

Half an hour passed by and his nephew had been inside Maester Colemon’s quarters for that amount of time. The Maester was young but the Citadel assured he was a capable man so the only thing left to Jon was to wait for hopefully some good news. He was worried of course…

“Jon,” Robert spoke as he walked in Jon’s direction. “I heard some of the servants say Elbert collapsed and fainted…is it true?”

“It is.” Jon nodded. “He has been inside Maester Colemon’s quarters for half an hour.”

“What happened to him?” His foster son inquired.

“I’m waiting for the Maester’s diagnosis but he was boiling with fever when I held him and he was
also struggling to speak…I just hope it’s nothing too serious…I would hate to lose him too…” Jon confessed.

“Ah cheer up a little Jon! Elbert is a strong lad and he will make it out of this, you know he will.” Robert proclaimed just before he clapped his back as to support him but Jon was not too keen on it, he wanted to see his nephew well before he could cheer. If his nephew died then his heir would be Denys who Jon had named the Keeper of the Gates of the Moon after Ronnel’s death and was now resting from his punitive expedition against the mountain clans. Denys was a distant cousin descending from a brother of Lord Donnel Arryn who supported King Daeron the Second against his half-brother Daemon Blackfyre. Jon liked Denys but if Elbert could survive then it would be better, House Arryn was on the verge of ending so two strong and healthy Arryns were very important.

The door to the Maester’s room opened a mere minute later with Maester emerging from inside, using a towel to clean his sweat. “My apologies My Lord, I’m still quite unused to treating some illnesses…”

“That is understandable but is my nephew alright?” Jon cut the Maester’s speech, right now he only cared for his nephew’s well being.

“I would say he is beginning his recovery, My Lord.” The Maester said. “He caught a bad flu I’m afraid, and the disease takes time to pass as you may know.” Thank the Old Gods and the New that he is recovering. Jon sighed internally in relief. “I shall transfer him to his room once his fever stabilizes, anyone who got in contact with him will need to drink a special tea I will make, we can’t let it spread or we may have a big problem.”

“Of course, I will call the servants who helped myself.” Jon said.

“Can we see him?” Asked Robert curiously.

“For now, no one is to see him.” The Maester refused. “Let him rest a few days on his own.”

“Ah…what a bummer…” Robert sighed as he rubbed his chin a little. “Well…I guess I will go to the yard and practice some with the sword.”

“Ser Nestor Royce will likely be there,” Jon said. “And Denys will join in as soon as he wakes up I’m sure.”

“Good, Royce is good with the sword, his cousin Lord Royce is better but he will do.” Robert laughed but Jon was still perhaps a little too serious… “Ah come on Jon, Elbie will be fine now cheer up!” His foster son insisted as he clapped his shoulder yet again.

It was hard to be cheerful in such situations but…he made a weak smile “He will I’m sure.”

“Good that’s the spirit!” And there was yet another clap on his shoulder…I need to be more stern with him, this works with Ned but not with Robert…

“With My Lords’ permissions, I shall retire to my room and do what I must.” Colemon said as he awaited the permission, both Robert and Jon had kind of forgotten he was still there…

“Permission granted Maester and do rest some when you are able.” Jon suggested.

“I will try My Lord.” The Maester bowed and returned inside, closing the doors as he did.

“Now I must be going Robert, I have a letter to send.” he informed his foster son.
“Alright, see you at dinner, Jon.” And there was another clap…before Robert left…

And now that he was more relieved, Jon sent the letter to Rickard, hoping it would get there before Ned, his siblings, and lady friend arrived…*Hopefully, this helps him a little and also the realm… Seven save me but I’m too soft…*

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**Elia Martell II**

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 281 AC

Elia walked at a fast pace ever since she left the ship. She was excited and could not contain the anticipation of seeing her daughter again. Her ladies-in-waiting moved right behind her but they seemed to be rather tired from all the walking…the distance from the docks to the castle was quite long so she wasn’t that surprised…Elia herself usually struggled with it but today she felt an unusual energy inside of her that made her not be tired.

She did not spend much attention on her surroundings nor the moisty smell of ash and salt that was unique to Dragonstone and that on that day she did not smell, she simply moved to her daughter’s room and once she got there, she opened the door without thinking of anything else. Had she remembered her manners she would have knocked on the door…but there was no time for manners when one’s children were involved…

Inside was a wetnurse she knew as Baela, a middle-aged Dragonseed with a huge pair of breasts, light brown hair and greenish-blue eyes who had been chosen as Rhaenys’ wetnurse when her daughter was born. Elia’s breasts were not the biggest, they were actually rather small when compared with other women’s and they also did not produce too much milk so she had no choice but to resort to a wetnurse. Though it was normal for a noblewoman to rely on wetnurses, Elia felt that perhaps it reduced the time she could spend with Rhaenys…and then Harrenhal came and made it all even more difficult.

Speaking of her daughter, Rhaenys was seated with her legs crossed, a red dress made just for young children, a wool doll at hand and a surprised expression created by Elia’s sudden entrance. Around the little girl slept that black kitten that Queen Rhaella had offered Rhaenys when she was born and whose name was Balerion. “Oh, my sweetheart!” Elia proclaimed while she picked her baby girl up and pressed a big kiss on her forehead. “Look at you! You have grown quite a lot, haven’t you? And you have gotten quite heavy as well!”

Rhaenys looked at her wary…she likely did not recognize her such was the time they were apart from each other…Her daughter’s eyes were a very dark shade of indigo which almost looked like Elia’s black ones, her skin was a shade lighter than Elia’s, so she did not have the classic Valyrian looks. This fact prompted the King to dislike his granddaughter if Ashara and Jasline’s words were to be trusted, which she had every reason to trust, they were both Elia’s dear friends.

The biggest differences from last time Elia saw her daughter were that her face looked less chubby and her black hair was curlier and quite the messy one too. Interestingly enough, there were some silver-blonde curls amongst the black ones…this was good for it proved that Rhaegar was the father and discredited some rumors that had circulated in the Red Keep by those courtiers that mistrusted the Dornish and there was plenty of them around…

Elia seemed like a total stranger to her daughter it seemed and that made her sad, no one liked their children to look at them as if they were strangers…she had to try something different and hope that her daughter relaxed a little. An idea came to her mind and she quickly implemented it, she lifted
her as high as she could and began flying her around as if she were a dragon and that made her earn a big smile for her sweet daughter.

“You like to fly little one?” Elia cooed with a smile of her own as her baby kept giggling with the fun she was having now. Though no word left her baby’s mouth…

“What a cute baby our little Princess has become.” Emyly said by Elia’s side.

“She will be a beauty when older I’m sure,” Jasline added. “Oh Elia you are going to need to keep a close watch on her…she will have dozens of pretenders looking for her favor…”

“We will worry about that later, Jas.” she dismissed. There was still quite a lot of time up ahead that there was no point in being concerned with it now. Elia, however, was concerned about something else, something that only Baela, who was smiling with them, could reply. “Has she begin to walk or talk yet?”

“She has My Princess.” The wetnurse replied, if Elia was disappointed, now she was even more for she failed to witness her daughter’s first steps and words. “The little Princess began walking her first steps about…four to five days ago if I’m not mistaken. Though she can’t control her tiny feet yet so it’s quite usual for her to fall to the ground.”

Elia laughed at that. “We all struggle in the beginning, but sooner rather than later she will be walking like the rest of us do.” Luckily Rhaenys wasn’t born a premature baby as Elia did so she would not suffer from the constraints that Elia had to suffer. That was a victory in itself.

“Ba…le…lon…” Rhaenys stammered as she moved her little hands around frantically.

“Balelon?” Elia asked with a raised eyebrow. “Is she speaking of her kitten?”

“The little Princess has grown attached to the little kitten, she loves to hold it.” Baela said.

“How cute!” Emy said all merrily as she hugged herself.

“My little daughter is a dragon rider it seems…flying with Balerion the Black Dread…” Elia murmured as she softly pinched her daughter’s tiny nose, prompting the girl to giggle.

“Ba…le…lon!” Rhaenys giggled as she flew a while more on Elia’s arms.

“Has there been any health problems with her?” Elia asked just to be sure, hoping that there were none and her daughter was healthy.

“No, My Princess’s daughter has been acting like most of the babies I have been around, she is healthy and strong.” Baela dismissed Elia’s concerns which made Elia relieved. “There isn’t anything worth noting regarding her health, she will be a strong Princess.”

“I’m glad of that,” Elia confessed as she placed her daughter back in the floor and she immediately crawled towards Balerion, picking him up and rubbing her cheek onto the soft fur of the kitten. “If you are in need of anything just ask, okay? I will be spending more time with Rhaenys but still…”

“Certainly My Princess.” The wetnurse said in a nod. “Thank you.”

Elia watched her daughter annoy the kitten and decided it would be better if she could take a warm bath for she stunk… “Rhaenys dear, mommy will come back a little later, okay? You ought to behave well with Baela.”
“Mo…mi?” Elia’s heart melted upon hearing her daughter trying to say, mommy…*Maybe in a few weeks, she will be calling me mother*…the thought of it made Elia smile and melt a little bit more.

“That is right, mommy will be right back.” she gestured for her ladies to follow her as they moved towards her room so she could get the warm bath she so deserved. This time at a slower pace.

“Little Rhaenys is adorable.” Emy proclaimed while they walked through the grim hallways. “Such a delightful child.”

“I loved the words she said…Balelon and Momi…” Jasline giggled. “She is learning quickly it seems. Like her parents.”

“She is so cute…” Nysah murmured with a shy smile. “I want to hug her…”

“Me too.” Emy agreed.

“You should have allowed us to hug her Elia…it’s not fair that you are the only doing it!” Jasline commented.

“Girls…there is enough time to do that later.” she laughed. “Right now I believe we should all take a bath and get comfortable. Then we take a little stroll by Aegon’s Garden to see if our flowers still stand and then we return to my precious daughter’s side and we will not leave.”

“Sounds like a good plan.” Said Jasline.

“Do you girls think that the gardeners took care of them while we were away though?” Asked a concerned Emyly.

“I hope so, otherwise we will need new ones.” Jasline proclaimed.

“But we will have to wait for spring to come…” Nysah added. “In winter we can’t do much outside of Dorne.”

“Yes…in Dorne, we would be able to grow some flowers now…” Emy said. “We could ask for some flowers seeds to be sent from Highgarden or some other castle in the Reach, there are no better flowers than those from there.”

“And the damned Reachmen are very good at being gardeners, they even had a house with that name.” Jasline proclaimed. “As much as I hate it, there is nothing we can do about it.”

“First we will all take a bath, then we will see the gardens and then we will decide what to do,” Elia concluded. “There is no point on us being here arguing about something that we don’t know yet. So let us calm down and relax a little.”

“Of course, we were just giving some suggestions, Elia,” Jasline assured. “But you are right…as of now, my priority is too warm myself with a bloody bath.”

“Oh me too.” Said Emy.

“And me.” Added Nysah.

Rhaella Targaryen I

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 281 AC
Rhaella was in her private room applying some Lyseni lotion onto her skin in hopes to cover the scratches and bruises that Aerys had branded her with yesterday when he burnt some burglars.

Their relationship was never warm but it was growing increasingly abusive by each passing day. She never anticipated a warm marriage even if she did not marry her brother but this was too much, she wasn’t even a broodmare anymore, the Gods had been unkind to her in that regard, instead, she was but a mere object for her brother-husband to use.

And so Rhaella was angry with those lords that made her son’s strategy inviable. It was their fault that she was still being raped and their fault that people were being burnt instead of being granted fair punishments. No matter where you look, you will always find ambitious lords that make everything impossible, luckily my brother keeps most of them away with his madness.

She tried to have a talk with Rhaegar as she promised Elia but he told her he was too busy…Be it true or not she didn’t quite know but she knew that the image of her son being the perfect alternative to Aerys was tarnished, no doubt the lords would be more hesitant into supporting him and she knew the consequences of it…more raping and burnings…

And then there was the fact that no one could help her…the King held to much power in his person and it could be used to do good things or he could be used to do bad things, as her brother does, there isn’t much anyone can do but scheme.

The only things that cheered her these days were her children, her granddaughter and her ladies-in-waiting which she shared with sweet Elia. She missed the ladies but she knew that Elia would need them more than Rhaella did. And she new her beautiful star had to…make a life for her own, a good life which Rhaella wished for her and all her ladies, that was the least she could do.

To warm up a little, she decided to go see her son Viserys. Rhaella had loved every day she had whilst the tourney at Harrenhal was happening, she had so much freedom for herself and she was able to spend a lot of time with her son. She, of course, took the necessary precautions in order to not have anyone whisper what she had been doing while Aerys was away, as it never hurt to be safe. Not that she did anything wrong, she merely spent a lot of time with her son, like she was to do now, albeit with someone watching but it was better than nothing.

She wore a very conservative red gown that did not show any of her cleavage, her breasts and neckline were full of bites and scratches so any soul would feel disgusted by the purple stains and Rhaella was not a woman to allow such things to happen, especially to innocent people. Not that she was that beautiful to be watched…

Outside of her room was Ser Barristan Selmy doing his duty of standing there because if Aerys was to come and rape her, he would do nothing else. For such a good knight as people thought of him…it was a shame this was happening…in fact, it was Ser Barristan who rescued Aerys for Lord Darklyn…had he not saved him and perhaps they would be in better shape now…she wondered what he would have chosen if he knew what he knew now…But there was no point in thinking on what could have been, she had to think of what will be and what she could do to help her son depose Aerys…

“My Queen.” The knight greeted in a whisper. He always did it like this, she could see some regret in his face but it was not enough to make him go against his vows as a Kingsguard.

“I wish to go see my son, who guards him today?” she inquired.

“Prince Lewyn does, My Queen.” The knight replied. Prince Lewyn was a funny man, she preferred him over Ser Jonothor who was Aerys’ creature or Ser Gerold who was unrelenting even
if the Lord Commander had manifested his support for Rhaegar.

“Let us go then Ser Barristan, I intend to use my time before dinner as much as I can to play with
my son.”

“As My Queen wishes.” The knight nodded as they walked across Maegor’s Holdfast to her son’s
room. Inside of the said room, she found Viserys having his lessons with Grand Maester Pycelle.
Viserys had a boring look to him, Pycelle was not the most…entertaining of men…

“My Queen…” The Grand Maester acknowledged as he stood up, he had few strings of hair left but
he had a large white beard to compensate it. He had a very large Maester’s chain with many colors
and he wore the grey robes that were common in all Maesters.

“Mother, are you here to play with me?” Her son asked with a hopeful look.

“I am,” she assured with a warm smile but the Maester did not seem to like it... “But first, you
ought to finish your lessons with Grand Maester Pycelle.”

“But they are boring!” Her son spat out. “I don’t care about additions or subtractions!”

“A good Prince knows the numbers, you are a good Prince are you not?”

“I am!” he said proudly.

“Then you will do all the additions and subtractions that Maester Pycelle asks are you not?”

“Okay…”

“Grand Maester, please do not feel pressured by my presence,” she told the older man. “Do go on
with the lessons, they may allow me to remember mine.”

“Certainly Your Grace…what’s twelve plus thirteen?”

Rhaella took the opportunity to take a seat on a nearby chair and patiently waited for her son to
finish his lessons. Being a child had it’s perks as they were unaware of the hardship of the world
and she wished she was Viserys’ age, when her grandmother Betha and grandfather Aegon were
still alive…Ser Duncan the Tall too…those were the good days…and they would never come
again.

Chapter End Notes

So in this Chapter, only Elia's POV had been in the previous draft and so it was
updated. Jon Arryn's POV was made to cover some plot holes regarding Ned's
dialogue with his father and also show Elbert getting sick as in the previous draft it
was poorly executed. Rhaella's POV was kind of a filler but nevertheless I made it.

It took quite a while to have this Chapter done and hopefully I will be able to rewrite
these at a first-rate now that the semester is ending.

As always thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna Stark

Somewhere in the Neck, North, Year 281 AC

In their trip of almost three moons, the cold returned twice as hard as it was before spring, as the smallfolk believed, began. But every lord knew that it was still Winter as the Citadel did not send a white raven announcing the coming of Spring.

Since the Northmen left Harrenhal, they made quite a lot of ground. They entered the Neck two days ago and according to her estimations, they would be leaving it in another two.

Lyanna’s mood changed quite a bit since then, she was now happy after leaving the bloody cursed castle, hoping to never to return or see Targaryens for the rest of her life, she was done with all of it.

When she told the Prince about Lord Arryn and Lord Tully’s plan to betray him, never in her wildest dreams did she expect him to crown her…The smallfolk at Wintertown remarked on how smart the Prince was but to her, he was nothing but plain stupid. Handsome, yes, talented with the harp, at singing and at jousting yes, but stupid.

Why in the Seven Hells did he crown her? She expected for him to just let Ser Barristan win or something of that sort, that certainly wasn’t so difficult to do, was it? It was Ser Barristan the Bold, a man who slew Maelys the Monstrous in single combat and rescued the Mad King from Duskendale alone, how hard would it be to lose against the man?

Because of the Prince, she was now considered a whore. Her virtue was being questioned by the smallfolk and highborn alike. The only good thing about the Prince’s stupid action was that at least she wouldn’t be a Queen.

She was certainly relieved that she regained some of her previous confidence back. Riding in the northern soil made her feel safer, especially amongst her brothers and friends. Just the cold northern winds blowing in her face and making her long hair fly while she rode her dear horse, Winterstorm at full speed made smile.

But arriving at the Neck also meant one less happy thing…Howland was leaving…

Denying that she grew fond of Howland would be lying and she knew quite well that all of her brothers grew the same feelings as her, especially Ben. Meeting Howland was one of the few good things that happen Harrenhal.

Brandon called for the retinue to stop near what seemed like a river or perhaps a lake, she couldn’t
really distinguish it due to the cold fog that covered the bogs. It seems it was Howland himself who told them to stop there.

There, they waited for a bit before another crannogman appeared from nowhere in a little boat, dark haired and dark eyed unlike Howland’s dirty blond hair and bright green eyes.

Howland then turned to them with a sad look in his face, just as she and her siblings’. “This is the boat I’m meant to catch to arrive at my home, My Lords and My Ladies.” he explained.

“You are going to be missed, Howland.” Said, Ned, as he extended his hand for Howland to shake. “It was a pleasure to meet you and have you with us in these past moons.”

“Thank you, Lord Eddard.” Howland thanked with a smile.

“You are going to be missed.” Brandon said next extending his hand to him as well.

“I will try to visit Winterfell once in a while.” Assured Howland.

“Promise?” Asked Benjen concerned.

“Yes, Lord Benjen.”

Ben looked at him weary but then went in for a hug to his new friend. “I will miss you, Howland…”

“Me too,” Howland replied, patting Ben’s back. Then Howland looked at her just as she was looking at him. “Lady Lyanna, I can never forget what you did for me and my people, I’m in a debt to you.”

“Nonsense.” she scoffed. “I always help my friends without expecting anything in return and it’s not going to be this time that it changes.”

“Even if My Lady says that…one day I shall repay my debt.” Howland insisted.

She went in for a hug as well, she would miss the little crannogman dearly. “Don’t be stupid Howland, visit me at Winterfell some time and the debt will be paid.”

“I will try My Lady.” Was his answer.

“It’s Lyanna.” she corrected him.

“Lyanna…”

Afterward, Howland jumped into the little boat and disappeared in the shallow waters, whilst they resumed their journey along the Kingsroad.

A little further up the road, it was Willam and Mark’s turn to leave, than the Manderlys’, a little further still, the Hornwoods, followed by the Mormonts. When they arrived at Castle Cerwyn, seven days later, it was just her, her brothers, Lady Ashara, and Martyn Cassel who lead some thirty household guards that father had sent south with them.

Lady Ashara amused her a lot, besides being funny and retorting Brandon’s japes with a sharp tongue, putting Brandon’s wolf tail between his legs multiple times, she was also fearlessly protective of Ned but at the same time, teasing him nonstop and making him laugh quite often, which Lyanna certainly loved to see.
At first, Lyanna was quite concerned with Ned bedding her, it meant he got very intimate with her and even if they loved each other…well…she was no maiden…she had been with more men before dearest Ned…

Lyanna had been taught since she was a little child that her maidenhead was something sacred and she was expected to have it still when her marriage was to be consummated, less to make her future husband angry with her and her family…at least it was what that old weasel Walys said multiple times…

Since father said the very same thing to her, she did obey them in that regard. Conserving her maidenhead almost cost her favorite activities such as riding Winterstorm and occasionally practicing with sword and bow, but in the end, father did allow her to do what she loved. Somehow she thought her siblings had something to do with it…

And then, Lady Ashara also had spies…which made her uneased, to say the least…

After nearly three moons with the Dornishwoman, Lyanna’s opinion of her changed quite a lot, she now saw that the woman was a good influence in all of them, Ned, Bran, Ben and even her. She enjoyed talks with all of them and they never were bored in her presence.

Even though anyone could see that Ashara was struggling with the cold, as of course she was not used to it, even with multiple layers of clothes on top of her, she seemed impressed by everything in the North. Things like the Neck, pinewood trees, the White Knife, frozen lakes and rivers and even snow and the tiny snowflakes left the Dornish woman open-mouthed on many occasions.

Finally, after almost another midday of ride, they spotted their home in the distance, getting bigger and bigger by the minute. In these first few days at Winterfell, she would sleep in her comfortable bed that she missed a lot and then she would ride Winterstorm into the Wolfswood nonstop just as she loved to.

What she was not so keen on, was the fact that father would want to have a conversation with her about what went down at Harrenhal.

An hour into the afternoon and they were entering the castle walls, the servants and passing smallfolk began waving at them, greeting them happily. Their father stood in the middle of the courtyard with Ser Rodrik and of course, the old weasel…Father was clearly waiting for them as Brandon had sent him a raven from Castle Cerwyn the day before. As he saw them, a big smile formed into his long stern face.

They dismounted their horses, giving their reins to the servants, she gave Winterstorm to Walder and formed in a horizontal line along with her siblings in front of their father. Brandon, like always took the initiative and went for an embrace with father. “Father.” he said.

“My children, it’s good to have you back in one piece.” Her father said as he clapped Brandon’s back “How do you all fare?”

“Better now that we are home, father.” she said as she hugged him too, not missing his rather serious face.

“I thought as much, sweet Lyanna,” he said chuckling, whilst squeezing her tight and turning to Ben. “Ben the Wolf how are you?”

“Stronger!” Ben replied confidently as he embraced their father.

“I bet you are and that’s what we want, don’t we?” Father smiled at her youngest brother.
“Aye!” Ben beamed.

Finally, their father turned to Ned, and none of them could hide their smiles due to their facial expressions and looks being so similar, Ned was a copy of their father. “Ned…” Father began. “It has been quite some time since we last saw each other, hasn’t it?”

“Aye, father,” Ned replied with the same smile as father whilst embracing him. “I have missed you, father.”

“Me too, son.” Their father began glancing Ned with a proud smile. “You have grown.”

“Maybe a little bit…” Ned replied chuckling. “Listen…we…we brought…someone…with…with us…”

Father looked at him with weary eyes and a raised eyebrow. “Someone, you say?” And with this, their father turned around until he finally focused his eyes in Lady Ashara who quickly smiled when her father’s gaze fell upon her.

“Lord Stark, it’s a pleasure to finally get acquainted with My Lord.” she began with a respectful nod. “My name is Ashara Dayne, daughter of Lord Solomon Dayne of Starfall and his late wife Lady Elayna Blackmont.”

“It’s certainly a pleasure to meet Lady,” Father said with an uneasy smile. “Welcome to Winterfell.”

“Thank you for the warm welcome My Lord.” she replied with another nod.

“We hope My Lady’s stay in Winterfell is pleasurable enough.”

“It’s being wonderful so far, My Lord.” Lady Ashara replied with a bright smile. “I’m sure it will remain as such.”

“I’m sure too,” Father said. “Lyanna, would you mind having Lady Dayne acquainted with Winterfell, whilst I have a talk with your older brothers in the Great Hall?” Father asked of her, and she couldn’t say no even if she wanted.

“Of course father,” she replied. “Lady Ashara would you care to follow me, we will find you a room for you to say.”

“Do lead the way, Lady Lyanna.” Ashara said.

“What about me?” Ben hissed.

“You will practice with Ser Rodrik as he misses sparing with you.” Father said whilst turning to a smiling Ser Rodrik.

“Okay…”

Eddard Stark
Winterfell, North, Year 281 AC

Ned was shaking a lot, not because of the cold but because of how nervous he actually was, he and Brandon were following their father to the Great Hall, the reason was quite obvious to him, they
were to talk about Ashara…

As soon as they entered said division, their father took a seat in the Lord’s chair and began looking at Brandon, then to him, then to Brandon once more and then him again and repeating this for quite some time, making him even more nervous.

“Which one of you is going to explain to me why Lady Dayne came with you?” Finally asked father.

“Father…” Ned began nervously and stammering. “I…wish…I wish to…marry her…”

His father just remained gazing him for almost a full minute, not saying a word and making Ned tremble in fear inside. Then he finally looked to Brandon in hopes of an explanation.

“You told me to find him a suitable wife.” Said Brandon with an uneasy smirk, he too seemed nervous. “And I found a suitable wife for him, Lady Ashara is a perfect match for Ned.”

“I did ask you to find your brother a wife, but I wasn’t expecting a Dornishwoman…” His father confessed. “I thought you would look in the Westerlands or the Reach…like I suggested…”

“I think Dorne is a very good place to forge an alliance, father,” Brandon explained. “House Dayne is old, powerful and prestigious just as you asked and Lady Ashara is as southern as a woman can be, there is nothing south of Starfall.”

“I never said she isn’t all those things Brandon, but…”

“Ned laid with her,” Brandon said as if it was the simplest thing in the world. WHAT THE FUCK? Was this his plan? SERIOUSLY? “And he laid with her twice.”

His father turned to him with an aghast expression and because of it, Ned never felt more embarrassed in his life. So embarrassed he was, that he blushed so hard and couldn’t stop staring at the floor…Thank you Brandon! Thank you so much you big genius! Seriously, why in the Seven Hells do I even trust this fool?

“Ned…” His father asked whilst his palm found his forehead in exasperation. “Is it true? Did you sleep with the woman twice? Aren’t you covering one of your brother’s mistakes? Please…tell me you are…”

Seeing his father so disappointed with him made Ned feel worse than shit. “I did father, I laid with her twice on my own free will,” Ned explained. “Brandon by all accounts was always sleeping in his tent without any woman’s company.”

“Seven fucking hells…” Sighed his father in defeat, while rubbing his face. “I expect such behavior from Brandon, he had his fair share of maidenheads already, but from you?”

“I…”

“You have disappointed me, Ned.”

“I’m sorry father…” Ned murmured. “I couldn’t help it, I love her so much that I couldn’t resist her…we love each other father…truly…”

Still with his hands covering his face, his father sighed once more before glancing them both again. “Call Maester Walys…” he commanded.
“Maester Wallis?” Ned asked confused.

“Aye, we need him to send the raven to Starfall don’t we?” Father questioned without expecting an answer.

“Father does this mean…” Began Ned.

“House Dayne is a proud house from a far away Kingdom, Ned, so you will have to marry Lady Dayne to restore her honor.” His father explained plainly. “Yet, in your case, I assume you like the punishment, don’t you?”

Of course he liked the punishment, he loved it! It was a victory! His heartbeat just went off! He had gotten permission to marry the woman he loved! He received permission to marry Ashara! Oh Gods! I’m marrying her! Yes! Yes! He didn’t even notice his inability to speak, so when he tried to answer his father, only squeals came.

“Father,” Bran said laughing. “Give this Dumb Wolf some time to calm down or he might faint from joy.”

Much to his relived, father began chucking as well. “Maybe I should…Gods you children grow so fast,” he explained. “Just yesterday you were nothing but babes without carnal desires…”

“I-I…” Ned began stammering, still overflowed with emotions.

“Will tell the girl that a raven will be sent to her home with a marriage proposal today.” Concluded his father.

“Thank you, father…” Ned said while bending his knee to his father. “Thank you so much, father.”

“Gods Ned!” His father said embarrassed. “I don’t want my children bowing to me, get up son, now.”

“I’m sorry…”

“It’s okay.” His father assured him. “You are both free to do as wish now.”

They nodded to their father and left the Great Hall. Ned promptly stopped Brandon as they exited and then closed the door behind them.

“That was your brilliant plan?” Ned asked angrily. “Telling father I sleep with her?”

“What about it? It worked didn’t it?” Brandon retorted. “Father accepted and that’s what matters.”

“But now he is disappointed with me!”

“Of course he is.” Said Brandon. “If you were so concerned with him being disappointed with you, then you should have kept the celibacy.”

“I know but…”

“A little question brother…” Brandon interrupted. “What do you prefer, having father disappointed with you for some time or not marrying Ashara but someone else for the rest of your life?”

_Gods why was Brandon so smart sometimes… “The first…”_

“I thought as much,” Brandon smirked as he clapped him in the back. “Smile ya fool, you getting
And that he did, he smiled like never before whilst Brandon placed his arm behind him, smiling as well. “We should go for a drink of celebration!” Brandon suggested.

“Hum, no.”

“What?” Bran barked indignantly. “Gods Ned, you are boring…”

“I like being boring to you.”

“Now he japes!” Brandon smirked. “I see how it is…”

They found Lyanna and Ashara watching as Ben spared with Ser Rodrik, laughing with some talk they were having. As soon as their female eyes saw them approaching, the laughs gave way to concerned faces of much anticipation. Ben also stopped and came closer to them.

“Ned was something amiss?” Asked Ashara worriedly, as she approached him. “Did your father rant you because of me?”

Ned couldn’t keep a smile away from his face, so the two of them promptly looked perplexed to Brandon who was smiling as well.

“Did he?” Ashara asked once more, while her eyes returned to him. “Ned?”

He felt a big grin form in his face, one of those Brandon usually had for sure. “My father accepted our marriage and is writing a letter to your father as we speak,” Ned explained. “It shall leave Winterfell today.”

Ashara’s violet eyes began shining more and that bright smile of hers sculpted a magnificent look on her before she literally jumped on top of him and made him fall to the floor. “Oh my sweet Quiet Wolf, I’m so happy!” she said before kissed him deeply in the lips whilst hugging him so hard he felt her breaking his ribs with her tight grip. “I love you so much.”

“Ashara…you are crushing me…” he murmured in pain.

She quickly released him. “Oh, I’m so sorry Ned!” she said concerned. “I got overexcited…I didn’t mean to hurt you…”

“It’s okay…” he commented. “I’m alive still…”

Brandon began laughing as loud as his usual self. “Gods, I love these two!”

“Congratulations, dearest Ned,” Lyanna said with a smile. “I’m so glad father accepted.”

“Yeah, brother.” Ben agreed. “Can’t wait for the army of brooding Neds to arrive so I can see Bran scared like he said the sight of them would make him feel.”

“Shut up Pup!” Bran barked indignantly. “You need to keep that mouth closed sometimes.”

They all looked at Brandon with smirks. “Afraid of little children that are yet to be born big brother?” Lyanna commented amusedly.

“I never said such thing…”

“Yes you did!” Ben insisted.
“Gods damn you Pup!”

They all broke in laughs at Brandon’s newfound fear. Whilst he hugged Ashara calmly…she would be his wife, his very own life... He couldn’t wait for their marriage to happen now.

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**Kevan Lannister**

Casterly Rock, Westerlands, Year 281 AC

Kevan entered the Great Hall of the Casterly Rock, finding his brother glancing the sea. It was around these times that Kevan feared his brother the most.

“Welcome home, Kevan.” Said his brother without glancing him. “Was the trip well enough?”

“It was Tywin.” Kevan replied.

Tywin finally turned to face him, his expression was the same as it always has been since Joanna died all those years ago…expressionless. “Good.”

“I presume you want to know what happened in Harrenhal?”

“You presume well,” Tywin replied. “As far as I know Aerlys was supposed to be deposed by now and yet I got no word of such thing happening.”

“Prince Rhaegar didn’t crown Elia Martell as he was supposed to…” Murmured Kevan. “He...he crowned Lyanna Stark, daughter of Lord Rickard Stark.”

Kevan still wondered why, Lyanna Stark certainly had a beauty to her, not Cersei’s beauty but a wild beauty, a northern beauty, but she was nothing special to deserve such reward…

“Is that so?” Tywin inquired with a raised eyebrow. “You are telling me that I wasted some seventy-five thousand golden dragons for Rhaegar to crown a girl that is not Elia Martell or my daughter?”

“I’m…I’m sorry Tywin…”

“I thought Rhaegar was a proper heir to the throne, but it seems I was seriously mistaken,” Tywin said. “It seems his father’s madness is in him as well.”

“Maybe…”

“And so it seems I can’t count on Rhaegar anymore.” Said his brother.

“If we aren’t supporting Rhaegar, Tywin, who are we supporting now?” Kevan inquired rather confused.

“Whoever wins what’s coming.” Was Tywin’s response. “Any hopes of gathering the support of the Great Lords has been wasted in such ridiculous action. I have no doubt Lord Stark and Lord Baratheon will oppose the Targaryens now, Lord Arryn and Lord Tully will follow them as well.”

“So we wait?”

“Yes…” Tywin replied. “I have no bargaining chips to ally myself with them as of now…I don’t want to waste Cersei yet, she is going to be Queen, that I do know.”
Tywin’s obsession with having a Lannister Queen was something Kevan didn’t quite agree fully but he would support his brother and family until his final breath and if Tywin’s plan was to wait, then so would he.

Chapter End Notes

The hardest part was done with some stupidity but it's done...

Anyway, thank you as always for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Ashara woke up quite late in the morning…it was not usual for her to sleep until past midday but she had been quite tired when she went to bed in the day before and said bed was so cozy and warm that she couldn’t resist it.

Ned told her a few times about the hot springs that ran beneath Winterfell and warmed the castle, yet in her naivety, she didn’t quite think it would be this warm…

She had to admit that Winterfell did nothing but amaze her, and she had arrived a day ago! To begin, it was a huge castle, smaller than Harrenhal but certainly bigger than all the other castles she saw in her life.

Then there was the deep snow that covered its large and ancient grey walls all white, it was a beautiful sight for someone whose first memories of snow came in these past three moons of traveling.

The people in the castle were quite nice to her, even with her being southern and Dornish…She didn’t quite know if it was because of her beauty or because the Starks seemed happy with her amongst them or if they were just nice and kind people, but what she knew for certain, was that it was a pleasant change from the airs of the Red Keep and Harrenhal.

And of course, she was very excited because Lord Stark allowed for her marriage with Ned and now she couldn’t wait for it to happen. Maybe that was adding more feels to her…

If she were to return to her three moons prior self and explain to her that she was marrying for love very soon, she was quite sure that she would have been mocked by said past self.

She came a long way from a woman disappointed with men, to a woman that was in love and now a woman that wanted to marry as fast as possible…life does take some interesting turns sometimes…

She was quite thankful for Brandon’s stupid plan as Ned called it. No doubt that the plan was stupid and she didn’t like the fact that Lord Stark thought that sweet Ned had taken her maidenhead but nevertheless she appreciated the older Stark for helping them.

She noticed that she was sweating quite a lot…it was far too hot in that room for her…the solution was, of course, to open the windows and let some fresh air inside the room. Gods who would have known she would be this hot in the cold North…
When the cold breeze entered the room, she couldn’t help but notice the endless weirwood trees that filled Winterfell’s gigantic Godswood.

She had seen her fair share of Godswoods here and there throughout her life with the one striking her the most being, of course, the Godswood in Starfall.

House Dayne converted to the Faint peaceful during the Andal Invasions to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, but they did not eradicate the traces of their former belief at all, they preserved them in order to allow future generations to see their origins and so the Godswood survived until this day.

Her mother used to take her and her brothers there in hot Summer days as there were plenty of cool areas inside it so they would just remain there sleeping until the night came. Sometimes her mother would tell them stories and legends whilst braiding her hair in foreign styles…

Starfall’s Godswood was also quite large, with multiple small streams of water running on their way to the Torentine, the colorful birds that sung beautiful songs and small animals that roamed inside the sacred place contributed to Ashara’s fond memories of Godswoods.

But she saw no birds or animals inside Winterfell’s Godswood at all. One could assume it was a dead place, yet it certainly wasn’t, far from such thing, it felt…godlike…The whole scenery made Ashara feel as if she somehow was connecting to the Old Gods themselves…the silence was surreal…the smell of moss and pine enjoyable…

Ashara had been raised since a young child in the Faint but as she grew older she gradually lost interest in religion, she knew the prays she was supposed to and occasionally she made use of this knowledge to pray for important things for her such as giving Elia strength to survive Rhaenys’ pregnancy or for Queen Rhaella to be free of her brother’s cruelty. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn’t, just like everything in life.

She felt no connection to the Seven unlike in just a minute or two of staring at weirwoods…Could it be because she had First Men blood running through her?

A quick glance below her window made her notice hot steam emerging from a big pond of water below, the open aired hot spring Ned told her about a few days ago…Ashara loved water, to take baths in rivers, lakes, water in general, she would definitely take a bath in there before leaving to Dragonstone…it was a must really…

A knock on the door made her stop salivating for a bath in the hot spring and proceed to see who it was. As she peeked through the door, she quickly smiled, it was, of course, her Ned.

“Hello,” he said with a smile, while she opened the door more. “Did my Shining Star sleep well?”

“Oh quite well I did, my sweet Quiet Wolf,” she replied. “It was such a comfortable bed and room that I overslept…”

“Thank the Gods it was just that, then…” Ned murmured, as he entered inside and she closed the door to begin dressing. “We were all rather worried for you, it’s well past midday and you didn’t show up…”

“You shouldn’t worry so much,” she explained to him while patting his cheek. “I’m not going to run away from you.”

“That didn’t really come to my mind…” Ned said while she noticed him getting a bit afraid, surely she scared him now… “I… I have been wondering, will your father approve the match? I mean we have been so concerned with my father that we forgot yours and from what you told me of him
“I…” So this is why you are afraid…

“He will not oppose,” she assured him while dressing her undergown, the first of many layers of clothes needed in the North. “He will be quite surprised at receiving such proposal for my hand and…happy in his own way, I will cease to be a headache to him.” she was now dressing a big gown and preparing the endless cloaks of furs. “He will be much more concerned with the value of the dowry he is supposed to pay your family because he hates losing money.”

“I see…” Ned muttered. “Maybe I can convince my father on not asking too much money for your dowry, I’m the second son, so…”

“Let’s talk about something else, shall we?” she questioned while finishing dressing. “I’m quite hungry, my wolf, is there something a Dornishwoman can eat?”

“Sure, the servants can prepare you something to eat.” Ned told her.

“Then let us go.”

She followed him into the Great Keep when she noticed two armored men fighting each other in the courtyard, while both Brandon and Winterfell’s Master at Arms watched amused.

“Who are they?” Asked her curious self.

“The one in the right is Benjen and the one on the left is Lyanna.”

“Lyanna?” she asked surprised. “Did your father allow for her to fight?”

“I did not Lady Dayne.” Both she and Ned jumped at the sight of Lord Stark glancing at them from the bridge that connected two buildings. “But I can hardly control my sweet troublemaker.”

“Father…” Ned murmured with a nod.

“Ned.” Lord Stark acknowledged with a nod. “Lady Dayne, would you mind joining me in the Great Hall for a little conversation?”

Why? “Must certainly My Lord.”

“Father is…” Ned began.

“Worry not Ned, she will be free in no time, I just want to talk about some things concerning your marriage.”

Ned looked at her concerned, but she smiled at him. “It will be alright Ned,” she assured him. “Also…before I leave for Dragonstone I would like to have a bath in those hot springs in the Godswood…with your company of course.”

He chuckled a bit. “I think it’s a good idea.”

“Of course it is!” she retorted. “Could you prepare everything?”

“I…will try.”

“Then I mustn’t make your father wait, see you later dearest Ned.”

She asked a servant to lead her to Lord Stark’s office inside the Great Hall as she didn’t quite know the way yet, as she entered the big room, she found Lord Stark already seated in a very big and
dark oak chair, glancing her with judging eyes.

“My Lord is something amiss?” she asked, rather concerned as to why Ned’s father called for her.

“Is it?” he countered.

Mind games…she knew how to play these. “I assume My Lord has something important to talk with me?”

“Yes, I would like to know a bit more about you Lady Dayne.” Lord Stark said with a serious face. “Your beauty is well renowned throughout the Seven Kingdoms, as is your position as Princess Elia’s lady-in-waiting.”

“I’m flattered with such words My Lord…”

“Enough playing around.” Lord Stark said, making her shake a bit. “I know you are quite acquainted with this type of talks in the Red Keep, but I want truthfulness from My Lady’s part.”

She remained quiet, though he looked like Ned, he was certainly not him at all. “What does My Lord wish from me then?”

“Did you seduced my son with second intentions?”

So this is what this is about… “My Lord I did not seduce him or him me, we fell in love,” she assured. “I did not wish to marry Ned for anything other than himself.”

“A woman such as yourself fell in love with my son in just the ten days of the tourney?” Lord Stark insisted. “It seems a bit off to say the least…”

“It’s not a bit off My Lord.” she insisted too. “I have been looking for a sweet and kind man who loved me for more than my beauty, a man I could call both a husband and a lover. Your son is that man My Lord, that’s why I love him.”

“You do love him it seems.” Lord Stark admitted. “But he was not your first lover was he?”

She sighed before confessing. “No…he wasn’t My Lord, I truly wish he was because otherwise, I wouldn’t have suffered disappointments. I do wish for him to be the last one though because I love him above the others.”

Lord Stark kept glancing at her with a judging look but finally sighed. “Ned laid with you twice during Harrenhal?”

“Yes.”

“So it seems not all of what Brandon said was a lie…” Lord Stark sighed too. “I appreciate your honesty Lady Dayne, it takes a lot of courage to admit what you just did, knowing I could stop the marriage at any time.”

“And will My Lord do that?” she asked shaken, scared of the prospect.

“No, I won’t and I wouldn’t.” Lord Stark assured. “I don’t back down on my word nor could I have stopped the raven that I sent yesterday, I just wanted to get to know you better.” he further explained. “Though I will admit that My Lady is not what I envisioned for my son.”

“I’m sure I’m a disappointment but…”
“You are not a disappointment Lady Dayne.” he interrupted her. “I appreciate the way you treat my son and his siblings, I noticed them all happy around you and that’s certainly good.” Lord Stark said smiling. “You remind me of my late Lyarra, you have a lot of her in you, I’m sure Ned will be happy with you by his side.”

“Thank you for the kind words, My Lord,” she said. “They mean a lot to me.”

“I welcome you to my family with open arms Lady Dayne and I hope what you and my son feel for each other remains for a long while.”

“It will Lord Stark,” she assured with a nod.

“Now go on and eat something My Lady,” Lord Stark suggested. “You must be starving.”

“I am My Lord, with your permission.”

“Permission granted, have a good and happy meal, Lady Dayne.”

She nodded in respect and exit to eat something, quite happily.

Later that day…In the Godswood…near the hot spring…

“My father does value honesty,” Ned said after she explained to him what the talk with his father was. “I’m glad he didn’t cancel it.”

“Me too,” she confessed whilst undressing in front of Ned and then diving in the hot waters, feeling warm and refreshment throughout her whole body, she loved it. She swam around underwater as if she was a fish, having the time of her life.

As she resurfaced to catch some air, she noticed Ned still dressed, looking at her with his mouth open and smiled at him. “Are you seriously going to just stare at me the whole night?”

“I could…”

“Then I want to stare at you too…” she teased. “It’s not fair me being the only one naked…undress now!”

“As My Lady commands…” With that said, he undressed in front of her, joining her not long after in the water, embracing her. “Is My Lady is happy now?”

“Oh yes she is…” she went in for a kiss, which he accepted, but when she moved to something else, he stopped her with his hand. “Is there a problem Ned?”

“I…want to wait for our marriage if it’s okay with you…” he explained. “I don’t want to do it now…”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“It’s just the look my father gave when Brandon and I talked with him yesterday, he was disappointed with me…” he confessed. “I don’t really regret what I did with you, but the look he gave me, it made me feel bad…”

Ned was one of those people who deeply cared for the wellbeing of the others and such reaction from seeing his father disappointed at him was to be expected. It also made her feel bad with herself because she was the one who caused all this…she decided to respect his wish, they had sex twice at Harrenhal, the third time could wait until they were married.
“It’s okay my sweet Quiet Wolf, I understand it,” she said. “I think it will make our third time much more enjoyable and somehow strengthen our relationship.”

“I’m glad you understand my point…”

She kissed once more. “Of course I understand, just kisses and hugs now.”

“Maybe…something more…” he said with a grin.

“What more?” she asked and he threw water at her face. “Oh, that’s your play Quiet Wolf? I’m going to show you why they called me the terror of the Water Gardens!” Well…there was a human being even more troublesome than her in the Water Gardens, he was called the nightmare of the Water Gardens, but she was a terror herself.

After minutes of messing around with the water, diving, swimming, kisses and hugs, they were tired, they lean their backs to the grass outside the pond and began glancing the stars.

“How do you think our children will look like?” she questioned curiously.

He looked at her quite surprised. “You are thinking about having children already?”

“Not right away of course.” she quickly replied. “I want us to have some time for each other after we get married. But afterward, I wouldn’t mind a boy with violet eyes and a girl with grey ones.”

“As long as they take it after you, I’m fine with their coloring.”

“You and your low self-esteem,” she said rolling her eyes. “I wouldn’t mind seeing a little Ned amongst my litter…”

“Litter?” Ned laughed at her choice of word and she did too. “I guess one wouldn’t hurt…”

“More than one!” she retorted. “Don’t you want an army of little Neds to scare your brother?”

“Scare Brandon…that certainly sounds interesting…”

“How would you name them?” she asked curiously.

“I think it’s a bit early for that, Shining Star.”

“It’s not!” she barked at him. “I want to see if you have good taste or not. Tell me three male names and three female ones.”

“I never gave it much thought actually…” Ned confessed. “Hum…I guess…Jon could be one, just as Robert and perhaps Brandon for boys…and Sansa, Arya, and Lyarra for girls, yeah that’s it, those are my choices.”

“Robert? Seriously?” she asked rolling her eyes. Of course, he wanted a Robert…

“What about it?” Ned asked with a raised eyebrow. “He said he would name a son after me…he is my best friend after all, so why not?”

“Okay, okay…” she gave up. “I would like an Arthur, an Ulrick and a Jason for boys and an Elia, an Elayna and a Dyanna. Yes, I like these, what do you think of them?”

“Ulrick Stark? Jason Stark?” he questioned. “I don’t know…they sound a bit too southern…”
“As if Robert didn’t sound southern…” she scoffed. “Or Jon.”

“Well Robert is indeed a southern name,” he admitted. “But Jon isn’t.”

“It isn’t?”

“No, there have been three Kings of Winter named Jon, the most famous was the second one, who built the Wolf’s Den in White Harbor after kicking some foreign invaders from the North’s shores,” he explained. “I believe other Starks Kings and Lord Paramount did have Jon Starks as their sons.”

“You are always learning…” she confessed. “I thought it was because of your mentor Lord Arryn.”

“And you are right too,” Ned said with a smile. “I think it’s fitting for me to name a son in my foster father’s memory.”

“I like your names…”

“I’m glad I have some taste.”

“You do, you passed the test pretty wonderfully…” she admitted.

“Should we leave before it gets too late?”

“Just a while longer,” she begged of him. “Let us see the stars together a bit longer and enjoy each other’s companies because it’s going to be quite a few moons until we can do it again.”

“Giving it a little bit more thought, I think we should.”

Elia Martell

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 281 AC

“Oh my sweetheart!” Elia said as she picked her beautiful daughter up from the wetnurse’s hands. “You have grown quite a lot, haven’t you? And quite heavy as well!”

Her baby was still too young to properly reply to such questions, but Elia did not care, the little girl had so many years ahead of her that if she said no words at that moment, it wouldn’t matter.

Rhaenys had a very dark shade of violet eyes that almost looked like Elia’s black ones, she had a skin of a shade a little lighter than Elia’s and yet not fair enough as the northerners, especially the Valyrians. She had black hair like Elia’s, but with a few strands of silver-golden hair proving her to have Targaryen lineage.

But all this meant nothing to the Mad King, she still smelled Dornish…

Elia noticed the big smile that her sweet daughter had in her tiny face as she made her fly in her hands and smiled too.

“You like to fly, don’t you little one?” Elia cooed as her baby giggled. She then turned to the wetnurses in hopes of knowing something. “Has she begin to walk?”

“She has Your Grace.” One of them replied. “But she can’t yet control her tiny feet properly so she falls to the ground.”
Elia laughed at her daughter’s struggling, she too struggled quite a lot when she was a baby herself, luckily Rhaenys wasn’t a premature baby like her and as such she wouldn’t suffer from Elia’s constraints and that was already a victory on itself.

“You still have time sweetheart,” Elia instructed to the smiling baby. “Take your time because nothing can be done quickly and properly.”

“Ba-le-ron!” Rhaenys stammered with a smile.

“Ba-leron?” Elia asked with a raised eyebrow at the wetnurses.

“The little Princess has grown attached to the little kitten that Queen Rhaella gave her, My Princess...” The wetnurse replied. Of course, how could she have forgotten Balerion the black kitten?

“Oh did she?” Elia remarked while pinching her daughter’s tiny nose making the girl giggle. “My little daughter is a dragon rider now! Flying with Balerion the Black Dread!”

“Ba-leron!” Rhaenys muttered again as Elia made her fly in her hands some more.

“Has Rhaegar visit her?” Elia asked the wetnurses.

“N-no My Princess...”

She thought as much...they arrived yesterday at night, they were all tired from sailing and they didn’t want to risk waking Rhaenys up, yet Rhaegar closed himself on his room and did not leave it yet...maybe he was thinking on how to fix the mess he made? She was certainly interested in hearing his plans now.

“I’m sure he will come on soon...” she murmured. “Has there been any problems with her?”

“No, My Princess, she has been acting like a healthy baby of her age, nothing too serious that should concern you.”

“I’m glad,” Elia confessed. “If any of you need anything just ask for me, okay? I will be taking a little walk along the castle.”

“Certainly My Princess.”

She planted a big kiss on her daughter’s forehead and placed her back in the nursery. “Mommy will see you later love.”

“Mo...” Rhaenys squealed, maybe a few more weeks and Rhaenys would be calling her mother... She was certainly excited for that moment so she smiled a bit more to her and then left the room, meeting her ladies-in-waiting outside.

“How was Rhaenys the Darling?” Ynys asked.

“Quite well, speaking a few words and walking already.”

“What words is she speaking?” Jasline inquired curiously. “Mommy, mother?”

“Balerion...” she confessed, whilst trying to hide a smile. “As in Balerion the kitten...”

They looked at her surprised before breaking down in laughter. “Balerion the kitten...” Jasline muttered between laughs.
“Little Rhaenys is adorable.” Said Nysah.

“She is.” Elia agreed. “I’m in a mood for a walk to Aegon’s Garden shall we go?”

“Let’s go indeed.” Said Ynys. “Do you girls think the gardeners have taken care of it while we were away?”

“I hope so!” Jasline said. “Otherwise we need new gardeners.”

“But then they would need to be Reachmen from Highgarden, as they are none better than them with flowers.” Ynys said.

“Expensive ones as well,” Jasline added. “We should drain the treasury.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for sparing time reading and hopefully, everyone has a nice day.
Jaime Lannister

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 281 AC

Jaime watched in horror as a man found guilty of stealing food was being burned alive with wildfire…It was a terrifying scene to watch and Jaime wondered why no one did anything but watch as if it was nothing…Sure that stealing was a crime deserving punishment but being burnt alive because of it? That was not the way it should go…

Whilst the poor man burned to ashes, screaming in agony, the King was laughing nonstop making the whole scene even more terrifying than what it was already as if Jaime had been engulfed in a never-ending nightmare…

After the man was nothing but mere ash, the King left the throne room with Ser Barristan and Prince Lewyn following him, with stone faces, then the entire court left and only Ser Arthur and he remained.

“We have patrol duty to do Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur plainly said. “Is something amiss?”

“How couldn’t it be?” Jaime retorted indignantly. How could Ser Arthur remain so calm after witnessing such atrocity? How could anyone stay calm at all?

“I believe I told you this in the day I returned to King’s Landing, Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur began. “If you wanted to prove your worth as a knight and serve the realm, you definitely came to the wrong place.”

“I didn’t…I didn’t know it would be like this…” Jaime admitted sadly…I just wanted to be close to my sister and show I’m a good knight…Had he known, he would have refused. And Cersei wanted to be here? Does ambition have no boundaries?

“It wasn’t always like this though…” Ser Arthur confessed, a hint of sadness in his speech. “When I joined five years ago, it wasn’t as bad as this, but it has been getting worse and worse by each passing moon and it will get worse still.”

“But it can’t remain like this!” Jaime barked. “Every single sentence ends up with burned people, it’s hardly fair Ser Arthur!”

“It’s not in our place to judge Ser Jaime.” Said Ser Arthur with a serious face.

“But…”

“Neither you nor I are the King, Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur insisted. If I was the King, things would
certainly be different…I might not be smart as my sister or father, by I would be better than this for sure.

“You had a wonderful life ahead of you as the Lord of Casterly Rock and the Westerlands, Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur continued. “You would marry, have children and prove yourself as much if not more of a knight than I ever could that way. You forsook all of it and as such, you will have to deal with the consequences now.”

“I understand…”

“When you witness something like what you saw today, think about what you love the most and the place you would want to be, and then focus yourself in it, forget your surroundings.” Ser Arthur explained. “It’s going to take you a while but soon you will be able to cope with it a little better.”

“I understand…”

“It’s a good thing you feel bad and angry Ser Jaime.” Ser Arthur said. “It means you care about others, unfortunately, our current state of things is far from being the best, but things might change soon…”

Does he mean when Prince Rhaegar becomes King? Aerys certainly doesn't look like he is going to die soon...he was still young even if he looked old…

“You patrol the courtyard while refreshing your mind a bit, while I patrol Maegor’s holdfast.” Said Ser Arthur with a shy smile while patting Jaime on the back. “Things will change Ser Jaime, we will just have to endure a bit longer.”

“Yes Ser…” Hopefully, things would indeed change for the best…

Elia Martell

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 281 AC

Elia, her ladies-in-waiting, and wetnurses were having fun whilst playing with Rhaenys and Balerion the kitten. The little kitten was becoming more and more protective towards her daughter which Elia found amusing and a bit overwhelming…

“It’s a doll, little Princess!” Ynys exclaimed with a tiny wood doll girl in her hand. “Do you to play with the doll?”

Rhaenys was all happy with her tiny mouth open and arms extended whilst trying to grab the doll from Ynys, beginning to walk towards the Stone Dornish.

“Come on Rhaenys, you can do it!” Jasline encored. “Teach that vile Yronwood who she is messing with!”

Her daughter certainly made an effort for it, walking a few centimeters, but her inexperience proved far too much for her and she fell to the floor, allowing tears to form in the corner of her eyes.

“Oh, sweetheart!” Elia exclaimed worriedly while picking the girl up. “It’s okay darling, Ynys is going to give you the doll, won’t she?” Elia glanced the blonde Dornishwoman with a smile.
“Of course she is!” Ynys assured as she gave the little doll to Rhaenys who immediately stopped crying. “Ynys is a very good girl.”

“Mo-mo!” The girl shouted happily at Elia. “Mo-mo!”

“She seems to be almost there, Elia,” Nysah said with a shy smile. “It’s almost a mommy or a mom.”

“It does seem to be going that way.” Elia agreed. She was waiting patiently for the day her daughter could recognize her by calling her mother, or mommy or mom…she didn’t care which, she just wanted that.

A knock on the door was heard and the authorization was not needed for the person who knocked quickly entered, showing himself to be her husband. Immediately the air inside Rhaenys’ room became heavier and tense.

“Hello My Ladies.” Rhaegar politely said. “I came to see my daughter, and have an important talk with my wife.”

The ladies-in-waiting and wetnurses looked at her wearily. She gave them an assuring smile. “It’s okay everyone, give us a little family moment, please.”

Soon after this little command, the room had no one but her, her daughter, Rhaegar and Balerion. They were free to talk about whatever he wished to.

“Can I hold her, please?” he asked.

“Certainly.” she replied while putting her daughter in Rhaegar’s arms.

“How is dad’s little dragon doing?” Rhaegar inquired with a shy smile on his face, but Rhaenys just look at him with weary eyes. “I don’t think she remembers me…”

“It’s certainly possible,” Elia replied. “She is but one namesday old Rhaegar, she doesn’t really remember us that well. Not to mention we have missed some three moons of her company due to Harrenhal.”

“You are right…” Rhaegar admitted while giving Rhaenys back to her. “Maybe in due time, she will recognize us better.”

“Maybe…”

“And how is the pregnancy going?” he asked.

“It’s going as well as a pregnancy can go.”

“That’s good.”

“I assume none of these subjects were the reason you wished to speak to me…”

“You are quite right,” he said. “I wanted your ideas on how I can regain the Lord’s support.”

“That’s a very good question,” Elia remarked. “I was hoping to hear your suggestions.”

“I just know that a Great Council will not work.”

“Yes, you are certainly right in that regard.” she agreed. “They prefer Robert Baratheon over you,
so you will need to force them to follow your claim.”

“And how do want me to do that?” Rhaegar questioned.

Elia placed down Rhaenys on her crib. “Ashara had a very interesting idea.” Elia said as she cooed Rhaenys’ little belly, prompting giggles for the baby.

“Will you tell me her idea?”

“She wants to marry Lord Stark’s second son,” she said. “Eddard.”

“Yes, I know,” Rhaegar said. “Arthur did tell me that when I found odd that Lady Ashara wasn’t with you or the other ladies.”

“Eddard Stark is a son of Lord Stark, a foster son of Lord Arryn, a future good-brother to both Lord Tully’s eldest daughter and to your cousin who appears to be his best friend.” Listed Elia. “Does it make anything ring to you?”

Rhaegar remained quiet for a little bit, most likely thinking. “Four kingdoms…” he finally murmured. “Four kingdoms we lost and can regain…interesting…”

“It is, isn’t it?” Elia smiled. “Ashara is far from opposing the idea, it’s a simple yet efficient plan.”

“It certainly seems to be…” Rhaegar admitted. “Lady Ashara’s cunning never ceases to amaze me.”

Elia felt the same way about her friend. Ashara always had a very sharp mind that most didn’t bother to see, most just cared about her god-like beauty, but below the pretty face was a big brain…

The fact that she came with such a simple yet efficient solution whilst everyone was still shocked by Rhaegar’s deed, prove this. And of course, one can’t forget the spy network she built in less than three years, it wasn’t large but it was trustworthy, allowing her to be a step ahead of schemes.

“So what do you make of the plan?” Elia questioned curiously. “Does it suit you?”

“It’s going to take quite a while to be placed into effect…two or three moons for the whole thing to be approved and the dowry to agreed upon, this of course, while assuming Lord Stark and Lord Dayne accept it.” Rhaegar began. “Then an additional four to six moons for the planning and invitations to be sent and…”

“Do you have a better alternative?” Elia interrupted him.

“No…” he replied. “Not really…”

“Then we will use Ashara’s plan,” she concluded. “It’s certainly not what we initially planned but we have to adapt to the new circumstances and survive your father’s madness for almost another year.”

“I’m sorry for being reckless at Harrenhal…” he murmured. “I should have…”

“Let’s forget about Harrenhal Rhaegar.” she asked of him as she didn’t wish to be reminded of it at all.

“As you wish.” he said. “If you are in my need, I will be in the library reading some books I wish to read until night time.”
“I will be sure to look for you if need be.”

“I shall see you later then.” Rhaegar nodded to her, before approaching Rhaenys and planting a kiss on her forehead. “Goodnight little dragon.”

Eddard Stark

White Harbor, North, Year 281 AC

Ned had arrived earlier that day in the port city of White Harbor with his brother Brandon, a few guards from Winterfell’s household and of course, Ashara who was catching a ship to Dragonstone in order to be next to Elia when the Princess was to give birth near the end of the year.

It was far too soon for a reply from Lord Dayne’s part due to the time the raven took from Winterfell to Sunspear and then from Sunspear to Starfall, this because Winterfell did not have a raven to Starfall in its rookery. Of course, the return voyage would take just as much time, meaning they would have to wait for at least a full moon for a reply…far too much time for his taste…if he was to confess…

Before leaving Winterfell, Ned asked his father for a simple ceremony, he was but a second son, not worthy of such festivities. His father chuckled at his words.

As of now, they were in the inner harbor, where Lord Manderly kindly arranged the best ship that was to dock at Dragonstone, so that Ashara could experience a safe voyage.

Said ship was big, a Braavosi War Galley whose final destination was King’s Landing, but would make stops at Gulltown, Dragonstone, and Driftmark.

“The captain is a good friend of mine Lady Dayne.” Lord Manderly said. “In his ship, you will be safe and no one shall harm you.”

“Thank you so much, My Lord.” Replied Ashara with a polite smile.

“Not a problem My Lady.” Said the chubby Lord with a big smile. “Any friend of the Starks…” he glanced Ned with a smirk. “Better yet…any future Lady Stark is to receive the most exceptional of treatments that House Manderly can provide.”

Father had commanded Ned and Bran to deliver a letter to Lord Manderly which apparently said she was to be engaged with Ned…That was why Lord Manderly seemed especially happy…

“Once more thank you, My Lord,” Ashara said with a polite nod. “It’s very kind of My Lord to treat me so fairly.”

“No problem, My Lady.”

“Lord Manderly.” Called Brandon with a big grin. “Shall we go discuss some not important things that can be seen as important to let a certain pair of lovers say goodbye to each other?”

“Certainly Lord Brandon.” Lord Manderly laughed loudly. “I have a variety of nonsense we could discuss.”

“Don’t take too long Ned,” Brandon said, as he began leaving with Lord Manderly. “We have a marriage to attend in Barrowton in less than a moon’s turn.”
“Don’t worry!” Ned assured. “I will be ready in a minute!” Or two...maybe five? Perhaps ten...

“Are all the Northerners this friendly?” Ashara inquired.

“Not all of them…” Ned confessed. “The Boltons and Ryswells are bit…different, the Skagosi Clans are not too fond of Starks and the closer you get to the Wall, then less friendly people are to southerners,” he explained. “Lord Manderly is also used to deal with people from the south, so it’s not a surprise he is friendly towards you. That and the fact that my father gave him a letter for him to prepare a ship for you…”

“Your father is kind in his own way,” she told him. “I appreciate his concern.”

“Me too…”

“I guess this a...goodbye…” she murmured, certainly saddened with her departure.

“I guess so…” he murmured as well while glancing the beautiful haunting violet eyes that made him notice her during the tourney.

“You will write to me, won’t you?” she asked or rather demanded…

“Of course I will!” he assured her. “As soon as I arrive at the Eyrie, I will send you a letter, but I will definitely send one. By then you should be at Dragonstone.”

“I believe so, if the winds are good to me,” she said. “One travels faster by ship, so hopefully I will be by Elia’s side when she is to give birth by the end of the year.”

“I know I have said this already…” he began. “But do give her my wishes, and of course, of House Stark for a quick, painless and safe pregnancy, with a healthy child as a result.”

“I will, do not worry.” Assured Ashara. “She will like it, I’m sure.”

Silence befell upon them, they were staring at each other as well and his nervous self returned for a little holiday it seemed…he wasn’t good with farewells…

Like many times before, she was the one to free him from awkwardness as she pulled him for a deep and passionate kiss, this would be their last kiss for quite some time…

They did agree on meeting each other in Gull Town and from there ride to Riverrun for Brandon’s marriage, but that was almost half a year away. He lived without her for eighteen years but now that he found her, he couldn’t certain last another eighteen without her…

“Safe trip for you and Starlight, Shining Star.” he wished as they broke the kiss.

“Safe trip for you and your crazy nice brother;” she said laughing. “Don’t let him tease you too much, that’s my job to do.”

“I will make sure he knows of that.” he chuckled as well.

She then embarked onto to the ship, while a sailor led Starlight inside, she then appeared on the side of the ship’s hull glancing at him and him at her. After a few minutes more the ship was ready to sail and the sailors brought the anchor back up.

The ship began its journey.

“SEE YOU LATER EDDARD STARK!!!” Was what she shouted at him while waving a goodbye
nod from inside the ship.

He, of course, felt the need to reply in the same manner as her. “SEE YOU LATER ASHARA DAYNE!!!”

A few minutes more, the ship was quite far away from him and he saw her enter the cabins, she was gone…he missed her already…

He found Brandon talking with Lord Manderly not too far from the docks.

“My Wynafryd is such a cute baby.” Lord Manderly commented. “Her eyes are icy blue and her hair is the same color of both my sons and my wife Alysanne.”

“I guess the children I have with Catelyn might have her coloring…” Brandon said. “Auburn hair and deep blue eyes.”

“It’s certainly likely, Lord Brandon.” Lord Manderly nodded as he noticed Ned arrive at their side. “Ah, Lord Eddard, is the lady gone?”

“Yes…” he murmured.

“Oh someone misses his love already…” Brandon teased. “Come on Dumb Wolf, let’s ride to Barrowton before you flood the White Knife with your tears.” He felt Brandon clapping him in the back. “Lord Manderly, thank you for everything.”

“It was a pleasure, My Lords.” The corpulent man said laughing a booming laugh. “Do not feel so sad Lord Eddard, soon we will see you both at your wedding.”

“Nothing is definitive, Lord Manderly,” Ned warned. “But if everything works out, I promise I shall invite you for a small feast in Winterfell afterward.”

“It’s a deal then.” Lord Manderly replied. “Safe travels to you both.”

“Thank you, My Lord.” They replied in chorus and with a polite nod, as they mounted their horses not too long later and left the city.

Brandon was surprisingly quiet until they left White Harbor, but he was just thinking on ways to tease him…Brandon was Brandon nevertheless.

“Miss her already?” Brandon asked.

“Yes…”

“It’s just a few moons, Dumb Wolf,” Brandon commented. “Then you both will pledge for all eternity.”

“I guess so…” Ned sighed.

“Now…I have been meaning to ask…” Brandon began rather shyly. “Is the reputation that the Dornishwomen have in bed, true?”

“Brandon!”

“What?” he asked as if offended. “I just want to know…The Gods made us experience curiosity, I just want to satiate mine.”
“She…is good in bed…” Ned murmured blushing.

“How good?”

“Brandon!”

“I just want to know!” Brandon insisted. “I won’t steal her from you, I do value my life, you know?”

“You are hopeless.”

“I know, I know, just as you are.” Brandon laughed. “But come on Ned, how is she?”

“Gods!” Ned hissed. “She knows her way in bed, she is experienced…she also screams a lot…”

“She is a screamer, heh?” Brandon questioned with a raised eyebrow. “Damn you lucky bastard, you got the whole package in her.”

“Can’t we speak about something else?”

“Sure.” Brandon agreed while rolling his eyes. “Did she suck your…”

“BRANDON!!!”

“Okay…I will be quiet…”

Chapter End Notes

Once again, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark
Barrowton, North, Year 281 AC

Brandon and Ned were now riding through Barrowton in their way to Barrow Hall, as Willam was getting married to Barbrey Ryswell that day.

Barrowton was small compared to White Harbor’s size but it was larger than Wintertown during Winter time. Most of its houses were made of wood, the streets were straight and board, enough to let two horses wagons pass through without much problem.

Barrow Hall wasn’t such a big and intimidating castle as other northern castles were but was hard to take because it was built on the Great Barrow, the largest hill in the zone.

Cavalry was useless against it, the top of the hill allowed for a good vantage point to the castle’s archers and not to mention that House Dustin was amongst the five strongest houses of the North, they could field some three to four thousand men and hold the castle for a year or two if not even more.

Though the castle itself was made of hard stone like Winterfell, the walls surrounding it were made of wood which could easily be burnt if an army could reach them. They used to be of stone but were destroyed during King Brandon the Sixth’s conquest of Barrow Hall and since then there hasn’t been a reason to spend money remaking them.

Inside the walls, they met some of the stewards who lead them to the stables to let the horses rest from the hard trip, said stables were full of horses from the wedding guests.

Brandon then led Ned through the wood stairs that allowed one to reach the Great Keep. Willam was over the door greeting the guests and was certainly happy to see them approach.

“Bran and Ned!” he said proudly. “It’s good that you came!”

“It’s good to be here Willam.” Brandon replied as they both embraced in a brotherly hug. Willam and he had been raised in that very castle since they were eight, Willam was one of Brandon’s closest friends too.

“Congratulations Willam,” Ned said as they embraced into a brotherly hug as well. “You are a lucky man, Barbrey is a beauty.”

“Thank you, Ned,” Willam said with an amusing smile. “She is indeed a beauty, but…I bet you will marry one yourself heh?” Willam was giving Ned an elbow touch as he said this, to tease the Dumb Wolf.

Brandon and Willam began laughing at Ned’s flushed face. “My father accepted her as my wife, now I’m waiting for it to be confirmed.”

“That’s good Quiet Wolf!” Willam while clapping Ned’s back. “Soon we will see an army of brooding Neds hunting you down, heh Bran?”
“Why does everyone bring that to the talk?” Brandon chuckled. “By the way, the rest of House Stark send their regards for a happy marriage.

“And House Dustin thanks it of course.”

“How is Lord Dustin?” Ned inquired. “I heard he is not being well…”

“He is not well at all…” Willam confessed with an uneasy look. “Sharley and I think he might die soon, yet he insists on seeing my marriage…”

Lord Garth Dustin wasn’t that old of a man, but he hadn’t been that healthy since Brandon was fourteen and his health deteriorated by each passing month…Last time Brandon saw the Old Dustin the man could barely leave his bed…Lord Dustin had been like a second father to Brandon, teaching him many things about life, this pained him dearly.

“It’s sad…” Brandon murmured.

“Aye…” Willam agreed. “But he wouldn’t want for us to talk about it would he?”

“No, I don’t think so…” Brandon agreed. Lord Dustin had always been a jovial man who made everyone laugh with his japes, he hated to see serious faces in his presence.

Willam called a servant. “Take them to the guys’ table.” Willam commanded.

“The guys are here?” Brandon inquired with a smile.

“All of them except Elbert.” Willam said.

“Did something bad happen to Elbert?” Ned asked concerned.

“He apparently got sick after Harrenhal, flu it seems…” Willam explained. “Lord Arryn sent a letter saying he was too weak to attend the wedding but that he was recovering slowly.”

“Hopefully he recovers quickly without permanent damage.” Brandon muttered.

“Aye.” Agreed Willam.

“Anyway, we look forward to seeing you getting pledged.” Said Brandon.

“Me too.” Said Willam with an uneasy smile.

The servant brought them to where Jon Umber, Ethan Glover, Jeffory Mallister, Kyle Royce and Edrick Tallhart were having a merry time.

“Look!” Jon Umber shouted happily. “The Starks grace us, everyone!”

“Jon!” Brandon shouted. “How long has it been?”

“Far too much Bran!” Jon Umber began laughing a booming laugh. “And Gods Ned is here too!” Jon went on to squash Ned.

“Aye…nice to see you, Jon…” Ned murmured. “Please…mercy…”

“Oh…sorry…I got…carried away…” Jon muttered before beginning his laugh again. “It has been a while since we last saw each other I got excited.”
“Thank you for the consideration Jon.” Ned muttered as he recomposed himself for the bear hug.

Brandon and Ned went to greet the others with handshakes. While enjoying a pleasant conversation with his friends, Brandon saw Lord Rodrik Ryswell speaking with Lord Roose Bolton. *Seems Lord Ryswell fully turned his eyes to House Bolton now...*

He also noticed Bethany, Barbrey’s sister, and Roose’s wife having a pleasant talk with her brother Mark while holding her baby in her hands. Not too far were their younger siblings fighting each other.

Finally, after a while, everyone was called to the Godswood. Brandon and Ned took a seat next to Jeffory and watched as Old Lord Dustin was brought in by both Willam and Sharley in some sort of wheelchair…he looked awful…pale as snow, gaunt and agonized…it hurt Brandon quite a lot to see the man like that…

William then moved to the front of the heart tree, waiting for Barbrey to arrive. He didn’t wait long, Barbrey came embraced in her father, Lord Ryswell’s arm, she wore a sky blue kirtle, followed by a surcoat made of white wool with very long sleeves, she had a vair to complement her dress and cloak of furs with her house’s sigil on top because it was very cold outside.

Barbrey was definitely beautiful, no one could deny that. She had crystal like blue eyes, brown hair, a beautiful face with a few freckles around the nose, her body shape was very womanly and proud, unlike the wenches.

Brandon had been the one who took her maidenhead…he had been young and drunk that day, though he didn’t regret it at all, she wasn’t his first and wasn’t his last. She had been attracted to him for quite some time and her father did nothing to stop her advances, hoping to have her married to either him or Ned.

But of course, father had other plans for him as he had betrothed him to Catelyn Tully, not that he wanted to marry Barbrey because he didn’t.

He still remembered when he met her again after the announcement, how she cried in his arms and begged him to run away with her to be married, but Brandon wasn’t stupid, how would they live if they did? And why should he do that with a woman he didn’t love? She was just a conquest…

“Who comes before the Gods tonight?” Mark Ryswell asked.

“Lady Barbrey of House Ryswell comes here to be wed, a noblewoman, trueborn and flowered.” Said Lord Ryswell with a proud smile. “Who claims her?”


“I, Lord Rodrik of House Ryswell, Lord of the Rills.”

“Barbrey do you take this man?” Asked Mark.

“I do.”

“Willam do you take this woman?”

“I do.”

Lord Ryswell let go of his daughter, allowing Willam to switch her cloak to House Dustin’s cloak. Then, both of them knelt to pray for a full minute, before rising up again and sealing their union
with a kiss on the lips.

They then led the guests inside so the feast could start. Brandon was quite happy because he knew Willam loved Barbrey and she would be happy with him, hopefully forgetting him forever.

Inside they had some fun with Jon’s japes because he particularly wasn’t too excited that night. Sharley, Willam’s sister came in to ask Ned for a dance, which his brother accepted.

Brandon wondered how Ashara would react to one of Ned’s former crushes stealing him away for a dance. Especially knowing that Sharley did had a slight attraction towards Ned as he heard Willam say once.

Would Ashara show the strong personality the Dornishwomen were famous for? Probably yes…she was a willful woman…with a very sharp tongue…

He took interest in Ned and Sharley’s dance, Ned still sucked at dancing…a hopeless Dumb Wolf…He then noticed Sharley whispering some words to Ned’s ear and then Ned whispering some to hers…then they both smiled and she whispered some more and then the music ended with both of them nodding in respect. **What just happen there?**

Ned returned and took a seat next to him again, ready to hear some japes from Jon.

“What happened there?” Brandon inquired, grabbing his brother’s attention.

“Willam apparently is like Ben and told Sharley I found a beautiful woman that I expected to marry and she asked if it was true, which I said it was and that my father had given me permission to marry her,” Ned explained. “She then congratulated me and I ask for her to keep it a secret and she replied that she wasn’t William with a smile.”

Sharley must have either lost interest in him or just saw she had no chance with Ned now…She was beautiful but Ned only had eyes for Ashara now.

All of a sudden, Jon Umber got up from his seat. “My Lords,” he roared. “I say it’s time for the bedding!”

“BEDDING!! BEDDING!!!” The male guests shouted.

In less than a brief moment, a huge crowd of men circled Barbrey while Jon Umber picked her up as if she a dead squirrel fur or something of the sort, the females were less in number and just led Willam around while undressing him and making bold comments while giggling.

Both Ned and he remained seated where they were and this, of course, made Ned worried, because this wasn’t the way Brandon usually was.

“Bran?” Ned asked.

“What?”

“Are you alright?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”
“Aren’t you partaking in the bedding?” Ned asked.

“Do you think it would be a wise idea for the man who took Barbrey’s maidenhead to join in her bedding?” Brandon retorted. “I think not.”

“Yes…you are right…it would be a bit…awkward…” Ned admitted.

“Besides I’m rather depressed today.” he confessed. Ned was good at listening, maybe he could make him feel a little better?

“Why?”

“It’s just…why can’t I feel anything for women except that I want to fuck them?” Brandon confessed. “Am I a cunt?”

“I doubt that you are a cunt Bran,” Ned assured. “I just think that you haven’t tried to love a woman before.”

Well, Ned was indeed right in that regard…he never tried to love a woman…maybe that was the problem, maybe this all was unnecessary… “I guess you are right…” he sighed. “I’m too marry Catelyn…she is beautiful and kind, maybe I can grow to love her…”

“Father wants you both married anyway, so you ought to give it a try to make it more bearable,” Ned added. “I doubt she will like you going around having sex with other women…and birthing bastards…”

“I doubt she would like that…” Brandon agreed. It came to him…if he fucked so many women, did by any chance one of them gave birth to a child of his? So far none came, but maybe they were afraid…he was the heir to the North after all…he never raped a woman, he didn’t need to do that, but still… “Still…it sounds weird…getting married…”

“If I’m to be honest…even if I love Ashara with all of my heart…I’m still afraid of marriage life…worrying if I will be a good husband, a good father if the Gods bless us with children…” Ned confessed. “But then again…I’m sure Ashara and Catelyn feel the same as us.”

“I’m sure they do, none of them have been married before anyway…” Brandon chuckled and his brother’s wise words. “You know? We are so different and yet at the end of the day, we aren’t that much…”

“Maybe not…”

“I’m a better horse rider though.”

“Lyanna is better than you.” Ned said.

“She is not!” he hissed. “She never won a race against me!”

“She did.”

“Okay…maybe once or twice…” Brandon admitted. “Perhaps thrice…maybe four…seven…ten…but I still won more times than her!”

“Yes, Brandon.” Ned was showing him a smirk, the bastard! “I know, I know…”

“Dumb Wolf…”
“Winter is Coming…” Murmured Ned.

“Winter is Coming indeed, brother.” he agreed as they began laughing and patting each other’s backs.

Ashara Dayne
Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 281 AC

Ashara had just left the ship she had been for a fortnight like Lord Manderly promised her, the crew was kind to her apart from a few hungry looks from some of the sailors it was a pleasant sailing without any major problems to note.

Starlight was rather shaken though…her horse never liked sailing…she patted its mane to make it a bit more comfortable and calm and then mounted him on her way to the stables of Dragonstone, not before sending word to Elia that she had arrived, through one of her little friends.

After leaving Starlight to rest after such a long journey in the stables, she made her way to meet her friends. At the entrance of the castle proper, she saw Jasline, Ynys, and Nysah who quickly ran to embrace her. She missed them a lot…

“Oh, it’s so good to see you, my friend.” Ynys commented.

“And it’s wonderful to see you all again.” she responded.

“Ash, how was the North?” Jasline inquired with a curious expression.

“Certainly cold,” she replied. “But very enjoyable.”

“Is that so?” Jasline and Ynys were looking at her with raised eyebrows, while Nysah was giggling. I see how it is…

“Elia is waiting for you Ash in Rhaenys’ rooms,” Nysah explained after composing herself. “There is also a letter with your house’s sigil that arrived a couple of days ago.”

“A letter?” she was curious about it now. Could it be something from her father? Certainly enough time passed for her father to receive Lord Stark’s letter…she hoped it wasn’t anything bad…

“Elia has it in her possession,” Ynys added. “Is it something bad Ash?”

“I know as much as you, Ynys,” Ashara replied. “I certainly hope not.”

“Then we better go and meet Elia,” Jasline suggested. “You have to see little Rhaenys, Ash, she already walks quite well and calls for her mother.”

“Really?” she said beaming. Cute little Rhaenys was getting bigger by the day it seemed... “Oh, I’m excited to see the little dragoness.”

The four of them arrived at Rhaenys’s nursery where Elia stayed most of her time now, apparently, from what Ynys told her, Elia was beginning to have troubles moving due to pain in her back for the pregnancy.

Inside there was little Rhaenys with a short messy curly black hair with a few strands of silver blonde walking happily with her little kitten in hands to the delight of Elia and the wetnurses.
“Look how big our little Princess has gotten!” Ashara exclaimed at a curious Rhaenys. “How are you darling?”

“Wo to?” Rhaenys stammered as a question, her speech wasn’t properly developed yet, she was young, Ashara saw. She deduced her question was «who are you?».

“I’m Ashara Dayne, little dragoness.” Said Ashara with a big smile. “I’m one of your mother’s friends darling, just like the rest of these fine women, nice to meet you.”

She extended her hand to the girl who was still wary of her but soon gave it a handshake.

“And where is my handshake?” Elia asked indignantly but with a smirk. “I thought we were friends Ash…”

“Someone is jealous it seems…” Ashara teased.

“I might be.” Elia laughed. “How are you, my friend?”

“Quite well.”

“How was Winterfell?” Elia inquired curiously. “Was it good or was it too cold for you?”

“Outside it was very cold even with layers of furs,” she confessed. “But inside the castle, it was very warm there, in fact, there were times I wanted to go around naked.”

“I doubt it would make a good impression on Lord Stark.” Elia commented.

“I doubt it either.” she agreed. “That’s why I didn’t do it.”

“Was it as hot as Dorne?” Jasline asked intrigued.

“My room was as hot as a summer day in your family’s castle.”

“That’s certainly interesting…” Ynys commented. “Maybe it won’t be so unpleasant for you to live up there…and for us to visit of course…”

“Oh, I almost forgot!” Elia exclaimed. “I have this letter here for you,” Elia explained as she picked up said letter from a cupboard. “I’m sure the girls already told you, though, it’s from Starfall, here you are, I hope it’s nothing bad…”

Ashara picked the letter from Elia’s hand and opened the envelope, feeling intense anticipation.

*I have received a letter from Lord Stark asking for your hand in marriage to his second son…I got to give credit when it’s due, even if I don’t even know how did you convince a Lord Paramount that you were a good choice for his son.

I, of course, can’t complain at all since you like spreading your legs so much that I doubt I could find a better marriage for you than this one.*
So I have sent a reply to Lord Stark agreeing to his proposal and asking for the cost of such marriage. I seriously hoped you convinced them in a cheap marriage, but that’s probably asking too much.

Lord Solomon Dayne of Starfall

She felt tears running through her cheeks…Normally, her father’s letters would make her cry for an entirely different reason than why she was crying now. She was crying of joy because things were going as planned, she was getting closer to her objective.

“Ashara?” Jasline questioned worried, just as everyone else in the room, even Little Rhaenys glanced her in a worried way. “Is everything alright?”

“My father and Lord Stark are now officially negotiating my marriage with Ned.” she confessed half laughing and half crying.

The girls began laughing proudly before embracing her in a big hug, Elia joined in as well a little later due to how hard it was being for her to walk.

“Oh Ash, we are so proud and happy for you,” Jasline commented. “We are hoping to be invited to your wedding of course…”

“Oh girls, you four have a spot in it already,” Ashara assured. “How could I be wed without my dear friends being present?”

“Will it be in the North or Starfall?” Nysah asked.

“I don’t know,” she confessed. “But it’s going to be in the Godswood, that much I’m sure.”

“In the Godswood?” Jasline questioned. “It will be interesting then…I never witness a marriage in a Godswood.”

“Me neither,” Ynys added. “I’m looking forward to it.”

“As am I.” Nysah agreed.

Elia brought her closer. “I’m glad everything is going smoothly, my friend,” she said. “I missed you dearly and I will miss you when you are gone.”

“Me too Elia,” she replied. “Me too.”

Just a while longer…

Chapter End Notes

Another transaction chapter here. I have to confess that keeping the timeline correct was quite hard, but I seem to be fixing most of the problems, which is good.

I have been thinking on making some changes about some of the character ages and some OCs’ names but I’m not sure if I should update the Appendix or erase it and
place the ages as the end of the chapter notes. I'm personally more inclined into the later. Please let me know your opinion about the subject.

Anyway, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Eddard Stark

Winterfell, North, Year 281 AC

Ned was sparing with Brandon in Winterfell’s courtyard while Lyanna fought Benjen next to them. They had been spending the previous moon as a family, enjoying their last moments carefree from responsibilities. Each one of them would pretty much begin their own journey after Brandon’s marriage.

A few days after Brandon and he returned from Barrowton, their father received a letter from Lord Dayne saying that he accepted the proposal and that he was now inquiring for further details on how the marriage was to happen.

Ned was so happy by the news that he decided to accept Brandon’s continuous proposals to get drunk…worst idea ever…

He was the least drunk of three, yes, Brandon in his wisdom decided to bring Benjen for his first hangover…While Brandon drank as much as he wished, Benjen tried to imitate his older brother but failed miserably, and the only thing he achieved was throwing up, falling asleep in the floor and having a hangover that lasted two full days.

Of course, all of them got reprehended by their father…Lya just scoffed at them and called them stupid as they rightfully were...

His father wrote a new letter to Starfall, two days later. In this letter he asked where Lord Dayne wanted the marriage to take place, Winterfell or Starfall, offering to pay about half of the wedding costs and proposing the period between the sixth and the ninth moon of the next year as a suitable date for the marriage.

Ned felt a bit ashamed…it wasn’t normal for the family of the broom to pay so much money in a marriage…not to mention if it was to be held in Winterfell, his father would have to spend even more as the organizer of the feast…

Neither Bran’s or Lya’s marriage would take place in Winterfell, yet it would be three marriages very close in time for his father to pay…

Because he was distracted in his thoughts, Brandon took the opportunity to step on his foot and tussle him to the ground, promptly pointing his sword to Ned’s neck.

“Had this been a real battle, you would be dead, Dumb Wolf,” Brandon commented with a smirk on his lips, before offering his hand to him. “You ought to be more careful, little brother.”

“Luckily it wasn’t a real fight.” Ned grabbed Brandon’s hand and was lifted from the ground.

“You can’t be thinking so much in a sword fight brother,” Brandon said. “It can cost you your life.”

“It’s just that my head hasn’t gotten used to my marriage yet…” Ned confessed, blushing and making Bran laugh amused.
“First it’s mine, brother,” Brandon said while clapping his back. “Yours is going to take quite some time still, at least until the sixth moon of the next year.”

“I know but still…”

“Have you decided where you and Ashara will live after getting married?” Lyanna asked while lifting Ben from the floor, implying that she had defeated him.

They had talked about possible names for their yet to be born children but not really on where they would be having them…He was certainly more comfortable in the North or the Eyrie but maybe she was more comfortable in Dragonstone with Princess Elia and the rest of her friends…

“We haven’t given it too much thought…” he admitted. “We will decide when we marry I guess…”

“I think father has been restoring Moat Cailin,” Ben said. “Maybe he wants to give it to you Ned.”

“Maybe…” Ned whispered.

“Maybe he wants you to guard our southern border with Howland by your side.” Brandon stated.

“I’m glad that at least one of us isn’t a pawn in a board game,” Lyanna said with an expressionless face. “Unfortunately, not all of us have such luck…”

“Pawns in a board game?” Brandon asked confused. “The hell are you talking about Lya?”

Lyanna stood quiet for a bit while gazing the floor. “Everyone…” she finally muttered. “Can we… can we have a little talk in the Godswood?”

“About what?” Asked Bran. “Lya…what have you done now?”

“I have done nothing!” she quickly assured. “But I have something important to tell you all, I can’t keep this to myself anymore.” she then turned to Ben with a serious look. “And it must remain a secret between us four and no one else!”

“Don’t worry…” Ben assured. “I won’t tell it to anyone…”

“I will be watching you.” she warned.

A few minutes later, they stood in front of the heart tree. Ned couldn’t help but look at Brandon and Benjen’s worried faces and think that he too must have that expression…Lyanna was certainly worrying them, as she glanced the heart tree for a bit.

“Lya…” Brandon called. “What do you want to talk about?”

“Have you considered why father decided to have you married to Catelyn Tully, brother?” she asked.

“Well because she is a daughter of a Lord Paramount.” Said Brandon.

“Precisely Bran,” she said. “A daughter of a Lord Paramount.”

“What about it?” Brandon further asked.

“And why Robert Baratheon?” she then asked. “Why him?”
“Lya if this is about Robert I…” Ned began, seeing where it was going…

“It’s not about Robert!” she hissed. “This is about the plots that we are involved in!”

“What plots?” Ben asked confused as everyone was.

“Brandon is to marry Lord Tully’s daughter, I’m to marry Robert, the Lord Paramount of the Stormlands, Ned and Robert were wards of Lord Arryn and best friends, and Elbert squired for Brandon,” she explained. “Doesn’t it make a bell ring in your heads?”

“That they all get along well?” Ben put forward.

“Yes!” she exclaimed. “Far too well! Say if someone declares war to the North, then father will, of course, raise the banners, but he won’t be the only one, Lord Tully will do as well, because he is tied to Bran by marriage, Robert is tied to me and Ned and the Vale would come in as well because Ned was his ward just as Robert, not to mention that Elbert squired for Brandon.” she elaborated. “There is a big alliance between these four kingdoms!”

All of them were open-mouthed at what Lyanna was saying…everything she said had fundament and did make sense…

“How…” Brandon began a bit overwhelmed. “How did you found this?”

“In Harrenhal…” she began. “There was another group trying to muster the alliance’s support.”

“Harrenhal?” Interjected Ben.

“Yes, Harrenhal.” she nodded. “It was nothing but folly for Rhaegar Targaryen to gather the support of the Great Lords and call a Great Council to depose his mad father.”

“What?” They all asked amazed at the revelation.

“Lya, are you sure about this?” Ned questioned worried as this was a big statement.

“Of course I’m sure!” she barked. “Didn’t you all found odd that Ser Arthur and Ser Barristan looked as if they weren’t jousting at their full potential against the Prince?”

“I did find both fights a bit odd, especially in Ser Barristan’s with Rhaegar where he looked as if he was half asleep…” Brandon confessed. “But what does it prove?”

“That they allowed Rhaegar to win…” Ned finally deduced.

“Exactly.” Lyanna agreed. “Rhaegar’s plan was to win the joust and crown Elia Martell Queen of Love and Beauty and then call said council.”

“If that was his plan…” Called Brandon, confused, of course. “Then why the fuck did he crown you?”

“The thing is…I heard him speak to Lord Tully and Lord Arryn about his plan in the Godswood one of the nights and then when he was gone…” Lyanna started to explain.

“What?” Brandon was clearly losing his patience at her…not good…

“I heard Lord Tully suggest to Lord Arryn that should press Robert’s claim to the Iron Throne.” she murmured. “I…I panicked…I didn’t wish to be Queen…I…”
“Robert?” Ned asked aghast. “Jon wished to push forward Robert’s claim?”

“Yes!”

“Are you certain Lya?” Ned was doubting because he felt odd that Jon to wished for Robert to be King…the same Jon who told Ned many times that he feared the state of the Stormlands in a few years with Robert leading them… “I don’t think Jon would want something like that…he knows of Robert’s strengths and vices very well and reigning is certainly not one of Robert’s qualities…”

“But…Lord Tully suggested it Ned!” she insisted. “I’m sure it would be far too tempting for your foster father to put his other foster son as King!”

“And why haven’t you told us any of this?” Brandon shouted angrily at Lyanna. “I’m tired of being left in the dark! I might be an arse, but I’m not dumb!”

“I thought I found the solution then…I thought I could fix it without you all’s help…” she whispered. “I was wrong of course…”

“We are your brothers Lya!” Brandon yelled more. “We would help you, four heads think better than one!”

“Calm down Brandon!” Ned interrupted his brother. “There is no point on ranting her now, the deed is done.”

“Gods be damned!” Brandon roared, before calming down a bit. “I’m sorry Lya…I get…I’m sorry…”

“It’s okay Brandon…I would react the same way as you if it was you who did it.” Lyanna confessed with a shy smile.

“But what was your solution Lya?” Ben asked.

“I told Rhaegar about it,” she answered. “I told him about Lord Tully and Arryn’s plan and that I didn’t wish to be Queen, he…he said he would fix it…he…”

“What in Seven Hells is fixing things in that inbred’s mind?” Brandon howled angrily. “He humiliated his wife and you for fuck sake!”

“I don’t understand it either Bran, I wanted him to concede his match or something of the sort…”

“Gods damn it!” Brandon hissed.

“So…do you think Ashara and Princess Elia were onto his group of allies?” Ned inquired, as it made sense Rhaegar’s wife to be involved somehow…and in the day of the Knight of the Laughing Tree, Rhaegar was accompanied by Ashara, Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell…they must have been into it as well…but that none of them had a valide reason…Aerys was mad…

“I think they were, but none of them were expecting that outcome, that I’m more than sure.”

“So to put in a few words…me and you are nothing but pawns and Ned is marrying an ally of that inbreed?” Bran questioned.

“That’s about it.” Lyanna nodded.

“Gods be damned…” Murmured Brandon angrily, unable to fully calm down.
“But why wouldn’t father tell us any of this?” Ben asked. “We deserve to know!”

“Clearly father doesn’t trust us or see us like grown-ups.” Brandon stated bitterly.

“I’m sure he had his reasons to not tell us anything…”

“Stop defending father, Ned.” Brandon scoffed. “You know what I’m saying is true.”

“But…”

“If he doesn’t want to tell us anything, then let him be.” Concluded Brandon. “We will make a pact right here and right now!”

“What are you talking about?” Lyanna asked confused. “What pact?”

“From this day on, no more secrets between us! From this day on, we look for each other’s backs when we are in trouble!” Proposed Brandon with a determined look. “The lone wolf dies, but the pack survives, we are the pack and the pack stays strong.”

“I’m down!” Ben said. “The pack stays strong!”

“Lya, Ned?”

“I’m…I’m in too.” Lyanna decided. “There are just things I can’t do alone and it’s better to have brothers helping me and succeeding, then failing alone, even when I’m married to Robert.”

“What about you Ned?”

Ned didn’t really see anything bad with this pact that Brandon wished to make, still…he wanted to hear his father and Jon Arryn’s side of the story, as well as Ashara’s…but for now, he would join the pact with the pack. “Aye, count me in.”

“Wonderful!” Said Brandon happily. “When the snow falls…”

“And the white wind blows…” Ben added.

“The lone wolf dies…” Added Lyanna.

“But the pack survives.” Ned concluded.

“You guys better remember this day,” Bran warned. “What we did here.”

“Winter is coming!” They all shouted.

That night, during dinner time, the Great Hall was unusually quiet, Brandon was pissed with father, Lyanna was weary of everything and both he and Ben were afraid of the uneasy air that lurked around. Surely his father would see that something was off…but he did not…

The next day came in, his siblings and he were preparing for a small hunt in the Wolfswood when his father showed up at the stables.

“Ned, will you have a word with me?” His father asked.

“Sure.” Ned replied, before looking at his siblings.

“Go on dearest Ned.” Lyanna encouraged. “We will wait for you.”
“Just don’t take too long,” Brandon told him. “We don’t have all day.”

“I will try to be quick about it.” Ned assured as he followed his father to the Great Keep.

When inside…

“Take a seat, Ned.” Commanded his father and Ned promptly did as he was told. “And take a look at this letter.”

Ned picked said letter from his father’s hand and began reading it.


To Lord Paramount Rickard Stark

In the sequence of the letter I have first sent to My Lord and then one My Lord sent me this time, I believe it would be better if the marriage was to happen in Winterfell since my daughter is to become a Stark and I believe it would be better appreciated by the Northmen if she was too marry My Lord’s son in his castle.

Furthermore, I believe the ninth moon seems like a good date to the marriage as My Lord indeed suggested.

I look forward to more news My Lord.

Lord Solomon Dayne of Starfall

As Ned finished reading, he glanced his father having a shy smile, just as the smile Ned had. “So?” His father asked. “What do you make of it?”

“I…don’t know what to say…” Ned confessed.

“Then say nothing son,” Father suggested chuckling. “But no more hangovers please.”

Ned began laughing at his father’s pleading. “Do not worry father, I won’t commit the same mistake twice.”

“Good.” His father said with a smile. “Now, your siblings are waiting and you know how impatient they get if they have to wait for long.”

As his father mentioned his siblings, pondered if he should inquire his father about his plans…

“Ned?” His father asked. “Is something amiss?”

“No…” Ned decided against it, it would be better if all of his siblings were together, so that they all could hear it. “No, father, I better get going, but I think I shall send a letter to Ashara before.”

“You do well in doing that.” Said his father.

“Aye...see you later father…”

After writing the letter and seeing it being sent by the raven, he returned to the stables where he found his siblings bored from waiting for him, he promised to be fast but he ended up taking a long time.
“Sorry, everyone…”

“What took you so long Ned!” Scolded Brandon. “It’s afternoon already!”

“It seems my marriage will happen here at Winterfell in the ninth moon of the next year.” Ned explained.

“Oh Neddy!” Beamed Lyanna. “That’s wonderful!”

“It is.” Ned agreed.

“Shall we go for another round later since we will have second to no time of hunting?” Brandon inquired with a smirk.

“NO!” Ned and Ben replied in chorus.

“You both suck…” Bran scoffed. “A man can’t have a good time in his brothers’ company.”

“We will have a good time hunting brother.” Said Lya. “Shall we race for the Godswood?”

“Not a bad idea Lya.” Brandon nodded. “This way I can prove to Ned, that I’m faster than you.”

“Brandon please, we all know Lyanna is better than you.” Ben said with a smirk.

“Shut up Pup!”

And in between smiles and laughs, they began their race. Ned couldn’t help but wonder what in the Seven Hells was going on in Westeros in that very moment, what was father and Jon plotting and what was the Crown Prince doing too…what was Ashara’s role in all this…but for now…he would have some fun with his siblings.

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**Ashara Dayne**

**Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, 281 AC**

“Fly little dragoness!” Ashara cooed while holding Elia’s daughter in her hands.

“Dagon!” Rhaenys said giggling. “Rany dagon!”

“Yes, my little Princess is a big dragon!” Ashara said roaring a dragon sound. “The biggest and the strongest one!”

“You are spoiling my daughter Ash…” Elia murmured from her seat. “She will prefer you over me…”

“No she won’t!” Ashara retorted. “There is only one mother and hers is you.”

“Still…”

“Don’t you girls think Elia is jealous?” Ashara inquired with a smirk. “Jealous to share our attention with her daughter?”

“It does look so…” Jasline agreed with a big smirk too.

“Bad naughty Elia!” Ynys added.

“Elia is indeed jealous…” Said Jasline amused.

“Maybe we should give more love to Rhaenys…” Ashara suggested. “See if she tells us that she is jealous…”

Elia just lolled her tongue out at them and they broke down in giggles to tease her more and hopefully make her forget about the pain that the pregnancy was causing.

A knock on the door was then heard. “My Princess?” called a servant from outside. “Is Lady Ashara Dayne inside?”

“Yes,” Elia shouted. “What for?”

“I have two letters for milady that arrived today.”

Ashara quickly ran to the door and opened it, scaring the poor servant in the process. “I’m here.”

“Milady…” The poor servant muttered as he gave her the letters, while his hands shake.

“Thank you so much.” And she returned inside, seeing whose sigils the letters were from. A falling star and a sword in one of them and a direwolf in the other.

“Where are they from?” Ynys asked.

“One is from Starfall and the other from Winterfell.” she replied as she decided to read her father’s letter first because it always depressed her no matter what the content was.

Your marriage will most likely happen in the ninth moon of the next year, in Winterfell so that House Stark pays the bulk of the money and not the house you were born to.

Arron will attend in my stead and if Arthur wishes to go, it’s his choice and not mine.

Don’t embarrass us.

Lord Solomon Dayne of Starfall

Well, she wasn’t wrong when she thought it would depress her…Her father always had…a peculiar way to use words to hurt you deeply…but the ninth moon of the next year…in Winterfell…oh, Gods, she was so excited…

She then opened the other letter.

Dear Ashara

I haven’t left for the Vale yet as you are probably guessing, yet after reading your father’s last letter to mine, where he chose Winterfell and the ninth moon to have our marriage…I couldn’t help but write to you…

I didn’t know if you are somehow being informed but I decided on sending you this letter anyway. Just so you know that I haven’t forgotten you yet and deeply miss you my Shining Star. I can’t wait for the ninth moon to come, but I will try my best.
Hope to hear from you soon,
Eddard Stark, your sweet Quiet Wolf…

“Are they bad news Ash?” Asked Nysah worriedly.

“It depends…” she replied while a big smile formed in her lips. “Are you girls up to travel to Winterfell to see me getting married?”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so now that I did what I wanted to do, we are going to have another very small time skip of another month. There is just not much action happening during these characters.

I also decided to keep the Appendix since no one told me to get rid of it, with only one comment saying they wanted it to be in context with the story, so I just changed a few things in it and placed a poorly edited image there because yeah...

Anyway, I thank you for sparing time reading and hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna Stark
Winterfell, North, 281 AC

“COME ON LYA!!!” Barked Brandon from the other side of the door to her room.

“Wait a bloody minute stupid!” she hissed angrily. Seriously why was he so annoying at times? She needed time to put her gowns and dresses in her bags, she didn’t want to wear most of them, but father insisted her to. And she wasn’t as filthy as her brothers who always wore the same grey doublets.

“LYA!!!” Brandon barked yet again and she was fuming already. Luckily she finished her job not too long after, so she could finally exit the room.

Outside she found Brandon hitting the wall with his head, without much strength of course. “I’m here.” she said.

“Thank the Gods!” he proclaimed and she was able to see his forehead red. “Sometimes I do wonder if aren’t a lady that you despise so much…”

“A proper lady wouldn’t call you stupid.” she countered. “And of course wouldn’t slap you if keep being stupid.”

“Fine…” he said rolling his eyes. “As you say.”

“Where is Ned?” she questioned now seeing that her brother wasn’t there yelling at her.

“I think he is having problems with Brooding.” Brandon informed. “Seems his horse has gone mad.”

“Why?”

“You tell me, I don’t know.” Said Brandon plainly.

“I believe we should go help him then.” she suggested.

“Alright, let’s go help that Dumb Wolf.”

As they reached the stables, she saw Ned with Hullen, his son Harwin and Walder all trying their best to calm the horse.

“Damn horse don’t really want to leave!” Exclaimed Hullen while holding Brooding’s reins. “I never seen a horse this agitated before.”

“I never saw him with any trace of agitation before…” Ned confessed. “I don’t know what happened to him.”

“Hodor, Hodor!” Said Walder while helping them with the horse.
Lyanna still wondered what happened to her friend... she remembered when she was younger and Walder always talked and played normally with them... until one day, he couldn’t say anything else besides Hodor and also lost his wits.

“I gave Ned the calmest of horses,” Brandon said. “Now he looks even more agitated than mine or Lya’s…”

“Trying petting his torso Ned,” she suggested. “You are his rider so he might calm down a bit…”

“I will try.” Ned said as he extended his hand to Brooding’s torso, very slowly of course and with as much care as he could.

She was very worried, an agitated horse is a very dangerous animal... Luckily, Brooding seemed to calm down a little after Ned managed to pet his torso, so she was of course relieved.

Ned jumped to Brooding’s back and began riding it for a bit around the courtyard.

“Damn horse finally calmed down.” Stated Hullen with a smile.

“Aye.” Brandon nodded. “Let’s hope it doesn’t happen again.”

“That’d be nice.” Agreed Hullen. “I believe milord’s father’s waiting for ya all, better not make him wait long.”

“Come on, let’s grab our horses!” she pleaded. “I want to ride Winterstorm fast!”

“Now it isn’t just Ned’s horse who went crazy... ouch!” she slapped the smirk out of him.

“You stupid!”

Ned returned from his little ride with Brooding as calm as usual and the servants helped them pack from their long journey to Riverrun and in Ned’s case to the Eyrie. Already on the horses, they rode to the east gate to meet their father.

“My children,” he called with a shy smile. “Are you all ready to go?”

She noticed that Bran wasn’t even looking at their father and she sort of felt bad...

“We are father,” Ned replied with the very same shy smile. “Hopefully it won’t be an unpleasant journey.”

“I believe we all hope that,” Father assured. “I guess... I guess I will see you all at Brandon’s marriage.”


Neither her nor Brandon said a thing which made her father look at them with sad eyes... She was mad at him for hiding things from them, especially to her but... she loved her father...

