LYA OF HOUSE STARK

The oldest Stark girl, Lya Stark has lived her life as the Princess of the North. A woman of the first men, she has always been strong and fearless. Sure of herself and her family. But when the King rides North and she must ride South, she has no idea how she will fair. But the world is not as it seems. Stories unfold and truths to be told. Everything known means nothing now.

Notes

"WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE"
BETWEEN MADNESS AND SANITY
THEY SAY NO GREAT MIND
HAS EVER EXISTED
WITHOUT A TOUCH OF MADNESS"

The same warnings with any Song of Ice and Fire book or Game of Thrones episode. Incest. Violence. Foul language. Blah blah blah. You know. Oh and THERE IS GAY. So homophobes beware. I do not own game of thrones this is simply a cannon divergence of the tv series and books of the Game of Thrones universe. All characters besides my own belong to George R. R. Martin.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Young Lya Stark knelt down in the forest, her fingertip brushing against the blue rose. A smile graced her face as the soft petals rub against the tip of her pointer finger. The snow atop it melting from the touch. She recalls the stories of her aunt who she is named for. The stories of a rebellion started by a single rose. Well, not a single rose. A crown of roses. The Queen of Love and Beauty.

"Lya!" A voice calls, forcing Lya to stand from her kneeling position. A tall man comes next to the girl of four, making her seem smaller than she already was. Tall for her young age but still not reaching her brother's heights. "Lya," The voice scolds softly as the cloaked man comes to his knees before the northern child. "What did I tell you about running off like that. You have your mothered worried sick."

Ned Stark puts his gloved hand to his beloved child's cheek, a smile coming to his lips despite his efforts to scold her. She was his only daughter. The Maester told him that he would soon be blessed with another by the way his lady wife was carrying. He hoped this one was as easy as Lya.

"Robb told me that if I run off I'm going to be taken by wildings and fed to direwolves." The girl confided in her father with a scrunched nose. "But he's stupid. You told me the wildlings have never crossed the wall and that direwolves have never been neither!" The man smiled at the fire his girl had.

"Your brother may be wrong about that but he is right about running off. Your mother is going to have another baby soon. You will have a little sister or brother. No need to stress her even more." The girl nodded, looking to the snowy ground.

"Yes father." She says dutifully. He brushes back the curly hair atop her head and kisses it softly.

"You're just like my Lyanna." He speaks with pride but even Lya could see the pain behind it along with something else. He stands, picking up the young girl and turning back towards home. She grips his fur coat with small hands, laying her head on his shoulder as he brought her home to Winterfell.

Lya laughed aloud as she chased her half brother with a wooden sparring sword. Jon jumped over logs, his legs much longer than his sisters. But she was quicker. She caught up to him, threatening to hit his ankles. At this, he skidded to a stop, not wanted to have bruises for a fortnight on his poor ankles.

"You don't play fair!" He announced as she tapped his shoulder.

"I play right." She sneers. "You're it." She drops the sword, running out of the woods and into the keep. Jon is on her tail, leaving behind the sword they both knew Ser Rodrick would be looking for. But that was far behind them now, figuratively and literally. They ran through the courtyard, dodging horses and carriages as they went past. They reached the great hall where a meeting was being kept.

The two muddy children stopped outside the door, looking between themselves. "Do you think Robb is done now? This game is more fun with three." Lya whined, leaning against the large door. Jon shrugged, his curly hair barely shorter than his sisters.

"Maybe Sansa will play." Jon suggested. Lya huffed, crossing her arms angrily.

"She just wants to play with dolls. She's a baby. And mother said Arya can't play with us until she's
older. She just turned four! Robb and I were in the woods all the time then." Jon's face suddenly lit up.

"Let's go to the God's Woods! I know the perfect branches to climb." He suggests. This brings Lya to attention, standing up straight, she gives him a smirk.

"Race you there?" Jon doesn't answer, taking off in the familiar path of the God's Wood. Lya yells to him about unfairness but he keeps running. Leading them to the grand Weirwood Tree. Its face staring ever watchful. They aren't alone though, another boy about 9 is praying to the many gods that live in these woods.

"Jasper!" Lya recognizes the orphan boy immediately. His parents were both farmers from a nearby farm. In the last winter, the crops had frozen. Dooming the family. The Stark men had found him alone with parents long dead. He was taken in by the Poole family without question. Now a close friend to the three 10-year-old Starks. Or two Starks and a Snow.

"What are you guys doing out here?" He asks, seemingly uncomfortable. The God's Wood was a place for peace and prayer, not rambunctious children.

"We've come to climb. Join us!" Jon suggests, finding his footing on one of the tall trees surrounding the Weirwood. Lya is up the tree quicker than Jasper can counter. The boy reluctantly follows his friends. They all find their way atop the castle walls. Walking ever carefully as they made their way towards the Broken Tower.

"Maybe we should go back. The walls are slippery from the rain." Jasper says uneasily. He sticks close to Jon who is directly behind Lya. She looks out upon Winterfell. The bustling streets and smell of rain gives her a pristine calm.

"Don't be a pansy." She speaks in passing, gripping the side of the wall. She searches for a footing, kicking at the stone wall. Jon laughs at her struggle, pushing her out of the way and expertly climbing up the side of the tower. She follows his path, using the same footings as he did with a little spite at the fact she didn't find them. They look back to see that Jasper had not made a move to follow.

"Come on Jas!" Jon calls as he makes his way across the Broken Tower towards the other wall beside it that was thick enough to walk on. He makes it first. Followed by a confident Lya. They both look back at their younger friend. He doesn't wait for them to call him another name, gripping the wet stone and making his way slowly and carefully towards them. They watch with an impatient stare that forces him to speed up.

He reaches his way to the other side of the tower, feeling his hands beginning to slip. He reaches out a hand and Lya goes to pull him to the wall. But in the last second as Lya's hand grips Jaspers, the younger boy loses his footing. Too distracted by the iron grip he held on Lya's hand. The boy gasps, pulling Lya down to her knees as she tries to pull him up. Jon grips Lya around her stomach wordlessly, trying to keep her on the wall. But she was slipping on the wetness and saw two options before her.

Be pulled down by Jasper's weight and carry the three of them to their demise, or save Jon and herself. She looked down at the stone floor below. None of them thought to scream. All their throats clogged with fear. She chooses Jon. Lya lets go.
Lya puts her hand on her second youngest brother's shoulder, feeling the fur between her fingertips. She stares straight, looking at the man adorned in black. A man of the Night's Watch. Her eyes find Jon who stands on the other side of their brother Bran. He had confessed to her his plans to join the Watch. A plan she herself despised.

"I know I broke my oath. And I know I'm a deserter. I should have gone back to the Wall and warned them. But I saw what I saw. I saw the White Walkers. People need to know. If you can get word to my family, tell them I'm no coward. Tell them I'm sorry." The man's final words send chills down Lya's spine. His words should wrench her heart, saddened for the man's family. But all she can feel is the inevitable fear. Winter is coming. And if what he says is true, darkness follows.

Her father nods yes, and the man of the Night's Watch is positioned on the tree limb that serves as a block. Eddard Stark draws Ice from a scabbard held by Theon. The sword is so tall it reaches the height of Bran himself. Bran and Lya both note the man's whispering but neither can hear the words spoken. Their father bows his head to his sword, speaking the oh so familiar words.

Lya has been there for every execution since the death of a childhood friend. After that Ned Stark saw fit that she should not be sheltered any longer. Catelyn desperately disagreed but Ned won that fight. Lya accompanied Robb to every one atop her mare Calla. A loyal creature who had been trained by the girl since she was a filly. Lya seemed to have an apt relationship with most animals.

"Don't look away." Jon spoke to Bran as the Warden of the North spoke the vows. "Father will know if you do." Lya puts her warm hand on the back of Bran's neck, doing her best to comfort the boy. He was ten. The same age she was when she met death for the first time. Their father swings the sword and in one swift slice the man's head goes tumbling away.

Robb comes to the two, smiling at his sister and wrapping his arm around her shoulders. Their father pulls Bran to the side to say a few words and Lya's twin pulls her to their horses. "Feel like a race?" He asks as Lya pets her black and white speckled mare. A smirk pulls at her lips and she pulls herself atop the horse's saddle.

"Is that even a question brother?" She says as competitive as ever. She recounted the times she and her brothers had fought against each other in any competition thinkable.

Robb gets on top of his own steed, followed by their bastard brother. "Well, it was nice to see you, boys. But I have a race to win." She kicks her horse forward, feeling the wind in her hair as the cold bites at the tip of her nose and tops of her ears. This was everything the North was to her. Racing. Running. Free.

When they reach the bridge, Lya is far ahead. She looks back consistently at her brothers only to prove that she was ahead like always. As she came to the rotting deer, it was the smell she noticed first. She pulled Calla to a halt so quickly that her front legs reared into the air before landing hard on the wooden bridge. She nearly jumps from the horse when she sees the sight.

A ravaged deer before her stares blankly into the cold day. She steps closer to inspect it as the boys come next to her. Robb grabs her hand and keeps her away from it, in fear it may carry some disease. "What could have done such a thing?" Lya speaks with a hint of worry as she curls back into her twin brother's arms. Jon comes next to the pair and watches the flies that surround the dead deer. They wait in silence for the rest of the group to join them.
Theon is the first to come, looking at the deer with a look of clear disgust. "Mountain lion?" He suggests as he leans down and inspects the claw marks.

"Are you dense? Mountain lions do not roam in these woods." Lya says as she pulls away from Robb. "You should get away from it. It could be diseased. Haven't you heard of the parasite that eats you inside out? They usually get the brain first but I guess they would have to find someone else on you." Theon stands glaring at the Stark girl.

Eddard Stark puts down the argument and pulls out his sword. The others follow suit as they begin the short search for whatever killed the deer. Lya finds the beast first. It lays with the same rotting smell. She kneels, her gloved hand grazing its fur. She sees a movement in the corner of her eye. More furry balls wiggle around, weeping next to their dead mother.

"It's a freak." Theon's voice speaks as he comes behind Lya.

"It's a direwolf." Ned corrects him, exchanging wary glances with Ser Rodrick. "Tough old beast." He waves Lya away who stands and walks backward, bumping into the Greyjoy who gives her a cocky smirk. But they are both pulled away as Lord Stark pulls out the antler's from the wolf's neck.

"There are no direwolves south of the Wall." Robb informs, remembering the tales he used to tell his sister at night to scare her. It never worked. She knew not to believe him.

"Now there are six." Jon says, holding one of the pups in his hand. Lya smiles, taking it from his arms. She looks down at her little brother who gives her a pleading glance. She gives in, handing the direwolf to her little brother.

"Where will they go?" He suddenly asks as he pets its soft fur. "Their mother's dead."

"They don't belong down here." Ser Rodrick says, giving me a sorrowful glance.

"Better a quick death. They won't last without their mother." Ned shakes his head, looking down at the dead wolf with an ominous thought. One he wouldn't even share with his Lady Wife.

"Right. Give it here." Theon says, pulling out a dagger and gripping at the wolf in Bran's hand. The wolf yelps just as loudly as Bran cries no.

"Put away your blade." Robb spits out with disgust hinting his words.

"I take orders from your father, not you." Theon bites back with all the might of salt and iron.

"Lay another hand on my brother or one of these pups and I will make sure you no longer have hands, Greyjoy." Lya hisses, putting an arm around her brother and pulling him away from the older boy.

"Please, father!" Bran calls to Lord Stark who simply shakes his head sadly.

"Lord Stark?" Jon pipes up, using formality not found in their usual company. "There are six pups. Three girls and three boys. One for each of the Stark children. The direwolf is the sigil of your House. They were meant to have them." Everyone turns to their Lord, waiting for his verdict on the direwolves.

"You will train them yourselves. You will feed them yourselves. And if they die, you will bury them yourselves." He turns away in a flip of his cloak, not helping to bring the pups to the keep. Bran cradles his pup as Jon hands more pups to Robb and Lya.
"What about you?" Bran suddenly asks, Lya gives her half brother a sad smile. In order to save the pups, he had to exclude himself. Something that no doubt made Jon feel even more of an outsider.

"I'm not a Stark. Get on." Jon begins to follow the group as he stops, hearing another whimper.

"What is it?" Robb asks, causing Lya to look back. Jon pulls up a white wolf pup.

"It must have crawled away." Jon says with a small smile.

"Or chased away. Look at it. It's a monster." Theon says and turns up his nose at the white-furred pup with beady red eyes.

"It's the runt. Not a monster." Lya rolls her eyes, smiling at her half brother as she pulled herself onto her horse.

"Hah. The runt of the litter. That one's yours, Snow." Theon sneers and gets about his borrowed steed like he wore a salt crown. Lya looked down at the direwolf pup that curled in her coat. She looked forward to having a puppy as she had not had one since her hound Rae 'ran away' when she was ten and one.

The pup was almost all the color of coal that matched Lya's hair save for the white, grey, and almost red markings along its belly and sides. And on the tip of its tail, a pure white patch of fur set her apart. Her eyes looked like liquid gold with red and orange mixed in. This one will be mine, Lya had thought to herself, Daenys. Named after one of the many Targaryens that littered the history books she read until their spines cracked. And maybe she would dream dragon dreams that night with little Daenys at her side.
of duty and honor

Lya sits with her father at the God's Wood as he cleans his sword in the black waters. The pond is so reflective that the Stark girl can see every feature of herself as if it was a mirror. She notices the change she's had in the last few years. You're a woman now, Lya's mother had told her the day she had her first blood, and a beautiful one at that. Lya didn't see it. She thought she was too boyish. With the wide jaw and high cheekbones from her father. Along with the curly black hair that blessed her head and fell long down her back. The only thing she could say she got from her mother was the Tully blue eyes that graced her face. The only brightness in the solemn Stark look. She didn't even share her mother's petite figure. Instead barring wide hips and a much stockier build that she felt make her look more like a man than a woman.

But even so her father never lost the chance to tell his firstborn that she was beautiful. He told her anything he could to make her see that stern beauty. The Rose of the North. The Princess of the North. That she was more beautiful than a thousand Queens. She only laughed, telling her father not to call her those silly things. Though he meant every word.

Ned usually sat alone in the God's Wood after a beheading but today he decided to bring his daughter with him. They sat in silence as he cleaned off Ice. Lya gleamed at the precious sword. It would be passed to Robb after their father's passing but that didn't mean she couldn't admire it. Lya was skilled in archery and small daggers though she could never really pick up a large sword. It was the thin short swords that she had mastered at the age of 15. Catelyn refused to see her daughter fight in the pits like her brothers but Ser Rodrick trained the girl in secret under Lord Eddard Stark's orders.

"You're a woman now." Lya's father finally spoke. "As much as I wish you could stay here with me for the rest of my days, you will have to marry soon enough." Lya nods. She understood this. Knew that she wouldn't be able to be locked away in the keep forever.

"I understand father." She says, as dutiful as ever. Lya loved her parents as much as she loved to fight and compete and raise all seven hells. But she knew her duty as much as Sansa loved the thought of it. Lya dreaded it. The day she must leave Robb and Jon behind to go meet another man. She could never love a man besides her brothers and her father. How could she?

"All these years and I still feel like an outsider when I come here
"All these years and I still feel like an outsider when I come here." Catelyn speaks up after a long silence between the pair. Neither had heard her silent steps on the mossy forest floor.

"You have six northern children. You're not an outsider." He promises his wife, handing Ice to Lya and beckoning his wife over. The Stark girl lays the heavy sword on her lap, holding in the smile that pulled at her lips.

"I wonder if the old gods agree." Cat Stark smiles softly at her husband. The man she was never supposed to marry. In a way she thanked her seven god's for the rebellion. Because if all that would not have happened she would have never had Ned, the man she called her only love.

"It's your gods with all the rules."

"I am so sorry, my love." The tone shifts, causing Lya to pull her focus from the sword to her mother. It seems as though she refuses to meet her daughter's eyes.
"Tell me." Eddard says, looking at his wife with fear of the unknown.

"There was a raven from Kings Landing. Jon Arryn is dead. A fever took him. I know he was like a father to you." Lya's stomach pulls in knots. She did not know Lord Arryn well but she did know the impact he had on her father's life along with the King's

"Your sister. The boy..." Lord Stark is immediately thinking of his wife's family. This is another reason that Lady Catelyn loves him so. Rather than worry about his own grief he worries of hers.

"They both have their health. Gods be good." She pauses with a bite of the insides of her cheeks. "The raven brought more news. The king rides for Winterfell. With the queen and all the rest of them."

"He's coming this far North, there's only one thing he's after."

"There's more, my love." Catelyn fears this news the most, sitting next to her husband and grabbing his hands in her own. Her eyes finally reaches her silent daughter's. She was good at that. Disappearing. Listening. "A raven just arrived from Lord Tywin. It holds a proposal."

"And what kind of proposal is that?" Eddard closes his eyes tightly, as if he expected a blow from some unknown force.

"Ned," Catelyn chides softly. "You know as well as I do. When I saw the Lion stamp on the letter I felt everything you're feeling now." Eddard Stark nods, kissing his wife on the cheek.

"Go and tell the children that they shall be preparing for the King and his Court. Start preparations while I speak to Lya." Lya perks up like a wolf, if she had the ears they would be high in the air now. They both watch Lady Stark go, a tension bleeding into the air.

"What is it father." Lya says, putting aside the sword and placing a hand on her father's shoulder. He turns to his daughter and grabs her hand in his two.

"Seventeen years ago, when you were born and the rebellion ended in victory, Robert saw the tension between the Lannisters and the Starks. Knew it would brew into something. So Jon Arryn came up with a proposal. When my first daughter came of age she would be married to Tywin's first born son." He speaks slow and careful as if he was calming a frightened horse. Lya pulls her hand from her father's standing so suddenly that he expects her to hit him or scream or maybe run away.

"The Kingslayer." She spits, anger rising in the young girl's blood. "The man is twice my age. Let alone a man with no honor. Isn't that what you've always told me."

"This is not my choice, Lya." He says, rising to his feet as well. His daughter's anger made her seem taller though.

"A man without honor is a man to be feared. Once the honor is gone he has nothing to live and die for." She shakes her head, the dark locks of hair falling in front of her face. "You promised me a good match."

"It's said he is the most handsome man of the seven kingdoms."

"I don't care about if he's pretty! I care if I should fear being stabbed in the back in the middle of the night! Lions and Wolves do not mate and I will not share a bed with that man!"

"You are my daughter." Ned Stark raises his voice to his firstborn, something he rarely did. "You will do your duty and marry the Lannister man. If you think I take relish in this then you are
dreadfully wrong." Lya's eyes sting but she does not let tears fall.

"I'll be in the woods till it's time for you to wed me off like a common whore." She pushes past her father, not bothering to move far enough away. As her shoulder hits against his he looks down in defeat. War is more simple than daughters, he thought to himself, at least with war there was a winning. He could never win with the eldest wolf of house Stark.
Lya cursed herself as her closest and only female friend Addy, tied the corset tightly around Lya's bust. "If you're trying to kill me you may be achieving." She hissed out, putting her hand on her stomach. Daenys grumbled from Lya's bed, sensing her owner's pain. Lya simply waved her hand and the young wolf settled into the furs.

"I'm sorry, Lya" "I'm sorry, Lya." She says sincerely as she pulls out the blue dress and laying it out on the bed. "You'll be meeting the Kingslayer today." Addy gave her friend a raised eyebrow, waiting for a reaction.

"I've already met him." She says as she sits in front of the vanity in the corner of her room. The cloudy mirror didn't do justice for the look she held. Her black hair was curly and over both her shoulders. Blue grey eyes full of fire.

"You saw him in passing, my friend." Lya thought back to the meeting of the King. He had stared at her for too long and Lya had to avert her eyes to something else. Only to find another's eyes on her. She could recognize the Lannister a mile away. She took note of the red cloak that replaced his white one of the Kingsguard.

"And that's enough for me." A knock at the door gave Addy a shock. The small girl went to the door immediately, mouth agape when she was met with emerald eyes.

"Ser Jaime." Addy announces loudly so that Lya can react. She stands up and puts on a black silk robe, nodding to her friend to open the door. The skittish girl opens the door and scurries out of the room. The man adorned in golden armor closed the door behind himself.

Lya felt no embarrassment of her lack of clothing, standing tall and brushing her hair behind her shoulders. Her hands land on her hips, glaring at the tall man. "What is it that you want, Lannister." From the bed, Daenys growled quietly, only to be hushed by Lya.

"I hope we have no hard feelings, my lady." Jaime Lannister speaks in a silky voice, his hand on the hilt of his sword. He doesn't try to hide his wondering eyes, causing Lya's glare to sharpen. "I only wished to meet you before we had the influence of every man and woman of court."

"Well it was nice to meet you, Kingslayer. But as you can tell I'm not decent and I still have to get ready for the feast tonight." She takes a few steps towards him to give him way to the door but he doesn't move. Only smirking down to the shorter woman.

"This marriage is not something I want either I hope you know." He admits to the younger woman, taking in the stern Stark look. He could admit she had a cold beauty to her. The polar opposite of his Cersei. Where his twin sister was light, this woman was dark. Where Cersei was cold though, Lya seemed to hold some warmth.

"I'm glad it's mutual." She opens the door for him and he grips her upper arm. He feels the tensing of the muscles that had been grown overtime from swinging a sword.

"I suggest we get to know each other don't you think? You wouldn't want to marry a stranger would you?" Lya pulls her arm away with ease, holding her head high.

"You'll always be a stranger in my home, Lannister. And I in yours. No use to make us hate each
other more." Jaime Lannister turns to leave and is met by a red faced Robb Stark, glaring daggers into the older Lord.

"You'd do best to go back to your room and get ready for the feast, Lannister." Jaime only smiles, a sarcastic glint in his emerald eyes.

"Of course Lord Stark," Lya silently thanks her twin as her betrothed walks out the door and down the hall. Once he turns the corner Robb grips his sisters hands, turning her as if to look for wounds.

"Did he touch you?" Robb speaks with all the anger of the North. His eyes worried.

"I'm fine, brother." She promises and kisses his cheek thankfully even though she believed she could had fended him off herself. "I need to get ready. If you see Addy send her my way." He nods, turning away and walking to his room to get ready as well.

Lya doesn't wait for her friend to help, slipping on the blue velvety dress with embroidered flowers along her bust. The color made her eyes pop. She pulls on the cloak and dresses her neck in a metal necklace and ears in matching rings. She takes one last look in the cloudy mirror of the vanity before her.

She wanted to cry. So badly. With Jon wishing to leave for the wall and herself no doubt going to Kingslanding with her sisters and Bran, she for once truly felt alone. She loved Arya with all her heart. The little fierce wolf pup was her favorite beside Robb and Jon. But how could she survive without her brothers love for her. What if she never saw them again?

Daenys hopped off the bed, stalking over to Lya's side. She laid a hand on the direwolf's head and smiled softly. "Stay beside me tonight, girl." She kissed the top of her head and stood to her feet.

"We have enemies walking among us tonight."

♤

Lya walked into the feasting hall, fashionably late. Daenys clung to her side like the barnacles on a Greyjoy's ship. Though the act may seem cowardly of the large wolf pup, this was her form of protection. Daenys was the largest pup now. Once small and fearful, the wolf had became threatening and silent as a winter night. Lya told herself it was the training but others whispered that all the wolves held onto their owners personalities and made them their own. This was true for Daenys.

All eyes were on the pair as she found her way to the Stark children's table. A seat had been saved between Robb and Theon. Lya wanted to refuse to sit next to the perv iron born but did not argue as she sat next to her twin brother. She didn't doubt that Daenys would take off the other man's hand if he touched Lya.

"I hear you had a secret rendezvous with the Kingslayer," Theon started. Lya simply rolled her eyes, ignoring the boy.

"If that were true you'd be the last person to know." She looked around the table and noticed an emptiness. "Where's Jon?" She asks, searching the now loud crowd. All she found was the King, a kitchen wench on his lap. A crown on her head. For a second she felt pity for the Lannister Lioness.

"Mother decided it would be rude to sit him with the Royal Family. So he's somewhere in the back with Ghost. Probably drinking his share of wine." Robb jabbed his sister with his elbow when her lips turned down to a frown. "He's having more fun than us don't worry."

Lya agrees. At least he doesn't have to deal with false pleasantries and drunk men. "And what of
"Mother also decided that the wolves would stay in the kennels tonight. I guess word didn't reach Lady Daenys." He petted the wolf at her feet and she responded by leaning into the touch.

"Careful. She's a monster. She tried to bite my cock off the other day." Theon warns, sneering and leaning closer to Lya. "I'd rather have her owner touching my cock tonight." His hot breath whispered on Lya's neck and fuels the fire inside her.

"Touch me and I'll cut it off." He lays a hand on her thigh and a vicious growl erupts from under the table. But it isn't the wolf that stops him. A tap on the shoulder of Lya forced the Greyjoy to pull away.

"My lady." Jaime Lannister bows his head and puts out a hand. "Could I have this dance?" Lya weighs her options silently. Stay with Theon and continue to get fondled until her wolf bit his hand off or go with the Kingslayer. Picking poison wasn't easy.

Lya stands, taking his hand reluctantly. "Robb would you mind keeping a hold of Daenys. I don't think Catelyn would be happy if there was blood on the dance floor." Robb holds only the dark wolf's fur and smiles at his sister. But Jaime ignores the threat, pulling her along and onto the floor.

"You looked uncomfortable
"You looked uncomfortable. Thought I'd rescued the fair maiden." He smiles and for a moment, Lya thinks him handsome. His bright eyes are only brighter against the golden Lannister hair. His jaw sharp and smile wide. He's tall. A warrior. This is what a King should look like, Lya had thought to herself. But alas he was not a King and he never would be.

"Daenys would have bit his hand off if you waited a second longer." His large hands find her waist and hers move to his shoulders. A dance she had practiced many times in her lifetime. "As nice as that would be, the blood would have ruined my dress."

"Well then I'm sorry for leaving you impatient." His warm smile turns to a smirk as he leads her in dizzying circles. Or is it the warm wine gracing her belly. She couldn't tell.

Eyes follow their every move. Stark eyes, Tully eyes, Norther and Southern eyes alike. "We have an audience, Kingslayer." She mutters, feeling the least bit embarrassed.

"Jaime. My names Jaime." His gaze leaves hers for a moment and she follows his line of sight to the Queen.

"You love your twin sister don't you, Jaime." His eyes moved back to the oldest Stark. Fear in the forest that are his eyes.

"Like you love your twin brother." Lya holds onto his shoulders with an iron grip.

"If I go to Kingslanding to marry you and my family is harmed, I will hold you personally responsible." Lya stares coldly at the Lannister.

"I believe you, Lady Stark."

"Lya. My name is Lya."
Lya looks out at the group as they prepare to leave the keep for a hunting trip. The King's men had been here for only a day and Robert insisted on hunting. Daenys' wet snout presses against Lya's leg, causing her to look down. The wolf sits down and nuzzles her owner's leg.

"I know." Lya mutters and walks towards the door. She wears black leather pants now with a pale blue riding shirt. It's a relief compared to the heavy dress from the night before. Daenys stays at her side as Lya's boots click along the empty hall. She turns the corner only to bump into a hard chest. Hands grip her shoulders and Daenys let out a growl, snarling up at the blond man.

"Lya." Jaime's molten gold voice says. "You wouldn't mind calling off your hound would you?"

"She's a direwolf. Not a welting bitch." Lya pulls away from the man but his grip holds. This causes Daenys to begin to bark. "It's okay Daenys." Lya finally says, causing the pup to sit down restlessly.

"I appreciate it. Now I have somewhere to be." But his hands remain on the Stark girl's shoulders.

"Do you now? What could be more important than I." Lya's words are spiteful and not sincere but Jaime smiles down at her.

"I could say the same thing." He lets go of her shoulders and holds his hands up in fake surrender.

"I'm going to spar. What is your excuse?" Lya doesn't care if Catelyn finds out about her lessons anymore. She would be gone in a fortnight anyway and her mother could not scold her about it then.

"You know how to fight?" Jaime quickly changes the subject. "It surprises me that the honorable Ned Stark would allow his daughter to do such dangerous things."

"I'm full of surprises." Lya walks past him and Daenys rushes on her heels.

"I bet you are, Lyanna Stark." Jaime mumbled as he watched the Northern Princess go. His heart wrenched when he remembered his original path. The Broken Tower to meet Cersei. His heart told him to follow Lya. To spar with her. To get to know the woman. But his mind chose otherwise, knowing of Cersei's already growing jealousy.

◇

She wiped the sweat from her brow as she took up her stance once again. Ser Rodrick commanded the boy across from her to attack but he only stood with a shaky wooden sword. "I won't fight her. She doesn't play fair." The boy says. Lya scoffs, he was almost her age and he acted like a child.

"This isn't a game, boy. Do you want to learn or not?" Ser Rodrick snapped at him. The boy dropped his sword defiantly.

"We're tired of fighting her. If I have to fight the Stark Whore one more time I'll take the fighting to her chamber." Another boy on the side says as he lazily swings his wooden sparing sword.

Ser Rodrick is on him before Lya could react, pulling out his sword and putting it to the boys neck. "That is your Lord Stark's daughter you speak of. I'd kill you for what you said but I'd rather let her wolf tear into ya."

"It's alright Ser Rodrick"
"It's alright Ser Rodrick. I know a liar when I see one," The older man steps away and Lya walks up to the boy with a smile. "Call me what you will, but at least I have more balls than the lot of you."

The boy takes a step foreword and Lya grabs Ser Rodrick's sword, putting it to the boy's cheek. She pushes it hard as he refuses to look away. Blood beads on his cheek and she pulls away. "Remember that." She hands the sword to the man who taught her to fight and turns away, walking back towards the keep with Daenys on her heels.

A howl breaks out into the afternoon air, causing Daenys to jump to attention. In a second the dark wolf takes off. "Daenys!" Lya calls. The wolf stops dead but whimpers loudly in the direction of the howl. She walks forward and looks back at Lya, beckoning her to follow. Lya runs after the wolf as she leads her to the howling.

The sight turns over Lya's stomach. In a second her whole world comes falling down. At first she thinks the boy laying on the ground is Jasper. The boy she killed when she was only 10. But as she walks closer it gets worse. The nameless wolf of Bran cries and howls next to the unmoving boy.

"Bran!" Lya screams, falling onto her knees and shaking his shoulders softly. His body is limp and all she can do to control her shaking is grip him tightly. "Bran. Oh bran sweet boy." She touches his cold cheek and fears he is dead. "Help! Someone help please!" When no one comes to her rescue, Lya grabs under the boys knees and his shoulder. The unnamed wolf grows, snarling as she tries to pick him up.

Daenys, much bigger than the other, steps in front of her owner and growls back at her brother. Protecting Lya as she curls Bran into her arms. Lya runs into the keep, not caring about the meeting going on. This was much more important. "Call the Maester!" She yells out, silencing everyone. Catelyn is on her in a second, touching Bran as tears burst from her eyes.

"My boy. My boy." Cat mutters as Maester Luwin has a man take Bran from Lya's arms. Lya looks on with blank eyes, wet from tears. She doesn't stop Bran's wolf as he tries to follow the group.

Lya turns away, rubbing her eyes and walking as fast as she can out of the door. She finds Calla in the stables, not bothering to saddle the mare as she pulls herself onto the back of the horse. Daenys whimpers from bellow. Lya pushes Calla on and out of the stables, taking off at a gallop. Daenys runs next to the pair, following them out of the keep and into the woods.

♩

Calla stomps the cold, hard earth, huffing out visible breath. Lya sits against the tree stump, picking at the blue rose in her hands. Her eyes had dried and she no longer had tears to cry. The sun was falling down over the horizon but the trio did not care. Daenys laid her head in Lya's lap, causing her to smile softly.

"We could stay here forever. Just us three." She mutters and closes her eyes, leaning against the tree. She takes in the smell of the forest around her. This was her world. Where she was born and where she would die. The North.

Daenys senses them before Lya, standing up and going into a defensive stance in front of her. "Can I make that four?" Jaimie Lannister stops his horse in front of the trio, looking down at them. "Well I guess five with the borrowed horse here." He slips off the saddle and looks at the pup that growled viciously at him. Lya starts to stand but he waves his hand. "Don't get up. I'm not here to force you back him."

Lya lays a hand on the hind legs of Daenys and the wolf reluctantly moves to the other side of her
owner and lays down. She places her head on Lya's lap once again as Jaime finds a spot next to her against the tree stump. "Is this the first time you've ran away?" He asks, smiling over at the girl.

"I didn't run away." She snaps, glaring over at him.

"You left the keep on horseback without a word to anyone. I'd count that as running away." Lya looks down at the ground, picking at the frozen grass.

"Then no. This is not the first time." She frowns, remembering the times she had escaped on Calla's back into the woods before. When she had her first blood and Catelyn had told her what it meant. The day her and Robb fought over Lya's future resulting in tears from both of them. After Jon told her his plans to go to the watch. She had made it a habit to get away when things went wrong.

"I don't blame you. When I was 8 my little brother fell Ill with a fever. He was only 4 and the Maester's told us all he would not make it. And when I went to my father with teary eyes he told me 'Good. It's about time the little beast died.' I couldn't believe it. So I made it my life goal to see Tywin die before Tyrion. Just to spite the old man." Jaime looks over at Lya who stares at him intently.

"Your father sounds like a cruel man." She mutters, petting Daenys mindlessly.

"He is." Lya frowned and brushed her curly hair out of her face. Jaime thought the frown looked alien on her face even though he had seen it many times. Mostly directed at him. Jaime had always only had eyes for his sister, thinking her the most gorgeous woman in the world. But sitting there with the Stark girl in the approaching moonlight, he found her beautiful. "Your brother is going to survive." He promised her, even though he doubted that the boy would. He didn't want to see her sad any longer.

Lya does not look up, keeping her eyes on the frosted blades of grass
Lya does not look up, keeping her eyes on the frosted blades of grass. Jaime turns to her, lifting her chin until her eyes were level with his. His breath caught in his throat as he looked into the Tully blue eyes. "Come back with me." He requests, a soft look on his hard face.

Lya nods, standing to her feet along with the direwolf. She gets onto the mare, looking over as the Kingslayer gets on his own steed. "Thank you, Jaime." She says as she commands Calla to walk foreword. Their horses walk side by side towards Winterfell with Daenys to Lya's right. When they arrive to the Keep everyone stares at the lion and the wolf, riding side by side.

Lya stood down in the crypts with a sollemn look on her face. She passed the Stark defendants with wolves curled at their feet. Kings. Lords. She came to one particular statue. One that was very familiar.

"Aunt Lyanna." Lya muttered, looking at the feather in the hand outstretched. Her face held sadness as much as Lya's did. She wondered how the stone could capture such a look.

Lya recalled all the time she spent down there as a child. The adventures with Jon into the crypts. The ones she spent alone. The walks across the history of Winterfell. And Lyanna. Her namesake. The woman stolen by the Last Dragon.

She remembered the History books she read. Over and over again. Of the Targaryen rule. The histories of those kings always seemed to interest her the most. She wished nothing more than to see a Dragon or a Targaryens piercing purple eyes.

A whimper came from bellow her and Lya looked down to see Daenys curled up at her feet. Nose
held in the air. "What is it girl?" Lya asks, kneeling next to the wolf. The pup begins to growl slightly, standing up to attention. Lya feels her heart beat quicken. The dead stirred was her excuse. It was storied that direwolves could see the dead as they saw the living.

Daenys took off down the deep hall of the crypt, shocking Lya. She fell onto her backside, watching as the wolf took off into the darkness. Lya jumped to her feet, grabbing the closest torch and running after her. "Daenys! Come back!" She called. The hall seemed to go on forever. Getting darker every step. Finally she say the reflection of wolf eyes.

"Daenys come on." Lya muttered desperately, wanting to leave the crypts and return to her bed. She didn't know why she was here. A dream had brought her here. One of dragons. A Targaryen king riding a giant dragon to Winterfell. Leaving the eggs in the crypts. Why was she here?

The wolf barked angrily at something, her claws skittering across the stone floor as she circled something. Lya brought the flames closer, letting out a gasp as she saw something else besides her wolf in the darkness.

In a pocket of darkness, sticks surrounded an object. It was too dark to see details. Lya inched foreword, reaching out to touch it. She snapped her finger back. It was warm. Had she touched it with her torch maybe. Daenys let out a whimper at this, leaning her nose closer to what was emitting the smell. Lya let a hand drape down onto the object. Semi circle grooves indented the warm object. Like scales, Lya thought. She picked it up. Surprised at the weight of it.

Daenys licked the object, suddenly becoming very excited. Lya giggled a little, cradling the object softly. She walked back towards the lighted area of the crypts, taking in the object.

An egg. A dragon egg. Or at least what her mind imagined it to be. She sunk to the ground, sitting cross legged in the center of the crypts beneath the statue of her aunt. Daenys sat across from her, lolling her tongue out happily. Lya couldn't stop the smile on her face. It was the color of a sunrise. Dark blue at the top and drifting down to a burnt orange. It was gorgeous.

"Look Daenys." Lya said as she held up the egg. "A dragon once lived in this. In all the reading I've done it says that the years turned them to stone but look at it. Feel it. It's beautiful." The wolf licked the egg again, barking happily as she felt her owners excitement. "Come now. We mustn't let anyone see it." Lya puts it under Her cloak and walks with Daenys out of the crypt. When she sneaks back into her room she walks to the trunk of stuff she had packed for Kingslanding. She carefully moves the clothes and sets the egg deep down into it. Covering it over quickly.

Lya closes and locks the chest, walking over to her case of books. She pulls out the history book of dragons written by some Maester. Lya knows she needs sleep for the long journey ahead but she lays on the furs, Daenys curled at her feet. She opens the book and begins to read. They stayed like this throughout the night.
Jon Snow stood at the top of the Keep of Winterfell, his eyes looking out on the dreary land around it. He turned to the North where he set his sights. "It's almost like you're already gone." Lya says, coming to her brother's side. She swings her legs over the side of the wall and sits on its edge.

"Why do you say that?" Jon asks, taking a seat next to Lya. The girl leans to her younger brother, by only the gods know how long, and lays her head on his shoulder.

"Because I'm here. And you're out there. You've always been out there." She looks to the North with tears pulling at her grey blue eyes. "You're destined for something Jon. I've known it ever since I could remember." Lya looks into the cloudy grey sky that is Jon's eyes. "Make your mother proud, whoever she may be."

"I'm going to miss you the most." Jon says, giving a sad smile to his half sister. "More than Robb and Bran and even Arya. You're my best friend. I love you dearly."

"If I wasn't going south would you stay in Winterfell?" Lya stands back up on the wall her eyes never leaving the distant Wall.

"Without a doubt." Jon stands as well, putting his hands on her shoulders. "Because I know damn well you would protect me and kill ever fool who tries to hurt me." He leans in, kissing her forehead and smiling at his sister. Their relationship had always been strong. While Robb prepared to be Lord of Winterfell someday it was just them. Their love blossomed even if Catelyn hated it.

"Of course I would. I'd cut their cocks off too." Lya smiled, looking down and letting out a sad laugh. "Next time I see you you'll be in black."

"And next time I see you you'll be in red and gold.
"And next time I see you you'll be in red and gold." Jon teases before pulling her into a tight hug. "I'll kill him if you want me to." He suggests, causing Lya to let out another laugh. She holds him tighter, looking out at the sky. In a month she would be farther from home than she had ever been. Farther from Robb and even farther from Jon. If the gods were kind she would see them again. Maybe they would come to her damned wedding.

But she knew, the Gods were not kind.

Saying goodbye to her unconscious brother was probably the hardest thing she had ever done. Lya imagined him waking up suddenly. Hugging his sister and rather than staying here he would come with them. But instead Lya clung to the motionless figure that was once her brother. If she held hard enough she could feel his heart beat. The only thing that told them all he was not dead.

"He's a fighter." Lya spoke softly as she finally pulled away from her younger brother. Rickon sat on the edge of the bed, looking sadly at his big sister.

"Do you have to go?" The little boy asked, his eyes reddened from crying. Lya comes to her knees in front of him, grabbing his little hands and kissing them.

"I need you to stay here and protect Mother, Bran and Robb for me. Can you promise me you will?" Her eyes are sad and even baby Rickon can understand the pain in them. This was all of their homes. He just didn't understand why they were leaving it.
"I promise. I'll protect them." She stands, pushing his hair back and landing a kiss on his forehead.

"I know you will." Lya ruffles his hair and turns to her mother. The woman stares blankly. A shell of her former self. Her Tully eyes lined with blood red from no sleep. Her skin pale and cheeks sucked in. Lya knew she had not eaten since Bran was brought to her, broken and crippled.

"I wish you didn't have to go
"I wish you didn't have to go." She said with a cry from her throat. One that was obviously not meant to happen as she covered her mouth immediately. She burst into tears, Lya knelt to her level and put her mother's face in her hands.

"When I see you again Bran will be all better and we will all be together again." Lya promise with tears in her eyes. This wouldn't end well. The Starks should never leave their den. Not in a time like this. Turmoil stretched from the Wall to the Crownlands. They should be here. Preparing for winter. But instead they would split off miles and miles apart.

"You are leaving me." Catelyn cried out, an anger in her scratchy voice. "You're leaving me." This time her voice breaks and she leans against Lya's chest, crying softly. "Come back to me." Lya can't tell if she's talking to her or Bran. Or maybe she's talking to them all. Even Lady Catelyn could not answer the question of who she cried out for.

"I will return to you." Lya speaks fiercely, gripping her mother's shoulders and shaking her till she looked her daughter in the eyes. "By the old gods and the new I swear that. I swear I will return to you. I will return home. We all will."

"Don't say that." Her mother murmurs, her eyes glazing over as she looked off. Beyond her daughter and her sons and out the window. Far off where a wolf howled and the white winds blew. Far away from here.

Lya leaned in, kissing her mother's forehead with some finality that brought a tear to her cheek. It was like they all could tell the future. Maybe not clearly but they could all see what it led to. Fire. Blood. Death.

"Be safe, my girl." Catelyn speaks finally, looking at her first daughter now with a love in her eyes that could match no other. It could be said a mother does not have favorites but even Lya knew that wasn't true. And of some strange event of the gods she was the favorite, or at least close second, of both her mother and father.

"And you, mother." Lya lets her hand linger on her mother's face for just a second longer. Her eyes move between the three of them. Catelyn. Then Bran. Then Rickon. I will never see them again, she thought to herself, I will die there in some foreign land that is not my home.

They say there is nothing like the bond of twins. But no bond could compare to that of Lya and Robb. The she-wolf could recall the time Robb had broken his first bone. An arm, nothing to worry too much about. He was climbing like the pair always did and slipped. It was not some fatal fall. He barely fell more than the length of a dog and had somehow broken his fragile bone.

Later Lya had mocked him for breaking so easily. But as she sat in the tower with her Septa breathing over her neck at the uneven stitching, she stood and ran out of the room. A feeling so strong in her that she thought she would tear her heart out. Lya found her brother before anyone else, helping him up and pulling him towards the Keep and Maester Luwin.
When later asked how she knew that Robb had gotten himself hurt, her response was simple. She just knew. She had felt it deep in her own bones. Some said it was the tether they held in the womb that never truly got cut others said it was just a coincidence. Her hand had cramped maybe from stitching and her escape from the tower led her to her brother.

Lya wondered now if it was the bond they shared that made her feel the pain so tight in her chest or if this was the feeling she felt. Maybe she was feeling his pain of losing his sister. Or maybe she was feeling the pain of losing him.

But as they held each other in the courtyard all of that did not matter. Lya's pride and competitiveness did not matter. All that mattered was holding her brother there as long as she could. "You come back to me. You hear me?" Robb muttered into his sisters cloak. Lya let out a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

"I could say the same for you, Stark." Lya croaked as she finally pulled away, only to rush back into her brother's arms when she felt the cold of winter around her. "Take care of Grey Wind. I kind of like that wolf." She whispers, searching for more words to say. Anything to tell her brother how much she needed him. How much she would miss him. How many times she would cry in the nights to come. Being so far from her twin.

"Tell Daenys I expect her to look after my sister while I'm gone." Robb kisses his sister's forehead before pulling back, his hands still on her arms.

"I could still beat you in combat Robb, I think Daenys will need my protection more." Lya teased as she wiped the tears from her face. She swore she spilled more tears today than she had in the past year.

"You stay alive down there so we can have a rematch." Robb holds onto his sister tighter, never wanting to let go. "I love you, Lya. I hope you know that."

"How could I forget, brother." Lya kisses his cheek before taking a few steps away. If she stood there any longer she wouldn't leave. "I love you too, Robb." Robb turned away. Knowing that if he too stayed there he would grab his sister and never let go. They exchanged one last glance, looking back at each other as they took separate paths within the courtyard. One to her horse and the other to his throne in the halls of Winterfell.

Watchful green eyes narrowed from afar as the scene unfolded. A wolf pack suddenly splitting into a hundred different pieces. Jaime wondered if he had ever loved his family as much as Lya. He supposed he didn't have room in his heart. Even if their pride was so small.

Lya appeared next to the man, looking the opposite way but standing shoulder to shoulder. "I love my family more than you will ever know." She spoke, never taking her eyes off of the distance till she said the last word in her sentence. "And if your family puts mine in danger it will be the last thing you do before I slit your throat in your sleep. Head my words, Lannister. Because as a Stark I keep to all my promises."

Lya walks to her horse and suddenly her direwolf Daenys appears at her side. A shadow hidden if you did not look close enough. Jaime looks after the girl, his mouth agape from her words. And just for a second he wondered, maybe I'll get along with her after all.
Lya grips the reigns of Calla tightly as they near the Inn they would all be staying at. Daenys trotted ahead cautiously, clearing Lya's path simply by stalking through. "Addy," Lya said when she noticed the absence of her family's men in the area. "Go and find my room. Rest please. I know you're missing home."

The younger girl smiled at her companion and nodded before turning the horse away. Lya was glad to have Addy going along with her to Kingslanding. Though she wouldn't see much of her as she was becoming a maid there. Ned Stark had thought it a better position for the orphan who was very close to Lyanna Stark. This way the girl could stay close.

"Lya." A voice greeted from beside her, Lya turned to see Jaime Lannister atop a brown steed. He bore golden armor along with a red cloak for his house. My house, Lya thought to herself, soon enough anyway.

"Jaime." Lya responded simply, keeping her eyes on Daenys' sulking figure bellow. The wolf had not went more than the length of Calla away from her since the journey to Kingslanding started. "You look like you want to say something so get on with it." Jaime laughs a little at her lack of diplomacy.

"That wolf. Does she follow your every command?" He asks curiously, watching Daenys. "If I command her to tear off your foot right now, yes. She would. We Starks share a great bond to our wolves." Daenys looks back at Lya as if to see if she's still following, her molten gold eyes staring at Jaime for a second before returning to their path.

"Sounds dangerous." The Lannister stares at the Stark for a long time, watching as her jaw tensed when she noticed his stare.

"She protects me." Lya looks to Jaime with a glare. "From anyone."

"I'm not your enemy." His hand finds her elbow, making her body tense from the foreign touch.

"History says otherwise." She spits out, pulling her reigns so that she stepped too far away for him to hold his touch.

"Don't judge a man by his past." Jaime defends himself, thinking of all the reasons she must hate him. He always knew he would marry her did she know she would marry him? What kind of things did her father tell her to make her hate him so?

"History tends to repeat, Ser Jaime." She hisses as she holds her legs tighter around the horse to urge the mare foreword. Daenys responds in turn, barking to move the king’s court out of her way as they made their way to the inn. When she arrives to the makeshift stables she hops off, pulling Calla into a stall. She wonders for a moment if she should put Daenys in with her so that they both remained safe. But as she gestured the wolf in and Daenys only planted herself to the ground, she decided otherwise.

Lya closes the stall, turning to the carriage that held her sisters. She jogged to it, finding Arya playing with Nymeria beside it. Daenys runs over and begins to wrestle with the younger wolf, taking away Arya's partner. "Daenys!" Arya chided as she watched the pups play. The young Stark looked up at Lya with a bright smile. "Mycah and I are going to the river to spare, do you want to come?"
"Mycah and I are going to the river to spare, do you want to come?"
"I'd love to but I have things to do here," Lya said, ruffling the girl's hair. Arya laughed, pushing her hand away. "You be safe okay?"

"Yes Lya." Arya groaned before holding her arms around her older sisters stomach. She nuzzled into her and sighed. "I'm glad you're coming to Kingslanding with us."

"Me too honey." Lya calls Daenys and the wolf untangles herself from her sister. "Where's Sansa?"
She asks Arya who just shrugs.

"She went off to find the Prince probably." Arya groans, kicking up some dirt bellow her feet.

"She thinks she is in love. Let her be. Some girls like dresses, sewing and boys but there is nothing wrong with that." Arya nods and watches as her red head friend Mycah runs over. The younger girl gives her sister a wave before running off with Nymeria on her tail. Lya watched them go, smiling to herself. She just hoped that Nymeria would protect her little sister.

♤

Lya held her sister in her arms, glaring at the Queen and her prized boy. "How dare you bring my sister here without my father's consent."

"You're speaking to a King." Cersei hisses at the Stark girl. She could admit that part of her hate for the bitch was because she was going to marry her Jaime.

"I'm speaking to his wife. I know King Robert would not do this." The King sits restlessly in the chair, watching the scene and staring directly at Lya. Ned Stark bursts in the door, coming to his daughters sides. He pulls Arya against him as she mumbles sorrys.

"Are you hurt?" He asks, petting his youngest daughter's hair back. She shakes her head. Bed puts his hand on the side of Lya's face and his anger blossoms.

"What is the meaning of this? Why was my daughter not brought to me at once? And why is Lya here and not with me?" He bursts out, handing Arya back to Lya. Lya puts her arms around the shaky girl, leaning down and kissing her head. Arya was the closest thing to a child she ever wanted. Lya would die for this girl.

"How dare you speak to your King in that manner?" Cersei says quietly, her hands held in front of her.

"Quiet, woman." Robert growls, looking over at his wife and son. "Sorry, Ned. I never meant to frighten the girl. But we need to get this business done quickly."

"Your girl and that butcher's boy attacked my son. That animal of hers nearly tore his arm off." The Queen hisses as she puts her arm around her golden haired child.

"That's not true!" Arya yells, turning out of her sisters grasp. "She just... Bit him a little. He was hurting Mycah."

"Joffrey told us what happened. You and that boy beat him with clubs while you set your wolf on him." Even Jaime could tell this story was made up. If the King believed it, Jaime wondered how many people besides himself Cersei had around her finger.

"That's not what happened!" Arya yells back, Lya having to hold her back.
"Yes it is! They all attacked me and she threw my sword in the river." Joffrey's voice seemed to piss Lya off even more.

"Liar!" Lya put her arms around the stomach of her little sister when she tried to launch herself at the lying boy. Cersei turned her nose up at the sight.

"Shut up!" Lya turned to Jaime, glaring in down as he sat there silently. Something in his stomach turned and it took everyone in him not to speak out.

"Enough! He tells me one thing, she tells me another. Seven hells! What am I to make of this? Where's your other daughter, Ned?" Robert snaps.

"In bed asleep." Eddard Stark says defensively, only to have the Queen smile like a Lion showing her teeth in warning.

"She's not. Sansa, come here, darling." The red headed Stark girl comes closer as the crowds part for her. She finds her older sister and Lya opens her arms. Sansa quickly leans into her older sister's touch before being called upon.

"Now, child... Tell me what happened. Tell it all and tell it true. It's a great crime to lie to a King." Robert says, Sansa stares blankly. Her eyes moving from the King to the Queen and to her Prince.

"I don't know." She finally says, her voice unsteady. "I don't remember. Everything happened so fast. I didn't see." Before Lya can stop her, Arya grips Sansa's hair and pulls tightly.

"Liar! Liar liar liar!" She chants as Lya pries her away.

"Arya!" Sansa screams, Ned stepping between the two girls.

"Stop it! That's enough of that." He bellows, causing the two to stand still and look at their feet.

"She's as wild as that animal of hers. I want her punished." Lya scoffs at the Queen.

"Do you want her whipped? Beheaded because she stood up for her friend? What kind of justice is that?" Lya seethes and the Queen's eyes glow with fire.

"Damn it, children fight. It's over." Robert announces, standing to his feet.

"Joffrey will bear these scars for the rest of his life." Cersei hisses at her King. The man turns to his son, glaring down at him.

"You let that little girl disarm you?" Joffrey looks to the ground, embarrassment showing in his reddened cheeks. "See to it that your daughter is disciplined. I'll do the same with my son."

"Gladly, your Grace." Ned says as he grips his youngest daughters shoulder.

"And what of the direwolf? What of the beast that savaged your son?" Lya rolls her eyes. Savaged. The boy barely got hurt.

"We found no trace of the direwolf, your Grace." A solder says as Arya holds her sister's hand. That was the first thing Arya had said to her older sister. That she had to send Nymeria away.

"So be it."

"We have two other wolves." Lya's stomach drops.
"As you will."

"You can't mean it." Ned mutters to his childhood friend.

"A direwolf's no pet. Get her a dog. She'll be happier for it."

"He doesn't mean Lady, does he? No no, not Lady! Lady didn't bite anyone! She's good!" Sansa yells, glaring down the Queen.

"Father you can't let him." Lya pleads, grabbing her father's shoulder.

"Lady wasn't there! You leave her alone!" Arya defends her sister after just fighting her.

"Stop them. Don't let them do it. Please! It wasn't Lady!" Sansa begins to sob, holding onto her older sister to keep herself from falling.

"Your Grace!" Lya yells, causing the man to stop in his tracks. He turns, looking to the Stark girl who held her sister's tightly. "Please." For a moment all he sees is his Lyanna. His heart wrenches.

"Lyanna's lives. The other one dies." He keeps walking, leaving the room as all the girls crumble to the floor. Lya doesn't know how to feel. Daenys is saved but Lady. Poor poor Lady. Lya sits on the ground as Sansa and Arya lay their heads against her sobbing.

Lya's reddened eyes look up at Jaime who stares silently, watching the scene. "Jory, take the girls to their rooms." Lya stands, her eyes never leaving Jaime's. Jory puts his arms around the children, leading them out the door.

Jaime goes around the crowd, following the group of crying girls. When Lya is done tucking the other two girls in she walks out of the hall towards her room, only to find Jaime standing in front of it. "I'm sorry." He says quietly, his head hanging low.

"I told you. I told you what would happen is something happened to my family." She tries to push him away but he grabs her shoulders, holding her in front of him. She hits at his chest for a few moments before her knees buckle and she just glared at him helplessly.

"Please, Lya. If I could have done something I would have." Jaime says, desperately trying to hold onto the already fragile bond they had. He pushes her against the door, slamming his lips against hers. She does not move, only starring off down the hall. He pulls away when she does not kiss back.

Lya whispers, refusing to look him in the eyes. "I will never love you." He let's go, taking a step away from her as if he'd been stabbed. "Your family will pay for this." She opens her door and slams it behind her without another look at the Lannister.

Jaime walks down the hall a little ways before turning to the wall and punching it till his fists bleed. Even now after how much he's tried to get away from her, Cersei had ruined another thing for him. Ruining his chances for ever finding someone besides her.

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When the Stark girls arrived at King's Landing, red eyed and silent, they were quickly escorted to their rooms by Jory Cassel. In another life, the 25 year old soldier may have married Lya. But that little crush was put down by Ned Stark as quickly as it was formed. Lord Stark couldn't have his already promised daughter wishing to wed another.

"Here's your room, my lady." Jory said as he led Lya into her room, her trunks already there. Daenys swiftly hopped onto the bed and settled into it. The wolf had been keeping low, after everything that happened Lya couldn't lose her too.

"Thank you." Lya muttered blankly as he closed the door. She looked around at the room. It was warm but in a way it felt colder than the North. With sheer white curtains around the canopy bed it made it seem like a Queen's room, or at least what Lya imagined a Queen's room to look like. The same curtains adorned the door to the balcony. The stone cold floor brought a chill to the room but still the heat made Lya sweat.

She put a hand on the soft blue bedding and let out a sigh. Daenys crawled over to her, putting her wet snout against her shaky hand. "I want to go home." Lya admitted quietly. The wolf whined as if to agree with the statement. Lya never felt farther from home.

The door opens but Lya doesn't look up. "Arya I don't want to play right now." She muttered only to be welcomed with a different voice and a growl from Daenys.

"Sorry to disappoint. But I don't want to play either." Jaime stands with his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Get out." Lya hisses as he closes the door behind him.

"Please Lya I just want to talk." He pleads, taking a few steps towards her only to be barked at by Daenys in a warning.

"And I don't want to talk." Lya grabs one of her trunks throwing the clothes out and beginning to unpack angrily.

"I wanted to apologize for the way I acted the other night." He says, coming behind her and reaching out to grab her arm but stopping himself. "The only woman I've loved my entire life was a cruel cruel woman."

"Maybe you should pick better people." Lya says, turning to face him. Her cheeks redden when she realizes how close he had gotten.

"We don't chose who we love." He stares into her blue eyes, waiting for her to respond. She doesn't. "I've let her make me cruel. And every time we fought it would just end with us fucking each other's guts out until we fought again. I want to do something right for once in my miserable life." He reaches up and puts a hand to her cheek, slipping his thumb across her cheek bone.

Daenys snarls, standing up behind Lya on the bed and starting at Jaime. "If you want to do something right then you wouldn't be here." Lya hisses with the same ferocity as the wolf behind her. He pulls his hand away slowly.

"No. This is me doing something right." he turns away, walking out of the room. Septa Mordane opens the door only to stand face to face with Jaime. Her eyes go wide as she puts the pieces
together of why he could possibly be in Lya's room. "Excuse me my lady." Jaime looks back and winks at Lya before leaving the Stark apartments.

Once he is gone, Lya doesn't wait for Septa Mordane to scold her. Slamming the door in the old woman's face and letting out an angry huff. She goes to the trunk and realizes it was the one with the egg in it. She picks up the foreign object and sighs. The warm feeling it gives off makes her smile.

She moves to the room with the chamber pot and finds a sheet in the linen closet. She wraps the egg with it tightly, using two just in case. Lya makes her way back to the bed and looks under. The small space is just barely enough for her to slip into. She does, shimmying her way under it. A hole in the underside of the bed shocked her. But it was the perfect size. She stuffed the egg up into it for safe keeping. Lya began to panic when she became stuck under the bed but with a mighty push she was back into the strange room. It would be safe there, she hoped, no one could find it now.

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Lya had to admit, Jaime was a charmer. But at the dinner table with Arya, Sansa, their Septa and Ned Stark, the Lannister man was the least of her worries. Arya looks up at Sansa as she stabs a knife into the table between her fingers.

"Enough of that, young lady. Eat your food." Septa Mordane scolded. When Lya turned 16, it wasn't the fact she was a woman that had made her so happy it was that she no longer had to deal with that insufferable woman. But alas she never seems to leave.

"I'm practicing. " Arya scowled as she continued to stab the table. Lya, sitting next to the young wolf, reached up and put a hand on her shoulder. This calmed her, making her put the knife down. But still, Sansa had to antagonize her.

"Practicing for what?" Sansa sneered at her little sister. Arya's eyes snapped to the red head with a wolf like ferocity.

"The Prince." Her answer was simple and there was no question she meant it. At this Lya almost choked on her drink, having to cough up a lung to get back her composure.

"Arya, stop!" Septa scolded only to be met with Arya's harsh words.

"He's a liar and a coward and he killed my friend." Lya almost opened her mouth to agree but decided otherwise when Sansa started up.

"The Hound killed your friend."

"The Hound does whatever the Prince tells him to do."

"You're an idiot."

"You're a liar. And if you told the truth, Mycah would be alive."

"Enough!" Their squabbling was brought to a quick end at Septs Mordane's yell. The woman stands, grabbing Arya's hand with a harsh hold. She pulls her away and towards her room as the door opens to reveal their father.

"What's happening here?" Eddard Stark asks, looking around at the room like it was the remains of a war long since fought.
"Arya would rather act like a beast than a lady."

"Can't blame her." Lya muttered as she popped the grape into her mouth, then giving her father a
toothy gin.

"Go to your room. We'll speak later." Ned commanded his youngest daughter. Arya pulled away
from her Septs and stomped off to her room. Ned placed a wrapped package in front of Sansa.
"That's for you, love..." Sansa unwrapped the doll, giving it a disdained look. "The same dollmaker
makes all of Princess Myrcella's toys. Don't you like it?"

"I haven't played with dolls since I was eight. May I be excused?" Lya gives her red headed sister a
sad sigh. The Septa opened her mouth to argue about Sansa's untouched plate but Lya put a hand up,
silencing the older woman.

"Go on, Sansa." Lya stood, kissing her sisters head before the girl made her way to her room. "We'll
talk later." Ned Stark looked over at his oldest daughter as he slumped into his chair.

"War was easier than daughters." He mutters. Lya only smiled, coming to his side and kissing his
cheek.

"You're lucky I'm more man than Theon or else I would be just as annoying." Ned chuckled, putting
his hand to his daughter's face.

"You're just like Lyanna." He repeated the words he had told her a thousand times over her 17 years
of life. The saying never ceased to cause an uneasiness in her bones. If only she knew she shared
much more in common with the woman than she would admit.

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Arya stuffed the sword under her blankets as the door was opened. She turned around, clearly hiding
it behind her back. Lya smiled at her youngest sister. "No need to hide it. Jon told me about it. Let
me see." Arya smiles, pulling out the thin sword and holding it out of Lya.

The dark haired beauty picked up the sword and slid her finger along the flat edge. "Small. Perfect
for you." Lya ruffles Arya's hair with a sweet smile. "And Jon taught you how to use it right?"

"Stick em with the pointy end." Arya giggled, taking the sword and putting it back in her trunk. She
turned to her sister suddenly, rushing foreword and holding her hard. "I wanna go home." Arya
whined.

"I know Arya. But right now we have to do things we don't enjoy. For the good of our household
we have to be here for father and for Sansa." Lya wished they were home more than anything.

"I hate her. I hate Sansa." Arya hisses, pulling away and sitting onto the bed.

Lya sat next to her and put her arms around the girl. They looked so much alike beside for Lya's
Tully eyes and much stockier build. "Sansa is blinded right now. But you know what father says.
The pack survives. And Sansa is apart of our Pack." Lya kisses Arya's forehead as she stands.

"Your my pack. You, Jon, Robb, Father and maybe Bran. That's my pack." Arya defends herself but
Lya just shakes her head.

"Your pack is the Starks, Ser Arya." Lya opened the door and made her way to her next room visit.
Lya holds the small plate in her hand as she opens Sansa's door. Sansa sits up from the bed, her knitting needles in her hands. "What is it?" Sansa whines.

"I brought lemon cakes." Lya said as she walked into the room. She placed the plate on the side table and sat next to her frowning sister.

"I'm not hungry." Sansa said, looking back down at her needle.

"You have barely eaten. Eat. Now." Lya says a little more commanding. "It's your favorite." Her voice became more desperate and Sansa nodded, picking up the lemon cake and popping it in her mouth. Lya's smile at this makes Sansa look at her feet before returning the smile.

"I want us all to be okay Sansa and that means you need to take care of yourself. I want us all to be okay Sansa and that means you need to take care of yourself." Lya puts her hand on her sisters back and pulls her against herself. "I love you dearly and I need you and Arya to work with me. On the same side."

"She's just insufferable." Sansa groans but Lya gives her a stern look.

"She's your sister. As am I. Us Stark girls are fierce in our own ways. We can't be fighting each other while we're surrounded by enemies." Lya comes to sit behind Sansa and starts to take out the intricate braids of southern style.

"Enemies?" Sansa questions, hissing when Lya pulls one of the braids too hard.

"Lions. Stags. They're all enemies to a wolf." Lya says quietly, looking out at the balcony covered in moonlight like a soft blanket.

"Lions and Stags. Like the Baratheons. They are not our enemies. Joffrey is my love and I will marry him." Sansa defends as she eats another lemon cake.

"Yes dear." Lya mutters and smooths our the final braid. "Of course you do."
Lya walks the halls of the Red Keep with a dark blue dress made of a thin material, Daenys with an iron color at her heals. The heat had not been easy to get used to. Arya was able to wear pants to ward off the heat but Lya had things excepted of her. Dress up, smile, look pretty. Sansa reveled in it with her intricate southern hair styles and long gowns that she somehow bared the heat in.

Lya wished that she could go out to the sea and strip off the confining skirt of the dress and wade into the cool waters. This is what she imagined as she stood at an open window at the end of a hall. She tugged at the tight braids pinned to the back of her head, almost pulling her hair out of her head in the process. Hands came behind her, untangling her fingers from her hair. She whips around to be faced with Jaime of house Lannister. She lets out a small sigh of relief and a smile graces her face.

"You worried me. I thought you were the prince." Lya joked but quickly put back on a stern face.

"Has the prince been bothering you?" Jaime asks as he leans against the open window next to her. Lya pushes the memories of the other night in the back of her head. The Prince seemed to have forgotten which Stark sister he would receive. Lya couldn't go to anyone about it in fear Sansa would accuse her of trying to steal the boy. But that's what he was. A boy. And Lya did not want a boy.

Daenys sat down, the iron collar jingling. She did not growl when Jaime had approached which surprised Lya. The direwolf had been confined to the heavy collar in the Red Keep as the King worried for the lives of his Lords and Ladies at court. Lya worked tirelessly to train her to not growl at any touch to herself. She didn't want to lose the pup the same way Sansa lost hers.

"He's a brat boy who thinks everything is his." Lya shrugs and looks back out to the sea. "I'm going to die from this heat. I miss the snow." She groans, putting her hand on Daenys' head.

"Don't let the Queen catch you speaking like that." He teases, looking down at the wolf pup that already reached Lya's thighs in height. The beast was monstrous but something about the relationship the Stark girl had with the wolf was godly, Jaime had thought.

"She can take my head off. At least I wouldn't be hot anymore." Lya once again went at tugging the braids of her hair. Jaime came behind her, delicately taking her hair out. Something he seemed to be good at as Lya never winced once. Soon her curly locks were falling down to her back. She turned to him, her face suddenly red. "I should leave." She mutters.

"Do I scare you?" Jaime asks, his eyebrow shooting up.

"No. But you irritate me to no ends and if you'll excuse me I have to go to the tourney for my father." Lya pushes past him but he reaches out, grabbing her hand. Daenys Let's out a quiet growl, standing to her paws.

"You are so confusing." He pulls her hand up to his lips. He plants a small short kiss on her knuckles, sending a spark through her body. The warmth of the kiss doesn't leave her fingers as she turns away and stalks off.

Daenys lays at Lya's feet as the Stark girl sits between her sisters at the Hand of the King's tournament. Lya quickly notices Sansa looking at Joffrey who hides his face from her.
"Lover's quarrel?" A man says from behind the Starks, he leans in uncomfortably close to Sansa. Making Lya tense up.

"I'm sorry. Do I...?" Sansa starts before Septa Mordane takes over.

"Sansa dear, this is Lord Baelish. He's known..." She's cut off by the man, his grey eyes sparking as he watches Sansa.

"An old friend of the family"
"An old friend of the family. I've known your mother a long long time." He nods at the younger girl, making Sansa blush. When she blushed it was a natural rose dust that brought color to her but when Lya blushed she thought she looked more like a tomato.

"Why do they call you Littlefinger?" Arya bursts out causing Lya to laugh aloud, patting her sister on her back.

"Arya!" Sansa hissed.

"Don't be rude!" The Septs beside Sansa scolded. Lya just smiled at her little sister.

"No, it's quite all right. When I was a child I was very small and I come from a little spit of land called The Fingers, so you see, it's an exceedingly clever nickname." Petyr says with some distaste. He didn't seem like a trustworthy man, at least to Lya that is. Something in his eyes screamed mystery. That he was playing chess while the rest of them were playing a much simpler game.

"I've been sitting here for days! Start the damn joust before I piss myself!" The King yells and drinks down his wine. Lya watches as the Queen rolls her eyes and for once the Stark can agree with the Lannister woman. The competitors step forward on their horses and Baelish introduces them to Sansa.

"Gods, who is that?" Sansa asks, looking at a tall robust man with a scowl on his face. He looked mean. Nothing more to say about it. Lya thought he looked fascinating. Like he could smash someone's head open with a single hit. Then Lya questioned why in the seven hells that was fascinating before Baelish spoke again.

"Ser Gregor Clegane. They call him the Mountain. The Hound's older brother." Baelish leaned even closer, making Lya want to punch him but that probably would be frowned upon.

"Who's he fighting?" Lya asks, watching intently along with Arya who practically sat on the edge of her seat.

"Ser Hugh of the Vale. He was Jon Arryn's squire. Look how far he's come." Littlefinger flashed an evil smile that made Lya wonder what he had up his sleeve. It couldn't be good.

"Yes, yes. Enough of the bloody pomp. Have at it!" Robert Baratheon bellows, allowing the joust to begin. The first pass takes its course with no contact, causing everyone to hiss with patience.

"The Mountain is going to win." Lya predicts, looking over at Arya who nods.

"How could he not? Look at him." Arya giggles as Lya puts her arm around the younger girl. On the second pass as the pair meet in front of the Starks, the Mountain's joust makes contact as wooden pieces fly all about like an explosion. Suddenly Hugh is on the dirt, a massive splinter in his throat with blood gushing out. Lya gasps, pulling both her sisters against her in an attempt to shield their eyes. But both watch with wide eyes.
"Not what you were expecting?" Lya heard Baelish mutter to Sansa, listening in on his story. "Has anyone ever told you the story of the Mountain and the Hound? Lovely little tale of brotherly love. The Hound was just a pup, six years old maybe. Gregor a few years older, already a big lad, already getting a bit of a reputation. Some lucky boys just born with a talent for violence. One evening... Gregor found his little brother playing with a toy by the fire... Gregor's toy, a wooden knight. Gregor never said a word, he just grabbed his brother by the scruff of his neck and shoved his face into the burning coals. Held him there while the boy screamed, while his face melted. There aren't very many people who know that story."

"I won't tell anyone. I promise." Sansa whispers. Lya glares at the older man.

"No, please don't. If the Hound so much as heard you mention it, I'm afraid all the knights in King's Landing would not be able to save you." Baelish smirk sends shivers down Lya's spine. She stands, grabbing her sisters hands.

"Those are just stories." Lya hisses, glaring at the man. "Keep your scary bed time stories to yourself. Sansa doesn't want any part in it." Lya pulls her sisters away, taking them to a small area for nobles with refreshments set up. Sansa stuffs her mouth with a lemon cake, hoping to forget what had just transpired.

"Littlefinger seems strange." Arya shrugs as she takes a pastry from the table.

"Be polite. Lord Baelish is his name." Sansa corrects her little sister with a scowl that could replicate the Hound's eternal one.

"Lord of whores and money." Lya teases, poking at Arya's sides where she is most ticklish. The tent is filled with the young girls laughter as she tries to get away from her older sister.

It's moments like these that give Lya the comfort she had when living in Winterfell. Laughter. Playing with her younger siblings. But the feeling made memories of her brothers she had to leave behind flow back into her brain. She missed Robb. She missed Jon. She missed Bran and she missed Rickon. But most importantly, she missed the damn North.

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"I'm going to joust tomorrow." Jaime Lannister said as he sat across from his sister. She raised an eyebrow over her emerald eyes.

"No you are not." She said simply, taking a drink of her wine. He always wanted to dispute the similarities between Cersei and his father but right now that all Jaime could see.

"Yes. I am." Jaime and Cersei's relationship had been nothing but strenuous since the official betrothal between the Lannister and the Stark girl. Jaime had to admit that he had been trying to keep distant, worrying what would happen to his fragile friendship with Lya.

"You'll be going against the Mountain and countless other dangerous men. You'll get killed. The answer is no." Cersei moves from her seat, standing next to her twin brother. When she moves her golden hair bobs, making her seem almost young and innocent. But Jaime knew she was not an innocent woman.

"I wasn't asking your permission, Your grace." Jaime says and rolls his eyes. "I'm doing it and my Queen isn't going to stop me." Cersei sets her cup down and sits on his lap, grabbing his face and making him look at her.

"I'm not coming to you as your queen. I'm coming to you as your sister." Cersei leans in, hovering her lips above his neck and up to his jaw. "As your lover." She kisses him hard and Jaime doesn't resist. She pulls away slowly, looking him in the eyes. "You're not jousting."

Jaime glares, pushing her away and standing up. He doesn't say anything else as he walks out of the room. Jaime lets the anger stir inside him as he walks down the hall. When he turns the corner he is met with two of the Stark girls. Lya and Arya stand hand in hand, skidding to a stop at the sight of Jaime. Lya's bright smile disappears and she straightens her back, pulling her sister closer. "Ser Jaime." She nods in greeting, walking around him.

Jaime watches the pair go, walking slowly and calmly. Once they turn the corner he can hear giggling and running down the hall. A small smile pulls at his lips when he hears Lya's echoing laugh. He prays for a moment, to the Gods he did not believe me in, that that sound would grace his ears more often.

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Lya sat next to Sansa with a grim look on her face. She didn't look foreword to the second day of the Hand's Tourney. This time Eddard Stark joined them but to Lya's dismay, Arya had dancing lessons. When her father had approached her to join Arya in these "dance lessons," Lya refused. She wanted to find her own sparing partner. A good fighter. She just wished Ser Rodrick had accompanied them to Kingslanding.

"Who are the competitors now?" Lya asked lazily, looking around at the tourney. She didn't know what her eyes were searching for but they didn't find who or what that was. A frown pulled at her lips but she instead drew her attention to the two knights standing before the king. One man held silver armor with thorns and roses bursting out of the breast plate, he was easily recognized as the
Knight of Flowers. Ser Loras Tyrell. The boy took off his helmet and even Lya found him handsome. His curly hair messy from the mask.

The other knight was angled so that all Lya could see was his golden armor. The Stark strained her neck but could not see the man. He took off his helmet, revealing golden hair. Lya's throat turned dry when he turned so that she could see the roaring lion on his breast plane. Damn you, Lya thought. Damn you Jaime Lannister.

"Ser Jaime Lannister against Ser Loras Tyrell
"Ser Jaime Lannister against Ser Loras Tyrell." An announcer called as the men took their horses. Both beautiful Dornish mares. Lya watched as the two men went in the same direction. It didn't take long for her to notice they were coming towards the small Stark group. First was Loras, he reached out a red rose and Sansa smiled. But his words betrayed her.

"Lady Lyanna." He spoke in a soft tone that didn't match the normal knight. Lya cursed him silently for using her full name. One that even those who barely knew her refused to say. She was Lya. Just Lya. The king was the first in many years to call her by the name. Lya took the rose after a long moment of silence. She smiled but even Loras could tell it was feigned.

Jaime Lannister was next, a stern look on his face. He reached out the rose, smirking at his betrothed. "Lya." He said simply, showing all that he did not need to use formalities for the woman he was courting. Courting. What a funny word to use, Lya though, especially since the man barely sought her out to court her. Not that she was complaining.

But Lya took the rose anyway, immediately noting that it was not a normal rose. A winter rose. For a second she swore her heart stopped. The stories of her Aunt played through her head but those were pushed away when the two men glared at each other before moving to their spots. They adored their helmets and lances. Jaime's held a red glow around a yellow lion while Loras' sported the Tyrell sigil.

For a second Lya wondered who she was rooting for. There was no real knowing. But she still sat at the edge of her seat as she watched. "100 gold dragons on Ser Jaime." Petyr Baelish's words rang. Lya looked back to see Renly Baratheon laugh.

"I'll take that bet." Renly said confidently. Lya wanted to shut them both up.

"Now what will I buy with 100 gold dragons? A dozen barrels of Dornish wine? Or a girl from the pleasure houses of Lys?" Lya looked to her father and sister who both looked at the match intently. Sansa caught her sister's eye and she glares. Lya could understand her anger. As the second oldest daughter, she wasn't the first pick. Even as a proper lady, unlike Lya, she wasn't the first to be chosen in anything.

"Or you could even buy a friend." Renly remarked as the match begins. Lya stares, gripping the stems of the two roses in her hands until she felt them prick her fingers.

The men take off, aiming their lances. Lya had never saw the appeal of watching a tourney let alone jousting in one. It was a brutish sport that even little Lya, the young tomboy that Lya was, never seemed to enjoy. But as she watched the men barrel towards each other it was all she could think about.

Jaime Lannister's lance makes contact with Loras' shield, sending him tumbling to the ground. The lance broke in half and for a second Lya feared the first days events had happened again. But Loras rolled to his feet, unharmed and defeated. He takes off his helmet, throwing it to the ground angrily.
"Imagine that, Littlefinger. It will be so nice for you to have a friend." Renly says bitterly as he watches the match.

"And tell me, Lord Renly, when will you be having your friend?" Lya rolls her eyes at Baelish's comment, instead focusing on Jaime. As he gets off his horse everyone cheers for the man. He takes of his helmet and his eyes never leave Lya. Her face heats when she realizes how closely she holds the blue rose.

"He's a good fighter." Ned Stark says as he watches the man, a scowl showing despite his words.

"Yes," Lya muttered. "Yes he is."
She looked down the hallway, standing half behind the corner that luckily hid her. She didn't really know what her plan was. But she went forward, coming to the door anyway. She silently thanked Addy for providing her with the information of the room. Lya's friend was quiet enough and listened plenty so she could get much information for her Lady.

Lya hesitates, her hand hovering over the door. The lion engraved into it stares at her expectantly. All she wants to do is claw the eyes of the lion out and run away. But she stood her ground. She knocked.

The door flew open almost immediately and Lya stood their, flustered and blushing. Jaime smiled when he saw her. Not his usual smirk but a smile. "You're not dressed." Lya quickly says, turning around and looking out into the empty hall. Jaime chuckles, looking down at his bare chest.

"Well, Princess of the North, the sun hasn't even rose." He chides, using the nickname that he knew Lya hated to be called. A popular name in the North for her but much less popular at the King's court.

"Yet you opened your door without a second to spare." She said, taking a look back before moving her eyes back to the wall before her.

"If I recall correct the first time we met you weren't decent either but you didn't seem to mind." Jaime Lannister eyes the girl, taking her in from behind. She stood stiff, her long cloak held tight against her. It was the black one that was warn from years of wearing it constantly.

"Fine." Lya grumbled, turning around and pushing at his chest so that he backs up into his room. She closes the door behind her and Jaime watches her with shock.

"Lya Stark." He chides teasingly. "We're not even married yet."

"Oh shut up. Your nagging is annoying me already and I'm about to retract my offer." Lya hisses and crosses her arms, glaring at the man.

"You haven't even made an offer." He says with confusion. He suddenly feels awkward with the woman alone in his room with him. This wasn't how he wanted to do things with her. He went to his bed and grabbed a lose shirt, throwing it on and walking back to her.

"I want you to spare with me." Lya says, sounding more like a command than a request.

"Spare with you?" Jaime scoffs, looking over the girl. Originally he had thought her fighting was a joke. A way to spite him as he was on his way to the Broken Tower to see his lover. Where he did eventually throw this girl in his room's brother out a window. That would be an awkward conversation once they're married, Jaime thought to himself.

"I'm out of practice since I left for Kingslanding. I need someone to help keep me in shape. Someone who can actually fight and isn't afraid to hit me with a sparing sword every now and then." Lya smiled a little at Jaime's surprise.

"I don't think your father would approve..."

"My father knows I fight. He's the one who supports it." Lya cut him off, only for him to shake his
"I don't think your father would approve of so much alone time between the two of us. Unwed. Wouldn't you think."

"My father doesn't need to know."

"Princess." Jaime fake gasps, putting a hand to his chest as if she had hit him. "You dare go against your honorable lord father?"

"I could always retract the offer." Lya fires back, tired of his teasing.

"Fine. This time tomorrow. There's an old sparring area down by the sea. No one goes there." Jaime informs her. "I'll show you the way down tomorrow through the garden. Is that alright with you?"

"Perfect." Lya says, a smile pulling at her lips. "Will you provide the swords?"

"I'll make sure it's all taken care of." Jaime steps forward, leaning down and planting a kiss on Lya's forehead. At this she stumbles backwards, making his smirk widen.

"Goodnight Lady Stark. Make sure no one sees you leave." He turns away and Lya takes that as her invitation to escape. So does, as quickly and quietly as she came.

Something about seeing Jaime Lannister at the door of the Stark apartments made Lya smile. She sat on a windowsill just outside and he must have missed her. "You're not very good at being secretive." Lya whispered. Jaime jumped around only to relax when he saw his betrothed stretched out on the sill of the tall window, Daenys the direwolf curled up at her feet. The wolf's eyes starring at Jaime, ever watchful of his every move.

Lya stood, the wolf getting up and coming to her heels. The girl puts her hand out expectantly. He gave it a raised eyebrow. "The sparring sword." She requested when he didn't hand it over.

"I'll keep them till we get down there. I don't want you knocking me out before we even get there." Jaime smiles, putting his arm out for her. Her nose wrinkles.

"Do I have to?" She questions. Jaime chuckles.

"I mean I guess a couple walks side by side ten lengths apart from each other when walking in the garden." He jokes, causing Lya to groan. "But that's of course if we're caught." She comes to his side, linking her arms with his. Daenys lets out a huff, not agreeing with Jaime being so close to her owner. But they go along anyway, staying quiet as they walked.

When they reached the sea, Lya shivered. Wishing she had warn more clothing. But she hoped once they were moving it would get warmer. They walked down some steps and she took in the broken arena lit by pale moonlight. She could tell the sun would come up in a little more than an hour but she didn't care. All Lya wanted to do was take in the sight of the sea lapping up the edges of the rocks bellow.

"It's beautiful isn't it." Jaime says, recalling the first time he and Cersei had made a secret rendezvous in Kingslanding. It was in the same place. Probably around the same time too. With cold winds blowing against them. But that was a different time and a different woman.

Jaime tossed down a wooden sparring sword, pulling his own out and taking a few steps backwards.
Lya watched, her teeth lit up by the moon as she smiled. She bent down and pet her wolf's head. "Go on. Stay close." Daenys took off, bounding down more stairs to explore. But the wolf would stay close enough that she could hear any sound Lya made.

The Stark took up her sword, holding it how Ser Rodrick had taught her. She planted her feet on the cracked stone floor. Neither moved to fight, only taking small steps back and forth. "Come on Princess. Make the first move." Jaime teased, but Lya knew better than to be tricked that way. She stood her ground. Waiting.

Jaime didn't have her patience. He stepped forward and swung the sword. Lya stepped out of the way quickly so that his momentum brought him forward. And as his back was turned she tapped him with the wooden sword. "Dead." She teased, standing back in her fighting position. The Lannister swordsman turned, his smile wider than before. He was impressed and Lya wanted to keep it that way.

Her confidence seemed to be her downside though as she lunged with her head down, ducking so that his sword may not touch her but hers would "pierce" his stomach. But he reacts quicker, keeping his sword low and bringing it to her neck. The pine wood presses against her throat and she holds in a laugh as he speaks. "Dead."

Jaime Lannister steps back, standing his ground with his sword pointing towards her as they circled each other. She uses one hand, waiting for him to lunch. He does oh so predictably. She stands sideways as his sword almost grazes her stomach but luckily she was had a much smaller build than he. Instead her sword finds a place on his stomach. "Dead."

They do this for a while. One after another. Dead. Dead. Dead. Lya winning. Then Jaime. Then Lya again. Back and forth. Jaime Lannister wanted to say he was holding back but he wasn't. The girl seemed almost evenly matched with his skills. By the time they had tired, their breathing heaving and actions lethargic, the sun was rising.

They stopped for a moment, watching the sun come up over blackwater bay. The golden lion watched the sun grace her features, shading them perfectly at this hour. But he could admit the moon light did more justice to her stern Stark features. Though her beauty was still unmatched in the sun as well. It was a strange feeling for Jaime. Being attracted to a woman besides Cersei. He knew women were beautiful but none had ever baffled him like Lyanna Stark of Winterfell.

"The people at court rise with the sun. I best be off before my absence is noted." Lya finally says, reaching out the sword to Jaime. He nods, taking it. There is a silence between them as they stare, blue meeting green. "Thank you Jaime." Lya says.

"Of course, my Lady." Jaime watches as she turns away, picking up the discarded cloak and covering herself. She whistles and Daenys comes bounding towards them, tongue handing from her mouth with specks of blood littering the whites of her muzzle.

"What did you get into." Lya mutters as she bent down to the wolf's height. Daenys just sat down, smiling a wolf grin up at the pair. Lya looked back at Jaime. "You can pet her if you like." Jaime took a cautious step towards her. Daenys eyed the blond man curiously as he came to Lya's side. She growls a little and Lya hushed her. "Don't worry. He's a good man."

He reached out, he knew the wolf could tear of his hand in a single movement but he leaned anyway. The wolf stood still as he places his hand on her head. Daenys leans against his hand and he laughs a little. "She's like a puppy." He watches as the once vicious wolf lays on the ground and presents her stomach for him to pet. They lock eyes and Lya blushes.
A good man. Jaime thought to himself. Lya Stark. The daughter of the most honorable man in
Westeros thinks him, the Kingslayer, a good man. Her words leave a smile on his face for the rest of
the day.
Their morning routine became nightly as well. It was a surprise that either of them got any sleep between the times they spent early morning and late at night with the moon above them. Sparring on the broken stone yard. Lya rubbed her eyes, feeling the tiredness that pulled at her eyelids. Daenys huffed quietly as she curled up at the Starks feet, feeling the tiredness too. Lya sat at a dinner with the only Sansa as a her own kin. Around them sat golden hair.

Jaime noticed her worried eyes, putting his hand on her arm for a second before going back to the silent dinner. "Are you tired, Lady Lyanna?" Robert Baratheon asks as he chews into an over cooked steak. Lya never liked her cattle burn to a crisp. She liked it with the redness still visible in the center. So the chewy beef was less than edible as she moved it around on the plate in an effort to make it look less than before.

"Quite." Lya said, sending a false smile to the King at her full name. "I've been up to the late hours of the night recently."

"Why would that be?" Cersei said, fake curiosity written on her face. She wanted to know all the girls secrets so that she could destroy her from within. Cersei could say she hated the Stark. She knew she would tear her family apart root by root.

"I've had trouble sleeping." Lya says quickly, thinking of some excuse for why her nights had been short. Her eyes whisk to Jaime's for some help but he keeps his eyes on his food. "The nights here are much warmer than those at Winterfell."

"I can agree to that." Sansa said meekly, looking to her betrothed and back to the Queen. "The first nights were very difficult to sleep in."

"Well you have gotten on just fine. A true southern beauty." Cersei praises Lya's little sister. The act should give the older Stark pride but instead she bites her lip. She knew that this Lannister woman would go at any length to try to embarrass her. "Maybe I could ask Maester Pycelle to send you milk of the poppy. Since you haven't been able to get used to the southern weather." She says it in mock concern and Lya wants to climb over the table and choke the golden woman.

But instead she smiles. "My Queen, no need to waste the Maester's stock on a woman of my standard. Please. You and your children must need it. I notice that your sons get ill frequently. Must be the weather." Lya shrugs, taking a grape from her plate with an innocent grin. She bites the grape in half, starring at the Queen.

If looks could kill then Lya would have been dead a long time ago and Cersei Lannister would have nothing to worry about. But instead the Stark girl still sat, confident as ever. What made it worse was the dress she wore. Maybe in spite of the Queen, Lya wore a color she rarely ever tried. Red. And maybe to spite the Queen even more she wore gold too. The colors of the Lion.

Cersei took it as a slap in the face when Lya Stark walked into the room with Cersei's brother on her arm, looking up at him with big blue grey eyes and a toothy grin. The dress she wore seemed like another slap. Maybe a backhand this time. Blood red that hung off the shoulders with golden embroidery of a wolf to still show her house. The wolf that walked at her side, sporting a golden collar, could have had Cersei pulling her hair from her scalp if she didn't have to keep up appearance.
"You look beautiful tonight." Joffrey Baratheon said, watching the girl from across the table. Sansa frowned at this. He had not told her how beautiful she looked tonight.

"I love your dress. You look like a real Lannister." Little Myrcella said, real innocence in her smile.

"Thank you Princess but none of my dresses can compare to the ones you wear. You'll have to tell me your seamstress so I could perhaps steal her away for my wedding dress." Lya's words made Myrcella giggle but made Cersei's blood boil.

"It's a shame there has been no date placed. No one likes a long engagement." Cersei almost hissed. It made Lya wonder if she should have the sigil of a snake, not a lion. Lions may have pride but they know when they're losing a fight. And yet, Cersei has never lost a fight she couldn't find another way to win.

"Let the girl live. Tywin is probably putting it off till the pair is about to leave for the Rock." The King shuts Cersei up, making her grip the knife hilt till her knuckles turned white.

"Aye." Jaime finally spoke up. "We will be married soon enough."

"And when Sansa is of age she will marry the Prince." Cersei hides her glare from the King but makes no effort to hide it from Lya.

"Yes. And I pray to the seven that one day our children will play in the halls, filling these damp quiet ones with laughter. I think the castle deserves a bit of light." Lya smiles brightly, giving the room enough light with that. But this dream was something Lya never wished. She didn't want Sansa to marry the bastard of a Prince. And she didn't want to bring a child into this damned world. Marrying Jaime didn't exactly seem on the table at the current moment, Lya feared the Queen might poison her wine before they could even say their vows.

"Well I hope that becomes true as well." Sansa smiles at her sister for once in quite a while. The red headed girl had been avoiding her. Or so it seemed to Lya. Whenever Lya came into the apartments for dinner, Sansa seemed to be needed elsewhere. Arya had become her only confidant. Leading Lya to even go as far as telling her younger sister about Jaime and herself's sparring.

The dinner drew on for much longer. King Robert insisting on a desert that took longer to make than to eat. But finally they were dismissed. Daenys was the first out of the room, desperate to escape the confines of the room filled with emotions secreting off all of them that just filled her nose. Lya and Jaime followed, hand in hand as they followed the direwolf's lead. All the others went the opposite way, Daenys choosing the longer way. They walked in silence till it was known that they were alone.

"Your sister is insufferable." Lya scoffs out as if she finally got some air now that she was far far away from the golden woman.

"You eg her on. There's some battles you can't win, Lya." Jaime smiled down at her, praising the moon light that hit her face every time they walked by an open window.

"Well even if I can't win them all, I'll fight every one till I'm dead and gone. I won't die a coward, Jaime." Lya watches the wolf turn the corner, noticing she wasn't leading them to the Stark apartments. But she ignores it as Jaime goes on to talk.

"Sometimes a little bit of pride lost is worth your life. Don't keep this up please. I don't want you found in your bed with your throat slit." Jaime warns her as if this has happened before. Lya shrugs.

"It looks like Daenys has decided we're dropping you off and not the other way around." Lya says
with a laugh as they turn the corner to see her sitting at Jaime Lannister's door.

"I trust she can take care of you." Jaime chuckles. He walks to his door and pats the wolf's head. Jaime looks back at Lya for a moment, wanting only to kiss her and pull her into his room. Make her his. Why wait? Tywin wouldn't pass up the opportunity to have the North in their hands. He would marry her. Why did he have to suffer so long. Honor. Well fuck honor. And fuck Lord Stark. "Do you care to come in? I have wine." Jaime offers.

Lya gasps in fake shock, mimicking his usual stance at these types of suggestions. "Ser Jaime. What do you take me for." She teases before opening the door herself. Letting herself in with Daenys on her tail. The direwolf jumps onto his bed and curls up, huffing as she does. "Where's the wine?" Lya says as she sits at a table by his balcony.

Jaime laughs, grabbing a bottle and two cups from a compartment by the door. He brings them to her, placing the cups down and pouring the blood colored liquid into the chalice. He sits across from her, watching her drink from the cup. He admires the way her eyes shone like a dark cloudy storm in the room only lit by the moon and a few candles by his bed. "Let's play a game." Lya finally says.

"I like games." Jaime stutters out, caught off guard by her suggestion. Lya rolls her eyes. "Of course you do." She sets down the cup for him to fill up again so he does.

"How does this game work?"

"So the short explanation is that we ask questions back and forth. If the asker can predict the answer, the other player has to drink. If they can't then the asked drinks." Jaime nods along to her explanation. "It's a game my brother's and I used to play when we snuck wine from the kitchens. It's fun. Go on let's try."

Her childlike smile sends a shiver of excitement through Jaime. He nods, picking up his glass. "Let's start of simple. How many lovers have you had, Ser Jaime Lannister?" Lya says, smirking from behind the raised chalice. "My guess it's somewhere between 6 and 7."

"Those aren't very promising odds lady Stark." Jaime begins to raise his glass before smirking back at the girl. "Drink." Lya's mouth gapes.

"More?"

"Less." Jaime Lannister sets his cup down, watching the Stark take a drink of her wine before going on. "I believe it's my turn. Have you ever loved a man besides on of your family? My guess you had some man stop in Winterfell who you loved but he left before you could tell him."

Lya's face goes red and she wonders if maybe Jaime had some in with the master of whispers. She takes a drink silently. "Okay then Jaime. What made you kill the mad king?" The world moves to a bloody silence. "My guess." She starts, her voice unwavering. "He told you to kill someone you love."

"Half true." Jaime says after a silence. "He told me to kill my father. But not before he told me to kill the whole lot of Kingslanding. He told me there were explosives ready to be set off by wild fire all around the city. Burn them all. He told me. Burn them all." Lya stares, her eyes wide as he tells the story. "Both of us drink I guess." He takes a long gulp and Lya follows suit.

"It's your question" "It's your question..." Lya says after Jaime starred without another word. He nods, thinking to himself.
"Do you want me Lya Stark? Or is this your duty to your family?" Lya tightens her hold on the chalice, wishing he’d as any other question but that. "My guess is that it started out duty but now it's something more. I believe that you want me, Lady Stark." Lya stares at him, praying some answer would come to her. Some comeback that would end this bloody silence. But no answers come to her. So instead.

She drinks.

♤
When Jaime wakes up he feels as though it was all a dream. I want you. Lya's voice echoed in his head. Her admitting to this just seemed even farther from reality. But as he lay in his bad with Lya's head on his bare chest, he realizes it must not have been a dream. He looks to the foot of the bed where the wolf Daenys stands, starring him down. They had locked the direwolf in Jaime's chamber room when the pup growled at him every time he tried to lay with Lya. That was clearly remembered.

He looked over to his chamber room, the door had been chewed until it's lock budged. He looked over to his chamber room, the door had been chewed until it's lock budged. Now the wolf stood on the end of the bed with a snarl at her lips. "Lya." Jaime whispered, he didn't want to wake her but he also didn't want to get eaten alive. Lya's eyes fluttered open. They men Jaime's emerald eyes for a moment and a smile graced her lips.

Suddenly she shot up and jumped out of the bed, dragging a sheet to cover her naked form. "Oh gods." She muttered to herself. "Oh gods what have you done!"

"What have I done? If I recall correctly it wasn't just me responsible." Lya hit her own head, cursing herself under her breath.

"I need to go back to my room. Oh my father is probably awake already. I'm going to die. This is it. I'm going to die and I spent my last night with Jaime fucking Lannister."

"I wouldn't say that would be the worst way to spend your last night." Jaime says, half offended. He stands, not minding his own naked form. Jaime stands in front of Lya, pulling away the sheet and admiring her for a moment before grabbing her face. "You're going to be fine. Now go on. Take Daenys and sneak back to your room." He leans in and kisses her forehead, causing half the worry working its way through her stomach to calm. She nods and slips on her dress from the night before. She whistles and Daenys hops off the bed and comes to her side.

They leave silently, looking back and forth before they made their way into the hall. Jaime looked back at the messed up sheets and the destroyed door to his chamber room and smiled. If you asked him, it was a damn good night.

♤

"You'll be married in a fortnight." Cersei read the letter aloud, looking up at her brother. She folded the paper and tore it in half, leaving Jaime's mouth agape.

"Father isn't stupid. He already sent the same letter to every man and woman at court." Jaime said, standing up. Cersei had called him in order to 'talk' about things. She had intercepted a letter to Jaime and now she was tearing it up. She sat down where he once did and held it over a candle flame. She dropped it in a bowl of water and looked up into his emerald eyes.

"Aye. But I don't want to see the words. I can kill her if you'd like. A good sharp knife would do the trick." Jaime didn't hesitate, grabbing her golden hair and pulling it so that she looked up at him.

"Don't touch her do you hear me?" He hisses down at her. Cersei just smiled.

"You love that little whore don't you." Cersei snapped, narrowing her eyes into slits. "She's going to tear our family apart. Wolves and Lions don't mix."
Jaime releases her, walking over to the door. "Don't get involved." He warned her as he walked out the door.

◇

"Your late." Lya groaned, sitting leaning against a stone arch by the sea. Jaime walked over to her, going down on his knees and attacking her with his mouth. She gasps when his mouth moves against hers but leans in anyway. When they pull away, both are at a loss for breath. "What was that for?" She laughs, wrapping her arms around the golden haired man's neck.

"You need to be careful. My sister is out to get you." He kissed her again, praising the smile on her lips. His heart fluttered a little when he saw her, something he had never felt with Cersei.

"She's just jealous that the wolf won the lion." Lya teases, rubbing her nose against his.

"We're going to be married in a fortnight. I received a letter from my father the other day regarding the details." Lya's smile faltered a little. There was something about their secretive relationship and the rendezvous that made Lya feel free. There was a hint of disappointment in her eyes at the news. "Don't you want to get married?" Jaime asks, suddenly concern filling him up.

"Of course. Just didn't know it would be so soon." Lya smiled reassuringly up at his emerald green eyes.

"Once were married we will go to Casterly Rock and we'll have all the alone time we need." He teases, trailing hot breath up her cheek and nipping at her earlobe. She giggles and pulls away, standing up and picking up the wooden sword.

"Come on, Lord Lannister." Lya points the sword to him, standing in a position to spar. Jaime comes to his feet and picks up the other sword, bowing.

"Lady Lannister." Something about the name sends shivers down Lya's spine. I don't want to be Lady Lannister, Lya thought to herself. She wanted to be Lya Stark. Just that. She never wanted to be some man's lady of the castle but now she felt something for Jaime fucking Lannister. The man she should hate. She needed to take care of her family and stay here in Kingslanding. But what she wanted was something else.

The sparring ended earlier than usual and as Lya snuck her way back into the Stark apartments, she was met with a sight that brought a smile to her face. Arya at the foot of her bed, cuddled against Daenys. Daenys' eyes opened as the door shut but she didn't move as to not disturb the younger Stark. Lya walked over, pushing Aryas hair back and kissing her forehead.

Arya's eyes fluttered open and she smiled at the sight of her sister. "Lya." She muttered but Lya put a finger to her lips. Arya nodded and her eyes seemed heavy so she let them shut again. Lya picked the girl up from her back and under her knees. She moved her to the bed so that her head rested on the pillow. Lya put the blankets over her and went over to burning candle.

She blew it out as Daenys crawled up the bed and next to Arya. She blew it out as Daenys crawled up the bed and next to Arya. Arya's small hands found the direwolf's coat instantly. Lya laid down with Daenys between them and let sleep take over.

◇

Sorry for the short chapter.
She wore grey. Septa Mordane spent that whole week trying to convince her to wear white as most brides do. But she wanted grey to support her house. She didn't doubt people would still call her Lady Stark. Though she herself wouldn't feel like Lady Stark anymore.

"You look beautiful." Eddard Stark says as he kisses his daughter's forehead. His eyes light up as he takes in his daughter. She was the vision of her namesake. The grey of her dress making her blue eyes a stormy sky. Lya smiles up at her father.

"Are you ready for today?" Her father asked
"Are you ready for today?" Her father asked. Lya nodded her head. In truth she didn't know. "I'm sorry that you can't have your wedding in Winterfell. I know that's what you always wanted."

"I don't care which gods I wed in front of. Though I do wish we could have had it in my home. But alas we don't all get what we want." Lya misses her home. She thinks about it every night. And even when she was with Jaime, doubt filled her mind. She cared for the man yes, but what of her family when she leaves Kingslanding?

"I wish I could give you everything you want my little wolf pup." Ned hugged his arms tight around his child. His favorite child. It was no secret he held the girl dear. He loved his other children no less but it was the truth he held of her that made him love her more. I'll tell her soon, he told himself, Soon.

"Lya!" Arya shouted as she rushed into the room, Daenys at her heels. The wolf had been sent away while Lya got ready so she went to find Arya. "Oh gods you look beautiful sister!" She says and rushes over to her, hugging her tightly. Lya laughed lightly at this and patted the young girls head. Sansa followed Arya into the room, smiling at her sister. She also hugged Lya to the older girls surprise. They stood like that for a while before it was time for Lya to leave. Her heart never stopped screaming in her ears.

Before Lya could even take in everything that was happening, Jaime had the Lannister cloak around her. Their kiss was short and sweet. The crowed soaked it up though, cheering loudly. Though Lya didn't hear anyone cheering louder than little Arya.

She wondered why anyone else was cheering. She wasn't some great southern beauty so she knew that all the southerners probably hated her. And not that anyone liked the Kingslayer much more. So it was strange to hear such excitement over their wedding.

The feast had began and Jaime and Lya sat at the head of the table, the King and Queen close by as a form of honor that they had the privilege of having them at the wedding. It was simple, just the way Lya liked these kind of events. But she couldn't help but notice the constant glare from Cersei. It made her quite uncomfortable. But she played along, leaning in to kiss Jaime's cheek every now and then just to spite the woman.

"You don't seem to be enjoying yourself." Jaime said after the feast had been on for an hour or so. Lya didn't deny the charges he placed though. The loudness and drinking wasn't her favorite thing to do. Especially without her Robb and her Jon. Robb had promised he would try to come south for the wedding but it was on such a short notice that he couldn't. Jon was always fun when the three of them drank, putting away his normally gloomy mood.
"I'm just preparing myself for keeping up appearances for the rest of the night." Lya smiled over at her husband. Husband. They were married now. In the eyes of the seven and many, many guests.

If you had asked Lya months ago if she could see herself married she would say that she'd rather cut his balls off before marrying a man. And here she sat. Wedded to the Kingslayer. The thought made her want to throw up. The feast went on though. Drinking. Eating. Smiling. Laughing when it was called for. All the things she did not want to do at that very moment.

The sun had gone down by the time people began to quiet themselves, getting tired for the celebration. Lya watched as Joffrey Baratheon stood, noticing the crowd dying down as well. "Time for the bedding!" He called, looking towards Lya. Eddard Stark's jaw set. He had been quiet throughout the celebration. That's where his nickname came from. The Quiet Wolf. His ability to go unnoticed in anytime. Arya felt her father's uneasiness and looked up to her sister as if offering to threaten anyone who touched her. Lya smiled at her younger sister and shook her head lightly.

"I don't believe that will be needed, Your Grace." Jaime said as he put his arm around Lya. "I think we can find our own way to our bed chamber." His joke made the crowd erupt in laughter but brought a scowl on Lya's face. It wasn't unfamiliar. They had done it before. But the look on her Father's face made her feel completely out of place. The blush on Sansa's cheek at even the mention of the thought. Arya's displeased demeanor. But it was Ned Starks face that worries her the most. A father, giving up her child to a man he hated.

"I insist. Go on ladies. I don't think anyone would mind getting their hands on my uncle." This caused the ladies around the room to giggle. For some reason this sparked a feeling deep in Lya's stomach. She recognized it as jealousy. Something she felt quite frequently of Sansa's ability to be a lady. Eddard always said that Sansa was the perfect lady but too meager and Arya was the perfect warrior yet too head strong. He told Lya she was a healthy mix between the two sisters. But Lya and Sansa always seemed to butt heads on these matters.

"I don't want to"

"I don't want to." Lya said defiantly, causing a glare from Joffrey. But there isn't much else to say as some of the ladies of the court move to Jaime and start to pull him out of his chair. He gives Lya an apologetic look before allowing them to drag him away.

Lya is next, standing up and waiting uncomfortably. Before she knew it she was swept into the air by a group of men, tearing at her dress as they took her from the room. At the lead she noticed Joffrey, picking her up by her thighs and pulling her out. They were barely put the room when she felt wondering hands. She wanted to scream and kick. She looked down to catch Joffrey, trailing his hand up her thigh until it reached the heat between her legs.

Lya dug her fingernails into his neck as he did so, warning him. "Don't you dare touch me you little bastard." She hissed. But he persisted. She wiggled underneath the other men's arms but they all just laughed and noted her fire. But it wasn't enough. When they finally got her to Jaime's chambers her dress was pulled off halfway to reveal her small clothes. Jaime on the other hand had barely been touched. Only his shirt pulled off by some lady. Joffrey gripped Lya's thigh, grabbing her with his other hand by the small of her neck and pulling her so that Lya's ear was against his lips.

"Everyone is mine to torment. You'd do best to remember that." Joffrey lets go off her abruptly, dropping her to her knees. He walks out of the chamber, slamming the door behind him. Jaime's small smile quickly disappeared from his face. He rushed to Lya's side who burst out in tears. She had managed to keep every one of them in since they had arrived at Kingslanding. But now. Now she fell apart.

"I want to go home." She cried out. Jaime reached for her but she pulled away, standing and fixing
the once beautiful wedding gown that was now torn in multiple places. Lya began to sob, breathing heavily. "I hate everyone here. I miss my brothers. I miss my mother. I miss the North. I hate this. I hate it all."

Jaime stared wide eyed, not knowing how to console his new wife. He had never seen her like this. Never saw her break. She was always strong. He took a step towards her and she backed herself against the wall. "Take me home." She pleaded. "Please."

"I promise you Lya. I promise I will take you home one day." He knelt to his knees, putting his hand up for her to take. She reluctantly did. "I promise you." He kissed her knuckles before standing back up and hesitantly kissing her forehead.

He pulled back, looking at her tear streaked face. Jaime held her head in his hands, rubbing away the tears with his thumb. Lya smiled weakly. "I won't let anyone hurt you." Jaime assured her.

"And what about you?" Her jaw set and eyes narrowed, the broken girl completely gone. Replaced by a cold shell. Jaime saw her mother in her when she broke down. But now all he saw was her father, Eddard Stark of Winterfell. The cold quiet wolf.

"I would never hurt you."

"I intend to hold you to that."
two wolf pups

Chapter Summary

I hope you didn't like JaimexLya too much!

A knock awake Lya from her sleep. She had been sleeping in Jaime's chambers for the past nights but this night she decided to stay in her old room in the Stark apartments. She had missed her family and had dinner with them. Decided there was no point to go back to Jaime's chambers when she could just sleep there.

At first Lya just rolled over, hoping it was a dream. But the other person behind the door persisted. She stood up groggily and opened the door. Arya looked up at her, big brown eyes glittering with tears. "Can I sleep with you tonight?" She asked, her voice breaking.

"Of course Arya." Lya said and bent down to her sisters height. "Did you have a bad dream?" Arya nodded. The older Stark picked up her sister and carried her to the bed. She set her small figure onto the bed and closed the door. Daenys crawled next to Arya and laid her head on her lap. Arya absently pet the pup's head. Lya laid down next to her and put an arm around her little sister. "Tell me about your dream."

"I saw Jon. On the wall. But he had holes in his chest. It was all bloody. And then I saw Robb in Winterfell. Head hung from the rafters of the great hall. Mother with blood on her hands and neck laying on her own bed. Father with his head cut off. Bran falling from the tower. Rickon shot by an arrow. Sansa next to the iron throne with her throat slit. And... And I saw you. In a bed with blood all around you like mother after she had Rickon with fire everywhere. All of you. Dead." She explains the dream, her eyes never leaving the ceiling. Lya stares at her sister, wondering how the young girls mind could have created such horror. Lya kissed her head after a dark silence.

"I saw Jon. On the wall. But he had holes in his chest. It was all bloody. And then I saw Robb in Winterfell. Head hung from the rafters of the great hall. Mother with blood on her hands and neck laying on her own bed. Father with his head cut off. Bran falling from the tower. Rickon shot by an arrow. Sansa next to the iron throne with her throat slit. And... And I saw you. In a bed with blood all around you like mother after she had Rickon with fire everywhere. All of you. Dead." She explains the dream, her eyes never leaving the ceiling. Lya stares at her sister, wondering how the young girls mind could have created such horror. Lya kissed her head after a dark silence.

"I had a dream the other night. Dragons. Flying over the Red Keep. Breathing hot fire all about. Thousands of them. Like before the dance of dragons." Lya brushed her hands through her sister's hair soothingly.

"Tell me another dream
"Tell me another dream. You always have the best dreams." Arya asked, looking over to her sisters almost grey eyes.

"Alright." Lya propped herself up and looked over at her sister. "There was a Dragon. Bigger than the famed elephants of the golden company. Strong and brave. Scales the color of black and red. This dragon was loved by all, for he wasn't just a prince. But an honorable and just dragon. Better than his father. The mad dragon who's scales were a sickly green. One day when all the lions and wolves and stags joined for a show of arms, the Dragon beat them all valiantly. When he was told to crown someone the Queen of love and beauty, he walked past his sun and dropped the crown of roses on the lap of a She-Wolf. Because he loved her."

"This sounds like quite a familiar story." Arya chided her sister. But Lya shook her head.

"This is a dream, Arya. Pay attention." Lya teases and tickled her sister for a second before continuing. "The Dragon and Wolf fell in love. The Dragon took his Queen of love and beauty
somewhere their love could be shared, not hidden. But the Wolf's family fought the Dragons for their She-Wolf who was supposed to marry the Stag. This sparked a rebellion. One that was paid for in blood."

"The Dragon took his love to a Tower. Where they lived their days while the world fell apart around them. The wolf became pregnant. And when her Dragon went off to fight, he died valiantly just as he lived. But the she-wolf gave birth while her wolf brother fought to find her. She gave birth to two wolf pups. But she died despite all her brother's efforts. And she met her Dragon in heaven."

"And then I woke up."

"What about the wolf pups?" Arya asks, petting the wolf at her side.

"I don't know Arya. It was just a dream."

"Jaime you can't!" Lya yelled as she gripped his arm. He pulled away, picking up his sword despite her effort to hold him back. "You can't do this!"

"Tell me Lya!" Jaime yelled, turning to his wife and grabbing her by the shoulder. "Tell me if a family you believed your enemy for all your life stole away your brother what would you do huh? If my father took your brother would you just let him be?" Lya is silences at this. She doesn't know how to respond. Because she knows what she would do. She would kill Tywin Lannister. She would kill him if he ever touched her brother.

"Please Jaime. I'm begging you. Don't do this." Jaime doesn't answer, grabbing her hand and pulling her out of his Chambers. She doesn't protest as she is taken to the stables with Daenys at her heels. Calla is led out of her stall, already saddled. Jaime grabs her waist and looks her in the eyes.

"Will you fight for me. For your husband."

"I fight for my family. And if you do this..." she narrows her eyes and her jaw sets. "You will not be my family." Jaime picks her up, putting her atop the mare before jumping onto his own.

They ride down into flea bottom with Daenys always right beside Lya. When they arrive, Lya stares at the whore house. She wondered why her father was there.

Ned and Jory leave the brothel with a few of the Stark men. The lord is met with a small painful smile from his daughter on horseback. For a second all his worries slip away as he looked into the steel blue eyes of his child. But they are suddenly surround by Jaime Lannister and his men.

"Such a small pack of wolves." Jaime sneers at Ned Stark as his men surround him. Daenys lets out a low growl but stays by Lya and Calla's side.

"Stay back, Ser!" Jory called. "This is the Hand of the King!"

"Was!... the Hand of the King. Now I'm not sure what he is... Lord of somewhere very far away." Jaime stands with his hand on the hilt of his sword. Lya wants nothing more than to kill him right there. After everything.

"What's the meaning of this, Lannister?" Litterfinger says as he walks out of his whore house.

"Get back inside where it's safe." Petyr steps back and Lya looks at him desperately. But she is not Catelyn Tully. He will do nothing for her. "I'm looking for my brother. You remember my brother,
don't you, Lord Stark? Blond hair, sharp tongue, short man."

"I remember him well." Lya's father speaks with a stone cold voice, his eyes moving between the man in front of him and Lya. At that moment she knew why she was here. A prisoner by her own husband. Insensitive for Lord Stark to give Jaime his brother back.

"It seems he had some trouble on the road. You wouldn't know what happened to him, would you?" Jaime tilts his head.

"He was taken at my command to answer for his crimes." Ned sneers at the younger man. Jaime looks around for a second before drawing his sword, causing all of them men on both sides to draw their swords, except for Eddard.

"Father!" Lya jumps off her horse, not caring about Jaime's idle threats he casted her way.

"My Lords! I'll bring the City Watch!" Petyr calls and rushes back into safety. Lya rushes towards her father but Jaime grabs her arm and pulls her against him. Daenys lets out a vicious growl, rushing at them. But a Lannister man holds her by her iron collar, trying not to get bit in the process. Jaime holds the cold blade against her throat. Ned takes a step foreword but Jaime just pressed the knife harder against Lya's skin.

"Come, Stark. I'd rather you die sword in hand." Jaime hisses, his breath hot on Lya's ears. She could feel his heart beat quicken despite his words.

"If you threaten my Lord again..." Jory starts only to be cut off by Jaime.

"Threaten? As in, "I'm going to open your Lord from balls to brains and see what Starks are made of"? But I have a Stark right here. And I know exactly what she's made of." As Jaime put his lips on Lya's ear and looked up at her father, the fire in Ned Stark exploded. He took out Ice and held it up strong.

"You kill me or my daughter, your brother's a dead man." Her father growled, ready to defend her with his life.

"You're right. Take him alive! Kill his men!" A fight erupts, first Jaime's men throw spears straight into the chests of two of Ned's men. Jaime's hold on Lya loosens and she slides out form under him, taking the knife from his boot and rolling to the ground. Jory gets to Jaime to defend Lya but the Lannister doesn't hesitate, stabbing Jory with his sword straight through his eye.

Lya lets out a shocked scream as she watches Jory's body fall from the sword. She rushes towards Jaime, screaming out with the dagger in hand to revenge her childhood friend. But a Lannister guard steps between them. Lya aims, pointing between his armor plates and stabbing into his stomach. The guard drops to the floor. In her distraction of just killing a man, Jaime grabs her putting the bloody dagger she held to her own throat. The fighting ceases and Ned moves forward to Jaime, he throws Lya to the ground.

Lya watches from the ground as they begin to sword fight

Lya watches from the ground as they begin to sword fight. She watches as the older man holds his own against the talented swords man. As they move to break, one of Jaime's guards stabs Ned in the back of the leg with a spear, causing him to fall to the ground.

"FATHER!" Lya screams out, rushing over to him. She pulls him against her as he lets out raspy breaths. "You're okay. You're okay." Lya mutters to him, her father reaches up and puts his hand on her cheek.
"Lyanna, Your mother, would be proud." He whispers out. "Go." Lya understands his last words but not his first, kissing his forehead and setting him on the stone ground. Lya stands, running towards Calla. But as she reaches the horse, Jaime comes behind her. He picks her up with his arms around her waist as she kicks and screams. He hands her to a Lannister soldier who ties her arms in front of her and puts her on Calla.

"My brother, Lord Stark... We want him back. Until then I'll keep something of yours." Jaime rides off on horseback and his guards follow suit, keeping Calla's reigns connected to one of the other horses. Daenys is also tied to Calla as they make their way out of flea bottom, struggling to keep up with the group. Lya lets put a quiet sob as she looks back at her father still on the ground with Jory's dead body right by him. Her steel blue eyes then flick to Jaime on his horse in front of them.

I'll kill you for this, she thought to herself. I will be the death of you.

◊
"You should drink, My Lady." A Lannister man who had taken responsibility for Lya spoke. She shook her head.

"I'll drink when I see my father again." She spits at him, glaring over at the blonde man. She leans against the rock, looking around at the men of the camp. They were a day away from whatever destination Jaime was taking her to. He still had her in chains. She didn't know what to expect.

"Please Lady Stark." He says quietly, using her maiden name. She turns to him and grabs his sword from the sheath, pointing it at his neck. Lya scowls down at the man, some distant cousin of Jaime's.

"You're not going to kill me." He says confidently. Unfortunately he was right. She dropped the sword and dropped back to her spot on the muddy ground. "Ary." He greets, hoping they could start over. But he was a Lannister. And wolves and lions don't mix.

"Where is my direwolf?" She hissed, looking around for the pup. They had taken her as soon as they made camp. Jaime was nowhere to be found.

"The direwolf? She's tied up with the horses." Ary informs, standing up and offering her his hand. "I can take you to her."

"Why are you being kind to me. What do you want." Lya accuses. He just shrugs.

"We Lions are not all bad. Just the entitled ones." He winks, causing a small smile to appear on Lya's face. Something that had not been seen for a while. He leads her to where the horses trample the wet terrain, attached to a large tree. A growl erupts from behind it, causing Ary to jump back and grab Lya protectively. She just laughs as Daenys comes from behind the tree. The wolf jumps excitedly at the sight of her, running towards her.

But she is snapped back as the short chain holds her against the tree. Lya rushes to her side, allowing the pup to kiss her face happily. "You're alright girl. I'm here now." Lya soothes, petting down her ears. She was tired after the long ride. They barely let the wolf break before making her keep up with the horses again.

Ary looks around nervously. If he was discovered they may think he was trying to help her escape. "My Lady, we should be getting back to camp." Lya stands up, nodding reluctantly.

"Thank you." Lya kisses her wolf before following the man back to camp. When they get there her spot against the rock had been taken by a few Lannister soldiers. They drank and laughed next to the newly built fire. "Excuse me." She scowled down at them, crossing her arms.

"Ah the little Princess." One sneers at her. She ignores him as he stands, looking down at the other boy who sits in her spot.

"Far from home aren't you little wolf." An older man says from behind her. She whips around, glaring down the man. "Must be a little hot for a Northern Princess."

"Yeah why don't we help you get out of those clothes little girl." Lya feels hands on her hips suddenly and she turns, slamming her elbow up into the dark haired man's nose. Another lunges for her but she ducks, letting him roll into the ground and towards the hot fire. She turns to he next foe, waiting for a chance to attack.
A hand grabs her shoulder, forcing her to turn around. Before she can react the man's hand slams against her face. Lya sees stars as he pushes her to the ground, her head still ringing. Ary watches from behind the flames, not daring to speak out against the other soldiers. Two of them grab her arms, holding her down as she kicks and screams.

"Let me go!" Lya screams as the older man sits on top of her legs, ripping at her trousers. Once their far enough down he begins to unbuckle his own trousers, grinning evilly at the young Stark. As he aligns himself her screams and yells do nothing to stop him.

Lya watches as a sword is stabbed into the man's head from behind. Blood bursts out of his wound, spraying the two men holding her and Lya herself. The men jump off, standing up straight and looking to the ground as their fellow soldier falls to the muddy terrain. As his body falls to the side, Lya looks up to meet the emerald green eyes of Jaime Lannister.

He puts his hand out for her but she doesn't take it
He puts his hand out for her but she doesn't take it. Jaime rolls his eyes, bending down and picking her up. He throws her over his shoulder and looks out at his men. "She may be our prisoner but she is also my wife. Next man to touch her will die the same death." He kicks the dead body of the man who assaulted her before carrying her away. Lya doesn't resist as he brings her to a more secluded area of their makeshift camp.

"Are you alright?" He asks almost tenderly as he wipes the blood and mud off of her face. She slaps his hand away, glaring at the Lion.

"You dare touch me. I wish you would have let them kill me." Lya hisses at him. He grabs her shoulders harshly, forcing her to look at him.

"Yes they would have killed you. But first they would have raped you. Fucked you senseless. Each and every one of them taking turns until you bled to the brink of death. And maybe they would have gave you pity and slit your throat once you were useless to them." Lya stared at him, her face unmoving. "Is that what you want? Do you want me to throw you back to the dogs."

"You need me. I'm the key to the North once you kill my whole family isn't that right? And once you I give you a boy to role Castelry Rock and one to be the Warden of the North you can slit my throat yourself." Lya pushes at his chest, but he doesn't budge his hold on her.

"I won't kill you." Jaime says, standing up tall and starring the Stark down.

"Maybe you'll have the Mountain do it then? Have him rape me and then cut me in half like he did Elia Martell?" Jaime grabs her hips, pulling her against him.

"I'm not going to hurt you Lyanna." Jaime promises softly, leaning in and kissing her hard. But the moment he put her on that horse he lost her. He had her, once. But Jaime had never known love. And he never would. When he pulled away, her open palm stung his cheek. He stared at her in disbelief.

"You've already hurt me, Jaime Lannister. Now throw me out to the dogs and get it over with."

☆

Short chapter again sorry. As the story goes on each chapter becomes 2000 words.
Trumpets sounds from the Lannister camp as the group approached. Lya looked down at the dark wolf that trotted at the side of Calla. The direwolf was getting larger by the day, Lya could almost touch her head from the horses back. "Don't worry girl. We'll get home soon." Lya soothed when she heard a whine emit from Daenys. "I swear it."

"Come now. You need a bath." Jaime said as he rode up beside her. Daenys muscles tensed from under her pelt. The man who she had once been kind to, gave Lya fear and anger when in his presence. Daenys even hoped that Lya would give her the command to tear his throat out. Maybe her owner would no longer feel the fear that drowned Daenys' senses.

"I'm glad you are able to comment on my hygiene when it is your fault I've been trampling around in the mud for the last week." Lya hisses at him, gripping the reigns of her mare tighter.

"You're to meet my father. A maid will come to your tent and see that you are bathed and prepped. You won't be looking like you just crawled out of a mud pit then." Jaime hisses back and steers away from her. Lya scoffs and allows a woman to lead her to the tent.

Lya is bathed in lavender water. Her hair being filled with oils that made her sneeze when she smelled them. Once done they dressed her in trousers, thankfully to Lya. Along with high boots and a red tunic. Red. Lya decided that red was not her color as she was lead out of the tent and towards another. She reluctantly had left the direwolf behind, in fear of what the famed Lion would do to her if he saw the pup.

Jaime met her outside the tent, looking her up and down. He had changed into red armor that made him truly look like a lion. It made Lya despise him more. He opened the tent flap for her and she was met with the stench of a fresh kill. Lya took confident strides into the tent, watching who she assumed was Tywin Lannister closely. He sharpened his knives on a block, barely looking up at the pair as they entered.

"A letter from The Hand of the King, father." Jaime greeted. Lya shot a look at him. He had not told her of this. She wondered if he demanded Jaime's head for taking her. Silently she prayed to any god listening that this letter would send her home.

"Get on with it." Tywin said in a cold voice as he began to skin the deer. This was something Lya has learned to do at the mere age of 12 when Ser Rodrick took her hunting to practice her archery. The thought of the old man brought a small smile to her face. She missed him as much as she missed her home. The old knight was a big part of Lya's child life and she wished nothing more than to hear him yell at her about her stance or ridicule the other boys who couldn't stand up to a girl.

"Summoned to court to answer for the crimes of your bannerman Gregor Clegane, the Mountain." Jaime looked up at his father, waiting for a reaction. None came. "Arrive within the fortnight or be branded an enemy of the Crown. Also demanded is the return of Lyanna of house Stark." Jaime holds the letter over the flame, glancing at his wife. Lya simply scowls. "Poor Ned Stark. Brave man, terrible judgment."

"Attacking him was stupid." Tywin Lannister hisses at his son as he cuts into the deer. "And kidnapping his daughter like some Targaryen fool is even stupider." This caused Lya to throw a smirk at Jaime. "Lannisters don't act like fools." Jaime doesn't respond to this, looking down at the floor beneath them with a glare. "Are you gonna say something clever? Go on, say something clever."
"Catelyn Stark took my brother."
"Why is he still alive?" The old lion counters, sending shivers down Lya's spine.
"Tyrion?"
"Ned Stark."
"One of our men interfered, speared him through the leg before I could finish him."
"Why is he still alive?"
"It wouldn't have been clean."
"Clean..." Tywin muttered. No doubt he was thinking of how 'clean' the murder of the Mad King must have been to his son to count this as uncleanliness. "You spend too much time worrying about what other people think of you."

"I could care less what anyone thinks of me." Jaime counters. Lya revels in the fact that out there he was a brave lion but in here he was still Tywin Lannister's cub.

"Now that's what you want people to think of you."
"It's the truth."

"When you hear them whispering "Kingslayer" behind your back, doesn't it bother you?"
"Of course it bothers me."

"The lion doesn't concern himself with the opinions of the sheep." Tywin looks to his son, only just now realizing the presence of the Stark girl.

"Aye." Lya speaks, her voice stronger than she felt. "And neither does a wolf." Tywin chuckles at this.

"Yes, Lady Stark. Your reputation proceeds you. A mighty wolf. It's a shame your family is not as clever." He turns back to the task at hand, dropping the girl from his mind completely as he speaks to his son.

"I suppose I should be grateful that your vanity got in the way of your recklessness. I'm giving you half of our forces. 30,000 men. You will bring them to Catelyn Stark's girlhood home and remind her that Lannisters pay their debts." At this Lya wants to speak but Jaime grips her upper arm to shut her up. She did not want to see her mother hurt by these fools.

"I didn't realize you placed such a high value on my brother's life."

"He's a Lannister. He might be the lowest of the Lannisters, but he's one of us. And every day that he remains a prisoner, the less our name commands respect."

"So the lion does concern himself with the opinions of.."

"No, it's not an opinion, it's a fact!" Tywin's raising of his voice surprises both Lya and Jaime. "If another House can seize one of our own and hold him captive with impunity, we are no longer a House to be feared. Your mother's dead. Before long I'll be dead. And you and your brother and your sister and all of her children as well as the children you will have. All of us dead, all of us
rotting in the ground. It's the family name that lives on. It's all that lives on. Not your personal glory, not your honor, but family. Do you understand?" Jaime nods gently, making Lya smirk at his feebleness towards his father.

"Hmmm. You're blessed with abilities that few men possess. You are blessed to belong to the most powerful family in the kingdoms. And you are still blessed with youth. And what have you done with these blessings, huh? You've served as a glorified bodyguard for two kings. One a madman, the other a drunk. Thank the gods you took off that damned thing and got a wife. Now I expect you put a child in her belly."

"The future of our family will be determined in these next few months. We could establish a dynasty that will last a thousand years. Or we could collapse into nothing, as the Targaryens did. I need you to become a man you were always meant to be. Not next year. Not tomorrow. Now." Submissive as he looks, Jaime stalks out of the tent. Lya moves to leave as well but the old lion turns to her.

"Do you love your family, Lyanna Stark?" Tywin Lannister asks bluntly, giving the girl a long look.

"Of course, my Lord." Lya says, standing taller. She knew some kind of threat was coming. The Lion never talked sincerely.

"I advise you send a raven to your mother. Tell her to give up my son before this gets ugly. We wouldn't want anything to happen to her would we?" Lya scoffs, holding her own against the Lannister.

"You will not put me against my family. I love my family as do you. I care about our dynasty and where our line will go."

"When Lions and Wolves go at each other's throats the Lions teeth are sharper." Tywin threatens, narrowing his eyes at the confident Stark.

"You may be right, Tywin Lannister. But we are not wolves. We are direwolves. And our claws are just as sharp as yours." The words of the reigns of castimere make Tywin's feigned smile falter.

"I respect you Lady Stark. You have a loyalty to your family. I believe our interests may align in the future. If there is anything you need to feel more comfortable in my camp ask it and I will see that it is done." Lya doesn't want to trust his words but she feels as though he may be a better ally to have than Jaime.

"I have a direwolf. I'd like to see it that she is not harmed." Mentioning Daenys makes Lya tremble. If the wolf was murdered she would have nothing here but her own thoughts. Oh her father. She hadn't had the time to worry about the Starks still in Kingslanding. But now her heart
burned, feeling worry for the lone wolves. She had to find them. Had to protect them.

"I hope you do your duty as a wife to my son. He gave up his cloak to marry and if this arrangement comes to be fruitless than we will have to see that something is done." His threatening words don't phase Lyanna Stark. She simply smiles, giving a small curtesy to the Lannister.

"Don't worry my Lord. I know how to win my battles."

 Magickalunicorn
the winter kings

It all seemed to happen so fast. One moment, Lya was sitting with Daenys on the cot in their tent. Crying over the news of her father's imprisonment that was brought by some maid. She felt horrible for leaving them so suddenly and now Sansa and Arya must be so scared. Stuck with Lions while their father was being threatened with sending to the wall. Lya wished she could escape here. Get to them and take them home to Winterfell.

But before she knew it, war was upon them. She had watched Tywin Lannister charge off with his men but somehow the battle had reached the camp. Lya stood from her position on the floor, gripping at Daenys' pelt desperately. She didn't want to die this way. Not with her brother, the King in the North, just in grasp. Lya didn't hesitate to take action. She would not die here. She ran out of the tent, finding where they had kept Calla. Lya jumped onto her unsaddled back, not caring about the uncomfortable feeling it brought. She searched with her eyes, watching men being killed left and right.

She saw Jaime in the middle of some tents, slicing Stark men back and forth. If the lions won, Lya would surely be killed. She rushed the horse foreword, aiming towards the Kingslayer. As the horse galloped foreword she grabbed a Lannister banner from the ground. She held it like a lance as she made her way to Jaime. He looked up just in time to see the golden lion on the red field slamming into his armor. This knocked Lya off balance though, sending her into the mud next to him.

Jaime caught his breath as best as he could, reaching for his sword to fight of the offender. But his eyes met Lyanna Stark's instead. A fire burned within them that sent fear through his veins. "Lya." Jaime muttered. But his words meant nothing. She lunged at him, rolling him into the mud until she was on top. He held the hilt of his sword with white knuckles, not wanting to harm her. She used that to her advantage though, pointing for Daenys to bite his wrist until he let the sword go. The wolf came off of his wrist as he let out an ear piercing scream from the pain.

Lya picked up his sword, aiming it at his neck as the wolf growled at him from beside her. Its teeth dripping with his blood. "Move and I'll cut your neck before you can say Lya." She hissed at him.

"I doubted you lady Lannister." He chuckles, causing her to press the blade deeper against his neck.

"That was your first mistake." Lya stands up off him, keeping the sword to his throat. The war around them had seemed to die. Or maybe better yet everyone had died. She waits to hear something. Anything to tell her who won.

"Lyanna!" A voice calls
"Lyanna!" A voice calls. Lya looks behind Jaime, seeing a great white stallion riding towards the pair. The Lannister doesn't move, knowing that if he disarmed Lya he wouldn't get far before the wolf tore his throat out. She stepped around him as other men grabbed him roughly.

Her eyes met those of Tully blue. He looked like a man now, Lya thought. Not the boy she had left when she rode for Kingslanding. Blood littered his face as he jumped off the horse. But she didn't mind. Robb Stark ran towards his sister, picking her up in a hug and spinning her. She laughs, a real one that came from the heart. Lya wraps her arms around his neck, holding so tightly that she worried it might break. But if she let go he may disappear again.

"I thought I lost you." Robb said as he set her down. Her smile was brighter than the piercing sun that beat down on them. The battle was won. He had his sister back and they had the Kingslayer. "I should have never let you leave Winterfell. This is all my fault."
"Father is stuck in his ways. You couldn't have done anything. Gods I'm just. I thought I would never see you again." Lya was at a loss for words as she looked upon her brother's face. She could just stare all day long. Reveling in the fact that he was here. Real. Her brother.

"Two wolves meet again. Or should I say a lion and wolf. Didn't you know Lord Stark? I married your sister. I fucked her too." Jaime sneers. At this Robb stalks over, punching the confident man in the face. He just laughs as the Stark boy loses his temper.

"Robb. Get me out of this damned place." Lya says desperately, at this Robb commands his men to tie their prisoner up and leave. Announcing their victory. She hears whoops and hollers but the only thing that mattered to Lya is that she was saved. As a child she told herself she would never need saving. But in this moment she thanked the Gods for sending her Robb Stark.

♤

Catelyn Stark looks over the trident from a safe distance away. She seems to be waiting for something, her blue eyes searching the muddy terrain around them.