“See you at Riverrun father,” she said with a nod. “Hopefully your trip won’t be unpleasant either.”

Father’s smile returned. “Yes... let us hope so sweet Lyanna...” he glanced Brandon once more in hopes of some words... it seemed like they weren’t coming... She and Ned looked at their older brother too, which made him glance them.

“See you later.” Brandon scoffed as he commanded his horse to move. Gods damn you Brandon
Ned and Lyanna glanced their father, but he said nothing, he had disappointment in his face...maybe...maybe he knew they knew he was hiding things from them?

“Safe trip my children.” Father repeated again.

“Thank you father.” Ned and she replied as they commanded their horses to follow Brandon. They caught up with Brandon outside, giving the order for the escort to move.

“Seriously Brandon did you had to be a douche?” Ned asked.

“You want me to give him a kiss in the cheeks and I love you father?” Brandon retorted.

“No but…”

“I’m pissed at him Ned.” Barked Brandon. “He still hasn’t told us anything!”

“I know but he is still your father!” Ned countered.

“So what?”

“You are supposed to respect him a little better.”

“He clearly doesn’t respect me, so why should I?”

“Gods!” she hissed at both. “Will you two shut up, please? I’m not in a mood to have you, two ladies, screaming at each other!”

They both looked at her with serious looks for a while but she wouldn’t falter against them. Brandon finally sighed as he got calmer. “Lya is right, let’s just enjoy the trip.”

“Fine…” Ned agreed despite not being so happy.

“Shall we do a little race?” she inquired in hopes that a race would make them forget the discussion. “I want my rematch…”

That last line seemed to make Brandon’s smirk return… “I did tell Ned and Ben I was the best rider…they wouldn’t listen…”

“Don’t make it a big deal, Brandon Stark.” she began with an authoritative stance. “You just won once.”

“Oh sister of mine, I’m a bloody centaur,” he commented. “I will win again.”

“As if…”

“Fine, let’s race!” Brandon proclaimed. “Three, two, one, RIDE!!!”

“Wait, what?” she said confused before registering what just happened. “CHEATER!!!” she hissed.

“EAT MY DUST!!!” Brandon shouted way ahead of them.

“WAIT FOR ME STUPID!!” she screamed and Ned seemed to say something but she didn’t listen, she had to beat Brandon.
It was night...past dinner time and the grim castle of Dragonstone was startled, Elia’s waters broke a while earlier and her contractions began, she was giving birth that very day.

While Jasline and Nysah were already with Elia in her room, Ashara and Ynys were soothing Rhaenys into sleep. Both of them were worried about their friend but seeing that Rhaenys slept was the most important thing in that moment for both.

The problem was...that Rhaenys was having a tantrum that night, she didn’t seem too inclined into sleeping at all...she was being naughty...

“Come on little Princess.” Called Ynys with a worried face. “You ought to sleep!”

“No!” Retorted the girl with a bossy face. “No, no!”

“What do we do Ash?” Asked Ynys.

Ashara didn’t really know what to do...she wasn’t a mother nor did she remember hers...she made her best effort to recollect what her mother did for her to sleep when younger, without much luck...until she thought of something...

“Okay, little dragoness...” Ashara said, getting the little girl’s attention. “We will make it like this, you lay down and I will tell you a beautiful story, how does it sound?”

“Towie, towie!” It seemed little Rhaenys was excited for a story...

“Okay, then a story my little Princess will hear.” Ashara cooed.

*Once upon a time, there was a girl, she was told from a very young age that she had been blessed by the Seven because of her beauty. She lived with her parents and two brothers in a castle at the mouth of a big river where she used to swim often.*

*She was very close to her mother but not with her father who was distant to her. One horrible day, she gained a sister but lost her mother. Her father didn’t wish to raise her and so the girl was sent away to another castle to be raised among other children of her age.*

*There, she was lonely, no one wanted to play with her and so the girl was so sad that she cried for her mother and family to save her...yet they didn't come for her...*

*Luckily, a kind soul met her not long after, the friend that girl so desperately needed. The kind soul showed the girl so many wonderful things and introduced her to new friends...the girl was never lonely again.*

*But the girl grew up and fond of the boys...she wanted to find her Prince...but the boys she looked for were not Princes, or no they weren’t. They wanted her beauty and not her...The girl lost hope of finding her Prince...*

*One day, the girl and the kind soul went into a big tourney. Said tourney had a big feast in the night, the girl danced with many boys that night before seating next to the*
The kind soul had been watching a simple boy that had eyes only for the girl and the girl was curious for the boy.

When the feast was ending, the simple’s boy’s siblings came to the girl’s side and begged for her to concede a dance with the simple boy. They feared that she would rebuke him, but she did not, she extended her hand to him for the last dance of the night. The simple boy was amazed and surprised by her act, and grabbed her hand with a big wonderful smile.

The dance they shared was the best dance she ever had in her life, the simple boy was so attentive to her, that she fell in love with him. It turned out that the simple boy was the Prince she was looking for, even when all hopes had died, she found him and never let go of him since then.

Months afterward, they married in his land, she became his as he became hers, they had wonderful children together and lived happily ever after, together.

The End.

After finishing the tale, she looked to the cradle and saw Rhaenys sleeping like the Maiden, with the utmost carefulness she picked the sheets and covered her little Princess for the night.

She called Ynys to leave and noticed that she was crying. What the…

They closed the door and made way to Elia’s room, but Ashara had to make the question… “Ynys, why are you crying?”

“Oh Ash the story was beautiful…” Ynys replied. “I felt so much pity for the girl of the story… poor soul…”

Ashara was now wondering if Ynys knew that girl was Ashara… “It’s…just a story Ynys…”

“I know Ash, but that’s so bad!” The blonde said. “I hope no one has to endure such pain…” Seriously? Well…now she knew that Ynys did in fact not know that the girl was her…

They arrived at the door to Elia’s room where Maester Yurden, the Maester of Dragonstone, was trying to kick Jasline and Nysah out of the room.

“Let them stay!” Elia shouted in pain. “By the Seven let them stay!”

“But My Princess…” The Maester tried to counter.

“I SAID LET THEM ALL STAY!!!”

No more protests were made by Maester Yurden afterward, better to not piss the future Queen of the Seven Kingdoms...

“Girls?” Elia called moaning, feeling the contractions heavily. “Girls!”

They approached Elia’s side, Jasline, and Nysah on Elia’s left while Ashara and Ynys were on the right, holding Elia’s shaking and sweating hands. “We are here my friend.” Ashara soothed.
“I’m going to die…” Elia muttered crying. “I’m going…”

“You are not!” Jasline countered. “You are strong Elia, you will live many more years.”

“True to that.” Agreed Ynys. “Come on friend, everything is going to be alright.”

“I’m scared…” Elia confessed. “I’m…scared…”

“It’s perfectly fine Elia,” Ashara said while kissing Elia’s hand. “Being afraid means we have room to be brave.”

“It hurts so much…”

“But you will endure it.” Ashara assured while she fixed as much as she could, Elia’s messy hair.

“My Princess.” Called the Maester. “You must begin to push the child out of your belly.”

“Oh Gods…”

“Come on Elia, push.” Commanded Jasline worried.

“Oh Gods…” Elia repeated as she began making the colossal effort, screaming a painful scream that hurt Ashara’s ears and made her close her eyes in hopes to better cope with it.

“My Princess the head is almost out, push more, please.” Begged the Maester.

Elia went on to pushing more while holding Ashara’s and Jasline’s hands with superhuman strength…Ashara seriously thought that Elia would break her fingers…

“A little bit more My Princess, it’s almost done.” Said the Maester.

“SEVEN HELLS!!!” Elia screamed as she gave it her all and after a little while, they began hearing baby’s cries, Elia succeeded…Thank the Old Gods and the New!

“Congratulations, My Princess.” The Maester said with a smile. “It’s a healthy boy.”

A boy! How wonderful! Ashara managed to glance the baby, he had silver-blond hair and indigo colored eyes like Rhaegar’s, but a slightly tanned skin, he looked Valyrian enough in Ashara’s eyes, maybe he would not smell Dornish to Aerys…


“OH GODS!!!” Ashara screamed loudly as she saw her best friend faint in front of her.

“Take the baby.” The Maester commanded one of the wetnurses as he began inspecting Elia.

“Is it bad Maester?” Asked Ynys.

“Her pulse is very low…” The Maester murmured. “It might have been too much for her to endure…”

“Oh Gods…” They all exclaimed.

“Please My Ladies, get out.” Commanded the Maester. “You all watched the birth now please give me space to work properly.”

“We can’t just leave now!” Yelled Jasline.
“Jas, let us go,” Ashara asked as she picked Jasline’s hand. “Let’s leave the Maester to his work.”

“But…”

“Come on Jas,” Ynys said while picking the other hand. "The Maester needs space."

Jasline gave up struggling and exited with the rest of them. They were all outside worried pacing from the right to the left, chewing their nails, Ynys and Nysah were weeping already. It was frustrating to be outside and not being able to do anything…

“Maybe we should go pray for Elia…” Suggested Ynys.

“We should…” Nysah agreed. “For Elia…”

And to the Sept they went, to pray for Elia. Ashara prayed for the Mother to give strength to her friend so she could live many more years with her children. She hoped the Mother would hear her praying…

After praying, they returned to Elia’s room and waited for an answer…

Finally, after almost another hour, the Maester emerged from the chambers, sighing and they ran as if predators hunting for meat and the poor man almost fell to the ground.

“How is she?” Asked Jasline.

“The Princess’s heartbeat stabilized, but she is still very weak…” The Maester explained. “She is very lucky to be alive still…”

“Will she recover though?” Asked Nysah. “Please say she will…”

“She will but it will take a very long time.” Confessed the Maester. “She will be bedridden for some three to four moons if not more…”

In the hallway, only sighs of relief were heard. Elia was to survive, she would be bedridden but at least she was to live and that made them all happy. They promptly entered the room that smelled of sweat and blood.

Elia was in her bed, sleeping and they took a seat next to her. Ashara was close to the window and from there she could see the dark blue sky turn to purple…it was the very beginning of dawn…in the sky she saw a red comet...she didn't know what to think of it...maybe something bad was coming...

Suddenly Elia's eyes slowly opened, waking Ashara from the mysterious sight. “Am I...dead?” Asked Elia with a broken voice. “Am I on one of the Seven Heavens?”

“No yet, my friend.” Assured Jasline with a big smile. “You are still on the living hell with the rest of us.”

“And hopefully for many more years to come.” Add Ashara, feeling tears in her eyes.

“Well…” Elia began. “At least…I got your attention now…”

“Oh so someone was indeed jealous of little Rhaenys…” Ynys commented with a smirk, just as the rest of them.

“Crap…” Murmured Elia, before smirking too. “Maybe I said too much…”
“You did.” Said Ashara. “And you should know that our attention will always be with you, my friend,” she added. “Just not exclusively…”

“I know, I know…” Elia chuckled in pain. “Thank you…for being here with me anyway…”

“And where would we be if not here with you?” Jasline questioned indignantly.

“I’m happy to be able to count with you all.” Elia smiled.

“You can count with us, now and ever.” Said Nysah and they all nodded in agreement.

“To our great friend Elia, mother of two beautiful children.” Ynys called.

“To Elia!”

Rhaegar Targaryen

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 281 AC

Rhaegar felt as if was flying yet he couldn't see his body, only his eyes showed endless ice plains…a red comet flew in the sky near a curtain of colorful lights…he did not know where he was...only that it was night...

All of a sudden, everything became dark...endless darkness...he couldn't see anything...he was afraid…

A while later, he saw what seemed like eyes as blue as ice glowing in front of him, then another pair besides it and then another and another, soon he was completely surrounded…

As he thought it couldn't get worse...it got...whatever things they were they began moving in his direction...closer and closer and Rhaegar just wanted to wake up, but he couldn't...he thought he was going to die, they would kill him for sure...They were mere inches away from him, he was sure some were behind him so he turned quickly and...

He woke up...

What a terrible nightmare...he was shaking and sweating...luckily it was just a dream...but it felt so real...

He glanced the dawning sky and saw the same red comet flying across the sky…so it was real…just as the prophecies said in the books…the great peril was coming…

I must fulfill the prophecy now more than ever...

Elia should have given birth by now...he thought...She would need a visit just as their new child, Aegon or Visenya…

After eating a small breakfast and calming down from his nightmare, Rhaegar made his way to Elia's room where the servants said she had given birth to a boy. The Prince that was promised…the savior of humankind...

He knocked on the door, he had brought his harp, this moment would be a song for the future he was sure... “Elia?” he called. “May I come in?”
It was Lady Ashara who opened the door. “Rhaegar…” she murmured as she let him in. He noticed dark circles below her haunting violet eyes just as the other ladies…they were in need of a good night of sleep…

Elia was laid in her bed, she had her hair very messy, she looked very pale and could hardly move, from what Rhaegar could see. The baby was next to her glancing him with eyes just like his… “Rhaegar…” she whispered with a very weak smile.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Bad…” she replied.

It certainly bothered him to see her like that, she was a dutiful wife, kind and smart and even if he wasn't in love with her, he appreciated her.

“I see…” he turned to the tired ladies. “May I have a moment with my wife please?”

“Of course.” Lady Ashara said with a nod as they left the room, leaving him, Elia and the baby inside.

He picked the baby up from next to her. “It’s a healthy boy.” he commented with a smile as he glanced the Prince that was Promised.”

“Yes…what will we name him?” Elia inquired.

“Aegon,” he replied without hesitation. “What better name for a future King?”

Elia was glancing his harp that he placed at her feet to pick his son. “Are you going to write a song for him?” she asked.

“He has song,” Rhaegar said. “He is the Prince that was Promised and he is the song of ice and fire.”

“What do you mean by that?” Asked Elia confused.

“There must be one more though,” he added, they needed Visenya so the prophecy could be fulfilled. “The dragon has three heads, Elia.”

With that said, he picked his harp and took a seat near the window and began running his fingers lightly over the silvery strings.

“You want another baby?” Elia inquired after a little while of silence.

“We need another baby Elia,” he answered. “Something terrible is coming and we need three dragons to fight it. It is said.”

“Dragons are long dead…”

“They are, but they might return still,” Rhaegar explained. “Do not worry about it now, you must rest.”

“But Rhaegar…”

“Relax and rest, I will let your friends enter again.” he assured.

“Okay…”
After the Dornishwomen returned inside once more, he was about to go back to his room, when he bumped into Maester Yurden.


“Worry not Maester, I’m not injured,” Rhaegar assured with a shy smile. “How is Elia’s condition by the way Maester?”

He looked weary at him, which made Rhaegar feel as if something was wrong... “The Princess is in her way to a full recovery.” The Maester explained. “But…”

“What is the problem with my wife, Maester?”

“She can’t have more children…”

“Pardon me?” he asked, not sure if heard it right.

“She is barren My Prince, the pregnancy left her unable to have more children.” No...no...this can't be true...the Dragon...has three heads...the great danger...

“Thank you Maester…” he finally murmured, shaken by the news…

“Is everything alright My Prince?” Asked the Maester.

“Yes.”

The Maester bowed in respect and knocked on the door to Elia’s room while Rhaegar made his way to his.

The prophecy stated that the dragon has three heads...three heads had the dragon when he took the Seven Kingdoms...Aegon, Rhaenys and Visenya...the first two were alive but not the last one...what to do?

Things were more complicated then he thought...His father still seated on the throne...the great peril slowly approaching and now Elia was unable to have the Visenya...not good...not good at all...

Chapter End Notes

I must apologize for taking so long into publishing this chapter, it was in need of last-minute polishing. Anyway...this chapter is a bit...dark...things are lurking far away...but that's for the far future too.

As always, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Their retinue increased quite a lot before even entering the Riverlands. Ethan Glover, Kyle Royce, and Jeffory Mallister were now providing company after joining their retinue at Moat Cailin after leaving Barrowton.

Apparently, Willam and Barbrey’s marriage was beginning to bloom and that was good to know. They made a little pause on their journey at Crossroad’s Inn since Ned would be leaving for the Vale by the High Road while Brandon, Lyanna and the others would take the River Road to Riverrun.

Brandon was more joyful now that he had his drinking pals to amuse him. It was him who held the biggest grudge towards father, so Ned quite happy to see him drunk, laughing and singing songs.

“Gods!” Exclaimed Lya to his side. “I can’t take it anymore, it’s just too much noise!”

“At least he isn’t pissed anymore.” Ned stated.

“But I am pissed now!” she scoffed. “My head hurts with their horrible singing!”

“Perhaps it would better if you were to lay down and rest?” Ned suggested.

“Maybe it isn’t such a bad idea…” she confessed while sighing. “I still don’t know why father insisted for me to go to Riverrun so soon, I wanted to come at the same time as he, so I could enjoy riding Winterstorm some more.”

“You can still come with me to visit the Eyrie…”

“No!” she quickly hissed. “I’m not getting near Lord Arryn or Robert after what happened at Harrenhal!”

This again… “Lya, when are you going to give Robert a chance?” Inquired Ned worriedly. “I know he has a bastard daughter, but I assure you he has been faithful to you.”

“I don’t want to marry Ned!” she remarked half desperate. “I want to keep living in Winterfell with all of you, I want to be free!”

“Lya, you know that no one is truly free.” Ned clarified. “Everyone has responsibilities.”

“I know, but still…”

“Robert is going to be your husband Lya, just try to give him a chance.” he insisted. “He is a good man and shares many of your interests, he likes to ride, to hunt, to fight any many more things that you like.”

“And if father and his conspirators place him on the throne, Ned?” she questioned. “What will be
of me? Can you see me as a Queen? I hardly know how to act like a proper lady! I’m not Ashara, Princess Elia or Catelyn Tully!”

“I know Lya.” he tried to assure. “I need to speak with Jon when I get to the Vale, see what he is planning and hopefully I can tell you and Brandon something.”

“And Robert?”

“I will speak with him too, but I don’t think he is on par with plots, he is just far too sloppy for that.”

“And if they don’t listen?” she further asked.

“Robert will listen and if I tell him that you have no wish for a crown, he will do as you ask as honestly do not think he wants it in the first place,” he admitted. “I’m sure you remember him at Harrenhal when he first saw you, on how I had to send him to meet his bannermen because he thought of it boring, he just hates responsibilities as much as you and Bran do.”

“Okay…” she sighed once more. “I guess I will give it my very hardest to fall in love with Robert…”

He brought her closer to him, into a hug. “I know you wish to stay at Winterfell Lya and I wish you could, I truly do but…I have no power in it…it’s father who does the decisions not me.” he said to her. “But I will try very hardest to make your marriage to Robert as pleasant as I can.”

“I know, dearest Ned…” she gave him a weak smile. He didn’t like to see his sister like that…he hated it really…

He planted a big kiss on her forehead. “Cheer up a little sister, you are looking like me already…”

She smiled a bit more as he said that. “Perhaps I’m getting more brooding…though…I would have to be more…excited to marry to be like you…”

He chuckled. “If it makes you happier, then feel free to tease me.”

“Lovesick puppy Ned…” she said with a big smirk.

“And happy about it.” he smiled. “Maybe we should both go take a nap for a few hours and then return to bring those foolish drunkards to their rooms later…what do you say.”

“I quite agree with you big brother,” she said while taking another glimpse at the drunkards. “Let’s hope they don’t make a bigger scene than this…”

“That’s always a risk, but I do think they will behave.” At least he hoped so…but with Brandon it was always unpredictability…

Ashara Dayne

Red Keep, King's Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Ashara had been in King’s Landing for a few days, she came with Ynys and Rhaegar to show little Aegon to his grandparents and to have him consecrated in the eyes of the Seven for all the realm to see.
The moment of greatest anticipation was when Aerys looked to the boy. They feared disregard from him, but aside from muttering about Aegon’s slightly tanned skin, he congratulated Rhaegar on managing to squeal a Valyrian enough baby from the Dornish cunt…

Ashara was so angry at the Mad King for treating her best friend in such a ridiculous and crude way, yet she knew she could do nothing to stop it…she felt powerless…luckily she did not have to face the King more times, she doubted he even knew her name and for that, she was quite relieved.

Aegon’s Namesday Celebration was consummated in the day they arrived, meaning yesterday. It was held in the Great Sept of Baelor in a ceremony worthy of the soon to be Crown Prince.

Just as when Rhaenys was born, Elia wasn’t able to witness such grandiose ceremony either…she stayed in Dragonstone, bedridden and recovering from the pregnancy with Jasline and Nysah.

The ceremony made her wonder how the Northmen do when children are born…they celebrate namesdays but, do they celebrate births? They must do something…She was very curious about it! She would ask it to Ned when she saw him in a moon’s turn.

She missed her Quiet Wolf so much…she missed his touch, his eyes glancing her when soft as fog…she wanted to be close to him, but it was almost time for them to see each other once more and, she, of course, couldn’t wait for it.

Ynys was enjoying her time with her betrothed Ser Ryon Allyrion that day, the pair of them would be getting married very soon as well. But before they could be married in Yronwood, Ynys would deliver little Aegon back to his mother’s side.

Ashara was the one taking care of her best friend’s child now, together with Queen Rhaella, who was very happy to watch her grandson.

“He does look like Rhaegar did when he came from my belly.” The Queen said with a big smile while cooing the baby. “He is so cute.”

“He is My Queen.” Ashara agreed while watching the baby make a shy smile to his grandmother. “A truth delight.”

“And you sweetheart?” The Queen asked whilst turning to her. “When is yours coming?”

Ashara looked at the Queen incredulously and the Queen smirked at her reaction. “My Queen!” she chided as she felt her cheeks get very hot.

“Weren’t you expecting to marry a wolf from the North?” Inquired the Queen amused.

“I’m…I’m betrothed to him already My Queen…” she confessed while blushing even more. “We are too marry next year.”

The Queen’s eyes began shining brightly. “Oh my!” The older woman exclaimed happily. “Give me a big hug darling!” The Queen didn’t give her proper time to react, because she embraced Ashara tightly, it was a pleasant feeling and Ashara hugged her back. “Oh Star of Dawn, I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you, My Queen.” Somehow, Queen Rhaella reminded her of her late mother in so many ways…they had similar personalities and to an extent she felt as if it was her own mother hugging her then, giving her blessing to her marriage.

“How is he?” Asked the Queen. “Elia and the girls told me you were in love with him, is it true?”
“Yes I am.” she avowed. “I find him attractive, his eyes are beautiful, I love the way they look at me and how they change the tone of color depending on his mood so I can know exactly how he is feeling.” she expounded. “Personality-wise, he is kind, honorable, caring, understandable, lovely, friendly and most of all he loves for who I am.”

“My, so many adjectives to describe a man…” The Queen laughed amused. “He seems like a proper man for you then.”

“He is indeed a good man My Queen.” Ensured Ashara.

“Well since the marriage it’s actually happening, I have a little something for you, my darling.” And as she said this, the Queen, left Aegon comfortably in her bed and opened her bedside table, taking a box made of gold out. “I would be happy if you could wear these.”

The Queen opened the golden box and inside were two beautiful earrings…Their frame seemed to be made of silver with big amethysts surrounded by small diamonds in the middle of the frame…they were gorgeous she…she couldn’t accept them…

“My Queen, I can’t accept these, they are…”

“You can and you will darling.” The Queen retorted while she stopped Ashara from protesting. “When I look at you I see the daughter I never had for more than mere seconds…” The Queen was, of course, talking about her deceased stillborn daughter, Princess Shaena. “Besides these belonged to my great-grandmother Dyanna Dayne so I think it’s only fitting for the most beautiful woman in Westeros to wear them just like her ancestor did and have many more of course.”

“I…I don’t know what to say My Queen…” she confessed almost speechless…the earrings were gorgeous…

“I believe a thank you is enough for me.” Said the Queen while patting her cheek.

“Then thank you My Queen.” she nodded. “It means a lot really.”

“It’s nothing sweetling, you, Elia, the ladies-in-waiting and my boys are what give me the strength to endure my brother’s madness…” Sighed the Queen. “I’m happy that at least you will have a pleasant marriage.”

“I wished My Queen had the same luck…”

“I’m lucky enough.” The Queen insisted. “I have two beautiful sons and a few true lady friends to keep me company, I don’t need to ask for much more.”

Ashara knew all of the ladies-in-waiting that Queen Rhaella used to have were all dead by now and Aerys refused to allow her to choose new ones, so Elia’s ladies-in-waiting were hers too to some degree.

Of course, none of them had problems with it, they all loved the Queen very much.

“And when is the marriage darling?”

“In the ninth moon of the year that is coming,” Ashara explained. “His older brother is getting married in three moons and I’m to attend with my betrothed.”

“Showing the world he is taken…”
“My Queen knows me too well…”

“I sure do.” The Queen laughed. “I would love to see you getting married but I’m afraid I’m not allowed.”

“A real shame, My Queen,” Ashara admitted saddened. “I would love to have you present.”

“I will make you a simple demand as your Queen.” Informed the Queen with a smile. “I wish that you bring me your husband after getting married, so I can see his face.”

“It’s a promise then My Queen.” Ashara nodded. “I’m but a humble servant of My Queen.”

“Good.” The Queen said with an authoritative stance but then began looking at her weirdly. “Gods, give me another hug.”

“Of course My Queen,” she said. “I will give My Queen all the hugs she demands.”

After having lunch with the Queen, she went to the Godswood to meet with her little friends. It was quite a large group of little kids she befriended during her time in the capital, most of them were motherless and fatherless that worked as servants in the Red Keep.

She was there to share the leftovers from Aegon’s consecration feast.

“Thank you milady.” Said a boy of nine named Tom, who showed her a big smile.

“Milady is very nice.” Said the girl named Clarisse of thirteen, one of the few that went with her to Harrenhal.

“Oh it’s nothing everyone it’s a better outcome for this food rather than being wasted,” Ashara assured. She had befriended most of the cooks too with some of them being in her spy network as well. “Anything I should know?”

“The King has sent people to find the Knight of the Laughing Tree once again, milady.” Said another boy named Cletus of eleven. “He insists on finding the man at all costs.”

Aerys was a stubborn fool, Lyanna was far away and safe, yet the simple notion that Aerys didn’t seem to give up on discovering her identity was worrisome…

“Anything else?”

“Just the usual milady.” Scoffed Alysanne the Little, because there was also Alysanne the Big. “Some lords and ladies trying to court each other and screwing others.”

“They are some lords getting engaged and disengaged, but nothing very important.” Miley of twelve added.

“A normal day in King’s Landing I guess.” she commented making them laugh.

“Milady!” Came Melissa, a little girl of six running to her. “The Spider is coming!”

*Varys? What does he want?* “Move along children take the spares and share amongst yourselves and do be rude with each other!” she commanded.

“Yes, milady.” They replied in chorus as they left, while she, however, stood in her seat as the eunuch come by her.
The Lyseni was plump and bald, constantly powdering his face and having a strong smell of lavender, lilacs, and rosewater. Every time she saw, he wore rich silks, velvets, damasks, and soft slippers in his feet an exotic look to emphasize his Lyseni origins. Like always he had a big smile in his face.

“Lady Dayne a pleasure to meet you here.” he said.

“Pleasure is mine Lord Varys,” she replied with courtesy. “It’s a beautiful day today isn’t it?”

“Certainly My Lady, very pleasant indeed considering it’s Winter and the Blackwater Rush is close to being fully frozen.” he said.

“It’s sunny.”

“My Lady seems to have taken an interest in Godswoods lately.” he murmured. “I wonder if it’s because of a certain Northmen.”

*How did he…Of course, he knows…he is the Spider…*

“My Lord seems well informed.” she said smiling.

“As a man can be, but My Lady isn’t too bad either is she?” he questioned. “My Lady’s spy network is considerable.”

“I don’t know what My Lord is talking about…”

“My Lady knows that neither of us is dumb, so why keep the play?” he inquired.

“How come I still have my head?”

“Good people don’t deserve to die,” he said. “Many people would miss My Lady’s company.”

“I’m certainly flattered Lord Varys.”

“You should be My Lady.” he insisted. “Not many people would use your power for good as My Lady does.”

“Lord Varys is one of them certainly.” she provoked, she wanted to know what was his deal.

“On the contrary My Lady, I do use my power for good.”

“Lord Varys prefers Aerys over Rhaegar.” she countered. “Harrenhal proves as much.”

“My Lady is free to think what she wishes too.” he declared. “But I firmly believe a picture is worth more than a thousand words.”

“What are you talking about?” she asked confused.

“Had it been Prince Rhaegar’s words the only thing to account for, many lords would not believe, yet with them seeing King’s in his decadent state, they know they have to do something about it.”

“You undermined us!” she hissed, how could he not see it?

“Did I My Lady?” he asked with a serious tone. “As far as I know, the Prince kept doing what all of you planned despite King Aerys being present, so did I have blame in it?”
“It made our work more difficult.”

“My Lady is not dim-witted and knows I speak the truth.” he insisted. “Everything was bound to work if not for a certain girl knight appearing and a certain crowning.”

“How do you…” she asked aghast, this meant Lyanna was in danger!

“My little birds whispered some songs to my ears, particularly the size of the knight, motives and it’s sigil, a laughing weirwood tree…such sigil could only be from a Northman.” He elaborated. “A wild girl that saved a crannogman from a beating could very well fight for his honor in the jousts couldn’t she?”

Ashara was petrified by what she was hearing…Lyanna was certainly in danger now…she had to do something…

“Worry not My Lady, the King will not hear it from this eunuch’s mouth.”

“Am I supposed to believe that?” she scoffed. “Lord Varys is the King’s Master of Whisperers, the counselor he trusts the most.”

“His Grace doesn’t have to know everything, Lady Dayne,” he replied. “I don’t whisper to his ear everything otherwise the whole realm would be nothing but ash.”

“What is that you wish?” she pushed forward.

“Peace and prosperity My Lady,” he answered. “What we both want, I’m sure, yet I’m afraid it won’t last for too long…”

“You think war is inevitable?”

“We are both trying to stop it, Lady Dayne, but our peace is being held by a small thin string that anyone can break.”

“I’m not going to let it happen!” she barked.

“My Lady is free to try it and I will be very happy if My Lady succeeds.” He said with a big smile. “I wish you a happy marriage, all the same, Lady Dayne.”

“Thank you…I guess…”

“You are welcome, My Lady.” Varys nodded. “Rest of a good day to My Lady.”

With that said he left and Arthur appearing in between the trees not too long after.

“Ash?” he called. “What did the Lyseni want with you?”

“Did any of my friends warn you?” she inquired, they must have…

“Yes, Alysanne the Big and Tom,” he replied. “But I asked you a question I wish to have an answer for.”

“I don’t know what the point of his talk was,” she began. “But he is well aware of our plot, who the Knight of the Laughing Tree is and of my marriage to Ned…”

“Seven hells…the King is going to kill us now…” Arthur muttered worriedly.
“He said he won’t tell the King.” she tried to assure Arthur, though she herself wasn't fully assured either.

“And you believe him?” Arthur questioned as if she was insane or something.

“Well he does seem to have known this for quite some time and he didn’t sell us out…at least yet…” Ashara explained. “He appears to be trying to help us out, though, in a weird manner, I might add, that seems like he is prejudiced us more than helping.”

“I don’t trust him, Ash.” Arthur insisted. “He is dangerous, better keep an eye on him…”

“I already do that.”

“Just making sure…” Then he looked at her in a weird manner. “Wait a moment…did you just said my marriage to Ned?”

“I did,” she replied with a big smile, she still didn’t tell anything to her brother. “It’s set on the ninth moon of the next year, would you like to attend perhaps?” she teased.

“Would I like?” he asked indignantly. “Do you think I would miss my little sister’s marriage?”

“I don’t know…” she teased him further. “Will the Sword in the Morning find the time I wonder…”

“Stop being rude to me, dear sister!” he barked.

“My! Someone is being a crybaby now…”

“I’m proud and happy for my sister,” he said. “Is it a sin?”

“Of course not,” she said as she got closer to his shoulder. “I will be very happy to have you there leading me to Ned’s hand.”

“I…still want myself some wolf pelt shoes…”

“If you lay a finger on my Ned, dear brother…” she began with hopefully a serious look. “Not even Dawn will save you from me.”

“I know better than piss my little sister.” he planted a kiss on her cheek. “I value my life…more than wolf pelt shoes…”

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter done, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Ashara was preparing to enter yet another boat, this time, her destination was Gulltown where she hoped she did not have to leave Ned’s side now, she had done her job to Elia.

It did pain her to leave her best friend in Dragonstone, but Jasline and Nysah would be present with her and so she knew that Elia would not be alone, especially now that little Rhaenys was growing by each passing day.

It was time for Ashara to secure her own future.

“Do you have everything you need?” Asked Arthur concerned.

“Arron and Ally were sending mother’s wedding dress to Winterfell and I sent the earrings that Queen Rhaella gave there as well,” she explained. It had been her mother's wish for her to wear her dress when she was to marry, so she wanted to fulfill that wish of her late mother. “I’m only missing Starlight, but I’m afraid of putting him on a ship for such a long distance again…”

“Don’t worry sister, I will bring him to Winterfell before your marriage,” Arthur assured. “I too don’t like sailing.”

“I know.” she smiled. “You always threw up and still do.”

“I hate sailing.” he corrected himself and they laughed.

“Anyway…I should go,” she decided, holding it more could cause conflicts with the timetables and make Ned lose his brother’s marriage…better wait then making the others wait for you. “I hope to see you again at my marriage…with Elia and the girls.”

“I ask Rhaegar for support in convincing the King to grant me leave,” Arthur stated. “I seriously hope he allows it…if not…Arron will lead you to the altar or whatever equivalent the Northmen have.”

“I love Arron…but I would much prefer you.”

“I know.” Arthur smiled as he pulled her and kissed her forehead. “Have a nice trip sister.”

“Thank you Artie.”

She entered the ship, who not long after began sailing, she waved back to her brother who was still on the pier doing the same to her.

*I’m coming, my sweet Quiet Wolf…*
Robert still found it hard to believe the latest news that Jon gave him…His best friend, Ned the Quiet Wolf as people liked to refer to him was now betrothed to Lady Ashara Dayne, the Dornish beauty…

He had found it strange when he saw both of them watching the jousts together and with Ned being absent throughout the length of the tourney, but to actually see his friend seduce such gorgeous woman was…well…weird, to say the least…

Not that Robert had a problem with if of course, his friend deserved good things too, if the beauty liked Ned, then let her like him. Robert certainly wouldn’t criticize her, especially knowing that she would be in good hands. And good old Ned would be in the Seven Heavens with those teats, arse and pretty face she had.

Robert, on the contrary, was a bit overwhelmed…he had tried his best to convince Lyanna that he was her man, but for once in his life, a woman refuted him and it made him feel bad but at the same time, it gave him the strength to keep trying.

Sure he was stupid at times…well often…maybe quite often…but he wanted to make it right, he wanted to settle down with Lyanna.

At first, he made his proposition to Ned’s father mainly because Ned told him Lyanna was a wild girl and so he was curious about her, not to mention he wanted to be tied to Ned by more than being a foster brother, he was much more interesting than his own brothers.

The more Ned kept talking about Lyanna, the more Robert would fall in love with her and when he first saw her in person at Harrenhal, he was amazed at her. She was very pretty, still a bit too young as her breasts and arse were still growing, but those eyes she had…they made his heart melt for her.

His biggest fear was to grow bored of his wife, he definitely did not wish for that happen, especially considering she was Ned’s sister and a member of House Stark, but seeing her defiant look it made him sure that he would never grow tired of her, no matter what. She was just perfect, she was everything he could ask for in a wife.

What happened at Harrenhal when his stupid cousin won the jousts and instead of crowing his own life, he decided to crown Robert’s betrothed, was something he would never forget. Never.

His parents died to find his cousin a wife, he saw the ship they came in sink in front of his own eyes, he saw his parents’ lifeless bodies being dragged out of the water…and yet the cunt seemed to have his eyes on Lyanna. You can look Rhaegar Targaryen, but you can’t touch. I assure you that.

Brandon Stark’s marriage was the perfect opportunity for Robert to get to know Lyanna as well as he could, he was making sure of that. Maybe when Ned was to arrive he could provide him with ways for him not screw up with her…

One of the many pieces of advice that Ned gave him regarding his sister was that she was upset when she learned of his daughter Mya and of his vices, so he made his very best to control his issues.

Much to his surprise, he was enduring celibacy quite well…yes, he did still salivate when glancing some big teats and arses but he held his ground, even when the maids and wenches were in the mood to turn him around. He wouldn’t succumb to his lust, he will do it for Lyanna, he will do
anything for her.

But returning to Ned who he hadn’t seen in months, just the mere thought of him kissing Ashara Dayne made him laugh loudly in the Great Hall all of a sudden.

“Robert?” Asked a still recovering from flu Elbert, who had come a long way from being bedridden. “Why in the Seven Hells are you laughing?”

“I was just imagining our Ned and Ashara Dayne kissing each other…” he stated as he laughed more. “Do you think she will enjoy his maidenboy cock between her legs?”

“Not all women like men just for their cocks.” Elbert retorted. “I think Ashara Dayne was looking for more than just sex when she accepted a marriage with him.”

“Yes…you are probably right in that regard, Elbie.” Robert agreed with a smirk on his lips. “But Gods didn’t he score big with her?”

“Big?” Elbert interjected. “I don’t think one can score higher than a beauty like her.”

Robert barked laughing again. “May the Gods be good to that man,” he said. “And let Ashara Dayne loosen his stern face a bit.”

“Aye.” Concurred Elbert. “And with this flu, I missed Willam’s marriage…”

“Bah, he won’t be pissed at you,” Robert assured while patting Elbert’s shoulder. “Better to miss a wedding and leave than attend and die.”

“I like living very much, thank you.” Stated Elbert. “At least I won’t miss any more marriages.”

Robert remembered that Elbert wasn’t promised yet… “And you Elbert, when are you getting married?”

“You tell me.” Blurted Elbert while rubbing his hair. “My uncle was trying to negotiate a marriage between me and either Cersei Lannister or Janna Tyrell, but the prospects don’t seem to be going too well with either…”

“Perhaps you will marry a Vale woman?” Inquired Robert with a smile.

“Maybe…” Nodded Elbert. “If it happens, then I hope it will be Meredith Belmore or Ysilla Royce.”

“Don’t you think Meredith is a bit too plump?” Question Robert, while remembering that one time he saw at the Eyrie.

“She still looks hot to me.”

“I guess you are right Falcon Boy.”

“You two.” Called Jon as he entered the Great Hall of the castle. “It seems Ned has arrived.”

“Ned has arrived?” Questioned Elbert with a smile forming on his lips.

“Yes he has nephew,” Jon affirmed. “I want us to go receive him.”

“Jon, Jon…” Robert shook his head. “You don’t have to ask us that, we will go on our very own free will.”
“We couldn’t miss that serious face man, can we?” Elbert agreed with a big grin.

“I never know what you both think, so I better be sure.” Jon sighed.

A couple of minutes later, Ned entered the Great Hall and to Robert’s surprise, he had his shy smile out already…

“Jon, Robert, Elbert.” Ned said as he gave them a polite nod.

“Ned the betrothed!” Robert shouted proudly as he clapped his friend’s back and went on to his laugh again. “I never thought I would see this day come…I’m so proud…”

“Calm down Robert.” Ned spoilt his little outburst. “There is no need to make it such a big fuss about it.”

“Who in the Seven Hells doesn’t make a fuss when he is marrying Ashara Dayne of all people?” Asked Elbert with an aghast look. “If you go like that, she will find a paramour to replace you.”

“I doubt that will happen,” Ned said. “But I will keep that in mind.”

“Now in all honesty Ned, I must congratulate you.” Said Jon with a big smile. “I’m happy that it all worked well for you and her.”

“Wait a minute…” Robert interrupted with a surprised face, the same one Elbert had. “You knew they were a thing before the raven came?”

“I did.” Jon plainly stated. “While you both were drinking, I watching Ned dance and laugh with the lady.”

“And how did you knew they were cooking something in there?” Questioned Robert amazed at his foster father.

“I was young and handsome once.” Jon sighed defeated. “Back in my days, I had all the ladies chasing me.”

“What?” Enquired Elbert and him with anticipation in their looks as they heard Jon say that. *Jon and ladies what was this madness…*

“I never claimed one before my marriage though.” Jon quickly said. “But I was close I have to admit…”

“Gods to think Jon was young once…” Robert murmured amused.

“Did you seriously thought I was born old?” Asked Jon as took offense. “For your information, I was as handsome as Elbert or Denys when I was young.”

“Gods that must have been a long time ago.” Added Elbert.

“With all that happen, I had forgotten that during the winter the Eyrie is abandoned,” Ned commented slightly embarrassed. “I was tricking myself this entire time since Harrenhal…”

They all broke down in laughs after Ned’s comment. “It seems Ned has lost his wits because of a certain Dornishwoman…” Elbert commented with a big smirk.

“I like her already.” Exclaimed Robert who was yet again laughing.
“Easy boys, let Ned breath,” Jon demanded. “Anyway, it’s good to have your company again Ned.”

“It’s good to be back.” Ned confessed.

“And when are you meeting your darling again Ned?” Elbert teased.

“I will go meet her at Gulltown in less than a moon.” Ned explained.

“Oh, so she is coming here…” Robert stated amused.

“Yes, she will come with us to my brother’s marriage.”

“I will be looking forward to see the two of you cuddling…” Robert commented laughing.

“Robert…” Jon warned him.

“Sorry…”

“Jon, may I have a talk with you?” Ned asked with a serious look.

“Sure.” Jon “But get yourself comfortable first, you had a long voyage.”

“I might do that actually.” Ned agreed as he left the room.

To Robert, it seemed like a whole lifetime happened since Harrenhal…he was getting old…at that notion, he began laughing in his mind.

Brandon Stark
Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brandon, his sister, Ethan, Jeffory, and Kyle stood in front of the lifting bridge that granted one’s access to the castle of Riverrun. They were waiting for the Tullys to acknowledge their arrival.

“Is Ser Brynden here as well?” Lyanna asked him.

“I’m quite sure he is,” Brandon replied whilst glancing her. “He is very fond of his niece so I seriously doubt he would be missing her marriage.”

“Will you fight him?” she asked.

Brandon couldn’t but laugh at her question. “And why should I fight him?”

“Because I want to see him fight!” Lyanna uttered.

“You do?” he questioned.

“Yes!” she insisted. “I would challenge him myself but I doubt he would accept as I’m a woman…”

“You never know Lya.” Said Ethan. “He might accept.”

“Even if Ser Brynden accepts,” Jeffory began. “He is far too good for you all.”
“Who said that?” Brandon asked indignantly. He was sure he could beat the Blackfish if need be.

“Says everyone who has a brain.” Kyle said. *Kyle said this…*

“We shall see about that,” Brandon said as he turned to his sister once more. “It looks like you are in luck, Lya.”

“So you are going to challenge him for a duel?” Lyanna asked beaming.

“No little sister, I’m going to beat him in a duel.” he said confidently.

As he said that, the gates to the castle were lifted.

“Brandon!” Shouted Edmure, Catelyn’s younger brother, a boy of nine, came running to them, followed by a small retinue of soldiers.

“Look who it is!” Brandon shouted. “If it isn’t my new squire Edmure!”

“Welcome back!” Edmure said happily.

“Now I’m not the only one here Edmure, so you ought to greet everyone as well,” Brandon informed the little boy. “Especially to my sister, you have to be polite to the ladies.”

“Sorry Jeffory, Kyle and Ethan.” Edmure bowed in an apology. “And Lady?”

“Lyanna.” His sister replied.

“Lady Lyanna.”

“Just Lyanna is enough.” she insisted. “Can we go inside now Edmure?”

“Yes, yes.” he agreed. “Father told me to bring you all inside.”

“Then lead the way champion of Riverrun.” Brandon said.

“First the horses to the Master of Horse, please.” Edmure demanded as a group of servants picked the reins of their horses.

Then Edmure led them inside the triangular castle.

“It seems I’m already being replaced…” Murmured Ethan sadly.

“Don’t worry Ethan.” Lyanna cooed as she patted Ethan’s shoulder. “He replace us all with ease.”

“You are so right Lya.” Ethan agreed as Jeffory and Kyle nodded in affirmation.

“As if you all don’t replace me too with ease.” Brandon scoffed. “Traitors…”

They all lolled their tongues at him before smirking at him…*This lot…*

Finally passing by the courtyard they arrived at the Great Keep, a triangular one, just as the castle…It seemed the Tullys were obsessed with triangles…

Lord Tully, Ser Brynden, Cat and her sister Lysa were waiting for them inside. Lord Tully and Catelyn had smiles on their faces, Ser Brynden was indifferent and Lysa looked as if she was angry at something.
“Lord Brandon and Lady Lyanna welcome to our humble home of Riverrun.” Said Lord Tully. “It’s a big pleasure to have you both here, and My Lords too.”

I’m sure it is a pleasure for you… “The pleasure is ours, Lord Tully.” he then turned to Catelyn his future wife. “Cat.”

“Brandon.” she responded with a polite nod and bright smile.

As he glanced properly at her, he still found her beautiful, fair skinned, long auburn hair and deep shining blue eyes. She was honorable and honest and tried hardly to not be boring towards him. Yet…she seemed far too proud of her status and far too religious as well, to the wrong type of faint if she was going to be Lady of the North one day. Certainly, she would not react to well to the North…

“It’s a pleasure to see you once more,” he said as he kissed her hand. “And Lady Lysa as well.”

“Likewise.” Scoffed Lysa. *What in Seven Hells is her deal anyway?*

“Cat, why don’t you go and take a walk around the castle with Lord Brandon?” Lord Tully suggested before turning to Lysa. “Lysa will show the castle to Lady Lyanna and Edmure to the other lords.”

“Certainly father.” Catelyn nodded to her father once more. “Brandon would you please follow me.”

“Lead the way My Lady.” he smiled at her.

She lead him outside of the Great Hall to the courtyard.

“It has been a while since we last saw each other, hasn’t it?” Cat admitted. “A few moons…”

“Aye.” he agreed. “Last time we saw each other was in Harrenhal.”

“Yes…” she agreed. “Where Prince Rhaegar…crowned your sister…”

“Let’s talk about something else, shall we?” he quickly told her, not wishing to hear about that inbred cunt. “How have you been?”

She was a bit shaken by his little outburst but quickly composed herself. “I have been well enough, rather nervous due to our upcoming marriage though…” she confessed while blushing a bit of embarrassment.

He laughed at her confession. “You are certainly not the only one in that regard,” he admitted. “I’m very nervous as well.”

“I suppose it's normal…to feel this way…”

“I believe so.”

She smiled and blushed a bit more, she somehow reminded him of Ned blushing at Ashara’s teasing…

“BRANDON STARK!!!”

Brandon looked at where that still to mature voice called or rather shouted for him, there stood a
small guy around Ben’s age but much, much smaller in size. Said guy had black hair and gray-green eyes weird eyes, he was skinny and looked harmless.

“And you are?” Brandon questioned with a raised eyebrow. “Do I know you?”

“I know you.” The guy said with a smirk.

“Petyr!” Called Cat worried. “What is the meaning of this?”

This Petyr didn’t stop focusing his eyes on Brandon’s. “Brandon Stark, I will challenge you for Catelyn’s hand.” Wait what?

“What?” Asked Catelyn aghast.

This guy had no brains it seemed… “Are you sure kid?” Brandon questioned. “Are you sure you wish to do this?”

“Of course he doesn’t Brandon!” Catelyn dismissed with a worried face. “He…”

“I’m certain Brandon Stark.” Petyr still had a big smirk on his lips. “I’m certain I will beat you.”

“Then I accept your challenge,” Brandon assured him. “But when you lose, don’t tell me I did not warn you.”

“I shall not lose, barbarian!”

Barbarian? He has got some big nerves…

“Petyr don’t disrespect my betrothal!” Catelyn hissed at him angrily.

“I will see you tomorrow Stark.” Petyr the Little Cunt said as if he was superior to him.

“Brandon…” Murmured Catelyn worried. “This is all misunderstanding…”

“Do you love that prick?” he asked angrily.

“No!” she almost shouted. “I-I love you, Brandon…Petyr has a crush on me but too me he is nothing but a good friend, I have no feelings towards him…”

“He is getting is arse kicked no matter what.” Brandon assured her.

“Please Brandon, he is stupid but he is still a great friend of mine, so please don’t kill him…” she pleaded while holding his hands. “My conscience will not be able to bare it…”

“I won’t kill him,” he assured her. “I’m simply going to show him the big difference between us.”

Chapter End Notes

Here is another chapter is done, things are developing now...

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brandon was waiting patiently for Petyr to arrive for their duel, which the small boy so desperately wanted to have. He hoped the boy would see his own stupidity and it would end quickly.

“Is this Petyr Baelish any good?” Asked Kyle.

“Petyr is…pretty bad with the sword…” Confessed Edmure sadly. “He struggles to defeat me most of the times.”

“How old is he?” Ethan asked perplexed.

“Petyr is barely fifteen…” Replied Edmure.

“Fifteen namesdays old and he still struggles to beat a nine-year-old half child?” Inquired Jeffory aghast. “Either Edmure is a master swordsman or this Petyr is weak as shit.”

“He stands no chance against Bran.” Added Kyle with a smirk. “I would much rather see Brandon duel the Blackfish then this loser.”

“Enough!” Said Brandon angrily. “He challenged me for a duel and he will have it.”

“No need to be so pissed about it…” Kyle scoffed. “You have this one on the pocket.”

“Brandon…” Edmure began with a worried tone. “Petyr is a good friend of mine…don’t kill him…please…”

Brandon turned to the little trout and gave him an assuring smile. “I won’t kill him, Edmure, don’t worry,” he assured. “I’m just going to give him some bruises.”

Finally, after a rather long wait, Petyr finally came…he wore only chainmail armor with an old chest plate and helmet, he wasn’t even properly armored…Gods...

Ethan tried to give him his shield, but Brandon dismissed him and instead took off everything but his chest plate and helmet. This battle was already unfair as it was, there was no need for any more advantages, at least like this, Brandon could train situations were a fight had to be fought without a shield and proper armor.

“Baelish.” Brandon said finally, when Petyr stood in the yard in front of him.

“Brandon Stark.” Replied the Valemen.

“When you ready.” Brandon told him as he picked his sword from Edmure’s hands.

Petyr lost no time and charged at him with his own sword in an uncoordinated slash. Brandon quickly blocked said charge and used the weak attack to give Petyr a shoulder tackle that sent him towards the floor.
Baelish got up and positioned himself with the wrong footwork again, and once more charged horribly, Brandon dodged and managed to make him trip to the floor yet again by placing his feet in front of his.

“What do you guys think?” Brandon inquired his friends. “Did Petyr had enough?”

“No!” Petyr said stubbornly as he got up again. Couldn’t he see he had no chance?

“Fine,” Brandon stated. “If you want to die so badly…” *Give up stupid.*

With this Brandon took the initiative and began charging Petyr repeatedly, hitting the latter’s shield with brute force, hoping to scare him somehow into surrendering.

His strength proved to be far too much for the skinny guy’s block which broke, taking the opportunity, Brandon kicked Petyr to the floor, making him lose the sword in the process.

“PETYR!!!” Screamed Lysa in agony as Catelyn held her back and Lyanna looked at him wearily.

In the floor, Petyr crawled to his sword, but Brandon placed his feet in the sword making it impossible for Petyr to grab it.

“Give up.” Brandon said with a fierce look towards his opponent.

“No!” he shouted again, trying to take the sword from below Brandon’s foot.

“You have no chance!” Brandon was now shouting at the stubborn fool. “Give up already!”

“Never!”

Suddenly he was rushed by Lysa Tully who seemed to be mad, if she could she would kill him then. “LET HIM GO YOUR MONSTER!!” she hissed. “LET HIM GO!!”

The distraction allowed Baelish to recover his sword since Brandon loosen the grip he had on his foot.

“LYSA!!!” Screamed Catelyn as she grabbed one of her sister’s arms and Lyanna grabbed the other. “Stop it!”

“Brandon!” Hissed Lyanna. “End this nonsense right now!”

“I’m trying but he just won’t quit!” Barked Brandon towards his sister. “Baelish stop this nonsense, you have no chance of beating me and Catelyn doesn’t love you so stop throwing your life away!”

“Your words Stark!” Petyr shouted. “I won’t give up!” Then the skinny guy charged at him once more, and once more Brandon dodged.

Brandon was tired of this stupidity and angry as well, so he began charging towards Baelish without caring anymore.

One charge, a second one, a third, a fourth and a fifth and Baelish was completely out of his game, his shield block was gone and he was right there, one slash and he would die…

“BRANDON!!!” Screamed Catelyn.

This prompted Brandon to see the madness he was about to do…he almost killed the boy…*Gods…*
Baelish being sneaky, hit him in the head with his helmet making Brandon flinch back with the impact. Baelish then moved in for the kill, but Brandon’s reflexes were faster and so he sliced Baelish’s chest with a heavy cut.

“Nooo!!!” Screamed Lysa in utter agony as she fell to her knees crying.

Petyr Baelish fell to the floor, his chest was bleeding heavily as Brandon’s cut was so strong that it cut the old chest plate in half…Fuck…I said I wouldn’t kill him…

“Get the Maester!” Screamed Lyanna. “Gods get the Maester or he will die!”

Lyanna Stark

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

She found her brother glancing the Red Fork alone as his friends knew better than to bother him when he was angry.

“Bran…” she murmured as she took a seat next to him in the green grass.

“I didn’t want to kill him…” Said Brandon with no emotion in his face.

“I know.” she replied as she clapped his shoulder in support of her brother.

“He just wouldn’t quit!” Brandon barked. “Why fighting for someone who does not love him back?”

“Men are like that,” she replied, stupid and dumb… “I’m sure you would do dumb things for someone you love.”

“I love no one.” he told her, yet she knew he was lying.

“You love your family.” she retorted with a raised eyebrow. “Or do you not?”

“I do…” he agreed. “Even father…”

“You would do stupid things for us all.” she smiled. “As would I.”

“I probably would…” he smiled too. “Something really stupid…so stupid that someone in the future generations would say, man what a stupid fool Brandon Stark was.”

“You don’t have to be so hard on yourself, stupid.” she quickly told him.

“I’m stupid.”

“You are stupid…but my dear stupid brother.” she leaned closer to his shoulder. “I like you more when you say stupid things…I love Ned for being the brooding one and that’s enough of brooding brothers…”

Brandon began laughed loudly. “Maybe we are switching? I’m becoming the brooding one and he the cocky one?”

“Ned being cocky?” she inquired with a raised eyebrow. “What world would that be?”
“You probably right…” he concurred. “I can’t imagine that Dumb Wolf being cocky and smirking like a fool as I do.”

“That wouldn’t be our Ned.” she added.

“No, it wouldn’t.” Agreed Brandon with a happier face. “Thank you for cheering me up Lya.”

“I’m always there for my brothers,” she assured him. “All of them.”

“Do you think the sneaky bastard will survive?” Brandon questioned.

“He will.” Ensured her. “I’m sure he will remain living for many more years.”

“He was so desperate that he cheated!” Brandon growled. “Yet he is young and stupid, and doesn’t deserve to die yet.”

“No, I don’t believe so either,” she assured. “Brandon…”

“Yes?”

“I was thinking on taking a small retinue to go meet Ned at the Eyrie…” she explained, in hopes, he would understand her reasons.

“Why?”

“Your soon to be wife and her sister are boring…” she scoffed, now explaining her reasons to him. “The only thing they do is embroidery and pray at the Sept…”

“Lya you arrived yesterday…” Brandon tried to dismiss.

“But it’s being too boring for me already!” she hissed. “If I can go and meet Ned, time will pass faster for me and plus Ned and Ashara are more interesting than the Tully sisters.”

“You are going to bother the pair of them,” Brandon said. “And besides father told you had to stay here until he arrived.”

“You left father in such bad terms and now you are obeying him?” she countered.

“Lya…”

“Robert will…come with Ned too…maybe I could use this opportunity to…get to know him better…”

“Lya, you are not going to do that.” he rolled his eyes. “We both know how you are.”

“I will, I promise!” she tried to assure him. “I swear it by the Old Gods! Please brother, let me go…”

Brandon sighed and looked at her with a defeated look. “And what will I tell father when he arrives and doesn’t see you here?”

“You were going to ignore him,” she answered. “Just do that.”

“Gods, the length you go to have it your way…”

“Pretty please…” she begged with girly eyes...
“Fine!” he concluded with another sighed. “I will inquire Lord Tully for a retinue to lead you to the Vale to meet your betrothed and brother, but you shall do what the captain says until you are in Ned’s control, understood?”

She beamed at his answer and gave him a big hug. “Yes! Thank you so much, big brother.”

“But you must get to know Robert better!” he quickly told her. “For your trip to have a purpose in father’s eyes besides pissing Ned and his love.”

“I promise I will.” she assured him. She was going to give Robert a chance as Ned said, she had to anyway.

“I mean it!” Brandon insisted.

“Don’t worry I will!” she hissed at her brother’s insistence.

“In the meantime…you will give Cat and her crazy sister company, while I find time to talk to Lord Tully.”

“Really?” she asked disappointed. “Can’t I leave tomorrow already?”

“It takes time to prepare a retinue, dear sister,” he explained to her as he stood up and cleaned his breeches from the grass. “I need a cup of wine, where are the guys at?”

“Inside the castle,” she told him. “Worried about you.”

“I will invite them for a drink then.”

“Don’t get drunk!” she warned him.

“I won’t.” he replied.

“I mean it!”

“Seriously?” he asked while rolling his eyes in disdain at her using his words.

“What?” she questioned smirking.

“Spoiled brat…”

“Stupid…”

“I love you Lya.”

“I love you too brother.”

They returned to the castle embraced in a sibling hug and laughing with each other.

Petyr Baelish

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Petyr woke up in his room, it was night as he could see from his windows. He felt a tremendous pain in his chest, he had lost…Brandon Stark won despite his every efforts and humiliated him… Cat… I’m sorry…
“Petyr?” called Lysa, tears in her eyes. “Oh Petyr I was so worried about you…that stupid monster almost killed you!”

“Where is Cat?” he asked concerned.

“Petyr why do you care so much about her?” she asked indignantly. “She holds no love towards you as I do!”

He stayed quiet, he held no love for Lysa and he knew she was lying anyway, Catelyn loved him, she gave him his maidenhead.

And yet he failed to save her…she would endure an unhappy marriage with the barbarian now, in the cold North…such horrible fate for the most beautiful creature in the face of earth.

Lysa climbed to his bed and kissed him in his lips. “Lysa?” he asked as he glanced her eyes, unsure of what she was doing.

“I will make you forget about Catelyn,” she said as she kissed him again. “You don’t need her when you have me.”

With that, she took his cock off his breeches and began sucking it…he felt as if he was betraying Cat but…he was in need…a man has needs…

When his cock was rock hard, Lysa took off her dress and gave him her breasts to suck, Cat’s breasts were larger and sweeter as he remembered their taste, but Lysa’s were not bad…

“Oh Petyr my love…” she murmured.

“Lysa…”

“Take me Petyr…” she begged. “Take me…”

“I…can’t move properly…”

“Oh…” she blushed. “I’m sorry I forgot…let me…help you then…”

She placed herbud on top of his cock and then dropped in on as an anvil and with that, he was inside of her.

“Lysa…”

“Oh Petyr, this feels so good…” she told him while she rode him. “Oh Petyr…” she moaned as she led her hands to her mouth in hopes to reduce the noise she was making.

“Lysa…”

“You don’t need Cat.” she insisted moaning. “You have me Petyr, I’m yours forever Petyr!”

He didn’t want her, he wanted Cat, but now, he took both of their maidenheads and no one else would have such privilege…Brandon Stark might have beaten him, but in the end…it was him who won.

“Lysa I’m going to reach my peak.” he told her as it was getting hard to hold up his impulses.

“Yes!” she moaned loudly.
“GODS!!” he shouted as he spent himself on her insides.

“I love you Petyr…”

I love your sister.

In the next day morning, a knock came to his door, he hoped it was Catelyn, but the person who entered was not her but her father, Lord Tully.

“My Lord.” Petyr bowed in his bed as best as he could.

“You did me a great slight, boy.” The Lord said with an angry tone. “I took you for a ward when you were nothing more than a common boy and this is how you repay me? By challenging an heir to the North for a duel in my home?”

“I’m…sorry My Lord.”

“Sorry is not enough for me!” The Lord shouted angrily. “This could have horrible consequences for my House!”

“My behavior was out context, My Lord.”

“Oh yes, it was Petyr.” The Lord nodded in affirmation. “You have outstayed your welcome.”

“My Lord?” Asked Petyr worriedly.

“You will return to your home in the Fingers Petyr, never to come back and shame me in such foul manner.”

No! He couldn’t do this…Cat… “My Lord…”

“You have about a fortnight to recover then you will go back to your land.” Lord Tully concluded as he left his room.

Cat…

Arthur Dayne

Red Keep, King's Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

“You still leave your left far too opened Oswell!” Arthur explained to his sparring partner and friend Oswell the Black Bat. They had been sparing for quite some time since they were dismissed from their duties that day.

“It’s always my left.” Oswell ranted. “It’s never yours, you leave no openings.”

“It’s called constant training, my friend.” Arthur explained to him. “If you were to train harder perhaps you would not be leaving openings either.”

“No all of us are as gifted as you.” Oswell scoffed.

“As you say.”

“Gods I miss the Lion cub,” Oswell said laughing. “Now I don’t have anyone to do my boring
chores…”

Jaime was the one guarding Elia at Dragonstone now and to be honest, Arthur liked the boy’s company, but not for the same reasons as Oswell of course.

He felt pity for the young Lannister, he had the making of a great knight whose potential would only be wasted by serving Aerys, a horrible King, he deserved Aegon the Conqueror, Jaehaerys the Wise or Daeron the Good, not the Mad King Aerys.

“What would Lord Tywin do if he found out you are using his precious son to do your boring chores?” Arthur asked. “I think he wouldn’t take it too well…”

“Well,” Said Oswell. “At least he can’t burn Harrenhal more than what it is already.” At that, Oswell laughed.

“Your dark humor has no cure, Oswell.” Arthur scoffed. “Shall we stop the shit talk and keep practicing?”

“Aye.” Oswell agreed. “I need to at least beat you once.”

“Keep dreaming.”

A couple of minutes later, they were panting heavily but still clashing at each other. It was crucial for the Kingsguard to always be in shape for duty.

“Ser Arthur, Ser Oswell.” Called Ser Gerold with the authority he commanded as the Lord Commander. “The King demands every member of the Kingsguard in the Throne Room with haste.”

“Right away Ser Gerold.” Oswell stated.

“Understood, we will be there in no time, Ser.” Arthur assured with a nod.

He went on to clean as best as he could from the sweat and the dirt and be presentable enough for the King. Then he dressed his Kingsguard with a clean white cloak he tied up.

Afterward, he made his way to the Throne Room where his sworn brothers, Rhaegar and the members of the Small Council were already.

“My Prince.” he greeted his friend with a nod, who he was a bit pissed with because he still didn’t return to his bedridden wife at Dragonstone.

“Ser Arthur.” Rhaegar acknowledged him with a nod as well.

He then bowed before his King. “My King, I’m yours to command.”

“Ser Arthur, get in line with your sworn brothers.” Commanded the King.

“As My King commands.” He stood up and positioned himself in between Oswell who arrived at the moment and Prince Lewyn, like always they formed according to their years of service in the Kingsguard.

“Father?” Rhaegar called. “Could you now explain what is the meaning of this?”

The King began laughing erratically. “Well son of mine, it’s my pleasure to inform you that I have discovered the identity of the traitorous Knight of the Laughing Tree!”
“Father I’m sure it was just a boy trying to be the next Ser Barristan.” Rhaegar tried to dismiss. “He meant no harm…”

“Silence!” The King demanded. “He disobeyed a royal order! He is a traitor!”

“Your Grace…” The Lyseni began.

“Shut up you too!” Aerys barked at his Master of Whisperers. “Even I managed to do a better job than you, you incompetent fool!”

“Father!” Rhaegar protested yet again.

“SHUT UP!!!” The King hissed, this wasn’t ending well…

“Now they were few Northmen attending the tourney…” Aerys continued. “Most of which were tall…very tall…very few were small enough to fit that mismatched armor the knight had, but I do recall seeing one whose stature was fitting of the traitorous knight…a woman actually, a woman who my stupid son had the courtesy to crown. Lord Stark’s daughter.”

Fuck…Seriously fuck!

“Father it’s a very serious accusation, she is a Lord Paramount’s daughter…”

“I don’t recall you caring about it when you crowned her, considering she was also betrothed to the stag.” The King plainly said. “You have a big nerve to counter me now when you are most likely an accomplice of hers or you are spreading her legs.”

“I’m not father!” Rhaegar dismissed.

“Then why did you crown her boy?” Inquired the King with a raised eyebrow. “You want to be seen as stupid?”

“I-I thought of her as pretty…” Rhaegar replied.

Aerys began laughing loudly, his laugh echoed through the entirety of the room. “So now you finally found your cock and your pair of balls? You want a mistress now?”

“I never said I wanted a mistress father.”

“And people say I’m the mad one…” He scoffed amused. “They say you are the perfect Prince… but should they know you as I do, and they would wishing for your useless mother to be my heir.” She would still do a better than job than you, Your Grace…

“Father you mustn’t do anything to her, she is Lord Stark’s daughter…” Rhaegar pleaded.

“Do you think I fear the wolves?” The King inquired angrily. “Dragons do not fear weaker creatures such as wolves! Besides, I already sent a retinue of loyal servants of the Crown to bring her to face the King’s Justice.”

“Father you can’t be serious!” Rhaegar stated aghast. “Do you expect the North to just give her
without rising in rebellion against such command?”

“Let them wolves come then,” Aerys stated boldly. “The realm only has space for loyal servants and not traitors! I know very well that they are conspiring against me like you are! So if they fail to comply, I will kill two birds with one stone, I shall erase that stupid bloodline if they rise in defiance.”

“This is madness father!”

“If you got the fame already…better make it worth it.” he laughed. “I care not for what some barbarian cunts think of me.”

“Your Grace, Prince Rhaegar has a point.” Pleased Lord Owen Merryweather, the Hand of the King. “Starting a war for a child-woman who wanted to play swords is not the…”

“I DID NOT ASK FOR YOUR OPINION FOOL!!!” The King hissed. “I have made my mind, the court is dismissed, prepare for the trial of Lyanna Stark in utter secrecy.” The King then exited the Throne Room followed by Ser Jonothor and Ser Gerold who were aghast and worried as everyone else in the room.

War was now inevitable…Damn Aerys the Mad! Damn him to the Seven Hells!

“Arthur, Oswell,” Rhaegar called as he began walking. “A word please.”

They went to an alleyway, where they could speak without restrictions. “Each of you grab a horse and gather some loyal men,” he commanded. “We will go after that retinue he sent to get Lyanna Stark.”

“We will be outnumbered!” Oswell said.

“Each one of us is worth more than ten Gold Cloaks.” Rhaegar countered. “We go with a few more men and we should be good to at least slow them down.”

“And how will we know where they are?” Arthur inquired.

“They will most likely be following the Kingsroad as it’s the fastest way to reach the North,” Rhaegar explained. “If we leave tomorrow, we might catch them soon enough, without even rising any problems with the Starks.”

“And your father?” Oswell questioned.

“It takes time to the reach the North so he wouldn’t be expecting a response soon,” Rhaegar explained. “We will decide when we fix the problem, right now we have to stop it still.”

“Seems we have no other option,” Oswell muttered. “We should send a raven to Lord Stark informing him of everything.”

“No, it will be too risky.” Arthur quickly retorted. “He might rise his banners anyway, as much as I hate it, we must inform him personally and then use his forces to depose Aerys as quickly as we can, this has gone too far already.”

“If you say so, I have no opposition,” Oswell assured. “Seems like a good plan to me.”

“Then we must hurry up and stop my father’s lapdogs.” Concluded Rhaegar.
Chapter End Notes

Ok...so I believe this is another controversial chapter right here...due to the last
POV...It's my way to look at the abduction without making it a true abduction and also
without making it an escape because they were in love...I know many will not like the
direction it took and I totally understand if you lose the will keep reading.

For those who continue reading the story, writing Petyr's POV gave me the chills, I
how he just doesn't care about Lysa and how dangerous and sneaky he will
become...Brandon and Lyanna had no idea what they spared...

Anyway, all things said and done...Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope
everyone has a nice day.
Eddard Stark

Gulltown, Vale, Year 282 AC

Ned was so desperate to see his future wife that he arrived in Gulltown quite early, spending his time in an inn near the harbor that allowed him to see if Ashara’s ship had arrived already or not. Robert and Elbert were with him as they insisted on coming with him, to tease most likely…

He missed her a lot and wanted to be close to her…He also wanted to hear Ashara’s version of Harrenhal, as she most likely would have information he needed.

He could still remember the talk he had with Jon in the day he arrived, as he had promised to his siblings.

“What is that you wish to talk about Ned?” Jon inquired as they took seats, alone in the Great Hall of the castle after Ned had taken a bath and got dressed in new and clean clothes.

“About Harrenhal and the alliance you, my father and Lord Tully have.” he said, going straight to the point he wished to clarify.

“How did you…”


“Your sister should be more careful Ned,” Jon warned him. “Eavesdropping could lead to serious problems.”

“She definitely should, Jon.” Ned agreed. “But that wasn’t my question.”

Jon gazed him for a while, before sighing in defeat. “The plan, or at least mine and your father’s was to back Prince Rhaegar if he indeed showed interest in deposing his father.” Explained Jon. “Yet, Lord Tully grew greedier and wanted Robert as King, knowing that he would probably get a position of importance in the new reign.”

“But Robert is not fit to occupy such position.” Ned said amazed at Lord Tully’s plan.

“I know Ned, but Lord Tully does not.” Jon clarified. “Lord Tully thinks that Rhaegar has madness within him as well, that is why he insisted so much in placing Robert as King and start a new dynasty.”

“So in the Great Council Rhaegar wished to convene…” Ned began. “Who would you have voted on?”

“Rhaegar.”

“So my sister wasn’t right, but wasn’t totally wrong either…” Ned murmured. “Gods be damned.”
“What did your sister do, Ned?” Questioned Jon worriedly.

“She…she thought you, Lord Tully, Robert, and Bran would cast a vote on Robert so she told the Prince…”

“She did what?” Jon asked aghast.

“She doesn’t want to be a Queen.” Ned justified her action, just as she had told him. “She did what she thought would save her from such thing.”

“By the Seven…so that’s why he stopped the Great Council.” Jon led his hand to his forehead. “But why did he crown her? Because she told him?”

“She insists that she doesn’t know.”

“Seven Hells…” Jon sighed once more. “All that planning for nothing…did you tell this to your father?”

“I have not.”

“Did she tell this to your father?”

“I don’t believe she did,” Ned explained. “She and my brother are pissed with him because he has been using us as pawns.”

“This has literally become a communication nightmare," Jon said. “We have to make this work somehow and for that we need communication.”

“I couldn’t agree more Jon.” Said Ned in approval.

“Neither I nor your father wish to have Robert as King,” Jon confessed. “We don’t criticize his inheritance, but King is too much for him.”

“Aye, I agree.”

“We wanted Rhaegar but if he proves himself to be stricken by madness as well, then we will have to do with his son Aegon…”

“You wish to place a newborn child as King?” Ned inquired surprised.

“We have to have our options opened Ned,” Jon explained. “What I think we should do is have a big meeting at your brother’s marriage with me, your father, you, your siblings, Lord Tully, my nephew, Robert and of course your future wife so we can know what is happening in King’s Landing.”

“I think that might relieve my siblings.” Ned confessed with a shy smile.

“You are all grown-ups and deserve to be treated as such,” Jon assured him. “Lack of communication has gone too far.”

“It certainly has.” Ned agreed. “Thank you, Jon.”

“Hey Ned?” Shouted Robert, making Ned wake up from his thoughts. “Isn’t that Lady Ashara on the ship that just arrived? She is wearing a purple tunic…”

A woman with black hair and wearing purple was, in fact, exiting the large ships, it could only be
his Shining Star…Like on that day they spent together and confessed their feelings towards each other, she had her hair tied in a ponytail.

“I believe it’s indeed her…” he murmured to his two companions.

“Oh, his love has finally arrived…” Elbert commented with a big smirk that made Robert laugh. “Don’t get all emotional on us Ned.”

“I will not, but I’m not going to stay here either.” he assured them as made his way to the pier that the ship she was disembarking had anchorage.

As soon as she took notice of him, she smiled and waved at him, besides also trying to leave the ship faster but due to the large crowd that was also leaving, she did not succeed.

When she stepped on the pier, she managed to find an opening in the mass of passengers and rushed towards him, jumping on top of him, but unlike last time she tried the trick, he was expecting her now and did not fall down.

“Oh my sweet Quiet Wolf I have missed you so much,” she said as she kissed him multiple times in the lips, in the cheeks, everywhere she could. “You have no idea how much.”

“I believe I do have an idea,” he assured her with a shy smile. “I think I missed you just as much if not more.” And he finished by planting a big kiss on her lips.

“Oh my sweet Quiet Wolf…” she cooed.

“Now shall we get going, so we don’t miss my brother’s marriage?” he questioned, despite enjoying the way he was in that very moment.”

“We should.” she agreed with a smile. “Gods I missed you so much.”

He noticed Robert and Elbert with big smirks in their lips, commenting the sight they were certainly enjoying…He carefully placed her back on the floor and led her towards them. “Ashara, you already met Robert at Harrenhal.” Ned said as he pointed towards his best friend.

“Indeed I have,” she replied. “Pleasure to see you once more, My Lord.”

“Bah, My Lord is too formal for my best friend’s future wife.” Robert scoffed. “Please call me Robert or Robb or Bobby.” Robert said with a big smile as he kissed her hand.

“Robert then…”

“Fair choice Lady Ashara.” Robert agreed.

“And this one is Elbert, Lord Jon Arryn’s nephew, and heir.” Ned introduced.

“My Lady Ashara Dayne.” Elbert said as he planted a kiss in her hand too.

“Lord Elbert, a pleasure to get acquainted with you.” Ashara replied in a nod.

“I’m glad and proud our Ned has finally found a fair and beautiful lady for himself.” Robert laughed as he clapped Ned in the back.

“I’m more than a pretty face, Robert,” she told him. “Our Ned saw that and as such, he deserved a reward, as all good people should.”
“Sharp tongue…” Elbert murmured before whistling and Robert merely laughed more.

“Ashara,” he called before his friends were placed in their place. “We have horses ready for our ascent, but only three, so…you will have to come with me in Brooding…”

“Oh, I like your way of thinking…” Robert and Elbert whistle at her comment and he blushed hard at his…weird plan… “Come on boys, does a woman have to pull you all over those mountains by herself?”

“Ned…” Called Elbert when Ashara moved a little bit in front of them. “Are you going to handle her properly? Cause that’s…a woman…”

“If I handle you, Robert and my siblings, I think I will do just fine.” he assured them.

Robert burst into a laugh yet again. “I seriously like this woman a lot already.” When Ned glanced him with a killing stare, Robert did not falter and kept laughing. “Relax Ned, I mean the way she makes you loosen up, I won’t steal her from you.”

“I…” Ned felt bad for his jealousy as soon as Robert spoke.

“No problem Ned.” Robert assured as he clapped Ned’s shoulder again.

“I think it’s proper for Ned to show who her betrothed is,” Elbert added with a smirk. “Better place everyone in their respective places.”

“Aye.” Robert agreed while clapping Ned in the shoulder yet again.

When they returned to the inn, they went straight to the stables and mounted on their respective horses.

Both he and Ashara jumped on to Brooding and he blushed when she wrapped her arms around his wrist, tightly…

“I missed this feeling so much…” she confessed while resting her head against his shoulder. “Touching you…feeling you…”

“Me too…” he assured her.

“Love is in the air…” Elbert sang while Robert was laughing amused. “It’s as lovely as the maiden fair…”

“Oh jealously why thou?” Ashara sang in a sweet melodic voice, interrupting Elbert's own singing. “I can’t seem to get rid of you. No matter what I seem to do.”

“What the…” Elbert spat out amazed.

“Damn Elbie you got owned there.” Robert laughed as he was having the time of his life.

“Damn indeed…” Elbert muttered.

Ashara just laughed at their reaction. “Do you like my new song Ned?” asked her, when he glanced her.

“I like it very much.” Ned replied with a smile, as from the corner of his eyes he could see his friends grumbling.
Lyanna Stark
Near the Crossroads Inn, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Lyanna rode Winterstorm as freely as she could, taking as much advantage of the opportunity that Brandon gave her. Enjoying what could only be her last time as free as this.

“Milady!” Barked the old sergeant of the mix retinue of both Starks and Tullys. “Milady should not move with such hate, there are robbers in the roads!”

“Sergeant, you are all too slow.” she plainly said. “I wish to ride fast.”

“The Seven save me, I never seen a lady riding so fast.” One of the soldiers confessed. “Milady is something else entirely.”

“I’m no lady.” she told him.

“Ya look like a lady to me.” Replied another soldier, a red-haired guy with many freckles in his face.

“I’m indeed a woman but not a lady.” she insisted.

“That all sounds too confusing for me.” Said yet another soldier. “With all due respect but ya highborns are too confusing.”

“Do tell me about it.” she agreed. “I never understood them either.”

The Tully soldiers began laughing at her reply, but the sergeant didn’t seem too happy…

“So if we can’t call ya milady, milady.” One of the soldiers began. “Then what are we to call ya?”

“Lyanna is enough.” she replied.

“Mia…Gods…Lyanna…” Said the sergeant confused. “When we enter the Vale, you must, by all means, remain close to us. The Mountains Clans are too dangerous even for a fully armored man.”

“Do not worry, I will be close by when we do enter the High Road,” she assured the old man. “But as of now, I wish to take advantage of the little freedom I was given and have some fun.”

“Milady!”

She paid the man no mind, she kept riding at full speed. She was enjoying herself so much in these days of riding that she didn’t want them to stop. Winterfell…I wish I could stay there forever…

The retinue passed by Harrenhal and a shiver went down her spine, she said it once but truly she hoped to not return there ever again.

Later that day, they arrived at the Crossroads Inn to stay in for the night that was about to rise in the horizon.

When she entered the inn, she noticed that it was overcrowded compared to last time she had been there with her brothers…A further examination, led her to see that these people were Gold Cloaks
from King’s Landing…but…what were they doing so far away from the capital?

As she took a seat with her retinue, she couldn’t help but notice the Gold Cloaks glancing towards her from afar…she had a bad feeling…

Lyanna despite being worried, began enjoying a nice conversation with the soldiers, some were brute but many were kind and funny towards her, accepting her as Lyanna and not as a lady.

Suddenly, two Gold Cloaks rose from their seats and made their way towards her. All the others stood behind, watching… “You have yourselves Stark banners.” Said one of them. “Who is in charge around here?”

“Is there a problem Ser?” Asked the sergeant as he glanced his men.

“State your business with the Starks.” Insisted the Gold Cloak.

“I serve Lord Tully and you are in his lands.” Retorted the sergeant. “I have no obligation to tell you whatever orders he gave him.”

“What’s her name?” The Gold Cloak towards her and she grew worried.

“She is Lady Lyanna of House Stark.” Replied the sergeant. “She is the daughter of Lord Stark and she is in our protection.”

“Not anymore.” The Gold Cloak said. “King Aerys demands her to be set on trial.” What?

“At what charges?” Questioned the sergeant and she had the same question.

“The none of your business.”

There was a moment of tension before the sergeant and his men unsheathed their swords and killed the two Gold Cloaks, this action made the other Gold Cloaks rise and do the same.

“Milady, you must leave.” Informed the sergeant. “They are far too many for us to take.”

“I can’t leave you all to die here.” she hissed.

“You can and you will.” Shouted the sergeant as he engaged a Gold Cloak. “Bart, Rodrik take her away now!”

“Yes, sergeant!” Shouted one of them. “Milady come with us.”

“But the sergeant!” she screamed.

“Your safety is the most important thing for us, milady.” Said the other as he picked her arm and both of them led her outside to the stables where their horses were.

They ran to fetch the horses, she managed to jump onto to Winterstorm but the Gold Cloaks being in a larger number, had already killed the rest of her retinue and were outside too…

“DON’T LET HER GET AWAY!!!” Shouted one of those damn Gold Cloaks.

Bart and Rodrik engaged the many Gold Cloaks but were easily slaughtered, she commanded Winterstorm to ride away, she had to get away…The Gold Cloaks pulled bows and crossbows and quickly pointed towards her.
She heard Winterstorm screech, multiple arrows had pierced his back, making him go mad with pain and tripping in a big rock, falling with her being sent flying a yard or so…

“One of you go ahead and contact the captain up the Kingsroad!” she heard them shout. “Tell him we got the wolf bitch the King wants.”

“Ser.” Called another. “Who are those coming this way?”

“Shit…” Said the one in charge. “It’s the Prince…he indeed came…”

“What do we do?”

“Ride as fast as you can and warn the captain of what I told you to and that the Prince is here!”

“Aye.”

Lyanna in the meantime was struggling to remain conscious but the pain was too great that she failed…Ned…Bran…Ben…father…help me…

Arthur Dayne
Crossroads Inn, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Arthur, Rhaegar, Oswell and four loyal Gold Cloaks arrived at the Crossroads Inn where it was a bloody mess already, two dead Tully soldiers in the floor, a tumbled horse and Lyanna Stark a little bit ahead of said horse…Couldn't they have less luck than that?

“Oswell.” Commanded Rhaegar. “Fetch Lyanna Stark and see her condition.”

“Right away.” Replied Oswell as they dismounted their horses.

“No can do Ser.” Said the sergeant. “We have royals commands from the King himself to bring her to him.”

“And I order you to leave her alone.” Rhaegar insisted.

“The King’s order comes before the Prince’s.” Said another Gold Cloak.

“So you are all disregarding my command?” Questioned Rhaegar.

“His Grace gave us the order to arrest Lyanna Stark and we intend to carry it.” Confessed the sergeant of the Gold Cloaks. “He also told us to disregard any orders that weren’t his if we wanted to live. Including My Prince’s.”

“Mine?”

“The King was sure My Prince would come and try to stop us.” Admitted the sergeant. “It seems His Grace wasn’t wrong.”

*There was just no way that Aerys just screwed them like this…it can’t be…he can’t be that smart…*

“There we have no other choice but to fight it out.” Rhaegar sighed. “I’m deeply sorry that you all
“We have to die…”

“Even if we die here.” Began the sergeant. “We are but a token rearguard force, our captain commands another fifty Gold Cloaks up ahead in the Kingsroad,” he explained. “None of us were expecting to find Lyanna Stark here of all places, but we already sent a rider ahead to inform him of both My Prince and Lyanna Stark. We will succeed.”

Shit...

“Arthur!” Rhaegar commanded. “Get ready to fight.”

There was no other choice, so Arthur unsheathed Dawn from its scabbard. His ancestral blade was pale as milkglass, the same color of the bright stars of the night sky. Dawn wasn’t made of Valyrian Steel but was as strong as them.

“We have the numbers!” Shouted one of the Gold Cloaks. “Let’s surround them!”

“AYE!!!”

And just with that Arthur was up against four Gold Cloaks, Rhaegar three and the loyal Gold Cloaks to Rhaegar’s cause each faced two. Oswell did not partake in the fight as he tended Lyanna Stark.

Arthur had no difficulty on cutting one Gold Cloak who rushed without thinking, then two other rushed in, in hopes to slice him twice, but Arthur knew better and simply took the impact of the swords to kick one and slash the other.

Then he pierced the one he threw to the floor, killing him. The last guy tried to slash him from behind, but Arthur had been training such situations since he first yielded a sword. Arthur simply dodged to the opposite to the left, turned around and slashed the Gold Cloak diagonally.

After finishing his opponents, Arthur glanced his companions…the four good men were dead as was one of the opposing Gold Cloaks. Rhaegar had killed one and held two in control.

The three free Gold Cloaks tried to engage Rhaegar, but Arthur wasn’t allowing that to happen, so he rushed in as well.

With one big slash from Dawn, he tore one of them in half, another one made his own attempt at a slash, but Arthur managed to turn around in time and block the blow. Taking the strength from the slice, Arthur found an opening in the opponent’s chest and cut it.

The last one was giving him more difficulty simply because he knew how to dodge quite well and so Arthur’s many attacks failed to it. That was the problem with such a large sword as Dawn.

Arthur did not give up, he was a Knight of the Kingsguard and the Sword in the Morning and, surrender was not in his vocabulary.

He picked up his pace, getting faster and hitting more times. Playing around the Gold Cloak, Arthur managed to find the perfect change of a strike when he found an opening in the left side of the Gold Cloak’s armor and so he was able to pierce and kill the stubborn Gold Cloak.

Meanwhile, Rhaegar managed to get rid of the last two Gold Cloaks, but with struggle.

“Seven Hells…” Muttered Rhaegar, worn out. “It has been far too long since I fought with such intensity…”
“You don’t practice enough.” Arthur scoffed. “It isn’t a wonder that you are pretty rusty.”

“Not everyone has the skill to kill five Gold Cloaks.” Rhaegar retorted.

“They were actually seven.” Arthur corrected.

“Seven…” Rhaegar shook his head. “Are you a human Arthur?”

“I do believe I am.” Arthur replied, seeing himself pretty alive.

“Guys…” Called Oswell. “Lyanna Stark is injured.”

“Is it bad?” Questioned Arthur with a worried look.

“It doesn’t seem too bad,” Oswell assured them. “But she might wake up with a lot of pain if she fell from her horse and it might last for quite some time…”

They approached the horse, it had arrows struck on it’s back, but the worse thing was that its leg was broken…

“Poor horse…” Murmured Arthur at the struggling horse. “It won’t last long…”

“Better put him out of his misery.” Suggested Oswell.

“Shall I do it?” Inquired Rhaegar.

Arthur glanced the poor horse once again…having a broken leg meant he couldn’t stay up and feed itself and the pain would probably hurt too much… “Do what you must…”

And Rhaegar ended the horse’s suffering. “Rest in peace.” They said in chorus.

“So what are we to do now?” Asked Oswell. “We are just three and with an unconscious woman to protect…we can’t seriously face fifty Gold Cloaks…”

“I could at the very best take ten and that’s too much already.” Arthur agreed as he noticed a huge cloud of dust appear in the distance, only horses could make such a cloud…it could be them… “Is it them?”

“Shit…” Muttered Oswell worried.

“We have no choice, we must retreat…” Hissed Rhaegar. “Gods be damned…”

“To where?” Asked Oswell.

“Should we try Riverrun?” Proposed Arthur. “Brandon Stark is marrying there very soon.”

“He might not be there yet…” Oswell added.

“I say we go south towards the Kingswood to fool them.” Suggested Rhaegar. “We can stop by Summerhall or Griffin’s Roost to contact Jon and tell him to send a messenger to Riverrun or Winterfell to inform Lord Stark that her daughter is safe, right now we must attract the Gold Cloaks from the Riverlands to ensure that no more new problems arise.”

“Why south?” Arthur asked, still wondering what the heck was Rhaegar’s plan. “Why not go to the Eyrie? Eddard Stark and Ashara are there.”
“Too risky with the Mountain Clans roaming there.” Explained Oswell. “Just too many things to account for.”

“I know the area around Summerhall as the back of my hand,” Rhaegar assured. “And the Kingswood is excellent to lose them, that’s why I suggested it.”

“I say we go south.” Oswell decided. “They won’t be expecting us to go that way anyway.”

Somehow Arthur had a bad feeling about it, but there was no other viable option…he preferred Riverrun or the Eyrie over Summerhall, but...

“Alright,” Arthur concluded. “Let’s get the Seven Hells away from here.”

“We must ride as fast as we can,” Rhaegar commanded as he jumped to his horse. “We need to lose them as quickly as possible.”

Brandon Stark

Somewhere along the River Road, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brandon, Ethan, Kyle, and Jeffory were riding hard on their way to meet his father by the Kingsroad after a raven from Moat Cailin arrived.

Despite being too pissed towards his father still, the talk with Lya made him understood how much he loved his family, including his father. He decided that rather than being pissed, the best course of action was to have a talk with father and ask him to explain things.

So that was why he decided to go meet him, to at least convince his father that a conversation was needed. He owned that much to his children.

He and his pals noticed a huge commotion by the Crossroad Inn.

“What is happening there?” Questioned an intrigued Kyle.

“You can tell me.” Answered Brandon. “I think we should go see, maybe we can help them somehow. They have been always nice towards us.”

“Aye.” They all agreed and so he and Jeffory left their horses in Ethan and Kyle’s care and walked towards the big crowd.

There they saw a huge pile of dead Gold Cloaks from King’s Landing which Brandon found odd. 
*What in Seven Hells are they doing so far from the capital?*

“What happened here?” Inquired Jeffory.

“Stark…” Stammered a man upon seeing his sigil. “Milord Stark…”

“Aye, that’s my House’s name,” Brandon stated. “What are Gold Cloaks doing here?”

“They ruined my inn, milord.” Said Masha Heddle, the innkeeper who multiple times tried to seduce him. “There was a fight…”

“Who fought them?” Asked Brandon more confused than before.
“Bran…” Called Jeffory’s broken voice. “Over there…there is another pile…”

Brandon turned to the way Jeffory pointed and his mouth opened…they were the Tully and Starks soldiers traveling with Lya…Lya…Lya…sister…

“What the fuck happened here!!” he roared angrily. “Where is my sister?”

“They tried to take her milord…” Stammered Masha.

“Who took her?”

“The Gold Cloaks…” she murmured. “We saw Rhaegar Targaryen and two Kingsguards leave with her unconscious…"

My sister…in a Kingsguard horse…my sister…Lya…no…no!!!

Brandon clenched his fists as he saw everyone get away from him. “AAAAARGH!!!” he shouted make everyone jump in fear. “If that cunt thinks he can take my sister and get away with it is very wrong!!!”

“Brandon…” Jeffory murmured afraid.

Brandon ran as fast he could to Wildbeast and jumped on top of him. It’s time someone stops the inbreed cunts. “Get on the horses!!!” he commanded. “We are getting my sister back no matter what!!!”

Chapter End Notes

Damn, I was beginning to think that I wouldn’t make it…These last-minute corrections just screw everything, but I made nevertheless.

And yes…things are turning south…from now on…but I do have a few interesting twists to come, this is an AU in the end of the day.

Anyway, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Jaime Lannister

Red Keep, King's Landing, Crownlands, 282 AC

“Ser Jaime.” Called Lord Commander Gerold Hightower near the entrance of Jaime’s cell. “Have you seen Ser Arthur or Ser Oswell?”

“No Ser,” Jaime replied. “I haven’t seen any of them since I arrived, three days ago.”

“Gods be damned…” Muttered the Lord Commander. “I have a bad feeling about this…”

“Why Ser?” Jaime inquired confused, did something happen while he was away at Dragonstone?

“There have been some complications lately…” Ser Gerold confessed.

“What sort of complications Ser?” Jaime questioned.

“If my feeling weird is to be believed, we will see it soon.” Replied the old knight, leaving Jaime still confused. “I also believe you have patrol duty to do, Ser Jaime.”

“I do Ser.”

“Go on then, I have interrupted you enough, Ser Jaime.” Said Ser Gerold. “Also, do not forget to practice your sword skills with Ser Barristan or Ser Jonothor.”

“Understood.” Jaime nodded.

Why did they not trust him? What harm did he do? He was a sworn brother of the Kingsguard just as they were and yet they always kept him in the dark. Was it because of who was his father? Was it because he was half a boy yet like Ser Oswell teased? Why?

Jaime spent the entirety of the morning patrolling the castle, there wasn’t a single part of the castle that he had failed to patrol. Whilst he was walking in the courtyard for the seventh time, when he watched a huge black charger entering the courtyard at full speed, going towards Maegor’s holdfast with the many Gold Cloaks running after him.

What in the name of the Seven is this?

“RHAEGAR TARGARYEN!!!” Roared a man of dark brown hair and bear with a very angry expression. “I KNOW YOU HAVE MY SISTER YOU INBRED SHIT!!!”

Seven take me of this nightmare...Doesn’t this idiot know where the fuck he is to actually be screaming nonsense?

“Brandon!” Called one his companions afraid as they followed him close by, avoiding the Gold Cloaks. “This is madness!”

“MADNESS IS WHAT THE TARGARYENS ARE!!!” Roared this Brandon…Wait…Brandon…does this mean this guy is Brandon Stark? “I CHALLENGE YOU TO FIGHT RHAEGAR
TARGARYEN, I CHALLENGE YOU TO COME OUT AND DIE BY MY SWORD!!!”

The Gold Cloaks began encircling the small retinue of some seven to ten men, but Brandon Stark paid no mind, he unsheathed his sword and point it at the Gold Cloaks. “GET THE FUCK AWAY!!” he roared. “MY DEAL IS WITH RHAEGAR TARGARYEN!!!”

“Ya wish cunt!” Shouted a Gold Cloak who engaged Brandon Stark, but was sliced as if he a loaf of bread, this prompt the other Gold Cloaks to be more focused and to attack with more caution, soon a huge fight erupted between them.

Brandon Stark did have skills with his long sword and combining a huge rage he killed ten Gold Cloaks by himself, while his companions either died or struggled to fend off the others. Jaime watched some twenty Gold Cloaks bite the dust with only three of the others collapsing.

“WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?”

Brandon Stark did have skills with his long sword and combining a huge rage he killed ten Gold Cloaks by himself, while his companions either died or struggled to fend off the others. Jaime watched some twenty Gold Cloaks bite the dust with only three of the others collapsing.

“WHERE IS RHAEGAR TARGARYEN?” Shouted Brandon Stark as he took his longsword of another Gold Cloak he killed. “I WANT MY SISTER BACK!!!”

Aerys began laughing hysterically as if he had expected this outcome. “Do you realize the consequences of this traitorous act, Stark?” Of course he doesn’t, otherwise, he wouldn’t have been stupid enough to do it…

“YOUR SON IS THE ONLY TREASONOUS PERSON HERE!!” Brandon Stark shouted back. “I CHALLENGE HIM TO SINGLE COMBAT!!!”

Aerys continued laughing and the laugh just sent chills down Jaime’s spine. “You shall not have the right to even lay a finger in the dragon, wolf,” Aerys said amused with the sight. “Such pitiful creature has no right to even look at the dragon, Ser Barristan, show what I mean.”

Ser Barristan looked at Aerys aghast and Ser Gerold sighed in defeat pointing his head towards Brandon Stark. Seeing that he had no other choice Ser Barristan unleashed his sword and moved towards Brandon Stark.

Brandon Stark did no falter and embraced himself for the incoming fight…At least he has balls…

Ser Barristan took the offensive and attacked Brandon Stark without allowing anything else but for Brandon to stay on the defensive, still the Northerner blocked every blow.

Ser Barristan had the upper hand in most of the fight, yet Brandon Stark was no a weakling, he managed to find openings in the last Blackfyre slayer multiple times, he just wasn’t fast enough to fully breach and hit Ser Barristan.

“It’s a shame it has to end this way Stark.” Confessed Ser Barristan. “You are a great fighter.”

Ser Barristan’s pity towards killing Brandon Stark who had only praise in the latter’s ability with the sword, just made the Northerner wilder. “FUCK YOU ALL!!!” he roared. “FUCK YOU ALL!! I WILL SAVE MY SISTER!!!”

Brandon’s rage made him overpower Ser Barristan’s block as the more experienced knight was certainly not expecting the sudden increase in raw power so he was slashed in the stomach, the only thing that saved the knight from death was the fact that he jumped backwards and managed to avoid most of the damage.

Brandon Stark wasn’t going to give any chances to Ser Barristan to recover and was about to slice
him open but was jumped by more than ten Gold Cloaks who came from patrol duty and desperately tried to contain the enraged Northerner.

The Northerner kept finding energy from out of nowhere and still resist the huge crowd that tried to subdue him to the point that an extra ten Gold Cloaks jumped as well and even then Jaime watch them move in the ground.

“LOOKS LIKE I CAUGHT MYSELF A WOLF PUP!!!” Shouted the King as he laughed hysterically. Brandon Stark was lost, he was now a prisoner of the Mad King… “Toss them all to the Black Cells.” The King commanded.

“Yes, Your Grace.”

“Ser Barristan clean your wound,” Aerys said. “I have no use for injured guards and you have served me well, it would be a pity to lose your service.

“Yes Your Grace.” Replied the knight.

“The rest of the Kingsguard, on me.”

Jaime followed the King to the Throne Room and could not help but notice him laughing frantically like the mad man he was at every step he took.

What was going to happen to Brandon Stark now? Jaime could but wonder and every thought he had simply was too much for him…

“Grandmaester!” Shouted Aerys as he began climbing the Iron Throne. “I want ravens to be sent to these traitors’ families today, calling them to witness their children’s trials.”

“At once, Your Grace.” Replied the Grandmaester, shaken of course.

“And when you are done, call for Prince Lewyn to return from Dragonstone.” Commanded the King. “His stupid useless niece is well guarded with the garrison of Dragonstone.”

“But Your Grace!” Interjected Lord Staunton. “The Princesses and the Prince are part of the royal family too!”

“Fine, call them all here too.” Aerys scoffed. “But let everyone know that the dragon is above everything else and is not to be messed with.”

Seven Hells what is to become of us now…Cersei…Tyrion…mother…father…we are doomed...

Brynden Tully

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brynden was inspecting the castle’s defenses as he liked to do, even if he always got disappointed with what he saw…His older brother was not having the defenses in proper shape, refusing to take in consideration Brynden’s suggestions…

It could be because of the upcoming marriage of his favorite daughter, a marriage that demanded a huge expense on House Tully’s part or it could be because Hoster thought them safe just by having the sluice gates…Yeah right…
Brynden noticed a large party appeared in his line of view to the east and decided to go see who it was. *Never hurts to be careful.*

Already in the outer side of the lifting bridge, he saw the grey direwolf of House Stark. As they got closer he recognized the man leading the retinue as being Lord Rickard Stark, most likely arriving to finish the final preparations for his son and sweet Cat’s marriage.

“Ser Brynden, so good to see you.” Said the Northerner in what seemed like a face of panic. “Is my son here?”

“My Lord son said he wished to meet My Lord in the Kingsroad.” Brynden explained. “Have you not met him?”

“I did not indeed and worse still, they say my daughter was taken by Prince Rhaegar Targaryen in the Inn of the Crossroads…” Replied the Northern Lord while he clenched his teeth in a worried expression. “They said that my son was amongst the first to learn of it and that he swore to save her…”

“Seven Hells…” Brynden muttered, this was…trouble in the making…for certainly… “Brandon Stark did not come back here…”

“Then he went to King’s Landing…” Lord Rickard murmured while leading his hands to his defeated face. “Gods damn the wolf blood!”

“My Lord going to King’s Landing…would be suicide…” Brynden stated by deep down he knew the Northern Lord was conscious of this. “What can we do now?”

“Now I ask to use the rookery and warn my other sons to not do what my eldest just did.” The Lord said as he unhorsed. “Then I must wait…as much as I want to recover my daughter, I first need to know what my son did.”

“I go talk with my brother right away My Lord,” Brynden assured the broken lord. “We will get them back.”

“I would hope so Ser Brynden.” The Lord replied. “But I’m afraid I might lose them just as likely…”

Old Maester Kym sent ravens to Winterfell and the Gates of the Moon before long and Hoster gave his condolences to Lord Stark and assuring House Tully’s full support on in those dark times…

His niece Catelyn was heartbroken…and it was up to him to comfort her.

“I don’t understand uncle,” she said. “Why did he have to go with so such haste? Why did he not wait for our marriage to be consummated?”

*Wolf blood was what Lord Stark said…I call it being too cocky to think it properly... “I have no idea Cat.”* Brynden tried to soothe her. “But he will come back.”

“And if he doesn’t?” she questioned crying.

“I believe it’s better for you to think positively, child,” he told her. “This should be fixed soon.”

“Brynden.” Called his brother. “We need you here.”

“What is the matter?” Asked Brynden as he entered the Great Hall, Lord Stark was already there
with his hands covering his face, murmuring sounds that Brynden could not identify.

“A letter from Lord Mallister just arrived.” Hoster plainly said. “Read it and you should be clarified.

Brynden picked said letter from his brother’s hand, it was made of two parchments, so he picked the smaller one first.

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Lord Tully,

It’s in my knowledge that Lord Rickard Stark should be at Riverrun by now and if not, I already sent another letter like this one to Winterfell as well, just to be sure.

I have recently received a letter with House Targaryen’s seal on it whose content is an atrocity to me and to Lord Stark that I had my Maester copy and send it as fast as possible.

Brynden picked the other parchment, worried at its content…This will not be good…

---

I King Aerys, the Second of My Name, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, Protector of the Realm,


Their fathers shall come before my presence for their trials or be branded as traitors as well.

Brynden finished reading and looked towards Lord Stark who was sighing. “My Lord?”

“I’m leaving for King’s Landing.” Said the Northerner.

“What about the marriage?” Asked Hoster concerned.

“I have no time for marriages now Hoster!” Lord Rickard replied angrily and Brynden smirked. “I have to save my son!”

“But…”

“You and Jon know what to do if anything happens to me.” Said Rickard has got up and left the room, but Hoster was not happy with this, not happy at all.

“Seven Hells!” Hoster barked. “He is going on a stupid suicide mission as well, can’t the Starks be
“What did Lord Stark meant by you and Jon know what to do?” Brynden asked his brother, confused with the last line. “By Jon does he mean Lord Arryn?”

“They look down on House Tully, brother,” Hoster said bitterly. “But they will come crawling to us when they see I was right all along, but then I will be the one deciding.”

“Deciding what?” Brynden questioned. “Have you finally lost your wits?”

“Oh brother of mine, I have definitely not lost my wits,” Hoster replied as he made his way out of the Great Hall. “They did.”

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Ashara Dayne

Gates of the Moon, Vale, Year 282 AC

Ashara was glancing Giant’s Lance from the balcony of her room in the Gates of the Moon, she could barely see the Eyrie up there, as the mountain was gigantic. In fact, Ashara had never seen something as large as the Giant’s Lance and she had seen the Hightower and Casterly Rock.

“What are you watching?”

She smiled as she felt her Ned hug her from behind, they had been talking for quite some time that afternoon and then they fell asleep in the chairs. She had been the first one to wake up and so she decided to take the opportunity to watch the marvelous view towards the mountains peaks.

“The Giant’s Lance and the Eyrie,” she replied. “I never saw anything as big as these mountains.”

“No matter how many times I see it, it never gets old.” Ned replied to her.

“Is it scary to scale it?” she wondered, it must really be, the size was unbelievable.

“Very scary,” Ned assured. “Not even Jon is used to scale it, I don’t believe ever did actually.”

“It’s a shame we can’t scale it…” she remarked sadly. “I would love to see the view from up there.”

“It’s pretty a good view,” Ned assured her. “You can see the Riverlands from up there or so I was led to believe.”

“You are being mean now!” she hissed. “I want to see it too!”

“Maybe we can visit it after getting married?” Ned suggested. “When Spring comes of course.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” she admitted. “Maybe we can see Dragonstone from up there?”

“Maybe…”

“Maybe I can wave to Elia…”

“That would probably be too much…” he told her.

“Perhaps…” she agreed. “We are to leave for Riverrun in two days right?”
“Yes.” Ned nodded and kissed her in the cheek.

“Okay.”

“Listen…Ashara…” Ned murmured in her ear.

“Yes?”

“Thank you for being honest about Harrenhal with me…” he avowed. “It means a lot.”

Ned questioned her about Harrenhal and Rhaegar’s plans two days after arriving at the Gates of the Moon. She told him everything she knew, she had too if she was to succeed into bringing the entire Stark-Tully-Arryn alliance to Rhaegar’s side.

Thankfully Ned understood her and Rhaegar’s faction and brought her to talk with Lord Jon Arryn himself in that day.