"We should go, my lady." Rodrick Cassel suggested, looking nervously over the horizon. Her son. She had to wait for her son.

"No!" Catelyn hissed, refusing to turn around. Her eyes never leaving the curve far off on the land. Waiting.

"My lady!" The master of arms argued, knowing that if they had lost then they would be killed. He made a vow to Ned Stark that he would protect the Tully woman and he planned to keep it.

Suddenly the sound of galloping horses approaches, shouts of victory follow. The Stark host arrives at the clearing. She searches with Tully eyes for her son. The crowd parts to show Robb with Greywind running close to his side. Her eyes catch another beast running next to him, taller and darker. Daenys. She recognized the wolf immediately.

She knew what followed. Watching as the speckled mare rode strong towards them. Utop was her daughter, Lyanna Stark. Her grey blue eyes shinning with excitement at the sight. "Lya!" Catelyn shouted, not even Rodrick could hold her back as she rushed towards the clearing. The Stark girl jumped off the horse, collapsing into her mother's arms. Tears sprouted from both the women's eyes. They never thought they would see each other again.

"My girl. Oh my girl." Catelyn cried, she pulled back to take in her child. "Look at you. You're a woman now."

"Made a woman by yours truly." An unforgettable voice says from next to Robb's horse. Catelyn never even noticed the Kingslayer, tied to her son's horse.

"By the time they knew what was happening, it had already happened." Robb informs, smiling valiantly. They had won. "We took their leader and took back a Stark."

"Lady Stark. l'd offer you my sword, but I seem to have lost it." Jaime says lazily.

"It is not your sword I want. Give me my other daughters back. Give me my husband." Catelyn hisses at the enemy.

"I've lost them too, I'm afraid." Jaime chuckles at his own joke, making Lya roll her eyes.

"Kill him, Robb. Send his head to his father. He cut down ten of our men. You saw him." Theon,
who Lya barely noticed was there, spoke to his king.

"He's more use to us alive than dead." Robb informed.

"If his head is sent to his father then they will kill Father without a second thought." Lya says, knowing of Tywin's 'love' for his family. Catelyn nods in agreement.

"Take him away and put him in irons." Lady Stark informs the men around her.

"We could end this war right now, boy, save thousands of lives. You fight for the Starks, I fight for the Lannisters. Swords or lances, teeth, nails, choose your weapons and let's end this here and now." Jaime offers, but Robb knows better than that.

"If we do it your way, Kingslayer, you'd win. We're not doing it your way."

"Come on, pretty man." The Umber lord says, pulling Jaime away from the group. The Lannister looks back at Lya as if for help but she keeps her eyes to her family.

"I sent 2,000 men to their graves today." Robb says regretfully.

"The bards will sing songs of their sacrifice." Theon tries to assure his friend, but Robb shakes his head.

"Aye. But the dead won't hear them." The King in the North turns to his bannermen, getting their attention. "One victory does not make us conquerors. Did we free my father? Did we rescue my sisters from the queen? Did we free the North from those who want us on our knees? This war is far from over." This causes an uproar from the men, hooting and hollering at the battle cry.

Lya smiles at her brother, knowing he was a good leader.

Lya smiles at her brother, knowing he was a good leader. To get the Stark bannermen to rally under anyone but their father took enough to crown him King in the North. She just prayed it would stay this way. She would never return to the Lions den. She would kill herself before that happens.

"Princess." A voice says from behind her. Lya turns to see her long time friend Rodrick Cassel. "The title finally fits." Lya crashes into the older man with a tight hug. He chuckles, patting the Stark girl's back.

"I'm so sorry. I couldn't save him. He died trying to save me Rodrick," Lya whimpered, remembering the moment Jaime's sword went through Jory's eye. It was horrible for the young Stark. If she hadn't let other things plaguing her mind then that moment would be in her nightmares.

"It's alright, girl. He was doing his duty to your father. He wouldn't have wanted to go any other way. My nephew would serve you from death if he could." Rodrick Cassel assures her, patting her back before pulling away. "Come now. There's much to catch you up on. I'm sure Lord Stark could agree."

"Yes." Robb says, wrapping his arm around his sister. The giant wolves play next to them, reunited at last. "I have much to tell you." Catelyn smiles at them. A part of her family was finally back together. And now it was time to save the rest.
Daenys and Greywind laid at the end of Lyanna Stark's bed. Laying close to each other, their pelts touching under the cold winds that leaked into the tent. Lya stared in the mirror, turning in all directions to get a good look at herself. She was not the girl who left Winterfell. That she knew. But something else bothered her.

"Lya." Her mother's voice was one that seemed so familiar to her that she didn't have to turn around. But it was the feeling behind the word that made Lya whip around to meet her eyes with the ones of her mother. The first thing she noticed was the redness that rimmed the Tully blue of her eyes.

"What is is mother?" Lya asked, concern lining her voice. Both of the wolves ears perked up at this, feeling the sadness washing into the room as Catelyn made her way to her daughter. The Stark girl had noticed something wrong in the camp. The moral from the victory just days ago gone, replaced with a solemn silence. They bowed to Lya whenever she left her tent, which had became a very rare occurrence.

"There's been a few hundred ravens." Catelyn coughed out with a cold laugh that had no joy. "It's."

She began but the tears stopped her immediately. "It's your father."

"What has happened?" Lya almost shouted, her knees feeling weak. Her mother came to her, putting her hand on each side of her face softly. Lya laid her hands over top of the Tully woman's. Waiting for her answer. Her world felt as if it was crumbling down. The walls of the tent shivered fiercely.

"Your father had been beheaded at King Joffrey's command." Catelyn tumbles over her words, crying for her husband as she told the girl. Lya took a step back from her, stumbling as she went. She starred, waiting for the joke to be over.

"No"

"No." Her voice broke as she held back tears. "Your lying."

"I'm sorry my darling. I'm so so sorry." At this Lya broke, collapsing to her knees and laying her head on her mother's skirt like a young child.

"No no no." She cried, her shoulders shaking. Catelyn knelt down with her, holding her shoulder with a strong grip. Lya refused to look at her. Tears streaming down her face with no soon stop. The wolves on the bed shifted and growled, believing it was the other woman in the room that brought Lya this sadness. "Father." She muttered it over and over again as if it was a spell that would bring him back to her if she said it long enough.
"Look at me." Lya shook her head, rubbing away the tears as they came. Catelyn held her daughter's head til their eyes met.

"I'm going to kill them." Lya hissed. "I'm going to kill every single one of them. Slit their throats in their sleep. The last thing they will see if a Stark smiling at them. I'm going to kill them mother. I will."

"You're just like Robb." Catelyn laughed softly, tears still pricking at her eyes. The stream in Lya's seemed to stop. Replaced by a distant and glazed look. "Your sisters. We have to save them. We have to her our family back together. Then we will kill them all."

"Together." Lya laughed a cold heartless sound. "We will never be whole again."

Lya walked with Daenys at her side, rubbing against her leg she walked so close. People nodded, bowing to their princess as she walked. She didn't see any of them. Only felt her strides and heard the beating of her heart drumming in her ears. When she reached the place he was kept, the men went away at a single command.

"Come to visit me, my love?" His confident voice had grown hoarse. No water will do that to you. Blood ran down his head and Lya wondered if it was Robb or their Mother that had done that to him. "Or is it to have your wolf tear out my throat." Lya gripped the pelt of the direwolf as she made her way closer to where he was tied up. Maybe for balance or maybe for the assurance that she was safe in his presence. She held the cloak closer around her, feeling the cold breeze leak it's way through her trousers.

"Imprisonment isn't suiting you well." She muttered, looking over his muddy form. He chuckled, staring at her with still bright green eyes. Daenys let out a soft growl as she pulled away from Lya and circled the Lannister man. She was half the size of Calla now. Bigger than even Greywind. Lya could imagine his fear at this.

"Now why is it that you're here?" He asks curiously. "Do you miss me in your bed that much? Or have you come to help me escape? Your lover and husband?" Lya laughs at this, a laugh with no heart behind it. Just a cold empty sound that hit a nerve within Jaime. "I'm sorry about your Father."

"You said it yourself. You wish you would have done it. No need to lie to me Kingslayer." The name stung him. Coming from her. It was one of the first things they established. He was Jaime and she was Lya. Just Jaime and Just Lya. But now it was Kingslayer. And she was a wolf of the Starks. He knew that every bit of trust she had for him disappeared when she put her on the horse and had her ride to Flea Bottom. But it still hurt no matter. He had given up Cersei for her. And now here they were.

"Come now. What is it?" Jaime asked. Lya felt as though she could no longer form words at the reminder of why she was here. So rather than speak she slowly pushed her cloak away with shaky hands. Jaime watches curiously, wondering the purpose of this meeting.

It was not hard to figure out. Lya saw the signs. The ones she watched her mother go through 4 times in her lifetime. Many other women of Winterfell she watched too. The Septa had told her many times of what it meant how to deal with it. But all that didn't seem to matter now.

Lya put her hand on her swollen stomach. It was not noticeable. No maybe only a moon at best. Just harder than before. Along with her breasts. Firmer as they prepared for a child. Her blood had not come. Again not a surprise to the Stark woman. That was the reason she was married of course. The
reason she was kept around in the Lannister camp. To bare Jaime's child. Tywin Lannister would be so proud.

"Lyanna." Jaime muttered, his eyebrows furrowing and his eyes softening. "When?"

"Who knows. A month? Weeks?" Lya spoke in a hushed voice, not wanting anyone to know. Not even her mother. The pregnancy would be over anyway. She just wanted Jaime to know. "I'm going to kill it." She said bluntly, waiting Jaime's eyes turn to worry.

"You can't."

"I can. And I will. I will not bring a child into this world. Let alone your child. In a time of war. To be used as black mail. And in the future a weapon. Whatever it is will be the key to the north if your family succeed. That was the whole point of our marriage wasn't it? I swore to myself I wouldn't bring a baby into this world ever. And especially to a father such as you." She spits to him, waiting nothing more than to kill him right now. A rock at her feet already with his blood on it. Or she could command Daenys to tear his throat out like she always wanted to.

"Please Lya. I beg of you. Don't hurt yourself." Jaime seems sincere about this. Pleading for her not to do anything rash. The only tactics to get rid of a child were dangerous. He remembered going through this with Cersei when she became pregnant with Robert's child. She was sick for months. Barely made it out. He couldn't risk that for her. No not now.

Lya leaned down, her eyes becoming level with Jaime's. "Your pleads land on deaf ears, Jaime Lannister. You think I would allow Tywin Lannister the pleasure of knowing his favorite lion had a child? The opportunity to use me? Men like you will never control me again. And if they try, I'll hear them then. Hear their screams when I cut out their throats with my own teeth like the wolf I am."

♤

Lya held the glass in her shaky hands. They never seemed to stop shaking since the news of her father's death reached her. Daenys whimpered from her bed, feeling the nerves of the girl in front of her. "I have to do it." Lya muttered. "If I don't..." No. She couldn't think of that. A boy. A crown of blonde hair and her own blue eyes. No. A girl. Black hair with emerald green eyes. No.

Lya held the glass tighter. Essence of Nightshade. She told the Maester she had been having trouble sleeping. He had hesitated but gave her it with a warning. No more than two drops he said. And make sure to mix it with something else.

So she held the mixture. Four drops and white wine. If the baby survived this then there was always other ways. She had heard stories of witches on the forest that preform these unspeakable things on woman's bodies to get rid of the baby. Witches different than the ones she knew. But maybe...

"Lya? Are you alright?" Robb Stark stands behind the flap of the tent, waiting for her okay to come in.

"Fine." Lya said aloud but the tone did not convince him.

"May I come in?" He asked, feeling concern for his sister.

"No." Lya says simply. "Please just. Just leave me alone." Robb stares blankly. He didn't want to. He wanted to run in there and hug her tightly. But he respected her wishes.

"I'm here Lya." He assured her before stomping off. She needed him now more than ever but she couldn't face him. Couldn't face this. This fateful decision.
Never. She told herself. Never would she bring a child into this damned world. She used to want children. But no. Not ever. Not after... She shook her head as her free hand found the ever growing bump that was her stomach. It wouldn't be noticeable with large clothes for 2 or maybe if she pushed it 3 more months.

It would make her weak. If she was weak then she couldn't protect her family.

But this child. This child was her family. Her own flesh and blood. Doesn't that require her to protect it too?

Lya pressed the cup to her lips. Daenys let out a small whimper, lifting her head to look up at the girl. Daenys could protect us.

Us. It was already us. This thing she carried in her was not just a thing. But a child. A human being. Her child. Her baby.

The cup slipped from her hand, shattering to the floor. That was her answer.

Lya crawled into the bed, feeling weak and broken. She pulled the blankets over her. Daenys nudged against her and Lya pulled up the blankets. The wolf, as big as a small horse, crawled under the blankets next to her. Lya wrapped her arms around the direwolf, crying into her pelt as she fell into a restless sleep.

♤

Lya traveled into the woods, her cloak covering her eyes. All she was led by was the panting of the wolf in front of her and the sticks bellow her feet. Her eyes travel up when she smells smoke. A hut lay in the middle of the forest with a column of smoke spewing out of it. Rae lets out whine and looks back at her with amber eyes. Lya continues.

They enter the tent flap and Lya can feel her skin crawl
They enter the tent flap and Lya can feel her skin crawl. Carcasses dwelled on strings from the ceiling and the smell was horrid. The steam came from a pot of some red liquid in the middle. "I've been expecting you." The woman who sat by the pot said, licking her top teeth and giggling excitedly. "Come. Come." Rae growls slightly but Lya puts a hand up on the hound's head. She walks cautiously towards the woman. The old lady takes her hand abruptly and pinpricks her finger. Lya hisses but lets her hold the bleeding finger over the pot.

The woman lets her go and Lya stumbles back. The witch grips the burning hot pot and stares into the depths of the crimson liquid. The woman laughs maniacally as fire dances in her black eyes. "Children." Lya mutters as she thinks of the fact that she wanted many children before raising her voice. "Will I have children?"

"You will have three children." The woman hisses out as she looks at the blood swirling within the pot. "Your son will be born of fire and blood, turning to the world of ash before he is an hour. And your daughter will have skin like that of a lizard. And finally your last will be born in the ice, body cold and wet." She laughs aloud at the shock in Lyanna's eyes. No. She couldn't let the prophecy be true. Children? All dead?

"You're lying."

"I lie? Or do you lie to you? One day, little girl, when you look up at the sun it will be blocked by the sunrise and a winged shadow will live over the Counquer's landing. Fire and blood will dance in the sky and when the eyes of blue come for you, you will live in ash while the sun falls from the
sky." Her black eyes finally turn to meet Lya's. "Does your future leave a sour taste in your mouth?"
Lyanna took a few steps back as the woman stands. "Do you want more?"

"No! You witch! You're crazy leave me alone!" The woman grips her hand but before she can take another bit of blood the hound jumps on her, she grips at her throat tightly until the witch screams out. Lya watches as she grabs a knife and stabs the hound in the side. The dog yelps but holds tight to the woman's neck so that Lya could get away. Lya whimpers and turns, running from the tent and towards Winterfell. She tripped but kept getting up. Ignoring the screams from behind her.
"Robb is sending me to Renly's encampment." Catelyn informs her as she walks into the tent that Lya was staying on. Lya brought her eyes to her mother, teary and bloodshot. "My dear," Cat says softly, kneeling to the ground next to the dark haired beauty. "What is wrong?"

"I can't do it. I can't do it." Lya mutters, her mother holds her against herself. Gushing her softly.

"Tell me girl. Tell me and I will help you." Cat says, putting a hand to the girl's face and brushing the tears away with her thumb.

"He's right. I can't. I can't kill it." Lya cries out. "I'm weak. I'm so fucking weak." Her cries turn to hisses, angry at herself.

"What is it. Who?" Catelyn asks desperately, taking Lya's face in her hands. Lya pulls away and looks down at her stomach. Cat slowly puts a hand to it, feeling pride and fear. "Is it..?"

"Yes. It's my husband's." Lyanna Stark spits, holding her hand over her mother's. "I can't keep it. I can't. You know I can't Mother. They'll use it. Once I have it they'll kill me."

"No sweet girl. Robb will protect you. The child will never have to meet its father. The Lannister's won't get a hold of it. I swear to you." Catelyn Stark lays her head against the younger girl's forehead.

"Don't make promises you don't know you can keep." Lya pulls back, sitting against the bed and wiping the tears from her cheek.

"We will win this war and your child will live in Winterfell. Renly or Stannis can be king and we can all go home." Catelyn sighs at the girls doubt.

"I don't think I can be a mother."

"Neither did I." Catelyn looked down with guilt. "There's something I need to tell you. Something I should have long ago."

"What is it?" Lya asks curiously, giving her mother a weary look.

"This was for Ned to tell you. I told him I could never tell you. That I didn't have the strength. But now here we are." Catelyn frowns at the thought, her husband death was something that left a gaping hole in her heart. She was vulnerable. Her husband gone. Her love gone.

"You can tell me Mother." Lya places a hand on Catelyn's knee. The older woman frowns at her words. Staring blankly at the ground.
"I remember my first birth. It was the worst one. I was in labor for hours and hours. Maester Luwin was the only one left in Winterfell who could help. Everyone else was off fighting Robert's war."

Catelyn played with the hem of her dress, her hands shaky and unsteady. "When I finally pushed one out, Luwin barely had enough time to attend to it before another came. 'A beautiful girl and a healthy baby boy' He told me. I was astounded. I hoped maybe when Ned returned he would be proud. Proud I gave him an heir."

"But they grew sick. Luwin could not tell why. The cold. The stress of my pregnancy. Or maybe it was just the gods punishing Ned for his hand in the war." Lya starred, listening intently to the story. "One night I came into their room and found the boy, crying and weeping. Screaming so loud I wondered if Ned could hear him from where ever the man was. But the girl. She was quiet. I went to her to find her skin cold. Blue eyes wide and red hair as stiff as straw. She had died in the night. She didn't even have a name."

Lya opened her mouth to question this but Catelyn went along. "The same night, Ned came home. With two bundled blankets in the darkness. My husband. And his bastards. I begged him to send them away. Told him I could never love them. But he must have loved their mother fiercely because no matter how hard I cried, he refused. Ned told me of the engagement. To my newborn daughter and the 17 year old son of Tywin Lannister. But we had nothing to show did we. A dead girl and a screaming baby boy."

"What are you saying..."

"Maester Luwin went about it. Burrying the girl in the godswood and replacing the empty crib. I told Ned I would never love a motherless child. But I fed the girl at my breast along with the boy. One night I got so tired of the boys screaming that I laid the bastard girl in the crib with him. And he stopped crying," Catelyn's eyes became rimmed with tears. "And he never cried again. Until he was hungry of course. The girl grew a strong bond, crying when I pulled them apart. And when I saw her wide blue eyes. It filled the hole that my dead daughter left. Lyanna Stark and Robb Stark. Twins. Maester Luwin, Ned and I are the only ones who knew. And now you."

Lya stared. Refusing to take in the revelation. Robb was not her twin. But Jon. Jon was her twin. The bond they all shared. She was not a Stark. A Snow. A bastard. "Why. Why did you never tell me." Lya chokes out. Her whole life flipped upside down.

"Ned never wanted to tell you. But my conscience couldn't hold this secret to the grace like he did."

"You tell me this. This changes everything. And you tell me this for your own conscience?" Lya stands up abruptly, causing Catelyn to flinch at the sight of her daughter angry and hurt. Daughter. She may not be her blood but she was her daughter by choice. "And Jon? You hated him for the same reason you should have hated me." Lya glares, shaking her head at the woman below her. "He went to the wall. Because of you. Why not legitimize him too?"

"Because we didn't know who was older. If Jon was legitimized then he would challenge Robb for the title of heir."

"Heir." Lya scoffs. "You displaced a boy because you were worried about your own sons power? You loved his sister but refused him? Despised him for the same reason you were supposed to despise me."

"Lyanna." Catelyn started only to be cut off.

"Leave me." Lya commanded, sitting on the bed and putting a hand to the quiet wolf next to her.
Daenys leaned into it. "Now." Catelyn stood, feeling tears fall at her daughter's anger to her. Her daughter. Her baby. She always was. And would always be. The wolf next to her began to growl at Cat's presence, realizing it was her causing Lya the pain.

"I love you Lyanna. I always will. This changes nothing." She takes Lya's face in her hands and kisses her head softly. "When I return from Renly's camp we will speak about the child. I hope you can forgive me. I love you dear girl."

Lya nods. Even if she wasn't her mother, she still raised her. Loved her as her own. Even if she never gave Jon that luxury. It hit her hard. Knowing that all her life her twin brother was actually her half brother and her half brother was actually her twin brother. It all confused her greatly.

She watched the Tully woman go with dried tears. She could forgive her. Lya would forgive her. Blood or not she was her mother. That was not the problem for right now.

♤

Lya looked down at her ever growing stomach, tears clouding her vision as the sun went down. Robb. She had to tell Robb.

Lya left the tent without another thought, going out to look for her brother Lya left the tent without another thought, going out to look for her brother. Well half brother. When she found him in the war planning tent, she was shocked to see him alone and sitting down staring into darkness. He always had his bannermen around him like chickens flocking to a cock. "Robb." Lya said quietly. He stood up and she drifted over to him and collapsed into his arms. He was shocked but held her anyway. When she pulled away she grabbed his hand and put it to her belly.

"What are you doing?" He asked before noticing the heartbeat that bounced against his hand. Robb's Tully blue eyes widened in shock. "How?"

"Do I really have to tell you how?" Lya half laughed before noticing her brother's solemn look.

"The Kingslayer." Lya nodded reluctantly. "I'm sending you back to Winterfell." He said without another thought. "You can't be on the road at war with child."

"But Robb..." Lya suddenly regrets telling him. She couldn't leave his side. Not in his time of need. Robb needed her council.

"No. You will not steer me from the decision. Mother worries for the boys anyway. You going would ease that. There must always be a Stark in Winterfell." The words stung. She was not a Stark. But she nodded anyway.

"All of this happened so fast." Lya said quietly. "Leaving Winterfell. The wedding. This war. Father. Now this. All of it." Lya hugged her brother close and sighed against his furs. He looked like a king now. She wished she could see him win. But now she would be father from Jaime as she could be. And father from the Lannister's in general. "Win this war for me. For the Starks. And don't let them forget that the North Remembers."

Robb kisses his sister's forehead and smiled down at her. "When Maester Luwin delivers your child, have him send a raven immediately. And I expect you to name it after me." He teases.

"I hope the war is won by then." She leans her head against his, for once feeling a small joy. She was going home. Lya would see her baby brother's again. And she would rule Winterfell in Robb's stead despite not wanting that responsibility she felt some pride.
"I promise you. It will be." He kissed his sisters head again. "Go now. You need your rest. And I have a war to win." Robb smiles as his sister leaves the tent. He was going to be an uncle. Even if it was the Kingslayer's he didn't care. It was also his twin sister's child. And his niece or nephew.

A sound from outside her tent brought Lya out of her deep sleep. Daenys was already awake, standing at the breezing tent flap. A growl stuck in her throat as she looked out into the night. "Daenys." Lya said, tiredness still in her voice as she was not fully away. "What is it?" Lya sat up, pushing past the nausea that rang through her. Daenys suddenly growled viciously, slobber falling from her canines as she did so. Lya looked out into the night with great fear. Something was out there. She stood to investigate.

Suddenly a silent arrow came into the tent, piercing Daenys in the side. The wolf let out a yelp as she stumbled to the side. Lya started to let out a scream when hands found her mouth. Another arm wrapped around her middle. She kicked, reaching for knife that was always under her pillow. But she could not reach it.

Her attacker pulled her away, dragging her out of the tent as Daenys let out a growl. The wolf tried to run at them but another arrow pierced her side. Lya tried to scream, bite the man's hand that held her. But it was no use. He wore hard leather gloves and the sound only came out muffled. The camp was quiet. Practically empty. This wasn't an attack. They had a purpose.

He dragged her through the mud and she thanked herself for wearing riding clothes to bed now. Her attacker brought her to the edge of the camp where three horses stood. Calla was among them. By some luck they had chosen her horse to steal. A man with a crossbow, dressed in all black cane behind them and handed a gag to the other man. He tied it around Lya's mouth.

"Make a sound and I'll put an arrow in your stomach." The man with the crossbow said, point it at her stomach. His hand on the trigger. Lya cooperated as the other man put her on the horse. The man with the crossbow had killed her wolf. He would be the first one she murdered. The other man tied her hands to the saddle they put on Calla. Grabbing the reins and tying them to his own horse. Lya looked back at the encampment as they silently and slowly rode away.

She heard a mournful howl pierce into the night. Daenys. She wasn't dead. Lya wanted to scream. Tell them she was here. That they were taking her. But she made not a sound at risk of being shot. Men began to shout and the camp became alive again. But they were to far away. Her captors sped up their pace. Taking her farther and farther from home. And she knew where they were taking her.

South.
It didn't take long for them to get to their destination. They didn't feed Lya. Never gave her anything to drink. They barely even looked at her. Her gag never left her mouth as they traveled.

When they came upon the ruined castle, Lya immediately recognized it as Harrenhal. The mist that it held gave her enough hint. As they paraded her through the gates, she wondered if the people even knew who she was. But they cheered anyway. Excited to see the two men's return. She was pulled off the horse, feeling weak from never getting off of it. They pulled off the gag and she let out a long breath. "You're first." Lya says with a hoarse voice to the man who had the crossbow. He chuckles a little at this, pushing her foreword roughly.

"We have someone for you to meet little girl." The other man says, not sounding anything like Lya had imagined. But she ignores this, walking down the hall with her hands tied in front of her. They open a door at the end of the hall and push her in. She trips over her own feet, almost falling to the ground but managing to remain standing.

"What is this?" A cold voice says. She recognizes it immediately as Tywin Lannister. Her eyes lock to the ground, refusing to look at him. "I sent you to get my son. Not whoever this is."

"My lord." The man with the crossbow says. He grabs Lya's chin and forces her to look up. He pushes the hair from her face and Lya's eyes lock with the old lion's. "Jaime was gone. Replaced by two dead men. We believe he escaped. But we could not find him. Though we found the King in the North's sister."

"Lyanna Stark. That is Jaime's wife you imbeciles." Lord Tywin hisses. He takes her in and seems to get even angrier. "When is the last time she was fed? Given any water?"

"We never stopped rising my Lord. You said to be back as quick as possible." The one with the crossbow defends, but looks down at the lions glare.

"She is pregnant! With my son's child. And you have neglected her. You two will be responsible if the child is hurt." He sends them away with a flick of his wrist. Tywin steps closer to her, making Lya shy away. Afraid of what he would do. He takes a knife from the table and grabs her hands, slicing the rope on her hand. "Sit." He says as more of a command.

Lya does, sitting at the table. She shakes a little. Hungry and thirsty from the long journey. "Girl. Bring her water and something to eat now." Lya's eyes drift to the ones of the servant. Everything seems to stop.

Lya opens her mouth to say her sister's name but quickly stops. If Tywin knew who she was she would be in Kingslanding. Not here. "Hurry up now." Tywin says. Arya jumps to attention, rushing out of the room. "How far along are you?" His voice is ever so cold. She doesn't answer. "I understand you are not happy. But we are in war. No one is happy."

"Two months I believe." Lya responds after a long silence. Arya comes back in carrying food and a glass of water. She sets it in front of her sister, refusing to look at her. Lya wanted to pull her into a hug. Cry and weep to her sister. Never let her leave her side again. But not here. Not now.

"And I hope I can believe you that it is my son's?" Lya nods to this.

"I have been with no other man." Something passes over Tywin's face. For a moment Lya recognizes it as concern. But she blinks and it is gone and the old lion returns.
"How is he?" Tywin Lannister asks before noticing she did not touch the food. "You must be ravenous. Eat." Lya doesn't move. Maybe if she starved herself then the baby would die and they could kill her. She told herself she would not longer be in control of men like him. And here she was. "Eat. Now girl before I have a guard come in and feed it to you."

Lya picks up the fork and begins to eat. Knowing she has no other choice. "This girl will take you to a chamber and see that you are fed and bathed. Is that understood?" Tywin raises a white eyebrow. Waiting for the wolf's response.

"Yes." Lya responds simply. Tywin then turns to Arya.

"Make sure she finishes before taking her to the room next to my quarters. Have her bathed and dressed." Arya nods and keeps her head down as he walks towards the door. "I have business to attend to. I suggest you don't try anything. I can not save you from some of these men here girl."

He closes the door behind him. Lya doesn't move until his steps are far down the echoing halls. Once it is silent, Lya jumps to her feet. Almost knocking over the chair. Arya is on her in a second, collapsing into her arms. Tears prick at the young Starks eyes.

"Lya. Oh Lya how did you get here?" Arya says softly as to make sure no one hears, Lya pulls back and leans down so that she is level with the girl. She puts her hand to her hair then cheeks and then to her shoulders as if to see she is real.

"I could say the same for you. You're supposed to be in Kingslanding as one of the Queen's captives. How did you get out?" Lya asks as she brushes back Arya's hair lovingly. Gods she missed her. Her mind was plagued with thoughts of the young wolf alone in Kingslanding.

"When they came for father Sirio helped me escape. I was in fleabottom for a while before I heard about father's execution. When I arrived I tried to do something but a man stopped me on father's orders. He was taking me to the wall. To find Jon. But we were attacked by Lannister men and taken to Harrenhal. Tywin doesn't recognize me." Arya explains in short, taking in her sister. Both of the girls had changed. Harder faces. Older. Stronger. The whole Stark look. Solemn faces and all.

"You survived all that." Lya kisses her little sister's forehead. "I love you. Gods I missed you." Lya hugged her again, holding her tightly. She comes to a realization that leaves her heart in her knees. "They're going to send me to Kingslanding."

"You have to go north. Find Robb. If not that find Jon. Winterfell isn't safe now. Without one of us."

"But Bran and Rickon..."

"They will hold Winterfell. But they are children and you are a child." Lya pulls away from her and puts her hands on Arya's face. "Find Robb or Jon. Trust nobody else. Do you hear me?" Arya nods but begins to grow teary eyed.

"But I just found you. I don't want to leave you. I have to come with you."

"No Arya. You can't. I will not let the Lannisters have three Starks in their hands. You're a direwolf Arya. Full grown you're as big as a horse and mightier than any animal. Don't let the lions scare you. Get out. Now. As fast as you can." Lya stares at her little sister, kissing her head again. "I will see you again. I promise you. I've made promises I can't keep but this one I can. I will find you when all of this is over. I promise."

Arya collapses into her arms again, holding back the stream of tears that threaten to breach. "I love you. I love you Lya." She cries.
"I love you too Arya. But you must go." Lya kisses her head and pulls away, knowing she would never let go if she didn't do it first.

"I promise. I will find you." Arya says fiercely. She's a Stark. As quiet and strong as a wolf.

"I promise.
"I promise."

◇

Lya shifts uncomfortably in the dress. She had been used to the free ability to wear trousers and tunics. Now she was restricted to a dress that hugged her waist. It showed off the ever growing bump on her stomach. She sat across from Lord Tywin. Not saying a word.

"We will depart for Kingslanding in a month or so depending on things. You will return to your life there. And when my son is freed you along with your child will move to the Lannister seat. Jaime will rule there while I serve as hand of the king. Is that settled? Good."

"And my sisters. How are they? Will they be there?" Lya asks, knowing well that Arya was still at Harrenhal. She had attended her the past few nights. Lya looked constantly for a window of escape for her little sister.

"Yes
"Yes. They will both be there." He says nodding. "Now I have a meeting."

"I wish to stay." Tywin stares, she had not been blunt with him. Dancing over her words and questions gracefully.

"This is things that don't concern you." Tywin watched the girl curiously.

"My husband concerns me. The father of my child. I want to know the plan of how to get him back." Tywin smiles a little, knowing her lie.

"Even if they means killing your brother?" Lya smiles back at him. Her cheeks hurting from the feigned look.

"Family is family."

When the men arrive they all watch Lyanna Stark curiously. A wolf among the lions. She had gained a name for herself. Wedding Jaime had made her more noticeable than before. And now that she carried his child it was hard to miss her.

"King's Landing will fall an hour after Stannis lands his force. It's not too late for King Joffrey and Cersei and the court to ride west to safety." A man Lya heard the name to be called Kevan Lannister said. Lya wondered how this would affect Robb's plan. He didn't want the throne. This could mean victory.

"Surrender the Iron Throne?" Tywin scoffs at the other man. Lyanna didn't know the relationship between them but she assumed it wasn't a close one.

"Better than seeing their heads mounted on the city gates. Stannis will execute them all." He informs. Tywin shakes his head.

"No, a king who runs will not be king for long. He's a Lannister. He'll stand and fight. Stannis, two days from the capital and the wolf at my doorstep." Tywin holds his head in his hands. His eyes
went to Lya's growing belly as he thought of how his legacy would be shaped. He had told her that in the coming months it would take its shape. And here it was. At his feet. He just needed to do it right.

"The scouts assure us Robb Stark remains north of Ashemark." The other Lannister assured, causing a cold laugh to erupt come the old lion.

"The last time the scouts assured us of Stark's movement, he lured us into a trap. Which is why my son is his prisoner." Once again he turns to look at Lya as if it was her fault. It could very well be. Their mission was to save her. Jaime was a plus. Lya smiles at Arya as she serves the other soldiers wine, making sure to only give her water. The pregnancy was a shock to the young Stark but it still brought her hope for the future.

"Too close to Casterly Rock." Tywin mutters almost to himself.

"He sent a splinter force to recapture Winterfell. The Greyjoys have done us a great favor. Stark won't risk marching on Casterly Rock until he's at full force." Lya felt her heart tear. Theon. He betrayed Robb. Took Winterfell for his damned father. Of course he did. She never had trusted him. His pride never made up for the friendship he had with her brother. Theon Greyjoy, Lya thought to herself, he could be fourth.

"He's a boy and he's never lost a battle. He'll risk anything at any time because he doesn't know enough to be afraid." Tywin ponders for a while by the hearth. He makes his decision. "We'll ride at nightfall. I want a full night's march before he knows we're on the move. Clegane, you'll maintain a garrison here at Harrenhal. Track down this brotherhood and destroy them. The girl has proven herself a good servant. She'll stay on with you. See that he doesn't get drunk in the evenings. He's poor company when he's sober, but he's better at his work." Tywin speaks to Arya who nods along with his proposal. "Lady Stark will join us."

The other men turn to the girl, looking at her curiously. "It's a risk to being a pregnant woman into a fight..." Kevan Lannister starts only to be cut off by Tywin.

"And it is even more of a risk to leave her here with these bumbling idiots who would sell her to the Starks for the right price. Or they'd kill her themselves. Half of these men haven't seen a woman for half a year. I will not risk my son's wife and child here in this damned place." Lya doesn't acknowledge the fact, thinking of where he would be taking her instead. She wondered if he was cruel enough to kill Robb in front of her. She prayed to all the gods.

Save her that cruelty.
as dust gathers

Lyanna Stark heard of the battle that was the Blackwater. But she didn't even arrive till it was over.

Lya had watched Kingslanding come closer and closer from atop her horse, Calla. The beautiful beast was all she had left it seemed. With Daenys in Robb's hands and Arya safely escaping Harrenhal. She hoped that even if they had lied about Arya, Sansa was still there.

When she did arrive into the Red Keep. She was only met with the stench of a horrible sewage system. It seemed the Targaryens had more of a concern for pretty castles than how they smelled. Or maybe it was just the shit that replaced the Targaryens that stunk.

She laid her head against the horses and kissed her snout. "Thank you Calla." Lya said softly. She doubted she would ever ride again after this. The horse would become someone else's. Lya reluctantly handed Calla's reigns off to a stable hand and looked up at her cage. It wasn't new. But everything seemed different. The Red Keep seemed a little darker. Now that Tywin was hand she was officially the prisoner of the crown. Back to her glorified dungeon.

"Lady Stark." A small woman said from in front of her. Lya barely recognized her as she stood there, eyes to the ground.

"Addy." Lya muttered. The familiar eyes met hers. Lyanna rushed to her, hugging her against her tightly. "I thought they killed you along with all of the Stark men. I had heard they killed Sansa's friend Jeyne Poole too."

"I have no idea what happened to Jeyne. But I was already a maid for the Red Keep. They couldn't hurt me." The brunette spoke quietly, looking around for listening ears. "It's been so long. I've heard stories. You must tell me more."

"Of course." Lya said and kissed her friends cheek. With everything happening she felt bad to say that Addy has been the last thing on her mind. When news spread of the Stark's slaughter, Lya mourned for all of them including Addy. It was a shock and a delight. "And what of Sansa?"

Addy felt a small frown pull at her lips
Addy felt a small frown pull at her lips. She had waited night and day for Lyanna's return. She didn't know what it was like to have a sister. An orphan at the age of 3. Lya was her family along with the Starks killed in the Red Keep. But she was Lya's loyal servant. And if that meant sacrificing her reunion with her best friend then so be it.

"She's here. She's alive and well. I mean as well as can be under the circumstances." Addy said, looking over Lya for a moment. "You're pregnant." She says as a statement more than a question. Lya nods solemnly.

"Yes. That's a story for later. Please. Take me to my sister." Addy nods, letting go of her hand and leading her towards the Red Keep. No one stops the pair as the gates shut and they continue in. Lya looks back regretfully. That was her prison doors being locked. She pushed away the thought. She would see Sansa soon. Her baby Sansa. A lone wolf is never good. Lya just hoped she could pick up the pieces that they had made Sansa into.

When she arrived in the room where Sansa was being kept, she wondered how far it was from the old Stark apartments. Lya had not memorized the layout of the Red Keep. She knew little of how to get to place to place. "She's in here m'lady." Addy said and nodded. "I have another lady I am
attending while on your service. She probably needs me by now. Is it alright if I leave?” Lya nods, kissing her friend's cheek and smiling softly.

"I'll find you later alright?” Addy nodded and went down the hall. Lyanna stared at the door, thinking of how she left things off with Sansa. Before she could decide how to go about it, the door was opened before her. A foreign looking woman, Lys or something in the east, stands before her with a glare.

"And who are you?” She asks with a heavy accent.

"I am..." before Lya can finish her sentence, a small voice comes from the room.

"Lya?” Sansa stood from the bed, holding her hands in front of herself. Lya thought she looked tragically beautiful. Red hair in the southern styles their mother would have frowned at. Eyes rimmed with red as bright as her hair. Her Tully eyes just as bright and beautiful as ever. But something behind them told a different story. She had a cut on her lip and cheek that told Lya she had busted it in some way. And she would find out personally.

"Sansa.
"Sansa.” Lya pushes past the foreign maid who curtsies sloppily and leaves the room for their privacy. Sansa and Lya stand in front of each other, taking in the changes they both went through. "You've grown.” Lya stutters our, tears pulling at her eyes. "You're my height now. Mother would be shocked. She always knew you were going to be tall. I mean you're almost taller than Jon and you're only a girl and..."

Sansa cuts off her rambling but wrapping her sister in a tight hug. They stand like that for a moment, holding so hard that Lya thought she would break. "I'm so sorry." Sansa chokes down a sob. Lya pulls back, giving her a confused look.

"Why are you sorry my dear? There is nothing to be sorry for.” Lya promises her, wiping away the tears under her eyes.

"I didn't protect Arya. I betrayed our family. I'm here being raised by lions and doing nothing.” Sansa cries out, shaking her head when Lya tries to soothe her.

"Hush now. You had no control over any of that. Listen to me. Your only duty right now is to survive. So that Robb can win this war and we can go home. That is your charge so you understand.” Sansa nods slowly, letting the tears and sobs die down. Lya brushes back her long red locks. A babe with red hair and blue eyes. Sansa was the child Catelyn never got to have with Lya. The thought stung a little. She wondered if Sansa could keep the secret. But she decided to tell her a different one.

Lya took her sister's hand in her own, not knowing how else to tell her, and places it on her stomach. Sansa's eyes widen. "You're pregnant!” She announces, a genuine happiness on her face. "Oh I'm going to be an Aunt!” Lya giggles at this, putting her hand over Sansa's.

"Yes. You are.” Lya assures and pulls Sansa into another long hug.

"Tell me. When are you due?” Sansa pulls her sister to a table by the balcony, sitting her down and watching her expectantly.

"6 or 7 moons from now.” Lya informs, smiling a little at the thought. Maybe this child could give her solace. The light she needed to get out of the darkness she was in.

"This is so exciting! Oh I've missed having a friend here. Shae is kind and even Addy has tried to
help me but now that you're here." Sansa places a hand atop of Lyanna's. "I'm not alone anymore." Lya puts her other hand over top of their hands. Holding tightly onto Sansa's hand.

"You will never be alone like that again Sansa. Not while I'm around." Lya swears, smiling at her not so little sister. "I can't believe you're going to be taller than me. How far is that?"

"Well Mother always told us to eat our greens and we'd grow like weeds. I don't think you are enough." Sansa teases arousing a giggle from Lya. Sansa's smile dies though as she thinks about her family. "How are they? Mother and Robb."

"They're trying their hardest to get you back right now." Lya says and pats her sister's hand softly. A knock on the door pulls them from their moment. They untangle their hands and Sansa moves to the door to open it. Littlefinger stands at the door, a smirk on his face. Lyanna scowls. Men like him had no place near her sister.

"I came to escort you to the Gardens Sansa but I see you have company." Petyr says, glancing back at Lya.

"No go ahead. I was leaving anyway." Lya says when she notices Sansa's unhappiness at his words. She obviously planned this and somehow Lya had gotten in the way. Lya stands and walks towards the door. She stands in front of Baelish. Not moving. He stares for a moment before stepping aside and nodding to her. At this she turns the corner with long strides.

It takes a while for her to find what she was looking for. But as she nears the old Stark apartments, tears threaten to spill. She opens the door and enters the main room. The dining table looked array as if someone had dinner and did not clean it up. But a thick layer of dust lay upon the dishes. She walks through the dusty room. The sun peaking through the open windows. The air smelled of rotting. She looked around and noticed a blood stain in the hall to the girl's rooms. Septa Mordane Lya guessed. The woman she did not like was dead. But it sent a pang into her heart.

She first opened Arya's door. Looking in at the clothes strewn about. She was always messy. Then she went to Sansa's. The room was tidy, probably cleaner than Sansa had found it. Finally she found her old bedroom. The white curtains still sifted in the wind. But the room was much colder than she had remembered. Unlived in for moons. Lya put a hand on the pale blue coverlet, dust coming up on her fingers.

She looks at the indent on the covers where Daenys always laid. This was what made the tears finally come. Lya knelt to the ground, sitting in the center of the floor. She let the tears run, thinking of her father and Robb and her mother and Daenys. Of Jon, her real twin. Of every Stark man that was killed trying to protect her father. Lya laid her head in her hands and shook her head.

This would be the only time she could let herself break. Her hands found her stomach in a soft touch. She had a purpose now. Lya sword to herself. She needed to save her family. The child included. "Your stuck with me now." Lya muttered to the unborn baby. "Sorry about your luck." She let out a small laugh, looking down at the bump.

In the corner of her vision she saw something white, flapping from underneath the bed. Lya slowly turned her head to look. She tilted her head to try and see farther under the bed. Lya crawled closer, pushing herself under the bed carefully as to not hurt her stomach. She laid on her back, looking up at the underside of the mattress. She grabbed the white sheet and pulled.

A hard object came with it and she just barely caught it. She pushed herself out from under the bed and began to unwrap the sheet. The memories came flooding back to her immediately. She let out a small laugh and held the dragon egg up into the sun. She laid her head against it and brought her
knees to her chest.

"Still warm." She murmured. "Still warm."
Lya puts a hand on her belly, wondering at its largeness. It had been 6 moons since she arrived in Kingslanding. Since then she had been trapped in her room. The first time she passed out in the throne room was enough for Tywin Lannister to lock her away. It was a one time event. Probably from the lack of food or such. But the old lion couldn't put his legacy at risk.

She was rarely visited by anyone but Maester Pycelle and occasionally Sansa to fill her in on the events. It was a lonely life. Repetitive and quiet. Sansa had told her of Margaery. How she really felt like she was making a friend. The fact that she was supposed to marry Loras. That had been a trip when Sansa came to the pregnant Stark crying and hurting at the fact she was going to marry the Imp.

Lya thought it ironic. Two Starks marry Two Lannisters. But Lya assumed it was just Tywins way of assuring his hold of the North. If Jaime never returned at least they had another Lannister to impregnate a Stark. It made Lya hate the little man despite the fact he had once been kind to her.

Lya felt as though she was going insane

Lya felt as though she was going insane. Day after day it was the same thing. Wake up. Eat breakfast brought by Addy. Wait for Pycelle to touch her stomach and then hobble off. Read Targaryen histories. Eat lunch. Wait for Pycelle. Read. Eat. Wait. Sleep. And then all over again the next day.

The only difference was the kicks she sometimes feel coming from her belly. Alive and kicking. Lya smiled a little at the thought. "Are you a little Lord or a little Lady?" Lya spoke out loud to herself, smiling at her belly. A knock brought her from her moment. She tied the loose dress again and announced that they could come in. She immediately regrets this decision when she sees Cersei Lannister.

"A new visitor." Lya said, her confidence once again returning as she carefully sat up.

"Don't strain yourself girl I'm not going to kill you. My father made sure of that." The woman came to her, the red dress flowing around her legs as she walked. Lya tried to shy away from her touch but the woman was too fast. She placed a hand on Lyanna's stomach, making the Stark grimace.

"Why are you here." Lya hisses at the older woman. Cersei smiles a little at the power she held over her. This girl, once the one to steal Jaime away from her, was nothing but her prisoner.

"I came to offer a piece of advise." Cersei starts but Lya cuts her off.

"I don't want your advice, Your Grace." She spits. But Cersei ignores her, carrying on with what she wanted to say.

"When the babe is born, you should leave. I can offer you a ship to Essos. Some money to start a life there. Far away. It would be much better for the legacy of your family and the life of the child." Lya lets out a cold laugh.

"You're afraid of me." Cersei sneers at this.

"And why would I be afraid of a little girl?"

"Because I am pregnant with your lover's child. Or shall I say ex lover. You're afraid this child will make him love me even more that he already did. You're afraid I'll steal not only your father's pride from you but your brother's love." Lya glares at the Queen mother. Cersei Lannister doesn't wait
another second, slapping the Stark girl across the face. Lya holds the reddening cheek and lets out another laugh. "How does it feel to be afraid lioness?"

Cersei stands, stalking to the door. She turns to look at the girl. "You'll leave a moon after its birth."

"I'll leave when I move to your family's seat with Jaime by my side." Lya says, smiling softly at Cersei. "Have a good day my Queen." Lya shouts as the door closes.

Lyanna carefully pulls herself to her feet, moving to the door and locking it. If that Lannister woman had any more reason to want to kill her it would be now. Lya moves to her linen closet where she was hiding the dragon egg. She takes it back to the bed and sits down with a huff. Lya holds the warmth of the egg against her as she closes her eyes.


♤

Lya awakens with a wetness between her legs and a pain in her stomach. She lets out a groan, rolling over as she feels the contractions. "Not now." She says lazily to the unborn child.

Her eyes flutter open when she feels another pang in her stomach. "Oh gods." She mutters. No. It was too early. Lya gripped the post of the bed and held her stomach tightly. She was not to term. This couldn't be. She had time. Time to prepare.

"Help! Somebody help!" Lya pleads. She turned over to see the lock on the door turned. No. How dumb was she. She locked the damned door. Tears pierced at her eyes and she pushed her face against the pillow from the pain.

Lya sat up, instinct taking over

Lya sat up, instinct taking over. She ripped the skirt of the gown quickly so that she could hold her legs up. "Just a little longer." Lya muttered to the child, putting her hand to her stomach. The child responded with a kick, pushing at her womb to escape. A Stark, of course, never patient.

By the time her screams brought attention to anyone in the halls, it was too late. They banged at the door but the lock held tight. Lya let out a cry so loud she was convinced even Jon from the wall could hear it.

They say that you don't remember the pain of birth. That it all goes by too quick. But that wasn't the case for Lya. She remembered it all too well. They say it is worth it in the end. But that was also not the case. She closed her eyes, wishing it all to be over. Giving up. The pain began to numb as she did so, letting go of it all.

"Fire! There's a fire!" She heard a voice yell from outside the door, bringing her out of her trance. She smelt it before she could see it. Lya pushed. Pushed harder than she ever had. Another scream joined hers and a sudden weight was brought from her. She reached down weakly and picked up the bloody babe. The fire began to beat at the door like a man. Slamming against it with a heat of a thousand soldiers. Lya let the tears fall from her face as she held the babe against her chest.

Lya started to stand, desperate to save the child. To get out of this alive. But fire entrapped them from all ends. She fell back onto the bed, holding the sunrise egg against her chest along with the newborn babe that hadn't even had its umbilical cord cut. A boy. It was a boy.
"Eddard." Lya whispered as the flames crackled around them. The babe's cries quieted, leaning against his mother as the flames incircled the bed. "Eddard Lannister. Gods the irony."

For a moment Lya wondered if this was all a dream. But the heat around her told otherwise. She wondered who had set the fire. Her first guess was Cersei. The area Lya was being held in was solitary comparative to the rest of the Keep. Easily fixed in the grand scheme of things.

Maybe that had been their plan all along. To burn her alive. She doubted they planned for the baby to be born now. Lya herself had barely planned. She could feel the boy's heart rate slowing by the second. The fumes trapping them both.

Lya looked at the child, brushing back his bloody dark hair. She would never know his eye color for as they closed, they closed forever. Lya let a sob choke from her throat. Her baby. Her hope. Her only hope.

Lya stood slowly, walking towards the flames that kicked at the heels. If only the gods had killed her first so that she didn't have to watch the babe die. Eddard Lannister. Her baby. Dead in her arms. Lya sank to her knees, allowing the fire to take her like an executioner. She closed her eyes. Allowing the warmth to entrap her.
Loyalty

Lyanna held her legs to her bare chest, opening her eyes to her surroundings. Soot covered her naked body. But that wasn't the first thing she noticed. As she uncurled from herself she looked around at the room. Or at least what was once a room. The furniture sat in ruin, half burnt and soot covered everything. Fire still burned in certain areas.

A small croak brought her from her trance. She looked to her left and found claws on her shoulder. Lya felt as something nuzzled against her head, its scaly body rubbing against her shoulders. Lya used her right hand to beckon the creature foreword. It jumped onto her forearm, flapping small wings.

Lya let out a gasp as she came face to face with the creature. The dragon. She put out a hand, brushing the side of its face. The creature nuzzled against her hand, leaning into the touch with a small sound. Lya suddenly smiled brightly.

She wondered for a moment if she had gone mad. The dragon had midnight blue and sunset colored scales, and pink-orange colored wings. As Lya stared at the creature, she remembered what had happened. If she had survived the fire maybe the baby had too.

But when she looked around she only found a pile of dust and small bone. Lya felt the tears pierce her eyes once again. She bent down and put a shaky hand on the pile. As the tears fell, the dragon moved to her shoulder and licked at the falling tears. Lya looked up towards the burnt door. "We'll kill them all." She muttered to the dragon who let out a screech as if to agree to her.

But as she looked at the dragon she knew he would not stand a chance. "Not yet." Lya said and stood up from the ground. The blood between her legs had burned away and the bump on her stomach gone. She put a hand on the ghost of her belly, refusing to let out more tears. "Soon." Lya promised. "For the Starks."

She heard footsteps walk quickly down the hall. One person she decided. Lya looked around for a weapon. She could kill one person. But as the bald man came around the corner she did not know what to do. The small dragon let out a hiss. The man's eyes widened and he dropped to the ground in what could he recognized as a bow. "Lady Lannister." He stuttered out. Lya stood a little taller. "I am no longer Lady Lannister." She sneers as she takes a step closer to the man. "What is your name."

"Varys."

"The master of whispers. The untrustworthy. Now tell me spider." Lya bent down to look at the man. "How fast can you get me across the narrow sea." He looks up and a small smile appears on his face.

"As soon as you are ready, my lady."

Lya wrapped the cloak closer around her body. The soot was gone, replaced by the smell of pine and lilac. Varys had snuck her and the dragon out of the Red Keep and into the kingswood by the harbor. He told her he got her a ship as soon as he could. A small one with a quiet and trustworthy crew. Lya had laughed at this. She could trust no one now.
"Have you named the dragon?" Varys asked as they carefully trekked through the woods. Lya thought for a moment, thinking of the histories she had read.

"Sunfyre." Lya said to the dragon. The creature jumped up, flapping its wings excitedly. Well. She had one she could trust.

"Be careful, my lady. Even where we are going your dragon is not safe." Varys assured her. She could smell the sea now.

"I won't lose another thing I love Lord Varys." Lya said and put Sunfyre on her shoulder. She smiled softly as the creature puffed out a cloud of smoke and hissed softly when it did not create fire.

A growl from the dark forest behind them made both of them stop suddenly. Varys put a hand on Lya which caused the growl to grow louder. Suddenly a shadow jumped from behind a tree, snarling and seething. "Daenys!" Lya calls out.

The wolf stops just before sinking her teeth into Varys, looking up at Lya with wide golden eyes. Daenys begins to whimper, nuzzling against Lya's legs. She bends down, taking the wolf's gigantic head in her hands. She was as big as Calla. Lya had no doubt she was the biggest wolf south of the wall. Varys scoffed at their calm interaction as the wolf rolled over turning to a puppy in a second. Lya rubbed her belly, noticing the dry blood on her body where she was shot.

"I take it you two know each other."

"She must have followed me this whole time. Direwolves. Loyal beasts." Lya says mostly to herself as she lets Sunfyre crawl down her arm. Daenys sits up, putting her nose close to the dragon. The pair touch noses, making Sunfyre jump back at the wetness in Daenys' nose. "You remember her don't you Daenys. The egg we found in the crypts." Daenys barks excitedly, running a circle around the three of them.

"My lady. The boat." Varys mutters. Lya giggles a little.

"Come on Daenys. I'll feel much safer with you there." Lya puts her hand on top of the direwolf's pelt and walks after Varys who watches the three of them cautiously. A Stark girl with a dragon and a direwolf. A miracle. As they neared the small boat, Lya looked at the small crew. She recognized one face immediately.

"You put me on a ship with a Lannister. Are you trying to trick me?" She hisses. At her anger, Daenys let's out a growl and Sunfyre hisses.

"My lady." Ary Lannister bends his knee, looking up at Lyanna. "After what I saw happen to you I deserted the Lannister's army. I want to serve you." Lya thinks about this for a moment.

"If you betray me..."

"I'll make your wolf tear my throat out myself." He promises with a small smile. Lya nods, looking at the rest of the men.

"By Lanna." A familiar voice says. Lya turns to the small woman on the end.

"Addy!" Lya shouts and grabs her friend, pulling her into a tight hug.

"Oh Lya I heard about the fire and I thought you were dead. Varys found me though. Told me he had a proposition. I'm going with you." Addy swears, putting a hand to Lya's face.
"Addy you could die. This is dangerous." Addy lets out a small laugh and shakes her head. As if she didn't know it would be dangerous. Leaving the Red Keep was risky enough but going with a presumed dead Stark.

"I will serve you when my hair grows grey and my skin glows pale, my friend. I'll follow you anywhere." Lya smiles at the loyalty of her friend. Another person she could trust. She just had to deal with the rest of them.

"The same warning goes to the rest of you. When we arrive in Essos you are welcome to leave. But if you stay I expect your loyalty." Lya looks around at the three men who stood with their heads down. She doubted she would see much of them after this. Sunfyre crawls onto her shoulder from the spot hanging off her back and jumps onto Daenys back. Ary puts his arm out to help Lya into the small boat but she just grabs the side and pulls herself up into it. When they are all on the boat, Daenys shifts uncomfortably. The size of the boat had not taken in the fact that a wolf the size of a horse would be on it as well as a newborn dragon. Lya sat down, looking out at the moonlit sea.

"I pray for your safe travels, Lady Stark." Varys says and bows to Lya. She nods down at him.

"I'll return Lord Varys. Be ready for that day." A small smile comes to the older man's face as he nods. The rest of the crew gets on the boat and pull up the anchor. She watches the shore grow farther and farther away with a small sense of sadness.

Westeros was her home. She had never been off of the country. And here she was. Going willingly across the narrow sea. When the boat was steady and the men didn't need to rush around, they took a seat by the helm. They talked to each other in hushed voices, laughing loudly every now and then.

Lya stood, barely noticing the quiet Addy beside her.

"Lets make friends." Lyanna teases, bringing a smile to her friends face. They walk a not so far distance to the helm. Daenys curls up at the edge of the boat and lets out a tired huff. Sunfyre squawks and jumps up, gliding with the air around them towards Lya. The dragon lands shakily onto her shoulder. This causes a smile from her. Shocked the dragon could fly, or in this case glide, already.

Lya sits down next to the three men who quiet down instantly. They all stared at the two woman for a moment in silence. All of them seemed to be older than Lya but none more older than 6 name days. "My name is Lyanna Stark. I assume that you knew that already. This is my friend Addy of Winterfell. What are your names?"

"Winterfell?" The hard looking man said, looking up to the blushing Addy. Scars covered his face, his jaw wide along with dark features. "I've been once. A pretty town. My family has served the Starks for years. I visited there with my mother years and years ago."

"Aye. My family traveled to Winterfell all the time. Never been myself though." The red haired man says, shrugging as he swishes around the ale in his cup. "My name is Royan Rivers. Some Tully's bastard. I was born on a damned boat and I've lived my life on this one." He says, tapping the helm of the ship. "And I swear I'll die on it." This brings some laughter to the other men who had been quiet.

"My names Maeor." The hard looking man says with a nod.

"Oh come on now prince Maeor tell the girl your full name." Ary says and pats the man on the back. Maeor grimaces and sends a threatening glare to the Lannister.
"Mormont." Lya smiles a little at the fact she had another northern person on the boat. It made her feel a little more at home. "I was the heir to Bear Island but I was only a child so I ran away. Then my mother became lady. Long story short here I am. A smuggler."

"A loyal servant." Royan corrects the man teasingly and puts a hand on his shoulder.

"Lyanna." Maeor says, ignoring his teasing friend. "Why do you want to go to Essos?"

"Because I have many enemies here." Sunfyre crawls down her shoulder and sits onto her lap. The men all stare at the baby dragon. Ary even puts out a to try and touch the creature which is responded by with a snap of her jaws. "And once Sunfyre is grown where it is safe, I will return for blood." This is responded with by a long silence.

"Well Lady Stark." Maeor finally says. "If I can do one thing for my mother to not be totally disappointed in me, it is this." The bear takes out his sword which causes Daenys to jump to her feet with a threatening glare. The man slowly sets the sword down in front of Lya. "I'll serve you." Ary takes out his sword as well, setting it at Lya's feet. She scratches Sunfyre's head nervously at this. She didn't know how to react.

"No." She finally says. "Let me prove myself before you pledge your loyalty. And if I'm ever wrong I want you guys to tell me." Lya stands. "I'm for the people. And you are people. Not swords to give to anyone."

"Well. That's proof enough for me." Royan takes out his sword as well, placing it at Lya's feet despite her arguing. "Let us serve you."

"I let you almost die once. I won't let it happen again." Ary Lannister says with a nod. A small smile graced Lyanna's face.

Maybe Essos wouldn't be so horrible after all.
Lya smiles proudly as Sunfyre flies out into the sky, circling the small ship. She had grown quickly. It was a surprise to even Daenys who once carried the creature on her back without question but now huffed angrily when the dragon wanted to land on the direwolf's back.

"We are almost to where Varys said our destination should be." Ary said as he came up next to Lya at the helm of the ship. She nodded, her eyes never leaving the dragon that flew around them. Sunfyre landed softly beside Lya, her claws digging into the side of the ship so that she could lean into her mother. Lya caressed the creatures head softly. "They call it slaver's bay. He told me this would be the next stop for the dragon queen."

"Tell me Ary. Who is the dragon queen again?" Lya questions as Sunfyre hops down into the ship and begins to pester the giant direwolf.

"They say she is the last Targaryen. The unburnt. Rumor says she hatched three dragons. I wouldn't believe it if u had not seen a dragon with my own eyes." Ary nodded to the winged creature. Royan came over to them, a small smile on his face.

"Those pirates fucked up the side of my ship but it seems more damage is done inside." He motions to the skittering talons of Sunfyre that nick the floor as she glides away from Daenys who nips playfully.

"I'm sure this dragon queen will get your ship fixed Royan. But for now." Lya calls Sunfyre towards her without a word. This was something she was working on with the creature. The bond they shared made the dragon sense changes in her mother that even Daenys could not pick up on. When she needed Sunfyre, the creature came.

"I'll keep her out of trouble." Lya spoke as the dragon sat on her shoulder uncomfortably as with her doubling in size it became hard for her to stay balanced on Lya's shoulder. "Eat." Lya whispered in the little Valyrian tongue she knew to the dragon. Reading had taught her few words but not enough to understand the language.

Sunfyre pounced from her shoulder, diving into the water and coming back up with a fish in her mouth. She drops it in front of Daenys bites into it, ending it's flopping. Sunfyre then hisses out a small flame and the pair ate the fish. "There it is. The great city of Yunkai." Maeor's voice can be heard from behind as he speaks to Addy. The young girl smiles up at him, listening as he explains some of the history of the city. Lya smirks back at them before setting her sites on the camp that she could see in the distance.

"There." Lya said. "I think we have found the dragon queen."

Lya looks around at the soldiers that stand on both their sides as they walk. Sunfyre shifts under her cloak, begging to be let free. It was clear she held something as the dragon became too big to hide in her cloak. Daenys walked behind her, panting in the heat. But she still stood alert as they walked.

"The unsullied." Royan informed. "I've never seen so many. They're soldiers from Astapor. Trained vigorously. They are all eunuchs. Cut when they are babies and slaves all their lives."

"They don't look like slaves to me anymore." Lya murmured as they continued the long walk. Their eyes never moved.
"I heard about the sack of Astapor. It put quite the stall on my trade." Maeor joked and smiled down at Addy. They neared the tent that the soldiers led up to. The smile on Maeor's face suddenly disappeared and he stopped in his tracks. "No." He muttered. Lya looked back at her companion with a curious glance.

"What is it?" Lyanna asked.

"Nothing. I'm seeing things." Lya reluctantly continued their trek. Deciding she would seek an answer later. That was if she survived the dragon queen. As they approached the tent, Maeor's unnerves became more prevalent. He kept his head down, refusing to let anyone see his face.

"You are in the presence of Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains, and Mother of Dragons." A woman with a strong accent says from beside the dragon queen.

Lya looks up at the Queen. She has light skin and long, pale silver-gold hair. Slender of frame. Lyanna compared her to Queen Naerys Targaryen from the depictions of the woman in history books, though Daenerys seemed taller. Even Lya could admit the woman was fair and beautiful. She wore a white dress, her dark eyebrow raised curiously at the other woman. A dragon, twice the size of Sunfrye, dropped down. Coming to sit next to Daenerys. The woman pets her creature as she waits for Lya to introduce herself.

"This is Lyanna of house Stark "This is Lyanna of house Stark." Ary says awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck. "Of Winterfell."

"Stark." A man from the right of the woman said. He was aged with white hair and some coloring still mixed in. He wore armor and held the hilt of his sword. The man looked strong despite his age. "You're very far from home."

"Aye." Lya spoke, holding her cloak tightly despite the burning heat. "I come for a reason."

"And is that reason to pledge your loyalty to the true queen of Westeros?" Daenerys questioned, smirking at Lya. The Stark chuckled and shook her head.

"I mean no offense. But I am not here for you. I'm here for safety. My father was murdered by the false king Joffrey. And now my brother fights a war against him. I was married to a Lannister along with my sister so that they could control the North. I became with child from the man that sought to kill my whole family. And when I gave birth to the child they set my room ablaze." Lya begins to open her cloak and the men beside the dragon queen grab their swords defensively. At this Daenys comes to her side, growling at the two who prepare to defend their queen.

"Stop this." Daenerys speaks, raising a hand. "Call off your beast and I'll call off my men. I am intrigued. Please do continue." Addy puts a hand on Daenerys pelt and the direwolf slinks back cautiously. The three marvelous dragons surrounding the queen all stare with tilted heads as Lya drops the cloak.

Gasps erupt from the tent as the sunrise dragon clinging to Lya's chest crawls up to her shoulder and hisses at the Targaryen girl. Sunfrye is met with a screech from the largest dragon among the trio. His red wings rising out in defense. Daenerys puts a hand on her dragon and he calms down, leaning into the touch. "How did you get a dragon?" She says astounded.

"I found an egg deep in the crypts of Winterfell and brought it to Kingslanding. When my baby was killed by the fire, I awoke unburnt with a dragon replacing the ashes my son became." Lya says
quietly. Her female companion had noticed the lack of speaking on the dead babe. Eddard. It was hard for Addy to even get it out of Lya the gender let alone the name. For the child did not survive long and it seemed to leave an impact on Lyanna which was understandable. They murdered him and tried to murder Lya. If only they knew how much it made her more powerful.

"Only death can pay for life." The dragon queen muttered. She stood up, taking a few strides towards Lya. All the men around her held their swords tightly, prepared to fight and die for the Stark. "Your family has reason to hate mine. But let us end that now. Join me. And when I take back the seven kingdoms, I will give your family their home back along with safety."

Lya took in the thought. If she came back to Westeros with an army surely she could save Robb from this war that guaranteed the Starks demise. Even if she was not her mother's child she was a Stark. That northern blood ran through her veins. And she would not let her family be crushed by the lions. Even if it meant bending the knee to a Queen across the sea. So, she put away her pride. "How soon can we leave, My Queen."

"My dragons are small. Along with yours. Time is not on our side. But when they are grown, I swear to you we will take back the seven kingdoms. With fire and blood." Daenerys smirked at the woman as they stood face to face. The Targaryen was significantly shorter than Lyanna but still she stood tall and confident. Something the Stark shared. An unwavering confidence.

"Yes. Fire and Blood." Lya agreed. She felt that she might get along with this woman eventually. "These are my loyal companions. Ary Lannister. Royan Rivers. Addy of Winterfell and..."

"Maeor Mormont." Another voice said. Lya looked to older man with a confused look.

"And how do you know his name?" Lya questioned, making the queen turn to her advisor with the same raised brow.

"Because he is my cousin. My name is Jorah Mormont." He stepped forward and Maeor looked up reluctantly at the older man. "You were only a child the last time I saw you."

"And you were a slaver last I checked." Maeor shot back, his dark eyes growing cold despite the heat that surrounded them. "I remember my uncle's pain the day you were exiled. His son and heir."

"Aye. And I've heard the tales of my aunts pain when you ran away from her like a brat child. Her son and heir." A sudden smile pulls at Maeor's grim face.

"But here we stand." His words bring a smile to Jorah's face as well.

"Here we stand." The two walk towards each other and Jorah pulls his cousin into a tight hug. "Come now. We have much to catch up on." Jorah keeps his arm around the younger Mormont as they start to walk. Maeor looks back at Lya. She nods approval and his eyes move to Addy's.

"Go on." Lya said, elbowing her friend. Addy smiled and went after the pair. The dragon queen watches the three go before moving her eyes to Ary.

"Lannister?" She questions. "You trust this man in your group?" Daenerys asks Lya who nods.

"He was kind to me in my imprisonment and when he saw the injustice done to me he deserted his family and came to serve me. He was kind to me in my imprisonment and when he saw the injustice done to me he deserted his family and came to serve me. I trust him with my life."

Daenerys nods approvingly before looking to the dragon on Lyanna's shoulder. She smiles softly before walking back to her place. She points at the black dragon with red wings.
"His name is Drogon after my late husband." She points to the one with green and bronze scales next. "Rhaegal after my eldest brother." The next one is a cream and gold dragon that seems the meekest of the three. "Viserion after my other brother. What is yours named?"

"Sunfyre after Aegon II's dragon. And this," Lya beckons the direwolf foreword. "This is Daenys after Daenys the dreamer." Daenerys smiles and takes a seat, patting the empty spoke next to her. Lyanna sits down, looking over at the dragon queen.

"You enjoy your Targaryen histories." Daenerys said with a little bit of pride etched into her voice. "I think we will get along nicely."
"You were taught to fight as a child?" Daenerys asked as Missandei began to unbraid her hair. Lya sat a little to the left of her, nodding at the question. She stirred nervously though as her few were somewhere out there. She hadn't decided if she could fully trust the Targaryen's people. If her men out there were killed she would stand no chance with Sunfyre being so small and Daenys being with her people. "I've heard stories about the honorable Ned Stark. I am sorry to hear of his death, my lady."

"Yes. He was an honorable man." Lya murmured and let Sunfyre tug at her hair lightly with her mouth. Daenerys watches the pair with a small smile and waves Missandei away who bows lowly before scurrying out of the tent. Lyanna made a mental note to speak to the girl as she seemed very interesting.

"Tell me Lyanna Stark. Why are you really here?" Daenerys stand up, brushing out her long silver hair with her fingertips. Lya blushes slightly as the woman begins to take off the silk robe.

"I need somewhere to let my dragon grow before I go and help my brother win the war against the Lannisters. Then I need to avenge a few people." Lya says as the Targaryen lets the robe drop, standing still for a moment. The Stark locks eyes with her, refusing to look anywhere else.

"I think our interests will align quite nicely." Daenerys Targaryen says as she stepped into the bath. "How well do you fight?"

"Quite well I say for myself." Lya scoffs, the tension leaving her as the woman slipped under the water. "I'm trained in archery and swordsmanship."

"You will be a good asset to my army." The dragon queen mutters. Lya glares slightly and stands up.

"Excuse me, Your Grace. But I am not a soldier. I'm not going to risk my friends lives for someone who I don't know if we should be fighting for." Lya bows to the Queen before turning around.

"Stop." Daenerys commands. Lya plants her feet, refusing to turn around. Sunfyre nuzzles her head, sensing the tense feeling within the room. "What must I do to earn your loyalty?"

"Show me you are just and right to rule. Not just another person with a royal title who expects to get the iron throne." Lya says, looking back at the woman. "Show me you can break the wheel."

Daenys whimpers as Lya touches the old wound on her stomach. "Come on girl. I need to make sure you're alright." Lyanna whispers to the giant wolf and kisses her muzzle. Daenys lays down with a huff patiently. Lya picks up the alcohol from beside them. "This will hurt." She said as she carefully poured it over to disinfect the wound. The wolf grumbles but does not move.

"It's a wonder she survived." A light voice says as they walk into the tent. Daenys lets out a small growl but does not move. Lyanna looks back at Daenerys with a glare before letting out a sigh.

"Yes
"Yes. She was shot twice trying to protect me." Lya pets the wolf's pelt soothingly. Sunfyre stirred from her sleep on the bed and glided over to sit next to the direwolf. The dragon nuzzled against Daenys and laid down with a quiet chitter.
"Loyal beast." Daenerys comes to sit next to Lya, not worrying about the wolf that grumbled with a displeased attitude.

"Be nice Daenys." Lya whispered. The wolf huffed but quieted quickly. Daenerys slowly stuck out a hand and placed it on the wolf's head. Daenys lapped our her tongue, leaving a slobbery kiss on the dragon queens hand. Daenerys giggled at this and let her hand run down the direwolf's pelt.

"She's fascinating." The woman said as she returned her hand to her pelt.

"You call her fascinating when you have three dragons." Lyanna teases, locking eyes with the silver woman. "I think your expectations may be low, Your Grace."

"Please. Call me Daenerys." She smiled softly. "I don't expect your loyalty when I have done nothing for you. I can not command you to follow me to the ends of the world like this one has." She nods to the wolf and sighs. "I want to earn your trust, Lyanna Stark. Your family is as ancient as mine. We both deserve to be concerned about our legacy."

"Legacy." Lya scoffs and moves her hand from Daenys pelt to the ghost of a bump on her stomach. Tears threaten at her eyes but she puts them away. She wouldn't cry in front of this woman. "The last person to tell me about legacy was responsible for my child's death."

Daenerys looks down with some shame. "I lost my son as well. His death along with my husband's gave birth to my children. The witch who killed my husband told me I would never be able to bare children. My dragons are the only children I will ever have." Lya frowns and looks over at the Targaryen.

"I'm sorry. About your son and your husband. No one deserves to lose someone close to them like that." Daenerys feels a small smile tug at her lips but it doesn't stay.

"Tell me about Westeros." She asked softly, looking up at the Stark curiously. "I was there once when I was born but I have never been again."

"The seven kingdoms." Lya smiles. "Well my personal favorite is the North. Where the winter is always near and snow seems to always come in the late of summer. It's beautiful. The pine and the godswood. The old gods reside in the north. You'll have to visit Winterfell." Lya goes on to tell of the North and the over six kingdoms all while Daenerys Targaryen listens intently, petting the wolf absently. They stay like that for the rest of the night.

♤

"I fought against your Father in Robert's Rebellion. He was a good man. Excellent swordsman." Barristan Selmy says as he looks over at the Stark. She had her direwolf at her right and the dragon on her left shoulder. He wondered how proud the quiet wolf would be of his daughter now. She held the stern look and the dark hair that anyone could recognize as a Stark. Her eyes a shocking blue grey. "I believe you and I met once before. At the Tourney for your father isn't that right?"

"I believe so. I met many a knights there." Lya spoke as she sat down at the seat across from the old knight.

"I do recall the battle for your love between Jaime Lannister and Loras Tyrell. That was some gossip that didn't die down for a long time." He smiled at the girl but she only starred off, thinking back on that day.

"Aye. That seems a lifetime ago." Her words were quiet and thoughtful. Barristan nodded solemnly.
"I was very sad to hear of your father's death. The King cunt really fucked over his kingdom by doing that." Lya nodded bitterly.

"But they all screamed for it to happen. I wouldn't know though. I was being held captive by the Lannisters then." Lya hissed and pet the top of the direwolf's head.

"And I was kicked out of the Kingsguard for being old. The Lannisters have a way of fucking over the loyal ones." Lya nods in agreement.

"Aye. But Ary is a Lannister. And he is loyal. He took a sword to the leg for me during a raid of pirates. If Addy wouldn't have been there he would have died." The Stark sighs softly at the thought. The adventure of getting across the Narrow Sea was a much harder and stressful journey than originally intended. Every single person on that ship risked their life for her and her dragon.

"He sounds like a good man. I can't say that for many Lannisters." Barristan chuckles but this only causing Lyanna to spiral farther into her thoughts. She had once called Jaime a good man. And this is where that led her. Their child dead and no doubt killed by his sister. Sunfyre let out a screech as she watched Drogon being fed a large chunk of horse meat. She flew off of Lya's shoulder and landed next to the bigger dragon. Reluctantly as the black and red creature burned up the food, he ate his share then turned away. He flapped his great wings and left the rest of the food for the smaller dragon to devour.

Daenerys walks in and looks upon the two sitting at the war table. Lyanna seemed off in thought, her eyes drifting between the table and the wolf at her side. Paying no attention to the dragon that reeked havoc within the small planning tent. She jumped up and down on the furniture in search of more food. The dragon queen compared her closely to Drogon as a young creature. Very sure of herself and all over the place with no fear of consequences. But either interactions with the wolf girl made her more of Rhaegal's temperament. A loving and loyal beast always to Lya.

Though the Targaryen did not see the same for Viserion. The cold dragon loved his mother as much as the others but seemed to prefer his solitude. Daenerys bet that if the rambunctious Sunfyre tried to overstep her boundaries on Viserion's own things then the younger dragon would get a teeth filled warning.

Barristan noticed his queen standing at the open flap of the tent and lent her a low bow before leaving the room so the two woman could have privacy. Daenerys took his place across from the Stark. "Your Grace." Lya greeted and nodded respectfully. At the change in the room, Sunfyre glided to her mother's shoulder.

"Lyanna Stark. I remember stories of a woman with the same name." Daenerys says, her demeanor much different now that they were surrounded by her people. Lya didn't mind though, she knew the Dragon Queen wasn't all seriousness just from their talk a few nights ago. "I want to apologize. For my families crimes. I was told Rhaegar was a good man. He liked to sing and dance. But he kidnapped her. And he raped her. And my father burned your grandfather and uncle. I ask for you forgiveness for my families crimes."

Lya thinks for a moment. She doesn't know the whole story. No one does. "I will not judge a person based on their father or family's crime. Show me you aren't them. And don't judge me based on my family's crimes." Lyanna smirks as the dragon queen lets down her powerful facade and smiles softly at her.

"I want to offer you a position. On my council and in my army. I ask that you tell me if I ever do something you don't think is right. Look me in the eyes and tell me your thoughts. Don't try and please me with kind words. I am for the people. Let me listen to the people of a land I've never been
to and tell me if I'm doing this right." Lya nods thoughtfully. She wondered for a moment if it was possible to ever had a just and kind queen on the throne or if it was just a distant dream.

"I accept." Lya stands and bows. "I want my friends to all receive positions as well. Addy of Winterfell is a good healer and kind woman. Ary Lannister is a soldier who would be necessary as he knows much about Westerosi tactics. Maeor is a smart and strong man. A great fighter. Royan is the most skilled sailor I've ever met."

"I can do that." Daenerys answers simply as she stands. "Now I can't win Yunkai by killing a hundred innocents. Help me do this right." She comes in front of the dark haired girl. Side by side they look like two sides of the same coin. One broken and rusted by time and the other new and shiny. It was hard to tell which was which. They both held pale skin and light eyes but it was their hair that really set them apart and the height difference. The Dragon Queen stood expectantly with a smirk on her face.

Before Lya could bow in front of her, the tent flap was thrown open. "My Queen." Jorah Mormont spike as he came into the tent followed by Barristan and the soldier Lya knew as Grey Worm. "We have an opportunity to see the Second Son's. Would you like to?"

"Yes. Prepare my horse. And prepare one for Lya."

 Soldiers gallop through the barren landscape outside Yunkai. The group stood watching with blank eyes, hidden in a crag. They were wrapped in drab fabrics to manage the heat of the desert. Lya noticed the amount of naked women that walked outside their camps for any man to pay for. She turned up her nose at the sight. Sellswords.

"Men who fight for gold have neither honor nor loyalty. They cannot be trusted." Barristan spoke truthfully. Lya could see where his honor could be his downfall. He had the same as her father. But she didn't speak.

"They can be trusted to kill you if they're well paid. The Yunkish are paying them well." Jorah added.

"You know these men?" Daenerys questions as her calm blue eyes watched the scene in front of them. The rock formation that held around them put Lya next to the silver queen. Her pale hair hidden behind the tan garbs.

"Only by the broken swords on their banners. They're called the Second Sons. A company led by a Braavosi named Mero, 'The Titan's Bastard.'" Jorah responded. Lya had never heard of such a group. It seemed they only lied on the other side of the Narrow Sea.

"Is he more titan or bastard?" Daenerys asked causing a small smile and a sound from Lya's throat that could resemble a chuckle. The dragon queen looked over at her with a proud smile at her own joke. She made the Stark laugh which seemed to be a hard thing to do.

"He's a dangerous man, khaleesi. They all are." Jorah said, tearing his queen's eyes from the Stark.

"How many?"

"2,000, Your Grace. Armored and mounted." Barristan informs dutifully.

"Enough to make a difference?" At this Barristan only nods. "It's hard to collect wages from a corpse. I'm sure the sellswords prefer to fight for the winning side."
"I imagine you're right." Jorah responded.

"I'd like to talk to the Titan's Bastard about winning."
"I'd like to talk to the Titan's Bastard about winning." The Queen suggests. Both Barristan and Jorah seem weary of the decision but Lya nods in agreement.

"He may not agree to meet." Jorah adds cautiously.

"The man will have too much pride not too." Lya suggests, Daenerys looked only at her as she made her decision.

"He will. A man who fights for gold can't afford to lose to a girl."

◊
Lya looks down at the men who commanded the second sons. Daenerys sits in front of them with Lya to her immediate right and Missandei next to her. Grey Worm stands to her left along with Barristan and Jorah.

"Your Grace, allow me to present the captains of the Second Sons. Mero of Braavos, Prendahl na Ghezn, and..." Barristan starts before the youngest of them cuts him off.

"Daario Naharis," The man uses his long hair as a tent, making it seem that he was only talking to the Queen as he sends a wink.

Mero steps forward confidently, a smirk on his face as he holds the hilt of his sword. "You are the Mother of Dragons? I swear I fucked you once in a pleasure house in Lys."

"Mind your tongue." Jorah snaps before Lya can say anything. Mero shrugs and sits on the couch next to Daenerys. The other two men sit nearby.

"Why? I didn't mind hers. She licked my ass like she was born to do it." He says and wiggles his tongue at her suggestively. Lya feels a pang of something and wishes she had the go ahead to cut out his tongue. Daenerys does not respond though, leaving on a blank smile.

"You, slave girl, bring wine." He says, point at Lyanna. She sneers down at him.

"I am not your slave." Lya snaps. The man smirks, admiring her ferocity. Sunfyre appears from nowhere at the stress she felt her mother in. She lands on her shoulder and hisses down at the man. Mero does not react.

"We have no slaves here." Daenerys informs softly.

"You'll all be slaves after the battle unless I save you." Mero corrects and stretches out his legs and pats his lap. "Take your clothes off and come and sit on Mero's lap and I may give you my Second Sons."

"Give me your Second Sons and I may not have you gelded. Ser Barristan, how many men fight for the Second Sons?" Daenerys asks with a hint of a threat in the back of her throat.

"Under 2,000, Your Grace." Barristan informs them.

"And how many do we have, Ser Barristan?" Lya speaks up, letting Sunfyre climb into her crossed arms.

"10,000 Unsullied." Missandei serves wine to Mero who sniffs at her, causing her to jump away. She stumbles as she tries to get away from him but Lyanna catches her arm and sets her right. The man toasts Daenerys and drinks. Missandei serves the other two men carefully.

"I'm only a young girl, new to the ways of war, but perhaps a seasoned captain like yourself can explain to me how you propose to defeat us." Daenerys says innocently. This brings a laugh to the long haired young man.

"I hope the old man is better with a sword than he is with a lie. You have 8,000 Unsullied." Darrio informed casually. He seemed more sure of himself than anyone in the tent but still kept it to himself.
"You're very young to be a captain." Daenerys says as she stares him down.

"He's not a captain." The oldest of the second sons says. "He's a lieutenant."

"Even if your numbers are right, you must admit the odds don't favor your side." The dragon queen shrugs, turning to the flirtatious man.

"The Second Sons have faced worse odds and won." Mero smirks.

"The Second Sons have faced worse odds and run." Jorah bit back.

"Is your death worth the pay?" Lyanna questions softly.

"Or you could fight for me." Daenerys suggests.

"We've taken the slavers' gold. We fight for Yunkai."

"I would pay you as much and more."

"Our contract is our bond. If we break our bond, no one will hire the Second Sons again." The older man says, sounding insulted.

"Ride with me and you'll never need another contract. You'll have gold and castles and lordships of your choosing when I take back the Seven Kingdoms."

"You have no ships. You have no siege weapons. You have no cavalry." Darrio says questioning how she intended to win this war.

"A fortnight ago, I had no army. A year ago, I had no dragons. You have two days to decide."

"Show me your cunt. I want to see if it's worth fighting for." Mero hisses. Grey Worm says something in High Valyrian that Lya did not understand. She only could pick up a few words as she had been learning the language from Missandei and many history books. Daenerys responds before speaking the common tongue.

"You seem to be enjoying my wine. Perhaps you'd like a flagon to help you ponder."

"Only a flagon? And what are my brothers in arms to drink?"

"A barrel, then." Mero nods and stands along with the other men. They start to leave.

"Good. The Titan's Bastard does not drink alone. In the Second Sons, we share everything. After the battle, maybe we'll all share you." The man comes to Lya with the dragon on her arm. He grips her thigh with large hand and starts to pull up her dress. She stands still as Sunfyre hisses viciously at him. Mero just laughs at the creature.

"When this is all over I'll come for you first." He says before turning away and walking out. As he goes by Missandei he slaps her ass. "You next." He growls in her ear. The Naarth woman stares blankly at her Queen.

"Ser Barristan, if it comes to battle, kill that one first." Daenerys suggests with a smile on her face. Lya hisses before Barristan can respond.

"Please. Allow me."
The win over the Yunkai seemed to be lost if it weren't for Darrio Naharis. Despite her dislike for him, Lya had to admit he was a strong fighter. And it seemed Daenerys appreciates his talents as well. The looks between the two had been unmistakable. For some reason unknown to her it made Lyanna uncomfortable. "I wish we all could have fought." Ary said as he raised his glass of wine. "To our Dragon Queen." But his was not raised to Daenerys Targaryen. He looked to Lya as he spoke.

"Come now. She is our Queen." Lya chided softly as they all clinked their glasses. Addy giggled as Maeor held her on his lap. Their relationship has blossomed over the Narrow Sea and Lya would not stop it. They made each other happy. Bringing the Mormont out of his usual dismay.

"She is your Queen. But we pledged to you always. No matter." Ary countered with a wink.

"Aye. She may be the Targaryen Queen and maybe the future queen of the seven kingdoms. But I was born on a boat, lived on a boat, and I said die on one. I'll die anywhere for you. I can't say the same for the Targaryen." Royan agreed with his crew. Maeor nodded though he still had some loyalty to his cousin. Addy may like the Mormont but she followed Lya.

"I think Daenerys is worth following." Lyanna says with a sigh. "I think she will break the constant wheel of tyrants. Show everyone a woman can rule. That there is such a thing as Justice."

"I'll drink to that." Maeor says and raises his glass. He pours it into Addy's mouth rather than his and she laughs aloud. The scene gives Lya some nostalgia of Winterfell. The woman across from her's laugh always rang in her chambers. As children their favorite place to be was the Keep. Finding secrets and fancy rooms. That was before Jasper died. After that Lya had a darkness in her that only her best friend saw. Not even her brother's noticed it.

Lya believes they are thinking the same thought for they lock eyes for a long moment

Sunfyre was seemingly getting too big to stand on Lya's shoulder so the dragon resorted to flying around her head. She grew day by day. Her wingspan growing the size of a spear. It seemed the presence of the other dragons doubled her growth. Lya didn't remember the rest of the night as everyone of her crew laughed and sang and drank. All she could focus on was the flapping of wings in her ear.

When the group finally left, Daenys pushed her giant head into Lya's lap. She let out a soft whine to get the woman's attention. Lya let her head absently. Her mind staying on her family. She wondered if Robb was alright. If he was even still alive. Lya remembered that he was not her twin. But even still Lya could feel that he was alive. She had to believe he was. Lya refused to believe he was gone. She would know.

♤

They all stood on the rocks, surrounded by the Unsullied and the Dothraki. The dragons chitter as they wait outside Yunkai. Drogon and Sunfyre stood much closer while the other two dragons hopped around impatiently.

"They will come, Your Grace. When they're ready." Barristan assures the nervous Daenerys.

"Perhaps they didn't want to be conquered." She murmured, looking at Lyanna for council.
"You saved them Dany." The nickname gives Daenerys a pang of guilt. Only Viserys called her that. And now this woman who she found respect in called her the same name.

"You didn't conquer them. You liberated them." Jorah agrees.

"People learn to love their chains." The Queen sighs she starts to turn away until the door opens. A sea of people pour out into the desert. All wear a collar around their neck. As they get closer the Unsullied form a defense, spears pointed into the crowd.

"This is Daenerys Targaryen, the Stormborn, the Unburnt, the Queen of the Seven Kingdoms of Westeros, Mother of Dragons. It is to her you owe your freedom." Missandei says in Valyrian. Lya understood it all, feeling a little proud at how quick she was learning the language.

"No." Dany says and steps closer as she surgery's the crowd. "You do not owe me your freedom. I cannot give it to you. Your freedom is not mine to give. It belongs to you and you alone. If you want it back, you must take it for yourselves. Each and every one of you." The crowd is silent until one man, holding his daughter, calls out.

"Mhysa!" He chants. Soon the rest of them are calling out. "Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa!"

"What does it mean?" Daenerys asks Missandei.

"It is old Ghiscari, khaleesi. It means 'mother'." The crowd steps closer and they continue to call to their 'mother'. The Unsullied take a more threatening stance to hold them back. Panic and fear begin to ripple through the confused crowd. They regain their voice and renew their cries.

"Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa."

"It's all right. These people won't hurt me." Dany assures as she steps down. "Sōves." She says to the dragons. The three take off immediately. Launching into the sky with a happy screech. Sunfyre flaps her wings lightly before looking back at Lya. The Stark nods and the youngest dragon takes off.

Daenerys moves through her Unsullied and moves into the crowd. They touch her gently as she passes through them. They are elated, and they continue to chant to her. Mhysa. Mhysa Mhysa. Mhysa.

Dany walks deep into the crowd. They lift her up above them, and she sits on their shoulders as the crowd reaches towards her. They spin slowly and the crowd forms rings around her. She smiles and the crowd tightens into a spiral of adulation.

Lya looks at the scene and a smile pulls at her lips

Lya looks at the scene and a smile pulls at her lips. "Our Queen is a unique woman." Lya says to Missandei.

"She sure is." Missandei says, giving the dark haired woman a knowing look. The look they give her. The appreciation they could. Lya feels a pang of sadness. She may get this here but she will not revive this welcome on the other side of the sea. Lya pushes the thought away.

Let her have her time, Lya thinks to herself, before this is pulled from her.
All she saw was blood. Blood on her hands and crimson on the ground. Her eyes found Tully blue. "Lya." She heard a voice murmur before feeling a cold knife slip under her rip and into her heart. A defeated and mournful scream is heard next until it is silenced and replaced with a slit throat. Arrows in her back, tears in her eyes, a knife in her heart and a cut on her neck. All red.

Her eyes snapped open with a gasp. But the dream didn't feel like it was over. She still couldn't breath, a stabbing pain in her heart. "Robb." She spoke as she fell off the cot onto all fours. Lya begins to cough and gasp for breath like she was drowning. Tears are at her eyes before she even realizes it.

Daenys is next to her instantly, licking at her tears and nudging her till her back was against the cot. Lya breaths quickly and heavily, looking around in the darkness. She sees shapes in everything. Movement everywhere. But the direwolf blocks her vision, standing directly in front of her with soft golden eyes.

"Daenys." Lya says in a calm voice. The wolf lays her head in the Stark's lap as soon as she feels Lys is okay. "Nightmares." Lya sighs and pets the wolf's muzzle. "I'm okay," The wolf whined lightly and kissed her hand. The creature had felt it too. Pain of arrows in her back. The wounds she had pestered her suddenly. It seemed they dreamt the same.

Lya noted the bond they shared. A little bit of her was in this wolf. And a little bit of the wolf was in her. It was the same with Sunfyre. Part of her soul was in the dragon and part of hers was in Lya. At that thought, Sunfyre nuzzles against her shoulder with her scaly head. The horns on her had become sharper. She was almost as big as Rhaegal now. Lya thought that soon enough she would pass the smaller dragons size and be as Drogon.

Finally the Stark began to close her eyes. The nightmare slowly slipping her mind. Nothing was wrong. She was okay. Everything would be fine.

Lya sits atop the white steed with a frown. Daenys slinks foreword to her right while the Queen is on her left. "Are you alright?" Dany asks Lyanna with a silted head. Her long silver hair cascades over her arms as she holds the reigns.

"Of course, Your Grace." Lya says, refeigning a smile. Daenerys stares at her for a long moment before speaking Valyrian to Grey Worm quietly. He nods and the silver Queen steers her sword to the right. "Where are you going?" Lyanna asks with confusion.

"Come and find out." She said, looking back with a smirk. Lya bit her lip to hide the smile as she urged her horse to follow. Sunfyre followed, soaring up infront of Dany. She was as big Viserion, the smaller of the three dragons. But Daenys was still bigger than her except when she spread out her burnt orange and yellow wings with pale pink on the tips.

The direwolf stayed with the group as they continued to march foreword. Addy looked back curiously as Lyanna followed her queen into a secluded area. But rather than question it she continued on her way.

Lya found the queen sitting on a rock, her horse grazing nearby. The Stark slid off the stallion and let
the horse graze as well. She found a spot next to Daenerys and smiled. "Is this your way of distracting me?"

"No." Dany shrugged. "It's my way of cornering you so you have to tell me what's wrong." Her smile was innocent but Lya knew better than to doubt the woman.

"Fine then. I had a very real nightmare a few nights ago. I'm worried about my family is all." Lya sighed and brought her eyes to the flowers that were strewn about.

"Lya." Daenerys said softly and put a hand on her knee comfortingly. Their eyes met and Lya felt a heat in her cheeks. "If I heard anything about your family I would tell you. I swear to you."

"I know. But maybe word hasn't got out. Maybe they're dead and I don't know it." Daenerys frowns, not knowing how to answer those fears.

Rather than dwell, Lya picks a pink flower from the dirt. She pushed the silver haired queen's hair back behind her ear. Lya places the flower into her hair just above the ear. Daenerys does not feel like a Queen in that moment and instead a little girl. Blushing as bright as the flower itself. "Lya." She starts to say. Suddenly footsteps are heard, making them pull apart. They didn't realize how close they were until the heat pounding of each other disappeared and was replaced with the cool winds.

"My Queen. Lady Stark." Grey Worm says with a heavy accent. "There is something not right." He says in broken common tongue. The worry that had disappeared on Lya's face suddenly returned. The pair stood and joined the group as they starred on. They have found a mile marker, festooned by a girl's corpse who points the way to Meereen. Lya turns up her nose as she stares at the long dead body.

"There's one on every mile marker between here and Meereen." Jorah says solemnly. Lya looks at the body of the young girl. Her skin seemed to turn blue with time. Her eyes sunken in and skin crawling with any animal that could get a bit to ear. Her arms extended in a point towards the slaver's city.

"How many miles are there between here and Meereen?" Daenerys asks, anger in her eyes.

"163, Your Grace. I'll tell our men to ride ahead and bury them. You don't need to see this." Barristan says. Lya nods and walks towards her horse to join the men burying.

"You will do no such thing." Dany hisses. "I will see each and every one of their faces. Remove her collar before you bury her."

◇

The unsullied march towards Meereen. The group all ride alongside of Daenerys as they approach the gates. Lya dismounts first at the main gate while the unsullied stand at attention. The Meereen citifolk watch from atop the walls, murmuring. The main door slowly opens. Daenerys steps off her horse to come next to Lya while the others stand a few steps back.

"Are they attacking?" Dany asks, looking to Lyanna in search of any sign of worry.

"There's only one." Lya says as she squints her eyes.

"A single rider. A champion of Meereen. They want you to send your own champion against him." Jorah informs. As the single rider advances, and the crowd cheers. He halts horse to the side of Daenerys' Unsullied. The champion dismounts and begins to speak Valyrian.
"What is he doing?" Lya questions. "Oh." She mutters as he begins to urinate towards us. The crowd laughs and cheers loudly.

"He says that we're an army of men without man parts. He claims you are no woman at all, but a man who..." Missandei looks around as if for permission to say the foul language. "Hides his cock in his own asshole." She says this rushed and more quiet than the first bit.

"Ignore him, Your Grace. These are meaningless words." Barristan soothes the seething Targaryen.

"They're not meaningless if half the city you intend to take is listening to them." Jorah counters. This brings a light glare from Barristan but Lya just ignores it. The champion continues to speak and the Stark's anger grows by the minute.

"Can someone please shut him up." Lya hisses and crosses her arms.

"Agreed. I have something to say to the people of Meereen. First, I will need this one to be quiet. Do I have a champion?" She turns to the group, waiting for one to step forward.

"Allow me this honor, mother of dragons. I will not disappoint you." Grey Worm offers but is immediately met with Dany's soft smile.

"You are the commander of the Unsullied. I cannot risk you."

"Your Grace, I've won more single combats than any man alive." Barristan offers up.

"Which is why you must remain by my side."

"I've been by your side longer than any of them, Khaleesi. Let me stand for you today as well." Jorah requests but is also turned down.

"You are my most trusted advisor, my most valued general, and my dearest friend. I will not gamble with your life."

"Dany." Lyanna says, causing the silver queen to turn to her. "I can't watch as this man disrespects you. Please. Allow me."

Daenerys stares long and hard in thought. "I can not risk you. You are the only one with the experience of today's westerosi laws and without you your group of experienced men will no longer follow me."

"My Queen." Lya grips her hand, causing both of their cheeks to turn a soft shade of pink. "Please."


"Spear?" Lya asks in rough Valyrian. It was easier to understand the language than to speak it in her opinion. The Unsullied general cautiously hands her his spear. She turns towards the champion. The man laughs at the presentation of the woman. Her black hair in soft curled and skin pale and smooth. She did not seem like a fighter. But the most shocking thing was the dark wolf as big as a horse that stalked next to her.

"Why don't you come see if I have a cock too." Lya shouts, causing the man to buck his horse as he held the reigns tight. Lya gripped the spear with white knuckles. The man didn't wait as he bounded foreword with his horse kicking up dust. Lya pulled back the spear and aimed with one eye open. She waited a long moment as he came closer and closer. Before he could get too close she flung the
spear foreword.

It hit perfectly, slamming into his shoulder and forcing him to drop his sword. He begins to fall off his horse but before he can even reach the ground a mound of dark fur catches him in her mouth and tackles him to the ground. Dust picks up as she tears into his exposed neck until his screams stop. The wolf turns out of the smoke with blood on her muzzle. Daenys returns to Lya and rubs against her softly despite what she had just done.

"Good girl." Lya whispered into the direwolf's ear. The Meeren crowd is shocked. Suddenly an order is given, and scores of archers on the wall fire at them. The arrows plant in front of them as Daario urinates in response to their champion's actions. Daenerys paces and the Unsullied turn at attention. The crowd suddenly quiets.

"I am Daenerys Stormborn. Your Masters may have told you lies about me, or they may have told you nothing. It does not matter. I have nothing to say to them. Only to you. First I went to Astapor. Those who were slaves in Astapor now stand behind me, free. Next I went to Yunkai. Those who were slaves in Yunkai now stand behind me, free. Now I have come to Meereen. I am not your enemy. Your enemy is beside you.

Your enemy steals and murders your children. Your enemy has nothing for you but chains and suffering and commands. I do not bring commands. I bring you a choice. And I bring your enemies what they deserve. Forward!"

The unsullied load the catapults. "Fire!" Daenerys yells. They release and barrels are thrown into the city walls. As they crash against the buildings, broken collars are thrown about in the city.

"You sent them a message." Lya says when the queen turns back to her.

"As did you, Lyanna the Wolf Dragon."

◊
Daenerys Targaryen sat in the tent, twirling the pink flower in between her fingers. What was she going to do. The dragon queen stood up, her dragons flying around the tent is the only sound she could hear. They were getting too big and couldn't sleep with her anymore. Yet Sunfyre who was as big as Rhaegal still managed to sneak into Lyanna's tent.

Lya. That's what had to be plaguing her mind. Her long black hair and shocking grey blue eyes. She was beautiful through and through. And Daenerys couldn't help but stare. The Stark with a dragon and a direwolf. Everything about her intrigued the dragon queen even more. "Tell Lyanna Stark I need her in here and then you can go take a break." Daenerys said to one of the Unsullied outside her tent. They nod and stalk off.

It doesn't take long for Lya to appear outside her tent, the sunrise colored dragon stalking behind her. "Fly," Lya spoke. The dragon let out a screech before taking to the sky along with Daenerys' children. "You wanted me, My Queen?" The Stark asked as she entered the tent. She was in her night clothes. A thin white shift that ended just st her knees along with a soft pink robe wrapped around her body that brought the blue out of her eyes.

Daenerys opened the tent flap and Lya walked in without question. As she stood in the candlelight, Dany thought she looked like some avenging angel. White angelic clothes on her body but a stern look on her face. The sight made the dragon queen's knees weak. Lyanna looked over at the Targaryen and her dark look turned to a soft smile.

"You still have the flower?" She questions and picked up the pink petals that Dany had torn off.

"Yes. I thought it was a very pretty flower." She didn't know what to say as a silence hung over them. Why did she bring her here? What did she want? Lya's mind when at the pace of a thousand horses. Dany takes a few steps towards the woman. She stands close to the taller woman, looking up into her beautiful orbs. Daenerys thought everything about this woman was beautiful from the second she saw her. The dragon clinging to her chest. The direwolf at her hip. Her soft ringlet curls and smooth skin.

"My Queen." Lya murmurs when Daenerys places a shaky hand on her hip. The queen puts her other hand to the Stark girl's lips.

"Let me be more that just your queen. Daenerys. Call me Daenerys." It wasn't spoken like a command but more like a plead.

"Dany." Lya said, leaning closer. Her lips we like a magnet to the Targaryen's. The draw so easy to find. Their lips graze each other and Dany looks up, letting her bottom lip drag across the Stark's top lip and nose.

"Lya." Daenerys says in little less than a moan. But the sound brings Lya Stark out of the moment. She untangles her hip from the Queen's grasp and ignores the fire igniting between her legs.

"This isn't right." She says finally. The sound of Sunfyre landing next to the tent, causing the walls of it to lift up before setting down again, brought them both away. They stepped a few feet away from each other. The dragon outside hissed, feeling her mother's sudden change in demeanor.

"What matters if it is not right. We aren't on the west side of the Narrow Sea anymore. What I say is right can be right." Dany puts her hands on the sides of Lyanna's face, pulling her towards her and
kissing her lips suddenly. The Stark doesn't pull back, sinking into the kiss as a noise grumbles in her throat in pleasure. Slowly they pull apart, gasping for breath. "Tell me now how wrong that was?"

They move in to kiss again but Lya pulls back. "I can't. Not yet." Her mind moves to Jaime and that's all she sees as she looks at the silver queen. The spear going into her father's legs. His words. Your mother, Lyanna, would be proud. The words ring in her head. What did he mean?

Daenerys nodded and smiled softly. "But not never?"

"Not never."

Lyanna watched as Daenerys walks among the cheering slaves, flanked by children. Lyanna watched as Daenerys walks among the cheering slaves, flanked by children. Mhysa! Mhysa! Mhysa! They all called to her. They loved her. It brought a smile to the Stark's face. Daenerys joins them on the outlook, watching as they all cheered for their mother.

"They love her." Lya said, looking over at Missandei of Naath.

"What isn't there to love?" She questions. This gives Lya a thought. Could she love the Targaryen? As the Queen came next to them her smile disappeared at a thought inching into her head.

"Remind me, Ser Jorah, how many children did the Great Masters nail to mileposts?" She asks. Lya's heart drops. She wouldn't.

"163, Khaleesi." Jorah Mormont said, using her Dothraki title.

"Yes, that was it." Daenerys turns and nods as Grey Worm. He pushes the Unsullied foreword and they press into the crowd.

"Your Grace, may I have a word? The city is yours. All these people, they're your subjects now. Sometimes it is better to answer injustice with mercy." Barristan pleads. Dany glares with a ferocity in her blue eyes.

"I will answer injustice with justice." She hisses.

"My Queen." Lya says and stands in front of the young Targaryen. "You're making a mistake."

"Excuse me?"

"You told me to look upon your face and tell you if I think you're doing something wrong. You're doing something wrong. If you answer all Injustice with Justice then you will be no better than Cersei Lannister. She answers what she thinks is an Injustice with her own form of Justice. Give them trials. Send them to prison for life. Execute them if you have to but give them a fair trial. Break the Wheel."

Daenerys stares at her for a long time, a fire growing in her mind from the anger. How dare she question her ways? For what these people did they deserve this. This is mercy to what she should do to them. "Please." Lyanna whispers as she grips Dany's hand. All of the anger went away in an instant from the Targaryen's mind.

"Grey Worm." She spoke without turning her eyes from Lyanna's. "Imprison the masters as they
await for their trial." He nods and goes to the rest of the Unsullied to inform them of the change. Jorah stands behind the queen, a glint of jealousy in his eyes as he looks at the Stark. No one could deter Daenerys. Except Lya.

Mother had always told her that Robb's first word was "Lya." And hers was his name. The Tully had recalled to her the time she stood over their crib as they were being put to bed and they spoke each other's names. It showed the start of a close relationship.

If the letters that spewed into the pyramid of Meereen were right, "Lya." Was his last word too.

"Lady Stark?" Barristan says softly like if he spoke to loud he would spook the wild animal. Lyanna starred at the letter and slowly looked up, pulling herself from her trance. "Are you alright?"

"No." She responded simply, her voice breaking. "Please. Leave me." She turns away, stumbling a bit as she slammed the door to her room in the Meereen pyramid. Lya choked out a sob and fell against the door. They were brutally killed. Like animals. And she was too far away to stop it.

She slid to the ground, tears spilling out of her eyes. Lya pulls her knees to her chest. Her brother. Her mother. So many Stark men. Jon, her real twin, is at the wall all alone. She left Sansa by herself surrounded by lions. Gods know where Arya is. Bran and Rickon are surrounded by the damned Greyjoy's in their home. And here she was. Across the Narrow Sea surrounded by dragons. She should have been there. Maybe she could have done something.

A knock on the door sends Lyanna into an emotionless state. Her tears ceasing and her eyes glazed over. She stands shakily and moves to the bed. Daenys crawls towards her on the bed, licking her chin. "Come in." Lya apathetically.

Daenerys walks in, watching the broken girl. "Lya." She said softly and sat next to her. "I am so very sorry about your mother and brother." The Stark just nods. She had lost everything in the matter of a few years. All because of the damn king telling them to go south. They should have stayed in Winterfell. Gods they should have stayed in Winterfell.

"Lyanna." Daenerys pulls her from her trance once again, touching her skin lightly and making her look the Targaryen in the eyes. "If you want to go home I will get you home safely."

"No. I must wait. When Sunfyre is bigger. I'll kill them all." Lya hisses. Daenerys turns and hugs her, letting the Stark lay her head in the crook of her neck.

"Sometimes it's best to answer Injustice with Mercy..."

"They don't deserve mercy." She spits as she pulls away from the hug. Daenerys Targaryen takes Lyanna's hand in hers, rubbing small circles into the back of her palm as she nodded.

"Then we will bring justice
"Then we will bring justice.
With fire and blood."
I REALIZED WHY THERE ARE REPEATS! It is where a Gif is in my Wattpad from which I am copying and pasting. Very sorry! The next chapter will be the last one for a few days, maybe a week. This is because I am going back and editing the chapters and fixing all the repeats and mistakes! I think some of you guys will like the next chapter though haha...

"King Joffrey Baratheon is dead. Murdered at his own wedding." Jorah informs, bringing a humorless laugh from Lya's throat.

"His own wedding. Serves the little bastard right." The Stark hisses and leans back in her chair at the war table. They all looked at her cautiously as they had to step over there words around her. After the initial information had been spread, Lya had been distant and quiet. Not arriving to most meetings unless the Queen demanded her presence. She rarely spend time with anyone not even the people who came with her from Westeros. Daenys usually roamed the halls when she was locked out of the room. And the dragon Sunfyre was always flying around the pyramid, screeching in grief that her mother felt.

"And we have taken the Meereenese Navy, Your Grace." Barristan says, ending the long silence.

"The Second Sons took the Meereenese Navy." Daario corrected the old knight. This caught a glare from the two men on the Queen's council.

"Who told you to take the Navy?" Dany questions the second son leader.

"No one." He responded with a cheeky smile.

"So why did you do it?"

"I heard you liked ships." Lyanna rolled her eyes. She knew the man had eyes for Daenerys. It wasn't had to see. Lya felt a little jealousy when she realized the look in Dany's eyes. She probably returned those feelings.

"How many ships?"

"93, Your Grace."

"How many men can they carry?" The Targaryen asks, turning to her advisors instead.

"9,300, not counting sailors." Barristan answered.

"Would that be enough to take King's Landing?"

"The Lannisters have more." Jorah cautioned.

"They've been fighting Joffrey's wars for years. They're tired, dispersed. And now their king is dead. 8,000 Unsullied, 2,000 Second Sons sailing into Blackwater Bay and storming the gates without
warning..." Barristan plays it out, sending thoughts spewing into Daenerys' head. Strategies and possible outcomes.

"It's hard to say. It could be enough. But we're not fighting to make you queen of King's Landing. 10,000 men can't conquer Westeros." Jorah went back and forth with Barristan on the case.

"The old houses will flock to our queen when she crosses the Narrow Sea."

"The old houses will flock to whichever side they think will win, as they always have." Daenerys watches the men before turning to Lyanna.

"What do you think?" The Queen asks the Stark.

"No." She answered simply. Daenerys frowns a little. She would have to wait longer. The wait was becoming too much for her, but she respected Lyanna's council. Jorah stands, taking the Queen's attention.

"There's other news. From Yunkai. Without the Unsullied to enforce your rule, the Wise Masters have retaken control of the city. They've reenslaved the freedmen who stayed behind and sworn to take revenge against you. And in Astapor, the council you installed to rule over the city has been overthrown by a butcher named Cleon who's declared himself His Imperial Majesty."

"Please leave me." She says in frustration. Lya stands to go but Daenerys turns back to her. "Not you, Lyanna." Jorah gives her a side glance before following the rest out of the room.

"It appears my liberation of Slaver's Bay isn't going quite as planned." She says as she walks to the balcony. Lyanna joins her side, looking out on the city.

"Westeros is vulnerable with the boy king on the thrones. He's beloved to be my husbands child. A child of incest. If you asked Barristan he would say to strike now."

"But you are not Barristan. What do you say?" Lya sighs, thinking hard for an answer.

"People have not forgotten the reign of King Aerys. It will not be easily forgotten. The North will fight against you no doubt and even I may not be able to deter them as I don't know what is left of the North. The Reach will stay with the Lannisters as the Tyrell girl is marrying the next King. The Arryn's stand with the North. The Iron Islands stand with themselves. Dorne would be your best bet but the Prince is not in the mood for war. So no. You can't simply win Westeros by storming Kingslanding."

"You counseled me against rashness with the masters and that seemed not to work out well as the trials have not fully been committed. And the ones tried have been executed anyway." Daenerys sighs but Lya turns and leans against the railing, looking over at the Queen.

"Aye, but we haven't faced a retaliation from the master's children. Butchering would not have made it better, My Queen." Daenerys doesn't respond, her eyes still on the city bellow.

"How can I rule seven kingdoms if I can't control Slaver's Bay? Why should anyone trust me? Why should anyone follow me?" Daenerys asks, showing her true fears and vulnerability.

"You're a Targaryen. And not your Father. You gave the world dragons back. You have freed slaves. Why wouldn't they?" Lya asks, not wanting to feed the fears Daenerys held.
"I need to be more than that. I will not let those I have freed slide back into chains." Daenerys turns and faces the Stark, a final answer on her tongue. "I will not sail for Westeros."

"What, then?" Lya questions.

"I will do what queens do
"I will do what queens do." She looks back at the City and Lya can see the spark of pride that she has. Her fears slipping away. "I will rule."

Lya watched Sunfyre fly over the bay as she sat legs crossed on the beach. She had grown tremendously. Still, she was not big enough to storm Kingslanding with Daenerys. That was what brought her here. Her mind, over thinking everything. Now that her brother's war was lost, was it worth risking her loyal few along with Daenys and Sunfyre? She needed to save her siblings but did she need to claim Westeros in the Targaryen's name?

Sunfyre landed softly next to her at the call in her head. The dragon stretched out with a hiss and put her large head close to the Stark's face. Her eyes the same molten gold of which Daenys possessed. The wolf had spent most of her time in the pyramid against the cool stone where she panted the least. She missed the North as much as Lyanna.

"She's as big as a small ship now." Ary Lannister chuckled as he came down onto the beach with Maeor, Royan, and Addy in toe.

"Aye," Maeor agrees as he plops on the ground a little away from the dragon. "She grows quick."

"I'm offended, Sunfyre, that you're almost bigger than my ship." Royan joked as he came next to the creature. She regarded him neutrally. The dragon only showed affection to Lya and apathy with those who the Stark liked. The others would have received a hiss or a screech if they got that close.

"I'm sorry your pride has been injured." Lya teased the red head who just chuckled softly. Addy sat next to Maeor who leaned back and laid his head in her lap. Lyanna had become distant from them all even before the announcement of her brother and mother's death. Addy didn't question it, spending time with her lover whenever possible. Ary was more persistent, constantly asking the woman to have dinner with the crew. Royan was the same, always offering to take them all home on his ship to Westeros. They would find a way to her sisters and brothers. But it had been months since then Lya didn't talk much of it when they all did meet.

It was Maeor's reaction that had shocked Lya the most. He told her he had written a letter to his family for the first time since he left to see if they could do anything for or find anything about the Starks. His mother had died fighting for Robb but it didn't seem to faze the man too much. He loved her but that felt a life time ago. Now his little sister was the head of the Mormont house. Maeor gave her little reassurances and kind words that were not very true to his usual demeanor. His coldness seemed to warm a little now that he was with Addy.

"Have you tried riding her?" Addy asked after the dragon pushed hard on her legs and lifted into the air, picking up dust as she had went. Lya thought on this for a moment. She wondered if the dragon would even let her as she had never met a dragon rider before. Even Dany never tried it.

"How do you expect me to go about that?" Lya chuckles softly. "Hey Sunfyre come done here and let me hop on the spikes of your back." This brought laughter to the small gang.

"It's worth a shot isn't it?" Ary questioned. "She is better tempered than all of the Queen's dragons.
And how do you expect to take Kingslanding without riding a dragon. The city is impenetrable."

"The Lannisters seemed to do just fine when they slaughtered the last Targaryens." Royan shrugged, crossing his arms and looking out into the water. This was his worlds. On a ship in the sea. He was most at home there.

"Well the gates were open by the Mad King. If the people don’t surrender or the boy king is dumb enough to let them in, there is no way of winning the city." Addy adds, shrugging and petting Maeor's dark hair. Lya looked around at her friends. She wouldn't be here without them but still, she never gave them much time. Her grief took over her and she only had time for her Queen. Lya frowned at the thought. These people are the ones she owed everything to. And she didn't give them the time of day.

"How long until we go home do you think?" Ary asks, his head tilted. His golden hair was longer now, him and Royan had a bet of who could grow their hair the longest in the next year.

"I've told you guys. You can go home whenever you want. I will not stop you. Lya assures then. Addy laughs.

"My home is with you. With the Starks. It always has been." She smiles at Lya but the other woman doesn't return it. To Lya, she had found a new home in Maeor. She no longer needed Lyanna. It seemed everyone who needed Lyanna was gone. Her father. Her brothers. Her mother. Her sisters. Sunfyre needed her. Daenys needed her. And maybe Daenerys needed her.

The thought brings back her last moments with her mother. The truth she told her. It weighed on her then as she was surrounded by the people who she needed. "My name isn't Stark." Lya muttered. "It's snow. It always has been. I've never been a Stark. When Robb's real twin died, Ned replaced the baby girl with me. I'm my father's bastard. Raised a wolf. But I'm not. I'm a snow." Lya spewed at her words quick and without thought. It was met by a long silence. Finally Maeor sat up and turned to the woman he followed across the Narrow Sea.

"I don't care your last name," the Mormont says with his head held high. "You were raised a Stark and I serve the Starks."

"I don't follow you for your last name." Ary agrees. "I follow you because I believe in you."

"Aye." Royan adds. "I couldn't give two fucks about who your mother was. Or your father for that matter."

"This doesn't change who you are Lyanna. You're Lya. Not Lyanna Stark or Lyanna Snow." Addy leans over and grabs her friend's hand softly. "You're Lya."

"Thank you." Lya smiles and puts her eyes to the sand beneath her. "Your guys' loyalty to me is still shocking."

"Well. Why wouldn't we be loyal to you. You're the best damn option in the seven kingdoms."
Rohan's comment erupts laughter within the groups. Sunfyre flies high above. Guarding the group with a watchful eye. But even the creature knew that Lya felt safe in that moment. Happy. At home. ♦️
Chapter Summary

Yo so there is like actual sex ahead so skip this chapter if you want. It's just Lyanna and Dany finally getting it on.

Lya stood outside of the Queen's chamber, her hand hovering over the door. She had dreamt of Robb again. His death. How her family had been killed so brutally. The dream kept her up. Lyanna didn't know why she was there in the first place. But she let her hand fall anyway, rapping on the door quietly as to not alert any guards in the hall.

It took a few long moments before the door finally opened. Daenerys stood in a messed up shift. It looked like she had had a busy night. "Lyanna." The Targaryen murmured, sleep still etched in her throat.

"I don't." Lya starts but her words fail in her throat. "I should go." Lya stuttered as she looked at the silver woman's form. Soft pink nipple peaked through the light blue shift.

"No." Daenerys says and grips around her wrist. "There's something on your mind. Please. Come in." Her eyes were pleading and Lya let the Targaryen pull her into the room. It was much bigger than Lyanna's chambers. Blue and white covers with a canopy or white silk on her bed. The whole room seemed fitted for a queen along with a balcony to look out to her city. Dany moves to a cupboard and pulls out a bottle of wine. She takes out to glasses and fills them up.

The dragon queen brings the cups to Lya who stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. She takes the cup without complaint and gulps down the sweet drink. Daenerys smirks and looks at her from behind the cup. "You've drank it all. Do you handle your wine well?" Her tone is teasing.

"No. Not particularly." Lyanna smiles softly and looks down at the empty glass. Her stomach felt warm and begged for another drink. "More?"

"Maybe not yet." Dany chided and took the empty glass. She finished hers and placed them on a small table with the wine. "Now that our bellies are filled with wine. Tell me what plagues your mind." Lya thinks of an answer. The simple one was grief. But there was more underlying things that poked at her mind. Daenerys being one of them.

"I don't know, My Queen." Lya sighs and looks up at Dany. Gods she was so awkward, Daenerys thought, it made her want the Stark even more.

"I think I do." The Targaryen said, stepping closer and placing a hand on Lya's face. Her cheeks heated under the Queen's touch. Her pale skin turning darker shades of pink as Daenerys leaned in close. "Why else would you come to your Queen's chamber in the middle of the night?"

"I don't know, Your Grace." Lya choked out, her eyes squeezed shut as Daenerys' hand traveled down her exposed neck. A smirk played on her face as she pulled away. The Stark let our a disappointed noise when the warmth of the Targaryen disappeared and her eyes fluttered open.

"Take off your clothes." The Queen commanded Lyanna as she poured herself more wine. Dany sat
on a long couch and leaned against the side of it, sipping at the glass.

"Your Grace..." Lya starts, nervous they could be caught.

"Take off your clothes." She repeated. This time Lyanna obliged. She let the cloak surrounding her body snake to the ground. Lya pulled off the thin shift in one go, only her small clothes remained on her body. "All of them." Dany repeated lifting her shift a little to rub her thigh suggestively as Lya watched.

"No." Lya said, causing Daenerys to raise a dark eyebrow. "I want you to." This causes a chuckle from the Queen who stands and sets her cup down. She comes in front of the Stark and looks her up and down. Pink nipples stood aroused under the small clothes she wore and as Daenerys pressed her leg between Lya's thighs from their closeness, she could feel the growing wetness.

"Do as your queen commands." Dany whispered into her ear, nipping at the lobe. Lya pulls away and looks down at the Queen.

"I want to see you. Take off your clothes." Lya whispers, putting her finger's under Dany's chin. The Targaryen smirks and grabs Lyanna's hands, putting them on her hips.

"I want you to." Lya doesn't hesitate at his, ripping off the thin shift and moving her hands to her Queen's bare hips. She looks her up and down, biting her lip at the sight of the beautiful woman naked. Her body was perfect. Small breasts with a petite frame and wide hips. Her thighs curved out along her long legs. Lya couldn't see from her position but she knew she had a plump ass as she always found herself looking at it.

The Dragon Queen let down her long silver hair and it fell into curls along her back. Once she feels Lya had enough time to take in her form, Daenerys pulls off her small clothes. She does this slow and tantalizing, bringing an impatient noise from Lyanna's throat. Finally the Stark was naked before her Queen. The space between her thighs glistening with lust. She was bigger than Dany. Hips wider and legs longer. Her breasts bigger than the Queen's as well. But still a single touch from her sent Lyanna into submission.

They tangled their lips, thighs melding together as they kissed patiently. As Lyanna deepened the kiss, Daenerys let out a satisfied moan into the kiss. This sent Lya over the edge, picking up her Queen and wrapping her legs around her own hips. She walked them towards the bed, gripping her firm ass tightly as they kissed and she walked blindly. They found the bed and Daenerys was dropped, her breast bouncing as she regained balance on the smooth bed.

Dany didn't wait for Lya to react, leaning forward from her sitting position and gripping the girl's hips. She pulled her down onto her lap, admiring the wetness she felt on her legs as she did so. Daenerys took the Stark's left breast into her mouth, shocking the woman into a gasp. Dany sucked her nipple, playing at it with her tongue. She moved to the right one, pinching the left as she paid attention to the other one. This left Lya in a frenzy of gasps and little moans as she moved her hips on top of Dany's thighs.

Lyanna couldn't take it anymore, she untangled her body from Daenerys' and picked the woman up again. She pushed her further back onto the bed and shoved her shoulders down. Lya attacked her mouth, kissing roughly. She licked the woman's teeth for entrance but Daenerys refused it cheekily. The Stark reaches down and slapped the Queen's as and when she let out a gasp she stuck her tongue inside. Their tongues battled for dominance and it seemed that they had no winner.

Finally Lyanna pulled away, gasping for breath
Lya kissed both inner hips, making Daenerys groan in frustration as she only grazed over the spot that she wanted her to kiss. But the Stark gave in, licking up between her lips. This made Dany shiver, letting out a quiet moan. Lya didn't let the woman adjust, dipping her tongue in and out of her heat. Daenerys bucked his hips into Lya's mouth, but the Stark gripped her hips and pushed them down to the bed as she pleased her. She sucked at the sensitive ball of nerves, making Dany gasp out. In her surprise, Lya took the opportunity to shove a finger into her heat. Daenerys moans aloud, tangling her fingers into Lya's dark hair. The Stark pulls her head up, kissing her open legs as she rubbed her thumb on the sensitive part of her heat and inserted another digit quickly. The Queen resorted to gripping tightly onto the sheets until her knuckles lost color.

As she pumped in and out of the Targaryen, Lyanna watched her features twist into pleasure. She quickened her pace, wanting to hear more of her beautiful moans. "Lya." Dany gasped out, coming closer to her climax. But when Lya felt her heat tighten around her fingers, she pulled out her fingers. This left Daenerys in a mess of moans, whimpering at the loss of her release. Lya only smirked down at the Queen, proud that she made her come undone.

Daenerys couldn't have that. She was her Queen. She grabbed Lya and flipped her over, setting her own rose bud against the Stark's. She moved her hips in circles, making Lya moan loudly at the tantalizing feeling. "Harder." She pleaded, but Dany refused. Keeping the slow and painful pace. Lya squeezed her eyes shut but Dany gripped her throat, making her look up at the Targaryen. Their eyes locked and Daenerys pulled her hand away and instead gripped her thigh with one and breast with the other.

Lyanna was in a mass of moans, yelping as Dany gave into the temptation and rammed herself against her quicker. The stone room echoed with the sound of pleasure from both women. This sent Darnerys over the edge finally, rising out her spasms on top of Lya. This made Lyanna moan louder, feeling the Queen's juiced mix with hers. Finally Lya reached her climax yelling out Daenerys' name as she does. She rakes her nails down the Queen's back, cumming against her rose bud. Her long nails would no doubt leave marks.

Rather than let the Stark ride out her orgasm softly, Daenerys pulled back and shoved her face down into her heat. Rather than let the Stark ride out her orgasm softly, Daenerys pulled back and shoved her face down into her heat. She lapped and bit like a feral wolf, making Lyanna gasp and scream while her rose bud was at it's most sensitive. She bucked her hips into Dany's mouth, moving her hips so that she got every bit of her. Before she could even get over the first one, Lya was driven into another spasm, moaning and whining at the sensitivity of the ball of nerves.

Dany let her ride it out against her thigh as she came back up and kissed her lips, letting Lyanna taste herself. Lya ground against her thick thigh until her heat no longer stung with pleasure and sensitive nerves. She pulled her leg from her heat and laid lazily against her body. The curves of her fitting perfectly against Lyanna. Both caught their breath, gasping for air from the pleasure. The Queen left a trail of soft kisses up Lya's neck once she caught her breath, straddling the Stark's waist. She pecked her lips and then her nose and finally laid her head against Lya's.

Lyanna twisted her fingers into the silver hair of her Queen, exploring her beautiful eyes. "That was..." Lya starts, thinking of words to explain what had just occurred.
"Amazing." Daenerys finished, smiling down at the woman under her.

"Better than amazing." Lya giggled out, feeling completely over the moon. Dany rolled over and Lyanna wrapped her arms around the dragon queen. Daenerys laid her head on the woman's chest, humming softly in agreement. Lya felt weightless with the beautiful woman in her arms. Everything else in the world falling away but them. I love you. Lyanna wanted to whisper, but she kept it to herself. She smiled softly when Dany's breath slowed and she passed out against Lya's chest, tired out from the love making. Lyanna herself began to feel her eye lids grow heavy and she let herself fall into a dream sleep, the Queen's quiet snores sending her to sleep like a damned lullaby.

◇
The goat herder stands before them, holding a wrapped object in his hands. He stands nervously, looking up at the group. Ary had joined the queen's guard despite Lya wishing he didn't. She didn't want him to get wrapped up in this and get killed for Dany. But it seemed Lyanna wouldn't hesitate to get killed for her.

Missandei stands a step down, prepared to translate for Daenerys. Greyworm and Jorah stood at guard and Lyanna was immediately to the Queen's right. Ary stood a little ways away, all were cautious of the blonde haired man. His cousin was the Kingslayer and they worried he would follow in his footsteps.

"You stand before Daenerys Stormborn of the House Targaryen, the First of Her Name, Queen of Meereen, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Khaleesi of the Great Sea, Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons." Missandei announces to the man. Holding her hands in front of her.

"Don't be afraid, my friend." Daenerys assures the worried. He does not move though, head bowed.

"The Queen says you may approach and speak." Missandei reminds the man. The Goat Herder slowly steps foreward and ascends the stares, muttering quietly as he went.

"He is a goatherd." Missandei translates. "He says he prayed for your victory against the slave masters."

"I thank him for his prayers." Dany said, a soft smile as she looked at her subject. Lyanna thought she would be a good queen for the seven kingdoms. Missandei translates and they all watch as he places his bundle on the ground. He unwraps it slowly to reveals charred remains of his goats. Lya frowns, feeling guilty as she notices the marks of dragon fire.

"It was your dragons, he says. They came this morning for his flock." Missandei says a little quieter. "He hopes he has not offended Your Grace, but now he has nothing."

"Tell this man I am sorry for his hardship. Tell this man I am sorry for his hardship. I cannot bring back his goats," Daenerys says regretfully. "but I will see he is paid their value three times over." Lya wonders where she was getting the funds for this. She was generous in her work. He smiles excitedly and bows. Saying his thanks quickly as he grabs his bundle and exits the throne room.

"Send the next one in." Daenerys says, feeling pleased about herself. A well dressed man walks in with a servant trailing behind him. Lya places a hand on Dany's shoulder for a moment when she senses her anger at the man seemingly in chains.

"The noble Hizdahr zo Loraq begs an audience with the Queen." The servant says. Daenerys sneers down at them.

"The noble Hizdahr zo Loraq can speak to me himself." Daenerys commands. The man looks to the noble for permission before retreating behind him. Hizdahr bows in front of the Queen cautiously.

"Queen Daenerys. Tales of your beauty were not exaggerated." Lya cools her mind. His comments meant nothing but flattery and Daenerys would assure her that.

"I thank you." Dany says simply, waiting for him to continue.
"Mine is one of the oldest and proudest families in Meereen." The noble man assures his Queen.

"Then it is my honor to receive you." Daenerys gives a feigned smile. She was for the people but not for those who still called themselves masters.

"My father, one of Meereen's most respected and beloved citizens, oversaw the restoration and maintenance of its greatest landmarks. This pyramid included."

"For that, he has my gratitude. I should be honored to meet him." Daenerys says, gesturing to the pyramid above them.

"You have, Your Grace." Hizdahr says, making the Queen raise her dark eyebrow. "He is in your prison awaiting trial for the injustices done to the slaves. He has been since you liberated the city."

"Your father crucified innocent children. He deserves some punishment before he revives a fair trial." Lya silently thanks herself for keeping Daenerys from crucifying the man. She couldn't imagine the backlash from that.

"My father spoke out against crucifying those children. He decried it as a criminal act, but was overruled." Hizdahr defended his father.

"Then maybe he will he spared when he makes his case." Daenerys says, glaring down at the man. "But I will not let Injustice go unpunished. And if what you say is true, he will be given Mercy."

"Thank you, my queen." Hizdahr says, bowing once more before he exits with his servant.

"How many more?" Dany asks, letting out a frustrated sigh.

"There are 212 supplicants waiting, Your Grace." Missandei informs.

"212?" Daenerys says, a little shocked at the large number. The Queen looks up at Lya who frowns.

"Ruling means listening to their wants and needs." Lya shrugged and Daenerys nodded, agreeing with the statement.

"Send the next one in."

Daenerys laid against Lya's bare chest, making soft circles on her sensitive stomach with her finger tips. Lyanna giggled, bending her neck and kissing the Targaryen's forehead. Dany sat up on her elbows, coming face to face with the dark haired beauty. "I've been thinking," She started, tilting her head so that her silver hair draped over the woman's breasts. "About what I should do about Yunkai."

"Well what do you propose, My Queen." Lya questions, putting her hand on the woman's pale face.

"I should sent the Second Sons to Yunkai. Kill all the masters and take back the city. They betrayed me and put my freed people back into chains." Dany said, her face stern and unmoving. Lya thought for a moment.

"Well. Even if you kill them all they have children. They are father's and brothers and uncles. If we learned anything from Hizdar then it is that people don't forget about their family. They could seek revenge. Killing them all like animals would the Second Sons, under your command, animals as well." Daenerys mulls this over, brushing a stray curl out of Lyanna's face.
"Then what do you suppose I do?"

"Send a representative. To tell what Justice is and what you do here in Meereen. To tell them if they don't cooperate you can meet them with fire and blood. You are the Queen of this bay. And you demand their service to you. Set up a new governing body or however else you see fit. But don't slaughter them like cattle." Lyanna goes on, thinking of reproductions of murdering all the masters. While the slaves will be freed, the peace will never stay.

"Okay. I will." Dany says, laying back down her head.

"You are as beautiful as the braid." Lya spoke in rusty Dothraki. Daenerys lets out a laugh, shaking her head at the Stark.

"What are you trying to say?" Dany questioned, making Lya's cheeks heat at the mistake.

"You are as beautiful as the moon." Lya muttered.

"Moon." Dany corrected the Dothraki word. "Braid is the common tongue word for a braid even though it looks like moon when written."

"Valyrian is easier." Lya spoke the Targaryen's mother tongue. Daenerys smiles at the language on her lips. Missandei had said she spoke the language like it was her own and Dany could hear it. It was like music to her ears when Lyanna spoke the language.

"You are wonderful, my wolf." Daenerys said, gripping Lya's face and pressing their lips together. When they pull away, Lyanna looks at her with such admiration that Dany feels her heart jump in her chest.

"I love you." Lya said in perfect Valyrian. Daenerys stares, letting the silence grow. Lyanna's smile falters and she looks away. "I should go. I don't want to fall asleep and be caught." She begins to pull away from Daenerys but she holds her there. The Queen kisses her lips again, leaning into it until they both lose their breath.

"I love you." Daenerys says, brushing her thumb against the woman's cheek. "Please don't leave me." Desperation and pleading heard behind the words.

"I won't." Lyanna promises, laying back down and holding her close. Daenerys hums softly as she leans closer to her. "I won't leave you."

♤

"Ser Barristan." Lyanna greets with a small smile. Ary stood next to her, watching the old knight cautiously. Daenerys had been worried about the deaths in the city so she commanded Ary to guard Lya. It wasn't horrible except when the Stark wanted to be alone. But Ary usually let her have her secret adventures to the beach alone so that she could be closer to Sunfyre.