She was surprised at how very kind the Old Lord father was towards her, she liked him and could definitely see some of Ned’s traits in him. Lord Arryn had a deep but calming voice that seemed to scream wisdom somehow, at least in her eyes. She also liked the fact that he looked towards Ned, Robert, and Elbert as if they were his own sons, the man loved them more than her own father ever loved his sons and she wasn’t even talking about her…

Ashara learned from Lord Arryn that neither he nor Ned’s father wanted to place forward Robert’s claim, it had only been Lord Tully who was power hungry and thought Rhaegar was mad…if Rhaegar was indeed mad, she never saw it…

But this also meant they made a huge mistake, luckily enough it seemed like her marriage could fix everything. They also invited her to a reunion that would happen at Riverrun that could potentially be the end of Aerys’ reign and so she was looking forward to that, to save the realm from tyranny.

“I found it better to explain things rather than have another conflict between us…I did not like our previous one…” she confessed. “And I also must thank you and Lord Arryn for agreeing to support us.”

“For the realm’s future.” Ned stated with a smile.

“For the realm’s future.” she agreed.

They stood their embraced glancing the snowy mountains peaks, and she began wondering if she and Ned weren’t creating a world of their own where nothing bad happened…she liked that feeling…

“It’s a shame we have to wait for our marriage…” she began. “I miss those nights…”

He smiled as she spoke the line. “I do too, Shining Star.” he planted a kiss on her lips. “But I intend to keep my resolve.”

She made a facial expression like those Rhaenys did when she wanted to be a stubborn naughty child and watched him laugh.

“I promise I will compensate you when we are married.” he assured.

“You better do that, love,” she assured. “Because I want my payment with interests.”

“You cut me no slack.”
“I thought you already knew that…” she teased.

“You are ruthless…”

“Still not new, love…”

“Umm…” he seemed to be trying to think of something to say that he never said before and she smiled. “You are a good singer?” he finally said.

“Am I?” she asked giggling. “Oh Ned my sweet Quiet Wolf…” she said before kissing him again. “You don’t have to praise so much.”

“I love you.”

“Me too sweetheart,” she assured him while patting his cheek. “Shall we go piss your friends?”

“Have some pity on them,” he begged with a smile. “You destroy their pride.”

“Me?” she asked while faking a surprised expression. “I don’t know what you are talking about…”

“Of course you don’t…” he murmured.

“See?” she insisted. “You like me putting those two in their places as well.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about…”

“You know nothing Ned Stark.”

“I know…that I’m hungry…” he replied to her and she clapped his head.

“You must eat properly!” she scolded him. “I want my future husband healthy!”

“I’m sorry…”

“Come on then, we must feed you,” she commanded. *He won’t be skinny on my watch.* “I must keep you properly fed…so I can eat you later…”

“That sounds…odd…” he told her.

“Yes…” she agreed. “It probably does…”

They left her room laughing…

Some hours later, dinner time came and she enjoyed a meal with her betrothed, Lord Arryn, Robert Baratheon and Elbert Arryn, the latter two throwing futile attempts to gain an upper hand against her in a talk, but they hardly knew who they were messing with…

The Maester came in a letter in his hand. “Lord Eddard,” he called. “This letter just arrived for My Lord, coming from Riverrun, it has your house’s sigil.”

“At this hour?” Barked Robert.

“Yes My Lord.”

“Please do give it to me Maester Coleman,” Ned begged. “It might be something important.”

“Here My Lord.” The Maester gave him the letter and Ned begin reading it, she noticed his
expression turn from his normally neutral face to a completely aghast one.

“Ned?” Inquired Lord Arryn, it seemed it wasn’t just her who knew something was amiss with her love.

“Is it something bad Ned?” Asked a worried Robert. “Come on tell us!”

“Lyanna…” he began. “She was kidnapped by…Rhaegar Targaryen…”

No…Rhaegar would not do that…


“Robert!” Shouted Lord Arryn. “Calm yourself!”

“Ned’s sister was kidnapped!” he hissed. “My betrothed was kidnapped!”

“Calm down now!” Commanded Lord Arryn with a strong voice.

“Fine…” Robert scoffed. “Fucking Targaryens…”

“Are you certain Ned?” she questioned while placing her hand on his.

“It’s…what the letter says…it’s in my father’s writing.” Ned murmured shaken. “It also says that Brandon…most likely went to the capital to demand an explanation…”

“Oh Gods!” she screamed. “If he does that…he will burn him…”

“Surely Aerys would act carefully towards a Great Lord’s son…” Elbert dismissed.

“Aerys gets aroused when he sees people burning,” she explained while remembering the many people she so burning and the throw ups she had afterward. “I have seen him burn people for less than just demanding explanations and I do think I know Brandon enough to know he won’t simply ask nicely.”

“I say we fuck these Targaryen cunts!” Robert roared. “They have harmed House Stark and House Baratheon far too much!”

“And what do you wish to do Robert?” Questioned Lord Arryn. “Go to the capital and get imprisoned as well?”

“Go to the capital yes!” Robert stated. “But with the Stormlanders in my back!”

“We can’t just throw people’s lives like that.” It was Ned who spoke. “I’m sure my father will sort this out.”

“And if Aerys kills your father and brother?” Questioned Robert angrily.

“Then I will call my banners!” Ned shouted. “But right now I will not cause more problems, my father wrote as much and I will obey him.”

“This isn’t ending like this!” Roared Robert as he got up from his seat and exited the Great Hall.

“Ned…” she murmured worriedly.

He turned to her and gave her a shaken smile. “I’m fine Ashara, don’t worry.”
You are not fine, and neither will your father and brother... Why did Rhaegar kidnap Lyanna Stark? Why Rhaegar? Why do you keep wasting everyone’s effort to put you in the throne?

Chapter End Notes

Yes, things are not looking good for the realm right now... nor for the Starks...

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna Stark

Summerhall, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

Lyanna woke up in a place she didn’t know and to make matters worse, she was still a lot of pain in her back, not to mention heavy headaches and blurry vision…

A better glance in the weird room, she could they were white and with very few furniture…there was a weird scent in the air…it smelled of new and of ash…

There was, however, a very short old woman seated next to her, Lyanna saw that said woman had red eyes…not a good sign for certain…

“Where am I?” Asked Lyanna, confused and scared as the last thing she remembered was the confrontation with the Gold Cloaks and her fall from Winterstorm.

“You are safe now, little child of ice.” Said the old dwarf woman with a smile as she jumped from the chair she was seated into the floor.

“Who are you?” Inquired Lyanna.

“A woman who bears you no harm, child of ice.”

“My name is not child of ice.” Lyanna protested. “It’s Lyanna.”

“It is true that you were named Lyanna.” Admitted the old woman. “Yet in all matters, you are still a child of ice just like your brothers.”

“How do you know about my brothers?” Lyanna inquired, she didn’t like this woman one bit…

“Oh, I have known for some time child of ice.” Answered the old woman with a smile. “About you, the wolf who wanted to be a weirwood tree, about the wolf who howls at the brightest star in the sky and yet the fishes want to eat, the wolf who will see death and yet he will not die and the wolf who was harmed by a dragon and will save another.”

“What?”

“You need not to worry now, child of ice.” Said the woman smiling. “The fire closer to you hasn’t yet grown too big.”

“I don’t understand what you mean…” Lyanna insisted as the pain in her back began becoming unbearable.

“You should drink this child.” Said the old dwarf woman as she lent Lyanna a cup with some weird liquid. “It’s Milk of the Poppy for the pain you are feeling.”

“How…how do I know it’s not some poison?” Asked concerned, she didn’t know this old dwarf woman at all to accept strange liquids from her.
“Oh child, why would I bother to treat you if I were to kill you?” Questioned the old lady while shaking her head in disapproval. “I could have killed you in your sleep with more than thirty frog poisons and seventeen bee stings, I mean you no harm truly.”

“Can I really trust you?”

“Yes, child.”

Lyanna was in so much pain that she drank the Milk of the Poppy, after a minute or so she began to feel sleepy…

“Sleep with sweet dreams child of ice.” Soothed the old woman. “Because the world will never be the same again.”

Lyanna wanted to protest or rather inquire what the dwarf meant, yet she needed…to sleep…and so she slept.

Aerys Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Aerys was in the Seven Heavens! I’m a bloody genius!

Everything had worked better than he could ever anticipate! Not only was he slowing getting rid of those Northern traitors that had been conspiring against him as they were pursuing advantageous marriages with other Great Lords but he also managed to have them blame his stupid traitorous son. To be honest, Aerys had didn’t solid proof that Lyanna Stark was the damn traitorous Knight of the Laughing Tree, even if everything seemed to point towards her, honestly, he could not think on anyone else.

Adding that his stupid son crowned her for some unknown reason to Aerys’ mind, allowed Aerys to by threatening her, forcing his son to save her and as a consequence, go against his orders, giving Aerys enough reasons to disinherit that traitorous cunt that came from his cock and yet he knew not how.

They were all a bunch traitorous cunts plotting to remove him from the throne…Rhaegar, Tywin, the Whents, Daynes, Martells, Baratheons, Arryns, Tullys, Starks, Conningtons and many more, but his reign will not tolerate any sort of treason, they have woken the dragon.

Aerys knew that the Starks were honorable so at least Lord Stark would show up, he wondered how he would kill them…burn them? Hang them? Dismember them? Oh, so many wonderful possibilities…it had to be something to show what happens when you defy the dragon…

“Your Grace.” Called Owen Merryweather the dimwitted cunt he chose for Hand as soon as Tywin left. “Perhaps My King should show clemency towards the Starks…”

“Clemency?” he asked while looking at the dumb shithead. “The fuck are you talking about? The Starks are traitors and they shall suffer the consequences of it.”

“But Your Grace.” Qarlton Chelsted interrupted. “If we can avoid a war…”

“If I need a war to get rid of traitors then so be it!” he told them angrily. “House Targaryen does
not fear weaklings.”

“Your Grace.” This time it was Lucerys Velaryon joining in. “Maybe we should try to formulate a better plan so we can catch all of them at the same time…”

“GODS WHAT HAVE I DONE TO HAVE SUCH DIM WITTED CUNTS AS MY COUNSELORS???” he roared. “I HAVE HALF A MINE TO BURN YOU ALL NOW!!!”

None dared to say anything else afterward, they were too scared as they should rightfully be, fearing the dragon, for the dragon, is no mere creature, the dragon is the one true creature.

“Varys,” he called the eunuch, the only one decent at his job, despite his failure to find the identity of the Knight. “Where are my useless son and the Northern whore?”

“My little birds are looking for them, Your Grace.” Replied the eunuch. “But I have yet to find a proper lead on them.”

“Then work harder because that is why I’m paying you!” he shouted. “And don’t become useless to me Varys, I will not have a useless Master of Whisperers!”

“Certainly Your Grace.” The eunuch bowed in respect, he knew his place. “I work as hard as I can to provide My King with information.”

“Good.” Said Aerys. “Now tell me what is Tywin doing?” Aerys asked as he needed to know what the man was doing.

“Nothing out of the ordinary Your Grace,” Varys replied. “The farthest Lord Tywin got since he abandoned his position was a visit to Lannisport.”

“Good, keep an eye on him at all costs.” Aerys needed to know his main enemy’s moves, he had his son but who knows what the stupid Lion would do.

“Certainly Your Grace.”

“Your Grace.” Called Manly Stokeworth, the Commander of the Gold Cloaks. “A retinue with Stark banners has entered the city. “What are His Grace’s orders?”

*Perfect, everything is going according to my marvelous plan…*

“Call Rossart and his men.” Commanded Aerys, already deciding the destiny of Lord Stark…that was if he played his game... “And reinforce the castle walls so they don’t try anything against us.”

“Yes Your Grace.” Bowed the Commander. “With your permission.”

“Permission granted.”

Around half a quarter of an hour later, Stark finally entered the throne room…

“Your Grace.” he knelt before him, *Good Boy…*

“Lord Stark.” he began. “Do you realize why you were called?”

“Yes.” Replied the Stark man. “I beg forgiveness for my son’s erratic behavior and I beg for My King’s clemency.”

“He wished for my son’s death, Lord Stark,” Aerys stated. “He accused him of kidnapping your
daughter, what do you say about that?”

“Your Grace?”

“About my son kidnapping your daughter?” he inquired amused. “As yours said.”

“I have no evidence to claim anything, Your Grace.” Replied the Northern Lord, very well...

“Well, for as much as I would love to have clemency for your erratic son…” he said with a joking tone. “It can’t happen.”

“Your Grace please.”

“No way.”

“Then let me take his place.” Begged the man. “Let me be a prisoner in my son’s stead, Your Grace.”

“Such a good father you are Lord Stark,” Aerys remarked smirking. “But that’s not going to happen.”

“Your Grace…” The Starkling was now desperate. “Please have mercy…”

“No.” Aerys concluded with a serious tone to make his point clear.

“Then I guess I have no other option but to demand a trial by combat.” Said the Stark. “I shall fight whatever champion My King sends and prove my son’s innocence.” Perfect! He has bitten the bait...

“You believe you can beat my champion?” Aerys inquired amused.

“Yes.” Replied the Stark Lord, confidently. You know nothing, Stark...

“Very well, I shall grant you a trial by combat,” Aerys said while turning to his men. “Bring me Brandon Stark so he can witness his own trial.”

“Yes Your Grace.” Nodded the Gold Cloaks in approval to his royal command.

This trial will change Westeros forever…I shall teach what happens to traitors on my watch.

Brandon Stark

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

It was dark…

So bloody dark that Brandon was unable to see anything at all, he knew he was in the black cells of the Red Keep though, after failing to get justice, he failed to save his sister…Lya...

“What do you guys think they will do to us?” Asked Ethan worried. Brandon could not see his face but knew he was afraid.

“Kill us.” Said Jeffory plainly. “There is no way we are getting out of this alive...”

Brandon felt like shit as he had condemned his friends to an early grave…he was so obsessed with
saving Lya that he failed to consider the implications of his resolve…

Saving his sister doomed his friends… *What a good friend I am…*

“I’m sorry guys…” he muttered. “I brought you all to this…I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault Bran.” Assured Jeffory. “This is all Rhaegar Targaryen’s fault for kidnapping Lyanna.”

“Aye.” Kyle agreed. “I’m sure our families will save us somehow.”

“I hope so…” Murmured Ethan.

Suddenly, they heard the big entrance door open.

“Someone is coming.” Said Kyle, if Brandon could see his face, he would see fear.

A light appeared in the corner, a torch at a guard’s hand, next to this guard were four more. “Brandon Stark.” Called one of them when they stood in front of the cell.

“What do you want?” Brandon replied.

“Ya are to witness your trial.” Said another guard.

“To have me killed you mean?” he asked bitterly.

“If ya did not wish to be killed, then ya should have stayed at ya home, fool.” Said the one with the torch in his hand. “Ya Highborns are dumb as fuck and still think we the dumb ones.”

“Hey watch ya mouth or ya goin to end like these.” Barked another one.

“Yeah, ya right…” The bold guard with the torch agreed. “Come on, we can’t make His Grace pissed.”

As he stepped outside, he held a temporary relief by seeing the sun and the sky. His eyes did, however, struggle with so much light after having spent close to ten days in the black cells.

As he walked towards the Throne Room he noticed the servants, nobles, all of which glancing at him with various expressions, some worried, others mocking him, others angry and others with expressions that called him a fool. He deserved all of it…he was a fool…

Upon entering the Throne Room he noticed a large number of people inside, this was his trial so he should not be so surprised anyway…

Amongst the crowd, he saw many Gold Cloaks and many Northmen, did his father come for him?

Near the Iron Throne, he confirmed his suspicions, his father did come for him… “Father!” he shouted, happy to see his father there.

“Brandon!” Replied his father, fully armored with his steel armored adorned with golden spurs, the armor he and Ned always wanted to wear when they were nothing but small children…how much time had passed since those days… “I’m going to get you out of this son.”

“How?”

“A TRIAL BY COMBAT!!!” Roared the Mad King amused. “YOUR LORD FATHER
“DEMANDED A TRIAL BY COMBAT!!!”

“Father…”

“Don’t worry Brandon,” his father assured him with his shy smile. “I’m getting old but I’m still a capable fighter.”

“What if you have to fight a Kingsguard?” Brandon asked he remembered his fight with Ser Barristan, he was both leagues above any men Brandon had fought before.

“Why do you have so little faith in me?” Asked his father whilst the smile refused to leave his face. “I’m not that bad.”

“ENOUGH!!” Shouted the King. “IT IS TIME FOR ME TO NAME MY CHAMPION…AND I NAME…WILDFIRE!!” What?

Without any warning, the Gold Cloaks attacked the Northern soldiers that his father had brought with him. By being surprised, few of them managed to counter the initial attack and in the end, they all died…No…This can’t be true…

“You can’t be serious!” Barked his father aghast with what he was seeing.

“You thought I would have a Kingsguard fight you?” Aerys asked as if it was the most common thing he could ask. “House Targaryen’s words are Fire and Blood, and that’s what I’m having of you traitor!”

“YOU ARE GOING TO REGRET THIS!!!” Roared his father angrily.

“And who is making me pay, you?” Aerys laughed hysterically. “TIE HIM UP TO THE CEILING!!!”

The Gold Cloaks rushed his father as he took out his sword and managed to kill half a dozen of them but he was but a man fighting more than fifty Gold Cloaks at the same time, he was captured in less than a minute, struggling just as Brandon was, but both failing.

His father was then tied with multiple ropes around his body, so he could not move or defend himself and then they lifted him to be tied to another rope in the ceiling. Seven Hells…

Beneath his father, they placed a huge pile of wood and two men in robes entered the throne room with a small jar in one’s hands and their faces failing to hide smirks.

“Tied the pup to the device.” Commanded the Mad Cunt.

The Gold Cloaks brought him towards a weird structure of steel which had a big collar tied to a weird rope, they promptly tied the noose on his neck, it was a strangler device…

“The Tyrosh are very ruthless towards their prisoners…” Explained the Mad monster. “I was fascinated by the tales of what they did to their prisoners that I said, I needed one of those torture devices myself!”

“It’s tied, Your Grace.” Warned a Gold Cloak.

“Excellent.” said the cunt, as another Gold Cloak brought him Brandon’s sword. “Here is your sword, if you manage to grab it, you can save your father, but if you fail…well, he will die.”

“You MONSTER!!!” Brandon shouted desperately.
“Dragons live to torment little the sheep such as yourself,” The Mad King laughed. “LIGHT THE FIRE!!!”

And without losing any time, the men in robes ignited the wildfire below his father…

Brandon could not watch such atrocity, he had to save his father…he had to…he desperately tried to grab his sword from the floor, yet it was just out of his reach and yet so close too…

The strangler began getting tighter around his neck, the pain increased and it got harder to breathe, but he knew he was almost there…just a little bit more…I will save you, father…I will not fail…

“BRANDON!!!” It was his father who shouted, as it was beginning to smell like roasted meat. “STOP BEING DUMB, YOU WILL NOT GRAB THAT SWORD AND I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!!!” he continued. “YOU MUST LIVE FOR HOUSE STARK, FOR NED, FOR LYA, FOR BEN AND THE NORTH, REMEMBER, WHEN THE SNOW FALLS AND THE WHITE WINDS BLOWS, THE LONE WOLF DIES, BUT THE PACK SURVIVES!!!”

Brandon did not wish to stop, he wanted to at least save his father, but then he remembered his little sister who was still missing, his brothers that he left…his deceased mother who he missed so much…

His father was beyond help and Brandon knew it well, yet honor and duty, and mostly remorse from the whole situation was compelling him to try his hardest…

However…he stop moving, just as his father ordered him to…The device did not get any tighter around his neck, yet it was still very hard to breathe properly.

His father smiled, his face already beginning to melt. “NEVER FORGET BRANDON, WINTER IS COMING AND THE NORTH REMEMBERS, GOODBYE MY BELOVED SON, GOODBYE NED, BEN AND LYA, LIVE LONG MY CHILDREN!!!”

And with that, his father closed his eyes and did not stop smiling…he did not scream anymore…he stayed quiet just as Brandon always remembered him…

Brandon couldn’t even look at his father burning as if he was a pig…his father was the greatest man that ever lived, this was not the way he deserved to return to mother’s embrace…For the second time in his life…Brandon cried, defeated…

I’m…sorry…father…I failed you and I failed our family…

Not even five minutes passed and when he looked again at his father…he had already departed from this world, without screaming in agony, only showing the Mad Beast a smirk, a smirk he never showed during his life. Brandon could not recognize anything else but the smirk…I’m sorry father…I’m sorry…for killing you…I’m…I’m a disgrace…

“What a disappointment…” Barked the Mad Beast. “I wanted to hear him scream, but even at his death, he was a traitor.”

My father was the greatest man who ever lived, you vicious monster…

“Take the corpse away and throw it somewhere.” Commanded the King. “I must pay a visit to my useless wife.”

“Your Grace.” Called a Gold Cloak who was looking at Brandon. “What should we do with him?”

As he heard these words, Aerys looked towards him surprised and yet amused. “He is still alive,
“heh?” Inquired Aerys. “It seems the Starks aren’t as honorable as they say…” Said the Mad Beast who was glancing him amused. “Toss him in the dungeons again, I think I will have fun with him later on, he will wish he died here.”

“Yes Your Grace.” They replied to the commands, but Brandon did nothing, he was broken anyway…

“PYCELLE!!!” Screamed the cunt.

“Your Grace…” Murmured the Maester afraid.

“Send a raven to Jon Arryn demanding the other Stark.” Ned…no…not Ned…

“As My King wishes…”

“Oh, and add my stupid cousin’s head to the demands’ list,” Aerys added. “He is a threat to the throne as has a claim through my aunt Rhaelle.”

“Without a doubt My King…”

“After we finished these two,” Aerys began. “Then we will go to their younger brothers too, we shall wipe those traitorous lines from the face of the earth with a magnificent ceremony!”

“Certainly…”

“Tell Jon Arryn that if he fails to comply, he too shall face the King’s Justice, not that he will avoid it anyway…” Laughed the Mad King hysterically…

Brandon did not hear anything else, he was led to the black cells once more, broken, defeated, and deprived of any will…

When the guards opened the door to his cell, his friends came running to him worried.

“Brandon!” Shouted Jeffory. “Brandon, what happened?”

“Brandon?” Questioned Ethan worriedly.

“Seven Hells, what happened there?” Asked Kyle.

“A carnage…” Murmured him in a whisper since his throat still burned a lot. “My father was killed unfairly…and we will all die soon…”

Jon Arryn

Gates of the Moon, Vale, Year 282 AC

Almost a fortnight had passed since Rickard’s letter and Jon knew that a war was inevitable, one does not simply kidnap a Great Lord’s daughter without consequence even if he is a royal.

He was also worried about his friend Rickard…he knew the reasons Rickard chose to go to the viper’s nest fully knowing he would most likely die…Jon would have done the same had he gotten a son or a daughter in such circumstances.

But he was facing his own problems too, not only did he have to contain Robert but also his
bannermen…

“We must help Lord Stark, Jon!” Begged Lord Yohn Royce, whose heir Kyle had been imprisoned as well as he had been in Brandon Stark’s company. “We have to save our children!”

“I understand Yohn.” Jon tried to soothe the large man. “But we have to see what happens to Lord Stark, so we can see the proper course of action.”

“I say war!” Called Lord Royce. “This is an outrage!”

“For as much as I hate young Kyle being made a prisoner.” Said Lady Anya Waynwood, who was there protesting since one of her many daughters, Enid, was betrothed to Kyle. “Lord Arryn is right, we can’t simply go to war.”

“They have my son, Anya!” Kept protesting Lord Royce. “I can’t let this go unpunished…”

“We wait, Yohn,” Jon concluded. “I’m starting to think a war is inevitable, yet we will need support and right now who do we have?”

“I’m sure House Coldwater, will back us,” Yohn said. “Just as House Redfort and House Hunter, and I hope House Waynwood and Arryn too.”

“House Waynwood will support House Royce and Arryn if it comes to war.” Agreed Lady Anya. “But only if it comes to war.”

“If we have all these Houses it’s a start…” Confessed Jon. “But it’s not certain.”

“My Lord,” Called Maester Colemon. “A…letter from King’s Landing…”

Jon was not too keen on reading the letter considering that the previous one wasn’t too good, to begin with, and not to mention that this one came from King’s Landing with the King’s seal…


“Certainly.”

As the Maester left the room and Lord Royce and Lady Wanywood glanced each other confused, most likely wondering why Lady Dayne was there and why he called for her, he, however, began reading the letter.

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I King Aerys, the Second of My Name, King of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, Protector of the Realm,

Declare that House Stark is a treasonous House, just as House Baratheon for they have been conspiring to overthrow House Targaryen from the throne and have falsely accused Crown Prince Rhaegar of a crime he did not commit.

I also demand that Lord Paramount Jon Arryn of the Vale delivers Eddard Stark and Lord Paramount Robert Baratheon to King’s Landing so they can face the King’s Justice on charges of treason against the realm.

Failing to reply positively to this demand will result in House Arryn being branded as treasonous as well.
Anyone found guilty of treason or helping traitors shall suffer the same fate as the treasonous Rickard Stark did, fighting House Targaryen’s champion, wildfire.

This was an outrage! Wildfire as a champion? House Stark and House Baratheon as treasonous Houses? Gods be damned...Rickard...

Jon ended up showing the letter to Lord Royce and Lady Waynwood, and then to his wards, nephew and Lady Dayne.

Ned was heartbroken and the Dornishwoman tried her best to lift his mood, but even she, the woman he loved was failing to do so...

“THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR!!!” Robert roared. “HOW CAN HE SAY I WAS CONSPIRING AGAINST HIM WHEN MY FAMILY NEVER DID SUCH THING?”

“We were indeed conspiring to set him aside and place Rhaegar on the throne…” Jon explained to his enraged ward. “Me, Lord Stark, Lord Tully, and your late father before he died…”

“What?” Asked Robert and Elbert, before turning to Ned and Lady Dayne who seemed to be on their own world.

“It is what you heard Robert,” Jon insisted. “Aerys is insane as you can see, we tried the diplomatic way but it failed.”

“I can’t…deny that he is mad…as they fucking letter proves,” Robert confessed still amazed. “But now they want Ned’s and mine’s heads and we have done nothing!”

“I know.”

“So what are we to do now?” Robert asked. “Deliver our heads in a plate to him?”

“No,” Jon stated expressionlessly. “Maester Colemon, call the banners, we are going to war.”

Chapter End Notes

So here is probably one of the biggest, if not the biggest twist I had planned for the fic, ever since the first draft I did...I know a lot of people preferred Rickard surviving instead of Brandon and I do feel bad for killing the Old Wolf but yes he died...RIP Rickard...(242-282, 39 Years Old)

The Rebellion has officially begun as well...things will go downhill for the realm despite their best efforts...

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Rhaegar Targaryen

Summerhall, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

Rhaegar’s favorite place was without a doubt Summerhall. He had been born there during the famous Tragedy of Summerhall that killed most of his family and despite it, he liked the peace and quiet he could find there as it allowed him to write his songs and forget his problems.

It had been a side project of his to restore the ruins of the castle ever since he was twelve but only when he was made Prince of Dragonstone with an income of his own, at sixteen that he indeed began restoring it.

Because he wasn’t spending too much money on it, it took close to two years to just rebuild a room, so just a small fraction of the castle was restored.

It was also in Summerhall that he sometimes found the Ghost of High Heart grieving for her Jenny…the long-dead wife of his great uncle Duncan.

The dwarf woman was an intriguing individual as she was capable of predicting the future in the way of riddles. It was one of her predictions that made his grandfather and grandmother force his parents to marry each other as the Prince That Was Promised would be born of their line.

Each Rhaegar composed a song and sang it to her, she would tell him about those dreams she had, dreams that told him about the great danger that was coming…

At first, he thought he was the Prince That Was Promised she predicted but due to her prophecies he knew he was not, he was but a vessel that would bring the three heads of the dragon to the world. Aegon would be the Prince That Was Promised.

It was a good thing that the old dwarf woman was there when they arrived, as she had a vast knowledge in unorthodox medicine that proved crucial to treat Lyanna Stark since Summerhall did not have a Maester after the tragedy.

For that very same reason, Arthur had to ride to Griffin’s Roost to communicate with Jon who was at King’s Landing. Rhaegar was now thinking that perhaps they should have gone to a different place after all…the only good thing was they managed to get rid of the Gold Cloaks that were chasing them…

Hopefully, nothing happened after his father’s orders to imprison Lyanna Stark, but knowing his father it probably was asking too much…

He heard a knock on his room’s door and watched as the Ghost of High Heart entered. “Do you have a new song for me, Prince of Grief?”

“Not yet, My Lady,” Rhaegar replied. “I have been concerned with other matters.”

“As a Prince should,” she replied. “Yet sometimes duty is forgotten.”
“I’m sure it is,” he answered her statement. “How fares Lyanna Stark?”

“She is still in much pain, but she is a fighter.”

Wait did she… “Did you just call her child of ice?”

“I did, she is indeed a child of ice,” The Ghost of High Heart insisted. “As her siblings are.”

If she was a child of ice…and he was the fire…maybe…the song of ice and fire…no…Elia…but she is barren…no…

“If I was to compose a song…could you tell me my future?” he asked.

“Oh Prince of Grief, I can tell you right now,” she said. “You were born in grief, you shall spread grief and die in grief.”

That wasn’t so…pleasant to hear… “Will I die when the great danger arrives?”

“No, you shall be eaten by the fishes long before that time comes,” she explained. “The great danger is what you are worried the most and the small danger you ignore and it shall consume you.”

“What is the small danger?” he asked.

“The falling star has warned you and shall do it again,” she replied. “I have no need to say more.”

Falling star…did she mean Arthur or Lady Ashara?

“Thank you, My Lady.” he nodded. “Hopefully I shall have a new song for you very soon.”

“I will be waiting, Prince of Grief and I shall wait for more than you.”

Elia Martell

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 282 AC

Elia stood in her bed as she watched, worriedly, as Jasline and Nysah were packing her things in order to leave for King’s Landing just as the King ordered of them.

Rhaegar was nowhere to be found still…she wondered if the rumors that had begun to spread were true…about him abducting Lyanna Stark…Brandon Stark certainly seemed to think so since he rushed the Red Keep stupidly…

Her husband wasn’t a bad person if anything he was focused in prophecies perhaps to an extreme level…all those things he said during Aegon’s birth…about the dragon has three heads and the Prince That Was Promised…well she didn’t quite understand them at all…

But he did speak of needing a third child…and Elia…was now barren has the Maester had said…she cried a lot after hearing that as she couldn’t give him the child he wished…maybe…maybe he did kidnap Lyanna Stark to have his Visenya…

If this was the case…then she knew not what to do…Aerys had already burned Lord Stark in an unfair trial while Brandon Stark she knew nothing…she knew Ashara’s love, Eddard would most
likely call the banners because Aerys demanded his head as well…

Elia wondered how her best friend was…the last news she had gotten from Ashara was when she arrived at the Gates of the Moon a while back, she was most likely still there with Eddard…Oh Ash please be safe, my friend…you and your love…

“Shall we take the books as well, Elia?” Asked Nysah while holding some of her private books.

“I would appreciate if I could take some of them with me, but if there is no space, I can do without them,” she replied. “The priority is for the most important things.”

“Okay.” Replied Nysah as she returned to her job.

“I believe we can bring some of them.” Jasline added.

“I believe so too,” Nysah admitted. “Gods…I can’t believe there is going to be war…”

“Nothing is certain.” Jasline countered. “Maybe they…”

“Jas, Aerys killed Lord Stark unfairly, has Brandon Stark made a prisoner and called for Eddard and Robert Baratheon’s heads…” Elia interrupted her friend’s positive thinking. “Lord Arryn will not deliver Ned and Robert Baratheon’s heads for certain, so a war is happening anyway.”

“I know but…”

“I can’t say I blame Eddard Stark and his allies, especially because Ashara is there…” Elia confessed with a sigh. “But I’m married into House Targaryen and for that reason, Dorne will have to fight them and my loyalty is towards Dorne and my husband’s house.”

“I feel the same way…” Admitted Jasline. “Ashara was so happy with her newfound love…but there is no way Ned is surviving if Aerys does.”

“And perhaps Ashara’s head will be called too…” Suggested Nysah dazed with the thoughts. “Gods…”

“Gods indeed…”

“Momma.” Said Rhaenys as she opened the door to the room. “Whewe we goin?”

Elia tried her best to give her daughter an assuring smile, but the situation was still dire. “We are going to visit your grandparents at King’s Landing, sweetling.”

“Gawnpawents?” Asked her daughter confused.

“Yes, darling, they want to see how big you got.”

“I’m big!” Rhaenys commented happily. “I’m Balelion!”

“Oh yes, you are sweetling.” Elia cooed. “They are going to be surprised to see such a big girl!”

“Yes!” Her daughter laughed. “Big Rhaenys!”

“The biggest of them all, little Princess!” Cooed Jasline with a smile, at least her daughter was making them all happier.

“Will Antshara be tewe?”
Antshara? Did she mean Ashara? “Ashara?” Elia asked to see if she was right or not.

“Yes.”

“She won’t be darling,” Elia said as she saw her daughter get sad. “But I’m sure she will play with you once she comes back.”

“Wen?”

“Soon, sweetling, soon…” Sometimes it was better to just use those words with young children, they are still innocent and they can be used to soothe, not that Elia liked it at all…

“I believe we have everything, Elia.” Concluded Nysah as she closed yet another bag of things. “I managed to slip some of your books inside.”

“Thank you Nysah, Jasline,” Elia said before turning to her daughter. “Rhaenys dear can you please go fetch your uncle Lewyn, so he can help mother get to the boat?”

“Nuncle Lewn!” The girl screamed as she ran to fetch her uncle.

“Little Rhaenys will be the delight of Westeros in the future…” Jasline commented proudly. “All the boys will chase her…”

“That is if we survive…” Elia murmured.

“You will.” Jasline insisted. “And your daughter, us, Ashara, Ned Stark and every good person.”

“Good people die more often than the bad ones…” Nysah muttered.

“Nysah!” Jasline barked indignantly. “I’m trying to lift the mood here and you are sabotaging my effort!”

“Sorry…” Nysah murmured. “I just…”

“There is no problem Nysah, we have to be realistic sometimes,” Elia assured. “Can you girls help me get up?”

“Of course.” Both of them got to each side and picked her arms up so she could get up. It pained her dearly to not be able to move properly yet, but that was how she was now and she could not do anything about it.

“Please give me my Aegon,” she begged and Jasline promptly picked her baby from his crib, delivering it to her hands. She held her son who was smiling towards her and she immediately got happier. “You are going to King’s Landing again too, sweetling.”

“Niece.” Said her uncle as he entered her room following Rhaenys who promptly jumped to Elia’s empty bed and began jumping like a naughty child.

“Uncle, its time,” Elia said to her uncle who nodded in approval. She then turned to Rhaenys, ready to spoil her fun. “Come on Rhaenys we have a boat to catch.”

“Oki.”

Her uncle grabbed her arm and began leading her to the docks of Dragonstone, while she held Aegon in her hands. Rhaenys, on the other hand, was all happily jumping while holding Nysah and Jasline’s hands.
Arthur rushed towards Rhaegar’s room, ignoring Oswell who was guarding the room’s door.

“We have a big problem.” Arthur said as he approached Rhaegar’s desk.

“Relax Arthur and explain yourself calmly.” Rhaegar calmly said, but Arthur could not calm himself after what he learned at Griffin’s Roost.

“Your father captured Brandon Stark and killed Lord Rickard Stark.”

“What?” Rhaegar asked open-mouthed. “Why did he do that?”

“Apparently rumors began spreading that you kidnapped Lyanna Stark…” Arthur explained.

“Brandon Stark went to King’s Landing demanding for you to come out and die…”

“Seven Hells…” Rhaegar muttered. “How the…Gods…”

“Your father captured him, called for his father, his father came and received an unfair trial, meaning he was burned with wildfire while Brandon Stark almost strangled himself to death trying to save his father,” He further explained. “Then Aerys demanded Eddard Stark and Robert Baratheon’s heads to Jon Arryn and whisperers of war are coming from the Vale.”

“Fuck!” Rhaegar shouted angrily. “Why can’t he stop screwing us!”

“Jon also said that Aerys is planning to have you disinherited as soon as he gets rid of the Starks and Baratheons,” Arthur added. “Not to mention to have you killed as well.”

“Of course he does!” Rhaegar shouted while rubbing his face with his hands. “He is fucking screwing us!”

“Jon sent a raven to the Gates of the Moon explaining that you did not kidnap Lyanna Stark but instead saved her from Aerys’ clutches.” Said Arthur. “Neither he nor I believe it will have much effect.”

“I think it’s too late for that…” Rhaegar sighed. “But do keep trying.”

“Shouldn’t you show yourself?” Arthur inquired. “Explain your situation?”

“Both of the sides want me killed Arthur…” Rhaegar muttered. “And besides Lyanna Stark is still recovering from her back pain…”

“So you are not making an effort to appease them?” Inquired Arthur surprised with his friend’s lack of commitment.

“They will have me killed!” Rhaegar countered.

“You have to take a side or you are going to lose any credibility!”
"I know but whose side?" Rhaegar asked indignantly. "The one that wants me killed because they think I kidnapped Lyanna, led to Lord Stark’s death and Brandon’s imprisonment or my father’s side who will not hesitate to kill me in the spot he sees me in?"

"Still, we have to do something!" Arthur insisted.

"We wait."

"Wait? For how long?" Arthur almost screamed. "Rhaegar there is going to be a bloody war!"

"I know but there is nothing I can do!"

"I just told you what to do!"

"I can’t do that!"

"Rhaegar!"

"I CAN’T DO THAT!!!" Rhaegar screamed.

"Fucking hell…" Arthur scoffed angrily. "You are dooming us all!"

"I’m sorry, but I can’t do what you suggested." Rhaegar insisted. "Not yet."

Arthur just shook his head in disbelief and left the room, slamming the door in the process. Rhaegar why the fuck can’t you see that I’m right?

"Care to explain what’s happening?" Oswell asked surprised as seen either Rhaegar or he screaming was a rare sight, much less fighting each other.

"I can," he replied sighing. "Just let me catch some air."

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Eddard Stark

Gates of the Moon, Vale, Year 282 AC

The Gates of the Moon had become a complete mess ever since the Mad King called for Ned and Robert’s heads and Jon refused his demand. He called his bannermen for war instead.

The Great Hall was now a war discussion room, there was Jon, Robert, Elbert, him, Lord Benedar Belmore, Lord Jayson Egen, Lady Anya Waynwood, and Lord Horton Redfort all seated around the great table and more lords were certain to come.

"My Lords, My Lady," Jon called all attention. "We are here to begin discussing our war strategy. So far we have received positive replies from House Coldwater, House Belmore, House Egen, House Hunter, House Hardyng, House Waynwood, House Redfort, and House Royce." Explained his foster father.

"And as for negative replies, we have House Donniger, House Templeton, House Snakewood, House Corbray, House Melcolm, House Waxley, House Ruthermont and most importantly, House Grafton."

"Traitorous scum." Barked Lord Belmore. "Can’t they see that Aerys is insane?"
“In their eyes, we are traitorous for breaking our allegiance with the Iron Throne.” Said Jon. “They have every right to remain connected to the Targaryens but now we must take them out.”

“How many men can we expect in our side?” Asked Lady Waynwood.

“Perhaps some twelve to fifteen thousand men.” Replied Jon. “We could raise almost ten thousand more if we didn’t have to worry about Loyalists in the Fingers or a Loyalist invasion from the Riverlands or the southern mountains…”

“And how many from the Loyalists?” Asked Lord Egen.

“House Grafton holds Gulltown, meaning they can raise a large host of perhaps seven thousand men or more. The rest of the Loyalists can come up with I would say five to six thousand…” Jon answered. “That is why I suggest an attack against Gulltown as fast as possible, it’s the main harbor of the Vale and without it we are going to have supply problems sooner rather than later, not to mention that Aerys can send help from there.”

“It sounds like a good target to me.” Commented Lord Redfort. “What about the Loyalists at the Fingers?”

“They are a problem too.” Jon agreed. “I would suggest for House Belmore and Egen to assemble with House Coldwater and keep them in check and stall their advance into meeting with the Loyalists in the south.”

“Keeping them in check should be interesting.” Smiled Lord Belmore. “Count me in on that.”

“Should we warn Lord Royce and the others, uncle?” Asked Elbert.

“Should?” Asked Jon. “We need to warn him and each of our allies for this work, we must assume that all the other Kingdoms that aren’t the North or the Stormlands are joining the Targaryen side.”

“Yes…” Muttered Elbert. “You are right uncle…”

“Lord Stark, Lord Baratheon,” Called Lady Waynwood. “Have you sent ravens to your respective homes?”

“Aye.” Responded Robert. “We wrote for our brothers to call the banners in our steads so we can take charge of them when we arrive.”

“Then the more important it becomes to take Gulltown…” Concluded Lady Waynwood. “The faster we get it, the fast you both can go home and begin leading your armies.”

“Correct Anya.” Added Jon. “It’s in the uttermost importance for us to take it.”

“Then I say we get on with this!” Robert shouted. “Let’s kick these Targaryen cunts’ arses!”

“You must keep your head cool, Robert, war is not a game,” Jon warned.

“I know…”

“Anyhow, is anyone here against our plan?” Questioned Jon. “Now is the time to speak against.”

No one seemed to oppose since no one spoke against it…

“Good, then we must warn our allies of our intentions,” Jon concluded. “And keep on watching the south’s developments, the council dismissed.”
The lords began leaving the room most likely to reunite with their retinues, but he, Robert, Elbert, and Jon remained still.

“Do you think we stand a chance of winning uncle?” Asked a concerned Elbert.

“We have to give it a try…” Jon blurted out. “Still…the Targaryens haven’t lost a war ever since the Conquest…it’s us against almost three hundred years of Targaryen rule…”

“All the better!” Said Robert. “When we win, they will know that they are not gods as they bloody think they are!”

“Jon…” Called Ned, ignoring Robert’s outburst.

“Yes Ned?”

“I…want to go North through the Fingers…” Ned confessed. “The trip from the Fingers to the North is smaller than if I go by Gulltown.”

“Ned!” Barked Robert. “You do know the winds of the Bite are very strong, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Ned replied. “I’m counting on them to decrease the traveling time.”

“If it is your decision Ned,” Said Jon, still apprehensive. “Then I wish you a safe travel.”

“Thank you, Jon.” Ned bowed to his foster father. “I will arrive safely and then I’m going to rescue my siblings and avenge my father.”

“That’s the spirit, Ned!” Robert said happily as he clapped Ned’s back. “We will all be kicking the dragons’ arses and rescue Lyanna and Brandon from their clutches.”

“Safe travels Ned.” Said Elbert, while giving him a hug. “Don’t die on me…I won’t be able to keep Robert from doing nonsense by myself…”

Ned smiled at Elbert’s jape of course. “Don’t worry, I will be back in no time.”

Jon and Robert hugged him as well and then he left to get his things ready for the hard trip.

After getting everything that he needed to take for his voyage ready, Ned went on to put it in Brooding’s back. He still had to say goodbye to Ashara and apologize for what was about to happen and for having to leave her there.

His surprise was out of this world when he saw her, seating on Brooding’s back while dressed in a grey tunic and dark grey breeches, with the braid she did when she rode.

“Ashara?” he asked. “What are you doing here, on Brooding’s back?”

“You were leaving me here weren’t you?” she asked with that very serious look, that always made him flinch.

“I don’t…have another option…” he apologized. “I’m going to war…”

“I’m going with you.”

“Oh no you are not.” he quickly dismissed her. “Ashara it’s too dangerous…”

“I don’t give a shit if it’s dangerous or not,” she said. “I’m your betrothal and I want to be with
But Ashara think about everything you will lose…you have your family and friends…”

“Sometimes you have to do what you think is right and damn the consequences,” she replied plainly. “I’m not leaving you, you are my family too, even if we aren’t married yet. My friends will understand and so will my family members that do matter to me.”

“But what if you die?” Ned asked her incredulously at her stubbornness. “My conscience will not handle it…”

“And would mine do if you died?” she asked indignantly. “If we die, we die Ned, but first we will live, together.”

“Ashara…”

“I will not take a no as an answer.” she insisted stubbornly. “I’m going with you and that is the end of it.”

“I…”

“I love you Eddard Stark,” she said. “I will love you forever, even if this line is stupid and I can’t believe I just said it.”

He couldn’t tell her to stay behind, she was on Brooding’s back already and she had made her mind. In that regard, she was like Lya…stubborn as a mule… “I…I love you too Ashara Dayne,” Ned replied to her. “If…if you wish to come with me, then come, but don’t die.”

She gave him a smirk right after his line. “Me dying? Who will tease your friends and brother if I die? Who will make Elia jealous? Who will warm your heart? Who will give you the love you need? And who will give you your own children when the time is right?”

“You…”

“Yes me Neddy.” she agreed with that beautiful smile of hers, the smile that always made him happier. “It’s me and you.”

It was a shame that their marriage had to be postponed indefinitely, but…but they would survive, he was now sure of it, they would survive and marry one day. That was a promise he made to the Old Gods right there, he and Ashara Dayne would marry one day.

“Me and you indeed…” he smiled to her as he placed his things in Brooding’s back, next to hers. “Then let’s get moving, the North is waiting for us.”

“Jump on, love,” she said. “Brooding and I are lonely…”

“As My Lady commands of me,” he answered, as he mounted Brooding. “Winter is Coming…”

“And then The Dawn Arises,” she concluded smiling. “It’s funny how our Houses’ words complement each other, don’t you think?”

“Winter is Coming and then The Dawn Arises…” he repeated, liking the sound of it… “They do complement each other…”

“We are destined to be together then,” she said. “For as ridiculous as the sentence sounds, Gods I became such a giggling girl ever since I met you…”
“I like you more when you smile…” he shyly said, making her smile. “And we are destined to be together…” They kissed each other passionately and then began their journey back to the North.

_Bran, Lya…I will save you both, I promise._

Chapter End Notes

First I hoped everyone enjoyed at least a bit the first episode of season 8. I thought it was okay minus some parts where they screwed big time, but I overall like it.

As for the story here, I hope those prophecies the Ghost of High Heart has been doing aren't too dumb, as I don't want to spoil too much with them...

I also provided a little map of the situation in the Vale, I'm not sure if everything is okay with it as I apparently suck at uploading images here, I'm not even sure if the "cover image" is seen by anyone but me...so please if there is any problem with it do inform me.

And since they are no words for House Dayne, I came up with The Dawn Arises because I think it fits somewhat and compliments Winter is Coming like I made Ashara say.

Anyway, that's all for this big note, I thank everyone who spared time reading and hope everyone has a nice day.
Rhaella Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

It was yet another pleasant morning considering that they were in open war against most the Vale, the North and the Stormlands…another simple day at King’s Landing…

Rhaella was in the company of her daughter-in-law, her two remaining ladies-in-waiting, little Rhaenys and baby Aegon who was sleeping in his improvised crib.

Viserys was playing with Prince Lewyn and Ser Barristan in the gardens as he considered Rhaenys to be boring. She worried for her son’s already growing distaste for Dornish people…another one of Aerys’ stupid doings.

“Baww!!!” Screamed her granddaughter while holding the cat she gave her when she was brought the first time for Rhaella to see. “Balelion!”

“Oh Gods…” Rhaella muttered. “I’m done for…”

“No gwama, gwama is nice to Rhaenys.” Said Rhaenys giggling. “Baleion kills the mean peopaw, not gwama.”

“Why thank you, child.” she cooed. “I’m happy that you think I’m nice.”

“Vewi nice.” Her granddaughter insisted. Rhaella loved her granddaughter so much, the child was adorable even when having one of those common children fits.

“Nysah, Jasline could you two go on a little stroll to the gardens with Rhaenys?” Elia asked and Rhaella knew she wanted to talk about things.

“Certainly.” Jasline agreed. “Come on Princess let’s show you the gardens.”

“Balelion comes?”

“No.” Elia dismissed her daughter’s request. “Balerion will rest a bit with me and grandmother, ok, sweetling?”

“Oki…” Said Rhaenys with a sad face as she exited the room with the wonderful ladies. With her granddaughter out of the room, she and Elia were free to talk freely.

“This is awful…” Elia murmured. “The Vale is rising for war and the North and Stormlands will soon follow…”

“I know…” Rhaella sighed. “This is going to end badly…”

“The worst is that the Rebels as they are being called are right…” Elia added. “Aerys killed Lord Stark unfairly, has the new Lord Paramount of the North imprisoned and demanded Eddard Stark and Robert Baratheon’s heads unfairly when they did nothing at all…”
Rhaella hardly remembered the trial, she went off as soon as Aeris planned the whole thing, she did remember the young Lord Stark’s broken expression after everything was done, that and Jaime Lannister’s struggling expression…Joanna’s boy…

Oh sweet and kind Joanna how much I miss you…my best friend…It’s such a shame you couldn’t see your children growing…

Joanna the beauty of the West that had all the men in love with her, Aeris, Tywin, even Steffon loved her at some point and she enjoyed teasing them…flirting with them, and even more…and even though her heart fell for Tywin, Aeris never stopped loving her.

Aerys’ jealousy was what turned two best friends against each other, Aeris could not accept that Joanna married Tywin and continued to insist that it only happen because he was forced to marry his useless sister, me of course.

But Joanna was fully in love with Tywin, she got two beautiful children from him and was proud of them. She hoped for many more to come, pairs and pairs of twins as she would say to make Rhaella laugh.

Then that day came…that day where Aeris had gotten truly drunk and humiliated Joanna on a feast by asking if nursing her children had ruined her beautiful teats…Neither Joanna, Tywin or Rhaella herself were happy with the statement and although most did not learn of more…there was more…as she remembered…

While Tywin talked with some lords as it was the celebration of the tenth year of Aeris’ ascension to Iron Throne and many important lords were present with requests and complains, Rhaella was so very tired that she decided to return to her rooms and enjoy a night of sleep.

After she exited the Throne Room, she heard noise coming from a nearby hallway.

“Aerys!!!” Screamed a feminine voice. “Stop it!!”

When Rhaella peeked the hallway to see who it was, she was shocked to see Aeris and Joanna there…she had thought Joanna had gone to bed already when she said her head hurt…and Aeris went to relieve himself…

“Why Joanna my love?” Asked Aeris smiling. “You came for me.”

“I came with my husband, for my husband.” Stressed Joanna. “As it was expected from House Lannister.”

“Tywin? I bet he is lovely when giving you pleasure.” Smirked Aeris. “Does he even give you pleasure? Like I did?”

“He does.” Joanna insisted. “My husband provides me with all the pleasure I need.”

“But not the pleasure you want.” Insisted Aeris as well. “Admit that Tywin is boring and sucks, Joann, we both know it.”

“I love my husband, Aeris,” Joanna stated. “There is nothing between you and me anymore, nothing after I got married.”

“I could have given you the most beautiful children, Joanna.”

“I have the most beautiful children, Aeris.” Said Joanna. “With no offense to Rhaegar.”
“If they were ours, they would be better.” Aerys kept insisting as he now held Joanna’s arms. “The most beautiful children…true Gods on earth.”

“Leave me alone Aerys!!!” Joanna shouted. “I don’t love you!!!”

“The most beautiful children…” Aerys insisted as he began rubbing Joanna’s private area. “I miss this cunt so much…No other cunt is better than this one.”

“STOP!!!” Joanna screamed aghast. “AERYS STOP!!!”

“AERYS TARGARYEN STOP THIS MADNESS!!!” Shouted Rhaella angrily, after leaving her cover, as she could not watch her friend in more suffering.

“The fuck are you doing here?” Inquired Aerys angrily as he had been interrupted from his pleasures.

“Helping my friend,” Rhaella said as she stood tall and did not concede any fear to her brother who unfortunately was her husband as well.

“Helping her fuck me?” Aerys smirked. “I can’t see why not…it does sound good even if you are nothing compared to her.”

“Helping her stop your futile advances.” Rhaella countered.

“You might be my sister and wife, Rhaella,” Aerys said in a threatening tone. “But you don’t want to wake the dragon!”

“I will not have you rape my friend in the castle our ancestors built!” Rhaella insisted.

“I’m the King, I can do as I like.” Aerys insisted. “You are nothing but a broodmare.”

“A broodmare is still capable of running and warn Tywin Lannister.” she countered yet again.

“What can that incompetent fool do?” Asked Aerys’ smirking. “What can a mere lord do to the King?”

“Have you forgotten the reason why you chose him as Hand, Aerys?” Joanna asked. “If not, I’m sure House Reyne and House Tarbeck can clarify it to you.”

“I don’t fear Tywin!” Aerys insisted. “Tywin is a weakling!”

“TYWIN IS TWICE THE MAN YOU ARE!!!” Shouted Joanna angrily. “TYWIN DOESN’T NEED TO FORCE HIMSELF ON THE WOMAN HE LOVES BECAUSE SHE LOVES HIM BACK!!! AND THAT IS SOMETHING YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO!!!”

Hearing Joanna saying this, broke Aerys more than anything, as Rhaella remembered.

Aerys let Joanna’s arms loose and the Lannister woman quickly ran towards Rhaella and embraced her. Her brother-husband disappeared in the hallways…defeated…

“It’s okay Joanna.” she comforted her friend with an assuring smile, who had begun crying in her arms. “I’m here.”

“I’m sorry Rhaella…I…”

“Do you love your husband?” Inquired Rhaella.
“With all my heart, just as the child I bore him and I hope to bore.”

“Then I don’t need any apologies, my friend.”

“But…”

“The past is past, Joanna.” Rhaella insisted. “Tomorrow tell your husband you wish to return home and don’t come back my friend, because I can’t protect you anymore.”

“I…understand…” Joanna murmured. “I love you my friend and I hope you can forgive me…”

“I already did,” Rhaella said with an assuring smile. “You are still my best friend and your past mistakes mean nothing to me.”

“Thank you Rhaella…” Joanna murmured while crying in her harms and wetting Rhaella’s dress. “Thank you so much.”

“Now return to your husband and do not leave his side.” Commanded Rhaella, already crying too.”

“I will not.” Assured Joanna.

“Goodbye, Joanna.”

“Goodbye Rhaella.”

She remembered the hug that Joanna gave Tywin when she returned to him. Because she had tears in her eyes, Tywin quickly deduced something happened with Aerys and took Joanna with him to bed, ignoring the lords that he had been talking for the Gods know how long.

Rhaella felt happy for saving her friend no matter what mistakes she did in the past. Even when Aerys denied of his Joanna visit Rhaella to exact revenge, she felt happy nevertheless.

What hurt Rhaella the most was not knowing that she would never see Joanna anymore after that day…Less than a year she learned that Joanna died giving birth to a dwarf son…she did not blame the newborn child because she could not and she knew that Joanna loved that child even before it was conceived dwarf or not.

Still, Rhaella cried nonstop for days after losing her best friend and cried more when the child she had given birth a few months before, Aegon was his name, died not too long after…

“My Queen?” Asked Elia concerned with her since perhaps she had been in her own world for way too long.

“I’m sorry, I got distracted in my thoughts…” she smiled in embarrassment.

“As I was saying…” Elia resumed her talk. “I’m worried about Ashara since I have not received words from her part ever since she arrived at the Gates of the Moon.”

Not another good friend, for the love of the Gods… “Is she still in the Vale with Eddard Stark?” Questioned Rhaella afraid.

“I have no doubt that she is…” Elia said.

“Oh Gods…Aerys might brand her as a traitor too if he finds out…” Rhaella pointed out. “She is betrothed with a traitor in Aerys’ eyes…”
“We are all afraid for her,” Elia confessed. “But there is nothing we can do…”

“I wish this madness ended quickly, but I doubt it will.” Sighed Rhaella, afraid of losing another wonderful friend... “I don’t even know what my son was thinking... do Ashara’s friends know of anything?”

“They are rather shaken because they haven’t heard from Ashara either,” Elia explained. “But some say Aerys himself called for Lyanna Stark’s head, but since the abduction did not happen in King’s Landing or the nearby castles none can confirm anything.”

“Gods…” A knock on the door was heard. “Come in, please.”

It was Jaime Lannister who entered. “My Queen, My Princess,” he said while nodding. “The King...demands both of your presence in the throne room.”

*What does Aerys want now...*

“We are coming…”

*Joanna if you are up there my friend...please protect my Shining Star and my loved ones...just as I tried to protect you.*

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**Brandon Stark**

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Brandon didn’t know at where or what he was looking at, he just knew he was looking at something, a wall, grids, one of his friends, it didn’t matter. What mattered was that his father died because of him and Lya was still somewhere in that inbred shit’s clutches and he could not do anything about it.

His neck had stopped hurting but hurt him the most now was conscious…

He wondered if Ned was already fighting the Mad King...he was surely doing far more for the North than he, the new Lord Paramount of the North who could not control his fucking emotions and killed his father.

A loud noise of opening the door to the black cells opened and less than a minute later, lights appeared in his line of view, he was now able to see that he was looking at a wall apparently…

Jeffory, who usually did not allow his beard to grow was already showing a quite large one while Ethan’s and Kyle’s was growing to large proportions than ever before, his should be that way as well…

“All of y’all are to come with us.” Said one guard. “Up, girls, time to meet ya, King.”

The door to their cell opened and their already weak arms grabbed, there were few protests from their part.

Once again, the sunlight was too much for their now used to the dark eyes and it actually took some time for Brandon to recover his sight.

They were brought inside the bloody throne room yet again, Brandon was tired of seeing those fucking dragon skulls and the people that could do something but did nothing.
The guards dropped them in front of the Iron Throne where Aerys was seated...fucking cunt...I swear I’m going to kill you one day.

“We meet again Wild Wolf!” Shouted Aerys as he began descending from his seat. “I trust the black cells are of your liking?”

Brandon remained quiet, he had no will to reply anyway.

“You can speak boy.” The Mad King insisted. “The dragon hasn’t taken your tongue as he did to Ilyn Payne.”

Seeing that Brandon continued to say anything... “Well...” Aerys shrugged. “Let’s go to the main event then... You have three friends with you now, but you shall go to sleep with just one.”

“What?” he asked aghast as he heard Aerys’ words.

“Ah!” Aerys interjected with a mad grin. “Everyone now can see that I haven’t cut his tongue off yet!”

“Kill me and leave them alone!” Brandon pleaded. “Kill me please!”

“Like father, like son...” Aerys laughed. “No, I already decided that I will kill you when your traitorous brother is captured. I shall burn you both and show the realm what happens to traitors in my watch!”

“Please have mercy on them...” Brandon insisted. “They had no part on this!”

“No, way.” The Mad King insisted. “Choose which ones die.”

“No!”

“Choose.”

“No!”

“Fine.” Aerys rolled his eyes. “Kill the fat one.”

“No, please Your Grace!” Begged Kyle as the Gold Cloaks picked him. “Your Grace, I beg for the Mother’s mercy.”

“The Mother has no mercy for traitors!” Aerys hissed at Kyle, as his friend was tied up in ropes, crying, then the men in robes ignited the fire beneath him and in a matter of minutes, Kyle was burnt after much screaming...Gods...

Brandon noticed Princess Elia agonized as she tried to protect her daughter, who was also there watching the terrifying scene...she must have been forced into watching this monstrosity...at least she doesn’t enjoy it...poor child though she is barely more than a baby...

“Choose another.” Demanded the monster.

“No...”

“Very well then I shall pick another one...”

“Choose me, Brandon...” Jeffory said crying. “Choose me...”
“Jeffory I can’t…” Brandon murmured.

“Just do it, Brandon, I’m ready.” Jeffory insisted.

“Jeffory…” Murmured Ethan who was crying too…

“Jeffory…” Brandon said as he began crying again just like when his father died. “I’m sorry…I’m sorry…”

“Are you going to name one?” Asked the monster.

“Jeffory Mallister…” Brandon murmured.

“Very well, tie him up.”

“Yes, Your Grace.” Replied the Gold Cloaks.

“Goodbye, Bran…Ethan…” Jeffory said with a shy smile amidst his tears.

“Jeffory…” Ethan murmured yet again.

Jeffory suffered the same treatment as Kyle did and died in utter agony, Brandon wanted to end his miserable life there so he did not need to be reminded of his friends and father dying because of him. _FUCK ME!!! FUCK MY STUPIDITY!!!_

“Well…Glover boy…” Aerys said to Ethan. “It seems you are the only one remaining…”

“Please…don’t kill him…” Brandon begged. “Please…”

“I did say I would leave one, did I not?” Inquired the monster with a smile. “I shall keep my word and he shall live…for a while more at least.” Then he began laughing madly like the mad creature he was.

Brandon sighed relieved and so did Ethan, despite the situation…

“I can’t wait for the day I burn you and your brother!” he remarked quite proudly at Brandon. “It will be a wonderful day.” _Fuck you…monster._ “Rhaella! Go to your room now!”

The Queen sighed in defeat. “Yes my Lord Husband.” And then she left the Throne Room.

“Put those two back in their proper place.” Commanded Aerys. “Court is dismissed.”

Once again was Brandon brought black to darkness and he wondered if he would ever see the light again, the light of freedom… _Ned, please beat them Targaryens…save yourself brother…for I don’t think I can be safe again…Brandon Stark died already…when father died._

_Kevan Lannister_

_Casterly Rock, Westerlands, Year 282 AC_

The air of unease in the Great Hall was abysmal…Kevan was seated in front of Genna, next to him was Tygett and in front of Tygett was Gerion. Tywin was contemplating the portraits of former Lannister Kings, they, however, were glancing each other, they knew why Tywin had called them but the wait for their old brother to begin speaking was…tiresome…
Finally, Tywin thought he had enough of watching portraits and turned towards them, eyeing each one of them in the eyes, before moving and taking the seat to preside their meeting.

The silence continued for a little more though…until Tywin finally decided to speak…

“I heard your wife is finally pregnant Kevan.”

“She is…” Kevan replied with a shy smile. “Hopefully, it will be a healthy child.”

“We all hope so.” Tywin agreed.

“Indeed…” Kevan agreed.

“Well, I’m sure you all know why I called you.” Tywin stated.

“We got two letters, one from Aerys and one from Jon Arryn.” Said Gerion, seated in a bold position but since he fancied himself as the comedian of the family not even Tywin saw fancy to correct him in family meetings, on public displays though…Gerion never dared to actually try it. “A war.”

“Correct,” Tywin said. “Aerys demands our fealty to the crown while Lord Arryn begs for our help against the crown.”

“And who do you wish to support?” Asked Tygett.

“Me?” Asked Tywin. “I WISH TO HUMILIATE AERYS THE SAME WAY HE HUMILIATED ME, MY WIFE, MY CHILDREN, AND MY FAMILY!!!”

Hearing Tywin shouting at a simple question made them all flinch and Gerion almost fell from his chair.

“But I’m not dumb, Tygett.” Tywin continued, calmer. “It will be stupid to declare for any side when not all the players have declared their intentions yet, we will wait before taking action.”

“You are clearly more interested in the Rebels side,” Genna remarked. “Why not give them financial support for them to increase their numbers and then join them?”

“For two reasons, sister.” Tywin began. “One they have a galvanized Kingdom and two who have no one to lead them yet.” Then he continued. “Two, I’m not wasting any more money before I have assurances of success. I’m not wasting my money on another Rhaegar Targaryen who apparently can’t control his sexual organ as any decent man can.”

“Not everyone is as virtuous as you Tywin.” Joked Gerion, bad time and bad joke…

“Most of them prefer to descend into whoring because they have no self-realization.” Tywin countered. “Most of them saw what our father made to Casterly Rock and still decide to be like him.”

“Whatever…” Gerion scoffed.

“You will do well in finding yourself a wife or a purpose Gerion.” Tywin insisted. “Because until now you have done nothing for our house.”

“As you say, Tywin.” Gerion replied, pissed.

“How is Cersei?” Questioned Tywin, while glancing towards Genna the one who spent the longest
with Tywin’s daughter.

“Confused I believe,” Genna replied. “As everyone is with this abduction business.”

“I hope you can continue to groom her into a proper Queen.”

“I will…” Genna agreed confused. “But who is going to be her King, may I know?”

“We shall worry about that later.” Tywin dismissed. “I more concerned on taking Jaime out of Aerys’ clutches.”

“And how do we do that?” Inquired Tygett. “Jaime is a Kingsguard in the Red Keep.”

“Pycelle is keeping us updated,” Tywin replied. “When a proper opportunity arises, we will take action and free him.”

“As you wish, then,” Gerion said. “Can we go now?”

Tywin eyed his younger brother with an intense look, but Gerion didn’t seem to flinch. “Certainly.” he finally replied. “You are all dismissed.”

All of his siblings got up, nodded and left the Great Hall, Kevan included.

Brynden Tully
Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

A raven from Lord Arryn had arrived a few days ago asking for Hoster to raise his banners against the tyranny of the Crown and Brynden was still wondering what the fuck his brother was doing.

“Can I ask you when are you going to raise the banners?” Brynden questioned after being tired of waiting for his brother to do anything except reading books in the Great Hall.

“When they come to beg me for my support.” Replied his brother, while changing the page he was reading. “That is if they come here at all and aren’t defeated in the Vale.”

“What?”

“What do you mean what?” Hoster asked. “I warned them this would happen and they still treated me like shit saying I was wrong but look who proved them wrong.”

“Lord Stark asked you…”

“Lord Stark is dead and I don’t intend to be.”

“Have you lost your honor?” Brynden asked aghast. “Weren’t you involved with them in something?”

“I was,” Hoster replied. “But they never liked me anyway.”

“I can’t believe what you turned into…” Brynden shook his head in disbelief.

“At least I will be alive when they will be dead.” Hoster retorted. “And so will you, Cat, Lysa and Edmure live too.”
Brynden left the Great Hall enraged as there was nothing he could but wait. Well…he could still hit some of the soldiers and prepare them for war if it ever comes to it…he won’t simply stay there waiting.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a bit dark to say the least…but overall the tone of the story got darker too so yeah…I also included the reaction of two Great Houses to the war calls.

Anyway, next chapter we will have some battle action at Gulltown and I'm rather excited for it.

Without further ado, I thank everyone for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Robert Baratheon

Outside of Gulltown, Vale, Year 282 AC

The bulk of the Rebel army had arrived few days ago but some hosts like House Royce and House Redfort’s arrived even earlier. Lord Marq Grafton had the walls of Gulltown garrisoned with archers ready to shot anyone who came near them but that would save them.

Jon did not wish to lose too much time in the siege so he ordered the construction of three siege towers who were almost finished and ready to be sent against the walls by midday, meanwhile, the trebuchets were being deployed into action too, close to twenty of them with more being built.

There seemed to be no sign of reinforcements coming from the sea, as no ships moored in the port. The houses in the Fingers seemed to be rallying there and did not make a move towards Gulltown to unite with House Grafton’s men.

Another couple of hours ahead, the siege towers were fully ready and so the siege could begin.

Robert felt his blood rushing through every bit of his body, he was excited, he had long carved for a real battle but he expected an invasion of the Stepstones or perhaps a campaign in Essos but this was his war now. He would save Lyanna and Brandon from the clutches of the Mad King and kill the bastard himself.

“Assemble!” Shouted Jon as he called the Rebel lords. There was Lord Yohn Royce, Lord Gerold Hardyng, old Lord Eon Hunter and his sons, Lord Horton Redfort, Elbert, Denys Arryn and him.

“The trebuchets will begin their attack shortly, then we move in with the siege towers in the left side of the wall. When the first soldiers set foot on said wall, they will begin making way to the side gates so we can enter with the majority of the army.”

“Do we have numerical superiority?” Asked Lord Hardyng.

“We should have fifteen thousand men in this siege against some six to seven thousand at the very most eight thousand,” Jon replied. “Still every man is worth as much as gold, if any soldier is able to save another, they should do it without hesitation.”


“Let’s get these cunts!” Robert shouted.

“Aye!” The lords shouted in approval as they dispersed to give the orders to their soldiers.

Robert had no army to command, yet, so he just got ready for the fight, exercising his muscles as much as he could.

When he turned to his new appointed squire, as he had knighted Justin after Harrenhal, he saw said squire struggling to hold his war hammer and shield.

“Too heavy for you?” Asked Robert with a smile.
“Milord…how does Milord use this in battle?” Questioned the squire panting.

“I smash my opponents with it,” Robert replied laughing as he placed his antler helmet on and then picked his shield and placed it in his left arm. “It’s not that heavy.” Robert added when he picked his hammer with his right hand with ease.

“As Milord says…” The kid said in disbelief with the ease he held the war hammer.

“Go hide boy,” he commanded the boy. “You are still too young to die here, go grow a while more.”

“Yes Milord…” The squire nodded and left to join the other squires at their camp as Robert saw the siege towers moving towards the western wall already.

He ran towards one of them and jumped inside it, climbing to the third floor as he wished to be the first to one to fight. Around him were many common folk, some chanting, some praying, most of them sweating or shaking.

“This day will be remember forever!!” he shouted at them. “It’s the beginning of the end to the tyranny of House Targaryen!!”

“Aye!!” The soldiers began shouting in approval.

“We will beat these fools!!”

“Aye!!”

Robert felt the siege tower be hit by what seemed like stones but it was still enduring well and it would definitely reach the walls.

It rolled for what seemed like an eternity until they opened the platform and he saw they very close to the walls, he braced himself as he saw some men next to him be shot as their armors were mediocre compared to his.

Finally, when he saw he could make the jump, he jumped and landed weirdly but then composed himself as he saw the enemies rushing him, so without wasting more time, he lifted his war hammer and began smashing everything that moved towards him. One down, two down, three, four, five and so on.

The rest of the soldiers began jumping to support him and they were on a good pace to claim their side of the wall.

Below he could see their archers shooting the soldiers on top of the wall while rushing towards it too, the trebuchets in the distance kept firing to the spots were enemy control was larger in hopes to decrease it.

“WE MUST OPEN THE GATES!!” he shouted to the soldiers. “MAKE MOVE FOR THE GATES!!”

“Aye!!”

Robert began pushing towards the wall tower that was next to him with a few Rebel soldiers as he saw more enemies rushing in to reinforce their weakened walls.

“Back off!!” he commanded the soldiers that were following him as he embraced himself for
the incoming soldiers, as soon as they appeared on top of the stairs, he hit them with his war hammer and made the fall through the stairs. “COME ON YA SHITS, ON ME!!!”

“AYE!!!”

Some of the soldiers moved in and killed the shaken enemies that fell from the stairs while the rest of them moved with him into the streets. “MAKE MOVE TO THE GATES!!!” he shouted again.

There were archers and crossbowmen in the roofs shooting towards them, he lifted his shield against the multiple arrows being sent in his direction and caught them there. Many of the soldiers following him did not have the same luck though...

The walls of the city were pretty much overrun but if they could open the gate, they could fully control the city…so he led his men there and met with some others from House Redfort near the bloody fucking gate.

“WE HAVE TO LIFT THE GATE!!” he shouted at the soldiers. “COVER ME!!!”

“AYE!!!”

He dropped his war hammer in the floor, grabbed the lever and began lifting the gate himself with his every strength, he opened it quickly and turned towards a wounded soldier next to him. “Hold this up.”

“Yes milord.” Replied the soldier.

Robert picked his war hammer back and waited a bit as a cavalry charge made its way inside the city taking out many enemy soldiers while the bulk of the Rebel army began entering as well, the walls were abandoned and taken as the fight was now made in the streets.

“COME ON!!!” he shouted. “WE MOVE TO THE BLOODY CASTLE!!”

“AYE!!!”

The rebel archers and crossbowmen were engaged against the loyalist ones while the Knights of the Vale were breaking whatever defensive lines House Grafton had brought into combat. Robert saw Lord Yohn Royce and Lord Hardyng rallying their men into formation up ahead.

“Robert!” Called Elbert on top of his horse. “Jon is rallying the troops for the main assault against the castle!”

“Good to know!” he shouted. “I’m moving there myself.”

“Aye, Lord Redfort and Lord Hunter are engaging by the northwest side and we should be able to engage them by two sides.”

“Alright, I will join Lord Royce and Hardyng.” Robert decided. “Tell Jon I will be there.”


“You too.”

Elbert commanded his horse to ride along while Robert ran with some soldiers towards the main rebel host.

“Lord Royce!” he called. “I’m joining you!”
“Alright, we are moving against the castle.” Said the Bronze Knight. “Join in.”

Their retinue reached the entrance of the castle some five minutes later, neither Jon nor Lord Redfort nor Lord Hunter were there yet. Near the entrance was Lord Marq Grafton, fully armored with a black and red banner to identify him, he had about a thousand men in his command.

“Yohn, we can engage them!” Robert begged. “Let’s end this now!”

Lord Royce looked hesitant though… “You,” he asked a horseman. “Go and ask Lord Hardyng’s opinion on an engagement.”

“Yes, My Lord.” The horseman nodded as he went and returned not long after. “Lord Hardyng agrees.”

“Then warn him to follow us as soon as we begin our move.” Lord Royce commanded.

“Right away My Lord.”

Lord Royce waited for almost a minute before giving the order to engage the enemies. Robert embraced for the incoming fight, he lifted his shield alongside many more men as Lord Royce led a cavalry charge that was soon followed by House Waynwood and House Hardyng cavalry.

Lord Grafton’s defensive line began to break with the charge, so the rebel infantry increased its walking pace and soon engaged the already weaken soldiers.

Robert used his war hammer to kill two soldiers before he noticed Lord Grafton coming in his way. So the bastard wants to fight me…

Lord Grafton slashed his sword in Robert’s direction but Robert, expecting the blow, blocked it with his shield. The loyalist lord did not give up and kept trying again and again while Robert stayed in the defensive, waiting for the perfect time to strike and when he finally saw an opening in Lord Grafton’s defense he spared no time and smashed him with his war hammer, killing him in the spot.

When the soldiers watched their dead lord in the floor, they either dropped their weapons and shields or made a run for it, those in the left side did not have much luck since the rest of the rebel army finally appeared from that side.

“Seven Hells!” Shouted Elbert when he came by Robert’s side. “Remember to not cross you…”

“He had it coming,” Robert replied. “If he wanted to live, he should have fought someone else.”

“Well…” Jon began as he approached Robert as well. “One less problem I believe…”

“Aye.” Robert agreed smiling. “Bring the ram so we can storm this bloody castle!”

“You don’t have to ask for more.” Elbert smiled too. “We won! WE BLOODY WON!!!!”

“We still have to take the castle…” Jon began to protest, but soon, he was shut up by the crowd of soldiers cheering.

Yes, they still had to take the castle, but now House Grafton lost most of its men and its lord. The battle was pretty won.
It’s was very late…House Grafton held the castle for four to five hours more before Lady Irina Grafton, born Irina Rosby finally conceded the victory to them and allowed them inside the castle.

They had long apprehended the ships with Loyalist banners and assured Essosi merchants that nothing would happen to them and commerce would resume normally in a few days. The citizens were being watched by the Rebel soldiers but would return to their normal lives later on when dawn and the new day came.

Lady Grafton allowed them to enter the Great Hall, him, Lord Royce, Lord Hunter, Lord Redfort, Robert, Elbert, and Denys while Lord Hardyng was in charge of warning their allies in the Fingers.

“My Lord Arryn.” she bowed in front of him together with her two sons.

“Lady Grafton, please get up.” he begged.

“My Lord I beg for your clemency.” she insisted. “My children have nothing to do with my husband and my allegiance.”

“They shall be spared and My Lady as well if they swear allegiance to our cause and place their men and holding in our control.” he purposed. “Far from me to wish to kill children, this Rebellion would be pointless otherwise.”

Lady Grafton seemed hesitent but then bowed her head once more. “I Lady Irina Grafton by the power bestowed upon me as regent of Gulltown, place my men and holding under Lord Jon Arryn’s command.”

“Thank you, My Lady.” Jon nodded in respect. “One of your sons shall be sent as a ward to Lady Waynwood to ensure the compliance of these terms, I know you both know each other well.”

“We do, My Lord.” Replied the Lady. “I know she will not harm my son.”

“She will not.” Jon agreed. “A garrison of some three thousand men will remain here as well, the rest of the forces will leave in four days and leave Gulltown to its normal routine.”

“Understood.” The lady said.

“Please, it’s too late already My Lady,” he said. “Have the children go to sleep and My Lady as well.”

“With your permission Lord Arryn.” she nodded.

“Permission granted.”

When the lady left escorted by some Rebel soldiers, the discussions began…

“What do we do now?” Asked Lord Hunter.

“We ride north to the Fingers of course!” Said Lord Royce. “And crush every Loyalist!”

“Lord Royce is right in the strategy we shall follow.” Jon agreed. “But we must show clemency to the Loyalists, we can’t be seen as tyrants as it’s certainly not their fault for what happen to your son.”
“I know Jon but I want revenge for what happened to my Kyle!” The tall man said decisively.


“Having Lord Francis Corbray's second son will certin take the Corbrays out of the Loyalist side.” Pointed out Denys.

“I believe so.” Jon nodded. “That's why I insist in showing clemency, so we can gather more allies in this so much needy situation.”

“Are we to believe in Lord Connington’s words regarding that Lyanna Stark was not kidnapped?” Asked Lord Redfort.

“What is Connington anyway?” Asked Robert. “What are his words worth if there is no confirmation? As far as we know it might be a trap from the Mad King. The griffin bastard was always more loyal to the Targaryens that to me, his liege lord.”

“Still…”

“Lord Redfort I understand your concerns.” Jon began. “But I must agree with Robert to some extent in this regard, Lord Connington’s words mean nothing if Rhaegar Targaryen or Lyanna Stark don’t confirm it.” he further explained. “Furthermore Aerys’ reign as long expired it’s either them or us by this point.”

“Understood, you are right Jon.” Lord Redfort agreed. “They wouldn’t be having the same considerations for us…”

“No they wouldn’t, they didn’t have any for my son!” Insisted Lord Royce angrily.

“Robert you must leave for Storm’s End in the morrow,” Jon added. “And rally your banners, secure the Stormlands and come north to meet us.”

“Aye Jon.” Nodded his ward. “I had planned that up already, hopefully, Stannis did already call them to Storm’s End so I have to wait less.”

“I’m sure your brother has done that already.” Elbert pointed out. “If not to defend the castle.”

“Stannis might be boring,” Robert confessed. “But he certainly isn’t an incompetent fool, he has a mind for strategy, my father always said that anyway…”

“What about the other Kingdoms Jon?” Inquired Lord Hunter. “I’m sure Dorne will be joining the Targaryens…”

“Elia Martell is married to Rhaegar so yes we can expect that.”

“Will the Riverlands join us though?” Inquired Lord Royce. “I’m sure Lord Mallister is furious for losing his son too.”

“We haven’t got any positive reply from there, nor the Westerlands nor the Reach.” Jon pointed out. “The latter two I assume that they will join the Loyalist side but I expected the Tullys to call their banners in our favor…”

“Wasn’t Lord Tully in your conspirator faction?” Questioned Elbert confused.

“He was.” Jon agreed. “But I have no answer to that, I’m afraid.” So much talk about Rhaegar
“Keep insisting with him.” Said Robert. “We need more support if we are going to take on the Reach and the Westerlands besides Dorne and the Crownlands.”

“I’m more concerned about the Reach…” Said Denys. “They can muster a hundred thousand men…”

“But they can’t move with that many men.” Jon dismissed. “It’s a logistical nightmare to have such a large army and it’s Winter which means that their resources are spent faster.”

“Still hundred thousand men can be divided in smaller hosts.” Insisted Denys.

“The mountains provide us with good natural defenses.” Lord Hunter pointed out. “It’s going to be hard for them to invade us.”

“Precisely.” Jon agreed. “Since we have discussed far too much today and it’s still a few hours to dawn, I suggest we go to sleep a bit and prepare for the next day.”

“I think its better.” Agreed Lord Redfort and the others present nodded in agreement.

“If we need, we will discuss more things tomorrow, but for now have a good night of sleep.” Jon concluded.

Taking Gulltown was a small step in their arduous campaign but they had to start small. Hopefully, Ned is safe and arrives promptly at White Harbor…

Ashara Dayne

Somewhere between Grey Glen and Newkeep, Vale, Year 282 AC

Ashara and Ned had been traveling for a very long time to reach the Bite. It had been a long and arduous journey to say the very least. The views were gorgeous, the snow made the mountains more pretty but also made them far more difficult to travel in.

The powerful winds didn’t help either, even with multiple layers of clothes on top of them. Ned barely slept anything because he was on constant watch for the Mountain Clans even when the mountains they had passed by were not preferable targets for their raids and the constant movement of troops made it harder for them to even try.

Still…the nights were her favorite time because she loved the warmth she received from his tight embrace when they slept in caves to avoid being seen.

Everything seemed to be on their side until that moment, they had arrived at the coast without being attacked and she thanked the Old Gods and the New for it.

“We need to find a boat…” Ned said to her.

“Are there fishing villages or something?” she asked.

“I’m quite sure they are, though I don’t really know where we are…”

“We can’t go further,” she stated the obvious. “If we go to the west, we might accidentally enter
the Riverlands…”

“But if we go east, we stay in the Vale.” he concluded her line of thought.

“Correct.” she smiled.

“Then let’s go east.” he decided. “We will surely arrive at some village in the meantime.”

They rode for some more hours, the terrain was much better now that they left the Mountains of the Moon and the travel speed increased a lot.

It didn’t take long for them to find a fishing village and she was once again thankful for that. The folk there were wary of them and none were really in the mood to make the crossing and so both she and Ned got nervous that perhaps they wouldn’t find anyone…

They reached a small house near the sea, one of the last few places remaining in their search for a boat.

“Is anyone home?” Ned shouted.

“Aye.” Replied an old man with a big smile. “Me, my daughter and my grandson.”

“We are looking for a boat to take us across the Bite to White Harbor.” Ned explained.

“White Harbor?” Asked a pretty woman of brown hair and brown eyes with a young child with the same colors in her arms. “That’s a long distance to travel.”

“We are in a hurry miss.” she said.

“I can take ya both to White Harbor.” The old man said.

“Thank you.” They nodded showing their gratitude.

“Hold on, Pa.” Interrupted the woman. “The trip to White Harbor is long and dangerous and it will cost you lots of days that you could be fishing, who is going to provide us now that my Tom went to war?”

“I…” The old man began doubting of his own resolve and this wasn’t good…she needed to do something…

“You can have this horse,” Ned said as he pointed towards Brooding. “If you go to a market, you can sell it for twenty golden dragons.”

“Twenty?” she asked aghast.

“Aye, this is a pure Northerner charger,” Ned explained. “That’s the minimum amount you will get, you can get more if you find the right buyer.”

“I…” The woman was left speechless. “Who are ya?”

“It doesn’t matter, miss.” Ashara got in again. “We are just people in need to sail to White Harbor and that’s it.”

“I will take ya and bring ya back if need be.” The old man said. “This much money that what we can make in ten years of hard work.”
She held pity for these people who spent the entirety of their lives working and to her, twenty golden dragons weren’t that much money but to them...it was as if they turned rich.

“I don’t know what to say…” The woman replied shaken.

“Don’t say anything miss,” Ned said with an assuring smile. “But do give us a minute...so I can say my farewell…”

“Of course.” Replied the old man. “When ya both are ready, come meet me down there where I have my boat.

She got closer to Ned when he was patting Brooding. “You didn’t have to do this…”

“I did,” he replied to her. “Otherwise we weren’t going to get the boat.”

“But you love that horse!”

“I do,” Ned said while he continued patting Brooding. “But I can’t take him with me anyway, at least this family will get money from him and hopefully live better.”

“Oh Ned…” she murmured saddened.

“I will miss you friend, but this is a goodbye I’m afraid, live happily.” Brooding neighed to Ned and she could have sworn her love was about to shed tears...

“Alright…” Her Ned murmured. “Let’s go.”

As they passed by the woman and her son... “Thank you mister…” she said with a bow.

“It’s nothing, miss.” Ned said with a shy smile. “I wish you, your son and husband much happiness.”

She and Ned went down some stairs and entered the old man’s fishing boat. The boat seemed robust enough and for that she was thankful.

“Destination, White Harbor.” The old man said proudly.

*May the Gods continue to be merciful on us...*

Chapter End Notes

The Rebels secured their first victory in the war and I hope the battle was enjoyable to read, I liked how it came out.

Now we all know what’s going to happen to Ned and Ashara don’t we? But maybe there will be something in the mix...next chapter it's going to be fully Ned/Ashara and I'm excited about it.

Anyway...thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
They had been sailing for almost two days and according to the old man, they still needed three more to reach White Harbor, if the winds were good to them of course…

He was still shaken by the way he had to separate from Brooding but he couldn’t bring his trusty horse with him anymore…at least Brooding would help the old man’s family.

Ashara’s company was the only thing that seemed to hold him together in those dark times…his father unjustly killed, his brother a prisoner in the Red Keep, his sister held somewhere, his younger brother alone at Winterfell calling the banners for him to lead into a war…he was never meant for this…Brandon should be the one leading the banners to rescue Ned and not the other way around…

So he held her tightly in his embrace every chance he got so at least he could forget all these worries for just a little bit. She always smiled to him when he embraced her, that lovely smile of hers.

“Ya two are highborn aren’t ya?” Asked the old man with a smile but none of them gave him an answer. “Come on fellas, I ain’t telling to no one.”

“We are.” Ned finally replied not without receiving an angry glance from Ashara.

“I figured as much.” Said the old man. “A Northmen’s look, a Northmen’s horse and a Northmen’s accent…you are Lord Eddard Stark of Winterfell aren’t ya?”

“How did you know?” he questioned surprised at the old man’s words.

“Everyone knows that Milord was a ward at Lord Arryn’s.” Explained the old man. “Even if it forces most of us smallfolk to go to war, I do feel sorry for ya father and siblings.”

“I did not wish for this war,” Ned confessed with a deep sigh. “I don’t want to waste innocent lives but my own is at risk and it isn’t just highborn Aerys is burning and killing unfairly, the smallfolk suffer the most.”

“All m’ life I have lived under Targaryen rule and never saw a King as mad as this one, I will give ya that.” Avowed the old man. “I was born in the reign of King Aerys the First, I was six when he died, I saw the reigns of King Maekar, his son Aegon the Fifth and the father of the current King, Jaehaerys the Second.” Explained the old man. “I have lived almost seventy namesdays and I don’t think I have many more to spare, so it doesn’t mean much to me if this is one is deposed or not.”

“Seventy namesdays is very long life…” Ashara murmured.

“I wish m’ daughter, her husband, m’ grandson and both of ya as well to live as much if not more.” The old man said with a smile. “Are you two perhaps husband and wife?”
“Unfortunately no…” Ashara replied saddened. “We are just betrothed…”

“Ya both look good together.” The old man said amused. “Milady is beautiful and Milord Stark seems like a nice lad for a maid such as yourself.”

“He is my sweet Quiet Wolf,” Ashara explained to the man while patting Ned’s cheek. “I love him very much.”

“I have always heard the highborn don’t marry for love but for alliances.” Said the old man. “It’s nice ya two prove me wrong.”

“I thought I would someday be sold as a broodmare to some lord but I’m glad it all turned up well and I will be more than that.” Ashara further elaborated, seemingly to lose her initial distrust for the old man.

“I’m glad too, no woman deserves to be just a broodmare.” The old man nodded with a smile. “I ain’t so glad about those black clouds coming in our way though…”

Ned glanced said clouds and Gods they were pure black…he immediately got a bad feeling emanating from them going down his spine…

“Let’s hope they don’t come in our direction…” Ashara muttered while glancing the clouds too…

Her wishes were not heard though…

The clouds came in their direction and a huge storm hit them hard right after. The waves became gigantic monsters and the winds very strong and unstable, it was pouring with rain too. The boat was still sailing but the waves were way too large.

“Seven take me!” Muttered the old man worried. “This ain’t going to end prettily…”

“There must be something we can do?” Ashara asked concerned.

“Stay down milady.” The old man commanded. “I just need to shift the ship’s direction to get the winds to blow on its sail.”

“Isn’t that risky?” Ned asked concerned with the old man’s safety.

“Aye, I might die while at it,” he said. “But another moon or not doesn’t really matter by now, I’m ready to go and meet ma Betha again.”

“But…”

“Stay down ya two!” The old man commanded of them both. “If I don’t make it, it was nice to meet ya both and I hope ya both manage to escape and live long.” he said smiling apparently ready to die...

The old man moved towards the rudder of the boat and began stirring it, however, the sudden movement of the boat when a huge wave was ready to hit them made the fisherman fall in the water and disappear in a blink of an eye…Rest in peace, old man...

“By the Seven!” Ashara screamed in agony as she saw the old man disappear. “By the Seven…”

“We need to stir the boat as he said.” Ned told her.

“You can’t be serious Ned!” she screamed in utter agony. “You can be taken as well!”
“I know but if I don’t do it, we both died anyway.” he protested. “But if I succeed we can both live some more!”

“Ned…” she began to cry but he had to do it...I’m sorry Ashara...

So he stood up and crouched as he walked as safely as he could, holding to the side of the boat, he managed to get hold of the rudder and began turning the ship’s direction to be received the wind from behind as the old man wanted.

The waves were strong in their decision to force them to drown but he was determinate on fooling their plans. I’m not dying here.

Finally, after much struggle, he managed to fully change the ship’s direction and now they were finally sailing at full speed out of the bloody storm. At least he hoped they were...

He then turned to Ashara who was terrified and gave her a smile of assurance. It was then he noticed a huge wave coming in her way, he spared no expenses and ran towards her and managed to pull her away from the huge wave’s path and brought her back to the rudder and the sail.

Where she had stood, the boat was full of water and was damaged…a few more like that one and the ship would definitely sink...

He couldn’t even think what would happen if he didn’t grab her in time...she would be dead by now...drowned in the bloody sea...Gods I should never have brought her with me...

He saw her completely terrified, shaking from the cold, the wetness and the fear...they said nothing but he embraced her from behind, covering her back with his body and made effort to cover both of them with the wet and ruined cloaks he had in his back. Her braid was ruined and her large hair was now a mess, he shouldn’t be too different either...

He hugged her as much as he could and did not let go of her, he prayed for the Gods to have mercy on them, to spare them...or at least her...while they endured the storm...

A few minutes later, he was barely able to stay awake...he was still tired from the lack of sleep in the previous days before embarking and even knowing he couldn’t sleep in the middle of a storm, he couldn’t stop it in the end...

The next thing he remembered was that he was somehow at Winterfell’s Godswood, near the Heart Tree. How the hell did I get here? He asked himself. Where is Ashara?

“Ashara is safe, dearest Ned.” A feminine voice said. “You don’t need to worry about her.”

Ned turned towards the woman who was speaking and saw what at first glance he thought was Lya, but older and a little bit taller...he had seen her somewhere...but where? That was a good question...

The woman got visually pissed most likely because he failed to recognize her. “So you don’t recognize me, Ned?”

“My Lady I…”

“Take a good look.” she insisted. “Take a very good look.”

He tried to remember who she was because apparently, they had met...she looked like Lya with a similar face and hair but her eyes were icy blue like Benjen’s, her voice even when seemingly
pissed was calm and sweet…the dearest, Ned…no…it couldn’t be her… “Mother?”

When he saw that smile he remembered, he knew he was right. “It’s indeed me dearest Ned,” she commented. “I’m your mother.”

He forgot everything and just ran towards her to embrace the mother he didn’t see for years. “Mother…” he said while tears began falling from his eyes. “I missed you so much…”

“I know sweetheart, I know…” she cooed. “I have been watching you ever since I closed my eyes for the final time…”

“You have?” he asked as if he turned into the five-year child he was when she died.

“Yes I have,” she assured him while she patted his cheek before she eyed him from up and down. “I have been meaning to tell you for a long time…that you look like a true handsome Northmen!”

“You think so?” he asked, doubting her a bit. “I don’t think I’m handsome but…”

“I know so!” she interrupted him. “And don’t you dare contradict me!” she insisted while she continued patting his cheek. “I would have messed your hair like I used to do but you are way too big for that now…”

He smiled at the comment. “Aye…I did get big…” he agreed. “I hope that…that I have grown into…what you imagine I would…”

“Oh yes you did and more,” she assured. “A responsible, kind, sweet and honorable man, all the qualities a mother wishes in her son.”

“I’m too quiet still.”

“Not too quiet…” she said with a smirk while patting his shoulder with hers. “To find yourself such a pretty bride, heh?”

“Mother!”

“You have my permission to marry her.” Said his mother with a big smirk. “She makes you bolder and I love that. You need a woman like that in your life, she isn’t just a beauty to be contemplated, but I know you already know that.”

“She is gorgeous indeed…” he agreed. “But she is smart, resourceful and kind…she is perfect.”

“You both make a wonderful couple together.” His mother nodded in approval. “And once you arrive at Winterfell, I want you to marry her right here in this very spot.” she was pointing towards the Heart Tree.

“But mother…”

“No buts Ned!” His mother hissed at him. “She came with you to be with you and you almost lost her in the storm, marry the girl already!”

“But what if I die during the war?” he asked. “She will be branded as a traitor…”

“If she feared to be branded as a traitor, she wouldn’t have followed you, would she? And why in the Seven Hells did you brought her otherwise?” His mother dismissed. “It pains me to see you all be branded as traitors when you all did nothing bad, but I know none of you is going to die, I know so.”
“I…”

“Every Stark has the wolf blood within them. Some like me, Bran and Lya show it more often but others like you, your father and Ben let it out in certain times when they need it, so I want you to free the wolf blood you have in you and marry her to make me a proud mother.”

He gave it some thought and really…why not? He was betrothed with her already, she was with him, by the looks of it when the official date of their marriage arrived, they would certainly be in the war…if he wasn’t dead by then already…so at least if he did…they were married…

“See?” His mother questioned with a smile while she clapped his back. “You have to enjoy life, live before you die, dearest Ned.”

“You can read my mind?” he asked aghast.

“Oh I can do all sorts of creepy things now,” she said smirking. “Like appearing behind you when you least expect it…” she murmured in his hear after disappearing and getting behind him.

“Okay…” he murmured shaken by this…

“Don’t worry, I didn’t watch you making love to her…” she murmured. “I left after the kisses and…”

“Mother!”

“I’m sorry!” she pleaded. “It’s not my fault…”

“Gods…I can’t make love to her again without thinking about you being there…staring…” he confessed as he began imagining the whole scene.

“Anyway…you got my point now…” His mother said. “And whatever happens afterward dearest Ned, stay true to your word.” For some reason, she stressed the word your…but why?

“I will…” he assured her.

“I guess my job is done here son.” she said with a sad smile.

“Wait!” he begged. “What about Brandon and Lyanna?”

“They are alive.” she sighed. “I would tell you everything if I could, but I’m already pushing my boundaries here…”

“I…understand…” he sighed, at least he knew his siblings were alive. “It was wonderful to see you again mother…”

She smiled a big smile and came towards him with her arms opened to embrace him. “Oh my dearest Ned, it’s was wonderful to speak to you again my wonderful son,” she said while tears fell from her eyes. “It saddens me that I can’t see you saying the marriage vows in person, but know that I will be there watching and your father too.”

“I know mother.” he nodded as his tears were falling too. “Tell father I’m going to avenge him and save Bran and Lya.”

“I will son,” she assured him by kissing his cheeks. “Take care.”

“Before you go…are you a ghost or just my conscience?”
“I’m whatever you think I am,” she replied smiling. “Goodbye, my dearest Ned…take care, my love.”

“Goodbye, mother…”

He woke up…around him was only water but the sky was bright blue in contrast with the dark sky he remembered, there were no signs of the terrible storm…Thank the Gods…

He felt movement in his arms…it was his Shining Star…she was alive just as he…Thank the Gods…

“Ned?” she called.

“Yes?”

“Are we alive?”

“We are,” he assured her by planting a kiss on her cheek. “We survived…”

She let out a big sigh. “Thank the Gods for their mercy.”

“Thank the Gods indeed.”

“I was so worried when I saw the old man be thrown away…” she confessed. “When you got up I thought the same would happen to you.”

“When I saw that wave coming for you…I almost had a stroke…”

“We could have died from heart attacks it seemed…” she said smiling a weak smile. “Gods I must look like a bloody mess…”

She did look like a bloody mess…her hair was worse than Lya’s when she was a child her clothes were ruined by the wetness and her face looked like she went to the Seven Hells and returned…still…Ashara Dayne wasn’t made to be anything less than beautiful. “You do…” he agreed. “But so do I.”

“Yes, you look like you into the Seven Hells and returned.”

“Can you read my mind too?” he asked surprised.

“No,” she asked confused. “Why?”

“I had a weird dream…where I somehow met my mother in Winterfell’s Godswood…”

“Really?”

“Yes…she said she was proud of what I became…”

“She should be,” she assured him while patting his cheek just his mother and he in his turn grabbed her hand.

“She also said…she liked you and give us her blessing to marry…”

“Really?” she asked as if somehow she didn’t believe it but still liked it. “That’s certainly nice to hear.”
“She wants us to marry as soon as we arrived at Winterfell, in the Godswood.” he further explained. “She thinks that because we are in war…that we will not be able to marry when it was planned and it would be better if we do when we arrive.”

Her expression got much brighter and her smile grew bigger. “If it is your mother’s wish then who am I to refuse?” Ashara stated excitedly. “I would marry you here if she wished.”

“I don’t think that marrying in a boat is a good idea…” he laughed.

“I was just joking Ned.” she laughed too. “Wait…is that land?” she began pointing at a black spot in the horizon. “There is land there Ned!”

“It must be land…” Ned nodded, certainly happy with the sight. “Though it’s still far away…we might only get there by tomorrow…”

“As long as we make it land…” she began. “I don’t care when.”

“I would want to reach land before we starve…” he pointed out.

“Well, that too.” she nodded in agreement. “It would suck if we died from starvation or thirst after what we just survived…”

“It would…”

She hugged him tightly and didn’t let him go and he hugged her back for they had survived, they would endure it somehow…he knew they would.

By the afternoon of the next day, they moored the boat in a rocky shore. Their time alone was brought to an end when a group of armed men came in their direction. He brought Ashara closer to him just in case something bad was to happen…he still had a dagger if things turned south…

“Is there a problem Sers?” he asked with a considerable distance between them.

“Who are ya?” Asked one of the soldiers.

“A traveler.” Ashara replied.

“And you woman?” They quickly turned to her.

“We came in me Pa’s fishing boat,” she said in a weird accent, trying to imitate the old man’s daughter. “But me Pa was taken by the waves of a bloody storm that hit us.”

“And where did y’all wish to go?”

“White Harbor,” Ashara replied. “We mean no harm, we just aren’t able to use the boat anymore…”

“Every traveler has to see Lord Borrell.” Informed another soldier as Ned quickly got worried after hearing the name Borrell, they were in the Three Sisters…they made a huge turn east… “He will decide if allows ya both to leave or not.”

“Certainly.” Ned replied as the soldiers began escorting them to meet their lord.

Ashara came by his ear and whispered something. “Isn’t House Borrell…one of the former pirate lords of the Vale?”
“Aye.”

“Gods…” she murmured worried and he couldn’t agree more with her. Their trip began so well and now…now it was getting worse and worse by the second...

They were brought to Breakwater the castle of House Borrell, a medium sized castle partially built on huge stone arches that stood proudly against the waves of the Bite. They crossed a bridge built on a black rock that Ned thought was basalt with an iron portcullis that seemed to be in need of being replaced sometime soon…

The Great Hall of the castle was dark…there were few torches and a feeling of unease fell through Ned’s spine. A white spider crab on a grey-green field, the sigil of House Borrell, was embroidered on a large banner above the hall’s hearth while seated in a stone chair was who he thought to be Lord Garibald Borrell.

Lord Borrell was a large man with massive shoulders and white hair in his cheeks and chin but bald where the hair should be, the man wasn’t such a pleasure to glance upon and beside him, his son Godric as Ned believed the man was called, wasn’t much better either.

“Who are these two?” Asked Lord Borrel while he glanced them both but Ashara he glanced more…

“A traveler and fisherman’s daughter who apparently lost her father in the storm that passed.” Explained one of the soldiers.

“What’s your name traveler?” Asked Lord Borrell.

He hesitated to reply but he had too. “A traveler Milord.” Ashara insisted.

“I asked him and not you woman!” Barked Lord Borrell. “You better watch your tone!”

“Eddard Stark…” Ned replied as he didn’t wish for anything to happen to her.

“I thought as much…” Said Lord Borrell with an angry look. “The colors you wear…the look you have…it screamed Stark to me and I hate Starks…”

“I understand My Lord’s people have no love for House Stark,” Ned said as he remembered the version that circulated in the Vale of King Theon the First’s conquest of the Three Sisters. “But I beg you to let us go White Harbor, we aren’t King Theon’s men.”

“Milord.” Called the Maester while looking towards him with sneaky eyes. “King Aeris demanded his head and I believe we should deliver it to earn His Grace’s favor and payment.”

“However.” Lord Borrell stopped the Maester from talking. “The Rebels took Gulltown with minimum casualties as the raven that Lord Arryn sent said.”

Hearing that Jon managed to score a victory made his heart jump with happiness if not for just a single moment.

“I don’t know who is going to win Lord Stark…but I want you out of here by this time tomorrow,” Lord Borrell commanded and frankly, he didn’t wish to spend any more than the absolute necessary time there. “There is a Pentoshi merchant with a decently large ship that intends to sail to White Harbor tomorrow.” Lord Borrell explained. “Godric here will take you there.”

“Thank you My Lord…” he nodded in respect.
“Don’t thank me Stark.” The lord dismissed. “I said and I shall say it again, I hate Starks and Northmen.”

“Of course My Lord…”

“I also trust you shall remain quiet about your staying here in case the Rebellion fails.” Lord Borrell pointed out.

“I swear it by the Old Gods and the New that I will not say anything about this day.” Ned bowed in respect.

“Godric, go on with it.” Lord Borrell commanded.

“Aye father.” Godric Borrell said. “Follow me, Northerner.”

He managed to meet the Pentoshi captain in a local tavern later that night and said captain agreed on sailing them to White Harbor in his ship.

In the meantime, Ashara secured a room, food, and drinks with the little money they had brought and some servants prepared them two baths so they could wash all their filth from their huge trip.

When he got out of his bath and cleaned himself from the water, he laid down next to Ashara who was already in bed, and as he did, she wrapped herself around him.

“Ned…don’t leave me…” she begged. “Don’t leave me…”

He gave her an assuring smile. “I won’t leave you, my Shining Star, my soon to be wife.”

She smiled and they kissed each other, allowing their foreheads to touch each other and fell asleep like little babies.

The next morning, they rose early and boarded the ship, a much larger ship compared to the old man’s and began their way to White Harbor…hopefully without more problems now…hopefully…

Chapter End Notes

So I mixed the entire "Trip on the Bite" together in a rather big chapter, the next Ned and Ashara scene will be happening in White Harbor. I hope the scenes were enjoyable.

Also, I wanted to include Lyarra the Mother of the Wolves in this story in some scenes and she might return...

The next chapter will be happening between the days that this one happens to explain what is happening in some other areas with some other characters.

Like always thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brynden Tully

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brynden watched his niece Lysa sleeping in her bed, weakened…She had suffered a lot this previous moon as she had apparently got pregnant with Petyr Baelish’s child. She told Hoster about it, no doubt hoping to marry the boy, but Hoster did not let her of course and tricked her into drinking moon tea to abort the child.

From what Brynden knew, as he was no woman, moon tea was harmless to women besides tasting like shit and making them burp, but that was if the woman wasn’t pregnant, because if she was, it caused an abortion which in turn caused a lot of pain and bleeding as the liquid killed the child and made it’s remains exit by their womanhood slowly until their womb was completely clean.

The consequences could end there or not, depending on the woman, some could also become barren, some could faint, some could get sick and some could even die…

It pitied him because Lysa wasn’t like Catelyn, she lived in her sister’s shadow as she was timid and delicate, unlike Cat. She struggled to shine as brightly as Cat and failed as the boys and heirs did not like her as much as they liked Cat.