"Lady Stark" "Lady Stark." He said, bowing his head a little. Lya noticed the amount of respect she had received as of late. No doubt it was the standard that Daenerys held the Stark to. Listening to her council and allowing her to stand at her side in all matters.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" Lya game the knight a nod as well, waiting for his response.

"I've been given news from Westeros. A pardon." Lya raised an eyebrow.
"And who is that for?" Lya questioned. The man did not answer. He simply handed her the scroll, waiting expectantly. "Jorah." Lyanna Stark hissed. "Why was he pardoned? What did he do to get it? Have you told the Queen?"

"No. I wanted to talk to you first. To get your judgment on the matter." Barristan said, waiting for her to pass her opinion.

"We will confront Jorah. And then we will tell Daenerys. But he will not talk to her himself. If he did what this letter says..." before Lya could finish, Barristan took over.

"He will be executed." The thought spun Lya's stomach. He was a good man. Or at least that's what she believed. Dany would kill him. Or banish him if she felt merciful. But Lya would not tell her what to do. This act was not for the Stark to council on. He did not betray her. He betrayed the Queen.

♤

Avy jorräelan- I love you
the queens commands

Sunfyre had not been seen for a month. Lya sat at the beach, her head hanging low. Daenys lay next to her, whimpering at the sadness feeding off of Lyanna. "What if she never comes back." Lya mutters to no one but herself and the direwolf. Drogon had been gone too. But while the winged shadow had been seen, Sunfyre had not. It broke her to pieces. Even the wolf began to mourn. Missing her best friend.

Suddenly Daenys picks up a large stick and trots over, dropping it at Lya's feet. "You're just a big dog aren't you." She teased as she picked it up. She threw it out and into the bay in front of them. The direwolf ran quicker than any horse with her long furry legs. She waded in the water and found the stick, bringing it back just as quick. They did that a few times until Lya threw it too far out and the wolf began to swim.

Daenys found the stick and looked back at Lya. She began to growl loudly, dropping the stick and trying to get to the shore. Lya raised an eyebrow, stepping closer to the water and peering at her. The wolf got out, not shaking off her fur. Instead the giant ran at her at full speed.

Hands slipped around her throat from behind her. Lya could feel the cold steel of a knife at her throat. She let out a scream, grabbing at the sharp weapon with the palm of her hands. She let out a shriek at the pain, the steel digging into her palm as she pushes it away from her throat. Daenys jumped, knocking both the assailant and Lya to the ground. She rolled over and shivered when she heard the tear of skin. The attacker let out a shrewd scream. Lya looked back to see the direwolf snarling viciously and tearing at his throat. The man wore a mask, now red with his own blood.

In his last breathe, the man lifted the knife and scratched Daenys' hip. But the wolf did not stop. Not reacting at all. She tore hard and the man's neck broke. Silencing his screams. The wolf pulls away with blood on her muzzle, panting and growling down at the dead body. Lya stood slowly, taking a step towards the wolf. "Daenys." She said softly. The wolf turned suddenly, snarling. But when she saw Lyanna and the blood dripping onto her light blue dress, she nuzzled against the Stark.

Lya stood silently, still shaken up by the whole thing. She lifted her hands, suddenly feeling the pain now that the adrenaline was out of her system. She let out a whimper and leaned against the direwolf for support. The wolf guided her out of the beach.

"Lyanna!" Ary's voice called. She shrank back at the sound of footsteps running towards her. Daenys let out a grown and the Lannister stopped in his tracks. He saw the blood. His eyes traveled the trail of blood that dropped from her hands to the dead body on the beach. "What happened." His voice became angry and he stepped foreword to inspect her wounds. But Daenys bared her teeth, stepping in front of the Stark.

"Take me to the pyramid." Lya commanded, her voice shaky but stern. Ary nodded, walking quickly down the path towards the pyramid. Lya leaned against the wolf who helped, following Ary warily.

When they reached the Meerenese building, they walked into the throne room. Daenerys sat at the throne. When she saw the blood she got to her feet and rushed down the stairs. "What has happened!" She gasps, seeing the blood covering Lya's dress and hands as she held them up so that they didn't rub and hurt more. Daenys snarled at the Queen, causing Unsullied to step foreword.

"I'm alright." Lya assures the wolf. Addy walks in, gasping as she sees the blood.

"Lya!" Addy says allowed, running towards them. When she tried to look at her Lya take a step
"Take Daenys to my room please." She says, knowing Addy was the only one the wolf would allow to come close. The Winterfell woman frowns, nodding and leading the wolf away. Once they are gone, Dany rushes to her side.

"Who did this to you?" Daenerys hisses, grabbing the back of her hand. She looks at the blood, worry in her eyes.

"I don't know. He attacked me on the beach. He wore a mask." Lya said, feeling tears pull at her eyes. "He almost killed me Dany." She chokes out. Death never gave her fear. But now that she had Daenerys... She felt weak.

"Find a healer." The Queen commanded. "Come on." She led her to the war room, sitting her down. The healers came, cleaning the deep wounds and wrapping them quickly. When they were gone, Dany held her head in her soft hands. "Tell me everything."

◇

A golden Sons of the Harpy mask rests on the table. It was covered in the blood of an unsullied. Lya stared at it uncomfortably, the wrapped wound on her hands stinging. It had been a few days since the attack at the beach. Dany had not let her leave the pyramid since then.

"Sons of the Harpy?" Dany questions, looking at the mask.

"Yes, your grace. There was one on the body of Lya's attacker and they left it on the body of the Unsullied." Barristan informs, looking at the Stark wearily. She looked horrified as she stared at the mask. She looked nothing like she did when she first came to slaver's bay. Lyanna looked broken.

"They've never killed before. And now they try to kill my advisor on the beach and kill an Unsullied." She shakes her head, looking over at Lya.

"It was only a matter of time, your grace. Conquerors are always met with resistance." Barristan says cautiously.

"I didn't conquer them." Daenerys hisses. "Their own people did."

"They do not see us as people, Your Grace." Mossador, a former slave who became something resembling a representative, spoke out.

"Then they will have to learn to see things differently, Mossador. He did not risk his life fighting for freedom so cowards in masks could take it away. And I did not take up residence in this pyramid so I could watch the city below decline into chaos. What was the name of the man you lost?" Daenerys says angrily, turning to Grey Worm.

"White Rat, your grace." Grey Worm says, looking at the golden mask.


"The Sons of the Harpy will hear that message." Barristan says.

"Make them very angry." Mossador agreed.

"Angry snakes lash out. Makes chopping off their heads that much easier. Find the men who did this back.
and bring them to me." They nod, all turning to leave the room. Only Missandei remains at her
queen's side. "Leave me please." The Naath woman nods, walking out the door and closing it behind
her. "Lyanna."

Daenerys Targaryen bent down in front of the Stark. "Tell me. Are you alright?"

"No." Lyanna mutters, her eyes still on the mask. "I want to go home."

"We are home." Dany says, putting her hands in the woman's lap.

"No." She says, her eyes snapping towards Daenerys'. "If I was home my family would not be dead.
Everyone thinks I'm gone. My last family members are mourning me on the other side of the world.
And I don't even know if they're alive. I should never have ran away."

"You had no choice. They tried to kill you." Daenerys defends, giving her lover a desperate look.

"I'm taking Ary, Royan, Maeor and Addy and we are going home. I'm taking Daenys and if I can
find Sunfyre I'm taking her too." Lya says firmly. Dany stares at her, lip quivering as she says this.
The Queen pulls her hands away and stands up.

"No." She says simply.

"No?" Lya questions.

"Your Queen commands you to stay. You're not allowed to leave." Lya stares at her with shock.

"I will not be your prisoner." Lya stands up, glaring down at the Queen.

"You pledged your life to me. You will not go to Westeros until I go to Westeros. Your people can
leave if they would like but you will stay."

"You will stop me from going to find my family."

"I am stopping you from leaving your Queen." Lya doesn't listen, turning away and stalking out of
the room. Daenys appears from the shadows in the hall and follows at her tail. When the Stark gets to
her room she is faced with two Unsullied out side of her room.

"Leave me." Lya commands in Valyrian. The Unsullied do not move. "I said leave me."

"We have commands from the Queen to protect you." One of them says, glancing at his brother in
arms.

"To guard me? You mean make sure I don't run away." Lya hisses, causing a growl to come from
Daenys's throat.

"We have our orders." The other man says. Lya pushes past him and goes into her room, slamming
the door behind Daenys. She grabs a piece of parchment and sits at the desk in the corner of her
room.

'My Dear Brother Jon,' She writes, the name feeling like a prayer in the back of her throat. She had
no idea where Arya or Sansa were. But Jon. She knew Jon was on the wall. She had to tell him that
she was alive. She couldn't wait any longer.

Lya put the quill to the page and began to write.
"You're not my prisoner." Daenerys says as she closed the door behind the Stark. She had called her to the chambers, knowing that Lya was very angry with her.

"You tell all of your followers they are welcome to leave when the time comes. If they have to. But not me." Lya hisses, crossing her arms and glaring at the Queen.

"You're not a follower." Dany says, coming in front of her and getting onto her knees. It was strange to see her that way. She was a Queen. Not one to bow down to others. "You're my lover." Daenerys puts her hands on Lya's hips, causing her to groan in frustration. "The love of my life." She plants a kiss on her right hip bone. "You mean the world to me." She kisses her left one and then hovers above her naval, locking her eyes with Lya's soft blue and grey ones. "Is that wrong? To not want you to leave?"

Lya grabs her arm and pulls her to her feet, pressing her lips against the Targaryen. Their kiss deepens in passion until they have to pull away to breathe. Dany begins to untie her trousers, her fingers digging desperately into her skin. Lyanna grabs her hands, stopping her in her actions. "You can't just fuck me and expect me to forget about my family."

"You're my only family." Daenerys admits. It was selfish and she knew it. Knew that every word she said was self centered, but she could not lose Lyanna."I love you. I can't lose you. I lost Jorah. I'm losing my people. My army. Please. You said you would never leave me." Lya let's out a long sigh.

"I want to go home."

"As do I." Dany caresses her cheek, looking into her eyes with adoration. "But we can't go home now. When we go home we will with fire and blood and everyone who ever hurt you will die screaming, my love."

Lya thinks for a long moment before nodding. Dany lets out a sigh of relief. It was wrong. Daenerys knew it was wrong to keep her here. Keep her close for her own selfish reasons. But she loved her. Wasn't that enough? "Finding my family will be the first priority." Lya lays out her demands.

"Done." Daenerys says instantly. "I swear to it." Lya let's herself indulge in her, kissing her lips and leaning her head back as the Targaryen trailed kisses down her neck. "I love you." She murmured between kisses, entrapping the woman with every touch. "I love you."

♤

"The mission to Yunkai was a resounding success. The Wise Masters of Yunkai have agreed to cede power to a council of elders, made up of both the freedmen and the former slaveholders. All matters of consequence will be brought to you for review." Hizdahr says as he approaches the war table. Lya leans against it, looking out into the sky. She waited a long time. To see Sunfyre's bright wings. Daenys rubbed her head against the Stark and trotted to the balcony. Lya wanted to follow but Dany's voice pulled her away.

"Good." She says simply. Lya looks over her shoulders at the old master's son. His father had been given life in jail rather than execution. A slight mercy.

"They did ask for some... concessions." He says with a sigh.
"Concessions?" Daenerys raises an eyebrow, looking to Lya who does not return to glance. Her eyes returning to the blue sky.

"Politics is the art of compromise, your grace." Hizdahr tries to reason.

"I'm not a politician." Dany hisses.

"She is the Queen. They should be thanking her for this mercy." Lya said calmly, not looking to the man. She could feel his eyes burning into her back though. Lyanna just watched the dark wolf's long fur blow in the wind on the balcony.

"Forgive me. You're right, of course. Still, it's easier to rule happy subjects than angry ones." Hizdahr suggests. Lya nods at this. After the attempt on her life, she didn't want the citizens to be any more angry at them.

"I don't expect the Wise Masters to be happy. Slavery made them rich, I ended slavery." Daenerys Targaryen raises an eyebrow, waiting for his request she would inevitably turn down.

"They do not ask for the return of slavery." This causes Lya to stand up from the war table and turn to the man with a doubtful look. "They ask for the re-opening of the fighting pits."

"The fighting pits?" Dany scoffs. "Where slaves fought slaves to the death?"

"In the new world that you've brought to us, free men would fight free men."

"The pitfighters that you liberated plead for this opportunity. Bring some here and ask them yourself."

"No fighting pits."

"Opening them would show the people of Yunkai and Meereen that you respect their traditions."

"I do not respect the tradition of human cockfighting." This brings a chuckle to Lya.

"If you..."

"How many times must I say no before you understand?" The man finally nods, turning away and leaving the room. Daario enters the room, glancing at the man as he leaves.

"Whatever he wants from me he's not going to get it. If he really believes I'm going to reopen the fighting pits..." Daenerys curses him when he leaves the room.

"You should reopen the fighting pits." Daario cuts her off, earning a glare from both Lyanna and Dany.

"What?"

"My mother was a whore, I told you that. She liked to drink pear brandy. The older she got, the less she made selling her body, the more she wanted to drink. So one day when I was 12, she sold me to a slaver she fucked the night before."

"Why?"

"I was a bad child. I wasn't big, but I was quick. And I loved to fight. So they sold me to a man in Tolos who trained fighters for the pits. I had my first match when I was 16."
"You were sold into slavery, forced to fight to the death for the amusement of the masters, and you're defending the fighting pits?"

"I'm only here because of those pits. I learned to fight like a Dothraki screamer, a Norvoshi priest, a Westerosi knight. Soon I was famous. 10,000 men and women screamed my name when I stepped into the pit. I made so much money for my master he set me free when he died. I joined the Second Sons, and then I met you." Neither of the woman speak, looking from the man to each other. "You're the queen. Everyone's too afraid of you to speak truth. Everyone but Lya and I. You've made thousands of enemies all across the world. As soon as they see weakness, they'll attack. Show your strength here, now."

"That's why I have the Unsullied patrolling the streets." Daario scoffs at this.

"Anyone with a chest full of gold can buy an army of Unsullied. You're not the Mother of Unsullied. You're the Mother of Dragons." Lya feels the anger radiating off of Daenerys. Daenys enters the room again, huffing at the appearance of Daario. She did not seem to like the man.

"I don't want another child's bones dropped at my feet. No one's seen Drogon in weeks. Sunfyre has been gone for longer. For all I know they've flown halfway across the world. I can't control them anymore."

"A dragon queen with no dragons is not a queen." At this Lya walks over to him.

"You're welcome to leave now that you've stated your opinion." He glances at the Targaryen for her to argue but instead she turns away. "Leave." Daario glares and opens his mouth to protest but a growl from Daenys shuts him up. He turns and leaves the room.

"He's right." Daenerys says, sounding defeated. Lya comes in front of her and holds her pale face in between her palms.

"You are a Queen, Daenerys. Nothing will change that." Daenerys smiles at the woman she loved. Shaking her head softly.

"What is the dragon queen without her dragons, Lya. Tell me that."

"A Queen." Lya hisses, running her hands into the Targaryen's silver and gold locks.

"I want to see them." Lya sighs but nods anyway. She pulls away her hands and lets Dany lead them to the catacombs.

They're only accompanied by a few soldiers. "Stay here." Lya demands. They listen. The pair walk slowly towards the rock that is pulled away. The room is dark and cold as they enter. Lya can see nothing but Daenerys' back that is lit by the cool sun outside.

"Viserion? Rhaegal?" She says softly as the sound of chains clinking together is heard. Lya watched the burst of fire appear from the shadows. It lights up the room better than any source she has seen. She grabs Dany, pulling her back as the two dragons snap and scream, breathing fire towards them. "Easy. Easy." She tries to soothe, pushing towards them. But Lya holds her tight, dragging her away from them the crazed creatures.

When they get out of the catacombs, Lyanna can see the fear on her lover's face. "It's alright. They're just scared." She tries to assure the Queen. But Daenerys shakes her head, pulling from her grasp and walking with quick steps towards the pyramid. Lya is left behind, only Daenys at her side as she watches the Queen go.
"What if he doesn't come back?" Daenerys mutters as Lya runs her long digits through the Targaryen's hair. Selfish love, Lya thought to herself, making her love this woman even if she could never have her. Even when Dany lay bare against her she did not have her. Maybe it was her who was selfish to indulge in the Targaryen. But instead, she blamed love itself.

"He will come back. So will Sunfyre. They will know if something is wrong. They always do." Lyanna looks down at the woman who turns her blue green eyes to face her.

"But you were almost killed. And still she did not show up." Dany feels a pang of guilt. Viserion and Rhaegal did nothing. It was Drogon. And he was still free and they were in the catacombs.

"I had Daenys. Even Sunfyre knew that. I know they are both okay. I would feel if she was dead. And you would with Drogon. They're apart of us." Lya shrugs, rubbing her thumb over Dany's cheekbone.

"You felt it. When your brother died. Right?" This was a sore topic. One that even Daenerys knew not to speak of. Lya nods reluctantly. "It's the twins bond I suppose."

"Dany." Lya sighs. "He wasn't my twin." The Targaryen sits up, holding the sheet to cover her bare body.

"What do you mean?" Daenerys questions, a dark eyebrow raised.

" Jon Snow is my twin brother." This sends the Queen into a long silence as she thinks it over.

"That would make you..."

"A Snow." Lya answers with a sigh. "My father placed me in Robb's crib and called me his own. He couldn't do that for Jon. But he did it for me." She shrugs, not wanting to go into it.

"But that means you aren't a Stark." Lya sits up, leaning in and kissing her lips softly.

"Aye. But I was raised one." She kisses her more intensely, flipping them over so that she straddled her waist. "I'm still a wolf aren't I." Lya says suggestively as she kisses down the Queen's neck, biting at her jaw. Dany hums her approval, leaning her head back so that her neck was open to her lover. She grips her hips and flips them, moving her hips in a circular motion against Lya's heat.

"My wolf." Daenerys says possessively as she connects their lips. Lya chuckled and sits up, holding her hips hard against her body.

Lya let her tongue explore every inch of the other woman's mouth. Moaning into the long kiss. She brought her hands to the Targaryen's face and leaned her head against Dany's forehead. "My dragon."
Her feet carry her as she runs down the hall. Footsteps ringing in the stone halls. She passes everything in a blur. Only Daenys at her side is clear as they race down the stairs. Lya pushes her whole body against the door to open it, practically falling into the room.

The sight breaks her. Addy lay against his body, loud sobs coming from her lips. Lya walks shakily towards the pair, the woman not even noticing her presence as she drapes herself across the body.

Maeor. It was clear as day. Even with the golden mask on his face she could see it by his wide eyes and dark hair. Lya went around the bench and put a hand on Addy's back. She shot up, her eyes red as the blood that seeped from her love's neck.

When she finds Lya, her eyes turn to slits. "This is your fault." Addy hisses as she chokes out a sob. Lya takes a step back as if she had been struck. It was the words that hit her. Her fault.

"Addy." Lyanna tries to soothe, pressing her hand on the woman's shoulder. She shies from the touch. Instead she lays her head on Maeor's chest, letting out a long sob.

"It's all your fault." Addy cries out. "If you weren't always with that damn Queen you would have protected us. You're selfish! You're fucking selfish and I hate you." She sits up, shaking as she stares at the Stark. "He was butchered. Like a damn animal. For you."

"Addy I swear if I could have done something..."

"No. Don't swear to me. You've never cared about me. I'm your shadow. Always have been. But Maeor." She runs a hand through his dark locks. "He made me someone. Now what am I? Nothingness?"

"You're my friend." Lya says, grabbing Addy's hand.

"Don't say that!" She screams at her. "Don't fucking say that!"

"Addy. Listen to me. His death will not be in vein." Addy does not listen. She pulls away, walking towards the balcony. Her eyes watch the city bellow.

"We were married." Addy murmured.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Lya questions, looking down at his body. She took off the mask and placed it away. He looked much older like this. His body small and alone. His hair in dark bloody strands. He didn't look like a smuggler. He looked like a Mormont.

"We did. We told you to come with us to the beach for a surprise. But you were too busy with your Dragon Queen. And now..." Addy places a hand on her stomach. "And now we're alone." Lya looks over, noticing as she rubbed the small bump on her stomach.

"Addy." Lya murmurs, walking towards her. "Please. Please forgive me. I'm so sorry." Lya feels tears pull at her eyes. This was her fault. Addy was right. She was always right. "I was wrong. I've been selfish. I love you Addy. You're all I have left from Winterfell." The woman scoffs.

"You don't love me." She shakes her head and grips the bannister hard. "Maeor loved me."

"Addy please. Of course I love you. You were my only friend in Winterfell."
"You had your family. But you were my family. And you left me to die in Kingslanding. When you were done playing with me you dropped me like a broken toy." Addy turned back, her dark eyes meeting Lyanna's. "You're a cold woman Lya Snow." She hisses. "A cold selfish woman."

"Addy." Lyanna pleads, taking a step closer to her long gone friend.

"We're going to join him now." She says, eyes glazed over.

"What do you mean?" Lya starts before her question is answered. Addy steps up onto the bannister. Lyanna rushes foreword, grasping at her friend. "Addy no!" She yells. But it's too late. Her hand touches the silk of her dress before she jumps.

Lya drops to her knees, closing her eyes tightly. The inhuman splat comes next, causing a hard sob from her throat. She hears voices and yells from bellow but all that is drowned out. "I'm sorry." Lya whispers. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Im sorry." She repeats the words over and over like they are a prayer. Her body goes limp against the bannister and she sobs. Alone.

♤

"We were supposed to have one funeral." Royan hissed as he sat down at the table. He did not move for a moment before he suddenly smashed his fist against the table. "Now we have to have three. Damn her. Damn her." Lya sat down across from the red haired sailor.

"I'm sorry. I... I didn't know what had happened till it was too late." She laid her face in her hands, holding back the onslaught of tears that desperately wanted out.

"It's not your fault. You know that." Ary assured her, patting her back softly.

"That's not what Addy thinks.... thought." She corrected herself. "They're both dead now. And they will never get to go home. Because of me." Royan reaches over the table and grabs her hands.

"Lyanna. That's not true. Addy was in pain. Grieving. She didn't mean those things." He tries to tell her. But she does not listen.

"I'm sending you two home." Lya says, grabbing Royan's hands and holding them closer to her. "I'm not going to let you two die by my hands as well. I have not been fair to you all. You swore me your loyalty and I let you all hurt. I ignored every one of you. Took every bit of pride you had in me and destroyed it. I'm not going to let that kill you two as well."

"Lya. Our home is with you." Ary says from behind her. She lets go of Royan's hands and he stares at them in shock.

"Royan's home is the sea. Go. Find somewhere. Go to Pentos or Braavos. Make a home. Go to Westeros. I'm setting you free." Lya pleads for them. Wishing they would just go so she wouldn't have to face what she had caused.

"Lyanna. I'm not leaving you. I'm sworn to your Queen. Sworn to protect you." Ary tries to argue again but Royan says nothing. He thinks the opportunity over.

"You leave tonight. Your ship is in the bay. As much gold that it can carry is on it. Weapons. Armor. Whatever you need is there." Lya made the decision for him, walking towards the door. Ary grabbed her shoulder, pulling her against his chest.

"I don't want to leave you Lya." He says, petting the back of her hair.
"I'm not going to let you die Ary. I want you and Royan to be happy. Not stuck serving someone who can't help you." Lya pulls away, kissing his cheek and gripping his shoulders. "Free yourself Ary. Please." She turns to Royan who was standing now, his head held low. He would not argue like Ary did. He loved Lya yes, but he loved Ary too much to see him die the same death of Maeor and Addy. Lya took him in her arms, hugging the bastard tightly. "Don't die for me, Royan. You lived on that damn boat. Let yourself die on it. Old and happy with the man you love." Her voice is quiet so that only he can hear it. He nods against her, feeling a pang of regret. He shouldn't want to leave. But none the less he does.

"If you ever need us..." Royan starts as she pulls away.

"Don't wait up for me. Please. I don't want you to be at my beck and call. I want you to be free." Ary nods sadly. He recalled the night he did nothing to protect her from almost being raped. And now he was leaving her with dogs once again. No. Dragons. Lya walks towards the door, turning before she opens it. "You four were the best people I could have asked for. Don't let the same fate take you."

Lyanna opens the door and closes behind her, not looking back as she went.

◇

She did not attend the meetings. That was the first thing Daenerys noticed in her grief. It seemed when her love was pained, she began to forget things. It had been a month since her friend flung herself from a window. But even the Queen knew that was not all that plagued Lya's mind.

Dany had done everything to beckon her out of her room. Offering things like she was a feral dog in the streets who she wanted to take home. But Lya still relented. Never leaving her bed. She didn't eat. Didn't drink. Daenerys wondered if she planned to starve herself to death but she managed to get her to eat once a day.

It wasn't enough, leaving her cheeks sunk in and her full hips thinning. Dany thought though, that she was still beautiful. Her dark hair spread around her face like a black halo as she laid on the bed. The Queen sat on the edge, pushing a few strands behind the woman's ear.

"My love," she spoke softly as to not wake her in a jolt. Lya's eyes opened. The blue in them had seemed to fade in the years she knew her. While they were once the color of the sea, grey blue and green, they had become only a grey with a light blue mixed in. It reminded her of a summer storm. Her eyes clouded with rage and pain. "My love. You need to eat."

"I already did." Lya said distantly. The wolf that laid on the bed took up more than half of it, groaning as the dragon queen had came into the room. Daenys looked up, molten gold eyes locking with Daenerys'.

"Lya." She spoke again, voice as soft as silk. "I need you now. Now more than ever."

"What is it?" Lya asks as she turns to meet her eyes with Daenerys'. She seemed to look right through her.

"A former slave. He killed a Son of Harpy who was awaiting trial." Dany frowns, looking at the lost look in Lya's eyes.


"But he did it for his people. Not wanting them to be enslaved again." Daenerys defends.
"He went against your orders. His Queen's orders." Lya sits up in the bed, causing the wolf to hop off and stand. The large direwolf stretches out with a huff.

"Lyanna. Please. Come with me. I need you. You've been in here too long." Dany presses her lips to her cheek, trailing soft kisses to her lips. When she meets them, Lya does not move. She lets out a sigh, grabbing the Targaryen and laying her back onto the bed. Dany gasps, surprised at the action. Lyanna peers over her, eyes distant. She kisses her lips once before standing and stripping down her clothes in a slow lethargic movement.

"Where are we going?" She asks as she puts on trousers and a lose shirt.

"What?" Dany stutters, still confused by the demeanor that she holds. It's as if she ain't really there. Even the kiss seemed feigned. She sits up and eyes the Stark.

"You said you needed me. Here I am." The dark circles under her eyes only grow with the cool color of the shirt. Her eyes had lost the color as well as the warmth they once had.

Daenerys stands and wraps her arms around Lya's waist, pulling her against herself. "I love you." She said in the Targaryen's mother tongue. Lya simply nodded, untangling herself from her arms and walking towards the door. The wolf next to her stuck to her side like barnacles on a Greyjoy ship. When they were gone Dany stood there, dumb founded and confused.

Once turning the corner Lya gripped the wolf's fur. "Stay beside me, girl." She ran her slim hand across Daenys' back. "We have enemies walking among us."
"Why?" Daenerys hisses as she sits on the small throne. A coldness was held in her throat. Lyanna stood next to her, staring down at the former slave.

"For you, Mhysa." Mossador kneels in front of his mother, looking up at her with a smile. Lya feels a hint of regret, but she ignores it. "You wanted the Harpy dead, but your hands were tied. I set you free, as you did all of us."

"He was our prisoner, awaiting trial. You had no right." Dany says, her voice softer.

"He would rather rip your city apart than see slaves lifted from the dirt."

"There are no more slaves. There are no more Masters."

"Then who lives in the Pyramids? Who wears gold masks and murders your children?" There is a long silence, Daenerys looks up at Lyanna who's eyes never leave Mossador. "When Grey Worm came to us, I was the first to take up the knife for you. I remember the look on my father's face as I struck down his Master, who had traded his infant son for a dog. My father died in the fighting. If we allow the Sons of the Harpy to return us to chains, he never lived."

"The Harpy's life was not yours to take. Once, the Masters were the law..."

"...and now you are the law!"

"The law is the law. Take him." The former slave looks up at his mother, pain and shock on his face. Two Unsullieds carry Mossador out of the room. Lya watches him go, her lip twitching.

"Mercy." Lya says plainly, turning to Dany. "Give him Mercy." The Queen stands, turning to glare at the woman.

"Mercy? You just told me to kill him. Now. Now Mercy?" She shakes her head. "I will give him no mercy. Like you said. He betrayed me."

"He's loyal to you and you only." Lya muttered, looking down on the Targaryen.

"And you were loyal to me and me only once. How times have changed." Dany pushes past her, slamming her shoulder against Lya's own. The Stark looks to the ground and sighs. Her intention was never to lose Daenerys as well.

◇

The Unsullied escort Daenerys and her small council down to the stage. A large crowd surrounds them. Mhysa! Myhsa! They all scream for her. Lya refuses to look at them as they reach for her as well. Their mother and her followers. They wouldn't call her Mhysa much longer.

The group settles in front of the courthouse, surrounded by both former Masters and former slaves. The Unsullied form a ring around Daenerys.

"She should have cut off the traitor's head in the Great Pyramid and been done with it." Hizdohr mutters to Daario.

"I hope she does that to you." Lya says, snapping her head towards the master's son. The man looks away and Lya lets the feeling of triumph run through her for a moment. She never did like that man.
She notices the masters as they leer at the Queen. The slaves all screamed for her.

"You opened your gates to me because I promised you freedom and justice. One cannot exist without the other." Mossador is carried into the scene by Unsullied and set before Daenerys on his knees. Brother! Brother!

"Mhysa, please! Forgive me!" Mossador begs. Lya wants to look away. To ignore the screams of the people.

"A citizen of Meereen was awaiting trial and this man murdered him. The punishment is death." Daenerys says this in a cold harsh tone. Mercy! Mercy! Mossador looks to Daenerys, pleading. She looks to Daario and nods. He takes out his arakh, walks to Mossador, and puts it to his neck. The crowd starts protesting and the Masters look on uncertainly. The crowd begs and pleads for mercy. As Daario reaches back his arm to decapitate him, Lya jumps forward. She grips the sellswords wrist, glaring him down.


"I take my orders from the Queen. You are not the Queen." Daario drops the arakh, catching it with the other hand and slicing off the former slaves head. Lya turns away, feeling the blood spray onto her shirt.

When she opens her eyes she feels like she's awoken for the first time since she left Westeros. Since her brother died. Since Maeor and Addy died. Since her baby died. Blue grey eyes starring at the men and women around them. They once screamed for their mother. Now they starred blankly at their brother's dead body. Suddenly, they start hissing at Daenerys. The Unsullied brace themselves.

Lya rushes to Daenerys, grabbing her waist and pulling her towards the other council members and the Unsullied. "Protect your Queen." Lya commands, holding Dany's head down as rocks are thrown. Former slaves and masters begin killing each other in the streets. Rocks are thrown at the Unsullied shields in attempts to hit Daenerys. But they hold, covering Lya who leads Missandei in one hand and Dany by the waist.

When they reach the Pyramid, Daenerys stares with eyes glazed over. Shocked at what occurred. She still held tight to Lyanna as she lead her to her room.

"I'll stand guard outside your door tonight, Your Grace." Barristan tries to cool her fear.

"We all guard tonight." Grey Worm agrees.

"Leave me." Dany says, speaking for the first time since they left the courthouse. Barristan, Daario, Missandei, and Grey Worm leave the room. Before Lya can follow, Daenerys grabs the woman and hugs her tightly. "I should have listened to you. They hate me. What is the mother of dragons without dragons or those who call her mother." She cries as her knees shake. Lya kneels to the ground with Dany in her arms.

"Hush it's alright. You still have your dragons. Your people will come around. They are angry but soon enough they will see justice." Lya tries to assure her, holding her face in her hands.

"Mercy. They asked for mercy not justice. And I gave them their brothers head." Daenerys whispers, feeling completely lost. She was losing her people. She had lost her dragons and she almost lost Lya. She swallows her tears and stands to her feet.

"I love you, Daenerys Stormborn." Lya says in her tongue. Daenerys nods.
"I need a moment." She says. Lya starred, feeling as though she had been slapped. Of course. She hurt her. Danys did not want to sweep her anger under the rug. Lyanna had broke and she had to pick up the pieces. The Snow told herself she wouldn't break again, no matter what it took. She wouldn't force someone to pick up those jagged glass pieces again. She would no longer be glass. She would be dragonglass.

◇

She stood at the edge of the water, letting the waves crash against her toes. Daenys came next to her, dropping a stick at her feet. Lya did not pick it up. She just stared where Royan's boat had once been. She missed them. God's she missed them all. Lya wished silently that she had not sent them away. Maybe they could have picked up her pieces if she let them. Now she felt cold. Cold and alone.

A sound resembling a clap of thunder comes from behind her, wind and sand picking up around Lya. She turned around slowly, not fearing as she did not hear a growl rumbling from Daenys throat. Instead as she turned she saw scales. As blue as midnight, leering over her.

Lya whipped around suddenly, looking up to see a giant head peering over her. Horns stuck out of her head like rose bush thorns. Her eyes gold as the sun. Her wings stretched out along the beach, taking up all the space around them. "Sunfyre." Lya gasped out. The creature lowered her giant head and Daenys let out a happy cry. The dragon peered at Lyanna with caution. "My sun." She muttered softly. Lya reaches out a hand for the dragon who sniffed it. The air coming from her giant nostrils felt like a wind storm. Lya carefully placed a hand on her nose.

Sunfyre leaned against the touch, letting out a grumble that sounded almost like a purr. Lya let our a scoff that turned to an excited laugh. My baby, she thought, my child. "Where have you been?" She said softly, worrying if she talked to loud or moved to quickly the creature would be spooked. "Have you felt my grief girl?"

The dragon pulled away and looked up to the sky. A winged shadow flies overhead and a screech is sent out into the night. Sunfyre opened her giant sunrise wings and let out a screech in response. Her golden eyes met Lya for a moment. "No. Stay. Please." Lya said desperately. Sunfyre hesitated but the sound of another screech from the sky brought her out. A clap of thunder sounded and the dragon lifted into the sky. She rose to the side of the winged shadow that Lya knew as Drogon.

They spread across the sky and towards the moon. Lya watches with tears welling in her eyes. Daenys nuzzles against her, watching the sky as well. Lya feels even more alone than she did. She turns back towards the Pyramid with her head down and walks on slowly.

◇

"All men must die. But not all can die in glory." Hizdahr says as he stands at the bottom of the stairs. 

"Glory?" Lya scoffs down at him. Missandei gives her an uneasy look as their queen enters the room.

"Why else do men fight? Why did your ancestors cross the Narrow Sea and conquer the Seven Kingdoms? So their names would live on. Those who find victory in the fighting pits, will never become kings, but their names will live on. It's the best chance they'll ever have."

"Is that what you used to tell men before you set them to butchering each other for sport?" Daenerys Targaryen questions, her dark eyebrows raised accusingly.
"Your Grace, today is the traditional start of the fighting season."

"I do not recognize this tradition."

"Traditions are the only thing that will hold this city, your city, together. Without them, former slaves and former masters have nothing in common. Nothing but centuries of mistrust and resentment. I can't promise this is the answer to all our problems, but it's a start."

◊
The room was dark, except for some candles littering the scene. Daenerys and Lyanna stood over the body of Barristan. Lya shivered as a coldness rushed into the room. "Who did it." She hissed, turning to her Queen.

"The Sons of Harpy." Daenerys said blankly. She looked up at the blue grey of her eyes with emptiness. Lya reaches out, putting a hand against her face. Dany pulls away but still her cheeks heated at the touch. She loved her. Nothing would change that. Her eyes went to the body bellow her. This is what love does.

Hizdahr enters with two men at his side and Daario trailing them, causing Lyanna to sneer. It wasn't hard to notice the woman's dislike for him. "I am so sorry, my queen. He was a good man."

"Barristan the Bold they called him. He crossed a continent to serve me. He was a loyal friend. And he died in an alley, butchered by cowards who hide behind masks." Daenerys looked up at the noble man, her eyes afire with anger.

"We could pull back to the pyramid district, secure it, and use it as a base from which to operate. Then we clean the city out, neighborhood by neighborhood, street by street, until the rats have nowhere left to hide." Daario suggests, looking up at Hizdahr as he rounds the table that Barristan's body lay. He came next to Lya, putting his hand on hers. She hadn't even noticed the shaking that he put an end to.

"I prefer your earlier suggestion." Dany days, looking down at the body of her friend and counselor. "Round up the leaders of each of Meereen's great families and bring them to me."

"But..." Hizdahr started, eyes wide with realization. "I'm the leader of my family." Daario nods and the two men behind Hizdahr grab and restrain him. He is pulled away, struggling as they go.

"No, Your Grace! I had nothing to do with this. Your Grace!" His calls fall on deaf ears.

"Is it right?" Lya asks softly once he's gone.

"Is it right to do what?" Daario asks, raising an eyebrow to the Stark.

"Kill them all? Is it just?" Lya looks to Dany them rather than facing Daario's annoyed look.

"Do you not trust our Queen's judgment?" The sellsword scoffs.

"I do. And I trusted her counselors. Now look at them." She waves her hand over Barristans body. Daenerys did not speak, only starring at the body on the table. Lya turns away. "By your leave, your grace." Dany flinches at her sharp words before nodding. Lyanna exits the room in a flurry of silk.

"Tell me, Grey Worm." Lya started as she held up the Unsullied spear. "What do you like about this weapon rather than a sword?" She asked as they stood in the training field. Lya has trained with the Unsullied frequently before she was attacked. Dany refuses it for a long time. But now that Grey Worm was on his feel again, she decided to say fuck what Daenerys refuses.

She found solace in him along with Missandei. That made her miss her long gone loyal friends a little less. But it still hurt. Grey Worm picked up another spear, holding it as if it was a foreign object. He
was still practically immobile but he liked to walk. "It is small weapon." He begins, spinning it slowly as to not stress the stitches in his stomach. "Easy to hold. Not heavy and keep you down. They hit harder." Lya nods.

"How long did it take you to learn the weapon?" She asks as she mimics his spinning.

"It took days as unsullied. We never stop training until mastered." Grey Worm holds the spear vertically and looks at it curiously. "How long for you to learn sword?"

"It didn't take me long. Not days like you." Lya jokes, smiling at the soldier. The man just nodded, waiting for her to finish. Lya thought that Missandei may be some more enjoyable company. But Grey Worm had his moments. "A year maybe. I was young. Could barely hold the sword."

"Started Unsullied when I was 5." Grey Worm says. "It will take you days to learn spear."

Lya shrugs. "I don't think I would be good at it."

"You are strong. Spear is easy. Cut harder. Learn it." He tosses her the other spear and she catches it with her left hand. She looked it over thoughtfully.

"Teach me." Lya requested.

"Other Unsullied will teach you. I am hurt." He looks down at his bandages in dismay. He didn't like to be out of work. He wanted to move. To protect his Queen.

"I can wait."

♤

"Marrying." Lya hisses as she slammed the door to Daenerys' chambers. "Hmm? What now, I have to share a bed with the man?"

"Don't be ridiculous. My marriage to Hizdahr is political. I think he's smart enough to understand that." Daenerys shrugs, looking out the balcony thoughtfully. Her slim fingers danced on the bannister nervously.

"I think the Sons of the Harpy have stopped killing because their leader was made king." Lya hisses, making Dany turn at the accusation.

"We don't know that." the Queen scoffs. "And besides. You told me yourself, I can't fight enemies within and without. So when enemies from without come knocking, I need the city of Mereen behind me. I have no choice."

"Even slaves have a choice. You showed them that."

"So what else can I do?"

"Wait. Marry someone on the other side of the sea. We don't need political marriages here." Lya says, coming foreword and grabbing her hands in her own. "This is our pyramid. Let us stay here. Just us. You can marry when we're in Westeros but a marriage here will do nothing."

"I swore to rule. I can't be brash and try to take the seven kingdoms now." Daenerys defends.

"You're being brash by this marriage!" Lyanna rips away her hands, shaking her head.

"This is all selfish reasoning." Dany grumbles and throws her arms up in frustration.
"How is trying to get you your throne selfish?"

"You're trying to keep someone else out of our bed." Daenerys accuses her with a side eye as she turns back to the city.

"I'm trying to help." Lya says desperately, feeling as though she had no better luck talking to a wall. "Marry your noble then. But don't expect me to come running to you when something goes wrong."

But they both knew very well that that was exactly what she would do.

♤

"My name is Lyanna of house Stark. The Dragon Rider. The lone wolf." Lya spoke in Valyrian as Missandei slipped her fingers between her hair strands. She pulled a little tighter as she put it into an intricate braid. Her hair was thick and curly like Jon's and hard to deal with. Lya asked for Missandei's help in the matter. Seeking companionship more than the hair styles themselves.

"Rider." Missandei corrected as she tilted her head. "You have so much hair. Much more than Daenerys." She smiled as she fitted the final braid. Her hair was pulled behind her ears with a few strands in the front. She braided the back as if it were a ladder surrounding her head.

"It is beautiful." Lya said as she touched the braid. "Thank you."

"Of course." Lya thought the woman's smile was beautiful. She was beautiful. Her hair the color of chocolate and skin smooth and clean. She couldn't blame Grey Worm for being infatuated with the Naath woman. "How are you doing?"

Lya stares for a moment. She tried to think of the last time someone asked her how she was doing. She tried to think of a response too. What do you say to the kind of question? "I'm okay." Lya shrugged.

"I did not mean to intrude." Missandei sat down next to her, frowning a little. "If I may be so bold..."

"Go ahead." Lya said, curious of what she would ask.

"I haven't seen you with the Queen for a while. Are you two upset with each other?" Lya can't help but laugh. The question was spoken innocently and a light redness his Missandei's face. "I did not mean offense."

"I am not taking offense my lady." Lya shakes her head, picking at her nails as she looks down.

"My lady? I have never been called that." Missandei laughs lightly, an awkward sound as if she wasn't used to it. This caused Lya to laugh more.

"Well you are a lady. Lady Missandei of Naath." Lya stands, looking down at the table map. "Where is Naath?"

"It is an Island in the Summer Seas." This makes her smile disappear. "I do not remember the land. All I remember is white sands."

"Happy memories hurt the most," Lya says in Valyrian as she notices the sadness in Missandei's eyes. This brings a small light to her almond shaped eyes.

"Yes. They do." Missandei sighs, running her fingertips on the map. "She loves you, you know?"

"Does she?" Lyanna questions, letting out a huff.
"She does." Missandei says without a doubt, putting her fingers on Lya's hand. "Talk to her."

Lya stood at the door, feeling naked in her thin silks. She felt as nervous as the first night she spent in Daenerys' room. Cheeks pink from the steps up to the dragon's den. Her hand touched the door for a long time, not moving to knock. Finally she curled her knuckles and tapped on the door.

There was no answer. So, she did it again. This time the door opened. Dany looked the ghost of who she once was. Her silver hair in messy strands and pulled behind her ears in a messy braid. Her eyes sunken in from crying. She was pale. Paler than usual.

Lya didn't take much caution, grabbing the woman's hips and pulling her body against her own. Daenerys melted in her arms, wrapping her body against the Stark. Lya steppes into the room, still holding the Targaryen close. She closed the door and leaned against it, pulling back and looking down at Dany.

"What took you so long?" Daenerys asked, looking up into the grey blue eyes of Lyanna Stark. She shook her head softly and pushed hands through her silver hair. Not giving an answer as she silenced Dany's doubt with a hard kiss. When they pulled back, both were gasping for air. The dragon queen silently thanked the gods for Lya Stark.

She loved her. Through and through. She hadn't been able to say that about anyone since Drogo. She didn't love Jorah the way he loved her. Didn't love Daario the way he loved her. She didn't return love. Except Lyanna Stark. How did this woman come across the narrow sea to take her?

"I'm sorry," Lya said finally, breaking the silence. "This has all been too much. I miss my family. I miss my friends. I miss my home. I've been selfish. I've been selfish for so long. But I can't help it. You make me selfish." Lya held her face in both hands, Dany's hands gripping her hips hard enough to leave red lines.

"Love makes men do stupid things." Daenerys said, hovering her lips closer to Lya's. This was true in many cases. Daario. Jorah. Drogo even.

"And it makes woman do even stupider things." Lya tilted her head so that their lips melted easily, sliding her tongue into Dany's mouth. She pulls back, "I'm selfish," she indulged in another kiss. "I'm selfish for you."

"Then I'm just as selfish." Daenerys pulled her to the heavy silks of the bed, sitting her down and sitting on her lap. "You make me forget the world Lya. The land across the sea. The iron throne. You make me forget it all."

"Fuck the iron throne." Lya kissed her neck and Dany tilted her head so that she could take more. "Fuck the seven kingdoms." She kissed lower, biting at her collar bone. "Fuck everything but us. Right here right now." Lya thought that she could sit here forever till her skin rotted and her bones turned to dust. She could stay in Meereen, at Daenerys side forever. But as much as she wanted that, it wasn't her.

And life wasn't that simple.
"Your Grace, I want to say..." Ser Jorah Mormont stood at the bottom of the steps, looking up at his Queen with wide eyes.

"You will not speak," Daenerys hissed, cutting him off. "How do I know you are who you say you are?" She said, turning to the blonde stunted man.

"I can test to it, Your Grace." Lya said, stepping foreword from her spot behind Dany. She hid in the shadows like her wolf for a while, watching the men curiously. When Jorah was brought back to the Pyramid, it was a shock to Lya. But when she saw who he was with, her mouth never seemed to close with shock. "This is Jaime Lannister's brother."

"Lyanna Stark." Tyrion murmured, saying it like it was a question. His green eyes full of shock. "But. You're dead."

"Clearly." A growl erupt from the shadows behind Tyrion as Daenys circles the pair. He hadn't even noticed the wolf was there. As big as a horse, she still kept her steps quiet and smooth.

"Tyrion Lannister. Why shouldn't I kill you? To pay your family back for what it did to mine and to Lyanna's."

"You want revenge against the Lannisters? I killed my mother Joanna Lannister the day I was born. I killed my father Tywin Lannister with a bow to the heart. I am the greatest Lannister killer of our time." Lya starred blankly. Tywin Lannister, was dead. For some reason the thought sent relief into her. The man who helped kill her family. Dead.

"So I should welcome you into my service because you murdered members of your own family?" Dany scoffed.

"Into your service? Your Grace we have only just met. It's too soon to know if you deserve my service." His words are joking but still, Lya feels the seriousness in them. He was not an idiot, she knew that.

"If you'd rather return to the fighting pits just say the word." Daenerys Targaryen and Lyanna Stark looked down at the Imp with fire in their eyes. If Tyrion didn't know better, he would say they were the dragons. Not the ones he saw flying over him in the ruins of Valyria.

"When I was a young man I heard a story about a baby born during the worst storm in living memory. She had no wealth, no lands, no army, only a name and a handful of supporters, most of whom probably thought they could use that name to benefit themselves. They kept her alive, moving her from place to place, often hours ahead of the men who had been sent to kill her. She was eventually sold off to some warlord on the edge of the world and that appeared to be that. And then a few years later the most well informed person I knew told me that this girl without wealth, lands, or armies had somehow acquired all 3 in a very short span of time, along with three dragons. He thought she was our best, last chance to build a better world. I thought you were worth meeting at the very least." His story, made Daenerys' anger slip away for a moment. He could see it in her eyes. But Lya's. Lya's stayed.

"And why are you worth meeting? Why should I spend my time listening to you?"

"Because you can not build a better world on your own. You have no one at your side who understands that land you want to rule. The strengths and the weaknesses of the houses that will
either support or oppose you."

"I have a very large army and very large dragons. And I have Lyanna Stark. Who understands the land I will rule and knows the strengths and weaknesses of the houses that will support me." Tyrion thought about this for a moment. He had not taken in to consider her having a supporter of a great house already. Let alone the last known Stark. Who was supposed dead.

"When I served as Hand of the King I did quite well at politics considering the king in question preferred torturing animals to leading his people. I could do an even better job advising a ruler worth the name."

"So you want to advise me. Very well." Daenerys and Lyanna both look to Jorah, seemingly one in the same mind. "What would you have me do with him? I swore I would kill him if he ever returned."

"I know."

"Why should the people trust a queen who can't keep her promises?"

"Whomever Ser Jorah was when he started informing on you, he is no longer that man. I can't remember seeing the same man as devoted to anything as he is to serving you. He claims he would kill for you and die for you, and nothing I have witnessed gives me reason to doubt him. And yet he did betray you." Tyrion approaches them on the steps and her guards raise their spears. Daenerys waves them off. "Did he have an opportunity to confess his betrayals?"

"Yes, many opportunities."

"And did he?"

"No. Not until forced to do so."

"He worships you. He is in love with you, I think. But he did not trust you with the truth - an unpleasant truth, to be sure - but one of great significance to you. He did not trust that you would be wise enough to forgive him."

"So I should kill him?"

"A ruler who kills those that are devoted to her is not a ruler that inspires devotion. And you're going to need to inspire devotion, and lots of it, if you're ever going to rule across the Narrow Sea... But you cannot have him by your side when you do." Daenerys thinks this over, looking down at the man who betrayed her. She looked up at Lya, awaiting her response. The woman gave a curt nod and Dany made the decision.

"Remove Ser Jorah from the city."

Tell me," Lya said, wolf at her heels as she stomped into the war room. Tyrion almost dropped the wine glass as she came barreling towards him, teeth bared the same as her wolf. "What happened to my sister?"

"After Joffrey died," Tyrion stuttered out, not knowing how to react to the cold Stark that came at him. "I was imprisoned. She was nowhere to be found."

"Did they kill her?"
"No. I don't believe so. They would have made a scene out of it. I do believe. You know my sister." Tyrion Lannister chuckles at his own joke but stops when he realizes she is not laughing.

"What do they know. About me?"

"Nothing," Tyrion shrugged. "Everyone thinks you are dead." Lya felt a pang of guilt. "It seems Varys didn't even know."

"He knew. He was the one who helped me escape." Lya said, admiring the man's secrecy.

"Sneaky bastard," Tyrion shook his head, sitting up in his seat when the wolves finally backed off. Lya sat in a chair with a huff, letting the direwolf put her big head in her lap. "You got out of the fire?" He asked, curious.

"No. I didn't burn." When she said it, the words seemed alien. Her Queen, she thought, never burnt. Fire could not burn the dragon. She hadn't dreaded on the thought of how she survived. Mind plagued with other things.

"And my brother's child?"

"Burnt. In my arms." Lya thought about Eddard Lannister for the first time since Addy. Addy was the only one who had the balls to ask her how she felt. And it seemed Lya never gave her the time of day. "Only death can pay for life."

"What ever do you mean?" Tyrion raised a thick brow.

"My dragon. She was born from the flames that killed my son." Lya shook her head, trying to shake the picture from her mind. Ash. Bones.

"You," Tyrion scoffed. "You have a dragon? And a direwolf? How luck are you Stark?"

"My whole family is dead. My son is dead. My parents. My siblings. My home. Everything is gone. Do you count that lucky?" Tyrion choked on his wine, coughing awkwardly.

"I uh retract my statement." Lya stood, looking down at the short and strange man. "My brother," he says cautiously, hoping the statement would not get him mauled by the wolf with molten gold eyes. "He loved you. He was very broken over your death when he returned to Kingslanding. He lost a hand. A wife. And a child." Lya took the information but did not respond for a long moment.

"I hope you know," She spoke, cold and stern. Right then, Tyrion saw all of Eddard Stark. "If you plan on betraying my Queen, it will be your head on a spike. And not a single man could stop me." Lya left the room with her wolf in toe as quick as she came, leaving Tyrion just as shocked. She is wild as wolf, Tyrion thought curiously, and yet she has the fire of a dragon.

"I don't trust this." Lya said, thinking hard as she laid her head on Daenerys' shoulder. "Lions in our midsts. You marrying an untrustworthy noble. All of this seems wrong."

"Don't worry yourself, My love." Dany swept fingers through Lyanna's dark curly hair. It was even curlier now that Missandei braided it everyday into intricate braids like her own. Daenerys thought it made her more beautiful. Offering up her face now that her hair was behind her ears. "We have nothing to fear."

Lya sat up on her elbows, looking over at her Queen. She caressed her cheek with her thumb,
looking over the woman's face lovingly. "Fear is what keeps people alive."

"And fear is what keeps people from living."

"Always have to say something clever don't you." Lya kissed the Targaryen's nose, glaring playfully.

"Why of course. Why would I let you win?" Lya centered herself on top of Dany, putting the Queen's hands on her hips.

"Because you love me." Lya leaned her forehead against Daenerys', smiling into her big blue eyes. "Because you are mine."

"And you are mine." The Targaryen held the woman's hips with a tightness, never wanting to let go. "Do you think I did the right thing today? With the Lannister and with Jorah." Lya leaned back, deep in thought. It was a good question. If in her position, Lyanna didn't know why she would have done. One thing she knew, was that she wouldn't trust a lion. But a bear. Maeor was a bear. And she trusted him with all her heart.

"I think Tyrion could be helpful. He will know more about Westerosi politics than I." Then Lya shrugged, laying back down beside Dany. "I can't speak for Jorah. I don't know what I would do in your shoes. Let's not talk of that." Daenerys frowned, there wasn't much that Lya would not discuss. Matters she did not agree with Dany on and how Sunfyre was born. Lyanna didn't know why she would have done. One thing she knew, was that she wouldn't trust a lion. But a bear. Maeor was a bear. And she trusted him with all her heart.

"How is training?" Dany asked finally, breaking the cold silence. She snuggled closer to her lover, not wanting to feel the cold of the outside world.

"I'm quite good with a spear I'd say." Lya chuckled and turned on her side to face Dany. They both laid in silence, just starring at each other's faces. Daenerys lifted a hand, placing it on the Stark's face with only adoration in her eyes for the woman.

"My warrior." Daenerys teased, kissing her lips softly. "Do you swear to protect me?"

"Always." Lya kissed back, holding her hand on her face. "Always."
Lya sat at the fighting pits with a grumble. She had hated the idea of the pits since the beginning. She didn't want to watch men shower each other in blood for glory. Lyanna loved a good fight, maybe not as much as she used to, but still. This was not fighting. It was butchery.

Daenys stuck to her like they had been attached with needle and thread. She half stood and half sat next to her. Always ready for a fight as she felt the anxiety from her Lya. Staying against her black leather pants until her dark fur blended in. Lya wore a blouse, the color of Daenerys' dress. Their silent reminder that they were one while no one else knew. Even Daario did not know of their love. Jorah did, Lya thought, he had figured it out. But that did not matter now. Missandei had pulled her hair into tight braids until her scalp stung. But still they did not hurt as the southern styles used to.

"Where have you been?" Dany hisses as Hisdahr sat down to her right. For some reason this annoyed Lya. That was her spot. Though now she sat directly to the Queen's left. It was nice to have Missandei by her side. The Naath woman a delight for Lya. She found a child like nature in the woman that reminded her of Arya while she had a sharp and thoughtful mind like Jon. Her siblings. Well sibling.

That was another thing Lya chose to keep in the back of her mind. Her place was here right now. Soon, she thought, soon they would go home. And soon she would have her revenge. "Just making sure everything's in order." Hizdahr's voice brought her from her thoughts. Rather than dwell, she looked out at the fighting pits. They were covered with House Targaryen sigils. Lyanna watches as an announcer steps to the middle of the pit and waves his arm to silence the crowd.

"Free citizens of Meereen! By the blessings of the Graces and her majesty the Queen, welcome to the Great Games!" The Announcer raises his hands and the crowd begins to roar. Lya notices the look of disgust on Daenerys' face. She shared it. Even Missandei felt their dislike. "My queen, our first contest. Who will triumph: the strong or the quick?"

"I fight and die for your glory, oh glorious queen." The man deemed quick says. The words seemed ominous. Like a prayer left unanswered.

"I fight and die for your glory, oh glorious queen." The strong one speaks next, starring at the Queen. The crowd is silent.

"They're waiting for you," Hizdahr mutters. "Clap your hands." Daenerys looks down at the two men. After a moment, and with a look of distaste on her face, she claps her hands. The crowd roars and they start fighting. After some parries, the Quick man slices at the Strong man's neck.

"That one, the smaller man, no question, that's where you should put your money." Daario says, pointing at the quick man.

"The smaller man it is." Tyrion says, seemingly neutral at the whole experience.

"I'm not putting my money anywhere." Daenerys shakes her head, watching with lips pulled in disgust.

"Kings and queens never bet on the games. Perhaps you should go find someone who does." Hizdahr looks up at Daario, a scowl on his face. Lya thinks for a moment and realized she hates Hizdahr more than she dislikes Daario.

"People used to bet against me when I fought in the pits." He looks to the noble man with a smirk.
"He would have bet against me. Common novice mistake."

"I have spent much of my life in Meereen, and in my experience, larger men do triumph over smaller man, far more often than not." Hizdahr flaunts, rolling his eyes at the sellsword.

"Smells like a cock sizing contest." Lya murmurs to Missandei who puts her hand over her mouth to quiet the giggles.

"Has your experience ever involved any actual fighting? You, yourself, have you ever tried to kill a man that was trying to kill you?" Daenerys' voice silences Hizdahr in a second, sobering both Missandei and Lya from their laughter.

"Whenever I got into the pit against a beast like that one, the crowd saw me, all skin and bone back then, then they saw a pile of angry muscles ready to murder me. They couldn't get their money out fast enough. But the pile of angry muscles never had any muscles here." Daario moves a dagger from his next to Hizdahr's. "or here. And the big men were always too slow to stop my dagger from going where their muscles weren't. Yes, whenever I saw a beast like that one, standing across from me making his beast faces, I knew I could rest easy." The Strong man decapitates the Quick man with one quick stroke. Hizdahr smiles and Daario looks turns away angrily. Tyrion says nothing.

"You don't approve?" Hizdahr asks the silent imp.

"There's always been more than enough death in the world for my taste. I can do without it in my leisure time." This makes Dany and Lya's heads turn to the small man. He was an interesting thing.

"Fair enough, yet, it's an unpleasant question, but what great thing has ever been accomplished without killing or cruelty?"

"It's easy to confuse what is with what ought to be. Especially when what is has worked in your favor."

"I'm not talking about myself. I'm talking about the necessary conditions of greatness."

"That is greatness?" Daenerys questions angrily as she watches the decapitated head being taken from the pits.

"That is a vital part of the great city of Meereen. Which has existed long before you arrived and will remain standing long after we have returned to the dirt."

"My father would have liked you." Tyrion mutters. Lya snorted at the prospect. Tywin Lannister would have appreciated Hizdahr. Both were annoying little cunts.

"We ask again: who will triumph?" The announcer shouts, the crowd screaming along.

"One day your great city will return to the dirt as well." Dany sneers, looking over at Hizdahr.

"At your command?" This makes Lya let out a sound resembling a growl, Daenys growling louder

"If need be."

"A Meereenese champion?" The crowd applauds.

"How many people will die to make this happen?"

"If it comes to that they would have died for a good reason."
"Those men think they're dying for a good reason." Hizdahr says, gesturing to the pits.

"Someone else's reason."

"So your reasons are true, and theirs are false. They don't know their own minds, but you do."

"Watch your tongue before I cut it out." Lya growls, gripping at Daenys fur.

"Well said, you're an eloquent man. Doesn't mean you're wrong. In my experience, eloquent men are right every bit as often as imbeciles." Tyrion steps in, noticing the anger that boiled in Lyanna's blue grey eyes.

"...or a Westerosi Knight?!" Lya's eyes snap towards the pit now, wide at the mention of her home.

"I fight and die for your glory, oh glorious Queen." Jorah's voice was recognizable by any one of them. They stare at each other, both blank of emotion. Lya sees the pain in Dany's eyes. She reaches over, laying a hand on hers.

"Your Grace..." Hizdahr starts.

"Would you shut the fuck up?" Lyanna growls, Daenys jumping to her feet like it was commanded. Daenerys claps, starting the fight and ending the glares between the two at her sides. Jorah nods and he begin fighting, with Daenerys' eyes following him. He takes a blow to the mouth, is knocked down and starts bleeding. He gets up, his sword knocked away, and pulls out a dagger. He wrestles with the man trying to choke him, throws him off, then stabs him in the chest. He pulls the dagger out, looking at Daenerys. He throws it away, and picks up his longsword.

Jorah squares off against a flashy fighter that just brutally stabbed another fighter through the back. He slices Jorah in the cheek. The other two fighters stand off, with a heavily armored fighter wielding a spear killing his opponent. The crowd cheers.

Jorah's opponent slices Jorah's arm then knocks him over, knocking his sword out of his hand. He holds his blade to Jorah's throat. Both he and Jorah look to Daenerys.

"You can end this." Tyrion Lannister steps in.

"She cannot." Hizdahr hisses.

"You can!" Tyrion exclaims as the fighter holds his blade to Jorah's throat. He is about to make a move when the other fighter comes over and stabs Jorah's opponent in the back, killing him. Jorah gets up and faces the final opponent. Jorah matches the spearman, is knocked over, but catches the spear before it reaches his throat. He gets back up and the two face off again. Jorah spins, somersaults, and stabs him through the stomach, killing him. He looks up to Daenerys.

Jorah reaches for his opponent's spear, staring at Dany with what looks like malice. The Queen looks at him, pleading and hurt eyes. He reaches back and hurls the spear. Lya jumps up, shielding Daenerys' body with her own. She heard the spear connect to flesh but all she can see is Dany's pale face. When she pulls away, she sees it had connected with a Son of the Harpy. Lya looks around, people had put the masks on within the crowd.

"Protect your queen!" Daario shouts. Lya does not wait another second, heart pumping as she grabs the spear from the Harpy's chest and wraps her arm around Daenerys.

The Sons of the Harpy start slitting the throats of former slaves and Unsullied in the crowd. The soldiers form a circle around them all, fighting back the Sons of Harpy. "Your Grace, Your Grace,
come with me! I know a way out! I know a way..." Lya hears Hizdahr's voice but it is ended quickly. She watches the two men in masks as they stab into his chest. Lya pushes Dany lightly into Missandei's arms. She turns on the masked men, stabbing the one on her right. She pulls the spear out, turning her body so that she is a smaller target before stabbing the other one in the chest.

Two Sons of the Harpy come up on Daenerys before Lya can turn. They run at her but Daario takes one out, and Jorah comes up from the pit to take Hizdahr's spot and takes out the other. He offers his hand to Daenerys and she takes it. He leads her down to the pit with Daario and the Unsullied, leaving Tyrion and Missandei. Lyanna starts after them until she hears Missandei shriek. She turns, running to her defense. But Daenys gets there first, tackling the man and tearing out his windpipe with one quick pull.

Lya grabs Missandei's hand, looking back for something. "Get Tyrion." Lyanna commands the wolf. Daenys understands, bounding over behind the chair and growling at the small man. He hesitantly grips her fur, allowing the direwolf to drag him after Lya. They make their way to the center of the pit, Daenerys rushes to Lya's side. The silver haired woman looks over her quickly before grabbing her and Missandei's hands.

But Lya pulls away. Daenys appears at their side with Tyrion. "Protect her." Lya says to the wolf as she holds the spear tight in her hands. A man comes rushing through a gap of the Unsullied, aiming towards Tyrion. Lya easily stabs him through the side, leaving him bleeding out on the sandy floor.

Another comes, this time aiming for Missandei. Lya jumps to protect her, stabbing the man through his lower stomach. Before she can pull the spear out, she hears Dany cry out. She whips around only to be faced with a gold mask. She jumps to the side but he still cuts her arm. She opens her mouth to scream but the sound that erupts is not human. In the distance, a nearing roar appears. All at once they look up at the falling sun it is blocked by the sunrise.

A giant creature lands on the seats up the pit, smashing those beneath it. Scales the color of the darkest blue sky and wings the color of the sun's rising. "Sunfyre." Lya murmurs. The dragon lets out a fiery breath, men around her burning alive. Next comes another screech. This one higher pitched. It's so loud she fears it could break glass. The winged shadow lands next to Sunfyre, breathing fire out onto the men that rush at the pair.

"Drogon." Lya hears Daenerys mutter. The Sons of Harpy move to attack again and in her distraction, Lya is sliced in the arm again. Sunfyre screeches, leering her large head over the man. He jumps away, afraid she would breath fire. Instead the beast picks him up and tears him apart. The Unsullied move back and Lya does not. She walks towards the dragon, dropping the spear and staring at her with wonder.

What shocked her the most was her size. She was bigger than Drogon. Not by much. But you could tell. Her wings spread as the woman came closer, revealing spears lodged into her chest. Daenerys follows Lyanna, grabbing her hand. No one moves to stop them. Drogon hisses flames around them, stopping any men that try to attack. Sunfyre's golden eyes look over Lya, waiting for her command. Neither Lya or Dany have to speak a word. The dragons both lower their wings.

Lya pulls the spears from Sunfyre's chest. Then hey cautiously step on their wings, getting onto the backs of the two creatures. They lock eyes once on the gigantic beasts. Lya nods to her lover and both lean foreword against the dragon's spikes. Lya grips the orange and pink tips of two of the horns.

"Fly."
Dany looks to Drogon who is lying down in a ring full of bones. Sunfyre watched ominously, golden eyes patient and waiting.

"We have to go home." Daenerys tries to plead to the dragon. Drogon lies down and grunts. "My poor, sweet thing. Does it hurt?" Dany pauses when she feels Lya’s desperate look from behind her. "We have to go home. Drogon? Can you take me back to Meereen?" Daenerys pets his nose but gets no response.

"Sunfyre will go." Lyanna says as she reaches up. The dragon leans down, leaning into the touch.

"I won't leave him. He needs rest. He is hurt." Daenerys defends. Lya nods in agreement. Drogon begins turning away from her to lick at his wounds and Sunfyre turns to him. They purr at each other and Sunfyre nuzzles against him.

"We should find something to eat." Lya finally says. Daenerys nods.

"How far are we, do you think?" She asks, walking close next to Lya. The Stark holds her hand as they walk down the ridge.

"I don't know. It was all a blur." Lya admits. She remembered the feeling. The wind in her hair. The cold biting her nose. It was freedom. The freedom she felt in the North atop Calla. But the rumble of her roars and the thunder clap of her wings made the ride much different. It was amazing. She could never ride a horse again without thinking about how it felt to be on a dragon.

"Where have they been you think?" Dany questions as they step into a great grass plateau.

"Tyrion said he saw them flying over the ruins of Valyria. Maybe they were trying to go home." Daenerys stops suddenly. She puts her hand out, gripping Lya's hand. That’s when she hears it. Hooves slamming against packed earth in the distance. They were much farther from Sunfyre and Drogon now and both were tending to their wounds anyway.

Suddenly, over the horizon, a giant hoard of Dothraki lurch foreword like a wave. Lyanna feels her heart fall. They were trapped. Daenerys drops her ring to the ground as they begin to circle the pair. Hooting and howling at their catch. Dany squeezes Lya’s hand to try to comfort her. "Stay close."

The Dothraki horde traveled in great numbers. Lya had never seen so many people in one strip. Daenerys stood at her side, both being pulled by ropes on blood rider's horses. One of them reaches down and whipped Dany, causing Lya to bristle. But Daenerys gave her a soft look as if to remind her that she was okay.

"Maybe they saw a ghost." The blood rider said in Dothraki. Lya could understand most of the language, being able to guess the rest of each sentence. "My friend's mother saw a ghost and her hair turned white."
"Pink people are afraid of the sun." The other replies, shaking his head at his companion. "It burns their skin. This one stands too long in the sun and her hair goes white." He gestured to Dany who started foreword blankly as if she didn't understand their language.

"You think she's got white pussy hair too? You ever been with a girl with white pussy hair?"

"Only when I was fucking your grandma."

"I'll ask Khal Moro for a night with you. What do you think?" The blood rider hisses down at Lya, she barely notices he was speaking to her.

"This one has pretty eyes," he gestured to Daenerys. "but she's an idiot."

"She doesn't have to be smart to get fucked in the ass."

"I like to talk when I'm finished. Otherwise, we might as well be dogs." When they finally reached the tent, Lya couldn't tell which was worse. Walking with the men, or standing in the eyes of these ones.

"For you, my Khal. The white-haired girl and the grey eyed one we found in the hills." One of the blood riders offered up, pushing both Dany and Lya foreword.

"Look at those lips, blood of my blood." Lya could no longer tell who they talked of.

"Blue-eyed women are witches."

"It is known."

"Cut off her head, before she casts a spell on you." The Khal stands, walking around the women before stopping in front of Dany.

"Even if I was blind, I'd hear my wives say, 'Cut off her head' and I'd know these women were beautiful. I'm glad I'm not blind. Seeing a beautiful woman naked for the first time, what is better than that?"

"Killing another Khal?" One suggests.

"Yes, killing another Khal." The Khal agrees.

"Conquering a city and taking her people as slaves, and taking her idols back to Vaes Dothrak."

"Breaking a wild horse, forcing it to submit to your will."

The Khal grumbles, annoyed now. "Seeing a beautiful woman naked for the first time is among the five best things in life." The man reaches down and begins to fondle Daenerys breasts. This sparks a fire wishing Lya. She steps towards him but the Khal pulls out a curved blade. He smirks at Lyanna and takes a step towards her, glancing her up and down.

"Do not touch her." Daenerys hisses. The bloodriders and wives look at each other. The Khal turns back to Dany with a confused look on his face as she speaks his language. "I am Daenerys Stormborn of the House Targaryen, the First of Her Name, the Unburnt, Queen of Meereen, Queen of the Andals and the Rhoynar of the First Men, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons." The men burst out in laughter. The Khal puts away his blade and grabs her hair, pulling back so she looked up at him. Lya wanted nothing more than to take his blade and slide open his gut.
"You are nobody, the millionth of your name, Queen of Nothing, slave of Khal Moro. Tonight I will lie with you and the grey bitch, and if the Great Stallion is kind, you two will give me sons. Do you understand?"

"I will not lie with you. And I will bear no children, for you, or anyone else. Not until the sun rises in the west, and sets in the east."

"I told you she was a witch." One of the wives spoke up. "Cut off her head."

"I like her. She has spirit." He turns to Lya now who stands taller, glaring up at the man. "This one will put up a fight." The Khal grabs Lya's face roughly, looking into the grey blue of her eyes. He then moves down, finding the thin blouse she wore. Khal Moro grabbed it and started to pull at the strings before Dany spoke up.

"I was wife of Khal Drogo, son of Khal Bharbo." The Khal looks as though he had been slapped, stepping away from Lya and coming in front of Dany.

"Khal Drogo is dead."

"I know. I burnt his body."

"Forgive me. I did not know. It is forbidden to lie with a Khal's widow. No one will touch you. You have my word." Khal Moro draws his blade and cuts Daenerys' bindings. But he makes no move to cut Lyanna's.

"If you will escort me and my companion back to Meereen, I will see that your khalasar is given a thousand horses, as a sign of my gratitude."

"When a Khal dies, there is only one place for his Khaleesi."

"Vaes Dothrak. The Temple of the Dosh Khaleen." One of the wives says.

"To live out her days with the widows of dead Khals. It is known."

"What of the grey bitch?" One of the blood riders asks, licking his lips as he looks at Lya. This leaves a sour taste in her mouth.

"She will not be harmed." Daenerys hisses and steps closer to her and starts to undo her minding.

"My blood riders and I have spoken for her. You will not be touched. We said nothing of the other one." The Khal nods to the blood rider who stared at her.

"No!" Daenerys says, standing in front of Lya. The blood rider pushes Dany out of the way and grabs Lyanna's hips.

"Touch me again and I will cut off your balls." Lyanna growls similar to a wolf. The man lets out a laugh.

"I go to tame the wolf." Lya finally took in what was going on, taking time to decipher the language. She grabbed the hilt of his sword but he pulled back. All the laughs died. He reached for her again but she throws herself to the ground. When she rolls to her feet, he is upon her. Lya tried to rip her binding free but it is knotted tight. She tries to step away but his hands are large and clasp over her body easy. He grabs her, throwing her over his shoulder.

"No! Let go of me!" Lyanna screamed out in the common tongue. "Daenerys!" Dany tried to go to
her but another blood rider held her back. She shouted something to the other me in Dothraki but
Lya's heart pumping was the only thing she could hear.

Non-Con ahead. Last warning.

The Dothraki screamer dropped her on the furs within a tent. She tried to jump to her feet but he held
her down, laughing as she struggled. "Lay still. You'll make it easier." He chuckles out as he holds
her hips down with the strength to bruise her. He rips at the leather of her pants and the silk of her
blouse. Soon enough she is naked and shivering with fear and anger. She punches at his chest with
her tied wrists but he holds them above her head.

He took off his belt and leathers. He grabbed her face, making her look at him. She squirmed
beneath him, desperately trying to get away. When she felt him slide between her thighs, Lya
screamed out in pain and defeat. He was not gentle. He did not give her time to adjust to the new
weight inside her. She cried, hot tears streaming down her face as she screamed in the common
tongue and Dothraki alike.

When he was finally done she felt weak and tired. Pink bruises forming on her hips and breasts
where he pulled and tugged. Lya let our a shaky breath, willing it to be over.

The tent flap opened and she heard more voices. The other blood riders. A final cry of defeat came
from her throat as she closed her eyes tight, silencing her cries and shaking. She did not count. It was
however many blood riders the Khal had. She did not breath. Thinking maybe she could trick them
to thinking she was dead. She gave up on that soon. She just laid there. Silent and afraid.

The dragon and the wolf do not fear, she thought, the dragon and the wolf prey on lambs.

And these lambs, she told herself as she felt a hungry fire burning at her insides, would be her first
prey.

♤
the taste is sweet

Her eyes stared but she did not see. Her body felt weak and despite the burning fire that warmed area, she felt cold. Lya had not slept. Had not ate. Had done nothing in the time they rode to the Dothraki's home city. Her feet ached and she could feel blisters forming. But nothing compared to the pain between her legs and the bruises on her body.

She walked behind the horses, not having the privilege of being on a horse or near the Khal himself. Most nights she spent were by the fire or in a tent with fire in her mind. Lya didn't fight anymore, knowing there was no use to leave here without her life. Instead she waited for it to be over. Did not scream and cry. No longer waited for Daenerys to find her. She bided her time.

She felt a tug on her arms and she let out a grumble, pulled to her feet before she could argue. It was dark out and the city was alive with men laughing and joking. Women dancing with almost no clothes on. They had dressed her in Dothraki leather. A ruffled top that ended before her belly button and pointed down. Along with brown trousers they could spare, ripped in multiple places.

Lya expected to be pulled to a tent but was surprised as the unknown man walked past it. She looked up at him, recognizing him as one of the Khal's blood riders. She memorized each of their faces. Picturing them burning when she found time to sleep.

He took her to a large hut, muttering as they went. He seemed angry as he threw open the door and dropped her into the room on her knees. She looked up, waiting to be hit or for her clothes to be torn.

"And you were dumb enough to believe him?" She heard the rough voice of Khal Moro say. Lya looked up to face him, but her eyes met blue, not the hard black of the Dothraki. Daenerys was next to her instantly, helping her to her feet. Lya allowed herself to melt into her arms but only for an instant, fearing she would be stripped from her soon.

"What have you done to her?" Daenerys hisses as she held Lya closer to her. The Stark decided to let her, laying against her with blank eyes.

"Her fate is to be discussed as well as yours. My men like her. We might make her one of my wives so they can fuck her whenever." Khal Moro grumbled. This caused the other men to chuckle, dark eyes following Lya and Dany as they moved to the center of the room. Lyanna did not speak as she pulled herself away from Daenerys and glares down at the men. She spit at their feet, causing them all to stop laughing.

"What great matters do the Great Khals discuss? Which little villages you'll raid, how many girls you'll get to fuck, how many horses you'll demand in tribute. You are small men. None of you are fit to lead the Dothraki. But I am. So I will." Daenerys growls at them, holding Lya's hand to keep her from attacking the men. The khals laugh again, forgetting the offense Lya just placed on them.

"All right. No Dosh Khaleen for you. Instead we'll take turns fucking you and your grey khalakki. And then we'll let our bloodriders fuck you. They already broke her in." The prospect made Daenerys anger blossom more. They hurt her. Her Lyanna. Khal Moro stands, his eyes leveling with Lya's. "And If there's anything left of you both, we'll give our horses a turn. You crazy cunt. Did you really think we would serve you?"

"You're not going to serve." Daenerys starts as she grips one of the burning flames beside her. Lya follows suit, grabbing the other. She waited to feel a burn but instead her skin felt warm but no more. They felt clean.
"You're going to die." Lya is the first to drop the raging fire. It catches the dry ground, causing the Khals to jump away. Daenerys pushes the other one next, fire blocking the group as they try to escape. They cower from the flames, running around desperately as the fires consume the temple.

They push the flames down, one by one
They push the flames down, one by one. Clean, Lya thought, she felt clean. Like the fire burnt away the bruises and the ghosts of their hands. She watched the Khal's faces. Some of them melted from the heat around them. The surviving ones ran for the door as the flames licked at their heels but it was barred from the outside. Daenerys stands in front of Khal Moro who cowers, looking up with wide black eyes. She smirks.

The fire engulfs the whole room, but Lya only felt heat. Daenerys came to her side, grabbing her face and kissing her lips hard. But the act is affectionate, making Lyanna melt. Their clothes burnt from their bodies and they mended together within the flames. When they pulled apart there was no air to breath in.

Dany gripped her hand, turning to the door as it burnt to nothing. They walked out of the burning temp, naked as the fire ate everything behind them. The Dothraki gathered around them in a huge crowd, staring at the fire and the two women exiting it. Lya saw Jorah and Daario but only paid mind to the hand intertwined with hers. Men and women alike dropped to their knees, bowing to them. Lya could feel Daenerys' pride swell but she herself only get one thing.

Clean, she thought, she would clean the world with the same fire that cleansed her own.

A screech appeared from the night sky, the sun fell from the sky and landed next to the burning fire. Sunfyre roared at the crowd as they bowed to them. Lya let go of Daenerys' hand, walking to her child and putting a hand up. The giant midnight blue head of the creature bent down and leaned close to Lya's hand. She purred with the touch, golden eyes watching the crowd cautiously. Her wounds were healed but blood still littered her chest.

The dragon put out her wing and Lya stepped up to sit upon her back. "Fly." She said in Valyrian. Sunfyre ran foreword, just barely lifting over the heads of the Dothraki. She pushed up into the sky with a clap of thunder. She let out a roar, circling the temple fire. The world became small as Sunfyre room her higher and higher until she felt as though she could touch the moon.

The world seemed to stop as she looked at the silver orb hanging in the sky. I am a dragon wolf, she thought to herself, and a dragon wolf will never fear again.

♤

One.
Two.
Three.

She counted them over and over again. The first one was 4 times. The second man was 3 times. The third one was 6 times. She would kill him first.

Daenerys rounded the men up, standing them in a small canyon for Lya. "Will you swear your loyalty to me? Or will you die?" She said to the bloodriders. Lya scowled. They would not live. The men bowed all muttering for mercy. Crying for their loyalty as Sunfyre leaned above them. Drogon stood to Daenerys' side, growling at the men. "You are granted mercy to be one of my thousands of blood riders." Daenerys promised with a nod. The men thanked her.

"You would have." Lya started. "But you are no better than your Khals. "We will not rape women
and take their children as slaves. But you will." Daenerys glanced at Lya, wondering what she was doing. "Your crimes will not be forgiven."

"Lya. You told me once. Mercy." Dany says, touching Lya's hand. She pulls away, taking a step towards the men. Her words void of emotion as she stares at the men's faces. As they look up at her. Fear in their eyes.

"Dracarys."

Sunfyre let out a golden stream of fire the color of her eyes. The men screamed, their faces melting before they can move. Lyanna stares. Eyes unmoving. Daenerys opens her mouth to stop her but Drogon follows Sunfyre's lead, spitting black fire with veins of red. Lya watches as the skin melts from their bones leaving dust.

When the river of fire is finally gone, Dany looks at Lya. The flames flicker in her eyes but the fire inside her burns brighter.

"They asked for mercy." Daenerys says in her mother tongue. Lya looks at their charred bones that lie on piles of dust. A few years ago the sight would have made her sick. But now a smile pulls at the corner of her lips.

"So did I." Lya murmured. "They would not have survived in our new world."

"If we kill all those who won't survive in our new world then there won't be anyone left in our new world." Daenerys turns away, walking back towards Drogon. He takes off with a clap of thunder.

Lyanna touches the purple bruises on her body softly, wincing at the pain. Sunfyre leans down and nuzzles against her side, causing her to sigh lightly. Lya leans against the giant head of the creature and kisses her just above her watchful golden eye. "We survived my Sun." She steps onto her wing and leans forward against her scales and horns of her neck. "We always survive."
When Lya first walked into the Pyramid, she expected to feel at home and at peace. Instead she felt dread. Fire burned outside as catapults flung burning barrels into the side of the Meereenese building.

A black and grey blur runs at her and she is thrown to the ground. The giant direwolf looks over her, licking and whimpering at her face. "Daenys." Lya giggles, rubbing the wolf's fur. She sits up and the direwolf shakes with excitement. When Lya pulls herself to her feet, she notices Daenerys determined steps. She follows, Daenys at her heels.

When the trio enters the room, Tyrion Lannister gulps. Each of them held a stern cold face. "Despite appearances, I think you'll find the city's on the rise." He starts but explosions occur outside, completely undermining his statement. "Perhaps we should take shelter."

"The city is on the rise?" Daenerys hisses as she looks outside. The Pyramid shakes with the explosions that rattle its walls.

"Meereen is strong. Commerce has returned to the markets. The people are behind you." Lyanna glares down at the short man. "Well, not all the people, of course. No ruler that ever lived had the support of all the people. But the rebirth of Meereen is the cause of this violence. The Masters cannot let Meereen succeed. Because if Meereen succeeds, a city without slavery, a city without Masters..." he pauses as another explosion shakes the floor. Daenys growls uncomfortably at the movement. "...it proves that no one needs a Master."

"Good. Shall we begin?"

"Once before, I offered you peace. If you had not been so arrogant, you could have returned to your homeland with a fleet of ships. Instead, you will flee Slaver's Bay on foot like the beggar queen you are." The former Master says with a smirk on his face. Lya glares him down, holding the hilt of the dagger with white knuckles.

It had been a gift from the Dothraki. One of the many offered up to Daenerys. She had given more of them to her soldiers but this one she gave to her. The blade was black as night and curved like a talon. Lya hoped she could get a Valyrian Steel sword when they returned to Westeros. Maybe she could have someone use Ice. Her father's sword.

"We are here to discuss terms of surrender," the Imp spoke up, holding his hands behind his back as he regarded the master. "not to trade insults."

"The terms are simple. You and your foreign friends will abandon the Great Pyramid and the city of Meereen. The Unsullied you stole from Kraznys mo Nakloz will remain to be sold again to the highest bidder. The translator you stole from Kraznys mo Nakloz will remain to be sold again to the highest bidder. The dragons beneath the Great Pyramid will be slaughtered." The Master lays out his terms and Lya feels a smirk pull at her lips.

"We obviously didn't communicate clearly." Dany says, eyes watching coolly.

"We're here to discuss your surrender, not ours." Lya wanted to laugh at the men. They had no idea what they had planned. She wished nothing more than to see the look on their faces when they watched their fleet burn.
"I imagine it's difficult adjust to the new reality. Your reign is over." The oh so wise master says, smiling at Daenerys with a shit eating grin.

"My reign has just begun. " The sound of two dragons roaring in the distance is heard, making all of the masters look to the sky. Daenerys and Lya both point to the ground next to them and the sun and the shadow fall from the sky. The ground beneath them shakes as the land heavily. Sunfyre breathes gold flames into the air, feeling the rush of energy from her mother. The women climb atop their dragons from their wings, smirking at each other before their took off with a clap of thunder.

As they fly towards the fleet, Lya looks down to see Viserion and Rhaegal break out of the catacombs. They jump to join them, flapping their wings uneasily as they had not flown in a while. But they are up next to them in seconds. The four dragons fly over the Masters' ships. All the soldiers on the ships stop what they're doing and stare up at the them.

Drogon and Daenerys hover above one of the ships, Lyanna and Sunfyre at another. "Dracarys." The Stark hisses. Golden flames sprinkled with red burst from Sunfyre's mouth. Black with red streams come from Drogon's throat. Rhaegal shoots his red and orange fire while Viserion gives off a pale gold heat. The flames burst in a rainbow of color as they engulf the ships below.

The dragons shoot stream of fire down at the the ship. The ship becomes engulfed in flame and the soldiers scream as they die. The ships incinerate and capsizes. When they land on the beach, Lya smiles. She steps off of Sunfyre, walking towards Drogon who leans his head to muzzle against her. Daenerys steps off the dragon, looking at Lyanna with proud eyes.

"I will take back our home, Lya. I'll take you home." Dany says, a confidence filling her. Lyanna nods.

"I know you will, my love." Daenerys stares at her eyes, the grey orbs seemed void of color now. Like a stormy day when the sky is brewing. When the air smells of rain that has not come yet. She could tell it was going to be a hard storm.

"I love you, Lyanna." Daenerys says as she steps closer to her, she grabs her hand. Not caring of anyone saw. "I want you by my side. Always." Lya looks at their intertwined hands, Sunfyre and Drogon chirp to each other as they look up at the black dragon's brothers flying overhead. "I should have been there. I should have protected you." Dany finally says, voice soft as silk. "I'm sorry."

"You never need to protect me again." Lya reaches a hand up and caresses her cheek for a moment. "I will stand by you, Daenerys Stormborm. Now and always."

Daenys sat on the warm beach, huffing from the heat that surrounded them. Lya rubbed her thick dark fur with slow strokes. "We will go home soon, girl. To the north." The direwolf rolled over in response, grumbling happily.

Sunfyre landed hard on the beach, picking up sand and rocks. She dropped half a burnt goat, causing Daenys to jump to her feet. Sunfyre watched as she ate it, sniffing at the giant direwolf. She purred as she wolf looked up and licked her nose. Lya thought back to when Sunfyre was nothing but an egg and Daenys was just a pup. Now both were bigger than Lya.

Daenys as big as a horse and Sunfyre the size of a large ship. The dragon reached around her sunrise colored wings and covered both Lya and Daenys. She smiled. She felt whole for a moment. A part of her was in both of the creatures and a part of them was in her. For once in her life she didn't feel
alone.

But the memories of her real family came flooding back. Daenerys was her family but it wasn't the same. She loved her. But her family needed her. The ones who were alive anyway. Grief pushed at her chest and both Daenys and Sunfyre leaned their heads closer to her. She smiled, thanking the gods or anyone who would listen for the pair.

"Are you ready Lyanna?" She heard Daenerys voice. The woman came around Sunfyre's large wing. Neither of the animals argued as she came to sit next to her. Dany leaned against her, their bodies shielded from the world by the dragon's wings.

"I was ready the moment we got Sunfyre back." Lya smiled a little, thinking of home. Her home. Winterfell. She wondered what had changed. No doubt with the Boltons there, half of her old people were dead.

"I won't leave you. We will find your family. I swear to you." Daenerys Targaryen put a hand on the junction of Lya's neck and shoulder, pulling her closer so that she can land a kiss on her cheek.

"And we will get revenge." Lya watched Daenyers' reaction, how her nose crinkled and eyebrows furrowed.

"But I will not be the queen of ashes." Lya nodded.

"We will kill the ones who deserve it." Daenerys stares for a moment, thinking of the girl who first came to slavers bay. A cold hard exterior with a soft warm inside. Now she had the same stern look but some of her warmth had left her despite the hot air that surrounded them. Her eyes, once full of life and color, were cold as a grey mountain with only a hint of blue.

"What about mercy?" Dany questions, leaning her forehead against Lya's.

"Mercy is a gift. Some don't get that gift. I will take your throne for you and burn those who try to hurt you and the rest of my family. I will burn them all. I love you Dany. And I will give you what you deserve." Lya pulled away as she spoke, eyebrows furrowing. This sparked something inside Dany. Fear, she recognized it as. Burn them all. The words whirled in her head. Barristan saying them, Lya saying them, and distantly another voice she didn't recognize. One she never heard. Her father's.

"Don't lose yourself, my love." Lya's eyes glared at this, causing a grumble from the chests of the dragon and the wolf around them. Dany felt small for a moment. Not a Queen, but a servant. A servant of the woman with cold eyes before her. The dragon curled her wing closer around them, making the world gold and pink. Lyanna softened her look at Daenerys' fear and held her face in both hands.

"If I have to lose myself to not lose the ones I love, so be it."
The sea had always agreed with her. The smell of salt in the air and the feeling of the mist on her face. The winds were kind, though they had still been at sea for a long time. It was expected. Getting across the narrow sea, that wasn't that narrow in the light of things, took months at the least. They had made good time.

Lyanna watched the shore on the horizon. It was just a pinprick of land but she knew they were heading straight to dragonstone. Dany's home. Well, as much of a home that she had left. Sunfyre loomed above, blocking the sun as she hovered just above the Queen's ship. She let out a chirp, tilting her wings so that her golden eyes found Lya's. It was a welcome sight.

The creature barely left the closeness of the ship until she needed rest, landing on one of the ships that had been cleared for the dragon's immense size. Though, her and Drogon both found solace being near their mothers. Rhaegal and Viserion were sweet and gentle creatures but fearsome when needed. But Drogon and Sunfyre both had a hardness shaped from years in the wild. Rhaegal and Viserion seemed specially attached to Lya, always feeling as much comfort around her as Sunfyre did. Drogon felt the love her and his mother shared, having the same ruthless protection over her as Daenerys.

"Home." She heard a voice from behind her. Lya peered over her shoulders, meeting Daenerys' soft eyes.

"Yes," Lya looked back to the island ahead of them and held onto the side of the ship. "Home."

"I have not forgotten my promise." Dany offered as she came next to her.

"I already told you. We will find them when time allows. We cannot be rash." Some of the coldness had left on the trip across the narrow sea, but Daenerys still felt something off about her lover. Though, she never spoke of it. Lya spent night after night in Daenerys' chambers, but they had done nothing other than lay with each other. She knew the Stark was still haunted by the time they spent with the Dothraki. But Dany never asked.

"Yes. I know," she looked over to the dark eyes of Lya as she starred at the rushing water bellow. "but I still keep my promise. We will find your family." All she wanted to do was grab the woman and kiss her. She didn't want to hide. Daenerys just wanted to love her. But alas, eyes still watched.

"I trust you Dany." Lyanna frowned. "It's just us." Daenerys didn't understand her words but also didn't want to ask.

"What do you want, Lya? Most in the world?" She spoke quietly, standing as close as the rocking ship would allow.


"You're a simple woman aren't you?" This brought a huff of laughter to Lya. The sound made Dany smile. She loved to see her laugh. It seemed a rare sight these days.

"I try my best."
"I don't trust him." Daenerys says as she brushes out the braids from her silver hair. Lya shrugs, laying back into the velvet sheets. She felt cold, in the first time since she left Westeros her skin prickled with goose flesh. The storm outside raged. But she was born of the cold. Starks did well in the cold. But I am not a Stark, she thought, not truly. "You aren't even listening." Dany chuckled a little as she shook her head. "Your mind is elsewhere, my love."

"My mind is in the North." Lyanna stood, coming behind Daenerys and wrapping her arms around the Targaryen's bare body. She laid her head in the crook of the woman's neck. "With you. By some icy mountain. Drogon and Sunfyre at our backs." Lya circled the skin of her shoulder with soft fingertips. "Where is your mind?"

Daenerys turned so that their lips almost touched. "Worrying about us being betrayed." Lya groaned and pulled away, fixing the corner of the bed without a real purpose.

"He's a spider. No one has ever trusted him. Poor man has probably never had a real friend." Lyanna shrugged, pulling on a red silk robe.

"You trusted him." Dany raises an eyebrow, turning back to her. Their love making did not hold the same as it used to. They barely touched. The bruises that covered the Stark's body had healed but still she was not the same. Daenerys has to touch her as if approaching a feral and beaten dog. But she didn't care. She didn't love Lya because of her body or how she pleased her, she loved her for Lya.

"I did not trust him. I simply used him to get to the dragon queen across the narrow sea." Daenerys smiled at this, coming to the window that Lyanna stared out of. She was looking for Sunfyre, Dany knew. The dragon barely left her position of flying around dragonstone, crying for her mother. The others seemed to enjoy their freedom. The sunrise dragon did not.

"And look at us now." Daenerys Targaryen laid her head against the taller woman's back. Wrapping her arms around Lya's body. She stiffened for a moment before relaxing against her. "We will take the Iron Throne. And all those who harmed us will not be forgiven." This she promised.

"And then you will rule." Lya turned, grabbing Dany's face in her hands. "And you will be Just and Kind. You will break the wheel."

"Yes," Daenerys put her hands on top of Lyanna's. "I will."

"My Queen," Missandei's voice was clear on the other side of the heavy wooden door.

"What is it?" Daenerys called as she unwrapped herself from Lyanna and went to dress. The Stark did the same. Pulling on the clothes she wore that day.

"There is a woman here. A red priestess." Lya let out an audible groan.

"I'll be out in a moment." Dany assured her, she waited for her retreating footsteps before turning back to Lya. "Play nice. For me?"

"Of course, My Queen."

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"The Long Night is coming. Only the prince who was promised can bring the dawn." The red woman said as she took a few steps closer to the group. Lya wanted to do nothing more than go back to Daenerys' chambers and lay down to sleep with her lover. Her eyelids felt heavy with sleep.

"The prince who was promised will bring the dawn. I'm afraid I'm not a prince." Dany said with a
raised eyebrow, curious at what the woman was speaking of. Lyanna was curious too but she would rather sleep before finding out.

"Your Grace, forgive me, but your translation is not quite accurate. That noun has no gender in High Valyrian, so the proper translation for that prophecy would be the prince or princess who was promised will bring the dawn." Missandei corrects, earning a smile from Daenerys.

"Doesn't really roll off the tongue, does it?" Lya lets out a small chuckle, the little man had a decent sense of humor she would give him that.

"No, but I like it better." Daenerys gave Lya a small side eye, making her stand straighter and her lips returning to a thin line. "And you believe this prophecy refers to me?"

"And you believe this prophecy refers to me?"
"Prophecies are dangerous things. I believe you have a role to play in this and other prophecies, as two others." Melisandre looks to Lya, making her blue grey eyes widen. She remembered the last time a witch gave her a prophecy, it sent a shiver up her spine just at the memory. Three times on the birthing bed. A son of ash, a daughter of scales, and one last of cold. The first two had came true, she pondered, what now? "Lyanna Stark." She turned back to Dany, a cool smile on her face. "And The King in the North, Jon Snow."


"That is my brother you speak of." Lya hisses, causing the blonde man to shut his mouth.

"And why do you think the Lord of Light singled out this Jon Snow aside from the visions you've seen in the flames, that is?" Varys mocks her. For another time, Lya felt as though she was in the same boat as the spider. She didn't trust anything this woman said. How could she? The witch looked the same as the one in the woods from when she was just a little girl.

"As Lord Commander of the Night's Watch he allowed the Wildlings south of the Wall to protect them from great danger. As King in the North he has united those Wildlings with the northern houses so together they may face their common enemy." Daenerys just starred blankly.

"He sounds like quite a man."

"Summon Jon Snow. Let him stand before you and tell you things that have happened to him, the things that he has seen with his own eyes."

"He's an honorable man." Lyanna spoke quietly. Honor, she thought, that is what got her father killed. She hoped Jon wouldn't meet the same fate. She loved him. Dearly.

"If he does rule the north, he would make a valuable ally. The Lannisters executed his father and conspired to murder his brother. And by his knowledge, killed his sister. Jon Snow has even more reason to hate Cersei than you do." Tyrion adds, making Dany nod along. She pauses in thought, looking back at Lya.

"Very well. Send a raven north. Tell Jon Snow that his Queen invites him to come to Drangonstone...and bend the knee." Lya felt a pang of regret. But also something else. Her brother. Jon Snow. He was coming back to her. Her Jon Snow. A small smile found her lips. She would see her brother again. Maybe the gods weren't so cruel.

But Lya wondered for a moment of how that would change everything. She loved her brother. Maybe more than one should love a brother. Lyanna cursed herself at the thought. She was not Jaime Lannister. But Jon wasn't Jaime. And She wasn't Cersei. Lya shook the thought away and quickly
turned to follow Dany.

"You can't hurt him." Lya spoke up as they walked through the cold halls.

"What makes you assume I would?" Daenerys asks, feeling a little hurt at the suggestion.

"If he doesn't bend the knee. You can't... be upset." Daenerys stopped, turning to the Stark with a hard look.

"I am the one true queen of Westeros. If he can't respect me..."

"Then he will set aside his pride and protect his family. Me included. He will see me by your side and he won't give a damn about who sits on any throne." This sent a stream of jealousy into Daenerys for a second because she put it away.

"I hope you are right about your brother
"I hope you are right about your brother." Dany turns away, making her way down the hall.
"Because I made a promise." Lya rushes to catch up to her. "And I hope no one does anything to make me forsake that promise."
"If you want the Iron Throne, take it. We have an army, a fleet, and three dragons. We should hit King's Landing now. Hard. With everything we have. The city will fall within a day." Yara sits casually in the chair, looking to the Targaryen Queen who stands on the balcony. She listens, not turning to speak. Lya stands against a pillar, watching the group with dark eyes. Daenys sits at her feet, looming over the crowd.

"If we turn the dragons loose, tens of thousands will die in the firestorms." Tyrion Lannister argues, stirring in his chair. Ellaria Sand looks over at him, her features pulled in disgust. Lyanna had heard about Oberyn Martell. She didn't want to think of how it would have been witnessing it.

"It's called war. You don't have the stomach for it, scurry back into hiding." The Dornish woman spits at the tiny man. Tyrion glares, his mind wondering to the clip on his chest. He was hand of the Queen. He helped make the calls. And the woman in front of her killed his niece.

"I know how you wage war. We don't poison little girls here. Myrcella was innocent." Tyrion growls, sitting taller at the head of the table. Daenerys looks over at Lyanna, begging with her eyes to make them shut the seven hells up.

"She was a Lannister. There are no innocent Lannisters. My greatest regret is that Oberyn died fighting for you."

"If we fight each other our enemies will win." Lyanna says, coming to the table and stretching her arms over it. "Both of you. That is enough." Ellaria looks up at the Stark with wonder. She respected the girl. Saw something else within her. In a way, the poison hidden within her made her think of Oberyn. The Sand nodded, Tyrion still on edge. Seething.

"I am not here to be queen of the ashes." Daenerys spoke up, turning to look at the people around her. Lya nodded respectfully. That was her one wish. Deep inside the Stark wanted to believe that was her wish too. But she knew if she had it her way, Cersei's head would be on a spike by now outside the throne room.

But she knew if she had it her way, Cersei's head would be on a spike by now outside the throne room
"That's very nice to hear." The Queen of Thorns spoke up, only looking to the Queen across the room. "Of course, I can't remember a queen who was better loved than my grand daughter. The common people loved her, the nobles loved her. And what is left of her now? Ashes. Commoners, nobles, they're all just children really. They won't obey you unless they fear you."

"I'm grateful to you, Lady Olenna, for your council. I'm grateful to all of you. But you have chosen to follow me. I will not attack King's Landing. We will not attack King's Landing." Dany argues, but the thorns twist back.

"Then how do you mean to take the Iron Throne? By asking nicely?"

"We will lay siege to the capital surrounding the city on all sides. Cersei will have the Iron Throne but no food for her army or the people."

"And the people will starve." Lya argues, earning a glare from Tyrion. "You may not rule ashes but you could rule skin and bones? Lady Olenna is right. We can't win by asking nicely."

"Well. We can't use Unsullied or Dothraki. Cersei will try to rally the lords of Westeros by appealing
to their loyalty, their love for their country. If we besiege the city with foreigners, we prove her point. Our army should be Westerosi."

"So what? We let all of our allies die out there?" Lya huffs, touching the grooves of the war table.

"And I suppose we're providing the Westerosi?" Ellaria says, tapping the table with long nails.

"You are." Tyrion reaches down and picks up a figurine that resembles a Kraken in a longship. "Lady Greyjoy will escort you home to Sunspear and her Iron Fleet will ferry the Dornish army back up to King's Landing." Tyrion walks to the south of the map and picks up a figurine that resembles a sun. He takes both figurines and places them at King's Landing. "The Dornish will lay siege to the capital alongside the Tyrell army. Two great kingdoms united against Cersei."

Lya walks next to him, picking up the figurines and setting them back on Dragonstone. Daenys sulks towards them, grumbling at the dwarf. "What is the use of having our own armies then? We need our allies to help win the people. We can't send them all to die."

"The unsullied will have another objective. For decades House Lannister has been the true power in Westeros. And the seat of that power is Casterly Rock. Grey Worm and the Unsullied will sail for the Rock and take it."

"We don't need your home castle!" Lya bellows, causing everyone in the room to quiet. "Your father is dead. You sister rules Kingslanding. And your brother is back in the Kingsguard. We have no need for Casterly Rock. We need to save our energy for the real task at hand." Lya grips the Unsullied helmet and places it in front of Kingslanding.

"You don't understand war." The Queen's hand growls up at the Stark. Lyanna stares down at him, making him feel smaller than he is. The wolf next to her glares with golden eyes and a dragon outside roars.

"And you don't understand people. We take the capital then Daenerys sits on the throne. We deal with the rest after. We can't play in the other lands of Westeros and dwindle our forces."

"Both of you." Daenerys scolds as she comes from the balcony between Tyrion and Lya. "All of you return to your chambers. We will reconvene the meeting later. Thank you all. Lady Olenna, may I speak with you alone?" Lya looks back, eyebrows furrowed as her Queen tells them all to go. Once the rest are gone, Dany sits across from the Lady Olenna. She smiles at the Queen of Thorns. "I realize you're here out of hatred for Cersei and not love for me. But I swear to you she will pay for what she's done and we will bring peace back to Westeros."

"Peace." The old woman scoffs. "Do you think that's what we had under your father or his father or his? Peace never lasts, my dear. Would you take a bit of advice from an old woman?" Daenerys nods cautiously, wondering what the Tyrell would say. "He's a clever man, your Hand. I've known a great many clever men. I've outlived them all. Do you know why? I ignored them. The lords of Westeros are sheep. Are you a sheep? No. You're a dragon. Be a dragon. That girl of yours, Lyanna. She knows people. And she knows you. Let her council you."

"And what of Tyrion? What of his council?"
"And what of Tyrion? What of his council?"

"My dear," Olenna says and places a hand once Dany's hand. "She loves you. And the clever women who have things to lose always outlive the clever men who love nothing but themselves."
"We will wait." Daenerys says as Lya walks in the door. The Stark watches curiously, confused as she had barely got both feet in the door. "Lady Olenna, Yara and Ellaria will stay here. Half their forces will return to their homes to keep the peace and hold the castles from Cersei. The other half will stay here and prepare to take the Red Keep."

"And the Unsullied? The Dothraki?" Lya takes long strides to her Queen, putting a hand on hers.

"The Unsullied will take Casterly Rock." Lya curls her nose in disgust.

"You will sacrifice your people for a damn rock?"

"Lyanna." Daenerys tries to cool her. Putting a hand on her waist. Lya pulls away from the touch. This hardens the Targaryen Queen. "Tyrion has a point. The Lannister's have held much for years. If we take their home..."

"Then we put our soldiers at risk for a place we don't need."

"I have made my decision." Daenerys hisses and grabs Lya's shoulders. "And you will do as your Queen asks." The Stark stares for a moment blankly before nodding.

"Of course, My Queen."

"Lyanna. I love you. With all my heart. But I am your queen. I can not give you special treatment or people will notice. The Lady Olenna could tell you loved me and she has barely spent an hour with us. Please. We have to be careful in this country."

"This is my country Dany. I know these people. No one batted an eye at Renly Baratheon and everyone knew his preference."

"I am not a Kings brother. I am the Queen of Westeros."

"If this is you breaking up with me I'm going to kill you." Daenerys laughs and puts a hand against her face.

"I can never let you go. Not even for the throne." Lya leans in, holding her in a hard kiss.

"Good. Glad we're on the same page." She sighs, thinking long about their current situation. "I will listen. But I won't let Tyrion fuck this all up. I don't trust him."

"He's a clever man."

"And clever men usually end up dead." Lya holds her lovers face in her hands, a small smile gracing her face as she looked at the Targaryen. Her Targaryen. She would not let anyone take Daenerys from her. Not ever. "Don't let a clever man get you killed. Please."

"Never."

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Lya sits atop Sunfyre, looking over at Drogon's blood red wings as he flies next to them. She leans forward to urge the dragon faster, feeling the wind in her hair as the cold bites at the tip of her nose and tops of her ears. This was everything her country was to her. Racing. Running. Free.

The Stark let out a whoop as they landed on top of the gates of Dragonstone. Laughing as the black dragon lets out a grumble at his loss. Sunfyre looks down at the steps, letting out a loud screech of
victory and raising her head to the sky for all to hear. Lyanna smiles, petting her rough scales. She peers around her giant head, seeing figures down below on the stairs. She raises an eyebrow, telling Sunfyre in her head to jump down. The creature complies, stepping in front of the giant stairs and laying down her sunrise wing.

Lya steps down, squinting so that she can see the figures on the steps. She sees multiple Unsullied and a few Dothraki escorting Tyrion and two other men. She takes a few steps down the stairs before she realizes. "Jon." She mutters breathlessly, the words getting lost to the wind.

Jon Snow regains his balance after the two dragons flew over them, looking at Davos expression. The old man stares at the top of the steps, mouth gaping at the dragon and the woman coming off of it. "Is that the Queen?" Davos asks, squinting to get a better look at the dark haired woman. That couldn't be the Queen, Jon thought, the Queen has the Targaryen features. Tyrion chuckled softly. "Oh yes. I don't think we mentioned that small detail." The Lannister watches as recognition goes across Jon Snow's eyes.

"Lyanna." Jon whispers to himself, running foreword. He takes two, three steps at a time. Lya runs down as well, holding onto the side of the stairs so she does not fall as she runs down the steps. Finally they collide, Jon wraps his arms around her. Lifting her into the air and burying his head into her neck as she does his.

"Jon. Is it really you?" Lya murmurs as she holds his furs tight between her fingers. Refusing to pull back.

"Lya... Lya I thought you were dead." Jon says, tears threatening to spill from his eyes. He feels like a child again. Vulnerable again, holding onto his older sister for dear life. Lyanna pulls back her head, still held in the air by Jon. She puts her hands on the sides of his face, tears streaming down her pale face.

"Look at you. You're a man. Gods. Do you remember the last time we saw each other. You were going to the wall and I was going to Kingslanding and..."

"We were children then." Jon finishes. He sets her down on the stairs. "Damn. You're still almost as tall as me."

"You'll always be the shortest of us three." Lya's voice breaks as her mind wonders to Robb. "He's dead Jon. Our brother is dead."

"I know." Jon puts his gloves hand into Lya's dark hair and pulls her back to his chest. "I thought you were dead too. I thought I lost everything. Sansa is okay. She is ruling as Lady of Winterfell in my stead." Lya can't help but let out a laugh.

"The title suits her."

"Yes." Jon agrees, pulling back and taking in the look of his sister. She was so much older. The softness of her cheeks and jaw were gone. Replaced by the stern look of a Stark. Her eyes were grey as a stormy sky that threatened with rain. "Look at you." He says and kisses her forehead. "Why are you here? How are you here? They said you were burned at the Red Keep?"

Lya leans against his lips, grabbing his hands and sighing softly. "I sent you a letter explaining a little, did you not get it? We have so much to discuss, Jon. There is so much you don't know."
"No I did not. I was away from the wall for a while. And years apart will do that to you." Jon pulls back suddenly, grabbing Lya close and looking up the stairs. She turns to face golden eyes, letting out a laugh. "It's huge." He mutters as Lya uncurls herself from his grasp and steps closer to Sunfyre.

"This is Sunfyre. She is my dragon. She was born from the fires that were put to kill me." Lya places a hand on the midnight blue snout of the dragon. The creature purrs and leans into the touch, sniffing at Jon curiously before looking away indifferently.

"We do." Jon says suddenly, making Lya furrow her eyebrows.

"What?" Lya asks as she looks back at her brother.

"We do have a lot to discuss."
“You stand in the presence of Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen, rightful heir to the Iron Throne, rightful Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Protector of the Seven Kingdoms, the Mother of Dragons, the Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, The Unburnt, The Breaker of Chains.” Missandei announces as Jon and Lya walk into the room. The Naath woman looks at Lyanna with a concerned look. The Stark holds the King in the North’s hand for a moment. She leans closer, whispering into his ear.

“I will protect you. No matter what.” She didn't give Jon long to take in the promise before pulling away and walking towards the dragon glass throne. They had tried to talk about as much as possible on the way to the throne room but it wasn't enough. He expects the guards to stop her but they both nod to her respectfully as she takes her place directly to the right of the Queen who sits on the throne, looking down at him. Tyrion stands a little away to her left, causing Jon to wonder who really made the calls between his sister and the dwarf. He needed to know everything. But for now, he turned to Davos expectantly.

“This is Jon Snow.” Davos Seaworth says, Jon stares, waiting for more. “Uh. He's King in the North.” Jon looks back to Lya and Daenerys Targaryen. The Stark smiles softly at him, trying not to let out a laugh. Her face calms him, letting him relax in his skin. Looking at her, he feels as though a piece in his life that has been missing for so long was finally there. Lyanna Stark.

“Thank you for traveling so far, My Lords. I hope the seas weren't too rough.” Daenerys says, causing Jon's eyes to face her instead. Her smile was feigned but behind it he could see a warmth. If Lyanna trusted him, maybe he could.

“The winds were kind, Your Grace.” Jon saw awkwardly, looking to his sister for support.

“Apologies.” Davos cuts in. "I have a Flea Bottom accent, I know. But Jon Snow is King in the North, Your Grace. He's not a lord."

"Forgive me..." the Queen starts, waiting for a title to be spoke.

"Your Grace, this is Ser Davos Seaworth." Tyrion says, nodding to the sailor bellow. Lya gives a soft smile, hoping they would both just let it go.

"Forgive me, Ser Davos. I never did receive a formal education, but I could have sworn the last King in the North was Torren Stark who bent the knee to my ancestor Aegon Targaryen in exchange for his life and the lives of the northmen. Torren Stark swore fealty to House Targaryen in perpetuity. But do I have my facts wrong?"

"I wasn't there, Your Grace." Davos shrugs it off, holding his own. He seemed like a smart man, making Lya hope he would know when to shut up.

"No. Of course not. But still, an oath is an oath. In perpetuity means... what does perpetuity mean, Lady Stark?" Daenerys drags Lya into it, making her grind her teeth.

"Forever, Your Grace." Lya says, frowning at her brother who watches the Queen and his sister with caution.

"Forever. So I assume, My Lord, that you're here to bend the knee.” Lya looks at Jon desperately. Begging him to put away his pride.
"I am not." Jon says, earning a glare from his sister. Daenerys stares, her feigned smile breaking slightly.

"Oh." She says with false disappointment. "Well, that is unfortunate. You've travelled all this way to break faith with House Targaryen?"

"Break faith? Your father burned my grandfather alive. He burned my uncle alive. He would have burned the Seven Kingdoms." This strikes something in Dany. Lyanna knew she never wanted to be compared to her father.

"My father was an evil man. On behalf of House Targaryen I ask your forgiveness for the crimes he committed against your family. And I ask you not to judge a daughter by the sins of her father. Our two houses were allies for centuries. Those were the best centuries the kingdom's ever known. Centuries of peace and prosperity with the Targaryens sitting on the Iron Throne and a Stark serving as Warden of the North. I am the last Targaryen, Jon Snow. Honor the pledge your ancestor made to mine. Bend the knee and I will name you Warden of the North. Together we will save this country from those who would destroy it."

"You're right. You're not guilty of your father's crime. And I'm not beholden to my ancestor's vows."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because I need your help and you need mine." Daenerys smirks, looking at her advisors.

"Did you see four dragons flying overhead when you arrived?"

"I did. And I saw my sister on top of one of those dragons." Please don't drag me into this, Lya thought desperately, Gods just please don't.

"Yes. Your sister who has sworn to me. How about the Dothraki did you see the Dothraki, all of whom have sworn to kill for me too?" Jon looks to his sister, a little bit of defeat hidden in his dark grey eyes. He should have known. She was loyal to the Dragon Queen. But he also knew she was loyal to her family.

"They're hard to miss."

"But still, I need your help?"

"Not to defeat Cersei." Ser Davos steps in. "You could storm King's Landing tomorrow and the city would fall. Hell, we almost took it and we didn't even have dragons."

"Almost." Tyrion mutters, still bitter about his lack of recognition for the battle of Blackwater bay. Lya can't help but roll her eyes.

"But you haven't stormed King's Landing. Why not? The only reason I can see is you don't want to kill thousands of innocent people. It's the fastest way to win the war but you won't do it. Which means at the very least you're better than Cersei." Jon admits, watching the Queen in front of him.

"Still, that doesn't explain why I need your help."

"Because right now you and I and Cersei and everyone else, we're children playing at a game screaming that the rules aren't fair."

"You told me your brother was a smart man?" Daenerys says, turning to the Stark to her right. "In the time since he's met me he's refused to call me queen, he's refused to bow and now he's calling me
"I believe he's calling all of us children. Figure of speech." Tyrion butts in.

"Your Grace, everyone you know will die before winter is over if we don't defeat the enemy to the north." Jon says louder, bringing everyone's attention to him.

"As far as I can see, you are the enemy to the north." Dany hisses.

"I am not your enemy. The dead are the enemy."

"The dead?" Daenerys scoffs at the King in the North. "Is that another figure of speech?"

"The Army of the Dead is on the march."

"The Army of the Dead?" Tyrion questions. Jon turns to Lya who stirs uncomfortably at the whole situation.

"Lyanna. You know me better than anyone in the world. Do you think I am a liar or a madman?"

"No," Lya murmurs. "Of course not."

"The Army of the Dead is real. The White Walkers are real. The Night King is real. I've seen them. If they get past the wall and we're squabbling amongst ourselves..." Jon takes a step closer, making the Dothraki halt him. "We're finished." Daenerys stares for a long moment, not saying anything. Her eyes meet Lya's, watching her reaction. The Stark's eyes move to the ground.

"I was born at Dragonstone. Not that I can remember it," the Targaryen starts before standing from her throne and walking the steps slowly towards Jon. "We fled before Robert's assassins could find us. Robert was your father's best friend, no? I wonder if your father knew his best friend sent assassins to murder a baby girl in her crib. Not that it matters now of course. I spent my life in foreign lands. So many men have tried to kill me. I don't remember all of their names. I have been sold like a brood mare. I have been chained and betrayed, raped and defiled. Do you know what kept me standing through all those years in exile? Faith. Not in any gods. Not in myths and legends. In myself. In Daenerys Targaryen. The world hadn't seen a dragon in centuries until my children were born. The Dothraki hadn't crossed the sea. Any sea."

"They did for me. I was born to rule the Seven Kingdoms. And I will."

"You'll be ruling over a graveyard if we don't defeat the Night King." Tyrion steps up to stand next to the Queen, leaving Lyanna behind.

"The war against my sister has already begun. You can't expect us to halt hostilities and join you in fighting... whatever you saw beyond the wall."

"You don't believe him. I understand that. It sounds like nonsense." Davos Seaworth stands next to Jon, making Lya's eyes move back to the situation in front of her. "But if destiny has brought Daenerys Targaryen back to our shores, it has also made Jon Snow King in the North. You were the first to bring Dothraki to Westeros. He was the first to make allies with Wildlings and northmen. He was named Lord Commander of the Night's Watch. He was named King in the North. Not because of his birthright. He has no birthright. He's a damn bastard. All those hard son's of bitches chose him as their leader because they believe in him." Everyone turns to look at Jon. "All those things you don't believe in, he faced those things. He fought those things for the good of his people. He risked his life for his people. He took a knife in the heart for his people. He gave his own..." Jon cuts the man off with a look, making Lya raise an eyebrow to her brother. "If we don't put aside our enmities and band together we will die. And then it doesn't matter whose skeleton sits on the Iron
Throne."

"If it doesn't matter you might as well kneel." Tyrion tries to appeal to the Snow. Jon shakes his head, eyes locking with Lya for help. His sister just frowns, kneel, she mouths to him. Jon's eyes turn to the floor. "Swear your allegiance to Queen Daenerys. Help her to defeat my sister and together our armies will protect the north."

"There's no time for that. There's no time for that. There's no time for any of this. While we stand here debating...

"It takes no time to bend the knee. Pledge your sword to her cause."

"And why would I do that?" Jon looks back to Daenerys. "I mean no offense, Your Grace, but I don't know you. As far as I can tell your claim to the throne rests entirely on your father's name. And my own father fought to overthrow the Mad King. The lords of the north placed their trust in me to lead them. And I will continue to do so as well as I can."

"That's fair." Daenerys speaks up. "It's also fair to point out that I'm the rightful queen of the Seven Kingdoms. By declaring yourself king of the northern most kingdom, you are in open rebellion."

Varys walks quickly into the throne room, coming to Lya.

"Dorne and the Iron Born's fleet have been attacked."

"The half of the Iron Born and Dornish fleet were attacked on route to Dorne and the Iron Islands." Varys informs, looking around at the people who stare at him. Yara sits up in her chair, eyes wide with worry. Ellaria and her daughters all crowd around the table, glaring at Tyrion. And Lady Olenna just watches from her chair with a lack of emotion on her face.

"Any survivors?" Daenerys asks, sitting down. She felt drained and weak. Looking around at her allies who depended on her to protect them.

"Two or three ships escaped. We still have half of everyone's fleets outside of Dragonstone."

"You must forgive my manners." The Queen says as she looks back to Davos and Jon. "You will both be tired after your long journey. We'll have baths drawn for you and supper sent to your rooms." She turns to her Queensguard then. "Take then to their chambers. Feed them. Guard them."

"Am I your prisoner?" Jon questions angrily, watching as the Queen follows his sister from the throne room urgently.

"Not yet."

"The fleet, Dany. The Stark whispers. "They've been attacked." Daenerys Targaryen turns around, wide eyed and fearful. She looks like a child, Lyanna thought, the child she met in Slavers bay. Underlying fear in her eyes.

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"Two or three ships escaped. We still have half of everyone's fleets outside of Dragonstone." Varys assures her, but she waves him away. The spider nods and exits the room. Ellaria Sand's youngest daughter puts a hand on her mothers shoulder. The Dornish woman puts her hand over top her daughters. That could have been them, Lya thought as she looked around at everyone in the room, it could have been all of them.
"Half of my men." Yara says as she stands to her feet and leans against the painted table. "Dead."

"Yes. Half of all the men. Have you been paying attention?" Olenna says casually.

"Your people made it to Highgarden." Ellaria hisses like a viper.

"Yes. You don't think I realized that? Well. Half my men are a world away. Better?" Olenna says, rolling her eyes.

"My brother is possibly dead. I have no idea if he is okay!" Yara growls, slamming her hand on the table and looking at Daenerys. "We have to destroy my Uncle's fleet." Lya stands, coming between Yara and Dany.

"Right now we need to prepare. If half our allies are lost, we must have the other half ready." Lya turns to Daenerys, eyes soft and caring. "What is your command, My Queen?" Daenerys looks up at her allies who had all just lost or are missing half their fleet. Her eyes turn to Tyrion. His plan failed. Again.

"All of you will stay here where we are safe. Your men will stay here. I will not risk losing another thousand of men." Yara sits down with a huff. Both Ellaria and Olenna nod in agreement.

"And my brother?" Yara asks quietly, feeling guilt strike her in the stomach. She made him go. He wanted to stay with her. Now he was possibly dead.

"We send a ship to meet any survivors. One ship. A few men. If there are survivors we will find them. I am your Queen. I apologize that my plan sent half your men to their graves. But I will make it up to you. I swear that as your Queen." Yara settles in her seat, not fully satisfied but also not wanting to argue further. "You are all dismissed."
times that passed

Lya knocks hard on the door, impatiently she leans against the wall. Daenys lets out a whine, sniffing at the crack under the wooden frame. "I know, girl." Lyanna says and ruffles the giant direwolf's ears. Finally she hears rustling behind the door. When it opens her eyes soften. "Jon."

"Lya." Jon Snow mutters with a little bit of coldness in his voice. But all that goes away as Daenys tackles him to the floor. She licks his face "Nice to see you too." He chuckles and sits up, petting the direwolf's ears. Daenys whimpers happily before jumping onto his bed and laying down. Lya steps into the room, closing the door behind her. "She's bigger than Ghost now."

"She's a bed hog for sure." Lyanna chuckles and walks to the window. She can see Dragons against the night's sky. Flying around the castle. It comforts her slightly. "Jon. There is so much I need to tell you. And so little time."

"I can agree with that. Why not start by telling me how the hell you survived being burned alive." Jon comes to the window next to her, smiling over at his sister.

"Only is you tell me how you survived a knife to the heart."

"I hope you have time." Lya and Jon stand there for what feels like hours. She tells him of Eddard Lannister. Her dead son. And of how she hatched Sunfyre. He tells her of Ygritte. The girl who died in his arms. And of how he brought the wildlings together with the northmen. By the time both are as caught up as they can be, Lyanna's throat burns from how much she spoke. She left out her relationship with Daenerys, fearing his reaction.

"I don't think I could have survived what you did." Lya sighs. "I don't think I am a good enough leader."

"Oh fuck that. Of course you are." Jon teases, elbowing her side. "I sure as hell couldn't have survived a damn fire." Lya giggles and shakes her head. Sunfyre looms closer as she feels the warmth and happiness off of her mother.

"Jon." Lyanna mutters, her smile disappearing. "There's another thing."

"What is it Lya?" Jon questions and leans closer to her.

"The last time I saw Catelyn. She told me something." Jon watches expectantly, waiting for her to finish. "Robb isn't my twin, Jon."

"What do you mean?"

"Catelyn had twins. But one of them died. When our father brought two bastards north, they put me in the dead twin's crib. I'm not a Stark, Jon. I'm your twin. Not Robb's" Jon stares for a second, taking it all in.

"But all this time..."

"She was a mother to me and a bitch to you? Yeah I know. I was so mad at her, the night I was taken, all I wished was that she would pay for how she treated you." Lya holds back a sob, feeling tears beat at her eyelids. "I guess I got my wish."

"Lya." Jon chides and wraps his arm around her. "It's not your fault. None of it. And you're a Stark.
Through and through.”

“What about you?”

“I'm a Snow, Lya. Even if you're my sister I'll always be a Snow.”

“Jon Snow. King of the North. That has a nice ring to it don't you think?” Jon chuckles, shaking his head at his sister.

“I bet I'm the older twin.” Lya feigns a gasp, hitting his chest softly.

“How dare you. I'm far smarter and superior. That must mean I'm older.” Jon clicks his tongue.

“Are you sure?” Lya hits his chest again and leans against the wall. Jon watches her. She had changed so much. Had been through so much. She wasn't Lya Stark anymore. She wasn't the girl who cried as she rode for Kingslanding. She was Lyanna. She was a woman who hatched a dragon and became a dragon rider. "Do you remember all the dancing lessons Catelyn forced us to go to?"

“Yes. It was the worst year of my life.” Lya teases.

“All you wanted to do was go sword fight with Robb. But of course he already mastered the dance so he didn't need to practice. We were too busy fucking around to learn. She hated me so much. I remember her telling me I was spoiling her little girl.” Lya shakes her head.

"Would you yell at me if I told you I faked not being able to dance so that we could have more lessons together?" Jon's smile softened before he let out a laugh. Lya raises an eyebrow. "What's so funny?"

"Would you yell at me if I told you I did the same.” Lya joins in the laughter, shaking her head at her twin brother. Gods how much had changed. Robb and Rickon dead. Sansa the only other sibling they knew were alive. Jon steps back, putting his arm out for her. "May I have this dance.” He says, trying to mimic the voice of their old dancing instructor. Lyanna smiles, taking his arm and letting him pull her into the middle of the room.

Jon holds her hands, moving around the room in small circles. Her laughs were music to his ears. For once in a long time, he felt like he had a place. Even when the crowned him King in the North, he felt alone. But right now, he felt warm. Alive with a fire deep inside him.

Lya giggles as he spins her in the center of the room, her long dark blue gown swirling around her legs like water licking at her heels. Something bubbled in her chest. She couldn't quite place it. But as they stopped spinning and Jon placed a hand on her cheek, she knew what it was.

He leaned in, their noses brushing against each other. Lyanna wraps her arms around his neck, leaning their bodies against each other. She looks into his dark eyes and suddenly she sees almond shaped eyes and copper skin. Black beady eyes that she could see her reflection in.

Lya jumps back, wrapping her arms tightly around her body. "No." She murmurs. Jon reaches out a hand for her but Daenys jumps from the bed and steps between them. The wolf snarled, barring her teeth at Jon. "I can't okay.” Lya stutters out. She turns out of the room, rushing away with Daenys at her heels.

Jon watches the door slam behind her, cursing aloud as he slams his fist against the wall. He breaks skin, not caring as the blood trickles down the back of his palm. He looks out the window, muttering to himself. Golden eyes stare at him from a tower just outside his room, a low growl erupting from its
throat. The eyes were the only way he saw the creature, it's blue scales blending in with the caste walls. "I'm no better than Jaime Lannister." Jon mutters to no one in particular, maybe even the dragon in front of him. He leans against the window and holds his head in his hands. "Fuck."

♤

"We need to find Euron Greyjoy's fleet and sink it." Daenerys says, leaning over the painted table. Yara and Ellaria stand near, nodding in agreement. Olenna sits down, rolling her eyes at Tyrion and Varys as they both try to speak.

"Your Grace, he's already destroyed a good portion of our fleet. To send our remaining ships after him..." Varys starts, only to be cut off by Dany.

"I'm not talking about sending our ships after him." She pauses, looking at the two men.

"But you'll have to go yourself. Euron's ships could be anywhere or in more than one place. You'd be flying around the open seas alone for who knows how long." Tyrion says desperately.

"I wouldn't be alone." Daenerys locks eyes with her lover, a small smile on her face. "Both of us. Four dragons. What can anyone do to us?" Lya nods her support.

"We need revenge." Yara growls, iron on her lips. "If we let my uncle roam free then he will kill more."

"It only takes one arrow." Missandei speaks up, looking at her Queen with big round eyes.

"It's too great a risk. You're too important." Tyrion says as Dany looks to the painted table.

"What about Casterly Rock?" Dany questions, her eyes roaming the painted table. Always landing on one thing. The capital. Lya can feel her desperation. She tires of waiting and being patient. Lyanna just wished she would give her the go ahead. They could take Kingslanding in a day.

"The Unsullied will be there soon." Varys says, bringing a scoff from Olenna Tyrell.

"Oh to hell with that bloody rock." The old woman shakes her head, thinking of the fleet back in Highgarden.

"What is the use. We should take the capital now when she least expects it!" Ellaria groans impatiently.

"Our men are already on there way to Casterly Rock"

"Our men are already on there way to Casterly Rock." Tyrion argues. "This could be our chance to show our power. No one has ever taken the rock. The Lannister army is still the army my father built. Well trained and well provisioned. 10,000 men at least. They will see us coming. They will be ready. The gates of Casterly Rock are impregnable. The fight up the walls will be hard. We'll be at a disadvantage. Many men will die. Interesting thing about my father. He built our house up from near ruin. He built our army. He built Casterly Rock as we know it, but he didn't build the sewers. That was beneath him.

So he gave the job to the lowest person he could find. Me. He was right. I was low. The company I kept low, women mostly. They weren't welcome at the Rock. Father disapproved of that sort of behavior. I couldn't walk them through the front gates. I couldn't have them in my chambers. So in the process of building the sewers I threw in something for myself. It was a passage that began by the sea and ended beneath one of the main guard towers.
No better place for low pursuits. Casterly Rock, the impregnable fortress. As a good friend of mine once said, "give me 10 good men and I'll impregnate the bitch." And so it begins. They will face the bulk of the Lannister forces. They will be outnumbered. They will have less armor and fewer weapons. But as my sister's armies fights for her, the Unsullied will be fighting for something greater. They will be fighting for freedom and the person who gave it to them. They will be fighting for you. And that is why they will triumph.

"Are you done now?" Lya growls, looking down at the Lannister.

"I believe so." Tyrion shrugs, looking at the figurines on the table rather than the wolf looming over him. A small bundle of roses sat atop Highgarden. All the Unsullied helmets laid on Casterly Rock. Krakens, Thorns, and Suns all crowded next to Dragonstone.

"If this plan fails," Lya says, pointing a finger to the Lannisters chest. "I will hold you personally responsible."

"What could go wrong?"
"What is it?" Daenerys Targaryen questions as she walks towards Lya, Tyrion and Varys. Jon and Davos keep their distance while Missandei and Dany stand side by side.

"We took Casterly Rock." Tyrion says, bouncing on his heels. He wondered how angry she would be. The Lannister thought for a moment that maybe she was right to not trust him. His plans seemed to have been falling through.

"That's very good to hear." Daenerys says, a little unsure. "Isn't it?"

"You could say that." Lya glares down at Tyrion. "That is if Highgarden hadn't been taken from us as well." Daenerys stares, the flame of her eyes turning to Tyrion before she stalked across the beach and past Lya.

"You'll want to discuss this amongst yourselves. Perhaps..." Davos starts as he and Jon follow the groups across the beach. Jon puts a hand on his sister's shoulder to comfort her but she shies from the touch and walks closer next to Daenerys.

"You will stay. Half my allies are gone. They've been taken from me while I've been sitting here on this island." The Queen growls, feeling guilty for the loss of half her allies armies.

"We still have the largest army." Tyrion says assuringly, this brings a glare from both the Stark and the Targaryen.

"Who won't be able to eat because Cersei has taken all the food from the Reach." Lya adds quietly, crossing her arms as they all stand against each other. Daenerys and Lyanna stand side by side with Missandei while Varys and Tyrion stand in front of them on the beach. Jon and Davos stand a little away, watching the scene cautiously.

"Call Grey Worm and the Unsullied back. We still have enough ships to carry the armies to the mainland. Commit to the blockade of King's Landing. We have a plan. It's still the right plan."

"The right plan?" Dany scoffs as she looms over the Lannister. "Your strategy has lost us half of Dorne, the Iron Islands and the Reach."

"If I've underestimated our enemies..."

"Our enemies? Your family, you mean. Perhaps you don't want to hurt them after all." Her eyes move to the sea in front of them. Four dragons fly over head, swooping down towards the sea and up towards the heavens. Lya nods her support to the Queen when she looks over at her for help.

"Enough with the clever plans. I have four large dragons and a fellow dragon rider. I'm going to fly them to the Red Keep."

"We've discussed this."

"My enemies are in the Red Keep. What kind of a queen am I if I'm not willing to risk my life to fight them?"

"A smart one." Daenerys rolls her eyes and finds herself looking at Jon Snow. His dark grey eyes avert to the sand, hoping she would not ask him for help.

"What do you think I should do?" The Targaryen asks, mouth in a firm line
"What do you think I should do?" The Targaryen asks, mouth in a firm line.

"I would never presume to..." Jon protests before Dany cuts him off.

"I'm at war. I'm losing." She takes a few steps closer to him, making Lya bite her lip. They had been spending frequent time together, Lyanna thought cautiously. "What do you think I should do?" Jon looks over to the sea then to his sister who stands, arms crossed over her chest and eyes watching him sharply.

"I never thought that dragons would exist again. No one did. The people who follow you know that you made something impossible happen. Maybe that helps them believe that you can make other impossible things happen. Build a world that's different from the shit one they've always known."