She once told Brynden that she had been a little jealous of Cat’s handsome betrothal and hoped that hers would be as noble and handsome as Brandon Stark…Brynden also remembered her joy when Hoster told her they were aiming to marry her to Tywin Lannister’s son Jaime…and also her tears when it came to nothing…

To be honest, Brynden was afraid of what Hoster was going to do with her, he held her in such disregard that he cared not if she was to die aborting a child or not. Hoster didn't use to be like this, sure he was ambitious and stupid but ever since Minisa died he got increasingly more of a cunt.

Brynden did confront him about it, asking why not let Lysa give birth and then send the child to the Faith or make it a household guard or maid, Hoster’s plain reply was that he wasn’t having bastards in his castle, especially from his daughters be it Cat’s or Lysa’s.

Hoster was seriously having worrying him with whatever he was planning as he still did not call his banners yet and many of them were already declaring for the crown, disregarding House Tully completely, but that wasn’t new anyway…

The Riverlands were always split, they were all Rivermen but there were differences between Mallisters and Mootons, feuds like the Blackwoods and Brackens, strong houses that were as strong as their lieges like the Freys and Whents…so many problems that never got resolved.

If they were declaring for the Rebels, then their bargains chips were disappearing by the day and if they were declaring for the Loyalists then surely his brother was a hypocrite and also taking too long at admitting it.

But right now Brynden was more concerned with Lysa’s health as the war was still far away from them…just for how long he did not know, but it would eventually come one day.
Lyanna Stark

Summerhall, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

Lyanna was feeling weird yet again, she had taken milk of the poppy once more, for her back pain that seemed to not leave her by any means.

Honestly, the fall could have ended with a much worse outcome, she could have died that day…yet sometimes the pain was too unbearable for her to withstand and it wasn’t as bad as it was on the day she got it, she was slowly recovering and for that she was thankful.

The problem with milk of the poppy was that she always ended up either light-headed or sleeping and during those moments that she was sleeping, she had the weirdest dreams possible…

The weirdest one yet she had a few days ago…she dreamt of a boy who couldn’t be more than six or seven who seemed to look exactly like dearest Ned. He was walking by the snow, alone. She thought the boy could be lost so she tried to reach him to see if he was in need of help but when she tried, she could never reach him no matter how hard she tried…

Then she watched a large grey wolf appear from the nearby woods, very close to the boy and she worried for the boy’s safety so she tried to run and save him somehow, she felt no pain then so she had no problem doing it and yet she still could never reach the boy…

The wolf looked towards the boy and when she thought he was going to attack and kill the poor child, he did not however…he howl…loudly towards the shining stars in the sky, where a shooting star flashed in the sky and then both the wolf and the boy looked towards her with grey eyes and the dream ended there…

She wondered why she dreamt of that kid…what the kid meant…why there was a big wolf there…and was it a direwolf somehow? No…it couldn’t be…there were no direwolves south of the Wall since King Torrhen bent the knee…it was common knowledge in the North.

Luckily she was having less and less pain by the day, she just needed to take milk of the poppy at every two days and hopefully, she would be taking it once a week soon, she did not wish to get a puffy face and have these weird dreams anymore…

Another thing she wondered was what the heck she was still doing in what Crown Prince Rhaegar told her to be Summerhall…she knew he, Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell saved her from the Gold Cloaks sent by the Mad King and brought her the dwarf old lady that had been treating her but now she was unsure of what was happening.

Prince Rhaegar told her that he and her family were working to have his father reconsider the order he gave to arrest her but since the Mad King was, well mad they were having problems with it and that was all she knew…

She wanted to see her brothers and father again…kiss dearest Ned in the cheek, tussle Ben’s hair and hug Brandon, she wanted to see her father again and say I’m sorry and tell him everything even if by now he already knew, at least according to the Prince…

Brandon should be married to Catelyn Tully by now and Ned’s marriage to Ashara approaching…just as hers…and she was sad for missing them…

She saw the door open and the old dwarf woman entering, she had a smile on her face. “Good
morning child of Ice, how do you fare today?”

“Better than yesterday…” she replied with her own smile. “You seem rather happy today.”


“The Prince does sing very well.” she commented as she remembered that time she cried during the Tourney of Harrenhal…she still did not know what came of her that day, she guessed she was a woman after all and crying to the stupid yet beautiful song was her thing…

“Oh he does indeed and all the maids fall for it.” The old woman said. “Grief does also make the maids fall for him.”

“Grief?” she asked.

“The world is full of grief child of ice and it hits everyone.”

“I’m sure it does…” Lyanna murmured confused, she never understood the things the old dwarf woman said, it looked as if sometimes she spoke in riddles or something of that sort…

“The noblest intentions can easily turn into selfish delusional acts.” Commented the old woman. “No heart is pure.”

“I don’t understand anything that you say most of the times,” Lyanna confessed. “None of it makes sense.”

“I don’t know what I say most of the times.” Informed the woman laughing. “My mind just wants me to say it aloud and I do, my memory isn’t the same as it was when my Jenny was alive.”

“I have been meaning to ask…who is your Jenny?” Inquired Lyanna curiously.

“My Jenny was my best friend and the only person that understood me well…” Explained the old woman. “She married her sweet kind Prince Duncan and they loved each other but died in the Tragedy that befell in this very castle.”

“Prince Duncan…does it mean your Jenny is the Jenny of Oldstones?” she asked surprised with the realization.

“Some called her that…yes…” The old woman smiled.

“I’m sorry for what happened to her…it was horrible I’m sure…”

“The gorged grief at Summerhall was the worst day of my life…” The old woman said. “I have lost my friend in it.”

“I can…be your friend if you wish…” Lyanna suggested with a smile, she liked the old woman. She reminded her of Old Nan and she loved Old Nan, so why wouldn’t she befriend the woman.

“Oh child you are so very kind and yet so very reckless.” The old woman said with a serious face. “I’m nothing but an old woman now.”

What did she mean by being reckless? “Can you explain to me what do you mean?”

“What did I mean?”

“Ah forget it.” Lyanna scoffed bitterly. “I still wish to be your friend, you remind me of a friend
“I know, I know…” The old woman smiled. “But we are to separate each other soon child of ice.”

“Why?” Asked a saddened Lyanna.

“This place brings me nothing but grief sweet child of ice and soon you leave it too.”

“Well…if you must do it…” Lyanna said.

“Not all of us must do it, only death we must do,” she stated. “But even sometimes we can last longer than what we should.”

“What does it mean all this?” she asked confused as always. “Actually forget it.”

“Okay…” The dwarf woman said. “Here is another cup of milk of the poppy in case your pain becomes too great to bear.”

“Thank you, friend.”

The old dwarf woman smiled as she walked out of her room and she was left alone in her thoughts so she decided to close her eyes and sleep.

Aerys Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

“You are all a bunch of incompetent fools!!!” Aerys hissed at his stupid Small Council members. “You had the simple task of stopping the bloody rebels at the Vale and you fucking failed!!!”

None of them cunts said a thing and they looked down to the floor in shame and fear and they better well do that!

“Forgive us, Your Grace.” Bowed Lord Owen Merryweather, his worthless Hand. “It seems we have underestimated the Rebels’ strength…”

“I can see that you useless prick!!!” he barked. “Jon Arryn has pretty much full control of the Vale now while Eddard Stark and Robert Baratheon are on their way to their bloody fucking kingdoms to call their banners!!!”

“Your Grace…” His stupid Hand tried to counter, but Aerys would have none of that.

“Don’t your grace me you stupid cunt!!!” he hissed at the incompetent fool who winced afraid. “I will not have another failure Owen, consider yourself warned!!!”

“Yes Your Grace…” The Old Reachmen bowed. “My deepest apologies.”

“Lucerys!!”

“Your Grace…” Replied his Master of Ships with an emotionless expression that usually was present in his face.
“WHY HASN’T THE ROYAL FLEET CAPTURE ROBERT BARATHEON OR EDDARD STARK BY NOW?” he inquired impatiently. “I DOUBT THEY RETURNED BY FOOT!!!”

“Your Grace we simply don’t have enough ships to cover such a large area of ocean…”

“NOT ENOUGH SHIPS?” he asked aghast with the statement. “HOW AREN’T TWO HUNDRED SHIPS ENOUGH TO COVER THE AREA?”

“Your Grace we have to cover the entire coast of the Crownlands, Stormlands, Vale and the North, just as we need to watch the Narrow Sea and coasts of Essos…” Replied Lucerys. “It’s simply way too much for the Royal Fleet perhaps when the Redwyne Fleet join us we might actually…”

“IT WILL BE TO DAMN LATE ALREADY YOU STUPID CUNT!!!” he hissed angrily at so much incompetence. “FIND ME THOSE TRAITORS AND NOW!!!”

“I will try my very best Your Grace…”

“Build more ships if need be,” Aerys suggested. “Have the treasury cover the expenses.”

“Your Grace,” Called his Master of Coin, Qarlton Chelsted. “We should focus the money on more pressing matters…”

“WHAT THE FUCK IS MORE PRESSING MATTER THAN A WAR YOU RETARDED IDIOT?” he asked aghast yet again. “I SWEAR TO THE GODS, I’M MORE THAN BLOODY PISSED NOW!!!”

“VARYS!!”

“My King?” Asked the bloody fucking eunuch.

“Do I have to remind you of the job I gave you?” he asked. “Of finding Rhaegar and the wolf bitch?”

“I’m doing my best, Your Grace…”

“DO IT BETTER!!!” he shouted. “I WANT RESULTS AND I’M HAVING NONE, THIS COUNCIL IS USELESS!!” he sighed. “THAT IS WHY I’M HAVING CHANGES IN IT!!!”

“Your Grace we have been here since the very first day of Your Grace’s reign!” Tried to counter Lucerys. “We have been loyal…”

“SHUT UP!!” he barked. “YOUR OPINION ON THE MATTER IS IRRELEVANT!!!”

“As Your Grace wishes…”

“Ser Gerold call Lord Jon Connington, Ser Jacaerys Velaryon and Ser Myles Mooton here now.”

“Your Grace, we are in the middle of the Small Council’s meeting, shouldn’t we…”

“THEY ARE NOW PART OF THE COUNCIL, AS ADVISORS SO CALL THEM HERE NOW!!!” he hissed.

“At once Your Grace…” Ser Gerold nodded as he got up from his seat and left the Hand’s small hall.

Meanwhile, he stayed in his chair watching the incompetent fools sweat, they were way too old
already, some of them were there since his Coronation’s Day like Lucerys, Qarlton, and Owen who used to be the Master of Laws before Tywin’s resignation…

Lucerys was capable but seemed to be getting too old, Qarlton was good with money and numbers but bad at everything else and Owen was good at talking but sucked at the rest…he had worked well while at peace but now he is completely useless.

Ser Gerold and Pycelle were there even before he was King, with Ser Gerold, Aerys had no complaints and he couldn’t give two shits about Pycelle and the Citadel.

Symond Staunton was an old courtier that he nominated to fill Owen’s place as he knew the law but his position was useless during the war. The council was in dire need of some serious reformation.

Some fifteen minutes later, Ser Gerold returned with the three young men he called…

Lord Jon Connington was the lord of Griffin’s Roost, a friend of his useless son but as he heard, a capable warrior who was proud, bold, energetic and thirsty for glory, something he could take advantage of. He was also known for his distaste in Robert Baratheon.

Ser Myles Mooton was a former squire of his traitorous son too, a bold and reckless knight that was unpredictable in a fight and on thoughts, it could work well to bring some weird plans that no one expects.

The good thing about having these two was that they were loyal to Rhaegar and would certainly help defend House Targaryen and he could see if they were spies for his son.

There was another of Rhaegar’s former squires in court, Richard Lonmouth was his name but this one was a friend of Robert Baratheon too or so he heard so he could not have him there at all, that one needed a constant watch.

Ser Jacaerys Velaryon was Lucerys’s eldest son and former pride of his children until his marriage to a Rykker woman which Lucerys considered an abomination as she was too low for an ancient house such as House Velaryon.

Ser Jacaerys was a very good swordsman of about Kingsguard level with a good intellect just as Lucerys in his prime and with his Valyrian looks too.

Aerys smiled at the choices he made, young minds to fight the traitors…as most of the traitors were young too. “Welcome Sers and My Lord.” he greeted.

“Your Grace.” They all said as they fell to their knees in respect to him. Good boys.

“I had Lord Commander Hightower summon you because I have found a need for new faces in my Small Council, young and fresh advisors to the crown in this time of need,” he explained as he eyed each of them. “I expect the full cooperation of your part and strategies right away to fix our problem.”

“Your Grace,” Called Lord Connington. “I suggest that we raise the loyal lords of the Stormlands in case Robert Baratheon evades the Royal Fleet and arrives at his seat.”

“The Stormlanders, heh?” he asked.

“I’m of the same opinion, Your Grace.” Ser Jacaerys agreed. “The Stormlands are completely surrounded by loyal servants of the crown, now that the Reach and Dorne have declared for Your
“Grace, if we take control of it, we have one less problem to worry about.”

“Precisely Your Grace.” Lord Connington agreed. “House Connington holds large influence in the Stormlands, many of us Stormlanders disapprove of our liege’s ridiculous behavior and would be willing to take him off his position.”

He liked these two already... “Interesting thoughts…very well…” he murmured with a smirk. “Owen! Pycell!”

“Your Grace?”

“I want you both to send ravens to every lord in the Stormlands promising a large reward to those who bring me Robert Baratheon’s head,” he said. “And those who fight more fervently shall receive lands from House Baratheon too.”

“At once Your Grace.” Owen and Pycecell bowed together as they got up from their seats and exited.

“Your Grace,” Called Lord Connington. “I was hoping on going myself to the Stormlands and rally the support there.”

I see what you are trying to do...Summerhall, of course...how did I not thought of that before... Rhaegar is in the Stormlands with Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell and of the course, the wolf bitch... they pose a small threat compared to those Rebels as of now...

Maybe I should focus on defeating those Rebels first...killing Rhaegar might not be the best option right now when most think he kidnapped Lyanna Stark...it will only raise more Rebels and as I can see, most of these counselors are shit...

You can live a while longer Rhaegar but your end will come before mine...

“No, I want my council ready for a meeting at every minute.” Aerys dismissed. “First we will converge our loyal servants to some point and then we shall decide who is commanding their host if, of course, Robert Baratheon arrives at Storm’s End.”

Lord Connington was taken aback for a little while but composed himself very quickly. “As Your Grace wishes.”

“Council is dismissed for now,” Aerys commanded. “But like I said be ready for a meeting at any given time as I want this Rebels dealt with as fast as possible.”

“Yes, Your Grace.” They all bowed to him and exited the room.

House Targaryen is going to destroy these traitorous cunts, the dragon never fell and will never do.

Jon Arryn

Gates of the Moon, Vale, Year 282 AC

Jon arrived yesterday with the bulk of the cavalry at his back, the infantry was still marching there from Gulltown under the command of Lords Hardyng and Hunter.

When he arrived he had a variety of letters from his bannermen to read, it seemed all of the neutral houses have now declared for the Rebels and when Lord Lawrence Corbray heard they had his son and Gulltown he switched sides as did Houses Ruthermond, Waxley and Melcolm and he suspected
that House Snakewood and Templeton would be doing the same soon as their combined war effort would be futile against the entirety of the Vale.

He also heard that the Reach and Dorne declared for the Crown and while Hoster is playing his games, many of the Riverlords have declared for the Crown as well. The Reach could field one hundred thousand men but Jon doubted that they would raise such a logistical nightmare, sixty thousand seemed more likely, three hosts of twenty thousand men...

The number of men that Dorne was always a mystery...Daeron the First said they had fifty thousand men and the Dornish agree, however, if one considers their lands, a desert of sand and mountains, fifty thousand seems way off...they were most likely around twenty to thirty thousand, but still, it never hurt to be careful in making plans...

He was looking at perhaps ninety thousand men and with the Crownlands and Riverlords, one hundred and twenty thousand men...

The North had perhaps thirty thousand men and the Stormlands twenty thousand men and the Vale thirty thousand as well, so their own numbers should be near eighty thousand but that was probably pushing it...sixty thousand was more likely...so, in other words, they would be outnumbered two to one...

Every man was sacred in this war, every dead one was a major blow to their war effort...if they wanted to succeed they had to play it smart...watch every movement the Loyalists did and counter them accordingly, that was their only option...

For now he would amass his army in the Gates of the Moon until he got words from either Ned or Robert that could justify an incursion into the Riverlands as the mountains provided a strong defense of the Vale and as long as they had Gulltown in their side they could buy supplies from Essosi merchants that would no doubt arrive at the dozens to make profit with the war.

Chapter End Notes

As some of you already saw, I took off the day and month from that little POV introduction. The reason why I did it was because of problems with the timeline, I struggled part of the weekend trying to fix not only what I have written so far but what I hope to write as well. I used timelines given to me by a kind reader and some of my own and with the number of complications I faced, I decided to stop being so specific with the time which in turn fix the problem and allow me greater freedom with the story's development and flow.

There some very minor changes in the chapter Taking of Gulltown regarding some time issues and I will still try to keep everything as accurate as possible with travel speeds and what not.

This chapter was just showing what happened to other characters while Ned and Ashara were traveling.

I also took some creative liberties with moon tea with Brynden explaining how it works in my story.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Ashara Dayne

White Harbor, North, Year 282 AC

Ashara almost fell to her knees when she first saw White Harbor again, so close, after the perilous time that both she and Ned went through to get there.

It was night and as such the light emanating from the torches made the white colored houses shine in a beautiful scenery for Ashara to contemplate.

Ned had been talking with the captain of the ship and was now returning to her side as she was able to spot from the corner of her eye. They still had their ruined clothes and could easily pass for peasants at how awful they both looked, but they were alive.

“The captain says we shall moor in an hour or so.” Ned said as he placed his arm around her.

“I’m rather nervous…” she admitted.

“Why?” he asked confused.

“I… I have been wondering what the Northmen will think of me…” she confessed… “I’m a Dornishwoman… I don’t think a Northmen ever married someone from so far south…”

“Who cares where you come from?” Ned dismissed it completely. “As long as you have my family’s approval they will accept you no matter what.”

“I know but…”

“Some of them have already accepted you,” he assured. “Howland Reed did just as William Dustin and Lord Manderly too, it’s just a question of time before you are loved by the entirety of the North and I know you will make it.”

She smiled at his kind words. “Let us hope so.”

“Am I ever wrong?” he asked without glancing her.

She turned to him with a raised eyebrow. “Are you somehow trying to tease me?”

“No…” She watched him begin smiling.

“You are, you meanie!” she barked as she gently slapped his shoulder.

“You always tease me… I thought perhaps I could tease you too… for once…”

“I’m watching you Eddard Stark!” she said as she pointed her fingers towards him and then to her eyes. “But I’m glad you are bit happier now… you were so down when we were at the Gates of the Moon…”

“I must thank that weird vision with my mother and most of all, I must thank you for holding me
together all this time…for being there for me, for placing your neck on the line for me.” he said with a thankful expression.

“If I did not come with you…we would not marry as my father has likely broken the betrothal by now before he could be branded a traitor,” she explained. “But I don’t mind being branded a traitor if it means I can live happily for a while at the very least, forever if we succeed.”

She felt him hug her. “I hope we succeed then,” he said. “At least this troublesome voyage was worth something in the end.”

“It was worth almost three moons of us being together.” she smiled to him. “I think it was a fair trade.”

“That storm was way too much though.” Ned insisted and she agreed fully.

“Oh it was but we made it North.” she commented as she planted a kiss in cheek, returning to the beautiful scenery she had been contemplating.

Later that night, they disembarked in the cobbled streets of White Harbor and both of them almost kissed the floor with the happiness of being ashore.

They were however quickly intercepted by the city guard though, once more. “Names.” Demanded one of the guards.

“I’m Eddard Stark.” Replied Ned with the confidence needed. “And this is Lady Ashara Dayne, my traveling companion.”

“Eddard Stark?” Asked the guard aloud as he glanced the others with a worried expression. “I… really?”

“Aye.” Ned insisted. “Bring me to Lord Manderly and he can prove it if you all have doubts about it.”

“Right away.” Respond the now afraid guard.

Both she and Ned were led to the pale castle that rested on top of a large hill that certainly had a view of the entirety of the city. In the distance, she could see another large castle…perhaps the Wolf’s Den that Ned spoke about?

Inside of the castle, the decoration was varied…from broken shields, rusted swords to parts of old ships and rustic furniture. They were received in the Great Hall by the Manderlys.

“Ned!” Lord Manderly shouted proudly as he saw Ned enter, before engaging in a bear hug. “I’m so happy to see you alive and well!”

“For now I’m indeed alive and well.” Ned smiled as he returned the gesture. “Not sure for how long though…”

“For many years to come!” Insisted Lord Manderly. “And you too My Lady, it’s nice to be marveled by your beauty once more.”

“Thank you Lord Manderly.” she smiled to the big-boned man. “It’s a pleasure to be in My Lord’s company even if I’m not too presentable…”

“I’m sure the voyage was a nightmare for the two of you to be in such state…” Lord Manderly
stated as he glanced them. “Anyway, everyone will certainly be happy to hear that you are alive Ned.”

“Has Benjen called the banners?” Asked Ned.

“That he did.” Lord Manderly assured with a smile. “He sent them to Moat Cailin so they could be ready to move south when you got there.” Lord Manderly explained. “There is a large host of there already, I was joining them soon too.”

“That is good to know,” Ned said while nodding in approval. “But I’m afraid I can’t join them yet…”

“Why not?” Asked the lord concerned. “Is something amiss?”

“Not by any means, I simply wish to go to Winterfell to check on my brother and…get married before I go south…” Ned explained while his cheeks became pinkish, she smiled as she loved to see him blushing for her, he was so cute like that.

The big-boned lord smiled and clapped Ned’s shoulder proudly. “I believe the lords will understand your reasons…”

“I don’t want to make them wait longer but…”

“They will understand Ned, don’t worry about it.” The lord dismissed. “And congratulations to you both, I wish you both all the happiness.”

“Thank you, My Lord.” They nodded.

“But I must insist that you both stay here for the night.” Lord Manderly demanded. “I will have the cookers prepare a nice dinner and rooms for you both.”

“One room is enough My Lord,” she said. “There is no need for two, we know how to contain ourselves.”

The lord laughed a booming laugh. She was holding up for the marriage night, the night that she wanted to come the most. “I will take your word then, Lady Dayne.”

They had the best dinner in months at Lord Manderly’s castle, a very tasty lamprey, so tasty and good looking that although it was very late and Lord Manderly already ate his dinner before, he couldn’t resist not asking for a lamprey for his own…

She had a great time having a talk with Lord Manderly’s wife Alysanne Flint and his daughter-in-law Lady Leona Woolfield who had a very cute and willful baby girl named Wynafryd in her embrace and they all seemed to like her, just like Ned said.

Little Wynafryd made Ashara remember Rhaenys, Elia, her friends, and the Queen…how were they she wondered worriedly.

They were given new clothes after a refreshing bath and their older ones were thrown away. Ashara was very happy to be presented with a beautiful violet northern dress to use in the morning after a good night of sleep with her love.

She dressed a sky blue nightgown to keep her warm in her sleep while her Ned was in small clothes. They laid down in the comfortable bed, covered themselves with warm sheets and she promptly embraced him. “When we marry in Winterfell’s Godswood…we will not restrain
ourselves any longer...right?"

“We won’t, I promise,” he assured her while planting a kiss on her forehead. “And I will try my very best to please you.”

“You please me already.”

“Still...”

“I love you, Ned,” she stated while leaning her head towards his. “Goodnight my sweet Quiet Wolf.”

“Goodnight, my Shining Star,” he said as he did the same. “I love you too and I can’t wait for us to be married.”

“Me too...”

Robert Baratheon

Storm’s End, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

The mighty castle of Storm’s End stood proudly in the shores of Shipbreaker Bay. It was a very difficult place to sail as the coast was made of cliffs and the currents were very powerful and hard for the ships to stir.

If a storm came, and they were common as the legends of Durran Godsgrief portrayed, the ships were guaranteed to sink just as the Windproud did four years ago...

His ship moored in the area that served as some sort of docks, where the cliffs were smaller and the currents weaker, the best place to land.

He began climbing the huge pale grey stone stairs that led to the castle’s massive walls, Robert always bragged to Ned and Elbert about his home having the largest and thickest walls in Westeros and honestly he wasn’t wrong.

There were soldiers waiting for him already near the stairs that led to the castle, besides that normal guards.

“Milord.” Bowed a soldier. “Milord Stannis has been expecting Milord for quite some time.”

*I'm sure he was...probably made these poor fools wait for me for moons... “Take me to him,” he commanded. “And then enjoy some rest, you all deserve it.”

“At once Milord.” The soldiers bowed in respect to him as they began escorting him to the Godsgrief Tower, the massive tower where everything was.

As Robert entered the Round Hall, he saw it filled with lords just as he expected. His great uncle Lord Godwin Estermont and the old Lord Derek Morrigen that he knew not how they got there with their age, Lord Andrew Horpe, Lord Bernard Wensington the Sleepless and Lord Martin Mertyns of the most stupid name ever made.

There were also sons in age of battling there like his uncles and cousins and some other lads around Robert’s age.
All the lords immediately bowed to him and he moved to the seat that once belonged to the Storm Kings of old, made of weirwood and with antlers where he sat. “My Lords, Sers.” he greeted. “Brother.”

“Robert.” Stannis acknowledged with a bow and his ever serious face.

“Your never smiling face, is, without doubt, a nice view such a long voyage at sea,” Robert said. “What’s the situation here?”

“I called the banners as you asked.” Stannis began. “But most the lords did not reply to the demand.”

“But we do have allies don’t we?” Robert asked as he glanced around the lords present. “Who is with me and against me Stannis?”

“Standing by House Baratheon are House Horpe, House Wensington, House Morrigen, House Tarth, House Estermont, House Mertyns and since your victory at Gulltown we have the confirmation that House Caron, House Dondarrion, House Penrose, House Rogers, and House Kellington are to join us as well,” Stannis explained. “Against us, we have House Cafferen, House Hasty, House Fell, House Grandison, and House Connington, and perhaps more since the Hand of the King has promised large rewards to those who fight for the Crown.”

_Fucking Connington, telling them it was all misunderstanding and then having his men rally with the Mad King…the fucker never liked to be ruled by House Baratheon but he will see what is good for him._ “I want Maester Cressen sending ravens to the lords that did not declare yet saying that their liege lord is here and wants them to keep their duty.”

“At once.” Stannis bowed as he prepared to exit.

“Wait a moment,” Robert called, making his brother return his glance to him. “Before you leave, I want every available brain to help me find the best strategy and it includes yours.”

“Of course.” Stannis bowed yet again.

“Good,” Robert smirked. “How many men do we have now?”

“Around a thousand on horse and thirty-five hundred foot.” Replied Stannis. “Roughly forty-five hundred men in total.”

“That few?” he asked aghast remembering that Jon pulled almost fifteen thousand Rebels.

“Most of the Stormlords are still neutral and we couldn’t leave our holdings without protection, Lord Robert.” Replied old Lord Morrigen.

“We might have more when the rest of our allies arrive,” Stannis explained. “Maybe two to three thousand more.”

“Some eight thousand men are not enough.” Robert scoffed. “Our enemies will laugh at us with those numbers…”

“There is nothing we can do about it.” Stannis insisted. “We have to do with forty-five hundred right now.”

“And how many cunts are fighting for the Crown?”
“Likely the same numbers as us for now.” Answered Stannis.

“They haven’t rallied anywhere though.” Pointed old Lord Morrigen. “The closest thing they have for a leader is Jon Connington and he is at King’s Landing.”

That could turn in their favor… “Interesting…” Robert murmured aloud. “I believe we need a battle to prove ourselves to the Stormlords just as we did in the Vale.”

“And who should we fight?” Asked Lord Mertyns. “Certainly we must pick a suitable target…”

“I’m inclined to march to Griffin’s Roost as House Connington is the house that can raise more men besides House Baratheon,” Robert suggested. “I think it would be logical for us to start there.”

“It sounds like a decent enough strategy to me.” Spoke his great uncle Godwin.

“And if they rallying at somewhere else?” Questioned Stannis. “Surely defeating House Connington is important, but if the other houses rally enough men to fight us back, we are going to have troubles.”

“Ser Stannis is correct.” Agreed Lord Morrigen. “I suggest caution and patience to see where they will rally so we can inflict them with a major defeat that stops more houses from joining the crown forces.

Their plan didn’t seem too bad at all…even if he wanted to inflict a personal blow to that fucking Connington…Sieging Griffin’s Roost would bring them problems that didn’t need at that moment…

“Is anyone against my brother and Lord Morrigen’s plan?” he inquired as he glanced every man in the room and none seemed to be against it. “Then we shall wait a while more in order to see where they will rally and if they don’t do it, we march against the strongest of them one by one.”

Rhaegar Targaryen

Summerhall, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

Since Arthur told him about Lord Stark’s death and of Brandon Stark’s imprisonment, they hadn’t really spoken with each other as Arthur was still pissed with him. Oswell was the only thing keeping them in contact…

Arthur still failed to understand that he could not return to King’s Landing as his father would kill him and neither could he speak with the Rebels as they did not answer Jon’s letter yet…

From Jon, they were being updated with information coming from Griffin's Roost by the means of a rider. Apparently, Lord Arryn did rise in open rebellion and was securing the Vale while his cousin Robert was expected to arrive in Storm's End at any moment if he didn't die in the storm which Rhaegar somehow hoped…

His other cousin, Stannis had called the banners to Storm’s End but most of the lords remained neutral, waiting for the development of the upcoming battles that would inevitably happen soon.

For this reason, Rhaegar decided that staying in Summerhall wasn’t a viable option anymore and so he asked for Oswell and Arthur’s help in the matter.
Arthur, however, kept insisting him to show himself to the Rebels and negotiate a deal with them which led Rhaegar to once again tell him he couldn’t do it without expecting him to die before conceiving his third head.

Rhaegar was forced into blackmailing Arthur using Lyanna Stark’s fate as a way to make him cooperate easily, he had no choice, he couldn’t die before he conceived the third head…

Arthur finally gave in, when Rhaegar spoke of Lyanna Stark’s fate, and suggested them to move to an abandoned tower in the Red Mountains of Dorne, called the Vulture's Tower where apparently one of the Vulture Kings hide for a long while.

Rhaegar had chosen to hide from Lyanna Stark the fact that her father had been killed, her oldest brother was a prisoner and they were in the middle of a war against her other brother. He did it for a variety of reasons, for one because she was still injured and for two because she was way too wild and an outburst was, of course, expected just as that fit she had at Harrenhal.

He had enough problems to deal with and certainly did not wish for a fit coming from her.

What had been intriguing him the most was how the Ghost of High Heart referred to her…the child of ice…the Starks were Northmen and their words were Winter is Coming…winter was cold and so was ice, it made sense…

Perhaps the Song of Ice and Fire…was between a Stark and a Targaryen…as he remembered Cregan Stark to whom Rhaenyra promised a Targaryen Princess for a Stark which was called the Pact of Ice and Fire…

He wasn’t sure what do…he did not wish to betray Elia at all but she couldn’t give him the third head of the dragon…Visenya…they needed Visenya to survive what was coming...

“We are ready to leave.” Said a stoic Arthur at the entrance of Rhaegar’s room and who woke Rhaegar from his thoughts. “Oswell and I already helped Lyanna mount my horse and she is ready to go.”

“Wonderful,” Rhaegar replied with a smile. “I’m done with packing my things too.”

“The old lady left a huge quantity of milk of the poppy before she left, in case Lyanna needs it.” Explained Arthur. “Oswell will be carrying it in his horse.”

“It was a good consideration from the old lady.” Rhaegar nodded as blew the candle. “Let’s go.”

On their way to the horses, Arthur spoke again. “We must at least inform Ashara and Elia, Rhaegar.” Arthur insisted. “We can’t keep going like this.”

“We will worry about that when he arrive.” Rhaegar dismissed. “We have time for that.”

“Time is running out.” Arthur countered. “The war is ranging and you are losing support by the day.”

“And so is my father with his madness.” Retorted Rhaegar as they reached the horses, and he glanced Lyanna Stark. “Lady Lyanna how are you today?”

“Well for now,” she said. “With some pain still but…I’m on my way for a recovery.”

“Those are certainly good news for all of us.” Rhaegar nodded with a smile. “Let’s make way to our destination.”
“Can I ask where are we going?” Inquired Lyanna.

“To…the Tower of Joy,” Rhaegar replied changing the name of the tower to something he wished to achieve somehow. “Where we will wait for a while, while me and your family try to appease my father.”

Rhaegar noticed both Arthur and Oswell with pissed faces, but luckily none of them did anything to blow their cover.

“Why is it taking so long?” she asked. “It has been months since that incident and I haven’t seen my family for a long while and I do miss them.”

“Things aren’t too stable around the Crownlands and Riverlands as my father is still looking for you there, but I promise it all work out in the end.”

“If you say so…” she murmured with a sigh. “Let’s go then.”

Situation in the Stormlands Before Summerhall.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the time it took for me to upload this chapter, some last minute fixes I needed to make...

Anyway, we are closing into the marriage, I don't know if it will be in the next Tuesday or if it will be Friday.

I'm also most likely do a second Appendix so if anyone wants to learn what a certain house looks like I'm opened.

Without further ado, I thank everyone for spending time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Eddard Stark

Winterfell, North, Year 282 AC

Seeing Winterfell again after everything all those moons and everything that went since the last time he had been there was certainly a refreshing sight to Ned, but also a reminder of everything he had to do for his family, for his dead father, his imprisoned brother and kidnapped sister.

But today, he was putting all that in a drawer to open tomorrow as today he had something very important to do, something his mother told him to.

After he and Ashara went through the East Gate, he noticed his brother Benjen standing there, waiting for him as they had sent him a raven from Castle Cerwyn. Ned quickly unhorsed and helped Ashara do the same.

“Ben…” Ned began with a shy smile as he approached his brother in order to hug him but Ben didn’t allow to do that as he took the initiative himself.

“Ned…” Ben murmured as began sobbing in his arms. “I have missed you brother… I…I have missed everyone…”

“I’m here now Ben.” Ned said as he embraced his brother tighter.

“You are…” he agreed. “But you will leave again…”

“You know I have to, Ben…” Ned murmured. “You know I must bring Bran and Lya back and avenge father from the injustice he suffered.”

“I do know…” Ben sighed. “But still…”

“Cheer up brother, I’m staying here today.” Ned smiled at him as he proudly clapped his shoulder. “And it’s me who is supposed to be the brooding wolf, not you.”

“You are right.” Ben smiled a shy smile. “At least I know Bran and Lya will be saved, knowing the most responsible of the pack is leading the rescue party.”

“I don’t think I’m that much better the rest of you,” Ned said smiling too. “I need to have a word with Maester Walys as I have something to do.”

“Maester Walys…had a stroke two moons ago…and died…” Ben explained.

“So Winterfell has no Maester?” Ned questioned aghast.

“I sent a raven to the Citadel asking for a replacement but they replied that the realm is in the state of war and they can’t send anyone…” Ben said sighing. “I think they are simply refusing us because they think we will lose the war…”

“The Citadel and their schemes.” Stated Ashara, visually pissed. “They are the first ones to take advantage of wars in a long list of rats.”
Ben noticed he failed to greet Ashara and quickly bowed to her. “Lady Ashara forgive me for not greeting you properly.”

“Oh fear not Benjen,” she said with a polite smile. “I did not take offense.”

“Not having a Maester rises many problems…” Ned murmured as he began thinking on a solution and frankly, he found none…

“It sure does.” Ben agreed as he began glancing the floor. “But it’s not the only problem we have.”

“And what other problems do we have?” Questioned Ned as he didn’t like the look that Ben had in his face.

“That problem…” Ben sighed as he pointed towards an angry Maege Mormont that was coming in his direction. Oh Seven Hells…

“Ned!” she barked loudly. “Take me to war!”

“What?” he asked confused at the demand that Maege gave him.

“My nephew refused to allow me to join his ranks!” she ranted. “But I want to fight for Lyanna and Brandon, better yet, I must fight for them!” she insisted. “Please let me join House Stark’s retinue, Ned!”

“I really don’t wish to talk about war now Maege,” Ned explained. “Can’t we talk about it later?”

“Why not now?” she barked indignantly. “Your brother has been holding me off for a long time and I want my answer!”

“Maege please…I…I wish to marry my betrothed before I ride to war…” Ned confessed as he brought Ashara closer to him. “I just have today to do it.”

“Your…betrothed?” Asked a confused and surprised Maege as she glanced Ashara. “Since when were you betrothed to a southron flower?”

“I may be a southron woman, My Lady.” Ashara began indignantly. “But I’m not a flower, I may not know how to use most weapons but I assure I’m not someone to be belittled upon.”

“Oh Really?” Questioned Maege with a big smirk in her face, she was testing Ashara of course. Not now…

“Oh yes, My Lady,” Ashara assured with a smirk of her own. “Any person who survives three years in King’s Landing without being killed by vipers is surely a capable person.”

Maege laughed at Ashara’s statement. “Your southron cities and your vicious cunts…” she scoffed. “What is your name, Survivor of King’s Landing?”

“I’m Ashara Dayne of Starfall.” Pronounced Ashara without flinching.

“A Dornishwoman, Ned?” Asked Maege with her mouth opened. “Dorne has joined the Mad King’s side,” Maege explained. “How can we know that she ain’t a spy?”

“My loyalty lies within my soon to be husband’s hands,” Ashara replied. “I crossed the Mountains of the Moon with him, I survived a storm in the Bite with him, I stood with him in Sisterton and I rode with him from White Harbor to here, if I did wish to kill the man I love then I had a long range of wasted opportunities to do so.”
“Maege please stop bothering her,” Plead Ned. “We have been to all she said and frankly I’m not in the mood for this, I just want to marry her.”

Maege as stubborn as she was continued to glance Ashara but Ashara wasn’t a woman to be diminished upon and so she looked straight at Maege’s eyes, refusing to falter to the Northern woman and that made Maege smile.

“This one has more balls than many men I have seen, Ned,” Maege confessed smiling. “I think that even if she is a southorn flower, she can definitely manage as a wife to a Stark.”

“Oh yes, I can.” Ashara insisted.

“And who is delivering her, Ned?” Asked Ben all of a sudden and made them realize another problem. Shit…

“We don’t have anyone…” he murmured. “Gods be damned…”

“Ben delivers the southron flower and I say the words,” Maege said plainly. “What problem is there?”

Ashara, Ben and he looked between each other and shrugged. “I guess it can be done.” Declared Ashara. “It’s not like we have many choices in the matter.”

“Good, now we need to have you dressed southron flower.” Stated Maege. “Do you have clothes for her?”

“Her dress and marriage jewels arrived some moons ago,” Ben stated. “We just don’t have a House Dayne cloak…”

“Have the seamstresses make one.” Blurted Maege. “I’m sure there is purple dye here at Winterfell.”

“Maybe…”

“Then let’s get this flower ready for her big moment,” Maege spoke as she grabbed Ashara’s shoulders and led her away. “Go get ready too, Ned!”

And with that Maege and Ashara disappeared to the Great Keep…and he didn’t saw them again until night time came…

The servants hurried into making the Godswood presentable enough for the marriage, placing some decorations and torches to light it up. Considering the hastiness of everything, the Godswoods looked wonderful in Ned’s eyes.

Ned waited impatiently for Ashara to arrive…he didn’t know if the seamstresses succeeded in making her a cloak or not…he was both nervous and happy as the Gods would finally bless their love in a marital union.

“Perhaps Maege stole her for herself…” As Ben said this, Ned turned towards his brother with a murderous glance that got his brother smiling. “I was just joking Ned…”

“Don’t joke about that.” Ned pleaded with a pissed face.

“Sorry…” Ben murmured before smiling again. “You ought to smile, brother, you are finally marrying her as you wish.”
“Aye…” Ned agreed, shaking from nervousness. “I’m happy…”

“Then smile, brother,” Ben demanded. “And show me and the trees your big grin!”

He did satisfy his brother’s wish, because he thought his parents were there too, watching him in one of the most important moments of his life. I’m doing it mother…I’m marrying Ashara!

“Damn…” Ben suddenly murmured before his chin fell and Ned quickly looked where his brother had been.

There she stood, dressed in a gorgeous ivory white dress, tied with a golden belt in her waist, with blue under and outer sleeves and beige furs covering her shoulders. The silver neckless she wore at Harrenhal shining in her neck and on her ears, two beautiful amethyst earrings…her hair cascading all the way down and her striking violet eyes were dancing in amusement. Behind her, she seemed to have a violet cloak, the seamstresses certainly would get a raising in their salary if he succeeded in the war.

“Ben get here!” Barked Maege, as his captivated brother quickly moved to give his arm to his soon to be wife.

Then Ben brought her to his side, while Maege took position in front of the Heart Tree.

“Ned…” she murmured with reddish cheeks and that gorgeous and lovely smile he loved.

“Ashara…you look like a goddess…” he confessed as he began blushing too, she was otherworldly beautiful…way too beautiful but she was his no matter what...

She laughed at his weird confession. “Ned, we are here to confirm our vows in the sight of the Old Gods, not to create a new religion altogether…”

“I…” he flushed heavily.

“Oh come on Ned!” Barked Maege impatiently. “Stop being a flower and embrace your job!”

“Yes Maege.” Ned said as he got into position before he could shame them all more than what he did already.

“That’s better now,” Maege said with a big smirk. “Alright…who comes before the Gods tonight?”

“Ashara of House Dayne comes here to be wed, a noblewoman, trueborn and flowered.” Replied Ben with a proud smile. “Who claims her?”


“I Lord Benjen of House Stark, in place of her family for reasons the Gods know.” Added Ben.

“Ashara, do you take this man?” Questioned Maege.

“I do.” she answered smiling and emotional.

“Eddard, do you take this woman?”

“I do.” Just a little bit more…

Ben took off the violet gown in Ashara’s back and allowed Ned to place one from House Stark in
“Now kneel, pray and rise as husband and wife.” Commanded Maege with a voice of authority.

And so they did, they knelt in front of the Heart Tree and began their praying. He prayed for Bran, for Lya, for Robert, Elbert, Denys, Jon of course, the Rebels and the innocent such as Elia and her children, but mostly he prayed to have the best marriage with Ashara, she deserved as much.

Then, they rose, turned towards each other, embraced in their arms and shared the most important kiss of their lives, the one who made them husband and wife.

“My husband…” she whispered in his ear.

“My wife…” he whispered in hers.

“Are you crying Maege?” Asked a surprised Ben, and Ned had to look at the She-Bear who was indeed crying.

“I got something in my eyes…” Maege retorted. “Stupid winter pollens…”

Winter pollens...

“Anyway…” Called a recomposed Maege. “I’m hungry and we should go eat something.”

“Aye.” he agreed while never letting his glance leave Ashara’s. “We should.”

The feast was a small affair, considering the castle was mostly empty, they ate a wonderfully tasting roasted turkey with salad and were congratulated by the many servants who seemed to be captivated Ashara’s beauty and kindness.

When they finished eating, they began planting multiple kisses in each other’s cheeks and lips so many times that they ended up provoking Maege’s wroth.

“Ned for fuck sake, pick the woman and go to bed already!” Barked Maege. “And show her what the men in the North can do!”

“Yes My Lady.” Ned nodded to the command as he picked Ashara’s hand to help her get up but then…he allowed his wolf blood to show itself a little and picked her up in his arms as he led her to his room at the sound of her laugh and the many cheers of the servants.

When he exited the Great Hall and walked along the corridors… “Ned stop!” she called and he immediately stopped.

“Is something amiss?” he asked concerned as he placed her down, worried he had overdone…

“No, my gallant wolf, I just…” she began as she jumped onto his arms, curled her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. “Needed to get comfortable…” she purred in his ears before they engaged each other in a long-lasting kiss.

Ashara Dayne

Winterfell, North, Year 282 AC

Ned held her firmly in his arms as they kissed each other as if the world was ending soon…he was
leaving for Moat Cailin in the morrow so this would be their last night together in a very long time and so for that very reason, they needed to give it their all.

She struggled to close the door to his room since she was busy with their kiss but did manage to do so just barely. He broke the kiss and gently placed her down so they both could undress.

When both of them were naked, they fell onto his soft and large bed and engaged in another deep kiss. Their kiss seemed to not end and she didn’t want it to end at all.

She had done as he asked her to, they waited for their marriage and now that they were married, they could let all that sexual urge that they had been storing inside explode.

Finally, Ned broke their kiss once more time as he rushed below, kissing her cheeks, her chin, her neck, her collarbone, her breasts which he played with by also rubbing them, licking them, suckle them and gave them some gentle slaps as she moaned and giggled with pleasure and joy.

When he was done enjoying her bust, he went further down still, to her belly where he kissed multiple spots, including her belly button which tickled with his buss and made her laugh.

Then he reached her womanhood and glanced her clit with a smirk, he pecked it and then licked it while he also inserted two fingers inside her, just as she wanted.

“OOOOOOHHHH!!!” she screamed with pleasure. “DON’T STOP MY LOVE!!! DON’T YOU DARE STOP NOW!!!”

Her husband was grinning with that wolfish look that he showed her in their first night together, while she was losing any semblance of self-control. They cared not for her loud screams as this was supposed to be their bedding.

“I LOVE YOU SO MUCH NED, MY HUSBAND, MY SWEET QUIET WOLF!!!” she yelled with while smiling with her enjoyment. “I LOVE SO MUCH!!!”

He stopped what he was doing and looked straight towards her eyes as he positioned himself on top of her. “I love you too, my beautiful screaming wife.” he kissed her lips after saying this.

“Meanie…” she scoffed while slapping his shoulder, with not too much strength, as he merely smirked and kissed her lips once more, another long kiss to the collection she wanted to complete.

The feeling of something hard touching her belly made her break the kiss and smile to him. “You shouldn’t make us wait any longer, love, put that hard thing inside me before you explode.”

He did not spare her a word, he just did as she told him to and as he did, well…she lost it again… He did not spare her time to get used to the size of it and went straight to a fast thrust.

“GOOOOOODDDS!!!” she screamed loudly as she felt tears of pleasure in the corner of her eyes as her Ned gave her the pleasure she so desperately craved.

“Ashara…” he murmured.

“NEEEEDDD!!!” she replied in a fussy scream.

“Ashara!”

“THIIIS AGAAAIN?” she retorted as he broke into laughs without stopping his movement and kissing her again as not long after he released his seed inside of her.
Ned took his cock off her but did not break their kiss. They spent the next hour like that, waiting for him to be hard again by kissing each other, him on the places he had previously kissed while she kissed his biceps and abdominal muscles, enjoying every bit of him.

When Ned was hard again, she made him place his head mildly in the pillow while she climbed on top of him and began riding him, allowing her body to go wild at the top of his cock even if she knew that in that position, he couldn’t last as long.

“Gods…” he murmured. “This is too much…”

“Go on sweetheart, don’t hold back…” she purred when she lean to reach his face and kiss him. “Spill your seed in me again…”

“But then we will have to wait more time…” he stated worriedly.

“We have the whole night, love…we can…OH GODS…” she winced there a little bit. “We can wait…we have waited for almost half a year, what are one or two more hours?”

“Nothing…” he admitted.

“Nothing indeed…” she agreed while she returned to the kiss, as he also cupped her butt cheeks.

He lasted a few more minutes with her riding him and then spilled more of his seed in her insides.

She took her cunt off his cock, his seed was dripping and then she laid down next to him for a little while as they rested a bit. It wasn’t long before they resumed their cuddling…they laughed, giggled and kissed, she already considered this night her favorite one.

His shaft rose again after around an hour more of waiting and if she had to guess, this was his last chance as it was getting very late and he surely was near his limit by now too.

She wasn’t sure though as she never had a man spend himself so many times inside her and she didn’t sleep with many men either so her sample was small. Honestly, she hardly remembered their names or faces and she cared nothing for them as now she was a married woman, Ashara Stark who married the man she loved and the only man she would share her bed with until their last days, hopefully at the age of eighty.

She had been containing herself refusing to reach her peak as she always got too tired after peaking but now she was going for as much pleasure as she could, she wanted to try a position she never tried before as well…

Ashara laid down on his bed with her back and butt turned towards him and her breasts cuddled against the scrambled sheets. Her husband was watching her confused and curiously. “I wish to try a new position, Ned…” she explained with an assuring smile. “One that I never tried before…”

“Do I just…”

“Yes, you put it inside my cunt as you have been doing until now.” she clarified to him. “The rest will just flow with the pace.”

“Okay…”

When he did not do what she told him to, she turned her head around to see what was happening, only to find him eyeing her ass with those wolfish eyes…she decided to tease him a little more…
“You already know what I like to do with my butt, Neddy…” she began. “I like to…exercise it…” And she once more, bounce it up and down.

“Gods…can you be more perfect?” he asked smiling. “The Gods have blessed me…”

“The Gods were kind enough to bless us both.” she countered smiling. “You are perfect too, my love.”

She jumped in his bed when all of a sudden he attacked her butt cheeks with so many pecks and kisses, that she couldn’t stop laughing at her pervert wolf, always finding a way to surprise her…

Then he stopped and entered her again, starting to ride her now…Oh, she loved this new position already…

Ned leaned forward and kissed her neck from behind and the tickles it made were enough for her to conceal her face in the pillow as she screamed and screamed with never-ending pleasure. She spent herself right afterward, it was far too much for her, so she just let it go with the flow.

Ned, however, kept pounding her and if she had to confess, she did not expect it at all but was loving every bit of it. She began biting the pillow because her screams were way too loud, even for her low standards…she came undone a second time…a first time for her too…

But her husband seemed possessed by something else entirely…he seemed completely focused on lasting as long as he could…she simply allowed the pleasure to take her…she couldn’t even have clear thoughts anymore…

She thought she was going to peak for the third time…and Ned, probably near his peak too, increased his pace even further and she began sizzling…she did indeed peak a third time close to when Ned finally spent himself.

He laid down as he tried to catch his breath as he was panting heavily, but she…well she was still buried in the pillow, completely exhausted…feeling his seed and her juices mixing together…

“Seven Hells…” he murmured. “What was this?”

“The best day…of our lives…” she moaned with her head in the pillows still. “I’m completely out…I never peaked more than once and now three times…Gods…this was amazing…I have no words…”

“Aye, this was amazing indeed…” he agreed, laughing. “It was the first time I peak thrice too, I didn’t think it was possible…”

“A first time for us both…” she smiled after getting her worn-out face out of the pillow and a yawn quickly followed her. “But now I need to sleep, my sweet Quiet Wolf…I’m out…”

“Me too…” he nodded in approval. “And tomorrow I have to leave for Moat Cailin.”

“I’m with your brother, I don’t want you to go…” she pleaded even if she knew he couldn’t stay. “I want to you to stay…”

“I can’t…Ashara…” he patted her still shaking shoulders. “Not until I save Brandon and Lyanna, not until I avenge my father.” he sighed as he said this. “While the Mad King lives, there is no peace for me or the realm.”

“I know…” she sighed defeated. “Just don’t die on me please…and don’t let Elia, her children, and
the girls die either...I can’t forgive myself if that somehow happens...oh, and please slap my brother for me if you see him...”

“I will try my hardest.” he vouched to her while he planted a long lovely kiss in her forehead. “Sleep well, my lovely and beautiful wife.”

“Have wonderful dreams, my sweet and handsome husband.” she wished while planting her own long lovely kiss in his forehead.

They covered themselves with the sheets and cuddle in each other’s arms. She still felt Ned’s seed in her...

If she wasn’t on her safe day, she would certainly get pregnant for all much seed he spilled inside of her...

Having children in the middle of a war when your husband is fighting wasn’t something she wished at all. They had a long time for children if the Gods she now embraced and the kind Mother were good to them.

A positive side now was that she didn’t need to drink anymore shitty flavored moon tea and that wonderful thought together with the wonderful day she just had made her close her tired eyes to sleep, dreaming of more nights like this one.

Chapter End Notes

And so they married, we now have Lady Ashara Stark gracing Winterfell with her presence.

I hope the chapter wasn't too bad, the next one will have the Rebellion continuing.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Ashara Dayne

Winterfell, North, Year 282 AC

When the northern sun rays began hitting her face, she instinctively looked for Ned and when she wasn’t able to find him next to her, she opened her eyes somewhat afraid but immediately calmed down when she found him getting dressed.

“I’m here still,” he assured her with a smile. “You should go back to sleep, Shining Star.”

“As should you.” she retorted. “It’s too early…”

“Back in Harrenhal, I told you that we Northmen rise with the sun,” Ned stated while he tied his breeches. “Besides I need to leave for Moat Cailin with haste.”

“Stay for a while more…” she pleaded, knowing fully well what his answer will be…

He approached her and took a seat next to her. “I wouldn’t wish for anything Ash, but as I already told you, I can’t while Brandon and Lyanna are not here with me.”

“I’m just afraid you will never come back…” she sighed. “I probably sound like a selfish person but…”

“No, you don’t,” Ned assured her while planting a kiss on her forehead. “You are concerned with me and I appreciate it but I assure you I will return to your lovely embrace.”

She pulled him closer for a deep kiss in the lips. “I will be waiting then…” she assured. “But before you leave, you shall wait for your wife to take a bath and then get dressed and while you wait for her, you go and eat a nice breakfast.”

Her husband smiled with her demands. “As my lady wife demands.” he teased her. “I will see you when you are ready.” Ned kissed her lips again and left the room.

She laid down a little bit more without sleeping, of course, thinking that she was now Ashara Dayne Stark, wife of Eddard Stark…how funny is life’s turns…from a Rhaegar supporter to a Rebel…

Not that she felt good about it, Rhaegar had been a dear friend of hers…but now it was because of him that she had to be separated from her Ned…she didn’t want to, she wanted to be close to him like she had been these past months, to help him in any way she could but right now, she was completely worthless…

Until she remembered that she wasn’t as worthless as she initially thought…she had her little friends in King’s Landing and Dragonstone…she could establish contact with them…perhaps with Elia and Queen Rhaella too…

She wasn’t going to put the lives of either one in line but she could definitely use her friends to find some important information of what’s happening in the capital and maybe, just maybe free
Brandon from Aerys’s clutches…yes…that would help Ned a lot…

Full of energy, she stretched her arms, stood up and had the servants prepare her the warm bath she said she would have to Ned. She had to wash from the wonderful night she had yesterday and the start the day the way she loved, in the water.

She usually spent a great deal of time enjoying the baths she took, she simply adored water but today was an exception. She exited the water after some five minutes in it and began wiping the water from her body while the servants brought her a light blue dress to wear.

When she was dressed, she asked them to comb her in a northern hairstyle and was very happy with the result so she praised them for the job well done. Now fully ready, she went to the Great Hall where she found Ned, Benjen and Lady Mormont having a conversation while they ate.

“Good Morning, everyone,” she politely said while pushing a chair to sit next to her husband.

“Good Morning, Ashara.” Said Benjen with a smile. “Or should I say Lady Stark now?”

“I believe Ashara is good enough for me.” she answered with her own smile as she first saw them…*Oh Gods they have toasts…*

“I trust Ned showed you why we Northmen aren’t flowers, Lady Stark.” Commented Lady Mormont with a smirk when Ashara was picking the first toast and the butter.

“Oh that he did,” she replied while slicing the butter. “A magnificent display of Northern power for only me to glance.” Her Ned began blushing as she said this but could not hide his smile.

“My Ned is now a proper man!” Shouted the Lady Mormont proudly, not knowing that sweet Ned was a man long before that… “I’m happy for you!”

“Thank you, Maege.” Ned nodded. “Also…about you wishing to come with me…”

“Will you let me, Ned?” Lady Mormont quickly interrupted her husband’s speech, almost as if she was to eat him alive. “Please say you will!”

“I will, on the condition that you stay as far back as possible.”

“Oh come on Ned!” Barked Lady Mormont.

“I’m sure Jorah had his reasons to not let you stay.” Ned plainly stated. “I’m going way too far with this so you ought to take it or leave it.”

“Gods…” Maege murmured. “You used to be the quiet one…”

“The situation demands me to fill my father and brother’s shoes in the best of my abilities and for that, I can’t be the quiet one.”

“I know, I know.” Said Lady Mormont defeated. “I take the offer.”

“And who is ruling Bear Island now?” Questioned Ben with a raised eyebrow.

“My Dacey is.” Replied Lady Maege.

“Isn’t she ten?” Inquired Benjen.

“What about it?”
"Ten is a young age for…"

"Dacey is tough woman, Pup!" Barked Maege. "And I have raised her to be independent and resourceful, she is very well capable of ruling."

"Whatever you say, just don’t kill me." Plead Ben.

"Well…" Her husband called. "I guess we should get going."

"This soon?" she inquired while she was still eating her second toast.

"Aye, the sooner I get there the better," Ned explained. "Then I can regroup with Jon and Robert and hopefully march to King’s Landing and rescue Brandon."

"Can you let me finished this toast first?" she begged. "I have something I wish to speak with you."

"Sure," he agreed as he turned to Lady Mormont. "Maege go on and see the horses to be equipped."

"Aye."

"What is it that you wish to speak about Ned?" Asked her husband when she finished eating the toast.

"I’m going to try and have my friends or rather my spies be on constant communication with me," she explained. "With them, we can hopefully learn of Aerys’ moves and plans and maybe, and just maybe I might be able to smuggle your brother away from King’s Landing."

"Can you that?" Asked Ned as he held her hands.

"Get information yes," she assured him with a smile. "Rescue him will be tougher but…"

"But you don’t plan on going to King’s Landing yourself or do you?"

"Of course not you dummy!" she laughed at his dumb question.

"I say let her do it, Ned," Benjen suggested. "It’s not very honorable but may the Gods know what the Mad King can do to Brandon or us if we lose."

"You are right…" Ned agreed. "Do as you must, you have full permission to do whatever you think it’s best."

"Thank you."

"Also, I have written and sent another letter to the Citadel demanding another Maester stating it’s an outrage that Winterfell has no Maester and it’s their job to provide us with one." Said her husband. "Hopefully they will send us one as somehow I feel that we will need one here…"

"Having a Maester here will certainly help," Ben stated. "Let’s hope they send one."

"Right…Maege should be waiting and I need to get going." Stated her husband as he stood up and they followed his lead.

They all got up and moved to the East Gate where she saw the biggest man in her life, bringing two horses with him.
“Hodor.” The giant said as he nodded to Ned, Benjen and her.

“Thank you, Walder,” Ned said with a smile as he picked the reins of his horse. “Ashara have you met Walder before?”

“No, a pleasure to meet you Walder.” she extended her hand to him.

“Hodor.” The giant repeated as he shook her hand.

“Walder got dimwitted some years ago…” Benjen explained. “Now he only says Hodor.”

“Oh…” she interjected, as she was certainly caught off guard. “What happened to him?” she asked.

“No one knows.” Said Benjen.

“It’s was when I returned from the Vale for the first time and we were practicing with the sword, me, Ben and Lya.” Continued Ned. “All of a sudden, Walder fell to the floor shouting hold the door, hold the door for quite some time until he stopped and only said Hodor.”

“That’s sad…” she confessed while glancing Walder. “I’m sorry…”

“Hodor.”

“Walder was and still is one of Lyanna’s deepest friends.” Informed Benjen. “I’m quite sure he would ride south too if he could.”

“But Walder is staying.” Ned concluded.

“I know brother.”

Lady Mormont returned with two bags. “I had the servants fill you a bag with the needs for the trip Ned,” she said as she placed them on the back of the horses. “I’m all ready to go.”

“I guess this a goodbye for now…” Ned said while looking at her with those grey eyes she loved.

Ashara hugged her husband and lover tightly and kissed his lips. “Don’t you dare leave me a widow, Ned.”

“I won’t, I promise by the Old Gods and the New.”

“Lady Mormont, please keep my husband safe.” she pleaded. “And hit him if he behaves badly.”

“He will be safe in my watch, flower.” Lady Mormont assured. “I will look forward to meeting you again.”

“Likewise.”

Ned and Lady Mormont mounted the horses nodded and said their goodbyes as Ashara and Benjen watched them exit Winterfell, hopefully not for the last time.

“Gods I miss them already…” Muttered Benjen.

“Me too…” she sighed, really hoping her Ned return to her. “Say Benjen, how about you show me what work needs to be done here.”

“Oh there is a lot of it, I’m afraid.”
“Two heads and fours hands work better than one head and two hands,” she said. “So let’s get going.”

“Aye.”

Brandon Stark
Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Brandon laid down in the floor, excluding the lights from the guards when it was time for he and Ethan to have their putrid meals he only saw darkness, darkness and more darkness…

He wanted to die…die and be done with it. Why should someone like him bother living? Him the one who killed his father, his friends and perhaps even more. He had no hope.

Brandon closed his eyes with the image of Ned, Lya and Ben smiling…and then his father roasting in front of him…I’m sorry father…

The next thing he sees is light…the darkness ended somehow…he looked around and found himself in Winterfell’s Godswood, near the Heart Tree…

He noticed the pool of water near the Heart Tree and tried to see how ridiculous he looked but somehow he had no reflection…How is this possible?

“Hello there!” A feminine voice said and Brandon promptly looked towards its source, wondering who it was.

The woman in question looked like…“Lya?”

“No, I’m afraid I’m not Lyanna.” Replied the woman. “I give you two more guesses.”

If she was not Lyanna…then who in the Seven Hells was she? And why did she seem so familiar? She looked like Lyanna and no one could say otherwise but a closer look allowed him to see Benjen’s blue eyes in her instead of Lya’s grey ones…was she? “No way…”

“Who am I, my wildest Bran?” she asked with that smile he remembered.

Brandon fell to his knees as tears began falling. “Mother…”

“Oh my son got it at the second time!” she said amused as she walked to get closer to him. “Get up, will you? Where is my hug?”

“I’m…I’m not worthy…” he murmured between his surprise.

“Not worthy to hug your mother?” she asked with a slightly angrier face.

“I got father killed…my friends as well…I’m disgrace of a son…” he felt a slap hit his cheek with such strength that he couldn’t help but look towards his mother who was very angry now.

“You made a big mistake Brandon and I will not deny it.” she began. “But for Gods’ sake are you really going to keep talking shit like I’m not worthy of getting a hug from my mother or I want to die?”

“I got them killed…”
“Why did your father came to King’s Landing knowing fully well there was a big risk of being killed?” Questioned his mother.

“I…I don’t know…”

“He came for you, stupid!” she hissed. “He came to save his son, he sacrificed himself for you and you keep wishing to die, what does that make of his sacrifice?”

“He shouldn’t have come!” he barked. “He should have stayed with Ned or something, not die instead of me!”

“Brandon, do you know why you got that name?” Inquired his mother.

“No…I don’t…”

“Because your father and I knew you would do something great for the world just as Brandon the Builder did and the many that came after him,” she explained. “You made lots of mistakes son, but who didn’t? The world is full of people who commit mistakes and you are human being Bran.”

“But is there redemption for someone who led to his friends and father’s deaths?” he asked. “Redemption from an impulsive cunt who can’t think before acting?”

“Brandon, we learn from our mistakes.” she insisted. “What is important is to not let the same mistake happen twice.”

“And if it does?”

“If it does it does.” His mother dismissed. “But I know you will not commit the same mistake twice, I know you will be more rational and less emotional after this, I know you will contain that wolf blood of yours and I know you will be a better person that cares for his siblings and everyone around him.”

“And how am I supposed to care for them if I’m a prisoner of the mad cunt?” he asked. “How am I supposed to something good where there is nothing but darkness?”

“The light will come, son,” she told him while placing her hand on his shoulder. “You will endure it as the Starks have done for thousands of years, I know you will because you are strong.”

“He is going to torture me…”

“He will and I wish I could kill the mad fucker myself but…”

“You can’t…”

“I can’t…”

“It’s alright mother,” he said with a shy smile. “I will endure it, I will not him break me, I’m Stark and Winter is Coming.”

“You got the words out of my mouth, my wildest Bran.” His mother said patting his cheek now. “The North Remembers and the pack stays strong.”

“The North Remembers and the pack stays strong indeed.” Brandon agreed.

“I still haven’t received the hug I was due…” she said with a daring glance.
Brandon smiled as he finally embraced his mother in a hug, a hug that he definitely needed. “I have missed you so much, mother…”

“I know sweetheart, I know…” His mother said as she kissed his cheek. “Know that no matter what you, my pups do, I will always be proud of you all, I really will, I love you all with all of my heart.”

“I hope to make you proud…”

“You already do and will keep doing so and I know,” she said smiling and weeping. “I’m afraid I must go now…”

“Really?” he asked with tears in his eyes too. “Can’t you stay a while longer?”

“I’m afraid not, my wildest Bran.”

“I see…” he murmured with a sigh. “Before you go…are you a ghost or just my conscience?”

“I’m whatever you think I am,” she replied smiling. “Goodbye, my wildest Bran…take care, my love and don’t you dare to wish to be dead.”

“I won’t, I swear it,” he replied with a smile. “Goodbye, mother…”

And it was finished…the next thing he remembered was waking up to the darkness yet again…

But he felt revitalized…the Wild Wolf died and so did that sorry prick that stood there wishing to die, now he was a whole new person, a person would endure and not break, he was Brandon Stark the new, a wolf.

Aerys will see that if you leave one wolf alive, the sheep are never safe…And to you mother, I will fix my mistakes and make you proud. Winter is Coming.

Robert Baratheon

Near Summerhall, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

They received a raven from Lady Bethany Grandison born Bethany Swann, wife to Lord Alan Grandison, who tipped them the Loyalist rallying point as being Summerhall. The woman had been under an unhappy marriage for a long time and decided to warn just to spite Alan Grandison and screw him over.

It wasn’t as if Robert any problems with it because now he was riding with some fifteen hundred horsemen to Summerhall ready to fight while Lord Andrew Horpe led the infantry that of course moved slower than the cavalry.

His cavalry seemed to be the first one to arrive at Summerhall as the castle seemed abandoned. He knew the Targaryens had been restoring the castle for some time even if most of it was still ruins.

“Lord Robert.” Said Lord Mertyns as he approached Robert with Lester Morrigen, Old Morrigen’s oldest son. “How are we to proceed?”

“Their hosts should not be too large.” Robert deduced aloud. “And their cavalry shall arrive before the infantry, just as ours did, and with it will come the commanders.” he elaborated further.

“So if we fight the cavalry…” Lester murmured.
“Then we take their commanders out and the infantry will be without no one leading them.” Added Lord Mertyns. “And will most likely surrender…”

“Precisely.” Robert roared with his laugh. “The bastards won’t even have a chance and with us arriving earlier we also have an extra edge.”

“That’s a good plan, Robert,” Lester said laughing too. “Hopefully we will be able to pull it.”

“We will as long as we are ready to engage at all times,” he warned. “We can’t have them surprise us.”

His men started making a camp as they waited for the Loyalists to arrive, hoping that Swann did not send them to a trap…Stannis did warn them that her word meant little…

“Milord!” Called a soldier who rode in his horse to where Robert was having his own tent standing. “I have seen a host coming in this direction…they had House Grandison’s banners…I saw the sleeping lion…”

So the Swann woman wasn’t lying… “GET READY TO ENGAGE!!!” he shouted as he grabbed his helmet and began running to his horse. “WE ARE GOING TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY!!!”

“AYE!!!” The soldiers replied in unison as they made way to their own horses.

House Grandison was one the strongest houses in the Stormlands that kept allegiance to the Crown, they could field some two thousand men, but taking into account that they couldn’t simply leave Grandview unprotected their numbers should be much lower…

Lester and Martin were putting the horses in line while they waited for the Grandisons to begin their climbing of the hill that gave access to Summerhall. Robert had placed a few sentries hidden in the rocks in strategic positions so that they could warn them when the enemy was in position for their ambush.

When the anticipation hit his host hard, one of the sentries blew the horn and Robert shouted for them to charge. They descend upon the Grandison cavalry who was in complete shock.

Robert himself charged against Lord Alan Grandison who was commanding his men into reforming their surprised host. They clashed, he with his war hammer and Grandison with his sword. Grandison had some skill with the sword and gave him some slashes but Robert wasn’t losing, he swung the war hammer while positioning his horse a little more to the left and done, Grandison fell to the floor and Robert quickly unhorsed and caught him.

“LOOK WHO I CAUGHT!!!” Robert shouted proudly as he showed the soldiers Lord Grandison in his holding. “YOUR LORD IS A PRISONER NOW, BEND THE KNEE NOW!!!”

It wasn’t long before the entirety of the Grandison cavalry that was still standing surrendered.

Later…

“We should have caught some two hundred horsemen.” Informed Martin Mertyns. “Less two hundred opponents to worry about.”

“Yes…” Robert agreed while glancing the prisoners that were being closed in cages made of wood. “Soon we will have all these cunts there…”

“Milord!” Shouted a sentry. “I see more dust in the horizon, I think we might have more horses
coming!

“Did Grandison have more cavalry?” Asked a surprised Lester.

“I don’t know, but get them all back to the horses!” Robert commanded. “Seems like the day isn’t finished yet…”

The strategy was the same, wait for them to begin climbing the hill, sound the horn and smash them. He, Lester and Martin were getting the men in line once more, when the horn sounded again and they rushed forward.

The banners of the opposing forces were black and green with what appeared a white crescent moon…House Fell…

“CHARGE!!!” he shouted to his men and was met by a roar of approval as they rode against their opponents.

Robert engaged Lord Ronald Fell who provided him with some struggle but was ages below from Lord Grandison’s skill and was quickly smashed by his war hammer. Ser Rodrik Fell known as the Silveraxe was an entirely different matter though…

Seeing his father being defeated by Robert prompted the skilled axeman to engage Robert, enraged of course.

They clashed for a while and Silveraxe did manage to cut through part of Robert’s armor, luckily it wasn’t a deep cut because Robert would be in trouble if it was. Their fight seemed to last for an eternity…

There were times that Robert thought he would lose, but remembering Ned, Lyanna, Brandon and their father just as his family made him see that he could not lose there, so he shouted as loud as he could and finally managed to overpower the Silveraxe with his sheer force.

Silveraxe now in the floor was captured just as Lord Grandison had been.

Surprisingly, the battle had been over for quite some time as his numbers were way too much for House Fell to cope with.

He returned to the camp to have House Mertyns’ Maester see to his wound and patch it so it couldn’t get infected. Lester came inside his tent not long after with a serious face.

“Lord Fell is dead.” Robert sort of thought as much since he had smashed the man’s chest with his war hammer. “We now have some three hundred captured horsemen.”

“That is good to…”

“Robert!” Interrupted Martin worriedly. “We have more horses coming in our way…”

“More?” Inquired Lester aghast. “Three fucking battles in a day?”

“It seems that way…”

“Bring me my armor quickly!” Robert barked at his squire, another one since the previous one had to stay in the Vale.

“Same plan?” Asked Martin when Robert was being dressed.
“Aye, don’t fix what is not broken,” Robert said. “After this, we are having a bloody feast in the Targaryen’s fucking palace.”

“That is if we survive…” Murmured Lester.

“Fuck off the bad attitude Lester!” Roared Robert.

“I’m just being realistic that’s all…”

“I’m ready,” Robert concluded. “Get the men ready!”

“Will do…” Both of them replied as they exited Robert’s tent.

“This is a glorious day it seems.” Said Martin as they climbed to their horses’ back. “Three fucking battles in a row…was this ever done before?”

“I don’t know.” Confessed Robert as he laughed. “But I know our names will remain in the songs after this day, Martin.”

“I’m actually happy for it.” Said Lester. “Maybe I can find myself a bride after this…”

“I’m sure all the wenches will be failing to your knees, Lester.” Robert laughed amused. “Lester the Crown Slayer Crow.”

“Very funny Robert…” Dismissed a pissed Lester.

“I’m messing with you Lester.” Robert clapped Lester’s armored back. “Why can’t people simply enjoy life and stop brooding? Seriously.”

“It’s not brooding…” Lester retorted. “It’s being realistic!”

“Whatever you say, Lester.”

The horn began to sound then and all their numbers began riding to meet whatever Loyalist cunt was coming now. It happened to be House Cafferen with their green banners with white fawns.

The Rebel’s sheer numbers were way too overwhelming for the Loyalists who were completely overrun. Lord Andrew Cafferen charged against Robert in hopes to kill him somehow but Robert simply hit him with the war hammer after he dodged his advance. Seriously? All this building up to get thrown off your horse with one hit?

“Seven Hells!” Shouted Martin. “We caught another lord…”

“Are we finally finished?” Lester inquired with a hopeful and tired look. “I’m completely exhausted…”

“I don’t know,” Robert confessed as he sighed from how tired he was too. “I hope so, but we have to be in the watch just to be sure…”

Luckily for them, there were no more battles in that day…They stayed the usual three days to show the world who won there, they placed the respective lords in the front lines to discourage the infantry from the Loyalists.

They were met by the men from House Caron and Dondarrion who joined their ranks and then came Ser Narbert Grandison that upon seeing his brother captive, surrender to Robert just as the commander of House Cafferen’s infantry. The men from House Fell either did the same or
When Lord Horpe and the infantry finally arrived, Robert decided to return to Storm’s end after almost a week at Summerhall, hoping to turn his prisoners into allies and to have more houses joining his cause too.

Chapter End Notes

Here is one of the reasons why Ashara is going to have a complicated time ahead of her, trying to figure out how she is going to save Brandon who now regained his will. Will she make it?

The battles of Summerhall are concluded with the Rebels, I would like to know what everyone thinks of the battles I write.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna Stark

Tower of Joy, Year 282 AC

Despite being winter and them being in the mountains it was as hot as the summertime in the North. She supposed it was normal since she apparently was in Dorne and the first thing they teach you about Dorne is that it’s bloody hot.

One of the things that messed with her head the most was why there was a round tower in the middle of the mountains and why in the Seven Hells were they bringing her there? Wouldn’t it make sense to go northwards where she could be delivered to her family?

Another thing she noticed was that for some reason, Ser Arthur wasn’t really speaking with the Prince while at Harrenhal they seemed to be together a lot of times. Ser Oswell seemed a bit off too, though much less then Ser Arthur.

Something was off…it had to be…but what? What was wrong there?

“Here we are, My Lady.” Said the Prince as they began unhorsing. “The Tower of Joy.”

“I see…” she uttered while looking at the plain looking structure that stood there. Ser Arthur came to help her descend, normally she would even find it offensive but since her back was still not perfect she accept the knight’s help.

Said knight had no intention to harm her as she knew, but when he touched her back whilst he was doing his gallantry, she felt a tremendous amount of pain that she couldn’t but begin hissing.

“I’m sorry My Lady I…” The Dornish knight said with a concerned face when she was already on the floor. “I did not wish to hurt you.”

She sighed a bit in order to ease the pains and gave him an assuring smile. “You meant no harm Ser Arthur, it’s just that my back isn’t fully recovered yet.”

“Still…”

“Don’t fret about it.” she assured the knight as she held his hands in hers.

The Dayne knight smiled at her gesture. “As My Lady says.”

They made their way inside the tower, it didn’t seem to have much in it other than every floor having its own bedroom, having what seemed like a warehouse full of Dornish wine and mead and some sort of common area with a few small tables.

The top floor had the widest room which could be thrice as large as the other ones.

“I say this room goes to Lady Lyanna.” The Prince concluded. “Anyone against it?”

“And My Prince?” she inquired. “Shouldn’t my Prince be in the biggest room.”
“I have no need for such a large room.” Replied the Prince. “I will stay down below.”

“If My Prince says so…”

“It’s turning dusk.” Point Ser Oswell. “I believe we should prepare something for dinner…”

“Do you think the mead is edible?” Asked Ser Arthur.

“It should be…” Ser Oswell said. “It’s peasant mead, it’s made to last and last.”

“I’m still wary of it…”

“Oh come on Arthur, what is the worst that can happen?” Inquired Ser Oswell.

“We can all die from constipation perhaps?”

“Nah.” Ser Oswell dismissed. “You are overreacting.”

“As you say…”

“When you feel like it, My Lady, come downstairs to have something to eat.” Said Ser Oswell with a smile. “Arthur and I will prepare something…though he might not be of your taste…or ours…”

“I will go,” she assured them. “I can’t afford to starve, I must eat even if tastes bad.”

“Feel yourself at home, My Lady.” Wished the Prince with a smile.

“I will, thank you.” she nodded as she closed the door of her new room which she began contemplating. It was spacious but had nothing a bed in it and the windows were small things that only allowed to see things in the distance, which were a pretty sight actually, the Red Mountains of Dorne.

Her room in Summerhall had, despite everything, better conditions, including bed sheets and some restored paintings of Targaryens…

Without anything else to do in her room, she descended upon the common room and ate some sort of mead stew that Ser Oswell and Ser Arthur prepared. She didn’t have her hopes too high already, but the taste it provided her was completely disgusting, she almost puked had it not been for the strong tasting Dornish wine…

Speaking of said wine, she wasn’t used to such strong wine at all. She never quite liked the wine the way the Northmen tend to, she never drank too much of it and usually watered it down a bit. Now she couldn’t do such thing and just two cups of the wine seemed to be enough to make her a little too…joyful…

“Fuck this tastes like shit!” Barked Ser Oswell. “We suck at cooking but this bread must be as old as my bloody late grandmother!”

“I did warn you…” Pointed out Ser Arthur with that I told you so look.

She, however, began laughing almost hysterically at a scene that should really make her laugh but did make them all laugh too.

“You should be more restrained with your language, Oswell.” Warned the Prince. “We have a lady here and it’s improper.”
“I’m no lady!” she hissed. “I may be a woman but I’m not a lady, I’m Lyanna Stark!”

“You may say that now.” Began Ser Oswell. “But when marry Lord Robert Baratheon, you will be Lady of the Stormlands.”

“I want no marriage!” she barked angrily, but definitely drunk as well. “I want to be free!”

“Be free…” Murmured Ser Arthur with a serious face. “No one is free, we all have responsibilities that matter more than freedom.”

She said nothing else, but did fill another cup of that Dornish wine and drank it, pissed.

“Seven take me but we will have to go and hunt some rabbits or something of the sort.” Concluded Ser Oswell. “If I can avoid eating this shitty mead, I will be happy.”

“You have no opposition on my part.” Said Ser Arthur.

“I think, I’m going to bed…” she finally decided when she felt her head was hurting. “Good night to you all.”

“Goodnight My Lady.” They replied.

“My name is Lyanna!” she hissed back and they all apologized but for some reason, the Prince was looking towards her in a weird manner. She decided to ignore that look and left for her room.

When she was sleeping already, she had yet another dream which she didn’t expect since she did not drink the milk of the poppy.

She dreamt of the old lady…she was saying some phrases she said once.

“Oh child you are so very kind and yet so very reckless.”

“The noblest intentions can easily turn into selfish delusional acts, no heart is pure.”

“The world is full of grief child of ice and it hits everyone.”

What was the point of these dreams that haunted her? What was its meaning? Why did she dream of them?

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Robert Baratheon

Storm's End, Stormlands, Year 282 AC

Robert entered the Round Hall with his men and captive lords behind and saw Stannis there with some more lords that weren’t there in the first time like Lord Clifford Swann, Lord Ralph Buckler and Lord Simon Herston besides those who had been there in the previous meeting and weren’t too old.

“Stannis!” Robert shouted proudly upon seeing his stone-faced brother.

“Robert.” Stannis nodded while Robert took a seat in the Lord’s seat.

“So, we have new people here?” He asked aloud as he glanced the lords.
“Yes, House Swann, Buckler, Herston, Peasebury, Trant, Tudbury…”

“Just say who isn’t with us.” Robert cut in.

Stannis glanced him plainly before continuing. “House Cafferen, Grandison and Connington.”

Robert turned towards the two lords he had brought as prisoners. “My Lords, seems we have a pressing concern to resolve…”

“We followed our King…” Began Lord Cafferen. “My Lord can’t blame us for that.”

“A King who unjustly demanded your liege’s head!” Robert shouted angrily at the audacity. “Tell me what harm I have done to the crown, Lord Cafferen,” he asked. “I ask every soul in this room what harm I have done to House Targaryen?”

None of the lords said anything, not even the two he had there.

“My parents died while trying to find a bride to that stupid cunt who stole my own bride!” Robert insisted. “And where are he and the crown now? Now that you are all defeated and made prisoners? Do they even care for you all?”

The silence seemed to reign supreme in the Round Hall.

“Because I think you were all misguided in your actions,” Robert spoke. “I shall pardon all of you without asking for more than some wards to be sent to Greenstone to guarantee that you all stay on my side.”

Lord Cafferen sighed in defeat. “House Cafferen swears allegiance to House Baratheon and begs mercy for its mistake.”


“Thank you, My Lords,” Robert said with a smile. “Your support will be much appreciated and your betrayal is forgiven.” Then he turned towards Silveraxe. “What about you Silveraxe, will you fight for your liege or defy it?”

“You killed my father.” Silveraxe spat.

“I did, but he would have killed me if I allowed him to.” Robert retorted. “I didn’t wish to kill him though, I would much rather have him swear his allegiance here too.”

“If I fight for you Robert, will you let my family be?”

“I said so didn’t I?”

“Then I shall fight for House Baratheon.” Concluded the Silveraxe. “As I should have in the first place.”

“Your skills will be much appreciated, Rodrik,” Robert assured as he patted Silveraxe’s back and the servants freed them. “I believe we should have a feast to celebrate our battle, everyone is invited.”

“And what will be our next move, Robert?” Asked Stannis.

“Well…I should set a meeting point with Jon Arryn so we can merge our armies…” Robert began as he played with his fingers. “The Riverlands are half way between the Vale and the Stormlands, I
“Surely you don’t plan to move by the Kingsroad, Robert.” Asked Lord Horpe.

“No, as tempting as it is, it’s too soon.” Robert dismissed. “We need our allies for that.”

“Then where are we going, My Lord?” Questioned Lord Cafferen.

“We shall take a turn by the Reach.” Robert decided. “No one will expect it, we will make a turn west and then move north around say, Ashford.”

“What of the might of the Reach?” Questioned Stannis, skeptical of his plan.

“The Reach will be by King’s Landing by now.” Said Robert. “Besides we can always evade them.”

“I do agree on you taking a turn to bypass King’s Landing,” Stannis said. “But going by the Reach? It sounds like it’s based on unconfirmed premises, I would suggest keeping by the Kingswood and cross the Blackwater Rush before King’s Landing.”

“And what is to say we won’t encounter the Reachmen there?” Robert countered. “What if the Mad King has his army patrolling that area? I think it’s based on unconfirmed premises as well.”

“I still think it’s a more solid plan than yours.”

“Then I’m afraid I will keep with mine.” Robert decided. “And you will be here guarding Storm’s End.”

“But Robert I want to go…”

“Protect Renly, yes.” Robert interrupted. “Like the good brother you are.”

Robert could see Stannis grit his teeth with anger but soon calmed down. “As you wish, brother.”

“Good.” Concluded Robert as he left his brother’s glance. “Now let’s have a bloody feast!”

“Aye!” The lords shouted proudly.

Eddard Stark

Moat Cailin, North, Year 282 AC

Moat Cailin was bustling sight with so many Northmen present, and with them, tents and fireplaces. When Ned and Maege rode in the middle of the improvised tent city, all the men that saw Ned’s banner began bowing to him. He, of course, waved to each one.

They unhorsed near the castle walls and entered the Gatehouse Tower where the lords would certainly be as it was the tower that was in better condition.

As he first stepped inside, he began hearing shouts, he followed them and eventually found the Great Hall where he found all the lords barking, threatening and almost fighting each other for Gods know what reasons…

They did, however, stop when they saw him appear by the casing of the door. “My Lords.” Ned
politely greeted as he gave a proper glance at who was there.

Willam was there, just as Jon Umber, Lord Rickard Karstark, Symond Burley, Hugo Hull, Jorah Mormont, Joramun Flint, Lord Manderly, Medger Cerwyn, Helman Tallhart, Galbart Glover, Tom Harclay, Lord Ronnel Hornwood, Gregor Forrester, Ludd Whitehill, Lord Roger Ryswell, and even Roose Bolton was there and so was Howland!

“Ned!” Shouted Willam proudly as he stood up. “Finally here I see!”

“Aye,” Ned replied with a shy smile. “And ready go to war.”

“You took your sweet time Eddard Stark.” Said Lord Ryswell with a very serious look destined to him. “What have you been doing exactly may I know?”

“I’m sorry for the time I took, Lord Ryswell,” Ned said as he saw all the lords glancing him now. “I had a hard journey to reach the North and had something important to do at Winterfell.”

“While we starve in these ruins.” Stated the older lord. “We could have all died here without a Stark giving a damn about us.”

“My Lord I apologize, but it was a rather pressing matter.” Ned insisted.

“What sort of pressing matter?”

“I got married,” he said and then the whispers began amongst the lords. “To my betrothed.”

“Since when were you betrothed, Ned?” Asked Jon Umber with a confused face, a face that seemed to be now common in the room.

“For a while now,” he replied. “To Lady Ashara Dayne, who is now Lady Ashara Stark.”

“A Dayne as a Stark...a bloody Dornishwoman!” Proclaimed Lord Ryswell laughing bitterly. “A spy I say, I spy to steal our secrets and warn the Mad King!”

“She is no spy and she isn’t here to hear our plans being discussed, Lord Ryswell,” Ned said. “And I will ask you to watch your tone with my wife as she is a lady that deserves every bit of respect that her station demands.”

“Why should I bother with House Stark’s destiny when they have done nothing but spit on House Ryswell like you are doing now?” Inquired the bitter lord. “I should just return the Rills and let you all die!”

“THEN GO!!!” Shouted Ned who was now pissed with Lord Ryswell’s disrespect towards his family and his wife. “I’m sure House Stark committed many mistakes to House Ryswell but I’m sure it wasn’t the only one to do so and that House Ryswell committed many mistakes too.” Retorted Ned. “But remember that House Stark has endured for thousands of years and it was House Stark who placed House Ryswell were it is now, if it wasn’t for us you, you would be simple stewards to House Ryder.”

“Are you threatening me?” Ask the lord as he stood up.

“No, Lord Ryswell, only winter is a threat, and Winter is Coming,” Ned commented before turning to the other lords. “You are free to go home to your families, My Lords, I will not hold you here against your will.” he declared. “But I, I will march south to King’s Landing even if I have to go alone and I will avenge my father and bring my siblings back because the North Remembers those
who harm them!

All the lords began looking towards each other until Howland stood up. “House Reed and the crannogmen stand by House Stark, now and forever.” he proclaimed. “I will go with you Lord Eddard wherever we must go and I support your wife too.”

He smiled at his friend. “Thank you Howland.”

“House Dustin will follow the Starks as well!” Willam proclaimed as he stood up. “We don’t back down nor leave our allies alone!”

“House Mormont will always stand by House Stark!” Shouted Maege. “Here we Stand with House Stark and Eddard's wife!”

“And so will House Umber!” Thundered Jon Umber. “We shall march south and smash these cunts for what they did to House Stark for the North Remembers!”

Soon all the lords began pledging their support to him, only House Whitehill, Bolton and Ryswell remained without doing so…

Finally, Roose Bolton raised his hand to get permission to talk as they were plenty of roars around and when everyone was quiet and waiting to see what the second strongest house in the North had to say he finally spoke… “House Bolton stands by House Stark.”

That was everything that needed to be said, Ludd Whitehill pledged himself to House Stark, right afterward and the bitter Lord Ryswell did too as he had no support to contest House Stark further.

“My Lords,” Called Ned emotionally. “House Stark will forever be in your debt.”

“FOR HOUSE STARK AND THE NORTH!!!” Shouted Jon Umber with every bit of energy he had in his lungs. “WINTER IS COMING!!!”

“HURRAH!!!” Replied all the lords in unison. “HURRAH!!!”

Ned was forever in debt with every Northerner lord, he really was. Now…he had to ride south and bring his siblings back it was his task, his goal.

Later, he was taking a stroll with Willam, Howland, Edrick Tallhart and Mark Ryswell around the northern tent city.

“Forgive my father, Ned.” Pleaded Mark. “He is bitter that your late lord father refused Barbrey as a Lady of Winterfell and I must congratulate you for the marriage, I wish you and your lady life all the happiness possible.”

“I’m sure he didn’t mean those words, Mark,” Ned said with a shy smile. “I must thank everyone for supporting me, my family and my wife.”

“Ah, it’s nothing, Quiet Wolf!” Willam clapped his back proudly. “I promised my father I would bring Brandon back and I intend to keep it.”

“Did Lord Garth die?” Ned asked a bit shaken with the news.

“Aye, he did, a few moons ago...” Murmured Willam. “He did insist that I pledged all of my support to House Stark in hopes of rescuing Bran and I will do that, not that I didn’t plan it myself.”
“Thank you.”

“We will bring them back Ned,” Edrick assured. “And congratulations on your marriage.”

“Thank you, Edrick.”

“I still can’t believe you actually married that beauty from Harrenhal, Ned,” Willam remarked as he clapped Ned in the back. “Congratulations Quiet Wolf.”

“Thank you, Willam.”

“Brandon would be proud of you.” Said Willam. “And we will get him back so he can congratulate you as well.”

“I do hope so…” If it wasn’t for Brandon’s nonsense he wouldn’t have danced with Ashara on the first night he saw her, he was forever in debt with his brother because of it.

“Come on Ned, the North can’t have a depressed man leading it and you know it.” Warned Willam with his booming laugh. “We will bring them back, don’t worry.”

“Lord Eddard.” Called Howland. “I may not know how to fight properly and ride a horse even with the intense training I did, I assure you that I will fight till the bitter end for Lady Lyanna and Lord Brandon.” he avowed. “House Reed will stay by House Stark’s side no matter the consequences.”

“Thank you, Howland, you are a great friend,” Ned said while patting Howland’s shoulder. “Truthfully.”

“The Starks are great friends to me.” Howland dismissed. “It does seem logical that I help my friends.”

“And Willam.” Called Ned.

“Aye?”

“I want you to lead the northern cavalry.” he said.

“Me?” Willam asked surprised with Ned’s decision. “Really?”

“I can’t think of anyone else more fit for the job,” Ned said. “And Howland, Edrick and Mark will be at my side.”

“Then I promise I won’t disappoint you, Ned.” Willam nodded. “Thank you.”

“I know you won’t.” Ned clapped his friend’s back now. “By the way, does any of you know how many men we have here?”

“I believe we have accounted twenty-five thousand men of which five thousand are on horse.” Replied Mark. “We might have more coming due to the winter…”

“We could wait some more for more men…” Suggested Edrick. “Maybe we can reach King Torrhen’s numbers when he went to face the Targaryens.”

“Maybe but I still wish to move south as soon as possible because I don’t know the condition that my siblings are held in.” Explained Ned. “Maybe someone can stay behind mustering more men…”
“Sounds like a decent plan.” Mark said.

“Lord Stark.” Called a tall and lean man of brown hair and eyes of the same color as Benjen who wore a helmet with a bird’s wings to the sides and whose armor was indigo, with an eagle on his chest, Lord Jason Mallister…

“My Lord, to what do I own the pleasure of your visit?” Ned greeted as he approached the Riverlord who was mounted on his white horse.

“My son’s death and my will to avenge him.” The Riverlord said. “Lord Tully hasn’t called his banners yet and I’m tired of waiting so I came asking to join the North in it's way south, I bring two thousand men of which five hundred are horsemen.”

“Lord Mallister any help is always welcome,” Ned assured. “Your numbers will help us a lot and My Lord will be welcome and respected amongst us.”

“Good, I will forward to ride south with the North as well.” Lord Mallister confessed with a smile. “I will be waiting for your commands, Lord Stark.”

The Mallister men were then led by their lord to mount tents somewhere in the tent city.

“Never expected to have a Riverlord joins us without his liege…” Commented Edrick.

“The Tullys never managed to have the unity of their lands.” Stated Willam. “Most of their houses joined the Targaryen cause already.”

“We still need their support for our cause if we wish to have a chance,” Ned stated. “I will send a raven to Jon Arryn in order for him to meet us at the Crossroads Inn so we can march to Riverrun together, with both our armies.”

“You are the one in charge Ned.” Said Willam. “What you say, we do.”

“Then let’s get the lords reunited to explain the plan.” Concluded Ned as the five of them returned to the castle.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah...in the aftermath of the wonderful episode we were provided from the TV show(I was being sarcastic) we have another chapter here.

Once again, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Ashara Dayne

Winterfell, North, Year 282 AC

Ashara was yet again sorting through the tax revenues of Winterfell to see if everything was in check. She had to admit that running a household was not an easy task especially when you have little experience at it.

Luckily for her, Ned’s father, Lord Rickard kept extensive records with great detail about every single account and tax. With this very crucial information, she managed to find and reproduce the patterns she saw in those records, not fully but she was getting there.

All the while, she was trying to find new ways to cut expenses as she knew that wars were expensive in both lives and money, especially a war fought during the harsh conditions of winter. It would be her little contribution to the North.

Her plot to free Brandon was already underway too, she had written two messages, one for Cletus that was usually found at King’s Landing’s docks and one for sweet and kind Mary of Dragonstone. With those messages, she would enter in contact with her spy friends to set her plan into motion.

She also sent a letter to Elia explaining everything she had done and would try to do. Ashara knew her best friend wouldn’t betray her but she was very worried about her, she missed her and the girls…

Due to the state of war, communication by raven was out of question, especially considering that both King’s Landing and Dragonstone were in the opposing side to Winterfell.

The messengers she sent had to resort to ships at White Harbor with neutral sails, Essosi to be exact, and she was quite worried because after what she went through at the Bite, she had some doubts on them reaching their destination but she hoped to be wrong…

Her thoughts were interrupted when her belly began hurting more…she had this weird feeling since yesterday but today it seemed to be increasing and increasing…she hoped it wasn’t anything too serious…

She and Benjen came up with a simple and efficient solution to fix the problem of Winterfell not having a Maester by striking a deal with Lady Brenda Cerwyn that allowed their Maester, named Rhodry to work in both castles.

The Maester would work a week at Castle Cerwyn and the next one at Winterfell and so on. This week, he was at Winterfell threatening any ill people and perhaps she could pay him a visit when she was done…to see what her problem was…said Maester also wrote a letter to the Citadel hoping to pressure them into sending a new one but Ashara wasn’t liking the way the Citadel was simply abandoning Winterfell to its luck just because they certainly thought that the Rebels would lose.

At that moment she watched Benjen enter the Great Hall with a big mischievous smile. “It seems we have managed to make the oranges and lemons at our storehouse in Winter Town last for a day
or two more,” he said proudly. “It’s the first time since I took charge of Winterfell.”

She gave her brother-in-law a warm smile for she was certainly happy about it. “I’m glad.” she avowed. “Hopefully we can do the same thing to everything else soon.”

“It will be hard since its winter.” Warned Benjen.

“We still have to give it a try…” she said as she began feeling worse and worse… “Winter can… last for…longer…so…”

Benjen began looking at her confused and worriedly. “Are you alright, Ashara?” he questioned as he held her shoulder. “You seem to be getting paler by the second…”

“I’m fine…” she assured with a weak smile. Perhaps it was all due to her spending so much time doing calculus... “Maybe I just had a bit too much work…”

“Aye…” Benjen agreed with her. “I believe you should take a rest…catch some fresh air?”

“I believe so too…” she agreed with a nod while her hand did not leave her belly. When she got up and walked a few steps, all very shaky…she threw up in the floor, missing the carpets by a small margin. “Gods...” she murmured with the horrifying taste of bile in her mouth..“I will go fetch Maester Rhodry,” Decided Benjen. “Clearly you are not well…”

“I’m fine…” she insisted.

“You just threw up!” Benjen hissed as he pointed to her puke. “Besides Ned will never forgive me if something happens to you, I will fetch the Maester and that’s the end of it.” And with that, he left.

She took a seat in a nearby chair as the feeling of sickness was still there as she waited for her brother-in-law and the Maester which arrived not even five minutes later.

“My Lady, what do you feel?” Asked the Maester as he began touching her forehead to see if she had a fever.

“Sick…” she replied all dizzy. “My head hurts a bit but it’s mostly my stomach…”

“It doesn’t seem to be fever…” Concluded the Maester as he took a glance at her face. “What have you consumed today?”

“I ate the breakfast,” she answered. “A few toasts and a glass of milk, the same as my brother-in-law.”

“People have different reactions to the same things, My Lady.” Explained the middle-aged Maester. “Perhaps your stomach reacted badly to some…”

“I never had problems consuming what I consumed today.” she insisted. ”I love toasts and never any problem with milk.”

“Perhaps the milk was sour?” Questioned the Maester as he turned to Benjen.

“I don’t believe so Maester.” Said Benjen. “Otherwise I would be sick too.”

“I’m not sure then…” The Maester reported with an indecisive look until it looked like he had seen the light. “My Lady, I would like to...do a pregnancy test.”
“A pregnancy test?” she asked aghast. “Whatever for?”

“You did sleep with your husband after getting married did you not?”

“I did but I was on my safe day,” she explained, there was no way she had gotten pregnant… “I can’t possibly be pregnant!”

“My Lady should give it a try anyway.” Insisted the Maester. “We still have to find out what caused you to puke.”

“I say you should do the test Ashara.” Pleading Benjen as he placed his hand on her shoulder again. “It doesn’t hurt…” he said with a smile before his expression changed… “Does it?”

“No, not all, My Lady just has to…”

“Let’s get it done Maester.” she sighed in defeated as she interrupted the pair of them from their pregnancy theories.

She did everything that the Maester asked, some of these things were a bit embarrassing but Elia had gone through the same just as Queen Rhaella. Finally, after an hour, the Maester returned with the reply.

“So?” Questioned Benjen.

“My Lady is pregnant.” The Maester and his words smash right through her…

“It can’t be true!” she hissed angrily. “I was in one of my safe days!”

“The tests do have a large margin of error but they are highly accurate.” Explained the Maester. “But it’s very likely that you are indeed pregnant.”

“How long before she gives birth?” Questioned Benjen.

“Six to seven moons from now.” Informed the Maester in a plain manner.

“Congratulations Ashara!” Said her brother-in-law before he saw her face. “Ashara?”

I can’t be pregnant...I can’t be pregnant...Ned is not here...I need him here...I need Ned...I’m with child...Oh Gods...I'm not ready yet...Ned...

Jon Connington

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Jon had been concerned with Rhaegar over the past months…it had been a while since he received any news from him and it made him worried…

He was wondering why his Silver Prince did not show himself to the Rebels yet. Surely King Aerys wanted him dead but Rhaegar was more loved that his mad father, surely he could muster an army and with it, dethrone his father but hiding away was not the way it should go…

When Jon received the letter from his Silver Prince asking him to inform the Rebel lords that Lyanna Stark wasn’t kidnapped, he did as he was told. It was a bummer that they refused to see reason but he couldn’t really blame them after what happened to Lord Stark.
He didn’t quite know how he somehow ended up as an Advisor in the Small Council but he was determined to do his absolute best to keep the realm united so when Rhaegar became the King, he would have an easier task.

He wanted to have joined the Loyalist army in the Stormlands against the idiot Robert Baratheon who was nothing but a disgrace for every Stormlander but the King had other plans for him… Perhaps the King feared that Jon would place his men under Rhaegar’s command, which he, of course, would if given the chance…

The King convened an emergency meeting of the Small Council in the Throne Room and Jon would be lying if said he wasn’t nervous because no one couldn’t be nervous in the presence of the Mad King.

When he first stepped into the Throne Room the only thing he could hear was shouts coming from the King…

“YOU ARE AN IGNORANT AND BLOODY FOOL OWEN!!!” Shouted the King angrily. “I’M DONE WITH YOUR INCOMPETENCE!!”

“But Your Grace I…”

“YOU ARE LUCKY YOU HAVE BEEN A SOMEWHAT DECENT ADVISOR THROUGH THE YEARS OR I WOULD BURN YOU!!!” The King kept ranting. “I, KING AERYS THE SECOND OF MY NAME DECLARE HOUSE MERRYWEATHER DISPOSED OF ITS LANDS AND TITLES AND THEREFORE WILL BE EXILED FOR PREPETUALITY!!”

“Your Grace please…” Lord Merryweather begged with tears in his eyes.

“TAKE HIM OUT AND IF HE KEEPS BEING STUBBORN, PREPARE THE WILDFIRE!!” Commanded the King with a mad glance.

The old lord said nothing more and in reality, he was too old for the job of Hand of the King but still deserved more compassion that he what he just received.

Jon approached Myles who was there watching the King. “What happened?” he asked in a whisper.

“Robert Baratheon defeated three loyal houses of the Crown at Summerhall,” Myles explained. “It seems more and more Stormlords are joining his cause by the day.”

“Did something happen to Rhaegar?” Jon questioned concerned and worried as Rhaegar had been at Summerhall last time he wrote.

“I don’t know.” Replied Myles plainly before realization hit him and so he glanced Jon once more. “Was he there?”

If Myles did not speak of Rhaegar then it meant that his Silver Prince got away somehow…I hope My Silver Prince is alive…he can’t be dead…

“Loyal servants of the crown!” Called the King not allowing Jon to talk with Myles. “The Small Council is in need of a new Hand!” Proclaimed the Targaryen King. “I’m inclined to choose one of the new Advisors I nominated previously as I believe the Crown is in need of a young and fresh Hand.”
“I nominate Lord Connington.” Said Lord Lucerys Velaryon, which seemed to surprise everyone in the room, everyone except his own son.

“Lord Connington, you say?” The King asked with a raised eyebrow, surprised of course. “And what about your son?”

“My son has no experience in administration as he is no lord.” Lord Lucerys said with a plain looking face. What was the matter with this family anyway?

“I see…” The King remarked rather surprised. “And what do you say about your father’s sudden vote for Lord Connington, Ser Jacaerys?”

“I trust that my King will choose wisely.” The Velaryon knight replied with a plain expression as well. “Lord Connington is certainly a capable man for the job, maybe more capable than I.”

“So you do not oppose him as Hand?” Insisted the King, perhaps wishing to see the Velaryons fighting each other.

“No Your Grace.” Replied Ser Jacaerys.

“Well…is anyone in this room against Lord Connington being nominated Hand?” Inquired the King. 

No one said anything so King Aerys came upon Jon. “Lord Connington, I nominated you my new Hand and expect your utter commitment for House Targaryen during this time of peril.”

With that said the King placed the Hand’s pin on Jon’s chest. Jon felt himself proud of this moment, his father would certainly be proud, Rhaegar would be proud.

“Your Grace,” Jon said as he knelt in front of the King. “I will give everything I have to House Targaryen and I will stop the Rebels.”

“Very well, Lord Connington.” The King said with a smirk. “I look forward to your tenure as Hand of the King.”

The other members of the Small Council began clapping but not all of them were happy with the outcome, like the old council members…


“Thank you Ser Jacaerys.”

“Congratulations Jon,” Myles said with a proud smile. “Rhaegar will be proud of you.”

“I hope so.” I will not let you down My Silver Prince, I will prove my worth to you and the realm by smashing that imbecile.

Rhaella Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 282 AC

Rhaella found her granddaughter crying loudly in the floor, her cheek was rosy in color in contrast to her tanned skin. “Oh sweetheart what happened?” she asked while she picked her up.
“Viserys slapped me…” she murmured between tears.

“Why did he do that?”

“I was playing with a doll and he wanted to play too…” The little one explained.

“Hush you, little dragon.” Rhaella cooed with a smile. “I will get you another doll and I will play with you, okay?”

“Okay…” The little girl said as she tried to stop crying and Rhaella helped her clean the tears.

It was a horrible day as Aerys burnt more people, some for stealing, some for raping and other devious crimes sure but the number of trials was just abnormal. Elia and Nysah were sickened from the constant view of people being burned as if roast pork and even the strong and willful Jasline was shaken.