Jon stares at his sister, waiting for her to react. He wondered what she would do in Daenerys' shoes. The girl he knew would have cowered at the thought of killing thousands of innocents for a metal chair. But he didn't know the woman before him. Not really. Though, he loved her all the same. "But if you use them to melt castles and burn cities, you're not different. You're just more of the same."

Daenerys nods, thinking it over. "We will take the Dothraki to the Reach to take back what is ours. We will first speak to the lady Olenna and see her opinion."

"And what of the dragons?" Tyrion asks with a raised eyebrow.

"Drogon and Sunfyre will go." This sends a spark of fear through the Lannister. This, Lya notices. Jaime, she thought immediately, Jaime would be there. The Stark didn't know what to think at that. But still she thought how good it would feel. To put an end to him once and for all. Instead, she nodded to her Queen and mentally called the giant dragon. Drogon came on her tail, landing on the beach and picking up the sand as they leaned to look at their mothers.

"I'm ready when you are, My Queen."

♤

"You can't go, Lya." Jon pleads as he stands against her closed door. The Stark shakes her head, stripping off her clothes and putting on black leather pants and a black dress over top with sharp cut shoulder and had a cut in the middle so that she could ride. She pulled the chain over her shoulder, clipping the half dragon and half wolf clip on. Jon knocks on the door again, this time more forceful. Lya rolls her eyes, opening the door and glaring at him.

"I have to go, Jon." Lyanna sits on the bed, pulling the long boots over the tight leather pants and tying them.

"No. You don't. Let her go alone. She can take care of herself." Lya's fingers fumble as she shakes slightly. She hadn't shaken like this since before the Dothraki... she pushed the thought away and dropped the laces with a huff. Jon came to his knees in front of her and laced up the boot. When he was done he put a hand on her knee and looked into the storm that was her eyes. "Please Lyanna. I just found you. Don't make me lose you again."

"Sunfyre will protect me." Lya stares at him for a moment. His dark eyes unreadable. She pulls away and stands to her feet. Daenys whimpers from the bed. "I'll be back girl." She promises and pets the direwolf's head. Jon stands to his feet, grabbing Lya's forearm. She whips around, coming face to face with the Snow.

"Lyanna," Jon tries to plead again. She pulls her arm away and stares him down, making him feel shorter than he was.
"I can't just let them get away with it. They slaughtered people. Innocent people. Women. Children. Babies." Her voice falters near the end, making Jon's eyes soften.

"This isn't about Highgarden. The Kingslayer will be there won't he." Jon shakes his head, understanding her anger. He thinks of Olly and how good it felt to kill him. How he watched his face plump from the rope around his neck. Jon didn't want that for Lya. Didn't want her to crave the revenge.

"It doesn't matter. If he's there then that is just a bonus." Lya grabs the gloves from her side table and slips them over her fingers. She looks out her open window to where the water and sand met. Sunfyre and Drogon stood on the beach, waiting for their mothers.

"Lya. You're going to get yourself killed." Jon growls, making Daenys lift her head at the anger and worry seeping from him.

"Nothing you can say will stop me, Jon. I'm going. To protect my Queen and save our allies."

"They're her allies. Not yours."

"You must not understand loyalty, Your Grace." Lya spits as she turns back around to him. "Everything that she lives by, I do as well. I swore myself to her. Now and always."

"And if that gets you killed?"

"Then I know I died for the right cause."

♤

Lya looks down at the soldiers line up, their shields held in front of them. They're afraid. She can practically smell it. Dothraki charge foreword as two winged shadows fly over them. Her eyes harden as Drogon and Sunfyre lower closer to them. "Dracarys!" She yells into the scales and horns in front of her. Lya feels the heat move from her stomach to her mouth as Sunfyre let's put a golden stream of fire.

The fire bursts into the first line of Lannister soldiers. The men go up into flames and start screaming. Drogon joins, letting out fire of black and red. A flanking group of Dothraki Screamers ride over the flames through the hole created by the dragons and start cutting men down. Men call out orders but none listen as the first wave of Dothraki crashes into shielded pikemen.

Lya leans so that Sunfyre turns her body and flies in a circle. She can see clearly as men on both sides are being slaughtered. A second wave of Dothraki Screamers ride in. They switch from a seated position to standing atop their saddles shooting bow and arrow. The Lannister archers fire back and many are shot in the chest, necks and between the eyes alike. Daenerys and Lyanna circle around and billow flames across the battlefield. Lya dives down into the kings road, commanding Sunfyre to spew more flame. Carriages along the road burst up in explosions of fire.

Her eyes follow as a group of archers break from the main battle and follow two men. They hold their ground, drawing arrows and pointing up at Drogon and Daenerys. Lya ushers Sunfyre forward as they release their arrows. The midnight blue scales block the arrows, allowing them to fly off harmlessly. Drogon takes a dive, making a run on another line of carriages and burning them in a single breath. Men scream out as they burn alive.

The two dragons circle the burning battlefield. Lannister men and Dothraki clash, showing a clear
winner as the men in iron are slaughtered. Lya feels a pull at the corner of her lips as she watches the roaring lion on a shield burn into nothing. Men crawl into the river to get relief from the fire around them. Sunfyre gets closer to the ground, sending the shores aflame as men try to escape.

She watches as men standing in front of the flames are reduced to ash, blowing away in the hard winds created from flapping wings. Lya's eyes find a giant crossbow and a man arming it. Her eyes follow the direction it points at. Drogon and Daenerys fly low to the water, skimming it as they aim for more men. They pull up, circling again till they come over the river once more. "Dany!" Lya screams as the man lets the arrow fly. She lets out a gasp but feels a little bit of relief as the bolt sails past them.

Daenerys pulls back, flying higher into the clouds. Lya follows, hovering next to her. "We go now!" She tries to yell but the sounds are covered by the thunder of the dragon's wings. Drogon pulls back before diving back towards the ground. Sunfyre follows, quicker than the slightly smaller dragon. Lya's eyes find the crossbow aiming directly at Drogon. The Queen aims for the man wielding it, eyes hard as she does.

"Dracarys." Before the flames can send, the bolt finds root in Drogon's wind. This sends him pinwheeling out of control. Daenerys holds on tight as they fall from the sky. Lya let's put a scream full of fear and anger. She dives closer but Drogon regains his balance above the river. Instead she aims for the crossbow. The man starts to reload his weapon but Sunfyre turns to him. His eyes go wide as the golden flames destroy it, but he jumps off just in time. Lya goes to kill him too but she hears Drogon land hard.

She turns to see him landing on the edge of the river, roaring from the wound. Daenerys steps from her mount and rushes to pull the spear from his wing. Lya flies overhead, watching for danger around the pair. Her eyes catch movement along the side of the river. She sees a man on a horse, holding out a spear in front of him. Lya follows his line of sight to Daenerys as she struggles to pull the bolt from Drogon's wing. Sunfyre lands hard between the man on horseback and Drogon. Lya realizes she hadn't even commanded her to, the dragon moving to protect them before she could think to.

Recognition flashes over her eyes as the man struggles to slow his horse. Blonde hair the color of spun gold and wide emerald eyes. He stares at the dragon rider and drops the spear, pulling his horse to a halt. Jaime fucking Lannister. He opens his mouth to speak, locking eyes with the Stark. But she does not hear him. She feels her thoughts falter as she leans closer to Sunfyre's scales. His eyes. That's all she can remember. Bright green. Her husband's eyes. Possibly her son's eyes. That she will never know.

Lannister eyes.

Her grey eyes harden into steel as she grips the faded pink and orange horns of the dragon. Jaime grips the reigns till his knuckles turn white, closing his eyes. She growls out the words like a wolf tearing into flesh.

"Dracarys."
"I know what Cersei has told you, that I've come to destroy your cities," Lya looks out at the prisoners, they're covered in blood and filth. It makes her feel powerful. The battlefield still burns with dragon fire. I did that, she thought, I helped win. "...burn down your homes, murder you and orphan your children. That's Cersei Lannister, not me. I'm not here to murder. And all I want to destroy is the wheel that has rolled over rich and poor to the benefit of no one but the Cersei Lannisters of the world. I offer you a choice. Bend the knee and join me. Together we will leave the world a better place than we found it, or refuse and die."

Immediately, a few Lannister men kneel to the ground while most remain standing. Sunfyre lands next to Lyanna, letting out a massive roar that sends her shaking it out to her tail. All of the Lannister men quickly kneel while a few still remain standing including. "Step forward, My Lord." Lyanna says, reaching a hand up and petting Sunfyre's jaw.

"You will not kneel?" Daenerys questions, holding her hands before her.

"I already have a queen." The man argues, his face emotionless. They will die in our old world, Lya ponders, men like this will never kneel.

"My sister, she wasn't your queen until recently though, was she, until she murdered your rightful queen and destroyed House Tyrell for all time. So it appears your allegiances are somewhat flexible." Tyrion tries to argue with the man, but he stubbornly refuses.

"There are no easy choices in war. Say what you will about your sister, she was born in Westeros, has lived here all her life. You on the other hand, you murdered your own father and chose to support a foreign invader. One with no ties to this land, an army of savages at her back." Daenerys bristles, her lip pulling back in a snarl.

"You will not trade your honor for your life. I respect that." Dany turns to Lya who nods. Tyrion cuts in.

"Perhaps he could take the black, Your Grace. Whatever else he is, he is a true soldier. He would be invaluable at the Wall."

"You cannot send me to the Wall. You are not my queen." Lyanna steps foreword at this, grabbing the man and pulling him front the crowd. She sets him on his knees in front of Sunfyre who growls lowly.

"You will have to kill me too." A younger man calls out. The old lord glares.

"Step back and shut your mouth." He growls, Lya can see the resemblance in the two.

"Who are you?" Daenerys asks, face blank of emotions.

"A stupid boy." The old man tries.

"I'm Dickon Tarley, son of Randyll Tarley." Dickon says, causing Lya to hold a straight face.

"You are the future of your house. This war has already wiped one great house from the world. Don't let it happen again. Bend the knee." The younger man looks from the Targaryen to his father to Sunfyre before his eyes rest on Lyanna's.
"A son is not held responsible at his father's mistakes," she says, eyes soft. "Bend the knee and live. You will keep your lands and titles. Your sons and grandsons will. As long as you pledge your loyalty." Dickon finally nods, reluctantly bending his knee. Lya grabs Randyll Tarley and pulls him to an open area. She sets him on his knees. Lya turns back and comes to her Queen's side, watching him cautiously.

"Lord Randyll Tarley, I, Daenerys of House Targaryen, First of my name, Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons, sentence you to die." She watches for a second longer as the man keeps a firm face. He does not move or cry. He sits on his knees and waits. "Dracarys."

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Jon hands the scroll to Lya, leaving her confused. She opens it, eyes skimming the page. "Arya." She murmurs. "She's alive?" Lya looks up, eyes bright. "And Bran?" Something in Daenerys turns her stomach. Her family is alive, the Queen thought, what if she leaves me?

"I thought Arya was dead. I thought Bran was dead." Jon Snow frowns at the painted table. Lya wonders why he is not happy. Their siblings were alive.

"I'm happy for you. You don't look happy." Dany questions with her dark eyebrows furrowed.

"Bran saw the Night King and his army marching towards Eastwatch. If they make it past the wall..." Jon says with worry in his dark eyes. Lya frowns. The threat never seemed real. But now as she sees her brothers fear, she knows it must be.

"The Wall has kept them out for thousands of years. Presumably..." Varys tries to calm him but Jon cuts him off.

"I need to go home." Jon says firmly.

"You said you don't have enough men."

"We'll fight with the men we have. Unless you'll join us."

"And give the country to Cersei? As soon as I march away she marches in."

"Perhaps not. Cersei thinks the Army of the Dead is nothing but a story made up by wet nurses to frighten children. What if we prove her wrong?" Tyrion adds. Lya rolls her eyes.

"She will never trust us. And besides. We can't trust her." Dany nods in agreement to Lyanna's statement.

"And I don't think she'll come see the dead at my invitation." Jon agrees.

"So bring the dead to her." Tyrion says, happy about his clever idea. Olenna Tyrell rolls her eyes, pinching her fingers together.

"Last I checked that is exactly what we are avoiding." The Queen of thorns says. Lya was surprised that the woman had believed Jon. She assumed if he was not Ned Stark's son then she wouldn't have. Yara and Ellaria both agreed the threat was real.

"We don't have to bring the whole army. Only one soldier." Tyrion looks at the wall on the painted table, thinking how they could accomplish that. Lya seethes under her skin as she holds the table with white knuckles.
"Is that possible?" Davos scoffs incredulously.

"The first wight I ever saw was brought into Castle Black from beyond the Wall." Jon nods to his companion.

"Bring one of these things down to King's Landing and show her the truth." Tyrion suggests.

"Anything you bring back will be useless unless Cersei grants us an audience and is somehow convinced not to murder us the moment we set foot in the capital." Varys informs the group.

"The only person she listens to is Jaime. He may listen to me."

"And how would you get into King's Landing." Daenerys questions, not trusting the plan. Everyone's eyes turn to Davos.

"I can smuggle you in, but if the Goldcloaks were to recognize you, I'm warning you, I'm not a fighter." Tyrion nods understandably.

"Well, it will all be for nothing if we don't have one of these dead men." The Targaryen adds as she takes a seat.

"Fair point. How do you propose to find one?" Yara asks curiously, wondering if they were as dangerous as they say. Jon stares to the ground in thought.

"With the queen's permission I'll go north and take one." Jorah pipes up. "You asked me to find a cure so I could serve you. Allow me to serve you."

"The free folk will help us. They know the real north better than anyone." Jon adds.

"They won't follow Ser Jorah
"They won't follow Ser Jorah." Davos scoffs to himself more than to the group.

"They won't have to." Lya's eyes jump to him.

"You can't lead a raid beyond the wall. You're not in the Night's Watch anymore. You're King in the North." Davos says, anger intertwined with his words.

"I'm the only one here whose fought them. I'm the only one here who knows them." Lya stands suddenly, her chair almost falling back.

"That has to be," Olenna says, pulling everyone's eyes away from Lya. "The stupidest plan I have ever heard."

"And why is that?" Tyrion asks, feeling defense for his plan.

"Because no matter what Cersei sees, we can't trust her." The Tyrell shakes her head as if speaking to children. "She has promised things before. She will wait for everyone to die then keep hold on Westeros. She doesn't care about the people. She will let all of us die first."

"Agreed," Yara nods to the old woman. "She can't be trusted."

"I will not send my people into her clutches. I will not put my neck out at the chance she might help." Ellaria agrees in a hiss, her daughter's standing behind her with nods.

"I will not agree with this plan," Lya growls. "I will not put my brother into the slaughterhouse for a possibility that Cersei Lannister may feel something. She sent a baby up in flames so she no longer
had competition for her lover. Do you think she will care as the north dies?"

"Lya has a point." Daenerys Targaryen nods, letting out a sigh. "That will not work."

"I don't need your permission to help the North, Lya." Jon shakes his head at his sister. Lyanna approaches him, glaring into his eyes.

"Fine. Maybe not my persimmon but my damn blessing. You're my brother. I will not have you dying beyond the wall for nothing." Lya spits, shaking her head at his stupidity.

"How about this," Olenna pipes up once again. "What is left of the Tyrell, Dornish and Iron Born army continue to hold Kingslanding while the Unsullied and the Dothraki stay North to help fight this Night King."

Daenerys thinks for a moment longer, everyone sitting in silence as they wait for an answer from the Queen. Her eyes find Lya's who are wide with desperation. If they do nothing, she knew, they would die. "Then it is a plan. I send troops north and I send dragons. And the King in the North bends the knee."

"Please, Jon." Lyanna says, her anger leaving her as she looks up at him with big grey blue eyes. As he stares down at her, he feels something pull at his stomach. He sees a little girl with mud on her face and on the hem of her dress from trampling through the woods.

"You don't play fair." He whispers, gracing her face with a smile. Her eyes squint when she smiles like this. Jon always made fun of her for it.

"No," she mutters as she grabs his hand in hers. "I play right."

♤
how times change

Almost completely off the show from now on. Also this is a long ass chapter because I want the battle for Winterfell to be the 50th chapter so you're welcome.

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Lya's eyes travel the tundra around them. They had been riding since they arrived at white harbor. She felt tired as she sat atop the black mare. She wished that Daenerys would have agreed to let her fly but she knew they had to be diplomatic. Bringing four dragons into Winterfell may not seem diplomatic.

"You alright?" Daenerys asks as she peers over at Lyanna. She rode to her left while Jon rode at the right atop his brown Dornish stallion. Dany stuck with her normal silver.

"I'm great." Lya smiles at her, the thought of the dead was weighing on her. She had never seen them. She didn't know what they would be facing.

"Are you thinking of home?" Daenerys Targaryen smiles at her love. Her silver hair was pulled back in intricate braids and her cheeks were kissed with cold, making them glow pink.

"I haven't been there for a very long time." Lya shrugs, turning to Jon who listened as silent as Ghost. "Has it changed much?"

"The Boltons did some damage," the bastard smiles assuringly. "But Stark banners fly over our home again."

"Good." Lya nodded. "Let's keep it that way." It took two more long days of non stop riding to finally get to the town before Winterfell. Lya did not feel tired as soon as she saw it. The walls so high. She remembered as a child she thought that Winterfell was the biggest castle in the world.

The people starred at them with wide worried eyes. This is their home, Lya knew, and we are foreign invaders. They all cowered in fear as Sunfyre let our a loud roar, flying low above the town. Drogon, Viserion and Rhaegal followed her. All letting out screeches of excitement. In the corner of her eye, Lya saw Daenerys smile.

When they approached the gates, they were threw open. Every memory flooded back into her like a gust of wind. Little Jon and Robb ran across her vision, all running from Lyanna. Whenever they played Maidens and Monsters, Lya always chose the monster. The boys were stuck with maidens. The laughter clung to her ears as they entered Winterfell. Jon was right. Banners were flowing down every large wall. A direwolf running across a frozen tundra. Lya thought the second she entered Winterfell she would feel at home. But still, she felt that constant on edge.

They entered the courtyard and Lya's eyes found Tully blue. She jumped off her horse, Daenys following her like a shadow. "Sansa." She whispered softly as she approached the red head. Her eyes were blank and cold. But a smile slowly broke on her face as she recognized her.

"Lya." She responded and collapsed against her. Sansa quickly pulled away though, fixing her dress and looking around warily. Lya felt as though she had been punched in the stomach. All the butterflies of excitement died in an instant. She had appearances to keep up, Lya thought, can't have her hanging on her older sister. "I thought you were dead."
"All that I can tell you later." Lya looked over to see Jon jumping off his horse as well. She followed his line of sight to Bran. His eyes were blank and he no longer looked like the little boy she had left here. Jon hugs him tightly and kisses his forehead.

"You're a man now." He muttered with a smile, on the verge of tears.

"Almost." Lya starred in confusion before coming to them and hugging Bran as well. She kisses his head and smiled.

"Bran. You've grown so much." Lya hugged him again before stepping back and looking to her Queen. Daenerys smiled softly at her lover and her family. She looked content, Dany thought. I need to keep it that way. If she knew what happened on the boat with Jon, she would hate her. This Daenerys knew. She never wanted to hurt her. But here they were.

"This is Queen Daenerys Stormborn of House Targaryen. Sansa Stark, Lady of Winterfell." Lya introduces them, watching patiently.

"Thank you for welcoming us into your home." Dany smiles with a nod. "The North is as beautiful as Lyanna has told me. As are you." Sansa stares for a moment, face unmoving before feigning a smile.

"Winterfell is yours, Your Grace."

"There is no time for this." Bran suddenly says. "The Night King is approaching the wall. He will be on us soon."

"Is that why you are here? To fight?" Sansa questions.

"Yes. We must prepare now." Jon nods and walks towards the great hall. Lya starts to follow before deciding otherwise.

"I have to do some things first." Lya looks over at Daenerys who nods permission. Lyanna heads off in the direction of some buildings, whistling for Daenys to follow. They arrive in Lya's old room. She found it without a thought. A thick layer of dust covered mostly everything. She found herself staring into the cloudy mirror. "If you're trying to kill me you may be achieving." She heard her own voice somewhere distant. Addy's laugh. Lya felt a tightness in her chest but this time it wasn't from a tight corset.

She's gone now. Because of me, Lya knew. She finally let herself cry. Hot tears fell to her chin as she let out a shaky breathe. "I'm sorry." She said quietly, mostly to herself. Also to the ghost haunting her dreams and every step. She used to hate feeling alone. Now she hates feeling there was something just next to her all the time. Even in death, Addy was always by her side.

Daenys suddenly jumped from the bed and bounded to the door, whimpering excitedly. Lya whipped her tears and turned to face whoever was there. "I thought you'd be here." A familiar voice said. Daenys bumped the Starks shoulder and licked her face. Arya smiled.

Lya ran to her, wrapping her arms so tightly around her sister she could feel the cold blade piercing her skin.

Lya ran to her, wrapping her arms so tightly around her sister she could feel the cold blade piercing her skin. She lifted Arya into the air and hugged her tightly despite. "Where the hell have you been?" Lya said, letting more tears come.

"Home." Arya held her arms around Lya's neck with content sigh. Lya finally sets her little sister down, putting her hands on the younger girl's face. "So it's true? You've been with the dragon queen
"Yes." Lya nodded, feeling a little guilty. She had grown so much. Gods she wished she could have been there. She would give anything.

"And you have a dragon?" Arya smiled a little, the excitement clear on her face.

"Oh yes." Lya pulled away, letting Daenys lick Arya happily. The young Stark wrapped her arms around the wolf's neck and giggled. And for once she felt like a kid again.

"When I was a child, my brother would tell me a bedtime story about the man who murdered our father." Daenerys voice is cold as she stares down at the Lannister. Lyanna feels the anger boiling inside her like hot stew. It threatened to spill over. "Who stabbed him in the back and cut his throat. Who sat down on the Iron Throne and watched as his blood poured onto the floor. He told me other stories as well. About all the things we would do to that man once we took back the Seven Kingdoms and had him in our grasp." Jaime's eyes lowered to the ground, and all Lya wanted to see was the blood spilling from his throat.

"Why are you here?" Lya speaks up, putting a hand on Daenys back as she lets out a low growl. Feeling every inch of anger with her.

"I came to warn you." Jaime said, his voice cutting the silent like castle forged steel.

"Warn us? And why would you do that?" Lyanna retorts. "You are not an honorable man. What is your business truly?"

"She has Euron Greyjoy's fleet and 20,000 fresh troops. The Golden Company from Essos, bought and paid for. Even if we defeat the dead, she'll have more than enough to destroy the survivors."

"We?" Lyanna scoffed. "Since when was there every a We?"

"I promised to fight for the living." Jaime spoke, referring to the letter they had sent to the Queen instead of marching to her with the dead. "I intend to keep that promise."

"He came here alone, knowing full well how he'd be received. Why would he do that if he weren't telling the truth?" Tyrion butts in, walking out to defend his brother. Lya glares. She already hated the youngest Lannister, he just made it too easy.

"Perhaps he trusts his little brother to defend him, right up to the moment he slits my throat." Daenerys hisses as Tyrion looks at her desperately.

"You're right. We can't trust him." Sansa agreed.

"He attacked my father in the streets. Kidnapped me to hold as ransom to keep my father quiet. And with his sister at his side, he tries to kill me on my birthing bed. He tried to destroy my house and my family, the same as he did yours." Lya stated, finally peeling her eyes from Jaime and turning to Dany.

"Do you want me to apologize? I won't. We were at war. Everything I did, I did for my house and my family. I'd do it all again." Lya couldn't help but laugh at this, his family. His family that his sister burned to ashes in her tower at the Red Keep.

"The things we do for love." Bran says quietly. Everyone turns to look at him curiously. Jaime and
Bran didn't break eye contact.

"So why have you abandoned your house and family now?" Daenerys questions him, glaring down at the killer of the mad king.

"Because this goes beyond loyalty. This is about survival." Suddenly, Brienne of Tarth stands up. She comes around a table and stands to defend the Lannister.

"You don't know me well, Your Grace. But I know Ser Jaime. He is a man of honor. I was his captor once. But when we were both taken prisoner and the men holding us tried to force themselves on me, Ser Jaime defended me. And lost his hand because of it." She then turns to address Sansa.

"Without him, my lady, you would not be alive. He armed me, armored me, and sent me to find you and bring you home because he'd sworn an oath to your mother."

"You vouch for him?"

"I do."

"You would fight beside him?"

"I would."

"I trust you with my life. If you trust him with yours, we should let him stay."

"What does the Warden of the North say about it?" Daenerys cuts in, disgust clear on her face.

"We need every man we can get." Jon says calmly with a sigh.

"Very well." Daenerys stood, walking away before Jaime could say his thanks. As they all trickled out of the hall, Lya found herself following the Lannister. When they turned the hall and there was no one around, she grabbed his shoulder and threw him against the wall.

"I told you. I told you I would hold you personally responsible." Lya pulled out the dagger at her hip and put it up to his neck. Jaime never moved to defend himself. "I told you I would tear out your throat with my own teeth. Do you remember that? The night I told you about our son?"

"I remember it well." He says with no emotion. "Son?" Jaime raises his eyebrow.

"Your sister didn't tell you? Or should I say your lover. The night he was born, she sent my room aflame. My son died. But I survived. And so did my dragon. I think you would like to meet her. It would give me great joy to see her rip you apart."

"She told me you killed yourself. Set your room aflame." He said incredulously as he starred down at her, the cold blade against his neck.

"Is that the first time she lied to you, Kingslayer?"

"What did he look like?" Jaime asked suddenly, sending shivers down Lya's spine. She slowly pulled back.

"A Stark." She turned away and began walking down the hall. "His name was Eddard. And he died minutes after he was born. Burnt by your hands. Or hand." Jaime called after her but she kept walking, not looking back as she made her way to the outer gates to see Sunfyre. The only child she had left.
"Your people don't seem to like me."
Daenerys said as she wrapped the silk robe around her. She laid back down softly, trying to hide her shivers. The body next to her was warm and never seemed to be cold from the frigid winter storms. The Targaryen put her hand through the curly black hair and sighed.

"No. I told you it would be that way." The voice said, deep with tiredness. Jon turned over to face the Targaryen Queen. She stared at his face for a long moment. When she saw him, all she could see was Lya. And all she could feel was guilt. Jon noticed the look, putting a giant hand on her chin to make her look up. "What is it?"

"It's Lyanna again." The Queen shrugged and pulled away. She stood, holding the cloak hard around her body as she went to the window.

"Your mind is always on my sister when you're in my bed. How disappointing." He teases and sat up, putting a wool cloak over his naked form. She stole a glance before returning her eyes to Winterfell. He made her feel good, Dany thought, but Lya made her happy. She loved that woman. What was she doing?

Jon made an offer. But she couldn't blame it on him. "This is my bed actually." She said distantly as she watched Winterfell. Jon came behind her, laying his head on her shoulder and wrapping his arms around her. Daenerys leaned into his touch anyway. "Rhaegal likes you, you know. I'm surprised he let you ride him." Her mind went to their adventure earlier to that waterfall. She felt something for him. A connection. But that didn't matter right now.

"My people just don't trust outsiders. That's all. It's nothing against you. And I thought I was going to die too." He reaches a hand to her chin and pulled her head aside to give access to her neck. He kissed her softly there, finding her weak spot where her neck and collar bone collided.

"The North is bigger than all of the other Kingdoms combined." She murmured as she let him touch her. "Maybe not in population but in size. It's an uncontrollable land..." Daenerys gasped a moan as his large hands grabbed at her hips. Everything slipped away then. The North. The South. The Red Keep. The Crown. The Iron Throne. All that remained was Jon.

And Lya.

She pulled away and moved against the window. Jon starred in surprise, feeling as though he had done something wrong. His eyes were like that of a puppy, Daenerys thought, and she had just kicked it. The Targaryen put her hand to his cheeks and gave a small smile. "I need them to trust me. Whatever the cost." She kisses his lips slowly, pulling away with her eyes half closed as she still stares at the soft lips. "Marry me. When we defeat the dead. Marry me so that we can help unite the seven kingdoms."

"Dany." He says, pulling away in shock. "I'm a bastard."

"You're the King in the North. I need Stark blood at my side if I want to control the North. And I can't marry Lya." This sent a stream of pain through her heart. This was what this was, she knew, I can't marry Lya. I never will marry the love of my life. So I might as well marry someone who I can pretend is her in bed. She shook the thought away. No. That isn't true.

"I need time." Jon says as he turns and puts on his clothes that were strewn about the room.

"We don't have time Jon. But go. The dead can wait." Daenerys sits on the bed and watches as he does just that. He is careful not to slam the door as he leaves the room. Dany pulls on a thick shift
and walks into the hall long enough after so it didn't seem strange. She finds the room with a wolf carved into the giant oak. She doesn't wait before pushing the door open.

Of course, Lya was awake. Starring at the cloudy mirror with Daenys at her side. She pet her absentely. The room had been dusted and cleaned but for some reason it still didn't feel like home. But the second Daenerys entered, she felt calmer. "I was wondering how long it would take you to find my room."

"It's hard to miss." The Queen shrugged as she came behind Lya and kissed the top of her head. Lya reached up and put a hand on the Targaryen's face.

"I love you Dany. More than anything. No matter what." She says and looks up at her. Daenerys feels the most guilt she had ever felt then. It was like she was drowning in it.

"I'm going to marry your brother." Daenerys blurted out. She hadn't even realized she said it at first. If only felt like a thought in her head. Lya stood up and turned to her.

"What!"

"After this is all over." Daenerys said and wrapped her arms around herself. "You said I needed to marry here for an alliance. Here I am."

"What the hell Dany! My brother?" Lya shook her head, walking away with her hand on her temples.

"It's nothing personal. I need the North." Daenerys said desperate. Daenys let out a quiet growl, stalking the edges of the room as she watched the Queen like prey.

"I need you to get out." Lya said quietly as she shook her head. "I should have known you had been fucking him. You haven't had me in your bed in a week. I should have known there was someone else in it."

"You don't understand." Daenerys didn't even understand. Something in her was pulled to him. It wasn't love. It was like a magnet. Not the same way it was with Lya. With her it was like she was the Sun. Her whole life focused on Lya. Rising and falling.

"Just go." Lya shook her head. All Daenerys wanted to know was what she was thinking in the moment. How much she must hate her now.

"I love you." Dany said desperately. Lya nodded keeping her eyes away and starring at nothing. The Queen slowly opened the door, not feeling like a Queen at all. But instead, a dumb little girl.

♡

"It was your father's sword." The large woman says as she holds the Valyrian sword in front of her. Lya sneers, this was not Ice. The legendary sword as large as a ten year old boy. "The old Lion melted it down and made it into two swords." This made more sense, she thought as she grabbed the lion hilt.

"Who has the other?" Lyanna asked quietly, picking up the heavy weapon.

"Jaime Lannister." At that, Lya handed back the sword to the Lady Brienne.

"Keep it. Protect Winterfell with my father's sword. I think he would have wanted it that way." Lya nodded to the woman who smiled at her sweetly.
"I swore to your mother that I would protect you and your sisters. I don't know if I will be able to protect you on the battle field my lady. I would feel safer with you in the crypts." Lya simply shook her head.

"Sunfyre will protect me." Brienne nodded, choosing not to argue with the known stubborn Stark. Lya nodded to her before taking her leave. She looked around at the people prepping for battle. It had been a month, maybe more, since they arrived in Winterfell. Tensions were high as they waited. For some it was worse than actually fighting. Stress was high and people were all on edge. Lya just wanted this over with.

◇

"Lyanna." Jon's voice said from behind her as the Stark approached the God's Wood. She looked back at him, smiling playfully. "Where are you going?"

"To the God's Wood. I know the perfect branches to climb." She teased and started at a jog. Jon found her competitiveness entrapping as he took off behind her. Lya turned to a sprint as they made their way to the great Weirwood tree. They were both laughing by the time they made it to the watchful face with red tears. Jon couldn't stop himself on the slick snow as fast as she did, he barreled into her and found themselves on the ground.

Jon laid on top of her, face to face with his twin. For a second he wondered how no one had every guessed they were twins rather than Robb and her. It was like looking in a mirror that softened your features but hardened your eyes. And was much more beautiful. Jon felt his cheeks turn pink but it was not from the cold.

Lya flipped them over suddenly, making his heart race like a wild stallion. He starred up at her with wonder, wishing for her child like smile to never go away. She leaned down slowly, grey eyes a storm of wonder. But rather than land on his lips like he wanted, she moved to his ears. "I win." She whispered before standing up, all while the Weirwood Tree watched. She put her hand out and helped Jon to his feet.

"I had something made for you." He said as he reached for the scarab on his hip. He unbuckled it from his waist and held it to her. She unsheathed the sword, starring in wonder at the blade.

"Jon!" She exclaims as she brushed her thumb over the carved dragon
"Jon!" She exclaims as she brushed her thumb over the carved dragon. "This is Valyrian Steel!"

"I know. I had it made." He teases and nodded to it. "Go on, give it a swing." Lya did so. It was light and small. Perfect.

"It's so small."

"Just like you." Lya have him a raised eyebrow as he scratched the back of his head with a nervous laugh. "You know what I mean." Lya laughed before putting on the scarab and sheething the sword.

"So I hear there may be wedding bells soon." Jon's smile dissolved instantly.

"Who told you that?"

"Who else would?" Lya shook her head, eyes traveling to the Weirwood that watched them carefully. "Do you love her?" Her voice was so quiet he almost didn't hear her because of the hacking and preparing outside and inside Winterfell.

"I don't know." Jon shrugged. He didn't know. He thought he loved her. But he also thought he
loved Lya. No matter how wrong it was. How could he resist her? They grew up together, hand in hand, running in the woods with dirt on their faces. They saw death together. They learned to fight together. Everything was together. Was it so wrong to feel more than their sibling bond? I'm worse than a Lannister, he thought regretfully before responding to her question. "It's an alliance."

"An alliance like that is blossomed by something." Lya felt jealousy rise in her blood. "How is she in bed?"

"Lyanna." Jon chided. The Stark put her hands up in false surrender.

"Hey. I'm just curious." Lya smiled for a second before returning her eyes to her feet. "So you'll be King, huh."

"I guess so." Jon sighed, reaching out and lifting her chin. Her cheeks breathed flames. "It doesn't change anything."

"There's nothing to change." Lya watches his dark grey eyes carefully. They flicked with emotion and her reflection looked like fire in his eyes. "Will you still have time for your twin sister?"

"How could I not?" He chuckled as he pulled his hand away. Lya suddenly felt cold, lonely once again. She hated that feeling. So to keep it away, she grabbed around his hips and pulled him to her. Jon didn't take an extra second, indulging in a hard kiss. The world went up in flames around him as he felt her skin against his. Warm, soft lips. His hand on her cheek and one on her exposed neck.

Lya felt alive, fully alive. She leaned into his body and wrapped herself around him like a maze. They never pulled away until both threatened to pass out from lack of air. They were huffing as if they had both ran a hundred miles. They took a breath, then went back in. All the while, the Tree watched with wide red eyes.

￡

Lya walked through Winterfell, an uncommon smile on her face. Jon was on her mind and on her lips. She put a finger to her lips in thought before being interrupted. "My Queen." Lya heard, she looked around. Was Dany out here? But the thought went away as she saw two men looking directly at her. They both had hair that reached their eyebrows but it was near and well kept. One blonde and the other red headed.

It took her a long moment for recognition to brush over her face. "Royan? Ary?" The men smiled. She noticed that they were holding hands. Lyanna ran foreword and pulled them both into hugs. "What are you doing here?" She smiles brightly at them, looking between the two. They looked older than last she saw them. Their features were harder. They both smelled of the sea as she held them close.

"We pledged to serve you. And I think that this was the right time to show up. With the dead knocking on your door." Ary teases as he reaches up and ruffled Lya's dark curly hair.

"We've been at sea for a long time. But about a month ago we heard that the dragon queen had set sail to the seven kingdoms from a trader. We thought you might come here." Royan looks over at Ary, love clear in his eyes. Lya smiles at the two, remembering when she had first met them.

"Well come on. We should have a drink shouldn't we? Catch up on lost time." The men nodded in agreement, following Lya into the great hall.

"It's been a long road to get here. We got caught up with those pirates again." Lya raised her
eyebrows as Ary spike.

"Really? I thought we dealt with them for good." Royan scoffed as they all sat at one of the large wooden tables.

"No way. They were blood thirsty." He chuckled and shook his head. "But we took car of them Aye." He bumped Ary's shoulder playfully, making the Lannister smile a little.

"I wish we would have been with you." Ary frowns now as he looks at Lya's grey blue eyes.

"No. I'm alright. I've been completely fine." Her mind drifts to the Dothraki. What she would have payed to have them there at that time. But she doubted even they could have protected her. No. She didn't need protecting anymore. "Come now," she said, smiling and trying to raise their spirits. "Tell me everything."

♤

Tormund Giantsbane stood atop the icy wall, his eyes carving the northern landscape. "I'm going to freeze my balls off up here." He said, barely looking to Beric who nodded his head.

"The lord of light may keep me alive again and again, but he doesn't need all my limbs." Tormund laughed heartedly before the horn sounded out.

One.

Two.

Three.

Everyone was running at once, preparing the catapults and getting weapons. Many men went down the lift but Beric and Tormund stood at the top. They were like a wave of Black Death. The dead scrambled over one another as they rushed towards the door. There were hundreds. Thousands. They just kept coming from the dark forest.

It didn't take long for them to break the door, men stood at the bottom. Shouting commands. Some cries. Some yelled. Tormund and Beric dropped the catapult ammunition that had been set ablaze. It fell down like a torch to a ravine. They felt useless as they stood up on the iced wall. The wave washing over the men bellow and making the wave even bigger. The dead ran hard until there were no living left. Then they slowed they pace as giants, men, woman, polar bears, direwolves, all dead, walked out of castle black and south.

Beric pulled Tormund to a kneeling position so that they hid behind the giant catapult. He didn't know how long they hid their before the dead finally diffused from the small opening and out into the world. Dead horses followed with creatures unlike anything else on top. Tormund couldn't form many words in that instant as they watched the army march south. He could only say two.

"Oh Fuck."

♤
the long night

Lya looks down at the battlefield, heart racing faster than a dragon's wings. Sunfyre moved her head closer to her mother, purring lightly. Lyanna nodded to her. "It's going to be alright my Sun." The war horns were still going off. The dead neared. But it was so dark she couldn't see them all. She knew there must be thousands.

Claps of thunder brought a whirl of wind as Rhaegal and Drogon landed next to Sunfyre. The largest of the dragon's stretched her wings excitedly as the other dragons screeched at her. Viserion was last to land, sticking closely to Drogon who was being ridden by Daenerys. Viserion was always close to his mother or Lya, too shy to leave their side. Lya worried he would never have a rider. He was such a sweet dragon, Lyanna knew, it would be a shame.

Jon and Dany got off the dragons and came to Lyanna's side. "The dead are upon us." Jon says as he steps closer to Lya, his hand on the wolf hilt of his sword. "We have to kill the Night King. That is the key."

"I can not lose all my people." Daenerys interrupted. "I will not send them after the Night King. They will defend Winterfell."

"Whoever can kill him, will." Lya said, looking between the two beside her. "Be careful. Remember the plan." Jon grabs Lya's arm, looking at her desperately.

"Be careful. Please." Lya nods, turning to Daenerys and reaching for her hand.

"I wish you would stay in the crypts." Dany whispered, wanting no more than to take Lya into her arms.

"My place is here." Lya pulled away and turned to Sunfyre. She took in the sunrise and midnight blue scales of her chest before moving to her wings. Golden talons stretches out onto the snow and lowered so that Lya could get into her. She held onto the pink of her horns, starring at the abyss before them. "I love you, My Sun." Lyanna spoke softly, leaning closer to the dragon. "Keep Safe." And with that, they took to the sky.

Lya watched from above as the Dothraki charged towards the dead. The lights went across the field like flames licking for fuel.

Slowly, the lights died.

Sunfyre felt her mother's fear, letting out a roar. She had seen the shadow of Ghost running with the Dothraki. She thanked herself for keeping Daenys with Sansa to protect her if anything happened in the crypts. The group ceased fire as none of the flames remained. A few made their way back to the group, injured and afraid.

The dead cane over the unsullied like a wave. Snarling and slicing. They fought back, left flank, right flank, center. Lya dives below, "Dracarys!" She screamed out, sending flames in a line across the wights. Viserion followed her lead, breathing flames on the ones Lya missed. Dany and Jon weren't far behind. Rhaegal turned his sights towards the White Walkers standing at the edge. Lya turned to follow him as a wall of cold came rushing at her. Winter, she thought, winter was here.

The storm blew over all, blocking their line of sight. Bellow the dead and living were stabbed alike.
as they kept them from the gates of Winterfell. Lya could see barely as they began to fall back towards the gate. They were losing.

She flew higher in the sky, letting the moonlight wash over her. Her heart beat was racing. Viserion flew up behind her, his cream and gold body coming next to her. She smiled, feeling a little peaceful at the way he cooed as he flew next to Sunfyre.

In the corner of her eyes she saw a glint of ice. She pulled up, Sunfyre launching higher into the sky. But Viserion was too slow. He let out a blood curdling screech. She watched as his blood spewed from his chest. He threw fire in the air, desperate to face his attacker. But he could not fight the spear inside him. Lya cried out a sob at the sight.

"No!" She yelled, racing down as he fell from the sky. Daenerys watched from afar as her child fell from the heavens, landing hard on the ground behind the dead. Directly in front of the Night King.

Lya saw the ice spear in his hand, as thin as Valyrian Steel and as sharp as a dragon tooth. Its handle was the color of milk and the tip was clear as thin ice. That weapon murdered Viserion. He murdered Viserion.

Lya dives towards them, letting out a scream of anguish as she did. Sunfyre spewed flames at the line of White Walkers, roaring as she let the flames blast against them. Her molten gold eyes saw her fallen friend, making her cry out and aim back towards the sky.

Lya felt cold tears on her cheeks but dived back to the main battle. She barely noticed Davos signaling for them to light the trench. She motioned Sunfyre to get closer to the dragon glass spikes when suddenly she heard an ear piercing screech. Lya looked back, eyes wide.

The sound was enough to break glass. High pitched and almost enough to not be heard by human ears. Viserion came barreling towards her, the spear still in his chest. His skin was a sickly white compared to the cream before. And his eyes. It was his eyes that sent shivers down her spine. They were as blue as lapis with a strange glow. Lya didn't have to command her for Sunfyre to take to the sky.

They found themselves above the clouds again, Dany and Jon hovered by the moon as well. "Dany!" Lya screamed as she heard Viserion flap his dead wings behind her. The wight dragon suddenly clawed at her from above, making Lya let out a scream. She held tight onto the horns, leaning as close as she could as black talons grabbed at her.

Sunfyre growled, realizing Viserion was no longer her friend. She rolled to protect her mother, hissing out hot gold flames at the dead dragon. Rhaegal swooped in, clawing at Viserion's wound on his chest.

He let out an earpiercing scream, struggling to break free. When he did, a chunk of his chest came with Rhaegal's talons. Daenerys stared in shock atop Drogon who roared loudly. Viserion set his sights on the black dragon now. Lya caught a glimpse of the Night King, riding on top of the dead dragon. She sent Sunfyre after him. Drogon flew higher into the sky, trying to race Viserion's blue flame.

Sunfyre followed closely to the dead dragon, Lya held on to her horns tight as they flew almost vertical. The midnight blue dragon opened her large mouth and bit Viserion's tail. This changed the dead dragons direction, he spewed the flames aimlessly, whipping around to see Sunfyre. Her dragon rolled again, letting the blue flames reflect off of her chest so that Lya was not injured. Viserion attacked them, digging his teeth into her chest, Sunfyre let out a screech but her natural armor held. She pulled up her legs and kicked at him, digging her talons into his neck.
Viserion pulled back, preparing for another attack as he hovered. Rhaegal came upon them, biting at his neck hard. Viserion cried out, rolling away and flapping his wings desperately. Rhaegal let go and hovered back so that Jon and Lya came face to face. He thanked the gods as he saw her unscathed. But the moment didn't last long as Viserion came at Rhaegal's wing. He bit hard, ripping viciously. Lya gasped, sending Sunfyre forward.

The larger dragon wrapped her jaw around Viserion's shoulder, pulling him away from Rhaegal who went falling towards the ground. As Sunfyre tore at Viserion's shoulder until the bone was visible, both the dragons went plummeting into the storm. The dead dragon rolled aimlessly as he tried to pull from Sunfyre's sharp teeth, but the dragon held. Even as if brought her towards the ground. Lya held tighter, urging Sunfyre on.

Viserion screeched, spewing blue flames as they got closer and closer to the ground. Sunfyre finally pulled back, tearing large chunks from his shoulder and up his long body. His neck was half gone by the time the dragon fell onto the ground. Lya watched as the Night King fell onto the ground and rolled to his feet.

Dragon appeared behind them, roaring down at the white walker. "Dracarys!" Lya could hear Daenerys yell as Drogon spit his black flames that held red veins. As he stopped, Daenerys and Lyanna both watched. The Night King stood, completely unscathed. He smirked.

He reaches to pick up a spear and both Daenerys and Lyanna took to the sky. He aimed for Drogon but the dragon rolled away. Lya let out a sigh of relief as she watched it fly past them. She looked back to see Jon, making his way towards the Night King. She prayed silently to anyone who would listen.

Daenerys looked back at her, eyes wide with fear. Lya nodded, hoping she understood. She did, commanding Drogon to fly towards Jon. Lya set her sights on Winterfell. Viserion was outside the walls, spewing blue fire from his mouth and the holes in his neck. He broke the walls, crawling into the Keep. Lya let out a sob as she looked around. People were dying everywhere. Everything was dark or on fire. Her heart broke. My home, she thought, this was my home.

Her sadness turned to anger. She glares towards Viserion as he began to ravage the center of Winterfell. She dove forward, aiming her sights on him. The dead dragon looked up just in time to see Sunfyre barreling towards him. She chopped her jaw around his neck, pulling him into the sky. She flew high, holding on desperately as she avoided his claws narrowly. They flew back to the battle field and away from Winterfell. Sunfyre couldn't hold much longer as Viserion furiously flapped his giant wings. She let go, watching him plummet to the ground.

The dragon retook his strength, looking back up with cold blue eyes. He jumped from the ground and Lya wondered how he was not falling apart. He dug his claws into Sunfyre's wing, making her screech our in pain. Lya felt anger boil inside her. Viserion's jaw snapped viciously, desperately aiming for Lya on top of Sunfyre's back.

Viserion's jaw snapped viciously, desperately aiming for Lya on top of Sunfyre's back. In the blue flame that spewed around her she saw a future. One where Daenerys stood over her dead body, torch in hand. The silver queen bent down, kissing her head one last time. Tears falling from her face as she set flames to Lyanna's corpse.

"No!" Lya yelled aloud. No, that will not happen. Lya touched the hilt of the sword Jon gave her, veering backwards. The dragons dug their claws into each other as they flew higher into the sky. Lyanna let our a breathe, the world slowing like ice around her. I am a dragon wolf, she told herself silently, I am a dragon wolf.
And so, she jumped, letting her wings carry her.

She fell against something solid, landing hard on Viserion's back. She began to slide down him, so she grabbed desperately before her hand found one of his golden horns. She slammed against his body as she held on tight. Her mind spun. Her first thought was Daenerys. The future in the blue flames. What if it was true and that she would never see her again. What if the last time she saw her she didn't tell her she loved her? Then she saw Jon. Big grey eyes as he leaned in to kiss her as the Weirwood tree watched. No, she thought once again, I will not die.

She grabbed the hilt of the sword as Viserion flapped angrily, rolling to get her off his back. She held, hearing as Sunfyre cried out in worry for her mother. She pulled the sword from it's scarab, pulling her hand back and squeezing her eyes shut. Her other hand gripped the horn, feeling as her grip slipped.

Lya rammed the blade into Viserion's back, gasping as she felt his skin crack beneath her. His body went plummeting with her on top. Her eyes found the sky, the storm whirled slower above as she watched with blank eyes.

She always thought falling was quick from this height. But in this moment it was the slowest thing in the world. A thousand thoughts went through her head.

Lya wondered if this is what Jasper saw as he fell to his death? Two people who loved and cared for him, watching as he neared the ground. She mused if Daenerys felt this way when she saw her, falling for her all over again. The Targaryen always told her it was like falling the first time they met. She thought that maybe Jon felt like this when Rhaegal fell from the sky, if time slowed as it did now. Inching towards the ground as you watched the storm brew.

As the ground neared her like a hungry dog, begging for scaps, she watched from below as Sunfyre held her wings against her body. She raced towards Lya with a speed she never had before. She opened her wings slightly, swooping down.

All Lya could see was scales as the dragon enveloped her against her wings and her chest. The dragon carefully landed, sliding Lya to the ground. She nudged her, whimpering softly.

Lya opened her grey blue eyes, starring up at the dragon. "We did it, My sun." She whispered as she reaches up a hand to Sunfyre's nose. "We did it." She reaches out to find the hilt of her sword, thanking Sunfyre for catching it as well. The dragon pulled back, hearing the screeches of the wights around her. She let out an array of fire and Lya found her footing, woozy from the fall. She leaned against Sunfyre's giant leg for support as she slowly began to feel herself again.

Lya held the sword in one hand and her side in the other. She realized that one of Viserion's horns must have pierced her side when she slammed into his back. Lyanna didn't feel the pain much, a distant stinging. Covered by the adrenaline that flowed inside her. A wight ran under Sunfyre, stabbing at Lya wildly.

Lyanna shoved the sword at it but not before it stabbed into her shoulder. She let out a cry but didn't feel anything. Carefully she went to Sunfyre's wing and crawled up it. "Dracarys!" She cried out once she held onto the dragon's horns. When the number of wights dwindled, Lya laid against her back.

Bran, she remembered. The dragon lifted into the sky and flew towards the giant Weirwood tree. Lyanna looked down through the red leaves and saw the Night King standing in front of Bran. No, she thought, I will not lose another.
Sunfyre landed in an array of wind and snow, barely making it into the small spaces of the God's Wood. She let out a roar, all the White Walkers turned to her. Lya used the dragon's long neck and grabbed a hold of a thick white branch.

She climbed despite the pain in her sides and arms. She climbed harder than she ever had as a child. They were never allowed to touch the Weirwood as children. Father had told her that it was disrespect to the old gods. Lya decided this was more important and that the God's would have to wait.

Sunfyre let our spirits of golden flame, narrowly missing Bran and the Night King. The God's Wood erupted in gold and red, but never hitting the Weirwood that Lyanna climbed.

The Night King grew tired of the Dragon, pulling out his sword and walking towards the midnight blue scales. He stood, face to face with the dragon's long black teeth as she snarled at him. He smirked, a little bit of respect in his eyes as he pulled back his sword to strike her molten gold eyes.

Suddenly, from the sky, Lya landed hard on the snow behind him. Sunfyre roared loud to cover up the sound of her feet crunching snow, making her hearing ring. The White Walkers around her ran towards the small woman covered in blood, but it was too late.

She took the dragon sword from its scabbard and imbedded it into the Night King's back. His head snapped around, glaring at her in shock. But it was too late.

From the Valyrian Steel sword, veins of cracking ice broke out. Shattering the Night King into a million pieces of ice. Around her, the White Walkers went as well, falling to the ground in shards. The ice nipping at her face in scratches of crimson as they were so close to killing her before she did the dead. Lya covered her face as the ice blew up around her.

Her ears rang from Sunfyre's roar, the whole world spun and slowed. Lya crawled across the glass shards to Sunfyre who laid her head against her mother. She purred, closing her molten gold eyes. "We survived." Lya whispered. "We always survive." And with that, her eyes closed as well.

We're coming towards the end.
As the story continues, the Incest and Polygamy/Polyamory comes into play between Lya, Dany, and Jon. So I suggest stopping now if you don’t want to read that ♀ ♧

Lya stared at the piles and piles of dead bodies. There were thousands of the dead piled into pyramids to be burned. Daenerys and Jon stood at her sides, watching with blank eyes. Dany reaches out, intertwining her hand with Lya’s. The Targaryen had tears welling in her eyes. Lyanna turned, wrapping her arms around the Queen and holding the back of her head in a hug. "I love you." She whispered as she pulled away.

Lya walked towards one of the piles, tears beginning to show in her eyes. She looked down at the two, holding in a sob as she saw their faces. Bruised and cold. Already turning a sickly shade of blue. She was told they died holding hands. Royan and Ary lay side by side, hands almost touching. Lya reaches down, putting their hands together before choking out a sob. She brushed their hair back, planting a kiss on both their foreheads. "Thank you." She whispered. "My loyal few."

Daenerys stood over Jorah's corpse, her hand absently touching his cold chest. He died, she thought as she recalled that night, protecting his Queen. No. Not a Queen. His Khaleesi. That was his final words, Khaleesi. She choked out another sob as she leaned down and kissed his head. "I love you." She whispered as she pulled back. Dany looked back once more before turning back towards the others.

Sansa looked down on Theon. He had saved her. Over and over. He betrayed the Starks then he died protecting one. You are a Stark, she thought to herself, always a Stark. She couldn't stop the tears as she pulled out a direwolf pin and puts it in his chest plate. She turns away, looking over at Lya who stared into the distance blankly. Her tears dried down her cheeks.

Lyanna turned back, taking the torch that was handed to her. Jon and Daenerys stood at her sides, holding up the torches to the sky. They walk foreword, setting fire to the pyramids of bodies. Lya stands over Royan and Ary, holding back tears. She slowly set the torch down in the stack, walking away as it went up in flames.

She stood in the middle, looking back at the people who had tears in their eyes. "We lost many people," Lya spoke loudly, brushing her eyes over the crowd. "But they did not die in vain. They will be remembered as the ones who protected the Seven Kingdoms from the dead. They will live in our hearts through stories and through memories. They will never die. These people set aside their differences to fight together. And now we say goodbye. To our friends. Our family. Our mothers and fathers. Brothers and sisters. We say goodbye to those who died so we could live." Lyanna walked back towards the Keep, Jon and Dany following her closely. Slowly everyone trickled back into the Keep. Leaving the smell of fire behind them. ♧

Daenerys smiled over at Lya as she watched the people in the great hall. Jon sat on her other side, conversing loudly to the wilding men. "Lya." Dany says as she put a hand on her thigh under the table. "I never got to say anything. About Jon." Lya shook her head.

"That doesn't matter now." She places her hand on top of the Queen's. "We're alive. That's all that
matters." Lya remembered the vision in the blue flames. The fate that could have been if Sunfyre didn't get her to Winterfell as fast as she did. The Maester had told her if she has been a moment longer without treatment, he wouldn't have been able to save her.

Laughter rang out in the hall as people drink and eat. Dany felt so very grateful in that moment for having her. She doubted she could have survived losing Jorah without her. "How is Rhaegal?" Lya asks as she is brought back into the moment, pushing the thoughts away.

"Healing. He needs time." Daenerys pulled away her hand and put it on the cup. She lifted it to drink but stopped herself. "Daenys?"

"Good. One of the wights in the crypts took a bite off the tip of her left ear but it's healed. She's good." Lya was thankful that she got better off than ghost. Half the white direwolf's ear was gone. It was hard to see. She was also thankful that she had sent the direwolf with Sansa. Daenys protected her sister well. Lya didn't want to think about what could have happened if the wolf wasn't there.

"What about Sunfyre?" Daenerys inquired as she set the cup down. Lya notes it's contents never changing. She put that aside and told herself to inquire about it later. Sunfyre. Her child and her savior. The Dragon was healing quickly, at the same pace as Lya. We are strong, Lyanna knew, we both have always been strong.

"She's better. She can fly perfectly. All the dragons are just... sad I guess." Lya shrugged and moved her food around the plate to make it appear eaten. She had no place to worry about Dany not drinking if she couldn't even eat, she realizes. It felt as though a creature flew around inside her stomach restlessly, never stopping for a second. It had started right after the Great War was over. It had been there ever since.

"Viserion." Dany said sadly. "It all happened so fast. We didn't even get a second to mourn him before the Night King..."

"Turned him." Lya nodded. "It wasn't him anymore you know." She squeezes her eyes shut, letting out a sigh. "I had to kill him to keep him away from Winterfell. It was horrible."

"There was no other choice." Dany assured her. "He didn't suffer." Lya nodded in agreement.

"What kind of madman climbs onto a dragon!" Tormund Giantsbane exclaims as he pats Jon hard on the back. Jon turns to look at Lya then to Dany.

"All of us. Actually." Lya teases the wildling. The red haired man laughs loudly and raises his horn.

"To the dragonriders!" He announces
"To the dragonriders!" He announces. People cheer loudly and drink to that. Lya stands and raised her cup.

"And to our Queen. Daenerys Targaryen!" They all cheer once again. In the corner of her eye, Lya sees Dany smile. A real smile.

"And to our savior!" Daenerys calls, "Lyanna Stark. The Night King Slayer." The cries and cheers are louder as they all drink to the one who killed the Night King. Lya smiles as she hears her name being chanted. Lyanna of house Stark, home at last.

Cut this chapter in half because I thought it felt better as two chapters not one
the fall away

Lya lets out a sigh, feeling content as she looks out. Her eyes catch Bran's as he stares at her. His eyes unmoving. She decides to go talk to him. Lya maneuvers around the excited people, finding her way back to her brother.

"Bran." She smiles. "How are you?" Bran just stares.

"I don't feel much anymore. So I guess fine." Lya raises an eyebrow, opening her mouth and closing it multiple times before responding.

"Do you know where Arya is?" Lya questions as she looks around.

"With Robert's bastard." Lya sees her then, sitting at a table with a half smile as she watched Gendry tell some miraculous story, waving his arms around as he told it.

"I'll talk to Dany about legitimizing him. I think they could be happy. Arya would love storms end." Lya looked back at her brother, noticing his stare.

"There is something you need to know Lyanna." Hearing her full name on his lips was strange. It didn't seem like he was talking to her, but a ghost from the past. "Take Jon to the crypts tonight. You'll understand then."

"Uh. Okay I guess." Lya mutters, turning away and making her way to Arya. She came behind her, messing up her hair and smiling as the younger girl looked up to her. She was much stronger and her face was harder as she had grown. But as soon as she saw Lya's face, her eyes softened.

"Lya. Have you met Gendry?" Arya stands and so does the old King's bastard. He reaches out a hand awkwardly.

"Gendry," he greets. "Roberts bastard." She could see the resemblance clearly. Bright blue eyes and dark hair. Lya looks between him and Arya as she shakes his hand firmly, connecting the dots easily.

"It's nice to meet you, Gendry. Can I talk to my sister for a moment?" Lya didn't wait for an answer before pulling her to the side. She pulls her into a small hall and smiles. "So how was he?"

"What?" Arya spits out in confusion.

"Oh come on. He must have been good. He's cute." She wiggles her eyebrows suggestively and Arya hits her shoulder.

"Hey!" Arya rolls her eyes at her sister's teasing but her heart warms. "How'd you know?"

"It's written all over your face little sister." Lya puts a hand on Arya's shoulder and sighs. "I thought you never wanted to be a lady?"

"I don't. But this is different. He's a bastard. And I.. I love him. I think anyway." Lya nods.

"Well is it worth being a lady? He's the last Baratheon. Dany has no choice but to legitimize him at this point." Arya thinks silently for a moment before smiling up at her sister.

"He wouldn't make me be a lady. I wouldn't have to be perfect for him." Arya decided, putting her hand absently in the blade at her hip. When Arya first heard the news of Lya killing the Night King after being bed ridden from her injuries, it sobered her up pretty quick. The pride she felt for her
sister was overwhelming. But worry still lingered, What if she had been killed?

"Exactly. You could still travel the world and kill people if you want." Lya teases, nudging her knuckles against Arya's chin like she used to. This makes the younger Stark smile and Lya sigh contently at the sight. "I've missed you sister. It's been too long."

"You left me with Sansa. How dare you?" Arya jokes before pulling her sister into a hard hug.

"I hope she wasn't too hard on you?" Lya recalled how much trouble Sansa would put Arya into. How Jeyne would always call Arya horse face. That was until the Poole found spiders and horse shit in her pillow case, courtesy of Lya. It sent a pretty clear message.

"She's better. Learning from her mistakes." Arya admits. Their relationship was not as tense as it used to be. But she still sometimes felt Sansa was going against Jon, her family. Arya loved her sister but Lya had been her best friend since she was born. Even closer than her and Jon. When Lyanna showed up again, it was like the years apart completely disappeared. Lya felt the same.

"Good. At least one of us is." Lya takes in the long moment before smirking. "So you going to tell me if the Baratheon boy is good?"

"I'll make a deal." Arya says as she pulls away, wiggling her eyebrows to mimic her sister. "I'll tell you about him if you tell me about the Queen." Lya opens her mouth to protest but her sister interrupts. "Oh come on. You make it so obvious."

"Well so do you. I guess Starks can't hide their feelings." Lya hears the laughter explode and someone beginning to talk loudly in the hall.

"I guess so." Arya nodded as she peeked back into the great hall. Gendry continues his story, gesturing wildly. "After facing death, I realize I don't want to live and die for revenge. I want to live." She looks up at her sister, dark eyes thoughtful. Lya puts her hand against her sisters face and smiles.

"Father would be proud of you. Live, Arya. Don't let getting revenge put you back and get you killed." Lya realizes what her sister must have been through to get her here. The Stark sisters had seen their fair share of horrors in the past years.

"Can you at least bring me Cersei's head?" Arya smirked, making Lya shake her head as she pulled away.

"Promise. Now come on. I think they might be missing us soon." Lya grabbed Arya's hand, pulling her back into the hall and leaving her with Gendry and returning to the high table. She sat down between Jon and Dany and looked down. Brienne, Tyrion, Podrick and Jaime all sat at the end of the table, laughing loudly. Lya's eyes landed on the Lannister for a second, anger building inside her. The conversation that just occurred seem to no longer matter in that moment as she saw him.

Jon reached over and grabbed Lya's hand. "I could make him leave. If you want?" He suggests, feeling the anger that radiated off of her. Lya shakes her head.

"It would only make a scene." She stares blankly and in silence, controlling the waves of heat inside her. "He betrayed me."

"I know." Jon nods and rubs his thumb in soothing circles over the back of her hand.

"He's the reason he's gone. He killed Father. Even if he didn't swing the sword. I swear it Jon." Lya looked over, not letting the tears spill from her eyes. Deep down she knew this was not true, but
instead she hurried it under her anger and pain. "And Robb. My Robb. He took it all."

"You're alive Lyanna." Jon says and turns to her, grabbing her hand in both of his. "That's all that matters to me. That's all that will ever matter."

"Bran said we need to go to the crypts tonight. So let's wrap this up." Lya said, pushing aside his words. Jon nodded, pulling away and talking to Tormund for a moment.

"Lya." Dany spoke softly, watching her carefully. "No matter what happens in the coming weeks, please. Never leave me." Lya turned to her and grabbed her hand.

"I would never. Why do you say that?"

"I know you care about him. Just know I love you okay?" Daenerys pulled away before Lya could protest, walking towards her chambers. Her deep red dress flowing with her. Lyanna started to follow after her but Jon's pulled her away to the side.

"You ready?" Lya still watched Daenerys retreating form, regret joining the creature that flew around inside her stomach. She reluctantly nodded, allowing Jon to pull her away. As they left the great hall, Sansa eyed them warily. The red haired Stark turned back to the conversation with Sandor, just barely noticing as Brienne of Tarth went into a corridor with Tormund the Wildling. Arya and Gendry went towards the forge and slowly everyone trickled out of the hall. The Stark stood, walking out into the snow. The flakes fell upon her hair in pieces as large as a raven's beak, telling her Winter was still here.

Her mind went to Theon. The days before the battle, he was what occupied her days. And now he was gone. Sansa once again felt completely alone in the world. "Lady Stark." A voice rang in the empty yard. She looked back to see Tyrion, bundled in so many furs he looked like he would fall over. He was clearly drunk, a chalice still in his hands.

"Lord Tyrion"
"Lord Tyrion." Sansa smiles a little, walking closer to him as the cold snow fell calmly around them. And for just a second, the loneliness fell away.

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The crypts were quiet and all she could hear was the echoing footsteps as Jon and her walked down the hall. Daenys and Ghost trailed behind them, their nails clicking on the cold stone floor. Some of the stone caskets were broken out of now from when the dead came alive in the catacombs. As they made their way to Ned's, Lya stopped in front of Lyanna's. She looked up, starring at her stone cold features.

Jon stopped, turning back to her
Jon stopped, turning back to her. He came next to her, wrapping his arms around her waist. They both just stared in silence for a moment before they heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. They turned to look as Daenys let out a low growl and Ghost snarled silently. When Samwell came around the corner, Ghost stopped and sat on his hackles. Daenys followed suit, staying attentive.

"Sam?" Jon questioned as he pulled away from Lya and walked towards his friend. He pulled him into a hug and smiled at his friend. "What are you doing down here?"

"Bran sent me." He said, looking between Lya and Jon. His dark eyes went to the statue they stood in front of. "I hardly wanted to. I don't think anyone but Starks are welcome down here."

"Well I'm hardly a Stark." Jon shrugged as he went back to Lya. "Of course you're welcome down here." Sam opened his mouth multiple times before finally allowing words to come out.

"I've heard the story of Lyanna Stark a hundred times." He started as he watched the pair's reaction. "You know that Bran sees things. He... he saw it all." Lya looked away.

"I don't want to hear about how Rhaegar raped my aunt." Lya hisses, but Sam cuts her off.

"He never raped Lyanna. They were in love. They ran away." Sam says, making Lya and Jon snap their heads to him. Lyanna then turned to look up at her namesake. The dreams she used to dream of dragons and wolves came back to her, and she remembered the night before Jaime took her from Kingslanding. From her family.

"What are you talking about?" Jon questioned as he gripped Lya's arm tighter. Lyanna wanted to soothe him, to tell him not to worry. But the news kept coming from Sam.