The three of them were having a stroll in the gardens of the Red Keep in hopes of recovering their composure. Little Rhaenys was still very young to understand what was happening or to be afraid of it, especially with everyone with some decency trying to spare her from such horrifying scenes. Soon however this would prove futile as children grow…

Rhaella called Ser Jaime who was providing her company to watch her granddaughter for a bit as she went to her personal chest in order to retrieve one of her childhood toys, her favorite one too, a Rhaenys, the wife of Aegon the Conqueror’s doll made of wool. It was an old thing worn out from constant usage but she thought it was fitting for a girl named Rhaenys.

“Rhaenys sweetling, I have something for you.” she smiled as her granddaughter came running towards her.

“What is it gwama?” The little cute girl asked.

“This was my favorite doll when I was a child of your age,” Rhaella explained with a smile. “A very one too.”

“But gwama it yours…” Little Rhaenys said with sad eyes. “I can no take it.”

“Now it’s yours, love,” Rhaella said while patting the girl’s cheek. “Gwama is way too old to play with dolls now.”

“So mine now?”

“Yes, sweetling, it’s yours,” Rhaella assured. “But treat it right! It’s very special!”

“I will, I will, don worry gwama.” The girl said beaming as she began hugging the Rhaenys doll. “Will you play with me gwama?”

“You must be content with Ser Jaime for now,” Rhaella stated as she looked around for her son which she found in the balcony. “Gwama needs a minute or two.”

“Okay…”

“Don’t worry, grandmother will be right back,” she assured the girl while making her way to her son who was playing with a dragon that was apparently eating the doll he stole from little Rhaenys. “Viserys!” she called with a straight tone as the boy looked at her.

“Mother.” he nodded in respect towards her.
“Why was little Rhaenys crying?” she asked.

“She was being boring playing with the doll.” Replied her six-year-old son plainly. “She doesn’t how to properly play.”

“She is two namesdays old Viserys!” she remarked disappointed with her son. “She is still very young to understand many things,” she explained. “And you could be a better uncle and instead of hurting her and stealing her doll, you could have thought her how to play.”

“Father says that a dragon doesn’t need to teach anything to the lesser creatures.” Aerys for the mother’s mercy…

“Rhaenys is a dragon too Viserys.” She informed him. “She is the same as you.”

“Father says she is not.” Viserys retorted. “She is part of the Dornish scum.” Gods curse my brother and my horrible husband!

“Rhaenys is your brother’s daughter and she bears the same sigil as you do, the three-headed dragon of House Targaryen.” Rhaella insisted. “She is a Targaryen through and through.”

“Father says Rhaegar is…an incompetent fool that should be disinherited…” Rhaella noticed a shaken look in her son as he said this. “Is he?”

“Do you think he is?” she asked back.

“I like Rhaegar…” Her son confessed as he finally stopped playing. “He has always been nice to me…but father says…”

“Viserys every person has a mind of its own,” she began explaining. “Hearing what your parents and people tell you is important, but in the end, it is you who chooses what to do and what to think.”

“But…what if I choose and think wrongly?” Asked her son concerned. “What do I do then?”

“Everyone makes mistakes, my son, I make mistakes, your father makes mistakes, Rhaegar makes mistakes…” Speaking of her eldest son still hurt her heart a lot, she wondered what he was doing now that they needed him the most…perhaps he knew Aerys wanted to disinherit him or kill him… “Committing mistakes is not wrong Viserys, but we must learn from them to become better people.”

“Learn from them…” Her son murmured. “I will try…”

“Now go and apologize to Rhaenys for what you did.” Commanded Rhaella with a firm tone.

“Okay…” Said her son, slightly pissed while making his way to his niece, then he said something and offered the doll back but Rhaenys did not seem to wish the doll now but smiled to him in what looked like she forgave him, she was a kind soul already.

Her Viserys returned to the balcony with a serious face. “So?” she questioned.

“Rhaenys forgave me but did not need the doll now.” Explained her son.

“Good job, I’m proud of you, my sweet dragon.” she cooed patting the boy’s hair.

“Thank you, mother.” Viserys beamed.
The door to her room opened and Elia came in a smile. “Hello.”

“Mommy!” Screamed Rhaenys who ran with her new doll to embrace her mother’s arms.

“My little dragon!” Cooed Elia. “How are you?”

“Fine, fine!” Said the little girl. “Gwama gave me a new doll, mommy, look!” The girl showed the Rhaenys doll to her mother with a proud stance.

“Oh it’s such a beautiful doll, love.” Elia said while cupping the cheek of her daughter.

“Play with me, gwama and Ser Jaime.” Begged little Rhaenys with a hopeful look as she grabbed her mother’s gown.

“I’m afraid I can’t sweetheart.” Elia said with a sad smile directed towards Rhaenys just before showing a rather serious look towards Rhaella, which of course got her worried…

“Okay…”

“But don’t worry love, we will be right back and with Nysah and Jasline too.” Said Elia with a smile. “In the meantime, I’m sure Ser Jaime will be a wonderful knight and play with you, if it’s not asking too much of him.”

“Certainly not My Princess.” Ser Jaime assured. “Come Princess, let’s go and kill the bad guys.”

“Yes, bwaargh!”

Rhaella and her daughter-in-law left towards Aegon’s nursery with smiles in their faces which quickly gave way to serious looks. Inside the nursery, Nysah and Jasline were speaking in murmurs while cooing her grandson.

“My Queen.” The two Dornishwoman politely bowed before her.

“Did something bad happen?” she inquired.

“A little friends of ours brought this letter to us just today.” Explained Elia while she gave Rhaella the letter. “Do take a look at it, My Queen.”

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Dear Elia,

I write you this letter to show you that I’m still alive and well. I have crossed the Bite with Ned in a horrifying trip where we both almost died but the Gods have found a way to spare us.

We arrived at the North and then we both married at Winterfell so I’m now Ashara Stark as I wished so much.

I must apologize for now being in the opposing side to all of you but I had to do it or perhaps it would never happen.
Ned rode south already and I stayed at Winterfell but before all that happened I convinced him to spare you all for any atrocity and I know he will be true to his word.

I will also try to free Brandon Stark from the Black Cells, all that I ask from you is to remain quiet about it as I don’t wish to have you all in danger because of it.

This letter was just to keep you all informed about what happened to that violet-eyed beauty that once roamed the Red Keep making every woman jealous.

Much Love,

Ashara Stark

“Oh my…” Was the only thing that Rhaella could think and say…she was certainly proud and happy for her almost daughter but worried at the same for what she did and hoped to do…

“Oh my indeed…” Agreed Elia. “It’s wonderful to know she is still alive and well but…”

“A rebel now…”

“Precisely…”

“And what are we to do regarding her plan to free Brandon Stark?” Questioned Jasline.

“Well, we must do what she told us to,” Rhaella stated. “She is a smart and resourceful girl and the best we can do without harming ourselves is to let her do her thing.”

“It does seem like the only thing we can do…” Elia agreed.

Oh my little star, I hope everything works up well for you and to those fine ladies here and not to mention my children and grandchildren. That’s all I ask.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter had almost no action but it was necessary to set some of the events that will come next. I also with the first POV from Jon Connington we have all the POVs from Part 1 introduced.

The next chapter will be a very controversial one but will definitely have more action than this one.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Robert Baratheon
Ashford, Reach, Year 282 AC

They had been riding for more than a fortnight and were now in the Reach. Robert had at his back close to twenty thousand men of which a fifth of them were on horse.

So far they haven’t encountered the Tyrell army which probably meant they either were at King’s Landing or at Highgarden still.

The Stormlander army took the castle of Appleton from House Appleton and placed a garrison of some two hundred and fifty men defending it in order to secure their left flank whilst Lady Appleton and her three children were sent to Storm’s End as hostages against Lord Godric Appleton.

Seeing how easily they took Appleton made Robert rethink his entire plan, deciding to take the land between the Blueburn and the Cockleswhent in order to better secure their western border which could also open them a way to take Highgarden.

His men were now approaching Ashford with the intent to take it, the second castle on the campaign in the Reach.

“The castle is in view!” Proclaimed his cousin Aemon Estermont all happily.

“It is.” Robert agreed. “Let’s take it.”

“Aye, cousin!”

“Robert.” Called Lester with a troublesome look in his face.

“Yes?”

“I and some of the lords think we should go back to our initial plan.” Said Lester. “We believe we are pushing our luck with the Reachmen.”

“Nonsense, Lester!” Robert dismissed. “Ashford is ours for the taking.”

“Robert, I’m a fully committed for your cause but many of our lords are afraid of the Reach’s numbers.” Explained Lester. “We can’t cope with fifty thousand men much less against the full might of the Reach.”

“Relax Lester,” Robert said as he clapped Lester’s back. “The Reachmen are at Highgarden or King’s Landing and right now, we can do as we please.”

“Robert…” Lester tried to counter.

“BANNERS INCOMING!!!” Shouted a scout that went ahead to investigate the conditions of Ashford. “BANNERS INCOMING!!!”

“I saw the golden rose, Milord.” Said the scout. “It’s an army that’s coming.”

“An army?” he asked slightly afraid. “How many?”

“Thousands, Milord.”

“Shit…” Murmured Robert, this wasn’t good…

“What’s the plan, Robert?” Inquired Lester.

“We hold our ground.” he decided.

“Robert what if it’s the entire army of the Reach coming?” Questioned an afraid Lester. “We can’t seriously hold off so many troops in our own!”

“If it’s the entire army of the Reach, then we will evacuate,” Robert stated. “But for now, we wait and see how it goes.”

“Alright…I will go and inform the lords about it.” Lester said. “Hopefully it’s a big problem incoming…” Hopefully not…

“GET THE MAN READY FOR ENGAGEMENT AND A POSSIBLE EVACUATION!!!” he shouted towards his men. “GET ALL THE LORDS READY FOR INCOMING FIGHT!!!”

The incoming Reachmen army didn’t take too long to appear, while the night was a few hours away, the enemy army was less than a mile from them and they had indeed a great number of men…

“The commander seems to yield House Tarly’s banner.” Stated a scout. “Their army is as big as ours at least.”

“I see, keep an eye on the battlefield for possible ambushes,” Robert demanded as he placed his antler helmet on. “GET READY MEN!!! ARCHERS TO YOUR POSITION!!!”

“AYE!!!”

The infantry made a shield wall with their spears and pikes pointing to where the charge would come while the archers got in front of them to begin their barrage of arrows. It was then Robert saw that at least half the enemy troops were mounted and it was very likely that most of these horsemen were actually knights…Not good at all…

“ARCHERS, GET READY!!!” he shouted as soon as the damned horses were in their line of fire, they had to shoot some of them to increase their chances… “LOOSE!!!” A barrage of arrows befall onto the charging horsemen for four times before the archers and crossbowmen had to retreat inside the shield wall. Unfortunately, the results were mediocre, to say the least, and the casualties inflicted were minimum…

“BRACE FOR IMPACT!!!” Shouted Lord Horpe with a booming voice next to him.

At then the charge came…the sheer power it sent was felt by the entirety of the Stormlanders…Some of his men were killed in the spot, others survived the initial impact but fell afterward. The horsemen did take a heavy toll as Robert and those around managed to take three of them knights down.
After the initial charge, the knights pulled back, having suffered more casualties than perhaps they anticipated. Robert with the help of those around managed to take down three horsemen.

As the horsemen returned to the rest of the army, Robert was able to see Lord Tarly, fully armored, glancing them from afar as his infantry was still organizing behind him. Not good...they have way too many horsemen...

His men withstood two more chargers of the Reachmen and it was beginning to take a huge toll on them...their casualties were increasing quite a lot but so were the horsemen.

“Robert!” Called Lester as he approached Robert side. “For fuck sake, we are going to lose our army here!”

“We still can defeat them!” he shouted back. “We just have to wait for the right time to smash them!”

“Lord Robert, if we continue will lose half our men in this!” Barked Lord Grandison as he too came by his side. “Then how will we survive the rest of the war?”

“Just brace yourselves for another charge!” he insisted, they were close...

“FUCK!!!” Shouted the Grandison lord angrily.

“MI LORD!!!” Called a scout who ran by him. “MI LORD IT’S TERRIBLE, THERE’S ANOTHER ARMY COMING, BIGGER THAN THIS ONE, MUCH BIGGER!!!”

FUCK THEM REACHMEN!!! “Robert we can’t handle more of them!” Begged Lester, while holding his arm. “Please...withdraw…”

They were all right, they could survive this army under Tarly but if another larger one was coming, they had no hope... “PREPARE TO WITHDRAW!!!” he shouted. “GET THE MEN READY TO FLEE!!!”

“Thank the Gods he saw through it!” Barked Lord Grandison. “Gods!”

“Shit, they are charging again!” Shouted Lord Swann. “BRACE FOR IMPACT!!!”

Another ruthless charge by the Reachmen that took another toll on them and Tarly’s infantry looked as if it was ready to finally engage them...

When the horsemen retreated yet again, they had their chance. “EVACUATE!!!” he shouted. “EVACUATE NORTH!!!”

“REMAIN READY FOR ANOTHER CHARGE AS WE FLEE!!!” Shouted Lord Grandison. “DON’T LOSE FOCUS!!!”

Their right flank began moving to their right which was where north was. Their center soon followed and then their left. Lord Tarly saw what they were trying to do and prepared yet another cavalry charge which he commanded himself.

Despite the haste and sudden drop of cohesion, it was a bloody charge as Robert’s left flank took high casualties. Lord Tarly returned to his infantry and gave the command to charge by foot, this gave them the chance to escape even if they kept being harassed by the opposing cavalry soon Tarly saw there was no point on this and order the charges to end.
They had managed to safely withdraw from the field with most of their Stormlander army still intact, they would need to reform but at least they were alive.

*Back to the initial plan...join Jon and Ned at the Riverlands...*

**Lyanna Stark**

Tower of Joy, Dorne, Year 282 AC

“Fucking shitty bread!” Barked Ser Oswell. “I can’t eat this shit!”

“I warned you to save some of the rabbits and pigeons we caught yesterday.” Barked Ser Arthur. “But you had to cook them all so now feel the consequences of it.”

“We only had five!” Retorted Ser Oswell.

“Five is a lot in the Red Mountains.” Said Ser Arthur. “You never know when you are going to need them the most.”

“There’s no trouble y’all!” she said a bit too joyful, she definitely couldn’t drink Dornish wine, especially the one that was stored in the tower and to top it off, she had taken milk of the poppy yesterday too, so she was...different... “Let’s all catch some bunnies together!”

“Lady Lyanna...” Called Ser Oswell as they were all looking towards her in a weird manner. “Are you perhaps...drunk?”

“Drunk?” she asked all cheerful. “No! I’d never be drunk...” she concluded with a hiccup as they began laughing.

“She is drunk!” Said an amused Ser Oswell. “A wolf can’t take some Dornish wine?”

“It’s a very strong drink Oswell.” Remarked the Prince. “I’m...I’m a bit drunk myself...”

“You are both too soft!” Commented Ser Oswell laughing. “This is just water.”

“You are drunk too.” Ser Arthur pointed out. “Not as much as them but you are.”

“Shut up Arthur!” Scoffed Ser Oswell.

“Well...we still have a couple of hours before sunset...” Stated Ser Arthur. “Perhaps we can hunt some rabbits so we have decent food for dinner.”

“I’m goin first!” she shouted laughing like a crazy person. “I’m show y’all the way of the North!”

“My Lady it will probably be better if you stay here.” Said Ser Arthur in a plain tone. “You are heavily drunk.”

“I’m not!” she insisted with another hiccup. “I’m bout to show ya fools what I can do, I’m the bloody best hunter in the North!”

“And I’m Aegon the Conqueror.” Spat Ser Oswell which left her angry for him not believing her. “You would just scare the damn rabbits with all those laughs and giggles.”

“I am the best hunter of the North!” she persisted.
“Rhaegar if you are feeling a bit too drunk…” Began Ser Arthur as they were all ignoring her, pissing her more. “Perhaps you should stay here, guarding her.”

“Yes…I do feel a bit drunk…” The Prince admitted with a shy smile but she managed to notice his eyes look at her. “If there is no need for me to go with you then I would like to stay.”

“There is no need for you to come.” Ser Oswell assured as he clapped the Prince’s shoulder. “Come on Arthur, let’s go catch some damn rabbits.”

“And My Lady.” Ser Arthur called to her. “You should really stop drinking, being drunk makes you lose your mind and act weirdly.”

“I’m fine!” she insisted as she clapped his armor. “I can drink another damn bottle and be fine!”

“I would prefer if you did not.” Ser Arthur said as he and Ser Oswell left. “Take care.”

As soon as they left she picked another bottle of that Dornish wine and began making it flow down her throat.

“My Lady should do as Ser Arthur said…” Urged the Prince, but she ignored him and kept drinking and drinking.

“No one tells me what do!” she hissed as she placed the now empty bottle on the table. “I’m the one who decides what I do or not!”

“Really?” The Prince asked. “I thought Ser Arthur made his point valid yesterday, with your marriage to my cousin.”

“I still have freedom of choice!” she pointed out while glancing the Prince. “I choose what I do, who I love, who I sleep with and who is my friend, and no one else!”

“Do you?” The Prince questioned with a smile on his face. “And who would you have sex with, since you stressed that part so much?”

“Any man would fall to ma knees if I said I would let them have me,” she concluded with a hiccup and smirk. “I know so, they all are lusty for cunts and don’t give a shit about who owns the cunt, Robert is like that, my oldest brother is like that…Ned is…Ned is…” Ned wasn’t like that…but her brother was the only one…

“Not all man are lustful creatures as you painted them, Lady Lyanna.” The Prince murmured with a shy smile. “There are some that I doubt you would be able to convince.”

“Like you?” she inquired smirking as she glanced the handsome Prince, as handsome as Robert, leaner and less muscular but with a beautiful voice...the wine made her more girly and dumb…

“Yes, like me.”

She scoffed with a smile. “I have seen your looks towards me, I bet if I got naked right here you would!” she boldly stated laughing. “I bet my own brothers would claim me if it was to happen.”

“My Lady seems…way too confident in herself…” The Prince said. “I doubt it would happen though.”

“My brothers taking me?” she inquired as she got closer to him. “Or you taking me?”

“My Lady maybe I should…” he seemed to hesitate for a bit there. “I should escort you to your
room, you are clearly out of your senses.”

“I’m fine!”

“You are not.” he insisted. “Come with me, My Lady.”

“My name is Lyanna!” she barked. “I’m no lady!”

“Lyanna.”

They climbed the stairs and frankly, she was almost falling from them more than once and she would simply smile and laugh none stop for she was way too drunk, but admitting it would be defeat.

The Prince opened the door. “There we are.”

“Are you sure you wouldn’t take me?” she asked all giggling as she got closer to him.

“I’m pretty sure, My Lady.” His face had what appeared to be a smirk or just a shy smile, was the bloody Prince was provoking her? She picked him and push him against the wall. “My Lady…” she stopped him from talking by kissing him in his lips.

She had some of these sloppy kisses before when she asked some of the whores at Winter Town to show her how to do it when she flowered for the first time. They were nice to her and explained to her how the coupling work since Lyanna doubted that her father or anyone close to her would have the guts to explain her.

She had been disgusted with the details of it when she first heard it but now she wanted the Prince to have her because she would be in control, because she would have a saying, because she could choose her future.

She noticed that the Prince wasn’t stopping her advances anymore…she expected more resistance from him but in the end, he proved her point that all men were lusty.

The Prince embraced her, his hands were in her waist and she couldn’t stop laughing with all the wine she had consumed, her head was light and not processing anything.

He took her torn out gown and began fondling her breasts and she enjoyed it, then he softly placed her on the bed while she giggled and hiccupped.

He took off his shirt and she contemplated his muscles, Robert’s would certainly be bigger and perhaps her brothers too…but the Prince was the man she had chosen not that she had many choices either…

After he unlaced his breeches, she saw his manhood…she didn’t know if he was supposed to be big or small as she never saw one…masculine thing before. She laughed loudly at the sight of it, cocks were ugly things.

When the Prince began touching her now naked private parts she began to moan louder and louder. She felt good…for both his touch and for the freedom she just achieved.

She should have done this much sooner, let some servant claim her and tell Robert about it, see if he would still want to marry her afterward, certainly he wouldn’t because he wasn’t dearest Ned who accepted Ashara…dearest Ned…what would he think of me? What would...
And then the Prince entered her…she winced loudly right there, the pain was unimaginable and then when he began going in and out on her…the drunkenness began dissipating and reality hit her hard…I’m…I’m not a maiden anymore…Oh Gods…what have I done…what have I done!

“Stop!” she screamed frighten but he did not stop. In her mind she began seeing all those eyes she remembered in her father and brothers, glancing her…judging her… “STOP!!!”

“I’m sorry…but I must do this…for the realm…” The Prince apologized with a sad look but did not stop. “It must be done…”

She struggled to get free of his hold but she couldn’t. Then she realized one last bit she had ignored…she was in her moon blood days…No…No! NOOOO!!! “STOP IT PLEASE, I WILL GET PREGNANT IF YOU DON’T STOP!!!”

It seemed that those words made him increasing his pace. “You must get pregnant…you are the ice and I’m the fire…the dragon has three heads…”

“STOP!!!” she hissed as she began punching his face. “STOOOOOOOP!!!”

But he did not…and soon she felt something enter her other than his manhood while he made a weird face. “I’m sorry…” he said once more after composing himself.

“You…”

“I had to…I’m sorry…” he insisted with an apologetic tone. “Elia couldn’t give me the third head and you were the only woman…the child of ice…you kissed me…”

Tears began falling from her eyes…Father…Bran…Ned…Ben…I have…I have…sinned…with another woman’s husband…Princess Elia…forgive me sweet and kind Princess…forgive me…Oh Gods…Oh Gods…”

“I HATE YOU!!!” she hissed angrily as she cried more. Ser Arthur was right the wine made her do something she was not, she had become what she hated the most on Robert, worse still as she had sex with another woman’s husband…I’m a monster!!! “I DON’T WANT TO BE PREGNANT!!!!”

“What’s happening?” she heard Ser Arthur’s voice as she saw the door open with him and Ser Oswell entering with worried expressions. “We heard shouts when we…what the…”

She noticed them glancing her naked and crying. “Why are you naked, My Lady?” Inquired Ser Oswell completely caught by surprise. “Why are you naked too, Rhaegar?”

“I had to do it…” Insisted the Prince. “She kissed me and I…I…the three heads…”

“What THE FUCK JUST HAPPEN HERE?” Shouted Ser Arthur, completely overwhelmed with the sight. “Did you both seriously have sex?”

“Her…her womanhood is…with…” Pointed out Ser Oswell. “And so is his manhood besides the blood…”

“I can see that Oswell!” Hissed Ser Arthur. “I don’t need you to go onto awkward explanations.”

“You don’t…just forget it…”

“Now Rhaegar…” Began Ser Arthur who clearly was losing his composure. “Can you please, for the Mother’s mercy explain to me what the fuck were you thinking? When everyone thinks you
"They think I was...kidnapped?" she questioned.

"Oh fuck…" Ser Oswell said with his eyes bulged. “Arthur…”

“No…he is…it's not…” The Targaryen Prince began stammering, trying to justify but she would have none of it.

“Who thought I was kidnapped?” she asked once more.

“No one…” The Prince continued with his sweet words but she cared nothing for them now, not after what he did.

“WHO THOUGHT I WAS KIDNAPPED?” she insisted angrily.

“Your brother…” Said Ser Arthur, sighing in defeat. “He went to King’s Landing to save you and got arrested for threatening Rhaegar’s life.”

Brandon arrested? No…No…it can’t be real… “My father would never allow it to happen! My father will certainly not let the King have my brother!”

“Your father is dead.” Ser Arthur stated. “Burnt by the King Aerys when he tried to appeal for your brother’s life.”

No…No…No…NO!!! “NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” she fell on her knees crying and sobbing like she never did in her life… “FATHER NOOOOO!!!” she screamed in utter agony, as she thought about not being able to see her father again or her brother…brothers…

Arthur Dayne
Tower of Joy, Dorne, Year 282 AC

“You weren’t supposed to say anything to her!” Hissed Rhaegar, the friend he did not recognize anymore, as they exited Lyanna’s room.

“I’m tired of this bullshit Rhaegar!” Arthur retorted angrily. “You keep her in the dark so you can fuck her? What about Elia? What about your children? What about the realm?”

“I need the third head…she kissed me…Elia can’t give me Visenya so...she wasn't supposed to go crazy…” Fucking prophecies! Curse the day some cunt wrote the bloody books he read!

“Lyanna was drunk for fuck sake and you could stop her from doing this nonsense!” Arthur shouted, it had been a very long time since he was so pissed, last time was when his father sent Ashara away. “Just how are you going to explain this to the realm?”

“I…”

He noticed Oswell, still inside her room, kneel before the crying girl as he patted her arm to comfort the broken girl. “Lyanna…” Called his sworn brother, worried. “It’s alright we…”

“IT’S NOT!!!” she screamed. “MY FATHER IS DEAD…MY BROTHER IS A PRISONER AWAITING FOR HIS OWN DEATH…I LOST MY VIRTUE TO ANOTHER WOMAN’S HUSBAND WHILE I WAS DRUNK AND STUPID AND NOW I WILL GET PREGNANT!”
The girl was going to break… he had to do something. “I can ride to Starfall and ask the Maester for some moon tea,” Arthur suggested, if he rode fast, he could avoid her having an abortion that could cause her any harm. “If I’m fast enough I can still prevent…”

“You will not do such a thing!” Shouted Rhaegar with a weird look.

“Rhaegar you want your Visenya but she doesn’t!” Arthur retorted. “Her virtue is gone but at least we…”

“She will carry the third head of the dragon!” Rhaegar insisted with a determined look almost the same look of his father. “We need the third head for what’s coming.”

“What the fuck is coming that is more important than the rebellion, Rhaegar?” he questioned completely amazed by the stupidity of the man who he once considered his best friend’s. “The Rebels took Gulltown and Gods know what else!”

“The Reach and Dorne are still in our side.” Rhaegar countered. “We have the numbers…”

“And what will Dorne do when they hear you claimed Lyanna Stark’s maidenhead in Dorne?” he asked. “I know Oberyn will not stay still!”

“They will not know…”

“They will not know?” Arthur was surely not hearing it properly, so he smirked. “Rhaegar… take a look at everything you have done since Harrenhal and see the mess you did when none of this was needed!”

“I did make many mistakes, I won’t deny it,” Rhaegar said as he sighed. “I should have done more than this…”

“You should.” Arthur agreed as he began thinking on possible solutions to fix this. “We should inform Jon where we are and have him raise an army to meet the Rebels, explain it was a misunderstanding and it was all Aeris’ fault and Lyanna will say she was either raped by the soldiers that your father sent or that she lost it long ago while riding, we just have to prevent her from getting pregnant so…”

“NO!!!” Rhaegar shouted. “I will do everything you asked but I will not abdicate the third head!”

“Rhaegar it won’t work otherwise!” The Mother have mercy on me, I’m going mad…

“Then so be it…”

“Are you forsaking the realm?” he asked aghast. “Rhaegar…”

“No, I’m not forsaking the realm,” Rhaegar assured him. “But I’m not forsaking the third head either.”

“No, but I will not forsake the third head.”

“FUCK THE DAMN PROPHECY!!!” Arthur raged. “I’m going to Starfall, warn Jon and bring moon tea.”

“Ser Arthur Dayne…” Rhaegar began. “As the Crown Prince, I command you upon your vows as a Kingsguard to remain still.”

“You can’t do this to me Rhaegar!” he remarked shaking his head in disbelief. “You can’t do
“I can and I will,” Rhaegar said sighing. “You leave me no other choice.”

“Where is my best friend?” Arthur asked. “Where is that boy who used to spare with me? Where is that man who wanted to dethrone his father for the realm future?”

“While Oswell stays here guarding Lyanna.” Rhaegar began as he ignored him. “You and I will ride to Starfall and deliver the message to Jon, asking him to bring a retinue of soldiers, then we will see how it goes.”

If the Reach and Dorne don’t help the crown defeat the Rebels…House Targaryen is done… Elia… I’m sorry…I’m sorry…
Ashara Dayne

Winterfell, North, Year 282 AC

My dearest friend,

It warms my heart to know that you are alive and well and at the same time, it pains me to know that we are on opposing sides in this bloody and stupid war…

The Queen, the girls, and your adopted little dragon niece share the same opinion as me on this matter and worry not because none of us will say anything as you probably guessed already.

Hopefully, this stupidity ends soon and we can meet each other again...

Much Love,

Elia Martell.

Elia’s letter warmed Ashara’s heart a lot. She missed them all and wanted to see them again, but it could not happen without the bloody war ending first, preferably with King Aerys being killed.

Ashara wanted her Ned to return to her, so she could kiss and hug him and tell him she is pregnant with his child…she couldn’t even tell him because she did not know where he was by now…

And she had a bad feeling for some odd reason…

She was certainly happier because the damned puking ended after two horrible weeks where a bucket became her best friend. Now, she could feel her belly starting to swell, it wasn’t much but enough for her to eradicate any doubts that she was indeed pregnant.

Her spy network had been revived as letters between her and spy friends in the capital were coming at a considerable pace. The plan she was conceiving involved some of her spies to become gaolers in the Black Cells in order to free Brandon, then the rest of the spies would create him an escape route to the docks or the walls of the city, she was sure about it yet.

For such plan to work, King’s Landing couldn’t be at their absolute best condition, the Gold Cloaks needed to be depleted and that was the major problem that tormented her head…Ned and the Rebels could potentially make Aerys send his Gold Cloaks to war but it was big if, and a big if was not good…

She did not wish to endanger Elia but since her friend was at King’s Landing, perhaps it was better for her to order the plan to begin rather than Ashara who was very far…and besides…she had to
tell Elia that she was with Ned’s child…

“Ashara.” Called Benjen with a big smile. “Lady Sharley and Lady Jonelle are here.”

It wasn’t her decision to call both ladies to Winterfell, but Benjen, the Maester, that very old woman apparently called Nan and many servants she still did not know the names off, insisted that she nominated a couple of ladies-in-waiting to help her when the pregnancy began troubling her and to get accustomed to the Northern ways as it was very likely that she would live there with Ned.

Lady Sharley Dustin was about her age and had some experience in helping deliver babies, apparently some of her cousins and had a reputation for being calm and sweet towards everyone. Lady Jonelle Cerwyn was a few years younger than Ashara but was also kind and had a vast knowledge on all things tied to running a household despite her young age.

“Great,” she said as she got up from her seat and joined her good-brother on a walk to the two ladies. “Have you checked the warehouses?”

“I did,” Benjen replied but with an expression, she did not like. “The wheat is almost gone…”

“That’s troublesome…” she sighed. Winter lasted way too much and Winterfell’s reserves were nearly empty…she hoped that the New Year that is coming will finally bring Spring back otherwise they would be face dire times…

“Perhaps we can start importing some from the Vale?” Suggested Benjen.

“I doubt we would get much from them…” she deduced aloud. “The Vale is at war like us and their reserves should be in a similar condition to ours.”

“You are right…” Benjen agreed. “So what can we do?”

“Well…we might have to approach the Free Cities…”

“Which ones?” he inquired.

“Norvos, Qohor, and Lorath are out of question, the climate and distance are troublesome…” she explained. “Volantis is too far too, so we have Braavos, Pentos, Myr, Tyrosh and Lys.”

“It still quite a lot of options…”

“We will send envoys to each one and see which of them offers us the best terms,” she concluded. “We can’t harm the North’s economy, especially during wartime.”

“Wise words, wise words.” Benjen nodded with his mischievous smile.

The two Northern ladies were by the entrance. Lady Sharley was pretty with hazel eyes and hair together with a fair complexion, she had a pious look in her. Lady Jonelle was brown haired and eyed, a little big boned and homely.

“My Ladies.” Ashara greeted as she approached both of them.

“My Lady.” The ladies bowed in respect towards her.

“I welcome you both to Winterfell,” Ashara said with the biggest and brightest smile she could muster in order to make some friends. “I’m sure you both visited the castle before but know that I’m very excited to have you both here helping me.”
“The pleasure should be ours, My Lady.” Said Lady Sharley. “Congratulations on the pregnancy.”

“Thank you.”

“I hope to be useful to you My Lady.” Lady Jonelle said.

“I’m sure you will all be,” she assured both. “But please call me Ashara.”

“Certainly Lady Ashara.”

“Just Ashara is enough,” she stated with a smile in order to make them feel comfortable because they were nervous, especially Lady Jonelle. “Can I call you by your given names?”

“Yes, My…I…Ashara…” Blurted Jonelle stammering and blushing.

“Ashara.” Nodded Sharley with a cute smile.

“Come, let’s have a walk and get to know each other,” Ashara suggested. “Benjen be a darling and see that her trunks are in their place.”

“But…Gods be damned.”

Jon Connington

Somewhere by the Gold Road, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Jon led an army of some twenty-five thousand men by the Gold Road. They were mostly Crownlanders and Rivermen but there were still some loyal Valemen and Stormlanders amongst them.

Their job was rather, find and kill Robert fucking Baratheon who fled with his tail between his legs after his confrontation with Lord Tarly.

By the reports of brought by the Reachmen’s messenger, the stag’s army was substantially weakened, they even managed to kill some lords, including the turn cloak Lord Cafferen.

The King received the heads of those traitors with a lot of joy, laughing nonstop, praising Lord Tarly endlessly and almost called Jon’s expedition to hunt Robert Baratheon off. He changed his mind when everyone on the Small Council convinced him that the expedition was in the best interests of the crown.

“Lord Connington.” Called Ser Jacaerys as he approached Jon and Myles. “How fare you?”

“Well enough, Ser Jacaerys.” Jon replied with a smile.

“Wonderful.” The Velaryon remarked. “Ser Myles, I hope I can have the same answer from you.”

“Indeed I will reply the same.” Myles smiled towards the Valyrian knight.

“Have we gotten any news about Lord Baratheon’s position?” Inquired the man.

“The scouts didn’t find anything of note yet but I doubt he is in Reach by now.” Explained Jon. “We will take control of the Gold Road and with it, we will cut the Stormlands from the rest of the Rebels.”
“And it will be a question of time before we find Lord Baratheon.” The Velaryon knight concluded. “I like the plan.”

“I’m glad, Ser Jacaerys.” Jon nodded. Though the Velaryon knight had Valyrian traits and looks, he wasn’t as handsome as Rhaegar, however, Jon could see this man attracting the lesser sex.

“Let us hope everything goes smoothly so we can end this bloody war as fast as possible and return home.” Expressed Ser Jacaerys.

“Aye to that Ser Jacaerys.” Agreed Myles. “The sooner we are done, the better.”

“I shall explain the plan to my brothers, with your permission, Lord Connington, Ser Myles.” The Velaryon knight nodded and reduced his pace in order to meet his younger brothers who joined the expedition as soon as Jon was made Hand. “Brothers.”

“Jace.” They said in chorus.

“The plan is to cut off the Stormlands from the rest of the Rebels and then hunt Robert.”

“Understood, brother.” They replied.

“Jace, I have been meaning to talk to you about this but…I think Heiley cheated on you…” Said the youngest of the Velaryons present, Ser Corlys named after the Sea Snake who apparently always had a smirk in his face.

“Stop being like father Corlys.” Dismissed the other brother, Ser Daemion, the second oldest who was brawny in appearance. “Heiley is a good woman, she wouldn’t betray Jace, she loves him.”

“But I just can’t see any other reason on why the boy does not have silver-blond hair or violet eyes!” Retorted Ser Corlys. “She must have done the same as Rhaenyra!”

“Corlys.” Called Ser Jacaerys with an angry look. “Have you have wondered the color of Heiley’s hair and eyes?”

“I…”

“She has brown hair and eyes unlike Rhaenyra or Laenor so it does make sense that Jaehon takes it after her.”

“Still…”

“You might be my brother, Corlys.” Ser Jacaerys had a fearsome look in his eyes that placed his brother in his place quickly. “I will not tolerate anyone else questioning her virtue or calling Jaehon a bastard, am I clear?”

“Yes, brother…”

“We have a task to finish.” Ser Jacaerys stated as he glanced his siblings. “We have to defeat Lord Baratheon.”

“Aye, we will his army!” Shouted Daemion. “FOR THE CROWN!!!!”

“FOR THE CROWN!!!!” Many of the soldiers shouted proudly.

“The mood changed rather quickly…” Murmured Myles.
“All the better, we are going to prove our worth to the King and Rhaegar.” Jon said with a proud smile, thinking about his Silver Prince complimenting him…

It was in that moment that Jon saw a yellow point in the distance, a man who quickly rode away… “ENEMY SCOUT UP AHEAD!!!!” he shouted. “ENEMY SCOUT SPOTTED!!! ROBERT BARATHEON IS NEAR!!!!”

“GET READY MEN!!!!” Commanded Ser Jacaerys as he rode around the length of the army. “GET READY TO ENGAGE!!!!”

“INCREASE THE PACE OF THE MARCH!!!!” Jon commanded. “IT’S TIME TO END THIS!!!!”

“FOR THE CROWN!!!!”

Robert Baratheon

Somewhere by the Gold Road, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Robert and his army had been marching north for quite some time after the many confrontations they had with Randyll Tarly who luckily didn’t chase them for too long.

They had crossed the border between the Reach and the Riverlands and were now camped by the area to spend the night. Messengers had been dispatched to the Eyrie, Moat Cailin and even Riverrun where he hoped Jon and Ned would be.

“Lord Robert are you alright?” Asked a concerned Lord Mertyns. Robert had taken a rather bad looking injury during one of the confrontations with the Reachmen, it was contained but not properly as they had no Maester amongst them.

He feared the injury could get infected as the pain was increasing so he thought that perhaps it would good if looked for a Maester to hopefully heal him.

“I think it’s turning quite nasty…” Robert admitted laughing. “Nothing too serious I’m sure.”

“We should look for a Maester…” Suggest Lester. “Infections can be fatal if left untreated and frankly it looks nasty…”

“Maybe…” Robert nodded, it was hurting quite a lot so perhaps it would be better that way. “Anything else?”

“We lost nearly five thousand men against Randyll Tarly.” Said Lord Grandison. “Our army has been considerably weakened.”

“I’m still sure we could have won against Tarly.” Robert retorted. “Still…you are right…we took a heavy toll and I’m sorry for it.”

Lord Grandison sighed. “At least we still have the bulk of our army which we can reform,” he said. “But it’s not going to be easy from now on.”

“No, it won’t.” Robert agreed.

“MILORD!!!” Called one of the scouts he sent, his horse was almost dying from the hard ride he proved was forced to make. “Milord, I saw a huge army coming by the Gold Road in this direction.”

“I saw two griffins, sea horses, salmons, knights and porcupines amongst them.” The scout explained.

“Connington…” Robert murmured bitterly. “The fucker is coming after us…”

“What are we to do Robert?” Questioned Lester worriedly. “We don’t know how many men they have…”

“They can certainly surpass our numbers by a large margin…” Added Lord Horpe.

“We should make a stand!” Pushed forward Lord Tarth, all pumped up. “Like the Stormlanders we are!”

“And die?” Dismissed Lord Grandison. “Don’t count me in.”

“You are a coward Grandison!” Barked Lord Kellington.

“And you are a dimwitted fool!”

“ENOUGH!!!” Robert commanded and both lords back down and scoffed, pissed. “I can’t continue without seeing a Maester, so I will ride to Stoney Sept which will probably the closest place I can find one.”

“Alone?” Lester interjected.


“Why Riverrun of all places?” Asked Lord Grandison confused.

“It’s the likely place that Lord Arryn and Lord Eddard will go since Lord Tully seemed to have a good relationship with Lord Arryn before this all begin.” Explained Robert.

“And what if they capture you, My Lord?” Inquired the Silveraxe.

“They won’t,” Robert assured with a cocky smile. “I won’t let them.”

“Goodluck Robert.” Wished Lester and soon all the lords did the same.

They waited until Connington’s scouts spot them to split up and going on their separate ways, Robert hoped that Connington’s army would follow him and that Ned and Jon would come for him otherwise, he might be done for…

Eddard Stark

Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

The castle of Riverrun stood right in front of Ned as he dismounted his horse. Beside him came Jon, Elbert, Willam, Jon Umber and many more lords while behind them came two huge armies.

He had met them by the Crossroad Inn where Jon and his men had been camped for three days extra and now they came to hopefully bring Lord Tully to their side.
He was lying if said that he wasn't nervous because he clearly...it was his first major diplomatic engagement as in Moat Cailin he was talking mostly to friends or known people, here he was talking to a Great Lord which he knew little.

“I have a bad feeling…” Confessed Jon.

“How?” Ned asked confused.

“I don’t know…” Admitted Jon. “We were on the same side but now I just don’t know what he is planning…”

“You must be overreacting uncle.” Dismissed Elbert. “Surely Lord Tully wouldn’t betray us when he can be traced to your plot.”

“It doesn’t hurt being prepared to every situation,” Jon said while glancing his nephew. “You should learn that.”

“I…I will…”

“Ned just to be sure pick two loyal men to take and two to stay outside commanding your troops ready to intervene.” Jon instructed.

“Do you really think it will come to that?” Questioned Ned aghast as he was for the lord had to be insane to try anything against them.

“I like to be prepared.” Jon said.

“Then I guess I will take Howland and Mark with me and leave Willam and Jon Umber in control of the army.”

“Fine choices, Ned,” Jon said as he clapped Ned’s shoulder. “Now let’s go and meet that damned fish and hopefully be done with it.”

“Aye.”

After he told his men about the conversation he shared with Jon and they agreed to everything decided, Ned, Howland, and Mark met Jon, Elbert and Lord Hardyng and together they approached the drawbridge where the Blackfish himself was waiting.

“Lord Arryn, Lord Stark, My Lords.” he said with a polite nod and a plain expression as they all shook hands.

“Ser Brynden, I believe you know why we are here?” Began Jon.

“I sure do, Lord Arryn.” The Blackfish replied with a cocky smile. “My brother is already waiting in the Great Hall.”

“Then let us not make him wait.” Concluded Jon. “We will follow you.”

“Of course.”

Ser Brynden led them inside, Ned noticed many of the soldiers glancing them with wary looks… Then inside the triangular Great Hall was Lord Tully seated writing in some papers, surrounded on both sides by two very beautiful women of red hair and deep blue eyes and equal dresses, there was also a kid with the same coloring next to his older sister. The Lord saw them and quickly smiled.
“Jon and I believe Eddard Stark!” The man said as he got up in order to shake their hands. “Welcome to my humble home of Riverrun.”

“It’s always a pleasure to visit, Hoster,” Jon said with a dismissive look. “But alas we have very pressing concerns to settle.”

“Of course, of course.” Lord Tully agreed. “Let us start the negotiations right away then. I want a marriage between you and my daughter Lysa.”

As soon as the smallest of the two redheads heard this she began making sick faces, Ned loved Jon as a father but he was way too old for such a young girl…

“So this is what you have been waiting for, heh?” Jon inquired with a smirk. “I had a feeling that it was this but I didn’t want to believe it.”

“Life is complicated Jon.” Lord Tully remarked plainly whilst shrugging his arms. “My daughter is in need of a husband, you can’t blame me for wanting to see her married.”

“What if instead of me, it’s my nephew who marries her?” Inquired Jon, slightly pissed.

“Well…he is the heir of the Vale…and if you father no more children…”

“I don’t wish to marry again.” Jon quickly said.

“Then I guess we have a deal.”

Ned watched the girl and she seemed much happier than when her father proclaimed his intention, Elbert himself seemed taken by her as well…

“Now…Lord Eddard, shall we now discuss your marriage to my Catelyn?”

Wait, what?

“Excuse me?”

“Your father promised me that my Catelyn would be Lady Paramount of the North.” Explained the Tully lord.

“Yes but my brother is still alive.” Ned countered.

“And for how long I ask?” Enquired the lord. “I don’t one is expected to live long in the Black Cells, especially with King Aerys as the ruler of the Seven Kingdoms…”

“He is still alive.”

“My daughter will not marry a man who has been sentenced to die and most of all, can’t think straight.” Lord Tully kept insisting.

“I’m a married man, My Lord,” Ned explained. “I’m sorry but I can’t do it.”

“Married?” Inquired the Riverlord surprised with the news. “To whom?”

“I married Lady Ashara Dayne at Winterfell a couple of moons ago.”

The lord began laughing quite loudly. “You married a Dayne?” he said. “A Dornishwoman who is certainly acting as a spy to undermine you? Are the Starks so ignorant?”

That pissed him a lot. “My Lord, I have been nothing but politely towards you,” he stated as he
clenched his fists. “But I will not have you insult my wife!”

Ned felt a hand rest on his shoulder, it was Jon’s… “Calm down Ned.” he soothed before he turned towards the Tully lord. “The Northmen have been proudly applauding Eddard’s marriage and there is even an eye witness, I’m sure one marriage is enough to…”

“It’s not!” Lord Tully countered, angrily. “Catelyn was promised the title of Lady Paramount of the North and she will be exactly that, and her husband will not be a dimwitted fool who runs into a viper’s nest screaming kill me!”

Ned was boiling with anger with all this crap. “My Lord, my brother is alive and I’m married,” Ned said as he turned towards Lady Catelyn. “Lady Catelyn is beautiful and I will not deny it but she will not be my wife.”

“Set the Dornishwoman aside!” Lord Tully demanded, clearly showing signs of despair. “The Dornish has most likely slept with more men than you, she is not fit to be Lady of the North.”

Ned hit the lord’s desk angrily. “I’M TIRED OF YOU DISRESPECTING MY WIFE IN SUCH A CRUE AND VILE MANNER!!!” he barked. “I WILL NOT DISRESPECT HER, NOR MY BROTHER OR YOUR DAUGHTER!!!”

“SET HER ASIDE NOW!!!” The Lord insisted one more time.

“Hoster, what the fuck is the matter with you?” Asked the Blackfish aghast. “Are you hearing the bullshit you are saying? The boy is married for fuck sake!”

“SHUT UP!!!” Lord Tully hissed. “YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SPEAKING, YOU THAT REFUSED TO MARRY BETHANY REDWYNE!!”

“This again?” The Blackfish inquired. “She was lovely but I didn’t wish to marry.”

“YOU DISRESPECTED ME!!!”

“That was years ago, leave the boy out of this!”

“GUARDS SEIZE THEM!!!” The trout lord shouted and Ned was captured along with his companions.

“This is an outrage!” Barked Elbert.

“Hoster, what the fuck…”

“I’m going to deliver these two traitorous lords to the King.” Lord Tully concluded, bitterly. “This is the last time that someone will look down on House Tully!”

Jon began laughing in a weird manner. “Do you seriously think that by delivering us to the Mad King that he will spare you?”

“It’s none of your concern.”

“Then you will find out the hard the way that he will not,” Jon said. “He will give you the fairest of trials like he did to Rickard.”

“We will see about it.”

“Hoster this is madness!” Interjected Ser Brynden. “You got a marriage with the Arryns and
Brandon Stark can very well be freed after we take the capital!"

“I’m done waiting for ungrateful fools!” Lord Tully barked indignantly. “All the betrothals are nulled!”

“Father!” Interjected Lady Catelyn aghast. “You can’t do this to me!”

“Hoster, there are some fifty thousand men outside this castle for fuck sake.” Announced the Blackfish. “We have less than two hundred here, they smash our walls with a day, this is suicide!”

“I can do what I want, and Riverrun will stand proudly as it stood for thousands of years!”

“You lost your wits have you not?”

“I have not.”

“Ser Brynden is right, Hoster.” Said Jon. “Our men will know that we were captured and will take precautions and then I will feel pity for the innocent.”

“We will see who laughs later, Jon.” Lord Tully said with a cocky smirk. “And it will be me. Take them away!”

For God’s sake can’t we simply have luck for once? Gods be damned...Ashara...

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy, what just happened at Riverrun? Things are not looking well for the Rebels at all...

Once more, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Brynden Tully
Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Brynden watched as yet another arrow hit the window of his room, he found it hard to sleep with some fifty thousand angry Northmen and Valemen outside the castle…

The harassments began when Hoster gave orders to lift the drawbridge without their liege lords coming out in the process. Certainly, their lords wouldn’t simply remain inside without informing them how the negotiations went and perhaps they had been commanded by Lord Arryn to stay sharp to any odd movement by Hoster…

If Brynden has to guess, they would be under siege by dawn when the first trebuchets were completed and ready to place Riverrun under fire.

Riverrun was a very well defendable castle as with his moat, it could be surrounded by water at each side and consequently make it like an island, making the siege towers completely useless. It also provided a large viewing range for the archers inside but the problem was that some fifty thousand men were way too much even for such a strong castle. Damn you Hoster and bloody fucking ambition!

By now they should be surrounding the castle on all three sides, at least he would do that in their position with some many soldiers available to use.

Putting hopes in King Aerys wasn’t a smart choice either, the man was mad and not trustworthy in his decisions…just because Hoster would give him the King two rebellious lords wouldn’t mean he would fill House Tully with concessions.

They were doomed, the children were doomed…Catelyn and Lysa could…no…he wouldn’t let them…It ends now, I will save this family or die trying.

“Uncle…” Called Lysa in her dark blue nightgown, with an afraid expression. “I can’t sleep…”

“You are not the only one…” Brynden admitted as he called his niece to his side and allowed her to embrace him.

“Will they breach the walls?” she asked when they were glancing the many lights down the nearby fields.

“They might…” They will, eventually…

“Will…will they kill us?”

“They won’t, I’m sure.” Brynden assured while patting his niece’s more distant arm.

“Father was…” she began stammering. “Father was…”

“Stupid.” Brynden concluded her line of thought, even if she was mad with Hoster for what he did to her, she wouldn’t dare call him names, she knew better than that.
“I…I liked Lord Arryn’s nephew…” she confessed while blushing. “He was…very handsome…”

“I’m sure he was.” Brynden smiled to her to confession, Elbert Arryn looked like one of those knights from the songs that Catelyn and Lysa loved so much it wasn’t much of a surprise that she fell for him.

“It’s always Cat who destroys my hopes…” she said bitterly.

“Lysa, you know Cat had nothing to do with this…” Brynden tried to counter.

“She did!” Lysa retorted indignantly. “It’s because Lord Eddard didn’t accept her for a wife that I had to lose a potential marriage and it’s not fair!” Lysa began sobbing and Brynden brought her closer for a hug.

“We will fix this, Lysa,” Brynden assured her. “We will find you a handsome lord to marry to.”

“What if they breach the walls uncle?” she asked. “I don’t want to die…”

“And you will not sweet Lysa,” Brynden said as he helped her get up. “I will fix this mess.”

“How?”

“You will have to trust me,” he said as he gently rubbed her back. “Now you will be a good niece and go back to bed, okay?”

“Okay…” she sighed as she broke the hug and moved to the door. “Just be careful uncle…”

“Don’t worry about me,” he concluded with a cocky smirk. “I’m too stubborn to die.”

His niece smiled at his comment and bowed to him as she left to her room as he told her to. After a quarter of an hour, he left his own room and began his improvised plan to save his family.

The sky was very dark and there were few guards outside because they haven’t yet processed that they were to be under a siege and frankly if it was for Brynden doing things and commanding them, no one else would.

He approached the Water Gate and met with some of his loyal guards who promptly opened the gates for him to pass on his boat and then they closed them again. Brynden rowed down the Red Fork until he came ashore by one of the Rebel camps, there he unsheathed his white flag. *I can’t believe I’m actually doing this…*

In less than a minute, he was spotted by what he could clearly identify as Northmen and arrest because of the sigil he carried in his chest plate. Brynden was then brought upon a huge tent where a huge amount of northern lords were even when it was almost dawn, their faces were sleepy and because of it, he feared the worst…

“Who in the Seven Hells is this guy?” Asked an angry Lord Umber before he did what Brynden did to know who he was, look at the sigil. “A bloody fucking fish cunt!”

“You have a lot of nerves to come here fish.” Said another lord, a Tallhart. “Bad decision.”

“I don’t think it is.” Brynden retorted. “It was my best option, considering everything I had to work with.”

“What happened to Ned and the others?” Inquired the only woman in the tent, a Mormont. “I swear to the Gods if they were harmed…”
“They were arrested by my brother.” Brynden plainly said.

“At what charges?” Inquired Lord Forrester with a confused look, the same all those lords had.

“My brother forced Lord Arryn’s nephew upon my niece Lysa and Lord Eddard upon my other niece Catelyn.” Brynden explained to the angry Northmen.

“Ned is married!” Barked the woman angrily after interrupting his talk. “It’s an outrage!”

“And wasn’t the eldest Tully girl betrothed to Brandon?” Asked Lord Ryswell.

“Was.” Brynden agreed partially. “But my brother broke the betrothal first because he thought Brandon Stark to be a reckless idiot that is going to die and then because Lord Eddard kept refusing his plan.”

“The bloody cunt!” Shouted Lord Umber. “My Lords this is an offense to the Gods! A married man was forced into another marriage and when he refused, the guest rights were broken and he made a prisoner!”

“Revenge upon the Tullys!” Shouted Lord Karstark. “Revenge against the outrage!”

“REVENGE!!!” The tent echoed.

“NO!!!” Brynden shouted as all the lords began glancing him with angry eyes. *Here we go…let’s hope it works…or I’m dead…*

“What do you mean no, cunt?” Inquired Lord Umber as he came upon Brynden with a very angry face, ready to beat him to death.

“I have a deal for all of you,” Brynden said as he glanced every lord inside. “A deal that will reduce the casualties and time necessary to take the castle.”

“What sort of deal?” Asked what he saw as Lord Dustin.

“First, my terms for the deal.” Brynden began. “My nieces and nephew, as well as every servant and man that yields, will be spared and no harm will come upon them.”

“Deal.” Said Lord Dustin.

“Deal?” Questioned an aghast Lord Umber. “Just like that? He presents his terms and we simply accept?”

“I don’t wish to stain my hands with innocent blood.” Justified Lord Dustin. “And neither do you as you know they had no saying in one stupid man’s decision.” *Thank the Gods for this man.*

“And what about the fish cunt?” Asked Lord Tallhart. “Are we to spare him too?”

“He will be captured and judged,” Brynden said. “By your liege lords.”

“Is anyone in this tent against this deal?” Asked Lord Dustin as he glanced everyone and no one said anything. “Then warn the Valemen.” Commanded the Northern lord, apparently, he was the one in charge. “And now Ser Brynden, explain us the plan.”

“Very well…”

An hour later, Brynden called upon his loyal guards by the Water Gate to open it for him to enter,
behind him, however, came twenty good men like Lord Dustin, Lord Egen, Lord Redfort, Lord Tallhart, two Corbrays, the Lady Mormont, and a few more Northmen and Valemen.

“Follow me.” Brynden ordered as he began leading them further inside the castle. Avoiding a couple of guards, he led them to the Godswood where he left the Valemen with the objective of taking control over the lever that dropped the drawbridge once the signal was given. Then he led the rest, the Northmen inside the keep.

They had no problem inside, they captured a few guards and servants along the way and quickly came upon his nieces and nephew’s bedrooms. There he dispatched Lady Mormont, Lord Dustin and Lord Tallhart’s son to fetch them, while he and the rest of the Northerners took out their bows and ignited the arrows.

“Leave me alone!” Catelyn who was dragged by Lord Dustin. “Uncle, what’s happening here?”

“I’m making a coup.” he plainly said as Hoster’s children promptly opened their mouths in surprise.

“Uncle, you can’t do this!” Barked Catelyn. “You are betraying us!”

“Not quite, I’m actually saving us all from death.” he dismissed as they shot the flaming arrows amidst the dark night sky, the signal for the drawbridge to lower and the coup to officially start. “You three and the rest of the household here will be left Lady Mormont in Cat’s room and will not by any means disobey her or leave said room, am I clear?”

“Yes.” Said Lysa, followed by Edmure but Catelyn seemed to not be pleased with all of it but followed Lady Mormont all the same.

“The drawbridge is falling.” Lord Dustin said as the sound reached their ears. “It begins.”

“Take your weapons out,” Brynden commanded. “Let’s scare the servants and guards into submission as we did to those that are in my niece’s room as we wait for the army to come.”

Brynden and the Northerners went on about, killing a few guards who refused to yield and all the servants they came across were captured. When only Hoster’s room was left untouched, Lord Umber and Lord Royce appeared with a big host of men behind them.

“We are here.” Lord Umber said as he approached them. “With some five thousand men.”

“The Godswood and the castle grounds are filled with soldiers too.” Added Lord Royce.

“Good.” Brynden nodded in approval. “Let us go to Hoster’s room and be done with this.”

“Aye.”

Their host began climbing the spiral stairways leading to Hoster’s solar, Jon Umber impatient as he was rammed the door in half and entered catching Hoster completely off guard. “WHAT IN THE NAMED OF THE SEVEN!!!” Hoster shouted as he effortlessly captured by Lord Umber who now had a big smile on his face.

“I got you now you bloody fucking cunt!” Lord Umber proclaimed.

“What is the meaning of this?” Asked Hoster aghast. “How did you all entered my castle?”
“I let them in.” Brynden plainly said as his brother’s face became red with his anger, but he cared not.

“YOU TRAITOR!!!”

“No, I saved this family from its end,” Brynden said. “From the destruction, you would cause with your stupid ambition and ego.”

“TURNCLOAK!!!”

“Shut up cunt!” Roared Lord Umber. “I have half a mine to kill you here you ungrateful prick!”

“Don’t forget the deal, Jon.” Warned Lord Dustin. “Bring the cunt to the Great Keep while we free Ned and the others.”

“My pleasure.” Lord Umber said as he made Hoster look like a little kid in his large arms.

They descended into the dungeons as it was the only place inside the castle that was not full of soldiers yet. The gaoler quickly submitted to them and led them into the cells where the prisoners were being kept.

In the cell, Lord Eddard, Lord Arryn and the rest were seated with their heads low and no light but when so much noise and lights filled the dungeons’ hallways their glances turned to them.

“Rise Lord Arryn and Lord Stark.” Brynden began as Lord Dustin opened the cell doors. “Riverrun is yours.”


Jon Arryn
Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 282 AC

Jon was still surprised by everything that happened while he had been in the cells…Ser Brynden had apparently take action himself and saved his family and most of the household with the exception of some soldiers who refused to yield.

Hoster had been chained and was now presented to them in the Great Hall of Riverrun for them to decide what punishment he should receive. The Northmen and Valemen were watching attentively to see what was to happen.

“Lord Hoster of House Tully.” Jon began, as Hoster looked towards him with angry eyes. “Your actions towards House Stark, Tully, Reed, Ryswell and Hardyng are without any fundament but your own greed.”

“I did what I thought was right for my house.” Hoster spat out. “You can’t blame me for it, you have the same for yours.”

“I have indeed but never have I did something as you did.” Jon countered. “Forcing a married man to marry his brother’s betrothal and when he rightfully refused you imprisoned him.”

“My Catelyn deserved better than any of the Starks.” Hoster retorted. “She is way better than any wife they can get.”
“I pity Lady Catelyn but now, no Tully lady has a betrothal.” Jon proclaimed. “And we have, amongst us, the people you imprisoned decided to sentence you to a life of servitude to the Night’s Watch.”

Hoster’s eyes bulged with Jon’s words. “This is an outrage!”

“My Lord, consider yourself lucky.” Ned intervened. “Had it been for many of those present in this room and you would have your head on spike, however, we decided against it since the Wall is in need of men with some military training and your suffering can extend for many years to come in the coldest place imaginable so you can think about how your greed screwed you over.”

“You can’t do this to me!” Hoster shouted as he began getting desperate.

“We just did.” Concluded Ned. “Take him to Castle Black with an escort of some ten men and dispatch a raven to Lord Commander Qorgyle informing him of what happened here.”

“Aye.”

“YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME!!!” Hoster kept insisting as he was dragged away from the room. Well, that was done.

“Ser Brynden.” Called Jon and the knight took a step forward. “We name you Protector and Regent of Riverrun and the Riverlands until your nephew Edmure, now Lord of Riverrun comes of age.”

“I shall do my very best.” The knight bowed before them before returning to his nieces and nephew who were still scared with everything that went down.

The other lords were talking to each other, some shouting and some glancing the Tullys with murderous looks. They all needed a good of sleep to forget all of this… “Uncle…” Elbert called before Jon had the opportunity to dismiss everyone. “I…is the betrothal between me and Lady Lysa completely annulled?”

“Hoster broke it so yes, it’s nulled.” Jon confirmed though he began wondering why his nephew was asking that.

“Can it…can it be revived?” That question certainly surprised Jon, he certainly wasn’t expecting it…

“You want to?” he asked, still amazed with his nephew who preferred whores and servants over marrying highborn ladies…It could cause problems to them because of what Hoster just did but at the same time…there weren’t any daughters of Great Lords left...

“I wouldn’t mind…” Elbert confessed with his cheeks slightly reddish. “Besides, I think it can make more Riverlords join our cause as the Tullys are still their liege and…”

Jon couldn’t but smile at his nephew’s words…Ronnel, it seems your son is finally becoming more like you… “It’s your call, Elbert, what you choose is final in this matter, but it will be you the one explaining your decision to the angry Valemen and Northmen, not me.”

“I will do it.” Elbert said with his resolution taken. “I wish to marry her.”

“Then go ahead and tell her that, see what she says,” Jon said. “And don’t faint on me boy…”

“You wish uncle.” Elbert said laughing as he made his way to the Tully girl. The girl listened carefully to what his nephew was saying whilst her siblings listened too, then she led her hands to
her mouth and her brother, the new Lord of Riverrun began clapping her back all cheerful while her sister smiled, Lysa was as red as a tomato before finally nodding in affirmation as she began sobbing emotionally.

The next day came, everyone had a much needed night of sleep and the marriage began by the end of the afternoon, a marriage no one was expecting at all...

“With this kiss, I pledge my love.” Lysa, now dressed in a pretty ivory samite and with a big smile on her face said and with her cheeks flushed, making a big contrast with her beautiful bright blue eyes. “And take you for My Lord and husband.”

“With this kiss, I pledge my love,” Elbert replied with a big smile of his own. “And take you for My Lady and wife.” Then his nephew leaned forward and kissed his new wife. Jon was proud of seeing this moment and a part of him wanted Ronnel to watch it too...

The Septon raised his hands to the ceiling in accordance with what the ceremonies demanded. “In the sight of Gods and men, I do solemnly proclaim Elbert of House Arryn and Lysa of House Tully to be man and wife, one flesh, one heart, one soul, now and forever and cursed be the one who comes between them.”

The wedding feast was prepared with relative haste and most likely drained the Tullys’ treasury considering how many lords were there attending especially when most took the opportunity to eat a proper meal, a concession they had to make for the time they made the Rebels lose with Hoster’s bullshit.

Elbert and Lysa made way to a dance or two as did some of the lords who paired with some female servants.

“I’m still perplexed with Elbert’s resolution.” Admitted Ned. “I didn’t think he would actually find upon himself to actually marry, even more in accordance to a broken betrothal.”

“I learned a long time ago to expect anything,” Jon said with a small smile upon his face. “How are your men feeling?”

“Some accepted our decision, others not so much…” Explained his foster son.

“As expected…” Jon avowed. “My men are disappointed with Elbert's choice of a bride but since we are trying to raise the Riverlands' support they understood it mostly.”

“Elbert’s marriage seemed to make most of them forget about it,” Ned said with a shy smile. “Jon Umber and Maege Mormont for example, the Valemen don't seem to pissed up but I could be wrong...”

“I understand their point but the Tullys are still the strongest house in the Riverlands that did not declare for the Crown and they have ruled the Riverlands for almost three hundred years.” Jon explained. “We don't even know which houses will support us or not.”

“Aye.”

It was then that Lord Jon Umber got up from his seat all jolly. “MY LORDS!!!” he shouted proudly. “I THINK IT’S TIME FOR THE BEDDING!!!”

“BEDDING, BEDDING!!!” The Great Hall shouted in a chorus as men and women made way to undress the married pair and lead them to their room.
“I seriously think my marriage was the only one that Jon Umber did not shout for the bedding…” Ned said as they broke into laughs. “The man never gets bored of it.”

“Someone has to do it…”

“Aye to that.” Ned agreed. “Lady Catelyn is beautiful but I’m glad I did not marry her, I couldn’t live if I did because I would have dishonored Ashara in an abysmal way…”

“You don’t need to worry anymore about it Ned.” Assured Jon. “Ser Brynden made sure to fix this bloody mess.”

“Thank the Gods for Ser Brynden indeed.” Ned concurred. “Now we have to wait for the Riverlords’ support and for Robert to join his army with ours.”

“We can’t do much more anyway.” Blurted Jon.

“I just hope Robert is alive…” Ned confessed. “We haven’t heard from him in a long time…”

“We all hope that, Ned.” Without Robert’s army, they couldn’t compete with Crown, although it looked like the Reach and Dorne weren’t as committed to saving the Targaryens as the Rebels were into ending their tyranny…

In the following days, they began receiving ravens from a variety of Riverlands’ houses, House Blackwood, House Vypren, Wayn, the Vances of Wayfarer’s Rest, Piper, Smallwood and Keath, not many as they perhaps expected but still, it was the much-needed support, they needed every they could get.

And to their relief, the Stormlands’ army arrived at Riverrun but without Robert who had gotten injured and made way to Stoney Sept to find a Maester. They also said that Lord Connington had been after them and perhaps already gotten to him. Worried, Jon and Ned amassed the cavalry and the infantry and made way to Stoney Sept to engage Lord Connington’s loyalist army which would be the first battle of the New Year.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Tower of Joy, Dorne, Year 282 AC

Rhaegar felt terrible for what he did to Lyanna Stark but he had no choice, she was ice and he was fire and by his seed and her womb, they would conceive Visenya, the third and last head of the dragon that would protect mankind from the great peril.

If his relationship with Arthur had been sour yet slowly recovering, now, any hopes of such thing happening were gone and Oswell himself was on the same boat as Arthur…They don’t know what is coming…they don’t know what awaits us all…if they did, they would understand…

But they were right on the fact that he could not remain like this, he needed to do something about the war that was scorching the lands he would one day reign over. And the only thing he could do was take his father out and stop somehow stop the Rebels.

He made his way to Lyanna Stark’s room…a terrible idea but he needed to talk to her nevertheless.

When he opened the door, he was met by a flying chamber pot that hit his arm and covered him in wastes. Then he noticed the woman run in his direction with a murderous look and he had no other
option but to immobilize her and stop her from potentially killing him.

“LET ME GO!!!” she hissed as she kicked and screamed. “LET ME GO YOU MONSTER!!!”

“You can’t go,” he said to her. “And neither can you harm me.”

“I WILL KILL YOU!!!”

“You will not.” he dismissed. “Now, I have something important to speak to you about.”

“I DON’T WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!!!” she screamed.

“First I’m sorry it had to turn out this way…”

Lyanna Stark began laughing hysterically at his words. “Sorry?” she asked. “You didn’t seem so sorry when I told you to stop.”

“You were the one who seduced me in the first place!” he countered.

“I know I was stupid and dumb but you still did not stop when I recognized I did shit!”

“The dragons has three heads…”

“What the fuck does that mean?” she questioned confused.

“It means that I must have a Rhaenys, an Aegon and a Visenya to fight the great peril,” he explained. “Elia could not give me Visenya, she became barren after Aegon’s birth and when you tried to seduce me, I just had to do it.”

“How in the Seven Hells do you know it will be a girl?” she asked aghast. “You are mad!”

“I’m not My Lady.” he dismissed, he wasn’t like his father, sure he overstepped but he wasn’t his father. “I will take action and dethrone my father and stop the Rebellion as I intended originally before it even began,” he explained to her. “Once you give me my Visenya, I will personally escort you to Winterfell.”

“So I can be called the dragon whore?” The northern lady scoffed. “And may I ask what will you do to my brothers if you succeed?”

“They will live,” he assured her. “But on the Wall.”

She began laughing once more. “Then I hope, one of them or Robert kills you and your father, him for his madness and you for your stupidity!”

“As you wish.” It thought she would understand but she did not.

“Rhaegar.” Rhaegar turned his look to the door where Arthur and Oswell stood, both with angry faces. “What are you doing?”

“You can both relax,” he said as he picked her up. “I don’t intend to rape her if that is what you are both thinking.”

“Then what were you doing with her below you?” Asked Arthur.

“She is still dressed isn’t she?” Rhaegar retorted. “I was simply telling her what I intend to do next, she deserved as much.”
“And what is that?” Arthur inquired with a plain look.

“You and I will ride to Starfall where we will send a raven to Jon,” Rhaegar explained. “He will then raise an army of which I will use to take control of the Red Keep and depose my father by force as I should have done sooner.”

“What about Lyanna?” Arthur questioned. “What will happen to her?”

“Oswell will be a good Kingsguard knight and will keep guarding her door.” Said Rhaegar and both knights sighed.

“By each passing day, you are becoming more like your father.” Said Arthur with a disappointed look. “I don’t recognize you anymore.”

“I’m not my father nor I will ever be.” Rhaegar countered, the fact that he needed his Visenya didn’t mean he was going to burn the entire realm and he would prove them all wrong on their assumptions.

He quickly closed the door before the Northern lady could escape and that made her scream and scream…and he felt bad for doing this to her but Visenya was more important…she had to be born…the dragon has three heads.

Chapter End Notes

So I know this is not the conclusion most of you wanted for the Tullys but neither Catelyn nor Lysa nor Edmure did anything bad to the Rebels so there was no point on me killing them. With Hoster I hesitated between killing him, sending him to the Wall and use him later along the plotline or just make him commit suicide because he is joining the Watch, I decided against the first option and left the latter two still in the open. I also know that Elbert and Lysa's marriage was perhaps a bit out of context but Elbert sort of fell in love with her at first sight, this is more of a thing for the future. Everything has a reason.

That said, the New Year will arrive in the next chapter, 283 AC, I was going to make another Appendix but decided against it because there was not much happening in most of the families anyway. But if anyone has any question regarding any House do let me know.

Anyway, thank you for everyone who took some time to read and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Elia Martell

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Elia was strolling in the Godswood of the Red Keep with her son in her arms, a big boy already who would hopefully begin to walk and talk soon like Rhaenys did.

Speaking of her daughter, she was holding hands with Nysah and Jasline as she sang and made the delight of the garden, a lot of people seemed to have a warm spot for her girl.

Ashara’s spies were all around the Red Keep by now too, doing the widest variety of chores or simply walking by, watching. Elia knew that even some servants and cookers were working for Ashara in order to help her free Brandon Stark out of his cell, making note of every weakness and every detail they could.

“Can we get some flowers momma?” Asked Rhaenys when she made Nysah and Jasline stop by some pretty flowers.

“I don’t see why not, sweetling,” Elia stated. “Go ahead, darling.”

“Yes!” Her daughter screamed happily as she went to pick some of those flowers, Nysah approached her to help her too, while Jasline came by Elia’s side.

“She is growing pretty fast.” Said Jas with a proud smile. “Perhaps the next most beautiful woman of the Seven Kingdoms?”

“It will be hard to surpass Ashara’s beauty but I’m quite sure Rhaenys will be the envy of many ladies,” Elia admitted in a cocky manner. “A true beauty in the making.”

“Ashara has spies everywhere now,” Jasline said to her in a whisper. “How long do you think it will for her to make everything start?”

“I don’t know, she is very far away from here and she is a very cautious person.” Said Elia. “She will most likely wait for the perfect opportunity.”

“It does make sense…”

Elia noticed one of Ashara’s spies approach, a girl of eight named Beth. “My Princess.” she politely said as she delivered a letter with a star.

“Thank you,” Elia said with a smile. “I will make sure to find some sweets for all you.”

The girl nodded with a big smile as she left for her own things. Most of them were orphans from Sunshine Orphanage, an orphanage that Elia sponsored, she had spent a lot of her money there, improving the building where the children lived and giving opportunities for the children such as jobs in the Red Keep and around King’s Landing.

It was common for Elia and her ladies to visit it and give sweets to the children but the children loved Ashara the most, for her outgoing personality and will to help everyone, it didn’t take long
for the children to begin providing Ashara with rumors and information to the point that her friend began teaching them how to properly do it, no one gave much thought of simply orphan children and that was why it was so efficient. Lord Varys himself did the same as Ashara told her once.

Elia began reading the letter.

Dear Elia,

I said I would not put you at the risk but I have a simple task to ask of you, my friend, in a few moons from now, I will inform you that everything is prepared and my the task I ask is for you to give the order to begin when you see the Red Keep in its weakest state.

I know I’m probably asking too much, but as you can expect, I can’t really go there myself not only because of the war that is ravaging our land but because I have gotten pregnant with Ned’s child…

I think it is too soon for it to happen but I did not drink moon tea to actually prevent it, so now I’m waiting for my baby to be born while my husband is fighting…not something that any woman should feel and I know you are suffering something similar. So let us both endure, my friend.

Much Love,

Ashara Stark

Elia was caught by surprise by her friend’s news, not the fact that now she was the one giving the order but that Ashara was pregnant.. She felt her mouth open as she glanced a tree for some time trying to digest that Ashara was pregnant.

“Is it something bad, Elia?” Jasline inquired with a worried look in her tanned face and Elia simply gave her the letter to read. As she expected, Jas’ reaction was the same as hers. “What? Ashara is pregnant?”

“Jas, we are in public!” Elia hissed but luckily they seemed to be alone…well, there was Ser Barristan who was her sworn shield for the day who scoffed as he heard Jasline speak Ashara’s name and pregnancy…

It was rather…common knowledge that the man had a crush on her friend, but the man was honorable to a point and wouldn’t say anything to anyone, at least she hoped he wouldn’t, but then again he only heard about the pregnancy so he doesn’t know who planted the seed inside her or where she was so…

“Sorry…” Jasline murmured embarrassedly. “I got excited and surprised…”

“Rhaenys dear,” Elia called with a smile. “Let’s go see grandmother.”

Her daughter came running with a crown of white flowers in her head and two on her hands. “Here, have one momma,” she said as she extended the crowns. “You too Aunt Jas.”

“Thank you love.” Elia thanked and so did Jasline. “They are beautiful.”
“Aunt Nys helped me,” Rhaenys said proudly. “I want to make one for gwama too.”

“Then let’s have that done so we can go meet her,” Elia said. “We have something important to talk to her.”

“Ok.” Rhaenys agreed. “I will be fast.”

Jon Connington
Stoney Sept, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

Jon’s army arrived at Stoney Sept days ago. According to the scouts it was where Robert Baratheon took refuge with a few of his men while the rest of his army went north.

It had been a huge argument between his army commanders regarding the approach they should take next. Ser Jacaerys and his brother Daemion together with a few other lords preferred following the Stormlander army and leave Robert alone for the time being while Jon, Myles, and more lords preferred to take Robert out instead.

Luckily they managed to set aside their differences for the greater good of the Crown and choose Jon's plan of action.

They were, however, faced with two major problems, one was that ever since they arrived, the smallfolk looked towards them with wary eyes, none were too happy with such a huge army inside their walls, searching for the traitors inside the common men's houses.

The other problem was that Robert Baratheon hid very well as they still haven't found him in three days of continuous search.

“Any luck?” Came the question from Ser Jacaerys as he came by Jon and Myles’s side, they were watching the smallfolk go on with their smallfolk lives.

“None,” Myles replied as they were now glancing the houses. “We have gone to every single house in this fucking town and still no signs of him.”

“Maybe he never came here in the first place.” Suggested Ser Daemion.

“Is it possible the scouts were wrong?” Asked Ser Duncan Whent when he heard Ser Daemion’s suggestion.

“No.” Jon quickly dismissed, finding it absurd. “He is here somewhere.” Jon was more than sure about that, he could feel it. “The problem is that the smallfolk are protecting him.”

“And what do we do about that?” Inquired Ser Boros Blount, that fat man who got humiliated in the Tourney of Harrenhal.

“We have to increase the severity of the punishments,” Jon concluded. “Make them see they should not mess with us and give us Robert Baratheon.”

“That will prejudice our cause even more.” Retorted Ser Jacaerys. “We should continue with our approach, we must make the smallfolk understand we are the ones who defend their interests the better, not the Rebels.”

“This is costing us far too much time.” Jon dismissed the Valyrian man. “We will spread the news
that the punishments will only get worse from now if they don’t cooperate.”

“We might have to deal with an uprising if…” Insisted the Velaryon knight.

“I’m not Lord Tywin, Ser Jacaerys.” Jon pointed out. “I have no wish to sing the Rains of Castamere upon the smallfolk of this town but I will not let them have it their way by refusing a command from the Hand of the…”

As Jon almost finished his speech, the Sept’s bells began ringing, their loud sound echoing all around the fortified town...the smallfolk upon hearing the bells began running inside their houses as if their life depended on it. Not a good sign...

“What in the Seven Hells is happening here?” Inquired a worried Lord Hayford. “Why are the commoners running?”

“The bells are some sort of warning.” Deduced Ser Jacaerys as he looked around the scared crowds. “About something dangerous…it must be the Rebels approaching…”

“Shit…” Murmured Myles as now the streets were completely empty of every soul besides the confused soldiers that were all over the place. “Are you sure about that?”

“I hope I’m not…” Confessed Ser Jacaerys as finally the bells stopped ringing and a loud noise of horse galloping, horsemen…it was the Rebels indeed...fuck!

“BATTLE INCOMING!!!” Jon shouted to his still surprised men. “PREPARE FOR BATTLE!!!”

“GET READY!!!” Barked another lord that Jon couldn’t even see who it was.

“We must find a better defensive position!” Said Ser Jacaerys. “We can’t stay in the streets, we will be cornered.”

“Where do we go then?” Asked Lord Farring.

“In the central square, by the Sept’s hill.” Suggest the Velaryon knight. “We will be able to see every street of this town and counter any cavalry they bring with the high ground.”

“A good idea.” Jon nodded in affirmation. “EVERYONE IS TO MAKE WAY TO THE SQUARE!!!” he commanded. “WE WILL MAKE OUR STAND THERE!!! THE SQUARE AND THE SEPT!!!”

“TO THE SQUARE!!!” Shouted Ser Elmar Whent.

His men began moving towards their objective but they took too much time in their decision, from the northern side of the town, amidst the tiny smallfolk houses came dozens of horses some with full armored knights flying sky blue banners while others were big men holding axes and maces and screaming the loudest shouts that Jon ever heard, their words were «For the North».

The engagements began and all over the town. Jon could see people fighting in the streets and alleyways, there wasn’t a single spot that wasn’t soaked in blood in that town by now.

Jon himself tried to make his way to the rallying point but had to swing his axe against two Valemen knights that tried to run him over. After he took his axe from one of those knights' dead bodies, he noticed that the street on his left was full of soldiers, just as in the streets in front of him and behind him. His only escape was going to the street to his right, a tight alleyway.
They had committed a grave mistake, they underestimated the Rebels’ capacity to come and meet them and now they were suffering the consequences of it, a complete butchery.

Giving it some more thought and the Crown completely underestimated the Rebels' power.

The Northerners were fighting with unparalleled ferocity, they were poorly equipped but they didn’t give any opportunity for the opponents to take advantage of it. The Stormlanders were also famed for their martial culture, he was one of them so he knew it well, they had the best archers and the best men at defending charges and then there were the Knights of the Vale who were the best cavalry unit of Westeros.

These three combined along with some Rivermen to increase their numbers, as he also saw trout and other sigils from the Riverlands, made a tremendously efficient army.

Jon exited the tight alleyway and found himself close to the Sept, to his left side by some trees were the Velaryons and some other soldiers holding off some Rivermen knights.

A neigh made Jon turn to his right and without much time for a second thought, dodge an incoming horse charge against him, three men, two Riverlands, and a Valemen, they charged against him yet again, but Jon dodged and cut one's leg down, making him bleed to death on his own horse, that was why he liked to fight with axes, they could pierce through armor better than swords, and luckily these guys were not in heavy armors because it wouldn’t be so simple as it just was…

He then fended off the other Rivermen as best as he could before more knights began trying to encircle him, so with his shield up, he kept avoiding the best he could the horsemen's harassments who luckily were dumb enough to not prepare another charge and simply attacked him on the spot with their lances.

It was in that moment that Jon finally saw the stag bastard emerge, fully armored advancing against a column of Jon's men and butchering them by the Sept. Jon did not know what came of him but he simply ran towards the Stag ready to kill him, completely ignoring the horsemen that were around him.

And then he saw Robert Baratheon smash Myles’s chest with that bloody fucking hammer as if it was nothing…

“MYLES!!!” Jon shouted agonized upon seeing his friend fall to the floor without making any move. “YOU FUCKING CUNT!!!!”

Without hesitation he ran as fast he could, smashing a knight with Arryn's banners to the ground by killing his horse and then, to make sure he would stay down forever, he cut him down with his axe.

Robert Baratheon seemed to have not liked that and rushed towards Jon who rushed him back as they began clashing in the steps of the Sept, brutally, in a duel the two of them long anticipated. Jon was faster but that war hammer was a monstrosity of a weapon to fight against.

Jon hit the stag’s head with his shield as he waved his axe against the chest plate but the stag blocked with his shield though now said shield was almost completely shattered. Robert then swung his hammer against Jon, who managed to dodge it twice before breaking his own shield, they were now even.

The sweat was making Jon have an attack of anxiety so he snapped and jumped with his axe to gain momentum and power in order to smash that bloody fucking stag down but the stag was no fool and used handle of his hammer to block the hit, then, he moved inwards towards Jon figure,
catching him off guard and head-butted him down to the floor.

Jon saw the hammer rise as the stag prepared to smash him down and so he closed his eyes thinking on how he failed his Silver Prince on how he was going to...but it was not to be...

Some of his men, including the Velaryons, engaged Robert, while two Rivermen men blocked the stag’s attack, Ser Jacaerys with his sword seemed to injure Robert enough to make him back off to his men.

“GET UP LORD CONNINGTON!!!” Ser Jacaerys barked as he picked Jon’s hand to pull him back up.

Jon watched as more and more Rebel soldiers, this time on foot, appeared in the distance where streets began or ended depending on the perspective, they would reach them in a question of minutes.

“CONNINGTON!!!” Barked the stag as he returned to finish what he started now with more men on his back, smashing Ser Jacaerys’s younger brother in the process. “I’M GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU FUCKING CUNT!!!”

“We lost…” Jon murmured, there was no way that they, disorganized as they were could win now that reinforcements were coming, this was not how it was supposed to be... “RETREAT!!!” Jon shouted. “RETREAT!!!”

As his men heard the command, they began retreating just as Jon, the Rebels won the battle… I failed...I'm sorry...Rhaegar...I failed...

Eddard Stark

Stoney Sept, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

Ned has been thought ever since he was a child that war was a bloody affair and frankly it was worse than a bloody affair.

Every way he looked he saw dead men or injured men in the floor, innocent lives…most of which were smallfolk…they needed to end this war as fast as possible and end the bloodshed.

“Bring the prisoners to the same space.” Ser Brynden commanded the soldiers. “We must count how many of them we have and tend the wounded when ours are tended.”

“Lord Connington seemed to have been caught on by surprise.” Said Howland.

“We seemed to have the numbers.” Stated a tired Willam who had been fighting with the cavalry on the back of the red stallion Barbrey had given him before he rode south. “I’m happy I killed myself a few of those southerners who always look down upon us.”

“I wanted to have killed some of them myself.” Jon Umber scoffed pissed. “We in the infantry had almost no action.”

“You know there will be more fights in the future, Jon,” Jorah assured. “You might still be able to kill a few dozens of them.”

“I hope so, otherwise it won’t be as fun.”
Ned was making his way to the central square, below the Sept. It was even bloodier than the rest of the town with more bodies than normal, and he noticed some braver smallfolk exiting their houses but most including the women and the children simply watched it by their windows. He couldn’t even imagine what they were feeling, the fear they would have in that very moment with thousands of men outside…who could harm them…

He found Robert and some of his men talking with Jon Arryn, Elbert and Yohn Royce by the Sept. Robert seemed injured to some extent as he was holding his shoulder.

“I couldn’t do anything to save Denys.” Robert spat. “Fucking Connington got away because those Velaryons cunts got in the way, at least I killed one but not the fucker who did this to my shoulder.”

“Denys knew as much as we did what he was coming for,” Jon said disappointed. “We will grieve for his and every men’s death today.”

“Robert.” Ned greeted his friend that he didn’t see in a long time.

Robert himself changed his expression to a big grin upon seeing him. “Ned, my friend how has life been?”

“A big mess…” Ned admitted. “I’m in a war and not in my wife’s arms…”

Robert got confused with his words. “Wait…do you mean…” When Ned nodded in affirmation, his friend got up with his booming laugh as he clapped Ned’s back. “Ned you big bastard, a married man…can I cry with emotion?”

“Maybe it’s not such a good idea…” Ned dismissed. “What will the men think?”

“How was your first time?” Robert continued with his curiosity. “Did you pleasure her? Did she pleasure you? Was she good in bed? I fucked a Dornishwoman once and she was on fire!”

“With breasts like that, I’m sure Ned is pissed he was weaned,” Willam commented as they all began laughing. “Seriously who in the Seven Hells don’t get pleasure from that beauty?”

“Can we stop talking about my wife?” Ned said rather pissed. “We have a job to do.”

“That we have.” Robert agreed. “We have to crush those Targaryens and bring Lyanna and Brandon back.”

“First we must wait the three days.” Jon quickly said. “Only then can we leave Stoney Sept.”

“Yes, but we can plan ahead uncle.” Elbert countered. “You always told me that.”

“We can indeed.” Jon nodded with a slightly proud smile of Elbert growing up as an heir. “Anyone with any ideas?”

“We should return to Riverrun,” Ned suggested. “Stoney Sept is too close to the Reach border while Riverrun has slightly a more central location in the Riverlands that gives us a better way to respond to any threat.”

“And then?” Inquired Jon Umber. “What will be our next move?”

“We can attack the loyalists north of the Trident to have a natural defense in that huge river,” Jon suggested. “It will also help secure the Vale’s left flank as no Riverlords from the region joined our
“Maybe it can force House Frey to join us quicker and secure the North’s southern border too.”
Added Jorah. “Otherwise I don’t think that the old man will join us.”

“And connect the North, the Vale, and the Riverlands together.” Concluded Lord Royce.

“Then if everyone is in favor, let’s go to the tavern and have a feast!” Robert concluded with his booming laugh.

“AYE!!!”

Before they left for that feast that Ned wasn’t really interested in, Robert came by his side again. “Ned the married wolf…what a suitable name…” he murmured as his booming laugh started again. “Gods I can’t believe it happened.”

“It did.” Ned nodded. “And I can say I’m pleased with it.”

“That’s good…” Robert agreed. “Listen…I made a little present for Lyanna…” His expression was now an insecure one as he presented Ned with a beautiful silver neckless with a direwolf head with two small emeralds as eyes. “I meant to give it to her when we were married, I had it in Storm’s End before this all started but…do you think she will like it?”

Ned gave him a big smile. “She doesn’t fancy ladylike things…but I think she will like it.”

“Your sister is a willful one isn’t she?”

“She is.”

Robert’s face was heavier then. “I screwed up Ned…”

“What have you done, Robert?” Ned asked with a worried tone, he didn’t like when Robert’s face got like that because it meant he did trouble…

“I fucked some whores…” he confessed sighing. “I…I took refuge in the brothel and…I’m sorry…I tried…but…I…”

“Will you frequent brothels when you marry her?” Inquired Ned with a serious face.

“No, I swear I won’t Ned, I will treat your sister right,” Robert assured. “She is to be my wife and I will respect her as such.”

“Then she might forgive you.” Ned plainly said, not knowing how his sister would react. “But first she has to return to us.”

“Aye, we will bring her and Brandon back, Ned, I swear it,” Robert concluded while clapping his back yet again. “Now, let’s have some drinks.”

“I’m not in the mood for it…”

“Come on Ned!” Robert hissed. “Even Jon is coming! Jon is coming for a bloody drink!”

Well…that was something unusual… “Maybe…I will one drink…”

“That’s what I want to hear!” Robert laughed again as they made way to the tavern…but wasn’t it…deserted?
Chapter End Notes

So the Rebellion has another big battle with bells ringing but luckily no one burned anything...

Here is the map of the Riverlands as promised too.

Another thing I must say is that next week it's very likely that there will only be a chapter instead of the normal two, so I hope everyone who reads understands.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Arthur Dayne

Starfall, Dorne, Year 283 AC

When his horse stopped at the top of the cliff, Arthur saw his home below, on the island where the first Dayne King found the star that fell and shaped Dawn from it. The same sword he had on his back, the sword of the Sword of the Morning. But as of late, Arthur was more the Fool of the Morning, especially after Rhaegar’s last deed…

Arthur would have contemplated his childhood home more if Rhaegar was not with him…to be honest…he missed his home…the days where he was a simple-minded child that thought the world was a song, of knights slaying dragons and bad men, rescuing the maids in need…

Rhaegar finally decided to do something rather than staying put after committing the greatest atrocity of his life because Arthur did not recognize his friend in this man that rode with him.

Besides being concerned with Lyanna and the realm as any sane man should, Arthur was concerned with his sister…his little sister…where was she now? In the Eyrie? Dead in some corner? No…not that…I can’t think in such way…Ashara is alive and well…somewhere…Gods I hope Arron knows something of what became of her…

He and Rhaegar descended the cliffs and made way to the marble made castle. They left the horses in the nearby village where the small folk reside and sailed the boat to the castle proper that was always there for anyone to use.

Upon arriving in the shores of Starfall, they were quickly encircled by the castle’s garrison. “Who comes there?” Asked one of the guards.


“You are only doing your job good Ser.” Rhaegar dismissed with his shy smile. “We would, however, appreciate a have a word with Lord Dayne.”

“Lord Dayne is bedridden, My Prince.” The guard informed as he glanced Arthur. “His son Ser Arron rules in his stead.”

Arthur did not feel much for his father being bedridden, he grieved it surely but only a little bit considering how he had treated Ashara and him to some extent, especially after he became a Kingsguard. “Then we shall speak with Ser Arron.” Rhaegar concluded.


“Of course, do lead the way.” Said Rhaegar as they began to walk towards the castle door.

They crossed the marbled alleyways were once Arthur and Ashara used to play under the watch of
their mother before everything ended…before Ashara was sent away…the curtains were still purple as he remembered and there were portraits of the Kings of the Torentine in between the windows, to frighten the visitors.

The Great Hall of Starfall was a large and spacious room carved in marvel like the castle with multiple purple tapestries made of Myrish lace covering its walls. There was a huge table made of ironwood with the chairs of the same material except what they called the Star Chair, a huge chair made of the same material as Dawn, it was however covered in dark purple Myrish lace because it glowed like Dawn and it could hurt one’s eyes, so for that reason it was only uncovered when negotiations to end wars were conducted, however since the Daynes became vassals of the Martells, they didn’t use it anymore.

His older brother Arron was already there waiting for them, by his side was Arthur’s good sister, Clara Fowler, a comely and tall woman with blue eyes and wispy blonde hair common in House Fowler. She displayed a good nature and an outgoing personality but…had proven rather…infertile…which was a real shame considering she was such a good person.

Arron looked every bit like father, violet eyes and pale blond hair but his personality was similar to Arthur, he was quiet and bookish and perhaps a bit bitter that it was Arthur who got Dawn and not him.

“Arthur!” Screamed Allyria as she ran to embrace Arthur. His little sister of six looked like Ashara did at her age, she also had Ashara’s hair color but her pretty eyes were from the same color as his, dark blue.

“Hello there, little sister,” Arthur said with a happy face as he picked her up. “You have grown taller since I last saw you.”

“I did, I did.” Allyria said giggling.

“My Prince, Arthur,” Arron began with a smile on his face. “A pleasure to have you both here at Starfall once more.”

“The pleasure is ours, Ser Arron,” Rhaegar said with his own smile. “It’s always a pleasure to visit such a delightful castle as Starfall, I never get tired of it.”

“Many end in such a way, My Prince.” Arron nodded in approval. “But I’m sure, My Prince didn’t just come to contemplate the pretty view?”

“You certainly caught me, Ser Arron,” Rhaegar said. “I’m in need of a sending a very important message to King's Landing and so I’m in need of a rookery.”

“Starfall’s rookery is ready for My Prince to use,” Arron said. “Clara, why don’t you show the Prince his way and tell him whatever gossip is said around Dorne.”

“Of course, My Lord husband,” Clara said with a polite smile, understanding what to do, she was a smart woman. “My Prince do follow me, and I promise an entertaining time.”

“Meanwhile, Arthur and I will go see our father.” Informed his brother. “I’m sure My Prince heard he is bedridden?”

“We did,” Rhaegar said as he exited the Great Hall in the company of Clara. “Please give him my wishes for a quick recovery.”

“We will.” Arron assured.
“Aly, could you leave us alone for a moment?” Asked Arron. “We must go see father.”

“Okay…” His little sister replied saddened. “Will you stay for long Arthur?”

“I’m afraid I must leave today still, little one, I’m sorry.”

“Will you return?” she asked with a hopeful face.

“I promise I will, Aly,” he assured her, she looked so much like Ashara when she was this age… they truly are sisters… “Now go and play with your nannies and I might still have some time to play with you before I have to leave.”

“Okay.” she said beaming while he and Arron went to one of the many balconies of the castle, his brother had a serious look, a concerned one.

“Now…what in Seven Hells has been happening with you and him?”

“A very long and stupid story.” Arthur sighed. “A fucked up one too.”

“Do tell me,” Arron said. “I must know.”

“Well…the King wanted Lyanna Stark dead because he found out she was the Knight of the Laughing Tree.” Arthur began from the beginning.

“Knight of the what?” Asked his brother confused.

“That doesn’t matter.” Arthur dismissed. “What matters is that Rhaegar, Oswell and I, we couldn’t let that happen, an innocent girl who wished to avenge a friend should not be killed, so we went in and saved her.” Explained Arthur. “However we had a large band of Gold Cloaks after us that we had to lose, so we took refuge in Summerhall.”

“So the story about Rhaegar kidnapping Lyanna Stark that the Rebels proclaim as true is, in fact, a lie?” Questioned Arron.

“It is.” Arthur agreed. “I can imagine why they thought of such thing, had Rhaegar not been so scared of being killed by his father or the Rebels and all this could have been avoided perhaps.”

“And what happened next?”

“Well, when Robert Baratheon arrived in the Stormlands, Rhaegar decided that we had to move away and so we moved to the abandoned tower by the Prince’s Pass that one that once belonged to the Vulture King.” Said Arthur.

“Yes, I remember it.”

“It is there that we have been for the past months.” Said Arthur. “We faced with lack of food, but the main problem happened when Oswell and I went hunting some rabbits to have a proper dinner rather than stone mead…Lyanna Stark got very drunk with a strong Dornish Red and…and tried to seduce Rhaegar…”

“I…I hope he…”

“He, drunk in wine and in prophecies did not stop her and when she realized what she was doing and ask him to stop…he did not…”

Arron slapped his forehead with his hand. “I did not just listen to what I just did, did I?”
“You did,” Arthur assured. “And now she is likely pregnant for she was not on her safe days.”

“Can anything be done to stop it?” Arron asked. “How long ago did this happen?”

“Enough for the moon tea to harm her more than saving her,” Arthur said bitterly, feeling hopeless in saving the girl…he should have taken action, he should have stood for her but Rhaegar was his friend and…what was he thinking anyway? Rhaegar did something horrible and he was craven to stop him. “And Rhaegar is very adamant in having her birth the child which he thinks will be his Visenya to complete his trio.”

“Gods…that is messed up…” Arron murmured. “What happened to him?”

“I don’t know…perhaps Elia becoming infertile…or something else entirely…” Arthur supposed, Elia didn’t deserve any of this, he thought. “Now he wants to take action, but I’m afraid it might be too late by now…”

“Robert Baratheon won three battles in a single day at Summerhall, engaged the Reachmen around Ashford but was forced to evacuate to somewhere in the Riverlands after a stalemate.” Arron accounted. “Now Lord Connington is hunting him down…perhaps they engaged already, whoever wins that battle will have the upper hand in the war.”

“Jon Connington is leading an army?” Asked a surprise Arthur, not expecting that at all.

“King Aerys made him Hand of the King a few months ago.” That surprised Arthur even more, he knew Jon would be a capable Hand but he thought that it would be Rhaegar nominating him rather the Mad King Aerys…the world is full of surprises…

“That is certainly unexpected…to say the least…” Arthur confessed. “I’m quite sure he is pleased to chase Robert Baratheon…”

“This mess is just another problem to our collection…” Arron sighed. “Father is bedridden, this whole mess and Ashara…”

“Ashara?” When he heard Ashara’s name tied to a problem he feared the worst…let the Gods be merciful with his sister for once. “What became of her? Where is she? How is she? Is she alive?”

“Calm down Arthur,” Arron said smiling and some tension came off of his shoulders because if she was dead or not right Arron would not be so…normal… “She made her vows.” And Arthur wondered what sort of vows he meant.

Arthur was, of course, wondering what sort of vows he meant. “What…vows?”

“Ashara is now Ashara Stark,” Arron said. “She married Eddard Stark before he south to war.”

Gods…Seven fucking hells I’m going mad… “So she married a Rebel?”

“You were the one that said she wanted that very much a year ago,” Arron stated. “Father was more than surprised when he received Lord Stark’s letter proposing the betrothal, but of course, as he heard that the Starks fell on disgrace he annulled the betrothal before any problems could emerge, however she was a step ahead.”

“Does father know about this?”

“Only Clara and I know about it,” Arron explained. “The fewer people that know about it, the better.”
“So in other words…Lyanna Stark is the sister to our new good brother...” Arthur plainly stated.

“Indeed…”

“I don’t know what to do Arron…” Arthur confessed while he led his hands to his tired face. “I don’t know what to do at all…this is too much for me…this is too much for any human being for Gods’ sake.”

“You have to do the right thing…” Murmured his brother.

“The right thing would have been me stabbing Aerys in the back a long time ago to end his stupid mad reign,” Arthur confessed angrily. “Instead this bloody mess happened and I took part in it!”

“What is life if not a bloody mess, brother?” Inquired Arron and both Dayne brothers began laughing with that stupid line. “We humans exist to suffer.”

“What is life if not a bloody mess…” Arthur snorted. “Listen…I’m…I’m going to try to…free the girl somehow…bring her to her brother and hope that we can fix this mess…” Arthur decided. “I can’t promise a date but I will do it when the opportunity arises.”

“Should I inform Ashara about everything?” Arron asked. “I believe she has the right to know, especially that she became a Stark now...”

“Yes…” Arthur agreed. “Tell her everything that I just have told you.”

“Alright.”

“And the Dornish army?” Asked Arthur. “Where is it?”

“Patrolling the Bone Way for almost half a year.” Said his brother. “Doran does not want to help Aerys more than what he has to, you know does not like Aerys at all.”

“And he would not like Rhaegar either if he heard what he did.” Arthur stated.

“I doubt he would.” Arron agreed. “Good thing that Oberyn is in the Summer Islands kept in the dark or we would have bigger problems.”

“Aye, with Oberyn we would have yet another bloody mess.” Arthur agreed as they smiled with the thought, a thought that had nothing to smile about, but still...

He and Arron finally paid a visit to his father, he was gaunt and coughing a lot and...cursing Ashara for being a dumb whore…as soon as he heard his father say that nonsense, Arthur left the room and did not even say his farewells, when will he stop being a cunt to Ashara? It doesn’t matter anymore.

“We have plenty of blood oranges and lemons…” It was Clara who was speaking when both she and Rhaegar returned to the Great Hall where Arthur and Arron had been for a while, playing with Allyria. “Arron, the Prince has asked for some food supplies to be sent to where he has been residing.”

“Certainly, Arthur has already told me where they had been and we shall send loyal servants of our house to deliver the food and drinks that are needed,” Arron said with a smile on his face as he got up. “My Prince does not need to be concerned.”

“Thank you very much, Ser Arron, your help is greatly appreciated.” Rhaegar nodded with his own
smile as they shook hands. “Arthur shall we go?”

“Yes, My Princ,” he said as he messed with his little sister’s hair, she was almost crying because he was going away. “Goodbye, little one.”

“Goodbye Arthur…” she said.

“Once more thank you for having us and for the food supplies.” Rhaegar insisted.

“It is nothing My Prince, everything for the Crown.”

They left, got on the boat and once back to the village, some of Starfall’s servants helped them get their tired horses heavy with supplies that would hopefully last for a month.

When they had already climbed the cliffs upon their horses’ back, Rhaegar turned towards him with a cold face. “What else have you told your brother besides where we were?”

“That everything that was said was said about you kidnapping Lyanna was but a misunderstanding, a lie that someone spread to make you look evil,” Arthur said plainly.

“And what about what happened between me and Lyanna?” he asked, still serious. “Did you tell him anything?”

“I did not.” Arthur lied. “You said that no one can learn of it and so I said nothing.”

“He is your brother.” Rhaegar kept insisting. “Surely you must have said something.”

“Arron was no closer to me than what he was to Ashara,” Arthur said. “Why would I confide anything on him when one of his best friends is Doran Martell? I don’t think Doran would like to hear what happen in the tower.”

“He would not.”

“Relax as I said nothing to Arron.” Arthur insisted. “Let’s just get this over with and return.”

“Aye.”

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Aerys Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Aerys was going mad with the incompetence shown by the foolish cunts that surrounded him and failed at being able servants. He had given Connington all the power he needed to destroy the fucking Rebels and yet the fool was humiliated…It seemed that placing young blood on the Small Council served for little in the very end…

Perhaps Ser Jacaerys would have been a finer choice…the Velaryon had Valyrian looks, wasn’t as loyal to Rhaegar as Connington was, he had the fame of being smart and resourceful and knew how to work under pressure because having Lucerys berating him every day for his marriage was not something anyone could do…

But for now… “LORD CONNINGTON!!!” Aerys screamed at the man. “YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF A USELESS HAND OF THE KING. YOU HAVE DISGRACED YOURSELF AND THE CROWN IN THE HUMILIATING DEFEAT YOU SUFFERED!!!”
“Your Grace with all due respect the Rebels had far greater numbers than us.” The Griffin barked indignantly. “There was no way we could have won that fight.”

“SILENCE YOU USELESS CUNT!!!” Aerys barked. “I WILL HAVE NOTHING OF THIS DISRESPECTFUL BEHAVIOR TOWARDS ME, CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY OF SIMPLY BEING DISPOSSESSED OF YOUR LANDS AND TITLES AND BEING EXILED FOR PREPETUAIALATY BECAUSE YOU DESERVED FAR WORSE THAN THIS OUTCOME, YOU UNGRATEFUL CUNT!!”

The Griffin said no more words, he simply sighed in defeat and left the Throne Room by his own feet, escorted by Gold Cloaks, of course, less the man would try to join Rhaegar somehow.

“Griffin’s Roost will pass to his Ser Ronald Connington.” Aerys decided in the spot. “See that he starts an uprising in the Stormlands now that Robert Baratheon is not there or face the consequences of denying his King’s request.”

“An excellent plan Your Grace,” Qarlton said with that stupid smile he had. “But I’m afraid Lord Tyrell himself has taken control of most of the Stormlands and is besieging Storm’s End with his mighty army for a while now.”

“Excellent.” Aerys smiled, he liked he saw results. “At least someone is doing something of use to the Crown.”

“It depends on the perspective, My King.” Countered Ser Jacaerys, which left Aerys surprised.

“And what do you mean by that?” Aerys inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“Robert Baratheon left the Stormlands with an army of some twenty thousand men at his back, so in other words, the Stormlands are deprived of most of their fighting men.” Explained the Velaryon knight. “I doubt one needs more than fifty thousand men to lay siege to a castle that most likely isn’t even well provisioned.”

“So you are telling me that the Reachmen are not helping the Crown?” Aerys asked again. “Is that what you are trying to tell me, boy?”

“What I’m trying to explain to His Grace is that they have plenty of men to spare and could certainly increase the Crown’s numbers.”

The Velaryon knight did have a point…maybe I should indeed name him Hand… “Interesting point Ser Jacaerys,” Aerys admitted. “A valid thought…”

“Furthermore, I believe the Crown should showcase that it is cohesive in this time of need.” Ser Jacaerys stated.

“Certainly.” Aerys agreed. “How do you purpose we do that?”

“I believe…that His Grace should bring Prince Rhaegar…”

“YOU WANT ME TO BRING HIM BACK?” Aerys asked aghast.

“Your Grace, I believe if My King was to show that House Targaryen is united against the Rebels it would do good to send the message that you are still strong.” The Velaryon knight insisted. “The Rebels have proven that they are a threat to the Crown, bigger than Daemon Blackfyre by now, almost as big as the Dance was and if House Targaryen isn’t united, then failure is likely.”
Any respect Aerys had gotten to this stupid man dissipated in less than a minute. But the man wasn’t wrong when he said that those damned Rebels had become a bigger threat than the Blackfyres… “Ser Jacaerys, you will forfeit your position as an Advisor and become the commander of Dragonstone’s garrison.”

“I understand Your Grace.” The Velaryon knight nodded in respect, understanding what happened. “Thank you for showing your clemency.”


“Your Grace?”

“You are the new Hand of the King.” he plainly said.

“Your Grace, I’m honored of having such position bestowed upon me…”

“I CARE NOT FOR YOUR STUPID HONOR, YOU PRICK.” Aerys countered. “I WANT TO SEE RESULTS, DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?”

“Yes, Your Grace,” Qarlton assured while nodding. “I will do everything in my power to stop the Rebels.”

“Good.” Aerys murmured as he turned to his Kingsguards knights. “Ser Barristan, Ser Jonothor, step forward.”

“Your Grace.” The Kingsguard knights said as they bowed to him.

“I want you both to reform Connington’s army,” Aerys commanded. “An army that you shall lead soon, once everything is ready.”

“As His Grace wishes.” Both knights said.

“Lewyn, step forward.” Aerys said with disdain towards the Dornish man. Ever since Ser Arthur proved his loyalty towards him by choosing Rhaegar over the King he swore to protect, Aerys distrusted the Dornish even more, he was certain that they were conspiring against him, those bloody Dornishmen…

The Dornish bitch too...she and her bitches…wait…now that he thought about it…where was the beautiful one? The Dayne bitch? She was close to her brother so perhaps she was with him…or perhaps she had died in some corner…she meant nothing anyway.

“I want you to send a letter to your nephew explaining to him that the Crown needs more support from Dorne, more than what it is getting and if he fails to comply, there is a certain sister of his that can suffer the consequences of such refusal.”

The Dornish knight gulped at his words but nodded. “As My King commands.”

“And finally Ser Gerold, I want you to find Rhaegar,” he said bitterly with the notion that he was actually calling his son, his traitorous son. “Go to Summerhall and look around, he shouldn’t be too far and if you fail to find him, let him be, he is not needed anyway…”

“Certainly, Your Grace.”

“Oh and bring me more Reachmen men...they could be doing more than sitting there at a siege.”
“Of course, Your Grace.” The old knight nodded in approval as all except Ser Jaime left the Throne Room, the young lion would be close to him so he could keep Tywin in his place. Tywin…that fuck…who stole his Joanna.

“Rossart, I wish to have a word with you in private,” he informed the pyromancer. “Everyone is dismissed until further notice.”

This is ending now, this mummer’s show that is the Rebellion, no one but the dragons shall rule, NO ONE!!!

Chapter End Notes

So I'm back, with another chapter, just a setup chapter for what's to come.

Once more thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Jaime Lannister

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Year 283 AC

Jaime had been dispatched by King Aerys to fetch Brandon Stark from his cell…if he was to guess, the Stark wouldn’t be too well treated by the Mad King in the following hours…perhaps the King meant to finally burn the Stark as he did to his late father…

To Jaime, being locked in the Black Cells and having witnessed his father and friends die would be torture already to the Stark.

Once inside the Black Cells, Jaime wondered how a man could survive in such horrendous conditions, there was no light besides the light from the gaoler’s torch as he led Jaime to Brandon Stark and his friend’s cell…

When the huge wooden door opened, Jaime almost puked with the putrid smell that scattered from that cell…King’s Landing smelled like shit but this…this was something else on its own. The Seven help me…

“Brandon Stark.” Called the gaoler. “Someone is here to see ya.”

“Who is it?” Asked a rasped and broken voice from the far corner of the room, Jaime assumed it was Brandon Stark but he could not see the man in the shadows.

“Ser Jaime Lannister,” Jaime replied still trying to contain himself because of the damned smell. “The King has sent for you.”

“May I know for what?” The Stark inquired.

“He has found…found it fit to torture you, I guess…” Jaime said with his conscience getting heavier.

“Great for him.” Brandon Stark replied as he finally approached the gaoler’s torch and the Seven he looked like a horrible creature…his beard and hair were huge, both a few inches away from reaching his knees, his eyes had closed with the light from the torch as he was not used to the light anymore, his doublet was browner than the grey it once was, he was now gaunt and smelled of shit and piss. “I’m sure he will enjoy my wonderful smell, a glorious sight I may add unless he finds it fit to have me take a bath.”

“I thought you had learned Stark,” Jaime stated. “After everything that happened to…”

Brandon Stark opened his eyes and his glance was piercing, filled with rage that made Jaime lose his words for some time. “I did learn, Ser Jaime,” he said in a whisper, though no less threatening. “I did learn my lesson very well.”

Last time Jaime had seen the man, he had been broken, tears falling from his eyes after having witnessed his father and friends die, begging for mercy…this time he looked like that time he almost won against Ser Barristan…
“We shall…not make His Grace wait…” Jaime murmured.

“Bran!” The other man, Glover of whatever his name was came forward, he looked the same as Brandon Stark but unlike the Stark, his eyes were filled with fear. “Don’t leave me too…please…”

Brandon Stark approached his friend and clapped his shoulder which made the other thin and gaunt man leap forward, almost falling to the floor with the impact. Brandon Stark gave him an assuring smile. “Worry not my friend, I do not intend to die, and neither should you, stay strong Ethan.”

“May the Gods have mercy upon you Brandon.” Said the other man as he broke into tears.

He and the Stark left the Black Cells and as Jaime tried to contain himself from puking as he had been ever since that bloody wooden door was opened, Brandon Stark spoke again. “Is there any reason why the cunt remembered me now?”

“The Rebels…they seemed to have turned the tide of the war.” Jaime explained while Brandon Stark smirked.

“So he is afraid?” The Stark asked.

“I wouldn’t say that he is.” Jaime pointed out. “The Crown still has the might of the Reach and Dorne at his back, though he seems to see them more of a threat now than before.”

“Is my brother fighting as well?” Brandon asked.

“He is, together with the Vale, the Stormlands and part of the Riverlands,” Jaime explained to him, not knowing why he was saying this to a man that at any moment could be dead. “They haven’t lost a battle yet, but then again, there were only four until now.”

“Last time the Northmen rode south, the Hour of the Wolf happened.” Brandon Stark boasted. “The mad cunt should very well remember it.”

“Those were different times Stark,” Jaime said. “Cregan Stark wasn’t a prisoner.”

“Neither is my brother.” he retorted. “We have a saying in the North, Ser Jaime, it’s less known than Winter is Coming and the North Remembers, but I will tell you this much, leave one wolf alive and the sheep are never safe.”

“As you say Stark.” Jaime said confidently but inside he was wondering what in the Seven Hells was this fool speaking about, did he think his brother was going to kill the Mad King somehow?

They spoke no more words, after a small walk, Jaime finally brought Brandon Stark to Throne Room where Aerys was waiting, seated on his throne while the room was filled with Gold Cloaks.

“BRANDON STARK!!!” The King shouted happily as he began descending from the Iron Throne. “WE MEET AGAIN!!!” Brandon Stark remained quiet and with a relaxed expression as the King approached and eyed him. “No words coming from you today boy?” Again there was no reply. “Let it be that way then, GUARDS!!! TIE HIM UP!!!”

With the command given, the Gold Cloaks moved in, picked Brandon Stark from Jaime’s holding and led the man to one of the many pillars that held the roof and tied the man there, he was back turned towards the King, while another Gold Cloak brought forward a whip.

“It’s done, Your Grace.” Proclaimed one of the Gold Cloaks.
“Good…” The King said amused as he began climbing the stairs to the throne once more. “Let the smallfolk enter.”

All of a sudden a huge crowd of people entered the Throne Room, all of them mesmerized by the dragon skulls inside and sheer size of the room, they were looking in every way possible until their curious eyes finally glanced the King and then Brandon Stark.

“MY LOYAL SUBJECTS!!!” Aerys proclaimed with a mad grin. “I HAVE GRANTED YOU THE PRIVILEGE TO ACESSESS THE THRONE ROOM, SO YOU CAN WITNESS FIRST HAND WHAT HAPPENS TO THE TRAITORS!!!”

The room was in silence, everyone seemed afraid of whatever the King was planning.


Every single of these commoners looked afraid towards each other, fearing a wrong reaction that could cause them to suffer some dire consequences. Jaime was able to see the Queen, Princess Elia, her young children and the ladies-in-waiting who watched with concerned expressions, from the sidelines, guarded by Gold Cloaks.

“SER MANLY STEP FORWARD!!!” Aerys called and the Captain of the Gold Cloaks stepped forward, he too, shaken by the looks of it.

“Your Grace?” Inquired the plain looking brown haired and eyed man.

“Whip him,” Aerys said and the man continued to gaze him, confused. “WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOUR TURN TO BE WHIPPED?”

“No Your Grace…”

“THEN GET DOWN WITH IT YOU BLOODY FOOL OR YOU ARE NEXT!!!”

“Yes, Your Grace…” Ser Manly picked the whip from the Gold Cloak who held it, gulped and lashed Brandon Stark, but the Northerner made no sound.

“AGAIN!!!” Aerys commanded and Ser Manly obeyed not wishing to be the one receiving the punishment, again no sound came from the Stark. The King called for a third whip, then a fourth, a fifth and so it continued for a long time…a very long time…a quarter of an hour at the very least… all the while Brandon Stark, after receiving as little as a hundred lashes remained without making noise, Jaime wondered if he had somehow died…

Aerys finally authorized the Northmen to be freed from the column and to everyone’s surprise he was still alive, his mouth closed inside the huge beard but his piercing gaze glancing the crowd of commoners who felt afraid of that look, the look of a wolf perhaps? Where the Starks human beings? Lord Stark had been the only man that managed to not scream in agony when he was burned with wildfire and now his son withstands almost a hundred lashes without breaking his silence.

The King descended from the Iron Throne yet again and stood in front of Brandon Stark with a big grin. “So you are trying to prove that you are as strong as your father, boy?”
Brandon Stark said nothing as his eyes never left the crowd of terrified peasants, this seemed to infuriate the Mad King. “YOU ARE AWFULLY QUIET TODAY STARK!!!” he shouted in the Northerners’ ears as he began to cut him with gigantic nails, right on the spots where he had been lashed but Brandon Stark didn’t falter. “Last time you were here, you were crying like a little bitch after seeing your poor father and friends be burn to nothing but ashes.”

“You are worried about the wrong Stark.” Brandon Stark finally spoke. “Winter is Coming.”

“Ah, the famous words from House Stark…” The King said laughing hysterically. “All of us know them by now Stark, there is no need for you to repeat them.” Aerys walked from left to right for a moment before continuing. “And worry not, your brother will have his payment too, I still intend on burning you, him, Robert Baratheon, Jon Arryn and his nephew and all those rebels in the greatest celebrations of victory that Westeros has ever seen, no one will dare to rise against the dragon, NO ONE!!! I SHALL END ALL THOSE TRAITORS!!!” The King said while he glanced towards the Queen and the Princess who held her children in her hands.

“From now on, you will be whipped every week,” Aerys said grinning. “So brace yourself because Winter is Coming!” And this jape he made he broke into another hysterical fit of laughs.

“EVERYONE GO ONE SPREAD WHAT HAPPENED HERE, MAKE SURE THAT EVERY SUBJECT OF THE CROWN KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DEFY THE DRAGON!!!” The King proclaimed. “NO ONE ESCAPES THE KING’S JUSTICE, NOT EVEN A POWERFUL LORD PARAMOUNT AS YOU HAVE SEEN HERE!!!”

The Gold Cloaks began leading the smallfolk out the throne room, and Aerys came upon Jaime. “Take him back to the Black Cells, Ser Jaime and then return to my side, I need to keep a watch on you.”

“Yes, Your Grace.” he nodded with a plain expression as he brought Brandon Stark along. When they had exited the throne room and walked towards the Black Cells, curiosity took the best of him and he couldn’t resist making that stupid question. “Are you a human Stark?”

“Aye.” Brandon Stark replied. “My bloody back is burning like the Seven Hells.”

“You really pushed your luck there,” Jaime said. “Defying him does not end well.”

“I did not defy the mad cunt, Lannister.” Brandon Stark dismissed. “I wish I could but alas I’m nothing but a prisoner for him to abuse when he sees fit.”

“I fail to think about what you would do if you were free.” Jaime said with a shy smile.

“More than you.” Ouch…that hurt...

“I made vows to him in case you forgot.”

“I know, vows to a King that any man can see that his unfit to rule.” Said the Stark. “All the while, innocent people who should be protected are left unprotected.”

“We are sworn to protect her as well.” Jaime had said to Ser Jonothor the first he heard Aerys rape his sister-wife.

“We are, but not from him.” The older knight had told him.

Jaime said nothing more and of course neither did Brandon Stark, they simply walked to his cell, Jaime didn’t even have the will to puke to that putrid smell coming from the Stark. Once the gaoler
opened the door, a rattling sound was heard.

“Brandon? Brandon are you alive still?” Asked Ethan Glover from the shadows. “Please tell me you are…”

“Aye…” Brandon Stark replied. “It takes more than a hundred lashes to break me.”

“They whipped you?” Asked an aghast Glover as he made his way to the torch. “FUCKING MONSTERS!!!”

“Worry not Ethan.” Brandon dismissed before turning back towards Jaime with that piercing gaze. “Remember this conversation Lannister, remember what a knight stands for.”

“A quick recovery Stark.” Jaime said as he closed the door, not wishing to see the Stark’s face again but his words echoed and echoed in his mind for the Seven know how long and wouldn’t leave.

Night came and as he was now the only Kingsguard left at King’s Landing…he had to be following the King whatever he may go next.

“So how many can we place?” The King asked with an intriguing look, as he presided a new council meeting, a council of pyromancers…

“We have around eight thousand and four hundred and forty tree jars in our stock, Your Grace.” Wisdom Rossart as the stupid insisted to be called said with the evil grin that Jaime commonly saw in the man.

“Wonderful.” Aerys said with his own grin, a grin that sent chills down Jaime’s spine. Remember what a knight stands for. “But perhaps we might need more than that number…”

“Oh, there is certainly no problem, Your Grace,” Rossart assured. “In two moons from now we shall have another thousand prepared, give us four and we will two thousand more.”

“Ten thousand in four moons you say?” Questioned the King.

“Precisely, Your Grace.”

“Then we shall wait that time but if the Rebels threaten our position sooner than that be ready to make the boom happen.” The King said as he got up and so did the pyromancers. “I shall go to sleep now, do keep me informed of everything.”

“Certainly, Your Grace.” The pyromancer said as he and his minions left the King’s room and so did Jaime who went to guard the door.

So he means to blow the entire city? Is he that insane? Thousands of innocent lives will end in seconds…Remember what a knight stands for.

This was way too much for him…Why have I listened to Cersei? Why did I waste my life for her when she wouldn’t waste hers for me? Me the spare to entertain her if the Prince proved boring…what good would come out of that?

He tried to fill his head with thoughts of Casterly Rock, his time with Cersei, with Tyrion, what he could remember of his mother, his uncles, his aunt, his father to an extent…The Westerlands’ sun was nothing compared to this bloody stinky city.
But this bloody city was in danger and…*Remember what a knight stands for. Gods! I’m going fucking crazy!*  

All of a sudden he watched Grand Maester Pycelle come in his direction, in the dark of the night, something that Jaime was certainly not expecting… “A letter for you, Ser Jaime.” The old man whispered.  

“At this hour?” Jaime asked with a raised eyebrow, *who in the Seven Hells sends a letter so late at night? Birds can’t fly at night…*  

“Have a go at reading it, Ser Jaime.” Pycelle said as he left. *Wait…was Pycelle walking normally or was I simply seeing things? No…was he? And he wasn’t stammering…I think I’m really going mad…*  

Jaime decided to open the letter, secretly hoping it would be from Tyrion or Cersei…he might be pissed for what she made him do but reading from her was certainly something he wanted, but alas it was from his father.


Jaime,

I’m sure that you have been informed that the Rebels have won at Stoney Sept.

It seems that the Targaryens have allies who aren’t interested in helping them win or at least to allow Aerys to win, I’m beginning to think that the Rebels might win this war with the way this is going, not that I care much.

It concerns me, however, that you are on Aerys’ side and therefore on a position, you should not be with the current development of things.

So for this reason, I propose you a way out, for you to be safe and return to your proper place as my heir, what you have to do is give me the word and it shall be done.

Spare not too long in your decision for I believe the next battle may decide the new order of Westeros, and we must stay on top no matter what happens.

Burn this letter as soon as you have read its content.

Lord Paramount Tywin Lannister, Warden of the West and Shield of Lannisport

His father was offering him a way out…to be the man he always wanted Jaime to be but…*Remember what a knight stands for.*

Jaime stood a while glancing the letter before he crumpled it and placed it on a nearby torch, to burn and erase it from existence.

*If I leave I will be safe, but I will forever live with half a million deaths in my conscience. Remember what a knight stands for.*
Jon Arryn
Riverrun, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

Jon was watching Elbert taking their time at Riverrun as a way to get to know his wife better, which amused Jon. He had to admit that Lysa was a pretty woman, perhaps in another life, she might have been his wife if somehow Elbert wasn’t alive but the poor girl deserved better than an old fool like him.

He had two beautiful wives during his younger years and now it was time for Elbert to have a go at it, hopefully without the heartbreaks had suffered when his wives died.

“She looks much brighter now.” Confessed Ser Brynden with a smile. “She…had a rough time a few moons ago.”

“They both look happy and that is good.” Jon added with his own smile.

“It seems it’s only me who is not married.” Said Robert as he drank another cup of wine. “Ned’s married, Elbert’s married…”

“Your time will come, Robert.” Ned assured his friend.

“That brings me to it, have gotten news from your wife Ned?” Jon asked.

“I’m afraid I have not…” Ned confessed with a serious face, yet Jon could see he was troubled by it. “I’m worried about her but she is at Winterfell and there is no safer place for her like it.”

“My Lords.” Called Ser Brynden. “How many men do we have still ready to fight? We must lose too much time here.”

“From my accounts, we have some twenty-two thousand Northerners, seventeen thousand Valemen, eleven thousand Stormlands, and eight thousand Rivermen,” Jon said. “In total, we should have…close to sixty thousand men.”

“I thought I left Storm’s End with some twenty thousand men at my back!” Robert barked indignantly. “I know I have suffered casualties but not almost ten thousand!”

“It’s likely they deserted.” Ser Brynden said and Jon agreed. “Either they fled back home or they switched sides.”

“The Others take them cowards!” Robert barked once more.

“They are smallfolk Robert, they are not men-at-arms trained to fight as we have been,” Ned explained. “They would much rather be with their families and not fighting for some lords’ nonsense.”

“Some lords’ nonsense?” Robert questioned aghast. “Ned, the mad cunt called for our bloody heads!”

“I know it doesn’t mean it’s right for them.” Ned insisted.

“Enough bickering with each other,” Jon commanded as Ser Brynden brought them closer to the map of the Riverlands that stood by one of the walls. “We have a war to plan, Ser Brynden please explain the situation.”

“Right now we control the west side of the Riverlands while the Crown controls the southeast and...”
the border with the Crownlands.”

“Their holds goes even further than the Trident correct?” Robert asked.

“Correct.”

“I suggest dividing our army into two.” Ned began. “A smaller one with some fifteen thousand men and a bigger one with the rest.”


“Lord Tyrell is besieging Storm’s End with more than fifty thousand men,” Jon said. “I doubt he will be coming any soon.”

“More than fifty thousand men?” Robert interjected surprised. “That is ridiculous, are they fools?”

“I would say they are only doing the minimums so that no one can say they didn’t do anything,” Jon said. “Same with the Dornishmen, if they were fully committed, we wouldn’t be watching this map right now.”

“So these guys don’t want the Targaryen rule anymore?” Robert asked with a smirk forming upon his lips. “Well…I doubt Stannis will let them have it their way…I think he will die from starvation rather than surrender the castle.”

“I wouldn’t say they don’t wish the Targaryens,” Ser Brynden said. “They don’t Aerys that is known, Rhaegar…I’m not sure…but his kids are another thing, they are young and can be manipulated.”

“Still we can take advantage of this,” Jon admitted. “Ned go on with your idea.”

“The small army would move in to take hold of the western shores of the God’s Eye while the bigger one would take the northern bank of the Trident,” Ned explained while moving some pieces in the map. “Then the two armies would attack Harrenhal together, cutting out the biggest supporter of House Targaryen in the Riverlands.”

Then we would just need an attack on the eastern shores of the Gods’ Eye to get to the border.” Said his former ward as he placed the pieces right next to King’s Landing. “King’s Landing would be less than a week of riding from our position and hopefully with this, we could bring those houses to our cause like the Brackens and the Freys and connect the North, the Riverlands the Vale together.”

“That would indeed reduce a threat to the western border of the Vale,” Jon said while cupping his chin and glancing the map. “And if the Freys join in the North gets free access into the Riverlands in case we somehow need to bring more men.”

“The plan sounds safe as long we can work it out before the Crown can send in reinforcements and threaten at least the smaller army’s movement.” Ser Brynden noted.

“Robert?” Asked Ned.

“As long as I can smash some Targaryen cunts I’m happy with any plan you come up with,” Robert said laughing. “Let’s take down these bastards!”

“Then it’s settled, warn your men,” Jon commanded. “We are moving.”
Chapter End Notes

So Brandon returns, not for the best reason I'm afraid but he is still there...waiting...as the Rebels made their plans.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Spring had come to Westeros at last, it had been a long Winter and Ashara certainly felt relieved as the heavy snows in the North would certainly melt and allow for the crops to be planted and reduce the dependency towards the highborn houses. Winterfell’s stocks could be replenished soon enough and they were not in need to import food anymore, a win.

On the other hand, she was heavy with child…Her belly was large and her breasts were…way to big…she never cursed her buxom this much, simply wearing clothes hurt them and those clothes didn’t even fit in her anymore…Moving was also progressively getting difficult, simple tasks that she did without any problem were now becoming colossal achievements in their own. Much to her joy, the morning puking was long gone although the sickness persisted, fortunately, nothing too bad.

Her child’s birth was something that somehow excited her and made her afraid…her mother had died whilst giving birth and so did Ned’s mother and the Lady Joanna Lannister and many others, not to mention Elia who almost died twice in which Ashara had been presented and feeling scared for her friend…she hoped the Gods would favor her and allow her to live and see her child grow while she and Ned got old together…a simple plead…

“Ashara.” Said sweet and kind Sharley as she entered the Great Hall prompting Ashara to smile upon seeing her. The company of Sharley and Jonelle had been a very big help in enduring her pregnancy and the many problems she had to face while Ned and Brandon were away. “You have quite a few letters today.”

“Do I?” she asked a bit surprised, though she should not be, considering her schemes in King’s Landing…

“They came from those messengers you constantly send to White Harbor.” Explained Sharley. Oh Gods…please don’t let it be ill news…

“Do let me see them, please.” she asked as she extended her hand.

Sharley gave her two letters, one with the E coming from Elia of course and one that surprised her for it came from Starfall…she decided to open Elia’s first since she had more pressing concerns at King’s Landing than at Starfall.

Ash,

I bring ill news, it seems the King is worried about the Rebels’ victory at Stoney Sept as he seems to be getting more paranoid by the day ever since he heard of that battle’s outcome…
He has found a need to show the traitors what happens to them and as such, he began torturing Brandon Stark…it was a horrible sight…the poor man was whipped more than a hundred times! He still managed to remain silent just as his father did when he was burned down…I don’t know what those Starks are and no else does in fact…I think I might have screamed more than them…

Oh, my friend, I fear for the worst now…but I believe that Aerys will soon send most of the Kingsguard into battle and perhaps it will be a good time to make your plan work, though I’m afraid I do not know how well your plans are as of now…

I hope you can provide me with more information…

Your friend,

Elia Martell

She was happy to know of the Rebels victory at Stoney Sept and that Aerys feared them but at the same she was worried…poor Brandon, she wanted to save him but she hadn’t gotten the confirmation of the viability of her plan with her friends down at King’s Landing…she had many join the guards but she was trying to get some to becoming gaolers in the cells but alas she was having trouble doing so…the escape plan wasn’t fully made either but if the tortures increased in severity she might have to work with what she had by now which obviously she did not want for the like hood of success wasn’t the best…

Hopefully, the news from her friends can relax her a bit in that regard…she would, however, need a backup plan…she began glancing the Stark banner on the wall, hoping for some brilliant idea to come to her mine but she seemed out of luck…so she decided to read that mysterious letter from her home…

Ashara,

It’s your brother Arron, I’m writing on the behalf of Arthur who came to Starfall a while ago. I bring you some clarity of what really happened with Lyanna Stark.

Arthur spoke of the King finding out that Lyanna Stark was the Knight of the…forgive me as I fail to remember whatever name he said but I assume you must know what I’m speaking of…

Aerys then decided to have her brought to face the King’s Justice and so Prince Rhaegar and Arthur feared for the girl’s life and of course they rode to save her in which they succeeded but not without having to escape some Gold Cloaks which they evaded by outrunning them and hiding at Summerhall, however by then rumors of Prince Rhaegar kidnapping her had spread like the wind and Rhaegar feared for his life it seemed so he did nothing.

When Robert Baratheon arrived at Storm’s End, the Prince saw fit to look for a different place which he found on that tower where the Vulture King had his lair…that one we used to ride when children and were me and Arthur hoped to spook you off…
It seemed to have some very strong Dornish wine that got Lady Lyanna heavily drunk once and apparently so was the Prince and while Arthur and Oswell were away… they…laid with each other…

Lady Lyanna recognized her mistake and hoped to stop but it seemed Prince Rhaegar had other thoughts on the matter, a prophecy of sorts and got her with child…

Arthur now hopes to have her free, for the Prince seems obsessed with the child he got into her but apparently still wants to take action in the war. I have my doubts that Arthur will do what he said he did considering how he and the Prince were such good friends but anyone could see that our brother was pissed.

I do not think this will make you rest at night, and for that, I’m sorry dear sister but you deserved the truth…do what you must with it now.

Arron Dayne

Ashara got up in order to call Benjen but felt herself become numb and heavy after reading the contents of the latter, it seemed Sharley noticed it as well…

“Ashara?” she asked. “Are you well, you seem pale…”

“I’m…I’m…” she felt herself lose conscience…she was fainting…

“ASHARA!!” Screamed Sharley, agonized but Ashara remembered nothing else but failing to the ground.

When she next awoke, she found herself on Ned’s room, where she had taken lair ever since he left…to somehow feel closer to him…her head was still heavy. Jonelle was there too, seated on a chair and so was that very old woman Nan.

“Ashara!” Jonelle exclaimed with a relieved smiled. “Oh you had us all worried…you fainted…”

“I’m better now.” Ashara assured while tried to get up from her bed.

“Oh no, you will not child,” Nan said. “You are heavily pregnant and work turns you more stressed, it is bad for you and the child.”

“But…”

“No buts, child.” Nan insisted. “Jonelle will call Benjen so you can speak with him as I’m sure you wish, but you are not touching the accounts of Winterfell.”

Nan was right but she had things to do…important things to do… “Fine…” she sighed in defeat. “But bring Benjen here and ask Sharley to bring me the letters I read this morning.”

“Certainly.” Jonelle nodded as she exited the room.

“You are doing the right thing, child,” Nan said with a half-toothless smile. “I’m sure sweet Ned would not like his wife and child dead somehow.”

“He wouldn’t.” she agreed. “It’s just I have many things I need to see done quickly.”

“We all do,” Nan said with a smile. “You now My Lady I knew a story with House Dayne once I
“don’t seem to recall it well though…”

“It must have been how the first Dayne found Dawn,” Ashara suggested. “It is well known.”

“No, that one is too simple, My Lady.” Nan dismissed. “It was a more complicated story… one with Essos involved… some faraway thing…”

“Essos?” Ashara asked confused. “I don’t think there is a story with House Dayne and Essos tied… not that I remember at least…”

“I’m sure I might remember it someday.” The old woman said.

Benjen, Sharley and Jonelle entered Ned’s room just as Nan finished her speech.

“Ashara, I’m so glad you are alright,” Sharley said as she came to embrace her, which Ashara accepted gladly. “I was so worried… my heart nearly jumped from me such was my worry…”

“Thank you for the concern girls, I really appreciate it,” she said. “But I’m fine now.”

“You really want my brother to give me a beating, don’t you?” Benjen asked with his devious smile. “Are you sure you are fine?”

“I am.” she insisted. “But have a look at this letter.” Ashara picked the letter in question from Sharley’s hands and gave it to her good brother who began reading, his jovial expression quickly switched into a serious aghast face which he turned towards her more than once.

“Seven fucking hells…” he said. “Lya…”

“Did you receive news about Lady Lyanna?” Inquired Jonelle. “Is she well?”

“I did,” Ashara admitted. “But I would prefer some time alone with Benjen if I could.”

“Of course.” The two Northern ladies said as they helped Old Nan leave the room as well.

“We have to warn Ned about this.” Benjen said when they were alone.

“We must wait until the Rebels have won against Aerys.” Ashara countered. “I do not know much about military affairs but I doubt it will do good to have the Rebels change their objective of defeating the Crown or worse, to fight each other for what Lyanna did.”

“I can’t let my brother in the dark Ashara.” Benjen insisted. “Ned deserves to know, he is the one fighting for her and Brandon.”

She gave it a thought, it was true, Ned deserved to know but she feared conflicts amongst the Rebels, especially between Ned and Robert given the fact that Lyanna lost her maidenhead and Ashara knew that not being a maiden was a big problem… especially by one’s own free will. “Perhaps if we send a rider to find Ned in the battlefield…” she suggested at last. “With a letter explaining what happened and for him to keep it quiet until they took care of Aerys… I’m not sure about what to do with Rhaegar though…”

“Yes, let’s do that.” Benjen decided. “Ned must know and the time it would take for a rider to reach Ned would allow Ser Arthur to do something in the meantime.”

“Then let’s go write it…” Ashara said as she tried to get up. “I must hurry and take Brandon out of King’s Landing apparently Aerys has decided to submit him into torture…”
Benjen prevented her from getting up. “I appreciate your help, Ashara in everything, if it wasn’t for you, Gods know how Winterfell would have been but from now on, you stay here.”

“Not you too!” she hissed. “I must do what…”

“You must rest because you are with child,” Benjen chided her. “I will take care of everything and bring you the letters from King’s Landing so you can do your thing, here.”

She scoffed. “Meanie…”

“We all love you too,” Benjen said with that devilish smile of his. “Now I will get Sharley and Jonelle to make you have some girl talk, I fear my brother’s rage if he finds out his wife and child are not perfect.”

“Thank you Benjen, you are a sweetheart” she cooed making Ned’s brother blush.

Starks are so cute… I hope this child will be like them…

Elia Martell

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Elia wasn’t able to sleep properly ever since Brandon Stark was tortured and Aerys the Mad glanced her and her children…she was growing increasingly concerned for her and her children’s lives…it seemed that the Rebels winning was, in fact, the best option she had right now…as if the Crown won, she and her children could very well be the next in line in a long list of traitors to be burnt…

I pray the Seven and Mother Rhoyne for my children’s safety…they deserve a happy life…

Suddenly she watched the door from her room open and she feared the worst, she picked a dagger she held in her bedside table embracing herself for a fight if need be…she wasn’t much a fighter but she could delay them a bit…enough for some guards to…”

“Mommy?”

A sense of relief ran through the entirety of her body, it was just her daughter. “Rhaenys?” she asked surprised. “What are you doing here?”

“I had a bad dream mommy…” she said with tears in her eyes. “A scary dream…” A nightmare…Elia sometime had some too…

“Come here sweetling,” she called. “Lay with mommy.”

“Okay…” Her daughter said as she jumped in the bed that Elia shared with Rhaegar when not pregnant though ever since she had Aegon she had slept alone in it.

Once she had covered her daughter with the sheets she began playing with her silver-blonde locks in hopes to make her feel more comfortable. “Now tell mommy what you dreamt about.”

“It was scary, I saw you, me and Aegon and then a big bad lion roared and then a huge bad dog and a weird bug came chasing us…we ran but they were faster and were going to do us bad but then I saw two shadows attack them baddies but I could not see them well because I woke up…I was in fear mommy…”
“Oh Rhaenys those bad things will not harm you, love,” she assured her daughter though she wondered if this all was because of the constant atrocities her baby had to watch when her stupid grandfather saw fit to execute or torture people…it can’t continue like this… “I tell you what, why don’t you sleep here with mommy? That way if any of us gets a bad dream, the other is right here to give us comfort.”

“Can I?”

“Of course you can,” Elia assured while patting the tanned cheek of her baby girl. “Now sleep well, my love.”

“I will.”

It didn’t take much for Rhaenys to fall asleep, hopefully, she would not have another nightmare… soon enough however Elia fell asleep as well for she was so very tired.

Arthur Dayne
Tower of Joy, Dorne, Year 283 AC

Arthur could feel the days getting hotter, he knew it was a new year but he didn’t know if it had changed to Spring yet, though he had a feeling it did.

Oswell was guarding the door to Lyanna Stark’s room the girl had been very aggressive towards anyone who tried to enter her room and she displayed a sharp mind for she had come with all sorts of schemes to try to escape, she faked to be death thrice, she hid behind the door more than six times, she hid below her bed twice, she even managed to make some sort of trap with her chamber pot that fell on top of Oswell who smelled like shit now.

Arthur wanted to proceed with his plan and take Lyanna away from the tower and Rhaegar but at the same time, he did not wish to harm Rhaegar since Rhaegar had been his friend for many years and it made his conscious heavy to think he might have to fight him somehow…so he was stuck on a never-ending loop of guilt.

He expected Rhaegar to leave soon enough to do as said he and ride north but if he did not do that…well…more drastic measures were needed for as much as he hated…he should follow the example of Ser Duncan the Tall when he saved Tanselle from Prince Aerion. Lyanna Stark will not give birth in this damned and old tower, it wasn’t proper nor safe for childbirth.

Ever since Arron told him that Ashara married Eddard Stark he couldn’t stand it anymore…he knew Ashara was as happy as a married woman whose husband was fighting a war with a very high risk of dying and living her a widow at age of twenty could and yet, switching Lyanna for Ashara, imagining his sister held in a tower after being raped…it was too much, he was a knight, he had sworn to help the weak, the innocent and women and he had failed until now. I’m not worthy of Dawn… I’m not worthy of being the Sword in the Morning…

It was then he saw dust appear in the distance…not much, perhaps just one or two riders, perhaps Doran finally saw fit to patrol the Prince’s Pass or at least the area in which the tower was located…it wasn’t good news since they had Lyanna there and he feared what the Martells might do, especially Oberyn…

Rhaegar and Oswell descended the tower and met him outside, their expressions were full of worry.
“Do you think it’s the Dornish?” Asked Oswell.

“Could be…” Arthur said.

“Maybe it was your brother who called for the Martells!” Rhaegar spat on. “You told him too much!” Not a big problem in my opinion…maybe it will force you to go and do something or at least look for a better place for Lyanna to be than this…I never thought she would have to go into labor here.

“Could be,” Arthur repeated, ignoring Rhaegar’s outburst. They simply waited for the rider or riders to come closer and then their mouths opened when they saw who came…Ser Gerold…

“My Prince,” he said with a nod ordering his horse to stop moving. “Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell.”

“How did you find us, Lord Commander?” Asked an incredulous Oswell, he too was curious…

“I don’t believe it needs much explanation.” Ser Gerold said as he unhorsed and brought his horse in his reins.

“Was it Lady Ashara’s spies?” Oswell suggested.

“Lady Ashara’s whereabouts are unknown for almost a year.” Ser Gerold stated. “No one knows where she has been, some suggest she has gotten pregnant after…being dishonored at Harrenhal, like Ser Barristan.” The tall man said while looking towards Arthur. “I assume you know where she is Ser Arthur?”

“I do not, unfortunately.” Arthur lied. “Though I’m very concerned if she has gotten with child.”

“Was it the Spider then?” Rhaegar questioned.

“It was indeed Lord Varys who I do think knew your whereabouts for quite some time but said nothing to the King.” The Lord Commander said. “I fail to know whatever that man is doing or planning.”

“No one knows anyway.” Oswell proclaimed. “I wonder if he serves the realm as he says he does or he rotting it from inside.”

“Who else knows?” Rhaegar asked.

“I believe he only told me.” Ser Gerold assured. “The rest of the Kingsguard are raising a new army to fight the Rebels, the King and everyone else seems to believe that they are a bigger threat than Daemon Blackfyre now.”

“Wasn’t Jon Connington enough to stop them?” Arthur asked, surprising Oswell with the question but not Rhaegar, perhaps Clara told him, there was no harm in doing so anyway and he should have assumed that Rhaegar would ask it anyway.

“No, he was defeated at Stoney Sept by a huge army of Rebels.” Ser Gerold explained. “He was stripped of his lands and titles, I believe the new Hand is Lord Chelsted.”

“These Rebels are a threat indeed if they defeated Jon…” Oswell added.

“The King has requested more troops from Dorne and the Reach.” Ser Gerold said. “And My Prince as well, so you can fight in the war too, for House Targaryen, he assured that My Prince is forgiven for the treason you committed.”
“He didn’t expect for you to find me, Ser Gerold,” Rhaegar said. “But it seems like a good time to take action…if I find the Reachmen and enter King’s Landing together with them…” he thought aloud. “No first I must put down the Rebellion, it will cement my cause and give me more acclamation to depose my father afterward…”

“A sound plan.” Arthur pointed out, though it could have been done so much earlier and spare them from this.

“If we ride today, we might reach King’s Landing in less than a month.” Oswell pointed out. “We should bring Lyanna as…”

“Lyanna stays here just like all of you.” Rhaegar dismissed. “I will not risk the baby.”

“You can’t tell us to guard this girl now!” Oswell barked indignantly. “We must fight in the war as well, it’s our job as knights of the Kingsguard!”

“No, I will return alone.” Rhaegar insisted. “I command you to stay here guarding her, as Kingsguards.”

“But…”

“It will be done, My Prince.” Ser Gerold concluded, stopping the protests from Oswell. “We will honor your command.”

“The child she carries is very important.” Rhaegar insisted. “You three must protect it with everything you got for what is coming is a greater peril than the Rebels are.”

“Yes My Prince.” Arthur, happy with the outcome of things, now he just needed some further planning and everything was ready to go…

“Yes My Prince…” Oswell agreed though Arthur could see disappointment and anger in his sworn brother, in Ser Gerold he could see it too, but Ser Gerold was all about following orders.

Rhaegar left the next dawn but not before having a chamber pot throw at him, Arthur wondered what came into him to explain what he was going to do to Lyanna…

*Just a little bit more…*

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Chapter End Notes

I think it will not come to that but next week might only have a chapter on Friday only again, will see how it goes.

Thank you once again for everyone who spent time reading and I hope everyone as a nice day.
Lyanna Stark

Tower of Joy, Dorne, Year 283 AC

Lyanna hated them all, she never liked the stupid songs but now she hated them more than anything. Valiant knights were more like hypocrite knights, beautiful and kind Princes were more mad than beautiful and she in the end, despite all of her tries to not be fooled, was now the one who now carried a child in her womb…

One of the whores of Wintertown that was pregnant told her how one knows if she is pregnant or not and it was from this whore whose name was…Eli, yes Eli, a pretty woman with red hair, blue eyes, lots of freckles, shapely breasts and a…quite large behind…from Eli, Lyanna learned many things and by now she was sure that she was indeed pregnant for the morning sickness and sometimes even puking were now a constant in her life.

Even thinking about the whores from Wintertown made Lyanna want to cry…she wanted to leave the stupid cursed tower, she wanted to see her family again, not some pity excuses of men who were trapping her to breed a Visenya, while her family crumbled apart…father dead…Bran a prisoner…Ned fighting a war…and Ben being the Stark of Winterfell…and what was to become of her now?

The moon was high on the night sky and it was yet another night in which Lyanna struggled to sleep…how could one person sleep properly after knowing her family was ending? How could someone sleep when she knew she was pregnant?

She couldn’t be happier with Rhaegar fucking Targaryen away from her, leaving to put things right in whatever empty words he still can spit from that mouth. Putting things right by sending poor Ned and Bran to the Wall…she hoped he would die, she didn’t care who killed by she wanted him dead.

Then she heard steps in the hallway…they were coming…Rhaegar’s bloody minions…she ran to get her chamber pot that was filled with her waste and puke and prepared to throw it to whoever was coming, it would be tonight that she would escape from her captivity, she knew it.

The door opened while she was behind it and she threw it all…except whoever it was, already expecting it, hid somewhere…

Though she cursed herself for failing, she quickly saw the opportunity to escape! So she gathered the momentum and ran as fast as she could…but she was quickly caught as soon as she left her room, her arms were immobilized and her mouth was covered.

“Keep it quiet!” One of them Kingsguard whispered while she kicked and screamed, trying to get rid of his hold and not even taking a proper look to see who it was. “I will take you away from here but you ought to remain quiet!”

The words he said made her stop, confused…she saw it was Ser Arthur Dayne. “What?” she asked aghast in a whisper.
“I will take you away from here, but make no noise, just follow me quietly.” he demanded as he let her go and she did as she was told, surprised, of course, she wasn’t expecting this, but neither was she trusting him fully. He closed her room’s door and then they both descended the towers’ many stairs and while doing so, she could hear snores, Ser Oswell and Ser Gerold were asleep it seemed and Ser Arthur was the one guarding her tower…

They left the tower without making much noise, once outside, he brought his horse and helped her mount it as her back despite being mostly cured, still hurt whilst doing some movements and she supposed mounting horses was amongst them…would she ever be able to ride a horse by herself again?

“I don’t understand why you are doing this.” she stated hoping to receive an explanation from him.

“First let us leave the tower and then I will try to explain whatever doubts you may have.” Ser Arthur said as he jumped to his horse’s back, in front of her. Afterward, he gave the order for the horse to trot away.

After a while of riding, when the sun was rising on the horizon, she decided to bother him again. “Where are you taking me?”

“Starfall.” Ser Arthur replied.

“Not Winterfell?” she asked saddened, she wanted to go home…

“We might go there still,” he said. “But we must go to Starfall, we cannot risk going to Winterfell by land as we will likely find ourselves in a battlefield, so we will need a boat and Starfall has some.”

“I see your point…” she admitted. “But why are you doing this?”

“Because I’m a knight and a knight makes vows to protect the weak, the innocent and the women,” he stated. “I’m not a proper knight anymore but at least I can try to redeem myself a little if I do the right thing and bring you home.”

“At least you can redeem yourself…” she sighed. “I doubt I will have much luck, after what I did.”

“Perhaps you will not marry because of it.” Ser Arthur said. “Wasn’t that your wish?”

“It was and still is but…I took part in the folly, I had blame and now I’m with child…I do not wish to give birth…”

“There is life after a pregnancy you know?”

“Yes but…”

“Forget about it for now.” Ser Arthur said. “There is something else I must tell you, by now your younger brother should know what happened to you these past months and so does my sister.”

“I’m afraid I’m not following…” she confessed, confused.

“My sister and your middle brother, Eddard got married.” Explained Ser Arthur. “She is at Winterfell with your younger brother.” After a little while absorbing what she just heard, a smile formed itself on her tired face. Dearest Ned is a married man…I’m so happy for him.

“When did you learn of it?” she inquired.
“When I went to Starfall with Rhaegar,” Ser Arthur said. “My brother told me she sent a letter and I sent one for her in my brother’s name.”

“Your sister is a very lucky woman,” Lyanna said with a feeling of pride. “Ned is a good man.”

“I know.” Ser Arthur said with a shy smile. “Even if I swore I would carve me some wolf pelted shoes from your brother’s furs…”

“What is that supposed to mean?” she asked with a wary look.

“Nothing...just some of my…personal fits…”

“What about Rhaegar?” she asked, a serious look replacing her amused one. “What will become of me when he learns I’m not at the tower?”

“Nothing.” Said the Kingsguard knight. “You must give birth to the child because you are too far into the pregnancy to drink moon tea. If Rhaegar lives after this, which is likely, he will want the child I’m sure, but not you.”

“And if he wants me for something else?”

“Worry not as I will not let him have you.” Ser Arthur stated. “You can rest assured as you are safe, but right now we must arrive at Starfall before Ser Gerold and Oswell find that you and I left.”

“They will come after us, won’t they?” she asked but she knew the answer already.

“They will and they will know where to find us.” Ser Arthur further explained. “But Starfall’s garrison is too much for them anyway if they decided to attack but I doubt it will come to that, neither of them is dumb.”

“But will you take me to Winterfell afterward?” she insisted. “I want to go…please…”

“We will wait some time at Starfall.” he insisted as well. “Then maybe we get a boat and go to White Harbor or maybe we will wait for the war to end, I’m not sure but I promise that I will bring you home.”

“I can’t wait to return home.” she confessed.

“Me neither…” he meant Starfall…she always wondered what the castle looked like…well, I guess I will find out…

Kevan Lannister

Casterly Rock, Westerlands, Year 283 AC

Tywin was reading a book. Kevan and his siblings, however, were waiting for him to speak, as always. Sometimes Kevan wondered if Tywin did really have the need to make them wait for so long, them the family that always supported him and yet he sometimes treated as if they were some of his lords.

Finally, Tywin stopped reading whatever book he had been reading, closed it and glanced them all. “It seems we have got some interesting developments in the current war.”
“The Rebels haven’t lost a battle until now.” Gerion elaborated, catching his brother’s thoughts. “Only a small set back at Ashford, I think it’s an interesting achievement to speak of.”

“It is.” Tywin agreed. “It seems the Targaryens are losing a war they were not supposed to, which give us the only conclusion that the dragon’s time has likely expired.”

“It’s funny really,” Tygett remarked with a smirk. “It the end the Targaryens didn’t kill themselves as some said they would.”

“I think it really depends on the perspective, brother.” Genna cut in. “Aerys and Rhaegar have been at odds with each other for a very long time. I believe it was their lack of mutual understanding that got them into this and will end them.”

“You do have a point there sister.” Tygett agreed.

“Regardless if they killed each other or not it’s irrelevant now.” Tywin continued. “Pycelle informed me that the King called for Rhaegar to come and help, offering him a pardon for his treason.”

“And do you believe it?” Gerion inquired. “Doesn’t seem like Aerys to let go so easily, he never did.”

“And he will not,” Tywin stated. “But it does show that he is getting desperate, the Rebels are a force to be reckoned with, and only now did he see it. A rebellion must be put down as soon as it begins before it can get a momentum that makes it strong. Bloodraven did so during the many Blackfyre Rebellions.

“It’s not us who are fighting anyway.” Gerion dismissed. “We are just watching.”

“That makes me question, brother if you have chosen a side to fight yet?” Kevan asked, curious to hear his brother’s reply.

“If Rhaegar joins Aerys, then we might have a revival of the Crown,” Tywin explained. “Even if the rumors of the abduction are true, the Targaryen Loyalists still prefer him over Aerys and it might lead for the Reach and Dorne to back him off and commit fully to the war, he might even overthrow Aerys which would only strengthen the Crown.”

“However,” Tywin added. “Rhaegar must prove his worth in a battle, otherwise he is nothing but a rapist in the eyes of men, even if he is not.”

“Rhaegar must win the battle that no one has won yet against the Rebels.” Tygett completed.

“Precisely.”

“It will be hard though,” Gerion added. “Our men by the border speak of a Rebel army of sixty thousand men, if the Reach doesn’t commit, then the Crown is done.”

“Not to mention, Steffon’s son is a walking war machine,” Tygett added. “In four battles he has some thirty kills if the rumors are true, these include trained knights as well.”

“And then there are the cautious Jon Arryn and Brynden Tully, these two are cunning.” Kevan joined in. “We all saw what they can do in the War of the Ninepenny Kings.”

“What about the Stark boy?” Genna inquired. “We do not know much about him, except that he is Lord Rickard’s son, was taught by Jon Arryn and is a friend to Robert Baratheon.”
“They say he slew a few Loyalists at Stoney Sept but other than that we don’t really know him.” Tygett elaborated. “He could be a brilliant fighter or an average one.”

“We hardly know anything about the Northerners.” Concluded Genna with a concerned face. “They hardly come south and when they do, they cause havoc, like in the Dance.”

“They had archers at Lakeshore to back them off.” Gerion scoffed. “No knight likes to fight archers.”

“As far as I remember the Northmen were charging the Westerlands’ army in that specific battle.” Genna countered.

“Not before the Riverlands’ archers dwindled our numbers.” Gerion countered.

“ENOUGH!!!” Tywin shouted, putting his bickering siblings in line. “We are here to discuss our current situation, not to talk about a battle than happen a century ago.”

“Sorry…” Genna said.

“Now to answer Kevan’s question, we will raise our knights, we shall train them and have them ready for action.” Tywin began commanding. “I’m quite sure the next battle will decide our allegiance so we must be ready to move right after.”

“You are clearly biased towards the Rebels,” Tygett said with a smirk. “But what if the Targaryns win? Will you support them?”

“I will,” Tywin confessed. “But Aerys will not live long enough to see that, it’s about time I finally take him away, diplomatic schemes did not work so poison will have to do.”

“I will put my money on the Rebels,” Gerion commented laughing. “They seem to have more experienced commanders together with young blood committed to fighting. I do think it’s a dangerous combination.”

“Ever since the Targaryens lost their dragons, they have lost their place,” Tywin stated. “It’s only a matter of time before they fall and a new age will begin after this war, an age where we stand proud as we have done for eight thousand years be with dragons or someone else.”

Tywin was always the shadow that ruled Westeros in most of Aerys’ reign, though no one could say that Tywin did ill for the realm because he did not, it was Aerys who ended a golden age for Westeros, Aerys and his greed and mad love for Joanna.

“I do wish to make a question Tywin,” Gerion announced. “Wasn’t Pycelle supposed to tell Jaime of your intent of taking him away from King’s Landing, away from his vows? What came of that?”

“I have yet to receive word from my son.” Tywin plainly informed.

“You are not leaving Jaime to his luck will you Tywin, even if he somehow does not answer?” Genna asked with a concerned look. “He…”

“He is safe.” Tywin cut in. “No harm shall come to him, he will take his place as my heir soon.”

“And if he does not wish to be your heir?” Gerion asked. "Jaime confided many times that he did not wish to rule.”

“I appreciate your concern, Gerion but Jaime will see the light,” Tywin assured them. “Now I
believe we have discussed everything need to be discussed, you are all dismissed.”

They all stood up, nodded to their older brother and left Tywin to his own things. While once they were outside Genna had a fit.

“When will he understand that he also has Tyrion and that now it is him who is the heir?”

“Never.” Gerion plainly stated. “He will never admit it because Tyrion is a dwarf, a shame for Tywin who cares only about the family legacy.”

“What will people say when an ugly looking dwarf becomes Lord Paramount of the Westerlands?” Tygett asked. “I have nothing against my nephew at all but…it does hurt the Lannister image, especially the one that Tywin is desperately trying to pass on.”

“I see Tyrion developing into a smart young man,” Genna said with a saddened face. “He is as bright as Tywin and Joanna were at his age…it pains me…”

“And he is funny lad too.” Added Tygett.

“My, am I hearing the word fun come out of the second most serious brother I have?” Gerion pushed forward.

“I laugh often.” Tygett countered. “Just not with your japes, because they are stupid and boring.”


“I think he is smart as you say,” Kevan admitted. “I think he would have been Tywin’s perfect heir had he been normal. Though I have to admit that Tywin does go a bit too far with the boy.”

“Joanna loved the boy, she said so in her last breath,” Genna explained. “I was there when she departed from this world and I heard it all.”

“He still thinks that Aerys might have fathered Tyrion instead,” Tygett said with a very serious expression. “She did try to get rid of him but Aerys wasn’t a quitter and then there was that time they went to King’s Landing, close to the time that Tyrion should have been conceived…”

“I think it’s on offense to Joanna’s memory what Tywin is doing!” Genna insisted. “Joanna who loved Tywin and was true to him ever since they married.”

“It’s easier to blame someone else rather than yourself,” Kevan concluded. “We should go on with our lives, I suppose the Westerlands will not remain in peace for long and I wish to see my wife and son.”

“I’m excited!” Gerion said with a cocky smirk. “This will be my very first war!”

“War is no joke, Gerion.” Tygett scoffed.

“I know, I know but it doesn’t change the way I feel!”

“Just don’t get yourself killed, stupid,” Genna said. “Knowing you…”

“I won’t die, Genna darling,” Gerion assured. “Who else will be dumb enough to try and make Tywin laugh?”

“Someone who thinks he is funny but isn’t.” Tygett concluded.
“Exactly.” Gerion agreed.

With Genna scoffing and Tygett finally laughing with one of Gerion’s jokes, they separated to each one’s duties. He was excited to meet his wife and child as he had said.

**Eddard Stark**

*Outside of Castle Darry, Riverlands, Year 283 AC*

So far Ned’s plan was working as good as one could expect, the bulk of their army had taken the castles from House Shaney and House Roote, the respective families were made hostages and sent to Riverrun where a garrison of five hundred men was, this was made to guarantee that these defeated houses would comply with the Rebel cause.

Meanwhile, Ser Brynden, commanding the bulk of their cavalry took the castle from House Goodbrook and was assaulting House Ryger’s lands last time the messengers came to inform them of their developments.

They were now besieging Castle Darry who was proving less compliant, as expected from one of the most Loyalist of families.

“I hate sieges!” Robert barked pissed when Ned entered his tent to talk. “They take so long!”

“We must be patient Robert.” Ser Lester Morrigen insisted. “We are building the siege equipment already, they will not last long.”

“The Others take the siege equipment, I’m getting tired of waiting!” Robert continued with his rant.

Ser Lester decided to leave his pissed liege lord to his rantings and perhaps do something more productive than Robert cursing everything. “Lord Eddard.” he politely nodded once he saw Ned standing there.

“Ser Lester.” Ned politely replied and then Ser Lester left the tent. “Why are so pissed?” Ned asked Robert. “You are quick to anger, I know, but you have been insufferable these past few days.”

Robert glanced him for a while but gave him a shy smile. “I don’t know…perhaps it’s the pain?”

“What pain?” Ned asked confused.

“The wounds I took in the previous battles…some of them are…a little nasty and they hurt…”

“Have you seen a Maester?” Ned asked concerned, of course, infected wounds were very dangerous.

“I visited the new one at Riverrun, Luwin or whatever his bloody name was,” Robert informed. “But it seems they are getting worse since then…”

“We have been in two castles with Maesters Robert, why didn’t you go see them?”

“Who knows what those cunts will do when you are fighting against them!” Robert barked. “They can bloody well poison me! I only like to be attended by Maesters I know or at least my allies know as trustworthy, not some cunts who were my enemies! When I was attended by that Luwin I kept watching his every move, paranoid!”
Robert did have a point in his way of thinking but he could not stay in pain, not when they could at any time have to fight a Loyalist army or worse when he even could die from infection… “When we take Castle Darry, you will see it’s Maester and me, Jon, Elbert and your men from the Stormlands will be watching to see if he poisons you or not, but you are having a Maester see to your wounds.”

“Fine!” Robert barked pissed.

“You can die if those wounds aren’t kept in check, Robert.” Ned insisted. “I’m doing this for your own sake.”

“I already said I will do it!”

“There you both are!” Elbert said as he peeked his head inside the tent. “My uncle wants a word with you both.”

“Let’s go see what he wants,” Robert said as he stood up from his chair and exited the tent. “Can’t keep the old man waiting for long.”

“Is he pissed?” Elbert asked when they were following Robert.

“He is.”

“Why?”

“I will tell you later.” Said Ned. “Let’s see what your uncle wants first.”

Jon was inspecting the castle’s defenses as the trebuchets and siege towers were being built, there were five trebuchets ready but they would need more than that for an efficient assault. “What’s the matter, Jon?” Robert asked when he got to the side of his foster father.

“Robert, Ned.” he acknowledged. “I was thinking that perhaps we could send a small force to capture the other two castles north of the Trident, we don’t need forty-five thousand men to take the castle.” His foster father explained. “We make everything faster if we spare some ten to fifteen thousand men to subdue those castles.”

“That way we don’t have to worry about these castles later…when we are done with the Darrys…” Robert said while giving it some thought. “I like the idea, Ned?”

“It does increase the pace of our actions.” Ned agreed with Robert’s thoughts. “I think it sounds like a decent plan.”

“Who will go then?” Robert asked.

“I think you should go, Robert,” Jon suggested. “I have been hearing from some of your bannermen that you are desperate for a fight, this will satiate you a little.”

“Now I like this idea more!” Robert said smirking. “About time I kick some arses to the ground.”


“The Others take them wounds, I want a bloody fight!” Robert interrupted Ned. “I will take my men for the job, hopefully by the time I return this castle has been taken.”

And with this, Robert left…Ned simply sighed in defeat.
“What does he mean by wounds?” Jon inquired.

“It seems some of them are getting worse and he refused to see the Maesters for mistrusting those he does not know,” Ned explained. “I fear his wounds might get infected or something…”

“I should have known…” Jon sighed too. “That rash man will get himself killed…by there isn’t much I can do, now that he decided to do it…The Seven take me…”

“Robert never learns.” Said Elbert while shaking his head. Robert never learns indeed…

Chapter End Notes

So I managed to have the chapter ready so here it is, there aren't many things going on, except that Arthur took action.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Elia Martell

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Ser Jonothor and Ser Barristan had returned to the Red Keep almost a week ago. It seemed that they have managed to reorganize much of Lord Connington’s army after his defeat at Stoney Sept. Her uncle Lewyn should be returning soon as well, hopefully with some men to back the Targaryens to keep her and her children safe.

Elia in the meantime was strolling the gardens of the Red Keep with the Queen, her ladies-in-waiting, Prince Viserys and of course her children. She was very happy because Aegon’s first word had been momma, it warmed her heart so much…and he was also giving his first steps as well but he still fell quite often.

“Mother I don’t recall any of these people here before.” Viserys said while glancing many of Ashara’s helpers of which almost all were children of his age.

Elia was still expecting a letter from Ashara informing her of the details of her plan…she supposed her friend was very occupied and stressed out…but then again Elia was always of a weaker constitution than most girls…a consequence of being born prematurely…

“They are new workers, love.” Queen Rhaella said with an assuring smile. The Queen was on par with everything that Ashara was doing, as much as Elia and did know of Ashara’s pregnancy, manifesting her worries that Eddard Stark could die and leave Ashara a widow at such tender age and Elia shared the same feeling. “Let them do their jobs in peace.”

“Okay…” Viserys said before reducing his pace to Elia’s and Aegon’s. “Princess Elia, when will Aegon be able to fight?”

Elia smiled at the young boy. “He is too young still Viserys, he will need a few more years before he can yield a sword and few more to be able to give you a decent fight.”

“What pity…” Her brother-in-law said disappointed. “I would like to have someone to practice my sword skills with, Ser Willem trains me but…”

“It’s not the same?” Elia inquired. Oberyn had been the same when younger until he met his match in Arthur. “Perhaps we can find someone else? I’m sure that there are some boys of your age willing to come and practice with you.”

“How?” Viserys asked beaming.

“Perhaps one of the Tyrell boys?” Rhaella suggested with a smile as she met her pace with Elia’s as well. “I heard that the two oldest ones are of your age, son, maybe the second one can come.”

“I would like that,” Viserys assured. “Can it be arranged?”

“I will talk to your father and we will see what come of it.” Rhaella said.
“Can I have someone to practice too?” Rhaenys asked.

“Practice what love?” Elia inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“I don’t know mommy…” Her daughter said timidly.

“Maybe we can have your cousin Arianne join us for some playing soon.” Elia suggested.

“Yay!” Rhaenys screamed happily. “I want to meet cousin Arianne.”

“And you will, love.” Elia assured. It was likely that such arrangements could only be made after the war however…her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of trumpets and horns…certainly the King would want them close…not that she wished to be close to that mad man…

“What is happening mother?” Asked Viserys, concerned.

“Let us see love.” The Queen as she made a gesture for Elia to follow.

The Throne Room was already filled with Gold Cloaks and curious servants but more kept entering by the minute. Elia made her way to the side of the throne when she saw him…Rhaegar was…back…

“So…you have returned.” Aerys said with disdain in his voice.

“I have father.” Rhaegar replied.

“Did Ser Gerold find you by chance or…somehow you chose to return here?” Inquired the King.

“Ser Gerold did find me.” Explained her husband.

“Mommy?” Called her daughter. “Is that…is that father?”

“Yes…” Her daughter did not seem to remember him that well…a consequence of her husband’s long absence.

“Can I have a talk with him?”

“Later love.” Elia countered. “Now father is occupied.”

“And where is Ser Gerold now?” Aerys questioned. “And since we are speaking of missing Kinsguards, where are Ser Arthur Dayne and Ser Oswell Whent?”

“Somewhere where they are needed.” Rhaegar boldly said.

“THEY ARE NEEDED HERE!!!” Aerys screamed angrily. “YOU HAVE DEPRIVED ME OF THREE KNIGHTS OF THE KINGSGUARD!!! THREE KNIGHTS SWORN TO PROTECT ME!!!”

“They will return in due time father,” Rhaegar assured as he bowed before the King. “Once their task is done.”

“Task…” Aerys scoffed. “I do wonder what you have been doing with the wolf bitch, boy…” That Elia wondered as well…in fact, perhaps the entire realm wondered that very thing…

“It matters not what I have been doing, father.” Her son dismissed. “You called me to face the Rebels have you not? I’m here.”
Aerys began smirking. “For as much as I hate it, House Targaryen…needs to…stand united…in these times of peril.” Elia was sure that this was…a big stain in Aerys’ pride but a necessary one if they wanted to succeed.

“My loyalty is to House Targaryen, father,” Rhaegar assured. “I shall fight to the bitter end for our house, as it is expected of me.”

“Good,” Aerys said. “Because I have decided to place you and the Kingsguard knights as commanders of my army since Connington and his men failed miserably.”

“I understand father.” Rhaegar nodded in agreement. “Thank you for putting so much responsibility in me.”

“I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING BOY!!!” Aerys shouted as he pointed his finger towards Rhaegar. “BUT IT SHALL NOT WORK!!! REMEMBER THAT I HAVE MY EYES ON YOU AND ON YOUR MOTHER, WIFE, AND CHILDREN!!! THAT IS IF YOU STILL CARE FOR THEM!!!”

“There is no need to threaten them, father,” Rhaegar admitted. “I swear my allegiance to you and our house.”

“Get out of my sight now!” Aerys commanded. “And get the army ready! I want you away tomorrow morning!”

“Of course, it shall be done.”

“I almost forgot,” Aerys called before Rhaegar could stand up and leave. “Jaime Lannister will remain as my sworn shield.”

“Your royal choice, father.” Rhaegar nodded in approval. “With your permission.”

“EVERYONE IS DISMISSED!!!” The King commanded and everyone obeyed, proceeding to leave the Throne Room.

Elia turned to Jasline. “Take Rhaenys and Aegon to their room and entertain them until I get back.”

“Of course, my friend.” Jasline nodded. “Rhaenys dear, come to your room with Nysah and me, we will play hide-and-seek.”

“What about mommy?” Asked her daughter.

“Mommy will come soon, sweetling,” Elia assured her daughter with a smile. “And then we will play a lot, all the games you want to play.”

“Okay.”

With her children occupied, Elia made way to her husband, catching him right before he could exit the Throne Room. “Rhaegar!” she called.

Her husband turned behind and give her a shy smile. “Elia…”

“We need to speak.”

“I have an army to…”

“We need to speak.” she insisted as she wasn’t going to let him go without having a conversation
with her. “Now.”

He looked like he did not wish to talk at all but she wasn’t backing down. “Fine, let’s go to our room.”

“Right away if you will.” she agreed.

They went straight to their room, the tension between both was at an all-time high…she wondered what he would say…would he tell her the truth or would he lie? They entered the room and he closed the door behind him.

“Take a seat,” he told her and she did what he asked, taking a seat in the bed. “Now I did not kidnap Lyanna Stark.”

“Then what happened?”

“We saved her from my father’s men. He wanted to kill her because she was the Knight of the Laughing Tree and did not remove the helmet when he told her so.” her husband explained. “My father’s men chased us and she was injured in her back as she fell from her horse, so we took her to Summerhall before we went to Dorne.”

“Dorne?” That surprised her a lot…either no one would think he and the Kingsguards would be stupid enough to go to Elia’s homeland or they were very smart by doing so…

“Yes…to a tower in the Red Mountains that belonged to the Vulture King…it was Arthur’s idea.” Said Rhaegar. She did remember that tower…Arthur and Ashara had taken her and Oberyn there when they visited Starfall all those years ago when looking for a possible marriage…

“I see…” she said while looking to the said. “And why have you not come out? Leave Lyanna protected and show yourself for all the realm to see. In case you have failed to notice, we have been at war for almost a full year.”

“I couldn’t simply come without either my father or the Rebels assuring that I would not die.” he dismissed. “And neither of them was inclined on doing so I’m quite sure.”

“And you allowed the rumor that you kidnapped Lyanna Stark spread?” she countered. “That’s not very smart on your part.”

“It spread even before I knew it did, I couldn’t do much to stop it.” Rhaegar insisted.

“And where is she, Artur, Ser Oswell, and Ser Gerold?” she questioned. “At the tower?”

“They are guarding her.”

“Why?” she asked confused, why would they guard her? “Will they take her to Winterfell or her brother?”

“No.”

“Then why?” Unless…No…he wouldn’t do it… “Rhaegar…have you…gotten her…pregnant somehow?”

His surprised and silent reaction told her everything…she thought this would be a stupid question but…it seemed she got it so right…Lyanna Stark was pregnant…May the Seven forgive Elia but why did she even think the girl could be a friend back at Harrenhal? Had she known it and she
would take her husband away from that…Elia wanted to cry…all those months hoping that the rumors were not true…that her husband didn’t make Lyanna Stark a paramour nor kidnapping her and raping her…but it seemed the first one was true and Elia had been scorned in favor of a younger and perhaps more fertile woman…

“I…I knew that…I was never the wife you wanted but…”

“It’s not because of that Elia!” he said as he grabbed her hands but she took them away from his hold. “I needed Visenya…you…I…I didn’t want to but then she…and the dragon has three heads and…”

*I needed Visenya and the dragon has three heads? “Wait…she…she didn’t become your paramour?”*

“No…she…did not…”

“You raped her?” Elia asked aghast. “Tell me you didn’t, please tell me you didn’t rape her!”

“We were both drunk, she was more than me, much more than I…she tried to seduce me, to prove she had a saying in her life…I couldn’t resist especially because of the prophecy and…and when I…you know…took her maidenhead…she realized that she didn’t really want it…and so she told me to stop but since I…since I had done the mistake might as well try to…get her pregnant… and…”

And here she had been cursing the girl… “You aren’t the Rhaegar Targaryen I knew,” Elia said disappointed, how could she not? A girl was raped by her husband… “Raping a girl-woman for a bloody prophecy? What have you turned into?”

“Nothing, I assure you.” Rhaegar insisted. “Once she gives birth to Visenya I will send her home.”

“How do you know it’s going to be a girl?” Elia asked. “What if it is a boy?”

“It will not be I assure you, the prophecy says so.”

“But what if he is a boy?” Elia kept insisting. “What will you do to him?”

“Aegon is my heir and will remain as such…”

“I’m not asking if Aegon is or isn’t the heir!” Elia shouted angrily. “I’m asking about the child Lyanna Stark carries, what will become of it if it’s a boy?”

“I will think of something when the time comes but I doubt it will come to that.” It was useless… her husband was so deep into the prophecies that arguing with him was irrelevant.

“And what of Lyanna Stark’s brothers?” Elia asked. “What will become of them?”

“If they live when I take control of King’s Landing, which I intend to do once I manage to defeat the Rebels, they will remain as such,” Rhaegar explained. “But on the Wall.”

“So you will not try to negotiate with them?” Elia asked. “Appease them? For everything you did to them?”

“I doubt they would want to be appeased.” he dismissed. “And they must be punished from rebelling against the Crown, at least Brandon Stark.”

“Brandon Stark has been publicly whipped at the beginning of each week!” Elia said. “He saw his
father and friends be burnt, I think it’s too much punishment already!

“He should have thought of that before he went stupid.” And so did you, she wanted to say but did not. “I will think about it later, once I return.”

“So you are really going to war without getting rid of your father?” she asked.

“The Rebels are too strong by now, they must be weakened,” he explained. “My father can be defeated afterward when the Rebels are desperate to negotiate peace.”

“He is threatening me and my children, Rhaegar!” Elia said desperately. “Your children! The… two heads of the dragon you already have…” Saying this nonsense made her sick but perhaps he would understand it that way…

“My father will not do anything to them nor you.” he dismissed. “He knows he cannot push his boundaries in the situation he is currently in, he needs allies and Dorne is an ally.”

“So you are simply going to leave us here?”

“Ser Jaime will keep you protected, I will tell him so.”

“Like the rest of the Kingsguard do when your father rapes your mother?” she asked with a nervous smile. “I certainly feel much safer already.”

“Elia I promise I will fix this mess…but for now”

“Get out of here,” she commanded him. “Go on and do what you must, but see to your children first.”

“Elia…”

“I pray my children will be safe Rhaegar Targaryen or I’m going to haunt you to the end of your days and beyond!” she warned him angrily. “Get out!”

“Elia please…”

“I SAID GET OUT!!!” she shouted and he sighed and nodded to her as he left. When he was gone, she couldn’t hold her tears anymore…for everything that was happening to her…so she cried and prayed for mercy…at least for her children.

Jaime Lannister

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

The day had gotten quite windy for some weird reason, ever since Rhaegar arrived…Jaime found him and his remaining sworn brothers in the yard equipping their horses. His brothers donned the white armor that he also bore and Rhaegar donned his night-black armor with his sigil made of rubies right on the breastplate that he had used at Harrenhal and on many other tourneys. It seemed some of the Gold Cloaks were to join in as well…probably the best ones…or the worse ones if Aerys was smart?

“My Prince.” Jaime began as he stood in front of Rhaegar.

“Ser Jaime, how fare you?” Bad?
“Good enough I suppose…” Was the reply Jaime gave, a lie but who didn’t lie in King’s Landing?

“Is there something I can do for you?” The Prince inquired.

“My Prince,” Jaime pleaded. “Let Darry stay to guard the King this once or Ser Barristan…their cloaks are as white as mine.”

Prince Rhaegar shook his head in disapproval. “My royal sire fears your father more than he does our cousin Robert.” The Prince stated and Jaime wondered who did not fear his father? His late mother perhaps? His uncles told him that his mother stole most of the few smiles his father showed the world…she certainly did not fear him… “He wants you close.” The Prince continued. “So Lord Tywin cannot harm him. I dare not take that crutch away from him at such an hour.”

Jaime’s anger rose up to his throat. Who does he think he is? Him who has been away for more than a year while he had to stay and watch every atrocity his father committed. “I’m not a crutch!” Jaime barked. “I am a knight of the Kingsguard!”

“Then guard the King.” Ser Jonothor snapped at him while moving to fetch his horse with Ser Barristan and Prince Lewyn who had arrived with the Rhaegar, the expressions of the latter two were of pity and not disdain. “When you donned that cloak, you promised to obey.” Ser Jonothor insisted.

“There is no need to be angry, Ser Jonothor.” The Prince said and when the Rivermen knight was out of sight, he placed his hand on Jaime’s shoulder. “When this war is done, I mean to call a council and changes will be made.” Said Rhaegar. “I…I meant to do it long ago but…well…it does no good to speak of roads not taken. We shall talk when I return.”

“As My Prince wishes.” Jaime replied, still pissed…and Rhaegar went on to fetch his own horse. A minute later he came mounted and donned his black elm.

“My wife, mother, children, and brother are in need of protection Ser Jaime,” he said when he stopped his horse in front of Jaime. “I hope I can count upon you.”

“I will do my best…My Prince.” Jaime replied.

“Good,” Rhaegar said as he made way to leave the Red Keep and take command of the Loyalist army in order to face the Rebels. “Wish us luck.” Would wishing him luck do anything? Somehow…I doubt so… I should have said something to him about Aerys’ plans…but…but it doesn’t seem like he would do much, does it? I’m sure Ser Barristan and Ser Jonothor saw it too anyway…

Everything remained the same way for a couple of days…until something he did not think possible happened…Lord Qarlton Chelsted, the latest Hand of the King discovered about Aerys’ plan to burn the city…

The man tried all he could to dissuade the Mad King, he tried to reason with him about all the lives that would be lost, he jested that not all were Targaryens able to survive the fire, he threatened that Rhaegar would get all the support he needed if Aerys was to go forward with the plan and finally he begged the King to show mercy.

“I will not stop my plan Qarlton.” The King dismissed. “You better not piss me about it.”

“Your Grace…”
“I SAID I WILL NOT STOP IT!!!” Jaime then watched the Hand of the King take his chain of office and throw it to the floor and make way to leave. “OH NO YOU DON’T YOU CUNT!!!” Aerys screamed angrily. “GUARDS SEIZE HIM AND TIE HIM TO THE CEILING OF THE THRONE ROOM!!!”

It was then that Chelsted who Jaime thought to be nothing but a craven saw the mess he placed himself into. “Your Grace I…”

“SHUT UP YOU USELESS SHIT!!!”

A quarter of an hour later and Lord Qarlton screamed in agony as he was burnt with wildfire while the King and Rossart, who was donned with the very chain Lord Chelsted threw down watched and laughed hysterically at the sight.

“RHAELLA!!!” Aerys screamed. “GET TO YOUR ROOM NOW!!!”

The Queen trembled in fear when she heard those words and Elia and her ladies looked defeated as they led the children away. Jaime was however forced to go and guard the Queen’s room while she was raped and screamed in agony…

“YOU ARE HURTING ME!!!”

“SHUT THE FUCK YOU USELESS CUNT!!!”

_I can’t take this anymore…I can’t…I just can’t…Remember what a knight stands for…I must…I must do something…I’m a knight…I’m a knight! I’M BLOODY FUCKING KNIGHT!!!_

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up with a lot of dialogue and not too much action...the next one might be the chapter with more POVs though...let's see how it turns out...

Anyway, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Lyanna Stark

Starfall, Dorne, Year 283 AC

Lyanna and Ser Arthur arrived at Starfall’s outskirts right at sunset and Gods it was a beautiful scene the one she was contemplating, the marble castle where he and Ashara had been born was below the cliffs, on a lone island at the mouth of the Torrentine, seeming to be gleaming as the waves from the orange colored sea hit the shores of said island with not too much power, the sea was calm.

“What do you think?” Ser Arthur inquired with a smile.

“It looks beautiful,” Lyanna admitted. “The castle seems to be gleaming.”

“It does look like it sometimes,” he explained as he made his horse trot forward. “At nights it looks to be shining like the stars.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” The knight assured. “The first Dayne King did choose materials to make it look that way and every succeeding Dayne rebuilt it with the very same materials every time it was destroyed.”

“I see…” Lyanna concluded as she glimpsed the horizon yet again. “You and Ashara were born in such a beautiful and unique castle.”

“Beauty sometimes does hide the bitterness.” The knight said sort of ending their conversation there.

Ser Arthur left his horse in the nearby bustling village and took a boat to the castle proper. Once there, they were met by the castle garrison but Ser Arthur quickly introduced himself and they were guided inside.

She was led by Ser Arthur to the Great Hall of the castle and while walking there she could contemplate the purple shaded curtains and carpets in the floor, there were portraits in the walls too, perhaps Dayne Kings of old. Finally, they entered the room where the Daynes were eating, catching them by surprise as Ser Arthur did not wish to wait for the guards to warn of their arrival, calling it unnecessary procedure.

“Arthur?” A man of pale blond hair and violet eyes like those that Ashara had questioned as he abandoned the plate of roasted chicken which seemed to be making Lyanna’s mouth water, it had been a while since she had a good dish, last time was at Riverrun. Summerhall and that damned tower had nothing proper to eat. “Gods brother can’t a man eat?”

“I was rather in a hurry so I simply came inside.” Ser Arthur explained, while Ser Arthur’s brother got up and so did a woman grown and a little girl that looked like Ashara but with Ser Arthur’s dark blue eyes. “This is Lyanna Stark.”

Upon hearing her name being introduced she moved a step forward and nodded. “A pleasure My
“Lord, My Ladies.”

“Ser Arron is my name.” Said the man with a warm smile. “The pleasure is mine.”

“My name is Clara.” Said the tall blonde woman as she approached Lyanna and held her hands. “I’m delighted to finally see a Northmen or rather a Northern woman.”

“I’m…I’m afraid I have My Lady at a disadvantage for I have met a couple of Dornishwomen before.” Lyanna admitted with a weak smile as she remembered Princess Elia Martell and the mistake she did to her.

“Oh I know that…” Lady Clara said with a wicked smile. “Your…brother does know a Dornishwoman too…”

“I guess he does…” Lyanna’s smile grew wider as she felt her torn out gown.

“I’m Allyria.” Said the girl that looked like Ashara. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too.” Lyanna said, as saw the many similarities between the Dayne girls, physically and personality.

“Will you play with me?” Asked the young Dayne.

“Now Arthur and Lady Lyanna are tired Allyria.” Ser Arron remarked as placed his hand on his young sister’s head. “Maybe tomorrow they will play with you if they so wish of course.”

“I will play with you Allyria,” Lyanna assured the girl who beamed. “But I’m indeed tired…I would appreciate a bed to sleep in…and some food to eat…”

“Certainly.” Lady Clara said as she went on to grab Lyanna’s arm. “I will take you to your room now while the cookers prepare you and Arthur a nice dish.”

“Please call me Lyanna.”

“Of course Lyanna.” The Dornishwoman corrected. “While we go…can you tell me more about your brother…the Stark who…you know…married my good-sister.”

Ned seems to be famous in Dorne…or at least Starfall? “Sure.” And the two ladies went on their way.

She ended up eating some of that roasted chicken and her belly was fully satiated, then she wished for a good night to them all and left for her room, laying down in a clean nightgown and falling asleep just as fast as she lay down. Lyanna slept quite well at the cozy bed in Starfall, better than in the bed at the cursed tower and sleeping in the middle of the many caves along the Red Mountains. Though as soon as morning came…she had to puke…

It wasn’t the first time she did so, she had puked twice in her voyage with Ser Arthur, a sign that she was pregnant with child…the servants were nice and kind and helped her out, cleaning the floor and providing her with a clean white Dornish gown with a conservative cut that did not display too much of her.

When she felt better, she decided to go and meet the Daynes. However, in the Great Hall, she only found little Allyria eating a loaf of bread. “Good morning Lady Lyanna.” The girl said with a politely smile.
“Good morning Allyria,” she replied with a smile. “Where is everyone?”

“My father is still sick in his room.” The girl said and Lyanna was caught off guard for she had forgotten about the real Lord of Starfall…she would have to go meet him soon if she was to guess… “And my brothers went on to see some more Kingsguards approach.” Kingsguards? So Ser Gerold and Ser Oswell did come after her… “Or at least it was what they seemed to be whispering.”

With haste, Lyanna ran towards the courtyard of the castle where she had arrived the day before and found the Daynes there, waiting for a boat to arrive.

“Is it them?” Lyanna asked when she got next to them.

“Good morning Lyanna.” Lady Clara politely said and she replied in the same manner.

“Is them alright.” Ser Arthur added while glancing the boat came closer.

“What will you do with them?” she asked concerned, Ser Oswell hadn’t been too bad towards her and she barely knew Ser Gerold at all, she did not wish for them to be killed…

“We will try to reason with them regarding Arthur’s choice of action.” Explained Ser Arron. “And if they refuse our explanation then we will make them our…guests…”

The four of them together with Starfall’s garrison waited for Ser Gerold and Ser Oswell to exit the boat they came in. Ser Oswell had a wary look to him while Ser Gerold’s was grim, both of them were glancing the many soldiers there, however.

“Lord Commander, Ser Oswell.” Ser Arthur said in a plain tone.

“Ser Arthur.” Ser Gerold stated while looking towards his sworn brother and then he took a glance at her. “Lady Lyanna.”

“Lord Commander.” she nodded, unsure on the right course of action to take in such a weird situation.

Ser Gerold turned his look towards Ser Arthur once more. “We had orders to obey.”

“We did, Ser Gerold.” Ser Arthur agreed. “But I’m tired of obeyed them, when they bring nothing but grief.”

“You knew what you were coming for when you swore your vows seven years ago and donned the cloak you carry on your back.” Ser Gerold plainly said.

“I swore my vows as a knight at thirteen, Ser Gerold.” Ser Arthur retorted. “Long before I was a Kingsguard knight and a knight protects the weak, the needy and the women and even though I failed the Queen and…Princess Elia…I will make up for it.”

“You are not…planning what I think you are?” Questioned an aghast Ser Oswell. “That’s…”

“Treason?” The Dayne interrupted. “It is, but I will not have them suffer more, I’m the Sword in the Morning and I will do my job, The Dawn Arises.”

Everyone winced when Ser Gerold took his sword out and swung it towards Ser Arthur who apparently was already expecting it and unsheathed Dawn at the same stopping the blow of his sworn brother. Dawn shined bright as a star upon Ser Arthur’s hands as Ser Gerold’s got a cut from
the strong material that made Dawn.

“We both know you can’t defeat me Ser.” Ser Arthur said. “Not the way you are now.”

“I keep my vows, I swore to protect the King.” The old knight said. “I may not be what I was in my youth but you do badly on underestimating me.”

“You are a good man Ser, an excellent swordsman but you know I’m right.” Ser Arthur assured as Dawn’s light began blinding Lyanna’s eyes… “I have no wish to kill you Ser, please surrender.”

“I surrender.” Said Ser Oswell as he threw down his sword, lifting his arms. “I’m done with all of this nonsense too, I’m a knight too for fuck sake.”

Ser Gerold hummed in disdain but threw his sword to the ground as well, lifting his arms to show he surrendered. “Better make me a prisoner, Ser.” Ser Gerold spoke to Ser Arron. “I will not forsake my vows, unlike my soiled sworn brothers.”

“If it is your wish, Ser.” Ser Arron stated as he made a gesture to his men. “Take him to the cells, the best ones we have.”

“Yes Milord.” The guards began escorting old Ser Gerold to his cell and Lyanna was not sure on how to feel about everything that just happened.

“So you really wish to kill Aerys, Arthur?” Ser Oswell asked as the guards immobilized him too.

“I wish to save the Queen, Elia and their children from his clutches,” Arthur explained. “I guess if I kill him I might as well save the realm from the worst.”

“You would be a Kingslayer and an Oathbreaker.” Oswell retorted.

“We both are Oathbreakers already Oswell.” Ser Arthur explained. “And I do quite like the name Ser Arthur the Kingslayer, it does have a nice ring to it.”

“Now you turn into a jester.” Ser Oswell laughed. “Gods the world does turn interesting from time to time…”

“Forget about all that for now brother.” Said Ser Arron. “We have breakfast to eat still and I’m quite hungry.”

“Better get ourselves fat.” Ser Arthur agreed as a shy smile came to his lips. “We have to endure a big trip to White Harbor soon…”

Upon hearing those words Lyanna began beaming like a little stupid girl. “So we are going North?”

“Yes.” Ser Arthur assured her. “In a month or so, I want to get an answer from the letter I sent to my sister at Winterfell, before we depart.”

“Wait, why is Ashara at Winterfell?” Asked a confused Ser Oswell.

“Why don’t you join us for a breakfast good Ser and we can explain it to you with detail.” Lady Clara suggested. “If I’m too guess from these two friends of yours, you should be starving.”

“I would certainly appreciate a nice breakfast but I…I thought I was a prisoner…”

“Prisoners need to be fed too.” Lady Clara dismissed. “The Daynes, as far as I know, are good with their hospitality.”
“I must agree, Lady Clara,” Lyanna said smiling. “It seemed I was at Winterfell for a while.”

“Before anything else… I’m sorry for keeping you there in the dark and… after what happened in the tower.” Ser Oswell said as he got to his knees. “I should have been a better knight.”

“Please Ser Oswell do get up for you are making me embarrassed.” Lyanna scoffed. “I forgive you.”

“Thank you, My… damn it… Lyanna… I mean…”

“That’s better, it’s Lyanna, not My Lady.” she concluded as they made way to the Great Hall.

Ashara Dayne
Winterfell, North, Year 283 AC

Ashara was being confined to bed by her lady friends, her brother-in-law, and Nan, they kept insisting that she couldn’t leave to avoid being stressed but all the while she was perhaps even more stressed for not being able to do her things as she wanted. But now moving got a whole lot harder and honestly she couldn’t defy them as she did on the first days of confinement, her child was coming… she was on the eighth and final month…

She had been wondering if it would be a boy or girl, she honestly did not care which sex would it be, she wanted the child to be healthy and happy.

Ashara had been hesitant between the names Robert, Jon, and Arthur for a boy and Elia or Arya for a girl but ultimately she decided to wait for the child to be in her hands, that way she could not which name fitted her more, perhaps it could even be a name she wasn’t thinking at all.

“Hello there!” Benjen said as he entered the room with his smile. “How is my good-sister doing?”

“Horrible?” she said with a shy smile. “I can’t move… I’m so fat… my breasts are huge…”

“I think you look good for a pregnant woman,” Benjen said sweetly. “Ned wouldn’t care if you turned into a big boned lady, I’m sure.”

“All the same…” Her Ned might not care but she did, luckily it was all so very close to its end. “Is everything in order in Winterfell.”

“The women and green boys returned to the fields and the first crops are growing fast as we speak,” Benjen explained. “We have secured a shipment of wheat from Pentos just in case but I think it should be the only one we need.”

“That’s good to know.” she said relieved, one less worry. “Were there any messages for me?”

“There is one,” Benjen said as he extended a letter for her to pick. “From one of those usual riders.”

“Let us hope they are not bad news…” Ashara sighed as she began reading it, hoping for no more problems.

“Is everything alright?” Her good-brother asked worried while she was reading but she did not wish to reply to him until she was done.
And when she was done, a little cocky smirk came to her lips. “Looks like everything is set…my plan can go forward.”

“Great!” Benjen said beaming. “Let us hope it goes smoothly and Brandon is freed!”

“Let us hope so…” she agreed. Now she would need to write a letter to Elia, and some to her friends, including some special instructions…her plan needed to work perfectly…

Brandon Stark

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Brandon was whistling within the darkness of the Black Cells.

“Bran?” Called Ethan in a feeble tone.

“Aye?”

“How can you be so…calm?” His friend asked. “They have been whipping you every damned week and yet here you are like if you are not a prisoner…whistling…”

“I had a visit from my mother a while ago,” Brandon replied. “She gave me all the strength I needed.”

“Your mother?” Ethan asked incredulously. “Your mother is dead Brandon!”

“She is.”

“Then how in Seven Hells did you saw her?” Ethan insisted still confused.

“I don’t quite know, I just saw her in a dream of sorts,” Brandon explained. “It sounds as if I have gone mad but…”

“Honestly, ever since I have been here as a prisoner, many people who I thought were mad now seem perfectly sane after I have witnessed that bloody laughing cunt.” Ethan said.

Brandon began laughing loudly. “A good thing your sense of humor has not gone out, Ethan.”

“Well…if you can do it and you are being whipped…” His friend began. “Then so can I…”

“That’s the spirit, my friend!” Brandon said proudly. “We will not let these cunts break us!”

“Do you…think that we will ever be free again though?”

“I do,” Brandon quickly replied. “And I have a feeling that it might be happening soon…”

“Another dream of yours?”

“Not really, it is just a feeling I have,” Brandon confessed before laughing with the whole situation. “I hope I’m right.”

“I do too,” Ethan said. “And I wish my mother would appear in my dreams too…”

“She still might.” Said Brandon. “You will never know.” I know Ned will come, I know he will make it and if I’m alive, I will fix my mess.
Rhaegar Targaryen

Somewhere by the King’s Road, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

His army had made camp on the eastern side of the Kingsroad, they were making their way to Castle Darry where the Rebels were. A confrontation was inevitable, the Rebels had gained far too much ground in the Riverlands as by now the Crown had no control beyond the Trident and was at risk of losing the control of the southern shores of said river, furthermore Rhaegar felt he had to prove himself in battle if he was to make people follow him into dethroning his father.

“My Prince, the Reachmen finally arrived.” Informed Ser Barristan as he entered his tent.

“How many of them?” Rhaegar asked, hoping for a good number of them, he was in need.

“Eleven thousand, seven thousand foot, four thousand on horse.” Explained the Kingsguard knight.

“It not enough of them.” Rhaegar sighed. “What happened to the other eighty thousand?”

“These came under the leadership of Ser Justin Varner and Ser Petyr Roxton.” Ser Barristan explained. “A bunch of youngsters with little experience and that likely know nothing of war but say that Lord Tyrell intends on sending twenty thousand more in a few weeks.”

Great… “I don’t have a few weeks!” Rhaegar barked indignantly. “I need them now! Forty-three thousand men will not be enough to face the Rebels!”

“Perhaps we should wait?” Ser Barristan suggested. “I know it’s not My Prince’s intention but if the rumors of the Rebels numbers are true…”

“No…” he sighed once more, he couldn’t wait any longer. “We don’t have time for that, we march with what we have, call Ser Jonothor and Prince Lewyn I must have a word with each one of you.”

Ser Barristan hesitated but nodded, leaving Rhaegar’s tent to fetch his sworn brothers. How can you do this Rhaegar? How can you win this? Not five minutes later the three Kingsguards knights entered his tent and bowed to him.

“Sers, I have decided to march against the Rebels.” he proclaimed. “Ser Barristan will lead the vanguard made of the cavalry we have, it should account for some eight thousand horsemen. Ser Jonothor will lead the left flank composed of the Rivermen and Valemen foot soldiers and Prince Lewyn will lead the Dornish spears in the right flank. Each of you should by my accounts lead ten thousand men while I shall lead the rearguard with fifteen thousand men that will provide support to both flanks in accordance to the necessities of the situation.”

“My Prince.” Called Lewyn Martell. “It’s not safe to rush the Rebels’ position like this…”

“We have no choice.” Rhaegar countered. “We need a victory now if we want to win this war, we won’t receive more reinforcements from the Reach or Dorne unless we win a battle,” he stated as he picked a map of the Riverlands where he pointed to a spot. “We shall cross here near Castle Darry, once we have crossed, we will find a suitable spot for us to stand our ground in and set the terms of the fight to our advantage. These are House Darry’s lands and Ser Jonothor should know of such places.”

“I might know a few My Prince.” The Kingsguard agreed. “But alas the Rebels hold my family’s castle which makes it more troublesome to cross properly…”
“Do you have any ideas then Ser?” Rhaegar questioned.

“No, My Prince.” The Rivermen knight replied.

“Ser Barristan, Prince Lewyn?” Neither said a word, they keep saying it is a bad plan and yet none knew of a better one. “Then we shall do as I say,” he concluded. “Tomorrow morning we move, the sooner we get there the better. The less time we give to the Rebels to prepare an attack.”

Eddard Stark
Castle Darry, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

“They are likely to be coming here.” Ser Brynden said while he, Jon and Ned examined a map of the Riverlands. “After all, they are in the Kingsroad if our outriders are to be trusted which I see no reason for not to.”

“But it would be stupid to come and meet us here…” Ned murmured wondering where Robert was, he was supposed to be with them discussing the plans. He had been attended by a Maester and seemed happier now. “They will have to cross the Trident…”

“It’s likely for that reason that Rhaegar wants to come here,” Jon said. “It’s such a bold move that he perhaps thinks we won’t consider it…”

“Still…it’s more than a bold move…” Almost stupid but if he succeeded, then it would be a genius move.

“We should come up with a strategy of our own.” Said Ser Brynden. “This army should be the largest one yet.”

“I do have a plan, Ser, Jon.” Ned confessed.

“We are all ears, Ned,” Jon said. “Do tell us.”

After a while with them fixing the possible mistakes and weaknesses in Ned’s plan, they have come to a nearly complete plan that was just in need of being a little polished.

“Everyone!” Elbert shouted as he entered their tent. “Robert is going to make a speech.”

“A speech about what?” Jon inquired confused.

“You tell me, uncle, I just know he called for every lord to meet him by the tents.”

“I don’t like the sound of it…” Jon confessed and Ned was of the same opinion. “Let us see what that man wants now.”

All four of them found Robert in the place he called everyone to, the center of their tent city, right outside Castle Darry. Robert had even gotten an improvised dais. What in Seven Hells is he planning?

“MY LORDS!!!” Robert called. “RHAEGAR TARGARYEN IS COMING TO OUR WAY!!! THE FUCKER HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO FACE US!!!” A roar of disapproval towards the Targaryen Prince followed Robert’s exalted speech.

“KILL THE CUNT!!!” Shouted Jon Umber. “WE WILL KILL THE CUNT!!!” To this, a roar of
approval was heard especially amongst the Northmen.

“MY LORDS!!! I SAY IT’S TIME FOR THE TARGARYENS TO BE DEPOSED FOR THEIR REIGN OF TYRANNY HAS GONE FOR WAY TOO LONG!!!” Robert continued.

“Aye!!!”

“I PROPOSE MYSELF TO BE THE NEXT KING!!!” he shouted. Oh no… “I HAVE A CLAIM AND I WILL USE IT!!! THERE WILL BE NO MORE TYRANNY WHILST I RULE AND NO MORE MADNESS!! WE WILL HAVE A REIGN LIKE JAEHAERYS THE FIRST, BUT WITHOUT THE DRAGONS OR DRAGONSPAWN!!!”

The crowd of lords went quiet for a second, absorbing Robert’s intention… that until some Storm Lords began shouting Robert’s name together with the word King, then some Valemen that Robert had befriended over the years joined in and then the Riverlords and finally, even Ned’s men were shouting King Robert. “KING ROBERT!!! KING ROBERT!!! KING ROBERT!!!”

What have you done Robert… Gods… Ned turned to his foster father who seemed to share his grim expression. “Your thoughts on this?”

“Well… Robert seems to have been acclaimed so… there isn’t much we can do…” Jon said before a sigh came.

“He doesn’t seem to have what it takes to be a King, he is a fighter and not a ruler.” Ser Brynden said. “He will need good counsel to help him out…”

“Lyanna… will not like it…” Ned muttered, remembering the reason why this whole mess began to an extent… “I know she won’t.”

“I guess she will have to… take it…” Jon said.

Later on, when the men were having a feast by the tents, Ned decided it was time to have a talk with Robert and to also explain him the plan that he, Jon and Ser Brynden came up with to face the Loyalists.

“I tell you this much Jon Umber, I kill Rhaegar Targaryen with my own hand and I will see the fucker suffer like he made Lyanna suffer!” Said Robert angrily. “He will regret kidnapping Lyanna!”

“Aye!” Jon Umber nodded in approval. “If you don’t kill him yourself I will!”

“No, ya cunts it’d be me!” Barked Theo Wull, known as Buckets.

“With a bucket?” Japed Willam as all the lords began laughing.

“A bucket would be enough to kill that Princess.”

“A toast to King Robert!” Proposed Ser Lester. “The soon to be King!”

“AYE!!!” The lords roared. “KING ROBERT!!!”

“Robert.” Ned called as soon as they were drinking.

“NED!!!” Robert roared happily upon seeing him. “Come and join us!”

“I need a word with you.” Ned dismissed as he made a gesture for Robert to follow him which his
friend promptly did, abandoning the feast with claps and cheers. Once they were away from the commotion, Ned gave him the sermon. “What was that all about?”

“What are you talking about Ned?” Robert questioned confused.

“About you wanting to be King?”

“Well since I am the fourth in line to the throne and I’m not a Targaryen I decided to become King myself.”

“Have you even measured the consequences of such a thing?” Ned asked. “With all due respect Robert, you hate to run the Stormlands and now you want to run the Seven Kingdoms?”

“I did for Lyanna,” Robert explained. “She is suffering in the hands of the Targaryens, so I thought it would be a fitting marriage present…every woman would like to be Queen.”

“Robert she doesn’t want to be a lady of a castle and you think she would wish to be a Queen?” Ned asked aghast. “Lyanna hates ladylike things and being a Queen would mean she would have to become what she hates so much.”

“I…I…though she would like it…”

“She doesn’t want such honor, Robert.” Ned shook his head.

“What…what do I do now?” Robert asked with a concerned face. “I don’t want to make her angry…”

“I don’t know,” Ned admitted. “You have already planted the idea of you being King in our men, even the Northmen have accepted you. It will not be easy to get out of this mess now…”

“There must be something I can do!” Robert said desperately. “I didn’t know she wouldn’t wish to be Queen Ned, I swear…”

“We will have to worry about that later, I have been discussing a plan with Jon and Ser Brynden since like you said, Rhaegar seems to be riding to face us.”

“I…I am all ears to hear your plan.” Robert said with a smile returning to his face despite the face of despair.

“Okay, so we decided to…”

Chapter End Notes

So here is the biggest chapter until now and the one with more POVs as the next chapter is rather easy to guess what it will be...

I planned on having a few more POVs but ultimately decided against them because they didn't bring much...

Anyway, I thank you all for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Battle Of The Trident

Chapter Notes

This chapter as a slightly different format for what I usually put as I wished to give it a wider range on what's happening during the battle that with my normal POV system would not work. This is the last large battle of Part 1, so no more will come at least in this part. Also if you don't like the way it turned out, I apologize in advance, it will be only this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Trident, In House Darry’s Lands, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

Rhaegar Targaryen

They had been riding for days when they finally reached the crystalline waters of the Trident. Now his army was crossing it, without much problem. The vanguard had long crossed as did both flanks only the rearguard which was under his command wasn’t fully on the other side yet. Hopefully, everything would continue to work as smoothly as it had been until now, but Rhaegar somehow doubted it would...nothing ever goes smoothly...

And then the horns blew...as he expected they would...in the distance, facing the north, Rhaegar began seeing huge columns of soldiers appear, around them the land was flat courtesy of being on a river shore, one as big as the Trident to add to it, excellent for a cavalry charge...His army had eight thousand on horse while the Rebels should or could have twice their number...not good...

Rhaegar decided to make the rearguard get out of the water as soon as possible, it was a horrible place for an army to be while waiting for engagement and then he and his men waited. They waited to see where the Rebels would position themselves and where that damned cavalry of theirs was...

The Rebels had divided their army into three huge columns but there seemed to be no sign of the cavalry...they did however pressured the Crown’s army to a spot where they were rather cornered...

Ser Barristan came by him after almost an hour of waiting, riding his white horse, making a stop in front of Rhaegar. “My Prince, our riders have not spotted their cavalry anywhere but it seems they have a fourth column behind the central one. As large as the others.”

A rearguard... “So their cavalry has not been spotted.” Rhaegar inquired aghast, it was too good to be true. “It can’t be…”

“Some of the riders spoke of a revolt up north by House Perryn’s lands.” Said the Kingsguard knight. “It would make sense for them to send the cavalry since they can go and come in less than a day.”

“So, in other words, we are following their plan...no, we can’t let them have their way...” Rhaegar
concluded. Damn them… “We will engage them now before the cavalry can return and screw us, the odds are not so high against us if they lack the cavalry and we must take this opportunity to strike hard.”

“I guess we don’t have much choice.” Ser Barristan confessed while looking to the north where the three columns of Rebels stood waiting. “Let’s do this then, My Prince.”

“Ser, I trust you to engage their center, while our flanks meet theirs right after,” Rhaegar instructed. “The rearguard will move once the engagement starts to see which part falters first.”

“Understood My Prince.” The Knight nodded.

“Good luck Ser Barristan.” Rhaegar nodded back as the night rode ahead to join his men. Once the man was already at the vanguard, Rhaegar gave the order for one the men to sound the horn for the center to engage and there they went riding their horses against the Rebel center as planned. Rhaegar then commanded the two other men with horns to blow them as well for the flanks to move ahead.

Robert Baratheon

The wait was making Robert more nervous than what he should be…Ned’s plan was good except for the chance that it had of new working if Rhaegar did not bite the bait which was very likely to occur. They had come up with possible solutions to the problem if it rose, but still...

Then the Loyalist horn sounded and their center made entirely of cavalry moved in Robert’s direction. The bastards took the bait! Yes!

“Now the reports say Rhaegar is coming on our way so we will meet him somewhere on this side of the Trident.” Ned had explained to him. “When they see we have no cavalry on our side, as Ser Brynden suggested that we should spread a false rumor of a rebellion in the land we hold and we send our cavalry to put an end to it, they will attack.”

Two more horns sounded not long after and the flanks of the cunt’s army began moving as well.

“We will place two flanks and a center as normal. The order in which they attack is irrelevant, we believe they will attack at a very close timeline, which suits us.”


“AYE!!!” His men shouted with high morale, they were close to their objective, so they were all pumped up. Some eight thousand Stormlanders and two thousand Rivermen stood with him.

“WE WILL KILL THESE FUCKERS!!!”

Eddard Stark

The Loyalists took the bait and Ned sighed in relief they would soon face them and his plan could proceed as planned. Thank the Gods…

“MEN!!!” Ned shouted. “IT’S TIME TO FIGHT!!!”
“AYE!!!” His men shouted, ten thousand Northmen were with him in their right flank while Lord Bolton led eight thousand Northmen in the left flank together with two thousand Rivermen.

Jon Umber ran fully armored to Ned’s side. “FOR RICKARD!!!” he proclaimed with ardor.

“HURRAH!!!” The men shouted back, their weapons hitting their shields in a huge ruckus.

“FOR BRANDON!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

Jon Umber picked Ned’s arm and lifted it. “FOR EDDARD!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

“FOR LYANNA!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

“FOR BENJEN!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

“FOR THE STARKS!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

“FOR THE NORTH!!!” Jon Umber shouted even louder as the men cheered like madmen.

“HURRAH!!! HURRAH!!! HURRAH!!!”

“Come on Ned give us your shout!” Jon Umber demanded.

Ned turned to his men and prepared his shout. “MEN!!! LET’S GET THEM!!! FOR THE NORTH!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

They began running towards the enemies in front of them, their swords, axes, and maces clashed with the enemies as the sound of steel and wood spread out.

Ned had taken the lives of seven soldiers at Stoney Sept, he did not like it but it was war, they did not start it but they would have to an end it and make sure none would come after this. He could not deny how nervous he was, a conflict on the open ground was terrifying because you could lose everything in a simple instant and honestly, he couldn’t lose, his love was waiting for him at Winterfell, his siblings were waiting for him and he would not let them down.

Rhaegar Targaryen

Ser Barristan and the cavalry had engaged the center of the Rebels and for what Rhaegar could see they made many casualties amongst the rebellious men. The right flank of the Dornish was now beginning to engage what seemed to be Northmen who met them with ferocity. The left flank of the Rivermen engaged an army of Northmen too, it seemed the Rebel army was composed of mostly Northmen, at least in the flanks.
While their center was on top, the right flank seemed to only have a slight advantage while the left flank seemed to be the only part of the Crown’s army was experiencing difficulty. *I should reinforce the left flank…*

As he had given the order for the left part of the rearguard to move to support the left flank he heard three loud horns coming from each of the Rebels' columns…*what is this?*

He soon saw what this meant…their rearguard was finally joining…they had split in two hosts that were coming by each side of their center, reinforcing it in the process. Ser Barristan’s men were now outnumbered…they could still win but…

Rhaegar commanded his right and his center to reinforce their already fighting forces, they could not be defeated.

_Eddard Stark_

Ned had killed five men already, Jon Umber had taken seven with him and Mark four, now five with his latest kill. The enemy was better equipped but they had the ferocity.