"They were married in secret. Gilly and I figured it out in Cidital. He set Elia aside and married Lyanna. She became pregnant. And had twins. Dragons raised by wolves." Lya heard his words clear, realization coming over her face. The dragon dreams. All the histories she read. Everything. It all made sense somewhere deep down. She remembered finding Sunfyre's egg, sitting in front of Lyanna’s statue. Her mother's statue, she realized in silence. No, she hisses to herself, no it can't be.

"What are you saying?" Lya questioned, voice breaking. But it all made sense didn't it?

What about the wolf pups?

I don't know Arya.

It was a dream.

It wasn't a dream. It was her past. All along.

Your mother, Lyanna, would be proud.
He never meant Catelyn. He wasn't calling me Lyanna, she realized, my mother Lyanna Stark would be proud. He tried to tell from the start but she didn't listen. Gods she never heard him.

"I'm saying you both are the true heirs of the seven kingdoms. Your guys' mother was Lyanna Stark. And your father, your real father, was Rhaegar Targaryen. You've never been bastards. You are Alysanne and Jaehaerys Targaryen, betrothed at birth and the true heirs to the Iron Throne, I'm sorry. I know it's a lot to take in." Sam spoke slowly as if he was stepping over thin ice, and one wrong move would send him hurling.

"Our father was the most honorable man I've ever met," Jon retorts angrily, not believing it for a second. Lya, though, was silent. "You're saying he lied to me all my life?"

"Your father, well, Ned Stark. He promised your mother he'd always protect you both. And he did. Robert would have murdered you both in your cribs if he knew. You're the true King and Queen. Jaehaerys Targaryen, Third of his Name and Alysanne Targaryen, Second of her Name, Protectors of the Realm, all of it."

"Leave us." Lyanna commanded, sounding all of a Queen in that moment. Sam nodded, huffing away as he went back up the stairs. She waited for him to be gone before turning to her brother. "Jon." Lya said softly as she put a hand on his chest. "It's been in front of our face all along. We chose to ignore it."

"I can't believe it." Jon shook his head and pulled back. "Father would have told us."

"He did it to protect us. You met Robert. He was hellbent on revenge." Lya tried to convince him. Jon still didn't look at her, eyes on the statue before them. Lyanna sighed deeply, collection the evidence in her mind. "Only Targaryens can come from a fire unburnt, Jon. If it weren't for the dragon blood that runs through my veins, I would be dead. Only the blood of old Valyria can ride a dragon." She shook her head as she remembered seeing Sunfyre for the first time. The first time she climbed upon her wings. "I don't know why I never put the pieces together." Lya curses herself silently. How could she be so stupid?

"Lya. This changes everything. What about Daenerys?" Jon looks over at the statue of Eddard Stark, wishing he was here. He would know what to do. He always did.

"We will tell her. She will understand. I love her Jon. I love her with everything I have." Lya finally admits, turning away from Jon.

"Lyanna. I love you." Jon says and grabs her upper arm. He pulls her back, slamming his lips against hers. Lya indulges in the kiss before he pulls back to speak. "All this time. We were supposed to be married. We are supposed to take the Iron Throne." Lya pulls away from his arms and shakes her head.

"I will not take the crown from Dany." Lyanna refused and shook her hands to try and make them stop trembling. "I know you don't. We can figure it out. I don't want the crown. We can... we can not tell anyone." Jon said regretfully. He wished he could tell Arya and Sansa. They deserved to know.

"No Jon. This is not a secret we can hold." Lya grabs his hands in hers, looking up desperately. Her mind went to the histories she read on Aegon the Conqueror. He took two wives and Conquered the seven Kingdoms on the backs of dragons. And now? They had three Targaryens left and three dragons. The dragon has three heads. Lya remembered.
Viserion, she realized with a heavy heart, was never going to live. The moment Sunfyre was born, his path was written in stone. They were the last dragons, Lyanna wondered in her head, the three heads. "Marry me Jon." Lya said suddenly, sending Jon's head reeling.

"But Daenerys..."

"Marry her too. Jon don't you see? We are the last Targaryens. This was written out for us since the day we were born." They always said Rhaegar was obsessed with prophecies, but could this one have been true all along? That his children would be Conquerers? Aegon and his sisters brought again, dragons and all. Lya being the true princess that was promised, born of Aerys and Rhaella's line? The one that brought the dawn?

"The North won't take kindly to this. Nor will the faith." Jon thinks it through quietly. He loved Lya. And he cared deeply for Daenerys. But he didn't want the Iron Throne.

"Fuck the North
"Fuck the North. Fuck the faith. We have dragons. You're the King they chose. Snow, Stark, Targaryen? Who the hell cares. Daenerys has the support of Essos, the Tyrells, Greyjoys, the Dornish, The Dothraki. You have the North." Lya thought of Dany then. How when in Mereen, they fantasized their lives together in the Seven Kingdoms. Side by side. They could have that. They could have it all and more. And she could have Jon there too, a man she cared for deeply. The brother she loved. And maybe the husband she could learn to love just as much. "I love you Jon."

Jon melted under her words. They were like music, a soft summer song that never ended. It wasn't the same as when she left for Kingslanding. There was something more in her tone. The way he said it. He decided he would give anything to keep them like that, holding each other. "I'll do it." He said, his voice reluctant. "We'll do it."
When Daenerys opens the door with the Targaryen dragon carved into it, she wouldn't be shocked to see Lya or Jon. But as she saw them together at her door, she realized something was wrong. She ushered them in before anyone could see. "What is it?" Dany questions as they both stand awkwardly in the middle of the room. Somewhere far away, Sunfyre roars into the night, announcing a fresh kill.

"Dany." Lya's words were soft and kind as she came closer to her. Daenerys felt all the fear slip away, Jon's presence in the room completely gone as she put her hands on Lyanna's waist. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course." Dany smiled, tilting her head. Her words are quiet so that Jon does not hear them. "Is everything alright, my love?"

"Do you love me Dany? Are you here with me no matter what?" Lya intertwined her fingers with the Queen, waiting for her answer. Lyanna wanted nothing more than to be bound to this woman for life. To be by her side forever. Crown or not. But still, the crown could help them. They would break the wheel. They could keep the peace.

"Well yes. More than anything." Daenerys said as Lya laid her forehead against the Targaryen's. Well they were all Targaryens, Lya realized. She wondered if she would take it well. If she would see it how she did.

"When I was just a babe, my father brought Jon and I to Winterfell. You know that. I was named Stark and he Snow. But we have never been either." Lya put a hand on Daenerys face and sighed, wondering how she would tell it. "You know the story. Of Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark?"

"Yes. I was always told he was a good man. Who liked to sing more than kill. He stole her in the night and raped her." Daenerys shook her head, opened her mouth to apologize for her brother's mistakes.

"No." Lya said calmly. "He didn't rape her." This sent a jolt of confusion into Daenerys. "He loved her. They ran away together and they were married in secret. Lyanna became pregnant but she died on her birthing bed from a fever. Her brother, Ned Stark, found her as she laid, dying. With two newborn babies in her arms." Daenerys pulled away slowly, staring blankly. "Ned took them away as her final wish, naming one his bastard and one his child.

"Lya." Dany muttered as she stepped away from her. Mind reeling at the information. If what she said was true, Daenerys realized, she was nothing. "But that means. That means Jon..."

"It doesn't mean anything. Only that my true born name is Alysanne. And Jon's is Jaehaerys." Lyanna tries, grabbing her hand in her own. Dany didn't listen. All of this was for not now. The hardships. The fighting she did. The people she lost for Jon and the battle for the living. Viserion's death. All of it would mean nothing if what she worked for was taken. She wanted to be angry. But all she could see was the face of the woman she loved.

"Even you have a better claim than me Lya. I'm... nothing. All I worked for. It doesn't matter when the right people find out." She sat on her bed and starred at the ground as Lya knelted in front of her.

"I love you Dany. You're all that matters now. You and Jon." Lyanna assures her, resting her hands idly on Dany's thighs.
"Then don't tell anyone. Please don't tell anyone. Who knows?" The Queen begged. She didn't beg for much, Dany realized, but here she was. She wasn't her brother. She wasn't the beggar king. But now she would do anything.

"There is another solution." Lya kisses her lips softly to quiet her rambling. "All we've ever wanted was to sit next to each other on the Iron Throne. Let us now."

"How? We can't marry. We'd be killed in an instant." Daenerys had confusion written on her face. The whole situation leaving her baffled. What was she suggesting? How could they rule together?

"Aegon the Conqueror took his sisters to wife." Lya explains quietly. Dany looked up to Jon who stood, his eyes trained to the ground. The Queen was going to marry him anyway for an alliance with the North. But if she could have Lya... "We could be on Dragonstone in a day on top of the dragons. No one has to know until it's too late to change it. We could marry in your home island Dany. Like we always dreamed." Daenerys thinks for a long time before looking up at Jon.

"It would have to be soon." Dany took her trembling hand and slowly put a hand to her stomach as she smiled down at Lya. "The Witch was wrong, Lya. She lied to me. I... I started bleeding again when we started the voyage here. And now." Lya didn't need anything more to understand. A smile suddenly broke out on her face as she put a hand to Daenerys' stomach overtop hers.

"I will never father a bastard." Jon says, speaking up suddenly. He came to kneel next to Lya, realizing he had no choice. If she was truly pregnant with his child, he couldn't let it be a bastard. Did he want to be a father? Could he be a father?

"You've never been a bastard." Lya says as she takes the hand not touching Dany's and puts it on his face, his beard bristling against her hand. "And you never will be again."

"What if the North turns against us?" Jon questions calmly, leaning into her hand. The question still stood. The north had hard views and ever since the Targaryen King Aerys, they did not trust anyone with that name. They did not want a foreign ruler. But Lya and Jon were not foreign. And Targaryens had been allowed to commit incest for many years and probably would have continued if they were still ruling. Daenerys remembered that she probably would have married Aegon, her brother's son, because he was closer to her age than Viserys. She would have been Queen in another life.

If Aegon the Conqueror took two wives and ruled the Seven Kingdoms in peace, why couldn't they? "You are the king they chose Jon." Lya said soothingly, turning to look up at Daenerys. "And you are the future of our house. We have won the Great War. Now it's time to win the Last War."

Lyanna intertwines her fingers with both Daenerys and Jon. "Together."

"We will do it together."
"We will do it together." Dany agrees as she grips Lyanna's hand. "My Alysanne." Daenerys Then turns to Jon and smiled softly. "My Jaehaerys." The words were strange to Jon, the real name, Dany taking ownership of both of them. But it wasn't that way, he realized, they were each other's. Now and always.

♤

Lya did not pack anything. They told themselves they wouldn't stay on Dragonstone long. All she had was the sword at her hip and the clothes she wore on her back. Daenys sat on the bed, whimpering as she knew that Lyanna planned on leaving her. "If I could take you I would." Lya assured the wolf who simply licks her hands and nuzzles her giant head against her.
"Where are you going?" A voice from the hall said. Lya looked up, shocked that she never even heard the door open.

Arya stood, leaning against the doorway as she watched Lyanna pet the direwolf. Daenys hops off the bed and comes to the young Stark's side, licking at her hand. "How did you get in here without making a noise? Who taught you how to do such a thing?" Lya questions her younger sister. Well, Lya realized, younger cousin.

"No one." Arya responded as she came into the room and sat on the bed, the direwolf following her like a shadow.

"Well you should teach me that some time." Lya sits next to her, Daenys laying out at their feet. "I can't tell you where I'm going."

"Why not?" Arya asked as she reached down and pet Daenys pelt. The giant direwolf rolled over to expose her belly in response, lolling her tongue out like a giant puppy.

"It will all make sense. But for now I can't have anyone following us." Lya tries. Arya seems to recognize who 'us' was immediately.

"Do you love her?"

"Yes." Lyanna answered without questions. "I love her with all my heart."

"And if that meant death for you? Would you still love her?" Arya put a hand on her shoulder and frowned. The scars above her brow were slowly fading but they still held a deep pink. Lya had a few scars from the battle, mostly from the horns of Viserion when she was holding onto him. One cut through her left eyebrow and the other on her collarbone.

"Nothing can change love. One day you will understand. I hope you understand one day Arya. Everyone should find someone they would give everything for." Lya responded as she stood, making Daenys rollover and sit up in attention.


"I used to think love made people weak." Lyanna leans foreword and kisses Arya's forehead just before her hair line. "But it makes people powerful Arya. Then you have something to fight for. Stronger than revenge and stronger than anger. The need to get back to the person you love is the strongest thing I've ever felt. I loved you since the second you were born. When Catelyn let me hold you in my arms, I realized I needed to protect you with everything I have. And look at you. You can protect yourself better than anyone."

"I love you Lya." Arya nods, taking in what she is saying. "When I heard about the fire in the Red Keep I never stopped believing you were alive. I never gave up."

"I will never give up on you Arya. There's no way that could happen." Lya held her face for a moment and sighed. She had grown so much. She wasn't the girl who she held in her arms that night, tears staining her cheeks and nightmares in her head. She was a woman. A Stark. A wolf. She was Arya Stark. And she was home. "Take care of Daenys while I'm gone."

"I promise. Please," Lya started to walk towards the door, looking back as Arya spoke. "Be safe."

"Always am."
They left in the cover of darkness, all atop their own dragon. Lya and Daenerys had giggled when Jon tried to get atop Rhaegal, not used to the alien feeling yet. But once he was mounted, they were on their way to Dragonstone. It took a day and a half as Jon needed a slow pace before they got to Dragonstone. The sun was moving into the sky from behind the sea by the time they arrived. Three dragons flew over the Targaryen Castle before landing on the beach.

They had sent news ahead of time and people stood on the beach waiting for them. Sunfyre let out a roar before taking off and landing on the cliff above them. Drogon and Rhaegal joined her, looking over them from above. The Septon stood stooped, his old age showing through his long grey hair. He was one of the last Septons still loyal to Targaryens. Willing to perform a ceremony for a marriage that he could lose his title as Septon for. They began the ceremony immediately, wrapping each other in cloaks he gives.

Lya stood between them both, her hands out. Hers were over top theirs as the man wrapped the cloth around it, binding them as three souls into one for eternity. Jon's hands were clammy under the rags and Daenerys trembles lightly. They turned to face each other, speaking softly.

"Father, Smith, Warrior, Mother, Maiden, Crone, Stranger, I am theirs and they are mine from this day until the end of my days."

Lya's vision swam as she leaned in, kissing Daenerys on the cheek then Jon on the lips. A life she never imagined set out in front of her like pieces of a chess board. One where she was in love and happy. One where there was peace. It seemed impossible but here they were. She looked at the silver hairs Targaryen and the wolf in front of her.

In that moment she was no longer Lyanna but Aegon the Conqueror. Marrying one out of duty and one out of desire on Dragonstone. She saw the world around her differently. In her mind, Balerion the black dread, Meraxes and Vhagar all roared on the cliffs edge. She was not a Snow or a Stark for a second. She was a true Targaryen. The Conqueror. The one true Queen. Descendant of Aegon and Rhaenys Targaryen. She wore the black and red cloak like a piece of armor.

As they unwrapped their hands, Lya turned away to see those who watched. The loyal houses to Daenerys all nodded in respect. The realm wouldn't take this well. But they had three dragons. Nothing mattered now. They would be conquerors. And no one would stop them. Sunfyre, Drogon and Rhaegal looked over the scene, landing hard. The three got on top of their dragon's and lifted into the sky.

And once again, after hundreds of years, the sky above Dragonstone was filled with the sounds of dragons.

♡

The letters were sent out to all the noble houses as well as one special for the Queen. The Targaryens were coming for their home. A threat. Daenerys watched as the last raven took off from a tower on Dragonstone. They were staying there for another day before going back to Winterfell to face the chaos they left. Arms wrapped around her waist from behind and she smiled as she looked back to see Lyanna watching the sky as well. "This is what we wanted, isn't it?" Lya asked quietly.

"Yes." Dany nodded, her eyes focusing on the sky where Drogon and Sunfyre flew around each
other near the clouds. "Why?"

"It doesn't feel like it should have. My stomach has not settled. My mind is everywhere. I thought I would have peace." Lya shook her head in thought. The creature inside her stomach moved furiously. "And we still have not spoken about the child."

"We will have peace when we take the Red Keep. And only then. For now the child is between us three. No one should know or it will be used as a weakness." Daenerys assured her, leaning against her back as Lya let the tips of her fingers drag along her wife's shoulder. Wife. It was strange to realize. She was married now. She was married once before but now she was married to the people she loved. It felt like a happy ending too good to be true.

"We can't risk you. Even riding can not be safe." Lya argues back, afraid of what would happen to her. She couldn't lose another baby. Even if it was not hers.

"Lya." Daenerys chided. "I will be alright. If I can't ride then what am I? I will not go back to being the mother of dragons with no dragons." She suddenly looks down. "Viserion..."

"Is not a slave to the Night King anymore." Lyanna finished and turned to face her. "A Dragon is not a slave." The mother tongue had not reached Lya's lips in what seemed like forever but she still spoke it perfectly.

"A Dragon is not a slave." Daenerys agreed. "With everything happening I've forgotten to mourn. We lost so much." Lya nodded but did not let herself be saddened. Thoughts of the loyal few who followed her across the narrow sea poisoned her mind. Their ghosts followed her everywhere, making her feel a mix of ease and fear.

"We can not let that stop us. We can mourn when we have the seven kingdoms." Lya kisses her head and sighs.

"You haven't consummated your marriage." Dany points out, making Lya pull away.

"Why does that matter?" She says defensively. Daenerys sighs puts her hands of in false surrender.

"It doesn't. I just... if the witch is right and I have another still birth." Lya shakes her head, refusing to believe that would happen.

"Everything will be alright. The child will survive." Lya puts her hand on Dany's stomach, she noticed it had hardened slightly. If Daenerys was right, she was only a few weeks pregnant. But it was getting pregnant in the first place she never thought she could do. Maybe it could work out.

"You'll need to give the Kingdom an heir if I can't. I want you all to myself but Jon is your husband. Don't ignore him, my love." Daenerys was sincere, putting her hand on Lya's face. She watched behind Dany as her Sun rose from the sea to the west, flying over them before disappearing behind the island to the east. The dragon let out a roar as she went under the water, coming up with a creature in her jaws. She flipped her head up and threw it into the air, releasing gold flame onto it before swallowing it.

"I'll figure it out. For now," she leaned in, kissing Dany's forehead. "Worry about keeping yourself safe. For me."

Hey so like sex ahead. You can skip the rest of the chapter. It's just the Targaryen twins getting it on. I know that sounds weird but it's CULTURALLY CORRECT FOR THEM OKAY???
Alysanne Targaryen stood outside the door, thinking of whether or not she was willing to do this. Jon came to the door before she could knock, staring at her curiously. "Lya. It's late. What are you doing here?" She doesn't answer, pushing him into the room. "Lya-" she cuts him off, pressing her lips against his and closing the door behind them.

He moans into the kiss, confused but not caring. This was his wife, he realized, he loved her. Wasn't this what he wanted? She pulled at his shirt like a wild dog, never opening her eyes as she did so. Jon felt the hunger inside him grow as she did, pushing her against the closed door and running his fingers through her thick hair.

"Jon." Lya spoke breathlessly, as if to remind herself it was Jon who held her. No one else. She untied her top, stripping it off as they never broke the kiss. He did the same to himself, only pulling back so that he could pull it over his head and chuck his aside.

She pushed him backwards towards the bed, landing on top of him and straddling his legs and kissing his lips with a wolf life ferocity. Jon held her hips with an iron grip, flipping them over so that they laid in the middle of the bed with him on top of her. He began to rip at the leather of her pants, his large hands gripping hard against her bare skin. She was naked and shivering despite the warmth of the furs under her body.

Lya suddenly heard words in a rough language ringing in her head, Lay still. You'll make it easier. She whimpered quietly, shivering as she held her eyes shut. All she saw in the darkness of her eyelids was copper skin and almond shaped eyes.

The hands stopped and she slowly opened her eyes. She no longer saw the Dothraki man, she saw her best friend. She saw the boy who she chased with sticks in the forest and the boy who taught her to hold a sword. She saw the bastard who would risk getting berated by Catelyn in order to sit next to her at feasts. She saw her brother. And she saw the man who was her husband.

He looked down at her with large grey eyes, clouded with concern as he put a rough hand against her cheek gently. "We don't have to Lya. We never have to if you don't want to." He swore to her. She sat up and grabbed his face in her hands.

"I want to Jon." She said softly, searching his eyes. "I want to." Lya kissed him again, softer this time. Slower and more tantalizing as she moved down and kissed his neck and nibbled at his earlobe. "I want to." She untied his trousers and pulled them down over his hard length, traveling kisses down his chest and stomach.

Jon pulled her back up to him, kissing her on the mouth and slowly pushing her onto her back. Lya started to closer her eyes and turn her head but Jon held her face softly. She opened her eyes. "Jon." She said softly.

"Lya." He said as he leaned down and kissed her again. She felt him slide in between her thighs, letting out a gasp as he did. He didn't move, waiting for her to nod before continuing. The room echoed with quiet gasps and moans as he moved in and out of her, quickening the pace as they went.

Lya tangled her fingers into his hair, flipping them over carefully with him still inside her. She put his hands on her waist, starring into his eyes as she gently moved her hips over his length, letting out gasps as she did. She rode him harder, making his groans louder as he came closer to his tipping point. She kept going, keeping eye contact as they went to assure her. This was Jon. This was the man she loved.
Jon sat up suddenly, pulling her body onto him harder until finally he released himself inside her. "Alysanne." He called out as he came. He laid back, breathing heavily. Lya pulled herself off his length and laid down on his chest. Jon grabbed her hand, intertwining their fingers beside them.

"I love you Jaehaerys." Lyanna said aloud, listening to herself say it and realizing it was true. She loved him. Maybe not the same intense love she felt for Dany, but she loved him none the less.

"I love you." Jon responded, kissing the top of her head. He put his other hand on her back, letting out a content sigh as he closed his eyes and let tiredness take over. Once she felt his breathing slow, Lya pulled back and looked at his face. She never saw him so peaceful. She rolled off of him and laid beside him, curling up next to his body. In response, he sleepily wrapped his arms around her body. His head resting against hers. Lya closed her eyes and sighed, a smile on her face as she fell asleep.

◇
"I don't know if I'm ready." Lya said as she sat on the bed. The rooms in Dragonstone were cold, she found. Where Winterfell was warm from the hot springs bellow the surface. Lyanna remembered the summer nights that she had slept with nothing but a thin layer of furs. That had given Addy quite the surprise in the morning.

Everyone who followed me across the sea, Lya realized, is dead. All left of them is Daenys and Sunfyre. Why would anyone follow me, she questioned herself silently, if I can't even protect four people.

"You were made to rule." Daenerys said as she sat beside her, reaching over and putting a hand on her thigh. "You have nothing to fear. People will follow you."

"And what will happen to them? Will they die like everyone else who follows me? I'm nothing but a curse Dany." Lya said, feeling tears stinging at her eyes. I will not mourn, she had told herself, not till the war is won.

"I followed you," Daenerys said, laying her head against her lover's shoulder. "I believe in you, Alysanne Targaryen."

"But I'm not Alysanne Targaryen. I'm Lyanna Stark. No, not even that. I'm Lya Snow. I'm weak and cold and I break so easy." Lya pulls away, standing to her feet and looking down at the silver queen.

"You are a Dragon." Daenerys stands as well, grabbing Lyanna's hands in hers. "You are the blood of the conqueror. You are the wife of Daenerys Targaryen and Jaehaerys Targaryen. If people will not follow we will make them follow." Lya nods slowly.

"I don't want to be like Aerys Targaryen."

"We are not my father. We are the conquerors come again."


Sunfyre was the first to land, stretching out her sunrise wings as she perched on the wall of Winterfell.

Sunfyre was the first to land, stretching out her sunrise wings as she perched on the wall of Winterfell. Lya slid off her wings, looking down at the people that gathered in the court yard as Rhaegal and Drogon landed next to her. "You all knew me as Lyanna of house Stark." She gestured to Jon next. "And he was nothing more than the bastard of Winterfell." Her words were loud, echoing over the ever growing number of people. "But we were never Snow or Stark. We were Dragons raised in the house of Wolves. Our mother is Lyanna Stark, and our father is Rhaegar Targaryen!" Voices rose as people whispered disbelief. "Married in secret during Robert's rebellion."

"We are the rightful heirs to the Seven Kingdoms." Jon announces, grabbing Lya's hand.

"And with the help of Rhaegar's sister." Lya reaches over, intertwining her fingers with Dany's.

"We will take back the Seven Kingdoms and break the wheel of Tyrants." She finishes. People look around at each other, unsure.
"Bound by marriage as Aegon the Conqueror was, we will take back our home and live in freedom!" The remaining Unsullied and Dothraki cheered at Lya's rally cry. The Northmen still seemed uncertain as they watched the dragons looking over. Sunfyre suddenly roared out, making everyone cower in fear. Lya put a hand on the blue scales of her leg to calm her.

"I am the King you chose." Jon speaks up, Rhaegal purring and lowering his head next to him. "I have Stark blood running through my veins as any of the children of Ned Stark. Does my name change any of that to the ones I fought beside? I was a Snow. Then a Stark. And Now I am a Targaryen. What does that change!"

"The King we chose!" A voice called out. People began to cheer, shouting up to them.

"The Dragon Queen!"

"The One True Queen!"

"The Wolf Queen!"

"The Dragonriders!"

Daenerys smiled brightly. "I've never had love on this side of the sea." She muttered, looking over at Lyanna. "Thank you." Jon squeezes Lya's hand, turning her to look at him.

"I want to build a better world for future generations. I never wanted the crown. I never wanted to be anything but a bastard." Jon leaned in, kissing her forehead softly. "But I'll do anything for you Lya. I love you."

The crowd slowly died down in their cheers and the three Targaryens found their way back to the ground.

"I knew it." Arya's voice said from behind her. Lyanna smiles as she walks towards her, Daenys jumping from a cart and coming to her quickly. "Targaryen. It has a nice ring to it for you." She pulls her younger sister into a tight hug, sighing against her. The direwolf jumps excitedly, making the floor shake. The girls giggle, petting the wolf so that she calms down.

"I've missed you." Lya says, kissing her head and pulling back. The courtyard cleared out and only four people remained besides them. "We will have to catch up later. It seems I have things to do." Missandei, Greyworm, Sansa and Tyrion stood at the doors of the great hall.

"Of course, your grace." Arya teased. "Come on Daenys." The wolf hesitated for a moment, looking up at Lyanna. The Queen nods, making the wolf hop off after the Stark. Missandei smiled as she saw her two best friends. Greyworm kept his face neutral but Lya could see the pride behind his eyes.

Tyrion and Sansa were the ones that made the Wolf Queen's blood boil. They both stared, looking disgusted. Lya led them into the great hall, sitting at the head and looking back at the four. "What has happened while we were gone?"

"Well the people have been healing. Wondering where their Queen was." Sansa says, raising an eyebrow at her sister. "We received your letter."

"Your Graces," Greyworm says with a nod. "We lost half of the Dothraki as you know and half of the Unsullied. With the troops still surrounding Kingslanding, we are evenly matched."

"Good. Fair play then." Lya smirks over at her brother, standing. She felt restless. Like she needed to get on top of Sunfyre and fly to the Red Keep now. "We will leave for Kingslanding in three days.
The northmen will stay. The Unsullied, Dothraki, and the dragons will leave with their king and queens for Kingslanding.

"Lady Lya- I mean your grace," Tyrion says, shifting on his small feet. "I would advise caution. Everyone is tired and..."

"The northmen are tired," Daenerys interrupts. "The Unsullied and Dothraki are ready to fight at anytime. They are loyal and prepared. We have worked long for this."

"I understand that your grace but there is still some matters you need to attend here." Sansa argues, hissing out the words. She lost, Lyanna realized. Sansa wanted to be Queen in the North and now that the real King in the north was the true King, the northmen will not need a northern ruler.

"Like?" Alysanne Targaryen asks, raising an eyebrow.

"The North. The men do not want to be connected to the seven kingdoms anymore."

"Are you sure? Did you hear their rallying cry outside? Or were you too busy?" Sansa tightens her jaw, looking so much like Catelyn it pained Lya for a moment. A reminder that this was her sister, not a noble lord she could look down on. Well, her cousin raised sister.

"You are all dismissed." Jon says, standing up and looking down on them. "We will discuss the plans more tomorrow. We need rest before the trip to Kingslanding." Missandei and Greyworm leave, Lya catching sight of them gripping hands as they walked out of the door. This made a smile appear on her face. Sansa leaves in a flurry of her cloak, walking hard on the floor. Only Tyrion remains.

"You were dismissed." Dany says, watching the little man who stepped towards them.

"This is a meeting correct? I thought the hand of the queen would be welcome."

"There is no longer a hand of the Queen." Lyanna says suddenly, making the other two royals look at each other. "The King and Queens will rule, not someone else behind a pin. They will work with each other and amongst a council. We have no need for four powerful players." Tyrion looks baffled, his emerald eyes wide.

"But I..."

"Will be Master of Coin. You have served me well, Lord Tyrion. But the decision is final. We will be eachothers councilors." Daenerys steps in, giving him a small smile. "I'm sorry, this may be a surprise to you. But this is how it will be in my new world. If I continue to give such a powerful position away to where someone can rule under a king or Queen's nose, the wheel will continue to roll."

"We are going to break the Wheel. Once and for all." Jon says, frowning down at the Imp. "Thank you Lord Lannister." He puts his hand out expectantly. Slowly, Tyrion took off the silver clasp and placed it in his still gloved hand.

"You are dismissed."

"She wants the north to be independent. She will stop at nothing." Daenerys says, stabbing at the food absently. The King and Queens sat at the table in the small room for a meeting. Lya had insisted they ate because Dany had not eaten in a while. It wasn't good for the baby, she told her, this had
made her agree.

"Maybe we should just give it to her." Jon suggested absently. Lya scoffed.

"She can be Wardeness of the North. Nothing more." Alysanne said with finality.

"But she will not set this down. If the North rallies behind her, we will have to go to war with our own family."

"The North will accept a northern ruler." Daenerys argues, shaking her head. "Both you and Lya have North blood running through your veins as much as Sansa." She places her hand on Jon's softly. "You are the king they chose, Jon. Nothing will change that."

"I will not grant her independence just because she wants to be Queen." Lyanna says, shaking her head with a frown. Her sister was power hungry. It was hard not to see. She reminded her of Cersei in a way with a mix of Littlefinger, Lya refused to let that be the red wolf's fate. "We brought armies to defend the north. Our armies died. One of Daenerys' sons died. People we loved died protecting the north from an evil they couldn't stop themselves. A country that cannot defend itself is not independent."

This shuts Jaehaerys up and instead he nods. "Agreed then. It is final. Sansa will be Wardeness of the North. Lady Olenna will be Wardeness of the South. Jon Arryn's son will be Warden of the East."

"And the west?" Daenerys questioned, making the twins silence.

"The Lannister?"

"No. I will not give him that title. He can have the rock. No more." Lyanna says, making Dany nod with understanding. She had been through a lot, many had been caused by the Lannister.

"So who?" They all make no move to speak. "Okay then. For now that will be up for debate." Jon sighs, pushing away his plate. "Next thing then."

♤

When Alysanne returned to her room, it was dark and cold. The room had barely been touched while she was gone. From the shadows of the hall, Daenys appeared and hopped into the room before she could close the door. The Queen laughed, closing it and petting the wolf's head. But the direwolf's focus was elsewhere, growling at the bed and snarling. Lya grabbed the torch from outside and lit the candles quickly, looking to the bed.

Jaime Lannister sat on the bed, holding his head in his hands. He slowly looked up and grey met green like where the grass stopped and a mountain began. "Lyanna." He says softly, looking at the wolf that threatened to tear out his throat if he took a sudden move.

"What are you doing here?" She called the wolf off reluctantly with a single wave of her hand.

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"I'm leaving." He says, standing now that the wolf wasn't in the mood to kill him.

"Then get going." She hisses, grabbing the door handle.

"No, Lya, I'm leaving." The realization strikes and her anger boils.
"So you're going back crying to your queen so you can die together then? Typical. Why are you telling me this?"

"I'm not going to die with her. I'm going to kill her."

"Really." Lya scoffs and shakes her head. "And how am I supposed to believe you?" He comes in front of her, putting his golden hand on her waist and the other on her cheek. He leans in, closing the space between them. His lips on hers felt foreign and wrong. The coldness on her hip felt worse. She pulled back, pushing at his chest and grabbing the hilt of her sword. "I could kill you!"

"I just needed to feel how it felt," He said, turning his emerald eyes to his feet. "To have someone I love in my arms one more time." Her anger blazed, curling her lips in a snarl.

"You never loved me."

"You're wrong, Lyanna. I loved you since the day we left for Kingslanding. From here, years and years ago. I've never felt the way I did for you for anyone. Not even Cersei. You're different Lya. You've been different all your life. And I wish I would have realized that sooner. I lost you. I lost our child. I lost everything for a woman who is cruel. cruel and evil." He turns, grabbing the door handle. "I am going to set things straight."

"You are the reason my father is dead. Your son had his head taken off. Your father had my whole family killed. Everything leads back to you."

"But I will die setting at least on things straight." He opens the door. "I'm sorry, for all its worth." Lya doesn't stop him as he takes a step into the dark hall. He stops, turning back to look at her. Lyanna Stark. She was his once, he recalled, they learned from each other. He loved her. She loved him, once. They fought together. And then they fought each other. "I'm doing this for you. And I'm doing this for him. For Eddard. Eddard Lannister."
Alysanne Targaryen rode Sunfyre high into the clouds. All she could hear was claps of thunder. Either from the rain clouds bellow or the wings of the three dragons. Rhaegal and Drogon hovered behind her, making her feel alive once more. She could not see the ground below. Only soft clouds that reached down towards the ground like the fists of gods. Bellow them, somewhere down there, was the Red Keep.

"We will use the clouds as cover," Daenerys had said, leaning over the war room table. Her stomach was swelling, making her pregnancy harder to hide. But the silver queen managed. "Cersei may have had her supply route stopped, but she has made sure there is no short of scorpions lining the walls."

"We will go in quickly, flying behind the scorpions and destroying them." Lyanna nodded to the two behind her, watching as they descended from the clouds into nothing. She heard a roar as the pair split up. Bellow, bolts began to be fired towards them. Rhaegal twisted and rolled, sending Jon's stomach rolling as well. He was not used to this, but he managed. And the green and bronze dragon knew how to survive.

Daenerys led Drogon though, twisted her petite body until he rolled and dodged every bolt. When the scorpions turned slowly, she came behind them. Drogon blasted black flames, tinted with red veins. The fire came across them, orange and burning as it sends the men screaming. Some flung themselves off the building rather than burn alive.

The pair started at the gate, each taking off in opposite directions until they blasted every single scorpion from its fold on the wall. Only one bolt came close to hitting Drogon, the dragon took the attempt on his mother's life personally. He swiped his spiked tail at the scorpion, impaling the man wielding it. He slid off slow once Drogon took to the sky again.

"When the coast is clear, we will give the signal." The two dragons landed on either side of the heavy gate, letting out a ferocious roar into the raining sky. They bent their heads to the gate, watching the Golden Company that held their line on the mountainous terrain outside of Kingslanding. Streams of black, red, orange and yellow fall from the sky above the sellswords. Debris and fire falling to meet them.

"Lady Olenna was right," Lyanna had spoken up at the war meeting. "We can't have love unless we have some fear. I'll send a message to the people." The sun fell from the sky as the midnight blue dragon swept down, moving through the breaking of the once strong gate. Fire clung to her, only singeing her clothes. Alysanne Targaryen lowered her head as she flew low over the city. She could hear screams of fear from the people below. But her eyes were set, flying slow and letting the dragon screech and roar. To show the people what they came for.

"The Targaryen armies will fight the Golden Company outside the gates, they will not enter until the bells are rung," Daenerys commanded as she sat down in the chair, feeling the pain in her back from carrying the weight of her growing stomach. The secret was still held, just barely. When they had Kingslanding, everyone would know. "We will have the least amount of innocent casualties possible."

Sunfyre flew over the city, roaring as they neared the Red Keep. It was like flying into a foreign land for Alysanne. When she had come to the city for the first time, she was Lya Stark. The little girl who didn't like to be called Lyanna because it was a ghost's name. She was the headstrong girl who was ready to give everything up for her family until she met a man with green eyes. Until she met the
enemy.

When she was taken from the Red Keep, she became Lya Snow. The Bastard who was hidden by the name Stark. A pregnant girl, all alone surrounded by lions. That is when the Snow found her brother, once more. For the last time. When she found out that she was not Lya Stark. Lya Stark had been warm and happy in the north. But Lya Snow was cold and alone, even in the warmth of the south.

Then she gave birth to a baby, a son born of fire and blood, turning to the world of ash before he was an hour. And she had a daughter with skin like that of a lizard. Finally, Lya Stark and Lya Snow died. Died in the flames of a jealous woman. And birthed from that fire came Lyanna Stark. The one who found her dragon queen, the one who was the other half of her. The piece always missing.

And now she was Alysanne Targaryen, and she would take back her home. Her ancestor's home. And then she would rule.

♤

Cersei Lannister watched as the black and the green dragon destroyed the scorpions. One by one they fell, she found herself counting the bursts of flames around the city. "Your Grace." A voice said from behind her, she did not turn, knowing it was Qyburn. "We should retreat to lower ground. The tower is not safe."

"The Red Keep has stood for hundreds of years, it will not fall now." She watched as a dragon came flying towards the Keep, it moved with a lazy flap of wings. Inching towards her slowly. Qyburn saw the dragon, coming to her side urgently.

"Your Grace, please."

"One good shot," The Lannister said with a determined voice. "That is all we need."

"All the scorpions have been destroyed, Your Grace." She turns to him suddenly before looking out at the outer wall of the city. He was right. A fire burned around the outer wall, the gate smashed through.

"Our men will fight for me till their last breath."

"The soldiers have put down their swords." His voice is quiet and afraid.

"You're lying." She hisses out, her eyes watching the Dragon as it came closer and closer. It turned as soon as it came towards the Red Keep, making her sigh in relief. She heard a screech as the blue dragon made circles around the Keep. "I will not retreat."

Suddenly, all she saw was scales.

The Dragon latched onto her window, making her jump back suddenly. Qyburn ran towards the door, begging her to follow. But the Lannister did not run, taking slow steps back as she watching a giant head lower, molten gold eyes finding hers.

It let out an ear-piercing cry, making the woman fall to the floor and her hearing ring. It's golden talons grabbed at the window, the size of it as big as a small child. The Dragon did the same with its other foot and pulled back, slapping its wings furiously like thunder. Cersei watched as the walls around the window cracked in veins like blood. The wall pulled away, held at the Dragon's talons.

♤
The Keep shook as Sunfyre pulled at the window, Lya urged her backward until finally, the wall came out with her. She peered down, seeing no civilians beneath her before she commanded the dragon to drop the wall she held in her talons. The giant Dragon gripped the floor carefully with the tip of her wings, using her feet on the windows bellow as balance.

Alysanne Targaryen carefully slid from the wing, into the small room. The false queen still sits on the ground, staring up with fear in her wildfire green eyes. The fear suddenly turned to anger. "Ser Gregor!" She called out, but she didn't need to really. The door burst open and behind it, a giant man stuffed in black armor came into the room. Slow as if his feet were not large enough to carry him.

"There is one flaw," Tyrion Lannister had pointed out as they sat around the war table. "Cersei has loyal guards who will protect her once you are in the Red Keep. You won't be able to do anything before being crushed by the mountain. I saw what he did to Oberyn."

"That is where Arya comes in," Lya had nodded to her younger sister. Despite Jon's protest, Lyanna trusted her with everything. "She has a list to shorten. Once and for all."

"Your reign is over!" Cersei called, a smirk on her lips as the Mountain came towards the Targaryen. The giant suddenly stopped though, standing tall just beside Lyanna. The Queen thanked the gods for Arya Stark.

"No," She says as the dragon behind her lifted her sunrise wings so that from where Cersei sat, she truly looked like a dragon. Golden flames bursts into the room just before the lioness, setting afame the ground surrounding the Targaryen. Alysanne smirked as she stepped out of the flames. "My reign has just begun."

The mountain reached up to his face, grabbing at a flap of skin and pulling. The armor shriveled as the man shrunk into a short stance. Small hands grabbed at the giant armor from inside, pulling it away to reveal the young Stark. Arya smirked, taking off the armor so she only had her regular clothes on. Cersei Lannister opened her mouth in shock, scrambling to her feet and rushing out the door, passing the dead body of the real Mountain.

"She won't get far," Arya said. "The Targaryen army is nearing and the Greyjoys have the city surrounded on the water." The younger girl looked at the fire in front of them, beaten down now by the rain that swept into the open room.

"I know." Lya smiles, turning to her sister and pulling her against her chest. Her body was singed and some of her outer layers were burned. "Remember what I said about not living for revenge?"

"Always,"

"Just this once." Lyanna pulled away, smirking at her sister. "I have one last thing to do," She turned towards the door, leaving Arya Stark watching her go with a smile.

Cersei Lannister ran aimlessly, hearing foreign voices down every hall. She made her way to the courtyard with the map painted on the ground. Her world fell around her as she stared at the floor. This was her country, she hissed at herself, she would not let the foreign whore and Ned Stark's bastards take it.

But she had lost, deep down she knew it. She put a hand on the knife against her hip. A final reassurance. She would not burn alive. Cersei would end her life before giving the slut Lyanna come again that justice.
"Cersei." A voice said, causing her to spin around to its source. Jaime Lannister, her Jaime, stood at the corner of the courtyard. He held his hands in the air, assuring her he was not here to hurt her. She did not believe him. He took off his sword, dropping it to the ground. He even pulled the knife from his hip and dropped it as well.

"Jaime." She hissed, feeling tears at her eyes. I will not cry, she told herself, I will not give him that satisfaction. "You betrayed me. After everything."

"But I am back." He says softly, taking a step closer. She shied away like a wild animal. "Did you really think I would leave you now? Leave our child?"

"You really are the stupidest Lannister aren't you?" She laughs, a cold heartless sound.

"What are you saying?" His voice breaks. He began to have regrets, thoughts of a different future on his way up there. He loved her, once, maybe they could have that again. Life for their child somewhere far away.

"I was never pregnant. I had to keep you and Euron on a string. It appears it worked." She suddenly fears hot tears at her cheek, her mood flipping like a coin. "Jaime." She mutters. "Jaime I'm losing this war."

"I know." He says, taking a few steps closer to her. This time she did not move away. He felt something pull at his stomach. Regret. But then he remembered. How many times had she lied to him, used him, treated him like her pet?

She was cruel. He was cruel once, but he cared about the innocent lives of Kingslanding. He saved them once, and he would do it again. "Come with me. We can run away. Start a life in Essos."

Cersei smiles a little, feeling him fall into the trap she placed. He betrayed me, she thought, he betrayed me. He betrayed me. He betrayed me. And he will never betray me again.

"Somewhere warm?" She asks, brushing away her tears. But they continued to fall, one after the other until she felt like she was drowning. Jaime put his arms around her, letting her lay her head against his shoulder. My Jaime, she suddenly thought. My Cersei, he realized.

He felt the cold steel of a knife slip past his outer shirt and into his side. Jaime didn't scream, he didn't cry. For a second he felt nothing. Then he saw her. Not the woman in front of her but Lyanna Stark. For an instant, he saw a baby with black hair and emerald eyes.

And then he saw his one hand and the golden one wrap around her white throat. She struggled, clawing at his hands. But all she felt was the metal of his hand. And when your tears have drowned you, the valonqar shall wrap his hands about your pale white throat and choke the life from you. The witch's words ringing in her ears and so did the sound of bells, somewhere off in the distance. Slowly he watched as the life drained from her emerald eyes. They shared a womb together. They came into this world together. They belonged to each other.

And now they would die together.

Once he felt her body stiffen, he fell to his knees, her arms still around him. Slumped and lifeless. Tears fell from his eyes, but it was not the pain from his wound. He slowly laid on the ground, putting her body beside him with ragged breaths. "How do you want to die?" The sellsword had said when they went to rescue his daughter from Dorne.

"In the arms of the woman I love." The Lannister had responded. He felt the world around him blurred as he looked at Cersei's lifeless body. Not like this, he had thought, not like this. Not her. Not
Suddenly the vision of the sky was blocked by a face. For a moment he thought he was dead, seeing the face of a goddess, but the pain persisted and he doubted he wouldn't be going to the seven hells. "Jaime." He heard her voice so distantly it was like a dream. Bells. Bells. "Jaime, please." His vision focused for a moment and there she was. He felt her arms wrap around him, shaking him lightly. For a second he convinced himself she was crying, but he didn't know. Not for sure.

"Princess." He chuckled out, his voice quiet and raspy. "I guess it is Queen now huh?"

"You're okay." She said, making him wonder if she was telling it to him or herself. "A maester will be here and you will be fine." He finally realized there were tears falling from her eyes. He smiled a little, reaching up and putting a hand on her face.

"Let me die," He smiled. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"You will not die!" She hissed, shaking as she held his body against her knees. "You will be Warden of the West. You're going to have your home back. Just live. Please." Her voice cracked as she looked into the emerald of his eyes. "I forbid you to die. I am your queen." He laughs weakly at this. She wanted to hate him. She truly did. But he was the first man she let in. The first on she let know her. He was the father of her only child. He was the man she married. She loved him. A long time ago it felt now. In another life she loved him. "Do you remember the nights we snuck to the gardens, Jaime? Sword fighting for hours. We could go back. I promise you we will go back."

"I see him now." His voice was quiet and weak, making her heart sink. They would not go back. "He has my eyes." He chuckled as he watched her face, reaching up and putting his hand into her hair as he spoke. "Your nose and our hair. He has the Stark look to him." The life slowly drained from his eyes. "And he is as smart as you."

"And he is a good man," Lyanna spoke quietly as she recognized what he was talking about, feeling nothing but a child as she wept. "Just like his father."

"A good man?" He murmured, he opened his mouth again but the words died in his throat as blood fell down his cheek. And then, he was gone.

"Yes, you're a good man. Do you hear me Jaime? You're a good man. You've always been-" She shook him lightly once more, waiting for his eyes to blink and for him to keep talking to her. But his green eyes starred and his mouth hung open as blood spilled from it.

Lya let out a cry, cradling his body against hers. "I'm sorry." She whispered. "I'm so sorry." She felt hot tears on her cheeks. All the times she could have told him that she forgave him. Why did it take her so long to realize it? She would never get to tell him now. Tell him the dreams she had about their son before she gave birth. The future she saw for them together then. So distant now.

They are together now, she suddenly thought. Eddard Lannister and Jaime Lannister, finally together.
Alysanne Targaryen stood in the throne room, eyes forward. Her riding gear was burnt in some places and in others there was blood. Lannister blood. The room was crowded with people of all sorts. Unsullied, Dothraki, Greyjoys, Dornish, Tyrell men. The three rulers stood at the top of the steps.

"We have won!" Lya called out. Daenerys echoed this in quick Valyrian and then Dothraki. The people cheered. "We have taken back our home and now it is time to rebuild our world!"

"Together we have broken the wheel!" Daenerys calls out, a smile on her lips. "And now we will make sure it stays broken."

"We will unite the seven kingdoms as they were under the Conquerors rule! We will have peace and prosperity for our reign and our children's reign." Jon calls to them, getting the same rallying cry. It sends life through his veins.

"The King we chose!"

"The One true Queen!"

"The Ones that Broke the Wheel!"

They all screamed out different things, echoing the room in cheers. The Targaryens smile. "We have the Iron throne! But we will no longer let this chair feed into peoples thirst for blood. This throne has taken lives for far too long. Men! Take the chair to the front of the red keep!" Lyanna commands. Many jump at this, the three moving aside. They use torches to melt the bottom of the throne so that it unsticks from the ground. It takes too many men for Lya to count to pull it out of the throne room. They drag it outside, the Targaryens in tow.

Alysanne watches as the people gather. The men drop the throne in front of them and everyone stares in awe. "We have not come to burn your cities and orphan your children. We are not here to rape your women and enslave your people. We are here to break the wheel and lead a dynasty of peace and prosperity. We have killed the Mad Queen! A tyrant by the name of Cersei Lannister. She burned down your sept out of pettiness. Killed off houses for a war that meant nothing for the small folk. We are not her. We will restore all that she ruined and make this world a better place for you, your children, and your children's children!"

We will restore all that she ruined and make this world a better place for you, your children, and your children's children!"

Sunfyre falls from the sky, making the people cower in fear. But the giant dragon purrs, lowing her head towards her mother. "We will not stop the wheel of tyrants!" She commands everyone to move back, stepping away from the throne. "We will break it!" Golden flame spews from the dragon's throat, engulfing the throne in red, yellow and gold until it melts under the heat. People cheer and scream.

Jon and Dany kneel in front of her as the crowns Lyanna had made for them are brought out of the castle. People stare in awe. First, she grabs a crown wrought in the shape of a three-headed dragon. The coils are yellow gold, the wings silver, the heads carved from jade, ivory, and onyx. Lya places it atop Daenerys's head carefully. "All hail her grace! Daenerys of House Targaryen, first of her name, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Lady of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm." The people scream, making Daenerys feel hot tears on her cheeks. She had thought once
she had no love this side of the sea, but know she knew she was wrong.

Next, she grabs a circle crown of Valyrian Steel, melted down from the sword of the Tarly's that Samwell gifted him for that purpose. It was set with big square-cut rubies. Aegon the Conquerors crown, remade into its former glory. She places it on top of Jaeharys' head, smiling with pride at her twin brother. "All hail his grace! Jaeharys of House Targaryen, first of his name, King of the Andals and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm." They cheer for him once again and he smiles, he was once nothing but a bastard. Now he was a King.

Finally, they stand and Lyanna goes to her knees. Daenerys reaches back for the final crown. It is made of thin Valyrian Steel, the other half of the Tarly sword. It is curved into the shape of a dragon's head at the front, the circle pieces curving in the shape of wings. One line of steel goes down the middle in the curving shapes of a dragon's horns. She closes her eyes as Dany places it snugly on her head. She opens her eyes to see the people watching. The voice of her brother comes next. "All hail her grace! Alysanne of House Targaryen, first of her name, Queen of the Andals and the First Men, Lady of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm." The people scream for the one true queen.

Drogon, Sunfyre, and Rhaegal all land behind them roaring out with pride and excitement that the rulers felt. They had won, Lya realized slowly, it was finally won.
Lyanna stands in what was once the hands tower. Now an empty set of apartments. She wondered the hall for a moment, touching the table where Arya had stabbed into. The world was different. When she picked up her hand, dust was on her fingers.

She made her way farther into the apartments, walking down the hall until she found her old bedroom. The smiled a little as she took it in. She remembered how small Daenys was when the pup got there. How she could curl at her feet then. Now the wolf took up half the bed. She recalled when Sunfyre was merely an egg, hidden under the bed for years.

She made her way to the room she was kept in when pregnant. Her heart sunk as she found her way into the ruins of it. They had not fixed it, it was sealed off to most. The tower was clean from the outside, but a grave yard inside.

She walked across the ash carefully, finding what she was looking for. She saw the spot, an imprint of her body where she let the fire take her over. And next to it was a pile of ash. She pulled out the sword. Oathkeeper. Brienne of Tarth had told her its name. Jon insisted they melt it down. Brienne had her sword melted down for Lyanna without telling her. Jon had kept that too. She had part of ice. But Lya refused to melt down Jaime's sword as well.

She bent down by the pile, softly placing the sword next to it. "You would have had this sword," she said to the ghosts in the room. "In another life. In another form." She closed her eyes, listening to the roars outside as the dragon's flew around the Red Keep. They had been away for a day or two, no one questioned it. They didn't need to constantly be by their dragonrider's sides. The world was different now. They had built it anew.

She stood and sighed as she turned out of the room. He would have played in these halls, she pondered, with Sansa's children and the other noble's children. But that was a life she thanked the gods she didn't have. One where Sansa was Joffrey's Queen. The thought made her sick.

Alysanne made her way back to her new apartment, the Queen's chambers. The three rooms were next to each others, a dragon carved into each. The colors of their own dragons. The dragon always had three heads.

Lyanna heard a clap of thunder, pulling her from their moment and bringing her to the window. She saw Drogon and Sunfyre outside her balcony, hovering. She smiled, reaching up a hand for Sunfyre to lean against. But instead the dragon flew higher, revealing that she had something curled in her golden talons.

She peered into the night sky, trying to figure out what it was. The dragon lowered carefully, dropping the two round objects into her hands. Lya opened her mouth in shock as she felt scales.
She looked down at the dragon eggs, eyes wide. "Sunfyre." She whispered. "How..." before she can question, Drogon flies closer as well. Lyanna carefully sets the eggs down and prepares as Drogon drops two more. She holds in a gasp, grabbing the eggs in her arms and setting them on the bed. They were as heavy as stone. She comes back to the balcony but the dragons are gone.

"Daenerys! Jon!" Lya calls excitedly as she exits the room. The two Targaryens exit their chambers after a few knocks, following her to her chamber.

"They brought them to you?" Daenerys asked, running her fingers along the scales. They were warm, she could feel it.

"I don't understand. Does this mean that they...?" Jon questions before Lyanna interrupts.

"The Maesters were never clear on how dragons mated. It was even believed that Dragons could switch gender when need be." Lya picked up one of the eggs, it was the color of the moon, sprinkles with grey that shined as she turned it. It was heavy as stone.

"All the time that they were gone in the ruins of Valyria..." Dany says and shakes her head. "They were protecting these eggs."

"We should have known honestly." Jon chuckles as he picks up the dark red egg with veins of orange. "They are always so close to each other. Drogon will not leave her side."

"And neither will Rhaegal." Daenerys teases her husband, making him shake his head.

"You know what this means?" Lya says, a smile coming to her face
"You know what this means?" Lya says, a smile coming to her face. They both wait for her to finish, watching expectantly. "Dragons and Targaryens will live again." Dany puts her hand absently on her stomach. Yes, she knew, they would.

Lyanna sits at the head of the great table. It had been extended to feed their new allies. The damage done to the city was being rebuilt as they spoke. She stood up, everyone quieting to listen to their queen.

She wore a loose red dress that hung low on her back. Her shoulders were covered in golden scales armor connected with dainty gold chains along her back. The weather had been nicer now that spring was nearing. It was not as cold as it once was.

"To the future of the Targaryen house!" Lya looked to Dany who's stomach was huge, she was nearing the end of her pregnancy. "And another announcement!" Alysanne carefully placed a hand on her stomach. "Soon more Targaryens will live in the world, and with that more dragons! We will restore the Targaryen dynasty to its former glory!" The people drummed on the table, whooping and cheering.

The flying creatures in her stomach was gone, replaced by the new life that grew inside her. She was now a month along. By the way Dany was carrying, the Maester said it was a girl. Lya prayed it was.

She thought back to the meeting of the small council before. She had sat at the head with Dany to her right and Jon to her left. Yara Greyjoy was the Master of ships. Varys of whispers. Tyrion of coin, as well as the warden of the west and lord of the rock. Greyworm as Master of war. Jon's pardoned friend from the nights watch Samwell Tarly as Grand Maester. Master of laws as Missandei for she knew much of the laws and cared for the people at heart. Ser Breinne swore herself as the lord
commander of the royal guard. And finally Ellaria Sand sat on the council as the Dorne representative from time to time.

The world they built for their child was looking up for them. Alysanne, Daenerys, and Jaehaerys made their way to the throne room.

The Iron throne had been replaced by three simple chairs. A way to show their people they were not above them anymore. Daenerys' on the right was forged of Dragonglass from the throne on Dragonstone. Jon's was a simple wooden chair with wolves running on a tundra behind him to mark his northern blood. Lyanna's was a simple black wooden chair plated with red for the Targaryen house. They sat in their chairs, looking out at their people.

"They say Aegon married one sister out of duty."
"They say Aegon married one sister out of duty." Lya looks over at Jon, feeling a small smile pull at her lips. They were meant for this. From the moment they were born they were meant to rule together. "And the other out of desire." Her eyes turn to her lover's. Daenerys smiles softly at her, Lya loved her. Now and always.

The conquerors come again. They would begin a new Targaryen dynasty of peace and prosperity. One that would last hundred of years after them. But first.

They would rule.
the dragon children

The little girl laughed aloud as she chased her half brother with a wooden sparring sword. The boy jumped over logs, his legs much longer than his sisters. But she was quicker. She caught up to him, threatening to hit his ankles. At this he skidded to a stop, not wanted to have bruises for a fortnight on his poor ankles.

"You don't play fair!" He announced as she tapped his shoulder.

"I play right." She sneers. "You're it." She drops the sword, running out of the woods and into the keep. The boy is on her tail, leaving behind the sword they both knew Greyworm would be looking for. But that was far behind them now, figuratively and literally. They ran through the courtyard, running under people and trees as they went past. They reached the courtyard where they knew they would find their parents.

The two muddy children stopped outside the, looking between themselves. "Do you think they're done now? This game is more fun with four." The little girl whined, leaning against the large pillar. The boy shrugged, his curly hair barely shorter than his sisters silver. His was the color of ink, dark and smooth. His eyes were a blue grey that looks like a storm cloud ready to burst. The girl had all her mother's features. Pale skin and hair like pale gold. But her eyes held her father in them as well. Purple with grey and blue.

"Rhaella!" The girl turned at her name, smiling as she saw her mother, belly swelled with a hand resting atop it.

"Momma!" She called and ran to her, wrapping her small arms around her.

"Come along now, your brother and sister should be ready for you soon." Daenerys Targaryen put out her hand for the boy. "Come on Robb. Your older brother will want to see you."

"He is not that much older." Robb complained as he walked to Dany's arm. She shook her head and smiled.

"Yes yes I know. Minutes. I remember how angry your mother was when he took so long. But you were much quicker." She rubbed the dirt off the boy's nose, leading them into the castle.

Alysanne Targaryen sat on her throne, two children on her lap. The girl was older than the twin boys by mere months. But one day she would be Queen, and the boy across from her would be her King. Her hair was the same as her mother's, Lya thought, they would have another silver queen.

Daenys sat beside the throne, nosing the little boy every now and then to make him giggle. The wolf was as big as the throne Lyanna sat in. She was loyal as Sunfyre and she knew if something happened to her, the direwolf would protect her pack.

"What if we aren't good?" The boy asked, looking up at his mother with wide eyes. His were a deep grey that almost looked purple in certain lights. He would be King, Lya wondered, and she would prepare him for that.

"Aegon," The Queen chided. "You will be the best King. Even better than your father. Aegon. Sixth of his name. Protector of the realm." She tickled his stomach, making him squirm and giggle.

Jaehaerys smiled as he walked into the throne room with Daenerys and the other two children at his side. The silver queen let out a huff, putting a hand on her stomach.
"I hope this one is a boy." She murmurs, making Jon smile.

"Me as well." Lya looked at her wife and husband with a smile.

"Mother!" The little girl hopped from her lap, running towards her mother excitedly. "Did you know what when I'm Queen, I get to have all my friends live in the castle with me? Maybe Catelyn can come! Ooh and Nymeria too." Lya smiles at the mention of her sister's children. Arya lived with Gendry at Stormsend, the King and Queens had attended their wedding feast. Arya insisted on a jousting tournament afterwards along with melee and archery. It was the best wedding feast Lya had ever been to.

"Maybe, Visenya. We will have to see what Sansa and Arya says." Dany ruffles the silver hair of her daughter and walks to where Aegon sat on his mother's lap. Robb and Rhaella came to the throne as well, giggling and pushing each other. "And when you're older, you two will be prince and princess of Dragonstone. And you will have your own castle."

"Can we go play now?" Rhaella requests, having all the impatience that Lyanna and Jon once had. But despite that she was the most gentle of the children. Quiet and calm when need be. Only playing with swords when she was beating up Robb.

Lya stood and set her son down. The boys were twins and sometimes it was hard to tell them apart. But the eyes told her of her sons when they were born. They had been born in Winterfell, Lya didn't want to have it any other way. It was a cold spring night but the natural springs under Winterfell kept them warm.

"Go on now." Alysanne says, watching the four run off to play. And for once she felt at ease. The creature within her stomach stopped fluttering and she felt calm. She looked at the love of her life and her best friend, smiling at the thought of what their children would become.

The Targaryen children made their way the the stables and all rushed to open the doors. When they did, six direwolf pups ran from the stables in a frenzy of grey black and white.

Visenya's wolf was pure white with eyes of gold. Aegon's a pure black with dark eyes to match. Robb's would was grey, faster than wind. And Rhaella's wolf was a dark grey as gentle as a lady but held a deep ferocity. The other two pups followed them but they did not have their children yet. The next babes to be born would have them.

Visenya led her siblings, her brothers a few months younger and sister a little more than a year younger than her. They made their way to an open pit that had been made just outside the gardens for them. Just as they made their way there, roars were heard into the sky.

Four small dragon flew over then, landing in the pit and waiting for them. Visenya ran to Moonstone who was the color of the moon, with wings speckled with grey. She was the largest dragon. Rhaella went to her dragon, a deep red with wings that veined with orange. This one she named Meraxes for Rhaenys dragon. Robb touched the head of the green and blue dragon that he named Seasmoke for the soft grey horns and the coloring that made him look as though he was the sea. Finally Aegon smiled as the second biggest of the dragons, a deep black that had red eyes, landed on his shoulder. His name was Balerion.

"When will momma have her baby?" Rhaella questioned as she pet the scales of Meraxes.

"I don't know Rhae, babies are weird." Robb said with a shiver.

"Hey! Babies are adorable! Remember when Aunt Sansa brought little Cat here. She was so so
cute." Rhaella sighed in memory.

"Her head was a weird shape and she spelled funny." Visenya said, her nose turned upwards.

"I can't wait for another brother or sister to play with. Mother says that Sunfyre brought two more eggs to them, but she wouldn't show them to me." Aegon shrugged as he threw a stick across the pit, the dragon on his shoulder racing after it.

"That means Dany is going to have twins." Robb said, frowning. "They're going to cry all the time."

"You cry all the time too." Rhaella teases as she jumps to her feet, the wolf and dragon at her feet hopping back at the sudden movement. Robb chases after her as she giggles, running back towards the garden. Visenya and Aegon laugh as they watch Rhaella runs much faster than her older brother.

Aegon comes next to his sister, grabbing her hand and watching the two younger siblings play, their dragon's and wolves following. There is a long silence before he spoke. "Mother said they used to call us mad. That all Targaryens are crazy. Are we mad too? Or are we sane Vis?"

"Really Egg," Visenya turns to him, looking at him softly. Her eyes were so old and full of life for a girl so young. "What is the difference between madness and sanity? They say no great mind has ever existed without a touch of madness." And with that she smiled with the face of a Queen. She was a warrior, the younger boy knew, a Warrior Queen.
I hope y'all liked it. I worked really hard on this and I am sorry about all the repeated lines. Those are where there are GIFs and pics in my Wattpad story so if you want the whole thing check out my Wattpad Sageyu. The story is the exact same but with gifs and pictures as well as a cast of the main characters I created! THANK YOU ALL FOR READING.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Visenya Targaryen
The oldest daughter of Jaeharys and Daenerys
THE WARRIOR PRINCESS
silver gold hair and violet blue eyes
betrothed to Aegon Targaryen

"I was born to fight not sit on my ass
in the highest towers of the keep"

Moonstone, white and grey, red eyes, 1st Winter, pure white, golden eyes

Aegon Targaryen
The oldest twin of Jaeharys and Alysanne
THE HONORABLE PRINCE
black curly hair and dark grey purple eyes
betrothed to Visenya Targaryen

"What kind of man would I be
if I did not value honor"

Balerion, dark black, red eyes, 2nd largest
Aenys, black fur, dark grey eyes

Robb Targaryen
The youngest twin of Jaeharys and Alysanne
THE UNLIKELY PRINCE
long black curly hair and icy grey eyes
betrothed to Rhaella Targaryen
"i never asked for this life
but i will do my duty to our family"

Seasmoke, blue and green, most playful
Grey Wind, grey and black, fastest one

Rhaella Targaryen
The second daughter of Jaeharys and Daenerys
THE GENTLE PRINCESS
Pale gold hair and bright grey purple eyes
betrothed to Robb Targaryen

"i would rather wield words
than a sword to spill blood"

Meraxes, dark red veined with orange
Daena, light grey, gentle but protective

Aemon Targaryen
The older twin of Jaeharys and Daenerys
THE KIND PRINCE
silver gold hair and dark grey violet eyes
betrothed to Rhaenys Targaryen

"i may be younger than you
but i know more than you ever will"

Midnight, black and grey, fastest
Star, light grey with white speckles

Rhaenys Targaryen
The youngest twin of Jaeharys and Daenerys
THE PEOPLE'S PRINCESS
curly black hair and blue grey eyes
betrothed to Aemon Targaryen

"i have my weaknesses just like others
i guess that's what makes us human"

Aella, gold with sea blue eyes
Shira, white with black markings
THATS THE END
I hope yall liked it. I worked really hard on this and I am sorry about all the repeated lines. Those are where there are GIFs and pics in my wattpad story so if you want the whole thing check out my wattpad Sageyu. The story is the exact same but with gifs and pictures as well as a cast of the main characters I created! THANK YOU ALL FOR READING.

End Notes

I want to say that this is probably my best and favorite writing I've done in a long time. I have always written on Wattpad at Sageyu but I've decided to add this to Archive as well!

After losing my sister I truly lost interest in everything. Right now I'm putting all my time and pain into something I love and I love writing. So if something I do in my writing upsets you I don't care. Sounds harsh but it's true. This is my outlet. My book. I'm not trying to please everyone in the world I'm trying to please myself by getting back into things I love.

With that being said I hope you all enjoy the book. I've worked very hard to make it to my liking. I've tried some new things in this story so I hope it pays off.

Enjoy.

And to the loyal readers who truly love my stories, I thank you dearly. I love you all. Enjoy. ♥

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!