The ground was already full of dead corpses, bloody corpses and the dust had spread in the air with the many men moving. He was sweating like never before due to being fully armored, enemies kept coming and they had to fend them off somehow.

> “Once all of our forces meet their counterpart in the field, each will sound its horn.” Ned had told Robert. “Jon will lead the rearguard to reinforce the center, splitting it in two hosts of six thousand men. This will make the center our strongest part and force Rhaegar to reinforce his.”

Rhaegar did indeed seem to make his rearguard move forward, he saw what they wanted him to see.

Another soldier rushed to face Ned, his swings were unpolished which meant he was dangerous for no one could predict what he could do next.

*Keep you shield up or I will ring your head like a bell,* his mother would say to him when he was a child before she got pregnant with Benjen and since Ned had a shield in his left arm he had to do what his mother told him all those years ago and so he blocked the man’s attack and counter it with his own movement, cutting the man in his right arm but it wasn’t enough to make him go down, so they had to parry for a while more until Ned’s superiority was too much for the man and he was stabbed. Another man down for the Crown.

_Robert Baratheon_

The bloody cavalry charge hit the Stormlanders hard once more, many of his men were killed already but they had faced a similar situation against Randyll Tarly at Ashford, they withstood it then and they would do the same now.

He saw a white cloak, a Kingsguard no less, whoever he was Robert cared not but he had to take him down…All the while they had to survive the charges.

Robert smashed a man down from his horse, killing the man and his horse in the process. Now Robert had a big passion for fine horses but this was war and he and his men were at a
disadvantage so one had to forget his love for horses in such condition.

The Valemen who were now reinforcing his line were making a barrage of arrows fall upon the Loyalists, even the Kingsguard had been shot in the arm, no doubt the man was in pain but still continued fighting and Robert, of course, had to give him credit for that. But it would all be for nothing.

“It will all be a distraction, a decoy to the most important part of the plan.”

“HOLD THE LINE!!!” Robert shouted. “WE WILL TAKE THESE BASTARDS DOWN!!!”

“AYE!!!” His men shouted. “AYE!!!”

Rhaegar Targaryen

As he expected, the Crown’s center was getting weaker, there were many horses and dead men in front of the still standing Stormlander’s shield wall and his cousin was amongst them, he could see the black stag in the yellow field in the chest of a man with an antler helmet and a huge war hammer.

To his left, the Northmen seem to still be with the upper hand despite the reinforcements, only the right flank seemed to be with the upper hand now, the Dornishmen with their spears were causing many problems to the Northmen in that side.

Now his men and he were to reinforce the center, it should even it a little…

There was another horn sound in the distance, far away to the east of where they stood, then it blew again, this time louder and closer…and when it blew for the third time it was even louder…something was coming…

From up a small hill to the east, there came a huge army of horsemen, the cavalry that supposedly had gone north to suppress a rebellion…it had returned or it had been nothing but a folly…Did they have rats in their numbers? No…they couldn’t have…

The army of horsemen should be like he predicted, twice the size of the Crown’s…and they were galloping straight to the Dornishmen who were still occupied with the North and thus caught off guard…

Fuck…

Brynden Tully

The horses were galloping as fast as they could, every man was desperate to pierce their enemies with their lances and spears. Join the fight and win…

“Our cavalry will arrive into the battle from either the right or the left in accordance with whatever they find best or more practical during this battle.” Jon Arryn had added to Eddard Stark’s plan when they planned their strategy. “A cavalry charge together with the Northern infantry’s engagement should, in theory, break one of the flanks.”

“LET’S GET THESE CUNTS!!!” Lord Dustin shouted from Brynden’s side as the Northern
infantry picked up the pace. “FOR THE NORTH!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

Their opponents were Dornishmen, the worst possible force for them to fight, however, they were caught by surprise and their charge hit them hard when they were regrouping into their phalanx formation in order to defend better.

With his lance, Brynden cut down one Dornishmen, followed by another and soon he had taken seven of them when Lord Yohn Royce recalled the cavalry back after witnessing the phalanx being nearly complete. While retreating he killed two more Dornishmen, by then the Northmen under Lord Bolton were already smashing through the Dornish frontline.

The Dornish were cornered but they didn’t seem to be faltering their formation was dense, but they wouldn’t be able to have the initiative.

“LET’S CHARGE ANOTHER TIME MEN!!!” Lord Royce commanded. “ON MY GO!!! THREE!!! TWO!!! ONE!!! CHARGE!!!”

Rhaegar Targaryen

Rhaegar watched as his right flank which had been winning being now in the defensive while being harassed by two huge armies and their numbers were now dwindling faster, especially against the Rebel cavalry…

The left flank was in no good either, the Crown had never gained the upper hand there except maybe when the reinforcements from the rearguard got there, but it had been for less than a quarter of an hour before the Northmen had gained the upper hand again.

It did not look good…not good at all, he might have to pull part of the army that was supporting the center to help one of the flanks but if he did so…he would risk the Rebels overpowering him in the center where they were holding their ground…but if he did nothing than the right flank would fall and they could be surrounded by all sides as there was nothing behind them but the Trident…

*I shouldn’t have given them the order to attack…Damn it I should choose a better field as I planned…Now we are cornered…*

Robert Baratheon

A motherfucking cunt on a horse had injured Robert’s arm where the bloody Maester at Castle Darry had stomped the wound, the bastard was now no more than a piece of meat for the crows but the damned wound was hurting him and it was quite deep…*Fuck me!*

Robert watched more and more horsemen and now men-at-arms were killed by his unmoving shield wall. In the battles Robert found in this war, he had never seen so many dead in front of him, there should be a thousand corpses…in front of the flanks, it should be just as many…This wasn’t a battle this was a bloody butchery…for both sides…

But they seemed to be winning, the plan was working almost perfectly if the cavalry charge had gone for the right flank then they would have completely annihilated the army there.
Eddard Stark

He was sweating so hard, he was tired and he wanted to rest for more than a minute or so, he wanted Ashara’s embrace and love, Lyanna’s kisses in the cheeks, Brandon to mess his hair, Ben to smile that mischievous smile of his, his father to give him that shy smile that meant he did something well done and his mother’s kisses in the forehead…Winterfell…he missed home…

Around him two Umbers had died after taking almost a dozen men by themselves, Alaric Umber and Harlon Umber, two sons of old Mors Umber Jon Umber’s uncle, Symon Ironsmith was death too, as was Sweet Smile Ethan Moss…so many of his friends dead…

To his side he saw Jon Umber slicing two Rivermen down with his huge long sword, Mark was fighting another man and Ned even glimpsed Howland fighting a man twice of his size with his three-pronged spear together some of his crannogmen friends which together were like ants overpowering a large animal to its death.

“NED!!!” Shouted Jon Umber afraid after looking in his direction. “WATCH OUT!!!”

Ned had been caught off guard by Jon Umber’s warning but was able to dodge by a narrow chance a swung of an enemy. *That was close…*

His opponent was no ordinary opponent…it was a knight of the Kingsguard, his white cloak all dirty from dust and blood, it was Ser Jonothor Darry…

“IT ENDS NOW STARK!!!” The knight shouted as he swung his sword with polished precision, throughout the day he had only face close to five opponents that gave him a considerable challenge but Ser Jonothor just for a single swing proved to be way above them all…

Ned blocked the swing with his worn out shield, a few more impacts like those and he would be left with no shield. Darry spared no more time and attacked once, twice and thrice and Ned simply blocked every hit.

“Attacking a lot of times before the opponent can attack is good, Robert.” Jon had told them when he and Robert were young children practicing how to find. “But in war, the best hit is the one that kills your opponent. It might be the first but it might be the last one or the one in the middle, that is why patience is needed when on war, to wait for the perfect hit is too wait to live another day.”

That was why Ned waited and waited as he blocked Ser Jonothor’s attacks, sometimes making his own when the distance between both was too narrow for his taste so that the more experienced knight could not overpower him.

And then he saw his opportunity, an opening on Darry’s left leg…he took no time, he blocked the next hit with his shield, moved to his left as to find the perfect angle and when done, with his sword, he cut through Darry’s leg made the man scream in agony and fall to his feet. *I’m sorry Ser…*With his sword, he took Darry’s life…

Around him, he saw the Rivermen glance the dead Kingsguard and many started to run away, deserting, *Darry had been their commander…*

A horn blew twice as some kind of warning not soon after.
Brynden Tully

The Dornishmen had gotten more difficult to charge against, many horsemen fell to their death, even when the Dornish were cornered. Some of the Knights of the Vale had fallen down and joined the Northmen’s attack by the north.

Brynden was fighting with the Dornish phalanx, escaping it just in time after having killed two more of them, when he watched the young Corbrays defend their fallen father who had been injured, together with some other Valemen. One of those Corbrays picked his father’s Valyrian Steel sword, Lady Forlorn…

“For the rebels!!!” he proclaimed. “Charge with me men!!!”

And so they went just when the cavalry and the Northmen did so too…Prince Lewyn Martell, the man who seemed to be in command of this side was smashed by a Northerner whose axe opened the Kingsguard’s armor…The Dornish knight had been an easy target with his white armor and cloak. The man wouldn’t live long…and he did not live long, for he was stabbed by one of the Corbrays who had picked his father’s Valyrian Steel sword Lady Forlorn. May he rest in peace…

The Dornish still held their defensive position for a while but some of them began fleeing in increasingly larger numbers, leaving their countrymen behind, they had lost their commander…nothing held them properly together…

Another horn blew twice…

Rhaegar Targaryen

He had killed three men in front of him when he heard a horn from the left side, two blows…it was the code for the Crown’s army to know of a death commander…Ser Jonothor Darry had been killed…the Rivermen began fleeing by the dozens…no…they can’t leave now!

Then to make it even worse, a horn sounded to the right as well not even ten minutes later…Prince Lewyn too…

His left flank was evacuating the Northmen began pushing towards the center which also began to collapse. The Dornish leaderless as they were being squeezed tighter by the enemy and by their men fleeing…he had to rally his men they couldn’t lose like this, they could still fight…

Rhaegar killed more men with his sword on top of his horse as he rode fast to the shores of the Trident in hopes to stop them from fleeing…

“I’m still alive!!” he shouted to his fleeing men. “I’m still here to fight!!”

Though many kept fleeing ignoring his call, he was able to rally some of them into reforming, they could hopefully still held their ground, they would need to avoid being encircled but…there was still a chance for them…

Robert Baratheon

Despite his pain, Robert held his ground against the charging riders, two different horns had sounded, he did not know what they meant but he saw many men fleeing from Ned’s men…they
were winning it seemed…a proud smile came to his face.

And then he saw the dragon cunt in the distance by the river desperately trying to rally his men… this was his chance…the chance to kill the fucker and end it all…consolidate their victory.

Robert found a horse a few feet away from him, a black charger that lost its rider…without hesitating, Robert ran towards it, leaving his line.

“ROBERT!!!” he heard Lester shout from behind him but he paid him no mind, he smashed two enemies who tried to kill him as he ran and mounted the horse without much difficulty. On top of it, Robert rode hard through the fleeing men in order to catch the cunt.

A couple of minutes later and the Prince saw he was coming for him. He was coming to make him pay for what he did to Lyanna.

“COME HERE YOU BLOODY CUNT!!!” Robert shouted as war hammer and sword clashed in the waters of the Trident. None fell from the horse so they took distance from each other and rushed again, encircling with each other, raising on their horses as they clashed once more, the impact bigger than any melee or joust, this was no folly, this was war.

They clashed twice more, thrice more, five times more and none fell. They ran towards each other for the eight-time and Robert tried to hit the dragonspawn higher than what he had tried and was met with a quick dodge from the bastard who slashed him down his horse. FUCK!!!

His whole body hurt after falling, the current hit him in the face so much he had to pull his head up from it less he would drown in it…FUCK I GOT TOO FUCKING GREEDY!!! GAH, FUCKING PAIN!!!

The cunt dismounted his horse and walked towards him slowly. “IT’S OVER COUSIN. YOU LOST, SURRENDER AND I WILL LET YOU TAKE THE BLACK!!!”

“SURRENDER!!” Robert shouted back angrily. “SURRENDER WHEN YOU TOOK MY BETROTHED, MY BEST FRIEND’S SISTER???” he found the strength to get up, his hammer was close by, so he picked it as he got up, standing a bit awkward at first but he corrected his feet. “SURRENDER WHILE YOUR FUCKING FATHER LIVES?? I THINK NOT YOU SHIT!!! I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!!!”

“YOU ARE TOO INJURED TO FIGHT PROPERLY!!!” he shouted back seemingly afraid. “THIS DOESN’T HAVE TO END THIS WAY!!!”

“THIS ENDS WITH YOU DEAD YOU RAPIST INBREED SHIT!!!” Robert shouted as he ran with all of his strength, picking balance, he swung his hammer to the cunt but he blocked it with his shield, slashing his sword in his way but Robert dodged it and they went at it again and again and again, blocking or dodging the Gods were seeing fit for the bloody combat to continue for only they knew for how long.

I can’t let this fucker win, I will save you Lyanna…I WILL FUCKING SAVE YOU!!!

He felt as if he had been blessed with the strength of ten men at that moment, he swung his war hammer once, twice, thrice, four times, five times and the cunt could not keep up, his shield broke apart and his stance was of a surprised fool when Robert finally made his hammer touch the chest of his enemy and he just heard it break apart, the rubies he donned his chest plate with, flying all over the place…he was dead…I did it Lyanna…I did it…
Rhaegar Targaryen

It ended...he failed to fix his father’s mistakes, his own mistakes as well...now his chest hurt him with unbearable pain...he was...he was dying...

His life passed by him, Summerhall, Dragonstone, King’s Landing, Harrenhal, that Tower in Dorne...all the places he visited during his life.

Then he saw something when there was only whiteness left...three people, younger than him, two girls and a boy...Was it them? His children, the three heads of the dragon? Rhaenys, Aegon and Visenya? He couldn’t see...he could only glance their backs, one girl had black hair while the other had silver-blonde just like his while the boy had dark brown hair...no it couldn’t be...his children were the three heads of the dragon...none looked like them except the black haired one which could somehow be Rhaenys...

There were also two more boys appearing further way...one with dark hair and a bright sword and one with blond hair with a dark sword but none were his children...none were his children...none...were his...children...

Had this all been in vain? Had he desperately searched for a way to have his Visenya only to find out that his children were not the three heads of the dragon that the prophecy talked about?

“The prophecy spoke that the dragon has three heads it did.” Rhaegar heard someone or something say, there seemed to be a weirwood tree glancing him that appeared from nowhere. “They never said they had to come from the same womb nor from the same seed.”

“So...I did this all for nothing?” Rhaegar inquired the voice, defeated. “Did I...did I...did I r-rape a woman for nothing?” The thoughts of it finally made him break for doing such thing...he had refused to admit it but...he had sinned with the girl...more than a simple sin...

“Everything has a purpose.” The voice said. “Your life might be ending but your purpose stands. You saw what many failed to see even if your methods were not the best, they were however done for the greater purpose and none can deny that.”

“Will the Great Peril come and destroy us?” Rhaegar asked concerned with the world’s destiny.

“It will come.” The voice replied. “As if it will destroy us or not, only time will tell. You played your part Prince of Grief, now it’s time for others to play theirs.”

“I see...” Rhaegar resigned with a sign, his mother’s form appeared before him with Viserys, just as Elia and their children and then Lyanna...all of them with grief in their faces...he was indeed the Prince of Grief...the grief that he sung in his songs...born in grief and death in grief...I have failed you all mother...Viserys...Elia...Aegon...Rhaenys...Lyanna...I’m sorry...

Eddard Stark

The loudest of horns sounded three times, there seemed to be some sort of commotion by the waters of the Trident...there stood a man with an antler helmet with a dead corpse next to him...Robert!

He saw the men begin to run into the waters, those who were on horses crossed the river as fast as they could in a desperate attempt to flee...they had won...
“WE WON!!!” Jon Umber screamed proudly together with the Northmen. “WE BLOODY FUCKING WON!!!”

“HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!” The cheers ran throughout the entire length of the Rebel army, from the left host all the way to right…

Ned took his helmet off and tried to clean the sweat he had but alas he could not, they should have been in there for hours…his muscles were hurting, no doubt the pain would last for days.

“We won, Ned!” Mark said as he came by Ned’s side, clapping his shoulder. “I never sweated so much as today, Gods…I stink…”

“Damned war,” Ned muttered as he took a seat in the floor. “Hopefully it ended here…”

“Hopefully, Lord Eddard.” Agreed the approaching Howland Reed followed by his crannogmen. “We crannogmen were not made for this type of battle.”

“You did very well Howland,” Ned assured his friend with a smile. “I recall seeing quite a few men failing to you all and many were twice your size.”

“The crannogmen fought with even more courage than all of us combined,” Mark said. “I’m proud of having been with all of you in this battle.”

“Thank you, My Lord.” Howland bowed in respect. “I’m proud to have fought with every Northmen and Rebel.”

“Don’t mention it.” Mark dismissed. “You ought to give credit when it’s due.”

“True to that.” Ned added with a sigh of relief.

Then they watched as a Northern rider approached galloping hard, the banner on his horse’s saddle was a yellow background with two long axes crossed, House Dustin… “WE BLOODY FUCKING WON YA SHITES!!!” Willam shouted as he laughed and cheered like a little kid. “FOR THE NORTH!!!”

“FOR THE NORTH!!!” The men shouted in a cheerful mood as Willam continue to spread the words around. “FOR THE NORTH!!!”

“I need to go see Robert, I think he slew Rhaegar Targaryen…” Ned said to his friends.

“It seems so…” Mark agreed. “Remember me to not challenge the new King…the man he was a monster on the field…Let me go congratulate him with you, Ned.”

The new King…he still needed to help Robert get out of that one… “Sure.”

As they approached Robert, after a sizable walk through a sea of corpses, Ned found it strange the way his friend simply stood there glancing the corpse of Rhaegar…something was not right though…Robert would be cheering with the rest of them, not standing there…quiet…

“Robert?” Ned asked and when no answer came, he got even more worried. “Robert?” When he clapped his friend’s shoulder, his body fell hard into the ground… “ROBERT!!!” for as much as Ned screamed in agony his friend remained silent…

Chapter End Notes
And there we go, the Battle of the Trident...I know it didn't bring much as it was just my interpretation of it, except in those final POVs...

I apologize, I was fearing it would end up as a small chapter and it ended up being the largest one yet, I honestly don't understand it sometimes...anyway from now on the changes will be larger and yes I know not many people will like the end but I did warn at the beginning that it would be different. Hopefully better than the show though?

Also, the comments about Ashara and Lyanna's children will be satiated partly next week when Ashara gives birth. To you may ask? I won't say, you will have to wait and read.

Thank you for reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
I didn’t wish to spoil where this story is going to go but I felt it was the right thing to do from my part due to the discussion that has been going in the comment section of the last chapter.

And the answer is: Yes, I’m indeed placing a Stark on the Iron Throne and yes I have taken in consideration everything that has been said against it beforehand and despite it all, I will not change it, I’m sorry.

There were a few goals I wanted to achieve with this particular story when I began it, one was to have a story in which Ned/Ashara have a happy ending because there are very few of those and they are my favorite pairing. One of the others was what if a Stark got chosen as King? I wanted to explore the Seven Kingdoms with a Stark as it’s King, what things could be better and what things would not.

I did warn everyone right in the Appendix, in the notes at the beginning. “It will develop into something a bit different than many AUs but I hope it can be credible and enjoyable to read.”, of course to many if not all of you the last part is already spoiled and untruth but I did warn, perhaps with not the intensity I should have done it as I used euphemisms, back then I was nervous because I didn’t know the reactions to the story as the main pairing was not the usual Rhaegar/Lyanna that you see in most of the Pre-A Game Of Thrones stories and I did not wish to spoil my story because why would people read it otherwise anyway?

The name of the series is “Songs Of The Wolf Pack” and the first four tags are Ned, Brandon, Lyanna, and Benjen for a reason, the Starks are the most important characters of this story followed by the Daynes and so on. I have also been leaving some clues along the way too but of course I know clues are confusing and sometimes no one notices them, I find myself in such situations quite often, I write the clues so obviously I’m aware of them in this story, but on other stories, I fail to notice them.

And yes I’m a Stark fanboy, they are my favorite family in Westeros and if I had grey eyes I would look like one in all but name and accent. But as I have said earlier the second objective was to explore the realm of a Stark King.

I’m deeply sorry that this isn’t the ending everyone wanted for the story but alas like I said you can’t please everyone. I might someday pick it for here and give it another ending to the story, one which people like better, but it won’t be soon since I want to continue this story and also start a few other projects, of course, these projects will be without Stark taking over.

I know a few you have read Summer Rises In The North and I promise that despite the Starks being the main focus, there will not be a Stark takeover of the Seven Kingdoms, nor any weird ending like this.

Now I leave it up to everyone to choose what to do next, if you want to continue reading and give it a chance, feel free to do so. If you don’t, I will not hold a grudge against anyone for leaving nor do I want someone to read something they don’t like, I know many people have been leaving ever since the very first chapter, I myself when I
read a story I don’t like, I just leave. Just don’t bother insulting me or the story, the comment will be eliminated. I accept criticism, but polite criticism, similar to what was done last chapter, not just f* yous and things like that.

For those who will leave and for those who left already, I thank you all for sparing time reading the story and giving it a chance, I’m deeply sorry for having disappointed you all with the ending, but I will not stop it, I’m afraid.

Thank you all,
Red Aquilla

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eddard Stark

The Trident, In House Darry’s Lands, Riverlands, Year 283 AC

Ned was depressed, his friend had not wake ever since the battle yesterday…they had won and now they were waiting for the three days to pass as to show the world their feat. Jon said they suffered many casualties in this battle, almost ten thousand killed and twice as much injured.

The Crown had almost twice as much to death, some close to twenty thousand dead…mostly Dornishmen who fought to the bitter end…they had just as much injured and captured, the rest fled somewhere, especially those who found themselves some horses to mount.

“So what are we to do after the three days?” Willam asked. “We still have to take King’s Landing from that mad cunt.” Ned had the presence of Willam, Mark, Howland, Maege, Jorah and Jon Umber in his tent, they were sharing his grief somehow, they liked Robert well enough as well, who wouldn’t anyway? Lyanna would like him too had she given him a chance, had they not be betrothed…

“I will have no more Targaryens on the throne.” Jon Umber said. “I’m tired of their atrocities.”

“And who would you have us crown?” Willam asked. “Robert doesn’t seem like he would survive this one…”

“And you want a Targaryen in the throne, Willam?” Jon Umber asked.

“No, I don’t,” Willam replied. “But who do we put on that damned thing?”

“Enough.” Ned barked. “We will worry about that when we take it.”

“I’m sorry Ned,” Maege said with a kind tone as she placed her hand on his shoulder. “I know he was a friend of yours, a good friend of yours…”

“He is my best friend.” Ned dismissed, Robert was still alive, he knew it. He had to be alive…

“No…” Elbert’s head peaked through his tent. “Robert has awoken…”

Elbert’s words made him smile, Robert was going to live he was sure now. Ned hurried to leave his tent and make way to Robert’s which was by where the Maesters were tending the wounded, Rebel and Loyalist alike.
Outside of it was Jon and Ser Brynden talking with concerned expressions. “Jon,” Ned called. “He is well?”

Jon looked at him with a broken face and Ned immediately knew it was not. His foster father sighed. “The Maester says he has many broken ribs from falling from his horse, dozens of cuts, three to four of which are very nasty.”

“He also says it’s a miracle he hasn’t died yet.” Ser Brynden added. “I’m sorry lad, I know how much you two were friends.”

Ned felt defeated, destroyed, broken…

“He wants to speak with you,” Jon said. “You should go, it might very well be his last words to you.”

Ned sighed. “Yes…”

He stepped into the tent that smelled of blood and leather and found his friend lay down in an improvised bed, pale as snow…

“Ned…” he whispered with a shy smile. “My friend…”

“Robert…” Ned said as he felt his eyes heavy.

“It looks like I managed to fix my stupidity in the end,” Robert explained. “I won’t be King anymore.”

“I promised I would help you find a way to fix that,” Ned said, desperation in his voice. “But it won’t be with your dead, I swear it.”

“It stinks.”

“What?” Ned asked confused.

“The stink of death…don’t think I can’t smell it? Because I do.”

“No, you are not going to die, you…”

“For once I see Ned Stark be more stubborn than I…” Robert said amused, the laughter was making him feel the pain of the broken ribs… “Ned Stark who fucked Ashara Dayne and married her…Gods…”

His wife’s name made Ned even feel worse…they were so far away from each other…and he needed her comfort at that moment… “I did…”

“You bloody bastard…” Robert laughed in pain. “Will you be honest if I asked you a question?”

“Anything.”

“Did you fuck her at Harrenhal?” Oh boy…

“I did…” Ned said blushing as Robert laughed. “Twice…” The laughter got louder and the pain would have been unbearable but all the while Robert kept laughing. “Robert please stop laughing, it will hurt you more…”

“Fuck that Ned, I’m going to die anyway might as well die laugh.” Robert dismissed. “But Gods I
knew you two seemed way too close back at that fucking tourney...in the end, I was right...you did cease to be a maidenboy there...”

“I did…”

“A Dornishwoman...I fucked one once...many years ago and Gods they were monsters in bed…” Robert added. “I fail to know how you handle yourself with her.”

“I manage…”

“I’m sure you do, you little bastard…” Robert smiled for a while more before his face turned serious. “Listen Ned...I...I want you to save your brother and your sister...bring them home...bring Lyanna...home...and...give her the pendant...the pendant...I made for her.” Ned pointed towards the pendant in a bedside table, the one with the direwolf head and emerald for eyes. “Tell her...tell her...I loved her...and...and that I wished to have married her so much...but...”

“Robert…”

“I failed…” Robert said as tears from his eyes... “I failed her...but...at least I killed the bastard…”

“You did,” Ned said as his own tears began failing. “You did…”

“JON!!! SER BRYNDEN!!! ELBERT!!!” Robert shouted with the strength he had left and they appeared. “Get me Lester, Lord Tarth and my cousins.”

Elbert went out as fast as he entered and not five minutes later, he came back with the four men. “ROBERT!!!” Lester said as he fell to his knees. “I’m so happy you are alive…”

“I won’t be...for long,” Robert said. “I claimed the throne but I was stupid in doing so, I would make a terrible King...just as I failed as a Lord Paramount…”

“No, you did not…” One of the Estermonts said and the Stormlords nodded in approval.

“Bah...you are saying that...because we are...bloody fucking cousins…” Robert dismissed. “I would like to have a Hasty or a Grandison say the same...and I’m...not even...speaking of the...fucking Conningtons…”

“You had many faults Robert but we loved you anyway.” Lord Tarth confessed.

“Thank you, my friends…” Robert said as he looked up before turning back to them. “I would wish...for...for Aerys to be overthrown...take them Targaryens out of the throne and put whatever you decide in it...but no more dragonspawn will rule us...we are done with it, we are done with their tyranny.”

“So you are not nominating anyone?” Ser Brynden asked.

“Whatever you all chose I’m fine with it,” Robert said. “Let it be a King the Rebels accept and acclaim just as they did to me, be it Ned, Jon, Elbert, you Ser Brynden, my brother...that Northern lady that fights like a beast...Umber...I don’t care just not fucking Targaryens.”

“We will take Aerys out of the throne.” Ser Lester assured. “We will do it for you, Lord Stark, Lord Arryn and the realm.”

“Good,” Robert said. “And Ned…”

“I hope you and your wife have a Robert...a Robert like me...but hopefully less of drunkard and
whoremonger…” he concluded laughing.

“Robert…” Ned’s tears were already failing to his cheeks at a faster rate.

“And I expect…a Robert Arryn…a Robert Estermont…a Robert Morrigen…a Robert Tully?”

“I’m not marrying…” Ser Brynden plainly stated. “But I will make sure my nephew names a son after you.”

“Tough luck then…I had hoped for a little Blackfish named Robert…” Robert said. “I hope you all…save my brothers…I reckon they hate me…and honestly…I was a cunt to them, especially to Stannis but…I love them…tell them I do…and that I’m sorry too…free my home…”

“We will,” Ned assured. “I will go there myself…”

“I know you will Ned…I hope you have a good life…my friend.”

“Robert…please…”

Robert simply took a look at the Maester. “Give me something for this bloody pain…and let me die.”

“Here My Lord…” The Maester said as he gave him Milk of the Poppy which Robert quickly drank and with haste. “Will I dream?”

“You will.” Ned nodded in approval as his tears fell down like if he was a child, he did not contain himself anymore, he just cried. “You will my friend…”

“Good…I will dream of me and…Lyanna…married…you and Ashara Dayne too…your brothers…mine…Stannis being Stannis and scoffing at us…” he said smiling. “Take care of her…take care of them…goodbye…my friend…”

“Goodbye…my friend…” Robert closed his eyes with a big smile. Ned watched his friend as the Milk of the Poppy washed the pain from his tired face. Sleep took him…the end of Robert Baratheon…Ned’s best friend…

They all stayed there…watching…there were tears in almost every man there…but all grieved for Robert nonetheless even tears did not come.

“Ned…” Jon called, placing a hand on his shoulder. “We have to talk.”

“Aye…” Ned did not want to talk…he wanted Ashara…he needed her…he wanted to bury himself in her and stay there for the rest of his life…but he had something to do still…

Jon and he exited the tent and walked for a bit. “We have to march to King’s Landing,” Jon said. “Rhaegar is dead and the entire Loyalist army was destroyed. They might raise another and for that, we must strike hard now before such chances arises to them.”

“I understand…” Ned nodded.

“We are rallying a cavalry army to go there quicker, once the three days pass,” Jon explained. “You should lead it.”

“Why me?”

“Your brother is there…and…” Jon sighed. “And I’m sure you will need some time away from
here...where...where Robert died...” Jon was taking everything no better than Ned, Robert had been like that rebellious son he never had so the loss of him was hard on him too.

“I understand.” Ned nodded. “I shall leave as soon as I can.”

“If you need anything, just tell me,” Jon said. “He was like a son to me but so are you.”

“Thank you.” Ned said with a shy smile and Jon left to meet his men, while Ned went to meet his.

Ned decided to take a stroll around their camp before though, to see if he could free his mind from everything that was haunting him...he came by an open tent where some injured were and found Ser Barristan lay down in an improvised bed, the knight saw him pass by.

“Ser Barristan.” Ned acknowledged.

“Lord Stark.” The injured knight said. “When are you to kill me?”

“Me?” Ned asked. “I have no such intention, Ser.”

“I heard some Northerners speak of it.” The knight said. “I thought since you are their leader...”

“Lord Bolton did suggest it and some men approved.” Ned nodded. “But...none of us wanted to do it.”

“Why?”

“I find myself tired of killing,” Ned explained. “I have seen far too much blood, I have lost almost everything by now. I have hopes of recovering my siblings but...I don’t know...I have just lost my best friend...I hope I don’t have to bury my siblings too.”

“My condolences for your best friend’s death.” Ser Barristan said. “I assume...I assume it was Robert Baratheon?”

“Indeed...he sustained far too many injuries during the war...”

“If anything the man was a war machine.” Ser Barristan acknowledged. “Hardly there will be a man like him.”

“A friend above all.” Ned quickly said.

“No doubt.” The knight agreed. “So I assume you are moving against the King now?”

“Not my King, nor to any of us.” Ned dismissed. “A King like that cannot rule.”

“And who do you wish to place on the throne then?”

“We shall decide later,” Ned stated, fearing it might fall onto him somehow... “After we take the capital.”

“I see...”

“I honestly just want to go back to my wife’s arms...and don’t leave them.” Ned confessed. “I have missed her so much...”

Ser Barristan’s face was full of surprise it seemed. “I did not know you were a married man Lord Stark.”
“I haven’t told you Ser Barristan.” Ned attempted a jape but…it failed…miserably…

“Who is she may I ask?” The knight asked with a certain degree of anticipation.

“It’s Lady Ashara Dayne,” Ned replied and the man’s eyes bulged even larger than what they were and he found himself wondering why. “We met at Harrenhal and fell in love afterward…she came with me to Winterfell and we married there.”

“So…so it was you?” The knight said shaken. “It was you who got her with child?”

Ashara was with child? “As far as I know she wasn’t pregnant Ser but…I haven’t received words from her for…almost…nine months…” Was she really pregnant with his…his child? “Where did you heard of this, Ser?”

“At King’s Landing,” he replied, still shaken. “From one of her companions, the Lady Jasline to which Princess Elia told to keep a low profile…”

“I…I…don’t know what to say…” Ned confessed, had she really been pregnant all this time? “I will have to send her raven…”

“So that man I saw exiting her room in Harrenhal…was it you?” The knight asked.

“Ser…” Ned flushed. “It wasn’t meant to…”

“At least you married her…” The knight sighed. “Keep her happy Lord Stark.”

“I hope I can do that Ser,” Ned assured the man, finally seeing why he was so disappointed…but there was nothing he could and Ser Barristan was a sworn brother of the Kingsguard, sworn to celibacy. “I have the rest of a nice day.”

“You too Lord Stark.”

Lyanna Stark
Starfall, Dorne, Year 283 AC

Lyanna was playing hide and seek with Allyria in the Starfall’s Godswood. She found it quite large considering it was on the south, it had plenty of small water streams and like in many southern Godswoods, there were many animals. She did find it curious that most of the trees were Ironwood trees…she thought these only grew in the North and yet here they were…

“Oh I’m failing to find you Allyria…” Lyanna said with a smile. “Where could you be? Oh you hide so well…” In truth, Lyanna had seen Allyria hidden behind a large tree a while ago but it felt good to look as if she did not, to make the girl happier.

“Boo!!!” The little girl said when she jumped from her hiding place.

“Oh Gods you scared me!” Lyanna said as she came by the girl’s side.

“It’s your turn now!” she said all joyful. “Hide from me, I will find you.”

“Okay.” Agreed Lyanna. “But you ought to count till fifty!”

“I will, I will.” She said as she turned towards the tree. “Go hide!”
And as the girl began counting, Lyanna hid behind a bush nearby and waited. Allyria did not take too long to finish counting and then she went around looking for Lyanna. While she waited Lyanna thought about what her life turned into…

About the child growing in her...a child that had no fault in its parent’s folly...she didn’t wish to have said child but not that it was growing in her...she would have to give birth to it, raise it and Gods know what will come after or if she is going to raise him or her at all…

She thought about her family...would they accept her back? Her that caused so much problem to them to avenge a friend? Her that tried to seduce a married man? Would they care for her now?

And Princess Elia? So nice to her at Harrenhal and she repaid it the way that she did...

And finally...Robert...she owed him an apology at least...for being selfish for criticizing his bastard daughter when she herself would give birth to one. She did not wish to marry him but...he had been good to her and she had been nothing but stupid to him, she should have given him a chance to prove himself at least, as Ned told her so many times...Robert deserved better than her, she would never be a proper wife to him.

“Found you!” Allyria said all happy as she appeared in between the bushes.

“You are so good at this game Allyria.” Lyanna boasted and the little girl was happy.

“I know the Godswood well,” she said. “Aunt Clara brings me here often, especially ever since father has gotten sick.”

Old Lord Dayne was...a peculiar person to say the least...he constantly complained about everything that everyone did...she introduced herself to him and he constantly called her traitor to the point Ser Arthur had to take her away. She felt pity for the Daynes, for all the faults her later father had...he was a good father...

“Why are you crying Lady Lyanna?” Allyria asked concerned.

“Nothing,” Lyanna assured as she cleaned her the tears from her eyes. “Just some memories of mine…”

“What will you call it?”

“Call what?” she asked confused.

“The baby,” Allyria said pointing to her belly. “I know you are pregnant, I can see it getting swollen.”

The little girl was smart for her age... “I haven’t thought of a name yet...I guess if it’s a girl...it will have to be Visenya…”

“I have read about her...she burnt Starfall when her sister died.” Explained the girl. “Luckily my family was not there and survived. Otherwise, I would not be here.”

“I have read it too.” Lyanna lied, Aegon’s sisters were childhood heroes of her just like Nymeria but now she didn’t feel the same way towards the Targaryens anymore.

“And if it’s a boy?”

If it was a boy...then she knew not what to do... “I will have to see when I see him…”
“I finally found you both.” Ser Arthur spoke as came to meet them with a smile.

Allyria ran to meet her brother. “Arthur, will you play with us?”

“I’m afraid not little sister.” Ser Arthur said as he picked her up. “I have to inform Lyanna about our upcoming travel to White Harbor.”

“So Ashara has written?” she questioned with her heart beating faster with mention of returning home.

“No, but the plan me and Oswell made to...end Aerys’ tyranny will need some time to make it work and the sooner we have you at Winterfell the better for us.” The knight explained.

“I see, I can live with it,” Lyanna assured. “I just want to return north.”

“And you will, as I promised.”

“Can I go too?” Allyria asked with sad eyes. “I want to see Ashara, Arthur…I barely remember her…please…”

“I know but…”

“I see no problem with it, Ser Arthur.” Lyanna tried to help the little girl. “I will take care of her, make sure she behaves.”

“My father will not like it.” Arthur said.

“Father likes nothing.” Allyria retorted. “He only complains.”

Neither Arthur nor her could help but smile at the girl’s wits. “The only thing that makes you different than Ashara is the fact that you have my eyes instead of hers, the rest is just her.”

“Can I go please, brother?” The girl pleaded with puppy eyes. “Pretty please?”

“Gods, why can’t I resist my sisters Lyanna?”

“No brother can resist a sister’s puppy eyes.” she said amused.

“I guess that’s true…” Ser Arthur smiled once more. “Fine but you must behave.”

The little girl’s eyes were beaming and she hugged her brother tightly. “Thank you Arthur.”

“You ought to thank Lyanna for it.” Ser Arthur pointed out. “And you ought to obey her.”

“I will.” The girl said as she walked towards Lyanna with such a joyful face that Lyanna’s heart melted. “Thank you so much.”

“You are welcome, Allyria.”

When the dawn of the next day came, they were on a ship which would sail close to Essos to avoid facing any hostile fleet, but most importantly, pirates and smugglers at the Stepstones. Little Allyria was having the time of her life while she ran and explored the ship, everyone seemed captivated by the girl’s happiness and Lyanna hoped she could be this happy soon, back home.
R.I.P Bobby B, I'm sorry I killed you...I'm evil I know...

So for those who are still here, the next chapter will likely be a large one as there are quite a few things that need to happen.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Rhaella Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

They had been called to the Throne Room, she, her daughter-in-law and the children, she feared the worst considering that they had have nothing bad horrible news since the start of the war…

“That useless cunt couldn’t have possibly come from my seed!!!” she heard Aerys scream as soon as she, the ladies and children entered the Throne Room. “How the fuck does he lose my entire army in a single battle?”

“I fail to know Your Grace.” The Grand Maester replied, afraid of Aerys’ fit. “I’m merely communicating what words the ravens brought…”

“Is my son alive?” Rhaella asked afraid. “Please Grand Maester tell me he is…”

“I’m afraid he is not, My Queen. Rhaegar was slain by Robert Baratheon during the fighting.”

No…it couldn’t be…Rhaegar…my Rhaegar… “NOOOOOO!!! YOU ARE LYING, PLEASE LET IT ALL BE A JAPE!!!”

“Quiet woman!!!” Aerys shouted at her. “That useless cunt you bred me, couldn’t do a simple job and now we are going to pay for it!!!”

It was you who started it all you disrespectful useless husband and brother of mine. Now my son is dead…my son with many flaws, yes, but my son nonetheless…our son…and you mistreat him so much even in his death…I hate you so much Aerys…I hate you with every fiber of my being.

And then Rhaella felt a sudden urge to puke…she tried to contain it but she could not…she puked all over the floor.

“Your Grace.” The ladies-in-waiting exclaimed as they came to her worried.

“For fuck sake, what is happening with this bloody woman now?” she heard her brother scream angrily. “I swear to gods woman you are a useless cunt!!!”

“I’m…I’m sorry…” she said as she hoped to not puke no more, but all that she wanted was to kill her brother, forget kinslaying as a sin and just do it.

“Pyelle!!!”

“Your Grace?"

“Take a look at the damn whore and see what she has,” Aerys said with disdain. “Someone clean that shit, I want to see the bloody floor glittering.”

Jasline and Nysah brought her back to her chambers and Grand Maester Pyelle came to examine her, ordering her to do a variety of exams until he finally concluded his diagnosis.
“My Queen is pregnant.” *Pregnant?* Well…it wasn’t so surprising considering the number of times Aerys had spilled his seed inside of her ever since the Rebellion began…but still…

“I see…” Rhaella said, she hated her brother but her children and grandchildren meant the world to her.

“Congratulations, My Queen.” The two Dornishwomen said with smiles, Elia had gone to play with their children, fearing she might need some time alone.

“Thank you.” *Another child it seems…May the Gods at least see fit to let this one live…I have lost so many by now…only Viserys remains…*

Afterward, Rhaella strolled to see the children and her daughter-in-law. Her son came to her almost crying, afraid something happened to her but she dismissed every worry they had and told them the news. The children all jumped happily at the prospect of a new child coming, Viserys hoped for a brother while Rhaenys for a niece, little Aegon was too young to understand what was happening still. Elia congratulated her like the wonderful woman she was and Rhaella’s worries dissipated for a while as a shy smile drew itself on her lips. *I still have a family…*

But it was not to end there…her grief and sadness…as more came when night came as well.

“You are to leave for Dragonstone.” Her brother-husband said with a plain and disdainful look. *“Lucerys will take you and Viserys there.”*

“And what about Elia and our grandchildren?” she asked as soon as he finished speaking.

“They will stay here.”

“Why?” she questioned aghast, they would be in danger otherwise…


“Your Grace, I can assure you my uncle was loyal…” Elia tried to counter frighten at the prospect of not being able to leave too.

“SHUT UP YOU DUMB DORNISH WHORE!!!” he cut in. *“YOU ARE LUCKY THAT I DON’T KILL YOU RIGHT NOW BECAUSE OF YOUR TREACHERY!!!”*

Elia held her children closer, little Rhaenys was scared and clasped her mother’s skirts…Rhaella had to do something for her grandchildren… “Aerys let me take the children, they are Targaryens as well…”

“No!!!” he barked. *“THEY LOOK MORE DORNISH THEN VALYRIANS AND TO TOP IT ALL, THEY ARE RHAEGAR’S WHelpING!!!”* Why did he still hate his son much? What danger could he pose now that he was dead?

“But…” she tried to counter but he interrupted her again.

“KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT YOU DAMN WHORE!!!” he barked more. *“IF YOU WEREN’T PREGNANT WITH MY CHILD YOU WOULD STAY HERE TOO, SO CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY, BITCH!!!”*

There was nothing they could do it seemed…she hated herself for being unable to do anything…
she was a dragon…she was the Queen…and yet, she could not save her daughter-in-law nor her grandchildren…

The morning of the next day came quicker than what she wished, she had dressed a brown cloak to conceal her appearance not only because she was the Queen but because she looked horrible with all the scars and bruises. The only thing that made her feel some resemblance of happiness was the fact that Aerys would likely never touch her again.

She visited her grandchildren’s chambers and gave them kisses of good luck, hoping the Gods would have mercy on them and let them live happily. Tears fell from her tired eyes as she gave her farewells to her kin…

Elia was waiting for her at the exit of Maegor’s and so were Jasline and Nysah. “My Queen.” They all bowed before her.

“Please call me Rhaella.” she pleaded. “We know each other for so long…it feels wrong to me that you are all so formal towards me.”

“Jasline and Nysah will accompany you, Rhaella.” Explained Elia. “They will certainly help when your child comes to the world.”

“Oh Elia, you need them here too…” she countered.

“I fear for my children’s lives and if I can save my friends I will.” Elia dismissed as tears fell from her eyes. “I don’t wish for them to risk their lives…”

Rhaella turned to see the two other Dornishwomen crying as well, none of them wanted this but alas…they had no choice, the cunt who did all this was watching them from afar, without his usual hideous grin for he was afraid but still had the same effect. “I…I understand…” she replied.

“Hopefully the Rebels have mercy on me if I free Brandon Stark as Ashara planned…it might be the only chance I have…” Elia sighed. “Eddard Stark was a good man at Harrenhal…I don’t believe he would change much, especially when he married Ashara…but I would like to have some more guarantees that at least they will spare my children…”

“Everything will be alright Elia,” Jasline assured with a shy smile as she hugged her friend. “You will make it out alive of this and then we will all visit Ashara in the North…see her child…Ynys will come too, just like the old times.”

“True to that,” Nysah added her voice to those words and Elia smiled. “It hurts me so much to leave you here alone, my friend…”

“Think nothing of it, girls.” Elia dismissed. “I still have the Martell words to follow.”

“Don’t give up Elia, you are a strong woman and I know you will make it all alive,” Rhaella said as she hugged her daughter-in-law, the daughter of her late friend Doriah…

She also glanced Ser Jaime near her brother-husband, he had a serious and yet sad expression…Joanna’s boy is the last of them Kingsguards…keep your son protected Joanna…he will need it…If Aerys wasn’t there, she would have waved to the man.

This could very well be the last of House Targaryen…almost three hundred years of rule going down the drain in a year of war…it will be a miracle if they let us live…

Jasline and Nysah hugged Elia once more and then they followed Rhaella as they descended to the
nearly empty harbor, where Ser Willem Darry and Lucerys Velaryon were waiting. Almost all ships left, they all knew the Rebels would come and none wanted to be there…

“My Queen.” Both men bowed before her.

“Is my son here already?” she questioned, hoping he was and she did not have to return.

“The servants brought him a while ago.” Ser Willem explained. “He came half asleep and once he was brought to his cabin, he fell asleep.”

“Good, let him sleep. It will take some of his worries and mine.” she said as she embarked the ship, leaving for Dragonstone maybe to never come back…maybe to her death…

Jaime Lannister

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Year 283 AC

Jaime had been consumed by his intention to protect the weak, the weak that would be burned if he did nothing…he was in need of someone to confide his intention…of killing the King and save the city but he knew not who he could confide with…normally he would tell his plans to Cersei or Tyrion but they were not there…

Then it came to him…there was a person who he may confide with…

He knocked on the door in which this person would certainly be and it was quickly opened by a servant whose company was little Rhaenys who beamed upon seeing him. “Hello there Ser Jaime.” The girl said with a smile. “Did you come to play with me?”

Jaime gave her a smile too. “I’m afraid not, little Princess, I wish to have a word with your lady mother.”

“Okay.” The servant allowed Jaime to enter and pointed in the balcony’s direction as the place where he could find Elia.

Princess Elia was by all accounts, his included a good and kind woman, he knew her ever since Tyrion was born, when she and her family came for a visit, hoping to find his late mother but finding nothing but his mournful father…they didn’t receive a proper welcome nor were they treated well…Elia’s mother and his had been trying to secure a marriage between their children and the only thing they received was Tyrion…

Jaime himself had been grieving for his mother too but did try to have conversations with her and her brother. They were not good friends like he and Addam or he and Lyle but honestly, she felt like the only person he could speak with now, she was a mother who was left to die, whose children’s safety had been denied…

He found her contemplating the waters of the Blackwater Bay, she had her arms entranced and her head laying on top of her hands. She did not notice his approach. “My Princess.” Jaime called, making her turn in surprise upon hearing him.

“Ser Jaime,” she said with a polite smile. “It’s so good to see you.”

“Likewise My Princess,” he replied. “I…I’m sorry for you to not have permitted to go to Dragonstone as well…”
“Oh…I-I believe I can manage myself here…” The Princess retorted with her smile getting weaker. “I like King’s Landing more than I like Dragonstone.”

Jaime knew this last part was true for he did not like Dragonstone either but she was a prisoner here and thus she didn’t like to be one, of course, no one liked to be a prisoner. With that in mind, he decided to talk to her. “Can I trust you, My Princess?”

That left her confused and he certainly expected such a reaction from her. “Trust me with what?”

“I’m…I’m going to kill the King.” he squealed in a murmur.

Her mouth fell with the confession and he hoped he didn’t just betray himself. “I…I…Do you know what this means?”

“That I’m too become a traitor, yes,” Jaime admitted with a weak grin. “The King seeks to burn the entire city when the Rebels come and…we both know they will come sooner than later.”

“Burn us all?” she questioned completely aghast. “He will burn too…but then again…he is mad…”

“In the last meetings he had with the pyromancers, he said he was going to be rebirth as a dragon and burn the Rebels to nothing but ashes…” Jaime explained, still shaken by those meetings he had to assist, the meetings of madmen. “None know about this but me and the pyromancers, he keeps it a secret and when Qarlton Cheslted found and confronted him, he was burnt.”

“So…the man was burnt because…”

“He desperately tried to stop it.” Jaime concluded her line of thought.

“The Seven seem to not like me nor my children.” Elia sighed as she took another glimpse at her children, little Rhaenys was being a nice big sister to her brother Aegon and was teaching him with his first talks. “Thank you for telling me this, Jaime…it means a lot to me.”

“I hope you don’t tell this to no one…” Jaime quickly said. “I…”

“Why would I?” she inquired as if offended. “I have no wish to die, nor have my children dying if the King leaves…then we die…”

“Yes…you can put it that way…”

“I will not say a word,” she told him. “But…I fear for my children…they are innocent and everyone seems to wish them dead…”

“I promised your late husband I would protect them and I do intend to keep my promise, Elia,” Jaime assured her. “I swear it.”

Her smile was still weak but at least she acknowledged his resolution. “Thank you Ser Jaime.” she nodded as they heard a servant come in their way.

“My Princess, a letter for you.”

“Thank you.” Elia picked the letter from the servant’s hand who quickly left.

“I should be going too,” Jaime said. “I must find an opening to…”

“Please stay,” Elia begged as she stopped him from leaving by hold his hand. “I might need your help for something…”
My help? “What does My Princess mean?”

“Let me read this letter first, then I will explain it to you.”

“Sure, do go ahead.” he waved his hand in approval.

After a couple of minutes of her reading, she turned to him. “Can I trust you, Ser Jaime?”

“Yes My Princess.” he quickly replied. “If I can trust you then so can you trust me.”

“I’m freeing Brandon Stark and his friend.” she confessed and it was his time of opening his mouth in disbelief.

“My Princess…do you realize what you are doing?”

“As much as you realize what will become of you if you do kill the King.” she quickly retorted. “Lady Ashara has been planning this for months and she finally got everything right.”

“Ashara Dayne?” he asked surprised. “Why in Seven Hells is Ser Arthur’s sister planning to free a prisoner of the King?”

“She married his brother.” Elia explained and Jaime’s mouth opened once more.

“Did she really?” he was aghast now, how did a woman as beautiful as Ashara Dayne who was only uglier than Cersei marry a Stark? There were rumors she had got pregnant and dismissed by Elia herself but it seems she did not…

“She did and she should be giving birth to his child by now.” Well, it seems she was pregnant indeed…

“I certainly wasn’t expecting this…” he confessed as he broke into laughter. “My Princess is japing I’m sure.”

“I’m not japing Ser Jaime,” she told him with a very serious face. “I’m speaking no lies.”

“You are not…”

“Will you help me?” she begged with a hopeful face. “I can make the plan work on my own but…”

Remember what a knight stands for. “I will, I…own something to Brandon Stark.”

Elia’s expression was brighter, it seems she needed someone to confide as well, she had sent her ladies-in-waiting away in one of the few last ships that moored in the docks. She no one but some servants who had nowhere to go and her children. “Thank you, Ser Jaime, we have to be quick about it, follow me.”

Elia instructed the servants to keep her children safe and entertained, while she and Jaime descended to the gardens of the Red Keep where she called some kids to her.

“Everyone, the time has come,” she spoke to them. “Ashara’s plan begins now.” The children disappeared quickly in many directions to his surprise. What was this? “We have to go to the Black Cells now.”

“Right away.”
“AAAARRRGHHH!!!” It was yet another scream coming from Ashara... she had been like this for hours, her baby was coming... Her pain was now unbearable, so many contractions in such little period of times... it was horrible...

“Breath Ash,” Sharley told her while holding her left hand, Ashara was likely breaking the Northern’s bones with her tight grip. “Breath slowly and be as calm as you can.”

“IT HURTS!!!” Ashara hissed in pain. “OH, IT HURTS A LOT!!!”

“It will end soon, child,” Nan said. “It shan’t thank long now.”

Ashara glanced them all watching her womanhood. “Is it ready?” Asked Jonelle with a concerned glance, from the three of them, she was the one who never saw child labor in her life before.

“I believe it is,” Sharley said as she whirled head back to Ashara. “Now you must push everything you got Ash.”

“IT HURTS!!!” she hissed again, sweating as if she had run some fifty miles...

“When you feel the contraction you push with everything you can,” Nan said. “And feel free to cry all you want, don’t hold back anything.”

“OK!!!”

“Where is the Maester at?” Sharley asked angrily. “Will he take long?”

“I will go and ask Lord Benjen.” Jonelle said as she left the room running.

The first effort she made right after Jonelle left, she pushed as much as she could but to no avail, the baby seemed to be clinging to her.

Jonelle returned not long after. “The Maester should arrive in an hour.”

“Seven Hells!” Sharley barked indignantly. “Why did he leave a few days ago, he should be here!”

“He had to fetch some of his things at my home.” Jonelle justified. “And my castle needs tending too…”

“But Ashara was so close to giving birth that…”

“AAAAARRRGGH!!!” Her horrible sounding scream seemed to stop their tantrum as each returned to Ashara’s side, holding her hands to soothe her.

“It will be over soon, Ash.” Sharley cooed. “Come on, you are a strong woman.”

“I WANT MY MOTHER!!!” she confessed crying. “I WANT NED AND MY BROTHER!! I WANT ELIA AND MY FRIENDS!!!”

“They are alright,” Jonelle assured with a shy smile. “And your mother is with you right now, watching and giving you strength.”
It continued for a very long time, she had the fame of being a Dothraki screamer so why not take advantage of it already? Honestly, she did not wish it but she couldn’t help herself if it was too much pain. Everyone was giving her soothing words and encouraging her during the struggle she was in.

She had been there for so long that the Maester ended up arriving. “Apologies for my lateness My Ladies…”

“Please get to your work!” Sharley commanded of him and the Maester quickly went to where her womanhood was. “Push again Ashara.”

And so she did, she pushed and pushed, after ten more minutes some words she wished to hear came. “I see the head already.” The Maester proclaimed. “Keep pushing My Lady.”

Once more she pushed and pushed and pushed. “The head is out! Come on My Lady, one last effort!”

“AAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH!!!” she shouted as she pushed with every fiber of her being, with as much strength as she could, crying as loud as she would and then…she felt relieved…

Baby wailing echoed in the room…her baby was out and living…my baby…

With her tired eyes, she could see her lady friends smiling and with shimmering looks of wonder in their faces. “Oh what a cute little thing!” Sharley proclaimed with a big smile and yet Ashara couldn’t see anything…

“I can’t see!” she barked with what strength she had left. “I want to see my baby!”

“Oh, I’m sorry…” Sharley apologized as she helped Nan wrap her baby in silks and furs. “Just a little longer, Ash, we are almost done here.”

“Is it a boy or a girl?” she asked, the curiosity was way too much for her, this was torture now…

“A boy.” Jonelle said smiling. A boy…I had a baby boy…

Sharley brought her boy wrapped in furs and placed him on her so very tired arms. “There you go, your lovely cute little son.”

With her first glance, she cried of joy upon seeing her child… He had a little tuft of dark brown hair of a Stark, she had seen many of them by now to know it, his nose was like hers, just as the ears were…her precious baby then opened his little eyes and she gasped upon seeing them…her son had Ned’s glance…his eyes were grey, darker than her husband’s but they were soft…his little mouth and lips…were Ned’s too…her son was all Ned in everything that mattered…

“He is wonderful…” she confessed while tears fell from eyes, soaking the sheets of her husband’s bed. “He looks like my sweet Quiet Wolf…”

“He does…” Sharley agreed as she began sobbing too with all those emotions, Jonelle was also crying, while Nan seemed like a proud mother of sorts. “He is a cute little Ned.”

“And he behaves like his father and grandfather too,” Nan added. “They cried little, just like this little fellow here, a big contrast to their screaming siblings.”

“I’m sure he will be a lovely child,” Jonelle said. “Congratulations Ashara, it’s a lovely baby.”
“Congratulations on your sweet lovely child.” Sharley said amiably, as she clapped Ashara’s shoulder with a proud smile.

Ashara brought the child closer to her bosom, she wanted to hug him but she was afraid she might injure her precious baby.

“A baby needs a name, child,” Nan said with a big grin. “What will it be?”

She gave another glance to the child and she saw he was no Robert…he could be an Arthur…but since he was all Ned…it seemed a little off…it had to be something that reminded her of her love, then it came to the tip of her tongue. “Jon,” she replied proudly with her choice. “Jon Stark.”

“Like Lord Arryn, Ned’s foster father?” Sharley inquired.

“Yes, like Lord Arryn who was nice to me in the Vale and raised Ned to be the man he is now and like King Jon Stark who built the Wolf’s Den,” she explained proudly. “A Northern name for a Northern child.”

“A wonderful name, Jon Stark,” Nan admitted. “It has been a while since there was one, a Stark and a Dayne child, with blood from two of the oldest bloodlines in Westeros.”

“Yes, a Stark and a Dayne.” Ashara nodded as she planted a kiss on her son. “Now we should call sweet Benjen so he can see that well and meet his nephew.”

“Right away.” Jonelle said as she left the room to bring Ashara’s brother-in-law. While Ashara filled her baby with more kisses. *Now...I only need my Ned with me...come back love, come back and meet your son.*

Chapter End Notes

First, thank you all for the support in the last chapter, especially with the spoiler I made.

And here we have things starting to move in King’s Landing.

Also, the mystery of who is Ashara’s child is unveiled, I’m aware that Jon will likely be the son of Rhaegar and Lyanna in the books but in this one is Jon Stark, Ned and Ashara’s heir.

Thank you for sparing time reading and hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

There was noise in the Black Cells that day or that night or whatever time of the day it was…They were likely picking him for yet another whipping, it had been quite a while since the last time.

“What in Seven Hells is happening out there?” Ethan asked. “They are making so much noise.”

“I don’t know…” Brandon replied trying to think what it could be but he failed. “Maybe they are having a feast of sorts?”

“A feast? In the dungeons Brandon?”

“What? I got to keep our spirits up somehow.” Brandon explained chuckling. “Might as well jape, since always fancy myself at it.”

The door to their cell opened and a gaoler came in, he was a young one, not the usual old man…

“Lord Brandon Stark, I come on behalf of Lady Ashara and Princess Elia.”

What? Ashara and Elia? “What do they want with me?” he asked confused. “Do they have any authority here now?”

“They wish to free you and your friend from those cells.” The gaoler replied. “We must be quick about it though, we don’t have much time.”

The fuck? “Well…if you are freeing me from this…who am I to complain…”

“Please follow me, milords.” Begged the gaoler as they left that bloody cursed cell. Ethan, however, approached him with a concerned face, the small light emanating from the torches allowed him to see his friend’s face once more.

“Can we trust this guy?” Ethan asked.

“Keep your eyes open,” Brandon warned. “He has a sword in his belt but the two of us can probably take him out if need be. Perhaps we can even escape.”

“And the Gold Cloaks?”

“First we ought to leave these fucking dungeons, then we shall worry about them.” Brandon plainly stated.

“Fine by me.”

After climbing the many stairs to exit the dungeon tower, the gaoler led them to a nearby wall where he was surely surprised to see Princess Elia and Ser Jaime Lannister waiting for them, hidden away. “Brandon Stark.” The Princess acknowledged his arrival.

“My Princess…so this man meant the truth?” Brandon inquired and the man in question took
offense with the question. “Are you really freeing us?”

“This man is a friend of mine and Ashara’s, she worked very hard to have someone of her trust be accepted as a gaoler but Ser Triston, the King’s Justice was being picky with the men he was choosing, luckily he chose Symon here.” The Princess explained. “Thank you, Symon.”

“My Princess.” The man bowed as he returned to the dungeons. “I was not here.”

“Of course you were not.” Elia nodded back.

“I just don’t understand why you have set us free,” Brandon stated confused. “Do you realize what you are doing?”

“The Rebels destroyed an entire army of Loyalists.” Ser Jaime told him and a grin formed in Brandon’s lips and in Ethan’s too. Good job Ned! “Prince Rhaegar was slain by Robert Baratheon.” Damn Robert is the man! I would have given everything to see that fight…

“Serves that inbred shit right!” Brandon ranted. “The fucker kidnapped my sister and left his own wife and children to their luck with mad King! I say he got what he bloody well deserved.”

“Regarding your sister…I ought to tell you something important about her but only when we are out of the city.” The Princess said. “We must be quick for the boats are leaving the docks at the dozens and the King still wants to implement his mad plan.”

“What mad plan?” Ethan asked. Brandon would have done the same question had he been faster than his friend at formulating it.

“He wants to burn the entire city when the Rebels arrive.” Ser Jaime explained and both Brandon and Ethan were aghast with it but soon became angry. “He thinks he will rise a dragon from the ashes of the city…”

Burn the entire city…did Aerys’ madness have no limit? Kill half a million poor souls for a folly? “If he wants to burn, he should burn himself!” Brandon chided angrily. “Has anyone did anything to stop him?”

“His last Hand of the King did.” The Lannister knight said. “I guess you can deduce why I called him the last.”

“I guess so.” Brandon acknowledged, at least the man grew a pair yet I can’t let him kill all these people…

“Also…I’m going to kill the King.” Ser Jaime said with a very serious face.

“You? His Kingsguard?” Interjected Ethan in shock. “You will soil your cloak, Lannister!”

“I have remembered what a knight stands for.” That line made Brandon smile…It seems he is a better knight that what I thought…I wasn’t wrong in it. “I shall do what I must as a knight.”

“Not alone though.” Brandon interrupted. “I’m going too.”

“You have to escape Stark.” Ser Jaime dismissed. “Otherwise what was the point of letting you out?”

“I would say there is no point on freeing me and letting me escape when half a million people die in the process.” Brandon retorted. “I will not let him burn this city, I’m not worth more than the
“But you might die if you stay!” Elia pleaded as she grabbed his arm. “Gods know if we will have another chance like this!”

“Where are the Gold Cloaks and how many are they?” Brandon inquired, ignoring Elia’s pleading.

“Aerys ordered three-quarters of them to join Rhaegar’s army.” Ser Jaime explained. “I believe only five hundred remained. I have heard Ser Manly, the Commander tell the King that they are having difficulties at keeping the smallfolk in line, I think that less than a hundred of them guard the Red Keep as of late, maybe even less.”

“Just a hundred? They aren’t many of them then.” Brandon concluded.

“A hundred is more than two bloody fools.” The Princess insisted, pissed.

“And more than one too.” Brandon countered.

“I’m a Kingsguard, Stark.” Ser Jaime said. “He won’t expect it from me.”

“No I insist that I must go, I have unfinished business with the King.” Brandon stated as the images of his father and his friends burning alive came to his mind…he was hopeless then but not anymore…no more burnings. “Ethan will be your sworn sword My Princess…once he gets one of course…You will get your children ready to leave and me and Lannister will take care of our problem in the meantime, then we can escape as you want us too.”

“You are stubborn as a mule Brandon Stark.” The Princess scolded him. “Why did your sister-in-law went to so much trouble while pregnant?”


“Your brother married Ashara before the war…she got pregnant with his child and should be giving birth at any point by now.”

Brandon broke into laughter upon hearing those news. “The bastard is already working? And father always said I would be the one filling Winterfell’s halls with children…” Father…I’m going to avenge you, I swear it by the Old Gods and the New. “As I said, I will not let him burn the people.”

“We should have remained silent about this!” Elia looked towards Ser Jaime and then sighed defeated. “Now look what we did!”

“If we are doing this then we ought to hurry Stark.” Ser Jaime warned. “Aerys should be worried about me missing for so long, paranoid as he is.”

“I hope you live enough to ask for forgiveness to your sister-in-law,” Elia said with a worried look. “I will go and get my children. Also, there are a few young lads that have an escape route planned by Ashara, it was meant for us to use it.”

“They don’t need to worry about it.” Brandon dismissed. “You will escape by it and I will somehow find my way to the docks.”

“Gods…fine…” Elia sighed. “I can’t seem to convince you.”

“No, it will not work, My Princess,” Brandon said as he placed his hand on her shoulder. “You have two kids to raise so escape the city.”
“We need to go Stark.” Ser Jaime warned.

“Right. See you around Princess be safe.”

“See you around Brandon Stark…”

They separated afterward, she to Maegor’s Holdfast where her children were while Ser Jaime led them stealthily to the White Sword Tower, where the Kingsguard slept and lived when not on duty although now it was only the lion knight who remained. There was an undercroft upon which the knight opened a chest full of weapons and armor. “Each of you takes a sword and as much armor as you can, we don’t have much time on our hands.”

“These are all rather small…” Ethan complained with a chest plate at hand. “You southrons are way too small.”

“That’s Prince Lewyn’s armor.” The Lannister dismissed. “He was the smallest of us, take another.”

“Well…you are taller than me so…”

“Just dress the bloody armor, Ethan.” Brandon ranted. “We have more important things than hearing you complain about armors.”

“Sorry…”

The two of them took five minutes to get fully dressed. “I’m ready.” Brandon said.

“Me too.” Ethan nodded as he fixed his left gauntlet.

“Then let us go.” Ser Jaime commanded as they left walking fast but not running lest to attract more attention than what was necessary. “We must continue quietly, I know a few passages that can allow us that.”

“Ethan go wait for the Princess and her children at the spot we were just now and then evacuate her from here,” Brandon commanded of his friend. “If we take too long get the fuck out.”

“Understood…take care Brandon, don’t you die on me now…” Ethan nodded as he took the left to Maegor’s Holdfast.

All the while, he and Ser Jaime kept going their way through the middle bailey avoiding some Gold Cloak soldiers who seem pretty dumb. “Can I confess three things Stark?” The Lannister said in a whisper while they look to a pair of them talking.

“Sure go ahead.”

“First, you and your friend smell worse than shit and piss, I seriously fail to understand how the Princess withstood it all without any will to puke for I was struggling like the Seven Hells.”

Brandon smiled at the comment. “Well…we could stop by and I can take a bath before we confront the mad cunt so I am smelling like roses.”

“Second.” Ser Jaime said as he ignored Brandon’s stupid comment. “You are still dumb and stupid as you were in that time you got here like a mad man.”

“You can trust that I’m not as stupid as I was then,” Brandon assured him, he wasn’t going to let more friends or family die on his watch because of him but neither was he going to allow the mad
cunt to kill half a million souls, especially when he was so unprotected. “I learned the lesson the hard way, it won’t happen again and this I swear it Lannister, no more friend or family will die in my watch.”

The blond looks towards him with a weird look but then smiled. “And third, thank you for making me understand that I’m a knight before being a Kingsguard.”

“It was nothing Lannister, you would surely do the same for me…hum…maybe not…” Brandon dismissed. “May I confess something too?”

“I guess…”

“My bloody brother is a married man now!” he proclaimed. “I’m so happy I may break down in tears…”

“You are japing…”

“Maybe…” Brandon laughed. “Or maybe I’m not? I’m just too happy I got out of those bloody cells and I ought to jape to keep my spirit strong.”

“You and I are alike Stark, maybe we were separated at birth?”

“No…you don’t have the same accent as I do.” Brandon told him.

“Seriously?” The Lannister moped. “With everything you could say you choose the accent?”

“My accent sounds better than yours.”

“Forget it, the Throne Room is right over there.” Ser Jaime said as they moved to the entrance of it. “Let’s keep it quiet and focused.”

“No protest from me, time to get serious.” Brandon said. *Time to kill the cunt, time to end it all.*

Aerys Targaryen

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

“WHERE IS SYMOND?” Aerys shouted to two of his remaining counselors, Varys and Pycelle.

“Lord Staunton seems to have left the city, Your Grace,” Varys said. “Taking advantage of the confusion that ensued after your lady wife was evacuated.”

“TRAITOR!!!” Aerys shouted angrily, how that cunt could do this to him, his King. “I WILL HAVE HIS ENTIRE HOUSE BURN TO ASHES!!!”

“We seem to have more pressing matters, Your Grace,” Pycelle said. “Tywin Lannister rides to King’s Landing.”

*Tywin? “What does he want?” I have his son, he won’t try anything if wants his precious son alive.*

“I’m sure he comes in the rescue of His Grace.” Pycelle suggested. *I doubt he would…*

“Or he seeks to prove his loyalty to the Rebels,” Varys suggested instead. “Tywin Lannister is a cautious and ambitious man, Your Grace.”
“Let him come then,” Aerys stated. “I have his son in my hold, he will not try anything stupid with me.”

“The Rebels are surely making way here too, perhaps it is on our best interests to allow Lord Tywin to enter and organize a defensive army.” Pycelle further suggested. Why is this cunt being so adamant on me trusting Tywin?

“I fear none of them.” Aerys ended up dismissing. “I have a secret plan to end it all.”

“I’m sure Your Grace’s brilliant mind came up such a wonderful plan but it never hurts to be extra prepared.”

“I have no further need of your counseling.” Aerys proclaimed. “You are both dismissed.”

“Your Grace.” They nodded with respect. Will I even need a Small Council after I rebirth as a dragon?

After a few minutes alone, his gaze fell upon Rossart, his only trusting advisor as of late. “Your Grace.” he bowed.

“I trust you have good news for me, Rossart.”

His Hand smiled that wicked grin which Aerys loved to see in him. “Everything is set, ten thousand of them all over the city” he explained. “Now we are waiting for Your Grace’s command, we will have the greatest spectacle that the world has ever seen.”

I’m going to rebirth as a dragon…what wonderful sight it will be…I burn the Rebels down, just as Tywin and his stupid family, those Dornish traitors as well and every enemy of the Crown!

“Marvelous! I’m waiting patiently for it!”

“Your Grace, we should perhaps discuss the difficulties that the Gold Cloaks are facing.” Rossart began. “Whilst we were planting the substance in Flea Bottom, we were attacked by a mob of angry peasants and the Gold Cloaks took heavy casualties while protecting us. This is unacceptable Your Grace, the substance is very dangerous and it may go out before its due failing to do what we set it to do.”

“You are right…” Aerys admitted. “I reinforced my useless son’s army with most of them for nothing and now we barely hold the city and when the Rebels come I will have no army to protect me if need be…”

“Wise thoughts Your Grace.”

“Very well, tell Ser Manly to increase their numbers, every man between sixteen and sixty will have to serve and if need be, place younger and older ones too.” Aerys decided.

“Very Well, Your Grace.” Rossart nodded in respect and with a big grin. “It shall be done.” His Hand bowed and made way to exit the Throne Room.

Where has Ser Jaime gone too? It has been a while since I last saw him…he has been rather absent today…I like it not…

A scream was heard on the farther end of the Throne Room, it looked like Rossart’s voice and then two men emerged, all in white armor of the Kingsguard…who the hell are these cunts? “WHO GOES THERE?” he screamed loudly to be heard but they said nothing, they simply walked towards him. “I’M YOUR KING AND SO YOU MUST REPLY TO ME WHEN I SPEAK TO
YOU!!!

No reply came and he got angrier. *I will have these cunts burnt for the insolence!* And then he saw who one of them was… *SER JAIME!!!* Aerys shouted aghast. *WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?*

“My King wishes to burn the city.” His Kingsguard spoke in a plain tone. “As I knight, I mustn’t allow such atrocity to be committed.”

“YOU ARE MY KINGSGUARD, YOU SHALL OBEY!!!”

“No longer My King, I’m done with it,” he replied. “I refuse to sink lower.”

“YOU GO AGAINST MY WISHES, YOU BLOODY TRAITOR?” Aerys spat at him. “I WILL HAVE YOUR BLOODY HEAD ON PIKE JUST LIKE YOUR TRAITOROUS FATHER!!!”

“The only head that is to roll is yours, you mad cunt.”

Aerys still did not know who this other cunt wearing Kingsguard armor was, he had a huge dark brown beard and he certainly was none of the missing Kingsguard knights... “STATE WHO YOU ARE TRAITOR!!”

“You still don’t know who I am?” The man said amused. “Not even after so many times whipping me? Not even after you killed my father and friends you bloody piece of shit?”

No...who freed him. *WHO FREED HIM?*

“I did.” The Lannister cunt said. *I should have killed you all a long time ago, fucking Lannisters!* “And now I finished this.”

“YOU WILL NOT!!!” Aerys barked. “I CANNOT DIE, ROSSART WILL BURN THE CITY!!!”

“Rossart is dead.” The Lannister stated as he walked closer. “And now it’s your turn, for what you did to Queen Rhaella, Princess Elia and her children and everyone unjustly burnt.”

The Stark stopped the Lannister from going further. “You will not soil your cloak this way Lannister,” he said with a murderous expression directed to Aerys. “I will kill him myself.”

The Lannister looked towards him with wary eyes but did not move further, while the Stark began slowly moving towards Aerys. *I have to escape...a dragon does not die!* Aerys ran as fast as he could down the throne, almost failing from it but the Stark traitor was onto him. *I should have cut my bloody nails! I can’t run properly with them so large...*

“COME HERE!!!” The shout was followed by Brandon Stark getting in front of him and piercing with his sword in the stomach...Aerys felt blood come to his mouth as an unbearable pain came to his stomach.

“AAAARRGGGH!!!”

“THIS ONE WAS FOR KYLE YOU PIECE OF SHIT!!!” he shouted as he took the sword out and even if Aerys tried to leave he couldn’t move, he was paralyzed. Another stab... “THIS ONE IS FOR JEFFORY!!!”

“YOU BLOODY CUNT!!!” Aerys screamed in agony. “I WILL HAVE YOUR...HEAD ON A...SPIKE!!!” His strength fading from him, he fell to his knees while the Stark kept looking towards...
him with those damned murderous eyes.

A third stab was felt closer to his heart. “THIS IS ONE IS FOR EVERY PERSON YOU KILLED AND WISHED TO KILL, FOR YOUR OWN FAMILY THAT YOU THREATEN TO KILL!!!”

“I’M…I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!!!” Aerys shouted as his feet and arms felt numb and unmoving, his clothes covered in blood already and his mouth pouring some of it too…

“I can’t die here…I CAN’T DIE!!!

“You should have killed me when you had the chance you bloody monster.” The Stark bastard proclaimed, his glance seemed like of bloody wolf himself now. “Leave one wolf alive and the sheep are never safe.”

“I’M NOT SHEEP!!!” Aerys barked indignantly in the ground, his front turned to the Stark shit head “I’M A DRAGON!!! I’M A DRAGON!!! A DRAGON FEARS NO ONE!!!”

“Too bad…you seem afraid to me.” The bastard said smirking. “A real shame you can’t see your face now…you would have liked it but alas it ends now, you bloody monster.” The Stark picked his sword up. “IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER, LORD RICKARD STARK AND OF MY HOUSE AND EVERYONE YOU BURNT, I BRANDON OF HOUSE STARK DO SENTENCE YOU TO DIE AERYS THE SECOND OF YOUR NAME OF HOUSE TARGARYEN!!! WINTER HAS COME FOR YOU, YOU BLOODY CUNT!!!”

“NOOOOOOOOO!!!” Aerys screamed with all might but to no avail, the Stark cunt sliced his head away from his body…his conscience began fading faster than what he anticipated…he was actually dying…the dragon was dying…no…no…NOOOOOOOO!!!”

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Kevan Lannister

Outside King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

The Lannister arrived at the Lion Gate, behind them were twelve thousand riders and some forty thousand more could be called if need be as Kevan’s cousin Stafford awaited in Casterly Rock for new orders with those reinforcements.

Kevan was still surprised by how bad of a loss the Targaryens suffered against the Rebels…an entire army crushed…how did that happen?

“So what’s the plan Tywin?” Gerion asked when they stopped and the men began preparing tents for the night.

“Get in, sack the city and prove our allegiance to Robert Baratheon who the Rebels chose to be their King at Castle Darry,” Tywin explained. “We will kill every Targaryen inside.”

“Even the children?” Gerion retorted aghast.

“They are potential claimants,” Tywin stated. “When Robert Baratheon comes and takes the Crown, we shall place forward Cersei as his only option for a wife, thus the potential claimants become a real danger.”

“What about Lyanna Stark?” Tygett asked as he unhorsed giving his horse’s reins to his squire. “Robert Baratheon is still betrothed to her.”
“The Stark girl should be dead by now or at the very least more than soiled,” Tywin said as he inspected the walls for potential weaknesses. “Besides she gives them nothing for the North is already fully committed to the Rebellion, Cersei gives them fifty thousand men and the gold of the Rock. Which one would you choose Tygett?”

“He would have to break the betrothal that way, and that would cause problems with the Starks.” Gerion retorted.

“Not to mention the Baratheons are stubborn as mules, they don’t back down on their decisions.” Tygett pointed out. “I seem to recall Robert Baratheon has proclaimed his love for the Stark girl quite often during the Rebellion, I don’t think he is so stupid as to not know she was soiled.”

“And?” Tywin asked plainly.

“They are another enemy for us to fight.” Gerion said.

“I seem to remember you not being afraid of the Northerners when you were having a tantrum with Genna.” Tywin retorted.

“We are talking of close to two hundred thousand enemy soldiers we have to fight,” Tygett added. “It’s illogical.”

“The Starks will not go against Robert Baratheon, they will go back north and close themselves like they have done since they bent the knee to Aegon the Conqueror,” Tywin said. “The Reachmen will bend over when we promise them what they have now and the Dornish will become our common enemy, they will strengthen the union of the people behind the Baratheon dynasty as they did to House Targaryen.”

“And if Robert Baratheon refuses to marry Cersei?” Kevan asked. “Surely that came to your mind Tywin.”

“If he refuses, then we can marry Cersei to Stannis which would be Robert’s heir in this case and Robert can have a death of mysterious circumstances,” Tywin explained. “All the while, it’s something we should worry once he sits on the throne, not now.” His older brother then turned towards his men. “I need a word with Clegane and Lorch at my tent.”

When their main tent was already up, the huge man and the smaller one came by, ready to have their orders given. “My Lords.” they bowed in respect to Tywin and the rest of them.

“Clegane, Lorch I want you both to find a way inside the city’s walls, once inside, you shall make way inside the Red Keep and eliminate every Targaryen you come across.”

“As My Lord wishes.” The two men said. “It shall be done.” Lorch added.

“Good, if you fail, I did not give you this order.” Tywin warned.

“We won’t fail.” Clegane murmured loudly as they left. Kevan couldn’t help but feel pity for the children for they would not make it but alas…it’s war…and Tywin wants Cersei as Queen…

Chapter End Notes

So yes Jaime did not get stained with kingslayer brand in this story, at least directly,
Brandon did but since he is not a Kingsguard and was affected badly by Aerys it will not cause him too many problems in the future.

I'm not sure about Aerys' death may it felt a bit too cliché?

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
“It’s in your best interest to work with us.” Brandon Stark said to Pycelle and Varys, the last two counselors that remained from Aerys’ Small Council. Velaryon was at Dragonstone likely ranting with his oldest son about the two other sons he lost in the war while Staunton ran away either because he found Aerys’s plot or he finally found Aerys too crazy for his taste, either way, it matters not. “Otherwise the Rebels will not be so pleased with you both.”

“You have no authority here!” Pycelle barked indignantly. “The Gold Cloaks will have your head.”

“I don’t see any of them here.” Stark retorted.

“If serving you makes the realm a better place then who am I to disagree?” Varys said, that sly creature that no one knew whose purpose was, still his spies may prove useful…

“Tell us what the King knew before his death.” The Northerner asked. “I want to know the situation the city is in.”

“I believe the Gold Cloaks hold the walls of the city,” Varys explained. “But they are likely not enough for what’s to come next.”

“My brother and the Rebels are not a threat to the city.” Brandon dismissed.

“Oh but I did not mean the Rebels Lord Stark, I meant the Lannisters.” Varys clarified.

“My family?” Jaime asked confused. “What do they have to do with this?”

“By now they should be at the Lion’s Gate, the closest gate to the Gold Road,” Varys said. “Your father must wish to join the Rebels and prove his loyalty to them.”

“How can you be so sure, eunuch?” Pycelle retorted quite angrily, anger that Jaime never saw in the man. “He might as well wish to avenge His Grace’s gruesome death.”

“A cautious man such Lord Tywin?” Varys retorted with a question. “Surely even you can see that he will not reinforce the city’s defenses or avenge His Grace when it’s clear that the Rebels will take the city.” The eunuch turned to Jaime. “What do you think Ser Jaime, Lord Tywin is your father surely you must know how he will act.”

Jaime was his father’s son but he never knew what was in his father’s mind but what he definitely knew was that…his father was never on the losing side. Rhaegar losing his entire army in the Trident made his father leave his neutrality because he has seen the Rebels as the winners…this of course, meant that Elia and her children were in danger if the Reyne-Tarbeck revolt was to go by… the city was not going to be in much better shape.

“Lord Varys is right…” he finally said. “My father must wish to prove his loyalty to the Rebels likely by taking the city himself.”
“By sacking it you mean?” Brandon countered aghast. “For fuck sake why does everyone wish to kill these people who have done nothing wrong?”

“I’m not saying he will do it, just that he might.” Jaime added, though he knew Brandon Stark was right…

“It means the same to me.” Brandon Stark scoffed. “We ought to do something about this…”

“How?” Jaime questioned. “We barely have control of the Red Keep, the Gold Cloaks are failing to keep law and order in the city and my father must have at the very least ten thousand men.”

“My brother is surely coming.” Stark insisted. “If we can hold the walls until he comes then we can counter your father’s army somehow.”

“That’s a big gamble Stark…especially without fully controlling the city” Jaime said.

“Do we have another choice?” The Northerner questioned. “If you have other plans I’m all ears.”

“But really…” Jaime admitted sighing. Why did you have to come father…you were doing so well at home… “Neither you nor the Princess can escape now though…the docks are outside of the city walls, surely my father has taken hold of them by now…”

“Gods…I have should have gone with her…” Brandon gritted his teeth. “I should…”

“You did not so stop lamenting yourself.” Jaime scolded him. “Now we must go see if we can find her for she might be in grave danger.”

“You are right, we must find her.” Brandon nodded in agreement. “Surely there are some horses in the stables are they not?”

“I think so…”

“Then let’s fetch them horses and bring Elia to safety,” Brandon commanded. “Lord Varys you are in charge while we are away.” Varys?

“Me?” The eunuch said surprised too, no one seemed to be expecting it.

“Aye.” Brandon Stark insisted. “We shouldn’t take too long, you just have to keep the castle running and not spread the news that the King is dead to the people for that will cost us a lot of trouble.”

“The latter shouldn’t take too much of me.” The Lyseni said. “The former I will give it my very best Lord Stark.”

“Come on Lannister, let’s go.”

They left the Throne Room where they had been and went as fast as they could to the stables. All the while, Stark’s decision to place Varys in charge was turning him mad with doubt.

“I don’t understand why you placed Varys in charge, that’s a stupid move, Stark.” Jaime quickly said. “Is there any more mysterious character than him?”

“Who would you have us put then? Pycelle?” he countered. “I don’t know him at all and I saw he is clearly a Lannister supporter, look how pissed he got when Varys suggested that your father was coming to sack the city. I think in this situation Varys seems more reliable.”
He did have a good reason…even if Varys isn’t trustworthy, Pycelle is a Westermen and his
crossbreed’s creature, since he gave Jaime that letter, it’s likely that he has been providing information
to his father for a long time, so yes, he will likely work in favor of his father in the situation. “I
would feel much better if I was too to leave none of them in charge for long.”

“Me too.” The Stark said as they entered the stables. “Gods…this armor wasn’t so heavy when I
killed the mad cunt…”

“Maybe it’s because you spent more than a year in the cells and your muscles?” Jaime suggested.
“I mean even I struggle with it sometimes and I’m fine as it is.”

“Gods…I forgot about it…what fool I am…” he murmured as they found a few horses still inside
the stables. “I hoped to find Wildbeast here…”

“You mean the horse you brought?” Jaime inquired. Wildbeast. “Aerys had him sold, no one
thought you would survive anyway.”

“Gods damned I loved that horse…” Stark sighed. “I will take this white one then.”

“That one is mine Stark,” Jaime said with a frown. “Who else would have the fanciest of horses if
not me?”

“Gods be damned Lannister are making fun of me?” Stark barked before breaking into laughter.
“Then I will take this brown one, is it yours too?”

“No, that one is…I really don’t really know…I guess you can take it yourself.”

“Then that’s what I will do.” Then he proceeded to struggle at mounting the horse, the armor was
too heavy for him but he said nothing and kept insisting until he finally made it, panting. “I-I-I
made it…”

“You should stop forcing yourself, I can fetch Elia myself.” Jaime told him.

“No, I mustn’t do it.” he insisted. “I will not let her into harm’s way because of me. Let’s go.”

What a stubborn fool this man is…I hope father didn’t come to harm the city or Elia and her
children…I seriously do…

They rode hard around the streets of King’s Landing looking for Elia’s wheelhouse or in whatever
she was moving on. She surely didn’t leave too long ago considering she had to fetch her children
and some of her belongings…In the River Row, the fastest route to the docks there was a huge
congestion of people, horses, and wheelhouses, many people were trying desperately to leave the
city. They were hoping they could find Elia amongst them…

They approached a wheelhouse and halted their horses’ advance. “ETHAN?” Brandon Stark called
aloud and the Northern’s head came out of a wheelhouse a few yards ahead. This one had two
rather old ladies in it… “Apologies, My Ladies, I would advise on not leaving the city, there is
danger outside these walls.”

“What sort of danger?” One of them asked, concern in her face.

“There is an army outside.” Stark explained.

“Oh may the Seven saves us!” The other proclaimed. “I told you we shouldn’t leave this late.”
“How was I supposed to know?”

“I would appreciate if you could spread the word around.” Brandon quickly added. “We are in a bit of a hurry here.” Then he made a gesture for Jaime to follow him.

“We will good Ser.”

“Take care, My Ladies.” Stark nodded as they approached the orange wheelhouse where Ethan’s head poked out.

“Brandon, what are you doing here?” Ethan inquired.

“There is no time to explain, you two must follow us back to the Red Keep,” Brandon said. “The Lannister army is outside the walls and Gods know what they might do.”

“Oh Gods…” Elia murmured with a worried expression as she held her baby son closer and brought little Rhaenys closer as well. “Please let us return if it is the safest thing for my children…”

“You heard that man?” Jaime asked the charioteer who nodded in respect and began turning the wheelhouse back.

“So…is it done?” Ethan asked while they moved. “Is he dead?”

“Would we be here if he wasn’t Glover?” Jaime asked sarcastically.

“No…not really…” Ethan agreed. “I’m glad he is dead, the fucker had it coming.”

“That he did.” Brandon agreed.

“So what are we to do now?” Elia asked concerned. “If the Lannister army is outside of the cities we are still in danger.”

“We ought to wait for my brother and the Rebels to come,” Brandon explained. “Only then can we move freely around the city without the worry of Lannisters or an angry mob.”

“I can try and negotiate with my father,” Jaime suggested. “He won’t harm me and he will listen to what I have to say.”

“That could prove useful but remember we can’t let him in before my brother arrives.” Brandon insisted. “I don’t trust him.”

“I won’t disagree with you Stark.” Jaime avowed. “But we can’t simply leave my father without any news of our coup in the Red Keep or he might just send the army inside instead of waiting, walls can be breached.” Jaime warned, perfectly knowing how his father worked in this specific circumstance.

“We should return to the Red Keep first,” Elia commanded from inside the wheelhouse. “Then we argue what procedure we should take with the Lannisters.”

“Yes My Princess…”

They were really lucky that the road to the Red Keep was so short because the damned wheelhouse was so slow…Upon their arrival at the Red Keep, they were relieved to see the castle still standing. The eunuch apparently kept everything proper…
“So you both left the castle under Varys’ care?” Elia asked in disbelief.

“It was either him or Pycelle.” Brandon Stark retorted. “I don’t think it turned as bad you two think…”

“Lord Stark, My Princess, and Ser Jaime.” The eunuch came with a sly smile from the Throne Room. “Welcome back, I’m very glad to see that everything went smoothly and My Princess is safe in our hold.”

“Where is Pycelle?” Brandon asked without even waiting for them to unhorse.

“In his chambers.” The Lyseni replied. “He is not a threat, for now, he can’t contact anyone of note.”

“Good,” Stark said as he turned back. “Lannister if you want to go parley with your father, now is the time.”

“Will do,” Jaime said. “Hopefully I will gain us some time.”

“Hopefully so,” Stark said. “I will keep the children entertained…it should not be too hard…”

“You already a fool already.” Jaime japed. “I think you will do just fine.”

“Maybe we were indeed separated at birth…Lannister…” Jaime chuckled at the comeback of the Stark. “Be safe.”

“You too.”

The garrison of the Lion’s Gate wasn’t too hard to convince at allowing him to parley with his father, they were scared as hell from the huge army that was stationed outside of their post. Hopefully, they will let me enter again afterward…

He took his helmet off and made his way to the Lannister camp, while every eye was centered on him, the son of the Lion was there. Finally, he stopped, dismounted by the largest tent, crimson in color with a huge golden lion emblazoned in it and entered it.

“I find it weird that Aerys hasn’t sent us a reply yet.” His uncle Gerion said. “It’s not like him…”

“That’s because Aerys is dead.” Jaime proclaimed, catching every man there by surprise, including his father.

“Jaime!” His two younger uncles shouted happily, while his other smiled and his father remained expressionless, as always…

“Uncles.” he bowed. “Father.”

“What do you mean with Aerys is dead?” His father questioned. “Who killed him?”

“Brandon Stark did.” Jaime could have sworn he saw something resembling a smile on his father’s lips…I’m seeing things…

“Brandon Stark?” His uncle Gerion exclaimed with surprise just as the other uncles. “Wasn’t he a prisoner?”

“He was.” Jaime nodded in approval. “But not anymore.”
“You took part in his liberation?” Uncle Tygett asked.

“I did.”

“So we can assume you are both working together now.” His father plainly stated. “You two hold the city?”

“We do.” he lied, lest to no make his father see their position weak. “Part of it.”

“I see…”

“And I assume you came to join the winning side of this war, father.” Jaime blurted out.

“You assume well son.” His father replied. “The Rebels have won this war.”

“Then its best if you were to stay here waiting for the Rebels to arrive and enter the city first,” Jaime suggested. “Otherwise whatever gains you are hoping to achieve will mean nothing.”

“Is that so?”

“The Rebels will not appreciate you stilling them their glory.” Jaime continued.

“And you learned this from who? Brandon Stark?” His father retorted.

“I did and I ought to agree with it.” Jaime insisted. “You are waiting here already father, it will not take long before they arrive and you can join them then without any conflict, much safe that if you were to sack the city.”

“I say we do that.” His uncle Gerion joined in. “Your son has point Tywin, they will not like you stealing their glory nor win the city from one of them which apparently is what happened.”

“I agree as well.” Uncle Tygett said. “The city is theirs, there is no point on butchering the people.”

His father glanced his uncle Kevan, the one whose word meant the most after mother died, according to aunt Genna anyway. “If you want Cersei to have a chance at being Queen, then I guess you have not much of a choice than what your son told you.” Cersei as Queen…Cersei as… no… I can’t think of her now. I won my uncles now I just need father…Cersei can wait…

“We shall wait then.” His father said and Jaime wanted to jump with joy. “But I expect you to vow for your family when the times comes, son.”

“I will.” Jaime bowed. “Now I must return.”

“Let me accompany you a bit.” Uncle Gerion proclaimed as he clapped his shoulder. “I have missed you, nephew, I suppose you want to hear of your brother?”

“I wouldn’t mind at all.” Jaime nodded as they exited the tent.

They talked on how Tyrion was proving himself to be very smart despite his young age, about how Cersei doesn’t know what is happening other than a war being fought, about uncle Kevan having finally a son…

All of a sudden, his uncle’s jovial expression turned into a serious one. “Do you happen to have Elia Martell and her children in your custody?”
“Yes, why?”

“Your father sent Lorch and Clegane…to kill every Targaryen they were to find…I didn’t care about Aerys at all but…you know…” His uncle laughed a bit and clapped Jaime’s shoulder once again, Jaime understood he was telling this to save the children. “Take care nephew, hopefully, we can have a more pleasant talk after all this is done.”

“Same to you nuncle.” Jaime bowed as they went into opposite directions, his uncle back to the camp and he back into the city. Thank the Gods they allowed me in again.

When he arrived at the Red Keep, he quickly went to the Throne Room where he found Rhaenys showing the dragon skulls to Brandon Stark, Elia and Ethan Glover were watching with concerned faces but not because of those two, rather they feared the Lannister army outside of the city walls, hence why there were horses inside as well.

“I have returned.” Jaime proclaimed, approaching the rest of them.

“How did it go?” Elia asked.

“He agreed to wait for the Rebels’ arrival and yes he does mean to join them.” Jaime explained.

“Now that the war is pretty much over?” Brandon inquired as he picked with Rhaenys up who giggled with the act.

“You still have the Reach and…Dorne to deal with.” Jaime said. “Surely you don’t think it will be as easy do you?”

“No, of course not.” Brandon dismissed. “But it does not mean it is right to only join now.”

“I’m just glad he won’t try anything,” Elia confessed with a shy smile. *He sent Lorch and Clegane after your children… “Still I would appreciate if the Rebels were here, just to feel extra safe.” But I will not let them fall into any harm.*

“My Lords,” Varys said as he entered the Throne Room. “It seems the Rebels arrived at the Dragon’s Gate.”

“I will go to meet them!” Brandon said excitedly. “Lannister, Ethan you two guard the Princess.”

“Why should it be you going Stark?” Jaime inquired. “You can’t even mount your horse properly.”

“Fuck off Lannister, I’m seeing my brother and that’s the end of it.” Brandon Stark barked angrily before his smile returned. “I ought to tease him you know...about his marriage…” And with that, he made a colossal effort once more to get on top of the horse.

“Need a helping hand Stark?” Jaime teased.

“Aye, throw me right to my brother’s side if you can Lannister.” The Stark retorted. “I’m not that heavy without my muscles I’m sure.” *This man was savage...*

“You two are worse than Rhaenys.” Elia scoffed.

“Boo to you!” The little Princess said amused and giggling. “I’m better than you!”

“I will be right back,” Brandon said with a more serious look as he finally got onto his horse. “Hopefully with the Rebels’ army, we can take hold of the city.”
“Be safe.” Elia wished.

“You too My Princess.” And with that, he galloped away from them at full speed.

“Ser Jaime, will you play with me now?” The little girl asked as she tried to grab his hand.

“Aren’t you tired little Princess?” he questioned with a smile. *I can’t let them kill this little girl nor the baby.*

“A bit but I really want to play…”

“Okay, let’s all play the Queen says,” Jaime suggested as turned to the other adults. “Rhaenys goes first?”

He seemed to have lifted the mood of his two companions a slight bit for they smiled. “Let us play then.” Said Elia. “What does the Queen say?”

Eddard Stark

Outside King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Ned and his host of fifteen thousand horsemen were now waiting at the Dragon Gate. *I’m coming brother…I’m coming to save you.*

“Can’t wait to kill the cunt!” Jon Umber proclaimed aloud. “Fucker has been asking for it for a very long time.”

“If he wasn’t the Mad King and had done so ill to Lord Rickard, I would have pitied him as everyone wishes to kill him,” Willam said. “But alas I want to kill him too.”

“I think it should be Ned doing the deed,” Jorah suggested. “It was his father who got killed and his brother who got imprisoned not yours.”

“I won’t deny that I do wish to kill him too,” Ned confessed. “But if someone else kills him, I won’t mind.”

“I hope Brandon is fine…” Willam said in a murmur. “I mean as fine as a man who was a prisoner for a year can be…Ethan too…we always forget about him…we are bad.”

“I hope so too…” Ned admitted.

“Maybe we will have to assemble trebuchets and siege towers?” Mark sighed. “This is a big city and I doubt we can lay siege to it…”

“Aye, especially without being flanked by the Loyalists if they send an army up here.” Jorah agreed.

“Lord Stark.” Called a Rivermen mounted man. “The gates are opening, a man is coming on a horse.”

“A man?” Willam asked confused. “What in Seven Hells is a man doing riding towards us?”

“Maybe it’s a messenger?” Mark suggested. “Or maybe they are surrounding the city?”
“Could be…” Ned said. “Or maybe he just wants to parley.”

“I say we accept nothing but the Mad King’s surrender!” Jon Umber shouted. “He has to face justice!”

“AYE!!!” The host shouted.

The single rider kept galloping towards them, his men were all with their hands in the pommels of the swords just in case, he was as well…

“NED!!!”

“He knows Ned?” Questioned Willam surprised.

“Who is he?” Jorah questioned too.

“NED!!!” The rider insisted as he got closer and closer, the voice sounding familiar to Ned somehow. “NED YOU DUMB WOLF IT’S ME!!!” No…it couldn’t be…Brandon? How in the Seven Hells did he get out? Did Ashara succeed? “BROTHER!!!”

“BRANDON?” he shouted back, the emotion making his heart beat faster.

“WINTER IS COMING!!!” Brandon proclaimed, unhorsing and falling flat faced in the floor but somehow the Kingsguard armor he was for some reason wearing protected him from a major injury. His brother quickly got up and began racing towards Ned and Ned did the same, finally…after so long…two brothers were finally hugging each other again.

“Brandon you are alive!” Ned proclaimed as tears began coming out of his eyes. “You are alive!”

“I am, Dumb Wolf. Thinner and with beard larger than Buckets’ but aye I’m alive.” Only his brother to still jape like this…even when crying too… “By the way is Buckets there? I wish to make him jealous of the beard.”

“BRANDON!!!” The Northerners shouted as they came to embrace him as well, all happy to see him once more.

“Gods, how did you escape?” Willam questioned.

“I had some help from a few friends, someone’s wife…” Brandon said while clapping Ned’s shoulder and making him flush, she did succeed... “But right now, I need your help to keep the city in line.”

“Wait…what about the mad cunt?” Jon Umber asked impersonating everyone there. “If you are here then…”

“I killed him myself after getting freed.” That caught everyone in surprise. “The bastard was attempting to burn the entire city with wildfire once you all arrived, we had to stop him.”

“The Targaryens are truly mad…” Ser Martyn said aghast.

“Burn an entire city…what a cunt…” Jon Umber added. “ALL HAIL BRANDON FOR KILLING THE BASTARD!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

“There is no need for such a fuss…” Brandon stated with a shy smile. “I must, however, ask
everyone here to leave Princess Elia and her children be, they are innocent and should not be held responsible for the Mad King’s actions.”

“We are no child killers,” Willam said. “Nor women killers.”

“AYE!!” The host shouted aloud.

“It’s good to see you alive lad.” Ser Brynden said as he approached still on his horse. “I hope this time made you a better man, after the stupidity you did.”

“It did Ser Brynden, it did,” Brandon replied very seriously, his brother did seem a bit more… mature? “It won’t happen again, I swear it by the Old Gods and the New.”

“Good.” The older knight smiled. “Congratulations on killing the mad bastard, but how do you move with that much armor?”

“I honestly don’t know…” Brandon broke into laughter. “Is Robert here though? I wish to congratulate him for killing the other mad cunt.”

“Robert died…” Ned muttered, remembering his friend’s last moments. “He had far too many wounds…he”

“Oh…Gods…I did not know…” Brandon said with a gloomy look.

“How could you know Bran? You were a prisoner, they don’t tell prisoners what’s happening.” Willam said as he clapped his shoulder.

“I guess so…let’s go in any regard, we are barely holding the Red Keep as of now…”

“Aye.” Ned agreed. “LET’S END THIS BLOODY WAR ONCE AND FOR ALL!!!”

“HURRAH!!!”

Elia Martell

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Elia was thankful to have Ser Jaime, Brandon Stark and Ethan Glover thinking about her children, it wasn’t a good time to be a Targaryen…It had been a while since she had someone to protect them, everything turned upside down after her son was born...

Rhaenys was worry free, the little girl found some new playmates after her usual ones had to leave and Elia was thankful for that, she liked to see her daughter happy. Aegon was also making his first little strolls and conversations and seemed happy too.

“The Queen says…tumble forward.” Rhaenys ordered and when Ser Jaime did what she told him to, she giggled happily.

Then she saw two men enter the Throne Room…one was huge, gigantic…she never a person so tall, they were fully armored with three running dogs in the giant and a manticore in the smaller one…who are they?

Ser Jaime noticed it too as did Ethan Glover they began taking a position in front of Elia. They talked about this with Brandon Stark, the Throne Room was spacious and there was plenty of room
for her to escape if need be, especially on horse, so she picked her children and got them closer to her bust and moved slowly towards the horse.

“Clegane, Ser Lorch you don’t want to do this.” Ser Jaime warned as he unsheathed his sword as did Ethan. “Aerys is dead, your task is done.”

“Ser Jaime?” The smaller man said. “Why are you protecting the dragon bitch, she holds Targaryen whelp, they ought to die.” Oh no…please, not my children…please...

“They are children, they won’t harm anyone.” Jaime insisted. “Remember I’m a Lannister you are sworn to us.”

“I must kill the Targaryens!” The giant barked.

“CLEGANE DON’T YOU DO THIS!!!” Jaime shouted. “I WILL KILL YOU IF YOU DON’T OBEY MY ORDERS!!!”

At that moment, the Throne Room began filling with men on horses, in their banners were direwolves, stags, falcons, bears, trouts, maces, giants and more…the Rebels…thank the Old Gods and the New...

“Who in Seven Hells are these guys?” Brandon inquired as he trotted ahead of the two men.

“Some men my father sent to kill Aerys,” Ser Jaime said. “The deed is done so there is no use for them now, they ought to return to him, right Lorch?”

The man looked amazed and worried with the number of men that kept entering the Throne Room, the giant didn’t seem too impressed though… “Right…come on Clegane, let’s report to Lord Tywin.”

“The deed is not done still.” The giant barked back.

“Aerys is dead, Clegane let us go.” This Lorch insisted.

The giant wasn’t happy at all but began leaving the room with the other…they were saved…my children are safe…I'm safe...

Chapter End Notes

I knew what was going to happen in this chapter and yet I struggled to make the chapter...anyway the Sack of King’s Landing is done...I don't think anyone expected this outcome of it...

If there are any doubts about what happened do tell me, I know a lot of people don’t like the Lannisters or at least Tywin or those two dogs of his but they will be important for the future. Just as Elia's children and Elia herself, they won't die in Part 1 at least...or never perhaps?

As always thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Jaime Lannister

King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

His father and his army were entering the city now, surely this wasn’t the way his father wished to enter the capital but to Jaime, it meant his father still had a saying in things. He had done his part for the family.

He knew not why he did it though…his father wanted Cersei as Queen…his other half to be someone else’s wife…but wasn’t that what she hoped ever since father promised her Rhaegar? She didn’t love him truly as he loved her, he was just a compensation prize if the main one would prove to not be of her liking. Or maybe she loved the notion of being Queen more.

“Jaime.” His father said as he approached, he was expressionless but Jaime knew he was not happy with the arrangement but…he would have to suck it up.

“Father.” Jaime acknowledged as he made his horse follow his father’s pace.

“How many Rebels are in the city?” His father inquired in a murmur, not wishing to be heard by some of the Rebels who were around, watching their every move.

“Fifteen thousand on horse,” Jaime replied. “I hope you are not thinking about fighting them.”

“It would be nonsense if I did so.” His father quickly stated. “I must convince Robert Baratheon on claiming Cersei as his wife, that’s what I hope to get out of this.”

“Robert Baratheon is dead.” Jaime said, prompting his father to abruptly stop his horse and cause havoc in the rest of his men.

“Is that so?” His father asked as he made his confused horse trot forward.

“The Rebels said he was too injured after he killed Rhaegar, not just from that specific fight but every single fight he did in the Rebellion,” Jaime explained. “They said despite it all he lived far longer than what the Maesters expected him to.”

“Who have the Rebels chosen as their King now?” His father asked.

“No one yet,” Jaime said. “They seem to be tormented by it, they don’t know who to choose. The only consensus they seem to have achieved was that they do not wish for a Targaryen.”

“That is expected.”

“Since we are speaking of Targaryens, I would appreciate an answer.” Said Jaime. “Why did you sent Clegane and Lorch? They were going to destroy any chance you were to have with the Rebels if I wasn’t there, may the Gods know what was to happen.”

“I sent them to get rid of the Targaryens.” His father plainly stated, not even trying to hide it. “They will become threats to Cersei when she becomes Queen.” Father hasn’t given up on the idea of Cersei as Queen but he knows it’s not Robert who will be King so…who is he thinking that will be
King? “But I do recognize it was a reckless plan, but you cannot blame me for not knowing the city had been taken by Brandon Stark.”

“Who are you supporting father?” Jaime inquired, being very curious about his father’s plans. “Robert is dead so…”

“I have a few ideas in mind.” His father said. “You and Brandon Stark have become friendly towards each other have you not?”

“I did but what does it matter for the subject?”

“Nothing really.” His father merely said. “You do well on befriending the Lord Paramount of the North.” His father concluded the talk. “Let us hurry and get acquainted with the Rebels. Kevan, I need a word with you.”

“As you wish.” His uncle Kevan urged his horse to ride faster as he and his other two uncles had given enough distance for his father to enter first, a showcase of power of sorts. He knew not what his father and uncle were discussing for the rest of the ride, but he knew the wary looks in the Rebels who came to see that no problems were raised, they did not like Lannisters at all…

“So the children were saved?” His uncle Gerion asked in a whisper as his pace had increased to match Jaime’s.

“They are nuncle,” Jaime assured. “None of the Rebels wants to see them harmed but…as Kings…that’s another matter altogether…”

“Interesting…” His uncle said.

“I don’t know if you heard nuncle but Robert Baratheon is dead.” Jaime explained to his uncle.

“That’s…interesting.” His uncle replied. “I wonder what Tywin will do now…this is promising.”

“All I know is that he is plotting something already,” Jaime confessed and his uncle nodded in agreement. “Something that involves Cersei as Queen.”

“No doubt he does, he has been plotting that for almost a decade now.” His uncle said. “I don’t think he will ever give up on that notion, especially now, the best time to press for it.”

“Now is the best time indeed.” Jaime agreed. “But will the Rebels like it? They don’t seem to like us much.”

“When Tywin presents them with fifty thousand men and the gold of the Rock in return of having one of them marrying the most beautiful woman in the realm, I doubt they will resist.” Well…uncle Gerion was right in that regard…right at everything really…

The rest of the ride Jaime spent japing with his uncle Gerion and occasionally having a conversation with his uncle Tygett while his father and uncle Kevan continued talking among themselves.

They dismounted in the courtyard of the Red Keep, the stables were overcrowded with horses, the Red Keep surely never had so many of them at once. His father led the procession of Westermen inside the Throne Room, ignoring the gazes of the Rebels and servants of the castle.
The Throne Room was overcrowded as well, the Rebels brought hundreds of chairs and benches to sit the many lords inside. There was bickering inside but as soon as the Westermen entered all got quiet and looked towards them with disdain.

His father looked uninfected by any of it and kept walking towards the steps of the Iron Throne where the Stark brothers and Ser Brynden were. He stopped some six feet in front of them, while his men stopped at the back of the Rebels. “My Lords.” His father greeted.

“Lord Lannister.” They replied though none of them were actually happy to see his father.

“I come in peace.” His father said.

“Do you?” Brandon Stark asked. “And the two men you sent? Did they come in peace as well?”

“They did not.” His father plainly said.

“Then you are contradicting yourself Lord Tywin.” Ser Brynden said.

“You are not entirely.” His father replied. “I come in peace towards the Rebels, my men were here to kill Aerys.”

“And why is that?” Eddard Stark asked.

“Personal reasons.” Replied his father before glancing Brandon Stark. “Let’s say he took certain liberties he should have not taken and I meant for him to pay, Lord Stark. I’m sure My Lord’s brother killed him for personal reasons as well, like him killing your father. I commend you for doing so, in fact, I thank you, it was a much fitting ending to the Mad King, better that you took the last breath out of him rather than my men.”

“What is it that you hope to achieve Lord Tywin?” Ser Brynden questioned with the same wary look everyone in the room was sparing his father. “Certainly you didn’t just come for personal acts of vengeance.”

“I’m looking to join the Rebels.”

“Now that most of the work is done?” Brandon retorted. Oh boy…

“Yes, now that you still have the Reach and Dorne to face. Now, that you have Seven Kingdoms to rebuild. Now that you are in need to legitimize your actions and whatever King who you sit in that chair.” His father said. “Of course I can leave if you so wish.”

The Rebel lords glanced each other before with pissed looks before Brandon Stark spoke. “If you wish to join us…you are welcome to.”

“But we expect full cooperation.” Ser Brynden added.

“Certainly My Lords.” His father nodded. “May I ask if the new King has been chosen?”

“No yet.” Eddard Stark said. “We are waiting for Lord Arryn and some more lords who stayed behind to arrive, so we can decide who it should be.”

“I see…” His father said. “I shall wait, just as the rest of you, with your permission.”

And with that his father left, having set some of his terms…surely the Rebels understood it…especially Ser Brynden that they slowly falling in his hands…it pained Jaime but there was no much he could do…
“Do you miss her?” Brandon asked his brother when he was least expecting, they were having a stroll in the Godsdwood to unwind their minds after the meeting with Tywin Lannister who was trying to place them in his fingers…

“Miss who?” Ned asked confused.

“Who…” Brandon shook his head with a plain face. “Neddy, Neddy, Neddy…”

“What?”

“Aren’t you…telling your brother about your wife?” he said this with a smirk. “Do you think that’s honorable of you?”

“Who told you?” Ned asked aghast.

“Princess Elia of course,” Brandon explained as he placed his hand on his shoulder. “Were you going to hide this from me? Your shit smelling brother?”

“No…I wasn’t I simply didn’t really have too much time to tell it to you.” Ned confessed.

“And you are a father too?”

“Am I?” Ned was genuinely surprised, so maybe he didn’t really know about it. “I mean Ser Barristan heard Elia and her ladies-in-waiting speak of it but…”

“Well, Elia said so to me…” Brandon stated. “She ought to be a reliable source considering that they have been in contact with each other and doesn’t seem like a liar.”

“I guess so…” Ned said still amazed.

“Ashara didn’t tell you anything? Brandon asked a little in disbelief.

“No…it’s not like could receive letters from her often anyway, I was always on the move.” Ned explained.

“I’m sorry to have forced into this brother.” Brandon murmured. “It was my fault.”

“You were reckless and stupid.” Ned plainly stated. “But I don’t really blame you, even if your action was stupid what the Mad King did next was worse.”

“Aye…” The memories of his father burning as well Kyle and Jeffory was still fresh in his mind. “Did the marriage go well at least? Did she look good? Well…I’m sure she did, I mean…”

“It went wonderfully for a very small affair…but I like it nevertheless it was more my thing. It would have been perfect if you, Lya, Robert, Jon, Elbert, William, and the guys were there but…” Ned said with a shy smile. “And she was gorgeous.”

“Lya…we still have to find her…” Brandon told his brother.

“We do.” Ned agreed.
“Do we have any information about her?” Brandon questioned.

“I have nothing…”

“Gods…where is our sister…” Brandon murmured defeated.

“I do not know…”

The talking had just gotten grimmer…they needed to find their sister but right now it wouldn’t be good if they broke down in tears or something of the sort, so…time for some japes… “How did the coupling go? Did she…”

“Brandon…”

“I was just curious…you can’t blame me…” Brandon added to make everything more convincing.

“You should go take a bath and cut that gigantic beard of yours,” Ned said. “You stink of shit really.”

“I will do that, I don’t think people can be close to me like this…even Jon Umber told me so.” Brandon laughed. “Said I was now a southron for I smelled like one.”

“Well…” Ned began smiling. “That’s when you understand you need a bath.”

“Aye.” Brandon nodded. “I guess I will find a servant to prepare me a bath.”

“Go on.” Ned encouraged. “I will see the men, see if the Lannisters did something they should not…”

“You really don’t trust them do you?” Brandon questioned.

“Do you?”

“Not really,” Brandon admitted. “But we have to accept them, we will need their support, we and whoever gets crowned.”

“I’m rather concerned about that.” Ned admitted.

“Why?” Brandon asked. “Because there is a chance you might get crowned?”

“Because our men are pushing for independence.” Ned explained.

“Really?” Brandon said aloud in disbelief but really he shouldn’t take it as such for it’s been a common theme ever since Torrhen bent the knee… “We can’t abandon the Riverlands, the Vale or the Stormlands to their luck.”

“I know, they will be at a disadvantage with the rest of the realm…and it might break the Seven Kingdoms apart.”

“Yes because Dorne and the Iron Islands will look to get independent afterward…then maybe the Stormlands and Westerlands…then they all break apart.” Brandon added. “Without the King’s Peace…there are going to be wars like before the Targaryens came…”

“If anything Aegon the Conqueror reduced the number of conflicts when he became King,” Ned said. “I have no wish for more wars but I know more will come soon…”
“Should we put Aegon as King?” Brandon asked as he tried to find a better option for he knew that the Rebels did not want him.

“None of the Rebels except a few Houses that fought for the Targaryens want him,” Ned said what Brandon already knew. “They fought a Rebellion against them and putting another after so many of us died seems hypocritical to them. And to some extent, I do think the same.” Ned sighed. “They don’t mind having the boy alive but bend their knee to him…that’s a different matter.”

“Then Stannis?”

“I wouldn’t mind having him as King but there have been doubts about it because he is pretty much a prisoner of the Reach now,” Ned said. “Not to mention that the Northerners are wary of it, they know nothing of Stannis.”

“And there is no guarantee he is alive…not to mention we would have to fight the Reach…Gods this is such a troublesome affair.” Brandon spat out.

“Petty interests that raise large conflicts and problems.” Ned sighed. “And now to add the Lannisters in the pot as well…them trying to get their holds in power…perhaps he thinks we will choose him as King because of his army.”

“He is wrong if he thinks like that.” Brandon quickly assured. “We won’t falter against his men.”

“Another army we have to face,” Ned said as he led his hand to his forehead. “Maybe we can convince Dorne to stop fighting…if Elia writes to him.”

Perhaps a Stark King could really come true…but neither Ned nor he really wanted it…but if it meant peace…then who were they to say no? Not that any of them would push it forward though.

“I should really go take a bath, brother.” Brandon said to his brother, he was going to focus on politics later, now he needed some time to relax his now inexistent and sore muscles.

“Go on, I have kept you for far too long,” Ned said with his shy smile though anyone could see through his tired eyes. “I’m going to write a letter to Ashara…tell her what happened…”

“You do well brother.” Brandon slapped his brother’s back once more. “See you later.”

The bath Brandon took felt wonderful, or should he say baths…he smelled so bad and was so dirty that one wasn’t enough, some servants cut his beard completely…a five feet long beard that ought to be a bloody record…the servants bathed him in some foreign fragrance from Lys. Some were pretty women but he didn’t look the same as he did a year ago…back then they would probably make move on him…back when he was Brandon Stark the handsome heir to Winterfell…now they simply looked at him with disgust and pity for the number of scars he had on his back…I’m the same person anymore.

Clean and fresh, he dressed some fancy southern clothes. Even if he didn’t like them at all they were much better than his previous shattered and dirty clothes that he wore a year ago.

He made his move to meet his brother again and was his amazement when he found his brother talking to Ser Jaime at the entrance of the Throne Room.

“Bran.” Ned greeted with his shy smile.

“Stark.” Jaime greeted as well.
“Brother, Lannister.” Brandon acknowledged them. “What is happening here?”

“I was telling your brother and friends that we have to hunt down the other pyromancers,” Jaime explained. “Every minute we give them is another minute for them to blow the city up.”

“I thought we killed the bastard who wanted to burn it.” Brandon asked, remembering the man Ser Jaime slew.

“That was their leader but there are two more alive, Garigus and Belis,” Lannister explained. “It was them and Rossart who were in the plot.”

“I can have the men hunt them down,” Ned said. “We have thousands of riders, it shouldn’t take too long.”

“That ought to scare them into blowing things up.” Brandon deduced as he cut in his brother’s reasoning. “Just some hundreds of them divided by the four corners of the city might just be what we need and even then it’s perhaps too much of them.”

“Perhaps it’s better than way…” Ned agreed. “We need to act cautiously or we might be nothing but ashes in no time.”

“But maybe we shouldn’t kill them…yet…” Brandon suggested. “The new King might see use in them, to discredit Aerys’ reign further and win the people of King’s Landing.”

“You are getting smarter as you are getting cleaner Stark.” Lannister japed. “Or is it your beard being cut that made you smarter? Perhaps you ought to cut your hair…imagine how smart you will be as bald man…”

“No I couldn’t do it to you, Lannister, I would get far too smart, you would not keep up with me.” Brandon retorted.

“Are you two grown-ups or children?” Ned barked. “We have something to do have we not?”

“Yes My Lord…” Both he and Lannister replied.

The rest of the day was spent hunting the pyromancers. The Guild of Alchemists was overrun in minutes, but the pyromancers in question were not there. Ser Jaime found and capture the one whose name was Garigus near the Sept of Baelor, on an abandoned house while Willam and Jon Umber caught the other one, Belis by the Dragonpit, hidden inside.

They made sure to make as much ruckus as they could so that people could see what was happening and in the next few days, they caught thousands of pots of wildfire from under the city. Jaime had suggested bringing some peasants to the place so they could witness what was happening under the noses.

By the time they were done gathering all of it, some peasants begin to manifest their hatred and disdain for their former King, denigrating Aerys’ image further, calling him a monster and an abomination for wishing them harm and the Rebels were actually started to be seen as keepers of order and safety, some even called them saviors already, instead of usurpers and enemies.

It was extraordinary how a simple act led to this change…Yesterday they were calling them usurpers behind their backs, now they acclaimed them…

After a few days, both he and Ned rejoiced upon seeing Lord Arryn and Elbert arrive into the city with the rest of their army. Brandon himself missed Elbert a lot, he was his first squire even if they
aren’t so apart in age.

But their arrival also meant that they would be choosing their King in a day or two…and if what Ned said was true…it might befall upon him or his brother to be the King…

*If I am elected…will I be a good King? Should I even accept it? I did nothing good on the Rebellion but one thing I do know…I must fix the mess I made…*

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Kevan Lannister

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Kevan knew of Tywin’s plans for a few days but now did his brother seen fit to tell his younger brothers what he was thinking.

“I believe it’s about time I explain you the course of action we ought to take in this Grand Council of sorts, if it can be called as such.” His older brother proclaimed. “Cersei must become Queen and as such, I only see three people who can become her husband and King, four if we were to include a Targaryen but Jaime has told me that the Rebels are not looking forward to that sort of arrangement and neither one of them is old enough for Cersei anyway.”

“At the people of this city don’t seem to prone on it either,” Gerion added. “By each passing day, they curse House Targaryen more and more after Aerys’ stupid plan to burn the city and its inhabitants was discovered. Even we seem to be more loved than the Targaryens.”

“I have heard of it too,” Tywin admitted. “The fool was a fool to end. Had it slipped to the smallfolk’s ears earlier and the entire Red Keep would be overrun and all the Targaryens butchered. The ending that Clegane and Lorch would give them would seem a blessing then.”

“So who have you considered brother?” Tygett questioned. “Stannis Baratheon?”

“Yes, Stannis Baratheon for one, Jon Arryn and Brandon Stark as other possibilities,” Tywin replied. “The problem is that all of them have downsides. Jon Arryn is too old and unlikely to father children, Stannis is a prisoner in everything but name and might dead by now just like Robert Baratheon before we got word of it and Brandon Stark is a Northerner.”

“Robert Baratheon would be the best suited for King.” Kevan proclaimed and his brothers nodded in approval. “A shame he died.”

“Stannis would be the second-best choice,” Gerion said while rubbing his chin. “But yes, he is a prisoner of the Reachmen and therefore we can’t count on him…”

“And the fact that the siege lasted this long means he personifies the Baratheon stubbornness. He seems unyielding man and that is not a good thing for us, he would counter our decisions more often than accept them.” Tywin explained. “Now Brandon Stark seems like a proper puppet to be.” With this, his younger brothers bulged their eyes, just as Kevan had done when Tywin told him of his intents. “He was reckless but no doubt that after what he has gone through, he will seek counsel more often in order to avoid another reckless action as that one he did.”

“Counsel we would provide I assume?” Tygett asked.

“Precisely.” Tywin agreed.
“It helps the fact that Hoster Tully apparently got too greedy and broke the betrothal that Brandon Stark had with his daughter,” Kevan said. “Cersei can become his wife this way, now the only problem he has it’s the fact that he follows the Old Gods.”

“The Most Devout have proven themselves to be malleable and prone to corruption… I did buy some of them when I was Hand.” Tywin said. “They can be bribed to elect a favorable High Septon just like during Jaehaerys the First’s reign if things turn rough, the Faint Militant is disarmed too.”

“Bribed with money we would provide.” Gerion smiled. “Jaime seems quite friendly with him as well so perhaps we can capitalize that?”

“Certainly.” Tywin agreed. “We might even convince him to free Jaime from his vows.”

“Some of our men heard about the Northmen wishing independence,” Tygett said. “What do you think of that?”

“That it can’t happen,” Tywin said. “It will create precedence, Dorne and the Iron Islands will want the same, and then the Stormlands, Reach and so on. Our influence will not be projected the way it should, we would be surrounded by enemies at every side and we would not be able to counter them efficiently, the Reach who have more troops than us and Brandon Stark would marry the eldest Tully and there will be a huge alliance with the Vale… no I don’t like the arrangement at all. In fact, it only convinces me that Brandon Stark is a safer bet, not to mention that if we were to go to war against the North we would face multiples troubles that unnecessary and we simply would end up in the situation we have deemed unbearable when we discuss offering Cersei to Robert Baratheon.”

“So it’s Brandon Stark we go for?” Gerion asked. “I just want to be sure as once we choose a King and Cersei marries him, it’s done.”

“Yes, I think it’s the best choice we have now,” Tywin said. “In everything.”

“And if we fail to get our influence over him?” Tygett inquired. “Or he tries to get free of it as Aerys did?”

“If such a moment comes, we will proceed as we see fit in the time it arises.” Tywin proclaimed. “We always have a strong influence no matter what and having Cersei as Queen is better than what we got with Aerys.”

“Are you perhaps… showing some sympathy for Brandon Stark because he killed Aerys?” Gerion asked with a smirk.

“Not quite,” Tywin replied. “I would much prefer Clegane and Lorch tearing that cunt apart bit by bit until there was nothing left of him. But I’m sure Brandon Stark’s treatment was not that bland.”

“And how do we convince everyone to choose Brandon Stark?” Kevan asked curiously. “Surely if we push forward the candidacy, we will be seen as pushovers and it might backfire on us.”

“I see no reason not to play hard, the worst-case scenario they choose Stannis and we can very well push for Cersei to be his wife.” Tywin dismissed. “I have seen them being slightly concerned with me leaving which means we have some leverage over them already, we should capitalize on it, but it would be better if they come to that realization themselves rather than us push forward anything.”

“So Brandon Stark it is,” Gerion concluded as he got up. “I ought to go relieve myself brother, is this done?”
“Yes, you are all free to go.” Tywin proclaimed. “Any news you hear and you must tell me about it, immediately.”

“Will do. Gods I’m really at my limit.” Gerion said as he left the room. *He has no remedy that one…*

*A Stark King…that will be something to look upon…the game is always unpredictable indeed…*

Chapter End Notes

So I hope everything doesn't excessively forced, considering the final outcome, I tried my best to make it seem as normal as I could but with the number of problems that are arising in the aftermath of the Trident...is simply pushing more and more to the outcome I set myself to do...I hope it's still credible enough, I know...I know some of you preferred Ned over Brandon, especially considering that Brandon was a prisoner but Ned is married already and they need to control the Lannisters somehow as well as their support. I'm sorry if I disappoint more people again...

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

The Throne Room was full of lords shouting at each other…it seemed the union that kept them allied until that moment was slowly dissolving as the petty interests were taking the better of them. *This is not how it is supposed to be…*

Lord Arryn got up from his chair. “My Lords we can’t lose any more time bickering amongst ourselves, we still have enemies to defeat and a realm to rebuild. We must choose the man who is going to seat in this chair behind us.

“MY LORDS!!!” Jon Umber roared as he got up from his bench, which he shared with many Northmen. “I SAY IT NOW SO IT WILL BE CLEAR, I SHALL NOT BEND MY KNEE TO A TARGARYEN KING!” A roar of approval echoed through the entirety of the room, Elia who was allowed to attend simply feared for her life and of her children but no one would harm her, they promised her, not even Jon Umber with his anti-Targaryen stance would harm a woman and her children, they were better than that. “THEY KILLED OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY!!”

It seemed a Targaryen King was now officially out of the record…at least in that, they were united…

“Stannis is Robert’s heir!” A Stormlord proclaimed. “He should be King!”

“Stannis might be as good as dead now.” A Valemen retorted. “It has been close to a year since the siege started, we know not if he is alive.”

“And he is under siege by the Reachmen who have what eighty thousand men?” Said Lord Vypren. “We don’t have enough men to fight them.”

“Then who should we crown?” Asked another Valemen. “Does anyone else have a claim?”

“I say the North should become independent!” Lord Karstark proclaimed and was met with the approval of many Northmen. “You all do whatever you wish.”

Brandon got up from his seat then. “That’s not an option Lord Karstark.” he discarded the Lord’s plan earning an aghast look from said Lord. “Everyone in this room has fought together for the same goal and we will remain together.”

“Whatsoever for?” Jon Umber asked indignantly. “These southrons barely know a thing about the North!”

“We were allies in this and we can’t abandon allies.” Ned joined in, supporting Brandon’s position. “We own them as much, we wouldn’t win what we did if it weren’t for them. We will not leave them to their luck along with the Loyalists.”

“Perhaps I can suggest a way to resolve our problem.” Lord Lannister proclaim as he stood up from his bench.
“Let me guess crown you as the king?” Lord Royce laughed and some lords followed him. “Forget about it Lannister, it’s not going to happen.”

“Why don’t we settle for a middle ground?” The Lannister lord ignored the laughs directed at him and what Lord Royce said of course. “Someone who fits everything that has been pushed forward.”

“Who?” Lord Bracken asked intrigued just like the rest of them.

“Someone who knows the North well enough certainly, someone of age to rule, someone who is not a prisoner still.” The Lannister kept going. No way he is...

“Stop with enigmas and say who in Seven Hells you are thinking Lannister.” Lord Glover shouted at the Old Lion.

“A Stark for a King.” Tywin Lannister said and give it a pause to glance every aghast face in the huge room, but Brandon was not entirely surprised, Tywin’s last statement had been leading towards it…still to hear it…What in Seven Hells does he wish to accomplish?

“What is your goal in this Lannister?” Lord Royce protested, incarnating every other lord’s thoughts.

“I want peace just all of you.” The Old Lion quickly replied. “It is clear to me that the Rebels’ cohesion is dissipating. Furthermore, we do not know if Stannis Baratheon is alive at all, and like it was suggested here and we have to fight the Tyrells and Martells first. A Stark King seems like the proper solution in this very moment, a Stark certainly knows the ways of the North, none of them are prisoners and they are both here, healthy…as it can be.” The Lannister finished by pointing towards Ned and him.

“The Starks follow the Old Gods!” One Rivermen shouted.

“And?” Lannister retorted. “Religion is a personal subject in my humble opinion, My Lord and far from the most important one. One is free to choose his beliefs, I believe that Aegon the Conqueror left that very clear when he took the Seven Kingdoms. The animosity between the Faith, the Old Gods, and the Drowned God has dissipated over the millennia.”

“Still how do we know they won’t try to influence us to convert?” A Stormlander asked.

“Like I said religion is a personal subject but if it bothers My Lord so much, you can ask Lord Manderly if the Starks tried to convert any member of his house during the millennium they have been their vassals.” The Lannister dismissed the Lord’s concern and all the lords remained quiet and glancing each other. “Every man and woman is free to choose their religious allegiance and I think it would be ill done if this was to change right now, there is no reason to anyway.”

“And are the Starks willing to rule?” Asked Lord Mallister.

Ned was going to speak but Brandon spoke first. “My Lords I wish for peace in the realm, no more bloodshed. That is my only goal, I don’t want the Throne but if it brings peace to the Seven Kingdoms then I will not oppose.” Brandon saw Ned’s expression get grimmer, just as Jaime Lannister’s who was next to Elia who too looked grim.

“So you will not force us to convert?” Asked a Riverlord.

“Like I said what I aim for is peace and stability, not converting people to the Old Gods by force.” Brandon stated.
“And you Eddard? Will you take the Throne if we were to give it to you?” Asked Lord Royce.

“My Lords.” Ned began. “If my brother has offered himself, I see no need for me to contest him. He is the Lord Paramount of the North as he was groomed to be, I’m but one of his bannermen, I will not go against him in any way, I see no reason for two brothers to fight for a stupid chair.”

The lords were talking amongst themselves, many were simply amazed at this turn of events, others were thinking and thinking on the best solution for this problem or something else…

“Lord Stark your reckless move made my son die,” Lord Mallister plainly stated. “If I choose you how can I know that you will not have another fit of those?”

“I was stupid and I will not deny it,” Brandon said. “I grieve for Jeffory and Kyle’s deaths as much as my father’s, they were my friends and they died because of me, there is no day I don’t do so. I have sworn myself that I will not act as reckless as I did that day. I will not make a fool of myself again.”

“Is anyone wishing to make his claim go forward?” Lord Arryn inquired. “So far there seems to only be Brandon Stark’s availability and Lord Stannis Baratheon who could be dead by now.” No one seemed to speak again, to push forward a different claim.

“House Lannister chooses Brandon Stark.” Tywin Lannister proclaimed, making the other lords look at him warily. “I have stated my reasoning on why I consider a Stark King the best option now.” Brandon was still wondering what sort of influence he was trying to achieve…what was the goal of the Lannisters…

This brought more talks amongst the lords and some shouts, all the while, the other Westermen lords followed their liege lord’s example and voted for Brandon and suddenly Brandon close to thirty votes…

Lord Hunter got up from his seat. “I acclaimed Robert Baratheon last time because I knew him well, I don’t know much about you Stark other that you killed the Mad Cunt and saved this shit smelling city for being burnt to ashes…it’s no redemption at all but I don’t know if Stannis Baratheon is alive or not…I know even less about him as well…I guess I vote for Stark, I don’t want to choose another King to be, I’m done with this.”

“House Blackwood votes for Stark too, he is here and Stannis is not.” Lord Blackwood proclaimed. House Blackwood certainly profited with a King following of the Old Gods…

But…were the other lords somehow feeling the pressure of the Westermen’s huge army? The army that they needed…is this…what he is trying to achieve?

“House Bolton votes for Brandon Stark.” Not many Lords were surprised with this but Brandon was…House Bolton didn’t really like House Stark so why…

“House Redfort votes for Brandon Stark.”

“House Tollett votes for Stark.” That was an Andal House choosing him as King…Am I actually going to win?

“House Smallwood votes for Stark.”

The voting took ten minutes at most…Stannis Baratheon received the support of nine Riverlords including House Tully, almost all the Stormlands saved for four or five houses, two houses in the Vale and Brandon’s vote…Brandon got the entirety of the Northmen and Westermen’s votes…all
but two in the Vale and seventeen Riverlords…he even got those four or five votes in the
Stormlands…

He didn’t think they would elect him at all…sure he did nothing to stop them but he never thought
they would seriously consider him…to the point he got almost all lords’ votes…Brandon, aghast,
glanced his brother, but Ned wasn’t even looking towards him, he was pissed…

“My Lords it seems we have arrived at a consensus…” Lord Arryn proclaimed. “Brandon Stark
is…the new King…long may he reign…”

Jaime Lannister
Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

Jaime wondered how in Seven Hells his father just managed to make Brandon Stark King…but he
did…

Well…it wasn’t so difficult to understand how…even Jaime could see what happened…the Starks
simply played their part in it…Brandon took the bait and did not refuse and Eddard did not contest
his brother thus together with Stannis’s status being unknown made Brandon the only viable
choice.

Not to mention that Brandon Stark portrayed himself as weak in that room, by publicly
acknowledging a mistake he made, which everyone knew he did but also he proved himself to be
easily manipulated when he followed everything Jaime’s father said he would…just as trying to
appease everyone…

Brandon could definitely change now as a King but no doubt many of those lords saw the potential
of getting their way over him, hoping for concessions and what not…

Jaime followed the Stark brothers into their chamber and stood there by the door listening to what
they were talking about.

“Why did you do that?” Eddard Stark asked in a loud tone, the loudest Jaime had heard on him.

“I told you why I did, I want peace,” Brandon replied in a loud tone as well. “I didn’t think they
would actually choose me!”

“Stannis isn’t here you fool!” The youngest Stark ranted. “There was no other claimant but you
pushing yourself for it.”

“I said I didn’t wish the throne, but I would take the responsibility if it befell on me.” Brandon
insisted. “I thought they were going to choose Stannis nevertheless.”

“Gods…”

“There is no reason for you two to be fighting each other.” Jaime entered the conversation as he
entered the room as well, they had failed to lock the door anyway.

“What are you doing here?” Eddard Stark questioned.

“My father played you both,” Jaime explained. “He controlled this council from the very
beginning.” And I had a part in this…I saved my father, for he is still my father but…I condemning
“This man here who has been more friendly towards me than him…”

“Explain yourself.” Eddard Stark demanded.

“What do you want me to explain? He rigged it all, if you failed to give him a say so in the council he would likely join the Loyalists into crowing Viserys or someone else perhaps. With you giving him the power to talk, you give him full control of the council.” Jaime said. “He deemed Brandon here as the preferable outcome of the council and no doubt considering you easy to influence.”

Brandon remained quiet, certainly, he was cursing himself. “And you Eddard Stark, you played right into his game as well by refusing to contest Brandon. Not that I think that both of you fighting each other would do good anyway, it would weaken House Stark and he could very well find a way to go around it and still crown Brandon. And if everything turned south he could still have Stannis as a backup.”

“A backup for what?” Brandon asked confused and Eddard was not too different.

“To marry my sister to.” Jaime replied as the image of Cersei came to his mind.

“You sister?” Both Starks were even more confused now.

“My father has three major goals ever since my sister and I were born, Cersei as the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms, me as his heir and he as the Hand of the King,” Jaime explained. “Of course Aerys spoiled it all, but it didn’t stop him from wishing to achieve this. Now it’s the perfect opportunity to do so.”

“This is not right.” Eddard Stark murmured. “He can’t…”

“He can and he did.” Jaime cut in. “He isn’t the only one that is going to take advantage of you Stark, this is King’s Landing, not the North here everyone takes advantage of everyone, my father thought me this ever since I was five.”

Brandon Stark inhaled some air and let it out not long after. “You right there is nothing we can do about it.”

“You aren’t giving up already are you?” Jaime asked surprised with the defeated Stark.

“No…I want to make things right, I want to end this war, I want to bring peace to the Seven Kingdoms.” Brandon Stark dismissed. “I want to use this power to make it a better place…when I’m gone…”

“Why are you even here Lannister?” Eddard Stark asked clearly despaired with the situation his brother found himself in. “How do we know that you are not working for your father.”

“I’m here because I feel I can help you both,” Jaime stated. “I don’t know Stannis as I know you both. Brandon more than Eddard here, and I know you are leagues above Aerys. You Starks have good hearts and honestly, I prefer you as King than a Baratheon, I don’t really know why… I have a feeling I would have a hard time with them…” Jaime clapped Brandon’s shoulder. “Direwolves are predators are they not? You are going to need to show these fangs of yours just like my father did today, like Theon the Hungry Wolf otherwise you are going to melt here even you mean good.”

Yes, it was the right thing to help him, I screwed him so now I do my very best to help him.

“Show my fangs…” Brandon questioned aloud.

“My father will slowly demand things from you until he gets everything I told you,” Jaime said to
Stark. “First as you are guessing, he will offer my sister to be your Queen which I believe you should accept, this means there is an alliance between House Stark and House Lannister as you two are guessing, you will need the men from the West.”

“That we can’t deny, our armies are weakened.” Eddard agreed.

“And my father can’t fight the Reach alone either, he needs support as well.”

“He needs us too…I see.” Brandon said.

“Precisely.” Jaime smiled. “It will make him happy enough that way. My father will then ask for me to be relieved from my vows…do not ask me how but he will.”

“And do you want to?” Brandon asked.

“That’s what you are going to do, you will accept it but you will ask for my decision to which I’m going to reply no, I wish to remain in the Kingsguard.”

“How can we know you will?” Eddard asked and Jaime was getting a bit angry with all those questions the younger Stark made, for not trusting him or a Lannister for all that mattered. “The Rock seems very tempting.”

“I never cared for the Rock, Stark.” Jaime quickly replied. “If I did, do you think I would accept the Kingsguard vows in the first place?”

“He has a point Ned,” Brandon said. “Go on.”

“And before he can ask to be Hand, you choose someone else,” Jaime concluded. “This way you reduce my father’s influence quite a lot without provoking him too much. Of course, you will need some trustworthy counselors because otherwise, you will be alone in a nest of vipers and even if you show them your fangs…it will not be enough.”

“Thank you for the thoughts Lannister,” Brandon said with a weak smile, no doubt regretting not refusing the Throne. “I think I have some ideas in mind…can I be left alone for a few hours? I ought to rest…”

“Sure.” Jaime nodded while Eddard Stark remained for a while looking towards his brother before both of them exit and left the new King in his chambers…

May the Old Gods and the New help this fool somehow…

Lyanna Stark
White Harbor, North, Year 283 AC

The northern winds blew in Lyanna’s face and she never felt as happy and safe as in that very moment. As she exited the ship, she felt her back hurt once more…she was six to seven months in her pregnancy and Gods did she hate it all…hopefully the child would come out soon so she could be back to her former self…

“Gods it’s cold in here!” Ser Oswell barked.

“I don’t think its cold at all Ser Oswell.” Lyanna dismissed. “Winter is harsher than this.”
“All the same, this is more than what I am used to.” The Rivermen said. “No wonder you Starks look grim…with this cold who wouldn’t?”

“You look grim too, Ser Oswell, are you sure you are not a Stark?” Little Allyria asked innocently, not knowing about her sharp tongue yet.

“I guess I should keep quiet…” Ser Oswell murmured. “Even a little girl puts me in my place now…”

“Why so Ser?” The girl asked confused. “I like hearing about your japes.”

“Well…someone has good taste then…” Ser Oswell smiled. “Unlike some people here…”

“You shouldn’t speak of Lyanna that way Oswell.” Ser Arthur warned.

“I wasn’t referring to her…Arthur.” Ser Oswell countered.

Lyanna smiled at these two, they were an interesting duo, to say the least…she liked their company and she couldn’t wait to arrive at home and see Ben and Nan and all the people she knew so well. It was then she noticed a wheelhouse with a Stark banner in it… “Look, there is a Stark banner over there!” she informed her companions.

The two Kingsguard didn’t take too long to notice it too, they had sharp eyes. “Perhaps we should go and investigate.” Ser Arthur suggested.

“We should…” she agreed as she quicken around the Northern soil, the smell of the sea and of the North made her energetic. Little Allyria tried to accompany her and Lyanna extended her hand to the girl who promptly took it.

She inspected the wheelhouse…it was from Winterfell no doubt…she had seen it before…when father wanted her to go to Harrenhal in it…to cause a good impression upon the lords and ladies. She, of course, refused, protesting and protesting until father allowed her to ride Winterstorm…her late horse…she missed it so much…

“Lyanna?” A voice called.

Lyanna recognized the voice, she turned her glance to her left side and saw the boy of eight, brown-haired and with brown eyes. “Harwin!” she exclaimed as she went in for a hug. “I have missed you so.”

“Me too Lyanna.” The boy replied returning the favor. “Grandpa is here to bring you to Winterfell.”

“Lady Lyanna.” Old Harlon said as he approached them. “Welcome back to the North.”

“It’s good to be back Harlon,” Lyanna replied almost crying with joy. “But how did you know I would come here?”

“It was Ned’s wife who told us to come and wait for you,” Harwin explained. “She also told us to be quiet about it.”

“Well…we should have probably left our armors back at Starfall don’t you agree Arthur?” Ser Oswell suggested. “Good things with have these clothes hiding most of it.”

“We will be alright.” Ser Arthur dismissed.
“Sers, Lady Stark told me to bring two horses for you as well,” Harlon said as he brought two fine horses forward. “Lady Lyanna and the little lady are to ride in the wheelhouse.”

“What?” she barked aloud with the notion of riding in a wheelhouse.

“You can’t seriously be thinking that anyone would allow you to ride a horse with a belly that big.” Ser Oswell said and she scoffed angrily.

“Fine…Come Allyria.”

“Aren’t we exploring the city?” The girl asked.

“I promise I will bring you here soon when I’m done with the pregnancy.” Lyanna said a bit impatient, she wanted to return to Winterfell as fast as she could. “But I really want to see my home…”

“Okay, I want to see Ash as well.” The girl said smiling as they entered the wheelhouse.

Lyanna watched as Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell mounted the horses and she could but sigh at it. Old Harlon gave the command for the horses pulling the wheelhouse to begin trotting and there they went…back to Winterfell. Home…

Chapter End Notes

So it’s done, Tywin got what he wanted on this one with the Starks falling into his trap, doing exactly what he hoped. Before people asked, Brandon got so many votes for:
1) People don’t know if Stannis is alive
2) Some simply preferred a Stark over another, the Northerners though many of them see this with wary eyes.
3) Some saw the weakness and insecurity in Brandon which can help their families achieve prominence.
4) Some even saw that the fact that he got the Westerlands and the North backing him off, means there is no point in contesting it.

I know this is probably the most controversial chapter yet but it’s how life goes.

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark

Red Keep, King’s Landing, Crownlands, Year 283 AC

It wasn’t a coronation parade nor a victory parade…it was simply a parade…introducing the King that was chosen by the Rebels to the people of King’s Landing…

Many looked at him with wary eyes…others looked at him surprised…others with fear…others actually seemed happy to see him crowned…most didn’t know who he was though…and yet all of them Rebels were now seen as saviors…We are no saviors but sly humans…who place petty interests first and the rest second…

Did I do the right mother? Brandon found himself asking as he glanced the sky…I guess I did not…I’m nothing but a prisoner still…not of a dungeon but of petty interests…

Brandon glanced once more the crowds of people who saw him parade with the crown that had been used by Aegon the Third, Viserys the Second and Aegon the Fifth, one of the few that remained and the simplest of them too…he was a simple King anyway…Starks never fancied themselves with elaborated things, he was certainly not the one to change that.

These people in the streets mattered, they are just trying to live their lives and we send them to war…for petty interests…the world is full of them…once a man has power than the man will want more and care not for the means he uses to achieve it. They forget the people they rule…I would have forgotten it too had I not being imprisoned and see how fragile we really are when deprived of power…we are just like them smallfolk except that we do have the power to make things right. I have the power to make things right…and I will not allow petty interests to stop me from doing it.

The host that escorted him returned to the Red Keep after three hours of riding around the city…the Red Keep was still overcrowded with men still, discontent was visible in many of their faces, not because of who the lords chose as King but because they wanted to go home. Their lives matter…

Brandon reunited the Lords Paramount and their representatives in the Small Council’s chambers. He also called for three Stormlords to join in as well, their region was without a leader so a group of them seemed to fit in the current situation.

Petty interests were also dividing the Stormlords…Ned had told him about them being divided when the war started but then Robert united them after Summerhall. But now that Robert was death and Stannis was likely with the same fate they were beginning to bicker with each other no doubt some of them hoped to get the Baratheon title since besides Stannis there was only young Renly…which happened to have remained at Storm’s End too…

No doubt some of the Stormlords voted in Brandon in hopes of getting his favor…House Grandison had been one of them, their Lord, Alan Grandison had died from wounds sustained at the Trident and since he was childless, his brother Hugh had taken his place. Brandon called them because the number of houses following their thoughts as increasing. Besides him, he called Lord Selwyn Tarth, a staunch supporter of the Baratheons and Lord Martin Mertyns who also seemed to
be a supporter of the Baratheons, though not as fervent as Lord Tarth to balance it up.

“I called everyone here because I wish to put an end to this war.” Brandon began as he eyed everyone that seat around the table. “It has been going for far too long and the more we hold the more we give the Loyalists time to think of a new strategy.”

“May I suggest that Princess Elia writes a letter to her brother, stating that she is safe and sound with us writing another informing the Prince of Dorne that she will be treated with every dignity she is due as long as Dorne enters the King’s peace.” Lord Arryn suggested. “We need to weaken them further, right now they are too strong still.”

“I thought we have agreed that neither she nor her children would be harmed!” Brandon quickly retorted. “This is a violation of that agreement!”

“There is no need to harm them.” Lord Arryn replied “We just have to make Dorne surrender. They will keep all their titles and privileges as well.”

“I fully agree with Lord Arryn.” Tywin Lannister said. “The Reach and Dorne do not like each other, it will take time for them to formulate a proper strategy, time we can extend if we threatened Dorne with the Princess.”

“It still doesn’t hide those problems we are suffering.” Ser Brynden retorted. “There is a high chance they could still not accept the terms.”

“My cousin Stafford should be leaving Casterly Rock with some forty thousand men at his back now.” Lord Tywin said. “With the twelve thousand I have here it should make fifty-two thousand men. The Rebels had close to sixty thousand men before the Trident how many have they now?”

“Forty-five thousand at maximum.” Lord Arryn replied in a faint whisper no doubt feeling regret in it for Tywin Lannister had more men than us.

“That makes ninety thousand men at the very least.” The Lannister said plainly. “Your half is battle-hardened, mine is fresh and eager to fight, it should be enough to cause the Tyrells to think twice before they decide to fight us just as Dorne.”

“The Tyrells can raise as much as that if not more.” Lord Grandison said.

“And if the Dornish ally with the Reachmen they can very well get a hundred and fifty thousand.” Ser Brynden insisted.

“They have both taken casualties, they cannot raise their maximum numbers already.” Lord Tywin dismissed. “At we are going by numbers of Daeron’s Conquest of Dorne in which I have never believed to be accurate. Still, gold makes miracles happen My Lords. I happen to have quite a lot of it.”

“Gold comes with a price.” Ser Brynden muttered bitterly. “What is yours Lord Tywin? You got a King of your liking already, now what will you demand?”

“I will not demand anything Ser Brynden.” Lord Tywin dismissed. “I will only do as every Rebel lord is thinking now and offer my daughter to be King Brandon’s wife. He isn’t married nor promised to anyone…I seem to recall that there was a certain conflict about a betrothal in Riverrun…”

“You don’t demand…” Ser Brynden laughed sarcastically. “Yet here you are…”
“As far as I know, offering is not demanding.” The Old Lion interrupted. “There are surely more Lords hoping to have a daughter or a sister as Queen just as I said. In fact, I’m quite sure you Ser, wish it…A niece that had her betrothal ruined because of your Lord Brother happened to be quite greedy going as far as trying to force his daughter upon a married man. No doubt he and you should be quite displeased with King Brandon being the King.”

Ser Brynden was left speechless, this was hard to counter and needed some thought…on the other hand, the Lannister had this well thought of already…

“Furthermore, I believe my daughter can offer a lot more than any other potential bride can. The benefits are there to be seen, a King will not find a better prospect.” Lord Tywin continued on. “I trust the King will make the best judgment and choose if he wishes for my daughter’s hand or not.”

Ser Jaime was right…his father is already trying to force his daughter into him…no doubt he saw the opportunity in this conversation…

Brandon knew Catelyn well enough, he had visited her quite a few times at Riverrun but he never wanted to marry her even if she was beautiful, but those were different times…times when he hadn’t seen the reality of the world…

Even with all that, Cersei Lannister still seemed like a better option for a wife…As Jaime said, she would be the key to hold some leverage over the Old Lion, forcing him into helping if need be or stay down…

Brandon and Ned had shared a conversation this morning with both coming to the conclusion that Jon Arryn would be an advisable Hand of the King. It would keep the Vale at bay and since Elbert, the heir was both of a friend of Brandon and also married Lysa Tully, the Tullys were to follow in as well. Ser Brynden would be given a place in the Small Council as well and Edmure could be made his squire again…maybe Hoster didn’t even cancel that…

The Westerlands and Stormlands were to have someone in the Council too, all the Rebels would have a saying in the Small Council. This would weaken the Lannister influence as well…they would be with only one council member…two if Pycelle was really Tywin’s creature…this project still needed some polish but…he was quite proud of it.

“Lady Cersei does seem like an interesting prospect,” Brandon admitted. “But I would like to hear what everyone here has to say about it, a marriage is a serious affair especially one of this magnitude.”

“With all due respect for House Tully, I think Lady Cersei brings more to the table.” Lord Grandison said. Brandon began to wonder if Lord Grandison did have some sort of meeting with Lord Tywin…he had voted for Brandon and now he is choosing Cersei…maybe it was simply Brandon getting paranoid…

“I offer my daughter for you, Your Grace.” Lord Tarth said and Lord Grandison began laughing.

“Lord Tarth your daughter is three, she can’t produce a child yet, it will take almost a decade for it to happen and besides, what will House Tarth bring to the table?”

“All the same the offer is on the table.” Lord Tarth insisted. Brandon what in Seven Hells just happened there. “I had to try somehow…”

“I voted for Stannis.” Lord Mertyns proclaimed. “I will remain neutral in this subject, though Lord Tywin’s daughter seems more fitting…” Well then…you aren’t as neutral as you said you are Lord
“I offer Catelyn for Your Grace.” Ser Brynden stated gritting his teeth for just a second. “I apologize for what my brother did but I think my niece is better for the job, you know her well…”

“I value your opinion Ser Brynden,” Brandon said. “It was neither your fault nor Lady Catelyn’s in regard to what happened at Riverrun. Know that House Stark, me and my brother I mean, hold no grudge against House Tully.”

“With all due respect to your niece Ser Brynden and to your daughter too Lord Tarth, I do firmly believe that Lady Cersei is a better prospect.” Lord Arryn said with a serious expression.

“So we got four people choosing Lady Cersei, one choosing Lady Catelyn, one choosing Lady Tarth.” Brandon resumed. “I think it is known who most of the council choose but what do you say, brother, do you have anything against it?”

“All due respect to Lord Tarth but…I don’t think a little girl is fit to be Queen now…” Ned began. “Between Lady Catelyn and Lady Cersei as it seems they are the most prominent prospects of marriage…I will have to admit that Lady Cersei seems a better prospect.”

“It seems only two votes against Lady Cersei…” Brandon concluded, he was going to choose her anyway but this way he got more credibility…though if the Council choose another woman he wouldn’t oppose. “It seems…she will by my wife…”

“Your Grace shall not regret it.” Lord Tywin said. “She is a beautiful woman, I sure she can please you well.”

“I’m sure too.” Brandon agreed, though he hoped the woman wasn’t a Tywin with teats… “If everything is settled in this matter, let Grand Maester Pycelle officialize it on paper, so we can leave in the morrow towards Storm’s End and fulfill Robert Baratheon’s last wish of freeing his home.”

“Certainly.” Lord Tywin nodded as he got up, just like the other lords.

“May I have a word in private with Your Grace?” Ser Brynden asked. “Before Your Grace retires?”

“Certainly, Ser Brynden.” Brandon agreed as he stayed behind while the Small Council’s chambers emptied.

When it was only him and the Rivermen knight left, the latter spoke. “You are becoming nothing but a puppet of Tywin Lannister, you are way too dependent on him and you are doing exactly what he wants, I didn’t join the Rebels side to see this happen.”

“Ser Brynden I understand your frustration but we need House Lannister’s support to end this war.” Brandon said.

“You are giving him too much without asking nothing in return.” Ser Brynden retorted. “Many of the lords already see you as a weak King that they can abuse and frankly, you are not proving them wrong.”

“Without me marrying Cersei Lannister there is no way I can demand anything from Tywin Lannister, Ser.” Brandon retorted. “He might want me as King but without me marrying his daughter he is untouchable, please Ser, I’m not the ideal King that you wished but I assure you, I will not be a puppet of no one.”
Ser Brynden gritted his teeth angrily but then inhaled some air and let it out in a powerful sigh. “I hope so, otherwise if we win this war once and for all, many more could come.”

“I will fight for peace, Ser.” Brandon proclaimed. “I will fight for a better realm.”

Ashara Dayne
Winterfell, North, Year 283 AC

Ashara was in her room, her baby was sucking at her breast, he had made a fuss a little earlier because he was hungry. Jon was a very nice baby, he cried or screamed little, only when he was hungry or he soiled his smallclothes did he make more than babbling. Usually, he just stood glancing her with those beautiful eyes of his before falling asleep…she loved her boy and she was sure Ned was going to love him as well.

“You should let the wetnurses breastfeed him Ashara.” Jonelle said and Ashara scoffed.

“Oh why should I do that when my breasts are heavy with milk?” Ashara questioned a little too bitterly. “I think it makes me connect Jon better this way too.”

“But it’s not proper…” Jonelle insisted.

“Every woman is its own woman Jonelle,” Sharley stated. “And besides Ashara is not the first noble breastfeeding her baby.”

Ashara knew one or two women who satiated their baby’s hungry themselves but she had to admit it was far rarer than the conventional use of wetnurses. Still, she wasn’t going to falter it, she preferred it this way so changing was not an option.

“I will not stop it Jonelle,” Ashara said as she noticed Jon finishing his meal, so she hid her breast in the gown, one with a big cut cleavage to make it easier for her to feed her son. “I like it this way.”

Ashara picked her son and gently kissed his forehead before softly placing him in his crib, a crib that saw many Starks use it when they were of Jon’s age including Ned. “And you should do as you please.” Sharley agreed. “I think there is no such problem, Jonelle.”

“Okay…” The younger woman sighed.

“May I enter?” Benjen asked for outside. Ever since her brother-in-law found her breastfeeding Jon once, he blushed as hard as Ned did back at Harrenhal…and never again did he stop from doing the polite thing that was to knock on the door. Surely he never saw a naked breast before…

“You can Benjen, I’m decent,” Ashara said and then she saw the door open and Benjen entering with a letter in hand. “A letter? It has been a while since I have received one, where is it from?”

“King’s Landing,” Benjen replied in a plain expression. “And…it has the Stark seal in it…”

King’s Landing and Stark seal? Could it be that the Rebels took the city? They had received word that Rhaegar Targaryen a few weeks after Jon was born and that was the last word she had gotten from her friends down at the capital, she was worried if Brandon, Elia, Rhaella, Jasline and Nysah and the children were alright…
“May I see?” she asked, longing to know what this letter contained…

“It was meant for you so of course.” Benjen gave the letter and she opened it as quickly as she could.

My dearest Shining Star,

It has been a while since we have spoken or seen each other so you must know I miss you dearly…there isn’t a day I don’t think of you and your warm embrace…I miss you so much…and I hope you feel the same…

I’m still alive and as well as a man who fought and he is still fighting a war is…and I must thank you for all the trouble you went through to get Brandon out of the dungeons even if in the end he didn’t leave. It all turned well though, Brandon killed the Mad King himself and Elia and her children are in safe hands, ours.

I don’t know what going to happen next as there is no consensus on who should be the next King except that it can’t be a Targaryen…I wish this all ends soon so I can see you again…I have been told…that…you were pregnant…I…’m very proud of you and excited to see the child…I would like to know, if I may what the child is called…

Anyway, this letter is large enough already so…I don’t really know how to…say goodbye properly so…I will just say I love you once more

Your Quiet Wolf, Ned

Ashara smiled at the letter, everyone seemed alright…there was no information about Queen Rhaella though…she hoped everything was alright with her too. “Ned and Brandon are alive and well.” Ashara proclaimed and everyone in the room jumped with joy, waking Jon up from his sleep and making him sob. “Oh someone woke up…” Ashara picked her baby and planted some kisses before she cooed him some more and sang him a lullaby.

“If Lyanna is coming as your brother told us and my brothers are alive then it seems we are finally having some luck for once,” Benjen said beaming. “I hope everything goes right…”

“It will dear Benjen,” Ashara stated. “We cannot lose hope now.” Then she pressed her lips on her son’s forehead to kiss once more. “You hear that Jon? Your father is now closer to coming home.” And her baby stopped crying and gave her a happy look, he was just as excited as anyone else…

Rhaella Targaryen

Dragonstone, Narrow Sea, Year 283 AC

The word was that Aerys had been killed…Brandon Stark did the deed after escaping from prison for some reason…though Rhaella had the knowledge that the gossip people didn’t…she knew the reason why the Stark escaped.

Rhaella did not know how to feel…Rhaella the wife should, of course, mourn the loss of her brother and the loss of the Iron Throne…but Rhaella the mother felt the fear of losing her children
and grandchildren. Rhaella the person was happy to have lost her biggest tormentor but like Rhaella the mother and Rhaella the wife and Queen she grieved for the same things as them…

While at Dragonstone she was able to go around and do many things she wasn’t allowed back in the Red Keep because of Aerys’ paranoia and what not. Still, for every bit of joy she received, she couldn’t help but wish the same for all of her kin…

Rhaella had been contemplating sending the two Dornish ladies-in-waiting back home…they came to King’s Landing to be Elia’s ladies, not Rhaella’s and she feared the worse could come to them at any time so she simply didn’t wish them harm…it was the right thing to do…

“He is a handsome baby your Jaehon.” Rhaella proclaimed in her room as Lady Heiley showed her little son to her, a brown-haired and brown-eyed boy that shared the coloring with his mother though he shared many Valyrian features with his father Ser Jacaerys.

There were many rumors about the baby boy not being his father but Rhaella simply couldn’t believe in any of it, the boy had his father’s face through and through, only the color was his mother’s and nothing else.

In fact, she thought the whole thing started from Lucerys’ mouth…the man was more than bitter with his former pride of a son…Ser Jacaerys had seen the potential in a match between Driftmark and Duskendale that would benefit House Velaryon by creating new trading opportunities but the older man saw it as a disgrace to an already weaken house because House Rykker was not worthy enough of House Velaryon’s prestige.

The fact was that both Lord and heir had a different view on how to make House Velaryon raise to its former glory, to the times of Corlys Velaryon or Alyn Velaryon…but now it was slowly sinking into dismay once more…two sons died in the war…one at Stoney Sept and the other at the Trident…the Lord and heir fighting each other for stupid reasons didn’t help either…a fourth son yet unmarried or the baby could do it but…Rhaella sighed at it…this baby doesn’t know what the world is bringing to him already…

“Thank you, My Queen, I’m certainly flattered for having your approval.” The Rykker women said smiling as she cooed her baby.

“Don’t mind those rumors.” Rhaella smiled too while patting the boy’s small cheek. “I only see his father in the boy’s face despite the coloring.”

“Not many think that…” The woman sighed defeated. “I have honored my husband as any wife should…I even fell in love with him and him with me after our marriage and yet…and yet everyone keeps saying I cuckolded him…What harm have I done to the world for the world to be so bad to me?”

Your House…Rhaella thought bitterly for this young woman was a good one and yet her father in law hated her and so the whole world hated her too…hate was powerful feeling…and Rhaella knew this well.

“Everything will turn out well for you,” Rhaella assured even if she knew not what her future would hold for her and children, but this woman would have a good one. “People will know how good you are and how your son is your husband’s.”

“Thank you, My Queen, you are so very kind to me.” The woman said with a weak smile. “I fear what will happen to you and the children…Jace tells me the morale of the troops here is degrading…and with King’s Landing in Rebel hands…I fail to know what will happen for there
have been some plots of sending you or killing you found by my husband…”

“It’s nothing serious I’m sure…” Rhaella lied, growing more anxious with the talk. “Everything will be alright, you should go put your son to sleep…how old is he? Can you tell this Queen?”

“Almost a year old My Queen…”

“Okay…he needs some sleep…go do that for your Queen dear.”

“I…I will My Queen…with your permission…” The Rykker woman nodded as she left the room saddened…

Rhaella thanked the Gods that Viserys was with the Dornish ladies for she broke into tears not long after…Is this where House Targaryen ends? Where it began? Dragonstone? No…it’s not…I’m sure…we survived the Doom of Valyria…and we will survive this. I can’t lose hope, I’m a dragon…I’m dragon…

Chapter End Notes

Here is another chapter, as always thank you to everyone who spared time reading it and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Brandon Stark

Outside Storm’s End, Stormlands, Year 283 AC

Storm’s End was right there in front of them…the imposing castle of House Baratheon stood still in the massive cliff. Around it was a huge camp of tents. It had many colors but the color he saw the most was green…in the distance there was a huge number of ships, some with purple sails and others with grey ones. Storm’s End was completely surrounded by land and sea…no way to escape…

Jon Arryn remained in King’s Landing with Elia and her children just as Ser Jaime did, while the Rebels…or were they Loyalists now? It didn’t matter anyway, they came to Storm’s End with an army almost sixty thousand strong, of which only half had arrived at their destination. The rest would arrive in the following days.

They still didn’t have a response from Dorne when they left but he was hoping they would stand down and accept the King’s Peace before long. They could fight but Elia and her children were at their mercy, independence didn’t seem like a proper route for them to take either…so hopefully everything would go well…

But what mattered now was to make the Reach stand down and liberate Storm’s End and see if there are any survivors left…he was very nervous…

“It doesn’t seem like there is many of them there,” Elbert stated. “Perhaps we have a chance of beating them…”

“I would like to parley with Mace Tyrell first, see if we can avoid bloodshed,” Brandon said. “In neutral ground of course.”

“And if he refuses?” Ser Brynden asked.

“We wait for the rest of the army to arrive, and if need be, we wait for the forty thousand Westermen as well,” Brandon explained. “Though I would hope we don’t need that to happen.” he eyed the Tyrell camp once more, just to be sure. “Send scouts around this area, I don’t wish for any unpleasant surprises.”

“Should we send Lord Lannister to parley?” Elbert asked in a whisper to both Brandon and Ned. “I mean he commands respect and…”

“No.” Brandon quickly dismissed. “It would increase his power more and mine would decrease further. I will do it.” Brandon glanced the men. “We will form a small group of men with one highborn of each kingdom, the objective is to have a parley with Lord Tyrell, no aggressive actions are to be taken.

In a few minutes, five men were chosen to do just what he set them to do. Leading them was Mark Ryswell as they made way to the Tyrell camp.

“Let’s just hope it all goes well…” Elbert said. “We are so close to ending this…I hope I can see
Lysa again…”

“Oh yes…I had forgotten than it wasn’t just my brother who got married…” Brandon smirked. “Good old Elbert did as well…to Lysa Tully nevertheless…do you like her?”

“I do,” Elbert replied. “She is beautiful, she is kind, she…”

“Okay, okay, enough we get the point.” Brandon laughed. “Why is everyone I know falling madly in love with some woman and then marrying her?”

“I don’t know, she just seemed like perfect the first time I lay my eyes on her…she told me most men preferred her sister over her, and even if I found Lady Catelyn gorgeous for some reason I found Lysa more.”

“We are all happy for you Elbert.” Ned smiled. “I hope you two are happy together and have some fitting children.”

“I will try my best,” Elbert assured. “I wish to make her happy.”

“Talking about wives?” Willam asked as he came by their side together with Howland and Jorah.

“Aye.” Brandon nodded, the same reaction that Ned and Elbert had. “How is yours, Willam?”

“I do not know…” His best friend admitted. “I haven’t received a word from her in a long time…it has been hard to make her open up to me and when I was making progress…I had to come south.”

“I’m sorry.” Brandon murmured saddened that he caused it all…

“Forget about it, my father wanted to have you saved just as I did, and Barbrey too. We all decided we had to do it…not that we expected you to…you know somehow end up with a crown on your head…”

“None of us did,” Jorah added. “And none of us knows how to feel with this.”

“Neither do I…” Brandon admitted. “I’m just trying to repair everything…”

“It is going to be hard with all those interests in motion…” Willam added. “You will have to be like Theon the Hungry Wolf with these fools.”

“I will have to try.” Brandon smiled. “Not that I wish to commit massacres…”

“I didn’t say that. Just that you need to keep these fools in line.” Willam said. “Fools like those golden-haired boys over there.”

“I have been thinking about some ideas,” Brandon admitted. “Still I need the marriage to go forward, so I can keep them in check.”

“Well…the woman can’t be that bad…I saw a Lannister woman at Harrenhal and Gods was she out of this world even if fat and slightly old.” Willam said, making them smile.

“I guess she can’t look that bad…I’m just worried she might be a Tywin with teats…”

“That would be bad indeed…” Elbert nodded.

“Mark is coming.” Ned interrupted. “Let’s see what he says of things.”
“So Mark good news?” Brandon asked as his friend stopped his horse in front of him.

“We have spoken with Lord Tyrell himself and…well he agreed to have a parley, in neutral ground.”

“Wonderful.” Brandon said. Thank the Gods…I can’t fail this now…

A huge tent was erected in between both army’s positions, a wheelhouse made its way to it and Brandon and Elbert did the same, entering the tent by the northern side. It seems Lord Tyrell wasn’t alone…his…his mother was there?

“Ah! Lord Stark, a pleasure to finally get acquainted with My Lord.” Mace Tyrell proclaimed proudly as he stood up from the chair he was seated on, with a big smile on his face.

“Do shut up Mace.” Lady Olenna barked while rolling her eyes. “None of us has time for unnecessary pleasantries.”

“Yes, mother…” The man sighed defeated.

What is this? Brandon wondered confused…

“Now, shall we going straight to business, boy?” The older lady inquired as she pointed chairs for him and Elbert to sit, which they of course did.

“Thank you for agreeing to parley with us…”

“I would appreciate if you can speak to the point boy.” The older woman spat out. “I have better things to do.”

“As you know, the Rebels chose me as their King.” Brandon began. “I have been chosen by the North, the Vale, the Riverlands, Westerlands, and Stormlands so…”

“Let me guess, you want us to bend the knee to you, pup?” Lady Olenna laughed. “Why should we? Just because you were chosen by the Rebels doesn’t mean we have to accept it.”

You will have to be like Theon the Hungry Wolf with these fools… “My Lady, your fame as the Queen does precede you.”

“Oh, I’m so flatter.”

“However, I only see two solutions for this situation we both find ourselves in.” Brandon explained.

“Really and what are those?” she asked amused.

“The first way is, that the Reach will enter the King’s Peace, every Reachmen will be pardoned and House Tyrell may keep the titles it has gotten from House Targaryen without any change.”

“Oh so noble of you…”

“The second way, is war, and My Lady, I really we don’t wish for it to come to this but if we do, you better win, because if you don’t, I will make sure House Tyrell loses everything it has gained. Being stewards in Highgarden will be the best thing this house can hope for, I’m sure some of your bannermen will agree with it.”

“Are you threatening us?” Lord Tyrell ranted as he got redder with anger. “This is an outrage!”

“Quiet Mace!” Lady Olenna hissed to her son. “I applaud your boldness, Wolf King. Because you
do have quite a lot of it, though it didn’t help you much did it? Your father I mean? The poor man got himself killed…because you ran to the Red Keep like a mad man yourself like Aerys…you are nothing but a puppet, someone thought of you as so weak that they placed you in throne because they knew they would get what they wish from you. They give you power but that is until they wished it so, tell me, Wolf King, why should I bother bending my old and tired knee to you? So I can make you my puppet too? Have you grown to love so much being a puppet that you want this old lady to make you one?"

Brandon stayed quiet for long, prompting the Queen of Thorns to smirk and when she was probably going to say something fancy he anticipated her. “My father did die unjustly, I almost died too. My life as of now means little indeed, I might be a puppet Lady Olenna, but I’m still a puppet with power and as long as I have power, I will use it, I wish to make the realm a better place and I will do it, with your help or not, it’s going to happen, and those who think me as a puppet, they will soon find out that a wolf is no one’s puppet, when Winter Comes, everything dies but the wolf survives and thrives. The two paths are on the table Lady Olenna, you and your son can choose which one you wish, you will have to accept the consequences each one gives be them good or bad.”

Lady Olenna eyed him for a while, no words said and no smiles were given, a simple analytical look all the while Brandon kept looking at her all the while with the glance his father gave when he was still alive. “We will keep every right we have as of now if we choose the first way?”

“Yes, House Tyrell will continue to be the Lord Paramount of the Reach and Warden of the South, their seat will be Highgarden.” Brandon said.

“Well, the Reach will stand down,” she said and Brandon wished he was alone so he could jump with joy. “But know this, Wolf King, you are nothing but a puppet, you will have a very hard work to do if you really wish to free yourself from those strings, I don’t think you have it in you, so you better prove me wrong. Either way, we win.”

“I will not disappoint My Lady, I will make sure of that,” Brandon said sarcastically. “Winter is Coming.”

“Winter ended last year.” The old lady proclaimed as she and her son moved to exit the tent. “You seem to still be confused with the timelines.”

“That is why it is coming, My Lady. Because it ended and it will come again.” The old lady began laughing as she left.

Brandon sighed of relief when it all ended. “It is done.”

“That went…weird…Lord Tyrell said almost nothing and decided nothing…” Elbert said. “His mother…”

“That woman is the true Lady Paramount of the Reach, the one who makes decisions,” Brandon said. “And I thought she was really going to choose to go to war…”

“Me too…” Elbert admitted. “She commands respect…”

“Let us go see the men and tell them the good news,” Brandon suggested. “This tent is giving me the chills…”

“Alright, Your Grace.” Elbert teased.

“It’s Brandon or Bran to you.” Brandon corrected him. “Not Your Grace.”
Brandon and Elbert were received with applause as everyone saw the Reachmen beginning packing their things. Later that day, Lord Tyrell bowed before Brandon formally recognizing him as King, though if Brandon was to know, it would not end here...he would hear about the Tyrells sooner rather than later, Lady Olenna said so, but he would be ready for them.

With the Tyrells abandoning Storm’s End, the castle’s gates opened, thin and malnourished men exit many of them dropping to the ground thanking the Gods for their mercy...

And then came some kids, their limbs were barely more than bone, despair in their faces...

“Gather some food!” Brandon ordered his men.

When army rations were brought forward, the entire garrison ran towards them like ants...there were men, women, and children...Gods knew how many died in it...

Then came a very thin and gaunt man, tall, with dark blue eyes and long black hair and beard, next to him came a thin Maester holding a boy’s hand, the boy looked like the tall one, they must be Stannis and Renly Baratheon...Their walking was shaky and slow, almost falling to the ground...they were definitely not in good shape...even Brandon was in better shape than them...

Brandon also noted a brown-haired man in their company, he was way fuller in his belly than the rest of them...

“Lord Stannis.” Brandon acknowledged, followed by his men.

Stannis merely looked around, expressionless while his brother was amazed by the number of men here. Finally, Stannis fixed his eyes onto him and Ned and some lords that came with them such Lord Tarth and Lord Mertyns and some more. “My Lords.” he whispered in nothing more than a grunt.

“We must thank you for holding Storm’s End for so long, now that the siege was lifted no one here needs to starve more.” Brandon began saying.

“I did what my brother commanded me to.” Stannis plainly said. “Where is he?”

“Robert is dead...our condolences, My Lord.” Ned politely said. “He...told me to say and I will quote: I was a cunt to my brother, especially Stannis but I loved them, tell them I do and that I’m sorry too...”

Stannis looked towards them for what seemed like a full minute. “I did everything he asked me to do. I held our home for a year, we had nothing to eat, we came this close to eat dead bodies and die from starvation. I fainted twice, my men starved, I lost so many good men there. In the end, all was for nothing. All for a simple I’m sorry that he may not even have said in the first place.”

“Why would I do such a thing?” Ned asked bitterly. “I did what Robert told me to, to free you both and your home, he said so in his dying wishes.”

“It’s true cousin Stannis.” One Estermont knight said. “I was there, I can confirm it all.”

“Me too.” Lord Tarth agreed. “Lord Stark’s words were Robert’s.”

“Who is King now?” Stannis asked. “There ought to be one.”

“I am.” Brandon plainly said.
“You?” Stannis asked aghast. “You the man that was imprisoned for being reckless and committing such a terrible mistake? By what right?”

“You are the one who betrayed House Baratheon after the Conquest,” the Valemen lord said.

“Election,” Brandon replied expressionless too. “The lords chose me.”

“No, not for King. You were chosen by the lords to be King,” A Valemen lord demanded.

“Then the lords must be a bunch of idiotic fools,” he said bitterly. “I held this castle for a year, while you were a prisoner and you get elected?”

“Watch your tone!” A Valemen lord demanded.

Brandon could see that many lords took offense in it, but he raised his hand to stop the discussion. “Circumstances demand it, Lord Stannis.”

“Circumstances…spare me the nonsense, Lord Stark…”

“Many lords did not know you were alive, My Lord.” Lord Tarth explained, trying to reason with the man as well. “That was why they chose Brandon Stark to be King because he was the only man offering himself up, the realm was collapsing anyway…”

“So now what? You wish me to bend my knee to you?” Stannis asked bitterly.

“I wish for My Lord to enter the King’s Peace. There has been enough bloodshed in this war already, Lord Stannis.” Brandon stated. “Don’t make me fight you, My Lord, I held great respect for Lord Robert and for you as well, please don’t let House Baratheon end in such way nor the starving people either.”

“I don’t fear you, Lord Stark.” The gaunt man said.

“I’m not asking you to.” Brandon insisted. “I’m offering My Lord every title that has been in House Baratheon since the Conquest and a position in the Small Council as well in return for the King’s Peace.”

“House Baratheon gave it’s all for this Rebellion and this is the payment it gets? Shame on all of you. You are nothing but power-hungry fools.” Stannis ranted. “I will forever remember this betrayal.”

“My Lord…”

“House Baratheon has been abandoned by everyone it trusted,” he stated bitterly. “Do not worry, your stupid peace will not be broken by me, I am in no condition to do anything now, I can barely hold my feet together, but I will never forget this.” And with that said he left, to fetch some of the food almost falling to the floor once or twice.

“He will never forgive us for this…” Ned murmured. “The Baratheons do hold life long grudges… Robert did so…”

“He does have a point,” Brandon admitted. “Stannis didn’t deserve it…”

“It seems peace is slowly returning…” Ned said while patting Brandon’s shoulder for once.

“For how long though…” Brandon sighed. “I have to keep the Lannisters and Tyrells in line, just as the Martells and now the Baratheons as well, not to mention the Northmen…what a bloody mess this is…”

“Politics are like this…a bloody mess…” Ned said. “But we might just make it.”
Both Brandon and Ned laughed bitterly at it. “Now we have to return to that shit smelling city… hopefully when we arrive, the Dornish have accepted the King’s Peace already…I want to dismiss the armies.”

“We still have to find Lyanna…” Ned murmured. “I wonder where could she be?”

That made him remind that Elia said she had something important to tell him about Lya… “Elia might know something…she said so when she freed me…”

“Then we ought to hurry up, Lyanna may still be in danger…” Said Ned. “There are still three Kingsguard missing…”

“Aye,” Would they have to fight those Kingsguard for their sister? He hoped not… “Let’s feed these poor people first.” Brandon said as Ned nodded.

Lyanna Stark

Outside Winterfell, North, Year 283 AC

She could see the castle walls, Winterfell was so close…she couldn’t wait any longer. “Harlon can’t the damned thing go faster?”

“I’m ‘fraid not Milady.” The old man replied. “We are going at full pace already.”

“Damn the wheelhouses!” she hissed. “They are so slow!”

“Would you calm down?” Ser Oswell told her as his horse rode next to the wheelhouse. “We will get there in a few hours perhaps less, calm yourself down woman.”

“Ser Oswell is right Lyanna, we are almost there.” Ser Arthur joined in, after making his horse’s pace be the same as the wheelhouse. “Just a little bit more.”

“Fine…” she sighed. Little Allyria had fallen asleep a while ago and didn’t seem to be minding her temper tantrums…I look like a child having a tantrum...

Lyanna calmed down and began watching the view available to her. Endless fields, forests, and bogs, the perfect scenery in her opinion. Some peasants were on the fields…fewer than what she was used to because most went to war…she hoped it ended soon…so they could all return to their homes, to their families, way too many people died already…

Finally, after a long while, the wheelhouse finally entered the Winterfell’s eastern gate…her heart was racing…she was home…home…

She waited no time, as soon as the wheelhouse stopped, she exited the damned thing and almost fell to her knees due to the emotion and the huge belly. Home…at last…she almost kissed the bloody floor but decided against it.

“This is Winterfell?” Ser Oswell questioned as he looked around. “It isn’t as big as Harrenhal but… a large castle nonetheless…”

“LYA!!!” A voice she did not quite recognize shouted…someone who knew her but since it was Winterfell everyone did so…she turned to the direction of the Great Hall, where the voice came and saw…Benjen?
He was much taller…he had a beard already…his voice changed as he matured…she didn’t even recognize it…her brother embraced in his arms, tears falling from his eyes just as they were falling from hers… “Ben…” she whispered as she hugged her brother tightly.

“It’s me Lya, it’s me…”

“I have missed you so much, brother…”

“Me too, Lya…” They were weeping in each other’s arms like little children but she cared not.

“Lyanna.” A sweet melodic voice with a slight Dornish accent called. It was Lady Ashara, she looked like a Northern woman already, dressed in a light blue Northern gown, covered with furs, a baby in her arms, behind her came Lady Sharley and Lady Jonelle as she remembered “It’s so good to see you.”

“Lady Ashara, I must say the same.” Lyanna smiled a weak smile. “It’s good to be home.”

“Who is that baby in your arms?” Ser Arthur questioned aghast, not giving them any time.

“What do you think dummy? This is my son, Jon Stark.” Lady Ashara explained smiling proudly. Lyanna watch the little baby boy and saw so much of Ned in him…he even acted like Ned…

“Can I hold him please?” Lyanna begged.

“Sure, here you go.” Ashara gently placed the baby in Lyanna’s arms and the boy looked wary of her at first but then tried to reach for her cheek, smiling slightly as he did so.

“He is lovely…” Lyanna proclaimed emotionally.

“Indeed.” Ashara agreed. “By the way welcome to Winterfell, brother and Ser Oswell, I trust the voyage wasn’t too unpleasant and the cold is not too much for your taste?”

“It could worse.” Ser Arthur said with a shy smile.

“It could be warmer…” Ser Oswell dismissed. “It’s Spring and it looks like Winter still…”

“Welcome home, Lyanna.” Lady Sharley and Jonelle greeted with bright smiles and hugs as they distracted her from the other talking trio.

“Thank you.” Lyanna nodded with a smile of her own.

“Ash? Is it you?” Little Allyria asked as she exited the wheelhouse…she seemed to have been woken by the commotion outside. She was still rubbing her sleepy eyes…

“Allyria?” Lady Ashara questioned, surprised. “Oh, it’s me, sister.” Ashara began weeping. “It’s me, come here give me a hug…”

The little Dayne did so, she ran fast to embrace her sister and jumped on her arms with Ashara lifting her up. “Ash, I have missed you so much…” The girls said wailing.

“Me too, love.” Ashara agreed, panting already. “And by the Gods, you got taller and heavier…”

“I’m seven now!” Allyria proclaimed as Ashara put her back down.

“Indeed…a big girl already” Ashara murmured with a bright smile. “Shall we…shall we go inside? It’s warmer there.”
“All fine by me.” Ser Oswell said. “The cold doesn’t suit me at all.”

“Then follow me, my friend.” Ashara laughed. “Lyanna will have to brace herself because a lot of embraces will come. And we have so much to talk about too.”

“I’m quite ready for it all.” Lyanna smiled as she returned little Jon to his mother. “Let’s do this.”

*Home at last…*

Chapter End Notes

Lyanna is finally home and Brandon has two more problems to deal with...

Thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.
Okay everyone so here is the final chapter of Part 1 (Finally…). It kind of condenses a little bit of story so it may look a bit rushed to some...Now I must warn that this is how I wish to end it before I decided on updating the story, so it may still subject to some changes in a not so distant future.

I decided, in accordance with the voting to keep my initial idea of Brandon as King on, though like I said before, there will be some changes happening in the plot to improve this outcome. More information in the final notes of the chapter.

As for the other idea of having a Regency for Aegon, I decided to make it a separate project in the future to come. This is mainly because there are quite a few stories focusing in Elia and Rhaella right now, they well written though most if not all have Brandon/Ashara which pities me but everyone has their own theories so I won’t complain…So because of this, I don’t wish to get myself in that territory yet. Anyway, it’s yet another project I have in mind for the future amongst others but I will not commit to it yet.

Also thank you for every voting, suggestion, and comment in the past “Chapters”.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Elia Martell

White Harbor, North, Year 283 AC

The ship was steady as it was entering the docks of White Harbor. Her son was careful nestled in her arms, sleeping, tired from playing with his more energetic sister. And said sister was happily playing with her new three uncles…the new King Brandon, his brother Ned and Ser Jaime Lannister.

Ashara had sent a letter in the time the Starks were in the Stormlands telling her that Lyanna was to arrive soon at Winterfell, to deliver another letter for her Sweet Quiet Wolf…and to be strong because everything was going to be okay. Elia replied with a letter explaining what went down in King’s Landing including the election of the new King.

Once the Starks brothers returned from their trip to Storm’s End, she told them everything she knew about Lyanna from what Rhaegar and Ashara told them for they asked for it, not that truth was anything but ruthless…their crushed expressions proved as much and made her feel pity for them…they were nice men and they had fought a war for their sister and although she wasn’t kidnapped she ended up pregnant…with Rhaegar’s child…

Her late husband was still a mystery to her…he had everything served to him in a plate and he still failed miserably…whatever tormented her husband so much it won’t do so again.

Of course, Elia still had bitterness in her mouth from what transpired at King’s Landing with her children being disinheritenced but she supposed it was predictable…she was thankful that at least they
weren’t killed. Not that many lords wouldn’t wish for it to happen…there was a strong anti-Targaryen sentiment amongst the Rebels and she could name a few just from their glances…

The Starks, however, did not wish for such cruel thing to happen…she still remembered the day when Brandon came to her after his first meeting as King and explained the situation and the decisions his council took regarding Elia and her children. She had expected as much, her children would have been denied much freedom…

And then he expressed his desire to not send the threatening letter that the lords of council found fit to send, instead he proposed a solution of his own: Elia and her children would remain in King’s Landing like they would be if the Rebellion did not happen and once Brandon had an heir, a betrothal between said heir and Rhaenys could be arranged in order to restore peace between Rebels and Loyalists once and for all. He also told her that when Aegon was to come of age, he could become Lord of Dragonstone as the Targaryens of old.

In all honesty, she didn’t know what to think of the arrangement and she told him as much…she also expressed her worries as a mother and he told her he would protect her and her children as if they were his own children. She accepted his suggestion, she wished to end the war and bring the peace to the realm and this arrangement was as close as she could get to their original destinies of Princes.

On Brandon’s behest and her own, instead of the threatening letter that the council wished to send, she sent a letter to her brother Doran, explaining the arrangement and begged her brother to cease hostilities until further negotiations could be done, after Brandon’s marriage. She knew Doran was a cautious man and would likely comply but Oberyn was an entirely different matter so she sent a letter to him as well with more soothing words.

Around the time in which they were preparing to leave North by ship, as the Starks wished to see their sister as fast as possible, as understandable and Cersei Lannister’s arrival in the capital would take some time still, they received Doran’s answer. He had accepted to enter the King’s Peace at least temporarily and was looking forward to the negotiations proposed, expecting House Stark to keep true to their words. He also assured that Oberyn would remain still, even though she received no reply from her younger brother…

The only focus of resistance left was Dragonstone and Driftmark where Queen Rhaella and Prince Viserys were. Brandon sent a letter to them and Elia sent another a couple of days afterward. In them they promised to treat them with as much dignity as they so deserved and assuring their safety and return to their normal lives but from them they received no answer yet…

Most of the Royal Fleet of House Targaryen was still moored at Dragonstone or Driftmark with less than five ships remaining at King’s Landing. From ship, the new King crossed Blackwater Bay to Massey’s Hook. From there, they rode to Stone Dance which hosted the Vale fleet and soon enough the Lannister fleet. From there they sailed to White Harbor on a Valemen ship.

Since the King’s Peace was now being enforced, the bulk of their armies returned home.

“Elia.” Brandon Stark called with a smile on his face. “We will disembark in a couple of minutes. I’m sure Lady Manderly will provide you with a wheelhouse in which you can take the children in. Me, my brother and Ser Jaime will of course ride beside you.”

“Okay.” she replied.

“You seem a bit down still…” he said worried about her.
“I’m worried about Queen Rhaella…I hope she received the message…” she confessed worried, thinking about the mistreated woman…and her ladies-in-waiting friends.

“I’m sure Queen Rhaella will see reason, only House Velaryon still supports House Targaryen…at least at first glance.” Brandon said. “Our offer is the best for her and her children.”

“Queen Rhaella is smart.” she avowed. “You are right Your Grace, she will accept.”

“By the way…you may watch your daughter…I think she is trying to steal my brother from his wife…” Brandon Stark said as he pointed towards her daughter who was piggybacking on Ned’s back, while laughing, oblivious to what transpired.

Elia laughed as well. “Oh dear…Ashara has competition indeed…”

“All japes aside, thank you for your help in everything, Elia. Really it means a lot and I will be sure to repay you as you deserve.”

“I just want peace and for my children to have futures, give me this and I shall be content.” she explained to him.

“A Stark doesn’t back down from his word.” he assured her.

“Let us disembark then.” she proclaimed. “I’m quite excited to see my best friend once again and you and your brother to see your siblings, am I right?”

“We are My Princess, we miss them dearly,” he assured her. “Otherwise we wouldn’t rush here by ship, especially since I’m the King now…but we had to see with our own eyes that Lyanna is safe.”

“As you should. I’m sure the realm will understand.”

“Also between you and me…I’m actually quite frightened to see Ned’s child…”

“Why so?” she asked curiously.

“Do you realize how frightening an army of small brooding Neds sounds? Them all saying Winter is Coming? I shiver with the thought of it…”

At this, she couldn’t hold it anymore and began laughing so loudly that made the other crew look at her confused. She controlled herself but she continued giggling. “By the Seven it has been a while since I laughed this much…an army of brooding Neds…”

“I’m always at your service, My Princess,” he said with a prideful smile. “But truly, it does sound frightening…”

“I sure it does. Winter is Coming is it not?” she assured him amused. She was looking forward to see Ashara and Arthur…

Ashara Dayne
Winterfell, North, Year 283 AC

“I’m scared…” Lyanna whispered crying as Arthur brought her in his arms to her room. Her sister-in-law began feeling the first contractions early in the morning, but by lunchtime, she was feeling ill with an immense pain as well. Ashara who was closer to her placed her hand on Lyanna’s
forehead and felt it boiling with fever… it continued to get worse and worse to the point in which Lyanna was now…

At the worse was that Ned and Brandon were to arrive any time soon…

“You don’t have to be afraid Lyanna everything will be fine.” Ashara assured the Stark girl but it wasn’t helping anything at all. Lyanna was smart and knew as well as felt that she was not right.

“Hang on in there,” Arthur said as he placed Lyanna in her bed. “Where is the Maester?”

“I’m here…” Maester Rhodry said, entering the room with haste. “This moving between here at Castle Cerwyn is too much for me. I must have sent a thousand ravens to the Citadel for them bring another man here. I hope that with the war over they send one for the Seven’s sake.”

“Maester Rhodry we know it has taken a heavy toll on you just as with us but please Lady Lyanna is boiling in fever she should be made the main concern.” Ashara said as to make the man do something.

“I know, I know.” The Maester scoffed. “I shall do my best but expect no miracles, My Lady. Now if you could give me some privacy, I will see if I can lower her body temperature before she really enters into child labor at which point I shall request the ladies’ assistant.”

“Of course…do keep us informed.” Ashara pleaded worried, for it seemed something was not right at all with her sister-in-law…

The minutes turned into hours and she patiently waited in the Great Hall of Winterfell with everyone who was there… Her brother, Lyanna’s brother, her son, Ser Oswell, Sharley, Jonelle, Nan, the servants… all awaited with anticipation…

“Her mother died like this…” Nan said saddened.

“Nan, Lyanna is strong she won’t die.” Benjen said but his worried face told he was skeptical too…

“So was your mother… one of the strongest women I ever saw in my long life.”

“Please, can we talk about something better?” Ashara pleaded. “Let us not speak of deaths, it helps no one.”

“I’m sure… having her brothers here will help her somehow…” Sharley suggested. “If they could arrive faster…”

“We have sent twenty good men as an honor escort to meet them along the road,” Benjen said. “But they are likely to take some time still.”

“My Ladies, she is in child labor!” The Maester said panting.

Ashara aroused from her seat as quickly as she could. “We are right after you. Girls, Nan.”

“On the way.”

Poor Lyanna did not seem to get better at all, only worse… her fever was still high… “My Lady you must push…” Maester Rhodry said worried with Lyanna’s horrible condition and look.

“Seven Hells she is steaming…” Jonelle said as she placed a wet scarf on Lyanna’s head in hopes to reduce the temperature. “This is too much for her…”
“I’m afraid the child cannot remain in Lady Lyanna’s womb either way so she much push.” The Maester said. “If she cannot do it…then we must open her…”

Open her? Gods…The likelihood of surviving will be close to none then… “Lyanna I know it’s hard but…you must push my dear…” Ashara begged, tormented with the sight of her sister-in-law.

“I…I’m weak…” Lyanna whispered in so much pain that Ashara began crying herself…

“Lyanna, you are a strong woman, my dear, come on, give it a push…” Ashara pleaded once more. “Ned and Brandon will arrive soon and you ought to receive them.”

“Ned and Bran…” she whispered with a very weak smile. “I wish to see them…”

“And you will, my dear, but you must push the child of you first.” Ashara assured.

“I will try…”

“Come on My Lady push!” The Maester pleaded.

“AAAAARRGGGHHH!!” Lyanna screamed as she made a strong push. Ashara held Lyanna’s hand and she noted that she did not have a lot of strength in her gripe…

Finally after a very long push Lyanna’s child was out…a boy…a spitting image of Rhaegar with silver-blond hair and indigo eyes…and a dead babe…Gods…


“Oh Seven Hells!” Ashara screamed in agony. “Lyanna! LYANNA!!”

The days were grimmer ever since Lyanna gave birth…she did not simply faint…she was in a coma…lingering for her life…the Maester did not know what to do…going as far as to admit she would not wake up…Ashara did not wish to even think about it, sweet Benjen was already crushed…seating by his chair in the Great Hall of Winterfell every minute of the day…

“There are riders approaching.” Arthur proclaimed as he entered the grim Great Hall of Winterfell. Her brother and Ser Oswell to distract themselves from Lyanna’s horrible condition. “The twenty that were sent together three more, one of which carrying the same white armor as us and there is a wheelhouse as well.”

“Oh Seven Hells my Ned is returning…” Sharley can you take Jon into arms?” she inquired.

“I can Ash.” The woman said smiling. “Someone is already going mad it seems.”

“You have no idea, my friend,” Ashara admitted. “We need something to cheer us up. Come let us go wait for them outside.”

The winds were gentle, nothing compared to those blizzards she endured in winter both in the North and the Vale. The long-awaited riders passed through the eastern gates followed by the wheelhouse with House Manderly’s sigil. They stopped and her heart was racing when she saw him…Walder and the other stable boys took the reins of their horses once the riders dismounted but she found herself running like child and the next thing she remembered was being on the floor, on top of him.

“History repeats itself…” Ned said with a smile on his face.

“It does…” she agreed while she took his lips on a deep and long kiss.
“See what I told you Lannister? My brother is a hopeless romantic below that cold exterior…”

“It seems as much Your Grace.” The title made Ashara remember the letter she got from Elia a while back… the Rebels chose Brandon as their King… he was her King now…

Ashara got up, pulling Ned as well. “My deepest apologies, Your Grace…” she began but was quickly interrupted by her brother-in-law.

“You are not stopping that kiss for my sake are you Ashara? Oh…” he muttered amusedly. “And we are family are we not? I don’t want you call me that nonsense. Brandon should do for you.”

“Of course, Brandon…” she said a bit overwhelmed with it all still.

“Ash, my dearest friend.”

Ashara saw Elia exit the wheelhouse and she would have jumped onto her had she not seen little Aegon on her friend’s arms. She did, however, hug her friend. “Oh Elia, my friend, I have missed you so much… and look at you my little dragoness! Look how much you have grown!”

“Who are you?” Little Rhaenys asked confused, not remembering Ashara at all…

“I’m Ashara Dayne, one of your mother’s former ladies-in-waiting,” she explained to the little girl.

“Like Jasline and Nysah?”

“Yes, like them, darling.”

“Ben!” she heard Brandon Stark shout. “Look at this pup Ned, he grew a lot!”

“Aye.” Came Ned’s answer.

“I did say I would did I not?” Benjen barked at his older brothers.

“Damn look at his voice, all manly now!” Brandon smirked. “Seven Hells… A man is away almost two years at this happens…”

“Well… you can’t remain the tallest forever…” Ben said with a smirk as well.

“No I can’t, but it isn’t going to be today that you pass me in height, Pup.” Then her King turned to Sharley and Jonelle who were there, Jon was in their arms. “Hey Ned, there is someone there to see you too I believe…”

Her husband noticed the baby covered in furs in Sharley’s arms, he must have seen Jon’s eyes and expression, signs that gave away his father. Then her wolf moved slowly towards that Dustin woman… A smile just as tears came to Ashara’s face once her Ned took the child onto his arms.

“He is beautiful…” Ned said with a proud smile. “You have not told me his name in the letter…”

“His name is Jon Stark.” she replied with a devilish smirk.

“Jon Stark…” he repeated chuckling. “Lord Arryn will be proud.”

“He looks like Ned…” Brandon said as he peeked from Ned’s shoulder.

“Someone’s worst nightmare…” Elia added giggling. “If his own words are to be taken into account.”
“It’s just one, everything is alright…for now…” Brandon retorted with his own smirk. “Congratulations to you both.”

“Thank you Brandon.” she thanked as she embraced her two wolves, Ned and Jon.

“And Sharley and Jonelle are looking good as always.” Brandon continued. “So is Harlon, Harwin and of course Walder.”

“We are Your Grace,” Sharley said. “You do seem well as well.”

“For now…” Brandon chuckled. His gaze befell upon Arthur and Oswell. “Sers.”

“Brandon Stark.” Her brother acknowledged, without saying, Your Grace…Gods Arthur…
“Congratulations on killing King Aerys.”

“Thank you, Ser. I must thank you for returning my sister home.”

“Your sister…” Arthur began, his expression getting worse. “She…”

“What of her?” Brandon inquired before he clearly noticed that she wasn’t there. “Where is Lyanna? Where is my sister?”

Ned looked towards Ashara and she failed to meet his gaze and instead called for them to follow her…

Lyanna was as if she was sleeping but if someone were to shake her, she wouldn’t wake. The fever had decreased but there was no telling if she was to wake up or not…

“Gods…” Her Ned said upon seeing his little sister.

“Lya…” Brandon said as he knelt beside her. “What happened to you…”

“The babe didn’t make it?” Ned asked with troubled eyes. She shook her head and he sighed, kneeling like his brother but on the other side. “We are all here Lya, we are waiting for you, my sweet dearest sister.”

Lyanna Stark

Winterfell, North, Year 283 AC

She did not know where she was…she was nowhere near her room at Winterfell which was what she remembered last…she was…she was falling!

An endless fall…she got scared as who wouldn’t? There was nothing below her…only darkness…darkness all around her…

“Fly…” A voice whispered in the darkness…she was a woman for the Gods’ sake, how was she to fly? Humans can’t fly!

She could not see anything but the bloody darkness but she could feel how fast she was falling…Was this a dream somehow? She had a fever when she went into child labor so she likely fainted…or died…or Gods what am I thinking? This a dream and I must wake up from it…

“And if you don’t?” The same voice from before asked. The darkness below her turned into grey
mist, still blurred…there was ground below her but it was still miles and miles away from her…

“Where am I?” she asked, tears forming in her eyes as she was unable to do anything but fall, the ground would come and she would die from it...

“Not cry.” The voice whisper yet again. “Fly.”

“I can’t fly you bloody idiot.” she hissed. “I’m a woman, not some bird!”

“How do you know? Have you ever tried?”

“I’m not stupid!” she hissed yet again, searching for whoever was speaking…and there was a crow falling with her, just out of reach…What? “What are you?”

“Fly…” The crow replied. “Fly…”

“I’m not a bloody crow and how in Seven Hells am I speaking to one?” she asked frightened. Damn fever was making her mad as the Mad King.

“Say, got any corn?” The crow asked.

“Corn? Do I look like I carry corn with me? I have no pockets nor am I a maze field.” she barked at the damned creature.

“Search it in your waist…”

“What?” she reached her waist as she was told and…she had pockets now? What? “How?”

“Got any corn?” The bloody crow asked again.

Lyanna decided to search inside these newfound pockets, frightened of what she would find…she felt something inside and grabbed…it looked as if her hands were still on their place so…she pulled whatever she grabbed from inside and…Corn?

The kernels were falling with her and the bloody bird…said bird landed on her hand began eating them kernels… “What are you?” she asked again.

“Are you falling?” The crow ignored her question with his own…damn bird…

“No doubt this a dream,” she said. “Otherwise I would have cracked my head on the floor a long while ago.”

“Is it really a dream?” Asked the crow.

She looked down below and the mists were clearing…there were…mountains! She could see their white peaks, there were rivers too, she could see their course from up there and green, she could see green too…What is happening to me?

“Crying will do you no good.” The crow said. “I told you, the answer is flying, not crying. How hard can it be? I’m doing it.” The crow took off and flapped his wings around Lyanna’s hand.

“You have wings, you bloody stupid creature!” she hissed. “I have none!”

“Maybe you do too…”

“I swear to the Gods if I could get my hands at you, I would pluck all your feathers off!” she
barked angrily, the bloody bird was angering her more than what she was used to be. “You bloody creature!”

“There are different kinds of wings yours.” The crown insisted.

In an act of stupidity, Lyanna search for those bloody wings but she fail to find any. She noticed a face forming in the grey mist, shining with light, silver… “Oh child you are so very kind and yet so very reckless.” The old woman’s voice…from Summerhall…

The crow flew once more, cawing as crows did. “Not that!” It shrieked at her as if angry. “Forget that, you do not need that now, put it aside, put it away!” It landed on her shoulder and pecked at her, making the old lady’s face disappear. Now she was falling ever faster… “What are you doing to me, you stupid creature!” she hissed at the crow once more, crying… “Stop it you cursed beast!”

“I’m teaching you how to fly…”

“I can’t fly you, ignorant creature!”

“You are flying right now…”

“I’m falling, you stupid!”

“Every flight begins with a fall…” The crow said. “Look down.”

“No!” she barked at it.

“LOOK DOWN!!!”

She did so…the ground was closer and closer…she could distinguish everything clearly…she could see…the entire realm and everyone in it…

She saw Winterfell…the tall towers looking weirdly from above, the castle walls just mere lines in the dirt. She Ashara with baby Jon at her breast pacing in the halls of Winterfell, Ser Arthur and Ser Oswell and sweet Allyria waiting at the Great Hall…with Princess Elia and her children! She saw Sharley and Jonelle bringing Nan towards her room…the Maester running from place to place…in the distance she saw Walder, her friend carrying buckets of water and ice…and in her room she saw herself, inert without making a movement, all of her brothers near her…her brothers were it her… all there for her and she was here…falling…

“No.” The crow shrieked. “No! Fly! You must fly!”

“I don’t want to fly, I want to kiss my brothers…I want them!” she hissed back, crying like a baby but she cared not.

Then she saw the Godswood, the great white Heart Tree of Winterfell…its leaves rustling in the wind…when it felt Lyanna’s gaze it stared at her…

“FLY!!!” The crow shrieked.

Lyanna looked towards it the fucking crow, seating on her shoulder and it looked back at her. It had three eyes and the third eye was nothing but a foul thing. She averted her gaze from the crow, looking down in the process, there was nothing but snow, cold and death…a frozen wasteland where jagged blue-white spires of ice waited to embrace her…she saw more bones, impaled upon their pointy ends and she screamed in utter agony.
“Now Lyanna…” The crow urged. “Choose…fly or die.”

Death was coming for her, screaming just as loud as her… “I WANT MY BROTHERS!!!” she screamed and a bright light shone around her.

Her next memory was that she was somehow at Winterfell’s Godswood…near the Heart Tree…the same one that had looked at her moments earlier…She wasn’t falling anymore she was on solid ground…Thank the Gods…

“You don’t need to worry about falling anymore.” A sweet and feminine voice proclaimed. Its source was a woman who looked like a copy of Lyanna just an inch or two taller…a full-grown woman as well. “You must be wondering who I am.”

“I am.” she replied, thankful that the crow was not with her anymore, saying his bloody nonsense…

“Well…unlike your dear brothers, you were but a babe when I passed away so…”

“When you passed away? Are you…dead?” she asked aghast.

The woman laughed upon hearing her question. “And here was I thinking you would say my name but it seems I was wrong…yes, I’m dead.”

“Am I supposed to know your name if you died before I was born?” she inquired skeptically.

“I think so…especially if we are kin.”

“Kin?” she asked amazed. If the woman resembled Lyanna so much, was older, dead and kin then… “You are…my mother?”

“There we go, my sweetest Lyanna. I knew you would see through it.” The woman said laughing.

“So…you are really my mother?” she asked, caught by surprise.

“I am.” The woman replied. “I’m Lyarra Stark wife of Rickard Stark, your late father.” Late father…she still couldn’t believe she would not see her father again, killed unjustly by the Mad King… “Your father would not wish to see sad, my sweetest daughter.”

“Can you read my mind?” Gods be good but this was too much for her head…

“Maybe…” Her mother said smiling.

“Mother…can you tell me what I saw?” she questioned, this was clearly a dream but perhaps… perhaps she could get some answers… “Why I was falling?”

“Because you are neither dead nor alive.”

“I’m neither dead nor alive? What does it mean?” she asked confused.

“You are in a coma as your fever was too high and childbirth took a heavy toll on you my sweetest Lyanna.” Mother said with a grim look.

“I see…” It made sense and it definitely tied up some knots… “But what was that crow?”

“You will find out somehow my beautiful daughter.” Mother proclaimed. “There are many mysteries to solve.”
“Mysteries to solve…About what?”

“Life and death perhaps? Something bigger than us definitely. I actually don’t know myself. I just know it will be hard my love.” Mother said as she cupped Lyanna’s cheek to which she felt a wonderful warmth coming from it. “You have truly grown into a beautiful woman my love, you are worthy Queen of Love and Beauty even if…things only turned south from it…”

“I’m afraid mother…” she confessed, still shaken from the things she saw early…the crow was cold but her mother was warm… “I don’t wish to die…”

“You didn’t forget about the words of the pack did you, my love?” Mother questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“When the snow falls and the white wind blows, the lone wolf dies but the pack survives…” she recited.

“Correct.” Mother smiled. “Now you must choose to live marked or die. You mustn’t forget that you are in a coma.”

“But what marked me, mother? I just don’t understand all these secrecy.” Lyanna hissed at her mother, longing for concrete answers.

“I wish I could tell you more but I know not my love…” Mother said with a sigh. “I’m not omniscient, I’m unreliable.”

“You are not,” Lyanna assured as she inhaled some air and let it out. “So I only have two paths to choose, life and death?”

“Yes.”

The decision was quite easy, she wanted to live, she wanted to be with her brothers, nephew, and child if it was alive…

“Then, if you want to live my beautiful daughter, you will live.” Mother said smiling. “Make the pack stay strong for what’s coming, my love and tell your brothers I love them, and every Stark.”

“I will, I promise.” Lyanna assured.

“Goodbye, my sweetest Lyanna, be strong.” Mother wished as she planted a big kiss on her forehead.

“Goodbye, mother…” Lyanna whispered with tears in the corner of her eyes, thankful that she met her mother…A bright light shone around her once more…and she remembered nothing.

Then she woke up panting and sweating…in her room…her brothers around her, their tired bulging with the sight of her and their mouths opening with surprise.

“Lya?” Ben inquired, aghast.

“Yes?” she replied, a smile forming on her lips. “Is something amiss with me?”

“For fuck sake Lya, don’t be stupid!” Brandon barked, tears in his eyes. “You were in a coma!”

“Brandon is right Lya, we were worried for you…” Ned said, his eyes had tears as well.

“I know my dear brothers…I just…I don’t know…I’m happy to be next to all of you…I have
“missed you so much…” she said, tears in her eyes as well.

“Look at us…a bunch bloody crybabies…” Brandon laughed. “How far we have fallen…”

“We suffered a lot but we survived,” Ned said smiling. “When the snow falls…”

“And the white wind blows…” Brandon added.

“The lone wolf dies…” Ben said.

“But the pack survives…” Lyanna completed, remembering the talk with her mother and her kiss…

I will survive… I will solve the mysteries with my brothers and family. The pack stays strong.

“Winter is Coming my dearest brothers.”

“Winter is Coming indeed…” Her brothers nodded before they all hugged her. She was happy now, happy with her brothers at Winterfell.

Chapter End Notes

So I’m quite sure this was a weird chapter especially the last part…but this was how I envisioned the end of Part 1.

Now some changes that I have thought about and will most likely occur in the plot after being more polished.

- I will most likely make Littlefinger have some influence in Brandon going to King’s Landing like I originally planned but scrapped because of inconsistencies regarding timelines since I was using a very detailed timeline (days and months).
- Brandon will go to King’s Landing but will not shout “Come out and die” instead he will politely (I’m not being sarcastic) ask for an answer and justice.
- Aerys deprived of Lyanna will call him a traitor and demand his and his friends’ arrest, in order to make House Stark answer for it’s “treason”.
- Brandon buys time for his friends to escape but is captured. Ethan, Jeffory, and Kyle survive and will join the Rebellion.
- Rickard goes to King’s Landing unaware about Brandon not going crazy, gets arrested and still dies in an unfair trial.
- Ashara still tries to save Brandon but its Varys or Elia or Jaime (I haven’t decided who yet) who lets him free before the Trident can even occur.
- Brandon ends up joining the Rebellion either at Stoney Sept, after what happened at Riverrun with Hoster or before the Trident and so he joins the Rebellion in its climax.

I’m also thinking about making the Trident not happen in the Trident but closer to King’s Landing so the Rebels can get to the capital faster but I’m not sure about that yet.

- Brandon and some other Rebels will enter the Red Keep by the secret passages and kill Aerys, save Elia and the rest should be the same as it was.

There are also somethings I’m rather undecided about.

1) Lyanna’s son (Young Griff) died in this chapter as I originally intended but I’m not sure if it’s the correct choice.

2) I have been conflicted about Rhaella’s outcome, I originally intended for her to die as in canon but then as I wrote her POVs I kind of felt pity for her and decided against it but I’m not sure especially when I end up writing the Regency in which she can
shine more than with Brandon as King.

3) I sort of wish to have Jaime remain in the Kingsguard because I think he is a good knight and without his “sin” he has the potential for greatness. It would be good for his character development and for the plot for him to have a wakeup call with Cersei earlier than canon. But it’s just my opinion regarding him, many of you seem adamant on having him abandon his vows and return to Casterly Rock, I’m opened to it, so I would like some thoughts about it.

I think these are the things that trouble me the most, keep in mind this isn’t a poll, I’m done with them but I still wish to hear some thoughts about it.

Anyway as I said at the beginning, this is the end of Part 1 everyone. I know it took way more time than what it should but it came. I will not go and repeat myself for the third or fourth time, but…thank you for everyone who gave this story a chance, it was a good and enriching experience, I think I grew as a writer with it and I definitely learned with my many mistakes. I’m quite proud to say I “finished” a work, as I set myself to do.

So, for now, I will slowly update the past chapters and hopefully enter Part 2 soon. As always, thank you for sparing time reading and I hope everyone has a nice day.

Red Aquilla.

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